THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOLUME XXVII.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.
1868

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No. 688, Vol. 27. January 2, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE NEW YEAR.

ENGLAND is an old country, and, like all old countries, has many difficulties to encounter which are partly the legacy of generations that took a wrong course, and are partly due to the subtlety and complication of the ties by which the different members of an ancient community are necessarily bound to each other, and by which that community is bound to other communities more or less like it. When, therefore, we begin to think of the political prospects which a new year offers to Englishmen, we are inevitably led to think more of the dangers that lie before us than of the hopes which we may justly conceive. A prudent man who has passed into the period of human life corresponding by an imperfect analogy to what we may imagine to be the period of English existence, cannot possibly enter on a new year with very buoyant spirits. He knows that life has not very much to offer him, and that a year just beginning must bring with it many disappointments and many sorrows. He feels that he ought to be very thankful if he starts on the year with fair health and without pecuniary pressure, and his first thought will be to consider, not how he can gain new good things, so much as how by patience and foresight and good temper he can avert evils. No imminent political dangers seem to be pressing on England just now. We are on good terms with all foreign nations; we have a trade which is not only very great, but very sound; we have the staple food of the country in abundance and at a moderate price; and we have a strong Ministry, backed by a very large majority in the House of Commons. If, therefore, it came natural to us at the beginning of the year to take a sanguine view of things, we could find more cause, perhaps, for being sanguine now than we could find usually at the beginning of a year. But the long experience of English history, and the sadness in contemplating human life which Christianity has taught to the modern world, forbid us to find much pleasure, at the beginning of any new period, in cheering ourselves and making merry, and shouting out what a fine, prosperous, noble people we are. There are times for such things as, for example, when Yankees or Frenchmen seem not to understand our superiority to them; but the beginning of a new year is not one of them. And if there are no imminent dangers now pressing on England, there are dangers of a somewhat remote kind which must fill us with anxiety when we think of them. Patience and foresight and good-humour will, we trust, carry us safely through them; but at least we may be sure that they will afford us ample room for exercising these qualities to as full a degree as we are capable of exercising them. Many special causes of apprehension might probably be found to exist at present if we went below the surface of English politics, but it will be enough to mention two or three of the most striking. There are, for example, the present position of the House of Lords, and the present position of Prussia in Europe. If we begin to reflect on any one of these subjects, we soon find that it is full of thorny and complicated questions, and that it is only by resolutely showing patience, foresight, and good-humour that England can hope to arrive at a proper solution of them. What are we to do with our good poor, with our half-good poor, with our bad poor, with our criminal poor? Those are not questions of a remote and speculative interest. Londoners find that they are crushed by rates, the burden of which increases every month, and the payment of which only seems to intensify the misery it is destined to relieve, and they walk about in a city where life and property are not much [illegible] in Mexico or Bologna. How is it possible for any [illegible] for the sort of people who believe, on the faith [illegible] and Christmas extra-numbers, that they are [illegible] be jolly at this season, to exalt much or whoop over the new year, when we know that starvation is going on all around us, and that if we try to diminish the evil by giving money we only aggravate it, and that almost the only people who can walk about London with perfect comfort and impunity are the fortunate beings who have been twice convicted of a felonious offence?

It would be ridiculous to say that the Peers make us anything like as anxious as the paupers; but if we are to survey the prospects that lie before the country, we cannot contemplate the present position of the House of Lords without anxiety. The exact state of things in which we now find ourselves is, that a new House of Commons has been returned, a large majority of which is pledged to carry a measure of which two-thirds of the House of Lords last year signified their utter disapproval. Let us assume that a Bill will pass the Commons this Session for disestablishing and disendowing the Irish Church; for, if not, the House of Commons will prove itself incompetent to carry out the declared wishes of the nation. When this measure reaches the House of Lords, the Peers must either reject it, or agree to it, or try to alter it. The consequences of their rejecting it would be so serious that it is painful even to imagine them. The English Constitution as it exists at present offers no means by which the Government of the country can be carried on in face of a hostile majority in the House of Commons. In order that administration should flow on at all in its daily course, it must be conducted on the understanding that a Ministry supported by a majority in the House of Commons shall have its way. If the opinion of the country remains as it is now, and the majority in the Commons coheres, the Peers must give way. But then the precise mode in which, according to precedent, they will be made to give way would be by the PRIME MINISTER obtaining leave to create a hundred Peers just before the Bill which he wishes to carry came on for the second reading. An institution which was put into the false position of being the subject of a *coup d'état* of this sort cannot long stand modern criticism. If the House of Lords rejects the Irish Church Bill, and is made by sheer compulsion to yield, its days are numbered. This is so obvious that, however fiercely Tory Peers may talk at present, the probability is that, when it comes to the point, the Peers will pass the second reading, and try to recover some of the ground they have lost by amendments. But this would prove a very unsatisfactory course. So long as these amendments only extend to improving the language of the Bill, which, after being hacked about in the Commons, is sure to be very imperfect, or are only intended to provide for cases that have been omitted, or to do more ample justice to individuals or corporate bodies, the Peers will be perfectly safe. They will be only acting as a Court for the Revision of Parliamentary drafts, a function discharged in France by the Council of State; and no one would think of objecting so far. But it is exceedingly probable that they will not be content with so humble a function. They will perhaps try to alter the Bill so as to make it somewhat more in harmony with their way of thinking, and they may try to enforce their views exactly up to the point which they think the Ministry will stand, rather than not get the Bill through in this Session. In other words, they will spoil the Bill as much as they can, and make its supporters pay as heavily as possible for having it carried. This is exactly what happens every day in the private legislation of Parliament, and is one of its most aggravating features. A Bill is proposed which purports to be conceived in the public interests, and to be shaped so as to promote those interests as much as possible. The Committee to which the Bill is referred is inclined to think that the Bill as it stands would be conducive to the public interests, when in steps some powerful individual or company, who chooses to think the Bill likely to hurt him or it in some way, and worries and threatens and

argues and spends unlimited money, until clauses are stuck into the Bill which certainly protect private interests, but spoil the value of the Bill to the public. The House of Lords, by taking the same course in dealing with the Irish Church Bill, might perhaps be for the moment successful, although with a determined Ministry that is doubtful; but it would only be successful at the hazard of provoking the nation to consider whether an Upper House that distinguished itself by lessening the value of important Bills to the public was exactly the Upper House that was wanted.

Why the present position of Prussia in Europe should cause anxiety, when we pass from considering the domestic to considering the foreign policy of England, is obvious. We do not in the least grudge Prussia her gains, or object to her future advancement. On the contrary, nothing could be more advantageous to England, or more conducive to the peace of Europe, and to the best interests, as we in England think, even of France herself, than that Prussia should consolidate Germany into one great country, able to protect itself against its big neighbours both on the right hand and on the left. The difficulty we have to face is the difficulty of avoiding everything like thwarting the establishment of a state of things so desirable, without giving up other objects of very great importance to us. The quarrel between Greece and Turkey appears likely for the moment to die out. The Great Powers have been so very liberal with their dust that the little bees cannot go on stinging each other. But what is the real reason openly assigned for this quiet ending of a troublesome matter? It is that Russia is not ready for war. Her railway system linking her Northern and Southern ports is not complete; she has still too much of the old-fashioned description of guns and cannon; her fleet is frozen up and cannot get to sea. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire is therefore to be respected, and the obligations of international law are to be enforced. Russia might have been ready now, and some day she certainly will be ready. We should be in a most embarrassing position if a war intended to settle the Eastern Question were to break out now. It might come to our having to choose between going to war with Prussia and seeing Russia quietly occupying Constantinople. There are people who would see no difficulty in the matter. Some would think nothing of fighting Prussia on the ground that Prussian officials hurt the feelings of bold freely-behaved Britons on their travels. Others would say that it was nothing to us who held Constantinople, and that the Porte and its city and everything else belonging to it might "perish," like Savoy, rather than that England should spend a farthing or lose a man in its defence. But views like these are only the first promptings of carelessness or ignorance. Discussion would soon show that England would be going against all her most solid interests in lessening the power of Prussia, and that, on the other hand, to let Russia get Constantinople without any opposition on our part would be to back out of our engagements, to take a most humiliating position in Europe, and probably to ensure our having some day to fight for our highway to the East when we in our turn should have no allies. The best chance of our being able to avoid so embarrassing a choice is that, before the Eastern Question ends in war, Prussia may have so far consolidated herself as to be permitted, if she pleases, to remain neutral. But it is difficult to suppose that this time has come yet, and therefore, when a new year breaks with a Turkish fleet actually blockading a Greek port, we cannot escape the nervous feeling that a state of things might arise when, after France had forced Austria to join her against Russia, and Russia had forced Prussia to join her against France, we should be called on to leave off playing the part of a frugal bystander and choose which side we would take.

LEGISLATION IN INDIA.

THE account of his conversations with SCINDIA, the well-known chief of Gwalior, which has been published by the British Resident in Gwalior, Colonel DALY, is full of interest. SCINDIA is not only a faithful ally to our Government, but he piques himself on being the very type and model of perfect fidelity to us. "What we wish, that [illegible] be done," is the sentiment ever on his lips, and he acts up to his word. His obedience has lately been put to a severe test. He had collected a small army at his capital, recruiting it, not from his own [illegible], but from a distance. He organized it upon the [illegible] model; he spent his whole time in bringing it to [illegible] state of efficiency; he found the greatest delight in [illegible] English officers how admirably it could manœuvre, and what a perfect state of discipline it was in. But unfortunately he was a little too successful. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE paid the brilliant native force the high compliment of coming to inspect it. He saw it at its best, was shown all its capabilities, and admired it so much that he came to the conclusion that it had better not go on any more. In the kindest possible manner he intimated to SCINDIA that of his beloved troops he had better turn a portion into policemen, send a portion into remote parts of his territory, and only keep a limited portion at his capital. SCINDIA was deeply grieved, and for some time hoped that the consideration of his long and great services might prevail, and that he might be allowed to retain what was so great a source of pleasure and amusement to him. But the VICEROY was inexorable, and SCINDIA obeyed. This obedience must have cost him a painful struggle, but he had always professed readiness to make any sacrifice the British Government might demand of him, and he kept his word. At the same time this chief, so obedient and so faithful, is a man of so much ability and originality that the English who have to do with him retain the highest respect for him. He never descends to be the puppet of the British Government, even when he obeys its most unwelcome orders. Such a man, therefore, when he discusses the relations of the British Government with the natives of India, and tells us frankly what he and others think of our rule, deserves to have his words well weighed. His general criticisms are, however, so completely in harmony with all that we have already learnt on the subject, that we may pass over them without much remark. That we keep the peace all over India with surprising success, and that to the best of our judgment we administer strict justice, but that the natives do not like us and our rule even while owning that they profit by it, is the general result at which SCINDIA, and almost all other competent observers, have arrived. There are, however, two minor points in SCINDIA's criticisms which seem to deserve attention. One of these is the continuity of character which he sees to be imparted to the English Government by the completeness of the written records which it preserves in every department of administration. A native Government is as capricious as it is temporary. It does not know, and does not care, what has been done by its predecessors, or what will be done by its successors. The utility of maintaining a thorough system of recording all acts, decisions, and reasons for acting and deciding, in writings sufficiently elaborate and copious to be intelligible at some distance of time, and the beneficial influence of this system on the Government itself and on the character of its servants, deserve the most serious consideration at the present moment. The Civil servants of India are now selected by competition—a plan which has many advantages, but which has this great disadvantage, that those selected have not, previously to their arrival in India, any common ties of birth, education, or religion. If this great defect is found in practice to be surmounted, and if the Civil Service of the future works as well and in as high a spirit as the Civil Service of the past, we are inclined to think that one chief cause of this happy result will lie in the minuteness and elaborateness of the system of recording everything connected with Government, which compels each member of the Service to associate himself with the traditions and pass under the influence of the Service in the past. It is possible, of course, that there may be too much writing in India, as everywhere else; but to underrate the immense importance of writing on Indian administration is one of the first impulses of English ignorance. When, just before he left England, Lord MAYO assured a deputation that he thought the time for writing had passed and the time for acting had come, he gave, we fear, a sign, not of energy, but of that perfect blankness of mind as to everything Indian which is no reproach to him as an Irish peer, but which may be reckoned as a drawback and offset to his qualifications for Governor-General, whatever they may be.

The other part of SCINDIA's conversation which seems worth especial attention is that in which he expressed a very decided opinion that we are too prolific of legislation. We never give the natives any rest. Every month introduces a change in their habits, in their tenure of property, in their social usages, for which they are quite unprepared, and which they detest. Probably these changes are very good and wise in themselves, but this incessant activity in making the natives better by passing Act after Act to improve them is, as SCINDIA thinks, not only painful to them, but not prudent. We worry and harass them rather than do them good. This is an opinion which very many of the best and most sensible of the members of the English Civil Service in India fully share. That legislation is too rapid and too incessant is the observation they have

deduced from their own experience. The natives, they say, never know how they stand, or what they may do or may not do. Even if they think they begin to understand a little of what they are expected to do or not to do on any point, out comes a new law from the Viceregal Council and upsets their feeble notions. Perhaps Mr. DISRAELI might have been influenced by this sort of argument, and have thought to himself, that after so active a Governor-General as Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, a Governor-General who was not likely to do much would be a wholesome change. What truth there is in the general statement, that of late Indian legislation has been too rapid and too incessant, few persons in England can pretend to say; but on such a matter the opinion of a man like SCINDIA ought to go for something. But, on the other hand, it is only when we examine into the facts of each case that we see how irresistibly the Indian Government is driven to legislate, and how the enactment of one law necessarily leads to another. A Bill that has lately been introduced for legalizing certain marriages among the natives who are not Christians, supplies a good example. An Act was lately passed regulating and legalizing the marriages of native converts to Christianity; and it would be obviously absurd, and in the last degree unjust, that a Christian Government should not accord to persons who choose to adopt the Christian religion the power to contract a valid marriage in a cheap, easy, and indisputable way. But it appeared on further inquiry that although the natives might each be married according to their several religions, and native Christians might also be married in a prescribed form, yet there was a class of persons for whom no provision was made. There were natives who did not like the peculiar religious ceremonies necessary to marriage according to the creed to which they belonged, or who were not considered by those charged with conducting these ceremonies sufficiently thoroughgoing in their religious beliefs. The consequence was that the more fanatical members of each sect, if a majority, could practically decide that the less fanatical minority should not marry, nor be able to transmit property to their children. That natives placed in this embarrassing position ought to be protected by the Legislature seems perfectly clear. How is it possible for a Government like ours to say to a man that unless he goes to the full extent into idolatrous ceremonies, he shall not be permitted by the law to have a legitimate child? It is quite obvious that the Government of India was right, directly it discovered this omitted case, to provide for it, and to establish a mode of relief for persons thus accidentally and unnecessarily excluded from some of the most important civil rights. Mr. MAINE, to whose department the introduction of the necessary Act belonged, assigned his reasons for doing so in a speech which, while full of suggestive remarks as to the difference between Eastern and Western nations in many of their conceptions with regard to the marriage tie, was quite unanswerable in showing that the Bill was really needed. And yet the Bill had excited much opposition among the natives, and had alarmed the leaders of many of the chief sects; and it is exactly the sort of Bill which affords a sort of ground for saying that the social and religious customs of the natives are always being tampered with, and that one Native Marriage Bill is no sooner passed than another is introduced.

Sometimes, however, Indian legislation, if not really too rapid and incessant, appears to be so, not only to native, but to English, critics in India. That these English critics have any solid ground for their criticism, or are at all competent to judge, is far more than any one acquainted with what may be termed the outsiders of Anglo-Indian life would undertake to say. But they sometimes bring facts before us which make us not so much incline to their views, as wish to know the true account of the matter. As an instance, we may give a description of the passing of what is known as the Punjab Tenancy Bill last October. The account was written by a person who professed to have been an eye-witness, and was inserted in the *Times of India*. Its author made no secret of his hostility to the Bill, which he considered far too favourable to the tenants. The tenure of land presents many questions of great difficulty in India as elsewhere, and the respective rights of landlord and tenant are very hard to determine justly, as there is no positive standard of law or custom by which to go. Probably, with the very best intentions we should always do some injustice in whatever way we undertook to deal with them. But, as is very natural, the practical decision is approached with different sets of prepossessions according as those who have to make the decision incline, either from theories as to ancient Hindoo right, or from social sympathies, or from considerations of utility, to the landlord or the tenant side of the question. The passing of the Punjab Tenancy Bill was reckoned a great triumph for the friends of the tenants, and a great rebuff for the friends of the landlords. The Viceregal Council appears to have been nearly equally divided, and the conflicting views were very fully and warmly advocated by different members. Finally it appeared that the supporters of the Bill had a majority, although a very narrow one, and the Bill was passed there and then, as the eye-witness puts it, although the minority pressed for further time, and that more opportunity for general discussion might be given—a request which the VICEROY himself at first appears to have considered reasonable, although he ultimately gave way. Now it would be ridiculous for any one in England to say that all this was not quite right. That Sir JOHN LAWRENCE not only sanctioned the Bill, but permitted it to pass in this very speedy and summary way, is enough to show that there were very weighty reasons for the course taken. But it is not going very far to say, that this plan of semi-public legislation, when, in the presence of a casual auditor, two or three Englishmen support one set of opinions, and then two or three other Englishmen support the opposite, and then the majority straightway embodies its views in the shape of a Bill affecting the fortunes of hundreds of thousands of natives, is at least calculated to impress the natives with an unfavourable opinion of our Indian legislation. It may be necessary, and on the authority of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE we are quite content to believe that it was in this case necessary, to legislate so rapidly in a very difficult and debatable matter, when so strong a difference of opinion existed in the Council itself. But it is an unfortunate necessity, and we can scarcely wonder that natives should grumble a little at this sort of law-making, and should even complain far more than they would do if everything were done in secret and without any discussion at all, and if new laws were promulgated as the edicts of a despot.

THE EASTERN CONFERENCE.

THE idea of a Conference is too closely connected with useless negotiations and delusive guarantees to allow of more than a momentary sense of relief at the news that another has been summoned. In this instance there is, strictly speaking, nothing for a Conference to do. No one believes that Turkey and Greece will fight unless one or other of them counts on external support; and if they do belie expectation, and go to war on their own account, the interests of the Great Powers in the East are so conflicting that all the diplomacy in the world would hardly reduce them to harmony. On the first assumption, a Conference is unnecessary; on the second, it is useless. There is, however, a third supposition which does leave some little room for the introduction of this favourite expedient. It may be that there have been influences at work during the autumn, the authors of which did not calculate quite accurately the moment at which the train would be fired. It is very pleasant to feel that you have an Eastern Question ready to be let off whenever it suits your purpose. But if the explosion comes too soon it may give rise to considerable inconvenience, and then you may be as anxious to stifle it as you were a short time before to prepare for it. When great Powers find themselves in this predicament, they naturally cast about them for some means of drawing back with dignity. If there are other great Powers who wish peace to be maintained, the conspirators evince a sudden desire to listen to good advice. As this is usually to be had for the asking, and sometimes even without it, they can soon make out a sufficient case for telling their too precipitate instruments that they have been prematurely active. That something of this sort has been going on during the last month, seems rather probable than not. There is an abundance of reasons why this or that Power should have something to say on the Eastern Question, but there are also several reasons why none of them should wish to say it at this moment. France, for example, might conceivably have views the execution of which would wholly depend upon her success in detaching Russia from Prussia; or Russia, again, might have reckoned upon a revolution in the Eastern policy of France, and then found that she had a little anticipated the change. On either hypothesis both Governments would have been disconcerted by the unforeseen action of Turkey, and would now be anxious to gain time for the broth to simmer. And on either hypothesis Prussia would be quite willing to co-operate with them for this end, since to Prussia it is above all things important that a European war should come, if come it must, on German and not on Eastern ground. There is no difficulty, therefore, in devising reasons why the Conference

should have been convoked, or in understanding that they are not to be looked for either at Athens or at Constantinople.

It is impossible not to feel some pity for the Porte when it finds itself reduced once more to the position from which it had tried to emancipate itself. No man likes to be treated as a baby, but it is much harder in the case of an old man than of a young one. The latter has, or thinks he has, his future before him. The former sees second childhood awaiting him, and knows that it is only by a struggle that he will be allowed even to die his own master. But there are situations which seem too much even for self-will, and the position of Turkey in relation to the Great Powers is emphatically one of them. She has been dandled upon their knees so long that they cannot let her go even if they would. She would rather perhaps be suffered to run alone, no matter at what cost to herself. One can conceive a Sultan of Turkey thinking that life after all is a little wearisome, and that there might be more real pleasure in raising once more the old war-cry of his creed, and dying in harness, if die he must. But the surroundings of his throne would be too much for a determination which at bottom might only have been half-formed, and the successor of the Prophet would find himself once more sending envoys to Paris or London, and submitting to have his conduct regulated to suit the convenience of others. The one thing that seems certain about the Conference is that Turkey can only lose by it. Supposing that Greece is forced to yield all the five points in the ultimatum—it is more likely that she will have to concede three—she will have made the sacrifice at the bidding, not of Turkey, but of the European Powers. The result of this will be to confirm the very sentiment which it is so important for the Porte to put an end to. The Greeks will feel more strongly than ever that, no matter what they may do, Turkey will not be suffered to take the law into her own hands. They will console themselves with the assurance that they have only plucked the pear before it was ripe. They will look forward as eagerly as ever to the time when a more decided policy on the part of Russia or France will usher in that catastrophe at Constantinople for which the preparations are still incomplete. All that Turkey hoped to win by the sudden assumption of an independent attitude is hopelessly lost by the turn that affairs have taken. If she gets all she asks, she gets it as the result of a European arrangement, not by the exhibition of her own determination. If she puts up with less than she asks, she is reduced from holding the sword at the throat of Greece to being a party to an amicable compromise. If, feeling this, she insists upon standing by her ultimatum, she will have offended all her allies, and gained the character of an obstinate disturber of the peace of Europe.

At the same time, it may be admitted that, taking all the circumstances into account, a Conference affords the only way of escape from the immediate difficulty. To say that it settles nothing, that it leaves the roots of the mischief untouched, that it is simply an expedient invented to serve a momentary purpose, is true enough. But, after all, this is only another way of saying that the Eastern Question is at present incapable of a conclusive solution. The Conference does not introduce any new complications. At the worst it is only tantamount to a confession that the case is one which admits of nothing but palliatives. Still this admission is, as far as it goes, a reason rather for applying the palliatives than for withholding them. We know that a European war would be a great disaster; and though, if the Eastern Question could be finally and satisfactorily got rid of, it might be worth even that sacrifice, this is no reason for incurring so great a risk while we are ignorant what the event would be. In keeping the peace for the time we gain a certain good, and if this result can be achieved through the medium of a Conference, the fact that nothing else is achieved by it constitutes no argument against the experiment. That, supposing the Conference to be resolved on, it was prudent for England to concur with Turkey in confining the proceedings within the narrowest possible limits, does not need proof. A European discussion of the whole Eastern Question must necessarily turn to the account of those Powers who have a distinct policy in connexion with it. England has objects which she is compelled to insist upon, but she cannot as yet be said to have any precise policy through which to insist on them. Consequently, England more than any other Power would have suffered by the discussion being taken now. It is to be hoped that, by the time the Eastern Question does come on for final hearing, our ideas on the subject will have cleared.

The consideration of the points of the Turkish ultimatum to which the labours of the Conference are to be restricted will raise some curious points of international law. The whole subject of the complicity of one Government in the aid rendered by its subjects to persons in insurrection against another Government is extremely thorny. Scarcely a rebellion has taken place in Europe without English volunteers having borne a part in it, and it would be difficult to show that the British Government made any effective demonstration against either the raising or the departure of the English Garibaldian legion. Blockade-running was a regular branch of British trade during the American civil war, and we doubt whether any official declaration against it went further than the statement of the Greek Minister for Foreign Affairs, that any steamer captured while running the blockade, resisting the Ottoman cruisers, or carrying contraband of war, may be seized as lawful prize. The Italian plenipotentiary may be conscious of a slight inconsistency in the Power which profited by a certain invasion of Sicily, and was not wholly innocent of a more recent invasion of the Papal States, sitting in judgment on Greece for practising the same arts on a smaller scale. It is unfortunate that the United States are not likely to be represented, as a glimpse might then have been afforded of an unfamiliar aspect of the American mind on the belligerent status of insurgents. The Conference will not be without its value if it teaches the useful, but hardly learnt, lesson, that those who play fast and loose with international law must be prepared to find it less efficacious than they might desire when it suits them to appeal to its provisions.

THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE.

WHILE journalists and the public were discussing the merits and failings of the Metropolitan Police, its Chief was dying. Since then a brief but painful disease has consummated that which forty years of unrelieved public work had failed to effect, and the illness and death of Sir R. MAYNE are simultaneously made known to the world. That Sir R. MAYNE was, either jointly or singly, at the head of the Metropolitan Force for the first forty years of its establishment, is his best eulogy. No man could have moulded and formed an institution of this kind, so novel, so foreign to general ideas and prejudices, without possessing administrative qualities of a very high character. That the Force is far from perfect is less his fault than the fault of those who planned and circumscribed it. That it can hardly be called popular is perhaps its highest praise. A popular constabulary, like a popular Proctor, would owe its general acceptance to a neglect of its most obvious duties. Whatever its unpopularity and its imperfections, it is infinitely better than anything that preceded it; and we know that its late chief gave forty years' unremitting attention to its management, shared its hardest labours and its most perilous duties, and was almost destitute of that intelligent assistance which his own position and the public exigencies required; and finally, that he died in harness.

Now that he is gone, it is for the Government to appoint a proper successor. This is not easy. The Head of the Police ought never to be popular, but at the same time he ought not to be ungracious or personally unpopular. He has an irksome office to fill, and unpleasant duties to discharge. His deportment and address should be such as not to aggravate the obnoxiousness of the one or the difficulty of discharging the other. He should be zealous without being fussy; firm without being obstinate or bullying; strict without being a martinet; and, above all things, he should be reticent and reserved. He should be able to win the entire confidence of his men by his calm and unimpassioned deportment, his discrimination of character, and his judicious estimate of services performed. It is superfluous to say that he should be diligent and punctual in his attendance at his office. It is the curse of the organization which he will have to superintend that prevents us from adding that he ought to be as familiar with the beats of his men as any sergeant of police. This is impossible as the department is at present constituted; and this very impossibility suggests the important changes which ought to be made in the organization of the force before it can attain the true standard of a Metropolitan Police.

One chief want which we have already indicated is the want of a body of commissioned officers between the three Commissioners and the sergeants and superintendents who correspond to the non-commissioned officers of the army. There is between the three gentlemen in Scotland Yard and these non-commissioned officers no person to rule and direct the 7,000 constables who guard the metropolis and its suburbs. Now, as many of these sergeants have been deservedly promoted from the ranks, they do not exercise that moral influ-

ence over the privates which commissioned officers exercise over soldiers. The men regard them either as comrades or as spies upon themselves; and, too frequently, the inhabitants regard them as accomplices with the men in oppression or in corruption. If they are strict, they are suspected of seeking for bribes; if they are lax, of having received bribes. They are, in most cases, honest and upright officers; but, not being under the constant supervision of recognized superiors, they naturally contract easy and idle habits. They know that they are not liable to the sudden visits of the Commissioners at any moment. They make their own reports of their own and their men's doings. It is evident that in many ways this want of a proper staff affects the Force injuriously. In the first place, all men are the better for being watched and inspected. The greater the area of their duties, the greater the difficulty and need of watching them. In the next place, the authority of a superior officer would support the authority of the subordinate officer; in the third place, the interference of the superior officer would escape the imputations of spite, favouritism, and general unfairness which are so lavishly heaped upon the inferior. We are speaking now of the ordinary duties devolved upon the police by seventy different Acts of Parliament. The honest discharge of these duties implies the exercise of a very obnoxious and unpopular vigilance. It requires both courage and conscientiousness to see that taverns and saloons are closed at the prescribed hours, that beer is not sold at illegal seasons, that nuisances are not suffered to obstruct legitimate traffic, that lodging-houses are not crowded to the prejudice of health and decency, that notorious vagrants are not dodging timid folks, that pawnbrokers have not in possession goods suspected to be stolen, or, at any rate, have complied with the letter of the law in that respect; and fifty other matters which the law has placed within the sphere of police duties. Even in these things the counsel and countenance of a supreme officer are worth much. But there are other and rarer cases in which they are indispensable; in street riots, or in the assemblage of large crowds for objects ostensibly legitimate, but substantially illegal. In none of these matters has the private constable any authority to consult except his superintendent, and the superintendent has no one to whom he may refer except three gentlemen in Scotland Yard, from which he may be five or six miles distant. Is it surprising that, under such circumstances, signs of partiality should be exhibited, or of indiscreet zeal, or of culpable indifference? Is it wonderful that of the 2,000 men who are on daily duty, or of the 4,000 who are on duty at night, a certain proportion should execute their orders improperly, and others should not execute them at all? Or is it strange that that great *lâche* of which Mr. J. S. Mill speaks with exceptionally just severity in his last self-opinionated letter should have grown up in a body of men which knows little or nothing of superior authority? To be "tipped" for simply doing one's duty is not, indeed, so heinous a fault as being bribed to do something contrary to one's duty or beyond one's duty. But it shows a very imperfect sense of duty when men who are paid by the public to serve the public take money for their services from individual members of the public. The only defence of such misconduct (after that of insufficient supervision) is to be found in the fact that men enter the Police only for a short time, and wish to make the most out of it in that short time.

This leads us to another reform, of which we have spoken before, and which is of great importance. At present the Police is the refuge of destitute workmen who cannot find other employment, and who become constables till they can find work at their normal trades. Then they give the prescribed month's warning, and are at liberty to quit the Force. Now, so long as this facility of admission and discharge exists, so long will the police want that solidity and substance which it is so desirable that it should possess. No man cares for a vocation which he takes up as a *pis-aller*. The Police force should not be so easy either of admission or relinquishment. And the only way to ensure its reception and retention of good men is to make it worth their while to remain in the Force. Now two means of securing these results present themselves; one is by giving promotion, the other is by giving pensions. But only a limited number of privates can hope, even under the most favourable circumstances, to become inspectors and superintendents. The main body must look only to the alternative of continuing to earn their present pay so long as their health lasts, or of resuming some trade which will pay them better so long as they can work at it. Neither of these conditions is favourable to the introduction of intelligence or the encouragement of zeal. Each of them is darkened by the prospect of destitution in old age and death in the Poorhouse. If good men are to be brought into the constabulary, they must be induced to remain in it by the certainty of a decent provision in their declining years. The same prospect which secures a perpetual succession of good clerks in the public offices, and of good soldiers in the army, will secure a succession of good policemen. In classes of men whose earnings do not allow them to save money, a certain provision for their declining years is a weighty consideration.

We have spoken of two reforms which seem to us as indispensable to the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police. We admit that they both require money, and that the ratepayers—who, in the suburbs at any rate, are already clamouring against the yearly augmentation of their burdens—are not likely to be propitiated in their favour. We are willing to rest their advocacy on the ground of true economy. London will soon have a population of four millions of human beings. It will be fully double the very highest estimate of the population of Rome at the time when Juvenal described it to be dangerous for a decent citizen to walk the streets at night. It will be five times the lowest estimate of that population. It will include the most accomplished of the criminal and the most impracticable of the semi-criminal class; the most ferocious of the "roughs" and the most incurable of casual and vagrants. It will absorb the roguery, the violence, and the mendicancy of the whole kingdom. It will tax the energy and zeal of its 6,000 available policemen to the utmost. The choice lies between having a police incapable, and one that is capable of coping with the exigencies of the situation. Some sort of police, all are agreed, there must be. Whatever there is must be paid for. Shall we pay 8*d.* in the pound for an inefficient, or 1*s.* in the pound for an efficient, police? That is the question. Is it better to save our fourpennies and to go on seeing our streets unguarded, the patrols negligently kept, and our doors besieged by importunate mendicants; or to sacrifice our fourpennies for the certainty of regular and effective protection? Let people bear in mind that on the discipline, cohesion, and mobility of the police depends the security of metropolitan life and property. Let them then ask themselves whether this object is or is not worth paying for.

While we have pointed out two changes in the internal organization of the force which are indispensable to its usefulness, we cannot forget that, without some external changes, these will be comparatively sterile. The police may be drilled into a celerity of action which will succeed in pouncing on every third or fourth criminal in the actual commission of crime. But so long as notorious criminals who have already been twice or thrice convicted are living without any obvious honest calling; so long as they and their associates herd together in comfort and competence, secure against the inquiries of the police; so long, too, as those pawnbrokers and other receivers—reputable ratepayers many of them—who are justly termed the "capitalists of crime," are shielded by the beneficent protection of British law from any impertinent examination by the police, so long will the internal defences of felonry remain untouched and impregnable. The conservatism of lawyers, the rooted prejudices in favour of the least applicable principles of our criminal jurisprudence, the weighty name of Mr. J. S. Mill, and the popular antipathy to surveillance, will long prevent any change in the direction indicated. But people must be just; and when they complain of the inefficiency of the constabulary, they must remember that its action is impeded and its vigour impaired by restrictions which are not known, and would not be tolerated, by any Continental nation.

SPAIN AND THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.

If the Duke of Montpensier really wishes to be King of Spain he cannot be complimented on the means he has taken to attain his end. There is only one circumstance that could possibly have made it prudent for him to put himself prominently forward in Spanish affairs. If at the beginning of the Revolution the Provisional Government had adopted him as its candidate, he might perhaps have exercised a candidate's usual privilege, and issued an address to the electors. But when the Provisional Government decided to leave the matter in the hands of the Cortes, the most absolute silence became at once the truest policy. By maintaining a rigid silence upon the subject of his claims, the Duke of Montpensier might certainly have saved his dignity and possibly gained a throne. If he wanted to demonstrate his readiness to accept the part of a simple Spanish citizen, he had nothing to do but to wait. A new Government is never anxious unnecessarily to mul-

tiply exiles, and as soon as the constitutional questions now awaiting an answer had been disposed of the DUKE would, without any effort of his own, have regained the rights he professes to value so highly. If, on the other hand, his ambition is greater than he avows, his course was equally simple. There was no fear of his being forgotten when the merits of different claimants came to be compared. His position as the brother-in-law of the late QUEEN marked him out for consideration of some kind. The greater the reserve displayed by him on the subject, the better would be the chance of this consideration taking a favourable turn. A character for reserve and want of ambition does occasionally serve a man in time of revolution. The world gets tired of candidates whose virtues are incessantly proclaimed by themselves or their friends, and when this happens, the crown may be offered by a sudden popular impulse to the one man who has shown no desire to possess it. This, at all events, was the combination for which the Duke of MONTPENSIER should have played. The same cause that secured his name being kept before the public—his relationship to the ex-QUEEN—operated as a *primâ facie* disqualification. By a judicious abstinence from Spanish politics, the force of this disqualification would have been reduced to a minimum, and at length, amidst the obvious objections to which other claimants are obnoxious, and the many difficulties which would follow upon the proclamation of a Republic, it might have altogether disappeared.

Instead of following the dictates alike of prudence and self-respect, the Duke of MONTPENSIER has acted in a way which will probably prove even more disastrous to his prospects than the most open canvass for the throne. His recent journey to Cordova was ingeniously calculated to aggravate the suspicions of the Spanish people; and if his published defence of the step has lessened the public alarm, it has lessened, in at least an equal degree, the estimation in which he has hitherto been held. The reasons which the Duke gives for "offering his sword to the Provisional Govern-"ment," on the occasion of the insurrection at Cadiz, are singularly lame. His case is that the newspaper accounts of the outbreak led him to a wrong conclusion as to its nature. He regarded it as "the result of a combination between the "several elements opposed to the Revolution." Thereupon he thought it his duty to place himself at the disposal of the Government. The natural way of doing this would have been to write or telegraph to Madrid, but, "in the conviction that "it was more honourable in a soldier to wait for orders at the "immediate centre of danger rather than at a long distance," he said nothing about his intention until he arrived at Cordova. There he learned that the insurrection was over, and that it had not contained any reactionary element. Upon making this discovery a new "duty" presented itself. This was "to "abstain from any interference in the deplorable conflict "between the Liberal parties," and in conformity with this view he immediately returned to Lisbon. Throughout the affair he only exercised the right of a citizen, and fulfilled the duty of a soldier, and he is greatly distressed to find that his natural and straightforward conduct should have given rise to unworthy suspicions. Indeed, there is so much about rights and duties in this eminently unwise letter, that it reads like a compendium of ethics. In spite, however, of its exalted morality, few people will believe that the Duke of MONTPENSIER really thought his services as a soldier so important to the Provisional Government that he was bound in conscience to proffer them. He might have been sure that if the authorities wanted him, they would have taken care to acquaint him with the fact. No matter what "combination of elements" there might have been at Cadiz, his support would neither have added strength to the Government nor called forth enthusiasm in the people. Indeed, as it turned out, the Duke's presence in the field would indirectly have aided the insurgents. The Republican leaders could ask for no more fortunate coincidence than the adhesion of a BOURBON Prince to the cause of the Government against which they were fighting. It would have supplied them with just the evidence they wanted to the existence of a secret design to force a monarchy upon Spain. We have criticized the Duke of MONTPENSIER's conduct on the assumption that it was the product of his unassisted brain. According to another hypothesis, it was the result of an arrangement between him and some members of the Provisional Government. In that case the Duke has been ill-advised as well as foolish. In the friends of a man in his situation discretion is at least as valuable a quality as zeal itself.

The Duke of MONTPENSIER's blunder has naturally been turned to account by the Spanish Republicans. That this party is preparing to make a serious struggle for power may now be taken as certain. It has carried a large majority of the recent municipal elections, and unless the peasantry should show an unexpected devotion to the monarchical principle, there is reason to anticipate that the elections for the Cortes will result in a similar triumph. If this turns out to be the case, the Provisional Government will find it very difficult to oppose a conclusion which they have themselves practically invited. How to do without a king is a lesson quickly learnt, and the Duke of SERRANO and General PRIM have taken care that the Spanish people should have full time to study it. Had a king been proclaimed early in the Revolution, a great many Spaniards who are now ardent Republicans would never have shaken off their traditional impressions. The smoothness with which events have gone on for the last three months has enabled them to see that even in Spain a monarch is not a necessary of life. The fact is not, under present circumstances, one to be much regretted. When the chief of a revolutionary executive is a man of great ability and resolution, it is perhaps better that he should be called King rather than President. In the latter position he will be subject to constant temptations either to extend the tenure or to increase the powers of his office; in the former, he will already hold the throne for life, and he will consequently no longer have before his eyes any necessary object of ambition. If NAPOLEON III. had started as King of the French, he might never have developed into an Emperor. But where there is no ruler forthcoming of any energy of intellect or character, while at the same time Republican principles have made considerable progress in the country, to put an incapable man at the head of affairs is to provoke conspiracies and disturbances of all kinds. A strong and capable Government will always in the long run secure the support of the people in the face of a merely theoretical Opposition. But where this recommendation does not exist, the effect of royalty is merely to supply the Republican propagandists with a constant instance with which to point their arguments.

The want of a candidate of any conspicuous merit is perhaps a reason with the members of the Provisional Government for clinging to monarchical institutions. At least it is unintelligible that they should display any devotion to the abstract idea, unless they see in its triumph an ultimate exaltation of themselves. No class of men like to lose power after they have once possessed it, and the authors of a military revolution are rarely exceptions to this rule. The Duke of SERRANO and General PRIM may differ as to the forms under which the Government shall be carried on, but they will probably be found to agree that the question is one which ought to be determined by the army. If the Republican party has made up its mind to put the army under the effective control of the civil power, the struggle between these two theories can hardly fail to be formidable. Unfortunately, if the Republicans prevail they are almost sure to lay the foundations, even in the moment of victory, of a tremendous reaction. There is no ground for supposing that the majority of the party advocate either communism or atheism; but there are certainly some members of it with whom hostility to property and to religion is an essential article of faith. As the Revolution goes forward, these men are more and more likely to gain the upper hand, and in that case the first work of the Republic will be to unite against itself all who hold property and all who believe in the Church. So long as neither of these classes are attacked, the great mass of the respectable Catholic population will remain practically neutral between the contending parties. But when once the rich and the devout are animated by a common alarm, they will range themselves on the side of order. It was by their support, more even than by that of the army, that the *coup d'état* was achieved in France, and the same causes may be safely trusted to produce the same result elsewhere. If the Republican party intends to rule Spain, it should set itself first of all to restrain the excesses of individual Republicans. For every house sacked, every church pillaged, every priest mobbed, every image turned into a target, a score of neutral politicians will be converted into confirmed foes. Taken by themselves they may be powerless to retaliate, but they will bide their time, and they have sufficient passive weight to give irresistible force to the man who makes himself their champion. No revolution runs its course unchecked without bringing a "saviour of society" in its train; and if in Spain neither a first nor a second NAPOLEON has yet turned up, we may expect that one or the other will be forthcoming so soon as circumstances are favourable to his advent.

THE NEW OXFORD STATUTE.

THE gravest changes often spring from the most apparently trivial causes. It is easy to sneer at the idea of the whole Christian world being set by the ears by the insertion or omission of an iota, or to laugh at the early martyrs for preferring to be burnt rather than throw a few grains of incense on the sacrificial fire. The natural inference would be, not that the Christians were little better than raving lunatics, but that the iota and the incense, however trifling to all appearance, really involved an important principle. When, therefore, we were lately told by an Oxford Professor that the new lodging-house statute constitutes an era in the history of the University, and is an event of great national as well as great academical importance, it would be irrelevant to reply that a statute enabling some few dozen undergraduates to live in lodgings in the town, instead of being obliged to spend their first three years of residence within college walls, can hardly have such momentous results as he anticipates. At the same time we are inclined to think, for reasons which will appear presently, that Mr. BONAMY PRICE, and those whose opinions in this case he represents, have very largely over-estimated the actual consequences likely to follow from the change. Nor are we at all sure that, if their expectation were realized, it would be an unmixed benefit. That it was desirable, even in the interest of the colleges themselves, to abolish the legal monopoly of the colleges first established by LAUD, there can be little doubt, nor was there much difference of opinion on the subject among Oxford residents, whether of the Liberal or Conservative school. A similar proposal was indeed recently rejected at Cambridge, but more from objections raised to some of its details than on any ground of abstract principle. As yet the only observable effect of the change at Oxford has been to bring some sixteen "unattached" students into residence, and to enable some of the colleges to relegate a few supernumerary freshmen into licensed lodgings till there are rooms vacant for them in college. But the statute has only been in operation during a single term, and any attempt to judge of its working would obviously at present be premature. It is more to the purpose to inquire what are the expectations formed by those most sanguine about the probable improvements to be effected by the measure, and how far such expectations are reasonable.

For some time past complaints have been heard from the most opposite quarters of the growing idleness and luxury of Oxford life, and two distinguished authorities, differing in much else, have prescribed the somewhat homœopathic remedy of abolishing pass examinations, with the avowed object, however, of eventually getting rid of the passmen. We are far from sympathizing with the veteran M.A. who observed, when he voted against Mr. GLADSTONE, that "he always had gone "against those d——d intellectuals, and he always would"; but for *alma mater* to exclude from her embrace all but the most intellectual of her children does certainly look very like abdicating a very important branch of her functions. To say that no one who cannot or will not rise beyond the standard of the pass schools shall be admitted to Oxford at all, is to exclude from the many civilizing and elevating influences of the place a very large number of those who stand in the greatest need of them. The fact that the University has hitherto been too much of a lounge for the wealthy and indolent classes is no reason for closing its doors against all who have not the stimulus to industry afforded by distinctly intellectual tastes, or by the necessity of making their own way in the world. Such, at least, is not the error of those who anticipate great things from the destruction of the college monopoly. On the contrary, they insist that, if Oxford is to be really national, the bulk of the students must always be passmen, and that the pass degree is the matter to be chiefly thought of. And they look for an immense increase in the number of students, from the diminished expense and altered system of instruction likely to be brought about by the removal of compulsory collegiate residence. This last is, of course, a question which only experience can decide. But there are some very obvious considerations which may fairly be taken into account to moderate over sanguine hopes. In the first place, any such numerical accession as those who are fond of contrasting modern with mediæval Oxford sometimes talk about, would make discipline next to impossible. "Thirty "thousand," it has been pertinently observed, and by an ardent Oxford reformer, "are the legendary object of our "aspirations; five thousand would probably be an anarchy." Eton with its eight or nine hundred boys has almost become too unwieldy for efficient control, and was called some years ago, by Sir J. COLERIDGE, "a boy university." But five thousand undergraduates would be far more unmanageable than a thousand schoolboys, because the same kind of discipline cannot be applied to them. But this is not all. Supposing the ideal multitude of students could be properly managed if they came, is it likely that they will come merely because they can come into lodgings, instead of into college? We suspect not. The grand plea urged for thinking so is the diminished cost of the University curriculum under the new regulations. But why are lodgings less expensive than residence within college walls? Not, surely, because the direct expenses are necessarily smaller. A pamphlet appeared the other day from the pen of an experienced Tutor of St. John's, Cambridge, urging that colleges can provide a cheaper dinner than lodginghouse-keepers, owing to the large number they have to provide for. And it is clear on the face of it that he is right. He accordingly advocates the enlargement of college accommodation to its utmost possible limits, the cutting down of expenses, and the restriction of pecuniary rewards as far as possible to those who need them most. The latter point involves too wide a discussion to be entered upon here, but in his former suggestions Mr. TORRY will find many to agree with him in both Universities. An important step has already been taken in that direction, by the leading college at Cambridge, in the erection of a new block of buildings for about a hundred students from funds bequeathed by the late Master, Dr. WHEWELL. Still it is quite true, as a fact, that residence in college is dear, and that students are able, if they choose, to live more cheaply in lodgings. But that is partly because the scale of college expenditure has to be more or less adapted to the convenience of the wealthier class, and much more because the habits of society in college are expensive. This is the real root of the difficulty. And the lodging-house solution only unties the knot by cutting it. True, it relieves the out-college student from the social expenses of college life, but then it relieves him from the society too. And the question is, whether any large number of men will care to come to the University to undergo this kind of social ostracism. There is such a thing as *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.* And there can be no doubt whatever that on at least two-thirds of those who now go to Oxford the indirect education of the place, through the conflict of mind with mind and "keen encounter of their wits," leaves to the full as indelible a mark as the direct education of lectures and examinations. And then, again, there are the opportunities afforded of forming useful or desirable connexions, which are to many parents one main attraction in sending their sons there; and from this advantage the undergraduate in lodgings would ordinarily be excluded.

There is one answer sometimes made to all such objections which has a certain hypothetical force. It is said that a sufficient number of these new students will make their appearance to constitute a separate society by themselves. In other words, there would be a sort of Scotch or German University, composed chiefly of youths of a lower social position, existing side by side with the old collegiate University. It may fairly be questioned whether such a result would be beneficial if it were attained. But we need not discuss that here. The probability of its attainment is, according to all human calculation, infinitesimal. The wealth, the name, the prestige of the colleges, and the traditions of some four centuries—for LAUD did little more than authenticate and stereotype accomplished facts—are against it. Oxford, to use the words of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, "is a University of Colleges, and a University of Colleges it will remain." But, moreover, in all calculations about the number of students who will come up into lodgings, based on the supposed analogy of Scotch or German Universities, the most essential factors of the comparison are tacitly ignored. The Scotch Universities answer more to our public schools than to Oxford or Cambridge. Boys of fifteen often come to study there, instead of youths of nineteen or twenty. And of those who come or remain later, a very considerable proportion are preparing for ordination in the Presbyterian Church. In the German Universities there is no fixed term of residence, and there are no regular examinations, either for pass or class. Few of the students, except those who are going into the Church, take a degree at all. And of the rest a large number are destined for Government offices, for which the University curriculum is required. No trustworthy inference can be drawn from the lecture-rooms of Heidelberg or Glasgow as to the number of poor students who would resort to a cheapened Oxford simply for the educational advantages of the University course, unless other and much more fundamental changes than any involved in the exemption from collegiate residence are first introduced. To men who have to make their living, time is money. And a poor man cannot afford to wait

till he is twenty-two or twenty-three before beginning to earn his livelihood. This is one main ingredient in the expensiveness of Oxford, and no mere rearrangement of the tariff touches it. If the degree examinations were put back practically to an earlier age, and the education were made professional instead of liberal, as to a great extent it is at the German Universities, the matter would be different. But as long as it is admitted that mental power and general information, not utility, are the proper objects and tests of University education, this cannot be done without revolutionizing the whole system. Special studies, or the more elementary and scientific branches of them, might indeed be domesticated at Oxford in fact, where they already exist in name; but, if the traditional character of the system is to be maintained, they would have to supervene on a general course of education, not to become its substitute.

We have chiefly confined ourselves here to the financial aspects of the question. There are other points, connected with the operation of the new statute in its bearing on the teaching of the University, of very great importance, and we may perhaps take another opportunity of adverting to them. In the meantime, let it be clearly understood that we are very far from meaning to imply any sort of censure on the change already introduced. It was clearly right to abolish an unreasonable restriction, even if very little comes of it practically. Some of those who may claim to speak with authority think, as we observed on a previous occasion, that a great deal will come of it; and, at all events, the experiment of attracting those who are deterred from entering the University by the expense of college life is quite worth making, even if only a few should avail themselves of the opportunity offered. The other experiment of a cheap college, which is also about to be tried, is in some respects more hopeful. If it should turn out to be chiefly sought after by intending candidates for orders who are unable to bear the cost of the present colleges, and if a large percentage of the new lodgers should belong to the same class, an important service will be rendered to the Church in diminishing the percentage of Literates and St. Bees men among her ministers. There is no reason why other new colleges should not be founded, or the existing colleges enlarge their area, whether by additional buildings, as has already been done at Christ Church and Merton, or by a partial adoption of the Cambridge system of allowing their surplus undergraduates to live in licensed lodgings. The affiliation of local colleges is another possible method of making the influence of Oxford more widely felt in the country. That the available limits of University Extension, by any or all of these plans, will fall considerably short of what some of their advocates reckon upon, we see good grounds for believing. Nor are we sure that the University would be in all respects benefited if their hopes were realized; for a University has other functions to discharge besides that of teaching the greatest possible number of young men. But that is no reason for not attempting whatever can be done consistently with the character of the place and the due administration of necessary discipline. *Solvitur ambulando.*

RITUALISM AND THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

IT is not our intention to comment on the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of MARTIN v. MAKONOCHIE. The decision of a Court of final appeal is beyond the reach of criticism, unless there is any reason to suppose that, if it can be shown to be erroneous, there is a legislative remedy within reach. All the casuistical skill that the Ritualists can muster has been employed for the last ten days in picking holes in Lord CAIRNS's law; and if it is true that Lord WESTBURY and Sir WILLIAM ERLE dissented from the conclusion arrived at by the majority of the Committee, the process may not be difficult. But the triumph will at best be a barren one. Parliament will certainly not supply a statutable interpretation of the rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer more favourable to Mr. MACKONOCHIE than the judicial interpretation of Lord CAIRNS and his colleagues. Be the judgment good or bad, it is the authoritative exposition of the ecclesiastical law on the subject, and to it, with a good or bad grace, the defendant will have to submit. The real interest of the matter lies in the effect which the judgment will have upon the position of the Ritualists in the Church of England. What changes will they be compelled to make in their manner of conducting public worship, and what will probably be the influence of these compulsory changes on those who have to submit to them?

The decision of the Privy Council, taken in connexion with the previous decision of the Dean of the ARCHES, has been regarded by a good many people as absolutely fatal to the continuance of Ritualist services. There can be no doubt that the two judgments do prohibit for the future several of the most significant and striking ceremonies which have been in use at St. Alban's and elsewhere. There can be no "censing of persons or things," no mixing of water with the sacramental wine, no conspicuous elevation of the consecrated elements, no kneeling after the consecration of the bread, no lighting of candles on the altar, except for the purpose of giving light. When the first two of these practices were forbidden by the Dean of the ARCHES, the defeated party comforted themselves with the reflection that they had gained the two points of greatest doctrinal and symbolical moment — the kneeling in the middle of the consecration prayer, and the use of lighted candles in the day time. Now this consolation is taken from them. A partial victory has been converted into a complete defeat. Every one of the ceremonies objected to by the prosecutor has been condemned; and more than this, the Court has made all further resuscitation of pre-Reformation ceremonies impossible by deciding that every such ceremony which is not retained in the present Prayer Book must be held to be abolished by the terms of the Acts of Uniformity. For the future, therefore—so some of our contemporaries argue—the services of the Ritualist churches must be brought down to the usual Protestant level, and, if the Ritualist clergy are consistent, their only choice will be between becoming Roman Catholics and setting up a free church themselves. Which will they do?

We believe, for our own part, that they will do neither, and for this reason. Even when the judgment of the Judicial Committee has been strictly obeyed, the worship at St. Alban's and other churches of the same school will be of a perfectly different type from that which has usually been adopted in England. The judgment of the same Court in the case of WESTERTON v. LIDDELL established the legality of the ornaments which are most disliked by the Evangelical party. The sculptured reredos, the cross behind the altar, the variously coloured altar cloths, the credence table—all those peculiarities of construction and furniture which are popularly supposed to make the chancels of many Anglican churches so indistinguishable from the corresponding portion of a Roman Catholic edifice, will "remain as they have done in times past." Nor is the position of the priest at the altar, one of the points of High Church practice which give most offence to extreme members of the opposite party, at all affected by the present judgment. Further, the principle maintained by the Court, that the only legal ornaments "of the church and of the ministers thereof" are those which were in use "by the authority "of Parliament in the second year of the reign of King EDWARD "the Sixth," and that by this term "ornaments" is meant such articles as are prescribed by the Prayer Book of 1549, brings into new prominence the absolute legality of what are known in ultra-Protestant circles as "mass vestments." If there is one thing more than another which to ordinary eyes differentiates the Roman mass from the Anglican Communion service, it is the dress of the priest; and now the Court of final appeal has again declared that in the intention of the law this is substantially identical in the two cases. It is not improbable, therefore, that one of the first results of the judgment in MARTIN v. MACKONOCHIE will be a more extensive use of vestments. Hitherto many of the clergy have considered the use of lighted candles a sufficient concession to the Ritualist principle, and have consequently not discarded the customary surplice. Now that this compromise has been made impossible, they may be expected shortly to appear in all the glory of chasubles and tunicles. Nor, again, does the judgment touch in any way the position or gestures of the assistant ministers. Consequently the grouping, so to speak, of the clergy in front of the altar will remain the same, and all but the actual celebrant will be at liberty to express their devotion by kneeling how and when they please. The result of all this seems to be that the actual changes in the service will be of far less moment than people think. A man who has found himself unable to attend St. Alban's on Sunday mornings will not have his course made much the easier by the Privy Council. The altar candles will not be lighted, and the officiating priest will not kneel till after he has consecrated both the elements. This is the amount of the alteration, and to speak of it as an utter subversion of Ritualist ceremonial is, to say the least, an immense exaggeration.

But, it is argued, the importance of the judgment lies in the fact that it forbids all expression by gesture of the doctrine of the Real Presence; and since to the clergy concerned this is an essential article of belief, they cannot consistently remain

ministers of a church which imposes such a prohibition. When this reasoning comes to be looked into, it appears that this very wide conclusion is held to follow from a somewhat small fact. In the opinion of the Judicial Committee, the Church of England does not prescribe, and therefore by implication forbids, the priest to kneel during the Prayer of Consecration. After the Prayer of Consecration he may kneel, indeed is ordered to kneel, but he must not, as at St. Alban's he has heretofore done, kneel for a moment between the consecration of the two elements. But every ritual must set some limit to the outward devotion of the minister, or else no two services would be alike. In the Roman Church the gestures of the priest at mass are carefully prescribed, and in so far as they are prescribed the use of any other is forbidden. It is not uncommon to hear Ritualists say that the Roman Catholic service strikes them as less reverent than their own, and if this is examined, it usually turns out to mean that the priest, being told exactly what he is to do, has much less opportunity of exhibiting his individual devotion than has hitherto been enjoyed by the clergy of the Church of England. But the mere imposition of a particular gesture at a particular moment cannot fairly be taken as equivalent to the prohibition of the doctrine supposed to be symbolized by some other gesture. If we suppose that the Anglican Church regards the consecration of the elements as one and the same act, there ceases to be anything significant in her not ordering the consecrator to kneel until the act is complete. To convert this into an implicit denial of the doctrine of the Real Presence is as illogical as it would be to draw a similar inference from the fact that the Roman Church orders the celebrating priest to communicate standing.

Looking at the matter all round, therefore, we hold, as we have held from the time the suit was instituted, that the judgment in MARTIN *v.* MACKONOCHIE is of very small practical moment. Indeed, in one respect it does the Ritualists a service, by bringing out the fact more prominently that on two points—the non-use of vestments and the omitting to stand during the Prayer of Consecration "before the table," that is, with his back to the people—the law is broken by every Evangelical clergyman every time he administers the Communion. If Ritualism is to be put down by law, it can only be done in one of two ways. Either a decision must be obtained from the Privy Council that certain doctrines cannot lawfully be preached in the Church of England, or an Act of Parliament must be passed to make certain alterations in the present Prayer Book. Either of these expedients will do the required work. Whether they would not do a good deal more in addition, is a question which may be profitably commended to the consideration of Lord SHAFTESBURY and his friends.

PAUPERISM AND EMIGRATION.

THE letter from Australia which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday came at a very opportune moment. From various causes the enthusiasm on behalf of emigration which was so general fifteen or twenty years back has long ago died out. This fact may be accounted for in various ways. When the scheme was first suggested it was too often treated as a universal and immediate remedy; and when people found that poverty was too inveterate a disease in England to be cured in a day they grew first impatient, and next indifferent. Emigration again has become discredited owing to its indiscriminate application to all classes of the population. It has been forgotten that a new country does not require all the qualifications of which there is a superabundance in civilized society. It does not follow, because England can only find work for ten men out of twenty, that Australia should be able as a matter of course to find work for the remaining ten. As regards certain trades and professions the colonies are almost as much overstocked as the Mother-country. There is as little demand for head-work of any kind in the one as in the other. Nor, again, is there the opening there once was for the employment of small capitals. Men must not go to Australia with the notion of making their fortunes in a few years, and coming home again. In all these ways there have been a good many illusions to be dispelled, and the process has occasionally been carried on with some roughness. The consequence is that the discouragement has extended over a wider circle than that to which it is properly applicable. People hear that emigration has in many cases been a failure, and they draw a universal conclusion from a particular premiss. They do not consider that the same colony which leaves clerks and fine gentlemen to make their way home as they best can may be languishing all the time for a few shiploads of labourers or artisans. Nor has the selection of emigrants been always as prudent as it might have been. We have thought too much of the immediate relief to ourselves. Consequently, the stream has not been maintained by a continuous demand from the colonies. They are anxious to get what they want from England, but they are not on that account willing to take anything they can get. In the case of the agricultural labourer, some at least of the neglect with which projects of emigration have been regarded must be traced to the instinctive self-interest displayed by many of the farmers. By and by, no doubt, they will be joint gainers with their labourers from the advantages derived by the latter through an improvement of their material condition. They will have their work better done, and, when they find this truth out for themselves, they will no longer grudge the labourer better wages. But, in the first instance, emigration on a large scale would be a dead loss to the farmer, since he would have to pay higher wages without immediately reaping the benefit in improved work. And to many men even the consciousness of getting proportionately more for their money does not compensate for the pain of having to expend the larger sum.

The Melbourne Correspondent of the *Times* has wisely put side by side with his own description of the condition of the labourer in Australia, Canon GIRDLESTONE's description of the labourer in Devonshire. In Australia "the roughest and least "skilled labourers earn their 5*s.* a day." A common shepherd "gets 40*l.* a year and his rations." The progress from one class to another is rapid; "farm labourers grow into farmers "on their own account, and skilled mechanics into contractors." The commonest labourer has his Sunday suit, his little holiday finery, his weekly or even daily newspaper. Instead of giving up any of the benefits of civilization, he literally tastes them for the first time. In his new home he develops all kinds of new wants, and becomes, intellectually as well as physically, a larger man than before. There is no fear that these advantages will grow less by being shared among a greater number. "With mil- "lions of acres of untilled land, with a superfluity of every- "thing necessary to the existence of man, you cannot easily "overdo this country with human hands." The Australians are trying to find a market for some of their superfluous meat by sending it preserved to England. It is certainly worth considering whether the same end might not be better answered by sending a few hundred thousand Englishmen to eat it fresh in Australia. For what, after all, is there to detain them in this country? The inducements offered in North Devon are very well summed up by Canon GIRDLESTONE in an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for December. An agricultural labourer gets 9*s.* a week—till within the last year 8*s.* was the usual figure—and from three pints to two quarts of cider a day. Part of his wages is sometimes paid in grist, or in wheat too small in grain to be sent to market, an arrangement which is beneficial or the reverse according as wheat is high or low. He works from seven in the morning to five or half-past five in the evening—less an hour and a-half for meals; but he is often kept two or three hours later without its being counted as overtime. In winter he is liable to frequent deductions from the week's pay, owing to the weather being too bad to work in. He is miserably housed, miserably clad, and miserably fed. His breakfast consists of slices of bread soaked in a pint and a half of hot water, with occasionally a little milk added. These occasions, however, are extremely few, for of late years milk has been scarcely attainable in rural districts. The farmer has now so many opportunities of disposing of it wholesale that it does not answer his purpose to retail it, except at a higher price than the labourer can afford to give. For luncheon and dinner he has bread and skim-milk cheese. At supper he does get his one hot meal in the shape of potatoes and cabbage, flavoured, if he is able to keep a pig, with a little bacon. He is absolutely at the farmer's mercy, for, if he is turned away, he may find it difficult to get other employment; and besides, his cottage often belongs to his master, and if he quarrels with him, he runs the risk of being turned out on the road. Of course there are many parts of England to which this description does not apply. It is on this fact that Canon GIRDLESTONE has built the scheme, of which we have more than once spoken, of making provision for transplanting labourers and their families from North Devon and 9*s.* a week, to other counties where the wages range from 12*s.* to 20*s.* a week. But even supposing this benevolent idea could be systematically carried out, it would soon defeat its own object. If by distributing the labourers of England more equally over the country the minimum of wages can be raised, it is obvious that this can only be done on a large scale by means of a corresponding reduction of the maximum. A mere rearrangement of the wage fund can only benefit those who are worst off by taking nothing from those who are best off. Even this would be

an improvement on the present state of things, since, if the agricultural labourer uniformly received 15s. a week, the standard of comfort prevailing among the class generally would probably be higher than when, as at present, there is so great a distance between the highest and lowest extremes. Still, the utmost success that could attend upon Canon GIRDLESTONE's plan would be attained far more effectually by a well-organized scheme of emigration.

There is another class of persons to whom a fresh start in a colony would be of inestimable importance. This is the pauper population of the East of London. We drew attention not long since to the very serious evils which are impending over that district. That emigration is the only remedy that can really deal with the mischief hardly admits of question. Pauperism in East London is no mere temporary infliction; it is rapidly becoming, if indeed it has not already become, the normal condition of many thousands. Charity, as the word is ordinarily understood, only aggravates the evil. The Poor Law is powerless to deal with it, partly because, as the law stands at present, the requisite amount of relief cannot be raised from the East-end parishes without reducing many of the ratepayers to beggary, and partly because a population supported from any other source than its own labour constantly tends to become more numerous. The disease grows with the remedy. In the extension of emigration to this class, very much more caution would be necessary than in dealing with the agricultural labourer. The selection of unfit subjects for the experiment might easily bring the process into discredit both at home and in the colonies; and in the case of a district which has already to a considerable extent been drained of its able-bodied inhabitants, it will be requisite to take great care not to increase the number of those whom the loss of a son or a brother would condemn to absolute helplessness. We have no doubt that the East-end Emigration Committee is thoroughly alive to the importance of avoiding these dangers, but we would suggest to them that the publication of a detailed statement of the method on which they proceed might greatly enhance the flow of public liberality. It is quite time, however, that the Government should again take up the whole subject. It is not one which can be adequately handled by any subordinate agency. The interests opposed to any extensive emigration, especially of the agricultural population, are too numerous to be opposed with success, except by that complete organization which only official persons can command. Lord GRANVILLE could not better signalize his tenure of the Colonial Office than by the construction, in concert with the Colonial authorities, of a system by which the opportunity of emigration should be offered to those with whom the first condition of any moral or intellectual improvement is the amelioration of that physical wretchedness in which they now live.

TARES.

THE French have a characteristically neat phrase for the incidental weaknesses of a strong nature, whether specially or generally strong, when they say of a man that he has *les défauts de ses qualités*. The theory underlying this phrase is that every virtue has attendant upon it its own particular fault, that the qualities which give a man this or that superiority bring in their train accompanying qualities that tend to inferiority, that we pay for exceptional gifts by a special price; or, to put it metaphorically, that along with the wheat nature, who is as much an enemy as a friend, is pretty sure to have sown a due crop of tares. Tares belong to wheat, on this theory; no wheat without them. This is something different from the commonplace saying that every man has his faults, that nobody is wholly good, and the like. Such faults as are implied in this accepted platitude are not the defects of one's qualities, but of one's humanity; and to say of anybody that he has these is to indulge in the sterile philosophy of the tea-table, and to say sometimes less than nothing. Tares are not merely the weaknesses of fallible mortals as such, but the weaknesses which belong to unusual excellence of any kind, and which spring up alongside of extraordinarily valuable products of character, as if by the selfsame process and law of growth. They are the cost or the penalty, if you like, of any given excellence. If you have uncommon strength on one side, be sure that it has been purchased, consciously or unconsciously, by weakness in some other quarter; that an excessive development here has subtracted so much from the normal development there. It would be an extremely serviceable thing if somebody would draw up a list of virtues, and would then proceed to assign to each of them its private and peculiar defect; we should then know on which side to be wary, both for ourselves and for other people. Conscious of some particular merit, we should then be conscious at the same moment of the likelihood of our [illegible]cular demerit corresponding to it, and, thus forewarn[ed], it would, at any rate, be our own fault if we should not be also forearmed. As it is, for lack of such a list of virtues and corresponding vices—Aristotle's is only an outline, after all—we are forced to trust to personal experience, and the worst of the lessons of experience is that they mostly come too late to be very useful. Men find out that it is a mistake to foster this viper or that, after the brute has bitten them, and the venom has got well into the current of their veins. Still, in recognising the tares that have grown up, in watching against them, in carefully extirpating them, a man might fairly be expected to show himself assiduous, careful, unremitting, because all the time he might be consoled in reflecting that they are the signs and attendants of good grain, and that it is only because he has exceptional virtues that he is bound to be more on his guard than other men against the failings which belong to them. It is sorry work paying for pleasures that have been enjoyed, but who will grudge the constant labour of checking the too luxuriant growth of qualities which only exist because he is better than other people in other qualities, and every check upon which is an immediate help to those other qualities in which he is superior? The reward is direct, and the impulse sufficiently stimulating.

The table of the "defects of qualities," or the catalogue of the various species of tares which belong to the various species of good moral or intellectual grain, if it is to be anything like exhaustive, will be long and complicated, though there is no reason why it should be too complicated to be intelligible. Its leading divisions and classes, especially in the moral order, will be very plain indeed. The most superficial observation of men discloses certain traits which seem invariably to co-exist with certain other traits. For example, rapidity of intelligence is a gift of very great value, and it is not common. The rarity of it is one of the main reasons why the world moves forward so slowly. Most people desire to follow the best course in politics, in knowledge, in belief; but then to know the best course it is indispensable that we should have gone through a long series of successive and distinct efforts of intelligence. For want of rapidity, natural or acquired by training, men make no way; the slowness with which they succeed in making one or two efforts wearies and discourages them, and they fall back into the sluggish ways of cold obstruction, taking firm root at the point where their intelligence has been arrested by some combination of accident and internal *défaillance*, and then drawing around themselves a fixed and for ever unalterable boundary of all that is to be known and thought and felt and believed by mortal men. Besides keeping a man's mind open, rapidity of intelligence has a practical value of the most obvious kind in many other ways; but mark the tares which nearly always spring up by the side of this most attractive and serviceable quality. For one thing, you seldom find anybody possessed of it who has not also a tinge, mostly a very decided tinge indeed, of impatience with people less rapid than himself. In controversy or in conduct he cannot endure to be unequally yoked, for ever so short a time, with those of slower pace and shorter breath. This is a defect which need not be enlarged upon, if we only remember how slow the average pace of intelligence is, and, in the second place, how much a man must consort with average creatures if he wishes to do anything in the world. There is another defect, as serious intellectually as this is serious morally, and which is equally allied with rapidity. The exhilaration of swift motion over subjects is so delicious as to indispose him who has the faculty for it for laborious penetration into the darker and rockier depths of subjects. The bright and ever shifting view of wide champaigns and the sense of motion are too fascinating; they make the slow and tedious sinking of a shaft too repulsive and disgusting. There are other defects incident to the qualities of swift intelligence—all avoidable, because, to a man who is always on the alert and has real strength, there is no such thing in character as necessity; but all very apt to seize upon him by reason of his virtue, and for the same reason difficult to resist and very likely to take firm root with double speed. It is easy to see in this case with what fatal fertility the tares would be likely to grow up and gain upon the wheat, how eventually they might wholly choke it, rapidity of intelligence being made absolutely good for nothing by the attending crop of vices—of impatience, haste, superficiality, and the rest.

Take the group of qualities which belong to a keen appreciation of all the joys of sense. There are few more fruitful mental possessions than a rightly disciplined sensuousness, a capacity of finding delight by all the channels of sense, in colour, in form, in melody, in rhythm, in warmth, in brightness. Our climate is so unfavourable to this, as also is the fibre of our race, and the hardness of temper which both have combined to produce, that we do not find sensuous quality very common among us; indeed the very name seems to have something of an evil savour about it. Yet no words are needed to prove that anything which adds to the sources of delight of its possessor, and through him to those of others, must be worth having and worth praising. Still fewer words are wanted to prove that in this particular crop, at any rate, the chance of a luxuriant growth of tares is uncommonly good. The kind of tares that spring up along with a sensuous disposition is that which lies most directly in the path of the moralist, and is so glaring and conspicuous that people not seldom suppose that the whole patch is incapable of bearing anything but tares, and those, too, of the very worst description that can stifle goodness in the human mind. The popular clumsiness of dialect and inaccuracy of definition notoriously makes no difference between sensuousness proper and sensuousness low, ignoble, undisciplined and gross, which is sensuality; and there is a certain conformity to actual tendencies in this. Few good crops need such assiduous

watching. In the first place, a sensuous man is as likely to impoverish his character by giving the delights of sense a rank over the satisfaction of the understanding, as a man of an opposite sort is to neglect the side of sense and cultivate his understanding only in an arid and narrow manner. In the second place, sensuousness unwatched tends to stifle the social and humane sympathies. People who lay themselves out to excess for pleasures of sense, even those which are most mixed with the most refined pleasures of intelligence, had need take care lest they begin to cherish an inhuman aversion to think of the hideous sorrows of men that lie at their door, and from which no good man can systematically turn away his eye without acquiring that deliberate callousness which is the very hatefullest of vices. In the same way, largeness and intensity of æsthetic sense in excess undoubtedly breed a perilous and dwarfing indifference to politics. Artists are notorious for their apathy about public matters—a defect which, in the eyes of persons with any theory about character and society worth discussing, is fully as disgraceful as some of those other defects on which public opinion is much more severe because they happen to be grosser in their overt manifestations.

If Englishmen are weak in their appreciation on the side of sense, they are exceedingly strong in the virtue of enterprise; and, for the same reason that quickens their sight to the tares in the field of sensuousness, they are a little blind to the flourishing crop that thrives in their own favourite field. The enterprising temper draws its possessor along a narrow path beset with several pitfalls. For example, he is in peril of valuing enterprise too highly for its own sake, until it becomes sometimes not much better than the torment of restlessness; for the sake of enterprise he forgets its causes and ends. The ideal of a serene existence, where all is in stable equilibrium, drops out of sight and mind, or is only remembered to be despised as unmanly, indolent, slothful. If you are not moving, making ever more and more money, acquiring new reputation, restlessly promoting new undertakings, extending connexions, and generally, if you are not penetrated by stir and bustle, you are considered to be as a plant or a tree in which the sap has ceased to rise. Yet the lost ideal was worth preserving; to be without it, to have put it away from among our ends, is to be paying too heavy a price for our exuberance of vigour. Take, again, the highly valuable quality of self-abnegation. In a world where pushing and stirring is so much the rule, to be ready to give way to others, to sacrifice a good to ourselves only for the sake of something which shall be a good to a great many persons as well as, or instead of, ourselves, must be, as everybody indeed confesses it to be, a virtue of priceless esteem. Yet along with it there constantly grows up the sorry tare of spiritlessness; a just resignation to hard circumstance is choked by a counterfeit and most mischievous abjectness. Finally, let us conclude these hints for a list of the thousand and one species of tares, with the most poisonous and most universal of them all—the frightful weed of pharisaism, if that is the best name for a hollow self-consciousness or unjustified spiritual pride. There is no field of human excellence on which this is not likely to make its appearance, and there is hardly an excellence which it will not neutralize, if you once let it make head.

SENSITIVENESS.

TO be negligent of what any one thinks of you, it has been well enough said, shows you to be not only arrogant, but abandoned; but the saying applies to men rather in their private than in their public capacity. It is true only in proportion to the opportunities which the critic has of forming a judgment. A public man ought not to be thin-skinned, if he consults either his comfort or his credit. Any excess of sensitiveness obscures clearness of view, obstructs action, multiplies indefinitely the anxieties inseparable from a prominent position, and provokes attack. If it is once understood that there is no such thing as getting a rise out of a man, he is let alone. It would be well if Mr. Gladstone were invested with the defensive armour of a little phlegm; but, on the contrary, custom, which deadens most sensation, seems only to quicken his; he grows more and more like Hume's portrait of Rousseau, "a skinned man among furze bushes." So at least we judge from the passage in his Chapter of Autobiography which tells the effect that an electioneering placard had on his nervous system. It was a placard, it will be remembered, issued at the Berwick election, in which the writer, by way of showing his sense of Mr. Gladstone's political inconsistency, proposed to leave this "would-be demagogue gibbeted and swinging in the winds of the fool's paradise," an object of derision and contempt. For ourselves, we did not clearly see our way through the part about the "winds of the fool's paradise." We waited to understand before we were horrified; but Mr. Gladstone seems to have mastered the difficulty, for he exclaims, "It freezes the blood, in moments of retirement and reflection, for a man to think that he can have presented a picture so hideous to the view of a fellow-creature." But did Mr. Gladstone really suppose that the author of the placard meant what he said—that he had any picture at all in his eye, any definite image? We could fancy nobody more astonished than the inditer of this fine but somewhat stale piece of rhetoric at the stab he had inflicted, and so it proves. The author of the placard, elate at his unexpected good fortune, hastens to avow himself. "Nobody," writes Captain Hans Busk, "can appreciate better than Mr. Gladstone the licence usually accorded and freely exercised in speeches, squibs, and handbills, during the period of an election; and if he considers that that licence has been exceeded in the instance he refers to, I can but assure him that I heartily regret the circumstance." Captain Hans Busk himself had clearly seen nothing in it. After reading the author's apology and justification, we can only console Mr. Gladstone with the consideration that, if he must present this "hideous picture" to the imagination of any fellow-creature, that fellow-creature may as well be Captain Hans Busk as anybody else.

Nothing could show more emphatically Mr. Gladstone's excess of sensitiveness above the British emotional average than this recoil from the most familiar of all associations—as a mere figure of speech we mean—the neck and the halter. Our criticism on the objectionable passage, as far as we can follow it, is, that it is an anachronism. Since the recent change in our laws the world has lost a right to its favourite joke. Like Acres' damns, the gallows have had their day. Hitherto there is nobody but can compare with Mr. Gladstone's shudderings his own *sang froid* under some touch of the same trial, whether in the form of a prophecy suggested by the delinquencies of childhood or as expressive of his deserts in later life. There are people who can only criticize character by the aid of this figure of speech, who use it as the one resource for clearing the ground of persons and opinions they don't like. It is "hang him" in impatience at every annoyance, whether aggressive or obstructive; while for more deliberate judgment on actors in things moral, political, or literary, "the sooner that fellow is hanged the better" is an exhaustive verdict, disposing of the question—the man and his work—in the only satisfactory way. And this doom may be understood literally or figuratively, according to the mood of speaker or hearer—jocular or ferocious, as people choose to take it. The world has generally agreed not to take a serious view of such allusions—as, for instance, where Charles Lamb reminds married persons insolent over his bachelorhood what sometimes becomes of their offspring, or where Cobbett discerned in people he did not like necks made to be stretched. In fact, the joke always tells. So it has done since Shakspeare's time, as doubtless it did long before. The world has been of one mind with the gravedigger, "I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows is well"! Not one of Walter Scott's heroes is too fine a gentleman for this contingency not to be suggested for him. It is part of a fine stalwart form that it shows a "lang craig for the gibbet." Rob Roy and the Baillie play round the idea with the relish of our pamphleteer. "Well, cousin, ye'll wear black at my burial," says the freebooter. "De'il a black coat will be there, Robin, but the corbies and the hoodie craws," is the ready rejoinder, and the repartee is appreciated. We really begin to think Mr. Gladstone was hard on his assailant, who has strung up his reputation in such good company. But over-sensitiveness must take everything personal in a tragic light, reversing the turn of English humour which evades, by some sleight of touch, the serious side of things, and contrives to detect something easy, familiar, and available for its purposes in every human transaction. It is not always necessary to realize the purport of our words to the mind's eye. When we "hang in suspense" it is not essential that we should picture the idiom to the apprehension. Perhaps acute sensitiveness is incompatible with humour. To enjoy a joke there must be ease of mind, and the over-susceptible are never in this frame. No one takes a joke against himself with a good grace who cannot serenely stand apart and survey himself as a third person. A cool, disengaged understanding shows a man the sort of things which the outside world will say of him and his conduct under peculiar circumstances. Our too sensitive statesman must have known that he was offending some persons' notions of consistency, to say the least of it. He must also have been aware that consistency is the one supreme moral and intellectual merit with people who don't trouble themselves about thinking; a notion which Mr. Gladstone's rapid progress in opinion would certainly shock and outrage. He might, therefore, have foreseen that strong things would be said, and when these strong things were to be spoken from a hustings and to a mob, or posted on dead walls for popular reading, it was a moral certainty that something would come out about swinging and gibbeting. These images still perform their old part of levellers, which has much to do with their popularity.

But leaving public life, where a panoply of phlegm is the first essential to comfort, as well as to entire efficiency, we believe that sensitiveness, whenever it is a characteristic, implies self-mistrust. Let a man once have absolute confidence in his line, whether in thought or action, and he smiles at attack. He is not wounded by the charge of inconsistency, unless there lurks an unacknowledged fear of there being something in it after all. De Quincey attributes to all men of genius the characteristic of tremulous sensibilities, while the highest talent is often below the ordinary standard of feeling; and this probably because talent can reach its ideal, while genius is but rarely satisfied with its performance. However lofty and aspiring may be the self-estimate, it is checked by misgivings, which an adverse voice can deepen into depression and temporary despair. There is no doubt that authors, as a tribe, are sensitive in an excessive degree, and this because there is no standard of capability but success—none, that is, that can be confidently appealed to. Whenever a man is really his own critic and judge, there is no morbid flinching from others' plainspeaking. Thus defended, Wordsworth calmly held his own against ridicule, and Southey maintained confidence in his *Madoc*, which nobody could read. With him it was always the poem "that unquestionably would stand and flourish." It

may be observed that the sensitiveness of authors thrills most keenly at the verdict of strangers. A man who can listen to the unfavourable judgment of the most competent of his friends—anybody, indeed, whom he knows—because he still holds himself the better man, will lose his right reason under the adverse criticism of an unknown pen; it will assume to his shuddering imagination the hangman's office, himself the victim under the mocking stare of the world of readers. We have heard of a man taking to his bed for six weeks after an unfavourable critique of his poems, which could never have happened if he had sincerely believed in his own verses. In the case of such morbid spirits, the press is ever reviving in a degree—a faint degree, we trust—the old wonder:—

> 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

Of course the same self-mistrust is to be detected in all persons who are very sensitive to ridicule. It is wise on this account to have all our surroundings as correct and according to precedent as we can manage to make them. When nothing in circumstances or in the outer man is open to exception, all people are more self-possessed in mind and manner. No one cares about being laughed at where he is sure of his ground. And here, again, we note the unreasonableness of a morbid sentiment. Men commonly dread ridicule in proportion as it need not really affect them. They can stand, and indeed brave, the laugh of acquaintance and belongings, while the sneers of people whom they don't know, and never will know, can inflict an exquisite sting. In questions of conduct, for a like reason, some people are preposterously sensitive to criticism. The faintest hint of disapproval, or even difference of opinion, produces a little frenzy of blustering self-assertion, through which it is not difficult to detect the white feather of self-mistrust. The girl who, in quivering indignation, thrusts into the fire a letter of advice against an injudicious marriage, tells herself that she is avenging an impertinence, but at the bottom there is a doubt of her own prudence and of her lover's worth.

The sensitiveness of all vehement characters may be regarded as a set-off against the annoyances they cause to their cooler neighbours. They are furiously sensitive to blame from others, but they are also acutely sensitive to the reproaches of conscience. Compunction and remorse show very tragically on these people. The same temper that betrays them into outrages ensures an equivalent severity of expiation. As typical examples of self-abasement, they shame our colder natures until we are reconciled to ourselves by the consideration that, if we do not repent in their sackcloth, neither do we fall with such precipitation into their errors. Sir William Napier was one of these vehement spirits; "an error on his part became an agony." Finding, when too late, that he had rashly damaged a brave man's reputation, he might be seen to throw himself on the ground bathed in tears. There is an opposite temper, timid and slow, where sensitiveness acts as a paralyser; there are people upon whom blame tells so much more acutely than praise that one rude critic can silence voice or pen, and check a career. If one or two hiss, it is no matter who claps. If one man yawns and looks at his watch, general attention goes for nothing. If one ear detects a false note, the delight of the crowd gives no pleasure.

While the world in general cannot be said to err in this direction, there are few persons, perhaps, to whom the quiverings of ultra-sensitiveness are unknown as a temporary experience. And it is well to have thus learnt sympathy for natures with which this is a normal condition. People have inevitably to bear so much from one another, owing to defective perception, that any teaching which shall give us an insight into these touchy sensibilities is well earned even at the expense of some pain, and, what may seem worse in the retrospect, some follies and absurdities. The really sensitive organization is a revelation to the observer in quite a distinct sense from ordinary physiognomies; a veil is removed; the mobile mouth, with its infinite play, its variations, fluctuations, quivering self-betrayals, is in itself a lesson, a study, an educator. Through whatever indications it may be read, this temper has a use in teaching caution and refinement to minds of less delicacy than good nature. The world more commonly causes pain through blundering than from intention. Men, like boys, are often cruel because they see the fun solely from their own point of view. And if a smile is now and then irresistible when our intellectual Samsons make sport for us modern Philistines, we should remember that ultra-sensitiveness is an evil incident to fine powers; and, in its more conspicuous examples, it is very commonly the result of an undue intellectual strain from which the mass of mankind are in little danger, and of a perpetual tension of the faculties of which they certainly know nothing.

THE WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS.

WHENEVER it chances that English missionary zeal comes into such direct collision with native heathen feeling that a hostile outbreak is the consequence, the case is certain to be prejudged over a large surface of English opinion. The whole missionary world, from its "philadelphic" centre in the Strand to its remotest village association, will at once accept and promulgate the canon that Brother So and So's views must needs be entirely right, for was he not accepted by the committee at home?—that the poor benighted heathen must be hopelessly in the wrong, or where would be the need of sending missionaries to him? And the more profane world finds in the general term of "nigger" too convenient a way of escape from all geographical and ethnological subtleties to make invidious distinctions between the civilized dwellers in what the *Times* was pleased the other day to describe as "Oriental latitudes," and the savages of Central Africa or the Pacific. The Englishman is of course in the right as against the "nigger," who, equally of course, is in the wrong. Any speaker or writer who should urge that there may be something, after all, to say on the heathen side of the question, would at best be regarded as holding a brief in the character of *advocatus diaboli*, and would be sure among the zealots of the religious world to find "the scorner's chair" brought to the front of the platform for his especial occupation. It would require a more than ordinary amount of nerve to stand up before the compact feminine phalanx of a May meeting for the purpose of uttering a word in mitigation of sentence, or even of hinting at the possibility of extenuating circumstances, in the case, to take an instance now some few years past, of the South Sea Islanders who were known to have killed, and suspected also to have eaten, a Nonconformist missionary. The majesty of British power, in the person of the naval officer in command at the nearest station, was instantly invoked to avenge the wrong; and he, if he had followed the venerable traditions of the service, would merely have been under the necessity of landing on some island in the neighbourhood—the right one if possible—and burning the first village he came to. But the officer in this instance was not satisfied with traditions and precedents, and took the trouble to make a careful inquiry into the circumstances of the affair. The actual murderer was discovered, and very properly hanged; but it was found impossible to withhold some amount of sympathy from the islanders, against whom the missionary, disappointed at the apparent want of success attending his labours, had not long before been vehemently denouncing the wrath of the Great Spirit. A French vessel at the time, being in want of a pilot, had obtained one from the island, and proved to have some disease—measles, if we remember rightly—on board, which the pilot took home with him, and which spread over the island with frightful and fatal rapidity. The poor islanders saw in the calamity the fulfilment of the white man's curse, and in the simplicity of their ignorance they sought to remove it by removing its author, whose own indiscreet zeal had thus indirectly brought about the catastrophe. The recent collision between the teaching of European missionaries and the popular feeling in China has happily led to no such tragical consequences, and has called for no such severe reprisals; but it is probable that any attempt to fix on the missionaries the slightest blame for indiscretion in their method of dealing with a firmly-rooted popular sentiment, or any intimation of an opinion that beneath that sentiment there may be a truth which commands the deepest respect and veneration of civilized society, would be set down as the most dangerous latitudinarianism, if not as rank infidelity. It is not, therefore, without some misgivings lest we should afford an occasion to writers of the *Record* school to prophesy out of their own hearts against us in their too familiar style, that we express our belief that the devotion of the Chinese to the spirits of their ancestors, which has been the immediate cause of offence between the missionaries and the population, is a question which the highest and most enlightened Christian teaching would approach with the deepest tenderness and the most profound respect.

In an account of the rite of ancestor-worship as now practised in China, contained in a recent number of a religious periodical, the writer, while evidently regarding it as the darkest of superstitions, has yet related the details with great fairness and candour, and has given a description of this national devotion which, allowing for some quaintness of ornament and accessories, is very touching in its simple beauty. If it be allowable to clear the question from the issues of controversial theology which it indirectly raises, it may be maintained that in the principle of ancestor-worship there is found a common bond of religious sentiment between the elaborate, though differing and almost independent, civilizations of the extremes of East and West. Throughout the greater part of Christendom the devout and tender associations which gather round the Saints of the Church, and the cultus paid to them, present an exact parallel to the reverence of a Chinese gentleman before the tomb or the shrine of his ancestors; and the charge of superstition, or of such admixture of superstition as may accompany the act in either case, will apply equally to both; while it would be unfair to deny the existence of an element of true religious sentiment in the one, which all except the very narrowest of partisans will allow to exist in the other. And, of the two cases, the motive which animates the heathen cultus is plainly more real, more natural, and appeals more closely to a man's own feeling and experience, than that which issues in devotion to the Saints of the Eastern or Western Church. A man's family descent is nearer to him, and therefore more of a reality, than any calendar can be. To recognise our indebtedness to minds or to examples of other ages in a sphere entirely independent of ourselves as far as external relations go, requires at the least a considerable exercise of the intellectual powers; while the acknowledgment of inheritance from our parents of mental character, and of indebtedness to them for training and influence, is as obvious as that of inheritance of property or of the characteristics of physical likeness. In its origin, indeed, the very devotion paid to the Saints of the Church is that of descendants towards a spiritual ancestry, the principle

underlying the rite being the same in China as in Christendom. In the application of the principle the Oriental civilization is at least the more consistent of the two; for the Chinese ancestor-worship connects itself immediately with the memory of the living generation, while in the Christian hagiologies a long interval between the past and the present is indispensable to canonization. In other words, the worship is paid where in the one case it is inevitable, and in the other practically impossible, that there should be a recognition of personal relationship between the living and the dead generations. It would thus follow that, all questions of creed apart, whatever of reverential consideration the established practice of the larger part of Christendom may demand from those who do not conform to it, may be claimed with even a greater show of reason for the traditional worship of China. This is no doubt a claim which the missionary world will very readily allow; the process of tarring both with the same stick, and marking each in great black letters as "idolatry," being extremely simple and, in such circles, satisfactory. But then, as we are now frequently told, "we are living in unsettled times"; and there are minds for which the great No-Popery syllogism has failed to provide a solution of all questions in religious thought. Even the *Times* has lately discovered the existence of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and has expressed a wish to know more about him; and perhaps it is not too much to hope that one result of applying "the historical method" to matters of religious belief and worship will be the discovery of a clearly-marked common origin in the Commemorations and Founders'-days dear to Protestantism, and the festivals of the Calendar dear to the nations both of the Eastern and Western obedience.

It is not within our province to enter into so deeply spiritual an inquiry as that belonging to the nature of prayer; it may be sufficient here to point out that the shades of thought and expression by which commemoration passes into praise, praise and contemplation into a strong aspiration on the part of the living that they may attain to the standard of the dead, and this again into prayer, are too gradual and imperceptible to be marked off by strongly defined lines. The memory of the past, and therefore of those who lived in the past, is the basis of history and is of the essence of civilization; and the Chinese gentleman who kneels before the memorial tablet of his father, in recognition "of the root of his existence," and asks of the spirit of the dead to "grant that his posterity may be illustrious," acknowledges, in outward form at least, the channels through which the historical stream has flowed on to his own time, with the gifts of external prosperity and power, and the higher blessings of intellectual progress and refinement, which it has brought with it. It is his own fault if he fails to trace to their source whatever benefits his own life, in its outward accessories or its inward energies, has derived from his fathers, or if he takes to himself the credit of being the architect of his own fortunes, and the framer of his own intellectual and moral character. And there is in the theory of this Chinese ancestor-worship—whether it be realized in practice or not is quite another matter—a distinct advantage to be gained, which European family life, except in the few cases where its members have found a place in more or less widely known history, fails to reach. For the most part, and in the majority of cases, an Englishman's great grandfather is a mere *nominis umbra* to himself. He may owe to him all the stability of character, and all the acuteness of intellect which he possesses; and yet if he has not inherited this knowledge through the traditions of the intermediate generations, he may live and die in utter ignorance of the stages by which his own life has been built up. The gentleman of China who bows at the shrine of his father, as he has seen his father in his turn do before him, has at any rate the opportunity made to his hand for transmitting to his children the record of noble lives in the immediate past and in close connexion with it. And such a "worship"—we use the term without scruple as one in common use still in the experience of country gentlemen and mayors of boroughs—of ancestors is to the full as legitimate as the familiar type of the same devotion among ourselves, while it has greater practical advantages. The Englishman's ancestral shrine, if he is not permitted to cross the privileged and more sacred threshold of the *Peerage*, is the *Landed Gentry* of Sir Bernard Burke. As regards the worshipper personally, the difference in the two instances would seem to be that the Chinese in his domestic oratory worships his ancestors in their relation to himself; while the Englishman, with his *Burke*, worships himself in his relation to his ancestors. Some modern writer has said that the average Englishman would rather trace his descent from an outlaw who was hanged under the Plantagenets than from a successful linendraper who was Lord Mayor under the Georges; and there is a good deal of truth in the epigram. We do not intend for a moment to raise the social question involved in this preference; we quote it only for the sake of the suggestion which it affords that our national theory of ancestor-worship might possibly be regarded in China with something of the same astonishment as that with which at first sight we might look upon the practice which prevails in the great Oriental Empire. Whatever may be the form of its expression at different times and by different races, the principle which leads men to take a pride in the names and memories of those who have gone before them, and to pay a religious veneration to them whether as a natural or a spiritual ancestry, is the same, and is one which belongs to the higher part of human nature. The habit of thought which merges the visible in the invisible, and the family in the Church, has applied the principle in the worship of saints; the purely secular view which distinguishes between the world and the Church, as moving in entirely separate orbits, is represented in the heraldic honours of the family tree; while the subordination of the invisible to the visible, and the substitution of the family idea for that of the Church in the spiritual world, has its type in the singular and beautiful devotion which has recently in China given such offence to over-zealous and injudicious missionaries. Imperfect and strange as this development of religious feeling must of necessity seem to us, it reaches far more deeply into the true ground on which all hope rests in human life than the cold and barren Positivist creed which denies to the dead any separate spiritual existence, and annihilates every worthy life and deed in the past by veiling it with an unsubstantial shadow called "Humanity"; and it presents to us a borderland upon which the Oriental religions may stand together with the creeds of Christendom, and look together into the historical past as a spiritual present, not without a light shining from a higher sphere on both, and a higher harmony uniting the voices of both in obedience to the precept—itself belonging to a borderland of religious thought—"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us." And it may be a question worthy of some consideration whether freedom from any taint of Oriental or mediæval superstitions in our relation to the dead is altogether so great a gain as men may be inclined to represent it, if they have fallen instead into the more modern habit of praising nobody except themselves.

YOUNG FRANCE UNDER DISCIPLINE.

AMONG the many good stories told of "Old Keate," perhaps the best is that of the boy who called on him to take leave. "You seem to know me very well," said the great Head-Master, "but I have no remembrance of ever having seen your face before." "You were better acquainted, sir, with my other end" was the unblushing reply. An amusing police case at Bordeaux shows at any rate the difficulty of making any such acquaintance in France. We own to a certain sympathy with the German philosopher who had only a fortnight to study England in, and spent it in the Thames Police Court. The life of England a hundred years ago lies rather in the *Newgate Calendar* than in the *Annual Register*, and we fancy that the true state of French society lies open for us not so much in the *Faits Divers* as in the *Bulletin Judiciare*. At any rate the reports of the Police Court of Bordeaux give us a queer little peep into that strange chaos of clashing creeds, sentiments, tendencies which we call France under the Empire. Boy life, Jesuit life, domestic life, legal life, all stand out in epigrammatic contrast; and the boy *esprit fort*, the boy devotee, the indignant father, the acquiescent father, the dignified rector, and the penitent usher, the sceptical judge, and the more than sceptical audience, tell their different tales as variously and perhaps as picturesquely as the "half-Rome," and the "other half-Rome," the Guidos and the Pompilias of Mr. Browning's last poem. The mere fact that two words seem to have set all Bordeaux on fire becomes intelligible when we remember that the two words "flogging" and "Jesuit" embody that Old France which New France has left on the other side of the gulf of '89. In England, conscious of an "Old Keate," who flogged a duke's son or an attorney's son with the same judicial impartiality, the birch was the one great national protest for social equality. France, where the noble and the roturier divided the question of blows between them by the simple process of the one class claiming to administer, and the other submitting to receive, the whipping, it is no wonder that the plebeian epidermis has ever shown itself singularly sensitive to a return of the *ancien régime*. The abolition of the birch was one of the first exploits of the Revolution, and its restoration, in the eyes of "M. le Président" and the sympathizing audience, would certainly bring in its train the rule of the Count de Chambord and the oldest of "old parties." Hence it is that in the minds of all friends of the Revolution there exists a certain connexion between the ideas of the birch and of the Jesuits. Behind those mysterious walls which shroud the Society from Voltairian eyes, France suspects the reverend Fathers of constantly hankering after "Old Keate's" acquaintance with "the other end." And certainly the famous Bordeaux case justifies, to a certain extent, the suspicions of France.

It is time, however, to let the different groups tell their own tale, and necessarily the victims come first. Master Joseph Ségéral, of the ripe age of thirteen and a-half, seems to have waged a fierce war with a schoolfellow over a contested debt of threepence, which ended in an unfortunate accident. "Dans notre dispute je relevai brusquement le coude qui le frappe au nez et le fit saigner." The close of morning school found Master Ségéral a prisoner in a cell lighted only by a window from the corridor. The furniture must be described in Master Joseph's own picturesque words as we find them in the *procès verbal*:—"Le sol est bitumé. Il n'y avait aucun siége, aucun meuble, rien qu'un vase de nuit." A crust of bread at four—he had fasted since breakfast—varied existence till the arrival of le Père Commire at ten; and with the reverend Father came "la discipline." The discipline (Keate's "birch" shrinks humbled before the grandeur of such a title) consists of "une réunion de cordes solidement tressées, qui se terminent par plusieurs brins à nœuds." The discipline proved too much for Master Ségéral, and he rushed, a little *sansculotte* for the nonce, into the bed-chamber of Père de la Judie for protection.

The bed, however, was eminently convenient for the purposes of chastisement. Master Joseph found his cries smothered in the mattrass, and Father Commire finished the execution "à son gré." Obviously this Ségéral, of thirteen and a-half, is an *esprit fort* upon whom the teaching of the reverend fathers has had little effect. On the martyrs who succeed its traces are more evident. Master de Connat, who has made a similar deposition, and who has even recorded a wonderful declaration of le P. Commire—"Je suis l'exécuteur; je n'ai contre vous aucun motif de haine; mais il faut que je vous fustige"—declares the story a little exaggerated, and attributes the unfortunate rents "de mon pantalon" to the nails of a desk, "sur laquelle je m'agitais beaucoup" during the operation. Trimming such as this, however, is cast contemptuously away by Master Léon de Montfort. This remarkable boy, conscious of his fault, seems absolutely to have asked for a whipping. We take refuge in the Report:—

Quatrième témoin.—Léon de Montfort, âgé de treize ans et demi, élève de l'école des PP. Jésuites à Tivoli: Un jour de l'année derniere, comme je venais de commettre une faute grave, après en avoir commis un certain nombre depuis très-peu de temps, je demandai au P. Commire de me châtier en m'administrant des coups de discipline. Il a fait ce que je lui demandai, il me les a donnés. (Hilarité.)

D. Mon enfant, si ce que vous dites là est vrai, il faut avouer que vous êtes l'écolier le plus extraordinaire, le plus singulier, le plus excentrique, non seulement de Bordeaux, mais encore peut-être du monde entier. Comment! c'est vous qui demandez à votre maître de vous administrer le fouet! c'est vous qui priez qu'on veuille bien vous fouetter!—R. Oui, Monsieur.

D. Et vous avez reçu, avez-vous dit, dans l'instruction, soixante coups de fouet?—R. Oh! ceci est bien sans doute un peu exagéré. Je ne pense pas en avoir reçu autant.

D. Enfin, quel que soit le nombre, cela vous a-t-il fait du mal?—R. Non, Monsieur.

D. Tout au contraire, sans doute. Vous en avez été très-satisfait?—R. Oui, Monsieur.

D. Je répète que vous êtes un prodigieux écolier!

It is in vain that the insidious advocate points out the contradiction between Master Léon's latest theory of the discipline and his earlier deposition, in which he represented the reverend Father as offering, and not himself as demanding, this chastisement. The grandeur of his reply rouses the President to action:—

Dans l'instruction, votre déposition, légèrement différente de celle que vous venez de faire, quoique encore bien étonnante, serait cependant plus croyable. Vous y disiez que le P. Commire vous ayant offert de vous administrer la discipline, vous y aviez consenti. Aujourd'hui, vous renchérissez là-dessus. Ce n'est plus le P. Commire qui vous a offert, c'est vous qui avez demandé. Je dois dire que votre premiere version est conforme, et non pas celle d'Aujourd'hui, à la déclaration du P. Commire.—R. Monsieur le président, qui accepte, demande! (Mouvement très-marqué dans l'auditoire.)

M. le Président: Qui accepte, demande! dites-vous. C'est là, mon enfant, une singulière maxime, et que ne vous a pas suggérée une connaissance loyale du sens des mots. A moins d'avoir les notions perverties ou d'être le dernier de votre classe en synonymie, vous devez savoir qu'*accepter* n'est pas du tout la même chose que *demander*. Par conséquent, en disant l'un pour l'autre, vous ne dites pas du tout la vérité.

Master Léon was, indeed, far from telling the whole truth. If Père de la Judie is to be believed, he is a child of a far more extraordinary nature than even the astonished advocate could have imagined. "C'est un enfant très-singulier, très-extraordinaire. Il lui arrivera, par exemple, au réfectoire, à l'étude, au milieu du silence, d'entonner la préface de la Messe, ou la Kyrie Eléison. Sa nature ne se peut comparer à aucune autre." We sincerely trust not. But the figure was wanted to complete the picture. A boy like this, after all, is the "Young France" which the reverend fathers can do something with. He has in him the makings of a fine enthusiast, although his spontaneous outbursts at the dinner-table are a little inconvenient in his earlier years. And it is an enthusiasm which will never forget the bounds of a dexterous prudence. Suarez himself could not have excelled that "M. le Président, qui accepte, demande!"

The President, however, only comes into full play when the parents make their appearance. He conducts a running fight with an old naval officer, M. de Longat, whose theories about corporal punishment are utterly at variance with the theories of '89. It is in vain that the President condemns, in the name of the law, parents who "abuse their authority and their strength to rage cruelly against a being weaker than themselves," that he declares that fathers have no right to beat their children, still less to delegate such a right to others. M. de Longat takes his stand upon facts, and the facts are certainly telling. "I prefer that my son should be whipped at twelve, than that he should be a scoundrel at thirty." We can hardly wonder that such a perfectly illogical mode of treating the question rouses the indignation of the Court:—

M. le Président,—Mais admettriez-vous donc, Monsieur, qu'on eût agi envers votre fils comme on l'a fait envers le jeune Ségéral; que l'on eût déchiré sa chemise, étouffé ses cris et blessé ses reins et ses cuisses?—R. Oui, Monsieur, s'il l'avait mérité.

M. le Président,—Allons, Monsieur, vous vous croyez encore à votre bord! Ce sont là des traitements que l'on emploie vis-a-vis des coolies ou des mousses!

Madame de Longat is as unreasonable as the naval officer himself. Had her boy received the whipping which his "ardent imagination" has depicted, he would certainly have told her of it. "Mais, Madame," remonstrates the Advocate—

Le fils disait avoir été frappé à un endroit qui ne se voit pas au par-[illegible] Vous auriez pu ignorer cette correction qu'il aurait subie, et que, par [illegible] sentiment facile à comprendre, il vous aurait cachée?—R. Monsieur, mon [illegible] me dit tout. Il ne m'a jamais dit cela.

The Court is naturally astonished by the extreme want of delicacy evidenced in such relations between a mother and a boy of thirteen, and deals with Madame accordingly:—

M. le Président,—Vous ne voulez assurément pas dire, Madame, que si ses maîtres l'eussent mis en sang, eussent déchiré sa chemise, étouffé ses plaintes, vous auriez approuvé cela?—N. Non, Monsieur; mais . . .

M. le Président,—Cela suffit, Madame. Il n'y a pas un cœur de mère qui pût faire une autre réponse.

If the Court, however, had its own embarrassments in dealing with illogical parents, it had none in dealing with the reverend fathers themselves. No beings were ever more unlike the conventional Jesuits of Exeter Hall or M. Eugène Sue than these Jesuits of Bordeaux. Their answers give one the notion of extremely stupid people thrown into a great fright. They are marvellously humble, and they are marvellously evasive, but their humility is the humility of schoolboys before a thrashing, and their evasions are simply transparent and silly. The rector declares he knows nothing about the discipline, and that these whippings, which the evidence proves to have been pretty frequent, were absolutely contrary to the rules of the Society. P. de la Judie denies having authorized the correction; he had only turned his back and gone on with his writing while the boy was whipped on his bed. Father Commire plays with admirable resignation the part of scapegoat; he has acted on his own impulse, without orders from his superior—"pour une correction de ce genre, la hiérarchie n'existe pas." Nothing can be clearer than that corporal punishment was the regular system of the school, but not one of the fathers will admit it; and, instead of boldly facing the question on the ground of common sense, they plunge into a series of distinctions, evasions, and retractations which are certainly not calculated to raise the general estimate of their veracity. We certainly do not coincide with the verdict which doomed the two reverend gentlemen to ten days' imprisonment and a fine of 300 francs for whipping a boy who fairly deserved a whipping; but the solitary hours of detention may be spent profitably enough by Fathers Commire and La Judie in considering whether a system that produces a sense of truth such as their own, and a fine religious fervour like the boy De Montfort's, is precisely a system adapted to convert "Young France."

MONEY-LENDERS AND UNDERGRADUATES.

THERE is something quite touching about the fresh enthusiasm with which certain classes of Englishmen appeal for aid to the newspapers. It strikes somebody all of a sudden that there is more pauperism than there ought to be, or that people marry with less prudence than is compatible with a due regard to Malthusian principles, or that the clergy don't find something new and startling to say every Sunday about the most well-worn of all topics of human discussion. Apparently his first impression is that the existence of the evil, whatever it may be, has never been remarked by any other human being. Accordingly he rushes off to announce it with the eagerness of an astronomer discovering a new planet, or a traveller who has found a new route through a previously unknown district. He labours for the most part under the conviction that, as soon as his marvellous discovery has been proclaimed, a crowd of imitators will rush up and call him blessed; and, singular as it seems, he is generally not far wrong in his anticipation, especially if he happens to hit upon his discovery in some season when very little is going on. But, what is even stranger, he appears to cherish the comfortable faith—at least he always professes that faith to the newspaper of his confidence—that as soon as his discovery is announced a change will take place in human nature, that paupers will suddenly become solvent, that people about to marry will become prudent, and that sermons will for the future be entertaining. No amount of failure seems to damp this enthusiasm; and consequently there are certain venerable cries which are taken up at intervals of a few months, which swell the columns of newspapers for a few days or weeks, and which are then dismissed to slumber again in peace until some new inquirer hits once more upon the obvious truism which, if we might judge from the enthusiasm which it evokes at each reappearance, might have been unnoticed from the creation of the world to the day in which it is taken up by the press. The advantages which this singular delusion confers upon the editors of newspapers are too obvious to need comment. Indeed, if the public were not on the whole a very simple and confiding public, the task of those useful functionaries would be much more troublesome than is actually the case.

Such, at least, is our only mode of accounting for a phenomenon of which a letter which recently appeared in the *Times* affords an excellent illustration. It seems to have suddenly occurred to a gentleman that the practice of lending money to thoughtless young men is one which leads to great evils. He was very naturally led to this remark by a circular which had been sent to two of his sons at Cambridge. He did not reflect, or did not care for the fact, that the same remark had been made by the authors of a good many novels, satires, and essays upon social subjects, during the present and several preceding generations. He accordingly wrote a very proper letter to the *Times*, enclosing the circular in question, and the very satisfactory letter which he had sent in reply. He had had the satisfaction of informing the would-be usurer that, if the law were in a proper state, the said usurer would be whipped through the town at the cart's tail. This is the kind of remark which always gives unqualified satisfaction

to its author. The only drawback to the pleasure of telling a man in the plainest possible terms that you consider him to be a dirty scoundrel, is the difficulty of confiding your opinion to the world at large. It is exquisitely pleasant to pull a man's nose, or to administer a hearty and concentrated kick to an ignominious part of his person. If you can only do it in the presence of a good many thousand people, with the perfect confidence that they will very much applaud what you have done, there are perhaps few purer pleasures which fall to the lot of poor humanity. This is substantially the satisfaction derived from insulting a money-lender in the columns of the *Times*; and though we may be somewhat sceptical as to the permanent advantage likely to result to the morals of the community, and may even doubt whether the incidental advertisement is not likely to be more effectual than the high moral indignation, we fully sympathize with the delight of the indignant parent. At any rate, whether useful or otherwise, the *Times* published the letter, and followed it up by some sensible comments. It may be doubtful whether at this precise season, with the Irish Church, and Vote by Ballot, and East London distress, and various other topics looming in the distance, any large share of public attention will be gained for the discussion. It is a pity that the money-lender did not write about the beginning of August. A few passing remarks, however, may be bestowed upon the subject.

It is a painfully obvious truth that it is a very bad thing for young men to get into the habit of borrowing money at exorbitant rates of interest. Whether a sound political economy would approve of repressing the practice by whipping the extortioners through the town at the cart's tail, is a more difficult question. The practice of drawing the teeth of Jews, so extensively practised in the middle ages according to historical novelists, is not supposed to have made them more reasonable in their demands, nor to have materially diminished their business. There is a *primâ facie* objection against all such regulations, as being more likely to raise the rate of interest than to diminish the objectionable practice. We have only to ask whether the position of undergraduates is so exceptional that any special measures should be adopted for their protection. Are they to be considered as children likely to be improved by a parental supervision, or as men who must learn, like other men, something by advice and a good deal by experience? An undergraduate is, we know, apt to be a very silly and thoughtless creature. He is in the occasional habit, as we learn from legal proceedings, of launching out into the most foolish expenditure; he orders illustrated Bibles costing fifty guineas, in order to get a troublesome tradesman out of his rooms; he incurs debts for jewellery equal to a year's income of his father's living; and it is not surprising if he sometimes borrows money on terms which imply that he will repay the capital two or three times over and then owe as much as before. Amongst the three thousand or more young men at Oxford and Cambridge, it is perhaps probable that there are some few who are playing these follies once more. Parents or guardians who have the misfortune to be connected with lads of this happy genius for expenditure are to be excused if they cry out for stricter supervision and feel a certain itching in their palms for the handle of a cat-o'-nine tails. Perhaps they regret that some such instrument was not previously applied more freely to their interesting charge, and would be glad to pay off capital and interest of the overdue debt of lashes on the back of the usurer, that he may do vicarious penance.

Thoughtless, however, as undergraduates may be—and certainly no one will believe that they are distinguished by an excessive development of the reflective powers—we think that the frequency of the evil may be easily exaggerated. When a case appears in the Bankruptcy Court, or a tradesman brings an action for recovering some preposterous debt, there is a fine opportunity for the display of virtuous indignation. There is an article or two in the daily papers; the foolish youth and the designing creditor are vigorously denounced, and the outside public fancies that undergraduates generally are pampered in aristocratic hotbeds of luxury to the practice of reckless extravagance. We believe, however, that experienced persons will agree that these cases are very exceptional. It is true that many undergraduates are apt to be too luxurious; they spend more money on entertainments or on dress than they ought, and they leave the University with debts which are an annoyance to themselves or their parents. The whole tone of the place is perhaps too favourable to the luxurious easy-going student, and too discouraging to the virtues of frugality and hard work. But we do not believe that usurers reap any large profit from their efforts to corrupt ingenuous youth. A large proportion of undergraduates, if not particularly sensible, have a certain timidity about money matters. They know very well what is meant by the process of going to the dogs, and are quite aware of the initial steps which conduct to that consummation. If the tutors do their duty as well as is usually the case, they soon discover the fact, when a youth is unduly extravagant, and are able to back up their own by parental authority. Youthful taste is generally in the direction of ostentatious modes of expenditure, and the authorities are only too glad to dismiss the rising spendthrift from their walls if they cannot put some other check upon his extravagance. The sinners who bring discredit upon the place are generally of two classes. They are sometimes lads who have unluckily become prematurely masters of a fortune which they fancy to be endless, and think that they may incur unlimited debts because they have independent means of greater amount than the allowances of their companions. If they have any sense, they learn prudence after the precedent of Pendennis, at the expense of some slice of their property, or they may develop a taste for gambling or the Turf, which brings them to ultimate ruin. The position is certainly a dangerous one, and would be so under any regulations; but we doubt whether the power of borrowing money at exorbitant rates is likely to increase the danger materially. That resource comes later, after the wasteful habits have become settled. The other class of which we speak is that of the ingenuous youths who seem to be predestined scamps. There is always a certain number of young men in whose faces we may read the decree of destiny, that they will sooner or later become billiard markers, blacklegs, enlist in the Zouaves, or in some other way descend to the bottom of the social scale. The only way to deal with them is to get rid of them as speedily as possible. If some share in their ruin goes to the usurers, we are sorry for it, because we grudge any plunder to such pests of society; but it probably only shortens an inevitable process. The margin of weak, though really well-meaning, young men at the Universities who are seduced to destruction by the wiles of money-lenders we believe to be very small, though perhaps it is to be regretted that any such should burn their fingers at all sensibly.

In short, the utmost that could be done by the cart's-tail process would be very trifling. Young men at the University are necessarily exposed to many temptations, and it is part of the theory of the place that they should be exposed to temptation. There are more detestable scoundrels than even the money-lending attorneys. The quack advertisements prove the existence of a class of loathsome parasites upon society, whom we should not wish to see at the cart's-tail only because such a punishment would be infinitely too good for them; and their existence proves sufficiently the existence of vices which are really a much greater evil than simple extravagance in money. Every one knows that the mere discipline of the University can do very little to repress the evils of immorality. Young men enjoying the freedom which is essential to University life are constantly liable to dangers which cannot be eradicated by any rules enforced by authority. The discipline indeed may be far from useless, if only as preserving a certain degree of decency; but any substantial improvement must come from the slower action of moral influences. In the same way, tutors who enjoy the respect of their pupils can do much to raise the tone of their pupils in regard to money matters. They can bring into discredit the snobbish public opinion—for young men are quite as capable of being snobs as their elders—which frequently tends to encourage absurd expenditure, without much help from sumptuary laws; and, above all, they can get rid of those who set the worst example, and act as centres of corrupting influence. Any one who knows the Universities will feel that there is plenty of room for improvement in these respects. But, compared with such influences, the effect of the cart's-tail would be infinitesimal. It might force the tempter to adopt rather more roundabout and dirty channels for approaching his prey, but the small number who fall to his arts at present would manage to find their way to him in spite of any practicable regulations, and would perhaps get into rather deeper mud than before. The evil arising from similar practices in the public offices has been very properly met by the Treasury minute announcing rules for the punishment of persons becoming embarrassed or being parties to accommodation bills. A clerk in an office or a subaltern in the army is more independent, and is in an atmosphere more favourable to extravagance, than an undergraduate; and the rules suggested are likely to be beneficial to the Civil Service as well as to the servants, or, as the Treasury is pleased to call them after the manner of haberdashers, *employés*, themselves. It is plainly right that the public should insist upon certain tests of respectability in the case of those to whom it is paying salaries, and should provide them with special motives for prudence and good conduct, as they are in a position of responsibility and temptation. But we are of opinion that the existing machinery is quite sufficient in the case of the Universities if, as we believe to be the case, it is used with proper energy and care.

DOCTOR POSITIVUS.

An indictment against the whole human race is not likely to be a very short document. The history of human folly and error in one hundred volumes folio, which Lord Lytton makes his hero to have projected, could not be much more elaborate than the confutation of every conviction and conclusion, every religious and moral system, every philosophy of life, every chart and scale of truth hitherto accepted by mankind, which we have lately received from a body of reformers constituted at New York. The First Positivist Society of New York, Box No. 6,055, N.Y. Post Office," have addressed themselves *urbi et orbi*, or rather to the Kosmos generally, with a creed in full. And very full indeed it is. It settles, on principles firm as Teneriffe or Atlas, these little matters—"a Scientific Religion; the Dynamic Theory of the Universe; Time and Space Explained; Force and Its Changes to account for all Phenomena; and a New System of Morals." Twelve columns of the *New York World* are, after all, a narrow canvass on which to display this gigantic procession of new truths. Considering that the advocate of the human race, Anacharsis Clootz, confined himself and his sublime mission to the scanty purpose of redressing social and political disorders, the regenerators of humanity have been moderate in compressing into forty articles and an appendix the

credenda of the new gospel, which, as their prophets say, "taken together, cover the whole of human activity, thought, and emotion, and place life, progress, and reform upon a solid basis." Forty Stripes, save one, is the burden laid upon our shoulders by a bigoted State Church, but the XXXIX Articles themselves are but tow and packthread to the forty stern decrees which have been fulminated to the world from Box No. 6,055. Doctor Positivus at New York cannot be said to be brief, but he is emphatic; and, all things considered, seeing that he has only to prove that every religion which ever has existed is sheer nonsense, every system of morals hitherto taught and practised a mere illusion and snare, and every philosophy nothing better than fumbling and stumbling in the dark, forty articles which not only destroy all that the world has ever believed in and held sacred, but also reveal all truth, and settle every doubt and difficulty which ever has been or can be, form, we repeat, a very brief and portable manual.

Diruit of course goes before *ædificat*, and before the New York Positivists build up their new world they must get rid of the old one. And a very clean sweep, indeed, they make of it; the besom of destruction is plied by a strong and willing hand. We prefer to let the iconoclasts enumerate the idols which they have shattered:—"It is no longer possible for an honest inquirer to accept as true any of the prevalent religions. . . . The great need of our age is a thorough and entire change of all human thoughts, feelings, hopes, and interests, from the ancient theological subjective and illusory suppositions of Hebrew and Christian mythology to the modern, objective, practical, and positive conclusions, previsions, and rewards of science." A pleonastic enumeration of the effete human hopes and interests which are got rid of is given, and we are asked with a grim and sarcastic air of triumph to attend to the results of "the inevitable creed of the new Faith. It sweeps at once into the limbo of vacuity all notions and hopes that the mass of our race from its earliest history has hitherto rested upon as they passed from the womb to the grave. We find ourselves in a new world." Very new indeed, and without much to fill it; for it is asked, "Where under this view are 'creation,' 'end of the world,' 'personal gods,' or 'God,' 'the immortal spirit' or 'soul' of man, the 'heaven,' 'hell,' 'devil,' 'sin,' 'repentance,' 'resurrection' . . . and the 'feelings' that have led and held man upward. All these vanish." M. Auguste Comte surveys the world despoiled of "all human thoughts, feelings, hopes, and interests." He has blotted out from the firmament "all notions and hopes" which have hitherto lighted the path of humanity, and which as a fact, whether true or false, have made man to be what man is, and he stands in a universe ghastly as the lunar sphere, in which there is neither God nor spirit. Doctor Positivus assuring us that immortality, any notion of Deity, any recognition of the soul, or any conception of sin, repentance, and judgment to come, are consigned for ever to the limbo of vacuity, we run to the New York Post Office, Box No. 6,055, to discover what this very New World is peopled with and does consist of. At first the inquiry seemed rather superfluous; for the New York Positivists boast that the great end at which they have arrived is simply the Buddhist Nirwana, only "a Nirwana more complete and real." But there is a real distinction between the Buddhist and the Positivist absorption. It has been doubted whether the Buddhist Nirwana is absolute nihilism; at any rate the New York reformers, whether correctly or not, treat the Oriental absorption as passing into the infinite and eternal, while to themselves there is no infinite and no eternal; and with this Positivist, nihilism, if we understand it, which we have a shrewd suspicion that we do not, there is no anything except that everything which is nought, and that transcendental nought which is everything. But we shall be told that with the Positivist there is something, though we are by no means certain that "thing" is an orthodox word in the new Faith.

This thing is Force: Force is the sole reality. "The real secret of life and growth is the play of force, called Osmosis, *i.e.*, filtration." This is the new Gospel; and we are thankful to get it in its most condensed and elementary form. All religious hopes and fears, human interests and duties, being got rid of, we stand face to face with the one solid incontrovertible truth, majestic in its simplicity and power—"Osmosis, *i.e.*, filtration." We do not find from the dictionaries that Osmosis, if it is taken from *ὀσμὴς*, means filtration at all, but is simply a formation from *ὠθέω*, *trudo*, but the creator of a new word has a perfect right to make his own Greek. Osmosis then is the new Gospel; or rather everything is Osmosis. We are Osmosis. God, if there be a God, which there is not—man, only he is an aggregate of cells—the human will, but this is only a succession of cellular vibrations—all are Osmosis. This brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fires—this piece of work noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in form and moving express and admirable, in action angelic, in apprehension godlike, this beauty of the ......, this paragon of animals, this quintessence and microcosm—this Man is only Osmosis. Immortality, the life that is to be, all hopes, all passions, all desires, fears, aspirations, all duty, all sensation, reflection, memory, and will, all that ever has been, is, and is to be, things material and spiritual, human and divine, are Osmosis. So all with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried, Great is Osmosis of the Positivists.

Archimedes could have moved the world had he been sure of his standpoint, as newspaper writers say, of his leverage; and the Positivists, as they are all for the religion of science, must accept this among other dynamical laws. Before we affirm or deny their power to upset the present Kosmos, we may make some inquiries about their leverage. Osmosis is their answer; but when we come to look into it, this Osmosis on their own showing—Osmosis, *i.e.*, filtration—depends upon settling a point which is a moot point between Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Osmosis is not only a theory, but is a theory made to account for facts which, whether they exist or not, is a question upon which these distinguished physicists are at issue. Is it Pangenesis or Physiological Units? As to Pangenesis, if we remember rightly, Mr. Darwin suggested it, and tentatively, only as a new theory; while as to the doctrine of Physiological Units, we should be surprised to be told that Mr. Spencer's conclusions have been accepted by the scientific world. Neither Pangenesis nor Physiological Units, then, being proved, the New York Positivists base their doctrine of Osmosis—that is, settle the problem of life—upon principles of the existence of which even the authors of certain speculations on this subject have not satisfied themselves. And further, they do not get even so far as the alternative between Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer for the basis of their new faith; for these apostles, after accepting and doubting with the same breath the revelations which those whom they deem to be authorities are not clear about, propose a third hypothesis called Cellular Genesis for their doctrine of Osmosis, which must have been developed by the inner consciousness of Box No. 6,055.

As far as we can make it out, the theory of the Universe and all that it contains, and the secret of Being, according to Doctor Positivus, is this. There exists first a cell; then force. How the cell came to be a cell, or how force came to be, or what might be meant by the self-existence of force, or whether force is eternal, we are not told. Force acts on cell for ever and ever, if there is such a thing as ever and ever. Force is in constant circulation; force vibrating through cells produces life, emotions, feelings, growth, habit, affinities, and what you like. What used to be called the will, or the passions, or the soul, is only force playing more quickly or more slowly through the cells of the tissues; hence the variations in this play or vibration of force produce different results. What used to be called evil thoughts, said to proceed out of the heart—murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies, which defile a man—are only vibrations acting on the cellular tissue not so well, we suppose, as they ought to act. But whether well or ill ought scientifically to be predicated of any action of force on a cell, in this system in which "sin" has no place, may be questioned. On the other hand, what used to be called virtues are only another and more harmonious set of vibrations. The character of all human actions therefore is subordinate to the dynamical law of correlation; and Osmosis accounts for everything. But Osmosis, having no choice, can dictate no choice; and therefore, which is the practical matter, responsibility has no place in the new Church and World of the Future, which at present is confined to the aforesaid Box No. 6,055. It is, we fear, but or work, after explaining with such clearness as we could compass this Gospel of Osmosis, to point out that the New York Doctor Positivus does not hold out an encouraging view of the proposed working of his system. Rewards and punishments in the next world we have of course got rid of, because there is no next world; but as far as this world, regenerated under Osmosis, is concerned, and in the political conditions to which it is to be subjected, the only penalty which it is proposed to enforce in the filtrated Utopia is one for bringing into the world too many children. Property, capital, and political economy are at once to cease. "Every woman must have the privilege of bearing children; if no permanent relation can be formed, she may select one temporarily." The apostles of the religion of humanity have banished the Creator from His works; they have destroyed the filial relation between man and his Maker; they have deposed the ruler and judge of His world; they confound man with nature; they have, by abolishing a future life, made the present life not only not worth living, but a curse in itself. But we quite feel that in one respect these reformers have improved upon the "old subjective Bible and prevailing beliefs." They have imagined a hell worse than that of the theologians, and would turn the world into that hell.

CAPITALS.

WE pointed out not long ago, in an article on French and English Cities, how great was the difference in the historical position of the elder and greater cities in the two countries. We showed how small was the antiquity of most even of our oldest English towns as compared with the immemorial sites, first Gaulish, then Roman, occupied by the great cities of France. A good deal of what was then said might be applied, not only to Britain as opposed to Gaul, but to Northern Europe as opposed to Southern. Nowhere, however, is the comparison so close and striking as it is between Gaul and Britain. If we go further North or further South, the contrast becomes so wide that it in fact ceases to be a contrast. It is needless to compare the history of the cities of Greece, of Italy, or even of Spain, with those of Russia, Scandinavia, and Northern Germany. The difference, and the causes of the difference, are so obvious that they need not be dwelt on for a moment. The true comparison is between Gaul and Britain, because in the history of each of those countries we find a Celtic, a Roman, and a Teutonic element, and because the difference in the existing phenomena of the two countries is due to the wholly different relations in which the three elements stood to each other. But in the history of the capitals of the two countries we saw,

among a good deal of difference, a certain resemblance. Paris, one of the old Celtic and Roman cities, gained, lost, and regained a degree of importance which, in the course of a thousand years, has gradually developed into what it now possesses. Nearly the same may be said of London, allowing for the great doubt whether London was ever, strictly speaking, a Celtic site at all. The main difference that we saw was this. The continuous importance of Paris is shared by a vast number of French cities, only Paris has gradually shot ahead of its fellows. But the continuous importance of London is shared with it by hardly any other city in England. Again, the greatness of London was mainly owing to the commercial importance which it has retained from the earliest days down to our own. It was the greatest merchant-city of England long before it became the dwelling-place of Kings. Paris, on the other hand, was raised into importance through being the seat of that house which in the end became the Royal house. But both alike were important military posts, points of special attack and defence in the days of Scandinavian invasion. On the whole, though the points of unlikeness in the history of London and Paris are great, the points of likeness are certainly greater. Both, as cities whose history goes back to the earliest known period in the history of the country, as cities whose position as capitals is older than that of any other cities north of the Alps, stand in marked contrast to the purely artificial capitals of so many modern kingdoms.

The absolute necessity for a recognised permanent capital is a point in which modern States make a certain approach to the condition of the ancient commonwealths as distinguished from the political condition of the intermediate ages. In both cases a single permanent seat of government is found to be essential. Both therefore so far resemble one another in opposition to those mediæval kingdoms in which it could hardly be said that there was any seat of government at all. An old Teutonic King, whether in Germany or in England, had no fixed dwelling-place. He was here, there, and everywhere, as caprice or convenience might dictate. Courts, Councils, National Assemblies, were held sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, sometimes in a great city, sometimes at some royal vill or hunting-seat. The King was King of the people; his royal office had not become strictly territorial; still less did the national life centre in a particular town. Many causes combined to impress this kind of wandering character on the old Teutonic royalty. First of all, the traces of the days of actual national wandering had not yet died out; the free spirit of the old German tribes still looked on a city as being in some sort a prison. In early times also it was often desirable to be constantly moving from one royal dwelling to another, in order to consume the produce of each royal estate upon the spot. This motive was not indeed peculiar to Kings; it extended to smaller lords spiritual and temporal; and no doubt, besides the economic reason, the love of hunting had also a good deal to do with the constant goings to and fro of the Kings and great men of those days. But with all these causes a worthier motive was joined, at all events in the case of those Kings who had any deep sense of their kingly duties. Of those duties in early times the most important was for the King to visit in person every part of his kingdom, and to see with his own eyes how everything went on, and especially how justice was administered to his subjects. The early Kings, therefore, were always moving, and their habit of constant movement produced no inconvenience. An Assembly, whether of the whole nation or of any particular class, could be held in one place as well as in another. It is the complicated machinery of our modern Parliaments and Courts of Justice, and the long sessions of each, which require them to be held in some certain place. An Assembly of a simpler kind, which came together and dispersed in a few days, could meet anywhere. And, long after the times of which we speak, Parliaments were freely held wherever the King thought good. And it was considered to be one of the great triumphs of the popular party when it was ordered that the Courts of Law should be held in some certain place, and should not follow the King wherever he went.

In the state of things then which prevailed in the old Teutonic kingdoms, a capital strictly so called, a permanent seat of government, could not exist. The nearest approach to it was perhaps the position of Aachen under Charles the Great. Men could then sing of

> Urbs Aquensis, urbs regalis,
> Regni sedes principalis,
> Summa Regum curia.

But Aachen can hardly be said to have held that position either before or after the death of the great Emperor. It remained—till the slovenly practice of coronations at Frankfurt crept in—the royal crowning-place, but it did not remain the seat of government. Germany, in short, never had a capital, and it has none to this day, unless late events are held to have bestowed that rank upon Berlin. In France, Paris, an important military post, became the seat of an important military government, the home of a line of Dukes who gradually grew into Kings. In England a variety of combining causes gradually made London the undoubted capital. The custom which led Kings to keep the great festivals of the Church under the shadow of one of the great churches of their kingdom gradually led to the establishment of certain fixed places for the ordinary holding of National Assemblies. In the course of the eleventh century Winchester, Westminster, and Gloucester became fixed for this purpose, and Westminster soon distanced its two fellows. Nearly all the events of that century tended to increase the importance of London, and in the next century we may fairly give it the name of the capital of England.

London and Paris then may fairly rank as the oldest among the capitals of northern and central Europe. But the comparatively modern date of their position is shown by the fact that neither of them is an old metropolitan city. London has never held that rank since the English Conquest; Paris obtained it only in the seventeenth century. Still less claim to ecclesiastical honours belongs to those more modern capitals of other kingdoms which have become capitals in later times, and some of which were not even episcopal cities. Beside Upsala we have Stockholm; beside Trondhjem we have Bergen and Christiania; beside Lund and Roeskild we have Copenhagen. Gnesen and Cracow gave way to Warsaw; Kiev gave way to Moscow, and Moscow has given way to St. Petersburg, a capital founded on much the same principle as that on which Paris was chosen, as a frontier post important either for attack or for defence. Nowhere is the modern government fixed in the old ecclesiastical metropolis. Even in the earliest times, Aachen itself, as contrasted with Mainz, is an example of the same law.

The subordinate States, Duchies, Counties, and the like, had distinct capitals much sooner than the Kingdoms. In fact they had them from the beginning. The Duchy or County often consisted, in its origin at least, of a single city and its territory. There was no doubt about Rouen being the capital of Normandy, or about Angers being the capital of Anjou. This holds pretty generally throughout Gaul; in Germany the rule is modified by the tendency of the great cities, especially the episcopal cities, to become free commonwealths owning no superior but the Emperor.

South of the Alps, Spain follows the same law as the northern and central kingdoms. Madrid is a purely modern and artificial capital. Lisbon holds a higher place in history; but Lisbon is not the original ecclesiastical centre of the County and Kingdom of Portugal. In Italy the ancient cities have largely retained their position as capitals of the numerous separate States of the peninsula, and Italy alone has been called on in our own day to choose a capital for the whole kingdom from among the capitals of its several parts. In Greece a purely sentimental feeling has pitched on Athens, just as a purely sentimental feeling calls for the Old Rome as the head of Italy—a feeling quite distinct from the irresistible national impulse to make Rome and the Roman territory Italian. Meanwhile one city remains whose position no change has shaken. Among all changes of nation, language, and religion, under the Roman, the Frank, the Greek, and the Ottoman, the New Rome has uninterruptedly kept her place as the Imperial city of the East.

We said that the necessary choice of some city as the one seat of government is a point in which modern States resemble the ancient commonwealths more closely than they do the mediæval kingdoms. But there is a wide difference between the two cases. In an ancient commonwealth, and in a mediæval commonwealth too, the one city was not merely the head; it was everything. The whole life and being of the State centred in the one city. It assumed something like the position of a modern capital only when, by any process of conquest or absorption, it annexed, like Sparta, Athens, Rome, Carthage, Venice, and Bern, the territories of other cities or States. Such a city was, like the capital of a modern kingdom, the one permanent seat of government, but it differed from the capital of a modern kingdom in one most important respect. It was more than the seat of government for the whole territory; it was actually the mistress of the whole territory. Its citizens were a ruling class, holding special rights above the inhabitants of the rest of the territory. But the citizens of a modern capital, whatever airs they may choose to give themselves, hold no legal advantage over their fellow-subjects elsewhere. There must be some one permanent seat of government; such or such a city is chosen by caprice or convenience to be that one permanent seat of government; and that is all. The extraordinary influence which Paris has had for a long time back in French history arises from various causes, but not from any legal privileges enjoyed by Parisians above other Frenchmen. A Parisian riot is accepted as a French Revolution; but it is not so in all countries. The movement which drove Otho from Greece did not begin in Athens, and the movement which drove Isabella from Spain did not begin in Madrid. In England we trust to be spared revolutions altogether, but we feel sure that London, as London, could never dictate to England. If it did so it would not be as London, but as the epitome of the whole kingdom, containing representatives of every part of the kingdom and of every class in it. London has before now chosen Kings for England, but it has been London acting as the prerogative tribe of England. The ascendency of Paris is something of a different kind, something in no way inherent in the mere position of the city as the capital in the modern sense.

THE PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

A RECENT Anglican writer of considerable theological reputation, who has made the Greek Church his speciality, observes that the Pope is making the mistake of "confounding a Topical Council with an Œcumenical one," in his programme for the Synod to be held at Rome next December. Mr. G. Williams means that the Council will represent the West only, and not the

Universal Church. Now this was certainly not the intention of those who originally projected it. Mgr. Dupanloup, and the other French Bishops who joined with him in first urging the scheme on Pius IX., really desired, as is abundantly clear from his recent pastoral, such a congress as might be in some real sense a representative assembly of Christendom. They were anxious that the authorities of the Greek Church, and of the principal "Protestant and non-Catholic" bodies—as the Pope has since termed them—especially of the Church of England, should be present. Nor was there anything in the traditions of the Roman Church herself to interfere with the carrying out of this idea. On the contrary, all the precedents were in favour of it. The Greeks were summoned to the Council of Florence, and summoned, not as inferiors, but as equals. The Council was convoked by letters from the Patriarch of Constantinople as well as from the Pope, and the Patriarch's letter was read in the Council before the Pope's. The Anglican Bishops and representatives from the German Protestant communities were summoned to the Council of Trent, not to be judged, but to be heard. And, apart from all questions of ecclesiastical precedent, it is obvious on the face of it that no other policy could have the slightest chance of promoting that restored unity which the Roman authorities profess earnestly to desire. Nevertheless it is clear that, so far as the present intention of those authorities goes, the Council will be only a "Topical" one. The Jesuit Camarilla who just now pull the wires at the Vatican were not strong enough to overrule the proposal of the Council altogether, but they have done their utmost, and hitherto with every prospect of success, to frustrate the objects of those from whom the proposal emanated. Invitations have indeed been sent to the Greek Bishops, and a sort of circular—which is not an invitation at all, though it has been the fashion to call it so—has been addressed to "Protestants and other non-Catholics," exhorting them to instant and absolute submission to the existing claims of the Papacy. But a cursory glance at these documents will suffice to show, without a shadow of doubt, that neither of them was meant to be taken seriously. The Pope, indeed, may have been led to think that he was giving effect to the desire of his "paternal heart," the sincerity of which nobody questions, for the reunion of all Christians in one fold; but those who guided his pen knew well enough that they had taken the surest means of keeping away from the projected Council all but those on whose subserviency they reckoned, and whom alone they wished to see there. We referred on a former occasion to the deliberate insult conveyed to the Eastern Patriarchs in the very form of the missive addressed to them. The lofty admonition to the Protestants was still more dictatorial, not to say contemptuous, in its tone. They were not even invited to come to the Council, unless as suppliants and learners; they were simply bidden to hear, to tremble, and to obey. And the response evoked was in either case what might have been expected, and what evidently was desired. The Greeks have sent a formal refusal, and the Protestants, who were not officially addressed, have made no official reply, and have only here and there uttered a few unofficial sneers. So far the ground is left free for Ultramontane intrigues, and it will be no fault of the many "Congregations" already hard at work at Rome in preparing the subjects for discussion if the Council of 1869 does not dutifully register whatever decrees the Vatican may please to lay before it, and clench the merit of its self-denying ordinances by a solemn assertion of Papal infallibility which will supersede the necessity of holding any Councils in the future. Dr. Manning has informed the world that, whatever tempests this proceeding may raise for the moment, it will be certainly followed by "a great calm." And we are inclined to agree with him. If the machinations of his party are crowned with success, it is very probable that for some time there will be a dead calm. But it will be the stillness of stagnation, the lethargy of a living death. *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

It is only within the last few days that an authorized report has appeared in the English newspapers of the interview between the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Papal emissaries on October 5. It is taken from "the official account of the Protosyncellium," and translated from the *Eastern Star*. The report entirely confirms the substantial accuracy of what had been previously stated, but it is fuller and more exact. And it is not a little remarkable how entirely the Greeks have throughout the better of the argument, or rather the whole of it. The four Latin priests made no attempt to answer the weighty considerations laid before them by the Patriarch, except in one instance, by observing—what no one had denied—that it was not enough to pray for a restoration of unity while other means of attaining the end were neglected. It is to the credit of both parties that the interview appears to have been conducted with mutual courtesy and respect. And, as it is the only approach to official intercourse between the authorities of the divided Churches that has taken place for four centuries, it may be interesting to our readers to give a brief narrative of the proceedings. The reception of the Papal envoys was appointed to take place between nine and ten on Saturday, October 5. And it opened thus:—

About ten o'clock on Saturday Dom Testas arrived, accompanied by three other priests, of whom one spoke Greek a little; all, however, spoke French. After interchange of salutations at the Protosyncellium, they were conducted by the Protosyncellus to his Holiness. Having entered the presence of his Holiness and kissed his hands, they took their seats at the kindly invitation of the Patriarch, who embraced them. While his Holiness was proceeding with the customary expressions of kindness and goodwill, they all rose, and Dom Testas took from his bosom a letter, tied with gold cord, and in a purple cover, and handed it to the Patriarch, while the priest next to him said in Greek, "In the absence of Brunoni we come to invite your Holiness to the Œcumenical Council to be held at Rome in the next year, on the 8th of December, and therefore we call on you to accept this present written summons."

His Holiness then motioned to the envoys to lay the gold-fastened letter on the desk, and proceeded to address them "in an earnest tone indicative of paternal love and kindness." He began by observing that the Roman newspapers had already published the contents of the letter now presented to him (another breach of courtesy surely), which was of such a nature as to make it impossible for him to receive a document based on "principles utterly abhorrent from those of the Orthodox Eastern Church; antagonistic to the spirit of the Gospels and to the teaching of the Œcumenical Councils and of the Holy Fathers"; as had also been the Encyclical issued by the Pope in 1848. The answer to that Encyclical had displeased His Holiness, and the Greek Patriarchs had no wish to reopen old wounds by any fresh reply, nor did they think there was any room for mutual understanding or discussion in Council without some common basis of principles acknowledged on both sides. But they considered—speaking herein the mind of the foremost German Roman Catholic divines of the day—"that the most successful and least irritating method of solving such questions is the historical method." All alike should recur to the doctrines held in common ten centuries ago by East and West, from which Rome had latterly departed. Here Dom Testas interposed by asking to what novel opinions His Holiness referred? The Patriarch, in reply, enumerated the following, which contain the essence of the Ultramontane theory:—

To omit details, we cannot (so long as the Church of the Saviour is on the earth) admit—1, that there is in the Universal Church of Christ any bishop, supreme ruler, and head other than the Lord; 2, that there is any patriarch infallible and unerring, speaking *ex cathedrâ*, and above Œcumenical Councils, in which latter is infallibility when they are in accordance with Scripture and Apostolic tradition; 3, that the Apostles were unequal (in contempt of the Holy Ghost, who enlightened them all equally); or 4, that this or that Patriarch or Pope had pre-eminence of seat, not by human and synodical arrangement, but (as ye assert) by Divine right; and other similar points.

On this one of the Latin priests was indiscreet enough to object that the Council of Florence had settled these points. The Patriarch answered, justly enough, that "such an assembly is not even worthy of the sacred name of Council—an assemblage collected on political grounds, on grounds of purely worldly interest, and which ended in a decision imposed for a time on some few of our Church by dint of starvation, and every kind of violence and threat, by him who was then Pope." We need not travel beyond the pages of a candid but Roman Catholic historian, in Ffoulkes's *Christendom's Divisions*, to see how abundantly this description of the Council is justified by facts. The Patriarch might have added that even the Florentine decree, extorted as it notoriously was by force and fraud, is so little equal to the exigencies of the Ultramontane position that scarcely a single Roman divine can quote without garbling and mistranslating it, to a conspicuous example of which device in this country we called attention not very long ago. His Holiness added that, if the Pope desired to convoke a really Œcumenical Council, he ought to have written separately to consult each of the Eastern Patriarchs first, and not have sought to impose it on them dictatorially, as though he was lord and master of all. He concluded in these words:—

This being so, either do ye, too, recur to history and the General Councils in order that on historical grounds may be restored the much-longed-for true and Christian unity, or we will again content ourselves with continued prayers and supplications for the peace of the whole world, the security of the Churches of God, and the union of all Christendom; but under such circumstances, we assure you with sorrow that we consider the convening of the Council vain and fruitless, and also this document which ye have brought.

One of the Latin priests suggested that, if a man is sick, we provide remedies and physicians for him, besides praying for his recovery. The Patriarch replied that Christ the Lord, who founded His Church, alone knew who was sick, how grievous was the sickness, and what was the proper remedy, and repeated that there was "great need of fervent and unceasing prayer to our Lord, who is Love itself, that He will inspire all with love to God, and all that leads to salvation." On this the Protosyncellus was directed to return the Papal letter to the bearers, who received a kind farewell from His Holiness, and took their leave.

If this report may be relied upon—and we know no reason for doubting it—nothing could be more dignified than the conduct of the Patriarch throughout. Nor would the Papal envoys have found it easy to answer his arguments. That they had been ordered to abstain from discussion is exceedingly probable, but in that case the discretion of declining so equivocal an invitation is only rendered the more obvious. One of them indeed said—and it was the only comment made on the Patriarch's statement of the differences between the Churches quoted above—"It is not proposed that Rome should change her principles." Be it so. But a dispute in which one side declares itself to be so wholly in the right that it will not even suffer a question to be raised as to any modification of its claims, is not very likely to be arranged. And the only arrangement contemplated by those who inspired the imperious missive to the Eastern Bishops is one to which, like the Irishman's courtship, "they have their own consent," and will have long to wait before they get anybody else's.

CHRISTMAS MERRIMENT.

THE philanthropist must feel a load lifted from his mind as he sees each successive Christmas season dismissed to the limbo of the past. Suffering never seems so ghastly as when it wears the mask of enjoyment, and at Christmas time—to judge by the wry faces of the merrymakers—the bitter dregs at the bottom of the cup of pleasure are pretty well shaken up through the draught. Police cases are common enough any morning of the year, but it is at Christmas that sensitive consciences can glide or plunge into excess in a spirit of poetry, consecrate their dissipation *in memoriam* of the hallowed reminiscences of their childhood, and celebrate the sacred festival appropriately with a variety of aggravated assaults. We must confess that our holidays for the people are far from being among the most creditable of our national institutions, and when they come in the short dark days of winter, they are especially apt to throw out our national weaknesses in gloomy relief. No hymn can possibly be more suitable to the Christmas season than that about Satan and idle hands. We are blessed with nothing of the happy, careless temperament of the lotus-eater, that can dismiss the soul to float in a mirage of the senses, while the inanimate body remains behind in the passive enjoyment of doing nothing with all its might. The primeval curse, falling heavier in this island than elsewhere, seems to condemn us to earn our very pleasures by the sweat of our brow. It is our climate, perhaps, which is chiefly responsible for our tastes and habits, and is at the bottom of our intensely national method of merrymaking. Nature has tempered our dispositions to our cheerless atmosphere, just as she thickens the coats of animals transported from the south to the north, while she thins wool into hair when the wearers are transferred from the north towards the tropics. It is morally impossible to be bright in a December fog, and physically so to lounge away life in a bitter wind or a biting frost. We are driven to take our pleasures sadly or violently, while, from the impulse of our usual active habits, the battle of life—too often literally—is carried from our working days into our holidays. The most quiet-going of our pleasure-seekers would decline free admission to any entertainment that does not begin with a struggle and end with a crush. Fancy an Italian or a Spaniard sentenced to work out his day's amusement in our English way. Leicester Square, strangely out of harmony with its surroundings as it always seems, is never so much so as when all London round it is toiling at making holiday. And figure the reverse of the picture—an Englishman attempting to enjoy himself in southern fashion in the weather we have been having lately. Nature would nip any such effort in the bud. It is all very well for the half-million inhabitants of sunny Naples to pass such a Christmas as the *Times* Correspondent paints—indifferent to stimulants, lounging out and in the *dolce* shops when they have money, clustering like flies outside the windows when they have not, and cloying at least one sense as they gaze on the treasures of sugar within. They and their congeners in southern cities may sleep crowded away anyhow in stifling quarters, but they troop forth from their foul dens in the morning to find themselves, save in very exceptional weather, in something like the Tropical Department of the Crystal Palace, infinitely brightened and indefinitely magnified, although perhaps a little more draughty. And in the background, to gratify any unconscious appreciation of the beautiful which they may have by chance, clear bold mountain outlines replace the fog-wrapped heights of Kent, and the dim forms of the Knockholt beeches; and the whole landscape lights up with changing tints, and blazes in colours to which the *azulejos* of the Alhambra Court are dull. Then, in the South, the people have such an infinity of Sundays and saints' days that they accept their idleness passively as a matter of every-day recurrence, and learn perforce to idle their time away in an inexpensive fashion. An Englishman in constant employment finds, on the other hand, that the holidays of the longest working life shrink up into a few weeks, for his Sundays don't count, as then he finds every place of public entertainment sealed to him, while the arbitrary restrictions imposed on the public-houses put him out of his natural way, and prevent his falling back on his natural resource. If he is a man of a single idea, amusing himself from hand to mouth, he begins early to improve each dull hour of his holiday, or more probably he anticipates its doubtful pleasures the evening before, by plunging within the hospitable doors of the nearest gin-palace. If he is of a more thoughtful cast of mind, a solemn sense of responsibility as to its right disposal heralds the advent of the long-looked-for day, and anxiety embitters all his foretastes of pleasure. The problem that weighs on his mind is how to get the greatest quantity of enjoyment at the cheapest rate out of a very limited time.

At Christmas its solution in a satisfactory sense becomes especially difficult, and the probable chances of the weather, and the certain brevity of the days, lamentably circumscribe his field of choice. Sanguine enthusiasts who build their plans on the hopes of a fine day, find, generally speaking, that they have raised the frail fabric on a foundation of shifting mud and sloppy pavement, and in an atmosphere of driving rain and storm; while the wiser, taught by experience, make up their minds against disappointment by assuming the worst. Few of them venture to stray off to the country in quest of their amusement, and the few who do, find their day one long repentance. Turning in disgust from the naked shivering forms of nature, they seek consolation in some sequestered public-house, that welcomes the soaked and disenchanted pilgrims. Wretched as they are, they have in some points the advantage of those who stay behind them in town, and who ultimately reach the same goal as they—intoxication or semi-intoxication—by perhaps a longer road. At least they have had change of air and scene, while the others turn out into a familiar town stripped of its everyday attractions, and solemnly wearing its Sunday garb of forbidding decorum. A holiday for the masses means an eclipse of the shop-windows and their contents; and these are all that commonly brightens the thoroughfare insensibly even to the most abstracted passers by. You might as well send a tourist in search of the picturesque to go into raptures over the sides of a railway cutting, as expect a cockney to feel lively between a double row of barred shutters and bolted doors. Accordingly, with the exception of children, who are happy in the simple fact of its being a holiday, and couples keeping company who have only eyes for themselves, the general aspect of the crowds is that of people trying to bear up cheerfully against a weight of wretchedness. They feel that they have a long day before them to be killed, with none of their habitual resources to kill it with. There is nothing to be done before dinner-time, and nothing after that, until they take their places in the *queue* that stretches over the dripping pavement from the theatre doors. Moreover Christmas entertainments are contemporaneous with Christmas bills, and most people who have any ready money to spend may be assumed to have also a certain amount of credit that they have abused, and now the day of reckoning is at hand. Then Christmas is proverbially the time for joviality; the eloquent example of social superiors, the genial enthusiasm of purveyors of Christmas literature, all incite to revelry, and everything combines to suggest a drinking bout as the obvious way of filling up an interlude, and the common bond that unites us all in a brotherhood of love and charity. After all, the old Scandinavian Valhalla, with its riot and drinking and fighting, is likely always, in spite of the spread of civilization and religion, to find place in one shape or other in our popular conceptions of Paradise.

In common justice to our countrymen, we have tried to extenuate the undoubted national weakness for drinking and brawling, as being vices of our situation and climate, and so due in great measure to circumstances which we are powerless to control. But when we have said everything that can be said, it is extenuation, not excuse, and we must be content to share among us the disgrace of our Christmas scandals. Authority is far too lenient, while public opinion rather encourages than deprecates the madness of the carnival. What is called pleasure by the many is pain and grief to a good many more, and death to not a few. Night after night while the so-called festivities are at their height, bands of vulgar drunkards, undisturbed by the police, make night hideous everywhere with their horrible Christmas carols—coarse comic songs from the *répertoires* of the music halls, howled out of all time and tune, backwards or forwards as fancy may suggest, like the devil's vespers. The more impetuous have anticipated the general beginning of the carnival by a couple of nights or so, and, having prematurely run out of means or brain, are consigned for the great day of the feast to the cold oblivion of the police cell. Unluckily that happy riddance does not materially affect the discomfort of the more peaceable public, for if some have broken down at the prologue, there are plenty of choice spirits left to play the revels to an end as loyal subjects of the lord of misrule. If authority does not absolutely abdicate during the *saturnalia*, yet it humours for the time the innocent foibles of the people, and the police, when their services are needed most, are ordered to confine their duties to those of an army of observation. Like the *sergents de ville* at a ball at the Mabille or Vallentino, they interfere only in the event of extreme license or aggravated violence. Notwithstanding their chivalrous forbearance, each morning during the holidays produces at the police offices its batch of sodden ghastly faces and trembling dingy forms, charged as drunk, quarrelsome, or incapable, who are let loose with an impressive caution, that they'd better not be so again. The dead picked up while the *saturnalia* are running their course are out of all proportion to the prisoners. This year, one coroner has sat in a single day upon twelve inquests, "most of the deaths being the result of holiday excesses." And before that he had sat upon six infants, picked up dead in the streets on Boxing-day. Meanwhile his brother coroners were nearly as hard at work in similar cases, and we hear of several little social parties that terminated in murder. Pretty well for the special season of peace and good-will. We pride ourselves on being an earnest people, who like to work while we work, and play while we play, but surely we need not go about our pleasuring in such grim earnest as this. Drunkenness and dissipation are quietly disposing of their victims all the year round, but it is on our yearly winter holiday that they have their grand field-day. And one of their best allies is that sickly sentimentalism, the cant of a morbid effort at joviality, at which sensible men shrug their shoulders, but which is still preached and prosed about *ad nauseam* Christmas after Christmas. Not that we would wish to see Christmas pass unobserved; but there is a mean in all things, and there is an extravagant anachronism in insisting on our playing bacchanalians, wreathing ourselves with holly, and getting astride upon wine casks with the spigots out, on this particular day of the year. There can be no earthly reason why all ranks should not make a Christian anniversary an occasion for a pleasant gathering, and there can be no more appropriate day than one in midwinter for sharing the luxuries of life with one's less lucky neighbours. But that is quite a different thing from deliberately poisoning the moral atmosphere at the end of each December, until we get it into a condition

which experience tells us is fruitful of follies and crimes. Drunkenness does not happen to be the special temptation of the upper classes, but their tone and example works downwards, and every one, because Christmas comes but once a year, strives according to his lights and means to realize his own ideal of reckless joviality. This year we have brought our deadly merriment into happy keeping with the scenes reported everywhere from the country and the coasts. The gale that shook our windows as we sipped our claret was breaking up crank old colliers by the dozen, and sinking North Sea steamers heavily hampered with their deck loads. Morning after morning brings its tale of wrecks and disasters at sea, floods, and destruction of property. Churches fall in on their congregations, stacks of chimneys tumble across the crowded street. There are explosions in coal mines and collisions on railways. The poor in the East are suffering intensely, and starvation is more rife than it generally is even at this festive season; and every day, one or two of the many who have been dying off of inanition have been detected, and reported upon after the fact by the coroner. Revelry under such circumstances may suggest to some minds the orgies held during the plague of Florence; but we may congratulate ourselves on an exciting and, we hope, a merry Christmas.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT ORGANS.

A WEEKLY newspaper called the *Revolution* has been started at New York as the organ of Woman's Rights and a recent number contains a discussion between Mr. "Brick" Pomeroy, who is the editor of some other newspaper, and the editor of the *Revolution*, which supplies curious information as to what American women are, and what it is thought they ought to be. Mr. Pomeroy complains of the frivolity and extravagance of the women of New York, and the editor answers that the men make them what they are. It may not perhaps be safe to judge of New York by London, but certainly, among ourselves, men like women not so much for the fashions they adopt as in spite of them. Husbands submit themselves to the immutable decree which ordains that their wives should wear hair of two different colours, and neither of them natural. The fashion of Guinevere is obsolete, and if her character finds any imitators, the modern Arthur must be understood to apply the words "my pride in happier summers" to the thing called a *chignon*. It is a pity that this discussion in the *Revolution* was not held some weeks before, because the editor, taking upon herself to speak on behalf of her sex, declares in effect that if women had votes they would leave off *chignons*; and we think that the argument thus suggested, if it had been urged, as it might have been, with all the eloquence of the Solicitor-General, would have prevailed with our Court of Common Pleas, and thus a judgment which the *Revolution* laments might never have been delivered. In every enlightened country the law adapts itself to the convenience of society; and if our Judges had been told that *chignons* would be exchanged for votes, the suffrages of the ladies might, at the next election, restore Mr. Gladstone to his seat for South-west Lancashire. "Give women something better to do and to think about, and they will abandon the Grecian bend and the Italian wriggle." Thus writes the editor in answer to Mr. Pomeroy, upon whom she turns the tables with an adroitness which, if it would not make her very angry, we would call feminine. Mr. Pomeroy complains that he sees daughters of bankrupt merchants parading Broadway "as if doubled up by a six-pound shot in the stomach, as they labour along under the excruciating delights of the Italian wriggle or the Grecian bend." The editor retorts, that, if it is made the business of women's lives to attract men, this can only be done by a succession of new modes and manners. Mr. Pomeroy, adopting a freedom which we can hardly bring ourselves to imitate, addresses that august personage, the editor of the *Revolution*, as "Susan." He laments that the money which might make home attractive should be squandered upon steel-corsets, patent calves, gum-elastic suspenders, corkscrew ringlets, horse-tail frizzes, twenty-seven dollar hats, sixteen dollar gaiters, three-storey bustles, &c. "If you will try to make the women sensible, Susan, I will try to do what I can for the men." Let the Grecian bend be taken off the girls, and common sense be put in the place of that foreign article, and then Mr. Pomeroy will undertake to diminish the revenue arising from distilled spirits. If the women will cultivate household graces and virtues, the men may be brought to practise temperance and frugality. The editor repels this proposal for compromise with indignant scorn. "Women, their rights, and nothing less," is the motto of her paper. She demands to have "the man and woman idea" blended everywhere together. Thus far has prevailed a dynasty of force, which is the male element; hence war, violence, discord, debauchery. From this evil state redemption can only be obtained by the recognition and restoration of the love element, which is woman; for so long as woman is under man's heel all things are inverted; but when she is exalted, and made to feel her dignity and responsibility as mother and educator of the race, then will those follies and vices of which thinking men complain be swallowed up in the majesty of the higher position. "The present type of woman is formed wholly in the man idea," and you can make women wise only by changing the conditions of their lives. Sensible women, here and there, all through the generations, have protested against the condition of toy or drudge, and have fought their way, inch by inch, toward social and political equality.

Mr. Pomeroy's letter deals rather freely in what is called "chaff," but the paper in which it appears is written in a terribly earnest spirit. We need scarcely say that the Susan whom he addresses is not the "pretty Seeusan" of a popular burlesque. She desires to discuss with Mr. Pomeroy the grave problems of political and social life. If there be in the range of poetry any character with whom she might be compared, it must be that adventurous girl in trowsers, of whose maritime exploits we read that,

> When the captain came to hear on't,
> He very much approved of what she had done,
> And he quickly made her first lieutenant
> Of the gallant Thunder Bomb.

The only difference is, that Susan would insist upon being made captain on the spot, and would recommend the captain whom she had superseded to take a basin of gruel, and go to bed. This editor, who is as cheerful as Cassandra, sees the ship of the American State on a stormy sea, rapidly drifting towards the same dangerous shore where all the nations of the past have foundered and gone down. She sees men at the helm drunk with rum, selfishness, and ambition, and there is no law, no order, no discipline on board. Is it wonderful, then, she asks, that, in an hour like this, true women, with brave hearts, clear heads, and sturdy hands, should try to seize the helm, and change the dangerous course? It may surprise English readers to be told that the United States are going to the bad at this alarming pace. Mr. Pomeroy is not an optimist. He indicates faults in the social condition of his country which he thinks may be corrected by playful satire, but Susan breaks in upon his epistolary gambols with a shriek of alas! alas! woe! woe! and drowns his feeble protest against the Grecian bend and the Italian wriggle by calling upon her countrywomen to save the Republic from imminent disaster. We are bidden, says she, to improve our homes; but what is a home without a country? The rebellion has been with great difficulty put down; the negroes have been liberated, and the ordinary American politician of the male sex thinks that the time has come to rest and be thankful, after grievous toils and unhoped-for triumphs. It was thus that Agamemnon returned from the siege of Troy, and called for a boot-jack and his slippers, and was proceeding to make himself comfortable in his house, when the Trojan prophetess proclaimed that she saw under that roof a human shambles and a blood-stained floor. Has America reached the basis of true government? If we ventured to hint a doubt upon this point, we should be denounced for our inordinate jealousy of republican institutions. But Susan tells us that that basis is still to seek. As God lives and "humans" are inspired it shall be reached. "America shall be free." The negroes are to have votes, and the Indians are to have votes, and the Chinamen who come to California and underbid native Americans in the labour-market are to have votes, and all the women, white, black, red, and various, are to have votes; and then, at last, America will be free, and will present to the nations of the Old World that spectacle of liberty, order, and enlightened progress which some of her ignorant male politicians suppose she has been presenting for at least half a century.

It would be highly impertinent to suggest that these ladies are not so miserable as they suppose. A Correspondent of the *Revolution* thinks that if the pursuit of happiness were the real object of existence, the women of civilized Christian countries might look with envy upon their sisters of China or Turkey, who feel no aspiration for anything beyond their abject, degraded life. "The cultivation and development which women are grudgingly permitted to acquire are but the little ray of light which reveals to the captive the unknown horrors of the cell." There are a few exceptionally happy women who unite with men to ridicule and oppose the efforts of the oppressed and wretched multitude of their sex. "Happiness, considered as a delight in existence, physical or mental enjoyment, is a passion which few women beyond the age of childhood retain or acquire." It is admitted, indeed, that a woman happily married is most happy; but then such marriages are rare, and another grievance is that divorce cannot, at least in some of the States, be obtained as easily as it ought. Thus, to make marriage, or to unmake it, is alike difficult, and woman is in both ways wronged. But the chief and crown of all her sorrows is that the disability for political action under which she labours is beyond her power to remove. "The only real objection in her case is insurmountable by any effort she can possibly put forth." We know that there is a time when a bonnet is not a bonnet, but a woman cannot cease to be a woman, and neither gods nor "humans" can change her sex. As Susan oddly puts it, "sex was never man's obstruction, else he also could never have been a voter." The idea of man separated from the idea of sex is rather difficult to grasp, unless the mind has been prepared by regular perusal from week to week of the *Revolution*. Another grievance, which we are happy to observe is not irremediable, is that in the service of the Church of England the congregation are addressed as "dearly beloved brethren." The editor considers that this usage descends from an age when it was assumed that women had no souls. We find a correspondent suggesting that a negro who ventured to assert his superiority to white women ought to have been thrown by the editor over a grave-yard fence. "She might have had any amount of help." But the editor thinks that the negro would have been too strong for her. It is refreshing, after many pages devoted to "the faith, the divinity, the poetry, the [illegible] and sentiments of life," to find a lady proposing to another lady that she should fling a man over a fence, because "he expressed

himself unwilling for women to vote." If the negro had been told that the dynasty of force had been overthrown, and that he was invited to assist in the recognition and restoration of the love element, he might perhaps have been slightly puzzled, and we may conjecture that he would have expressed his thoughts nearly in the lines:—

> It may have been right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me down stairs?

Indeed, after the treatment which the negro has undergone from his professed friends, we should expect that if anybody began to talk about loving him, he would run away and hide himself without delay.

We shall await the appearance of future numbers of the *Revolution* with an anxious hope that its editor and contributors will be able to keep down their spirits, and maintain an unfailing supply of lamentation, mourning, and woe. We most heartily wish these ladies a miserable New Year, and, if we had known them a week sooner, we should have wished them a wretched Christmas. May they, like Lady Constance, be able to defy all counsel, all redress. May they, like Antigone, call heaven to witness what deeds they suffer, and at what men's hands. May they bewail their virginity upon the mountains, and their marriages in the valleys. May they continue to suffer and endure, but not with tears; for the weakness of weeping is, we find, forbidden to them, as to the Oneida chief of whom we have all heard. May they realise the agony of disappointment, and at the same time remember the advice of one of their leaders, who "has never found that crying helped it any."

THE THEATRES.

THERE was a time, and that within the memory even of young men, when the theatrical year of London as regularly commenced on St. Stephen's Day as the ecclesiastical year on Advent Sunday. The appearance of Christmas pieces in every direction on a single night marked the commencement of a new period, and playgoers were at once forced to think of nothing but the pantomimes, while an impassable gulf seemed to separate all that had gone before from all that was to come. He who talked on the 1st of January of the theatrical events of the 20th of the preceding December would have been as close an approximation to an old almanac as it is possible for a human being to become.

This sharp chronology has come to an end. Christmas, so far as the principal theatres are concerned, is simply a festival which some managers observe and some do not, and we might venture to say that the houses where the great holiday is most carelessly regarded are precisely those which afford the best index of the state of the drama as a possible branch of literature. Having paid our tribute to the season by stating that Boxing-day has been honoured at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Lyceum with a pantomime, and at two or three of the other theatres with a new extravaganza, adding the fact that the rage for harlequinade is as prevalent as ever in the suburbs, we may safely take our stand at the beginning of January, and survey the condition of theatrical affairs during the concluding months of the past year.

In the first place, it may be remarked that the poetical drama is at present in a state of abeyance, the termination of which is not to be foreseen. Managers have ceased to regard the plays of Shakspeare as convenient vehicles for costly decoration, and there are no actors who, for any length of time, can render even the most favourite tragedies attractive to the great body of the public. During the earlier period of Mr. F. B. Chatterton's management of Drury Lane, an attempt was made to enhance the prestige of the old theatre by reviving the dramas by which its old fame had been acquired, and at the commencement of winter we were pretty sure of a certain amount of "legitimate" entertainment, and perhaps of a "revival" in the sense of the word employed by Mr. Charles Kean, though by no means on Mr. Charles Kean's scale of magnificence. The temporary return of Miss Helen Faucit to the stage gave a special impulse to the poetical tendency of Drury Lane, and for a while enthusiasts might flatter themselves that one of the old national temples of the drama would rise to an eminence even higher than it had reached in the days of yore; its old rival, Covent Garden, being too hopelessly Italianized over again to become a serious competitor. But since the retirement of the great actress "Old Drury" has grown cool to the legitimate cause, and the principle being firmly established that the Christmas pantomime is the main source of revenue, the manager during the earlier months of his season seeks to fight his "sensational" neighbours with their own weapons, having an advantage in the magnitude of his theatre and the excellence of his painter, Mr. W. Beverley. And this year the battle has been fought with some credit to Mr. Chatterton. Mr. Andrew Halliday's version of Sir W. Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, entitled *King o' Scots*, though the author has taken great liberties with his subject, and has had recourse even to farcical expedients for the sake of applause, is not to be classed for a moment with those revelations of an imaginary London Bohemia which owe their success to mechanical appliances. King Jamie was at all events a good historical character, exactly fitted to the peculiarities of Mr. Phelps, who also gave a refined portraiture of miserly old age by doing double duty, and playing the [illegible] hat of the canny [illegible] ded real intellectual enjoyment; and though in the construction of the play the introduction of Mr. Beverley's scenery was a leading motive, the scenery itself was historically instructive. Alsatians were perhaps not more reputable than the Arabs, as they are called, of modern London; but, by mere remoteness of time, something like ideality is produced.

The revival of the poetical drama is not, then, at present on the cards. Mr. Bandmann, the German actor at the Lyceum, has not followed up the success of his performance in the exceptional character of Narcisse with a striking delineation of any other character, nor was he able to give prolonged vitality to Lord Lytton's *Rightful Heir*. Miss Bateman, indeed, concluded an engagement at the Haymarket by playing the principal female character in a blank-verse tragedy called *Pietra*, adapted from the German of M. Mosenthal, the author of *Deborah*, otherwise *Leah*; but though the actress displayed in it all those qualities which have found favour in two hemispheres, it was found that a piece written in the tragic form had about it an old-fashioned look and was unsuited to the day. Miss Bateman gains a new character, which is that of a somewhat rugged Juliet, to vary her provincial repertory, but the poetical creation of M. Mosenthal has done little to change the theatrical aspect of London.

But if the old dramatic forms have ceased to be popular, theatrical art appears on the whole in a condition somewhat more hopeful than that on which we animadverted in the autumn. A period then seemed to be at hand when there would be no further need of literary or histrionic talent, and the perfection of stage management would bring with it the destruction of the stage. The only chance of safety for dramatic art seemed then to lie in a reaction; and a reaction, unless we are greatly mistaken, has begun. For three whole months not a single piece has been brought out in which the attempt has been made to attract the public by a mere copy of the details of actual life, although several novelties have been produced within that period, and two new theatres have been opened in the very heart of London—the Globe and the Gaiety. A species of drama which may as fairly be called comedy as any production of the modern French stage, and which first struck root in the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is now spreading in various directions, and it is to this that the new adventurers in the field of theatrical enterprise are evidently directing their attention. The characteristics of the species are a choice of the present day as the proper time of action, but this choice is made, not with a view to the mimic reproduction of cabs and railways, but is accompanied by an attempt to place characters on the stage that cannot be represented without a certain amount of histrionic talent, and thus to exhibit human instead of inanimate realities. These characters, too, talk dialogue which is of some value on its own account, instead of merely serving as an explanation of effects addressed to the eye, and which consequently demands something like wit and humour on the part of the author—something that is technically expressed by the word "writing." Another virtue of the species is its hostility to that star-system which has so long been adverse to the construction of pieces on a broad basis. All the comedies written for the Prince of Wales's Theatre by Mr. T. W. Robertson, who may fairly be regarded not only as the head but as the founder of the school, require equal acting by a large number of performers; and the same may be said of the recent pieces by Mr. H. J. Byron, who is Mr. Robertson's chief disciple, and who now reveals a talent for comedy which was concealed while he was satisfied to distinguish himself as the smartest writer of burlesques.

We may illustrate our remarks by passing in review several London theatres. The last novelty at the Prince of Wales's was a comedy by Mr. E. Yates, entitled *Tame Cats*, which, albeit a failure on account of its defective construction, was at any rate an exhibition of character, carefully delineated. At the Globe, the new theatre in Newcastle Street, Strand, there is a comedy by Mr. Byron, called *Cyril's Success*. The vicissitudes incident to a dramatic author's career are treated in somewhat melodramatic fashion, a domestic interest being raised by a difference between the author and his wife. The jokes occasionally smack overmuch of the shop, but the writing is very epigrammatic, and though one act is raised to importance above the rest by practical pleasantries, these are contrived in the spirit of that class of comedy in which intrigue is an essential element. At the Gaiety, recently opened in the Strand, the principal piece is a drama, called *On the Cards*, adapted from a well-known French play entitled *L'Escamoteur*, the attraction of which depends on the admirable acting of Mr. Alfred Wigan, as an unprincipled impostor, by trade a practiser of legerdemain, who by force of circumstances is converted into an honest man, and thus combines the grotesque and the pathetic elements. The members of the company who support Mr. Wigan are not for the most part in the enjoyment of high celebrity, but some of them are of good promise and work well together. At the Strand the burlesque is rivalled by the performance of Mr. J. S. Clarke, an American actor, who, in a farcical comedy called the *Widow Hunt*, makes of a cowardly officer in the militia an odd personage, as original in its way as the Lord Dundreary of Mr. Sothern. At the Royalty, likewise a house chiefly dependent on burlesque, there is a two-act piece by Mr. Andrew Halliday, called the *Loving Cup*, in which we find the character of a selfish, contented "loafer" most accurately conceived by the author, and fully realized by Mr. Dewar. The version of *Monte Cristo* performed at the Adelphi is a clumsy, disjointed work, but at any rate the acting of Messrs. Fechter and B. Webster as Dantes and Noirtier is of the best,

and the piece could not get on without it. The newest sensational drama of all that have been produced of late is a version of *Les Misérables*, brought out at the Olympic as the *Yellow Passport*; but even here the incidents are of a somewhat romantic character. Drawing a result from all these observations, we perceive an indication that a predilection for histrionic art is reviving, and that the accessories of the stage, which for some time past have unduly occupied the foreground, will before long become accessories once more.

As a mere work of theatrical architecture, the Gaiety, which, with its projecting balcony and its gorgeous decorations, calls to mind the best theatres of Paris, will well repay a visit, and it may be remarked that the arrangements of the stage are on the same style of elegance as those of the auditorium. Burlesque and semi-serious drama are, it seems, to be the staple commodities of the house; but the burlesques, if we may take Mr. Gilbert's *Robert the Devil* as a sign of what is to come, will approximate to ballet, and perhaps may gradually settle down into the poetical fairy tale, with dubious puns or halting satirical allusions.

REVIEWS.

MILMAN'S ANNALS OF ST. PAUL'S.*

EVEN the lightest pages of a work whose composition occupied the last few months of Dean Milman's life acquire a pathetic interest now that their author is taken from us, and they come to us as the voice of the dead. Such a work is necessarily sacred from criticism; we turn to it, indeed, rather with a personal than a merely literary interest, and the story of the great minster fades for the moment before the old man's recollections of the silver utterances of Bishop Porteous, of that hour of his boyhood when in the cathedral which was destined to be his own he heard, or fancied he heard, "the low wail of the sailors who bore and encircled the remains" of Nelson, or of the yet more solemn moment when his own voice, answered by the responses of thousands, "the sad combined prayer as it were of the whole nation," uttered words of hope and immortality over the grave of Wellington. Other traces of old age, however, than these pleasant memories there are none. The book has all the freshness and vigour of the earlier works which won Dean Milman his fame. There are some passages, indeed, in which the genius of the great historian seems unable to confine itself within the narrow limits of his theme, and, in such broad and philosophic reflections as those on the Reformers of the sixteenth or the preachers of the seventeenth century, to bequeath us stray pages of that history of Teutonic Christianity to which his greatest work points the way. But, with a few brilliant exceptions such as these, what is most wonderful in the *Annals of St. Paul's* is the power with which the Dean has grasped the exact subject he had chosen, and the artistic fidelity with which he has grouped men and events around it. From beginning to end it is what it purports to be, a history of the Cathedral; whatever their own inherent interest, bishop or citizen or Lollard are brought before us strictly in their relation to St. Paul's. To produce this unity of effect without sacrificing the interest of the story is, of course, the mark of a really great writer; but even to a great writer such a task would be impossible if the subject were not in itself a great one. Dean Milman has grasped the greatness of a cathedral just because he, almost alone among modern Deans, seems to have understood what a cathedral was and is. The book is such wonderfully pleasant reading, that one may miss noticing the exquisite art with which every element of mediæval society is brought within the precinct or the choir—bishop, canon, the choir-boys with their mysteries, mayor and aldermen in their gowns of scarlet or green, the burghers gathering in folkmote beneath the bell-tower, the preacher at the Cross, the Lollard at the stake, John of Gaunt now threatening Courtenay in the Lady Chapel, now resting quietly in the one royal tomb of St. Paul's, with his helmet and spear and shield hanging above him, merchants making their 'Change in its nave, Latimer rating the Convocation from its pulpit, the fat buck brought in priestly procession with blowing of horns to the west door. All this varied and picturesque life of the past is not merely painted in antiquarian fashion, but swept into the general current of his history by the Dean's fine sense of historical continuity. A quiet phrase such as "my predecessor, Dean Radulf de Diceto," expresses the whole tone of these Annals, but the tone is heightened in its effect by the fact that never was a writer more modern, more alive to the progress and sentiment of our own day. There is not a trace in these pages of the ignorance, either archæological or contemptuous, which alike divorces the present from the past. To Dean Milman the services which he organized beneath the dome seemed only the natural completion of the work which Bishop Maurice had begun amid the desolation of the Conquest. Between the two ran a stream of continuous life, ecclesiastical, literary, national, individual, varying in interest and character with the ages through which it passed, but passing through the ages without a break.

In some ways the annalist of St. Paul's has singular difficulties to encounter. The Cathedral is the mother-church of the capital, and yet it never was the scene of Royal coronations, of Royal entombments, of any great national events. No Parliament ever met in its chapter-house; the one kingly sepulchre it claimed to possess was that of the most worthless of English Kings, Ethelred the Unready. The truth is, this uneventful character of the early history of its Cathedral admirably illustrates the actual position of London in the middle ages. It is startling at first sight to find that the single fact we know about St. Paul's up to the Conquest is the pretty story told us by Beda, when the heathen ethelings of the East Saxons demanded the "shining white bread" from Bishop Mellitus. But Essex was the most insignificant of the old English states, and whatever may have been the municipal or commercial importance of London, its cathedral shares in the insignificance of the realm to which it belonged. Again, Winchester, and not London, was the capital of the House of Cerdic, and the upgrowth of the great national kingdom under Athelstan and Eadgar brought no memorable events to St. Paul's. In the Confessor's day, indeed, the glories of Winchester passed to the banks of the Thames, but it was Westminster, and not London, which profited by the change. Westminster was the Royal town, the church of St. Peter the scene of Royal coronations, as it soon became the mausoleum for Royal tombs. The interest of St. Paul's, therefore, is, with one great exception, simply the interest which attaches to an ordinary cathedral, but it is in his realization of this interest that the chief merit of Dean Milman's work is to be found. The sketch of its capitular constitution, indeed, though evidently written with much care and research, is its least satisfactory portion. In such a remark, for instance, as that its priests "constantly bore the name of Canons, or improperly Prebendaries, from the prebends or portions attached to each stall," the Dean clearly does not see that in their relation to the Cathedral it was prebendary and not canon which was the more proper name of the two. But all this vagueness and uncertainty is atoned for by the vigorous picture of the actual ecclesiastical life which went on in and round the Cathedral itself. Its walled precinct was, in fact, a distinct town in itself, with its own population, jurisdiction, and laws. The capitular buildings clung as usual to the south of the Cathedral; westward of them lay the houses of the Residentiaries and the Deanery, with its gardens sweeping down to the river. At the north-west angle lay the Bishop's Palace, looking down on the little chapel of Gilbert Becket, and a stately cloister around whose walls ran the famous Dance of Death. It is with the Bishops that the history of St. Paul's begins; the Cathedral itself was their creation; one tower of its western front, the true Lollards tower, which has been superseded in popular fame by a rival at Lambeth, remained to the seventeenth century the episcopal prison.

It is remarkable how great a position as heads of the civic community seemed open to the Bishops, and how little they availed themselves of it. Roger the Black, indeed, acted as the spiritual organ of the municipality in his excommunication of the Caorsin usurers, and the city assented to his assessment for the support of the clergy, an arrangement which remained unaltered to the Great Fire. But the character of the Bishops, with few exceptions obscure and inferior men, prevented them from rising to any civic power, while their influence over their own Cathedral died with their removal to Fulham. Within the chapter itself we find the usual story going on—the gradual withdrawal of the mass of prebendaries, and the concentration of authority and wealth in the hands of the few residentiaries, although we know of no parallel to the audacious attempt made to exclude the Dean from a voice in chapter in the ground that he possessed no prebend. The one distinction, in fact, of St. Paul's up to the Reformation arises from its connexion with the great city which claimed it for its mother-church. Even to the seventeenth century the London burghers made their pilgrimage "upon a solemn scarlet day" to the tomb of Bishop William, whose intercession had won from the Conqueror that precious bit of parchment still preserved in the archives of Guildhall, which confirmed to the citizens of London the freedom and laws they had held in King Edward's days. At his solemn inauguration the Lord Mayor visited in its churchyard the tomb of one of his earliest predecessors, the father of St. Thomas of Canterbury. At Whitsuntide the great civic procession strewed again the altar with costly offerings. But it was not in tomb or altar that London found the bond that linked it closest to its church. To the east of the precinct lay the open space where, summoned by the great bell of the detached campanile, the burghers met in their folk-mote, once at least for the election of a King. In the open space beneath its western front they mustered in arms. The wars, the councils of the city went on under the shadow of the Cathedral; and to those who remember how English freedom seemed, at every critical stage of its earlier history, to hang on the will of the citizens of London, and how strenuously and constantly that will was exerted on the side of liberty, these two open spaces will seem hardly less sacred ground than the Cathedral itself.

It was the Reformation which first gave ecclesiastical dignity to St. Paul's. The traditions of Augustine, of Theodore, of Dunstan, had given a superiority to Canterbury which in the twelfth century, when Foliot dared to challenge its supremacy, was decisively confirmed by the murder of St. Thomas. London was proud of the citizenship of the great martyr—"me, quæ te peperi, ne cessa, Thoma, tueri" was graven on one of its civic seals—but his death was the end of its spiritual pretensions. From the days of Wycliffe, however, our religious history finds its fullest expression in St. Paul's. The great reformer himself makes his first public appearance and defence in its Lady Chapel. The obscure line of Deans quickens at the name of Colet. The whole

* *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral.* By Henry Hart Milman, late Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray. 1868.

battle of the Reformation is fought out between Paul's Cross and its Lollards' Tower. To Bonner Dean Milman is of course fairer than the vulgar controversialists of Exeter Hall, but he omits the striking fact which Foxe gives us, that Bonner was the first prelate who fixed bibles in his cathedral church for public reading. Three of the Elizabethan Deans left their mark on our Church history—Nowell in his catechism, Overall in his convocation book, Donne in those strange sermons on death that drew all London to hear them. To the Cathedral itself the Reformation was simply ruin, and what was left by the Reformation and the restorations of Inigo Jones, found its final doom in the neglect of the Great Rebellion. The fire which swept away the fabric of Bishop Maurice only anticipated the destruction which was at hand, for its rebuilding had already been resolved on, and plans actually prepared. The Dean tells in great detail the story of the new Cathedral, and of the miserable ingratitude which awaited its architect. It is pleasant, at any rate, to know that the heavy railing which disfigures its exterior was erected in spite of Wren's remonstrance, and that the contemptible balustrade over the plinth was forced on him in defiance of his emphatic sneer, "Ladies think nothing well without an edging." To the very close, indeed, the book is full of vigour and life. We could have wished that, though left unfinished by the death of its author, it were not disfigured; not merely by a host of misprints, but by some blunders which the Dean's *secundæ curæ* would certainly have removed. "Henry of Huntingdon" is quoted for the Saracen parentage of St. Thomas, instead of Robert of Gloucester. "A prelate with a Saxon name Ceadda, brother of St. Chad of Lichfield, looms dimly through the darkness." Chad, we need hardly say, was Ceadda himself, and the brother in question was Cedd, a perfectly well-known person in the pages of Bede. In the odd phrase, "He was, it is said, of the ancient Hiberno-Scotic descent," we presume "descent" means "succession." The dates are one series of blunders; Bishop William was consecrated in "1104," the Conquest following shortly after. The date of Archbishop Robert's death has got jumbled up with that of Stigand's, 1070. Geoffry, Bishop of Coutances, figures as "Godfrey." Lanfranc's Council of St. Paul's "may be held the first full Ecclesiastical Parliament of England" only, we should think, by those who think that English history begins with 1066. In the thirteenth century "commune consilium," as we suppose the phrase runs, is hardly to be rendered "the Common Council of London"—an institution which did not exist till a hundred years after. The book in fact wants careful revision; but it is pleasant to know that the last work of Dean Milman, his legacy to the great church which he ruled, is worthy alike of the subject and of his fame.

MR. LOWELL'S NEW POEMS.*

PERHAPS sweet meditative verse is not the kind in which contemporary poetry is least strong or least abundant. The movement which Wordsworth began, and of which he remains the chief master, still runs on, and, with perhaps a couple of exceptions, of which Mr. Browning is the most remarkable, affects every poet of our time, from the mellifluous Laureate down to his weakest imitator. Mr. Lowell brings to the old form and mood a vigour and freshness that make it as good as something newer. This freshness of impression may be due partly to the changed moral climate of a poet who carries the poetic forms of Old to New England, and partly to the peculiar and homely directness which marks Mr. Lowell in his serious as in his well-known humorous productions. At all events there is nothing imitative about his poems. They are stamped with the mark of his own personality, and this may well compensate for the comparative want of lyric swell and pulse. If we do not find the same spacious atmosphere which gives such nobility to Wordsworth, there is a consciousness of being very close to human life in its concrete expressions which is both attractive and elevating to all but the highest degree. The reason why so much of the meditative verse of our time is so weak is that it is vaguely and generally meditative; it is cloudy, loose, and unattached to positive circumstance. Just as in prose, in divinity, morals, and philosophy, so in verse; to be abstract and universal is, except with the giant who once in a couple of generations raises his head above the crowd, to be vapid, diluted, insignificant, and insincere. For all mortals not of supreme calibre, there lies a snare in generalities which is as perilous in poetry as it has for many ages been proverbially declared to be perilous in reasoning. Mr. Lowell's shrewd New England sense—and a man is none the worse poet, but the better, for having shrewd sense—keeps him well out of the inane clouds, and fills his pieces with life and colour and reality. The first poem in the present volume is as good an illustration of this as another. "Under the Willows" is one of the most admirable bits of idyllic work, short as it is, or perhaps because it is short, that have been done in our generation. We do not mount as on the clouds of a drawing-room pastille—scented, elegant, and sickly. Neither do we linger by the edge of the dung-heap, where it is the grotesque whim of this or that sentimentalist, mostly from Scotland, to detain such readers as he can get. We have fancy without emptiness, and reality without a stupid clinging to the grosser earth; an unforced liveliness, and a repose that is not tame. Want of variety is the curse of the second-rate poet. He tunes his harp in a certain key, and drones and thrums on a single string until we stuff our fingers in our ears, and wish that we were not. Mr. Lowell's "Under the Willows" only fills twenty short pages, and is as various as reality itself. There is delicious landscape; an admirable reproduction of the impressions that sweep over the senses on a fine day in summer; a plain and graphic picture of the scissors-grinder, of the children at their game, of the road-menders:—

> Much noisy talk they spend
> On horses and their ills: and as John Bull
> Tells of Lord This or That, who was his friend,
> So these make boast of intimacies long
> With famous teams, and add large estimates,
> By competition swelled from mouth to mouth,
> Of how much they could draw, till one, ill-pleased
> To have his legend overbid, retorts:
> "You take and stretch truck-horses in a string
> From here to Long Wharf end, one thing I know,
> Not heavy neither, they could never draw,—
> Ensign's long bow!"

All is struck in so shortly; there is no long-drawn mouthing and maundering, as if one could not have enough strokes in a picture, enough lines in a song. And it is not difficult to see that the secret of Mr. Lowell's art is an exact fidelity to his impressions. He does not work them up with self-conscious elaboration, nor draw on an artificial imagination, but reproduces with careful simplicity the actual vision and sensation, as they were to him; they are set off with no studied decoration, nor diluted and tamed with after moralizings. The same skill in bringing to life a long train of successive inward impressions is shown in that very charming piece of musing, the "Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire," which has something of the variety and change of cadence, if not of the force, of one of the great master's sonatas or symphonies. From the opening lines to the close we are conscious of a movement of thought and fancy that is musical in its progression, down to the mournful melody in which the strain that has been so vigorous and so changeful falls away from our ears:—

> Earth stops the ears I best had loved to please;
> Then break, ye untuned chords, or rust in peace;
> As if a white-haired actor should come back
> Some midnight to the theatre, void and black,
> And there rehearse his youth's great part
> 'Mid thin applauses of the ghosts,
> So seems it now: ye crowd upon my heart,
> And I bow down in silence, shadowy hosts!

The homeliness of inspiration which marks most of Mr. Lowell's verse has been no drawback, as some weak people might have expected, to its loftiness and moral height. Perhaps one half of the present volume is filled with trifles—little poetic exercises, playful handlings of slight and fugitive themes, which struck the writer's fancy for an hour or a day. These are all graceful and expressive, however slight, and are marked by as much sincerity, and as great a freedom from self-consciousness, as the others. The "Dead House," for example, which we could perhaps wish had been differently named, though composed on an old and familiar motive, has all the good qualities which a piece of such small scope and size could well have; it has condensation, concreteness, simplicity, tenderness, and, best of all, a noticeable freshness in the figures and images. The savage ode on "Villafranca, 1859," is equally good in its kind, and though its moving idea, hatred of Napoleons and of Austria, is as essentially commonplace as sorrow for friends departed, the writer by his directness and concreteness redeems his work. There are no windy howlings about freedom, no vaporous invectives against a typical despot or tyrants in general. The imagery is vigorous and striking, and the refrain is lyrical and impressive. As ten years have not materially changed the situation, it is worth while perhaps to quote a stanza or so:—

> The Bonapartes, we know their bees,
> That wade in honey red to the knees;
> Their patent reaper, its sheaves sleep sound
> In dreamless garners underground;
> We know false glory's spendthrift race
> Pawning nations for feathers and lace;
> "'Tis reckoning day!" sneers unpaid Wrong.
> Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
> Lachesis twist! and Atropos, sever!
> In the shadow, year out, year in,
> The silent headsman waits for ever.

The five stanzas headed the "Darkened Mind" are strikingly weird and forcible, and for the same reason that we have dwelt upon throughout; they are penetrated with an inartificial directness and plainness. The dreadful sight is reproduced by its simplest impressions; in this case, however, they are—more so than in the "Dead House."—not outward, concrete, and objective, but imaginative impressions, still with no clumsiness of edge, no cloudy indecision of outline; all is clear-cut and distinct. All, moreover, is plain presentment; no fruitless exclamation, no vapoury protestation, no morbid or desperate shriek to the heavens. In spite of their notorious tendency to extravagant forms of superuaturalism, spiritualism, and the like, the Americans have a strong positive element in them, and Mr. Lowell is one of its best representatives, because in him it exists in union with a fine and intelligent spiritual quality as well. In the verses entitled the "Footpath," as well as in the farewell lines "To the Muse," he has expressed his sense of the method of the birth of poetry in the soul; the Muse reveals herself, not to him who, eagerly, with prying eye and panting breath, hunts after her, but

* *Under the Willows, and Other Poems.* By James Russell Lowell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

to the other who awaits her at home in the facts of each man's life:—

> All summer long, her ancient wheel
> Whirls humming by the open door,
> Or, when the hickory's social zeal
> Sets the wide chimney in a roar,
> Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,
> It modulates the household mirth
> With that sweet serious undertone
> Of duty, music all her own;
> Still as of old she sits and spins
> Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins;
> With equal care she twines the fates
> Of cottages and mighty states;
> She spins the earth, the air, the sea,
> The maiden's unschooled fancy free,
> The boy's first love, the man's first grief,
> The budding and the fall o' the leaf.

And so forth. "Wonders that from the seeker fly, Into the open sense may fall"; and it is just this open and accurately perceiving sense that specially distinguishes Mr. Lowell's muse.

In two pieces included in the volume before us Mr. Lowell rises to inspired lyric heights. The "Ode to Happiness" is full of suppressed force: its form is careful and sustained, its vision broad and true, and its lesson noble. It is true, without either cant or commonplace, and has in all its turns and phrases that condensation which is at once the charm and justification of verse. And here, more than anywhere else, except in the "Commemoration Ode," we are struck by the truth and genuineness of the emotion which inspired the poem. The only defect that we can notice flows from this very virtue, for it is the genuineness and sincerity of the poet's utterance which have perhaps robbed it of that cold serenity, as of unimpassioned nature herself, which Wordsworth has taught us to expect in pieces composed after his pattern. Many, however, may possibly find it an additional attraction that the poet shows himself warmly interested in the solution of his problem. But by far the finest piece in the volume is the really noble "Commemoration Ode," composed in 1865, when the war was at an end, and Lincoln had been laid in his grave. People who can see little in Yankees but a vulgar boastfulness of material things, and who cannot understand the enthusiasm for the Union which animated all the most high-minded of the Northern partisans, would do well to turn to this splendid hymn, where the moral and national enthusiasm of the Union movement finds a worthily elevated expression. Americans confess that the braggadocio and silly self-assertion which once distinguished them—and the habit is not obliterated—were really the veil of their self-distrust; but they confess also that the war has put an end to this self-distrust, and that they now feel themselves once for all a nation. This is the sentiment which breathes through Mr. Lowell's Ode; there is no flapping of the wings of the Spread Eagle, but a calm and dignified exultation which the measure and pulse of his verse excellently represent. The stern tragedy through which the country had passed, the loss of their ruler, "the kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man, sagacious, patient," the anguish brought by duty confronted and performed, the completeness of the triumph, are wrought into a lofty and inspiriting harmony which ought to silence those American grumblers who think their country has no poet.

That these poems should abound with terse and felicitous sayings follows from their authorship. For example:—

> A dark and snuffling day
> That made us bitter at our neighbours' sins.

Or this:—

> Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
> Breathe cheaply in the common air;
> The dust we trample heedlessly
> Throbbed once in saints and heroes rare,
> Who perished opening for their race
> New pathways to the commonplace.

And the reader of the *Spanish Gypsy* will remember a long and majestic passage which is writ small in Mr. Lowell's couplet,

> 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
> But the high faith that failed not by the way.

THE NON-ARYAN LANGUAGES.*

THOUGH the pages of glossary contained in this volume are not more than 186, it must yet be pronounced a prodigious work—the conception of which was courageous, the execution laborious in the extreme, and the rapid completion marvellous. To give the representatives of 186 English words in 120 non-Aryan languages, the very names of nine-tenths of which are absolutely unknown to most professed philologists, is a task which few of the most active men, seeking an outlet for pent-up energies, would set themselves; and to which fewer still would dedicate the few remaining months of an Indian furlough in England. Of the great majority of these languages no systematic vocabularies have been printed at all; some were known to Mr. Hunter through personal investigation, others apparently through inquiries conducted for him; whilst the published works on the remainder (by no means easy to bring together, as they have been printed in various parts of India, China, Russia, and other distant countries) have been duly consulted. The work is obviously, therefore, one to the mere execution of which, in whatever style, considerable credit attaches; and which to execute tolerably or really well is very meritorious indeed. If this is clearly understood at the outset, we shall feel freer to take sundry exceptions afterwards to various details in the execution of a work which from its very nature no man living could render absolutely perfect.

Who are the non-Aryan peoples of India and High Asia? The question is best answered by explaining who the Aryan peoples are. At (or rather before) the dawn of history, one united nation of fair-skinned and light-haired Aryans is discovered as living, or rather roving with their herds, over the high plains of the ancient Bactria and modern Pamer, immediately north of the Western Himalayas, or their continuation the Hindú Cúsh. Though living by the produce of their herds, they possessed even then the seeds of refinement, thought, and religion. They regarded the bright powers of the world, the sun, the dawn, the rosy clouds, and the lightning, as divine, and as their special protectors. They sang songs and they told tales of these primitive deities. But a strange revolution ensued, of which all that we can clearly discern is that it was a religious war between two branches of this race, and that it resulted in the expulsion or emigration of one, which, retaining the ancient name of Aryan, penetrated the mountains, and, following the course of the Indus, poured itself first over the Panjáb, and thence eastward as far as Oude; while the other branch retained its original northern seat, and gradually spread westward over the high plateau which was called (from a modification of the same original name) Iran, and included the modern Persia, with Media, Babylonia, and Armenia. The western migration proved by far the most important to the world, for it furnished in successive tides the whole modern population of Europe, with but few and isolated exceptions. The Indian Aryans are, however, the most interesting to us here. On their entrance upon India from the north they were simply Aryans; and their songs, some of which are judged to date from, and certainly depict a state of things belonging to, their migration thither, are extant in the oldest parts of the Rigveda. They were still a people living with great herds of cattle, and consequently having no fixed habitation. Their furthest eastern limit was long marked by the little river Sarasvati, which flows from Umbala to Bhutner (about 76° E. long.). In later times we find them having, besides the Brahmanic, also a military caste, from which their kings were chosen. This of itself would suggest long wars necessary to establish their position in the country; and the alteration in their primitive condition is further evidenced, by the abandonment of the old name Aryan for that of Indian or Hindu, derived from the river Sindhu or Indus, down which they descended into the plains of Northern India, and by the foundation of cities, of which Ayodhya (Oude) is one of the oldest. We have further evidence of their progress and conquests in the two great Sanskrit epics, the older of which represents them as passing the natural boundary presented by the Vindhya mountains and the Nerbudda, and overrunning the whole triangular peninsula, and even passing over into Ceylon. Though the heroes are mythical, and the incidents coloured by brilliant imagination, the story undoubtedly tells of a real tide of invasion and partial conquest, of which the traces are still left. What it is important here to notice is that the Sanskrit Indians, according to their own stories, found the land everywhere inhabited by a people of a different, and what we must call a lower, race; black in colour, violent and fierce in temper, and in the Râmâyana actually styled *monkeys*. What became of these non-Aryan tribes? Partially, no doubt, they submitted to the rule of the invaders, and became the Sudras or Helots, the lowest caste in ancient times, dependent on the three great castes of the conquerors. But it is reasonable to suppose that as the Hindus pressed on them from west to east, from the Indus to the Ganges, and ultimately down that river to its mouth, they fled in great numbers to the north and south. The Hindus, moreover, soon reached their limits. Their country, Hindustan, includes the whole region drained by the Indus and Ganges, and but little more; Orissa forming a southern prolongation on the east coast, and the Maratha country as far as Goa a similar but larger prolongation on the west. But Central India, between these prolongations, and all south of them, is held by the dark race which the traditions of the Hindus themselves acknowledge to be aboriginal. These, therefore, and the various tribes of Nepal, Tibet, and the Himalayas on the north, constitute the non-Aryan races of India and High Asia, of whose languages Mr. Hunter here presents us with a Comparative Dictionary. He includes with them the languages of Burmah, Tenasserim, and Siam.

Little as is known of most of these dialects, certain groups may be defined with certainty. The languages of Central India which are known by the general name of Kôl, and are spoken by the most savage tribes, form one class. Those called Dravidian, in Southern India, of which the Tamil and the Telugu—languages reduced to writing, and possessing literature—are the most important, form another. The enormous variety of dialects concentrated over the comparatively small area of Nepal and the Himalayas constitute a third group; and the languages of Burmah and of Siam a fourth and fifth. On the east of Tibet, and the north of Burmah, they abut on the south-western provinces of China; and neighbourhood, geographical conformation, and the known early intercourse between India and China, alike suggest the possibility of an affinity with the Chinese, which is more boldly

* *A Comparative Dictionary of the Languages of India and High Asia, with a Dissertation.* Based on the Hodgson Lists, Official Records, and MSS. By W. W. Hunter, of Her Majesty's Bengal Civil Service. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

declared by Mr. Hunter than we remember to have seen hinted by previous writers. The following paragraph is also interesting as presenting a fair specimen of Mr. Hunter's powers as a comparative linguist, which will be put to a severer test in the *Comparative Grammar of the Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia*, now preparing for publication:—

> I am much mistaken if the scholar's eye will not decipher upon many of these pages a history far more ancient and not less legible than anything that can be educed from the legends of Greece or Rome, or the rock-inscriptions of India. Chinese has hitherto been looked upon as a language standing by itself, devoid of ethnical kindred or linguistic alliances. But in spite of its inexactitudes, this book proves that China has given its speech not merely to the great islands of the Southern Ocean, but to the whole Eastern Peninsula, to Siam, Tenasserim, Burmah, in a less degree to Central Asia, to many of the Himalayan tribes, and to some of the pre-Aryan people of the interior of India. Take in the first case the two numerals in which accidental resemblances are least likely to occur. "Three" in Chinese is *san* (Nankin) or *sám* (Canton); *a* constantly changes into *u* in non-Aryan speech, in the same way as *u* sometimes takes the place of the Indo-Germanic *a* in Gothic, Old High German, and Lithuanian, and of *á* in Italian, while its lengthened form *o* appears in place of the typical *a* or *á* in every one of the Aryan families excepting Sanskrit and Zend. Bearing this in mind, let the reader turn to p. 35, and he will find that the Chinese *san* or *sám* has furnished the third numeral not only to Japan, Siam, Tenasserim, Burmah, Eastern and Northern Bengal, Nepal, the Himalayan tribes, and Tibet, but that it also seems to appear in the Mantshu *sfunga* (respecting which I am doubtful whether it should not be *ssanga*) and *ilan* (*l* replacing *s* in the latter word [it had been previously asserted that "in non-Aryan speech *l* sometimes takes the place of *zh, sy, s, j*, or other sibilant"]), in the *thunga*
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> ing that *g* constantly represents *h*, and in its turn is softened to *j* and *y*, he will discover the Chinese *kiu*, *chin*, or *kan* ["nine"], running through the whole of the non-Aryan languages of Japan, the Eastern Peninsula, Tibet, the Himalayas, and Northern and Eastern Bengal. The same thing may be said of "I," p. 48, from which it would seem that the Japanese also, and indeed the whole Malay race, obtained their first person pronoun from the Chinese. (*Wo = ngo; ngo = go; go = ku*, leaning on *á*.)

If this judgment be sound, it will greatly modify received notions of the classification of languages. According to the system of W. von Humboldt, which has been further developed and popularized in England by Professor Max Müller, the Chinese is the one great example of a monosyllabic language, in which not only each notion (verb or noun), but every relation between such notion (case, tense, person, preposition, &c.), is expressed by a distinct and separately significant word. The languages here termed non-Aryan, on the other hand, form a class distinct from the Chinese, and termed *agglutinating*, inasmuch as in them all the relations of case, tense, &c., are expressed by affixes (without separate existence as words) attached to the words they qualify. While W. von Humboldt appeared to regard these two classes as generically distinct, Professor Max Müller conceives the monosyllabic system to be the older, and regards the agglutinating as possibly arising out of it through gradual abrasion of the Chinese relational words into mere affixes, whose original separate significance was forgotten. If Mr. Hunter's scheme be substantiated, he will prove that to be fact which Professor Max Müller treated as a possibility. We cannot at this stage pronounce any opinion on the point; but we cannot forbear to remark that extreme care is required in the treatment of words so very short as the Chinese and Turanian, especially if the phonetic changes which may with safety be assumed in the non-Aryan languages are so violent as some which are here adduced.

The utility of the Comparative Vocabulary (for we can scarcely term it a dictionary, since it gives us only 186 words) depends of course mainly on the correctness of words transcribed from scores of languages, which no one can criticize, because no one knows them. Mr. Hunter has, however, had the best coadjutors for the various dialects; and Mr. B. H. Hodgson, with his valuable printed vocabularies and trunks-full of manuscript, has been his universal Pundit. So far as we have been able to test the vocabularies, we have found them generally correct. But there is one great want—there is no general table of transliteration, so that, for example, we are left utterly in the dark what sound is intended by *ch* (that of *chest*, or that of *loch*), and whether the same sound in all languages; whether in *ph, bh, kh, gh, th, dh*, the aspirate is heard distinctly following the consonant, as in Sanskrit, or softens and modifies the consonant, making *ph = f*, &c.; and the Magyar words will mislead, for want of the information that Mag. *s* = Eng. *sh*, Mag. *sz* = Eng. *s*, Mag. *zs* = Fr. *j*, &c. And a note of the expression of the vowels, which Mr. Hunter does give, is rendered useless by a curious error. It stands thus—"*i = ee* as in *meet*; *í = ee* as in *thee*; *u = oo* as in *boot*; *ú = oo* as in *booth*." Have the non-Aryan languages put Mr. Hunter's English out of his head? Does he really pronounce *meet* and *boot* with a short vowel? The vowels he requires are manifestly those of *sit* and *bull* or *book*. The Magyar words (which are given in a select list of languages with which to compare the Asiatic ones that follow) appear sadly deformed; the accent, which is absolutely essential to the pronunciation in this language, is systematically omitted, and misprints abound, such as *negi* for *négy*, *heb* for *hét*, *jo* for *jö*; besides which a serious mistake is committed in inferring from the infinitives *inni, enni*, the roots *in* (read *in*), *en*, instead of *i, e*. In the Russian words also, there are misprints, as, for instance, *noih* for *noch* "night," and *vyeka* for *ryeka* "river." These errors in well-known languages arouse a misgiving that similar ones may occur where they are less easily discovered. It may appear hypercritical, but we cannot help finding fault with the constant use of the term *caret*. When Mr. Hunter does not know a word, why can he not simply leave a blank? To put *caret* opposite "between," "little," "to be silent," in Magyar, looks as if the Hungarians were absolutely destitute of those very necessary words. These and other signs show the haste with which the glossary has been compiled, which is the more to be lamented as so large and expensive a book is scarcely likely to reach a second edition, and is hardly to be excused by the author's impatience to see the book through the press before his return to India.

We have said so much on the linguistic aspects of the non-Aryan peoples, that we can only glance at the other—the political—from which Mr. Hunter also regards them. He shows how entirely our ideas on India, and even the knowledge of it possessed by its rulers, are bounded by the limits of the Aryan race, and that of the non-Aryan hill and forest tribes nothing is known except from the reports of the Hindus, their supplanters and inveterate enemies:—

> Of most of those unhappy tribes we have not a single portraiture by an impartial hand. The Indian newspapers catch and spread the infection. On more than one occasion, English journalists have so far forgotten their characteristic tenderness to the fallen as to insult the despairing bravery of hill tribes, to speak of a peasantry fighting for its homesteads as "adult tigers," and to propose, as a cure for well-grounded disaffection, the deportation across the seas of a whole race. Within the last fourteen years, Christian gentlemen have penned articles breathing a spirit scarcely less [qy. more?] tolerant than that in which the early Sanskrit singers depicted the forest tribes as black, noseless demons, of squat stature and inarticulate speech.

Yet those who have known these aborigines as Mr. Hunter and Mr. Brian Hodgson and many military men have done, testify to their many good qualities:—

> They are faithful, truthful, and attached to their superiors [writes General Briggs]; ready at all times to lay down their lives for those they serve, and remarkable for their indomitable courage. These qualities have been always displayed in our service. The aborigines of the Carnatic were the Sepoys of Clive and of Coote.

And the absence of caste or other restrictions upon intercourse, and their friendly feelings towards us even when at war with them ("they upbraided us with fighting against them; they always said it was with the Bengalis they were at war, not with the English"), appear to show that they might be among our most useful and loyal subjects, if we were sufficiently skilful to gain their confidence and understand their wants. To this, of course, a knowledge of their languages is necessary; and to this political, quite as much as to the strictly linguistic aim, Mr. Hunter devotes this book. We conclude with his striking remarks on the chief difficulties of British rulers in India:—

> Their first difficulty is a military one. A vast native army has to be maintained, and this army must be watched by another army with different interests and of a distinct race. The whole burden of supplying the surveillance at present rests upon the population of the British islands—a population scarcely one-eighth of the Indian people, separated from India by the width of the globe, and by the repugnance which a Northern nation has to exile in the tropics; above all, a population who have so much assured comfort and so many avenues to distinction in civil life, as to render military service distasteful. . . . From this difficulty the aboriginal tribes of India hold out a means of relief. In interest, in race, in religion, in habits of life, they are cut off from the Hindus and Mussalmans by a gulf of whose breadth the people of Christian States can form no idea; and their ethnical repugnance is kept in a constant glow by the remembrance of ancient wars and recent wrongs. Sooner would the panther of their native forests herd with the fox of the lowlands, than the hillman join with the Mussalmans or Hindus. Of the valour of many of their tribes, and that unquestioning fidelity and capacity for discipline which are the raw materials of soldiership, there is no question. . . . It is not as if the experiment had not been tried. It has been tried again and again, and has always succeeded; but routine and our ignorance of the aboriginal races have stood in the way of its systematic application.
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> The second difficulty of our position in India is a mercantile one. The division of the population into labourers and employers has not taken the trenchant and uncompromising form that it has in England. Sparsely inhabited frontier provinces cannot be peopled from the lowland population, nor can public works of great size be accomplished by them. The aboriginal races supply the want of a large labouring class among the Hindus. It is they who have constructed our railways, and who are at this moment creating, in tea cultivation, a new source of wealth to India, and a new field for English capital, whose magnitude it is impossible even yet to foresee.

THE GREAT UNWASHED.*

THE author's previous work on *Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes* seems to have been sufficiently successful to tempt him into a second enterprise. The subject which he has chosen is interesting enough. We none of us know much about the most numerous class of our fellow-subjects—a class, too, which has recently come into the nominal possession of much political influence. A book which gave us the thoughts and feelings of different sections of this class, in their own unsophisticated language, would be well worth reading. If any one would favour the world with an authentic diary of an average working-man, containing the opinions of himself and his "mates," their conversations and discussions about social and political morals, public questions and public men, it would have a very wide circulation indeed. But even the intelligent artisans do not keep diaries. We must wait therefore till some new Defoe arises gifted with the accurate observation and artistic simplicity of his predecessor. A man of genius, acutely observant, unassailable by any tempta-

* *The Great Unwashed.* By the Journeyman Engineer, Author of "Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

tion to caricature, and endowed with a spirit of toleration, might render a great service to the working-classes by doing that which they will not do for themselves. Such a work would be very unlike the volume now before us, which is not only too shadowy and unsubstantial, but also too pretentious and flippant in style, to do justice to the subject which its author has undertaken. Indeed, the first impression it makes is that it is of the "catch-penny" school. It is written in that jaunty self-complacent tone for which we are indebted to the reporters of certain fifth-rate papers, and which gives it an air of greater unreality than perhaps ought to be imputed to it. Had the author been content to write more simply and naturally, he would have conferred a kindness both on those whom he describes and on those for whom he describes them; and this kindness would have been enhanced if he had contrived to introduce the actual expressions of working-men on the different subjects which engage their attention. As it is, the book is devoid of the value which the author's knowledge of his theme might have given it, albeit possessing a certain kind of interest.

It certainly does not leave altogether on our minds a very pleasing impression of the working-men as a body. Without saying so in as many words, it allows us to infer that, taken in the mass, they are signally ignorant, and as signally self-conceited; with very narrow views both of their own interests and of the characters and conduct of other classes; and extremely intolerant of any opposition to their own crude opinions. It also leaves us impressed with the conviction that their daily lives alternate between great discomfort at home and injurious indulgence abroad; that their marriages are not happy, their wives unthrifty, and—at any rate in large cities—their children exposed to sad temptation and the infection of vicious company. It gives us less information than we desire on the instances, which we know must exist, of working-men raising themselves by their prudence and industry, and gradually acquiring competence and fortune.

It would be extremely interesting to know what proportion of artisans escape the normal temptations to drink, have the requisite thrift to save money, the knowledge to invest it well, and spend it wisely. Every now and then we hear of a municipal councillor, a mayor, or a Parliamentary candidate who boasts that he has worked with the brush, the plane, the adze, or the hammer. It would be worth knowing what the life was which such a man led among his fellow mechanics. Was he a recluse, and unpopular? Or, if he neither drank nor "larked," how did he maintain his good name among them? On these points this book is silent; yet how instructive would details of this kind be! We suspect that such a man as we are speaking of must be an accidental exception to the ordinary members of his calling. Our author says:—

To be properly estimated, working-men must be separated into at least three leading sections, the representatives of which may be respectively styled the educated working-man, the intelligent artisan of the popular phrase, and Mr. Lowe's working-man. . . . The first of them is emphatically the best, and though not the strongest, is yet a large and rapidly-increasing division; and as it to a great extent makes up in moral weight for its comparative want of numbers, its influence in modifying opinion upon those questions which more particularly affect the social position or political interests of the working-classes is now beginning to have a perceptible effect. The educated working-man is the stock intelligent artisan improved and tempered by education. He is, unfortunately for his class, an accidental being, owing his existence not to any marked individual superiority in point of intellect, or to any national or other system of education applied to the working-classes, but to some happy accident of taste or circumstance which leads to his continuing the work of education beyond the school-house.

"Who are the wives of working-men?" is a question often asked. They are, according to our author, women who have been small milliners, and have fed their imaginations with the idea of some day being wedded to princes or nobles in disguise, or they are servant girls, or the daughters of other working-men, who have taken an active part in the management of their fathers' houses. It need not be said how eminently unfit the first are to make a workman's home tidy and comfortable. Nor can much be said for the second. Accustomed for the most part to regular and stated hours of work, to regular and sufficient food, they are not able to meet the exigencies of a growing family, stinted wages, or waning employment. Habituated to spending other people's money with only small control, and discouraged from the practice of rigid economy, they are wholly unable to do the marketing or the cooking of a poor *ménage*. They are utterly devoid of that skilful economy which enables the wife of the French peasant to make a comfortable meal out of odds and ends of meat and a few vegetables. And what they have never learned before, they are too stupid or desponding to learn when the knowledge would be most useful. When once poverty falls on their homes, they stagnate in despair and dirt. The third class often supplies the best housewives. But their excellence depends on the mother's supervision, which is itself an accident. The following complaint uttered by a working-man deserves the attention not only of benevolent squires and squires' wives, but also of Boards of Guardians and School Inspectors. Why on earth is it that poor men's daughters are taught to repeat by rote the names of the Kings of Judah and Israel, and are never taught the duties of simple cooking and domestic neatness, indispensable for the comfort of a working-man's home? How much drunkenness, riot, and turbulence does not arise from the untidiness of poor men's cottages, and the repulsiveness of poor men's dinners?—

The necessity for, and advantages to be derived from, a technical education among working-men, are now being urged upon all hands; but there is a still greater need for such education among their wives. Women in the working classes have no organized educational means of qualifying themselves for the position of wives, plain sewing taught in charity or charity schools being the nearest approach to anything of the kind. There are no schools of cookery in which young women might be taught something of the nature of our chief foods, and initiated into the principles and practices of economical cookery. No place where they could be shown that many savoury and nourishing dishes can be made out of what are generally looked upon as unpalatable, unmanageable odds and ends; and that consequently a family could occasionally have the luxury of butcher's meat even when they cannot purchase joints and steaks—beyond the cooking of which the culinary capabilities of many wives extend not. There is no existing means by which they can be systematically taught the care of children, or the application of broad, easily-understood sanatory laws to household health and comfort.

The discomfort of poor and crowded houses has of late been much enhanced by the wholesale removal of streets consequent on the construction of railways. Single rooms which a few years ago were let for 3*s*. or 3*s*. 6*d*. a week now fetch 6*s*. or 7*s*. a week. It is a pity that the English working-man has never yet become reconciled to the tenements of many stories, such as the model lodging-houses. The fact may perhaps be explained by the necessity, which the general arrangements of these buildings enforce, of order and regularity. But if the working-men or the working-men's wives would only submit to the discipline which is indispensable for the preservation of harmony among a dozen families using the same kitchen and the same washhouse, there is no doubt that they would be greatly benefited by the larger area and superior ventilation of these loftier structures. But no way has yet been devised to soften the natural roughness of the female tongue under the provocation of neighbourly quarrels on a common staircase.

We have often had occasion to comment on the evil influence which contiguity to criminals exercises over a class professedly non-criminal. The following incident illustrates our remarks. The author has been driven from his former abode by railway improvements, and is compelled, after seeking in vain for a better home, to remove into a dirty and disreputable "court":—

The van containing our furniture had scarcely reached the door of our new house ere it was surrounded by such a mob of ragged, dirty children, of both sexes, and of from two to twelve years of age, as it never occurred to me could *all* be the product of our Court; and as they began to get in the way, and I noticed some of the elder ones attempting to "what the wise call convey" some of the lighter articles that became visible in the van as the larger ones were removed, I ordered them to go off to their own place, and play there. Whereupon, a gentleman of surly aspect, and with whose bloated, sodden face neither soap nor razor had been recently acquainted, who had been leaning against the doorpost of the next house, watching the removal of the furniture with a sullen and injured air, explained to me, emphasising his explanation by a number of sanguinary expletives, that the "kids" belonged to the Court, and had as much sanguinary right there as me; and added a statement to the effect that the inhabitants of the Court generally would take sanguinary particular notice that I didn't come the sanguinary genteel over them, if I *had* got a wan-load of furniture.

Let any one for a moment consider what the influence of such a neighbourhood, with such "kids" in it, must have on the children of honest and respectable artisans who are forced to inhabit them, and he will at once discern the rule of progression which governs the expansion of crime in our populous cities. Until the extent of home influence over the children of the poor and the artisan class has been thoroughly measured, it will be useless to provide additional schools.

The information which the writer imparts concerning the political sentiments of the working-men is probably correct; but it is far from reassuring. As a body, they seem to have been in a great measure spoilt by the idiotic adulation which they have received from their philanthropic and interested toadies. And they have become just what it was reasonable to expect that uneducated men, who continually hear themselves called "the brave and intelligent sons of toil," and the "props of the national wealth," should become—very conceited of their own merits, very doubtful of any merit out of their own class, and utterly intolerant of opinions different from their own. Of this bigoted and bitter intolerance the following is an amusing instance. The author was discussing with a fellow-workman the virtues of a deceased nobleman, who had been a just landlord, a liberal benefactor to the poor, and an upright man in all the relations of life:—

I, remembering these things, observed that many would miss him. To his my shopmate indignantly took exception, arguing that all aristocrats were encumbrances upon the face of the earth, and consequently could not possibly be missed when taken from it. Waiving the main point, I said, "Well, his widow will miss him, anyway;" but to this more limited proposition my friend also demurred. "Not she," he answered; "she's got plenty of money, she had no need to care; if it had been a working-man, then you might have talked about his wife missing him." Still I suggested it was possible that natural feeling might exist even in an aristocrat, and that a wealthy as well as a poor woman might mourn for the loss of a good husband; whereupon my opponent, utterly outraged by the propounding of such an unorthodox idea, and my persistence in continuing the controversy, seized a heavy piece of wood and knocked me down with it.

The report which he gives of the religious impressions of the working-classes points to the same ignorant conceit. They first exaggerate the wealth of the clergy, then reproach them with the inconsistency between their preaching and their practice, and finally make this an excuse for not going to church. But it does not appear that, as a body, they pay to the Dissenting minister that homage which they withhold from the clergyman of the Established Church. And whoever knows the ways of working-men will be inclined to doubt their respect for any class of "poor gentlefolks."

On the whole, it raises feelings of an uncomfortable kind when we reflect that great political power has been placed in the hands of a class which is very ignorant; which, from the sheer necessities

of its calling, must remain very ignorant, or very superficially instructed, on most of the complicated questions of the day; which is ludicrously self-conceited, and, in proportion to its self-conceit, angrily intolerant of all difference of opinion; which lives in alternate oscillation between the absorbing excitement of its own mechanical employments and the temporary excitement of pot-house politics; which believes all good of itself, and all evil of other classes; which mistakes flattery for friendship, reproof for hostility, and an opposition to communistic crotchets for tyrannical greed on the part of the capitalists.

We repeat the wish that the author had given us some information respecting the men who, by their thrift and sagacity, contrive to rise from the ranks of the employed into those of the employers. And we wish, too, he had explained the blind credulity with which working-men entrust their savings to Friendly and Benefit Societies after the rottenness of many of them has been clearly revealed by the Registrar. That the working-men in the aggregate are incapable of reflection is proved by the immense losses which they yearly sustain through these institutions, without one tithe of the murmurs that their inappreciable contributions to the taxes of the country invariably provoke. The best friend that they could find would be one of their own caste, or a trusted employer, both able and willing to point out to them the enormous loss which their own carelessness and extravagance entail upon them. No advantage that extension of the suffrage or reduction of taxation could bring to them would be comparable to the gain which would accrue from halving their daily consumption of beer, and investing their savings in honest and trustworthy securities. Until they learn these two things, any amount of political power which they may attain will only make them more aggressive, arrogant, and vain, without making them one jot more happy, contented, or respectable. They will, without this lesson, be too often thriftless debauchees while they are earning money, and grumbling paupers when they are out of work. But while we lament this expensive and wasteful credulity on the part of the "Great Unwashed," we cannot forget that the Great Washed and the Great Educated have been the victims of frauds as gross and rampant in the shape of Banking, Insurance, and other Joint-Stock Companies.

ARBORICULTURE.*

AT Alton Towers, the motto of that Earl of Shrewsbury who converted a comparatively waste hill-side adjoining his residence into a multiform triumph of horticultural skill—"he made the desert smile"—is suggestive of a comparison between achievements of this peaceful kind and the warlike exploits of his Lancastrian ancestors. It is pleasant to contemplate the exchange of sword for pruning-hook, even where the end and aim is nothing higher than to please the eye, to gratify the taste, and subdue nature to personal enjoyment. A yet higher art of peace is that which, by planting barren mountains, and clothing with forests the seashore and the sand-drift, gives shelter to lands hitherto sterile by reason of severity of climate, sets bounds to the ravages of sand and spray, and in time establishes, in places heretofore barren and unpeopled, a staple commodity calculated to enhance human civilization and comfort. And the best of it is, that this sort of achievement, while so widely beneficial, is its own reward to the proprietor and promoter; and, though unselfish in its results, is the very reverse of unprofitable, if undertaken by competent hands, and in conformity with the experience of scientific arboriculturists. A handy record of this experience, so practically written as to suit the needs of the professional forester, while it recounts such profitable extensions of woodland and forest as may kindle the enthusiasm and speculative energy of proprietors, has recently been published by Mr. Grigor, the founder, and for forty years conductor, of the Forres Nurseries. He is a writer whose authorship has this weighty recommendation, that he can support his theories by facts, and can point to lands, worth less than a shilling an acre when he found them, now covered with ornamental plantations, and yielding through them a revenue equal to that of the finest cornland in the country. Although of a size that forbids illustrations such as add value to larger works, such as *Brown's Forester*, there is scarcely a subject dealt with in that sumptuous volume which Mr. Grigor does not handle satisfactorily, while on some topics he communicates experience not detailed by his bulkier rivals, and furnishes hints of exceptional value and importance. While the A B C of arboriculture is fully attended to in his calendar of operations, his directions for preliminary draining, and his detail of the modes of planting, by notch, pit, and trench respectively, his work escapes the dulness of an ordinary "vade mecum" by his curious remarks upon "acclimatation," his stirring account of experiments in planting under difficulties, and his acute suggestions on many points that come within the scope of his profession. His book therefore has interest both for the adept and the novice, for the large proprietor and him that has but a nook or corner to plant out. Duly studied, too, it is calculated to prevent failures, whether great or small, within the range of the subject on which it treats.

As to the profit of scientific planting there can be but one opinion, if we listen to an expert like Mr. Grigor narrating what he has himself begun and matured, on the estate, for example, of Ballindalloch, on the banks of the Spey. In 1830 he planted by the notch-system nearly a million and a half of larch and Scotch firs upon 400 Scotch acres, at a contract price of 10s. per acre. It was duly fenced, and did not require much draining. The cost must have been about 200*l.*, exclusive of the fencing, which was partly stone and partly turf-dike. In the present year this plantation was visited and valued by two practical men, and its best larch found to be from fifty to sixty feet high, with a girth of from three feet six inches to four feet two inches at six feet from the ground. These averaged 20s. the tree, and at a low estimate the whole plantation was worth 31,000*l.* The thinnings from time to time must have already paid with interest the cost of formation, as well as a splendid rent for the land; future thinnings will realize thousands, and the standing timber has every prospect of doubling its value within the next thirty years. This is no doubt a case of very successful planting, and we find a set-off against it in the author's account of a plantation of twenty acres, which from want of regular thinning presented, after thirty-two years, from a thousand to twelve hundred larch to the acre, worth at most about 1*s.* 3*d.* each; whereas properly not more than 500 larch should have been left to the acre, and these worth each from four to five shillings. The worst in this case is to come. Had systematic thinning been practised, the thinnings from the age of thirty-two years up to sixty would have given not less than 150*l.* per acre, and have left by that time on each acre about 150 trees, worth 2*l.* apiece. No such failure as this could have befallen the spirited Earl of Haddington; else his example in the early part of the eighteenth century—upon the first introduction of larch from England to Scotland—when he planted thousands of acres with larch, would hardly have been so extensively followed. His Countess sold her jewels to plant Binning Wood; and his success fired the Dukes of Athole and Argyll, and others among his contemporaries, to a splendid emulation. His vast plantations, however, have been matched in this country by the late Earl of Seafield, and are, we are told, being more than matched by the present Earl. Mr. Grigor's chapter on the rise and progress of British plantations gives a curious sketch of the additions to our timber trees from the sixteenth century until now, and tends to show the debt the nation owes to some of its Dukes and Earls—whom it is the fashion of the day to account more ornamental than useful—for their experiments in planting at Woburn, Goodwood, Syon, and elsewhere, on a scale impossible with lesser folk, and with an enterprise which, if it has turned out well for themselves, has also largely added to the resources of the nation. The later introduction of American, Indian, and Crimean conifers is a topic that might claim a volume to itself.

It is, we think, fully proved in Mr. Grigor's pages that this public spirit never fails to repay itself, unless in the absence of proper precautions and foresight. There may be oversight, for instance, in the selection of plants. In the book before us the caution against Scotch fir and larch grown from *Continental* seed is clearly and urgently reinforced. These are shown to be very susceptible of climatic influence, and too tender for winters in the North of Scotland, or even for the higher ground of English nurseries. Yet of late years nine-tenths of the Scotch fir seed sold in our market has come from Continental depôts, and a large proportion of the larch seed from the vine-climates of France, Germany, and Prussia; and the result is that, the former generations of these trees having been acclimatized or inured to great heat, their offspring are unfit for at once enduring the extreme change of Scottish moorland. Mr. Grigor institutes comparisons of one-year-old larch from home seed and two-year-old from imported seed, in the dry season of 1865, to the great disadvantage of the latter, and elsewhere warns his readers against the millions of plants raised from Continental seed which are sold at a cheaper rate in our British nurseries, and only answer at all in sheltered lowlands, not in the local *habitat* of larch or Scotch fir. He gives an equally useful warning against a dwarf Continental counterfeit of the genuine Scotch pine, the "Pinus Silvestris Montana," worthless as a timber tree, and all the more deceptive because Don, in his writings on Scotch trees, has christened a really valuable species by the name of "Montana." So, too, the only valuable spruce (except the Abies Douglasii), the Norway spruce, has its worthless but multitudinous counterfeit in the White American, a dwarf likewise. The test is the darker foliage and more vigorous leader of the Norway. Hence it will be seen how important wise selection is in the case of a crop which is not annual nor biennial, but is meant to last a century; nor indeed is it less important to bear in mind, especially with hard-wood plants, that the likeliest are such "as have been removed in the nursery lines a year before final planting." Scotch firs, too, one year old and one year transplanted, suit best bare and exposed ground.

The mischief likely to arise from relying on counterfeits of really hardy plants for the outsides of a hill-top plantation, or for shelters and nurses in exposed situations, would be so irreparable that no vigilance should be grudged to avert such an outlay of "labour lost." But a soundly-formed plantation may fail from after neglect. Judicious thinning, and, in the case of hard wood trees, judicious pruning, are necessities on which Mr. Grigor has two very useful chapters. In her own forests Nature provides against trees of the same size and strength "pressing on one another, as in the ruinous struggle too often witnessed in planted woods." Some young plants overtop others from other causes, and also because self-sown pine-seeds do not vegetate uniformly or immediately. Hence the smaller in growth curtail the side branches of the taller

* *Arboriculture; or, a Practical Treatise on Raising and Managing Forest Trees.* By John Grigor, The Nurseries, Forres, N.B. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1868.

ones, and a diversity of growth anticipates the thinning process so needful for artificial plantations. Too late thinning leaves the residuum a prey to the first high wind, as well as to root diseases affecting the trunks. For hardwood trees the great gain is in pruning so as to direct the ascendency of the leading shoot, and heading down to half length those next in size, as well as the lateral branches. It is bad to prune close to the stem at first, as also to clear the stems of all side branches to a certain height, once for all, and operate afterwards only on the under branches; for the results of this process are a small trunk, a bad top, and side branches more vigorous than the leader. Oak grown for navy purposes is an exception, the object in that case being to encourage a crooked trunk and the greatest quantity of bent pieces or "knees." In this case the leading shoot should be cut off, and two of the strongest laterals left to grow horizontally, those next to them being first shortened, and finally removed, and the old top reduced to the point at which the horizontal leaders diverge. Nothing can be worse than to cut off large branches from timber trees, especially if close to the trunk. Though the wound may be apparently cicatrized, the timber remains unsound, in consequence of the rottenness caused during its exposure. The timber-merchant will detect this flaw even more readily than the nails which are not unfrequently discovered in timber, owing to the mischievous practice of nailing paling or wires to trees instead of standards (cf. p. 122). In proof of the general superiority of pruned trees to unpruned, our author cites a practical authority, Mr. Cree, who states that, taking twenty-five elms of a size for making naves of wheels, the average of timber in each will be five feet if unpruned, and thirty if pruned. If this statement is to be accepted, the inference is conclusive.

The romance—if we may use the term of what is certainly no fiction—of Mr. Grigor's very interesting book is to be found in his chapter upon "Seaside Planting." We refer not so much to the plantations formed on the coast of Norfolk, on the cliffs overhanging the Yarmouth Roads—where deep trenching, six-foot fences of furze and broom, and regular hoeing and cleaning for the first two years after planting have led to complete success—as to the reclamation from its utter desolation of the sand-deluged estate of Culbin, by means of plantations which have literally recovered the sandy space. In the seventeenth century this estate was termed, for the fertility of its cornlands, "the granary of Moray," and commanded a rental equal to 7,000*l*. per annum. But by the end of that century it had become valueless and fruitless, "an arid mass of drifting sand." Mr Grant of Kincorth was the first to reclaim a portion of this desert, and this solely with a view to shelter and ornament. At eight years old the larch and firs averaged a height of six feet in the more advanced parts, and at from twenty to twenty-eight years (1865) ranged from twenty-five to forty-five feet in height, in perfect vigour. The thinnings have already paid the original outlay, and interest at a high rate. The value of the plantation is at present 30*l*. per acre in the oldest parts, and the whole promises a revenue at least equal to that of ordinary arable land, beside the realization of the original object—ornament, shelter, and a barrier against the sand. The success of the proprietor of Moy, another portion of Culbin, is also avouched by Mr. Grigor, who himslf planted nearly three hundred acres of it in 1840 and 1842, and, taking the standing wood of larch and Scotch firs as from twenty to thirty feet high (though there are larch of forty and Scotch firs of twenty-eight feet), values the forest at present at 22*l*. per acre. He notes, as a curious fact, that where the larch has become sunken in sand-drift, its shoots take root four inches beneath the surface, and, from this readiness of its lateral branches to take root, he suggests a quick and effectual method of increasing our rarer conifers. Even more wonderful is the account of the plantations on the sand of the coast of Gascony, where, between 1789 and 1811, 12,500 acres of sand-down had been clothed with thriving plantations, wholly seed-sown. The plan adopted was to sow two pounds of pinaster seed and four or five of broom seed per acre, and to thatch the whole with pine-branches with the leaves on, whilst warding off the sand-drift with a line of hurdles. At first the broom plants overtopped the pinasters, but by the end of a dozen years the pines had choked out the broom. Mr. Grigor's observation leads him to prefer an undulating surface for seaside planting, some portion being then sure of protection. The worst ground is an unvarying slope toward the sea, only slightly above high-water mark. On the cliffs on the Norfolk coast, for instance, the spray, which is so hurtful at lesser altitudes, is comparatively harmless, and thereon may be seen plenty of heavy timber. Beside the pines, which suit a pure dry drifting sand, and the larch, which will do well in sand mixed with vegetable substances if out of reach of the sea-spray, the willows, elders, maples, alders, and beeches, with the evergreen oak, do well in a saline atmosphere. The berberis, snowberry, and laurustinus, also, are suitable seaside shrubs. As Mr. Grigor justly remarks, plantations by the seaside are desirable and profitable at the same time. Beside shelter and protection, they yield a profit, as furnishing coaling vessels with return cargoes of pit-wood and prop-wood; collaterally, too, they find employment for the working-classes. On the Bordeaux coast, for example, the preparation of resin and tar from the pinaster forests constitutes the livelihood of numbers. The author elsewhere lays down a sound rule of profitable planting, that such kinds of timber should be planted as command the readiest market in the neighbourhood. On the kinds of trees fittest to plant on mossy and moist soils, or on high barren ground; on the value of bark, and the modes of harvesting it; on the desirableness of coppice wood and of hedge-row timber, Mr. Grigor has much information in special chapters. On the subject of bark he makes us envy the days when a proprietor got anything like 16*l*. per ton for oak-bark, and any market at all for that of other trees. Coppice-wood he shows to have so much diminished in value, by reason of the fall in bark, that it is undesirable except where an inhospitable subsoil checks the trees planted on it at a certain period of their growth; and hedgerow timber, beside contributing to frequent gaps or "glats" in the hedges, is apt to fetch a less price from the buyer, and to be chiefly precious as a characteristic of English scenery. The chapter on hedges is one in which all may take an interest. The best and readiest are of hawthorn quick, and for forming them six or eight year old plants, fibrous rooted and thrice transplanted, are the most profitable. If any plant is mixed with them it should be holly, which, though obscured for awhile, gradually prevails. Privet thrives well in such combination, but adds nothing in strength. A holly hedge, in a good, rich, loamy soil, beats, to our fancy, every other, and after a certain stage the holly is not a slow grower. Next to it ranks the yew-hedge—compact, close, easily dressed, hardy, and permanent. Mr. Grigor says that in some nurseries it may be purchased by rows, trained hedge-fashion, for transplanting—a ready-made fence, in fact. To get a gay hedge (shortlived, we fear, in its gaiety) he elsewhere suggests grafting scarlet and pink thorns on strong stems of the common hawthorn. The best shape is wedge-fashion. On Mr. Grigor's account of our indigenous and introduced trees, which takes up the larger half of his volume, we propose to touch in another article.

(*To be continued.*)

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.*

THERE is something interesting, if comical, in the innocent way in which children and little people try to imitate the actions of their elders and betters. Even vices are copied in quite harmless make-believes of naughtiness, and the results of sinful experience are ignorantly travestied by the very pinks of propriety and the acmés of rigid virtue, while the dress and habits of my lady in her bower get gradually translated till they descend in grotesque distortion to the level of the servants' hall. In fact imitation is the whole of certain folks' ability, and there are some men who, like monkeys, can only mimic, but never originate. And what is true of people in general is still more true of authors. Modest writers, whose only forte lies in the subtle and quiet delineation of character and the more tender emotions, think themselves obliged to go into the 'Ercles vein of the confessedly sensational school, and strain themselves in their endeavours to throw into monstrous imaginations, and wild complications of plot, the powers fitted only for sweetness and tenderness and truth. The evil influence of example, by which weak minds are led astray, is shown in nothing more distinctly than in novels, where the noisy applause that follows coarse vigour seems to be considered of infinitely higher value than the quiet and discriminating appreciation given to delicate and sensitive work; and a writer whose brain is fired with visions of gigantic posters and the blare of the eighth edition, which are the insignia of triumph of a first-class sensation novel, is tempted to try his luck in the same direction, and to dig in the same mine where these great nuggets of success have been already found.

Now here is a book the writer of which has tried to put on the seven-leagued boots worn by the giants of the sensation school, but in which she has only jumped a stone's throw, to land—not on the heights. Her intellectual gifts are valuable enough in their degree, and in their own sphere, but they are not equal to the handling of such matters as madness, mystery, murder, and the like. And the consequence is a child's attempt at playing man—like Tony Weller's two-year-old descendant sitting on a doorstep, with a straw for a pipe and an empty mug for the familiar pewter, saying, "Now I'm grandfather!" One of the first things that strike the reader in *Nature's Nobleman* is its want of real originality. Dashes suggestive of Miss Muloch here, of Mr. Trollope there, parts reminding one of Mrs. Riddle, and parts that seem like a repetition of what we have read elsewhere—but the where very hazily remembered—take off that keen sense of novelty which is essential to the success of a work of fiction. Neither character nor circumstance, neither plot nor description, has the sharp cutting of originality, and the whole book reads like a *réchauffé* of what has been served up scores of times already. The little old man dressed in a loose falling robe of blue and a black velvet skull cap, and the handsome *débonnaire* cavalier muffled in a cloak, with a scar across his face, issuing at dead of night from a secret postern in a grim and weird old house of bad traditions, and saying mysterious words that sound like an unhallowed bargain—though they are not—echo the romantic strains that thrilled us in our youth. And though it is only so much of the outer form that is like our old friends of the G. P. R. James school, while the real story is modern enough, yet the flavour of imitation runs all through—as evident in the vulgarity of Mrs. Slydersley as in the pride and mystery of Miss Beatrice Rossitur. Yet, for all that, there is something pretty and loveable in the book, though it is not

* *Nature's Nobleman.* By the Author of "Rachel's Secret," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1868.

strongly thought nor thoroughly worked, and though it has some grave faults telling heavily against it. And one of these faults is that every sensation and every action is prosed over too much. A man cannot see the sun set or the sun rise, and a woman cannot go to church and hear a piece of music, without a long account of how they felt and what they thought. And this clogs the story, impedes its action, and wearies the reader. The feelings of a character are always better shown by action than by the mere narration of the author. But this, of course, is just the difficulty, just the crucial test; and the writers who can let their characters show themselves, and let the story tell itself by action, are the successful writers, and of the best kind. It is not given to every one to hit the bull's-eye when they take aim; and we are bound [illegible] ye in novel-writing is very rarely hit indeed.

The character of Fulke Barham, "the nature's nobleman" who gives his name to the book, is of course the ideal character of a man according to a woman's ideal. That cerulean mixture of strength and severity with sweetness, of self-control with passion, of stern repression with the wildest ambition and the tenderest love, is what women like to use when they paint their hero. And it is a charming mixture, according to the ethics of the drawing-room, if not always true according to the experience of the club-room or the debating-society. Jocelyne Mayburne, again—the little child-woman, who knows only such things as old black-letter tomes and a sharp-tempered housekeeper have taught her, absolutely innocent, and as loving as she is pure—is the stereotyped ideal of the fit mate for such a great heart. It is the image of the lion and the lamb, and a little child leading, expanded into a story, and put into human shape. Miss Rossitur too, with her pride and her secret—which always remains a little muddled and incoherent—her madness and her stately beauty, is she not the acknowledged third of the group, made after the old pattern, worn by this time so threadbare? We have met her scores of times before, draped in her black velvet, with the dull gold among her ebony tresses, drawing herself up on the slightest provocation, flashing out scorn and contempt from her lustrous eyes without any provocation at all, yet every now and then letting her secret soul of love shine forth like starlight in a storm, and startling the beholder by her unwonted glance of tenderness, as she had startled them just before by her unnecessary glance of scorn. We know the kind of thing by heart, for they are all lay figures, turned out one after the other according to time-honoured models, and given different names whereby to label them.

The story of *Nature's Nobleman* is compressible enough, indeed curiously so, showing how very little kernel there is sometimes in three volumes of close print when one throws aside the superincumbent padding. Fulke Barham, the hero, is a ruined man. When his father died he came into an inheritance of debt, and nothing else, whereupon he sold his ancestral estate of Barham Lings, with the proviso that he might reclaim it again, if he could, before the expiration of a certain number of years. After this he works at a quarry which he has retained, makes a good thing of it, and pays off all the remaining debts. The story opens with an account of his sitting, wearied and worn-out, at his writing-desk, having just drawn his last cheque for his creditors; though why he should have left this very ordinary piece of business till the end of the day, and after post-time, and why he is so frightfully tired—as if he had been drawing cheques all the day—remain a little obscure. Soon after this he falls in love with pretty Jocelyne Mayburne, the granddaughter of the old wizard-like man in the black velvet skull-cap—him who had come out by the postern-gate at dead of night with the cloaked cavalier, whose last words were, "The money or the girl." Miss Rossitur, the haughty beauty with dark hair, sees Jocelyne Mayburne, and takes an immense and mysterious fancy to her. They go together to a ball, where Captain Gordon, the cloaked cavalier, also goes; on seeing whom the dark lady faints, and falls incontinently into a fever. Fulke makes love to Jocelyne; but after he has made love, and has reason to think himself beloved in return, a scheme in which he has embarked all his means fails, and he is a second time ruined. Then he goes to see Jocelyne, mistakes her words as she mistakes his, and leaves her miserable, deceived, and broken-hearted. By chance, after this, he sees her in the arms of Captain Gordon, of whom he has already the most unfavourable impression. "The money or the girl" rings in his ears still, and he believes that old Mayburne has sold his granddaughter to the gay Lothario. After this he meets Miss Rossitur, who is and has been mad, wandering alone and half-dressed in the woods, hears from her that she has some terrible grief against the Captain, and so is ten times more distressed at the thought that his lamb has been given up into the power of such a wolf. It turns out, however, that Captain Gordon is the father of Jocelyne, having run away with her mother, whom old Mayburne of the skull-cap discarded. It is to be presumed that the gay Lothario made love to Miss Rossitur between whiles, and that she had given him that ugly cut across his face. After a few more chapters of suspense, chiefly occupied by Jocelyne's illness and her mother's history, the encumbrances are quietly killed off, and the desired end is attained. Old Mayburne dies, and Jocelyne and her father take the body down to Scotland—no one knowing that Captain Gordon is her father, so that she gets into terrible disgrace with Mrs. Grundy and her crew; Fulke Barham hears her call to him mysteriously, and goes away after her to find her grandfather's grave and to hear her mother's history; when he returns home he hears that her father, Captain Gordon, is also dead, and that she is dying and asking for him. He goes to see her, wrestles with death for her, and keeps her alive. Dr. Paul, the organist of Slumborough Cathedral, who has been in love with Miss Rossitur, and whom she also loves but will not marry because of that grief of hers against Captain Gordon and her own inherited madness, dies in church of a broken heart just as he finishes the service; Miss Rossitur dies and is buried; Sister Agatha, a Grey Sister, who died and was also buried a short time ago, turns out to have been Jocelyne's mother and Captain Gordon's wife, and by mere chance Captain Gordon is buried close beside her. Jocelyne is at one time declared the heiress of her old grandfather, and then proved not to be the heiress. But that does not signify, as by some mysterious process Fulke Barham comes in for all the money, and so has wife, fortune, and Barham Lings unhindered. This part of the story is not a little perplexed and obscure; as is also the reason why Miss Rossitur, in the early chapters of the book, takes out a lock of white hair dabbled in blood, sets her teeth, and moans and "carries on" over it. A very little more care would have made all this obscurity clear, and would have prevented a great deal of useless conjecture and harking back. We are sorry, too, to be obliged to say that the grammar of *Nature's Nobleman* is at times eccentric; that the conversations of the servants and bedesmen are carried on in no known composite of north-country with stage-country dialects; and that Mrs. Slydersley, the Lady Mayoress, is a mistake from first to last, being vulgar and stupid, disagreeable and unnatural, a reduplication of bad qualities not to be pardoned. The whole book wants revising, compressing, and making clear; for there is enough good in it to make us wish that it had been better, and to cause regret for the mistakes which might have been avoided with just a little more care and thought.

THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.*

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago a great collection of Eastern shells was made by Rumphius, a doctor who lived at Amboyna, the capital of the Spice Islands. The collection was described and figured in his *Rariteit Kamer*, published in 1705; but was itself dispersed in the course of a compulsory journey made from Leyden to Paris under the First Empire, and its subsequent return. The liberality of some gentlemen at Boston enabled Mr. Bickmore, who is Professor in an American University, to make a voyage to the Eastern Archipelago, with the view of bringing a restored edition of the same collection to his own country. The book before us is an account of the successful expedition in pursuance of this plan. The Professor and his friends deserve every credit for their spirited plan for carrying out a scientific object, and we would not criticize too severely the record of its fulfilment. There is indeed very little to be said against the book; it has plenty of negative virtues. Mr. Bickmore says, that it is taken almost entirely from his journal, and that he has sought for accuracy, at any sacrifice of elegance. There is no necessary antithesis between the two that we can see; but if Mr. Bickmore is incapable of aiming simultaneously at both merits, we should of course prefer that of accuracy. He has, moreover, most scrupulously abstained from the sin of fine writing, which so easily besets a traveller. Not even a tropical sunset or a thunder-storm betrays him into a glowing burst of Ruskinian eloquence, or into the equally offensive fault of small facetiousness; he pursues the even tenor of his way, as a man of science should, and calmly notes facts without any efforts at "word-painting" or at wit. The descriptions of scenery resemble a fragment from a handbook of geography; he is content to describe a volcano by giving its height and the dimensions of its crater, and an earthquake by telling us how many people it killed. His reticence in regard to persons amounts almost to a fault; there are a few compliments to the civility of the Dutch officials, but scarcely a hint as to the merits or defects of Dutch administration. It would be interesting to hear from a competent observer some accounts of the system now pursued in regard to the commerce of the islands, but Mr. Bickmore abstains as rigidly from any serious comments as though, like an ambassador in a besieged town, he had marched through the country blindfold. For this silence there may be satisfactory reasons besides the obvious one that his mind was intently fixed upon shells, and that the only moments at which we seem to recognise a certain glow of enthusiasm beneath the studied calm of his language are those at which the discovery of some new specimen, such as a "thicklipped *strombus*," is briefly recorded. He was, perhaps, too ardent a conchologist to be much of a politician, or he may consider that the assistance he received from the officials would make criticism improper. There are, indeed, only a few occasions on which Mr. Bickmore's self-restraint seems a little to desert him. He cannot refrain from mentioning at one point that he collected eighty-one specimens of birds on a certain island in the same length of time in which Mr. Wallace collected sixty-six; and, besides this professional boast, he has a barely perceptible propensity to hold himself up to us as a man of courage. He takes opportunity to observe that, as he had served in the United States army, it was his duty to set an example in this respect to the weaker part of mankind; and accordingly he shows a magnificent disregard of dangers from big snakes, from crocodiles,

* *Travels in the Eastern Archipelago.* By Albert S. Bickmore. London: John Murray. 1868.

and from heavy seas, when the natives shrink from his side; and winds up his book by a terrific combat with a python, which a gentleman had pressed upon his acceptance as a parting token of affection. The box in which this appropriate gift was conveyed was accidentally put wrong side up on shipboard, and the python escaped, to the imminent danger of Mr. Bickmore. When discovered, it made successive springs at his foot, whilst he played it, so to speak, with a heavy bludgeon, and, luckily for him, never failed in getting well on to the animal's head. After fifteen minutes of this work, the python was still coming up to time in lively condition, whilst Mr. Bickmore's strength was beginning to fail. The crew had been in a state of panic terror; but at the end of this very uncomfortable quarter of an hour, it occurred to the carpenter to hand Mr. Bickmore an axe, and the snake was then effectually dealt with by the naturalist. There is a thrilling picture of this incident, remarkable for the calmness displayed by the spectators of the struggle between a philosopher and a snake about twice his own size. We should, however, be doing great injustice to Mr. Bickmore if we implied that he was guilty of anything approaching to bragging; he betrays, almost in spite of himself, a certain complacency at his own coolness on this and one or two other occasions, but certainly not in any obtrusive fashion. We could, in fact, very well put up with a little more warmth of colouring in every part of the picture.

In spite of his occasional dryness, and the total absence of some interesting topics from his pages, Mr. Bickmore gives us a good deal of information which we are glad to have. Geologists and naturalists generally may be attracted by his accounts, for there are plenty of strange formations, and of undescribed species of plants and animals, and even lovers of scenery may infer from his facts that there must be in the Archipelago many views of singular beauty; but to the ordinary mortal there would be two great objections to travelling in that part of the world—namely, the nature of the country and the character of its inhabitants. The first is volcanic, and the second cannibal. At one place which Mr. Bickmore describes, the post arrives once a month, and produces a little extraneous excitement. At other times the one subject of conversation is the last earthquake; and it must be admitted that the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are something worth talking about. At one place he experienced four earthquakes in as many days, and if they escape one for eight or ten months at Amboyna they know that they will have to pay for their quiet by an unusually severe one. The volcanic eruptions in many of these islands are terrible. The eruption of Mount Toneboro, for example, in 1815, began with reports so loud that troops 480 miles away were turned out to meet a supposed attack; they were heard, indeed, we are told, at double that distance in a straight line. Ashes were ejected in such masses that their average depth for a radius of 210 miles was two feet; and a famine was caused by their fall in an island ninety miles distant, in which 44,000 people perished. Mr. Bickmore gives a thrilling account of an ascent which he made of one of these volcanoes, which may be recommended to any stray members of the Alpine Club. It is only, we regret to say, 2,321 English feet in height; but we must add in fairness that Mr. Bickmore came very near breaking his neck in more than one place on the ascent, with the additional chance of being stifled by exhalations, and baked on hot rocks. Moreover, as he properly urges, it has done so much damage to life and property that it may be considered as one of the most important volcanoes in the district. When it is not in eruption, the island on which it is placed gets up terrible earthquakes; and even in its peaceful moments, the natives who climb it to procure sulphur are in the habit of dressing themselves in the costume which is supposed to be correct in the probable event of a premature removal to Paradise. With such recommendations, some deficiency in regard of glaciers and of absolute height may surely be pardoned to this sprightly, though diminutive, mountain.

Of the charming creatures which infest these islands in the shape of crocodiles, snakes, and other "catawampous chawers," we have not room to speak. Sumatra is specially recommended to the sportsman by reason of the numbers of tigers, which have a considerable relish for human flesh, whilst in the intervals the traveller may be employed in gathering the leeches which form garlands round his ankles. It must be admitted, however, that the human population is still more interesting in some of the islands, and the traveller would only be falling in with the customs of the country if he varied his sport by bagging a few natives at intervals. The national pursuit of head-hunting is mentioned by Mr. Bickmore with disgust, which seems to make him a little unjust to persons who have been brought up to the amusement. It does not seem to be worse than scalping, though we must admit that the plan of compelling a young man to produce a head instead of a marriage license is decidedly reprehensible. The Battas who inhabit part of Sumatra, and are so intelligent as to have invented an alphabet of their own, seem to be the most distinctly cannibal race known. They punish theft among themselves by tying up the criminal and allowing the owner to cut a piece out of him and eat it; the rajah and the rest of the people join in the horrid feast, taking bits by turns. Such at least is the hideous story of a missionary in the district, who has not hitherto been converted into food for his converts. According to one account, the custom originated some years ago when a rajah had committed some great crime. To avoid responsibility, he was put to death by a large party of his subjects, and each of his executioners ate a bit of him, that all might be equally guilty. To their astonishment they found that the rajah was very nice, and resolved on all future occasions of a similar kind to indulge in the same pleasure. They certainly eat human flesh, it is said, not from a savage feeling of revenge, but simply because they like it.

Of many other tribes scattered through the Archipelago, which seem to vary through every degree of ferocity and mildness, we have incidental notices. Many are still in a state of primitive heathendom; many have been converted by Mahommedans, who still seem to be the most active proselytizing sect, and some few, of whom Mr. Bickmore speaks favourably, have become Christians. We could have wished for some fuller details, but we may fairly say that he has given us many interesting facts, and that, if his style is rather dry, it at least gives a general impression of careful and conscientious observation.

GAME-PRESERVING.*

THIS book is naturally written from a game-preserver's and gamekeeper's point of view. We are not going to enter into a discussion upon the Game-laws, which some of our Liberal politicians would dispose of in a very summary manner; but we may set it down as an indisputable fact that without game-laws there can be no game. Thanks to the protection at present afforded by the law, it is possible, but only by unceasing vigilance and at a great expenditure, to keep up a limited stock of pheasants, hares, and partridges in this crowded country. Remove that protection, and it would not be difficult to fix the time when a pheasant will be as great a curiosity as a bustard, and when we shall about as soon think of looking for a hare on a fallow as for a beaver in a duck-pond. The simple question is, are partridges and pheasants worth keeping as articles of food, or are they not? If they are not, let them become extinct as soon as possible, by all means; if they are, they must be effectually and powerfully protected. Now it must not be forgotten that, if the landed proprietors have a monopoly of the shooting, the middle-classes are the largest consumers of game; and that they regard game as a valuable adjunct to their customary food is proved by the increased number of licenses taken out by game-sellers, and by the vastly increased supplies at Leadenhall Market, and at the shops of the chief poulterers in London and in the principal provincial towns. We can ill afford to give up any article of food that is procurable. Our supply of mutton is not inexhaustible; our home supply of beef is not only quite insufficient, but is also steadily deteriorating in quality; they must be very urgent reasons, then, of public policy that should induce us to forego such useful contributions to our markets as are supplied to us during the autumn and winter months from the field, the fen, and the covert. But is it not a little curious that such an outcry should be directed against the preservation of game just at the time when the universal opinion of the country has been pronounced in favour of stringent measures for the protection of salmon in our rivers, and when more stringent measures still are imminent for the protection of our oyster-beds? Rivers are public highways, and foreshore rights have never been accurately defined, have rarely been successfully enforced; yet the fishing of rivers and the dredging of foreshores are now supervised with increasing watchfulness, and can only be carried on under specific limitations. The fact is that salmon and oysters were becoming scarce with such rapidity, owing to every man being allowed to destroy them when, how, and where he pleased, that it became clear that in a few years there would be none left. Then the question was fairly started; are salmon and oysters worth keeping as articles of food, or are they not? The common sense of the country, thus appealed to, answered in the affirmative; and protective measures were immediately instituted which, in the case of salmon, have already proved eminently satisfactory, and, in the case of the oyster, only require further development to be equally salutary. Now is there any one who will deny that if oysters, as an article of food, are worthy of legislative protection, much more so are pheasants and partridges?

Whatever hostility may have been excited by the working of the Game-laws in particular instances—and it is forgotten that the administration of the law and the law itself are very different things—one fact has always filled us with unbounded astonishment, that any reasonable human being should feel, or affect to feel, the slightest sympathy with or commiseration for a poacher. We will charitably hope that those who really regard the poacher as an innocent victim to the tyranny of a brutal squirearchy do so in ignorance of the object of their compassion. Anti-Game-law declaimers reside for the most part in large towns, and know but little of the country. Save as it is illustrated by the presence of the rat, the black-beetle, and one or two smaller domestic pests, they have small acquaintance with natural history. They have never been in a wood, or walked through a turnip-field, and the habits of pheasants and partridges are unfamiliar to them. Their view of the preservation and illicit destruction of game is necessarily somewhat ideal. The poacher is an industrious labouring man who devotes his leisure hours to the painful cultivation of a small plot of garden ground. Pheasants are constantly flying about, like rooks, in vast numbers; and, never being fed by the selfish magistrates who have reared them, they are perpetually hovering overhead in search of what they may devour. The labour of the poor man's hands wastes away before their ——

* *The Experiences of a Game Preserver.* By "Deadfall," of the "—" London: Horace Cox. 1868.

efforts. A hare has jumped in at the parlour window, and carried off his dinner. A covey of partridges has walked in at the back door and devoured his cheese. What he left a garden in the morning he finds a wilderness at night. No wonder if, in the anguish of his soul, he deviates for once from that path of rectitude along which he has always travelled with upright steps. Cowering in a corner of his little domain, he descries a luckless pheasant, crop-full of those particular beans that were to have garnished that particular Sunday bacon. The sight is too much for him; he pounces on the obese bird, and wrings its neck. But the demon eye of a gamekeeper, peering through the hedge, has marked him. He is summoned before a bench of vengeful squires, and still more vengeful clergymen, and is admitted an inmate of the county gaol for two months. Such is the poacher, as pictured by the pothouse Radical spouter, and the advocate's sympathy may be as genuine as his ignorance is undoubted. But there are others who are not ignorant, and whose sympathy must be accounted as affectation, for they know the poacher as he is. He is an idle, slouching, ill-conditioned vagabond. He has been discharged from half a dozen situations because, great hulking fellow as he is, he will pursue no respectable business with zeal or fidelity. He sleeps when honest men are at work, and he is up and at work when honest men are in bed. He goes out knowingly to defy the law, and armed and prepared to resist the law, if necessary. Poaching is not his only error; he takes good care to be able, if interrupted, to commit murder also. He is a wild beast that, if caught in his depredations, gives no quarter to his assailant. And yet we are expected to accept as real the compassionate feelings expressed towards him by those who must be fully aware of his true character. Well, all things are possible to them that believe; and, after all, a generation that has accepted the swaggering, debauched, semi-brutish African negro as a highly intelligent and deeply sensitive specimen of human nature, may be excused for regarding the cowardly, sneaking, vindictive poacher as the poor victim of untoward circumstances.

In the book before us we have a narrative—founded, as we understand, almost entirely on fact—of the experiences of a gentleman who, being fond of shooting, purchased a neglected estate, and by degrees stocked it fairly, but not superabundantly, with game. Of course his ultimate success depended mainly on the efficiency and integrity of his keepers, and the centre of interest in his experiences is a model head-keeper whose services he was fortunate enough to secure, and who need never want a place if his present master should happen to change his opinions, and should become convinced of the iniquity of the Game-laws. A good head-keeper is a rarity. Not to say that he too often betrays his master's interests, and acts in collusion with the very poachers whose depredations he is supposed to check, the qualifications absolutely necessary to make a first-class head-keeper are rarely found in persons of the class to which he belongs. The ordinary keeper, even if he is honest, too often does his work in a slovenly, unintelligent manner; nor is it likely that his naturally dull perceptions will be quickened by the baneful system of petting and spoiling which, we are given to understand, is nowadays adopted towards him as commonly as it was a few years ago towards jockeys and professional cricketers. A good keeper ought to be nothing more than a servant entitled to fair wages for fair work, not a dignitary to be exorbitantly fee'd for showing good sport for one week in the year. He should be a man of steady and active habits, and of considerable powers of endurance. He should not only be minutely acquainted with the habits of the game which he is engaged to protect, but also with the habits of their enemies, feathered or four-footed. He should have, in short, a keen eye for nature, and be able to interpret the why and wherefore of all that he sees in his daily rounds. He should have something of the instinct of a practised backwoodsman, and be able to read signs unnoticed by an ordinary observer. A broken twig will sometimes tell a tale to one who can comprehend it; and from the slightest indication of disarrangement in a fence, or of small apertures in a wall, or of a displaced paling, or a half-buried peg, a watchful observer will detect the hand of an enemy, and will organize a counterplot. Such an invaluable servant is our hero, Mr. Thornton; but though he may in the main be sketched from life, we think that "Deadfall" must have drawn somewhat on his inventive powers to produce such a paragon of excellence. Not only is he a first-rate shot—that is so ordinary a qualification that we omitted it from our enumeration; but he has an extraordinary power of vision, and an intuitive knowledge of the intentions of every man, beast, bird, and creeping thing to be met with for miles round. If he sees a countryman half a mile off, he examines him through his glass; from the appearance of his coat he deduces what he has got or what he is accustomed to carry in his pockets, from the looks of his boots he infers the kind of soil through which he has lately been travelling, from the condition of his gaiters he perceives whether he has been scrambling through thorns and brambles. And so with the animal world. The sudden disturbance of a flock of sheep, the hurried cry of the grey plover, the uneasy flight of wood-pigeons are all so many pieces of valuable information which he notes down and turns to profitable use. Carrion crows and magpies are crafty creatures; but Mr. Thornton sets craft against craft and outwits them, and would, we verily believe, succeed in the hitherto unaccomplished feat of catching a weasel asleep. Add to all these varied gifts his scrupulous honesty, his abstemiousness, his respectful demeanour, his incessant vigilance, and his power of invariably turning up at the right moment and in the right place, and we cannot help expressing a fear that for a head-keeper in these latter days Mr. Thornton is a little too good to be true. This, however, in no way diminishes the worth of this book as a record of interesting and often novel facts connected with the ordinary natural history of our country. We shall be surprised, most of us at any rate, at finding how little we have known about the habits of the magpies, crows, rooks, jays, hares and rabbits, that we have seen every day of our lives. There are also some capital practical hints about shooting—one in particular at p. 93, as to the proper way of shooting over a wall, has attracted our notice; and to any lover of sport, who also takes a personal interest in his plantations and covers, we cordially recommend this useful and instructive little volume.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GIRAUDEAU'S letters to the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, now published together under the title *Nos Mœurs politiques*, begin with a statement which is so much like a paradox that it is calculated to make us look with suspicion at the contents of the book itself.* "The Emperor," he says, "is leading us towards self-government. We already enjoy the most essential parts of the system, and the remainder must naturally follow; as, in 1850, people exclaimed *L'empire est fait*, so we may exclaim to-day *L'empire libéral est fait*." To make such an assertion implies a total ignorance of what liberal institutions really are. M. Giraudeau goes on to say that if constitutional governments have so often made shipwreck, it has been the fault, not of the pilot, but of the crew. The freedom of a people does not necessarily depend upon the institutions by which they are ruled. Give to one nation the most Draconian code of laws, they will extract liberty from it; bestow upon their neighbours the most liberal rule, they will turn it into an instrument of despotism. Hence, for M. Giraudeau—and, let us add, for all sensible persons—the conclusion that a nation should receive a sound political training. In the first place, the people must take a real interest in the administration of the country; in the second, they must learn to respect the law. Such are the two propositions which M. Giraudeau has endeavoured to prove by a comparison between the political life of his fellow-countrymen and that of other European nations. He is very severe on the excesses of the press, and on that unfortunate disposition which in France makes the minority under every *régime* anxious to upset the law only because they are the minority; but we might fairly ask whether the best way of insuring respect to the law is by using it as a sanction to shield the most arbitrary measures which despotism can devise. As far as France is concerned, the problem of self-government is, we fear, not nearer its solution than it was thirty years ago, and he must be a bold man indeed who can suggest any remedy to a state of things which originated long before the days of the Napoleonic dynasty.

If the decay of what M. Giraudeau calls *mœurs politiques* is an evil to be deplored, it is chiefly because political indifference is generally accompanied by a low standard of private as well as public morality. Such is the lesson we gather from M. Delorme's new volume, *César et ses Contemporains*.† The author cautions us against trying to find in his book political allusions; the subject he discusses does not admit, he thinks, of any parallel between the Romans of the Imperial epoch and modern France. Religious beliefs, institutions, manners, the elements of society, and above all the constitution of the army, present no point of similarity in the two nations, and it would be useless to try to read from the life of Cæsar a sermon against Napoleon III. M. Delorme is no doubt perfectly sincere in his statement, but there are not many persons who would endorse it; what are indeed the various works of M. Dubois-Guchan‡, M. Romieu§, M. Beulé||, and M. Ampère¶, but protests against this assertion? What is the publication of the Emperor's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, but a direct endeavour to show that the France of the nineteenth century, being precisely in the same condition as the Rome of the time of Cæsar, should be governed in the same manner? We have, however, no wish to judge M. Delorme's work by a standard which he does not recognise; we are willing to view it exclusively as a *résumé* of a certain epoch of Roman history, and, thus considered, it is an interesting book, well deserving attentive perusal.

Count d'Alton-Shee, peer of France under the reign of Louis-Philippe, and afterwards noted for the exaggeration of his Republican opinions, has just published two volumes which may both be considered as forming parts of his memoirs, although from different points of view, and reflecting different sides of his character. The *mémoires*, properly so called **, extending from 1826 to 1839, give interesting details respecting the leading men and principal events of that remarkable epoch. M. Guizot and M. Berryer, the Laws of September and the state of the periodical press—in fact, the whole history of the twelve years which ended with the

* *Nos Mœurs politiques. Lettres au Rédacteur du Constitutionnel.* Par F. Giraudeau. Paris: Dentu.

† *César et ses Contemporains.* Par S. Delorme. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Tacite et son Siècle.* § *L'Ère des Césars.* || *Tibère et l'Héritage d'Auguste.* ¶ *L'Histoire romaine à Rome.*

** *Mes Mémoires.* Par le Comte d'Alton-Shee, ancien Pair de France. Paris: Lacroix.

downfall of Count Molé's administration—come under our notice, and form the subject of a series of very amusing chapters. The author has, perhaps, allowed too much space to adventures which are not equally interesting to the majority of readers, and which might have been reserved more appropriately for the *Mémoires du Vicomte d'Aulnis.** This book, we repeat, is evidently another fragment of M. d'Alton-Shee's autobiography; and we must add that the details it gives us are of a nature which is not entirely edifying.

The hackneyed subject of freedom of thought and of opposition to the *compelle intrare* has suggested to M. Victor Guichard five hundred pages of special pleading against the Church.† He is ready to bear with all religions, all forms of worship, all creeds, all opinions, provided those who profess them use persuasion only in their endeavour to convert the masses; but as soon as they appeal to violence, he refuses to acknowledge their claims to spiritual power. The development of this thought is given in the shape of a rapid and animated sketch, showing by what means the Roman Catholic Church has gradually acquired the influence which it enjoyed until very lately, and describing the results of the power thus obtained. M. Guichard has, in fact, written a manual of ecclesiastical history which may be recommended to the consideration of the approaching Œcumenic Council.

The lamentable state of political education in France—which M. Giraudeau, as we have said, inveighs against so strongly—strikes with equal force M. Paul Lacombe, the author of an excellent volume entitled *Mes Droits.*‡ The government, he observes, is virtually at the present time in the hands of that section of the people which is the least capable of directing its course wisely, for those on whose support the Emperor chiefly relies are the peasantry and the workmen, who know very little of politics, administration, and law. Whether that ignorance is the secret of the success with which the present system of rule has been carried on is quite a distinct question. M. Lacombe starts by denying *in toto* the famous theory of Jean-Jacques Rousseau on the origin of society, and he maintains that the political community can never be justified in any attempt to limit or abolish the rights of the individual.

M. Franck assumes a higher position§, and instead of limiting himself to the study of political principles, he surveys the whole ground of ethical philosophy. Beginning with a definition of that science, he shows on what foundations it rests, and aims chiefly at establishing a broad distinction between what is honest and what is useful—a distinction which of course implies the author's condemnation of utilitarianism. Having settled the preliminary part of his subject, M. Franck goes on to discuss the various topics more intimately connected with it. He explains the nature of our duties both towards ourselves and towards our fellow-creatures, whether as connected with us by the ties of blood or simply as belonging to the same political community; and he concludes by maintaining that the laws of ethical science, in the various forms under which they can be applied, derive their sanction from those elementary religious truths which to some extent are found in all societies.

Mountain warfare necessarily presents features of interest and excitement peculiar to itself; and M. Ducuing‖ has described in a very spirited manner a few incidents connected with the African campaigns of Marshal Bugeaud, and the remarkable effort made in 1834-35 by Zumalacarregui to upset the throne of Queen Christina. In his chapter entitled "Les Dominations françaises" M. Ducuing has attempted to relate one of the most striking passages connected with the history of his country. French colonization has always been more or less of a failure, and in whatever way this fact may be explained, the fact itself is undeniable. In Canada, on the banks of the Ganges, in Syria, in Egypt, in South America, the French have left traces of their presence; but nowhere can they point to a permanent colonial establishment that has visibly extended their national power and influence. Maladministration, military incapacity, and want of experience might account for certain failures; but when we see all efforts to colonize end in disappointment, we are naturally led to the conclusion that there is some element in the national character which renders Frenchmen unfit for the arduous task of political emigration and settlement on a large scale. Everywhere France has introduced the principles of civilization, nowhere do we find the stamp of her power. According to M. Ducuing, the true account of the matter would seem to be that Frenchmen are too perfectly disinterested in their efforts to carry throughout the world the torch of progress, and, we suppose, are willing to sow that others may reap. This explanation is not perhaps strictly correct, but no one can be offended at hearing that his extreme generosity has been the cause of his ill-success.

If writers on natural history were to follow Buffon's plan, and begin their scientific treatises eighteen times over, what would become of M. Figuier?¶ Not only does he publish, under the title *Merveilles de la Science*, a periodical which requires an amount both of care and of research quite sufficient, one would think, to occupy an author's whole time; not only does he give us every year a scientific handbook which is by far the best *résumé* of its kind; but his *Tableaux de la Nature* succeed each other with the greatest punctuality, and the approach of Christmas is always marked by the publication of one of those beautifully-illustrated volumes which have done so much to make the study of natural history attractive. The mammalia form the subject of this year's instalment, and never did M. Figuier's peculiar talent show itself to greater advantage. We must not expect from him, of course, pages like Buffon's description of the horse or of the dog; but, on the other hand, he is never dull, and he has the great knack of selecting from a mass of facts those which are most characteristic and interesting. Moreover, the instruction he supplies is not the less solid because it is offered in an agreeable form, and whilst bestowing special care upon the descriptive element of his work, he does not neglect the practical part. All the uses and applications of animal, vegetable, and mineral substances are duly noted.

Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Merveilles* has lately been enlarged by the accession of several new volumes. M. Sonrel describes the wonders of the bottom of the sea.* But how can we reach them? Take my diving apparatus, says M. Rouquayrol. Dressed in a costume half wool, half leather, carrying on his back a box full of compressed air, and having his face protected by a glass mask, the diver can boldly venture even to the depth of 180 feet, and bear the enormous weight of seven atmospheres pressing down upon him. Even at that comparatively small distance the forms of animal and vegetable life are marvellous enough to rivet our attention and excite our curiosity. What would they be if we could penetrate to those depths where only imagination can roam?

Muscular strength and skill have produced results which are fully entitled to a place in the category of wonders.† At the same time M. Depping warns his readers against the supposition that he is going either to give them a treatise on gymnastics, or to describe the extraordinary feats of MM. Blondin and Léotard; with the exception of a peep at the heroes of "the Ring," he keeps strictly to classical anecdote, and to the athletes of days gone by. The first division of his book is taken up by stories in which physical strength predominates; in the second, we have the manifestations of skill. Pedestrianism, swimming, diving, jumping, walking on stilts, the sling and the bow, the pistol and the sword, the boomerang and the lasso—all these topics, duly illustrated with woodcuts, contribute their share to the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles.* Anecdotes judiciously selected serve to give additional interest to the book, whilst they authenticate, to some extent at least, the prodigies which M. Depping relates.

The two volumes we have just described may be regarded as belonging to the category of Christmas books; let us name in the same class the various works forming part of the "pink library" published by Messrs. Hachette for the special benefit of young people. This new collection includes fairy tales, moral stories in the style of Miss Edgeworth's, abridged and revised editions of authors like Molière, Racine, Cardinal de Retz; and, finally, accounts of travels to distant lands. This part of the series is under the immediate editorship of M. Belin de Launay, who is fully equal to his task, if we may judge from the narratives he gives us of the expeditions which have made the names of Speke, Grant, and Baines so celebrated.‡ One of the great difficulties in works of this kind consists in identifying the proper designations of cities, rivers, and tribes; thus the people whom Sir S. Baker describes as the Bari are called by Captain Speke Vounyaberi, and a place marked as Waino on Dr. Livingstone's map is called Ouhiyow by Burton. M. Belin de Launay has solved the problem by giving to those various places a spelling in accordance with French pronunciation.

M. Edmond de Guerle's Life of Milton§, compiled chiefly from Professor Masson's well-known book, does not require any detailed notice at our hands; it is written in an appreciative spirit, and shows, on the part of the author, a better acquaintance with our literature than is generally found among foreigners. *Paradise Lost*, and to some extent *Paradise Regained*, are known on the other side of the Channel, but we suspect that very few Frenchmen have ever heard of the *Areopagitica.* To French readers desirous of knowing something about Milton, M. Edmond de Guerle's volume will prove an agreeable and trustworthy guide; and his position as a Protestant enables him to seize certain points in Milton's opinions and writings which a Roman Catholic critic would be far less likely to estimate correctly.

The delightful volume of autobiography which Madame Edgar Quinet has published under the title *Mémoires d'Exil*‖ derives its chief interest from the vein of melancholy that runs through it. We enjoy the perusal of the book because the impulses of a

* *Mémoires du Vicomte d'Aulnis.* Par E. d'Alton-Shee. Paris: Lacroix.

† *La Liberté de Penser, Fin du Pouvoir spirituel.* Par Victor Guichard. Paris: Le Chevalier.

‡ *Mes Droits.* Par Paul Lacombe. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *La Morale pour Tous.* Par Ad. Franck. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‖ *La Guerre des Montagnes; les Dominations françaises.* Par F. Ducuing. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

¶ *Tableaux de la Nature.—Les Mammifères.* Par L. Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *Les Merveilles du Fond de la Mer.* Par L. Sonrel. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Merveilles de la Force et de l'Adresse.* Par Guillaume Depping. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Voyage dans le sud-ouest de l'Afrique.* Par Thomas Baines. Traduit et abrégé par J. Belin de Launay.

Les Sources du Nil, Voyage des capitaines Speke et Grant. Abrégé par J. Belin de Launay. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Milton, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par Edmond de Guerle. Paris: Lévy.

‖ *Mémoires d'Exil.* Par Madame Edgar Quinet. Paris: Lacroix.

generous heart are manifest in every page; at the same time it is melancholy to think that dreams which seem never likely to be realized keep the writer and her friends far from the native country for whose happiness they would gladly sacrifice themselves. It is natural for persons like Madame Quinet to look with a feeling of despair at the results of the democratic movement of 1848; but if they coolly examine the elements which were at work when the throne of Louis-Philippe fell to the ground, can they be astonished at the failure of the attempt to establish republican institutions in a country like France? All honour to those who, following the example of Edgar Quinet and many others, preferred to be banished rather than to sacrifice their earnest convictions; but it is not the less true that they pursued a Utopia, and endeavoured to give vitality to a mere phantom.

It is remarkable that even Frenchmen have now begun to give up their former blind worship of the *petit caporal*. What was once the popular version of the battle of Waterloo is at present discarded on the other side of the Channel as well as on this, and it is no longer considered a proof of patriotism to show that Napoleon was the victim of destiny, and not of his own blunders, when the ever-famous 18th of June ushered in his destruction. We cannot, of course, surmise how the forthcoming instalments of the Emperor's Correspondence will deal with this delicate question, or what evidence they will bring towards a solution of the problem. The present volume * describes the campaign of 1813, and places before our eyes all the facts connected with the celebrated battles of Lutzen and Bautzen. It is amusing to watch, as the course of events goes on, the efforts made to keep sinister rumours hushed up, and to prevent the Empress Maria-Louisa from reading the reports periodically sent in by the police. The most curious part of the whole business is that the newspaper articles giving an account of the campaign were known to be officially manufactured, and yet they were so badly written that Napoleon thought a plain statement of the truth far preferable.

Dr. Montucci's forcible but one-sided article on Trades'-Unions, originally published in the *Revue britannique* †, is suggested by the Sheffield disclosures. Dr. Montucci condemns Trades'-Unions as essentially tyrannical, and he contends that, far from being a symptom of progress, they are, on the contrary, an unconscious imitation of the restrictive laws which prevailed during the middle ages amongst the guilds or corporations claiming the monopoly of certain branches of industry. He then goes on to argue that in the long run the workmen must suffer from the attempts they make to coerce capitalists, and he pronounces it absurd to hope that a sound knowledge of political economy will correct the mistakes of the Unionists. Political economy, he says, cannot be learnt at twenty-four hours' notice, and out of any given number of workmen very few indeed could understand the principles of a science which is far from being easy.

The recent novels which the Paris press has sent forth are still characterized, as of yore, by strong appeals to the sensational. Thus the heroine of M. André Léo's book *Aline-Ali* ‡, disgusted with marriage by the revelations which her married sister makes to her, wanders about in man's costume, and having become acquainted with a certain Paolo, she very naturally inspires him with the most enthusiastic attachment, which he considers as mere friendship, but which merges into love as soon as an accident discloses the sex of the romantic young lady. Ali is found out to be Aline, and although the remembrance of what her sister Madame the Marquise de Chabreuil has told her prevents her from receiving the addresses of the ardent Paolo, she at length consents, but only when it is too late. M. Léo's volume is evidently meant as a denunciation of what are called *mariages de convenance*. The author has borrowed from M. de Lamartine the character of Aline-Ali, who is nothing but a pale imitation of Laurence, and he has also reproduced some of the declamatory nonsense which George Sand's early novels contain at every page.

M. William de la Rive's tale§ does not aim at preaching love unfettered by the marriage contract, and the emancipation of the fair sex; it is a narrative of jealousy, leading to hatred, and ending in a terrible catastrophe.

There are two ways of describing the Parisian *bourgeois*. An author can make them odious by representing them as patterns of selfishness, rapacity, conceit, and jealousy; or he can simply depict their amusing ignorance, the narrow circle of their ideas, and that petty ambition which, combined with the most thorough want of taste, leads them to blunder about in happy unconsciousness of their own defects. M. Edmond Ourliac has selected the latter of these methods, and his *Proverbes et Scènes bourgeoises* ‖ form another contribution to that class of works which Henry Monnier and Paul de Kock have rendered so popular.

* *Correspondance de Napoléon Ier.* Vol. 25e. Paris: Plon.

† *Des Associations ouvrières en Angleterre.* Par H. Montucci.

‡ *Aline-Ali.* Par André Léo. Paris: Lacroix.

§ *La Marquise de Clérol.* Par William de la Rive. Paris: Lévy.

‖ *Proverbes et Scènes bourgeoises.* Par Edmond Ourliac. Paris: Lévy.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 688, JANUARY 2, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening Next, January 4, Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim will make their First Appearance this Season. The Programme will include Mozart's Quartet in C

Bond Street.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—Third Season.—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce FOUR BALLAD CONCERTS, to take place on consecutive Wednesdays, and to commence on Wednesday, January 6, 1869. At the First Concert the following Artistes will appear: Miss Louisa Pyne (Mrs. Frank Bodda) and Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Mrs. Hale, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Winn. ..., Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Each Concert will, as ..., include some of the best specimens of Glees and Madrigals, Old Songs and Ballads, ...ntal Solos and Duets by eminent Performers, and a large Selection of entirely New Vocal Music, written expressly for these Concerts by the principal English Composers. Among the Authors who will contribute New Songs and Ballads may be mentioned Arthur Sullivan, J. Benedict, G. A. Macfarren, J. L. Hatton, J. L. Molloy, Virginia Gabriel, Miss Lindsay (Mrs. Bliss), and Claribel. Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (to admit Four), 21s.; Subscription Tickets for the Four Concerts (numbered and transferable), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. and 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 689, Vol. 27. January 9, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE CONFERENCE.

THE Conference which meets, or fails to meet, to-day appears to have been summoned with unusual hesitation. Since the refusal of all the European Governments, four or five years ago, to adopt the Emperor NAPOLEON'S project of a deliberative Congress, it has become abundantly clear that a meeting of Plenipotentiaries ought to follow, and not to precede, a definite understanding. In the middle of the Danish war an abortive Conference assembled in London for the hopeless purpose of persuading two great Powers not to complete the conquest of a petty State. As might have been expected, the only result of the discussion was to involve the mediating Governments in a share of the humiliation which was more immediately inflicted on Denmark. Neutrals ought not to meet belligerents in conference unless they are prepared to enforce the acceptance of their counsels. The discussions at Prague in 1813 were not an idle form, because Austria had 200,000 men to throw into the scale as soon as NAPOLEON rejected reasonable conditions of peace. The Conference which patched up the Luxemburg dispute two years ago had the easy task of recording and putting into formal shape a compromise which was already arranged. It fortunately happened that neither disputant was wholly in the wrong, or absolutely in the right; and it was still more to the purpose that France, as well as Prussia, wished for the time to avoid a war. It was more agreeable to both parties to defer to the advice of common friends than to make direct concessions to an opponent; and the disinterested members of the Conference contributed to the settlement a guarantee which served the immediate purpose, although, according to Lord STANLEY'S interpretation, it was intrinsically nugatory and worthless. The representatives of the Great Powers have been once more invited to meet for the purpose of settling the troublesome dispute between Greece and Turkey. Their functions are confined, it is said, to an examination of the Turkish ultimatum, which is to be wholly or partly recommended to the acceptance of Greece. The task would seem in itself to be simple and easy; but an uncomfortable suspicion prevails that one or both of the principals in the dispute may prove to be contumacious. The Conference was proposed by Prussia, a Power which is believed to favour Greece, and it is not absolutely certain that the Porte will desist from hostilities unless substantial security is provided against a repetition of the outrages perpetrated by the Greeks. The Turks, Mahometans as they are, barbarians as they may be called by their enemies, have still some human feelings which are probably shared by the SULTAN himself. Their resentment may perhaps prevail over their prudence, if they find that their European patrons will neither protect them nor allow them to defend themselves. If resistance to the decrees of the Conference proceeds from the Greeks, it will be evident that they trust to the insincerity of one or more of the mediating Powers. If it is true that the Greek Government is buying ironclad ships, and preparing costly armaments, the necessary funds cannot be drawn from the empty Treasury of Athens.

The official Turkish statement of the suppression of the Cretan insurrection has been fully confirmed. The surrender of the Greek volunteers seems to prove that they can no longer find a refuge in the disturbed districts, while they are too weak in numbers and resources to sustain the war on their own account. Even if any of the Christian population of the island were still in arms, the despatch of succours from the mainland would be impeded rather than facilitated by the existence of openly hostile relations between Greece and Turkey. The blockade-runners have hitherto been safe from attack, if they could escape into Greek waters; but in a state of war they would be exposed to the risk of being sunk in harbour. The termination of the Cretan struggle, if indeed it is ended, will be regarded by the friends of the Greek cause with natural regret. It is difficult not to sympathize with efforts to shake off an alien yoke; nor are the Greeks of the Kingdom to be seriously blamed for the irregularities which have been committed in aid of a kindred race, with the patriotic object of extending the Hellenic territory. On the other hand, candid observers must allow that the Turks were justified, by sound policy as well as by legal right, in their pertinacious determination to retain their hold on the island, and in their steady rejection of all foreign intervention. The surrender of Crete would have been immediately followed by insurrection in some of the Continental provinces, and it was better to fight out the original quarrel than to engage in an endless succession of similar contests. As the majority of the inhabitants of Crete are Greeks and Christians, it would probably have been on the whole desirable that the insurrection should succeed; but, as it has failed, it is better that it should not be artificially revived. Even the most thoroughgoing philanthropists must allow that there is a presumption in favour of peace; and in default of a civil struggle in Crete, there is no plausible pretext for a war between Greece and Turkey. The Porte, having re-established its authority in the island, will certainly decline to obey any dictation on the part of the Great Powers with respect to its internal administration.

The survivors and successors of the English Philhellenists of a former generation still periodically taunt the English Government and nation with their alleged apostacy from a generous cause. Nothing could be more natural than the sympathy which was excited by the heroism of the insurgents, while it was further stimulated by religious and classical associations. In those days enthusiastic Liberals interested themselves in Spanish rebellions, and in South American wars of independence; and the struggles of Greek chieftains against tyrannical and savage Pashas were far more worthy of good will than the anarchical struggles of the West. It would have been well if the ultimate concession enforced on Turkey by England, France, and Russia had been dictated by a more cordial sympathy with Greece. The kingdom would have been more complete if the frontier had been pushed further to the north, and if Crete, and some of the other islands in the Archipelago, had been added to its territory; but as the settlement was made, and as it has now lasted for more than a generation, it can scarcely be maintained that justice to Greece requires that it should be readjusted without any excuse of international right. The Greek Kingdom, once constituted, became subject to the rules of public law, including the performance of the duties of good neighbourhood even to its former enemy and oppressor. Since the establishment of Greek independence, Turkey has advanced far more rapidly than Greece in the process of civilization. In the reign of MAHMOUD, a Turkish ambassador who had concluded an unpalatable treaty incurred the risk of losing his head on his return to Constantinople. At the present day Turkish Ministers recreate themselves with European tours; or, if they retire from office, they probably engage in political opposition. It has never been alleged that the Kingdom of Greece has had to complain of the proceedings of the Porte; and confidence of impunity affords no justification for incessant provocation and covert hostility.

The influence of England, if it is to be employed at all in the East, must be exerted on behalf either of war or of peace. The anti-Turkish party, in England and in Europe, although they may not understand the meaning of their own policy, virtually propose the encouragement of a crusade for the promotion of the Orthodox Eastern faith and for the aggrandizement of the Greek nation. More prosaic politicians decline to commit a flagrant wrong which would incidentally be extremely injurious to English interests. To them even Mahometans appear to have rights, nor are they satisfied of the expediency or morality of propagating either religious or ethnological creeds by the sword. Their doubts are not removed by the ostentatiously liberal doctrines of Russia, which maintained a different attitude towards the Greeks during the

War of Independence. Alexander and Nicholas, while they regarded with pleasure every movement which tended to weaken Turkey, still affected to be the champions of the Holy Alliance and the consistent enemies of rebellion. The declaration of the independence of Greece was precipitated by the timidity of Lord Aberdeen, who was seized with a sudden panic of apprehension that Greece, in ceasing to belong to Turkey, might become a Russian province. The objects of the Imperial policy are not less effectually attained by intrigues with the Court of Athens, which become active whenever it is thought desirable to inflict some fresh annoyance on the Porte. It is true that patriotic Greeks regard with impatience the dictatorial patronage of Russia, and that the nation has more than once declared its preference for an English alliance; but experience has shown that no aid is to be expected from England in the pursuance of an aggressive and revolutionary policy. Thessaly on the one side, and Crete on the other, might be desirable acquisitions; and in 1827 it would have been almost as easy to detach a larger territory from the Turkish Empire as to effect the dismemberment which was actually accomplished. At present the coveted provinces belong to Turkey; and Greece has neither the power to reclaim them, nor a legitimate pretext for undertaking the enterprise. The alternative of peace and of the existing state of things is a general war, which would be certainly unjustifiable in its commencement, and probably disastrous in its consequences. No English Government is likely to incur the responsibility of the convulsion which the philanthropists desire.

THE PROPERTY OF RELIGIOUS CORPORATIONS.

As the moment approaches when disendowment promises to become a reality, and when the policy of those who advocate it is sure to be warmly and severely criticized, it is not superfluous to look back and see on what grounds the ademption by the State of the property of religious corporations has been practically based or can be theoretically justified. During the past century almost every country in Europe has witnessed some attempt to deprive religious corporations of their property, or of a portion of it, and in no country perhaps at the present time does the State refrain from exercising some control and supervision over the property which such corporations hold, or are permitted to acquire. But in every country to deprive a religious corporation of its property is considered a very strong measure, which it requires very special circumstances to justify. France first set the example to the modern world, and as it was Talleyrand who proposed the measure, it was certain that everything that could be said in its justification would be said in a broad and lucid manner, and that ample reflection would be bestowed on the evolution of the best theory that could account for what was being done. In spite, however, of all the specious arguments which he did his best to deduce from the general relations of the State and the Church, his one real defence of the proposal was that the State wanted the money. The State was insolvent and must get money somehow, and the people neither would nor could stand more taxation. The Church was rich, although tithes had already been relinquished, for it had vast landed estates. The only way the State could find to prolong its existence, and to prevent general panic and anarchy, was to take these estates and sell them. The State used, in fact, the tyrant's plea of necessity; and it is really on the same plea that in our own day Italy and Spain have based their interference with the property of the Church. The State was poor and the Church was rich, and the State, on whose protecting power all property is supposed to depend, could not endure that this distribution of the property it guarded should any longer continue. The spoliation of the Church being resolved on and assumed as inevitable, Talleyrand went on to justify it by saying that all which the holders of Church property were entitled to out of their estates was a decent maintenance, and that they held the surplus in trust to aid the poor, and to fulfil other benevolent and religious purposes. If, therefore, the State took on itself the burden of providing the clergy with a decent maintenance, and also engaged to aid the poor and fulfil the other trusts impressed on the holders of Church property, there was no harm done to any one. His lessons have sunk deep into the minds of those who have followed in his path, and in all the Catholic countries where great estates have been taken from the Church, the obligation to provide the clergy with what economical statesmen consider a decent maintenance has been recognised. But the true basis of the whole proceeding has been the poverty of the State, and schemes for providing the clergy with a maintenance have only been in mitigation of confiscation. That the State should take away the property of rich ecclesiastics, because it wants it very badly, seems a sort of proceeding that must necessarily endanger the tenure of all property. If a Government may pronounce a bishop to be too rich, why may it not also pronounce a nobleman or a banker to be too rich? If the property of religious corporations is attacked, on the ground that it would be very convenient to get hold of it, what property is safe? Theoretically there is no answer to this question, but practically it has been found that the spoliation of religious corporations has not made the property of lay individuals insecure. Private property is as secure in France or in Italy as it is in Austria or in England. The reason is that, excepting under very peculiar circumstances, such as made the partition of the estates of the French nobility possible, the number of interests which oppose a Government if private property is thought to be endangered is so great, and their force so overwhelming, that a Government is powerless before them. Whether the ademption of the property of religious corporations by the State has a tendency to induce the ademption of the property of lay corporations, is a point on which we have scarcely any experience to guide us, as there are no lay corporations out of England with property large enough and sufficiently apart from obvious duties which the corporation have to discharge, to be any guide. But if the property of the Irish Church were now being taken away on the ground that the State had urgent need of it, and must and would have it, we confess that we should not feel at all easy as to the security of the estates held by the City of London in Ulster. But of course there is nothing of this kind at work now. England is not in want of the money of the Irish Church. A nation with its Three per Cents. over ninety may at least expect to escape the reproach of being likely to rob a Church in order to avert bankruptcy; and we must look for the basis of disendowment in Ireland elsewhere than in such motives as have produced the ademption of Church property in France and Italy.

Talleyrand justified his proposal as an extraordinary remedy to be applied to a state of extraordinary evil. The State must exist, and in order to exist it must have the Church lands. But there is quite a different way in which the State may deal with the property of religious corporations—a way in something like the ordinary paths of legislation, and where the Government does not do a necessary wrong, but does what it thinks right in the interests of the nation. There are two cases in which, within the sphere of ordinary, as opposed to revolutionary, legislation, the State may take away the property of religious corporations. Either it may decide that the corporation is in itself a bad one, noxious to the community and the public and the Crown, and incompatible with the preservation of order and the maintenance of good government, in which case it may, from legitimate motives of self-defence, dissolve the corporation, and take its property, and apply what it takes to the best uses it can devise; or, secondly, the State may pronounce that a corporation, although serving a beneficial object, or one with which it may not wish to interfere, has too much property, or is in the way of acquiring too much property. It may be prejudicial to the State that a corporation should be extravagantly rich. As an example of the first case where the State claims a right to intervene, we may take the action of many Catholic countries at various times against the Jesuits. Here was a religious corporation which, as a matter of fact, did what the Governments of those countries considered to be such very great harm that they would not allow it to exist; and, if corporations are too bad to exist, they can have no kind of claim to have their property protected. Monasteries have repeatedly been suppressed on the same grounds, real or assumed. They are said to demoralize the nation, to cripple its industry, to degrade its character; and the nation that forms this opinion of them condemns them to dissolution, and takes their property from them. We in England, who, from ruling over all kinds of nations, have learnt to stand almost anything, have not hesitated in recent years to dissolve the religious association of the Thugs; and, although we are not aware that they held any corporate property, yet it may be presumed that, as they were working in honour of a recognised Hindoo goddess, they would have been permitted by the native law to do so, and most certainly we should have confiscated that property if we had found it in existence. Examples, however, of noxious religious corporations are of course hard to find, but examples of the interference of the State to prevent the property of religious corporations becoming too large are common enough. In France trusts for religious purposes are altogether forbidden, and there is nothing of which the more zealous of the Catholic party complain so bitterly. M. de

Montalembert even goes so far as to declare that it would be far better for the Church in France to forego the aid it receives from the State altogether if religious trusts were legalized. In England we take no steps to prevent the accumulation of personal property in the hands of religious corporations, but the Mortmain Acts throw considerable difficulties in the way of their accumulating landed property. And it is quite in consonance with English habits of thought to conceive and act violently on a sudden jealousy of a religious corporation that the nation did not quite like or trust, and that it considered to be dangerously rich. This is a point that persons who talk glibly and pleasantly about the separation of Church and State in England would do well to consider. Mr. Gladstone was one of those persons—only that he has become a little more discreet lately—and spoke in an airy buoyant manner of the Church in England, with its ninety millions of capital, not being so badly off, even if it did separate from the State. But a Church associated with the State, the action of which the State not only knows but regulates, is one thing, and a Church with which the State has nothing to do is another thing; and whether in real life an English Parliament would ever let such a religious corporation have ninety millions of money is a question which no one can pretend to settle, but which, if the separation were effected at a time when public feeling did not strongly support the Church, might very probably be answered in the negative.

England certainly does not want the property of the Irish Church, nor can an Anglican Church in Ireland be pronounced a noxious institution, nor is the property of the Irish Church so excessive that the State need have any cause to interfere with it. Supposing that the day after a Disendowment Act was passed, a number of very rich enthusiasts subscribed to give the Irish Church exactly as much as it had lost, no one would dream for a moment of saying that the Irish Church should not hold what was thus given. On what ground, then, is disendowment to be justified? The answer is, that although an Anglican Church in Ireland is not a noxious institution in itself, yet the Anglican Church which happens to exist there has been rendered a noxious institution by receiving a special character from the State. And it received this special character by accepting or holding property from the State on conditions which, in the course of years, have made it an institution incompatible with the good government of Ireland. It enjoys large annual revenues in return for setting itself up as a symbol of the religious hatred of the conquerors to the creed of the conquered. The fulfilment of this condition makes it a noxious institution. It is not every kind of noxiousness that would warrant a Government in interfering with a corporation. But, in this case, the noxiousness is of a kind that forces itself upon our attention, and which we must deal with somehow; for it is contrary to the principles of that political party which commands a very large majority in the House of Commons, that an institution should hold large revenues on condition of serving as a symbol of religious hatred. Either we must alter all our constitutional scheme, and allow the minority in the House of Commons to govern the nation, or the Liberal party must be allowed to apply their principles in Ireland as elsewhere. But then the Anglican Church in Ireland is not a noxious institution in itself. On the contrary, it is as beneficial an institution as could be wished for. It is not necessary—and, if unnecessary, it would be very wrong—to suppress it or injure it or harass it, except exactly so far as may be necessary to remove from it that accidental character of noxiousness which it has unhappily received. It must have some of its property taken from it, because it is by holding this property, and by the impress which this property has given it, that it has become noxious; just as something must be taken away from its position as an Established Church, because historically this quality of an Established Church is connected with its other quality of being a noxious institution. But directly we have done enough we may stop. Directly we have removed from it the taint of being a symbol of religious hatred, we need go no further. When it is once made an innocuous institution, the State is not at all interested in lessening the control of its lay members over its clerical members, or in lessening its resources. It is not in any kind of way the business of the State to start the Anglican Church in Ireland as a poor voluntary body, under the dominion of zealots, and then see how the curious experiment will answer. If the Anglican Church in Ireland wishes itself to change its whole character, that would be a different matter. It could petition Parliament, and we might see what arrangements could be made for stripping it of every shilling, and letting a clique ride rough-shod over it. But at present, so far as is known, all it asks is to be left alone. We cannot let it alone altogether, for we cannot permit an institution to continue which in its present shape is incompatible with good government. But we may let it alone as much as possible, and hold our hand directly we have relieved it from that character of noxiousness with which it is unfortunately invested at present.

SPAIN.

Owing to the energy of General Caballero de Rodas, order reigns at Malaga as well as at Cadiz, and the National Guards of the city have been disarmed. The Malaga insurgents incurred a loss of several hundreds in killed and wounded; but the object or motive of the insurrection is not distinctly stated. Four months ago the expulsion of the Queen was supposed to have removed all the political and social evils of Spain, and the immediate advent of a golden age was confidently expected. Only cold-blooded sceptics expressed a doubt whether a successful revolt of the army and navy would necessarily put an end to military supremacy; and for a time it seemed that the nation itself had suddenly awakened to the necessity of reforming, not so much its institutions, as its political habits. The vague demand for religious liberty appeared to express generous aspirations; and the few economists in the community took occasion to recommend that the country should enrich itself by the adoption of free trade. A wise and liberal statesman at the head of the Provisional Government might have directed the agitation into useful channels; and it might even have been possible to discourage and suspend the constant interference of the army in political transactions. It was above all things necessary to bring the interregnum to a close before the patriotic enthusiasm of the sudden revolution had evaporated. It happened that the leaders of the movement were agreed among themselves on the form of government which was considered most conducive to the well-being of the nation. Prim, Serrano, and Olozaga were equally opposed to the establishment of a Republic; and it only remained to choose a constitutional King, and to present him for the acceptance of the people or of their representatives. It is unfortunate that timidity or incapacity, disguising itself in the form of self-denial, prevented the Provisional Government from discharging an obvious duty. With a feeble affectation they professed to refer to the future Cortes both the decision between a monarchy and a republic, and the selection of a candidate for the Throne; and, having abdicated their most important function, they committed the further error of delaying indefinitely the assemblage of the Cortes. The intrigues, the confusion, and the disturbances which have ensued are the inevitable results of a weak and dishonest policy.

In some parts of Spain, and especially in Andalusia, the very foundations of social order have been disturbed by the suspension of regular authority. The poorer classes have found it convenient to assume that rulers who were too modest to decide on the best form of government were also prepared to leave it an open question whether property should be protected. Communism, or promiscuous robbery, has extended over a large portion of the province, and it will probably appear that the Malaga insurrection was principally directed against the possessors of property. The members of the Provisional Government, who have assuredly no sympathy with the anarchical doctrines of the Communists, can scarcely be acquitted of culpable imbecility in having allowed their own political movement to degenerate into a social revolution. The right of property may, like all other institutions, be questioned by theorists, but it can never be practically assailed except at the cost of an internecine civil war. The unprincipled levity and folly of the French revolutionary leaders in 1848 led to the death of thousands of their dupes in the street battles of June. It will be well if General de Rodas succeeds in stamping out more summarily the corresponding turbulence which has been caused by similar incapacity in Spain. The Republican leaders are perhaps more directly responsible than the inert Government of Madrid for the disturbances of Cadiz and Malaga. It is highly improbable that Communism extends beyond the poorest classes; but in Spain, as in France, the popular fancy associates Republicanism with general license. The Republican majorities in Barcelona and in other provincial capitals have undoubtedly been swelled by the adhesion of the enemies of property and of order; and within the ranks of this party the largest and most vigorous section will for the time exercise a preponderating influence. If the result of the elections proves that universal suffrage is favourable to monarchy, the Republican victory will be speedily reversed. The

respectable classes may not have courage to resist the multitude in the first instance, but they can always invite and secure the protection of the army and its chiefs. PRIM and his colleagues will probably be called upon to save society, after they have exposed it to an unnecessary convulsion; and an army which has overthrown a dynasty and suppressed a social revolution will, more completely and more ostensibly than before, exercise supreme authority in the State. It will be well if military interference is rendered unnecessary by the election of a moderate Cortes. The regular establishment of a nominally constitutional monarchy, under any dynasty which might be preferred, would perhaps not cause general enthusiasm, but it would avert civil war. The disarmament of the populace in several of the large towns increases the probability of a free election. Soldiers are the only disputants capable of reasoning with a rabble which carries muskets.

The only plausible excuse for the backwardness of the Provisional Government in proposing some definite settlement is the difficulty of choosing an eligible candidate for the Crown. Marshal PRIM, indeed, is suspected of a design to obtain supreme power for himself, either as Dictator in a Republic, or as Regent in the name of some titular King; but there is no proof that he really differs from his colleagues who wish to restore the recent form of Government with only a change of persons. Among the princely candidates for popular favour, the male heir of the BOURBONS offers himself as an absolute and Catholic King, while Prince HENRY, brother of Queen ISABELLA's husband, is profoundly imbued with Republican predilections. The Provisional Government, having at present no need either of an obsolete despot or of a Royal President of a Republic, will not concern itself with the pretensions of either candidate. There is perhaps originality, or more properly impudence, in the contempt which Prince CHARLES expresses for the fiction of constitutional monarchy. He is justified in the opinion that a legitimate Pretender would have been regarded as a hypocrite if he had affected a regard for free institutions; but there is some audacity in the inference that absolute government is suited to the Spanish character and traditions. The shameful and ridiculous history of Spain from PHILIP III. to FERDINAND VII. is a sufficient answer to all Carlist pretensions. The reign of ISABELLA, with all its disasters and scandals, was the most prosperous and the least discreditable portion of a period of two centuries and a half. Prince HENRY, who has always professed Liberalism, prefers the fame of WASHINGTON to the greatness of CÆSAR; or, in other words, having no chance of the throne, he would be willing to accept a President's chair; but he has probably little hope that his patriotic devotion will be appreciated at present. One Republic in recent times has elected a President on the ground of hereditary claims, with the result which was anticipated by his partisans, not without the approval of a majority of voters; but in Spain there is none of the enthusiasm for any branch of the BOURBONS which attached in France to the name of NAPOLEON. A Spanish Republic would, as long as it lasted, be administered either by a popular favourite or by a soldier. Nations which choose to have princes at their head may as well call them kings. King FERDINAND of Portugal is known as an upright and able man; but he is German by birth, and Portuguese by adoption, and he is not himself anxious to ascend the throne of Spain. The King of ITALY is supposed to be anxious that his younger son should be elected; and the recent visit of General CIALDINI to Spain was probably undertaken for the promotion of the Duke of AOSTA's candidature. The House of SAVOY has in former times aspired to the Spanish succession; and the greatness which it has recently achieved may perhaps recommend an Italian Prince to the choice of the Spaniards; yet the only reason for choosing an absolute stranger must be a determination to break finally with the BOURBON family. Marshal SERRANO and Admiral TOPETE still support the Duke of MONTPENSIER, whose children belong to the Spanish Royal Family. The Duke is probably, like the other members of the ORLEANS family, a man of sense and conduct; but he seems not to possess the arts of popularity. It was exclusively for his benefit that M. GUIZOT imposed on Queen ISABELLA the odious marriage which has accounted for her subsequent faults and misfortunes; but the Duke of MONTPENSIER was probably not himself a conscious accomplice in the crime perpetrated by the most unscrupulous of moral Puritans. The French Prince may perhaps have a chance of success when other candidates are found to be unavailable; and he stands alone among the supposed competitors in the advantage of being supported by members of the Provisional Government. There remains the Prince of the ASTURIAS, who, having the recommendation of being too young to govern, would necessarily be represented by a Regent; but it can scarcely be supposed that the Generals and Ministers who have irretrievably offended Queen ISABELLA will embarrass themselves by the selection of her son. A Regency would be a military Dictatorship; and the same power might perhaps be more conveniently exercised under the title of President. It is evident that the choice must virtually be made by the Provisional Government, although it may nominally originate in the Cortes. There would have been comparatively little difficulty in the process in September or October, and longer delay will add to existing complications. One of the consequences of procrastination may be seen in the present serious struggle in Cuba, where the local authorities are contending, on behalf of they know not what authority, with a formidable insurrection.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.

THE Emperor of the FRENCH has evidently learned not to pitch his expectations unduly high. If there were any over-sanguine spirits among his diplomatic visitors on New Year's Day, they must have gone away chastened and corrected by his speech. He hopes nothing better for 1869 than that it shall be a reproduction of 1868. "The year now commencing" is to "contribute towards removing many apprehensions, and "strengthening the bonds which should unite civilized nations." But it is to do all this "like the one that has just expired." Certainly this is a material qualification. Considering that in the last twelve months there have been rumours of imminent war at least as many times, and that most, if not all, of these have been traceable directly or indirectly to the words or to the silence of the French official press, the EMPEROR cannot be said to take an encouraging view of the future. It is true that the "apprehensions" in question have to some extent been "removed" by the fact that nothing has happened to justify them. The French Government has cried "wolf" so often that even its own subjects are learning not to be frightened at the sound. Still it is scarcely desirable that a year of constantly recurring alarms should be accepted as a typical period of human history. If this is the happiest prospect the EMPEROR can hold out to Europe, his pacific assurances must be taken simply as evidencing his determination to make the best of a bad business. In this sense they describe the situation fairly enough. Just at present none of the Great Powers feel themselves prepared for war. Each of them has an alliance to contract, a weapon to perfect, or a railway to make. It is as a consequence of this want of preparation that "the moment a "difficulty arises they agree among themselves to smooth "away and avert complications." The causes of mischief are left untouched, but the effects are not allowed to exhibit themselves until it is somebody's interest that they should be seen.

Before the EMPEROR's reply to the Corps Législatif was published in the *Journal Officiel*, an impression prevailed in Paris that it had shadowed forth some concessions in the direction of freedom. When the exact words of the speech were made known they were not found to answer the popular expectation. The Emperor of the FRENCH has so great an admiration for Liberty that she can never be dressed fine enough to please him. On this occasion she appears as "that real liberty which can only prosper through respect for "the laws and a just balance of power." No exception need be taken to the description, if our experience of Napoleonic glosses did not compel us to read the words in a non-natural sense. In the opinion of the French officials, "respect for "the laws" forbids the subject to call a law a bad one, or to take any steps to get it altered. They judge political discussions by the standard of the old English libel law—the greater the truth the greater the libel. A "just balance of "power" is an equally equivocal term. It may stand for that mutual independence which prevents the Executive, the Legislature, or the Judiciary from encroaching on the province of the others. In France it seems rather to signify that ingenious adjustment of the Legislature and the Judiciary which helps each to neutralize the other, and renders both innocuous to the Executive. Thus explained, the Imperial compliment to the Corps Législatif is perfectly appropriate. Its co-operation "becomes every year more indispensable to "the preservation" of the peculiar form of liberty the EMPEROR has in his mind. Supposing the Deputies had mistaken their vocation and presumed to revise the Statute-book, or had disturbed the balance of power by declining to give the Government as much money as it wants, what would have become of "real liberty"? It is too tender a plant to thrive under strictly Napoleonic conditions; and if its natural

lian, the Corps Législatif, had set the example of des-

[cur]sing the laws, it must inevitably have been withdrawn during the existence of this Parliamentary tyranny. Happily no such necessity has yet arisen. Each satellite in the Imperial system knows his appointed station and is content with his appointed work. Even the prayers of the clergy have their special function assigned to them. They "sustain and "console" the EMPEROR. In return for this crowning blessing HIS MAJESTY recognises "how indispensable it is to assert "the great principles of Christianity." Some of his hearers may perhaps wish that he had been a little more explicit as to what these principles are. To be taught "virtue, that "we may know to live, and immortality, that we may know to "die," is enough for the laity, but the clergy desire an additional pledge to support the Papal sovereignty, that they may know how to vote.

There is an air of unreality about these New Year's speeches which springs naturally enough from that want of any definite policy which has of late been so conspicuous in the EMPEROR'S Government. The causes of this continuous halting between two opinions are very well described in a letter from "An "Occasional Correspondent" which appeared in the *Times* of Monday. The EMPEROR has at present two strings to his bow, and he is equally loth to use either of them or to abandon either. The dread of Socialism engendered by the events of 1848 is one string, the dislike of Prussia engendered by the events of 1866 is the other. The EMPEROR cannot make up his mind to grant freedom to the French people, because to do so would be to confess that the Socialist bugbear ought no longer to excite terror. He cannot frankly accept the aggrandizement of Prussia, because to do so would make it difficult to divert the attention of his subjects to foreign politics whenever it happens to be convenient. Between this pair of alternatives—liberty or repression at home, peace or war abroad—his mind seems so nearly balanced, that he never takes any step in the direction of one of them without immediately correcting it by a step in the direction of the other. Every year that passes, however, makes it more difficult to govern France without either political freedom or military glory. The desire to fulfil his own repeated promises induced the EMPEROR to concede the Press Law of last year. By this means he has increased the number, and supplied a vehicle for the hostility, of the Opposition journals. It must be a very strong Government that can afford to take the fetters off its critics while it multiplies restrictions for everybody else. The fear of revolution which haunts the respectable and well-to-do classes throughout France has long been the corner-stone of the Imperial system, but an empirical terror is apt to lose its influence as time goes on. However much the burnt child may dread the fire, it can hardly communicate the full force of its apprehensions to the next generation.

That the fear of Socialism, which has so largely influenced the conduct of the French people during the last twenty years, is declining in efficacy, has for some time been apparent. The letter to which we have referred points out, however, that even this change is likely to advance the interests of the Government in some quarters. The Democratic party in France is stronger, and consequently less reticent, than it has been since the *coup d'état*. The writer quotes two recent elections—one for the Corps Législatif, the other for a Council-General—as instances of this change. In the former case, M. LAROCHE-JOUBERT was returned "against the efforts, not "only of the authorities, but of the whole Conservative and "landed interest of the district." In the second case, a Wallachian but lately naturalized in France gained his election solely by making speeches to the peasants in which he dwelt on their misery and his own readiness to serve them. A few successes of this kind might do much to revive the dying terrors, and to replace the Government in its old position as the last hope of order in France. If the Conservative instincts of the upper and middle classes should again be driven to rely upon the organization and vigour which the Imperial system possesses in an unusual measure, as their only protection against numbers and violence, NAPOLEON III. may once more be welcomed in his original character of the saviour of society. The future of France would be more hopeful if freedom were not confounded in the minds of so many of its people, either with hatred to the existing dynasty, or with the triumph of an impracticable democracy. The one sentiment makes it additionally difficult for the EMPEROR to modify his Government without risking his own downfall, while the other secures to him the unquestioning support of some of the strongest interests in France. It should be remembered, however, that the first of these feelings is in a great measure the creation of the system under which Frenchmen have lived for the last seventeen years. The Empire has treated every adverse criticism of the administration as a direct attack upon the dynasty itself, and, by so doing, it has made constitutional opposition impossible.

ELECTION RIOTS.

THE Reform League being in want of occupation just now, and its President especially having more ample leisure than he expected, it naturally takes up the Ballot as the most promising theme for agitation. There can be no sort of objection to this. The Ballot, like every other political institution, may be discussed nowadays without any prepossessions for or against it, since Mr. DISRAELI got rid once for all of the old Conservative cry against Americanizing our institutions. If the Ballot will do more good than harm, by all means let us get to it before this Session is over. But when it is offered as a remedy against intimidation, it is worth while remembering that there is one kind of intimidation against which it is utterly powerless—the intimidation practised by mobs at the time of the elections. This appears to us a most serious blot on our political system. It is monstrous that quiet people who want simply to do their duty according to the best of their abilities and judgment, and desire to record their votes and go peaceably home again, should be threatened and kicked and hustled, and have dirt thrown in their faces and the clothes torn off their backs, because a set of beery blackguards choose to think, or are hired to think, it good fun to insult them, and because practically such outrages are committed with perfect impunity. The notion has sunk deep into the popular mind that everything is allowed by the law at election times except actual murder. Assaults, robberies, and burglaries are regarded as the pleasant vagaries of jovial spirits in an hour of admitted license. The law and its agents do not hope to command any respect. The police are violently attacked; the returning officer, his subordinates, the candidates and their friends, are all put in danger of their lives; but the great lesson everywhere inculcated is that the mob must not be made angry, that the sufferers must grin and bear it, and that no one ought to be particular at election times. An intending opponent of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland has only this week had an excellent opportunity of learning this lesson, and practically applying it. The two rivals were in the Court-house at Mallow at the time of the election, and the opponent of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, having announced his intention of not pursuing the contest, sat down. But he was not allowed to sit long in peace, as the reporter observes. A number of women with branches of holly in their hands rushed at him, flogged him well, and then turned him into the street. This proceeding, we are told, "formed an amusing prelude to the serious "business of the nomination." It may have been an amusing proceeding to the boys, but can scarcely have been so to the frog. Here was a man, whose only offence was that his political opinions were not those of the mob, violently assaulted, beaten and hustled into the street, in presence of the returning officer and of the highest law-officer of the Crown, and no one had any notion whatever that what was done was anything but a thoroughly amusing proceeding. It was part of the fun of an election, just as pouring flour on spectators is part of the fun of a Roman holiday. However, it may perhaps be said that a candidate runs his own risks; he chooses to put himself in the way of practical fun. He voluntarily adopts a position like that of a cockney who goes to the Derby with a long nose and a pea-shooter, and if he does not like being flogged with holly-boughs, all he has got to do is not to stand for a place where such floggings are thought amusing proceedings. But voters are surely in a different position. To vote is either a duty or a privilege, perhaps both; but, whatever it is, an English citizen ought to be protected in the fulfilment or exercise of it. Yet not only are voters assaulted and beaten and insulted, but persons who have nothing to do with the election at all, and who have committed no other offence except that of living in a town which sends a member to Parliament, are delivered over as a prey to the mob. Nor is this all. The law at election times declines to protect its own officers. The police are told to keep the mob in order, but if they are foolish enough to believe that their instructions are meant seriously, they will soon find themselves mistaken. The mob has only got to use paving-stones freely, and then if the police get their heads broken they may arrest any one they can lay hold of; but the legal authorities will be sure to look on the affair as a good joke, as part of the humours of election times, and will just give enough punishment to mark what they really think of the affair.

During the recent elections there were four counties in which election riots were of a very serious kind, if any election riots can be called serious. Perhaps it is better to look at such

matters from the popular point of view, and to say that in these counties the proceedings were very amusing, much more amusing than merely flogging an unpopular candidate with holly-boughs. In North Leicestershire the populace was on the side of the Liberal candidates, who were unsuccessful, and exactly the same thing happened in Monmouthshire. The mob was therefore urged up to the pitch of amusing itself very strongly. It wanted the amusement of hunting, frightening, and bullying voters on their way to the poll, and it wanted the amusement of avenging an impending or ascertained defeat. At a place called Sheepshed, the amusement in which they considered it proper to indulge was as follows:—The poll-clerk was struck on the head by a large stone, and knocked down; the room where he was was attacked by a mob armed with sticks, and all the windows and window-frames were broken. The agent of the Conservative candidates was pelted into a public-house, the windows of which were immediately broken. A superintendent of police no sooner showed himself than he was spat upon and struck at; and, when he carried his audacity so far as actually to go to the assistance of a voter who was suffering from violence, the indignation of the crowd at his interference burst all bounds, and he and his men had to defend themselves by a regular charge, which they executed with much success. But the mob then took to its native paving-stones, some of the police were badly hurt, and the force had to retreat into a place of security. They had, however, recognised some of the most reckless of their adversaries, and in due course of time those apprehended were tried at Quarter Sessions. There was no doubt about their guilt, in the minds of the jury, and they were sentenced; but to what?—To three months' imprisonment. This was the amount of punishment considered adequate to the offence of heading a riot in which quiet voters were intercepted by force in the discharge of a legal duty, wantonly destroying property, and beating the police with paving-stones until they had to retreat into shelter, and anarchy was triumphant. The humours of election time are a good old English custom, and must be encouraged; and we think we may congratulate the magistrates in Quarter Sessions on having effectually provided that at the next election the proceedings will be very amusing indeed.

But the magistrates of Leicestershire, although they have some sense of electioneering fun, are not to be compared in this respect with the magistrates of Monmouthshire. At Tredegar a mob held possession of the town for eight or nine hours, and its amusement consisted in going up and down the streets, breaking the windows of every house whose owner had not given entire satisfaction and did not fall in completely with their just and well-considered views. Further, wherever they could get into a house, they entered and stripped it of its contents. This particular form of election fun deserves to be remarked. A man fulfils or exercises the legal duty or privilege of giving his vote. For this he has all his windows broken, all his moveable property is taken away from him and destroyed before his eyes. He might console himself by thinking that at least the law would avenge him. If any Tredegar voter cherished this illusion, it would have done him good to attend the Monmouthshire Quarter Sessions. Some of the ringleaders were apprehended and in due course were tried. To save trouble they all pleaded guilty. And what did offended justice do then? The magistrates were of opinion that, as all this was done at election time, no punishment whatever need be inflicted. The prisoners were discharged. They had but been keeping up a good old English custom—a custom inconvenient, perhaps, to quiet people who are beaten, and have their homes broken into and all their little household property destroyed, but still a fine glorious old custom, and one that, on the whole, deserves to be encouraged. It must now be taken as settled law in Monmouthshire that if one man breaks into the house of another, and beats him and destroys his property, he has only to prove that an election had been going on that day, and that he was assisted by a collection of blackguards as furious, violent, and drunken as himself, and then he will be let off scot-free. He has done no harm that the law will notice. He has only been having his proper amount of electioneering fun.

At the risk of being thought very un-English, we must confess that the national custom seems to us a national disgrace. Why should the law allow mobs to rule, and run riot, and do all kinds of violent mischief, because an election is being held? Why are quiet, timid, decent people to be practically deprived of their power of voting because the administrators of the law refuse to protect them, and treat their sufferings as a natural part of the fun of an election? It is evident that, after such decisions as those at which the magistrates of Leicestershire and Monmouthshire have arrived, there will hereafter be no limits to the license in which a mob will not think itself fully entitled to indulge. If violent assaults on individual voters, and on the ministers of the law, and the wholesale destruction of property in dwelling-houses, are to be considered at election time offences so slight that the law either refuses to punish them at all, or only punishes them in the way in which it would punish a boy who stole an apple off a street-stall, the mob will henceforth be relieved from all control and all fear of consequences. With people who can persuade themselves that such scenes of brutal cruelty, rapine, and anarchy can be excused on the ground that they are sanctioned by old English customs, it is perhaps vain to argue. It is probably more useful to consider what could be done to prevent them if it was conceded that they were evils at once great and remediable. A very bad custom, which is in some sense national, and which has just been fortified by grave magisterial decisions, cannot of course be got rid of all at once; but that is no reason why something should not be done to prevent it. If the HOME SECRETARY were simply to address a circular to the highest magisterial authorities in each county, and to point out the very serious consequences of treating these outbreaks of desperate ruffianism as pieces of good fun, a different tone would, it might be hoped, begin to pervade the legal authorities in dangerous electoral districts; and such a step would come with especial propriety and force from the organ of a Liberal Ministry just entering on office, as these outrages in Monmouthshire and Leicestershire were generally, although not universally, committed by mobs that pleased to call themselves Liberal. The magistrates are mostly Conservatives, and they are deterred from vindicating the dignity of the law by the fear of being accused of a desire to use their magisterial authority as a party weapon. It would greatly encourage and aid them if a Liberal Minister were to remind them that, even at the risk of bearing this reproach, they must uphold the law. But if this cannot be done—and it is very unlikely that a Home Secretary would in real life do anything that he was not absolutely bound to do—the Legislature might perhaps be induced to come to the rescue, and to provide that if certain offences were proved against a man at election time, the discretion of the magistrates should be more limited than it is now, and that the minimum punishment they could inflict should be one that would at least have in it some deterring force. There are also many indirect ways in which election riots could be prevented or mitigated. Nominations are an utterly useless nuisance. They whet the appetite of the mob, prolong the time of excitement and anarchy, and greatly increase the expenses and annoyances of the candidates. At any rate, if election time is to be a season in which the law is in abeyance, let it last as short a time as possible. It might also be desirable to adopt the American plan, which Mr. GOSCHEN has lately recommended, and close all the public-houses on the day of election. But things are not ripe for that yet. In the first place, we have no security that it would not be judged a permissible piece of electioneering fun to break open the public-houses and drink up all the available liquor without paying for it. And, in the next place, it is fearful to think of the energy with which an English mob would go in for its beer with the accumulated thirst of a whole day on it; and if the public-houses were opened directly the poll was closed, the behaviour of the mob after it had taken ten hours' worth of beer in two would be something appalling. But if some serious efforts to preserve order were made, and if it were distinctly understood that infractions of the law would be adequately punished, then to take away the means of intoxication while the excitement of polling was going on might produce a good effect, and might help the mob to remember that if they insisted on committing aggravated crimes, they could no longer count on the impunity which at present they enjoy.

CUBA.

THE mist which the telegrams had thrown over the Cuban movement is now dispersed, and a state of things is revealed far more in accordance with reason and probability than was at first described. There is not, as we supposed there could not be, a rising of the Caribs, for the simple reason that there are in Cuba no Caribs to rise. Poetical justice has been defeated by the complete extinction of a race which, too weak to resist its original conquerors, could never have survived to wage a successful insurrection against their descendants. The lovers of sensational retribution would

perhaps have been equally pleased if the negroes had risen to avenge simultaneously their own and the Indians' wrongs. For the present, however, Exeter Hall must defer its pæans, and the Anti-Slavery Society may taunt its disciples at Madrid with a delay which bodes ill for the cause of negro emancipation. As yet there is no negro rising; nor does it seem likely that an independent and unassisted rising of the slaves will take place. The insurrection which has shown itself is essentially an insurrection of white creoles. The same feeling which fifty years ago burst out in the American colonies of Spain has burst out in Cuba. The creoles of Spanish descent desire to become independent of Spain.

It is not yet clear whether those who are animated by this desire constitute an actual majority of their own class. It is clear that they are not composed of the richer and more powerful planters. These have for the most part sided with the Government, and naturally long for the restoration of order and peace. So great is the alarm felt by many of them, that they have sent their families to Nassau and Kingston for shelter during the tempest of their political troubles. Those who have encouraged or taken part in the rising belong to the Liberal faction, which in the colonies exaggerates the violence of its prototype in the mother-country. Several causes have contributed to its formation and its strength. The foremost is the exclusive policy pursued by Spain towards her dependencies. While she extorts from all of them, and especially from Cuba, a large annual revenue, she treats them less as subjects than as dependents. After taxing them for her own immediate wants, she taxes them still further for the maintenance of large colonial establishments, which she fills, not with colonial, but with Spanish-born, officials. Thus the Spanish creole of humble birth and moderate fortune finds himself debarred from every prospect of bettering his condition. Without the capital to buy a plantation or to undertake a business, he has no hope of employment under the Crown, save in the most humble capacity. Not only is he affronted by the supercilious airs of Spanish officials, and the contemptuous opulence of creole planters, but he is perpetually wounded by the self-assertion of aspiring mulattoes and liberated negroes. A further incentive of discontent is supplied by the locality and circumstances of his education. In many cases he has been brought up in the schools of Philadelphia or New York. There he has imbibed the usual lessons of American liberty, to which his Southern temperament gives an additional flavour of acridity and strength. The sensitiveness of his own nature intensifies the effect of his lessons and his experience. The passion for liberty which he imbibes from his American preceptors derives warmth from his impulsiveness as a Spaniard and his humiliation as a colonist. He reads history; and, in America, history means the history of the United States, and little else. He sees how colonies, sparsely inhabited by two millions of men, battled against the armies and threw off the authority of Great Britain; and he asks himself if the same effort could not be made with the same results in his own colony. He remembers that Spain once owned boundless tracts on the American continent, and that her empire is extinguished for ever. He asks why Cuba should not win the same independence which Mexico, Chili, and Peru have won. He returns to Cuba when his education is finished, to find no employment for his talents, or only such employment as he may share with mulattoes and liberated slaves. He is poor in a country where subsistence is very dear; and he is without a prospect of any except the very humblest career. He is slighted, or he thinks himself slighted, by the official staff which is maintained out of the resources of the colony, and still more by the military who defend it equally against internal revolt and external aggression. In America he has formed connexions with men whose sympathies with freedom do not preclude a propensity to filibustering. He corresponds with them, and the main subject of this correspondence is the likelihood of effecting an invasion of his country with success. To such men as we have described, of whom there are many, a revolution like that which has occurred in Spain brings hope and opportunity. Any revolution in the mother-country is likely to cause a revolution in the colony sooner or later.

To persons who do not boast Spanish blood in their veins it may seem unaccountable that any people should exist who desire to reproduce anywhere, and especially on their native soil, the follies and the misgovernment of the Republics of Central America. Yet so it is; and men who would be indignant if accused of inability to distinguish between the sublime and the ridiculous are heard mouthing in the same breath the glories of WASHINGTON and the examples of Bolivia and Ecuador. It certainly was not an unreasonable speculation that, if the Government was overturned in Spain, it might also be upset in Cuba. But, however reasonable this may have been, it has hitherto proved to be illusory. The Provisional Government of Spain, undismayed by the uncertainty which clouds the political horizon of Madrid, has not hesitated to send a strong body of troops to the Havana. The instinct which has inspired this course of action is at once prudent and patriotic. The continued successes of the insurgents would inevitably lead to a filibustering invasion; and the cession of its richest colony either to native sedition or foreign adventure would be equally detrimental to the honour of Spain. At present she can ill afford to lose ground in the estimation of the world. Her single success against Morocco has not effaced the recollection of her equivocal triumph at Callao, or her unequivocal discomfiture in St. Domingo. Whether regarded from the point of view of national honour or national wealth, Cuba is far too precious to be lost without an effort to preserve it. Should General ESPINAS justify his selection for high command by the exhibition of greater skill or greater vigour than VALMASEDA, Cuba will continue to be the choicest possession of Monarchical or Republican Spain. But should he not be able to cow or conquer the insurgents, Spain, while hesitating as to her own future Government, may be startled by an embassy from the new Republic of Cuba.

This result may almost certainly be avoided by ordinary energy. There is doubtless a compact body of creole insurgents, whom wounded vanity and disappointed hopes have made ardent Republicans. But there are many men of substance, property, and influence whom self-interest alone would suffice to retain in faithful allegiance to Spain. Nor have the negroes any object in abetting the insurrection. There are many of them free, and, like the mulattoes, enjoying the profits of peaceful industry. Slavery in the crop-time is as hard in Cuba as it is elsewhere, but the cruelty is ostensibly that of Yankee supervisors rather than of Spanish masters; and the Cuban slaves are acute enough to calculate that their condition would not be substantially improved by a change which perpetuated the domination of their actual tyrants. What with the conservatism of proprietors and the neutrality of the coloured races, it will indeed be strange if ten thousand Spanish soldiers are not able to hold Cuba for Spain. If they are not, Spain will lose something more important than Cuba by defeat; and whatever Government she selects will be inaugurated amid the funereal solemnities of a national humiliation.

But the ill wind which has scourged Spain through Cuba has blown good luck to the capitals of two British colonies. Kingston and Nassau open their ports to the penates of terrified Cubans. If the indolence and despondency which shock the stranger in Kingston have allowed a decent house to remain, with doors which will shut and windows which will open at the pleasure of the inmates, their owners may eke out some profit from a seasonable hospitality. We fear, however, that we expect too much when we expect anything like personal comfort or decent hospitality for the stranger in Kingston. The majority of the refugees will find probably better entertainment in Nassau, where the impulse of the blockade trade caused the erection of many houses which its cessation has since made tenantless. These houses, and an hotel which the local Government constructed for the reception of American visitors, will afford a temporary refuge from the storms of Cuba. And if, among the refugees, there be any to whom the future constitution of their own colony is an object of meditation, their exile will give them the opportunity of studying the condition of a British dependency which, though small, is not unenlightened, and though poor, is not unrefined; where blacks and whites have secured the protection of their common interests by the temperate use of representative institutions and the equitable administration of English law. The time may come when the inhabitants, not only of Cuba, but of other Spanish dependencies, will find profit in such a study. They will then have the opportunity of learning that the solidity of Governments consists, not in the pronunciamientos of unprincipled officers, or the sequacious adhesion of undisciplined soldiers, but in the general recognition of common civil rights and the general toleration of conflicting opinions.

PRIMOGENITURE.

THE rule of distribution of landed property on the death of intestate owners would excite little interest if it were not supposed, with some reason, to involve an important principle. The supporters of the existing system have exhibited

little prudence in recommencing the controversy; and it is highly indiscreet to boast of the alleged popular prejudice in favour of aristocratic institutions, and of unequal distribution of property. If the controversy were to be settled by sentiment, the great majority of the population would be inclined to restore the imaginary golden age in which every rood of ground maintained its man and its freeholder. A short experience would show how little the adoption of Mr. LOCKE KING's Bill would tend to produce that happy consummation. To promote in any perceptible degree the subdivision of the land, it would be necessary to restrict or abolish the power of testators, and to prohibit settlements and entails. The introduction into the United Kingdom of the law which prevails over the greater part of the Continent would be highly unpalatable both to large and small proprietors; but the majority of the present constituent bodies consists of those to whom ownership is an object, not of enjoyment, but of aspiration. The application to land of the statutes which regulate the distribution of personal property would cause no injustice. A man who intends that his eldest son shall succeed to his land may fairly be required to make a will, and the same obligation is at present imposed on the owner who has to provide out of his estate for the rest of his family. Succession to large properties is almost always regulated by settlements, and the owners of smaller freeholds are, as a class, not likely to be culpably idle and careless. It may be added that the large extent of real property which is held on leasehold tenure has always been subject to the laws which regulate the distribution of personalty. Zealous advocates of Mr. LOCKE KING's measure hope that the proposed change in the law will gradually modify opinion and custom; yet it is doubtful whether the ancient rule of succession to real property has any influence on existing practice. Although the law is the same for a hundred or for five thousand acres, large estates are almost always left to the eldest son, while, in the majority of cases, small estates are either technically converted into personalty, or divided among the children. The dwindling race of hereditary freeholders still struggles, in some parts of the country, to maintain its continuity; but, as a general rule, no man, in the common phrase, makes an eldest son, unless he can enable him to live as a country gentleman. It is true that in all, or nearly all, of the American States, where testators have absolute freedom in the disposal of their land, general opinion prescribes and enforces its equal division among all the children; but those who infer that the same law would produce similar results in England overlook the economic differences between the two countries. Except in towns, large estates are in America almost valueless, for the obvious reason that there are no tenants to pay rent for them. The possessor of an extensive tract sells it off in portions, as fast as he can find purchasers; and the State and the township stimulate his desire to turn his property into money, by compelling him to pay heavy taxes on his unproductive territory. An English estate, on the other hand, is most remunerative when it is large enough to pay for efficient superintendence, and to reduce the charges of maintenance to a manageable average. A great landowner, like a great shipowner, acts as his own insurer; and he can rely on a surplus income after providing for all necessary repairs. The owner of an estate of three or four hundred a year, unless he farms his own land, is liable to the risk of having it thrown on his hands; and, whether he is landlord or occupier, he finds from time to time that unavoidable outlays swallow up the whole or the greater part of his half-yearly income. A thoughtful testator will probably consult the convenience of his descendants by leaving his property in large masses or in small portions as experience has shown in which form it will be most advantageously enjoyed. Traditional feeling has undoubtedly much weight both in England and America; but when in either country it happens to coincide with obvious convenience, cautious reasoners will not attribute exclusively to sentiment results which might proceed from simple calculation. As long as it is more profitable to be a tenant-farmer than a freeholder, primogeniture is likely to prevail, unless it is prohibited by express legislation.

The social reformers who denounce the actual distribution of land in England have an uphill task to accomplish. The evils which they lament, though they may be indisputable, arise in but an insignificant extent from arbitrary causes. In a small, rich, and populous country there cannot be land for everybody, and those who can pay a high premium for ownership are likely to have the first choice. When real estates tend to gravitate into large masses, the removal of obstacles which impede transmission only accelerates the process of accumulation. If land were as readily saleable as railway shares, small freeholds would perhaps often be detached from large estates; but they would be not less rapidly reabsorbed by landlords and capitalists. Speaking generally, a poor man cannot afford to own land in England, inasmuch as he can always sell it on such terms as to increase his income; and the happy freeholders of the future must be protected against pecuniary temptations, as well as against the grasping propensities of their richer neighbours. The intimate connexion of large farms with large estates is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the economical condition of England. As a rule, the occupier of five hundred acres must have a landlord over his head, for the simple reason that he cannot spare 12,000*l*. or 15,000*l*. to invest in the freehold of his land. His capital, which would return perhaps 3½ per cent. if it were sunk in land, yields from 10 to 15 per cent. when it is employed in his business. On the other hand, he can undersell the small farmer by economy in the application of labour and capital, and by skilful cultivation. It is more profitable to farm five hundred acres than one hundred, for the same reasons which cause large factories and large shops to supersede smaller establishments. Both the great landowner and the large farmer are products of economical causes, but in the case of the occupier there is no feudal abuse of primogeniture to denounce or to abolish. The enthusiastic advocates of petty freeholds cannot but admit that, if they had annihilated squires and lords, they would have accomplished nothing as long as the farmers were in the way; yet it is an arduous undertaking to overthrow the entire system of English agriculture for the purpose of substituting a more costly method of cultivating the land. It is possible that petty culture may yield the largest return of gross produce; but organized labour, aided by the skilful use of machinery, is beyond comparison more profitable. The substitution of theoretical advantages, moral or social, for considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence, however laudable and desirable, is likely, in England, to be a difficult task; and the landowners and their tenants, having in their favour, not only possession, but every argument which can be deduced from economical science, have apparently the means of offering a sturdy resistance to change. If the controversy should end in the maintenance of the present distribution of the land, it will follow that primogeniture must continue to be the prevalent rule of succession. It will evidently be useless to split up every estate into fragments at the death of the owner, if it is found that the scattered portions constantly tend to reunite. There are in England some overgrown properties which judicious testators would gladly divide among their children, as each share would be large enough to form an independent and profitable estate; but when a patrimony of 5,000*l*. a year is distributed among half a dozen devisees, it is almost necessarily sold, either to be absorbed in fragments by adjacent owners, or to become the undivided property of some capitalist who takes the place of the former owner. It is difficult to understand how the community can be benefited either by the substitution of one family for another, or by a diminution in the total number of landed properties. If primogeniture makes large estates, large estates, on the other hand, involve the practice of primogeniture.

Of all parties to the controversy none are so entirely without a *locus standi* as the enlightened young gentlemen of quality who complain to Mr. BRIGHT, in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, of the hardships which they endure as younger sons. For their social position, for their very seats in the House and their consequent opportunities of talking to Mr. BRIGHT, and for their portions as younger sons, they are indebted to the system which they affect to regard as a hardship. The family estate has indeed not been equally divided, but if the French law had prevailed in this country there would have been no family estate to divide. A testator who is accused of favouring his eldest son at the expense of his other children, may fairly reply that his grandchildren also deserve consideration. The collective inheritance of the second generation will, in a majority of cases, be larger under a system of primogeniture than after two equal distributions. Mr. BRIGHT must have been at a loss for authorities when he quoted the trifling prattle of grumblers who were not even sincere in their pretended discontent. It is not from the cadets of noble or wealthy houses that the present distribution of property has any attack to apprehend. Against more serious assailants it may rely with some confidence on the material utility which has, in spite of sentimental reasons, and of many considerations of social expediency, mainly promoted the accumulation of large landed properties and the cultivation of large farms.

MR. CHILDERS AT THE ADMIRALTY.

THERE has been much rambling talk of late on the supposed transformation which Mr. CHILDERS is to effect in the creaky administration of the old Board of Admiralty. We are not at all disposed at present to pass judgment upon what the new First Lord may have done, for the simple reason that neither we nor any one outside of the department, and possibly not even Mr. CHILDERS himself, have as yet any definite idea of what the threatened improvements are. What we, in common with all the world, do know is that Mr. CHILDERS succeeded to the presidency of a Board ordinarily composed of five incompetent members, and that he has added a sixth to the number. It has been said, on high authority, that in the multitude of counsellors is wisdom; but even if it be true (which we doubt) that six wise men are better than five wise men, it does not by any means follow that six Lords of the Admiralty will blunder less than five of the same species.

Mr. CHILDERS nevertheless is a man who has done valuable work in a subordinate office, and probably has the capacity to do good work also in his present position. Unfortunately this is the sort of praise which might have been justly bestowed upon many of his predecessors, who after promotion have done no good work at all. The crying want is, not capacity, but the will and the courage to carry out necessary reforms, without regard to the thousand and one influences which warp all but really strong Ministers into a wretched subserviency to established routine. And as yet we see no signs that in this matter Mr. CHILDERS is in any way superior to the ordinary ruck. In his speech on his re-election he said that, although he was assisted by a Board which, according to the technical character of its patent, divided its responsibility equally among all its members, he had accepted office on the understanding that all responsibility should be placed distinctly on himself. This is just the kind of tall talk which we were used to when Sir JOHN PAKINGTON filled the office to which Mr. CHILDERS has succeeded, and we all know how much good came of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's boasted responsibility. In truth, we are heartily tired of this much-abused word "responsibility." There is no such thing, and can be no such thing, as vicarious responsibility. When a man stands up in the House of Commons and declares that he alone is responsible for all sorts of things done by all sorts of people, of the very existence of which he may have been ignorant, every one understands that this is a convenient arrangement for shielding the real blunderers, without fixing substantial blame on their chivalrous representative. The only responsibility worth anything is that of a man who acts and decides himself, instead of adopting the acts and decisions of others, and who may be called upon to give his reasons for the course which he has taken. Except on rare occasions, no such responsibility as this attaches to the First Lord of the Admiralty, and if it did, he would be the first man to desire that he should be served by efficient subordinates in the place of inefficient colleagues.

The broad principles of administration are violated in different ways, but with equal flagrancy, in the government of the army and of the navy. In the army we not only have a great executive officer enjoying a nominal independence of the Parliamentary Minister, but we have also the Minister in whom we trust so hampered by Horse Guards' officials, and so undermined by Horse Guards' plots, that he dares not assert, and cannot enforce, the authority which his position gives him. In the navy we have that most inefficient of all bodies, a Board; and now it seems it is to be a Board neither permanent nor political, without the experience which a permanent office gives, or the fidelity which political ties imply. This Board, which was always in reality of this epicene character, is now for the first time avowedly constituted on the principle of combining discordant elements. The man who is supposed to superintend the building of ships is to occupy a permanent seat. The man whose special duty is to look after the sailing and fighting of ships is to be a party officer, going in and out with the Ministry. Why this distinction? If it is right that the permanent head of one department should sit at the Board, it must be right that all heads of departments should occupy chairs by his side. Possibly an excuse may be suggested on the ground that the ship-building admiral is, after all, only a sailor and not a builder, and that the real head of the constructive department is his clever and prejudiced subordinate. This is true, no doubt, but the conclusion is not that Admiral ROBINSON should have a seat at the Board, but that Admiral ROBINSON might be dispensed with altogether.

But our objections to Mr. CHILDERS' plan lie much deeper than this. No tinkering will really mend the Board of Admiralty, or indeed any other Board. The idea is absurd in its inception. Once admit what Mr. CHILDERS proclaims, that—subject of course to Parliament—he is dictator of the navy, and the only question is, what sort of assistance a dictator not possessed of special technical knowledge would desire in the management of any great concern like the British navy? The answer is obvious. He would wish, first of all, that each special department should be placed under the management of a skilled and experienced chief, and that every such manager, when once secured, should be kept almost on any terms as long as his services could be retained. In the next place, he would above all things desire to have at his elbow a man whom he could trust, with matured experience which would enable him to supervise every subordinate department, and to correct the crude errors into which the untrained dictator, if left to himself, would be certain to fall. Such an assistant is perhaps even of more importance to a Minister than able chiefs of inferior departments. In the absence of such aid, an administrator (without long special experience of his duties, such as few Cabinet Ministers attain to) must fall into one of two grievous errors. If he is sharp and conceited, he ignorantly overrides the opinions of officials who must know more about the business than himself; if he is modest and thoughtful, he becomes a mere tool in the hands of subordinates, whom he feels himself incapable of ruling and yet unable to trust.

The remedy for these dangers is to seek and secure what every head of a commercial concern makes it his first business to obtain—a thoroughly competent and trustworthy permanent lieutenant. This is the prime condition of administrative success. What firm would prosper if every time that a change took place in its constitution, the manager was to be dismissed to make room for some private friend of the incoming partner? And how can the business of the country be efficiently carried on unless we have at the head of the permanent staff of each department a man in every way fit to keep it working on—in the old grooves it may be—without any impulse from above, and yet sufficiently intelligent to give effect to any modification of policy which his successive masters may desire to introduce. This first condition is, and must be, wanting where a Board is set at the head of a department instead of a permanent Under-Secretary.

The next, and not less important, condition is that each branch of business should be conducted, under the principal manager, by a subordinate chief, selected and retained in office solely for the value of his work, and not to be removed at the caprice of the momentary majority of the House of Commons. Even a properly qualified man takes years to become first-rate head of a branch of naval business; and yet the post is assigned to men often not qualified in any way, with no likelihood of their remaining in it for more than two or three years at the utmost. This is the essence of the Board system; and all this Mr. CHILDERS, the Reformer, proposes to retain. It is easy to understand, though not pleasant to say, why. There are one or two men—especially one man—in the present Cabinet capable of doing good strong work in the reform of stereotyped abuses of administration, and they have been placed in positions where there is nothing to administer and nothing of this kind to reform. In the great spending departments of the army and the navy we have Mr. CARDWELL and Mr. CHILDERS. One is an experienced and able official, with every qualification for the post except contempt for bad traditions and courage to defy the influence which has so long sapped, and perhaps may continue to sap, the vigour of our military administration. The other of these chosen chiefs of war has shown himself skilful in disentangling the confused web of naval accounts, and not less skilful in thwarting that pertinacious inquirer, Mr. SEELY, into Admiralty sins. Mr. CHILDERS took the leading part in bringing about the miserable compromise by which the Committee on Admiralty waste declined to pronounce judgment on the case which Mr. SEELY proved. We fear that it is in the same spirit that the First Lord of the ADMIRALTY has compromised the vital question of Government by a Board, by the singular device of choosing the nominal Controller of the Navy (above all men in the world) as the one permanent member of the hybrid body whose misfortune it is to waste the public money without securing us an efficient fleet.

JANUARY RESOLUTIONS.

THE beginning of a year is naturally the time when men with a propensity to make resolutions are especially ready to indulge it. No yearning is deeper, after one has passed five-and-twenty years, than the futile longing that somehow we could draw a trench between ourselves and what is gone by, and obtain the possibility of a fresh start. Novelists usually write as though this deep desire were only natural to the perpetrators of great

crimes or the victims of heroic blunders. The majority of us, it may perhaps be fairly assumed, have neither perpetrated serious crimes nor involved ourselves in disastrous blunders, and yet the majority of us are often conscious of an intense wish that by some means or other we could begin things over again. The past gains upon men with such ever-accumulating force, there is such an ever-waxing pressure from behind, the web of circumstance and relationship so tightens and spreads and covers us up, that people without the gift of a wise resignation—in other words, most people —in moments either of supreme aspiration or of supreme despair, feel an indescribable wish that the start might be given them once more, and that all might again be as much of a *tabula rasa* as it seemed at the beginning of things. It is a poor substitute for this to have to fall back on the calendar for our new start; instead of a moral revolution, spiritual regeneration, obliteration of circumstance, to have to make shift with such change as comes with a new almanac and a fresh diary. Yet it is unwise to throw away even this comparatively moderate stimulus to good resolutions. If it is impossible to roll back the main forces of life, still there is always plenty of the minor conditions which, though minor, are yet full of real importance, which we can alter and control perfectly with just and reasonable effort, and over which the new almanac and the fresh diary give us new power.

The two things about which men's earliest impressions are wrongest, and which most of their virtuous resolutions, as life goes on, are likely to concern, are unquestionably time and money. Was it not Dr. Johnson who said that on these two points every young man is a fool? He can have no idea of the value of either one or the other; for as experience is the only way of reaching a moral wisdom that will stand wear and tear, and as in youth we cannot have any adequate experience either of the difficulty of earning and keeping money, or of the fatal celerity with which days and years also take to themselves wings and fly away, it is inevitable that a man should have passed a certain age before he appreciates at their true worth these two elements in the material out of which he has his life to make. Women seem in this respect, at any rate, to enjoy as of right one of the conditions of never-ending youth, and for exactly the same reason as that which confers it on lads. As a rule, they have no experience. Social arrangements—and we do not here inquire whether they are good or bad—have at least the effect of preventing women from feeling any very urgent necessity of redeeming their time, or of keeping their money, because they have in a general way so uncommonly little to do with the one, or to contribute to the making of the other. We may perhaps go on to say that they constitute one of the chief difficulties of the sex politely called stronger; for if men were to go into the matter statistically, they would probably find that those who set least value on time or money waste most of both upon women who stand to them in some relation or other; and thus it is that evil communications corrupt good manners, the thriftlessness of one set of persons propagating itself among another set who might have been decently thrifty of the two things best worth taking care of, if only they had been let alone. To resume, however; it is to the husbanding of time and money that by far the most part of the vast mass of good resolutions solemnly vowed during the past fortnight or ten days will relate. And perhaps we may aver, further, that the worst thing about these resolutions will prove to have been that they were too good and too great. Of course making resolutions is so easy and simple that one may as well go through the process handsomely as not. It is as good to draw a cheque for a thousand pounds as for five, where the banker has no effects; and if a man has no effects of purpose and sustained energy and power of resistance, he may just as well resolve heroically as moderately. He gains indeed by his resolution being too big for him, because he has at all events the benefit of that elation which accompanies anything big, almost as satisfactory to some people in promise as in performance. Yet it is this running after extreme virtue which reduces the final total of virtue so much below the point which, considering what human nature is, we might fairly expect it to attain. Who has not planned a year for himself, before now, in which there was not to be a moment wasted in frivolities or in leisure that should not be directly profitable? The year's project looks glorious on paper, and the mere sight of it, the mere perusal of the golden rules by which we have divided the days and the weeks, is calculated to brace one up to a splendid pitch of austere industry. Yet we were just as wise as the man who, being his own architect, designed a splendid house with many fine rooms, and one story upon another, and only found, when all was complete and superb, that he had forgotten the staircase. Nothing is so certain to fall swiftly and hopelessly to pieces as a set of resolutions which leave no margin, which are not roomy nor very elastic. The real tests of the wisdom of one's new year's scheme all lie in the region of its margins and fringe. The framework is pretty sure to be decently sound, as sound at any rate as the designer's knowledge of his own character, and of the circumstances by which his character is surrounded, can be expected to make it. The rules which a man makes for his business may be good or not; there is no general probability one way or the other; all depends on his individual rightness of comprehension. But in the rules for the disposal of time outside the quantity clearly demanded by business, there is a general probability, and you may partly judge of a man's common sense by the resistance which he offers to this probable tendency. If he fills up every moment of his day, and every day of his week, in a clearly outlined manner, we may be very sure that he is in so far a fool that within a fortnight the project will have utterly broken down, that his last state will be ever so much worse than his first, and that 1869 will abound in wasted hours even more plenteously than 1868. If he had only been willing to leave two or three hours in each day unprovided for, his designs for all the rest might very likely have saved themselves. By far the most prudent plan is to content oneself with providing time for what must be done, and for that only, leaving all other time to find its own best disposition according to circumstance. If you must get through so much reading or so much writing, or do anything else for any good and strong reason, then obviously one ought to have a clear idea where the time is to come from, and a rigorously drawn programme is one of the most efficient helps possible towards getting the desired work done. Without some such programme, and unless you stick to it, the hours drift away from between your hands, and you will be very lucky if by New Year's Day of 1870 one-fifth part of what was projected has been accomplished.

One thing is most certain, that if a man does not respect his own time and his own programme, nobody else will respect it. Even with the most strenuous and persistent efforts he will find it hard enough to make head against the resolute indifference of his friends to his programme. Nearly all men are absolutely relentless about the time of others. Without pity or remorse, happening to be at leisure themselves, they burst into your cherished hours for this or that given work, and rend and scatter and trample on them like playful swine. This monstrous inconsiderateness is one reason, if there were no other, why one should allot the time needed for necessary tasks with some precision, because to know clearly what you can do in a given time—and when you come to compose a schedule of your weeks and days, it is amazing how little, in one sense, you can do—convinces you more decisively than a loose and unexamined experience could of the invincible necessity of resisting intrusive and remorseless friends to the very death. And this shows how wise it is to have a spare hour or two unallotted in the scheme of days, by way of sop to these destroyers of what cannot be replaced. A great many people do not care to know you unless you throw yourself to them, time and all, unreservedly; and they are acquaintances well lost. But more moderate folk will be content with a fragment, and this fragment of time it is well to leave them on the chance of their filling it up; if they do not, it is so much redeemed from the jaws of the destroyer. In this connexion, perhaps the resolution which may be most safely recommended to the majority of mankind for their firm adoption, either at the beginning of the year or at any other moment, is one to abstain from fatuous intrusions upon hours more valuable than their own. Let them read over every door what an old scholar had written at the entrance to his library—"Whoever you are, either help me in my studies, or else go away again." Change the "studies" of this honest appeal into whatever may be needful, and there is hardly one of us who would not be very thankful if he could have it written in characters of fire at his threshold for at least twenty hours out of the twenty-four. For the bore is, in time, just what the greedy, unpunctual, and faithless borrower is in money, and the bore is everywhere rampant.

In both time and money, as the age is at once social and luxurious, the best resolution that anybody can make is to take great and steadfast heed of small economies. This is not a rule of that precise and specific kind which delights the man who draws up an exact scheme of life every January. Such a man is not happy unless he has it down in black and white in a tabulated manner that he is to economize time by rising at seven every morning instead of eight, or by absolutely abstaining from parties, or by giving to science, history, or philosophy the half hours which he has hitherto flagitiously devoted to the morning paper. And so about money. He insists on clearly understanding in January how he will save his pound in March or August; it is some particular half-crown which he is bent on ruthlessly retrenching—the taking of a cab on a given occasion, which he henceforth and for ever renounces. The general rule, to economize wherever you can, to save margins of price and little differences of cost, sounds to him intolerably vague, unless he can state in a table what margins and what little differences. This particularity invariably defeats its own ends. No man can foresee details very far ahead, either in half-hours or half-crowns; consequently the much-resolving man speedily finds himself in a state of dead-lock, his details proving absolutely intractable and irreconcileable twenty times a day. Consequently he very speedily gives up the whole scheme; the dust accumulates on his carefully prepared tablets; and he goes on living anyhow, muddling away much time and much money, until December reminds him that a New Year is close at hand, and that it really behoves one who would fain keep some grip on his life to know exactly what he means to do, and so forth. The general rule can hardly end in this wretched way, unless the person who professed to lay it down for himself was insincere and half-hearted from the first. A general precept to be economical is perhaps too vague, but there is no vagueness about the maxim that it is wise to count small differences in price, and not to soothe one's conscience by the sophistical apophthegm that the dearest things are the cheapest in the long run—as if the proper question were not most often whether I can here and now afford to buy that which is cheapest in the long run. It may be true that a hundred guinea watch is cheaper at the money than one at five-and-twenty guineas, but ultimate cheapness of this kind is not by any means the only sort

of consideration which is to the point. The consequence of absorbing this sophism thoroughly into a man's system is that he presently persuades himself always to buy both the dearest things of a given sort, and also the dearest sorts of things; just as in the matter of time the true [illegible]ery saying that one does more work in the long run by sticking to it for ten months in the year than if we stuck to it for twelve, expands itself in the facile mind into the destructive fallacy that in the long run you get more out of yourself by working five hours than ten in a day. One good effect of the January stock-taking is that, if faithfully conducted, it shows the deficiency that arises, alike in cash in hand and in work done, from the literal following of this large-handed method. Specific observation of this five-pound note and that, this week and the other, which might have been used or stored up, and was wasted, shows us where the error was; but it is a mistake to confine our resolutions to avoidance of this or that especial source of waste, in case the chance should recur. The better course is to meditate within, and work against the weaker tendencies of one's character, rather than to worry about the outside occasions and circumstances. Thus the upshot of one's considerations about good resolutions and schemes, whether drawn up and sworn to in January or any other month, is that in things needful and essential there should be a detailed programme, but that its boundaries should be roomy and moveable; and that in most things it is more profitable to lie in watch over our own proved weaknesses from within, than to be troubled over much in looking out for the particular temptations which we expect to turn up from without.

THE END OF PERPETUAL CURATES.

THERE was something touching about the fall of the Compound Householder. To the minds of many people he was a sort of chrisom child, who came into being only to cease from being as soon as he had begun to be. Many people heard the words Compound Householder for the first time in those debates which ended in decreeing that Compound Householders should no longer be. Many had great searchings of heart as to the nature of the newly-discovered animal. His name certainly did not, to non-technical ears, at once express his nature. People were not bound to know that a Compound Householder had anything to do with compounding for rates. According to the ordinary use of the English tongue, he might rather have been called a Compounding or a Compounded Householder. To the unlearned in parochial politics, the Compound Householder seemed himself to be a compound being, a householder made up, in some mysterious way, of several householders. Nine tailors, we all know, make a man. If any of our readers remember the ingenious book of a past generation called the *Miseries of Human Life*, they will no doubt remember the elaborate speculations there entered into as to the nature and manner of life of a man made up of nine tailors. Such a corporate or compound man, if he chanced, as he doubtless would, to be a householder, seemed exactly to realize the notion of a Compound Householder. All this ingenious speculation was knocked on the head by the ruthless destruction of its object. The Compound Householder has vanished; he is gone to the place of his kindred mysteries, the Druids and the Coarbs. His nature, his final cause, the reasons for his creation and the reasons for his destruction, are now remanded to the domain of political archæology.

But the Compound Householder has not perished alone. Another institution, at least as venerable, and more sacred, has perished with him. The same Parliament which laid violent hands on our Compound Householders also laid violent hands on our Perpetual Curates. To be sure, in this case the act of violence takes the shape which is popularly known as kicking upstairs. And so, to be sure, it is in the case of the Compound Householder also. The Compound Householder and the Perpetual Curate are each alike kicked upstairs. But then the Compound Householder is kicked up into a sort of Nirvana, where he is wholly lost. He is merged in the general mass of householders who are not compound. The Perpetual Curate, on the other hand, remains as visible as ever he was; only he is raised in the scale of beings. He retains his personality and his local description, only he changes his title for a higher one. As the Marquis of Abercorn has grown into the Duke of Abercorn, so the Perpetual Curate of Little Peddlington has, by an Act of the late Parliament, grown into the Vicar of Little Peddlington.

Is this change really a promotion? We suppose it is, because those who are most nearly concerned evidently think so. The Perpetual Curates themselves—rather those who once were Perpetual Curates—seem to be thoroughly delighted. It used to be a profound mystery to us why the title of Perpetual Curate was so disliked. To us it always seemed the grandest of all ecclesiastical titles, those of the Pope himself of course excepted. There was a lastingness, one might say an eternity, about it, which was not a little striking. As the Eastern despot was propitiated by the cry, "O King, live for ever," so his very title suggested the analogous cry, "O Curate, live for ever." And so in truth the Perpetual Curate had, in his own special *differentia*, no rival save in the one solitary rank which was above all ranks. The attribute of perpetuity belonged to none save only to Curates and Emperors. "Semper Augustus" we have all heard of, and, nearer still, "Perpetuus Augustus" was not unknown, and Imperial, as well as reverend, ears have been tickled with the almost godlike style of "Perpetuitas vestra." And since one of the two classes of Perpetuals came to an end, the other has had the field all to itself. Since the fatal day, sixty-two years past, when lawful Emperors ceased to be, the Perpetual Curate has been the only perpetual thing going. "Esto perpetua" has been a common wish, but in these two classes alone did it seem to be realized. And yet perpetuity itself has failed to be perpetual. The Perpetual Augustus and the Perpetual Curate have alike vanished from among men. The place of the one knows him no more; the place of the other knows him only under another title.

Why, then, was so illustrious a title felt, as it really seems to have been felt, to be a sort of badge of ignominy? By the light of nature one would hardly have thought that the title of Vicar, implying, on the face of it, delegation from somebody, and therefore inferiority to somebody, could at all compare with the dignity of perpetuity. Yet, from some cause unintelligible to the lay intellect, no Perpetual Curate ever liked to be called a Perpetual Curate. The objection seems as puzzling to the outsider as the kindred objection to the title of Attorney-at-Law, which to non-professional ears seems much better sounding than the more dearly cherished title of Solicitor. For reasons then which are beyond us, the Perpetual Curate always liked to be called an Incumbent. One could never make out why, because no description is so vague as that of Incumbent, a description which does not in the least mark out any particular rank or office, but simply distinguishes the actual possessor of an office from all persons who are not actual possessors of it. A Perpetual Curate was undoubtedly an Incumbent, but so is a Vicar or a Rector. The old College joke about "our incumbents, or, as we sometimes call them, our incumbrances" took in all holders of College livings, whether Rectors, Vicars, or Perpetual Curates. A Bishop, an Archbishop, the Pope himself, might be rightly described as Incumbents of their several sees. And, to go to the other end of the scale of ecclesiastical office, have we not Addison's authority for applying the word to a parish clerk? Did not Sir Roger, forestalling the notion of Competitive Examinations, promise, "on the death of the present *Incumbent*, who was now very old, to bestow the place according to merit"? The charm therefore of so vague a title is not easy to understand; yet it is certain that the title of Perpetual Curate was disliked, and that "Incumbent" was used as a kind of euphemism for the supposed ignominious title. That cynical folks used to suggest that an Incumbent meant a dead weight and heavy burden on a parish, was passed by as a profane jest. We never could make out whether it was the "Perpetual" or the "Curate" which was most disliked. Some clergymen, we know, used to think that a Curate of any kind was a being who could not be spoken of directly, but who needed some amount of circumlocution to describe him. We remember an aged clergyman, himself a Perpetual Curate aided by stipendiary curates, who always spoke of those curates as "the gentlemen who assist me." Whether he always spoke of himself as a "perpetual gentleman" we do not remember. But we conjecture that he did not. We suspect that it was the perpetuity, which of course was really the grand point of the position, which was the distasteful thing. "Perpetual Curate" sounded so painfully like "Once a Curate and always a Curate." And then there was no proper name to give to the Perpetual Curate's house. The Rector lived in the Rectory, the Vicar lived in the Vicarage; but what did the Perpetual Curate live in? It would somehow have sounded odd to say that he lived in a Perpetual Curacy. At least we never knew any Perpetual Curate give his house any such name. And it would not have done to call it a Rectory or a Vicarage, when its owner was confessedly not a Rector or Vicar. The ingenuity of somebody, the ingenuity, we always suspected, of some Perpetual Curate's wife, hit upon a title for the house which was thought to be as pleasingly vague as the title which had been devised for the man. The Rector lived in a Rectory, the Vicar lived in a Vicarage, but, instead of the Perpetual Curate living in a Perpetual Curacy, the Incumbent always lived in a Parsonage. Whenever one saw a house described as "The Parsonage," one knew that its owner was, not Rector or Vicar, but Perpetual Curate. There was thought to be a pleasant vagueness about this description which exactly suited the needs of the case. But unluckily the vagueness in this case happened to be wrong. The Perpetual Curate certainly was an Incumbent, but his house certainly was not a Parsonage. The word Parsonage, like the word Parson, is not at all a vague word, but a word with a very precise and definite meaning. The Parson, the *persona ecclesiæ*, is the Rector and nobody else, and the Parsonage—or, more accurately, the Parsonage-house—is the house of the Rector and the house of no one else.

All this was a little mysterious, but the fact is undoubted, that Perpetual Curates did not like to be called Perpetual Curates. But, whatever the reason was, one can hardly think it was wholly for the very odd reason which was assigned in a paragraph of the *Times* which announced the change. The change, we were told, was "more important than might at first be supposed." And it was added, more mysteriously:—

> The change is said to be highly pleasing to the clergy, and henceforth all benefices throughout the kingdom are to be the subject of "presentation" and "institution." "Institution" is a much more solemn form of investiture than the granting of a mere licence to a perpetual curacy on paper.

It is here plainly implied that the preference felt by the clergy for the title of Vicar over that of Perpetual Curate was due wholly or mainly to the pleasing solemnity of the act of Institution. And this, notwithstanding that "institution" is of necessity a rather

more expensive process than "licence to a perpetual curacy." The love of solemnity was so strong in the clerical mind that the more expensive process was preferred, if only it were also the more solemn process. And yet our informant goes on to say that it

> was alleged by the promoters of this new Act, in both Houses of Parliament, that the effect of the elevation of perpetual curacies to the rank of vicarages would be to confer substantial and not merely honorary advantage on numbers of the beneficed clergy. For instance, the perpetual curates of Paddington, Cheltenham, Clifton, &c., are henceforth vicars, and their parishes vicarages.

It is not very easy to see what are the substantial advantages which accrue to numbers of the beneficed clergy through the Perpetual Curate of Cheltenham being changed into the Vicar of Cheltenham. But there are other things more wonderful still about this memorable change.

> It seemed [we are told] absurd to have clergymen charged with the cure of souls in parishes with precisely the same duties, but yet bearing different titles—some rectors, or vicars, and some perpetual curates.

We really do not see the absurdity. It is at least not greater than the absurdity of having several classes of peers, whose political and legal rights and powers are exactly the same, but of whom some are called Dukes, while others are called only Barons. But at all events the absurdity is not got rid of by abolishing the distinction between Vicars and Perpetual Curates, and keeping the distinction between Rectors and Vicars. We are then told that

> The first intention was to have made all the parochial clergy "rectors," but it was thought that this might interfere with certain rights of lay rectors, and the inhabitants of Leeds, Kidderminster, &c., might not have liked the abolition of the ancient titles of "Vicar of Leeds," "Vicar of Kidderminster," &c. (the vicars being now Bishops of Rochester and Hereford respectively). It was then decided in Parliament that the Bill should simply convert all Perpetual Curacies into Vicarages.

We really do not understand this argument. Seemingly Leeds and Kidderminster are to remain Vicarages, because in those parishes the title of Vicar is hallowed by the fact that those who once bore it are now Bishops. Might we not just as well argue that Cheltenham ought to remain a Perpetual Curacy, because the late Perpetual Curate is now a Dean?

The truth is that the change is a silly and frivolous one, answering no one useful object, and devised simply to gratify a foolish feeling of repugnance to a name in no way more degrading than any other. Its whole object is simply to please those Perpetual Curates, or the wives of those Perpetual Curates, who were silly enough to dislike being called Perpetual Curates. The paragraph in the *Times* says feelingly that many of them "might have remained Perpetual Curates for ever" but for the provisions of the Bishop of Oxford's Act. And, if they had "remained Perpetual Curates for ever," what would have been the great harm done to themselves or to anybody else? The late changes, the changes begun by an Act of 1865, and made more extensive by the Act of 1868, have wiped out an historical distinction for no good reason whatever. Till those Acts were passed, if we heard of a Rector or a Vicar, we knew that his church and parish were, with a very few special exceptions, of ancient foundation. If there was any objection to anything, it was to the comparatively few ancient Perpetual Curacies being jumbled up with the great number of new ones. If any one was injured by the old names, it was the Perpetual Curate, say, of Cheltenham, the real parochial incumbent of an ancient church and parish, who was liable to be confounded with the minister of some new church run up the other day in Bethnal Green. The remedy for this, it seems, is to make the historical confusion greater still, by jumbling up both these classes of Perpetual Curacies with the class of Vicarages whose history is different from either. And all this confusion is brought about simply to please the vanity of some foolish clergymen, or of their wives, who thought that the title which the law gave them did not sound grand enough.

MATURE SIRENS.

NOTHING is more incomprehensible to girls than the love and admiration sometimes given to middle-aged women. They cannot understand it; and nothing but experience will ever make them understand it. In their eyes, a woman is out of the pale of personal affection altogether when she has once lost that shining gloss of youth, that exquisite freshness of skin and suppleness of limb, which to them, in the insolent plenitude of their unfaded beauty, constitute the chief claims to admiration of their sex. And yet they cannot conceal from themselves that the belle of eighteen is often deserted for the woman of forty, and that the patent witchery of their own youth and prettiness goes for nothing against the mysterious charms of a mature siren. What can they say to such an anomaly? There is no good in going about the world disdainfully wondering how on earth a man could ever have taken up with such an antiquated creature—suggestively asking their male friends what could he see in a woman of her age, old enough to be their mother? There the fact stands, and facts are stubborn things. The eligible suitor who has been coveted by more than one golden-haired girl has married a woman twenty years her senior, and the middle-aged siren has actually carried off the prize which nymphs in their teens have frantically desired to win. What is the secret? How is it done? The world, even of silly girls, has got past any belief in spells and talismans, such as Charlemagne's mistress wore, and yet the man's fascination seems to them quite as miraculous and almost as unholy as if it had been brought about by the black art. But if they had any analytical power they would understand the *diablerie* of the mature sirens clearly enough, for it is not so difficult to understand when one puts one's mind to it.

In the first place, a woman of ripe age has a knowledge of the world, and a certain suavity of manner and moral flexibility, wholly wanting to the young. Young girls are for the most part all angles—harsh in their judgments, stiff in their prejudices, and narrow in their sympathies. They are full of combativeness and self-assertion if they are of one kind of young people, or they are stupid and shy if they belong to another kind. They are talkative with nothing to say, and positive with nothing well and truly known; or they are monosyllabic dummies who stammer out Yes and No at random, and whose brains become hopelessly confused at the first sentence a stranger utters. They are generally without pity; their want of experience making them hard towards sorrows which they scarcely understand, and, let us charitably hope, to a certain extent ignorant of the pain they inflict. That famous article in the *Times* on the cruelty of young girls, *àpropos* of Constance Kent's confession, though absurdly exaggerated, had in it the core of truth which gives the sting to such papers, which makes them stick, and which is the real cause of the outcry they create. Girls are cruel; there is no question about it. If more passive than active, they are simply indifferent to the sufferings of others; if of a more active temperament, they find a positive pleasure in giving pain. A girl will say the most cruel things to her dearest friend, and then laugh at her because she cries. Even her own mother she will hurt and humiliate if she can; while, as for any unfortunate aspirant not approved of, were he as tough-skinned as a rhinoceros she would find means to make him wince. But all this acerbity is toned down in the mature woman. Experience has enlarged her sympathies, and knowledge of suffering has softened her heart to the sufferings of others. Her lessons of life, too, have taught her tact; and tact is one of the most valuable lessons that a man or woman can learn. She sees at a glance where are the weak points and sore places in her companion, and she avoids them; or if she passes over them, it is with a hand so soft and tender, a touch so inexpressibly soothing, that she calms instead of irritating. A girl would have come down upon the weak places heavily, and would have torn the bandages off the sore ones, jesting at scars because she herself had never felt a wound, and deriding the sybaritism of diachylon because ignorant of the anguish it conceals. Then the mature siren is thoughtful for others. Girls are self-asserting and aggressive. Life is so strong in them, and the instinct which prompts them to try their strength with all comers, and to get the best of everything everywhere, is so irrepressible, that they are often disagreeable because of their instinctive selfishness, and the craving, natural to the young, of taking all and giving back nothing. But the mature siren knows better than this. She knows that social success depends entirely on what each of us can throw into the common fund of society; that the surest way to be considered ourselves is to be considerate for others; that sympathy begets liking, and self-suppression leads to exaltation; and that if we want to gain love we must first show how well we can give it. Her tact then, and her sympathy, her moral flexibility and quick comprehension of character, her readiness to give herself to others, are some of the reasons, among others, why the society of a cultivated agreeable woman of a certain age is sought by those men to whom women are more than mere mistresses or toys. Besides, she is a good conversationalist. She has no pretensions to any special or deep learning—for, if pedantic, she is spoilt as a siren at any age—but she knows a little about most things; at all events, she knows enough to make her a pleasant companion, and able to keep up the ball when thrown. And men like to talk to intelligent women. They do not like to be taught or corrected by them, but they like that quick sympathetic intellect which follows them readily, and that amount of knowledge which makes a comfortable cushion for their own. And a mature siren who knows what she is about would never do more than this, even if she could.

Though the mature siren rests her claims to admiration on more than mere personal charms, and appeals to something beyond the senses, yet she is personable and well preserved, and, in a favourable light, looks nearly as young as ever. So the men say who knew her when she was twenty; who loved her then, and have gone on loving her, with a difference, despite the twenty years that lie between this and then. Girls, indeed, despise her charms because she is no longer young; and yet she may be even more beautiful than youth. She knows all the little niceties of dress, and without going into the vulgar trickery of paint and dyes—which would make her hideous—is up to the best arts of the toilet by which every point is made to tell, and every minor beauty is given its fullest value. For part of the art and mystery of sirenhood is an accurate perception of times and conditions, and a careful avoidance of that suicidal mistake of which *la femme passée* is so often guilty—namely, setting herself in confessed rivalry with the young by trying to look like them, and so losing the good of what she has retained, and showing the ravages of time by the contrast. The mature siren is wiser than this. She knows exactly what she has and what she can do, and before all things avoids whatever seems too youthful for her years; and this is one reason why she is always beautiful, because always in harmony. Besides, she has very many good points, many positive charms still left. Her figure is still good—not slim and slender certainly,

but round and soft, and with that slower, riper, lazier grace which is something quite different from the antelope-like elasticity of youth, and in its own way as lovely. If her hair has lost its maiden luxuriance she makes up with crafty arrangements of lace, which are almost as picturesque as the fashionable wisp of hay-like ends tumbling half way to the waist. She has still her white and shapely hands with their pink filbert-like nails; still her pleasant smile and square small teeth; her eyes are bright yet, and if the upper muscles are a little shrunk, the consequent apparent enlargement of the orbit only makes them more expressive; her lips are not yet withered, her skin is not wrinkled. Undeniably, when well dressed and in a favourable light, the mature siren is as beautiful in her own way as the girlish belle; and the world knows it and acknowledges it.

That mature sirens can be passionately loved, even when very mature, history gives us more than one example; and the first name that naturally occurs to one's mind as the type of this is that of the too famous Ninon de l'Enclos. And Ninon, if a trifle mythical, was yet a fact and an example. But not going quite to Ninon's age, we often see women of forty and upwards who are personally charming, and whom men love with as much warmth and tenderness as if they were in the heyday of life—women who count their admirers by dozens, and who end by making a superb marriage and having quite an Indian summer of romance and happiness. The young laugh at this idea of the Indian summer for a bride of forty-five; but it is true; for neither romance nor happiness, neither love nor mental youth, is a matter of years; and after all we are only as old as we feel, and certainly no older than we look. All women do not harden by time, nor wither, nor yet corrupt. Some merely ripen and mellow and get enriched by the passage of the years, retaining the most delicate womanliness—we had almost said girlishness—into quite old age, and blushing under their grey hairs while they shrink from anything coarse or vulgar or impure as sensitively as when they were girls. *La femme à quarante ans* is the French term for the opening of the great gulf beyond which love cannot pass; but human history disproves this date, and shows that the heart can remain fresh and the person lovely long after the age fixed for the final adieu to admiration, and that the mature siren can be adored by her own contemporaries when the rising generation regard her as nothing better than a chimney-corner fixture. Mr. Trollope has recognised the claims of the mature siren in his *Orley Farm* and *Miss Mackenzie*; and no one can deny the intense naturalness of the characters and the interest of the stories.

Another point with the mature woman is that she is not jealous nor exacting. She knows the world, and takes what comes with the philosophy that springs from knowledge. If she is of an enjoying nature—and she cannot be a siren else—she accepts such good as floats to the top without looking too deep into the cup and speculating on the time when she shall have drained it to the dregs. Men feel safe with her. If they have entered on a tender friendship with her, they know that there will be no scene, no tears, no upbraidings, when an inexorable fate comes in to end their pleasant little drama, with the inevitable wife as the scene-shifter. The mature siren knows so well that fate and the wife must break in between her and her friend, that she is resigned from the first to what is foredoomed, and so accepts her bitter portion, when it comes, with dignity and in silence. Where younger women would fall into hysterics and make a scene, perhaps go about the world taking their revenge in slander, the middle-aged woman holds out a friendly hand, and takes the back seat gallantly, never showing by word or look that she has felt her deposition. She becomes the best friend of the new household; and, if any one is jealous, ten to one it is the husband that is jealous of her love for his wife, or perhaps it is the wife herself, who cannot see what her husband can find to admire so much in Mrs. A., and who pouts at his extraordinary predilection for her, though of course she would scorn to be jealous—as, indeed, she has no cause. For even a mature siren, however delightful she may be, is not likely to come before a young wife in the heart of a young husband. Though the French paint the love of a woman of forty as pathetic, because slightly ridiculous and certainly hopeless, yet they arrange the theory of their social life so that a youth is generally supposed to make his first love of a married woman many years his older, and a mature siren finds her last love in a youth. We have not come to this yet in England, either in theory or practice; and it is to be hoped that we never shall come to it. Mature sirens are all very well for men of their own age, and it is pleasant to see them still loved and admired, and to recognise in them the claims of women to something higher than mere personal passion; but the case would be very different if they became ghoulish seducers of the young, and kept up the habit of love by entangling boyish hearts and blighting youthful lives. As they are now, they form a charming element in society, and are of infinite use to the world. They are the ripe fruit in the garden where else everything would be green and immature—the last days of the golden summer just before the chills of autumn come on; they contain in themselves the advantages of two distinct epochs, and while possessing as much personal charm as youth, possess also the gains which come by experience and maturity. They keep things together as the young alone could not do; and no gathering of friends is perfect which has not one or two mature sirens to give the tone to the rest, and prevent excesses. They soften the asperities of high-handed boys and girls, which else would be too biting; and they set people at ease, and make them in good humour with themselves, by the courtesy with which they listen to them, and the patience with which they bear with them. Even the very girls who hate them fiercely as rivals love them passing well as half maternal, half sisterly companions; and the first person to whom they would carry their sorrows would be a mature siren, quite capable on her own part of having caused them. It would be hard indeed if the loss of youth did not bring with it some compensations; but the mature siren suffers less from that loss than any other kind of woman. Indeed, she seems to have a private elixir of her own which is not quite drained dry when she dies, beloved and regretted, at threescore years and ten; leaving behind her one or two old friends who were once her ardent lovers, and who still cherish her memory as that of the finest and most fascinating woman they ever knew—something which the present generation is utterly incapable of repeating.

MR. BRUCE'S APPELLATE JURISDICTION.

MR. BRUCE received the seals of the Home Department amidst a loud flourish of trumpets. The congratulations of friendship and the auguries of proverbial philosophy conspired to herald the accession of a Minister who had scaled the heights of office with greater rapidity than even Mr. Gathorne Hardy. The old formula of felicitation was again brought out, and those who could tell us nothing else, or who were tired of telling us other things, reminded us that "new brooms sweep clean." That every one should have been on the *qui vive* to see the effect produced by this new broom was only natural. The first public acts of the new Secretary were looked for with an eager expectation which must then have inspired him with fear, and must now inspire him with disgust. He has written, and he has acted, and neither in his words nor in his acts has the world recognised the wisdom which it foretold. He has been called on to advise the Crown on the exercise of its highest prerogative, and the remission of punishment which he has counselled has filled sensible men with dismay. Mr. Bruce begins his administration of office with a reputation for feebleness which reflects the feebleness of Grey and Walpole.

In August last the city of Wells witnessed a murder which was characterized by the sheerest brutality and the grossest form of savageness. It was a murder into which no element of romance could by any ingenuity be imported. There was no sensational impulse of long-harboured jealousy, no wrong of pure but slighted love, no brooding over a long-cherished revenge. There was neither heroic daring, nor wounded sensitiveness, nor aggrieved pride. There was nothing but the deliberate perpetration of a devilish act, with just such an amount of exciting cause as was sufficient to negative the plea of hallucination. It was on the whole one of the foulest, but it was also one of the vulgarest, murders ever committed. It had every deformity of essence and of accident. The circumstances of its perpetration were these:—On the hot night of Sunday, August 2, a man named Cornish had been boozing with his paramour up to 11 o'clock in a public-house at Wells. Some of his fellow-workmen came in front of the house and called him out. The public-house being closed, Cornish got out by the window to join them. Among the men whom he thus accompanied were two named Bisgrove and Sweet. From these two he seems to have separated soon, and to have gone alone to an open place called the Campfield, where he sometimes slept during the hot weather. Sweet had been spending his Sunday afternoon drinking beer with a woman named Drew, who seems to have combined the two vocations of Sweet's mistress and a common prostitute. After drinking up to 10 o'clock she accompanied Sweet to the public-house in which Cornish was boozing, and then challenged the woman who had been drinking with Cornish, to fight. That strange craving for more liquor, with which the poison called English beer commonly inspires half-drunken wretches, beguiled her from her intended conflict with this woman to wander off in search of more beer. She proceeded to another public-house in company with Sweet, and, as she says, with another man. Probably, though she could not recollect it at the trial, she was surrounded by a gang of men, for immediately afterwards she speaks of Bisgrove as being with her and Sweet. With these two men, at all events, she walked to another public-house. Bisgrove was, till this evening, a stranger to her; Sweet, as we have said before, being her paramour, and, as far as we understand, habitually living with her. Bisgrove then made overtures to her in Sweet's presence, which she did not reject, and Sweet did not openly resent. The nature and terms of these overtures may be gathered from the words of the wretched woman herself. "Bisgrove wanted to go with me, and said he would give me 2*s*. Sweet was not willing. I said I would go with him." This unlovely tale of vulgar harlotry allows us to imagine a sullen and inert opposition on the part of Sweet, and an offensive persistence on the part of Bisgrove. The woman then went to complete her wretched bargain with Bisgrove. Before leaving Sweet she was struck on the head by him, without any resistance on the part of her new lover. Their rendezvous was the very field in which Cornish was stretched enjoying his half-drunken sleep. Sweet awaited their return at the stile which led into this field. Bisgrove appears never to have quitted the field. The woman got over the stile, thus passing her angry and sullen paramour, who followed her for three hours about the town, as she says, uttering not a word, but more probably, as we think, muttering threats of jealous vengeance. Bisgrove is next seen early on the Monday morning lying close to the inanimate body of Cor-

nish, whose face was smeared with blood, and under whose head a pool of blood had collected. He is asked by a police-officer what he is doing there. He replies that he had been drinking, and had gone to lie down there by the side of another man; that, while he lay there, a tall navvy came over the stile and threw a large stone three times on the man's face, and then flung it away into a stream, and that he himself was too much frightened to rise or to speak. He is arrested immediately, and when he is taken before the magistrate, he faints away at the sight of the stone by which Cornish had been struck. Sweet is also apprehended. Both are tried at the Winter Assizes for the murder of Cornish, found guilty, and sentenced to death. About the justice of the judgment few people in that part of the country seem to have entertained any doubts. That Bisgrove had a hand in the murder was a reasonable inference from the position in which he was found. That Sweet was either the perpetrator or an accessory, was a probability suggested by the motives of jealousy and revenge. Sweet had witnessed the overtures made to his own paramour by Bisgrove; he had resented them, not on the man who made, but on the woman who accepted, them. He had followed her about, as she said, threateningly for three hours. Might not the woman have misrepresented the time during which she was thus followed, in order to suggest an *alibi;* while the fact of Sweet's jealous anger may have been just as she stated it? What more probable than that Sweet, furious with bad ale, and more furious at the open preference of his mistress for a strange lover whose prowess he feared to confront, in the madness of jealousy and intoxication, gratified his fierce passion by the murder of the first man whom he could make away with? Such an act would have been cowardly and savage; but the whole of Sweet's conduct during that Sunday night was that of a savage and a coward. Or the murdered man may have had money, and thus offered an irresistible temptation to the hands of Sweet, Bisgrove, and their miserable leman. There was apparently nothing to shield the woman from the suspicion of being more or less accessory to the crime; and only the expediency of procuring the best evidence available, had transferred her from the dock to the witness-box. On the whole, public opinion was satisfied that the two worst criminals had been condemned by a righteous judgment. Great, therefore, was the public astonishment when Bisgrove, lying under sentence of death, confessed that he alone had done the deed, and that Sweet was entirely innocent. Inquiry proved this confession to be true, and the public welcomed the free pardon which was accorded to the latter.

But the next piece of news struck the public mind with less surprise than dissatisfaction. People learned that a memorial had been presented to the Home Secretary, and that Mr. Bruce had commenced his new functions by acting in the difficult part of a Judge of Criminal Appeal. Bisgrove, who confessed to having murdered Cornish, is respited from death, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. This commutation is incomprehensible to us. On what basis does it rest? By what plea is it justified? Is it supposed that Bisgrove has accused himself wrongly? This is untenable. Had he said nothing, the place and circumstances in which he was found immediately after the murder, and his behaviour before the magistrate, would have sufficed to indicate his guilt. No man found in this condition could have failed to be a participator in the murder. He was either wholly or partly guilty. His own admission concentrates the guilt upon himself. But no self-deception or illusion could have placed him next to the bleeding body of Cornish, or have made him faint away in view of the stone which crushed out Cornish's life. These are facts consistent only with one hypothesis. Then he is guilty; and, if guilty, of what crime? Of murder the most unprovoked, the most ruthless, the most savage which it is possible to conceive. He had received no injury, no affront, from his miserable victim. He had not been injured or provoked by any one. Nay, he himself had rather offered an affront and inflicted an injury. Flushed with the insolence of pot-house liquor, he had bought the favour of the huckstering strumpet from her usual paramour, had paraded his success before his rival's eyes, and, after gratifying his pride and his lust, had lain down to sleep out the fumes of his Sunday debauchery beside another drunken "mate." He had triumphed over the venal affections of a prostitute and the impotent protest of her tipsy lover. What need was there for him to rise from that feverish slumber and slay the helpless drunken wretch who snored by his side? Was it madness? Then it was the madness which is begotten of sottishness and lust; a madness into which any sot, stupified by the excess of animal indulgence, may plunge himself after a two hours' carouse, and plead it in defence of any crime. But hitherto the law of England has refused to admit the exculpatory effect of the unconsciousness into which a man voluntarily plunges himself. Not a juryman in any Assize Court but knows that the stupefaction of the intellect, which a man knowingly by his own act inflicts upon himself, is no palliation of the crime which he then commits. Is Mr. Bruce prepared to authorize a new interpretation of the law, and to provide intending criminals with a defence of which they will only be too ready to avail themselves? If so, there can be no more punishments of any kind. The guilt which a man incurs in a state of unconsciousness will, on this theory, be equally undeserving of incarceration and of death. To commit great atrocities with impunity will require only a preliminary excitement of the animal passions, preceded by a long draught of stupifying potions, and then the present *ultima ratio* of criminals—the fussy intervention of a local coterie, and the timid concessions of a feeble Minister—will be wholly superfluous.

Let it not be imputed to us as unfair that we make no account of the allegation that Bisgrove was naturally of a weak disposition, had had some affection of the brain, had been thought odd or weak by some "parties" with whom he used to take tea "in his leisure time." These aberrations or deficiencies of intellect are advanced actually on the testimony of "four inhabitants of Wookey." Not only did the four inhabitants of Wookey testify to these remarkable facts, but they, and an old lady who had the honour of bringing him up, and a schoolmaster, under whom his mind had acquired that healthy tone which it so conspicuously exhibited on the eventful Sunday, also asserted that he had been much neglected, was very weak, and of illegitimate birth. These depositions, made Heaven knows how, and authenticated Heaven only knows in what fashion, persuaded (so we are told) the Home Secretary to advise Her Majesty to mitigate the sentence passed on a ruthless murderer. The whole thing has such a queer and startling aspect that we can hardly analyse its details. What was the moving cause that influenced the Secretary of State? Was it the convict's illegitimacy? In what way—we respectfully inquire—did Bisgrove's illegitimacy tend to foster homicidal propensities? Nothing on the trial appeared to show the slightest connexion between the murder of Cornish and the illegitimacy of the murderer. As to the affection of the brain, &c. &c., the comment is obvious. Why was this evidence not adduced at the trial? Why did not the old lady who had taught Bisgrove his catechism, and the schoolmaster who had imparted maturer instruction, depose to the state of his brain before twelve jurymen? The suspicion is natural, that they dreaded the ordeal of cross-examination. It must be admitted that cross-examination is a terrible ordeal for men and women with tottering memories and flabby imaginations. Such folk achieve little before a judge and a jury. But then, why should they prevail with a Secretary of State? Why should daft people, with soft brains, who are conscious of their inability to tell a plain tale in Court, be able to prevail on a great Minister of State to unloose the noose from a ruffian's neck? Did Mr. Bruce read the evidence? If he did, in what act of Bisgrove's on that Black Sunday did he see a symptom of any weakness, except the moral weakness which comes of drink and courts sin? Bisgrove had strength of mind enough to solicit Drew, in the presence of her paramour, to name her price before that lover's face, and to defy his resentment and revenge. He was half drunk; so were they all. But, unless Mr. Bruce is going of himself to repeal the whole criminal law of England, that fact does not place Bisgrove in the category of irresponsible imbeciles. If Mr. Bruce is going to propound a new theory of responsibility, the prospect may be pleasant enough for the criminal classes; but it is dismally gloomy for those other classes who constitute, not the perpetrators, but the victims of crime.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE LATE ELECTIONS.

WHEN it was announced that Mr. Goldwin Smith was about to leave this country for an indefinite period, those even who differed most from his politics could not but regret the loss of so brilliant a master of the English language. Nobody, however, had any sort of title to inquire into his motives. If a man chooses to live in a remote part of the State of New York, instead of remaining at Oxford, he has a perfect right to do so. His friends may regret his decision, and may be unable to repress a certain feeling of curiosity, but they cannot give any public utterance to their natural perplexity. Mr. Goldwin Smith has, however, thought fit to volunteer an explanation; he has answered the question which people could not but ask in private, what could be his motives for self-expatriation? and the answer is so remarkable that it demands a few words of comment. To put it shortly, Mr. Goldwin Smith despairs of his country; or, if despair be too strong a term for his very uncomfortable view of our condition, at least he thinks the state of affairs unsatisfactory in the highest degree. What, then, are the grounds of this despair? They are, so far as we may venture to paraphrase his language, that England has fallen, body and soul, under the power of a plutocracy. The great boon which Mr. Goldwin Smith and his party had been demanding has been bestowed upon them in far fuller measure than they had ventured to anticipate. The gates have been thrown open widely to the democracy, and behold, that great power which was to lead us into a new era has turned out to be no better than its predecessors. So far from shaking off the restraint of the governing classes, it proves to be itself as deeply penetrated with a base subserviency as ever were the much reviled ten-pounders. In England money is omnipotent. We should speak of the almighty sovereign, instead of the almighty dollar. Wealth has not this unbounded power in France, nor even in America. "A rich man could not, by a wave of his hand, have turned Abraham Lincoln out of Congress and taken his place"; whereas it is to be presumed that some English millionaire might have done as much for Mr. Gladstone. Public life, it appears, is as much the appanage of the rich in England as yachts or racehorses. And though legislation may do something to stem the evil in certain directions, it cannot alter the character of the people. Hence it follows that Parliament will be in the hands of the consuming, as distinguished from the producing, class; and that, for some time to come, the working-man will have no real power. In short, Mr. Goldwin Smith's only hope for the future lies in the Trades'-Unions; yet even in the

expression of this hope we recognise a certain hesitation. His desire for their action is conditional on the expectation that they will do something and yet not do too much, that they will not abuse their resources for "industrial warfare," but that they will somehow or other exert their influence in broad questions of political right—"such as the protection of the working-man's electoral freedom against the tyranny of employers." In short, he calls upon them to show a singular discretion, which will guide them to avoid mere party questions, and yet to do something to restore the tone of the political atmosphere. Considering the very uncertain nature of the political force which is thus to be called into action, we fear that Mr. Goldwin Smith would acknowledge that the realization of this hope is somewhat problematical. It is very easy, under certain circumstances, to put in motion the mass of discontent which exists amongst the lower classes of society; but their leaders have hitherto found it singularly difficult to define the precise limits within which their power is to be used, and to make them in the heat of the conflict draw an unalterable line between "party questions" and "broad questions of political right." The people may be stimulated to demand the ballot, or to demand the establishment of national workshops; but it will be very hard to induce them to use their organization merely to establish their independence, and to make no use of it to put their independence to profit. When a man is encouraged to knock his oppressor down, it is difficult to persuade him not to stamp upon him afterwards. It is rather like setting a powder-magazine on fire, and requesting it not to blow up too hard. However, Mr. Goldwin Smith believes that "the political world will gradually move on."

Meanwhile, having foreseen the unpleasant results indicated, he declined to become a candidate at the late elections. The only result would have been, he says—and we must admit it to be very probable—that a rich man would have come down upon him, would have carried the upper classes and shopkeepers to a man, and have inflicted a damaging defeat upon the cause. Even if elected by a miracle, he would have been of no use in Parliament; untrained to debate, he could not have forcibly expressed his views—an assertion for which we may credit Mr. Goldwin Smith's modesty, without pronouncing any opinion on its accuracy. It was far better then, he concludes, that he should go to teach in a University where manual labour is for the first time combined with intellectual culture; where many of the students are the sons of yeomen, maintaining themselves partly by their own hands, and where they may aspire in after life to become leaders of society and wielders of political power. "Surely," he says, "I am more usefully, as well as more congenially, employed in teaching these students, and in promoting, as far as I can, the success of the attempt to elevate labour, than I should be if I were sitting, isolated, mute, and impatient, in a Parliament of the rich."

Surely, we cannot help thinking, there is here a little gap in the argument. It does not logically follow, so far as we can see, that because a man is not to be a member of Parliament he must therefore be a Professor in Cornell University. Mr. Goldwin Smith's correspondents had apparently asked why he preferred a Professorship to a seat in Parliament, but there is an intermediate position which is not unworthy of his notice, and which he was excellently adapted to fill. A certain party revered him as a great political teacher; they hung upon his words, and were even ready to attempt the miracle of returning him to Parliament. He had an audience perfectly prepared to receive his lessons, and a set of friends ready to rally round him. If he thought that he would be useless in Parliament, nobody could make him enter it; enthusiastic as are his worshippers, he would not be subject to that gentle violence which the pious of old times were in the habit of applying to the saints who said their *nolo episcopari* too earnestly. He might have been a prophet unattached, and have done something to fan that feeble flame of zeal which he acknowledges to exist in some portions of our degraded populace. Nay, if the Trades'-Unions take his advice and begin to agitate "broad questions of political right," they will be singularly in want of some tried leader to warn them off the dangerous ground of mere party questions. He exhorts them, and with excellent sense, to avail themselves of the services of men of intellect who sympathize with labour; but if the men of intellect bolt before the battle, and give up the service of their country because they avowedly believe it too corrupt to hold them, what are the working-men to do? Men of intellect who have any influence over the Trades'-Union class are by no means so common that we can afford to lose one of them because he gives up the game in disgust; and if anything could induce that class to take to revolutionary methods in despair of any constitutional remedy for their real or supposed grievances, it would be the public declaration of men who ought to be good judges that the state of things is too rotten for an honest man to hope for any rational attempt at a remedy. There is undoubtedly a standing danger to us all so long as any large class of the people hold that they are neglected and their just influence despised, and therefore men of Mr. Goldwin Smith's influence owe a certain duty to their country—unless they conscientiously believe that it is past saving—and have no justification for prematurely leaving it to its own devices. It is true, indeed, that some people may estimate the value of his services at a different rate, and may hold that we shall contrive, after an expressive Americanism, to "worry along" somehow, even if we should be deserted by Mr. Goldwin Smith, or by other men, if such there be, of equal ability; perhaps, too, we don't anticipate that the ship will go down just yet, however unsound he may consider its timbers. We only say that, on his own ground, he does not seem, so far as he has declared his motives, to have made out an intelligible justification for his course. You poor wretches, our physician seems to say, are really in such a miserable state of health that I must leave you to take care of yourselves; to which we cannot help replying, first, that whilst there is life there is hope, and we do not yet think of sending for the undertaker; and secondly, that if his opinion is sound, we are just in the condition where our physicians are bound not to leave us. It is only fair to add, that Mr. Goldwin Smith does not apparently profess to have confided to us all the grounds which have determined the step he has taken, and there may be supplementary reasons of a different nature which fully justify his step. We only take that which he has chosen to make public.

The more interesting question remains, whether we are really in such a bad way as Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to think. Is the country so poorly off for statesmanship and patriotism that its only hope lies in its Trades'-Unions? Must we despair because Mr. Hughes has been compelled to leave Lambeth, and Mr. Odger was not able to stand for Chelsea? Must we hide our diminished heads before France and the young Republic of the West, and admit that here, and here only, wealth is omnipotent and the reverence for money has entered into the very marrow of the bones? Is even a step towards democracy only a means of strengthening the power of the upper classes, and is that sensibility to ideas with which Reformers sometimes credit our artisan population a mere deluding fiction? To be candid, we have not the least wish to deny that money has very great influence in England, and is likely to have great influence, whatever changes may be made in our political constitution. Moreover, it is really unfortunate that the doors of Parliament should open only to golden keys, and should be growing more and more inaccessible, not merely to the working-man, but to every man of moderate means. But when we come to compare ourselves with other nations, and especially with that in which Mr. Goldwin Smith has taken refuge, we cannot believe ourselves to be singular. Money is supposed to have some influence upon French Ministers, and the instincts of the most wealthy classes are no small impediment in France to the spread of liberal institutions. But in the United States we see the influence of money in its worst and most unblushing form. Of all the dangers to which the great democracy is exposed, none is so conspicuous, and none so generally recognised by all thinking men, as the danger of downright pecuniary corruption. An effort is being made in England to bring to justice men who are accused—rightly or wrongly—of having defrauded the shareholders of a great financial company. Whatever the result, no one doubts that the case will be fully investigated, and that the Judges will do their duty without fear or favour. But in New York the leaders of commerce appear to be above the law. They use their power without restraint or concealment for transactions in shares which fairly astonish the enterprising British financier; and when an appeal is made to the law in consequence of a quarrel between the conspirators, it turns out that each of them has a Judge in his pay, and is able to drag the machinery of justice through the dirt of the most unblushing corruption. Certainly no spectacle has been exhibited in England half so demoralizing to the public mind as the whole course of the rival manipulators of the great Erie railroad. Money has doubtless great influence upon the British Parliament, but at least it does not influence members in the repulsive form of direct bribery. The taxation of the country is doubtless determined in great measure by rich men; but at least we are not told here that more than half the revenue escapes through mysterious leaks between the contributor and the national exchequer, and we are entirely free from such mysterious but powerful agencies as the notorious "whisky ring." The influence of money in England acts through what, by comparison at least, may be called legitimate channels; and we are not disgraced by paying one set of taxes to the public and another to the plunderers of the public revenue. The wealthy classes may be powerful, but they have not the power to mould tariffs with an exclusive view to their own pockets.

To all this Mr. Goldwin Smith might answer, and doubtless with truth, that if there is much corruption in America, there is also a great body of thoroughly sound public sentiment, determined, at whatever cost, to wipe off the taint which is now disgracing the public morality. The honest classes have a difficult task to perform, and one which is beset with many difficulties from which we are free in England; we can only wish them success, and hope that some of the young yeomen from Cornell University may take their part in the battle, animated by the recollection of Mr. Goldwin Smith's advice and example. But he himself would not deny that there is also a stratum of healthy feeling in England. Indeed he looks forward to a gradual emancipation in the course of future elections. There are rich men in Parliament, but the rich men know well enough that they have at their backs a different set of constituents from those whom they had formerly to consult. Whenever questions come up of a more exciting nature than those now before us—and even the *Times* has begun to discuss primogeniture—these men will make their power felt. We surely need not despair that people will one day discover that they may spend less money if they give more pledges, and that ardent democrats, not to say demagogues, will learn how to stir the sentiments of the lower classes of electors. We are at the beginning of things, and it is early to despair of a change. Even the Americans did not learn the machinery of caucuses and party platforms till several elections had passed over their heads;

and he would be a bold man who would assert that in a few years we may not be in presence of a profounder agitation than any which this generation has known. Surely there is at least a chance for the highminded democratic politician to find leverage for introducing his schemes; there is powder enough in the country if somebody will only set a match to it; and to give up the game is merely to leave the task to the hands of less educated and less scrupulous teachers of the people.

THE TIPPERARY MURDER.

THE murder of Mr. Baker has revived some stock fallacies on the subject of agrarian outrages. There are two ways of looking at a fact of this kind, which seem to commend themselves with unvarying success to two opposite types of Irish politicians. Both have at least the merit of simplicity. According to one theory, the same offence cannot be repeatedly committed by a class of men who are not professed criminals without the law being the real sinner. In Ireland, landlords are frequently killed by their tenants. Consequently the legal relation between them is necessarily faulty. The defect of this method of reasoning is that it assumes that class instincts are always sound; whereas we see every day that, under the influence of passion or interest, large bodies of men can easily persuade themselves that they have a clear right to something which is denied them as much by morality as by law. The Sheffield sawgrinders, for example, thought themselves justified in assassinating a fellow-workman who had broken trade rules. From their point of view they had a right, under certain circumstances, to the disposal of their victim's labour; and since he denied this right in practice, the law which sustained him in his independence had to bear the blame of the course which it compelled the Union to take. Poaching is another case in point. Be the defects of the Game laws what they may, no reasonable person can suppose that a man has any moral right to take a pheasant he has not fed on land he does not own. And yet the peasantry in a preserving district are, for the most part, thoroughly convinced that the law which forbids them to do this is an unjust law. In Ireland, the fact that an evicted tenant has frequently no means left him of getting a livelihood makes an argument derived from his views about eviction additionally open to suspicion. Those who suffer by the operation of law are inevitably prejudiced critics of its provisions. Men who owe money can rarely be got to admit the fairness of a compulsory payment of debts.

To Irishmen of another school the conclusion to be drawn from the existence of agrarian crime is, in all respects but its certainty, the exact contrary of the last. In their judgment a murder implies a murderer, and it implies nothing more. Speculations as to the causes which give this particular form of outrage such an exceptional prominence are wholly useless. Even supposing that the law were proved to be defective in this or that particular, it would in no way explain the facts. No imperfection in the Statute-book can justify a man in taking the life of another; and unless you are prepared to go the length of defending murder, it is idle, and worse than idle, to devise apparent palliations of it. The error in this argument is that it assumes that a cause must be of equal magnitude with its effect. The existence of a particular class of crimes has to be accounted for. If the law against which they are committed allowed the landlord to subject his tenant to any gross outrage, reasoners of this class would admit that the law might be the cause of the mischief. But before allowing this they demand that a sufficient indictment shall be made out against it—that the injustice should be proved to be great enough to excuse the crime. Instead of this, it is constantly found that what may be thought very trifling circumstances are capable of producing a tone of mind which finds expression in acts that seem to have very little connexion with the circumstances in which they originated. A small wrong will easily lead a violent, or a revengeful, or a sensitive man into the commission of a crime which is utterly out of proportion to the injury he has sustained. An Englishman strikes an Italian, and the latter snatches up a knife and kills the aggressor on the spot. We hang the Italian, and we are quite right in doing so; but if the same result is again and again produced by the same cause, a wise legislator will begin to consider whether the law as to assaults may not be improved. It may be easier to prevent a man from striking another than to prevent the man who is struck from taking his revenge; and in this way the ultimate peace of society may be secured by a reform which is apparently quite unconnected with the evil which has to be dealt with.

If, then, it is wrong to assume that because agrarian crime is common the law of landlord and tenant must be bad, and equally wrong to assume that because the law is not flagrantly opposed to our elementary notions of justice it cannot be in any way to blame for the disrespect in which it is held, is there any middle path between these two extremes? We think there is. Experience has shown that though the prevalence of an exceptional class of crime is no proof that the law needs revision, it does supply a reason why the question should be carefully investigated. It by no means follows that the result of the inquiry must be unfavourable to the law as it stands. The utmost the facts establish is, that there is a *primâ facie* case against it—a case which, when examined, may prove to be absolutely worthless, but which does for the moment afford a reason why the examination should be instituted. It is quite true that in all countries, and under all institutions, there is a tendency on the part of those who have not to covet the goods of those who have, and the land-hunger of the Irish peasant may be only a peculiar form of this general sentiment. But then it must be admitted that a form which departs so widely from the ordinary type may turn out to be something more than a mere variety of a common species. The Irishman is not found to be exceptionally dishonest in other respects. He is not exceptionally impatient of the inevitable distinctions between wealth and poverty. Rather he may be said to err on the side of a too easy acceptance of the latter as his inevitable state. It is only when land is concerned that he developes this uncontrolled passion, and treats as an unpardonable wrong any effective assertion of the landlord's claims. Society cannot stop to parley with such a sentiment as this, when it presents itself in the form of an accomplished crime. The supremacy of the law must be asserted in the first instance, and no countenance given to the notion that a faulty social arrangement, even if such exists, is any excuse for overt wrong-doing. But when the murderer has been hanged, we may then rightly consider whether we have ourselves had any part in generating the state of mind out of which his crime grew—a state of mind which the popular verdict upon that crime shows to be shared by numbers who have never gone to the same lengths in giving it expression.

In such an inquiry as is here suggested we shall probably be led to assign a prominent place to the negligence of successive Governments and successive Parliaments in devising a remedy for a wrong which they admit to exist. As long as a nation or a class is unable to persuade its rulers that they are suffering under injustice, there is at all events room to hope that new arguments may at any moment work a new conviction in the minds of those to whom they are addressed. But when once the fact of the injustice is admitted, without the admission being followed by any practical measures, the feeling of the people towards the Legislature undergoes a sensible change. Men will bear serious wrongs committed in good faith more patiently than far lighter ones conceived in what they consider to be wantonness or indifference. There are judgments a good many years old, of the Irish Law Courts, in which the Judges openly regret that they are compelled to enforce evictions against tenants who have invested large sums in the improvement of their holdings, and have then been sent about their business, either from some religious quarrel, or because the landlord wished to pocket the interest of the tenant's capital in the shape of increased rent. Probably there are but few instances of this sort, but this does not alter the facts that such cases have occurred, that when they have been brought into court the Judges have been compelled to decide against the tenant, whom they at the same time declared to have a moral claim on his landlord for the amount of the money sunk, and that, in spite of this solemn impeachment of the existing law by those who are charged with its administration, no effectual steps have yet been taken to bring the law into harmony with justice. It does not matter that an eviction of this kind is extremely rare, or that by far the greater number are for the mere vulgar reason that the tenant has not paid his rent. The entire process is tainted with the confessed vice which attaches to it here and there. A law which sustains a bad landlord once in five years must expect to be distrusted during the whole of the intervening period.

PRISON CHAPLAINS AND THE CONDEMNED CELL.

REGRETS have often been expressed that the English clergy are not more scientifically trained. If they are good preachers, it is not because they have been taught the arts, for arts they are, of composing or delivering sermons. If they are what is called good parish priests—a safe euphemism, in too many cases, for general fussiness—it is certainly not because they have been scientifically instructed in the pastoral care. Our spiritual pastors and masters do their work in a certain empirical way, and, like other empirics, they often in the long run get considerable facility from having gone the full round of successes and failures. If, as is often the case, they have the mother wit to note and profit by the blunders which they may have fallen into, like untrained physicians, in the long and disastrous attempt to do their work by the light of nature and so-called common sense, they may at last turn out to be good workmen enough. But they have no training to thank for their proficiency, if they ever acquire it. It may be said they do not want training, at least in that particular department of the ministerial work which in other religious communities is considered the most important of the clerical functions, the special dealing in spiritual things with individuals. We are in England told that, as religion generally is a thing between man and his Maker, so religion specifically—that is, the special and personal life of special men—is too sacred to be interfered with by a priest or minister. The Protestant Church, it is said, has no place for confessors or priestly authority. As to the right or wrong of this or that view of religion—as regards the intervention or interference of any third person, be he priest or layman, between man and his Maker—we shall not here enter into any discussion. We confine ourselves to facts. It is an admitted and unquestionable doctrine of the Church of England, that in some form—a modified one no doubt—the duty, under certain circumstances, of the formal, or what is called sacramental, confession is distinctly recognised. The doctrine may be true or false, and acting upon it may be wise or unwise, but there it is. And we may add that somehow or other natural religion or human instinct has implanted in the

general conscience of mankind the feeling that, in the case of a great crime, the mere fact of avowing and confessing it, the unburdening of the guilty conscience, has to the mind the same effect that lifting a heavy burden has off the shoulders. Hence the proverbial saying that murder will out; hence the uncontrollable impulse of the murderer to proclaim in spite of himself, even to the winds and waves, his guilt; hence too the interest which everybody feels whether a great criminal, before he suffers, confesses or not.

Further than this. There is a class of clergymen who are brought by their particular duties very frequently face to face with the most arduous and difficult department of their professional functions. We do not know whether gaol chaplains fall above or below the average professional and official qualifications of the English clergy. It were very strange if they exceeded the ordinary standard. It is certain that they receive no particular training for their duties, which, from the nature of the case, are peculiar as well as arduous. The post of a prison chaplain is not usually sought after. Perhaps it ought to be; but as a fact it is not. And yet it is one particularly recognised, and as far as the State, whether represented by a Court of Aldermen or by country Justices, is concerned, it is one in which those clerical functions which we have spoken of as elsewhere proscribed are especially enjoined and required to be exercised. It is the duty of the gaol chaplain to deal personally with men's souls. If he did not daily visit the prisoners, especially those condemned to death, and do that work which, anywhere else and under any other circumstances, would be stigmatized as priestcraft and sacerdotal assumption and presumption, he would certainly be dismissed from his office. Now, if one comes to think of it, this dealing with a convicted murderer, which we must remember is not a matter left to the gaol chaplain's discretion or taste to do or not to do, is about as difficult and delicate a work as can be laid upon a man. And if, as we have said, there is no particular education or instruction provided by authority for training chaplains to this duty, which requires so much judgment and discretion, gaol chaplains, we think, must be judged with some lenity and consideration when they make mistakes.

We are led to these thoughts by a late incident. A woman, one Biggadike, was convicted on the 11th of December, at Lincoln, of the murder of her husband, on very clear evidence. The Judge had no doubt left on his mind of her guilt. She was executed a week or two ago. It seems that the woman would not confess; that the chaplain's efforts to draw from her one word of confession, or even contrition, were all along unavailing. On the scaffold the chaplain renewed or continued his entreaties. She still persisted in declaring her innocence. The chaplain was equally persistent. The execution, it appears, was for a time suspended, while the entreaties on the one hand, and refusal on the other, to confess were continued. At last—so the reporter says—the chaplain said, "Had you made a declaration of your sins, I should have done what, as a minister of Christ, I am entitled to do. I should have told you that your sins, though many, are forgiven. I am sorry I cannot exercise that authority at the present moment. I leave you to God." Whereupon it is argued, that though the chaplain was quite right in what he did within the prison, his "efforts are not to be justified when continued to the foot of the gallows . . . when the wretched woman was brought face to face with the executioner, she belonged to him and to none else, and nothing should have been suffered to delay the speedy termination of her sufferings." Further, a distinction is drawn between "a religion in which priestly authority figures," and our religion, and it is said that "an English clergyman ill understands his functions when he seeks to frighten the conscience of a condemned culprit by resorting to superstitious terrors." This last rodomontade we shall not enter into, because, whether we like it or not, the doctrine of confession and absolution—except as to the single point of its general necessity—is precisely the same in every branch of the Church, Greek, Roman, or Anglican. But the case does present points of interesting inquiry. It is by no means clear that the confession urged by the Lincoln chaplain was sacramental, or quasi-sacramental, confession at all. Perhaps it was, and some of the chaplain's expressions lead to this conclusion. If this is what the chaplain wanted, it will not be pretended that he ought to have absolved the criminal without confession; and if so, all that he said was perfectly justifiable. Indeed, had he said or done anything else—especially had he, which perhaps would have pleased sensation readers better, wafted the Lincolnshire Clytemnestra to an immediate heaven on the wings of an ecstatic congratulation—he would have "ill understood his functions." But ought a chaplain's exhortations to confession to be confined to the prison walls? We can quite understand that till the recent Act came into operation nothing but scandal would be the result of imploring such a person to confess in the presence of a roaring multitude of spectators. But this does not apply to these private executions. It must, we think, be left to every chaplain's private feeling of what is right and proper, how long or how persistently to continue what not only he feels to be, but what undoubtedly are, his duties. As to the cruelty said to be inflicted on "the wretched woman," we own to very little sympathy on that score. The only question which remains is the broad one, and we think an interesting one, how ought a chaplain to deal with obstinate murderers when condemned to death? In other words, for we make no doubt about the law—that is, the ecclesiastical and spiritual law—on the matter, was this chaplain's conduct on this particular occasion expedient or not? We should be sorry to have to decide, or to say whether he was right or wrong. Admitting—for so much we assume, as do the critics—that confession was the right thing, ought or ought not the chaplain to have ceased to urge it in the presence of the gallows? Was he discreet or indiscreet? All that we need say is, that he was placed in a most difficult position, and one in which he ought not to be left to his own sense of duty. If there is to be such an office as that of gaol chaplain, his duties under these terrible, but not unforeseen, emergencies ought to be settled by some authority. Bishops tell us how anxious they are, "as set over their clergy in the Lord, to give them advice and counsel when placed in difficulties," and they express their anxiety by sending their advice first to the newspapers, and afterwards to those most concerned. What if the Bishops were to offer their advice and counsel to these poor gaol chaplains about difficulties which must be constantly recurring, and to draw up some authoritative manual to assist the chaplains in such emergencies? We have looked with some interest to a popular manual much used in France, the Abbé Gaume's *Manuel des Confesseurs*, certain, as we thought, to find explicit directions in a case which, whatever its difficulties, must be, or at least used to be, common enough. But even the precise and technical and authoritative Roman authorities are very vague. "If the condemned absolutely refuses to confess . . . he is to be prayed for by religious communities . . . he is again and again to be exhorted, &c.; if at last he comes to the scaffold unrepentant and unconfessing, he is to be recommended to the prayers of the spectator." "Il peut encore être utile de l'épouvanter en lui disant, Va, maudit, en enfer, puisque tu veux te damner. Mais hâtez-vous de reprendre sur le ton de la douceur." "If, however, when on the scaffold, he desires to confess," &c. Whatever may be thought of the Lincoln chaplain's judgment, it is satisfactory that he did not do what the Roman penitentiary suggests. And, whether he was right or wrong, in the absence of authoritative instruction as to his duties, the particular way in which that functionary discharged them ought not to be too severely canvassed.

REVIEWS.

RELIQUIÆ HEARNIANÆ.*

WHEN the *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* were originally published in 1857, the impression was limited to 200 copies, and, as the subscription price was not suited to every pocket, they ranked among library luxuries. But as there is some valuable contemporary history and much curious matter in these diaries, Mr. John Russell Smith has done good service in bringing them more within general reach. Nor are Dr. Bliss's volumes now merely reprinted. Considerable additions have been made to them from Hearne's manuscripts in the Bodleian, a good index is provided, and the late Mr. Beriah Botfield's corrected copy of the *Bibliotheca Hearniana* is now included in the appendix.

Thomas Hearne, the butt of some wits and many blockheads in his day, was born in 1678, and died in the summer of 1735. He was accordingly old enough in 1688, and to all appearance observant enough also, to retain a deep if not a lively recollection of the Revolution. Of the events of Queen Anne's reign he was a keen watcher; he survived her successor eight years, and thus he was contemporary with the entire Jacobite movement except its last spring tide in "the '45." He was twenty-four years old when, if Atterbury had had his own way, James III. and not George I. would have been proclaimed at Charing Cross and on Tower Hill. He was thirty-seven years old when the clans were at Preston; he saw Sarah of Marlborough supplanted by Dame Abigail Masham; Bolingbroke in opposition, in the Cabinet, in exile; Lord Oxford in the Tower; and the Duke of Ormond a fugitive. He was intimate enough with the adherents and envoys of the Stuarts to be aware that some of the Jacobite leaders were in the pay of King George, and some of the Whig Ministers pensioners of King James. He was a Nonjuror, and staunch enough in his principles to suffer them to stand in the way of his own advancement. The greater part of his life was spent in the most Jacobitical city of England, and his Journals display how slight and precarious were the ties then binding Oxford to the House of Brunswick. His political faith imparts some life to his memoranda. It is amusing to find him usually terming the crowned and anointed sovereign of Great Britain, Ireland, and France the Duke of Brunswick, and withholding from the second of the Georges and Queen Caroline their proper titles. He grudges Marlborough his victories; finds nothing to commend in the policy of Godolphin, Sunderland, or Stanhope; thinks meanly of Locke as a philosopher, of Addison as a writer, and rates Tillotson and Sherlock nearly on a level with Annas and Caiaphas. The first editor of these *Reliquiæ* could well enter into the feelings of Thomas Hearne in religion and in politics. Dr. Bliss was a Tory of the Tories, and viewed with dread and suspicion, if not indeed with a stronger emotion, the Ecclesiastical Commission, Reform in Parliament, and Reform in the Universities. He becomes quite eloquent when he writes of the Revolution of 1832. He mourns over a reformed House of Commons as the pious Jews who remembered the first Temple wept over the dishonours of the second. He was Hearnius Redivivus. The "Ichabod" of Hearne pointed to the throne; the "Ichabod" of

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* *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*. The Remains of Thomas Hearne, M.A., of Edmund Hall; being Extracts from his Diaries collected, with a few Notes, by Philip Bliss. 3 vols. London: J. R. Smith. 1869.

Dr. Bliss to St. Stephen's Chapel; "every man of birth," he writes, "has been excluded to make way for linendrapers and dissenting ministers, railroad contractors and railroad speculators, gamblers on the Stock Exchange and founders of bubble-banks." Owls roost and satyrs dance, in the Doctor's opinion, in this assembly. Yet was he *felix opportunitate mortis*: he mourned over the degradation of Britain in 1832. His "head would have become fountains of waters" in 1868:—

> These Remains of Thomas Hearne [Dr. Bliss informs us] are derived from one hundred and forty-five small octavo manuscript volumes, one of which the writer was accustomed to carry constantly in his pocket and in it to note down, at the moment or immediately after, what he thought, what he read, what he saw himself; in short, everything he deemed worthy of preservation, or that he fancied hereafter might be useful; and these observations he accompanies with his own remarks, which are, in many respects, the more valuable as being the result of his immediate observation and opinion. They date from July 4, 1705, and extend to June 4, 1735. Hearne continually quotes them in his printed works as "Collectanea Nostra," and regarded them with peculiar affection; he tells Browne Willis that on no consideration would he suffer any of these note-books out of his own hands; and on more than one occasion was apprehensive lest the University authorities would break open his rooms to obtain possession of them. Had they done so, the consequences doubtless must have been most serious; for the reader will soon perceive that our author was very unguarded in his expressions towards the reigning family, and at no pains to conceal his predilections for that in exile, which he regarded as having a legitimate claim to the crown.

To carry a note-book continually, and to put down in it all that its owner sees, hears, or thinks at the moment, constitutes the perfect journalist. Gray's injunction to Norton Nichols, setting out on his travels, to "remember that a few notes on the spot are worth a cart-load of recollections afterwards," is equally applicable to the keepers of diaries. Smooth and polished "reminiscences of a life" are very often far less readable than such rough and unconnected jottings down as those of Anthony Wood and Thomas Hearne. Johnson's *Letters from the Hebrides* are far more entertaining than his *Tour to the Hebrides*; and his letters would have been far better than they are had their writer been less in the habit of casting his thoughts into a fixed mould. Gibbon records in his Memoirs the brilliant conversation and lax morals of John Wilkes; but we get a far livelier version of Wilkes from Gibbon's Journal, where he describes him roused from sleep, after he had left the supper-table, to drink one more bottle of Burgundy. There is no ashlar-work in Hearne's Diary; he leaves the stones and mortar of *Collectanea Nostra* exposed as they stood in the hundred and forty-five small octavos. Satirical writers, often indifferent and unjust portrait-painters of individual men, are as often useful indexes and echoes of the public opinion of their times. Their bows were not drawn at a venture; the butts were already planted in the ground of popular prejudice. There is much history to be derived from satire as well as from caricature. Donne and Hall throw some light on the dull pages of Rushworth and Rymer; Dryden and Pope illustrate Burnet and Defoe; and Churchill helps us to understand the hatred and jealousy of the Scotch that prevailed in South Britain for at least the first ten years of George III.'s reign. During a considerable period of the last century, if not indeed throughout it, the studies of antiquaries, philologers, and natural philosophers were favourite objects of satire; and Thomas Hearne shared with no less a man than Richard Bentley the distinction of being ridiculed by Pope. This fashion of mocking at important and laudable pursuits was, besides being a symptom of general ignorance in the nation, an effect of the belief that all sound knowledge and good taste were confined to the classical writers of Greece and Rome. It was in such a spirit that Boileau wrote his often quoted and very unjust line—

> Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.

The student who a hundred years ago pored over Saxon charters, or collected coins and "auld nick-nackets," was set down by the fashionable vulgar and their poets as beyond the pale of the learned, or as an idly busy, if not half-witted, person. The stage seconded the banter or abuse of the satirists. Woodward, one of the precursors of our Lyells and Murchisons, was brought on the boards by Samuel Foote; the antiquary in the *Bold Stroke for a Wife* has for his "maternal uncle," whose coat he is wearing, "Mr. John Tradescant, a very curious personage indeed"; and the British Essayists from Alpha to Omega, from the *Tatler* to the *Connoisseur*, abound in ridicule of virtuosos and men of science. Could Thomas Hearne have seen in a vision the present position of archæologists, their transactions, their pilgrimages to shrines and churches, and the jolly-companionship of their periodical meetings, he might have fairly thought that the kingdom of the just would arrive in these favoured times.

Gibbon was more just to this plodding antiquary than many or most of his contemporaries. In his *Address to the Public on a New Edition of Early English Historians* he writes:—

> The last who has dug deep in the mine was Thomas Hearne, a clerk of Oxford, poor in fortune, and indeed poor in understanding. His minute and obscure diligence, his voracious and undistinguishing appetite, and the coarse vulgarity of his taste and style, have exposed him to the ridicule of idle wits. Yet it cannot be denied that Thomas Hearne has gathered many gleanings of the harvest; and if his own prefaces are filled with crude and extraneous matter, his editions will always be recommended by their accuracy and use.

There was, indeed, more than one reason why Hearne was a butt for the archers. He was an oddity, and there is scarcely, even unto this day, a graver offence to Englishmen than any departure in speech, garb, or manner from the prevailing *norma loquendi*, or the coats, hats, and opinions of the period. The *stulti* of Horace are *oddities*. Again, Hearne was a sturdy Nonjuror and a Jacobite; he was at war with the authorities at Oxford; he was odious to people whose conscience was more pliant than his was; his tongue was apparently as coarse on occasion as his style; he was one who would "keep his hat on even though he stood before the Cham of Tartary." The care and valour that was in him were out of fashion. Nearly every page in his Diaries that is not devoted to tombstones, epitaphs, pedigrees, manuscripts, and worm-eaten chronicles betrays his stiffness in opinion. He was no granter of propositions even when they were sanctified by a Bishop's charge; he scrupled not to speak his mind about hirelings in the Church, placemen in the Senate, or intruders on the Throne. His "hundred and forty-five manuscript volumes" deserve to have said of them what Jeffreys said of Baxter's folios, that they were "as full of treason as an egg is of meat." He did well to let no man see them. They would have made Oxford too hot to hold him; they might have drawn upon him the unpleasant attention of "the Duke of Brunswick's" (more commonly styled George I.) Attorney-General. They were as dangerous to bear about as Bellerophon's Letters, for he was not so prudent as Samuel Pepys was—he did not hide his perilous notes under a cypher.

We profess a fervent admiration for "gossips," especially if we can read their diaries instead of listening to their talk. We do not require it to be served up, as Horace Walpole's gossip was, on a china platter; we are content with it on cheap Samian ware. The earliest of the Greek historians extant derives half his value from having been a gossip of the first order. We dispute not the majesty of Thucydides, yet we would give up a moiety of the speeches in his narrative for an equal quantity of anecdotage. The Bishop of Sarum's "History of his own Times" is worth a cartload of "Histories of the Reformation." For this and other divers reasons we hold in reverence the memory of Thomas Hearne. Doubtless he did excellent service by printing Robert of Gloucester's and Peter Langtoft's Chronicles. His theory about the origin and purpose of Stonehenge may or may not be sound; his edition of *Adam de Domerham*, his *Textus Roffensis*, may be without spot or blemish; but it is not these labours and virtues that make his memory a sweet savour in our estimation. It is his *gossip* that entitles him to the wish of perpetual spring and ever-blowing violets on his grave. We will lay before our readers a few samples from the *hortus siccus* of the *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*:—

> August 22, 1705: Yesterday Mr. Gilby, Bach. of Law, Fellow of All Souls Col. and one of the Proctors in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, died of a consumption, which he said a little before he died he thought verily to have proceeded from a piece of cherry-stone which some time since went down his windpipe and caused a corruption in his lungs, which though it might be one cause, yet 'tis said the chief was hard drinking.

In a note he says:—

> I have since been informed that his throate was cut by some atheisticall people of the college.
>
> October 14: The Mr. Cowper who is made Lord Keeper is but forty-one years of age, being the youngest lord keeper ever known; but he is a man of parts and learning, tho' of very bad principles and morals, being well known to have had two wives at a time; a man of no religion, &c.

The "two wives" lead us to suspect that Hearne's brains were wool-gathering at the time of this entry in his Journal. He apparently confounds *William* Cowper, who became in this year (1705) Lord Keeper, with his brother *Spencer*, for love of whom a young Quakeress of Hertford drowned herself in 1699. In the eyes of a Jacobite, indeed, any stone was good enough to throw at the Cowpers; for had not William defended Lord Chancellor Somers in 1700; had he not in 1696 supported the attainder of Fenwick; had not this *par nobile* of the Whigs been among the ablest and most strenuous supporters of the Dutchman William, and of the Godolphin Cabinet of Anne?

> November 6: Mr. Pullen of Magd. Hall last night told me that there was once a very remarkable stone in Magd. Hall Library, which was afterwards lent to Dr. Plott, who never returned it, replying, when he was asked for it, "*that 'twas a rule amongst antiquaries to receive, and never restore.*"
>
> Dec. 9: To show that the Dutchess of Marlborough (commonly called *Queen Zarah*) has the ascendant over the Queen, I could not but remark these two instances: the first is, that when the Queen had made a grant to one Mr. Dobyns of a living, the said Queen Zarah made the Queen recall the grant before it passed the seals, upon this suggestion of Zarah's, that his father voted against Killigrew at St. Alban's. The second is this: that when Prince George (who is lookt upon as a man of little spirit and understanding) sollicited the Queen, his wife, for some friend of his, Zarah, who happened to be by at that time, cryed out, *Christ! madam, I am promised it before!*

From the following extract, 1706, January 27, it may be inferred that the "Great Duke" of the eighteenth century was no less chary of his venison than he was, according to common report, of his money:—

> Dr. Mill, who was one of those that went to wait upon the Duke of Marlborough at Woodstock, to complement him for a poor piece of venison which the Dutchess, *without the Duke's privity*, sent to the Whiggish heads of houses, slyly left his company and went to his parsonage at Bletchingdon, and the next morning borrowing a couple of horses went early to attend his Grace's levee, and let him know who he was (for it seems his Grace knew not one of those persons who were the day before to wait upon him—namely, a tutor some years ago to his youngest brother, who was commoner of Queen's Coll., and took the degrees of bachelor and master of arts, and entered into holy orders on purpose to have some great preferment which was designed for him; but he died of a consumption before it fell). It must be further noticed that the Duke, understanding that these persons were not sent by the University (but came of their own accord), received them after a slight manner, as is noted, and styled them a body of divinity,

and, to enliven their stupid Whiggish clay, sent them half a dozen bottles of wine to a little inne at Woodstock, where they were content to be slenderly accommodated.

Mr. Mill was well advised in "slyly leaving" such "base bisognos" as his companions on the first day, and hurrying back on the second to let the great, but ignorant, Duke know who he was. He was no other than the Mill who collated the MSS. of the Greek Testament, corresponded with Bentley and Newton, and neither was nor considered himself to be unworthy of Marlborough's company, or one to be sent to a tavern to drink wine, as if he had been a groom. Hearne says that he gave considerable aid to Mill in his collations when at Oxford in 1696.

March 29, 1706: Mr. Francis Bugg having presented the Bishop of Worcester with his second volume against Quakerism, he refused to accept it, and shewed great resentment; the reason whereof may be because of Sir William Penn's being so great at Court, having persuaded them that there are 40,000 quaking freeholders in England.

August 6: We have an account from Whitchurch, in Shropshire, that the dissenters there having prepared a great quantity of bricks to erect a capacious conventicle, a destroying angel came by night and spoyled them all, and confounded their Babel in the beginning, to their great mortification.

We have heard that Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle was built with difficulty, owing to the "contradiction of" non-subscribing "sinners," but the age of chivalry is expired, and destroying angels are no longer at the beck of the Church.

March 1, 1707: When King William was in Oxford in 1695 Ant. à Wood who saw him in the Theatre resembled him to one Hen. Earle, a poor, thin, meagre, hawked-nosed fellow in St. Clement's parish; who was indeed exactly like him.

In the next, which must be the last extract from the Diaries, we get a peep at Hearne's occasional company:—

October 23, 1711: Mr. Giffard (a non-juror) told us last night (when several of us were in company, all honest men), that the young King (King James III.) was in England when the present Queen (as she is styled) his sister was crowned, and he further says, that the Queen kissed him at that time, he being present at the Coronation. *This is a great secret.*

The *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* should be read immediately before or after the autobiography of Anthony Wood. Kindred in taste and pursuits, the two men were kindred also in their political and theological opinions. In either journal Oxford is ὀμφαλὸς γῆς—the centre, and with Hearne the circumference as well, of the narrow circle in which they moved. Wood, a Royalist, who lived in the University while it was the seat of a Court and a beleaguered town, Hearne, a Jacobite and Nonjuror, present us with a very lively portraiture of the faith and politics of their home. Of all English cities Oxford perhaps had suffered most in the Stuart cause. Her learned quietude was disturbed by the presence of roistering cavaliers; then by the visitation of their opponents; and, when what she considered better times had come, she was outraged and insulted by the bigotry of James II. Yet in Oxford, long after his abdication, even until Britain, at the accession of George III., was at last reconciled to the House of Brunswick, there was to be found more fervid Jacobitism than prevailed in the northern English counties, or among the Highland clans. From this hearth was distributed to many an altar in the land the sacred fire of right divine; and many a country parson, inspired by the *genius loci* of the Theatre and the Bodleian, while he prayed officially for the Act of Parliament King, offered up in his closet far more sincere petitions for the restoration of the house and lineage of David. Of such enthusiasm, honest, however stupid, Thomas Hearne is a fair example; and the salt that preserves his Diaries, and keeps them still readable, is his conviction that England would never be "merry world again" until a Stuart returned to St. James's and a Nonjuror to Lambeth.

BARTSCH'S CHRESTOMATHIE PROVENÇALE.*

OUR literature appears to owe to the Provençal poets the two important heirlooms of the doctrine of chivalry and the discipline of rhyming. It is perhaps possible to find a few microscopic rudiments of rhyme in classical Latin or in older languages, but it is in the early monuments of the Occitanian dialects that the system first commands our notice by a vigorous and exuberant vitality from which we cannot help inferring that we have entered into a new era. Moreover, the Troubadour loves to pursue the same consonance through ten or twenty consecutive lines rather than two or three, or to repeat it at intervals through pieces much longer than Campbell's "Battle of Hohenlinden." He lingers complacently in the element which others hasten to cross by the shortest ford, and amuses himself like a child with a long-drawn singsong which is apt to weary every graver brain —the singsong that Chaucer faintly imitated in the "rhyme of Sir Thopas," which mine host of the Tabard rudely interrupted with

> No more of this for Goddes dignitee.
> Mine eres aken of thy draftie speche.
> Now such a rime the devil I beteche.
> This may be clept rime dogrel, quoth he.

And there is no reason to suppose that the poet of Southern France derived his taste for this kind of euphony from any foreign source. The structure of his native tongue facilitated and thrust upon him performances which it might drive a man crazy to have to emulate in English or German. The words he used were more frequently accented on the termination than on the root, and easily grouped themselves together by a mere grammatical relation which imposed no narrow limits on the material import of his expressions. But these terminations were more clipped and assimilated than those that correspond to them in Italian, and afforded an agreeable variety of single and double rhymes, of which the modern French masculine and feminine rhymes are but a poor representation. For it was a characteristic of this language of gallantry that most nouns enjoying the dignity of feminine gender drew behind them a train at least as ample as they had in Latin use, while the masculine nouns were roughly and quaintly curtailed; compare *amica*, a fair friend, with *amics* or *amicx*. Thus it seems as if the richest and most varied euphony of which the Provençal was susceptible could only be drawn out of it when the minstrel employed himself upon some topic bearing on the relations of the sexes.

That the South of France, or of the Gaul not yet altogether Frankicized of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, was the native land of chivalric institutions is a common but not unquestioned belief which has of late been ably vindicated by M. Eugène Baret, in his volume on "the Troubadours." But it is needless to examine with him whether we should attribute a peculiar capacity for women-worshipping to any of the races that originally peopled this region. We will not balance the claims of the Germans (whom Tacitus had praised long before for their practical respect for the sex), of the Celtic Gauls, whose bards may always have remained an influential caste, and of the old Roman and Greek families, whose poets may have supplied the popular tradition with a few choice texts magnifying the moral influence of grace and beauty. To us it seems probable that a fusion of Northern and Southern races had been a necessary condition of the development of chivalric sentiment. We may conceive a period in which the two sexes were to a great extent distinguished by breeding and nationality—the land overrun with foreign warriors, and its male defenders fallen in battle or massacre, but the women left alive to serve or solace the conquerors. On the male side would have been the old Norse enterprise, somewhat humbled by conscious ignorance and by the awe the Christian ritual inspired; on the female side Roman refinement, cultivated piety, a coyness heightened by habitual antipathy, and a resolution to claim some appearance of deference as the price of the affections that are not to be constrained by power. And in this manner might have been distinctly realized, for the time being, that "moral superiority of woman" which M. Baret makes the first postulate in chivalric poetry. We do not, of course, suggest that similar circumstances are everywhere needed to sustain a belief in this relation of the sexes. But we speak of what was necessary to give the sentiment a certain vogue and familiar recognition, through which it came at first to be protected and encouraged by formal social institutions. For the culture which chivalry received was by no means merely literary, and the poetry of the Troubadours probably owed all its vitality to the display that was secured for it by the manners and customs of its native country. The sonnets and *canzons* that might have been coldly received in private circles, or have seemed insipid if committed to the press for remote and pre-occupied readers, must have produced a quite different, and more than theatric, effect when recited before a brilliant audience, and accompanied with appropriate music, dance, or acting. Besides this, the recitations led to challenges, *tenzons*, or controversies in the bucolic manner, and to debates in assemblies of ladies respecting curious questions of love and gallantry, into which a circle of courtiers often entered in a spirit of partisanship, while the practical bearings of so much fantastic love-making were in some quarters treated with disdainful tolerance, though in others they gave rise to tragic consequences.

We have referred to M. Baret's recent publication as a brilliant critical *résumé*, which may excite among many of its readers a desire to become more or less acquainted with the remains of the poetry of the Troubadours. M. Bartsch's work, on the other hand, is simply a *delectus*, suited to the perusal of those who are determined to get themselves thoroughly well grounded in the ancient dialect, and to overcome all the difficulties of the confused and variable orthography of the Provençal MSS. On this ground, the extracts are arranged in strictly chronological order; and elucidated by a grammar and glossary which are very complete and rich in references, though perhaps a little too compact to be at first used with all desirable facility. The text comprises selections from more than a hundred poets, besides a few chapters and miscellaneous prose productions. The plan pursued has of course necessitated the admission of many second-rate and commonplace pieces, and has almost prevented M. Bartsch from quoting any of the most celebrated troubadours much more largely than the most insignificant. On the whole, however, this Manual contains much that can be read with interest and pleasure, many fine strokes of wit and fancy, many graceful and musical stanzas, many curious illustrations of history and manners, and here and there some compositions which bear the stamp of a strong mind and character. One among the earlier names which will attract the attention of an Englishman is that of Bertram de Born, who is introduced to us by five short and very spirited pieces. Two of these breathe a love of strife which is quite ferocious, and one of them comprises a bitter denunciation of the too unwarlike policy of the Kings of both France and England. Another poem denounces rich *parvenus* with a virulence that might satisfy any modern Chartist, if it were the rights of labour, and not those of a feudal predatory gentility, which Bertram had asserted in opposition to *capital*. There is something more generous in his elegy

* *Chrestomathie Provençale, accompagnée d'une grammaire et d'un glossaire.* Par Karl Bartsch. Elberfeld: R. L. Friderichs, Éditeur. 1868.

on his friend Prince Henry; but the specimen of his addresses to his lady-love, or what he passes off for such, contains a singularly coarse jest. Among the other troubadours mentioned by Dante, we find Sordello represented by a single poem, but one very characteristic of the high-minded and disdainful spirit described in the *Purgatorio*:—

> O anima lombarda,
> Come te stavi altera e disdegnosa,
> E nel mover degli occhi onesta e tarda.

It is ostensibly an elegy on a knight named Blacat, and intimates that with him valour is gone out of the world, and that there is no chance of its being recovered unless his heart should be taken out of his body and given to some of the heartless kings and princes of the age to divide among them. The Emperor Frederic should eat a piece, if he wishes to conquer the Milanese, who have now conquered and overthrown him in spite of his Germans. His example should be followed by the King of England, who has lost all his Continental provinces; the Kings of France, and Castile, &c.; and the poor Count of Toulouse, who has been turned out of his dominions as a heretic. Sordello concludes by saying, "The barons will bear me a grudge for speaking the truth about them; but let them be assured I esteem them as lightly as they do me." We cannot venture to say much of Arnaut Daniel, of whom Dante speaks so enthusiastically as a patriarch among the Troubadours. He is represented by a *sestina*, and another poem of six stanzas and a half—a wonderful labyrinth of rhymes, of which the meaning is beyond our reach.

A little beyond this period we find the love-songs of the Troubadours rudely interrupted by a martial ballad about the Crusade against the Albigenses, of which the writer is clever enough to give us thirty-five consecutive rhymes in *utz*, and forty-three in *ens*. He is a little outdone by Izarn, who describes with fanatical zest the examination of a heretic by a priest, who has it in his power to burn him alive. By the side of a fierce polemical attack on the corruptions of the Roman Church, we have hereabouts a pretty hymn to the Virgin, which gravely informs us that she received God through the medium of the ear, and ends with the quaint petition:—

> Lady, wife, daughter, and mother,
> Command thy Son, and pray thy Father,
> Speak with and counsel thy Husband,
> That mercy may be obtained for us.

And in these varieties we reach the close of the most flourishing period of Provençal state and literature, though M. Bartsch's selections are carried on into the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, in which romantic narratives and glosses on older poems take the place of more personal effusions. But some of the most charming poems before us will be found among those of the twelfth century, as a dialogue by Marcabrun between a virtuous country-girl, or villana, and a young lord who does her the honour to admire her; also a young lady's lament (by the same author) for a lover who has gone to the Crusade under St. Louis. The poems of the eleventh century only comprise a few hymns and a metrical paraphrase of Boethius, a moralist whose influence is less traceable in Provençal than Italian poetry.

A BOOK FOR A QUIET HOUR.*

THE dedication of this curious book discloses straightway to the reader the manner of the man to whose hands he has committed himself, and the kind of writing which he may look forward to. "To John Ruskin, Esq., LL.D.," the author offers his little tribute in admiration of genius and character. "I wish," he goes on, "I had more to offer; but a flower shows the heart as much as a diamond." And a dedication may show character as much as a volume; if a writer takes an opportunity where he should be absolutely simple, unaffected, and genuine, to show how clever he is, and what pretty things he can invent all out of his own head, then we may be quite sure that he will take good care to make the same sort of opportunity for himself in every page of his book. And this is just what Mr. Cunningham Geikie does, and if he were the only person concerned, it would not much matter. Affectation and emptiness are no crimes, and one is too much accustomed to be taken by the button-hole by affected and empty writers to have any inward fires of resentment kindled by a new-comer of the same stamp. But though resentment would be out of place, one is warranted in feeling a kind of prickly amusement; we tingle, yet smile; smart a little, yet find no heart for reproaches. It is certain that Mr. Cunningham Geikie means well, that he thinks a high morality a good thing, that he admires the Christian religion, that he has read in some good authors, that he wishes all the world were as wise and as high-minded as himself, and that he honestly believes that the publication of his present book is a very important contribution towards this most desirable consummation. All this shows that good feeling towards the human race which is the very flower and fruit of all the virtues. But then we sigh for more. We would fain have, as well as universal benevolence, particular common sense; a little knowledge of self as well as a great sympathy for others; a certain modesty in measuring capacity as well as grandeur in conceiving the task to be executed. It is when Mr. Geikie comes to details that he stumbles and is weak. His aspirations are sublime; his execution is sublime in manner also, but the fabric and matter of it is a sort of strange moral shoddy.

* *Life: a Book for a Quiet Hour.* By J. Cunningham Geikie. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1868.

Mr. Geikie, whom we take to be a young man, is like a great many young men, and a few elderly men. He has read Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin, and the fervid words of them have possessed him fully and entirely; they have filled him with notions of nobleness and duty, and contempt for shams, and hatred of villanies. This is all for good, but there is another side which is the opposite of good. The preachers have inspired the acolyte with a rash and impetuous thirst to turn preacher himself. It is always so with powerful speakers and writers operating on ingenuous youth, or on unusually impressible middle age. To stir up this eager desire to imitate is almost the first test and sign of preaching or prophetic power, and we have most of us learnt to our cost that Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle have both of them exerted this peculiar influence of the gift of tongues, though without any will of their own, still to a most terrible extent. The number of puny Ruskins, and very, very diminutive Carlyles, is all but tragic; souls born as homely and plain as may be, yet tricking themselves out in the garments of giants or gods. We can say no more to them, to Mr. Cunningham Geikie and the rest, than what their own teachers have said. Why copy things out of a book, when the whole world of actual circumstance, that with which men have really to do, lies at the door? We do not hint that Mr. Geikie is a plagiarist, yet his best friend, if he be candid as friends should be, will not pretend that there is a page of his own in the book. In short, he has filled himself with one or two writers, and then he has unfilled himself. It is natural. You are impressed by a picture, a book, a doctrine, a person; you cannot rest without seizing other men by the button and urging upon them the necessity of being impressed in like manner. So Mr. Geikie, overflowing with Ruskinism, is in as sharp pain as a cow unmilked, until he has taken the public into his confidence and told us all about it. It is amusing, if it is not startling, for men who have gone through the Carlylian stage, more happily than Mr. Geikie, without writing while the fever was yet upon them, to come suddenly upon an author in whom the old sensations are still fresh, the old impressions still powerful and irresistible. One has the thrill as of meeting an ancient friend in once more reading the Carlylian evangel of labour, from which as preached by Mr. Carlyle every man may profit, reproduced in somewhat shabbier guise by the Carlyliculus of the moment. "Where there is a will," remarks this volunteer occupant of our quiet hour, "the way will never be wanting," which is inexpugnably true. "Look around you; there is plenty at your hand that needs you. Only, Work. It is a cold world, and you cannot keep warm, except by constant activity." Is it a hundred or a thousand or ten thousand parallel passages to this that one would undertake to find in *Sartor Resartus* and its companions? Not even the big W in work is able to make it original. Or take the close of the effusion on Character. "You were made for God, young man," the author hails his reader, "and no Lie is of him, be it in trade or profession, in act or in word. Insincerities are marks in the devil's tally, and so are all hypocrisies and shams. Let your character be real, the shining warp and woof of each day working out the part God has set you in the great loom of Time." Now is it credible that Mr. Geikie, calmly retiring within himself, and pondering upon his own great injunction that we should look round in assured certainty that "there is plenty at your hand that needs you," has come to the conclusion that writing this kind of stuff is the work for which he was pre-ordained, that it is the sort of activity which keeps a man warm in this cold world, and generally that the reproduction of trite and elementary moralities is the thing needed at his hands? We should have supposed that of all forms of sham work, to be printed with the smallest of w's, the more bald bidding men be real is the least satisfactory, and that warp and woof spun out and woven in this fashion is not in any sense worthy of the great loom of time.

The funniest thing, and what makes Mr. Geikie's sins rather hard to pardon, is that he prints a letter from Mr. Carlyle to some young man who had written to ask him for advice, as to which that true sage replied, that "a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little"; that the good reason why advice is so seldom followed is, "that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, *rightly given*," and so forth. Yet with these most sound and salutary counsels in his own private possession, our moralist is so pressed by we know not what unhappy *cacoethes*, that he undertakes to write a whole book of advice to mankind at large on things in general. Can such advice be rightly given? "No man," said Mr. Carlyle to his disciple, "knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking." But to men such as Mr. Geikie appears to be, real or imaginary is all one; advise they must, or die. Not to advise is not to exist—is as though one were not. And such advice, too! There is something dramatically solemn in this great spectacle of Mr. Geikie on the one side commanding the human race on the other to be real; only, Work. His counsel is so specific, so realizable, so very useful to men in sore straits and doubts. But this is the point at which the imitator of the bigger preachers so wofully breaks down. Mr. Ruskin illustrated the general precepts of veracity, sincerity, thoroughness, and so forth, by reference to special arts; when, as in his later days, he took to discoursing generally, without special reference to anything, then he fell away and became as one of the weakest of mortals. Mr. Carlyle, again, abounds in particularities of illustration and precision of reference. The man who simply bawls to us to be real,

and eschew the devil's tallies, and all the rest, is only filling his belly and the bellies of others with the east wind. Tell us, how, when, where; and this is just what the Monitor of the Human Race cannot do, because, as Mr. Carlyle says, no man knows the state of another, much less of all others. Yet let us not be unjust to Mr. Geikie. Now and again he is specific and enumerative, as when he warns us that a single gross defect spoils a character: "A Violent Temper, or Untruthfulness, or breaches of Confidence [by the way, why should not Breaches have a capital letter as well as confidence?], or morbid Vanity, or want of Common Sense, or Consciousness, or mere Lightness and want of Solidity, may undo you." This is indubitably true, and if we are not persuaded of its truth by this, the plain categorical statement, there are a couple of metaphorical or allegorical ways of putting it, which nobody will, we believe, be able to resist. "One bone in the mouth is more noticed than all the dinner besides," and "One nail in the shoe is enough." Neither of these quaint utterances is exactly true, the first being much in excess, and the second surely very inadequate; still we know what the author means, and if he thinks that the apophthegms about one nail and one bone are likely to carry conviction home to the bosoms of men, who are we that we should differ from a view so original?

Perhaps the great masterpiece of commonplace is the essay or outpouring, or whatever else it is, upon Reading. It is an interesting and fruitful exercise to note the successive heads of the paragraphs which bring Mr. Geikie safely, and we will add soundly, from the beginning to the end of what he thinks he has got to say. "There is an endless pleasure in reading." "Like the minds of which they are the lasting images and outward presentments, books are of all tempers and tastes." "Books are the great trainers of men, for work of whatever kind." "But it must not be thought that books alone make a man." "Immoral books are of course to be avoided." "It is not always possible, however, to have exactly what you want in books." Alas, it is not, and it is too possible to have exactly what you do not want—for example, tumid commonplace, affectation, and colossal priggishness. There is one favourite saying of Mr. Carlyle's about silence being golden, to which Mr. Geikie's attention has perhaps not been properly called; but in the letter which Mr. Geikie quotes, the sage bids his pursuer *silently* devour the chagrins of life, and silence does not at all mean the composition of windy and priggish books.

A CONVERT'S VIEW OF THE ROMAN CONTROVERSY.*

WE have heard a good deal during the last twenty years of "converts," and something of "reverts," to adopt an awkward term which has been coined to designate those persons, like Mr. Arnold and Mr. Hemans, who, after passing from the Church of England to the Church of Rome, have returned to the communion they had left. A somewhat different and more interesting phenomenon is presented to us in the Letter to Archbishop Manning just published by Mr. Ffoulkes, late Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. Mr. Ffoulkes is a convert of some fourteen years' standing, and he manifests no intention of retracing his steps, nor any desire to do so. He not only avows his abstract belief in what are usually regarded as distinctive principles of Romanism, such as invocation of saints and prayers for the dead, but adds that he "can unhesitatingly pronounce them from experience to be full of comfort and profit," and that he is sorry for those who live in ignorance or neglect of them. Yet he treats of the points in controversy between the rival Churches, not only with great learning and careful balancing of the results of his own experience, but with a fulness, a frankness, and a conscientious, though not cold, impartiality, which are so exceptional among controversialists of any school, and especially among converts, as to be almost singular. Even those who do not take any keen interest in the religious controversies of the day—and there is a large and growing number of thoughtful men who do—may well be disposed to listen to what such a writer has to say on such a subject. It comes to us—to borrow the expressive Grecism which he uses in another connexion—with an ἠθικὴ πίστις of overwhelming force. Few writers have had equal opportunities for an experimental comparison of the systems under review; fewer still have given the same pledges for their sincerity. It is not simply that Mr. Ffoulkes sacrificed to the dictates of conscience the assured competence and pleasant position of an Oxford Fellowship, with its reversionary prospects of Church preferment. Others have done as much, and some of them—notably the distinguished personage to whom this letter is addressed—have attained positions of dignity and influence in their new communion equal, to say the least, to any they could have looked for in the old one. Mr. Ffoulkes has allowed himself no such compensations. The same scrupulous loyalty to his sense of truth which banished him from the Church of his first affections has forbidden him to seek the position which his talents might fairly claim for him in the Church to which he has conformed. He has had to bear what, to a generous mind, is a far heavier trial than loss of income and position only; he has sacrificed the career to which he was committed, with all its scope for his energies and varied opportunities for good. Nor is this all. A far less keen observer would have known well enough what line of speech and conduct is alone tolerable to the present temper of the Roman hierarchy and the Ultramontane rabble who partly cringe to them, partly egg them on. And it is never agreeable to be sneered at, and suspected, and vilified, by those among whom your lot is cast. To English Roman Catholics who cannot see things through Ultramontane spectacles every consideration of personal comfort or convenience would suggest, if not a diplomatic utterance, at least a prudent silence. If any doubt could exist as to the sort of reception which an unreserved avowal of deep and honest convictions like that now before us would be sure to meet with, it has been already dispelled by the very journal which chiefly represents Dr. Manning, to whom the letter is addressed, and which, under pretext of a review, has printed a string of garbled extracts from it, with a running commentary of coarse and stupid sneers. The author must have known that he had nothing better to expect.

We have made these prefatory remarks to show what peculiar claims on attention this pamphlet has, nor are we at all surprised to learn that it has already been three or four times out of print. We shall not attempt to analyse it, partly because it consists of only 66 pages, and our readers may well be left to study it for themselves; partly because it is already too condensed to admit of further analysis. But, in saying this, we do not mean that it is dry or unreadable. It is exactly the reverse. It is condensed, not by the clumsy hand of the compiler of a popular abridgment, but with the luminous precision of a practised judge summing up the whole result of the evidence for the verdict of the jury. But we may say, in brief, that it is partly taken up with an historical inquiry into the modern claims of the Papacy, partly with a statement of the conclusions which the writer's experience—first as an Anglican, then as a Roman Catholic—has led him to form of the comparative effect of the two systems on the religious life of both priests and people. To ordinary readers this last will probably be the most interesting portion of the pamphlet, but it is the previous inquiry which has suggested its title of *The Church's Creed or the Crown's Creed?* and it requires no theological skill—nor indeed anything beyond capacity to appreciate the force of very simple and direct evidence—to understand the force of Mr. Ffoulkes's historical argument. He does not enter here on the theological aspects of the famous *Filioque* controversy, which he has amply discussed elsewhere, but contents himself with a succinct and lucid summary of the history of its interpolation into the Creed, showing that it was, from first to last, the act, not of "the Church," but of "the Crown." Reccared, a Spanish king at the end of the sixth century, first inserted the clause in the Creed in his own dominions. Two centuries later Charlemagne forced its acceptance on the whole Western Church, not only without ecclesiastical sanction, but in the teeth of the decision of an Œcumenical—and therefore, in Roman Catholic eyes, infallible—Council, ratified by the reigning Pope; after two more centuries the Emperor Henry II. compelled or persuaded Benedict VIII. to incorporate the words in the Nicene Creed as used at Rome, which till then his predecessors had refused to do, though they had been unwilling or unable to prevent its adoption elsewhere. And all this was done in direct defiance of the solemn and explicit anathemas of several successive Councils. Startling as such a remark sounds in the mouth of a Roman Catholic, we can hardly wonder at Mr. Ffoulkes observing, at the end of his account of these proceedings, "that, whether absolutely inerrant or not in matters of faith herself, Rome has abundantly proved during the last thousand years that she can be a most negligent, hesitating, fickle, self-seeking, hypocritical guide to others, even when the Faith is concerned." This observation is, indeed, strikingly confirmed by the scandalous history of the Council of Florence—disgraceful enough to all concerned, but especially disgraceful to the Pope—which Mr. Ffoulkes has told at length in his book on *Christendom's Divisions*, and repeats very concisely here; adding a very pertinent question as to "what guarantees we have, or can have, that the same conduct may not be displayed again (at the forthcoming Council), while the same system remains in full force . . . . the undying system, which has always proved immeasurably stronger than any Pope, when its interests were threatened? Are there not," he proceeds, "Papal Zouaves to be cared for as well as bishops, and Papal territory to be thought of and battled for, as well as dogma?" The special point of this earlier portion of the letter as an *argumentum ad hominem* lies, however, in its turning against Archbishop Manning his own favourite argument from the jurisdiction of the civil courts in the Church of England:—

> How, after this, the Creed used by us both in our Liturgy can be called the Church's Creed, and not the Crown's Creed, I am at a loss to comprehend: how Rome can, after this, be exculpated from the charge of having succumbed to the "*Crown in Council*," infinitely more than England, I should be pleased in all honesty to learn from you. For this, as I presume you would admit, is no mere matter of "antiquarian research" or "dreary speculation." The formal definitions of the Church are still as obligatory, still as dogmatically correct, as when first promulgated. And one of them, repeated by a series of General Councils in the same words, says that what the Creed taught explicitly with reference to the Trinity was perfect when it was without those words, "and from the Son." Now, to contend that there can be any further explanation of that which is explicitly perfect already, is to deprive words of their obvious meaning and to insult common sense. The majority by far of the Church was with Adrian I. and Leo III. when they defended the uninterpolated Creed against Charlemagne: the majority by far of the Church was against Benedict VIII. when he yielded to the threats or persuasion of Henry II. The same majority of the Church broke off communion with the Pope for abandoning, and finally submitted to be annihilated and cut off from the face of the earth itself, sooner than abandon, the Creed of the Church for that of the Crown. I am utterly unable to see where the parallel fails in principle. Reccared, Charlemagne, and Henry II., prescribed a Creed for the West, at least as much as Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, prescribed one for England. Subsequent so-

* *The Church's Creed or the Crown's Creed?* A Letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop Manning, &c. &c. By Edmund S. Ffoulkes, B.D., Author of "Christendom's Divisions." London: Hayes. 1869.

ceptance cannot alter their origin in either case: and whether one consisted in a compound word of four syllables, and the other in thirty-nine articles, embodying six hundred propositions, the fruits were the same; a schism in each case followed, and both schisms are still in force. When the West separated from the East, the East constituted the majority of the Church by far; when England separated from Rome, the majority of the West by far sided with Rome. Thus it came to pass that Rome was literally paid back in her own coin. Adding to the Creed of the Church produced one schism; subtracting from the Creed of the Church of Rome another.

On these historical grounds alone the writer considers that "if ever there was a justifiable revolt from authority, it was the revolt we call the Reformation," and that the union of Christendom, which has been the dream and prayer and study of his life, and which he appears to think is approaching, can neither be expected nor desired "till material guarantees have been secured that Rome shall never again be what she has been, and to some extent still is." Strong language this from a Roman Catholic convert, but Mr. Ffoulkes is one of those comparatively few theologians who form a deliberate and independent judgment on a review of the whole evidence before them, and who explain precisely what it is, and why. He adds significantly:—"So irresistible, to my mind, are the evidences that it is her [Rome's] conduct more than anything else which has divided Christendom, *her conduct since she became a Court as well as a Church*—not her faith, but her policy for the last thousand years, dating from her endowment under Charlemagne." And he quotes the stern reminder, addressed by St. Bernard to Pope Eugenius III., of a truth which Eugenius and his successors from that day to this have always studiously forgotten—"Your power is by no means the only power from God." Mr. Ffoulkes might, indeed, have gone further back than Charlemagne's time, for the Ultramontane pretensions of the Papacy are based on a series of forgeries, extending from the sixth century downwards. The Isidorian Decretals are the most conspicuous link in the chain, but that is all. When, indeed, he says that "there is no certain proof of their being manufactured at Rome, or by order of Rome," he, for once, rather overstates his case, though in a very immaterial particular. There is certain proof of their *not* being manufactured at Rome, but in the province of Tours, somewhere about 840, and without any cognizance of the Popes. But this is all that can be said for them. The Popes were not slow to avail themselves of the forgery, though they did not originate it. Nicolas I. used it unscrupulously in his dealings with the Greeks, though he had at least every means of knowing that the documents he cited were not to be found in the Roman archives. As Mr. Ffoulkes puts it, Rome "studiously forbore from inquiring, and said nothing." And a host of other forgeries have been fabricated at Rome. All the acts of the Roman martyrs, for instance, are deliberate forgeries compiled for pecuniary advantage in the exhibition and sale of relics. The compilation was begun at the end of the fifth century. Only the other day the phial of blood in the Catacombs was declared by a fresh decree of the Congregation of Relics to be a sufficient proof of martyrdom, though eminent Roman Catholic antiquaries like Rossi and De Buck have conclusively shown that it proves nothing of the kind. The persistent maintenance of absurd fables like the "Holy House of Loretto," and a number more contained in the Breviary, "which it is still thought possible for the clergy to derive edification from, though they cannot believe them"—such as the story of the martyrdom of St. John Nepomuc, which was known at Rome to be an invention at the time of his canonization—will strengthen Mr. Ffoulkes's "inference that truthfulness is not one of the strongest characteristics of the teaching of even the modern Church of Rome." Even a Jesuit writer of the day, in a feeble attempt to excuse the adoption of the spurious Decretals, is constrained to admit that "le mensonge demeure toujours un mal," and more than that, "les fausses décrétales n'ont produit que du mal." "Unerring faith," adds Mr. Ffoulkes, "is necessary for the Church, but it is not all that is necessary; honesty, justice, truthfulness, meekness, and self-denial are among the determining principles that bind Christians together, as well as their faith. *Unerring faith must govern in accordance with these, or it must cease to govern.*"

We have left ourselves no space to dwell in detail on the second part of the letter, which compares the religious life of members of the Roman and English Churches. It is this consideration quite as much as his historical inquiries which, as the writer tells us, has "modified his views considerably on the whole question" since he became a Roman Catholic. During that period he has resided a good deal abroad as well as in England, and has had opportunities of observing the religious condition of France, Spain, and Italy. His general conclusion is that "English Christianity—that of members of the Church of England in general, I cannot speak from experience of any other—is as good and genuine, and, for ordinary purposes, as beneficial, as what is found in other nations." And from this, as well as from historical arguments, he infers that the sacraments of the Church of England are as valid as those of the Church of Rome, and that the reordination of convert clergymen is a superfluous ceremony:—

> Holding myself that there are realities attaching to the Sacraments of an objective character, I am persuaded, and have been more and more confirmed in this conviction as I have grown older, that the Sacraments administered in the Church of England are realities, objective realities, to the same extent as any that I could now receive at your hands: so that you yourself therefore consecrated the Eucharist as truly when you were Vicar of Lavington as you have ever done since. . . . . The only test of the efficaciousness of the Sacraments appreciable by common sense lies in their influence upon conduct. If therefore it were capable of proof, as distinct from assertion, which it is not, both that all the Sacraments administered in the Church of England but one were shams: and all administered in the Church of Rome, without exception, realities, how comes it that we are not incomparably more exalted characters ourselves than we were formerly: or that Roman Catholic countries on the Continent are not incomparably more penetrated to the core with Christianity than England?

There *was* this vast difference between the moral tone of Christian and Pagan society in the early ages, and to it mainly the Church owed her triumph. Julian the Apostate's impotent attempt to galvanize a corpse, by putting new wine into old bottles which could not hold it, only served to bring out the contrast more prominently. Mr. Ffoulkes tells us, after fourteen years' experience as a Roman Catholic, that he can find no such contrast between his present and former co-religionists, and that he cannot see that the foremost of the converts "have progressed in any perceptible degree," while many of them "have notoriously descended to a lower level of Christianity" since their conversion. We can but indicate the line of argument in this portion of the pamphlet, but it will well repay careful and minute perusal. To expect the writer's words to produce any effect on the dignitary to whom they are primarily addressed would be something more than sanguine. But he is sure to find plenty to listen to his candid revelations if the authorities of his Church will not. And one thing, at all events, they will have sooner or later to learn to their own cost, whether they choose to listen to him or not. What Luther said of theology is terribly true of every fact, whether natural or religious, whether affecting the condition of the world or of the Church; *neglectum sui ulciscitur.*

KIRKBY'S SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE.*

JOHN KIRKBY was a famous statesman and ecclesiastic of the days of Edward the First, under whom he held the office of Treasurer, and several times had the care of the great seal during the absence of the Chancellor. Having held various ecclesiastical preferments as a deacon, he was in 1286 ordained priest and consecrated Bishop of Ely, and four years later he died. He had been before elected to the see of Rochester, but he was rejected by Friar John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, "who took exception against him for holding many several spiritual preferments, saying that a man of so good conscience as a Bishop ought to be would rather content himself with a little living than cumber himself with so many charges." His Inquest of Yorkshire was made in the thirteenth year of Edward, 1284–5. To it the editor, Mr. Scaife of York, has added the Inquisitions of Knights' Fees, taken in the thirty-first year of Edward, or 1303–4, and the Nomina Villarum, which belongs to the ninth year of his son, 1316–7. Documents of this kind, we need not say, may be looked at in various ways. Their interest within the district described and their interest without it are of quite different kinds. To antiquarian students in Yorkshire a record of Yorkshire places and Yorkshire families has of course a local attraction. But historical students of any kind, however little they may care for Yorkshire places and families as such, are sure to pick up, out of such a collection as this, something or other which illustrates their particular pursuits. Dry bones as these records may seem, they contain plenty of good food for the legal and constitutional historian, or indeed for the historian of any kind. But, out of the many uses to which a list of this kind can be put, we propose to put it to a very narrow use indeed. A Survey of this sort is primarily a list of names, local and personal. Now we have looked through these Surveys specially as a list of names, with the distinct object of seeing what light it throws on the state of personal nomenclature at the time, as regards both Christian names and surnames.

The beginning of the fourteenth century is a good time for such an inquiry. It is a point of time about equally distant from the two periods when our personal nomenclature underwent the greatest changes. The first of these was the Norman Conquest; the second was the change of taste in this, as in other respects, which came in with the Reformation, the Renaissance, or whatever we please to call it. Now, it was during this interval that our present system of surnames was developed. Before the Norman Conquest Englishmen had nothing which could be strictly called a surname. By the time of the Tudors Englishmen bore surnames of pretty nearly the same kind as those which they bear now. As regards Christian names, we need not say that the Norman Conquest brought with it a complete revolution, driving out most of the old English names, and bringing in a whole mass of new ones of various origins. The changes of the sixteenth century again caused a revolution in nomenclature, less sudden and complete, but no less abiding, than the earlier one. Many of the favourite mediæval names now die out, and new ones from all manner of quarters come in. The date of Kirkby's Inquest stands, as we said, at about the same distance from these two periods of change; it is in fact the very middle of what we may call the later mediæval period, the period of rather more than four hundred years between the Norman Conquest and the Tudor times. It seems therefore a point well chosen purpose.

We must remember, however, that an Inquest of this sort illustrates the nomenclature of particular classes of society only. It deals with land-owners only, though with land-owners both

* *The Survey of the County of York, taken by John de Kirkby, commonly called Kirkby's Inquest. Also Inquisitions of Knights' Fees and Nomina Villarum for Yorkshire, &c. &c.* Published for the Surtees Society, 1867.

great and small, and with land-owners both of Norman and of Old-English descent. But it tells us little or nothing about the names of the peasantry, among whom we should expect to find old traditions lingering longest. And it is only incidentally that it tells us anything about the names of the burgher class, among whom we have mainly to look for those names of purely foreign origin which, both in their natural shapes and in various grotesque corruptions, have so largely affected our later nomenclature. We have only a list of the names of the gentry and yeomanry, two important classes certainly, but not the whole people.

The Christian names in use among these classes in Yorkshire in the time of Edward the First were almost wholly of what, as far as England is concerned, we may call the Norman type. These names consist of two classes. There are, first, certain names of Teutonic origin, formed out of the same elements as the Old-English names but quite distinct from them, and secondly, certain scriptural and saintly names which seem to have been just beginning to make their way into Normandy about the time of the invasion of England, and which that invasion carried into England along with the more strictly Norman names. William, Richard, Gilbert, may stand as examples of the one class; John, Thomas, Adam, of the other. Of both classes some still remain in common use, while some have become almost as rare as the Old-English names which they displaced. The vast mass of the names in our Survey and the other documents in this book belong to one or other of these classes. The Old-English names are very rare; the later style of fancy names is very rare also. The one class had well-nigh died out; the other class had hardly begun to appear. Let us take a few pages at random. Among the knights and others in the Wapentake of Morley, pp. 224-227, we find seventeen Johns, sixteen Williams, five Roberts, five Simons, five Adams, four Thomases, three Rogers, three Richards, two Hughs, two Ralphs, two Jordans, two Eliases, one Nicholas, one Henry, one Peter, one "Ribaldus" or "Roaldus," and one Geoffry. Among women we have four Margarets (if we are right in counting a certain "Magot' de Bramley" as one of them), three Alices, one Cecily, and one Albreda. Any one can compare this with the nomenclature of our own day. As compared with that of Domesday, the most striking thing is that John, a name known to Domesday, but not very common, had already won the pre-eminence which it still keeps. William held, as it still holds, its ground, but such intensely Norman names as Roger and Hugh are clearly beginning to go out of fashion. The French Henry only just appears, the French Philip not at all. Of distinctively English or Danish names there is not one. But neither is there any trace of what we may call fancy names, unless we count Jordan as one. The nomenclature is thoroughly Norman, though the proportions among the several names have changed since the time of Domesday.

Looking through the whole book we find, among Old-English names, that Edmund is not uncommon. Edward is rare, and is generally followed by the surname Charles, of which more anon. In p. 207 we have an Alfred. Now Alfred and Edward, it should be remembered, are exactly the English names which the Normans adopted, though sparingly, from the beginning. Edmund was reintroduced by Henry the Third; the odd thing is that it should have become so much more in fashion than Edward, which had been equally favoured by Henry, and which was moreover the name of the reigning King. The distinctively Scandinavian names, so characteristic of the district in Domesday, do not appear as Christian names, but clear traces of their existence are seen in the surnames Knowte, Ughtred, Ulf (p. 193), and Thurkill. And to these must be added the at first sight amazing surname of Charles, already mentioned. This must be the old Northumbrian Carl; it can hardly be the later French reintroduction of the name, seeing that Charles is quite unknown as a Christian name. With these few exceptions the Old-English names are gone. It may be remembered that in a former article we were able to fix the age of Henry the Second as the time when they pretty well came to an end—a sign, be it borne in mind, of the more complete fusion of the two races.

Among less usual names of other sorts, James occurs now and then, once (p. 138) with the surname Jordan. There is a Constantine (p. 22), a Marmaduke (p. 9), an Osbert (p. 19), who bears the fine Norman surname of "De Archis," of which we have had need to speak elsewhere. Alan commonly occurs, characteristically enough, with the surname "Le Breton" following. We find also Patrick, German, Anceline, Gocelin, "Hartimus," "Leysing'," Amandus, Atto, Aubricius (Alberic?), Anthony, and others, singly or rarely. Alexander is a little more common. Among the less usual female names are Cassandra, Avora, Laterana, and Egidia. We have not lighted on a single Old-English female name; there was indeed very little chance of any except Edith, and perhaps Etheldred and Mildred.

Surnames had become universal by the time of this Survey among the classes to which the Survey extends. The only question is as to the rather large class who are described by the formula "Johannes filius Willelmi," and the like. The Latin does not make it quite clear whether John was simply John the son of William, or really John Williamson or Fitzwilliam. "Willelmus filius Elenæ," i. p. 57, raises some questions. Men called after their mothers belong to two very opposite classes—either bastards whose fathers were unknown, or men, like Swend Estrithson and Henry Fitz-Empress, whose mothers were of much higher rank than their fathers. Without fuller information we can see no more about William the son of Helen, but his name in modern nomenclature would be Nelson, and possibly in English was so then. Some Christian names, however, had, as we have seen, already become surnames so completely after the modern sort as to have dropped the "filius" altogether. Such, too, is "Stacius Colman"—his Christian name was probably Eustace; and Colman is a good Domesday name in the borough of Oxford, where the Colman of these days "habuit tres mansiones T. R. E." The entries in our Survey generally give the names very accurately according to the rules, if not of Latin, at least of French, grammar. A purely local name has "*de*;" a name of nation, office, or trade has "*le*;" a purely descriptive name has nothing. Thus we have "Johannes *de* Thornhill," but "Johannes *le* Vavasour," "Alanus *le* Breton." Where one manuscript (p. 189) has such an inaccuracy as "Rogerus *de* Blackman," another, more accurately, leaves out the *de*. Such an absurdity as "Johannes *von* Müller" could not have occurred in those days.

Of notable surnames, one rejoices to find (p. 177) the ever-honoured "Rogerus Smyth," though we must confess that we regret the innovation of the *y*. "Martinus Clerk" and "Laurentius Carpentarius" (p. 111) are also to be noticed, the former upsetting the absurd notion that names of that class came in at the "Reformation." We have also "Galfridus le Charpentier" in p. 89. "William Todd" and "John Browne" are to be noticed in p. 190, "William Proudefote" in 196, "Andrew Grammary" in 287, "Roger Tempest" in 17, "Thomas Totty" in 151. The name of "William Hatecrist," which appears in various spellings in p. 140 *et al.*, has most likely some origin quite different from that which would seem most obvious. Otherwise one might be tempted to compare him with "Guillelmus Judas" in a far earlier Norman charter. Anyhow one may be allowed to chuckle over "Galfridus Cheseandbrede" in p. 263. Here is a characteristic heap of names from Eseby in the Wapentake of West Gilling:—

> Willelmus Thurkill tenet j bov.; Johannes filius Henrici ij bov., Ricardus filius Conani j bov., Willelmus filius Ricardi j bov., Willelmus filius Galfridi ij bov., Willelmus Drinkhale tenet ij bov., Willelmus Carpenter iij bov., Stephanus filius Johannis ij bov., Matilda Ape j bov., Adam de Ask iij bov., Alicia Adamswyf j bov., Cecilia de Sadbergh ij bov., Hamo Madd j bov.

We do not think that there is any distinct instance of a man being personally called, in the modern fashion, by his surname without his Christian name, but we see formulas which are distinct approaches to it in such expressions as "hæres de Percy," "feodus de Nevill," and the like.

It appears from p. 61 that Stamfordbridge retained the name of "Pons Belli," which certainly got attached to it soon after the event. But was it ever called in English "Battlebridge," as some people say? It should not be forgotten that "battle" is a French word, and that at all events modern usage has returned to the ancient name.

One extract we make, not for any inherent interest, but because every scrap is precious which concerns the most memorable spot in Britain:—

> Dominus Willelmus filius Willelmi tenet de Comite Lincolniæ iij feod. milit. in Sprotburgh.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGINEERS.*

THIS book contains many interesting particulars of the professional lives of the engineers by whom the English system of railways was established. It purports to be written for the most part from personal recollections. The author was employed as a pupil on the London and Birmingham Railway, and he was well acquainted with at least two of the most eminent of the engineers mentioned in his pages. They, as well as others who approached them in celebrity, are "beyond the reach of praise or of attack." The author professes to give names only where his recollections tend to exalt the reputations of the bearers of them. Where the tendency is otherwise he supposes himself to have observed such reticence that the feelings of private friends or relations cannot be hurt. We think, however, that some of his characters wear a very thin disguise; and when we meet, in a chapter on Contractors, "a member of this active fraternity who, subsequently, during his passage to a disastrous collapse, assumed the prominent renown of a national benefactor, a religious founder and philanthropist, and a not untitled legislator," we wonder that the author did not revive an absurd practice of the last century and introduce this well-known personage as Sir S—l M—n P—o, Bart. It strikes us that the author's reticence is rather like that of the gentleman who said to another gentleman whom he had not the most distant intention of insulting, "One of us two tells a lie, and I'm not the man." The author is more fond, we think, of the word "reticence" than of the thing. Indeed, he is so fond of this word that he uses it in a new and wholly unwarrantable fashion. He says that the chief engineers of railways would have lived longer if they had practised greater "reticence of labour"—meaning, if they had laboured less. Another example of disagreeable affectation is where he calls a sporting parson a *remanet* of a bygone age. The word "remnant" is good English. The word *remanet* is Law Latin for a case which goes over from one sitting of a court to another, and it has not the slightest claim to be naturalized as a noun substantive in English. These criticisms may appear trivial, but they serve to show, what

* *Personal Recollections of English Engineers, and of the Introduction of the Railway System into the United Kingdom.* By a Civil Engineer, Author of the "Trinity of Italy." London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1868.

some people pretend to doubt, the utility of learning Latin to those who undertake to write English. The use of *remanet* for remnant is worthy of certain sages of the English law who knew six words of Latin and were never tired of repeating them; and such an expression as "reticence of labour" would be inconceivable to any moderately good Latin scholar.

Putting aside some unpleasant efforts at smartness in description, this author's account of the things which he has seen and the men whom he has known, in the early days of railways, is in general highly deserving of perusal. The character of Stephenson has already been made familiar to the world, but a large portion of the public know little of Brunel except that he planned the Great Western Railway and the *Great Eastern* steamship. The author gives a full account of the impression made on his mind by intercourse with Brunel, and no reader can fail to be struck with the verisimilitude, as well as with the beauty, of the picture which he draws. Here is a passage at once truthful and eloquent:—

> Robert Stephenson and his contemporaries died full of honour, and not unrewarded by wealth, but barren as to length of days. The iron frame and noble intelligence of Isambard Kingdom Brunel succumbed to his contempt for the laws of health. He crowded the activity of a long life into a few short years, and his unresting devotion to his profession made him a victim in middle manhood to the infirmity of age.

The author tells us that he knew Stephenson first, but he knew Brunel best. He tells us also that, as a pupil of Stephenson, his first impression of the very different method of Brunel was unfavourable. The first "peculiarity" which he noticed was the personal share which the untiring energy of Brunel led him to take in every detail for which he was ultimately responsible. "The order of Stephenson's office was not such as to overburden the engineer-in-chief with details that fell properly within the competence of the Residents, or even of the Subs." Another "peculiarity" of Brunel was the scientific knowledge of a pupil of the *École Polytechnique*, which contrasted rather sharply with the general and time-honoured English system of the "rule of thumb." Another "peculiarity" was an extreme and unprecedented insisting on excellence of work. The author traces to these "peculiarities" the heavy cost of Brunel's earlier works. The contractors dreaded the power entrusted by Brunel to his inspectors to render the work ruinously expensive. Contractors declined to compete. Some contracts fell into incompetent hands; others were put into the hands of competent persons at extravagant prices. The manner in which the attention of Brunel's staff was concentrated on the technical minuteness of the specifications, and the unexampled finish of the work, produced an undesirable effect on the estimates. Many of the details of the work were left to the discretion of the engineer, and thus came under the schedule of prices for extra work. Alterations of design entered largely into the sources of cost, as compensation had often to be made for abandoned work. "But experience was never thrown away on Mr. Brunel, and while his earliest works left the question of ultimate cost very much to come out as it would, nothing could exceed the accuracy and the detail of the scientific information which was prepared before the putting in hand of his later contracts."

The above is a brief abstract of the chapter of this book which treats of the method pursued by Brunel in his earlier railway works. We have neither the means nor the space to discuss the correctness of the author's view, but it seemed desirable to present that view to the reader's mind by way of introduction to what we take to be the best piece of writing in the book; we mean the passage which begins to bring before us the author of the Broad Guage. This chapter should be read by everybody who desires to understand Brunel's character and career. It opens thus:—

> The preceding references to some of the disadvantages which attended the earlier contract work of Isambard Kingdom Brunel must not be held, either directly or indirectly, to detract from the well-established fame of a man who, in the opinion of every competent judge, was second to none in the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament, and who possessed many rare and noble qualities in which very few could claim to rank even as second to him. The speed and luxury of English travelling, both by land and by sea, is probably due even more directly to the genius of Mr. Brunel than to the labours of any other man.

Again, he says, and he may be taken to know at least the impression made on his own mind by intercourse with Brunel:—

> Those who had the privilege of sufficiently close access to Mr. Brunel to enable them to trace and watch the workings of his mind, must have been very incompetent judges if they did not become aware of the presence of a genius of the highest order.

Once more he says, and of the justice of this judgment we can all form some approach to an opinion:—

> The imperfections in the character of Mr. Brunel were of the heroic order. He would have been, commercially speaking, a more successful engineer had he possessed a less original and fertile genius.

It is impossible to abridge the passage in which this idea is developed and supported, for it hardly contains a superfluous word. The passage has high merit as a composition, and the secret of its excellence is doubtless this, that the writer strongly feels that which he endeavours to express. We do not assume the accuracy of all the features of the portrait, but we would recommend those who feel interest in the history of engineering to read the passage, and form their own opinion whether it looks like truth. The untiring and insatiable industry; the conscientious resolve to see and order everything; the exquisite taste; the perfect knowledge what good work should be; the boundless fertility of invention—all these are lineaments of a great man, and perhaps there may have been among us a man greater than we thought, and greater even than was necessary for the work he had to do. It may be, as this author suggests, that the perfection and success of each individual work was more the study and aim of Brunel; the return of benefit to the shareholder the more constantly present idea of Stephenson. "The former prepared the luxurious cabins of the Atlantic steamers, and the commodious sofas of the broad-guage carriages; the latter opened the way for Parliamentary and workmen's trains." The author says, again, and here he is entitled to belief, that there was in the character of Brunel that which endeared him to those who knew him. Until his health began to fail, it was more pleasant to have relations with him the older he grew. It has been often said that the cost of the *Great Eastern* was enormous, and so it was; for, besides all the money that was spent, Brunel wore out upon her the remnant of his strength. The labour and anxiety of that work led him to the grave.

It would have been well for his health, says the author, if he had allowed the ship to be built at Milford Haven, where he would not have been able to give his own personal attention to every detail of the work. It is perhaps not generally known that the great misfortune of the launch was due entirely to Brunel's anxious care for human life. The presence of crowds of spectators invaded the space which he had desired to be reserved, not only for the moving monster, but for the wave which it would drive across the Thames. Boats full of foolhardy trespassers were tempting submergence. It was to protect the occupants of these boats from the effects of their own contempt of danger that the movement of the launch, when well under way, was suddenly checked by Brunel. No substructure could resist such a strain. This misfortune of the launch was without parallel in Brunel's career, and, perhaps, it has not yet been fully explained; for, even if we knew nothing about Brunel except what may be gathered from this book, we should infer that, of all engineers, he was the least likely to leave any avoidable incompleteness in his arrangements. We cannot better conclude this portion of the subject than by quoting the author's description of the Great Western Railway station at Paddington, which is one of the most accessible, as well as one of the most favourable, examples of Brunel's work:—"This station, perhaps the most admirable in the world, if beauty, convenience, and moderation be equally studied, is an instance of what was done by the engineer who deferred the design of the terminus till he knew what was really requisite." The moderation of this work may perhaps be better understood if it be compared with the Charing Cross, Cannon Street, and St. Pancras Stations.

Another remarkable character of that epoch was General Pasley, the Inspector-General of Railways. He was a man of whom any service might have been justly proud. The Royal Engineers owe much to his laborious study of his profession. Perhaps no officer or man of science ever put the result of experimental labour in language so clear and precise. And to a patient, constant, conscientious toil at the practical details of his profession Sir Charles Pasley added a courage that was heroic and romantic. Another military portrait of this book is not distinguished by any name, but it is impossible, we should think, that the smallest hesitation would be felt by any person at all conversant with railway history in supplying the omission. We are told that the engineer here mentioned was obliged, like his brethren, to attend to urgent business on Sundays, but he satisfied his conscience by a method peculiar to himself. A resident assistant sent a mounted express to him for orders on a Sunday. He wrote precise instructions, despatched the messenger with them at a gallop, and he was found to have dated them as of Saturday night. There is a story of a man who was not exactly an engineer, but was employed as a correspondent at some great works, and it is suggested that this man was a disguised Jesuit. This story is suitable for the consumption of Protestant ladies, but we regard it as throwing doubt upon other parts of the book, which perhaps ought to be described as personal recollections, subjected to the working of an active imagination. There is another story, however, which is extremely like truth, and which pleasantly exhibits the three great rival engineers—Stephenson, Brunel, and Locke—in friendly converse. They were travelling by railway together, and Stephenson was wrapt in a plaid, which Brunel contemplated with attention. Stephenson offered to bet Brunel 10*l.* that he could not put on the plaid rightly the first time. Brunel agreed to bet 10*l.* to the plaid, which he was to have for his own if he could put it on. Stephenson fell into conversation with Locke, while Brunel remained silent studying the folds. At the first platform they got out; Stephenson took off the plaid, Brunel put it on without hesitation and without a fault, and thus won the plaid, which he wore for many years. We will add a story, which is told with affected "reticence" of the name of the engineer concerned. Any reader of the book who cannot guess the name ought to have a gold medal for stupidity. This engineer had built a bridge which caused the death of the guard of a train passing under it. A year or so afterwards he prepared plans for a proposed railway, containing an exact reproduction of the homicidal bridge. A brother engineer explained the reason of this apparent oblivion of a terrible disaster. "He wants to build this bridge, to prove that the other was right, and that the guard had no business to be killed."

It is a sad thought that the English railways have been built with the lives of men. The hurry of frantic competition crowded the work of half a century into twenty years. One generation of

engineers perished from excess of labour; another generation now languishes for lack of it. Devotion to the public service and the desire for fame caused the makers of our great lines of railway to lead lives of ceaseless toil. The energy of their minds fretted their bodies to decay. When Stephenson was making the railway from London to Birmingham he walked the length of it twelve times, and he almost lived upon the line. To a period of eager, mad excitement has succeeded a period of slumberous repose. Yet the work of the engineer is not yet done, nor will the great examples of whom we have been speaking have lived and died without utility to those who follow them. There remains a boundless field in which the engineer may labour for the benefit of mankind. He may purge our rivers, cleanse our towns, and bring within the reach of the dense masses of our population some of the conveniences and amenities which are now the privilege of a minority. He may prolong life, improve health, and open the way for civilization and Christianity; and thus he may make good his title to be numbered with the road-making children of the Fire-god, who enthroned the God of healing and of the arts of peace among the nations of antiquity, and his name shall be written with those of Stephenson, Brunel, Locke, and others, their associates in the work of making the rough places smooth and the crooked straight, who may be most aptly called

> κελευθοποιοὶ παῖδες Ἡφαίστου, χθόνα
> ἀνήμερον τιθέντες ἡμερωμένην.

NIGEL BARTRAM'S IDEAL.*

THIS is essentially a woman's work. We do not say it in any sense of disparagement, but rather with due honour to a clever woman's plea for clever women, made in a quiet and feminine manner, and yet ably and humorously turning the tables. Of course this is done on her own ground, where she has it all her own way; but still it is well and gracefully done, and the only failure is far from being wilful. This failure is in the delineation of the hero, who is a greater prig than the authoress perhaps intended to make him; though some amount of priggishness was essential to his office in the book as well as probable in his situation, since he stands in the attitude of one accustomed to lay down the law both to his family, and as a critic and literary man in a small way. His "ideal" of a wife is just such a man's ideal, the being so often held up as the woman to be created by education—a collection of negative qualities ready to fit into his positive ones, a creature with just understanding enough to enter into and foster all his ideas, but without any inconveniently substantial ones of her own; in fact, a sort of jelly ready to receive his mould and then retain it; and the humour of the story consists in his imagining that he has found this "impossible she" in the writer of the cleverest and most sensational novel of the day.

Marion, this unsuspected authoress, is the real character of the book, and is truly a careful study of a personage too rare in our present literature (and, we fear, out of it)—possessing a combination of talent and originality with a shy, shrinking, retiring manner, and great modesty and humility of nature. The production of her book is explained by her having been in early girlhood the companion of a father who had spent a life of dissipation, and who still surrounded himself with books and friends which gave his daughter's intellect a certain familiarity with the externals of evil, while the bashfulness and purity of her nature preserved the inner woman untainted. The foundation of her story, we are told, is a horrible anecdote narrated by her old nurse; the French novels she has studied were examples of dextrous plot-weaving; her father's friends taught her how to make her villain a real man, instead of a lady's hearsay monster; and the whole is a sort of exhalation of a mind in a morbid state, thrown out like a disease clearing the constitution. Long before it sees the light, her whole circumstances have altered. Her father has died, and she has gone to live at the dullest of country parsonages, with a brother-in-law, absorbed in his parish and never touching a book, and with a spoilt beauty of a younger sister, who looks on her as a born serf and a bondslave to herself and children. The gentle, contented spirit, in the reaction from a formerly overstrained state, adapts itself to its surroundings, accepts the drudgery, and looks back on her past life as on a painful dream. The brother's plans for Church renovation lead to her secretly offering her tale for publication through the intervention of one Fabian Ord, a young Roman Catholic gentleman, who had been the playfellow and companion of her childhood; and it has so extraordinary a success that she is enabled to send a large anonymous contribution to her brother-in-law, in such a manner that he believes it to come from Mr. Ord.

It is at this crisis that she is introduced to Nigel Bartram, who is then full of the book, engaged in writing a review of it, and loudly proclaiming his pious horror, first at the idea of a woman having written it at all, and next at the supposed woman who might have written it—much as people were wont to talk before experience taught them that sensation was the lady's peculiar field. Marion, without betraying herself, shows much sensitiveness to his opinion and a certain tender, humble, and intelligent acquiescence in his dicta, which so touch Mr. Bartram that he believes himself to have discovered the unappreciated, responsive, submissive negative of his dreams:—

> He was ridiculously blind, you will say. Yes; I grant it; but so many a one has been before and since. We fancy that we can gauge each other's natures and we complacently assign certain qualities to certain faces, and our own conception of our neighbour's character is so present with us that it comes between us and the reality and prevents our reading it aright. First impressions have with most of us all the force of tradition, if not of historic truth; and strong in our preconceived ideas, we miss the knowledge which further acquaintance might have given us. We pass over facts, and warnings and surprises, which might, one would think, have had significance for any one not resolutely obtuse. Marion had the outward characteristics of Mr. Bartram's ideal, *therefore* she had, no doubt, the inward too; his ideal was not to be a genius, so Marion was not one, and suspicious appearances conveyed no suspicion to him. It was very illogical and absurd, but it made him very comfortable.

So he thus describes her to his young sister Ada:—

> "She seems to me not clever exactly, not quick at least, but full of real intelligence; not gay, but cheerful and brave; not showy at all, but with quiet good sense, and many sterling qualities, a woman that one could trust in short, that would never disappoint or deceive you."

"I see! All *nots*, in fact your very ideas," is the sister's reply; but on being further pressed, it appears that Ada, a quick, lively girl, had formed a very different opinion:—

> "She seems somehow to make herself what one would consider her; that is the curious thing. Her sister, you can see, thinks her stupid, a good affectionate drudge. Well she makes herself so to her. You think her an intelligent, sensible girl, full of nice appreciation—a timid creature who has been misunderstood, and must be gently and tenderly encouraged; well, she will always be so to you, I suppose, unless something happens to break up the surface. But it does seem as if no one would let her be what nature made her."

Of course Nigel is too pragmatical to accept the notions of his somewhat precocious sister. His prepossession, loudly and authoritatively expressed, absolutely stifles her timid endeavour to disburden her mind of a confession which her love and fear rendered her only too willing to keep back during the courtship. When she asks whether he is sure that he would not like her if "I could do something which the world would admire—write a book like 'Mark's Dream' for instance?" his answer is "'Mark's Dream'! You could not be what you are and have written that. Under any circumstances I should not care to have an authoress for my wife, and one who could write such a book as 'Mark's Dream' would be positively repugnant to me. My innocent love, be sure that I neither covet you for genius or fame, that I could not love you as I do if you were anything but just what you are!" Thus we soon have the only too commonplace plot of the wife's secret, but Miss Willford has endeavoured to avoid this well worn wheel-rut of fiction, and to save her heroine from being lowered by deceit, by making her, after a time, confess her authorship; but this is in the midst of a fever, when her husband imagines her to be labouring under a delirious delusion, and humours her by expressing his free forgiveness. She is now at ease, and they are perfectly happy so long as Nigel thinks that every sparkle of wit and genius that she shows has been evoked by his magic touch, and is a proof of his own discernment. By and by, however, comes a pressing call for ready money, to clear off liabilities incurred by his extravagant younger brother; and Marion, with an almost completed and perfectly unobjectionable novel in her portfolio, cannot withstand the temptation of employing Fabian Ord again to carry it to the publisher, that she may surprise her husband with the supply so much needed.

His jealousy has been already excited by the perception that there is a certain understanding between his wife and Mr. Ord. And he has some justification for his instinctive suspicion, for Fabian really loves Marion, with a hopeless silent affection, of which she has no perception at all, having always regarded him with a certain compassionate elder-sisterly feeling which entirely prevents her being on her guard. Nigel's wrath is brought to a climax by the sight of the two driving home from the City in a cab. On reaching his own house he finds them exulting together over a splendid offer from the publisher, and then for the first time opens his eyes to the knowledge that his wife is veritably the author of his *bête noire*, "Mark's Dream." He might fairly consider himself illused, but we must confess that he is rather too weak and womanish in his petulance and would-be dignity under the misfortune. He professes to forgive Marion, but it is in the style of Wamba's definition of Christian forgiveness; and he has not the strength of mind to feel that a man's force of character must necessarily give him the superiority over any accidental talent in a woman. Of course he quashes the new novel; and though he does not quite suppress the old one, yet he permits his wife to sell out 200*l.* of her own fortune, as a substitute for the sum which its profits had supplied to the funds for her brother's church. He had, indeed, once called it sacrilege to apply money so gained to church-building; but such consistency is decidedly unnatural, even upon the very high horse he had mounted, and whence it is the story-teller's business to bring him down.

This is accomplished through the debt he has undertaken for his brother's sake, which drives him to hack work of a kind he is not fit for, and of which poor Marion is forced to say to herself:—

> "I don't know how it is that he can't succeed so well on abstract subjects, but he doesn't; he writes very good English, and I suppose some people like it. If I were the good little humdrum creature he once thought me, perhaps I should like it too, but I don't much, it is poor; and yet I wish I didn't think so!"

Nigel, with his critical mind, feels this poverty, examines her on her opinion, and then cannot bear either the truth which he elicits from her unwilling lips, or even her merely mechanical assistance. But he is only under a course of severe discipline at our novelist's hands, and when Fabian Ord is safely disposed of in a Benedictine

* *Nigel Bartram's Ideal.* By Florence Willford. London: Warne.

monastery, his temper sweetens perceptibly. Then he is afflicted with a wholesome illness, so that Marion's wifely perfections become evident, and the permanent ill-health that remains brings him to real straits. Common-sense views of Marion's powers are borne in on him. His morbid view of the book is corrected thus by his brother's exclamation—"Why that was no end of a jolly book; the villany was rather lightly touched upon, as I suppose it always must be in ladies' books"; and then enviously—"By Jove, if my wife could write novels that paid, wouldn't I keep her up to it!"

The gentle yet severe Nemesis who hovers over the story requires that the well-tamed hero should conquer the fear which his brother imputes to him of being known as "the clever Mrs. Bertram's husband," and patiently submit, not only to the infliction of having a wife cleverer than himself, but of letting her be the bread-winner of the family; and he is finally brought to confess his perfect acquiescence in his destiny, and his conviction that the imaginary being of his dreams would have been an intolerably tedious companion. We doubt if so petulant a person as he had shown himself would have reached such magnanimity as this; but we are well content to have the very loveable heroine brought to happiness at last, and that within the reasonable compass of a single volume. We greatly recommend the good taste and forbearance which has kept the story terse and compact, instead of diluting it to meet the undiscriminating demands of purveyors for circulating libraries whose cry for three volumes is the bane of literature. There is altogether a freshness, refinement, and purity about the whole atmosphere of the book which renders it very pleasant reading, and which is not always to be found in company with so much cleverness.

The subordinate characters are sketched in with great humourousness and delicacy of touch. The heavy, estimable brother-in-law, who disapproves of novels and never reads anything else; Nigel's naughty little clever sister, who sees his mistake in Marion from the first; his blundering stepmother, with her tribe of "dear little men," and her endeavours at Fabian Ord's conversion by lending him very clever books, "something about Truths and Creeds"—are all neat portraits. Fabian Ord, with his rather weak tragedy airs, is less cleverly executed, though capitally conceived; but these are all kept well in the background, and Marion herself is the real portrait and chief interest of the tale. Both her powers and her success find full example and justification in the example of Charlotte Brontë; and her whole character is one which, though not so common in real life as to come within every one's experience, is yet so perfectly true to nature and to itself as to be well worthy of the careful drawing it has received. Indeed we have never seen the real nature and limits of the special ability which she shows better expressed and acknowledged than in her own sad meditations:—"It is genius; I know that—I cannot help knowing it. It is not superiority of mind, only a special gift, just as others have a gift for music. And being so outside of one, it is not half so likely to make one vain, I do believe, as that kind of quickness, readiness to learn, brightness in answering, which is what I understand by cleverness, and which I'm sure I haven't got." This consciousness of power of a certain class, coupled with perfect feminine modesty and humility, renders Marion Bertram a picture of no common order both as to subject and delineation, and one which so evidently comes from inward experience that we regard it as a real and valuable contribution to the existing evidence on the much-vexed question as to the capacity and sphere of "clever women." We hope we may see more of "Florence Wilford."

WESTERN SOUDAN.*

In no part of the world has the progress of geographical knowledge of late years been more rapid or more decisive than in tropical and central Africa. Year by year we observe the lines of discovery stealing over what was not long ago one utter blank in our maps. Where was commonly supposed to stretch one wide trackless and lifeless waste of sand, we now know that the face of nature is rich in noble streams and fertile plains, and teems with numerous busy tribes of men. The very terrors of the climate, no less than the ferocity of the savage, appear to have been exorcised by more familiar intercourse; and where the graves of Laing and other early explorers, or the violent end of Mungo Park, seemed to scare away the rashly intruding foot of the white man, schemes of colonization are now held out to the enterprise of Europeans, and the fever swamps of the Niger are seen in prospect to open a highway of thriving and healthful river communication. In the memory of living men the course of the Niger was scarcely less profound a mystery than the source of the Nile. The most vague and contradictory delineations were laid down in our best atlases, and the narratives of Park and others were held not much less mythical than the travels of Bruce. Even when the source and the track of the great river were at length defined with something like an approach to accuracy, there remained the woful gap between the geographical systems of equatorial and Northern Africa, as well as that between the settlements on the Western coast, or in the tropical bight, and what little was known of a narrow strip upon the Eastern seaboard. It was not before the great step taken by Dr. Barth in linking on our knowledge of the wide district of Senegambia and the Niger with the general scheme of discovery stretching from the Mediterranean southwards, and from Abyssinia towards the west, that the heart of the continent was thoroughly and decisively pierced. The main lines of connexion being secured, it becomes a matter of increasing security and precision to carry on the work of exploration, and to fill in the blank spaces of the chart in detail. In the particular region of which we are now speaking much has been done by the enterprise and the well-directed skill of the French. From the twofold vantage ground of their Algerian conquest and of their settlements on the Western coast, the Imperial Government has pushed on more than one chain of active exploration into the little-known interior. It is true that the absence of water transit, or even of an adequate water supply, must in all probability render sterile and vain the line of communication opened up between Constantine and Timbuctoo. But where natural advantages of a higher kind are to be found, there need be no limit to the results which may be looked for from thus grafting the skill and energy of Europe on the stock of African fertility and resource. An expedition with this end in view suggested itself within the last few years to the mind of General Faidherbe, Governor of Senegal. Under his auspices, encouraged by the Home Government of France, Lieutenant Mage, of the Imperial Navy, was placed—with M. Quintin, on the Medical Staff of the same Service, for his colleague—in command of a small but select force, for the exploration of the rivers Senegal and Niger. The objects laid down in the commission of these officers were of a higher kind than those of mere curiosity, or even of science, in the technical sense. They embraced the philanthropic purpose of bringing the native races into closer and more brotherly contact with their white neighbours, and of raising their condition by the introduction of European arts, morals, and religion. Bound up with this was the indispensable condition of repressing the odious traffic in human beings—a motive which mainly impelled Lord Palmerston to support the enterprise of Richardson and Barth. Full of a generous belief in the moral qualities of the negro race, these emissaries of France might, it was thought, go forth in the spirit and with the energy of Livingstone, apostles of progress and enlightenment to the land of the black. The volume before us amply justifies the confidence reposed in the author. His style is simple and manly, free alike from egotism and from the tricks which it is the proverbial temptation of travellers to play upon the popular weakness for marvels. As an artist, he has an eye to whatever is striking or picturesque, and the illustrations by which the narrative is liberally accompanied throughout contribute to make the volume handsome to the sight, as well as instructive and interesting to read.

Five years' previous service in Senegal, together with two years on the naval station of St. Louis, had well qualified M. Mage for the exploration of the interior. Besides this, he had spent nine months amongst the blacks at Makhana, a large village on the Upper Senegal, midway between Bakel and Medina. He had also pushed his way into the difficult oasis of Tagant, among the Moorish race of Douaïch, and had in this way made himself a proficient in the native dialects, and had read up carefully other records of previous travels, from Raffenel, Caillé, and Park, to Pascal and Barth. These studies, however, aided by the best of the existing charts, did little more than open the real questions and impediments which beset the knowledge of the country. Beyond Medina, whence M. Pascal had turned back in despair in 1859, was the land inhabited or not, and what was its nature? Would the river population be found friendly or hostile? How far off was Bafoulabé, the half-mythical city which was the commercial and political goal of the expedition? Who, or of what character, was El Hadj Omar, the reputed all-potent chief of the unknown territory? Was he even alive? For rumours of his death had floated down the banks of the stream. With the precaution of a formal letter of credit to this mysterious potentate, M. Mage started up the stream in the face of these manifold uncertainties, in the gunboat *Couleuvrine*, October 12, 1863, the unusually low state of the flood at that season being much in his favour. Passing the successive armed posts which dot the left bank of the Senegal, Richard Toll, Dagana, Podor, Saldé, and Matam, he reached Medina on October 30. The flat banks of the stream are diversified by the broad falls of Félou, the natural barrages above and below that point, the bold twin peaks of Maka Gnian, and the striking defile from Natiaga to Mansolah. The cataract of Gouïna, sketched by the author both when the river is at flood and at its lowest depression, exhibits a remarkable contrast. From these falls the author, pressing for the last time the hands of his European comrades, branched off to explore for the first time the upland district that separates the two great rivers, face to face with the unknown desert. From Banganoura to within a day's journey of Bafoulabé, no inhabitants were to be looked for. Fires had to be lighted every night to keep off the wild beasts of the interior, as well as the hippopotamuses, whose grunting kept the travellers on the alert. The party—two officers, ten natives, two mules, three horses, fourteen asses, and five oxen—had most frequently to force their way in single file. Thickets of the prickly mimosa played terrible havoc with garments and skin. Abrupt and deep ravines drove them to make many a long and painful *détour*. Often their portable canoe had to be half-towed, half-carried, by men wading with difficulty through the shallows or rapids. The river at this point was not more than from 150 to 200 mètres across. On the banks or from the tops of trees grave cynocephali looked down

* *Voyage dans le Soudan Occidental (Sénégambie-Niger)*. Par M. E. Mage, Lieutenant de Vaisseau, Officier de la Legion d'Honneur. 1863-1866. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1868.

the doings of the unwonted intruders. At one point our [illegible]r's pencil records a strange and highly comical spectacle. A [illegible]p hill, rising abruptly from the water's edge, scarped into natural terraces, each marked by a fringe of trees, was literally alive with monkeys and baboons of all sorts, swarming, fighting, and saluting the voyagers with gambols and wild cries. Tracks of the lion on the sand inspired a wholesome caution; but it was only once, on the threshold of the capital they were seeking, that our party had a transient visit from the king of beasts. The writer, who has a keen sympathy for animal life, had here a touching spectacle. A large herd of hippopotamuses had been put to flight by the shots of his party. A young one, losing its footing, was carried down the rapids. The mother, a huge monster, rushed eagerly to the rescue, but, catching her offspring only on the brink of the precipice, both rolled together to death down the terrible abyss. The very negroes, we read, were touched, but nevertheless went to look out below for the bodies, in hopes of a feast royal. Our author himself, though not driven to this species of meat during the present expedition, has eaten it before, and found it not unlike beef—nourishing, but coarser in texture, and rather rank as regards the fat. At length, the temper of his attendants nearly worn out, our traveller had the pleasure of reaching Bafoulabé on December 11. The direct course thence to the Niger would be by way of the Bakhoy, an affluent of the Senegal, which here joins its clear waters (*Ba*, water, *khoy*, white) to the blue stream of the Bafing (*Fing*, blue or dark). Hence the name of Ba-foulabé, literally "two rivers." Our author's mission comprising more than the mere geographical determination of lines of route, his resolution was taken to make here his head-quarters for twenty days. His inquiries were directed to ascertaining the resources of the district, acquainting himself with the natural features and the tribes of the neighbourhood, and establishing friendly relations with the chiefs. A message from El Hadj Omar here reached him, requiring his presence at Koundian, the chief fortress of the empire, a few days' journey off. The envoy Racine Tall, chief of His Majesty's forces—a handsome black of the Toucouleur type—escorted the party thither. On the way a characteristic *fantasia* on a grand scale was executed by the royal horsemen in their honour. The saddest sight on the route was a long file of slaves of both sexes, their necks bound together by a long and stout thong of leather, each carrying a heavy load upon the head, and not a few laden with a musket or two apiece. Nothing could more powerfully bring home to the travellers' hearts the supreme object of their mission, the suppression of that horrible traffic which is the curse of Africa. All they could do on the instant was to mitigate these poor wretches' sufferings, by hoisting first their burdens, and subsequently, as the consumption of provisions eased the baggage animals, the women themselves upon the mules' backs. Reaching Koundian, they were told that His Majesty was to be sought in the further province of Ségou. The vast and unknown district of Kaarta had to be traversed. At Diangounté a kind of palace of El Hadj, not unlike an Indian hill fort, was seen, but could not be entered, being jealously watched in Mussulman fashion. It does not appear that the party succeeded after all in gaining access to the potentate himself, who was busy at the time in the suppression of a revolt in Ségou. Two or three chapters of the work are occupied in tracing the rise and fortunes of this prince, who seems to be a man of much energy and comparative enlightenment. Ahmadi Amadou, chief of Macina, was taken by him and put to death while our party was in the neighbouring province, and El Hadj was left master of the entire empire from Senegal to Timbuctoo. In the meanwhile M. Mage and his escort traversed the intervening highlands of Diangounté and Fadougou, and on the 22nd of February hailed with joy the towers of Yamina, and from the sandy bank gazed for the first time upon the turbid waters of the Niger.

At Yamina Lieutenant Mage cast wistful glances up and down the stream, uncertain for awhile in which direction to turn his further steps. We might have wished that his choice had led him to the exploration of the upper waters of the Niger, and to the dissipation of the mystery which shrouds that mountain range whence the great river is speculatively held to take its source. Other considerations, however, than the curiosity of the discoverer, or the ambition of rivalling the solution of the Nile problem, held their place in our traveller's mind. The result is to be seen in his clear and exhaustive survey of the lower course of the river, and of the territories adjacent, to the point where Dr. Barth's elaborate charts take up the geography of the Niger in its circuitous passage to the sea. These combined systems put us in possession for the first time of a very complete picture of so much of the vast and vague region known by the name of the Soudan as is irrigated and fertilized by the largest river of Africa next to the Nile. In the political department of his mission M. Mage, in spite of many drawbacks, met with a degree of success which satisfied his superiors no less than himself. To have opened up a country rich in the elements of progress, and to have set on foot friendly relations with a population roughly estimated at not less than forty millions, was no mean reward for manifold hardships and privations. To his view a brilliant vista opens itself for the extension of French influence. Here is a region where the boundless resources of nature may yield more than an equivalent for what is wasted on the barren triumphs of Algerian conquest, and where a mild and docile population gives promise of a rule infinitely less troublous and insecure than that over the fierce tribes of the Sahara or the Tell. This vision of a French Empire of Senegambia and the Niger, he intimates, entered into the plan of the general who sent him forth. It might, we are told, be promptly secured by the extension along either stream of the chain of military posts already existing upon the Senegal. For ourselves, we confess that the prospect fills us neither with jealousy nor fear. Its realization would be the means of removing, at all events, from a vast district the curse of slavery which now hangs over the African race, and it would impose a check upon that narrow and debasing creed of Islamism in which slavery finds its most powerful source and spring. Should M. Mage's simple plan find favour in the eyes of the rulers of France, and a flotilla of steam gunboats and launches ascend the Niger, backed by presents at the cost of 300,000 francs or so, we should not be slow to express our best wishes for its success.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.*

It is fully time that the theory of physical education should be placed upon rational grounds. The discussion has lately passed through several stages, which may remind us of those laid down by a celebrated philosopher. First, there was the half-superstitious belief in the virtues of cricket and rowing, when their admirers were still a small, and frequently a despised and discouraged, sect. Then came the theological period, in which we were taught that muscular excellence was a branch of Christian duty, and that, as some satirist asserted, the perfect man was one who feared God and walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours. We are now, it is to be hoped, emerging into a more intelligent era, when the advantages of proper bodily exercise will be understood without being exaggerated, and the muscular system developed in an intelligent fashion without any sacrifice of the brain. Among those who are acting as the first promulgators of this rational creed, a high place must be given to Mr. Maclaren. He is an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm is bounded by common sense. He is, in a sense, a man of one idea, but he does not depreciate the value of other men's ideas, and he can point to certain more tangible results than most missionaries of a new faith. We really envy his feelings as he walks about and contemplates the tangible benefits he has conferred upon mankind. Here, he tells us, is a youth to whose stature, by enforcing "systematized exercise," he has added 8¾ in. in nine months. There is another who, after stopping short at 5 ft. 2⅝ in., has been persuaded to shoot up to the more reasonable height of 5 ft. 6¼ in. A third patient may thank him for having increased five inches in actual girth of chest; and, he proudly asks, "who shall tell the value of these five inches of additional space for the heart and lungs to work in?" Nay, a whole squad of soldiers upon whom he first tried his skill expanded so fast that in the fourth month several of them could not put on their uniforms without assistance, nor make them meet down the middle by more than a hand's breadth. In a month more they could not put on their tunics at all, and were obliged to go to and from the gymnasium in their great coats until an additional supply of clothing could be procured. There is certainly a comfort about a system which produces results appreciable by the measuring tape. A missionary preaches to a savage for years, and after he has taught him the Catechism and made him a regular communicant, the interesting convert suddenly strips off his clothing and makes a hearty meal off his benefactor. But about Mr. Maclaren's disciples there can be no mistake; they have got their five inches round the chest, or their two stone in weight, to say nothing of the equally tangible increase in strength and activity. Mr. Maclaren can expand the chests and increase the stature of men as certainly as a sculptor can carve a piece of marble to the desired shape; and he deserves the national gratitude as an actual manufacturer of soldiers; for one who converts a weak, undersized recruit into a strong, healthy soldier, does as good service as if he had added another man to the strength of the army.

The great need of a sensible system of gymnastics is put on very plain grounds by Mr. Maclaren. Year after year, we are gathering in greater crowds to cities. We are losing the advantages of exercise in fresh country air, and instead of it are being nailed down to desks in crowded offices. The field sports which are still kept up in spite of many difficulties become less accessible to the multitude, and less easily reconcileable with the needs of a civilized community. The spirit of competition in schools and universities occasionally produces even the pale student of ordinary fiction. Mr. Maclaren believes in the existence of the unfortunate youth "whose lamp is lit at the setting of the sun, and barely extinguished at its rising." "Does he never think," asks Mr. Maclaren indignantly, "when the wick is burnt down and the oil is consumed, when the one is renewed and the other replenished, does he never think, I wonder, as he sits with his wet towel round his forehead, and sips his green tea, stimulating and urging the weary brain to greater effort, that the lamp of life within *him* needs trimming and renewing?" Certainly, if that reflection never occurs to him, it is not for want of example; he may see plenty of lads around him who are only too careful to replenish the lamp of life so far as that can be done by the consumption of large quantities of solid food in the short intervals of exercise or idleness. It must be admitted, however, that the extreme popularity of athletic sports is a very uncertain and insufficient remedy. Excellent as they are in moderation, and Mr. Maclaren has an evident enthusiasm for every

* *A System of Physical Education, Theoretical and Practical.* By Archibald Maclaren. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1869.

variety of muscular exercise, they have many palpable shortcomings. They are apt, when pursued in excess, to inflict severe injuries; rowing is charged, though perhaps rather unjustly, with having shortened many lives. Mr. Maclaren gives a case of a man who walked with his son—a lanky lad of thirteen—from Oxford to London in a day, with the result that the boy died within a year, never recovering from the exhaustion; and it is needless to recall instances, only too common, of similar evils subsequent upon thoughtless exertion. It is another shortcoming of athletic exercises that, for the most part, they strengthen only those who are already strong. The poor stunted creatures whom Mr. Maclaren causes to shoot up in height, and to expand in breadth, do not care to expose themselves to the ridicule of their companions; indeed, we fully believe his statement that a very large number of boys, and especially of those who would benefit by exercise, would take none at all if left to themselves. And finally, the games, excellent as they are in many respects, produce a very partial effect upon the frame. Thus, as Mr. Maclaren shows, most of our national exercises do much more to strengthen the lower half of the body than the upper. Football, rowing, walking, running and leaping, are all executed chiefly by the legs and loins; and even in such games as cricket, racket, and fives, the arms, and especially the left arm have much less to do than the legs. Consequently, he tells us, he finds that the lower limbs of our young men are usually large and sometimes massive, whilst the upper region is small, imperfectly developed, years behind the lower limbs in development, and sometimes so different that it might belong to a different person. Amongst hundreds of pupils, he says that he would find it hard "to point out one in whom this lower half was really faultily grown, whilst I could with painful facility point to dozens in whom the upper was distorted from its proper conformation." We will not ask whether this explanation is quite sufficient, nor will we endeavour to draw any moral for athletic performers from the inordinate development of the "lower half" of their natures. But it will be readily admitted that our popular games have faults both in excess and defect, and that they leave room for at least a supplementary training such as can be best given by gymnastics. The purpose of this little book is to provide a kind of grammar of the exercises thus desirable. It is a short account, with complete diagrams, of a great variety of contortions which the human frame may be set to perform. There are devices for strengthening and suppling every muscle and joint in the frame; dumb-bells and bars, and horizontal beams and vaulting horses and parallel bars, and trapeziums and rings and ladders, and masts and ropes and walls enough to provide employment for life. In turning over the pages one arrives at a sense of bewilderment that four limbs and a body can be made to assume so great a variety of positions, every one of which, to a casual observer, must be exceedingly unpleasant. As Mr. Maclaren tells us that the instructor should perform each of these feats by way of example to the learners, we presume that he is capable of going through the whole series, and we regard him with the unfeigned reverence which is obviously his due. It was with some pleasure, we must confess, that we read a confession which seemed to lower him to the ordinary level of humanity—namely, that he had never been able to walk more than six miles in an hour. Satisfaction at the weaknesses of great men is perhaps unamiable, but we should feel the same sort of pleasure in learning that Shakspeare could not do a rule of three sum, that Newton was a poor classical scholar, and that Mr. Maclaren is unable to walk much faster than many feeble men.

The value of the book in laying down a regular course of exercises and in suggesting new combinations to teachers will be considerable; but the essential merit of Mr. Maclaren's theory depends upon its systematic application. Running up ropes and lifting weights are by themselves of questionable utility. A lad left to his own devices in a gymnasium is not unlikely to have an accident, and may very probably receive dangerous strains. What is required is a skilful instructor, who will adapt the exercises to the strength and needs of the individual, and will conduct him through a progressive series of gradually increasing difficulties. Thus, at Radley and Marlborough, as we are told by Mr. Maclaren, the whole school is divided into classes, each of which attends at the gymnasium, and is placed under a single teacher, who gives the instruction suitable to each boy. One hour a week is the whole time occupied, and according to Mr. Maclaren, is sufficient, provided the instruction begins early and is continued through the school life. The boys may, however, attend as a volunteer on the days of other lessons. It is specially noticed that the hour thus taken is to be considered as part of the school-time; and even it seems that the boys should receive marks as for other school-work. Without this there would not be the necessary earnestness and discipline. We should have been glad to see the opinions of the school authorities as to the benefit of the system; but from Mr. Maclaren's sensible and moderate account, we have no doubt that it may be managed so as to produce very great benefit to the boys, and to correct some of the evils which are common under a totally unregulated system of athletic sports. Amongst other advantages, we hope that it may impress upon boys the important truth upon which he dwells, that "natural and suitable exercise strengthens, false or undue exercise weakens and injures;" though, if we were inclined to be critical, we might ask what is meant by "false exercise."

Mr. Maclaren gives some sensible remarks on the system of gymnastics pursued in the German, French, and English armies, and, if his views are well-founded, our new gymnasiums should do wonders in expanding the chests and strengthening the limbs of our soldiers. Indeed, even the unfortunate class of middle-aged cockneys may take hope. Poor creatures whose only notion of exercise is a dreary walk along monotonous streets to and from their offices, and who are too often seduced even from that by the blandishments of cabs and omnibuses, have generally resigned all hopes of physical development. At most they look forward to a few gasps of sea-air or a scramble up a mountain side in the summer. Yet even they may do much with a pair of dumb-bells after the morning tub, if better means of exercise are not at hand; and for their consolation we will quote one comforting piece of statistics. The greatest increase in development of the first 500 men at the Oxford Gymnasium was made by a man in his 36th year, who increased ½ in. in height, 13 lbs. in weight, and 4½ inches in girth of chest, besides a great increase in size of arm. Halfway through life, there is still, it seems, hope for the virtuous gymnast.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 689, JANUARY 9, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 690, Vol. 27. January 16, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

PUBLIC LIBRARY 1879

THE CONFERENCE.

THE Plenipotentiaries of the Paris Conference, or the Governments which they represent, must be easily discouraged if the protest of the Greek Minister has caused them any serious embarrassment. The parties to the Treaty of Paris had a right to hold a meeting for any appropriate purpose; and Greece was not included in the number of signataries. On the other hand, Mr. RANGABE might plausibly contend that his Government would not be bound by the decisions of a body from which it was excluded; but the technical equality of independent States is in practice modified by their comparative strength or weakness. Notwithstanding the votes of imaginary men and non-existent money which have been carried through the Chamber at Athens, Greece is, in fact, entirely dependent on foreign protection for the means of resistance to Turkey. The approval by the Conference of the terms, or of the substance, of the Turkish ultimatum would compel the Greeks to submit. The case is so clear that any dissentient Power must avow its virtual hostility to Turkey; and it is therefore probable that, in spite of the conflict of interests and political designs, such pressure will be applied to Greece as to ensure the present maintenance of peace. The Porte, which would gladly have avoided all interference on the part of the European Powers, consented to enter into the Conference only as a party to the Treaty of Paris. If the terms of the treaty have not been infringed, Turkey retains the right of self-defence against an implacable and indefatigable assailant. Without allies Greece cannot be a formidable adversary in open war; and there is no reason to believe that Russia is as yet prepared to incur the risk of joining in the attack on Turkey. Unless the intentions of the various Powers were known, the peaceable Governments were ill advised in consenting to take part in the Conference. No ceremony can be idler than a meeting of five or six diplomatists who will not be severally bound by the decision of a majority, while neither custom nor common sense allows of serious discussion. The arguments recorded in reports of Congresses and Conferences have as little of the dramatic or forensic character as the questions and answers in a catechism. Every speech is equivalent to a despatch, and the course of the debate has often been preconcerted among the ostensible disputants. At the Congress of Vienna, when the Great Powers were engaged in serious and angry controversies, all the real business was transacted in private meetings, while the regular Congress met from time to time to sanction arrangements which had been made out of doors. Even when a vote is taken at a Conference, the result is known and practically accepted by the minority beforehand.

Both Turkey and Greece have been requested to postpone hostile operations until the decision of the Conference is known; nor need there be any difficulty in complying with the suggestion, as no troops are ready to move on either side, while the Turkish Admiral is employed in the easy task of preventing the *Enosis* from leaving the harbour of Syra. The only actual warfare has been terminated, to the advantage of the Porte, since the beginning of the negotiations. Not only the Greek volunteers, but the insurgent Government of Crete, has been captured; and it may at last be considered certain that the civil war is at an end. As it is scarcely probable that the Greeks will engage in the hopeless enterprise of reviving the insurrection which they originally promoted, it would seem that neither belligerent has anything further to fight for. It is not worth the while of the Turkish Government to insist on a verbal understanding to maintain neutrality, especially as the promise would inevitably be broken on the first opportunity. The Greeks must necessarily discontinue the equipment of auxiliaries when there are no longer any principals in the contest; and the cruises of their blockade-runners will for the same reason be unavoidably suspended. It was only in Crete that the Greeks could inflict serious annoyance on Turkey, unless, indeed, they had become parties to a general conspiracy of the Christian subjects of the Porte against its sovereignty. There is no reason to believe that any confederacy of the kind has been at present organized. The SULTAN has lately exchanged civilities with the Prince of ROUMANIA; the Servians are engaged in a reform of their Constitution; and the discontent of the Bulgarians appears to be principally directed against Greek priests and functionaries. In general, Austria, in her own interest, will keep a watch over the turbulence which may be excited on the Northern border; and Greece alone is incapable of molesting Turkey by land. Unless some hidden policy throws impediments in the way of peace, the Conference may probably quiet the warlike propensities of the Greeks by a few words of authority and of warning.

The Conference may confine its deliberations to the affairs of Turkey and Greece, but the Plenipotentiaries and their Governments are far more deeply interested in the ulterior question of a general war. The failure of the Conference, or the refusal of Greece to acquiesce in its decisions, would not so much create a serious risk as betray its imminence. The violent language of the Russian newspapers indicates the only contingency which could produce a final rupture between Greece and Turkey. According to the Russian version of recent transactions, the Conference was proposed by Prussia for the express purpose of preventing an understanding on Eastern questions between Russia and France; and the Emperor NAPOLEON is consequently exhorted to defeat the insidious policy of his enemies by frankly consenting to a policy of conquest and partition. He would thus secure a Russian alliance against Northern Germany; and of course he is informed that open war is better than precarious peace. No fallacy is more commonly propounded by political rhetoricians, although the evil of an uncertain peace consists in the possibility of war. An armed truce is expensive, and it causes much diplomatic discussion; but war is incalculably more costly in money, and it involves the additional evil of indefinite bloodshed. Talk about fighting is incomparably less pernicious than actual slaughter, and the postponement of a war often ends in averting it altogether. Nothing can be more improbable than that the Emperor NAPOLEON should be tempted by the coarse and dangerous overtures of Russia. A league of France and Russia against Turkey would alienate not only England but Austria and Hungary, which in any other quarrel might probably incline to the side of France in a contest with Prussia. It is true that a year or two ago the French Government coquetted for a time with Russia; but the purpose of interfering in Crete, if it had ever been entertained, was ultimately abandoned and disavowed. As there is no longer any Cretan insurrection to encourage, it would be difficult to devise a cause of quarrel with Turkey; and the French MINISTER of FOREIGN AFFAIRS, in assuming the presidency of the Conference, acquired an interest in bringing its discussions to a satisfactory termination.

Some astute politicians attribute to the Emperor NAPOLEON the far-fetched design of founding the quarrel with Prussia, which is assumed to be inevitable, on some pretext which would not interest the rest of Germany. According to this ingenious theory, war would commence in the South-East of Europe; and the eventual advance of the French armies to the Rhine would seem to be the result of strategic necessity. Experience shows that high State policy seldom justifies so elaborate a calculation, and the supposed scheme would be open to more than one fatal objection. Nations are not easily deceived as to the real bearing of a great conflict, whatever may have been the professed cause of rupture. There is no possible reason for a war between France and Prussia, except jealousy of the greatness achieved at Sadowa, and anxiety to prevent the further aggrandizement which may be easily foreseen. In the event of a French war, Prussia would be entitled under the military treaties of 1866 to demand aid

from the States south of the Main; and notwithstanding the French leanings of some of the Southern Governments, national feeling would compel the performance of all such obligations. Whatever might be the military result of a first or second campaign, a French war could not fail to accelerate the completion of German unity; nor, during the continuance of the contest, would it be for the interest of France to be encumbered with another gratuitous struggle in the East. If there are many reasons which must deter France from commencing war, it is still more certain that Prussia has no desire to begin a general European convulsion; and, except with the support of either France or Germany, Russia will be unwilling, and perhaps unable, to move. It is not creditable to the rulers of Europe that a petty and ill-governed State should be able to produce universal alarm by a violation of the rules of good neighbourhood. If France and Russia had not been suspected of sinister designs, Greece would never have ventured to precipitate a rupture with Turkey; and the assemblage of a Conference, in the place of a peremptory prohibition, to a certain extent shows that the calculations of the Greek Government were not without foundation. At present there is reason to believe that the mischief will be checked, as none of the Powers will accept the responsibility of a war, and as they have collectively the means of preventing it.

THE TRIAL OF ELECTION PETITIONS.

THE trial of Election Petitions under the new system has begun this week, and it has begun under every advantage. Judges of great professional reputation and experience have initiated the practical working of the method of trying these petitions in the localities where bribery or corrupt practices are alleged to have taken place, and the proceedings have consequently been conducted both with despatch and decorum. The Judges very much disliked the task imposed on them by the Act of last Session, and did their best to escape the burden. But when they found they must yield, they did so frankly, and have done their utmost to give the system over which they were called to preside the best chance of success. It may be said that this system was conceived so as to effect as far as possible three main objects—the punishment of bribery or corrupt practices where a candidate or his agents have been guilty, the protection of persons duly returned against frivolous and vexatious petitions, and an assurance given to the public that the trial would be conducted without political bias, and so as to elicit all material facts tending to show whether corruption or corrupt practices had deeply tainted the constituency. To secure the attainment of these objects, the three Judges appointed to try petitions drew up a most elaborate and skilfully framed set of rules, which has greatly simplified and determined within precedent and intelligible limits the course of the proceedings. On one question, however, of primary importance the opinion of the Court of Common Pleas was taken this week. Mr. Justice WILLES had decided that particulars of alleged acts of bribery should only be given three days before the day of trial. The sitting Conservative member for Westminster, Mr. SMITH, complained that, with such a constituency as he had to deal with, such a notice was not nearly long enough. When thousands of people vote, and agents are counted by hundreds, a candidate and his friends can never, as it was argued on his behalf, know where he will be attacked; and if he has only three days to sift the facts, inquire as to persons and characters, and get a clear account of what happened months ago between people of whom he has no personal knowledge, he runs a great risk of losing his seat simply because he has not had the opportunity of refuting a story which his adversaries have had months to cook up against him. The Court began by inquiring what was the old Parliamentary practice, and was informed that when petitions were tried by Committees of the House of Commons, no notice of the particular acts of bribery to be alleged was given, save that the sitting member learns the case against him for the first time from the opening speech of the petitioners' counsel. Obviously it was at least a great step in favour of the sitting member that he should have three more days given him than he would have had if petitions were now tried as formerly, and the Court refused to alter the time of notice which Mr. Justice WILLES had prescribed. The old system was not really so indefensible as it seems. It would be next to impossible to [illegible] any case of bribery if too long notice was given. The [illegible] would be tampered with, frightened, or spirited away, and counter evidence would be manufactured, so as to meet exactly the evidence of bribery that was to be tendered. It must be remembered that public opinion is scarcely yet in favour of regarding it as a social duty to prove bribery, and people would not hesitate to do very strong things to screen their party and the constituencies to which they belong from the reputation of being tainted with bribery. Probably in old days the odds would have been too much in favour of the sitting member if even three days beforehand he had known exactly what was going to be said against him. But now, with a better public opinion growing, with increased certainty of publicity, and with the Courts of Law ready to watch everything that goes on, three days' notice may not be at all too much to give. Experience may show that the length of notice may be safely and advantageously extended, but for the present the Court has probably gone as far as it was safe to go; and in any particular case where it may be apprehended that, owing to the shortness of the notice, injustice would be done, the presiding Judge can adjourn the trial.

The inquiry into the circumstances on which the Windsor Election Petition was founded is not yet at an end, and we cannot, therefore, express any opinion as to whether the sitting member, or his opponent, or neither of them, ought to sit for Windsor. But the proceedings have lasted long enough to enable us to form some estimate of the practical working of the new system. That there is no political bias, and no suspicion of political bias, that the trial is conducted properly, that counsel are kept in order, and that there are none of the old attempts to try it on, and to see what absurdities of rhetoric and what malversations of the law of evidence a Committee would stand, are matters of course, and this naturally and necessarily from the substitution of a Judge for a Parliamentary tribunal. But there are minor, and yet very considerable, advantages apparent in the new mode of trial. A Judge has a habit of putting the maxims or principles that are to guide him into general legal propositions, at which he arrives with ease and certainty, and which he and the counsel engaged take as beyond dispute. The question as to who is and who is not an agent, so often debated before Election Committees, was soon disposed of by Mr. Justice WILLES. Every person authorised to canvass is, as he said, an agent. In two cases adduced by the petitioners this simple rule disposed very easily of the allegation. Mr. Justice WILLES did not, indeed, lay down in so many words the converse of the proposition, and say that no person not authorised to canvass is an agent, for there might undoubtedly be persons authorised to do other things than canvass who would be agents. But in nine cases out of ten, the question whether a given man is or is not an agent can be settled by asking whether he was authorised to canvass. The petitioner in the Windsor case happened to have got hold of several instances where it was supposed that bribery had been committed, but where there was nothing to show that the supposed briber was the agent of the candidate. In one remarkable instance Mr. LYSLIE, a barrister, was said to have bribed a fisherman to vote for Mr. EYKYN by buying a new landing-net from him and giving him a sovereign. But the petitioner found the evidence of the fisherman so weak that he had to call Mr. LYSLIE himself, and that gentleman gave his evidence in a manner that did credit to him and his profession, and showed that the conception of SAM WELLER in the witness-box may be realized in actual life. Mr. LYSLIE, like that Pickwickian hero, might have the comfort of thinking as he went away, that he had said as little to commit himself and his friends, and as much to damage his opponents, as possible. His answer to the question whether he had ever talked to the fisherman about the election, that he never said anything, so far as he could recollect, except casually remarking one day that Mr. EYKYN was, he thought, a gentleman, while he supposed Colonel RICHARDSON GARDNER, as he was always bragging about his money, must be a snob; and his answer to the question how he happened to engage such a person as the fisherman to go as an electioneering detective to Chippenham, that the fisherman looked a fool but was not one, were efforts in the highest WELLER style. There was, in fact, nothing whatever to show that Mr. LYSLIE had been authorised to canvass for Mr. EYKYN, or had ever canvassed for him. It is not to be supposed that a Parliamentary Committee could have made any mistake about so very clear a case; but there was always a hope that a case might not be very clear, and that if there was the slightest obscurity about it the Committee might be induced, or bullied, or wearied into thinking that possibly a man might be more of an agent than he seemed. With a [illegible]e, to attempt to steal an advantage of this sort would be hopeless; and election agents will soon realize that it is hope-

less. They will dismiss altogether much evidence which they have hitherto been accustomed to offer on the speculation that no one could say a Committee might not be made to think it was worth something. If the agents for the Windsor petitioner had clearly put before themselves the general rule that they must show the alleged briber to have been an authorised canvasser, they would scarcely have taken up this fisherman's case. Of course they knew the rule vaguely, for it was established election law before Mr. Justice WILLES enounced it; but they had not probably realized the difference between such a rule being enforced by a Judge and by a Parliamentary Committee.

It is evident, we think, from the evidence offered by the petitioner, that the new Act had so far a salutary effect, that it made his opponent and his opponent's agents very much afraid of breaking the law. They may or may not have been guilty of bribery and treating, but they undeniably strove very hard not to commit these offences in a way for which they could be made responsible. There was only one case in which it was alleged that money was given by the sitting member, or with his direct cognizance; and in that case, the sitting member had been so particularly cautious as to deposit the money he wished to be bestowed on what he thought an object of charity in the hands of the clergyman of the parish, who was a political opponent. This is quite in accordance with all the information that has been received about the last election. There was, we fear, some direct and wholesale bribery; there was much intimidation—so much, that the HOME SECRETARY, who is a moderate and careful reasoner, has just announced in Renfrewshire that it has converted him to the Ballot; there were frightful sums squandered in expenses too legitimate to be easily questioned; but in constituencies where money used once to be spent freely, there was last autumn the very greatest caution used to avoid coming under the scope of the new Act. The bribery and treating at Windsor, even if taken as alleged by the petitioner, were of the mildest type. There was no man in the moon, no buying cats for a ten-pound note, no floods of beer and gin in public-houses. Until we have the Judge's decision we cannot tell whether Mr. EYKYN has brought himself within the reach of the law; but the public may congratulate itself on having got an Act passed which made a candidate so very anxious as Mr. EYKYN was to do nothing that would commit him. It is not that he did illegal things, and tried not to be found out. As much as that might be said of the most corrupt member in the most corrupt days. But he tried so to manage that if he behaved handsomely to his neighbours about election time, his handsome manner of behaving to them should at any rate not be positively illegal. Mr. EYKYN and his friends would say that he did a great deal more than this; but, taking what he did or is said to have done at the worst, yet if he was, as his opponent conceives, a person who wished to get into Parliament by bribery and treating, he certainly was a person whose bribery and treating were toned down, by fear of an Act of Parliament, to a very mild and limited form. Happy is the borough where a wicked person, anxious to get into Parliament by treating, confines his personal efforts to giving some pale but indistinguishable liquor out of an Irish can, some weeks before the election, to a lamplighter who voted against him. So far the Act may be taken to have worked very satisfactorily. But it may be that Windsor is too favourable an example; and even as to Windsor we have yet to hear what was the behaviour of the petitioner, Colonel RICHARDSON GARDNER, who was also a wealthy man, anxious to get into Parliament, and who ought to have stood equally in awe of the Act and of the Common Law Judges.

GIBRALTAR.

THE Gibraltar controversy affords an extreme and untoward illustration of the inconvenience of public or open diplomacy. It is too late to inquire whether public opinion, roughly ascertained by discussion, ought to have a decisive control over domestic politics. The majority, or the most active section, of the community may perhaps, on the whole, form sounder judgments than a Minister or a Cabinet; nor would the actual distribution of power be affected by any proof of its inexpediency. The publicity which is inseparable from popular government has, among other recommendations, the advantage of repressing or exposing personal and selfish motives of action. While all parties are compelled to profess a regard for the general good, arguments which cannot be turned into a plausible shape are necessarily kept in the background. In matters of legislative or administrative policy it may be assumed that the nation has a common or preponderating interest, and the best and wisest measure which can be devised ought, of course, in every case to be applied. But the rule of international morality has not hitherto been as definitely established; nor have Governments yet admitted that the greatest happiness of the greatest number of States would necessarily be preferred, even if it could be accurately defined, to the rights or to the wishes of a single independent Power. There is scarcely a nation in the world which would surrender a square mile of its territory for the acknowledged benefit of the rest of mankind. At some future time perhaps self-denial may become a national virtue, but hitherto ascetic excellence finds a place only in private morality. Enthusiastic propagandists have indeed often professed their readiness to diffuse religious or political truth among their neighbours by revolutionary agitation, or at the point of the sword; but, from the time of PHILIP II. to the days of the French Convention, cosmopolitan magnanimity always happened to be identified with national aggrandizement. As long as nations retain their present consciousness of independent personality, they will find it convenient to follow the ancient practice of entrusting their external relations to the management of confidential agents. It is impossible to consult publicly on foreign affairs without taking strangers, who may be enemies or parties in a dispute, into an embarrassing confidence. Even in the humbler sphere of corporate enterprise, directors of joint-stock companies are often compelled to withhold information from their shareholders, because a public statement would be available to commercial adversaries or rivals. In dealings between nations it has always been held that impenetrable secrecy was the habitual duty of diplomatists. In the good old times, ambassadors employed burglars and highway robbers to get possession of the despatches of their colleagues, with full knowledge that their own correspondence was exposed to similar risks. It was not until a Government had finally determined on its policy that its intentions were communicated to a foreign Power.

It is proper that English politicians should from time to time consider whether a possession such as Gibraltar ought to be retained. In the last century more than one Government contemplated the surrender as possible, although the measure was never definitively adopted, or proposed to Parliament. After the famous siege of 1782 greater value was naturally attached to the fortress; and during the long war, and for many years after its close, there could be no question of the abandonment of any English possession. Modern changes of opinion and popular theories have tended to reopen a discussion which is unluckily no longer confined to Cabinets. Letters to the newspapers form a suitable vehicle for ordinary controversies, but a landowner would scarcely choose such a method of investigating his title to a farm which happened to be within the ring-fence of an adverse claimant. Notwithstanding the pressure of their own political difficulties, some Spaniards have probably leisure to attend to the progress of a dispute which must appear to them equally satisfactory and surprising. Their pretensions to Gibraltar cannot but be encouraged by controversialists who appear on both sides to assume that they are discussing an open question. The right of England, founded on an occupancy of a hundred and fifty years, cannot but be compromised when it is made to depend on the hydrographical peculiarities of the roadstead of Ceuta, or even on the range of the guns of Gibraltar. The very existence of a controversy seems to imply a doubt; and foreigners may excusably attribute to the entire nation the crotchets or opinions of a few irresponsible persons. Admiral GREY, having a position which insured official attention to his representations, would have been better advised if he had submitted his opinions to the Government rather than to the readers of the *Times*. There are no longer any secrets in domestic administration, but a great Empire can hardly be kept together without some use of mystery or reserve.

The political arguments in favour of the abandonment of Gibraltar are obvious and forcible. An enemy of England could at any time offer to Spain, as the price of an alliance, assistance in the recovery of a fortress which is regarded as national property. It cannot be denied that the English possession of the Rock must be disagreeable to patriotic Spaniards, although Gibraltar has been detached from Spain longer than the German provinces of Alsace and Lorraine have been possessed by France. There has not, in fact, been any chronic hostility between England and Spain in the last or present century, although the BOURBON family alliance at one time united Spain with France on all questions of European policy. At a later period, NAPOLEON inherited from the Republic a friendly connexion with Spain, which he afterwards forfeited by his own wanton perfidy and violence. There is at present no cause of ill-will between England and Spain, except perhaps the contra-

band trade between Gibraltar and the neighbouring ports which is the most vexatious result of the English occupation of the fortress. It would not be prudent or justifiable to retain the Rock if it were unconnected with the safety of other English possessions; but it lies between England and Malta, on the highway to India. It appears from the late discussions that the most cogent arguments against a surrender would have been inapplicable in the time of sailing vessels, or while troops and stores were despatched to India by way of the Cape. It is as a coaling station, and only incidentally as a stronghold, that Gibraltar is now valuable, if not indispensable. From the Channel to the entrance of the Mediterranean there is a voyage of seven days, which nearly exhausts the stowage capacity of modern ironclad men-of-war. If they have gone so far with steam, they have no means of reaching Malta except with sails, unless they can replenish their stores at Gibraltar or at some neighbouring port. A maritime enemy with ports in the Mediterranean might command the access to Malta and the Levant, if English vessels were prevented from coaling near the entrance of the Straits.

The question of coaling was not put prominently forward when the cession of the Ionian Islands was under discussion. Corfu was, in fact, not in the line of transit to any English possession; and if military advantages were considered, it may have been thought that the garrison which must otherwise occupy the islands would, in case of war, be more usefully employed in defending Malta. There would be a similar economy of troops if Gibraltar were evacuated, provided no other fortified station were substituted for an impregnable fortress; but it seems to be abundantly clear that, while Gibraltar might be held against all assailants by a sufficient garrison, Ceuta could only be secured as a coaling station by the presence of an army. Under some possible system of organization, England may perhaps hereafter be able to dispose of forces on a scale of Continental magnitude; but up to the present time soldiers have always been scarce and costly, and a station which cannot be held by a few thousand men will be practically useless. It is unlucky that a few acres of coal wharves should have priceless value in time of war; but ironclad ships and the food of their engines are as necessary in modern warfare as the thirty or forty horses which CORTEZ contrived to take with infinite pains from the coast to the table-land of Mexico. It is scarcely worth while to discuss the inconveniences of the harbour of Gibraltar, or the number of berths for ships which could be provided at Ceuta, if it is true that the coals would be safe under the batteries of the Rock, and that they would be liable to capture on the Moorish coast. It would be desirable and pleasant to gratify Spanish sentiment, even at the doubtful risk of disturbing the susceptibilities of Morocco; but coals are even more indispensable than amicable feelings, and it has not yet been proved that they can be safely kept at Ceuta. Admiral GREY has had much the worse in a dispute which he would have done well not to originate.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE CONSERVATIVES.

MR. DUDLEY BAXTER, who generally acts as the cheerful statistician of his party, has published a pamphlet in which he proves how legitimate is the consolation which Conservatives may find in the results of the elections. No one ought to think of grudging them such consolation as they can get, for it is an excellent thing that a great party should retain its buoyancy and spirit, and bad consequences might ensue if the Conservatives were thoroughly cowed, sulky, and irritated. On the contrary, nothing can be more satisfactory than the present state of things—a strong Liberal Ministry with a very large majority, and the Conservatives congratulating themselves on a peculiar kind of party triumph of their own. What they pride themselves on is that, in the first place, the constituencies in which Conservatives gained were large ones, and those in which they lost were small ones; and secondly, that taking the United Kingdom as a whole, the Conservative members represent a proportion of the population larger than they did in the last Parliament by nearly half a million. This last is a subtle sort of comfort, and wants the Tory COCKER to understand or appreciate it. But, putting aside arrays of very big figures which convince nobody who is not already convinced, the Conservatives may at any time fall back on the indisputable fact that they carried a great many large constituencies, and that in two or three of the most important counties they had a sweeping success. This is their consolation. They were thoroughly beaten in Scotland, in Wales, in Ireland, and in the English boroughs, if those boroughs are taken as a whole; but they had some few successes in English boroughs, and of those successes some were in large constituencies; while in the counties they were triumphant. In spite, however, of their successes in England, they only diminished the Liberal majority against them in the English constituencies by five, while the English population represented by Conservatives is larger by two millions than it was in the last Parliament. Mr. DUDLEY BAXTER naturally mourns over this as an anomaly, and the true deduction from all his statistics and facts appears to be that the true policy of the Conservatives would be to advocate household suffrage in counties as well as boroughs, coupled with equal electoral districts. But the deductions he actually makes are of a more modest kind, and are as follows:—First, that the Conservatives having got so well out of the elections shows that Mr. DISRAELI'S Reform Bill was wise as a party move; secondly, that whereas history shows Conservative reaction to be the inevitable sequence of a Reform Bill, the reaction may be expected to be quicker and more effectual than that which in 1841 placed Sir ROBERT PEEL in power, in proportion as the present Liberal majority of 111 is less than the Liberal majority of 362 in the Parliament of 1832; thirdly, that the Irish Church question did produce, as Mr. DISRAELI prophesied it would produce, a considerable effect on the English elections in favour of the Conservatives; fourthly, that as the real opinion of England is sufficiently shown by the vastly increased population which Conservatives represent, the Ministry cannot wisely venture to go too far in overbearing the voice of England by the preponderance of the other parts of the United Kingdom; and lastly, that the Conservatives cannot be an unpopular party when they have received so much support. These are very sweeping inferences from very uncertain premisses, and of course they are open to very easy criticism. Still, when we notice how very meek the aspirations of the Conservative party are, and how good-humoured and readily satisfied it is in the moment of defeat, we cannot find the heart to criticize its little sources of comfort too narrowly. A party that thinks it quite creditable not to be utterly hated and despised, and that pooh-poohs a majority of a hundred and eleven against it as a mere nothing, wins upon our sympathies. It is impossible not to take kindly to people so humble and so cheerful; and we may quite allow that the recent elections did show a strength in the Conservative party that was not known to exist, and revealed how strong was the tendency of small suburban people to take what they think to be the side of respectability and good manners.

But, allowing all this, and without the slightest wish to take away any of the sources of consolation which the Conservatives may now be enjoying, we may ask what is exactly meant by saying that the voice of England has pronounced in favour of the Conservatives, and that it is not to be overborne by the voices of the other parts of the United Kingdom? The Conservatives claim to be representatives of all the population contained in the areas of the constituencies for which they return members, and of course in this way the whole county population is made to figure as represented by Conservatives where the members belong to their party. According to the theory of the Constitution they are quite justified in doing so. The House of Commons represents not only the electors, but all the commoners, and a county member represents every one in his county. Those who are returned by the majority are also supposed to represent the minority as well as the majority, and it is the whole constituency that is represented by the sitting members. But if we are to look only to the bare legal position of the persons returned, the majority of the House of Commons must prevail, however it may be composed. There is no superiority of English members over Irish members or Scotch members, and there is no superiority of the representative of the largest county over the representative of the smallest borough. Even if we look at England only, there are forty-five more Liberal members sitting for English constituencies than there are Conservative members. In point of the population represented, there is still a majority for the Liberals, for, out of the nineteen millions of the population of England, about ten millions are represented by Liberals as against nine millions represented by Conservatives. It is only, then, in a very peculiar sense that it can be said that the voice of England has pronounced in favour of the Conservatives. All that is meant is, that the proportion of the English population represented by them is greater than it was in the last Parliament. Now why should this fact have much weight with a Liberal Ministry? and why should it be supposed that the Liberal party will hesitate to carry out the views it is pledged to support, simply because, although the English constituencies have returned many more Liberals

than Conservatives, the portion of the population represented by Conservatives is greater than it was? Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are permitted to send members to the House of Commons, and if these members go there, the administration of public affairs can only proceed on the supposition that a majority created by the accession of their votes shall prevail. But then it may be said that no one can deny that the opinion of the great English constituencies has, and ought to have, a weight which makes itself felt by all Ministries, and which it is mere folly not to take into account. That is true. We do not for a moment suppose that a majority composed chiefly of members from other parts of the kingdom could long keep a Ministry in power that was warmly opposed by the bulk of Englishmen. But then a Ministry which is asked to believe that the voice of the great English constituencies is against it will naturally examine the facts very closely. In the present Parliament two-thirds of the boroughs support the Government, and seven millions out of nine millions of the borough population are represented by Liberals. The voice of the boroughs, and of the population of the boroughs, is against the Conservatives, as Mr. Dudley Baxter very frankly admits. In the counties the voice goes the other way, and is in favour of the Conservatives; but before this voice is likely to frighten Ministers very much, they will take into consideration two things—first, that the voice of the county population means, practically, the voice of the great landowners, and of the county clergy. A Liberal Ministry proposing a measure affecting the Irish Church knows beforehand that these classes will be against its measure, and is not to be moved or frightened much by finding its anticipations realized. In the next place, there was a very large Liberal minority even in the counties where the Conservatives won their greatest triumphs, and especially in Lancashire there was much that was accidental and local in the decision at which the constituency arrived. It is rather a come-down to descend from saying that the voice of England is against the Liberals, to saying that the majority of the electors of Lancashire, being scared by Fenianism and hating the Irish, were successfully got to the poll by Conservative agents and the excited parsons of their parishes.

Then, again, the inquiry suggests itself whether Mr. Dudley Baxter is warranted in assuming, on the analogy of what took place after the Reform Bill of 1832, that there will be before long a Conservative reaction, and that the prospects of the party are very much better now than they were in 1832, because there was then a majority against them three times as great as that which has just made them resign office. The Conservatives all cling to this hope. They think that time must work in their favour, and they flatter themselves that at any rate the present Ministry must soon break up. If they look back on the history of the period intervening between the two Reform Bills, they will find that in the course of thirty-six years there were five Conservative Ministries in power, but that only one of these Ministries had a Parliamentary majority and in any way governed the country. All the others were Ministries more or less on sufferance, the strength of which lay in the divisions of their opponents, and the last of which lived by copying the policy and mistaking or exaggerating the measures of the Liberals. The probability is that in the course of the next few years something of the same sort will recur, and the Conservatives will now and then enjoy a hasty snatch of office when personal or political quarrels have disunited their adversaries. But the better spirits of the party have the sense to feel that this, after all, is very poor work, and that unless the Conservatives can some day hope to get office with the full approbation of the country, and with a good Parliamentary majority to back them, their party is in a very poor way. Accordingly, they try to persuade themselves that, because there was a Conservative reaction after 1832, there must be one after the Reform Bill of 1867. That there will not be such a reaction no one can pretend to say, and the likelihood of it would be rapidly and greatly increased if the Liberals, when in office, proposed any measures that seriously frightened holders of property, and the haters of mob tyranny and of the bluster of political ranters. The Conservatives might also gain a sudden popularity if their adversaries ran counter to the national feeling with regard to undertaking a war or carrying it on. But the mere fact that a majority of 360 was turned, within ten years after 1832, into a minority of 82, seems a very inconclusive ground for arguing that, as the Liberal majority after the last Reform Bill is only 111, a Conservative reaction must come, and come very quickly. A majority of one hundred is really much more to be relied upon than a majority of three hundred; for it is less the product of temporary excitement, and excites less hope, and therefore causes less disappointment. That there has been no great outburst of popular enthusiasm after the new Reform Bill, but that the constituencies have on the whole given a steady unromantic support to the Liberals, may be taken as a sign of the times as adverse to the hopes of the Conservatives as any that could be offered them. It is obvious, also, that there are two sides to reflections on the influence exercised by the Irish Church question on the elections. Mr. Dudley Baxter said that it exercised a great influence on some county elections, and he is very much pleased with this. But, on the other hand, it was surely very remarkable that it exercised such a very small influence on the English borough elections. That, in spite of a No Popery cry started by the Premier, two out of every three English borough seats should now be held by a Liberal, must be allowed to be a striking proof of the strength of the Liberal party in those constituencies. And it must be remembered that if the influence exercised by this question in some county elections was noticeable, yet it was evidently of a merely temporary and accidental kind. Constituencies that would otherwise have returned a Liberal did, in point of fact, return a Conservative, because the electors were disturbed with thoughts of the fate of the Irish Church. The inference, we should have thought, would have been, not that these constituencies would retain a permanent Conservative character, but that when this special question was removed from the sphere of practical politics, they will return to their old allegiance, and withdraw themselves from the range of Conservative reaction.

THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

Even in Paris, that city of New Year's gifts, there can have been no such acceptable present as that received from Toulouse by the ex-Minister of the Interior. When M. Pinard was dismissed for mismanaging the Baudin prosecutions, and giving occasion to the Opposition journals to take up their parable against the Empire, he could hardly have hoped to see the discredit transferred in a week or two to the shoulders of the Keeper of the Seals. Yet this, and nothing less, is what has been done by the publication of Baron Séguier's letter to the Toulouse *Emancipation*. The folly of M. Pinard in instituting these prosecutions at all has dropped out of memory, and in its place as a subject of discussion has come the yet greater folly of M. Baroche in conducting them in the manner described by the late Procureur-Impérial. M. Séguier's resignation has been made the text of endless invectives against the claim of the Minister of Justice to lecture his subordinates upon the performance of their official duties. It cannot be said that these invectives are strictly in place, for, so long as Government prosecutions are conducted by Government servants, and not by the Bar, it is only natural that if the former do not do their work properly they should be reprimanded by their official superiors. But the mere possession of a right implies nothing as to the wisdom of its exercise, and it is in this latter respect that M. Baroche has shown himself so singularly deficient. The offence alleged against M. Séguier is want of zeal in his speeches for the prosecution. In plain words, he has not been sufficiently dictatorial towards the Court. He has contented himself, it may be supposed, with stating the law, and pointing out how its provisions have been infringed by the article selected for prosecution. He has not been eloquent enough in describing the dangers which an acquittal may entail upon society, nor has he hinted with adequate significance at the Imperial favours which will be called down on the Toulouse magistrates by a judgment of the right sort. The French authorities do not care to be served in this way. They cannot put up with Laodicean indifference. They demand of a subordinate that he shall see with their eyes and speak with their tongue. It is an awkward thing to censure a legal functionary for displaying too much impartiality; at least the want of an obvious *animus* against the prisoner has not before now been declared to be a fault in a public prosecutor. But M. Baroche has risen superior to considerations of taste or prudence. Moderation is well enough in Ministerial circulars, but there is no place for it in the Toulouse Court of Appeal. Whether the mere expression of this opinion on the part of the Keeper of the Seals would have provoked M. Séguier to resignation may be doubted. But, coupled with reproaches for what he had left unsaid, came others for what he had said, and M. Séguier was thus enabled to discover that he must have been misreported to the Minister. An officer may be willing to take his chance of giving displeasure by the speeches he actually delivers, but few men would feel secure against

doing so when the secret police is made the channel through which their oratory reaches the Government. For that, when this medium has once been employed, recourse will continually be had to it, may be taken for granted. An Imperial Minister knows too well how to adapt an authorized report to place much confidence in the information supplied by such documents, and the taste for governing by espionage is eminently one that grows by practice. It is probable, therefore, that M. Séguier did but anticipate his dismissal when he resigned his office, and had he waited in the hope of averting the blow he would have lost an admirable opportunity of revenging himself on his persecutor. To publish the cause of his resignation is to put an end to his official career, but it is at the same time to make M. Baroche feel that his own standing in the Government is hardly as secure as he could wish. The Emperor is an easy master, but to be made ridiculous in the eyes of his subjects is exactly the fault he is least likely to overlook.

M. Séguier comes of an eminent and honourable family, and can probably afford better than most of his colleagues to enjoy the luxury of independence. But the ties of professional life are so strong that there is some colour for the theory that he would have insensibly adapted himself to the Ministerial standard if he had not distrusted the permanence of the present system of administration. A man is greatly encouraged to cut himself loose from the Government by a secret conviction that the Government itself is going to the bad. M. Séguier has not thought fit to take the world into his confidence upon this point, but the training of a Procureur-Impérial is not of a kind which leads a man to take the losing side in a quarrel; and when M. Séguier elects to identify his cause with that of the Press, it is not wonderful that a practical public draws the inference that he thinks the Press, and not the Government, the best card in his hand. It would be extremely unsafe to place any reliance on such indications as that afforded by M. Séguier's conduct; but the readiness of the French people to see in his defection the forethought of a rat who suspects his present dwelling, is worth noticing as a political symptom. The rapidity with which the Empire has lost prestige during the last year or so is really startling. It is explained in a measure by the failures which have attended its foreign policy; but, considerable as these may be, they are far from sufficient to account for the whole of the result. A nation will excuse much to a vigorous Sovereign, while it is inclined to put the worst interpretation upon the acts of a Sovereign whom it regards as played out. Certainly this appears to be the light in which the Emperor Napoleon is now viewed by a good number of Frenchmen. His administration is at all events not less severe than it was formerly, but the attacks of the Opposition are no longer tempered by that wholesome awe which once held them in check. Or, if they do still evince their wonted caution, it is mingled with an assured anticipation of coming changes, which is not at all more consoling to the supporters of things as they are. The Emperor's own acts, perfectly natural as they are to a man in his position, still seem to betray a consciousness that there is no great part reserved for him on the political stage. He leans more and more on the Empress, to whose faculty for conciliating a superficial popularity he probably trusts to secure an undisputed succession for his son; and the prominence given to the Prince Imperial is not apparently interfered with by any of that unwillingness to take off his shoes before bed-time which has usually characterized princes who feel life still strong in them. Sixty years is not in itself a very formidable burden, but ill health adds an item to the account, the significance of which can only be appreciated by the victim.

Those who look back upon the history of the last seventeen years will be slow to believe that the Second Empire has entirely corresponded to the original design of its founder. Circumstances rather than either natural disposition or deliberate purpose, have made Napoleon III. a despot. That crowning of the edifice which has now become a jest was probably, in the first instance, the expression of a real intention. Though the "old parties" have all along had representatives whom nothing would have satisfied except the restoration of the particular dynasty or form of government to which they pinned their faith, they have always been few in number compared with that much larger body of Frenchmen who would never have quarrelled with liberty because she presented herself under Imperial forms. At no period has the Emperor wholly abandoned the idea of addressing himself to this class. That he has never frankly acted on it is probably to be attributed to the conditions under which his Government had its birth. The *coup d'état* has cast its shadow forward over all the years that have intervened, and the Emperor has never been able to extricate himself from the dilemma to which that event condemned him. He has had continually to choose between the tacit admission that the state of France did not justify the measures of December 1851, and the maintenance of the restrictive policy alleged to be demanded by the ever present danger of Socialism. With the experience he has had, the Emperor can hardly doubt that the pear would have fallen into his lap if he had not been in such a hurry to pluck it. The forces which have worked for him since the *coup d'état* would have been equally efficacious if the *coup d'état* had never been devised. In its dread of revolution the bulk of the French nation condoned the imprisonment of its legal representatives, and the slaughter of its unoffending citizens. Would it have been less likely to welcome a deliverer who came to it with unstained hands? The real gainers by the *coup d'état* were the immediate followers of the President. Prince Louis Napoleon might in all probability have mounted the throne in any case, but a year later it might have been with the consent of the Parliamentary leaders, not by the aid of a few reckless adventurers.

Englishmen have every cause to regret the turn which events took. Neither the Legitimists, nor the Orleanists, nor the Republicans have deserved so well of this country that it has any special ground to desire the restoration of their distinctive shibboleth. We are bound in common morality to desire for France the freedom which we claim for ourselves, but we may fairly wish that it could have been enjoyed under a Sovereign whose attitude towards England has been one of almost uniform friendliness. That the opportunity which has been lost can now be recovered, it seems useless to hope. The Second Empire has become impressed with a character of its own, and it can hardly afford to change it during the lifetime of Napoleon III. Whether it will have the chance of doing so afterwards is too remote a speculation to occupy the thoughts of reasonable men.

THE IRISH RAILWAYS.

The project for the purchase of the Irish Railways has reached a crisis the issue of which it is not very easy to surmise. Outwardly all the symptoms are favourable to the scheme—almost too favourable, if the truth must be told. The first hint of the enterprise was given, as will be remembered, by Mr Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone is now all-powerful. The Tories took up the idea with alacrity, and sent one of the best Commissions that ever were constituted for a purpose of the kind to investigate the actual condition of the Irish lines, and to estimate on a liberal but reasonable basis the purchase-money that might fairly be given for them. The Commission did their work thoroughly well, and their first Report established on the most conclusive grounds that something more than 19,000,000*l.* was the full value of the dividend-paying lines, including their loan capital, and that the remaining lines were burdened with a debt of 3,000,000*l.*, and were not worth half that amount. The whole affair might therefore fairly be bought for about 21,000,000*l.*, that sum being very considerably above what the prices of the bonds and shares in the market would amount to. The result of the inquiry was more favourable than had been anticipated; for, after the piteous complaints of the Irish Railway interest while the Duke of Devonshire's Commission was sitting, it was a relief to find that the finished lines, which originally cost 27,500,000*l.*, were still, on a liberal estimate, worth nearly three-fourths of that amount, and that the total railway revenue from all Ireland exceeded 850,000*l.* a year.

The Commissioners who had arrived at these results had no sooner completed their task than they were set to work again to inquire at what annual sacrifice of revenue the Government, if it bought the lines, could reduce the rates to something like the Belgian scale, and how many years the experiment must be continued before the loss would have recouped itself. The answer to this inquiry is supplied by the Second Report of the Commissioners, which has recently been printed. Before referring to its contents, let us take note of what had been doing in Ireland in the meantime. From the very first the movement had been taken up as an essentially beneficial project for Ireland, as indeed it could not fail to be. Meetings of influential railway magnates had combined with Irish peers and Irish members to press the matter on the attention of the Government for the time being. The Irish Railway Companies, backed by the Irish people, were begging and praying the Government to buy them up *en masse*, and save them from impending ruin; and English opinion was becoming favourable to the proposal, not indeed

as an economical investment, but as a boon which might be fairly granted to struggling Ireland. As the progress of the investigation showed how seriously the Government had taken the subject into consideration, the Irish agitation, without abating any of its force, began by degrees to change its character. Meetings, bigger and more influential than ever, continued to pass unanimous resolutions urging the Government to buy the railways, and one of the most recent of them has elicited from Mr. GLADSTONE a letter, in which he rejoices over the attention which the subject has attracted in Ireland, and goes as near as a Prime Minister can do to pledging himself to make a bid for the property. But while popular enthusiasm in Ireland and deliberate policy in England have been pointing more and more decidedly to the transfer of the railways to the State, the Irish Companies have been judiciously cooling down the ardour with which they at first sought absorption into the State. They seem, if the bull may be pardoned, very willing to be unwilling sellers, but that is all; and each successive meeting on the subject has exhibited the railway world as more and more conspicuous by its absence. The Electric Telegraph Companies last year successfully used the cry of confiscation as a means of obtaining for their property twice as much as it was worth in the market; and the prudent reticence of the Irish Directors at the present moment looks only too much like a prelude to a similar attempt. Of course they will get the best price they can, but there are many reasons why they cannot hope to enrich themselves out of the public purse on anything like the same scale as the Telegraph Companies. In the first place, the value of the property has been carefully investigated, and this with the most indulgent consideration for the Companies. In the next place, the English Government is not an eager purchaser, and chiefly desires to do something, if possible, out of kindly consideration to the Irish people. Moreover, it is certain that, if the Government effects the purchase with the object of reducing the fares to such an extent as largely to stimulate Irish enterprise, it will do so with the clear expectation of having to bear an annual loss for many years to come. Then, again, the amount to be dealt with is so much larger than the whole cost of the telegraphs that the same reckless generosity with public money becomes altogether impossible. In fact, with the able Report of the Commissioners before it, Parliament is certain not to sanction any scheme of purchase at a price materially in excess of the estimate which has been so carefully framed. All these considerations will too probably be overlooked by the Irish Companies, and it is not to be expected that their unnecessary staff of between three and four hundred Directors will do much to encourage a bargain which must put an end to their official existence, with its patronage and emoluments. We do not at all expect that the Irish Companies will consent to reasonable terms, and it is quite certain that Parliament will not listen to any unreasonable demands. Probably the treaty of purchase will fall through, as many treaties of purchase do, from excessive greed on the part of the sellers; and if it should do so, the great losers will be, first, Irish shareholders, and secondly, the whole Irish people.

But, though we are not sanguine as to any practical result from it, the last Report of the Irish Railway Commissioners has an independent interest of its own. In order to qualify themselves for predicting with reasonable accuracy the consequences of a large reduction in the Irish tariff, they informed themselves minutely of the working of a similar policy in Belgium, and have given, in an accessible and compendious form, the history of railway management by the State in that country. The mileage worked by the State itself is less than one-third of the whole system of Belgian railways; and notwithstanding the extremely low tariff on the Government lines, the old Companies do not become bankrupt, and, what is perhaps more surprising, new lines are continually projected and formed. It was one of the first objections started to the proposal of a purchase by the British Government, that railway extension would be at an end, and that the competition of the State would ruin all the Companies that endeavoured to maintain an independent existence. Both these fears are proved by the experience of Belgium to be groundless; and a third fallacy is demolished with equal effect. It is commonly assumed that Government management must be more costly than Company management, and cannot result in profit when carried on side by side with what is called private enterprise. Like most other errors of the kind, this notion derives itself from an undoubted truth. Personal management by actual owners is always more prosperous than delegated management by hired officials; but the mistake is to suppose that the action of a Board of Railway Directors has anything in common with the personal supervision of two or three partners in a firm. Railway Directors are worse paid and more negligent than the least effective of public servants, and exhibit, as a rule, the most flagrant vices of officialism without having the strong support which the officers of a Government derive from their public position. Probably, taking good Companies and bad Companies together, the average management is, upon the whole, the very worst that any system either of public or private organization has produced, and the experience of Belgium strongly confirms this view. The Government lines under the Department of Works are confessedly conducted more liberally to the public than any private enterprise ever has been, and yet they have proved a great financial success. Until 1856 the Belgian authorities worked their lines on the same timid principles which have done so much harm in England, and so much more harm in Ireland; and during all that time the net revenue showed considerable fluctuations, with at last an alarming tendency to disappear altogether. In 1856, an enormous reduction was made in the goods tariff, especially for long distances, and in nine years the profits had steadily risen from their lowest point, 67,000*l.*, at the commencement of the experiment, to 344,000*l.* Quite recently the passenger fares have also been largely reduced, and, as was expected, the revenue at first fell off considerably, but there is not much reason to doubt that the policy which prospered so well in the conduct of the goods traffic will be equally successful when applied to the passenger business. Except so far as it establishes these general principles, the Belgian case is not at all parallel to that of Ireland, as the Commissioners are careful to point out in their Report. Belgium has important iron and coal industries, which are scarcely to be found in Ireland, and though the cattle trade of Ireland will feel the stimulus of any reduction of tariff as readily as it was felt in Belgium itself by ironmasters and coalowners, it is not to be expected that revenues will increase with the same marvellous rapidity exhibited by the Belgian returns. But after weighing all these considerations, and bringing to bear upon the subject their own extensive experience in the working of railways, the Commissioners do not hesitate to recommend reductions varying from 30 to 45 per cent. in passenger fares, and from 30 to 78 per cent. in the cattle and goods tariff. The immediate loss of revenue from measures so bold as these must necessarily be great, and is estimated to amount to upwards of 500,000*l.*; but the same calculation gives the cheering result that after a few years the balance will begin to turn, and that a period of about twelve years will suffice to recoup all previous losses, and leave the railways (if purchased at the Commissioners' estimate) in the hands of the Government as a concern returning a profit of 50,000*l.* a year over and above all working expenses and the interest on the money invested. These, it is true, are estimates only, but they are the estimates of men who have investigated the problem with the minutest care, and who have more knowledge and experience of railway management than almost any others who could have been selected.

Such are among the benefits which might be expected to flow from the purchase of the Irish railways; but mere money profit to the State is a bagatelle compared with the stimulus to Irish industry and civilization which new facilities of transit would give. The prospect is so charming that it tempts one to forget that the Companies are almost certain to reject any offer which the Government is likely to make or Parliament to sanction. If they are wise and moderate, the shareholders will close with a bargain largely beneficial to themselves and their country; but we fear it is too much to assume that shareholders in Ireland will show a wisdom and moderation which shareholders as a body do not often exhibit in any country in the world.

AMERICA.

THE American Congress employed itself during its short Session before the Christmas recess chiefly in considering proposals for increasing the tariff; but one Bill was introduced into the Senate which raises an important political issue. It is proposed to repeal the Act by which Georgia was re-admitted into the Union, and to remit the State once more to the provisional condition of Virginia and Texas. When nearly all the Southern States were in the course of the last year restored to the right of representation in Congress, and to the management of their internal affairs, it was provided in their respective Constitutions that the suffrage should be impartially granted without reference to colour; and the Republican majority in the Federal Legislature understood that all political distinctions founded on race were at the same time virtu-

ally abolished. At the subsequent elections the negroes were in some districts prevented, by violence or intimidation, from voting; but for the most part their nominal claim to political equality was not openly disputed. The Legislature of Georgia alone, affecting to rely on the old law of the State, refused to admit the coloured members who had been returned by some of the constituencies; and Congress is now considering the best method of punishing or overruling the contumacy of the State. The disfranchising Bill will probably be passed over the inevitable veto of the PRESIDENT, and one of the reconstruction processes will have to be recommenced. It is not the business of foreigners to inquire minutely into the constitutional merits of the dispute. The white inhabitants of Georgia are probably provided with some legal argument in vindication of their proceedings; but, on the other hand, it is evident that the policy of Congress has been effectually thwarted. The general interest of the dispute is derived from the illustration which it affords of the enormous difficulty of closing a revolution. The American Conservatives who contended, at the close of the war, that the Confederate States had never been out of the Union, were met by the forcible argument that technical formulas were inapplicable to great national convulsions. Dominions recovered by force after a desperate struggle were supposed to be at the disposal of conquerors; and Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and other fanatical partisans reproduced the theory which Prince SCHWARTZENBERG had applied to Hungary, that the so-called rebels had forfeited all rights whatever, and had blotted out their previous history. The Reconstruction Acts involved a compromise between the extreme doctrines. While Congress assumed the right to dictate the terms of readmission, the States, by complying with the prescribed conditions, acquired once for all the right of returning as equal and sovereign members of the Federal Union. The dominant party in Congress had taken all possible precautions to ensure the election of Republican members for the reconstructed States, and thus far they have not, on the whole, been disappointed by the result; but, whatever might be the working of the new State Constitutions, it might have been supposed that reconstruction was in its nature final. The Bill for severing Georgia once more from the Union implies the absolute supremacy of Congress over the several States, and over the Federal bond by which they are united; and yet it appears to have excited little surprise. Perhaps the measure may be necessary and expedient; but, if a State can be detached from the Union by an Act of Congress, the Constitution has ceased to be operative.

If Mr. GLADSTONE's acuteness had not been temporarily diminished by an excess of humility, his submissive apologies to an American correspondent who has lately published his letter might have been supported by a reference to the difficulties of reconstruction. Perhaps he is right in saying that arrogance and self-confidence, peculiarities unknown to America, are among the national faults of Englishmen; and yet it is hard on a well-meaning community that its foremost statesman should gratuitously undertake the task of publicly confessing its sins. The Fragment of Autobiography, though it was only a personal act of penance, was not favourably received by Mr. GLADSTONE's admirers; and vicarious or representative remorse is still more provoking. It may possibly be true that American criticisms and abuse "ought to help every Englishman individually who is called upon to discharge public duties to "discharge them, with the help of the ALMIGHTY, to the "best of his feeble powers"; but there are so many excellent reasons for doing right in public as in private, that the URIAH HEEP class of motives may perhaps as well be left in obscurity. In his anxiety to avoid arrogance and self-confidence, Mr. GLADSTONE does less than justice to the more material part of his own defence against his critic. His real and venial error consisted in giving premature and unnecessary expression to an opinion which prevailed widely at the time, both in England and in America. Mr. GLADSTONE thought that the Confederate States had finally established their independence; but, as a Cabinet Minister, he might conveniently have avoided a public statement of his belief. His sympathies were, as he declares, with the whole American people, and he perhaps still fails to understand why one-third of the entire community should have been excluded from sharing in his good-will. Mr. GLADSTONE will not have to complain of any want of that encouragement in the beneficent exercise of his "feeble powers" which can be supplied by vigorous American comments on the shortcomings of England. Mr. LOWELL, in his late article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, kindly approves of a "first-rate Englishman," while he declares a second-rate, and of course a third-rate or tenth-rate, Englishman to be entirely intolerable. The condemnation of the vast majority of his countrymen will not directly affect Mr. GLADSTONE, who is certainly a first-rate Englishman; but many of his inferiors have public duties to discharge to the best of their still feebler powers.

Mistaken anticipations of the results of a war can only be avoided by a judicious abstinence from all conjecture. The calculations of soldiers as well as of civilians are constantly falsified by military events; nor was the American contest any exception to the rule. A fairer test of foresight is furnished by more or less accurate appreciation of the necessary sequence of political causes and effects. Probably Mr. GLADSTONE, although remorseful modesty now prevents him from vindicating his own sagacity, may have judged that the Union of the American States rested on the free consent of the members of the Federation; and he may have also perceived that voluntary co-operation could not be a subject-matter of conquest. The Southern States were beaten, but they were so little conciliated by defeat that the victors have tried the novel experiment of admitting the negroes to full political rights. No such arrangement was contemplated as possible for several years after the date of the speech for which Mr. GLADSTONE has done penance. Impartial suffrage may perhaps succeed, in spite of antecedent probability, but no American statesman could have imagined in 1862 or 1863 that Congress would a few years afterwards meditate the expulsion of a State from the Union as a penalty for refusing to admit coloured members to the local Legislature. That reconstruction in some form will be sooner or later accomplished is perfectly certain. The question of secession has been finally settled by the war, nor will the South at any time recommence a hopeless rebellion. Isolated disturbances or outrages in Tennessee or Texas will be repressed when they assume a formidable character; and in the meantime they can scarcely be supposed to endanger the general peace. The Federal Government has nothing worse to apprehend than the existence of a disaffected minority, separated from the North by a geographical line, and from the coloured population by ineffaceable distinctions. This was the community which Mr. GLADSTONE, sharing a common misapprehension, once described as a nation; and although it has been reunited to the mass from which it had detached itself, it has not been assimilated or absorbed. Some American politicians hold the opinion that the military administration which has been lately withdrawn was better suited to the condition of the South than a nominally independent Government. For the time there can be little doubt that the general officers, who for the most part exercised their functions with firmness and moderation, were more impartial, and perhaps more efficient, rulers than the nominees of either party. The fundamental objection to military government is its essentially barren character; for as soon as the provisional system is removed, the organization of more permanent institutions has to begin from the beginning. It is not improbable that Georgia will be better governed by a major-general, with two or three regiments at his disposal, than by an elected Governor and Legislature; but at some future time reconstruction must be again attempted, and the ingenuity of the white population will be once more employed in baffling the Republican policy. The extraordinary difficulty of the problems which await a practical solution furnishes the best apology for failure or for deferred success. It is impossible that foreigners should be prevented from discussing some of the most curious and important questions which have ever been raised in current history. Mr. GLADSTONE's self-imposed sackcloth and ashes ought perhaps to serve as a warning against dogmatism; but, notwithstanding the sensitiveness of Mr. LOWELL and his countrymen, there are graver crimes than the utterance of a sincere and probable judgment on passing events.

M. MAGNE'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

FRENCH Budgets run perpetually through regular cycles. There are the budgets of alarm, when extra military expenditure is supposed to excuse more than ordinary deficits. There are the budgets of tranquillity, not indeed balanced, but promising the most surprising future if only the hopes of peace should be sustained. The most marked distinction, however, is between the budgets of the eve—the eve of a loan, that is to say—and the budgets of the morrow. M. MAGNE has just produced a budget of the last class. Less than a year ago the French Government borrowed upwards of 17,000,000*l.*, and M. MAGNE, before revelling in the luxury of appropriating this little windfall in addition to his ordinary

resources, proceeds gravely to explain how very proper a thing a loan is, and to what admirable purposes the Government and the Chamber have devoted this particular 17,000,000*l*. Political events in 1867 had augmented the floating debt. Armaments could not be allowed to remain below the standard of science and the attainments of other countries. Commerce needed an acceleration of public works. Such are the reasons assigned for the pressure which led to the loan. That a recourse to credit was the true way to meet the difficulty, M. MAGNE establishes with equal facility. Budgets must not be exposed to excessive sacrifices (Frenchmen always talk of budgets as if they were live animals), and there is nothing gained by adjourning the decisive remedy of a loan.

Probably this reasoning is entirely satisfactory to M. MAGNE's master, whatever it may be to the Finance Minister himself, and it is followed by the pleasanter task of enumerating the good things to be got out of the loan. The deficit of 1867 was intended to swallow up 7,300,000*l*. of the amount, and M. MAGNE rejoices greatly to say that 7,000,000*l*. will suffice, and has the honour to propose to HIS MAJESTY that the odd 300,000*l*., which he oddly enough calls a surplus, instead of going towards the further reduction of the floating debt, shall be poured straightway into the ever open gulf of Public Works. The last year's deficit had been met by the issue of Treasury bonds which raised the floating debt to 36,000,000*l*., and M. MAGNE starts on his budgets for future years with this burden reduced to something less than 30,000,000*l*. Still, after this operation, there remained the handsome sum of 10,000,000*l*. of borrowed money to dispose of. Rather more than half of this is devoted to breechloaders for the army, nearly half a million goes to naval armaments, and the rest—more than 3,000,000*l*.—to the inevitable Public Works.

Having thus easily taken the sting out of the demands for warlike and peaceful purposes, M. MAGNE has little difficulty in making the next two budgets balance, at least on paper. That for 1868 stands exactly balanced, less a trifling extra charge, below 300,000*l*., for expenses connected with the loan. The increase of productiveness in the taxes is expected to cover this and more, and the balance is destined to Public Works. The provision made for 1869 and 1870 is not less satisfactory in appearance, and, coming so immediately after the loan, it is probable that the anticipations indulged may be more nearly realized than is usually the case with the budgets of the Empire. M. MAGNE assures the EMPEROR that he has calculated the future with all sobriety. In framing the Estimates for 1869 he has worked upon the basis, not of the original budget of the previous year, but of that budget after it had been duly rectified and supplemented, and with unusual moderation he has abstained from taking credit for the presumed increase in the proceeds of the taxes. This is so unusual a course in France, that for once the hopes which the Finance Minister expresses of a favourable result may be regarded as something more solid than the phrases by which France delights to be flattered.

The year 1870 is far enough off to excuse a considerable amount of error in the preliminary estimate, but M. MAGNE seems fairly to have faced the obligations before him, and has not concealed the fact that in that year he must provide for some further increase in expenditure. He quotes indeed the maxim of TURGOT against exceeding the national income, and pronounces it eternally wise and true; but in the same breath he propounds the undeniable truth that it is impossible for any country to keep its expenditure within fixed limits. In all countries public expenditure increases with the growth of population and the advance of civilization; or, as M. MAGNE puts it after the manner of his nation, no Government can escape the law of progress, for to do so it must contend with the irresistible force of events. All this is very sound philosophy no doubt, but M. MAGNE's application of it is remarkable. The inference he draws is, that the devouring monster which in France they call Public Works is too strong for any Minister to deal with, except by supplying its demands with continually increasing donations of public money. The Restoration, he says, the Government of July, and the Republic, did this no less than the Second Empire, and the statement is undoubtedly true; and yet, if there were not an imperious necessity behind, to the nature of which M. MAGNE in no way alludes, one would suppose that if any part of the Government outlay were strictly optional and within control, it must be the money spent on improvements, many of which are designed more for the benefit of those who make than of those who use them. But M. MAGNE tells us that it is the irresistible force of events that pulls down houses and builds palaces, and employs countless labourers in the construction of roads and bridges, and a multitude of other luxuries, of undeniable value, if only they do not cost more than they are worth. After such a prelude, it must be quite reassuring to timid Frenchmen to find that the expenditure, ordinary and extraordinary, of 1870 is set down at less than 70,000,000*l*., which is only about half a million beyond the estimate for 1869, and nearly 7,000,000*l*. below the outlay of 1868. If these figures should be justified by the event, M. MAGNE will be entitled to the credit of economical management, notwithstanding his exalted ideas of the necessity of public works, and his plausible arguments in favour of raising loans even in time of peace. Oddly enough, the statement which begins with the loan ends with the sinking fund. In defiance of the settled conclusions of political economy on the subject (which it is only fair to say Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI have concurred in disregarding), Frenchmen retain a marvellously persistent faith in a sinking fund. This very year, while borrowing with one hand, they profess to be redeeming debt with the other; but the contrast between the figures is as striking as between FALSTAFF's sack and his bread. The funded debt is increased, we are told, by a loan of 17,000,000*l*. The sinking fund, after many years of existence, is making such progress that in 1870 it will have a free surplus for investment in the redemption of debt of about a million and a quarter. An operation on this scale may be pardoned by the severest *doctrinaire*, however difficult it may be to reconcile it to scientific views.

M. MAGNE concludes his statement with the usual complimentary references to commercial progress. It is probable that the revival from the long period of stagnation has been more marked in France than in England. It certainly must have been so to justify even the mitigated satisfaction with which the Minister regards it. He deplores the alternations of confidence and depression which have distinguished the past year, and persuades himself that public opinion is learning to judge political circumstances more soundly. It may be so, but it would be a great relief to France and the world if the EMPEROR would provide his subjects and the world at large with fewer political circumstances on which to pass fallible judgments. But on the symptoms of the day M. MAGNE speaks with a confidence which is very reassuring. He sees a sensible resumption of activity shown in commercial matters by the position of the credit establishments, progress in the general well-being of the people manifested by the increase of the taxes on consumption, and an advance in wealth established by the improving prices of all securities. Something, but very little, of the same kind may be traced in this country; and if a slow recovery is likely to be lasting in proportion, it ought to be long indeed before the next time of panic comes round to us. In these days progress in one country means progress in all, and we trust that M. MAGNE's picture is not too highly coloured, and that the revival he speaks of has fairly commenced. It proves, as he observes, the necessity of peace and the abundant gratitude due to an EMPEROR who, by friendly intervention, lays so far as in him lies the quarrels which might disturb it. If to such friendly intervention the French EMPEROR would only add on occasion the virtue of non-intervention, M. MAGNE would have additional reason for contemplating the future with the cheerful, but chastened, serenity which he either feels or affects. Altogether he may be congratulated on the present occasion on having made triumphant progress on a road from which the recent loan had removed all obstacles.

ETHICAL SHORTSIGHT.

THE uncommonness of common sense is an old subject of reflection which must have not unfrequently occurred to those who, during the late elections, were driven, either by the course of duty or by a morbid curiosity, to hear or read the speeches, autobiographical chapters, and other manifestoes of certain leaders of that party to which Mr. Mill once arrogated the monopoly of intelligence. To some people it may appear to be a contradiction in terms to speak of common sense as uncommon. But there must be many who will find it easier to digest the paradox than to deny the fact. What may be the true solution of the apparent paradox we need not here discuss. Perhaps the term "common sense" is, in its present ordinary signification, a misnomer. Perhaps it ought to have been kept strictly confined in vulgar usage, as it still is in metaphysics, to that province to which its etymology and the history of philosophy assign it, and ought never to have been applied to that felicitous combination of prudence, tact, judgment, discretion, and other practical virtues which we commonly call "common sense." It may be that "common sense," in this employment of the term, has always been uncommon, and that those who thought otherwise were deluded optimists. Or perhaps it may be that common sense was once more common than it now is, especially among politicians, and that there is some-

thing in the nature of transcendental Liberalism which tends to render its use unnecessary, and thus gradually, by a well-known natural operation, to cause it to decay and die away. Mr. Lewes, writing on Berkeley's philosophy, very properly remarks, that "the first step which a philosopher takes in any inquiry is a departure from common sense." Would it be an unpardonable play upon the double—that is, the philosophical and vulgar—usage of the term "common sense," if we were to say that, since the Liberal party began to swear allegiance to the philosophers, it has likewise shown signs of taking the philosophical step of "departing from common sense"? There does at any rate seem to be some ground for supposing that, if one consummate tactician has been able to educate the Conservatives up to the mark of swallowing their principles, certain moonrakers on the other side are trying both by example and precept to teach their friends to fly through political space without the ballast of common sense. Whether, however, the term "common sense" is a misnomer or not, we all very well know what we mean by it. And the quality is so absolutely essential to success in life, that it may not be out of place to note how the want of it in some instances appears to work.

Want of common sense is principally shown in two respects—namely, in undue neglect of particulars, and in false estimates of particulars. The first is the amiable weakness of dreamers—of poets, philosophers, and others who live in the kingdom of ideas; who think that it rains legs of mutton at regular intervals, that with so much bread and butter about it must be impossible to starve, and that if there should ever be a deficiency of bread it will be no great hardship to fall back upon toast. The features of this phase are too broad and too well known to require comment. But the other phase, where want of common sense is shown in a false appreciation of particulars, is more subtle and more interesting. It depends upon a condition or habit of mind entirely different from that which occasions the first-named phase. It often originates in perfectly contrary ethical circumstances. For whereas the former arises from a dreamy or generalizing ethical habit, and shows itself in undue neglect or contempt of particulars, this latter arises more frequently from a too microscopic or particularizing habit, and shows itself in an inability to ponderate or classify particulars. The habit is not one of overlooking particulars, or of hasty generalization; it is not the dreamy imaginative disposition which renders its possessor liable to castle-building or Quixotism. It is not the habit which would cause a man to talk of Lancashire as if it were the new Atlantis, or of Birmingham as Utopia, or which would induce him to start off on a voyage over an unknown sea in search of an earthly paradise. On the contrary, it is a habit which, originating perhaps in a want of fancy or of humour, is fostered and magnified by an overstudy of particulars, until the student's ethical vision has become almost incapable of distinguishing the value of one particular from that of another, and quite incapable of appreciating their proper bearing upon the universal. It is the mental or moral condition analogous to that physical defect which (as Mr. Kinglake would say) men call *short sight*. It is a too great convexity of the cornea of the soul, causing the beholder to see details, when he looks closely at them, with almost microscopic acuteness, but preventing him from studying them at such a distance as to get the proper light and shade upon them, and so robbing them of all their true and natural tone and colour, and quite disabling him from seeing what part they bear towards forming the general harmony of the whole. It is in fact a kind of *ethical shortsight*.

The effects or operations of ethical shortsight may of course be traced in each of the two great border domains wherewith ethical science is concerned—the domain of thought and the domain of action; and though it would be absurd to attempt, within the limits of such a paper as the present, to describe all those effects or operations, yet a few hints may be suggestive. In the domain of thought we are struck by the obvious fact that this shortsight is the besetting defect of statisticians. It is the weakness of the social student who rests more on the number than on the kind of his instances, and is apt to ignore their relation to the general theory which should preside over his investigation. Lord Macaulay, in his celebrated criticism of Bacon's Method, seems—if we may judge from the application he makes of the story of the judge "who was in the habit of jocosely propounding after dinner a theory, that the cause of the prevalence of Jacobinism was the practice of bearing three names"—to have supposed that the value of any induction depended on the number, and not upon the kind, of instances collected; and a similar error is frequently committed by the professed statistician, and is partly at least the result of ethical shortsight. When once such a person comes to be employed on any public work, such as an educational or other social inquiry, he is overwhelmed by the minuteness and diversity of his materials; he is quite unable to sift the evidence which pours in upon him; and, unless in the course of fate he becomes the prey of some fanatic, or the useful tool of some master mind, he is hopelessly lost in his Cretan Labyrinth of details. In the domain of thought, the tendency of all laborious and scrupulous *à posteriorists* is in the direction of ethical shortsight. They are like tourists who are trying to work their way across an overgrown country, or a country with much sameness of feature, without having first climbed a height in order to take a general survey of it; or rather, perhaps, they are men who did climb the height, but who, owing to their shortsight, were unable to make any use of their position, and so set to work to grapple with the details of their task unprovided with any mental map.

In the two great provinces of the ethical domain of action—namely, politics and morals—we find this defect of the ethical vision operating in a mode closely analogous to that in which it works within the domain of thought. Here also its effects are shown in an inability rightly to regard, and judiciously to manipulate, particulars. It is, both in morals and politics, an incapacity for duly apprehending what Aristotle calls the minor premiss of the Practical Syllogism. And it is the exercise of this tact for apprehending the minor premiss, so as to know when and how to apply it to the major, which the marvellously practical genius of Aristotle declared to be the very essence of common sense or of social wisdom. False estimates of particulars are, both in politics and in morals, mostly due to ethical shortsight; but of course, as the matter on which the wisdom of politics works is somewhat different from that on which the wisdom of morals works, the results of such false estimates differ in their social importance. Shortsight in politics affects the collective happiness of mankind much more than shortsight in morals. The shortsighted politician is a pest to his country; the shortsighted moralist is a curse to himself. It is only when such a moralist turns legislator or agitator, and therefore drops the guise of moralist for that of politician, that he becomes dangerous to the peace of others as well as to his own, and illustrates the wisdom of Dr. Johnson's observation, adopted and amplified by Mr. Buckle, that there is no greater social nuisance than your wrongheaded conscientious man. Such a man, if he comes into power, turns the affairs of his country—which previously were in a condition, if not of perfection, at least of order and decency—into the cauldron, and makes of them what *Punch* once represented Lord Palmerston as calling "a pretty kettle of fish."

No politician was ever probably more entirely free from the defect of ethical shortsight than the late leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. Thoroughly practical, perfectly well acquainted with the details of his art, and eminently skilled in the manipulation of these details; knowing, like a good painter, when to water his brush so as to keep the colour down, and when again to lay it on thick; ready and able, moreover, at any moment to stand off from his work and form a cool opinion of its general effect—he managed matters, if not always to the satisfaction of Beales, Bradlaugh, Finlen, and Co., if not always to the satisfaction of the philosophers and their *protégés*, of the young Oxford fanatics or of the emancipated ladies, at least in such a way as to make our progress sure, and save us from the dread of a violent reaction. Whatever may have been his defects, we cannot reckon among them this of ethical shortsight. He was possessed of a keen mental vision, which enabled him to master as well as to study particulars, and prevented his mistaking molehills for mountains. But his mantle of common sense does not seem to have fallen upon any hitherto acknowledged leader of the Liberal party. The party has gained a leader immensely superior to Lord Palmerston in volubility, in the profusion of profession, in self-assertion, in excitability, and in grim earnestness; and yet how is it that practical, moderate politicians, men who persist in clinging to a belief in the necessity of common sense, and think ethical shortsight highly dangerous in a leader, begin to turn to Mr. Bright with something like a sense of relief? It is said that a certain people, famous for their high-stepping horses, trained them to this lofty action by fixing magnifying glasses over their eyes, so that obstacles on the ground of very small diameter seemed to the poor animals to have a diameter of several inches, and thus caused them to acquire the habit of lifting their feet to a practically unnecessary height. When next the heaven-born leader of the Liberal party favours us with a chapter of his Autobiography, perhaps he will inform us whether it is from an analogous process in his early training, or from the natural defect of ethical shortsight, that he has acquired his celebrated high-stepping action.

In the province of morals, this defect of shortsight is far less dangerous to the peace of society than in that of politics; but it is productive of the greatest discomfort and torture to the person afflicted with it. The morally shortsighted person is one who, either never having studied, or being incapable of apprehending, the principles to which the particulars of right and wrong doing are ultimately referable, does not discriminate the relative importance of those particulars. When such a defect is combined with a vivid imagination and a sensitive conscience, the result is a morbid moral temperament which is most painful to the sufferer. It is much more common among women than among men, partly because within certain limits their imagination is more lively than that of men, and their conscience, owing to their domestic education, is more sensitive; but partly also because they are particularly liable to the defect of ethical shortsight. Not having been soundly trained in the logic of casuistry, or in any other ratiocinative science, they are of course entirely ignorant of the reasons or principles which determine the quality of particular moral actions, and give them their relative value, their tone, and proper harmony of colour. They have been taught to refer the value of every particular action directly to some immediate sanction, or absolute authority, such as the text of the Bible, or the verdict of the parish parson; and they are naturally unable to discriminate for themselves what are and what are not important instances among the legion of particulars. The more, however, that they dwell upon such particulars, the more contracted and

enfeebled does their moral vision become; until at last they are forced in their despair to fly for rescue from the monstrous shapes and portentous consequences which surround them, to some spiritual guide who is probably as profoundly innocent of any acquaintance with the science of casuistry as themselves, but who, with true English pluck, is ever ready at a moment's notice to discharge the functions of a blind leader of the blind. So long as women, or those who in their ethical constitution so closely resemble women, retain in this country their present influence in determining what is and what is not sound and valuable theology, it may pay a judicious aspirant to the highest ecclesiastical honours to write a treatise upon "the sinfulness of little sins"; but the topic is not one which is likely much to engage any but feminine, or effeminate, minds. Meantime it is refreshing to recall the story of the little child who, when asked by its father, "What are all these complaints that I hear of you, my child? What naughty things have you been doing now?" answered, "O papa, nothing that you would think much of; *only nursery naughtinesses!*" That child, at any rate, was not afflicted with ethical short-sight.

CHARITY AND PAUPERISM.

THERE is something depressing about the numerous discussions which have recently taken place in regard to the growth of pauperism. They prove indeed—what is, so far, gratifying—that people are beginning to appreciate the magnitude of the problem before them; but they prove also how much remains to be done before we can expect to see the present chaos of charitable institutions reduced to anything like order. It seems that the whole discussion is destined to run through the course which has been that of so many similar debates. Some startling scandal excites public attention; we make a vigorous descent upon the apparently guilty person, sweep some obnoxious arrangement out of the way, and fancy that we have put the whole affair to rights. Presently the scandal breaks out afresh; it seems that we have only suppressed a particular symptom instead of curing the disease. One set of persons cries out for a raid or two more against the existing abuses; another set avers that all we have done has been useless, and that we had better go back to the old order of things; and a whole crowd of wise men and fools, of quacks and genuine physicians, starts up, each with his own pet nostrum, and we are fairly bewildered and deafened with the resulting controversy. Some such process is perhaps a necessary incident of human progress; mankind gets on, it is said, by stumbling first to the right and then to the left, and only discovers truth by a series of gross blunders. We could wish at least that the process may be shortened as much as possible, and we should like to be certain that each stumble lands us a little further in advance. It will be pleasant when from all the hubbub of Social Science Associations, and societies for the suppression of misery, vice, and disease, there arises some dim outline of a scheme which we may join in supporting with a tolerable certainty that we are doing more harm than good.

At present it would appear that this moderate demand is very imperfectly satisfied. Experienced people tell us with great confidence that the seven or more millions sterling which are annually spent in London create more poverty than they destroy. Nor is there anything surprising in the assertion; it is only what political economists have been preaching for years. Everybody has heard of the country parishes that have been hopelessly demoralized by the benefactions of amiable fools. To give a man money for doing nothing is to do an injury to his self-respect; and the desire of independence is that which is perhaps most strongly cherished by every one who calls himself a gentleman. This is nothing but the merest commonplace; and there is therefore nothing strange in the fact that seven millions of money, flung away for the most part at random, to be scrambled for by the most impudent and improvident, should encourage improvidence and impudence on a gigantic scale. A large part of the money is spent, unintentionally, but as directly as if the intention were fully formed, in providing premiums for idleness and cheating. And then, say the political economists, we wonder that paupers abound! This is very true; but it is not the less difficult to reconcile the general principle to our individual feelings. We really can't quite button up our pockets, invest our spare cash as prudently as may be, and say to the poor man, "Starve, for it serves you right." There are contrasts in the streets that are rather unpleasant to contemplate. For example, we see in a shop-window French pears at we know not how many guineas a dozen, and on the other side of the pavement is a living heap of rags, filth and dirt, representing so much explosive social material. Is it not as well to give him a superfluous copper or two, by way of a propitiatory offering, just to prove that if we are luxurious and he is starving, we have at any rate a certain amount of compassion? If a pauper cannot but envy us, it is desirable that he should hate us as little as possible. And then one has the constant argument to combat that, in any particular case, we may be doing more good than harm. It seems so horrible to allow one honest man to starve that we would avert the possibility, even if there are ten chances to one that we are paying tribute to an impostor. The stern political economist may say, it is better that a certain number of people should starve. Repeal the poor-laws and shut up all the fountains of charity; there would be intense misery for a time; the classes who would be proved unworthy to survive the struggle for existence would perish or mend their ways; and we should start fair with a well-to-do population. In short, Bishop Haddo's expedient for relieving his estates was right in spirit, though he perhaps deserved his fate at the teeth of the rats for carrying it out with superfluous energy. The reasons for not adopting this doctrine are tolerably obvious. In the first place, we have not the requisite strength of mind. In the next place, it would not necessarily or probably answer; if all kinds of charity, legal and voluntary, were stopped ever so completely there might still be an idle and improvident class, hanging on to the fringes of society, supporting themselves by plunder and occasional work, or some mysterious system of sponging upon their neighbours. Moreover, a total refusal of sympathy might make, of what is now a serious embarrassment, a great social danger. However desirable hardheartedness may be, we cannot afford just yet to adopt it as a cardinal virtue. Some better compromise must be found between the rigid teaching of economists and the gushing benevolence of popular teachers.

Our present compromise, indeed, seems to give little satisfaction. We say that nobody shall starve, in deference to the benevolent; and from our respect to political economists we agree that they shall come as near starving as possible. This often comes to saying, we will give help, but we will take care that it does no permanent good. We will keep the poor just above the brink of starvation, until they have lost their spirit of independence; and, that we may be sure not to be over liberal, we won't help them enough to put them beyond the need of help. As all assistance is to be reduced to a minimum, the vagabond will be content to live upon our support, and the man who wishes to be independent shall be reduced to the same level. And we thus increase the weight of distress which is constantly tending to drag down those who have hitherto kept their heads above water. A year or two ago we had an explosion of disgust at some of the results of the system, and insisted upon a more liberal expenditure, which should at least cause efficient help to be given to the sick poor. It seems that the result has been to cause a general rebellion of the London parishes. They protest against the heavy burden which is being imposed upon them by the Poor-law Board, and declare—not without some apparent sense—that its extravagance will be as pernicious as the cheese-paring policy of the local authorities. How are the differences to be reconciled, and the force of private and public charity to be turned to account, without, as at present, defeating its own object?

Some persons would apparently reply by looking for a remedy to emigration. However desirable this may be as a temporary measure, it would seem to be virtually giving up the problem as insoluble. It would amount to saying, as we cannot possibly manage the poor, let us get rid of them altogether. Pack every man, woman, and child of them off to Canada, or the United States, or Brazil, or Australia, and don't let us be bothered with them any more. This is all very well, but how long would the relief last? We have deported a good many Irishmen in the last twenty years; perhaps we should not wish to part with as many Englishmen. Yet we have not quite solved the Irish problem. Those who are left are doubtless better off on the whole, but they don't seem to be quite satisfied. The difficulty is, when we have produced the vacuum, and afforded the relief, to know how it will work. Will those who are left behind learn the virtues of prudence and industry; or will they proceed to fill up the void by increasing as fast as possible? It is said that the great increase of wealth during late years has been confined to the upper classes, and that the poor are as badly off as ever. Why is this, if it is so? Because, we must presume, the poor have taken advantage of increased wages by increasing their families instead of raising their standard of comfort; because, when more money has come to them, they have spent it in eating and drinking, or in marrying and giving in marriage, instead of spending it in the endeavour to be a little more beforehand with the world. The problem, it may be said, is dynamical instead of statical. We have not merely to remove a certain dead weight of poverty, but to make those who are left more capable of taking care of themselves. It becomes more evident, the more we look into the question of pauperism, that the task which lies before us really amounts to the civilization (whatever may be meant by that rather vague expression) of the lower classes of the population; and that any remedy which stops short of that is necessarily transitory and uncertain in its effects. If the class which now swells the ranks of pauperism could be made as intelligent and prudent as the class a few degrees higher, pauperism would disappear; if it is to remain what it is, we might give away twice as much as we do and only double the existing evils.

The machinery provided by the Poor-laws should be part of a harmonious system directed to raise the general tone of morality and intelligence of the pauperized classes. It should be a backbone, round which the various organizations of private charity might naturally group themselves. At present it is a distracted engine, working in the midst of a perfect chaos of discordant forces. Yet it surely should be possible to provide channels through which all the energy now running to waste might expend itself, without the danger of neutralizing its own action. The volunteers who assist the official army should have duties assigned to them in which they may act as useful allies, not as running counter to the whole plan of the campaign. Half the ladies in London who have nothing to do are laudably anxious to be indulged in what is pleasantly called "doing good," and which too often means distributing money and religious advice at random. They do indeed so much good as is implied in a fruitless exhibition of good feeling; and those who are sensible undoubtedly do

more. But a very large proportion of the ladies and the clergy form an unconscious, though not the less effectual, association for the demoralization of the poor. To bring all this ill-regulated energy into order is doubtless a task of enormous difficulty—only less difficult, indeed, than that of bringing the energy into existence. But if a tolerable approximation could be made, the results would be worth any trouble. We might, to mention only a single case, find a satisfactory escape from that unpleasant dilemma of street charity. At present, if we meet a beggar, we are obliged to constitute ourselves into a committee of investigation and a relieving-officer, and to administer charity in the most objectionable form possible; or we escape this responsibility on the penalty of hardening our hearts, to say nothing of the bare possibility of neglecting genuine misery. If we give, we purchase a little relief to our conscience by an action of ambiguous merit; if we give nothing, we destroy to a certain extent our powers of sympathy. Now it is surely conceivable that there might be a sufficient number of relieving-officers to whom we might transfer our applicant with a reasonable confidence that his case would be properly investigated, and that he would be handed over to the workhouse, to some charitable institution, or to a house of correction, as the case might be. That even this dream should be realized, a certain co-operation between the different relieving bodies is obviously necessary, and we should need both that uniformity of principles which comes from central authority and that discrimination of individual cases which requires the more elastic regulation of private charity. At present a parish which takes a fit of virtue or economy simply drives the poor out of one district to pauperize the industrious classes in another; or a fixed rule is laid down by central authority which makes generosity impossible where it would be useful, and enforces relief only where it encourages idleness. Meanwhile, a whole crowd of institutions, animated by the best intentions, stimulated by the zeal of secretaries and the eloquence of the clergy, rush into the field and set to work without forethought or combination or common sense. We can only hope that, as the subject is being forced upon the attention of all intelligent men, order will be gradually evolved out of chaos.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCHEME OF EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN.

WE discussed a little time back a scheme for the Examination of Women put forth by the University of London. It was a scheme in whose favour, to put it mildly, we found very little to say. In fact, it would have been hardly possible to devise a scheme less suited to encourage real knowledge and intellectual exertion. That article, as our articles often do, has called forth a certain amount of hostile comment. A letter and a leading article in the *Spectator* have been hurled at us. Each of them is not a little amusing. The leading article begins by calling us and our remarks "rather foolish," "ignorant," "clever, but certainly also silly," "foolish" again, "curious," "unintelligent," and adds that we "indulge in *very* unmeaning and *rather* vulgar abuse." We congratulate the *Spectator* on the accurate care with which it weighs its adverbs; we only wish we had some means of judging of the force of its adjectives. For presently the writer changes his tone; our "drift" is said to be "sensible enough," and our "silliness" is now made to consist only "in the violence with which we assail the drift of a quite different conception." We suppose then, on the whole, that we must be something of the nature of an "Oxymoron," or perhaps that we should be entitled to rank among those students at some American Colleges who bear the title of "Sophomores." After this there is no particular abuse of us in the rest of the article. But it is perhaps worth notice that the *Spectator* pronounces "that ignorance of the simplest elements of science ought to be illiterateness in precisely the same sense in which bad grammar and interpolated h's are illiterate." We do not exactly know what "illiterateness" means, or how the *Spectator* proposes to make a thing illiterateness which is not illiterateness already. But certainly, if there be such a thing as illiterateness, its ideal seems to be pretty well realized by a writer whose notions of nouns of multitude allow him to say that "the London University *have* set out with a totally different idea."

We are bound however to say that the leading article, after the abuse of us at the beginning, goes on to discuss quietly enough the scheme of the London University, and to compare it with the scheme for the same object which has been since put forth by the University of Cambridge. This scheme the *Spectator* naturally supposes will be much more to our liking than the London one. As for the correspondent on whose letter the *Spectator* grounds its leading article—he signs himself "O." and dates from Lincoln's Inn—he seems to belong to the class of whom Sydney Smith said that they needed a surgical operation to get a joke into them. "O." is so absolutely incapable of fun that he does not see that such names as "cryptogam," "hypogynous," and "diandrous" are in their own nature subject to the tribute of a laugh, and he gravely talks about "the supposed indelicacy of teaching botany to girls." He talks elsewhere about our "ignoring the existence of elementary knowledge," whereas we specially insisted on the requirement of general elementary knowledge before going on to special.* What we did object to was making every girl, whether she has any turn for natural science or not, get up "the composition and resolution of statical forces." It still seems to us quite as unreasonable to do so as it would be to require every girl to know the details of the Julian legislation, or the exact relation between the Slavonic and Lithuanian languages. But we are not greatly afflicted by "O's." criticisms, seeing that he is "far from denying the cogency of the observations made" by us as to the utter impossibility of finding any place in the London scheme for an intelligent knowledge of either language or history. And in truth we cannot very greatly value either the good or the bad opinion of a writer who ends his letter with a sneer at "the new-born conception of an architectonic [what may that be?] 'science of language.'"

We now go on to examine the Cambridge scheme. And, as our censors in the *Spectator* suppose, we look on the scheme of the elder University as being in every way an improvement on the scheme put forth by the younger one. The Cambridge scheme is no doubt itself capable of improvement in several important respects. But the difference between it and the London scheme is simply infinite. The difference between the two schemes amounts in short to this, that we can conceive a girl of real thought and knowledge going in for the Cambridge Examination, an event which we cannot conceive happening in the case of the London scheme.

As we shall have to examine the Cambridge scheme pretty freely in detail, let us first put on record the two points in which it seems to us that its great superiority to the London scheme chiefly consists. First of all, the Cambridge scheme admits far more largely of alternative subjects. It does not compel every candidate to get up the incongruous mass of subjects which is forced upon her by the London scheme. Secondly, though the recognition of comparative and historical philology in the Cambridge scheme is somewhat hesitating and imperfect, it still is recognised, and some room is given for the display of proficiency in it. In the London scheme Comparative Philology was shut out altogether; no knowledge of languages was recognised but such as is purely empirical. These two points of difference seem to us just to make all the difference. The Cambridge scheme seems to us very faulty in some points of detail, but it is founded on a right principle. The London scheme was founded on a wrong principle—or rather on no principle at all.

The Cambridge scheme consists of six groups, A, B, C, D, E, F. Each candidate must pass in at least two, namely in A as a matter of necessity, and in one other—we suppose, in more than one other, if she chooses—selected according to her taste, from among the four, B, C, D, E. Group A thus occupies something like the position of the *Literæ Humaniores* at Oxford in relation to the other three schools. It is therefore of a more general and miscellaneous kind, while the other five are more special. B is a school of Language; C of Mathematics; D of Political Economy and Logic—perhaps designed specially for grateful admirers of Mr. Mill; E of Natural Science. Besides these, there is F, Music and Drawing, the position of which we do not quite understand, as "proficiency in these subjects will not entitle the candidate to a certificate of honour." This sounds, perhaps appropriately, something like the position of a Doctor of Music as compared with a Doctor of Divinity, Law, or Medicine.

The greater freedom of choice thus given is a vast improvement on the London scheme, which compelled every unfortunate candidate to take up, besides English and the other selected languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Botany. The Cambridge scheme allows a girl who has a real turn for one subject only to give her main attention to that subject, and not to be distracted from it by a forced study of other subjects, in which she is almost certain to break down. A certain amount of general knowledge (Group A) being presupposed, the candidate has a fairly wide choice among the special subjects in the other groups. Each of these contains several subjects, ranging in number from two to seven, of which one or two are required for a pass, and a larger number for a certificate of honour. This is evidently the right principle. But with some of the details we are by no means satisfied. We are not quite sure about the position and constitution of Group A. It includes "Religious Knowledge" (which is rendered optional by a sort of conscience clause), Arithmetic, English History (with Geography), English Language and Literature, and English Composition. The objection which we take to this arrangement is the isolation from all other history and all other languages to which it condemns the history and language of our own people. Now we feel, in all times and in all places, a craving for the company of our Dutch brethren, and indeed of our Aryan kinsfolk in general; and this craving the Cambridge scheme, no less than the London scheme, cruelly refuses to gratify. The mistake seems to us to consist in this, that the highest proficiency which the scheme recognises in English matters of any kind—"English in all its branches," as governesses say in their advertisements—is jumbled up with Arithmetic and "Religious Knowledge." We would rather, instead of Group A, have a very elementary examination, answering rather to a matriculation examination than to a degree examination of any kind. In such an examination we should require an elementary knowledge of many things, English and arithmetic among them, but the higher knowledge of English history and the English language we should keep for its natural place in close connexion with the history and the language of other countries. Here the scheme breaks down. Group B contains five languages, Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian. A knowledge of any one will gain the pass, while two are needed for honours. Now in this group the connexion between Latin and the Romance languages is most properly insisted on, and in the examinations in French and Italian papers are to be set illustrating the connexion between those languages and Latin. This is perhaps the best thing in the whole scheme; but we are greedy, and

want something more of the same kind. We see no means for doing the same good turn to our own tongue and to the tongues of our nearest kinsfolk which is here done to the tongues of our Southern cousins. The means afforded for comparing English with Latin, Greek, German, and French, are very imperfect, because English is not admitted into the same group with Latin, Greek, German, and French. To be sure the writings of Professor Max Müller are recommended to group A as well as to group B, but we really do not see that they can be of much use to those who take up English all by itself and not in connexion with any of the cognate languages. It is a marked feature in the Cambridge, as distinguished from the London scheme, that Cambridge will give its pass, and even its honour certificate, to a candidate who knows no language but her own. With our notions of female education, and of the wide choice of subjects desirable, we do not so much complain of this. But we do complain that those who take up language as their special subject should have a needless hindrance thrown in their way by this strange cutting off of the English tongue from its natural position alongside of other tongues.

Another very strange thing is that the scheme seems to give no place at all to history of any kind, save only the history of England. Its only chance is in the Language group, where the candidates are to be examined in the matter of the Greek, Latin, German, French, and Italian books which they take up. If then they take up historical books, they will, in a certain indirect way, be examined in history. But surely history is deserving of a higher place in any rational scheme of examination than to be smuggled in, in this way, by a side-wind—a side-wind too which is most unlikely to blow anybody any good. For the choice of books recommended is decidedly against the introduction of any historical book whatever. Among the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian books which are recommended there is not a single history; among the German books we have indeed Schiller's Thirty Years' War; but that is literally all. In none of the three modern languages is the least scope given for mediæval study of any kind. One would have thought that one main object of learning Italian was to read Dante; but, strange to say, Dante is not among the books recommended. The French choice too does not go further back than Corneille. Yet, in a scheme where the connexion between Latin and French is distinctly recognised, one would have thought that an historical study of the language was suggested. We venture to think that, as exercises for the mind, and therefore as subjects for examination, Wace and Benoît, Villehardouin and Joinville, Froissart and Philip of Comines, are a good deal more to the purpose than Corneille, Molière, Châteaubriand, and Scribe.

The truth is that, except in a very faint way in the English school, mediæval subjects have been wholly kept out of sight. A girl who knows her Popes and Emperors and Republics has no chance of profiting by her knowledge. And, as a whole, the choice of books in the different groups is not a little wonderful. To be sure, we are told that the list of books recommended is not absolutely imperative; a candidate may, if she pleases, take up other books instead. But, if we know anything of human nature, the mass of the candidates will take up the books which are recommended. The recommendation has very much of the effect of a *congé d'élire*. And certainly the choice of books suggested is, to our taste, wonderfully narrow. As we asked in the London scheme for a wider choice of alternative subjects, so we ask in the Cambridge scheme for a wider choice of alternative books. In Latin there is positively nothing but six books of the Æneid and Cicero *de Officiis*. Why not some rather more solid food? Why is there nothing of Livy or Tacitus? why not Ovid's *Fasti?* why not some of the great historical speeches of Cicero? Indeed we should be inclined to say that, in a school which looks on Latin historically, in its relation to the Romance languages, some opening should be given for the mediæval, as well as for the classical speech. The Greek choice is a little wider. It takes in the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *Alcestis* of Euripides, Plato's *Apologia*, and Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. Here again is not a word of the historians or the orators. Now, if a girl learns Greek at all, why is she to be shut out from the matchless narrative of Herodotus and from the eternal treasures of wisdom preserved in the history of Thucydides and in the *Politics* of Aristotle? Why is she to be debarred from the Orations of Demosthenes and the pamphlets of Isocrates; nay, why should some silly notion about "good" and "bad" Greek cut her off from the charming biographies of Plutarch? Surely any of these books may be fairly taken as alternatives, and there is one book which should surely be imperative in every case. What, we would ask, is the year without its spring, and what is the Greek tongue without its Homer?

The group which includes English suffers especially, as far as English history is concerned, from the strange isolation to which everything English is doomed. Group A, the one necessary group, goes on the assumption that the candidates may possibly take up no language besides English. Any real study of English history down to the fifteenth century is thus shut out. There is no scope for any use of original authorities. For the original authorities are all in Latin, save only the Chronicles themselves, and the chances are against the authors of the scheme acknowledging the Chronicles as English. Of course it will be said that very few women read Florence of Worcester or Matthew Paris. This is perfectly true; but so do very few men. But some men and some women do read them, and we ask for a fair field for those of either sex who are not content to take everything at secondhand. Nay, even a translation—if anybody can find a decent translation — of an original writer, though a very poor substitute for the real article, is decidedly better than nothing. It is perfectly amazing to see the sort of scheme of English history which the Cambridge Syndicate proposes. The girls are sent to Palgrave—not to his last and unfinished work, great amid all its failings, but to his hasty little book of nearly forty years back on "the Anglo-Saxon period." This is bad enough, but worse is in store. From the ingenious crotchets of Sir Francis Palgrave, the candidate is promoted to the oracular blunders of Mr. C. H. Pearson, to learn to dream of Roman municipalities in England and to confuse the geography of Southern Gaul. Then comes Clifford's "Greatest of the Plantagenets," a work which is, in a certain sense, most creditable to its author, but which is as ill suited for a text-book as any book can be. One comfort alone there is. Cambridge at least abstains from recommending the writings of its own Regius Professor of Modern History. Later English history fares almost as oddly. Along with Massingberd's "History of the Reformation," a modern work with which we cannot boast of any acquaintance, are joined two original authorities which are oddly quoted as Clarendon's "History of his Own Time" and Burnet's "Memoirs." Do the Syndicate really think that Clarendon and Mr. Massingberd, a living clergyman, if we mistake not, to say nothing of the merits or defects of either, are writers of the same class?

On the whole, we say, as we said at starting, that the Cambridge scheme, though going on a far better principle than the London scheme, is still exceedingly faulty in detail. We wait to see whether Oxford will try her hand also, and, if so, what she will make of it.

THE FIRST COMMISSIONERSHIP OF POLICE.

THE hesitation which defers the appointment of the First Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police is regarded by the public with a feeling which is the reverse of disapprobation. The delay bears testimony both to the difficulty and to the necessity of making a good appointment; and the public will be contented to wait if the result is only proportioned to the expectations which have been formed. During the interval of suspense several names have been mentioned as those of likely and acceptable candidates. It would be invidious to quote them, especially as we consider a very small proportion of them to be unexceptionable. We may add, too, that it has struck us as very curious that many persons, while adducing the names of their favourite candidates, have overlooked disqualifications of the most striking kind. Indeed, very few seem to bear in mind the qualifications which are indispensably necessary for the execution of the office. On these it may be useful to dwell at some length while the Minister's choice is still undecided, and an appointment which must ultimately affect the well-being of the whole metropolis hovers in suspense.

The first and most essential conditions are those of health and strength. To place at the head of 8,000 men one who is not in the full possession of mental and bodily strength would be an absurdity and an insult. An invalid, or a valetudinarian picking up fragments of available strength at odd intervals, would be an intolerable imposition on public patience. The man who directs the Police of London should be capable, not only of going down regularly to Scotland Yard, reading the daily reports, and issuing daily orders, but of riding once or twice a week about the metropolitan area, and of remaining five or six hours at a stretch on horseback. He should be able to do this without fatigue or inconvenience; without injury either to his constitution or to his temper. Let it never be forgotten that Sir R. Mayne remained on horseback, confronting the "roughs" of London, in Hyde Park, from five in the afternoon till twelve o'clock of a summer night, when he was over seventy years of age. Health and strength are indispensable; but they are not the only characteristics of a Chief Commissioner. He should be active, without being fussy; patient, but not dilatory; slow in judgment, but prompt in resources; firm, but not obstinate; above all, no gabbler; silent, quiet, and reserved, but able by his moderation and his wisdom to win the confidence and inspire the devotion of his men; neither irritable, nor fretful, nor irascible. Such a man must possess a more unusual combination of qualities than is required in some Ministers of State; for the reason that he must oftener act on his own responsibility than any Minister except the Prime Minister and the Chancellor. And he acts on as wide and as distinguished a theatre, and before as critical a public, as any Minister. It is impossible to overstate the embarrassments which, in England, a Chief of Police may entail on himself, and what unpopularity he may excite against his force, by indiscretions of word or action; by unseasonable exhibitions of temper, or equally unseasonable exhibitions of zeal. And no higher eulogy can be passed on Sir R. Mayne than the recital of the very embarrassing occasions on which he acquitted himself with coolness, firmness, and decision, and with as little unpopularity as the very difficult circumstances in which he was placed would admit.

When the difficulty of his duties is considered, the difficulty is increased of solving the question, Where is the new Commissioner to be found? What department of the public service is capable of furnishing a man endowed with qualities so remarkable in themselves, and more remarkable in their combination? Nor should it be forgotten that the man who succeeds Sir R. Mayne should possess some attributes which did not fall to the lot of Sir R. Mayne. For, before the late

chief died, the public had begun to note the shortcomings of the London Police; and it will expect from his successor reforms which he failed to carry out. Whence is such a public officer to come? From the body of stipendiary Magistrates? From the Bar? From the Army? There is something to be said for each of these professions; and, under favourable circumstances, perhaps each of them might supply the man who is required. As to the London magistrates, it may be said in their favour, that they know the men with whom they will have most to deal—the police and the rogues. This knowledge is certainly useful, and will go a certain way. But it does not go the whole of the required way. They have seen a good deal of the London life with which the police have a good deal to do. But then they have seen it from a magisterial point of view only. Many of the London magistrates are notoriously "viewy," if not absolutely crotchety. Some of them have well-known prejudices as regards the police, which would make their administration suspected by the very men whose confidence they ought to command. And then they are all more or less hampered by their regard for the technicalities of criminal law, which would unduly tie the hands of their subordinates in their endeavours to prevent the perpetration of crime. The criminals know well the weak points of the English law already, and play with them accordingly. Put a London magistrate at the head of the police, and every felon in London would know that he had got "a fair start" in prosecuting his professional studies. In other words, every thief in London would know that the chances of escaping apprehension were three to one in his favour. Then, again, we suspect that the sedentary habits of the magistrates have disqualified some of its best members from taking an office which demands from its occupant occasional outdoor exertion of a very vigorous quality. Then what shall we say to the Bar? Nearly the same objections which apply to a stipendiary magistrate would apply to a barrister in good criminal practice; and a barrister in good civil practice is quite out of the question. A barrister getting into the first ranks of Sessions practice would have stuffed his head too full of quirks and quips to take a sound administrative view of policemen's duties. Besides, many of them entertain strong and known prejudices against the police. On the other hand, it must be remembered that practice is the exceptional attribute of barristers; and that the Inns of Court contain a vast body of educated gentlemen who are endowed with high talent, which they have had few or no opportunities of exhibiting on the professional arena. These gentlemen are for the most part familiar with London life; have had many opportunities of observing the characters who figure in police courts; have received their early training in the universities and great public schools; and, at any rate, have a respectable, if not a profound, knowledge of the criminal law. They have, moreover, another claim to notice as candidates for the command of policemen. Many of them are members, and some of them very zealous, active, and intelligent officers, of the Volunteer corps. They are accustomed to a semi-military training, to out-of-door exercise, to long marches, and exposure to weather. They are capable, therefore, of discharging well those duties of police which are performed outside the office walls. They have learned, too, the important lessons of command and obedience; of commanding without giving offence, and of obeying without feeling affront. And these are lessons which are of singular use in the discharge of the functions of which we speak. On the whole, we can well understand the language of those who say that the best head of police would be a barrister not yet in large practice, with a sound knowledge of the principles of law, and accustomed to the drill of a Volunteer or Militia corps.

Next come military officers. The example set by the City of London, by some large towns, and many counties, proves that this class supplies intelligent and efficient officers of police. There is a prejudice against them, a remnant of the old prejudice which denounced standing armies, and which still discourages the appearance of soldiers in the streets. But this prejudice is wearing away, and the grounds on which it once rested have long ago disappeared. The constitutional jealousy which people profess to feel of a military Chief Commissioner proceeds from the notion that he would ignore the law in dealing with civilians, and would exaggerate discipline in managing his own men. The former contingency is very unlikely. The experience which most official men have had of military officers tends to show that they are exceedingly afraid of responsibility. Few military men will face the responsibility which civil functionaries often brave. As to the discipline which some persons affect to dread, it is simply necessary for the control and cohesion of a large body of men. A constabulary equal in numbers to a division of infantry cannot be governed without discipline. The suggestion that, instead of one large constabulary, we should have detachments of parish constables, under the direction of parish vestries, may be reserved to be discussed as an alternative to the restoration of the old Charlies or the Saxon Heptarchy. We wish to entertain a profound respect for the grievances and the wisdom of the Marylebone memorialists. But we must confess that our faith is staggered by the perversity which sees in a number of minds—and those, too, Vestry minds—an organizing and directing power which one mind has failed to exercise; as our sympathy is deadened by the equivocation which represents the increase of the Police rate as due exclusively to the increase in the Police Force. Neither can we sympathize with that economical spirit which considers 8,000 men too many to protect nearly 4,000,000, and insists on every constable's abstinence from nocturnal rest. So long as we have a Metropolitan Police, it must be somewhat different from a metropolitan mob. It must have unity of action, identity of interests, and loyalty of feeling. This end will not be attained by splitting it up into parts, and by putting each fragment under district boards of the parochial overseer genus. There are folks who profess an inability to see of what use any drill can be to policemen, and who consider their knowledge of sword exercise a constitutional anomaly. Such folks should wait to see how effective a charge a score of well-drilled and disciplined policemen can make upon a phalanx of excited roughs ten times their own number; or with what skill and address half a dozen well-organized policemen will carry off a prisoner from the clutches of a score of struggling, hustling, and bullying ruffians. Englishmen who have been employed in organizing natives in our Indian and other Eastern dependencies can tell the wonderful degree of courage and self-reliance which is imparted to a body of commonplace louts by regular drill. The slipshod lazy Cinghalese or low-caste villager of the Peninsula is no longer the same man when dressed in his uniform, armed, and instructed in drill. Our own Volunteers can tell a similar tale of the effects of discipline upon bodies of our countrymen at home. Why the police should be without the means of catching that *esprit de corps* which is the cheapest substitute for numbers must be left for explanation to the transcendental logic of Vestry orators. If these gentlemen think that drill and knowledge of arms are indefensible on general principles, they may ask themselves how they expect London to be defended from the next Fenian conspiracy. If they are such simpletons as to question the necessity of being prepared for such a contingency, we have nothing more to say; for we must decline to argue with men who are ignorant of the current history of the day. With those who assert that a police capable of using side-arms might occasion damage to the riotous followers of Mr. Beales and the rascaldom of East London, we entirely agree; but we demur to the inferences which they would draw from this admission.

Each, then, of the three classes we have named may be cited as worthy of a favourable notice. Perhaps the judgment of thoughtful citizens will incline to one of the two last-named. A man conversant with adventure, familiar with camps, but not devoted to pipeclay, would combine some of the characteristics most required in a Chief of Police. But whoever the man eventually designated may be, he will have no easy or ordinary task before him. On all sides there is the call for more energy and exertion. London has fallen below every capital in Europe, except Athens and Madrid, in the security it provides for life, property, and order. There are upwards of seventy statutes affecting the peace, health, decency, comfort, and security of this vast area. The police is charged with enforcing these laws, but they are daily and hourly broken with impudent impunity. Nighthouses are kept open for the corruption and robbery of the young. Cabs either crawl or rush to the destruction of the old and infirm; idle mendicants expose their filthy sores to the annoyance of the timid and the disgust of all; young ruffians rush about, insulting respectable women; nuisances are tolerated which are pregnant with the seeds of dangerous epidemics. There is a force appointed and paid to keep down these evils, but it requires the *vivida vis* of guiding energy to galvanize it into action. Such will be the duty of the new Head of Police. Are we wrong in saying that his office is more important than that of many a Minister of State?

THE RITUALIST MEETING.

AMIDST a good deal of exaggeration, a good deal of inconsistency, and some sheer folly, the proceedings at Freemasons' Hall on Tuesday were marked by one unmistakeable characteristic. Those who took part in them were thoroughly in earnest. If they did not always speak very wisely, at least they meant what they said. Unless the evidence from language and demeanour goes for nothing, the speakers had one and all faced the possibility that they might have to leave the Established Church. The only question on which they differed was whether the recent judgment of the Judicial Committee had already brought them face to face with this necessity, or whether they might still wait in the hope that the catastrophe would be averted. Upon this part of the subject we shall have a word to say further on. What we wish to draw attention to at this moment is the extent to which the proceedings at the meeting justified what we have urged from time to time in dealing with the various stages of the Ritual controversy. The "I told you so" argument cannot often be brought forward with much profit, but inasmuch as there is still time to avert the most serious consequences of the policy which prompted the suit of Martin *v.* Mackonochie, we may be excused for using it on this occasion. It has again and again been pointed out in these columns that the so-called Ritualist innovations have all been prompted by one motive. The plea of the extreme innovators in effect was that the older Tractarian movement had failed to gain general influence because it was too exclusively an intellectual movement. The great sphere of its teaching was the pulpit and the study. The consequence has been, said the Ritualists, that all your high sacramental doctrine has gone in at the ear and come out at the ear. We are going to try a different plan, and to appeal to two senses at once. You have been satisfied with preaching a doctrine about the Eucharist not greatly differing from that of Rome. We shall do that too, but we intend to supple-

ment it by a service not greatly differing from that of Rome. The result has shown that, from their own point of view, they were in the right. Whether the Ritualist converts are worth as much, man by man, as the Tractarian converts, may be doubted; what cannot be doubted is that they can be counted by hundreds, where the others could be counted by tens. In the early times of the movement, therefore, it was not unnatural that the opponents of Ritualism, seeing that what marked them off from the rest of the Church of England was their external ceremonial, should assume that, if that could be put a stop to, the movement itself would collapse. Against this view of the matter, however, there were two serious objections. One was that, before the Evangelical leaders had made up their minds what to do, the Ritualists had already carried out their plan to such an extent that they could in a measure afford to dispense with the means they had hitherto used. In most of their congregations their doctrine had already gained so deep a hold that it would no longer be uprooted by merely removing the props round which it had been twined. The second objection was that the Prayer-book, however strictly interpreted, allowed of a degree of ceremonial which, if it did not give the Ritualists all they desired, did yet give them wherewithal to carry on their services after a fashion which would be quite significant enough to eyes which had been already trained. Vestments might not have had much effect if they had been introduced by themselves. But when introduced in conjunction with incense and lighted candles, they might be trusted to read the same lesson even when their original accessories had been withdrawn. The consequence was that long before the proceedings in Martin *v.* Mackonochie were begun, it was obvious to all reasonable people that they would wholly fail of their effect, no matter how the judgment might go. Ritual had by this time become so firmly associated with a particular form of Eucharistic doctrine, that unless the latter could be suppressed it would be of no use whatever to pare away at the former. The speeches at Freemasons' Hall fully bear out this view. The majority of them were all in one key. The speakers would not resist the prohibition against lighting the altar candles, and kneeling in the middle of the Consecration prayer, because these prohibitions were not founded on doctrine, and did not directly involve doctrine. But supposing in any future suit the question of doctrine should be distinctly raised, and be decided adversely by the Court of final appeal, then their course would be clear. They would be forced to leave an Establishment which forbade them to teach an essential part of their faith. A more direct challenge to their opponents can hardly be conceived. Let it be proved, they say to the Evangelical leaders, that our belief is incompatible with the formularies of the Church of England as interpreted by the State Courts, and we pledge ourselves to abide by the consequences. We will forthwith resign our cures, or submit to be called dishonest men.

Now, putting aside all questions as to the wisdom or necessity of this challenge, let us see what is involved in the fact of its having been offered. A suit has already been talked of—we are not sure that it has not already been instituted—against Mr. Bennett of Frome which will directly raise the issue contemplated by the Ritualists. Even if it should break down through some formal irregularity, there will be no difficulty in bringing other suits of the same character, since one of the resolutions passed at the meeting binds those present to take every lawful means of proclaiming the doctrine alleged to be indirectly impugned by the recent judgment. Under these circumstances, it may possibly be in the power of the Church Association, and of that section of the Evangelical party which it represents, to bring things to a very speedy crisis. We say possibly, because of course it does not follow that the Privy Council would bear as hardly on the Ritualists, when the point to be decided is one of opinion, as it has done in a matter of ceremonial practice. The instances of the Gorham case and of the Essays and Reviews case certainly show a leaning of the Court towards laxity, of which there is no trace in its dealings with the St. Alban's case. Still it is unsafe to draw any positive conclusion from this fact, because the Courts might hold that the Anglican formularies are capable of a looseness of interpretation in the direction of Protestantism or Rationalism, of which they are not fairly susceptible in the direction of Roman Catholicism. It is well, at any rate, that this possibility should be considered, because the action of the Church Association and its supporters will naturally be determined by the light in which it is presented to them. We can perfectly understand that to the bulk of the Evangelical party it seems a great enormity that what, in their eyes at all events, is no better than transubstantiation should be openly preached in a good number of Anglican churches. Nor are they to be blamed for taking any legal means at their disposal for putting an end to what is to them so gross a scandal. But the most ardent of reformers may be asked to calculate consequences. This will be no simple matter of silencing one or two obnoxious clergymen. The triumph contemplated by the Church Association is nothing less than the expulsion from the Established Church of a large number of zealous and eloquent men, greatly beloved by their congregations, and having, as the records of the offertory at their churches show, the command of very considerable sums of money. The immediate result of the condemnation [illegible] the Judicial Committee of the doctrine of the Real Presence [illegible]d be the formation of a Free Church of England side by [illegible] with the Established Church. It would have no [illegible] in obtaining bishops from some quarter or other; and for a short time, at all events, it might present a very imposing front as against a Church so distracted by internal dissensions as the Established Church of England would even then be. Now we wish to ask the Council of the Church Association two questions. The first is, Have they ever seriously considered what would be the effect produced on the Established Church in England by such a spectacle as this? The second is, Are they prepared to go on with doctrinal prosecutions without regard to the effect so produced? If they answer that they have considered the effect, and that they do not believe the existence of the Established Church will be seriously imperilled by a schism of this kind, we can only wonder at their inability to discern the drift of public feeling on the question of religious establishments generally. If they answer that they have counted the cost, and do not think it too great in order to deliver the Church of England from the presence of its Ritualist members, of course there is nothing more to be said. For ourselves, we confess we shall be sorry to see so large a question raised in so unsatisfactory and piecemeal a manner. With all its faults, the Church of England deserves a better fate than to be shattered by the undesigned blows of a section of intolerant fanatics.

For the minority of the meeting on Tuesday, which followed the lead of Mr. Bennett, we cannot profess any respect. It preached resistance to the late decision on two grounds—one that it was virtually a decision against the doctrine of the Real Presence, the other that the Privy Council was a lay court and therefore had no claim on the obedience of Churchmen. Against the former theory we argued a fortnight since, and we do not know that there is anything to be added to what was then said. The second theory implies entire ignorance of the position of the Anglican Church as the Church established by law. If the State gives large privileges and powers to a particular religious association, it may surely claim the right of determining the conditions upon which these privileges shall be enjoyed. If it may not do this, where is the distinction between an Established Church and an absolute theocracy? If it does possess this right, it is hard to see how it can be less offensively exercised than by reserving to its own Courts the right of interpreting what is the legal meaning to be attached to the formularies of the Church. According to Mr. Bennett's theory the State would not establish a definite religious body, possessing definite doctrines and a definite ritual; it would merely establish a religious body which, for anything the State could know to the contrary, might come out with a fresh creed every successive year of its existence. An Act of Uniformity of some kind seems necessary to the very idea of an Established Church, and where there is an Act of Uniformity we do not see how Mr. Bennett proposes to keep questions of ritual out of the cognizance of the temporal Courts. It may be suspected that those of the clergy who impugn the constitution of the Judicial Committee are not very intimately acquainted with the constitution of the tribunal which it replaced. Parliament may have created the present Court, as Mr. Bennett says, without the consent of the Church. Would he have been any better pleased if the case of Martin *v.* Mackonochie had gone in the last resort to a body of laymen appointed *pro hac vice* by the Crown? Yet this is the course the proceedings would have taken, with the full concurrence of the Church, before the legislation which is so much denounced by High Churchmen. Even the Judicial Committee is a step upwards from the old Court of Delegates.

PUBLIC INDECENCIES.

THERE is not the slightest reason for impugning the state of the law which provides against open and flagrant violations of public decency and propriety. All that is wanted is its constant, persistent execution. As far as we can understand the English law on these matters, it seems framed with great propriety. It does not aim at making the individual chaste and sober and virtuous. These things are impossible to compel by legislation. The deadly sins deprecated in the Litany are not punishable by our Acts of Parliament. Private vices, unchastity and uncleanness and sensuality, are left to the safeguards of conscience, morality, and religion. It is only when these things become rampant, offend the public eye, and outrage external propriety, that the police are empowered to interfere. A more stringent law would defeat itself. We see this by the experience of Paris. There the police are armed with great powers of domiciliary interference. The result is not encouraging. Neither is the condition of London; but it is because the law is not carried out, and its provisions are not fulfilled. We have never yet been able even to guess at the cause of the present state of things. Nobody pretends that the law is too inquisitorial, or its penalties too severe. Not the slightest murmur is ever raised when the law is put into execution; not a pretence of wrong or injustice is urged when the police do act. The only complaint urged, and it is one which has some point in it, by those against whom it is enforced, is that its execution is intermittent, partial, vague, uncertain, and therefore unjust. And it is so. The general and natural impression about the state of the law is that it is very difficult of carrying into execution; that with its usual tenderness for rascality, the English law makes the proof of public indecency so difficult, and furnishes obscenity and indecency with so many opportunities of escape, that after all much may be urged in vindication of the apparent supineness of authority in these matters. But when it comes to matter of fact just the reverse takes place. About once a twelvemonth, or once in two years, a raid is made on Wych Street or Holywell Street, and with great

triumph we are informed of the tons of books, stereotype plates, and photographs which are seized and burnt. The offenders are fined and imprisoned, with as much ease and certainty as a drunkard is fined five shillings. A few years ago we heard of the purification of the Haymarket and its purlieus. We were assured that in the midnight hours Coventry Street was as decorous as Great Ormond Street at noonday. Still later we were assured that the night houses in those pleasant shades were quite reformed and cleansed. And we believed that all this was quite true. The picture was engaging; the results Arcadian; and the character of the law—sufficiently strict, yet not Draconically austere—was admirably vindicated.

And then all of a sudden it comes out that we have been living in a fool's paradise. One of Thursday's newspapers, describing this the actual London of 1869, assures us that "the main thoroughfares round the Haymarket from midnight until two o'clock in the morning are rendered impassable by a dense mob of women of the town, thieves, and bullies. The police on duty view the scene, and take no steps to put an end to it;" and so the report goes on communicating the particulars, inexpressibly filthy and disgusting, which are correctly enough described as a disgrace to our civilization, and such as would be tolerated in no other capital. This, whether truly or not, is described as the condition of our finest streets in the very heart of our national life during this present week. From which it follows—and we are almost ashamed to come out with so bald a truism—that either there is great neglect now, or that the respectable citizens whom we now think proper to stigmatize as thieves, prostitutes, and bullies, of a few years ago were very hardly dealt with for their tastes in taking their midnight walks abroad. Either these abominations ought to be put down now, or it was a great violation of the liberty of the subject when some years ago we suppressed those little playful exhibitions of a venial immorality. So with another disgraceful matter. Last Monday Mr. Knox took evidence and fined a fellow named Brooks for permitting Poses Plastiques, Tableaux Vivans, or whatever they are called, and for presiding over or keeping what is called a Judge and Jury Club—that is, a mock trial, the staple of which is filthy language, or, as Mr. Knox calls it, "broad and disgusting bestiality." We shut our eyes and wonder where we are. Is it, or is it not, true that there was such a fellow as Chief Baron Nicholson? Was, or was not, his portrait as familiar to all London people as the lion on Northumberland House? Did he not go on for years unchecked in his dirty trade? Later still, have we not walked in Leicester Square? Have we not seen and read the announcements—pictorial and in print—of all those Corinthian and Lampsacene prettinesses? Is Finlen's name, and the connexion of that great politician with one of these Judge and Jury Societies, forgotten, or was it recorded long ago in connexion with the days of Hogarth and the Mohocks? Have we not been living for a quarter of a century at least in presence of Judge and Jury Clubs as an institution as much recognised as Exeter Hall itself? But all of a sudden it comes out that the house which harbours these edifying midnight conversations is disorderly; a grave offence has been committed; a fine is inflicted; much proper and extremely impressive language is used by the sitting magistrate; even the lawyer employed to defend Mr. Henry Brooks apologizes for his advocacy; and the *Daily Telegraph* writes an excellent leader on his conviction, the effect of which is, however, slightly counteracted, and its affecting defence of propriety and cleanness impaired, by the appearance of two advertisements of two vile books in the same impression of that proper and decorous journal. Again we ask, what does all this mean? If that huge Satyr, Baron Nicholson, was allowed to rot out in the odour—and a very nasty odour it was—of obscenity, unpunished, then Mr. Henry Brooks is rather hardly dealt with. It cannot be that the meshes of the law were not strong enough to retain that bloated carrion-fly of the days gone by while it has contrived to catch the small midge Brooks, for the law was the same, the offence was the same, the sort of house in which the offence was committed the same. In whatever sense Brook's den, called a refreshment house, was open to the police, Nicholson's public-house was equally amenable to the law. We permitted the one; we suppress the other, though for years we have practically encouraged it.

Take another instance of this spasmodic, and therefore we believe mischievous, administration of the law. Everybody knows the Tichborne Street Anatomical Museum. It is as familiar to us as the fountain and fernery shop-window in the Quadrant. More than that, everybody knows what the Museum means. Its touters openly parade its contents, and offer you catalogues of its nastinesses. The attempt to pass it off as a scientific institution only adds the vice of hypocrisy to the sin of obscenity. It is a loathsome den, in which not only the wares exhibited are abominable, but which is, in fact, an adjunct to the trade of the quack extortioners who live on the fictitious terrors which they inspire into the corrupted mind of youthful profligacy or ignorance. These Anatomical Museums ruin body, soul, and pocket alike, corrupt the constitutions and impoverish the means of their victims. Mental terrors and horrors of the soul, despondency and despair, madness and suicide are the consequences of studying under the so-called Dr. Kahn, and we believe that the nauseous shop which goes by this name is not the only one of these moral laystalls in London. It might be supposed that such places were very hard, exceptionally hard, nuts to crack; that their proprietors sailed so very close to the wind of the law that it was impossible to overhaul them; that the case was either a *casus omissus* of the Police Acts, or that it would turn out to be so hazardous to interfere that the risk was not worth running. We have heard that this was the sort of language used at the Home Office, when indignation, public or private, forced itself upon authority. But how stand the facts? Not many years ago—indeed, only three or four years ago—there was one of these Anatomical Museums in the Strand. The authorities of King's College—so we have always understood—complained; and the thing was shut up, suppressed, and disappeared without the slightest trouble or fuss. So that where there is a will there is a way, and that not a difficult one. The pretence that we cannot deal with this sort of thing is most summarily answered by the fact that we do deal with it, and deal with it effectually, when so disposed. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; law for the Strand is law for Tichborne Street. We suppress one nuisance, we permit another—precisely the same, and at work under precisely the same conditions.

All these things are inexpressibly sickening and disgusting and humiliating. Night-houses, Haymarket promenades and fairs, anatomical museums, Judge and Jury clubs, Holywell Street wares, obscene and pseudo-medical advertisements, the *Daily Telegraph's* homilies and the *Daily Telegraph's* advertisements—it is a pollution to have to think about them, and to write about them. But there is just one thing perhaps worse, and that is that we know, and the present outbreak of indignation and congratulation proves that we know, that we might stop it all if we pleased any day in the week, and most completely—but we do not. Lord Campbell's Act is a very fine thing; it is not dead, nor impracticable to carry out—only it sleeps. Why the name of Dugdale, always fined and always at work again, is as familiar as that of Mr. Knox himself. And disgusting as the whole thing is, the one thing more disgusting is the occasional reports of "Raid on the Night Houses," "Raid on Holywell Street," "Raid on the Haymarket." We are almost forced to the conviction that the police had better not interfere at all than carry on this guerilla warfare. The conclusion—we believe a very unjust one—is that they only pounce upon offenders when hush-money is not forthcoming, and the only answer to this discreditable imputation will be found in a steady, persistent, and constant vindication of the law, every day, and all day, and all night, long.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN AGRICULTURE.

THE typical foreigner is probably unequal to the study of the British Blue-book, otherwise the national habit of self-examination must often startle him. There is no public analysis of their own social condition by Germans, Italians, or Frenchmen. Here and there an elaborate treatise on the state of a department or of a trade is produced by some famous publicist. But such works are the result of personal option and personal judgment. They do not emanate from official inspiration, and are clothed with no official authority. They lead to no public or legislative action, and excite no interest beyond the narrow circle of professed philanthropists and statisticians. Nobody in France, out of this circle, knows or cares to know aught about the habits, means, wages, or health of the peasantry of Normandy or Auvergne. And it will be long before even the Liberal section of the Prussian Parliament occupies itself with the condition of the people who till the ground and live on black bread and vegetables. We, on the contrary, love to turn our social body inside out, to inspect its irregularities or deformities, and to give the results of our contemplation to the world. Our soldiers, our sailors, our miners, our factory workers, our weavers and our spinners, have in turn been the subjects of Parliamentary discussion and of Royal Commissions. If foreigners only knew English, they would be able to diversify the ordinary tenor of their pleasant raillery at us by many a spicy extract from the national confessional of our Parliamentary blue-books.

One of the most important in the last series is the Report of the Commissioners who were sent to inquire into the condition of women, young persons, and children employed in agriculture. Ostensibly limited to the labour of females and children in the fields, the inquiry has diverged into the general condition of the agricultural poor of England. And this the Report makes out to be very far from satisfactory. Yet it may be questioned whether the standard which the Commissioners have applied is not too ideal for the usages and practices of our everyday working life. This seems to be the one dominant vice of all Commissioners' Reports. They are nothing if not virtuous. They set about their task with such a lofty canon of virtue in their own minds that everything they witness, or are told, shocks them as falling short of their ideal. This high moral tone detracts somewhat from the value of their opinions and suggestions. It indicates a feebleness of sentiment, and thus repels those robuster minds whose co-operation is necessary for the remedy of the evils complained of. Still, after fully admitting this drawback, there remains enough to excite commiseration, and to justify the demand for interference. The first subjects of the inquiry were the children. It appears that children are sent into the fields at the age of eight. They are too young and weak for really hard work. But there is a good deal of necessary labour which they perform. They "tent" the fields—that is, they watch them, and frighten away the birds. They naturally take part in the work which requires stooping, such as dibbling in peas, pulling up turnips, and weeding. For such work

they may earn a shilling or two a week. It is contended—and this view is supported by the Commissioners—that, instead of working in the fields at this tender age, the children should be sent to school, and kept there till they are eleven or twelve years old. This is, of course, the view which the Commissioners and the clergy are sure to take, and it will be generally approved. One of the most zealous of the Assistant-Commissioners, Mr. Fraser, asks for the enactment of a law which shall require "regular uninterrupted attendance at school up to the age of 10; and for the two years beyond 10 and 12, while the child is at work, a certain amount of attendance as suggested by the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture, either at day or night-school, during the greater part of the year." Of course it would be desirable if this could be done. But can it? The whole evidence collected by the Assistant-Commissioners shows that the ordinary life of the English agricultural peasant is inconsistent with these fine projects for his intellectual improvement. Children must, to him, be one of two things—an assistance or an incumbrance. They must divide with him the bread which he alone earns, or they must contribute to the household store. It is a hard thing for a father of a family earning his 13*s.* per week to keep five children between home and school, of whom one, if not more, might bring home a weekly contribution of 1*s.* 6*d.* In these humble abodes the difference between 13*s.* and 14*s.* 6*d.* a week is acutely felt. And it is this consideration that runs through the whole subject of agricultural labour. How can they who are waging a daily fight against indigence afford to pay for luxuries? In the eyes of the farm-labourer, education is a luxury. Its advantages are remote, impalpable, and, in his opinion, uncertain. But what is clear and certain is, that the boy who is working in the fields brings in more money than the boy who is learning at school. Of course, the peasant's view is a shortsighted one. But it is only just as shortsighted as that of others who are unable to gauge the comparative advantages of present outlay and present parsimony. It is not only agricultural peasants who refuse to see the good of giving time and money to their children's education. We have all much to learn from Scotland in this respect. And it is not unlikely that, for one case where the return for the sacrifice would be ample, there might be ten cases where it would be inappreciably slight. The labouring man, therefore, encourages the labour rather than the education of his sons. The same consideration bids him send out his wife and daughters to field-work. There are certain kinds of work which women can do as well as men, and which they do cheaper than men, and which, therefore, the farmers entrust to women more readily than to men. The earnings of a wife and daughter may add sensibly to the gains of a family. It is, therefore, hardly consistent with human nature that the labourer should not embrace the opportunity of increasing his store. His own earnings, at the best, are not high; in many cases, they are not regular. When there is a long frost, or when he has a bad rheumatism, he is off work, and, in many cases, off wages also. So that, on the whole, it is not to be wondered at if he wishes his wife and children to help him by their labour when they can.

But, it is said, this life is brutalizing and demoralizing. The boys grow up stupid, heavy, animal, not only without the power of reading and writing, but without the power of observing and reflecting; while the girls in the field-work lose all respect, not only for chastity, but for the semblance of decorum; and, if not ruined in their morals, become utterly unfitted for the duties of wives. We fear that there is too much truth in this. At the same time, the description of one class of people by an entirely different class is liable to exaggeration. With regard to the condition of the women and children in certain districts, it is simply abominable. But this is confined to certain districts, and is owing to causes which we shall notice later. What we wish now to remark is, that inspectors and clergymen are generally prone to exaggerate the evils which they witness. They forget that, at the best, the whole weft of agricultural life is almost necessarily coarse; and that it is unreasonable to expect from men who have toiled all their days in a farm the same decorous speech as they hear from smug tradesmen in a country town. There always will be a plainer and a homelier phraseology among country labourers than among city artisans or domestic servants. But there need not be that shameless immodesty and disregard of chastity which seems to characterize some of the female gangs. At the same time, some of the Assistant-Commissioners might have asked themselves the question, whether, bating the obscenity of the language, there was so very great a difference in the actual morality of the labouring class and that of a class very much above them. It is true that the young women are often unchaste, but the general testimony of the Northumberland witnesses shows that the same girls who are unchaste before marriage are often eminently chaste after marriage. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that grossness of language necessarily indicates immorality of conduct. The young ladies of the Tudor period indulged in much coarser phraseology than the young ladies of our period; but it would be a very incorrect inference that they were less virtuous than the young ladies of our period. The daughters of respectable farmers, sixty or seventy years ago, spoke much more broadly and plainly than the daughters of farmers of our day; yet we have no reason for thinking that they were a jot less virtuous. Mere working in the fields does not necessarily corrupt the morals of women. It hardens and roughens rather than depraves their characters. It gives a masculine tone to them, and impairs what is left of feminine softness. And if it were possible to have gangs of girls working only with the women, coarseness of language would be the result rather than immorality of conduct. Women work in the fields of agricultural France and Germany. Their work is heavier than that of men; their food and language quite as coarse as those of men. But—bating a kind of rough and indecorous phraseology—there is not so much systematic profligacy in the villages as in the cities of France and Germany. And there is with them, as with us, the virtue of undeniably hard and healthy work. It is not the solitary fact of adult female labour, or of juvenile female gangs, which causes female immorality. It is the concurrence of this with home training which precedes and accompanies the field-work, which, while it confirms the coarseness, saps the morality. It is the herding together of girls and boys, young men and young women, in the one room of the insufficient and crowded cottage. It is the enforced and unnatural suppression of the native instinct of modesty in the miserable hovels which the unwise and unholy parsimony of the landlord or the speculator has stinted in quantity and quality. It is the foul and incestuous life in the cottage which generates the open and flagrant immorality in the fields. In the parts of Northumberland were wages are good, and cottages well built and roomy, the conduct of the peasant women is substantially virtuous and correct. It may not satisfy the requirements of clerical inspectors or fastidious censors, but it will satisfy the expectations of most reasonable men. The women talk the language of their caste, which is not that of drawing-rooms. They expiate their precocious slips from virtue by irreproachable fidelity as wives and mothers. It is in the Eastern Counties, where there are "close" parishes, and where the house accommodation is poor and barbarous, that the women and girls act and speak like the harlot-caste of a savage race. The education that is required, we thus see, is the education of circumstances rather than of books; of good homes rather than of schools; unless indeed some means could be invented to dispense altogether with children's labour. It is the same home life which both hardens and depraves the men, not the occasional feasts and their rollicking incidents. Although the songs and "chaff" at the harvest-feasts are singularly gross and revolting to refined tastes, some of the Commissioners and Assistant-Commissioners may have heard something not extremely dissimilar at a Cambridge supper-party or even in the days of Temple pupilhood.

Let us not be supposed to say that this condition of things is one that does not loudly call for improvement. We only say that the grandly serious treatment of agricultural frolic and love-making, if extended to other circles, might give the world a picture of English society which we should not like to dwell upon. Although the Strephon and Daphne of the English counties make love rather openly and grossly, there is at bottom not much more immorality in their intercourse than in that of young De Boots and his Traviata. Of course there is a difference between the undisguised openness of the one and the conventional concealment of the other pair. But, if education is to improve morality, it must be extended above the denizens of the Eastern Counties peasants. And this is what the peasants themselves feel. The dullest and stupidest of them hates to be preached at. And we are not sure that he is wrong. It must be very aggravating to a poor man who has been toiling from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. on a cold wet March day, and who comes home thrice soaked through to a not very strengthening supper, to be catechized by a well-fed and well-dressed gentleman respecting his earnings, his wife's earnings, and the duty of sending his boys and girls to school. If he could only find words in which to vent his indignation, he might ask his critics whether a man who was labouring hard the greater part of the year from morning to night for his family was not to be excused some breaches of manners and some outbreaks of gaiety. And, if he did send his children to work instead of school, was it not the normal discomfort in which he habitually lived that made every additional sixpence which they might earn a matter of importance to him and them? If, too, he were taunted with the temptations and corruption to which his daughters were exposed by field labour, might he not retort that the work of moral corruption had been begun by the insufficient and ill-constructed houses in which he and they were compelled to live? If he had a better house and better wages, he need not deprive his children of a good education or subject them to a moral taint. But is it possible to get these higher wages and better homes out of the existing fund of agricultural profits? Who will build cottages without regard to interest, or pay wages without reference to profits? On this point we must hereafter recur to the Report of the Commissioners. That the evils which they point out are grave nobody will gainsay. But no one can fail to see that they are evils which it is hopeless to correct by sudden and wholesale legislation; that their mitigation depends on changes affecting the whole agricultural class, and that their extirpation will only be effected when machinery does the work, not only of women and children, but also of men. That day will perhaps come, sooner or later, but it is far more likely to come later than sooner. It came early in America, because, in America, the supply of land was unlimited, while that of men was stinted. And it will not be till the agricultural population of England has been diminished, by some cause or other, that women and children in the rural districts will be relegated to the duties of home and the labours of school. Meanwhile, much may be effected by the existing Acts which limit the age of children employed in the fields, concurrently with the exertions of far-sighted landowners and the clergy, to whose zeal the agricultural poor owe all the moral ad-

vantages they possess. By these means an improvement may be made in the condition of the peasantry which, though slow, will be not less sure than that which has been made in the condition of the farmers since the beginning of the present century.

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS.

THE expediency of the existing law as to the property of married women may be considered either as regards what may be called the property-classes, or as regards the working-classes; and it will save confusion to consider these two aspects of the question separately. As regards owners of property, the advantages expected from a change of the law may, speaking generally, be obtained by help of a marriage settlement from the law as it stands, with the additional advantage that the preparing of marriage settlements furnishes employment for that useful class of men, the lawyers. There are certain solemnities required at the marriages of English people of condition, and we doubt whether a settlement, occupying many skins of parchment, is not as necessary to doing the thing handsomely as a costly breakfast and a paragraph in the *Morning Post*. Mere marriage might be contracted under the provisions of a general law; but when a noble and beautiful and accomplished lady is led to the hymeneal altar we all feel that the intervention of the family solicitor is one of the sumptuosities indispensable to the august occasion. It pleases pomposity to talk of "my solicitor," as of other appurtenances of wealth, and of course this luxury, like others, must be paid for. The example of those portions of the United States where marriage settlements were always rare, and have now become extinct, has been appealed to by legal innovators, but we put it aside as totally inapplicable. There may be a possibility of disestablishing the clergy, but we regard any proposal for disestablishing the solicitors as visionary.

The object of a marriage settlement is that certain property shall be secured so that the husband and wife may enjoy the income during their lives, and the children may receive the corpus after their parents' deaths and the attainment of their own majorities. This object is effected in England by the preparation, on the occasion of a marriage, of one or more cumbrous deeds. It is at least conceivable that this object might be effected by the operation of a general law which should apply to all marriages unless excluded by special stipulation. There is, however, an objection to such a law which we fear is insurmountable. The ladies of England may or may not consider it a compliment to be told that they are not sufficiently strongminded for the position in which their American sisters have been placed by recent legislation. There is a vulgar phrase that such a person is old enough and ugly enough to take care of himself. We beg to assure the ladies of England that, in our opinion, this phrase does not apply to them. The objection which we see to giving married women property is simply this, that they could not keep it. Of course we know that before alarmed barristers at Registration Courts, as well as in other places, there have appeared formidable personages, women with more than all the energy and sagacity of men, and fully capable of maintaining all their existing rights as well as of asserting new rights. A woman who demands the suffrage is not likely to allow herself to be wheedled out of what lawyers would call her separate estate. But let us look at English ladies as they are, and not as they will be when our social system has been thoroughly Americanized. Suppose we look round among our own acquaintance, and consider how many of them are so well capable of taking care of property as to make it prudent in their cases to dispense with the usual protection of a marriage settlement. We except, of course, the dragon variety of womankind, who might be trusted to hold on to their monies and securities like grim death. But one of the most usual weaknesses of the sex is an expectation that trustees will find investments for them at ten per cent. on unexceptionable security. They evince a decided preference for imported novelties in the shape of "bonds" and "obligations," and it may be safely asserted that, if English marriage settlements were abolished, the financial operations of various foreign Governments would be enormously facilitated. We should expect to hear of a proposal for a loan to the King of Timbuctoo, coupled with statements professedly authoritative that that potentate had recently expressed himself highly favourable to the progress of missionary enterprise in his dominions. That lucrative business, the getting-up of public companies, would immediately develop a new branch. It would become a special business to draw the capital of married women, who would be largely practised upon by sharpers, as well as constantly exposed to the persuasion or extortion of their own husbands and sons. The character is not uncommon of a man who is always going to make his fortune, and who will exhaust in rash speculation all the means that exist for maintaining his family, except the property which was settled upon his marriage. When we meet such a character, we cannot but confess that the solicitor's attendances to take instructions, and his drawing, fair-copying, and engrossing, are a clumsy but nevertheless useful method of protecting people against their own folly.

A comparison between our own system of marriage settlements and the working of the law which has superseded marriage settlements in the United States would be a necessary preliminary to any proposal for altering our law. Accordingly a Committee of the House of Commons, to whom a Bill for this purpose was referred, invited the attendance of several American gentlemen, of legal and other experience, who happened to be in London, and questioned them as to the law and practice of their various States. Mr. C. M. Fisher, who is a lawyer from Vermont, believes that, if a husband got into difficulties, the wife would be able to keep her property from going the same bad way as his. This may be true of Vermont, but we fear it is not true of England. Suppose, for example, that a husband is on the verge of bankruptcy. He believes, as speculative traders always do, that if he could only hold on for another week or month, the run of luck would change, and he would become solvent, or perhaps rich. To enable him to hold on he wants, say, 1,000*l.* If he has great confidence in his powers of persuasion, he goes to the trustees of his wife's settlement, and endeavours to induce them to advance the money. The trustees, knowing that this is in effect a proposal that they should put their hands into their own pockets, say, in a voice most decided though mild, that they will do nothing of the kind. But if the wife could sell out the 1,000*l.* from the Funds, would not the husband get it, assuming, of course, that its reinvestment within a month is as certain as that the Bank of England will pay the October dividends? We admire the firmness of the ladies of Vermont, and admire it all the more perhaps because distance lends enchantment to the view; but we like the weakness of the ladies of England, always provided that the family solicitor, with his parchments, has guarded against that weakness having any injurious effect. It has been suggested that the Court of Chancery would come to the assistance of married ladies, and would set aside gifts made by them of property to their husbands, as having been obtained by undue influence. But unfortunately the Court of Chancery, although its powers are extensive and the learning of its judges is profound, would be forced to confess its incompetency to perform a feat analogous to getting butter out of a dog's mouth. The Court might set aside the gift, but it could not bring back the money that had been given. So it seems that marriage settlements will continue to be made; and if they must be made, it is difficult, as regards what we have called the property classes, to see any adequate advantage in the proposed change in the law. We might indeed suggest, if we were disposed to abandon our minds to wild revolutionary ideas, that the effect of a marriage settlement might be produced without the intervention of a solicitor. It is admitted that the assistance of this valuable body of men cannot be had without paying for it, and where property is small the expense of a settlement almost prevents any being made; and, besides, there is the difficulty of finding proper persons willing to be trustees. There could be no insurmountable difficulty, at least as regards money invested in the national funds, in making the usual provisions of a marriage settlement by means of a public officer who should be a sort of general trustee. It can hardly be doubted that Mr. Gladstone is capable of proposing a plan for adding the making of marriage settlements to the business of the Post-office Savings' Banks; and it would not perhaps be considered by him a fatal objection to such a plan, that it tended to diminish the use of verbiage and the consumption of parchment, and to render the employment of solicitors unnecessary. It would not be difficult to show that such a plan might be made to yield profit to Government while affording great convenience to the public.

It is said, by persons who claim to be well-informed as to the habits of the labouring-classes, that the earnings of wives ought to be protected against the spending propensities of husbands. A woman cannot earn money for herself unless she can legally contract to do work, and therefore it is necessary to give to wives all the legal powers of entering into contracts, and acquiring and holding property, which are possessed by husbands. But here, again, we think that the machinery of savings' banks might be made applicable to satisfy the practical necessity of the case. The Rochdale Co-operative Society assumes, under the present law, to treat married women who are members of it as separate persons having distinct rights from their husbands. A wife puts money into the society, and if her husband asks for it, he is told that he cannot have it. The legal advisers of the society have persuaded themselves that there is some clause in some Act of Parliament which authorizes them to disregard the husband's claim to that which, according to general law, is clearly his—namely, the money deposited by his wife. Without discussing the soundness of this opinion, we may venture to say that there would be no harm in giving by Act of Parliament the necessary authority, if it does not exist. It might reasonably be provided that a married woman should be able to obtain protection for her earnings if she applied for it. But the advocates of a change in the law contend that she ought to have it without applying for it. The discussion of this question may remind one of the discussion about Irish tenant-right. It is assumed that a tenant ought to be compensated for unexhausted improvements of the land, but it is said that surely the landlord is not to be liable to pay for improvements without having notice that they are about to be made. The tenant answers, that if he tells the landlord what he is going to do he will be turned out. The proposal to give to wives the power to deposit money in savings' banks and elsewhere, so as to be secure against their husbands, is met in much the same way. It appears to be thought that, if the wife made known her intention of going to a savings' bank, the husband would expostulate; at least—to use another Irish illustration—he would expostulate if the poker did not happen to be bent.

The Americans are much too clever not to have discovered that their new law offers considerable facilities to fraud. A married woman can carry on business as if she were unmarried, and it is

within the resources of science to arrange matters so that her husband shall take the profits, if there be any, while there shall be in effect nobody to bear the losses. It is not encouraging to be told that at least in one State it has been found necessary to establish a registry of married women carrying on business. In this country the combination of the proposed new law with the existing practice of marriage settlements would be happily adapted for the promotion of ingenious swindling. Mrs. Smith would go into business, and would obtain credit on the supposition that she possessed considerable property. There might, perhaps, be property that she was visibly enjoying. She might incur debts, but when her creditors attempted to obtain payment, it would probably appear that this property was only enjoyed by her under a restraint by settlement against anticipation. A proposal to register settlements is, as we know, visionary; but might it be possible to register Mrs. Smith, or to compel her in some way to indicate to the world that she was restrained from spending beyond her income? We would suggest "Mrs. Smith, Limited," as a convenient and respectful designation.

WHERE SHALL THE LAW COURTS BE?

THE accession of Mr. Layard—the first expert who has ever been placed there — to the Commissionership of Works has given renewed vitality to the Public Buildings of London question; and the removal of the new Law Courts to the Thames Embankment has again been advocated in the *Times* by Sir C. Trevelyan, with the support of the paper itself. Theoretically, there can be not the slightest doubt that a river quay—and a quay, too, bordering so broad a river as the Thames—fringed by magnificent public buildings, would be about the grandest combination of town landscape which opportunity, genius, and wealth could produce. Accordingly, we fully accept in theory the position that the Thames Quay must be the best position for these new Law Courts, which we have rightly resolved upon housing in a palace. But, having gone so far, we are compelled to pause. If *corruptio optimi est pessima* no less is *abortio pulcherrimi teterrima*, and so before we take our part in committing the nation to that which may either prove to be the grandest architectural success or the most woeful failure of the age, we desire to consider the circumstances likely to lead to one or the other result. For this purpose we will take the two sites now in competition for the Law Courts, and dissect their respective capabilities and disadvantages so far as architectural effect is concerned. To the lawyers, as eminently capable of taking care of themselves at any sacrifice of beauty, we leave the practical considerations. The Strand and Carey Street site—up to which the competitors designed—is an oblong block of that shelving ground on which the greater part of North London is built, with its lowest limit southward along the north line of the Strand, and its highest to the northward, along Carey Street. In this the chief architectural effects are all but exclusively sought in the lower portion—namely, in the façade lining the Strand, and in the western face, combining the angle views of these two sides as they group to the eye of the passenger moving eastward up the Strand. The competitors have also, generally speaking, sought for themselves a third class of effect, also in the southern part, by tendering a Gothic rebuilding of Temple Bar, and trusting to the Temple for rebuilding itself to match. These effects (except the last) are, it will be observed, those of a building on ground which gradually rises from the eye of the spectator, and therefore of the kind most easy to be produced. The northern line, so as to secure the maximum of grandeur, ought to be open to the wide area of Lincoln's Inn Fields, so that, whether any part of the building reaches so far or not, the Palace itself should be one of the components of that magnificent square. The only building of public value on its south side is the College of Surgeons, which might in that case be indemnified by a slice of the Thames Embankment. On the rebuilding of Lincoln's Inn, more or less, we do not enlarge, for it would be a self-evident necessity. But of course there is no money for so magnificent a work—London not being Paris—and so the stop is made at Carey Street; so there will, for practical purposes, be pretty well no northern façade at all. Even, however, if there had been one, except upon the condition of the Palace being advanced up to the present south line of the Fields, it would have been that of a building standing at a lower level than the eye of the spectator, and withal sufficiently near him to make it impossible for the architect to mask this disadvantage, or possibly convert it into a fresh element of picturesque beauty. To the eastward the pile will be absolutely non-existent, for if at any point a peep could be got, at that point will stand the physical obstruction of the new Record Office. So much for the near aspects. As to the general landscape of London, the height above the river is a plain advantage of which the architect would be beholden to make the best in his sky-line.

All these conditions would be reversed in the river-side Palace. No doubt, as in the Strand façade of the existing site, the south would be the principal front. But it would not be a front planting itself in the busy street and borrowing something of the irregular variety of the adjacent buildings, into whose bosom it had as it were swooped down, as a contributory element of its own picturesqueness. Isolated, unapproached and unapproachable by any subaltern structures, it must be self-reliant in its mass and its grouping, or it will be nothing. Its site will be a dead flat, and so it will exclusively depend upon itself for the impression which it will produce upon the passer on the quay. Its dignity, as judged by the passenger in boat or steamer, will also depend upon the character given to the river wall of the Embankment. Who that has looked down on the Palace of Westminster from Westminster Bridge, or brought his eye to the level of its ground floor from the deck of the Kew steamer, but has lamented that so grand a pile should have slipped down so low? We all know that the condition of the competition, that of reproducing the old Palace of Westminster and working in the Hall, left Sir Charles Barry no choice, and we can well afford to praise the ingenuity with which he dealt with his problem. Nevertheless, apart from historical association, the depressed level of the Westminster pile is a great drawback, and ought to be a standing warning to every architect who finds himself charged with putting anything bigger than a sentry-box on the new Embankment. Yet the Palace of Westminster is supported by the Abbey on the same low level, while the Palace of Justice would at any distance be dwarfed by the more loftily seated St. Paul's. But the responsibilities connected with level will not end here, in case the Law Courts are sent down to the river. We have pointed out at what a disadvantage they would be placed, if retained in their destined position, in regard to their being opened out from Lincoln's Inn Fields, owing to the slope of the ground to the southward. A far greater disadvantage would be found to exist in the much more abrupt fall from the Strand itself down to the Embankment level. London already contains a standing example of the ill effects of putting a big building at the bottom of a hill, to be looked down upon, and led down to by flanking arcades, in the Horticultural Garden. Nothing, we know, could have made the galleries lately sacred to national portraits beautiful in themselves; but at all events, if they had stood at the top of the garden and the conservatory at the bottom, the whole affair would at least have offered a pretence of composition, and its general aspect have been one shade less repulsive. On the other hand, the British Museum, in spite of the cold pedantry of its style, is somewhat grand in its general aspect from being always looked up to from Museum Street and its lateral feeders. On the other hand, University College fails in producing the effect to which it might abstractedly be entitled from the conformation of its site. Of course an easy way of getting out of the difficulty with the Law Courts might be found in leaving Essex and Norfolk Streets and their fascinating purlieus where they are, and so wiping out the northern face of the Palace. But we imagine that the British public, even in its most matter-of-fact and economical mood, would hardly stand such an absurdity. If the Palace of Justice is to be moved to the Embankment, this action must be understood as comprising and compelling the razzia of all buildings which may stand between, at all events, the central mass of its north façade and the Strand-line.

Here then is the dilemma. The removal of the Palace from the Carey Street site to the river bank is, practically speaking, recommended from æsthetic considerations, with which abstractedly we are disposed very cordially to agree. But here crops out a difficulty of which its advocates, so far as we have observed, have not yet taken account. A low and sprawling building would add no beauty to the river view. A building so much below the street-line would be condemned by all passers-by as mean and unworthy. If you take the river-side site, you must take it with its liabilities. The first and chief of them is that, whether by basement or intrinsic altitude, it must fight against the disadvantages of its depressed level. We know that we may be approaching ticklish ground. The number of steps which must be mounted within the building to be placed there is a chief argument against the Carey Street area. But facts are facts. It would be absurd to alter the site on the plea of beauty, and then ensure the new building not being beautiful. How the discordant claims are to be met is the affair of Mr. Street on one side, and of the lawyers on the other. But as a fragment of the general public who want to have as little to do with lawyers as possible, and who desire at last to behold a serious attempt to make London beautiful for ever, we protest against being juggled out of the Carey Street site, and of the building, such as it is, which can be placed there, merely to find the Law Courts lodged in a wide expanse of low rambling characterless barracks on the river bank. Altitude, sky-line, and pyramidal outline, always very important in a public building planted in a great city, will be tenfold more so in one of such vast area standing so low, with ground so much higher behind, and the claims of all the water space in front exacting something which shall fill the eye as the centre of London's most important prospect.

Sir Charles Trevelyan further urges, with much force, that Somerset House should be so manipulated as to enter into the group of river-side public buildings. We agree with him in the wish, but in doing so we cannot forget the difficulty inherent in the fact that the level from which that House rises is not that of the new quay, but of the old bank. It will not do to consider only the actual Somerset House as in itself complete from top to toe, and overlook the conditions on which it will find itself where it is. For all future purposes the base-line of the structure must be the ground-level of the Embankment itself, and the unlucky strip of unadorned wall between that and the actual building must be converted into, or else masked by, an architectural façade calculated to enhance the altitude of the pile above, and itself correspond with it beneath. The neglect of such a precaution would be even more detrimental to the buildings on the quay than to those upon the higher old level, by bringing into exaggerated prominence the fact of their low-lying. London as yet contains

no specimen of one form of public building much relied upon in foreign cities for scenic effect—no doubt of a somewhat artificial description, but none the worse for that—namely, the fountain, which is not propelled upwards like a rocket, but which tumbles and gushes and spreads from out of an architectural composition like those of S. Michel at Paris, and of Trevi at Rome. Such a fountain at this point would be a novel and enjoyable spectacle, from the quay, the river, and Waterloo Bridge. The source from which the water is to come will not be far to seek, if only the low level sewer is ever completed, and Windsor, Staines, and Brentford can ever be coerced into diverting their garbage from the river bed. With the Thames water tolerably unpolluted, and a forcing engine, a cataract might, at a small cost, be produced such as would satisfy the most grandiose imagination. Yet one thing is indispensable. Whatever may be the merit of Chambers's elevation, the whole thing is spoilt from Waterloo Bridge—and would be spoilt from the Strand, if the gazer could get far enough back—by the squalor of the attics and the fantastic ugliness of the chimney tubes. If Somerset House is ever to be drafted into its place as one of a group of monumental structures, it must be capped with a headpiece very different from that with which it has been crowned by a series of wheezy housekeepers.

VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

WITHIN the present week we have had taken from us a remarkable man, whose reputation never can be equal to his deserts. The members of a few learned Societies in London, a few scholars in various parts of Europe, a few personal friends scattered here and there, had the opportunity of appreciating the great abilities, the perfectly marvellous acquirements, of the late Viscount Strangford, but we feel that to the greater part of the general public his name must be a mere sound. It is a grievous disappointment when a man is cut off, like Arnold, Macaulay, and Palgrave, while still engaged on his greatest undertaking, and when, instead of a perfect work, we get only a fragment. But in these cases, the man, though he has not accomplished his work, has at least given proof of his powers, and we perhaps rate the imperfect bequest all the more highly because it is imperfect. It is more grievous still when a man of unusual powers leaves the world without having even attempted anything worthy of his powers. Such a one, while living, we are tempted gently to blame; when he is gone, all other feelings are lost in simple regret. This is pre-eminently the case with Lord Strangford. A scholar, the like of whom we have but few, has not left behind him a single volume to preserve his name among men. A man versed, perhaps beyond all other men, in some of the great questions of the day, himself a member of one branch of the Legislature, has never publicly opened his mouth to enlighten the world on subjects which few knew so well as he. When we see such a man taken away in the prime of life, the regret is deep because the loss is irreparable. The profound and varied knowledge of Lord Strangford has emphatically died with him. All that we can do is to pay such slight tribute to his memory as friendship and admiration can pay.

The linguistic and philological attainments of Lord Strangford were something simply amazing. It was wonderful to talk to a man to whom all the languages of Europe and civilized Asia seemed equally familiar. It was wonderful to hear a man who could discuss the peculiarities of Basque, and Lithuanian, and the Romance of Dacia, and who could also address a native of Sogdiana in the peculiar forms of Turkish and Persian spoken in his native province. But this was not all. The power of speaking a vast number of languages and dialects has often existed in company with very little real philological knowledge, and with very little real intellectual capacity of any kind. It was not so with Lord Strangford. He was a scientific and historical philologer of a high order. There are few men who more emphatically know whence words come and whither they are going. He not only knew a vast number of languages, but he knew all about the languages which he knew. He knew their history, their several stages of growth, their exact relations to one another, and he knew all this in the most intelligent and philosophical way. He had too, beyond most men, his knowledge, as the phrase is, at his fingers' ends. And he was one who thoroughly realized the way in which cognate though not identical studies must be brought to bear upon one another. This is, we need hardly say, especially needful in the case of comparative philology and of history strictly so called. The comparative philologist will be sure to go astray without a pretty considerable knowledge of the political history of the nations with whose tongues he is dealing. And the political historian is equally sure to go astray unless he clearly grasps the relations between the languages of the different nations whose history he writes. Now Lord Strangford could perhaps hardly be called an historian in the strictest sense of the word, one with whom political history was in itself an object of primary study. But on the one hand he had always studied philology in its proper relations to history, and on the other hand he had mastered, as few men have, the political history and condition of those particular nations with which the events of his own life brought him into special contact. Lord Strangford was, in short, an ethnologist in the highest sense of the word. And he brought his ethnological knowledge to bear on times and countries the most remote from one another. His studies made him familiar alike with the past and with the present. He was at the same moment an authority on the present state of Eastern Europe who might rank side by side with Mr. Finlay, and an authority on the earliest state of England who might rank side by side with Dr. Guest. He was equally ready to discuss the relations of the Turk, the Greek, and the Bulgarian at the present moment, and to discuss the exact relations of the Briton, the Scot, and the Englishman in the days of Ceawlin. It seemed wonderful to have to go to one man for the details of the ecclesiastical movement now going on between the Danube and Mount Hæmus, and also for the exact details of the process by which the Welsh tongue retreated before the English, from the Axe to the Parret and from the Parret to the Tamar.

Our last remarks naturally lead us to Lord Strangford's relation to what, in the slang of diplomatists, is called the "Eastern Question." Every one who knew Lord Strangford at all must have known him as one who understood some aspects at least of the state of things in South-Eastern Europe better than any other man living. His official residence in the East gave him special opportunities of study, and his peculiar gifts and tastes enabled him to make use of those opportunities in a way in which few of our Eastern travellers and diplomatists either do or try to do. Lord Strangford's knowledge of the various races of South-Eastern Europe was not the knowledge of a mere diplomatist, or of a mere linguist. It was, as we before said, the knowledge of an ethnologist in the widest sense. With this sort of thorough knowledge, he could not unreservedly throw himself in with any party in Eastern disputes. He was certainly not what is generally understood by a philhellen. But he partook still less in the fashionable idolatry of the Turk. The pity was that, as he was not a philhellen, many people mistook him for a mere Turk. In fact, his Eastern creed, founded upon real knowledge, would be unintelligible to most of those who talk about those matters without understanding them. Not long before his death, he thus described himself. "I am an anti-φιλέλλην, but I am a pro-φιλορωμαῖος." Now such a distinction is most speaking to one who really understands the matter, and the position which Lord Strangford meant to take is simply the position which must be taken by any one who looks on the Christian nations of the East with an intelligent and impartial eye. But such a confession of faith would not do to be made in the hearing of the mass of people who babble about the Eastern question. To such people the distinction intended would seem a mere unintelligible subtlety. The "pro- ιλορωμαῖος" would convey no meaning to them; they would catch at the "anti-φιλέλλην," and would run away with the notion that the man who knew most about the matter was wholly committed to the Turk. Now Lord Strangford was most certainly not committed to the Turk. He took the liveliest interest in all the Christian races of South-Eastern Europe. But in his eyes the Greeks were only one among several races, and they were not the race which he looked on as really the most hopeful. It was among the Bulgarians, rather than among any of their coreligionists, that he saw the best hopes for the regeneration of the Byzantine peninsula. From insurrections and enterprises of conquest he expected little. He held that the future belonged wholly to the Christians, and not to the Mussulmans; but he held that the best policy for the Christians was that of quietness and confidence. He expected much more from the inevitable but gradual decay of the Turkish power and of the Turkish race than from any premature attempts at the realization of any "grand idea." The only objection to this teaching is that it calls for an amount of wisdom and endurance on the part of all the nations concerned which is not likely to be found among the mass of any nation, and among Greeks least of all.

It is really sad to think how small is likely to be the permanent fruit of powers which were so diligently exercised, and of a mind which was so richly stored. We know of no published writings of Lord Strangford's, save some contributions to our own columns and to those of other periodicals, and the chapters which he added to Lady Strangford's book on the *Eastern Shores of the Adriatic*. These last conveyed a great deal of knowledge and thought in a style very eccentric and very characteristic. But the mass of unpublished matter existing in Lord Strangford's handwriting must be very considerable. He was a letter-writer of a school which has nearly died out. We feel sure that no correspondent of Lord Strangford ever burned a letter of his. His letters ran over alike with wit and with information; there was some happy allusion, some apt sarcasm, in every line. Nor was this all. No one was ever more ready and generous in communicating knowledge. A question on any of his favourite subjects would be rewarded by a letter which was in fact a philological or political treatise composed in his own terse and amusing style. No one had a keener sense of humour; if there was a grotesque side to a thing, Lord Strangford was sure to find it out. And, like all really accurate men, like all men who really live in their work, he had the keenest appreciation of a blunder. It was curious indeed to listen to the half provoked, half amused, way in which he would speak of the grotesque mistakes with regard to his favourite studies which he was constantly coming across. In short, a letter of Lord Strangford's, written in one of his happiest veins, was a mixture of wit and learning which it was really a privilege to receive.

It is not for us to enlarge on, or even to guess at, the causes which hindered Lord Strangford from leaving behind him anything really worthy of his powers. We can only regret that so it is, and that a man who should have been one of the lights of his age in more than one deeply important subject will soon be

remembered only by those who had the privilege of his personal friendship. Among them at least his name will never pass out of mind.

REVIEWS.

THE *SPECTATOR*.*

THE success which marked the bibliopolic marvel of the Globe Shakspeare has produced abundant fruit in the reproduction, in a similarly handy form, of a number of other standard authors, and on the whole the process has conferred distinct advantages on the reading public. But perhaps the present edition of the *Spectator* attempts to carry these advantages rather further than they can well bear, and gives us decidedly too much of a good thing. To be able to possess a complete work in a single volume, and at a ridiculously small cost, is an undoubted comfort, on certain conditions, which would seem sufficiently obvious if one did not see them violated in more cases than one. If, for example, the advantage of having an entire work in your hand at once is produced at the cost of such smallness of type as to make each page a misery and a burden to anybody with eyes of no more than the usual power, then clearly the comfort of the first condition is more than counterbalanced by the discomfort of the second. Another drawback of the smallness of type in which the text of the present edition is printed lies in the fact that the notes are printed in the same type, and this confuses and distracts the reader beyond even the pitch to which all foot-notes, as such, are likely to confuse and distract him. This is especially to be regretted in the present instance, because Mr. Henry Morley's notes are thoroughly good and useful. They are plentiful, they are accurate and full, and they are neat and pointed. We think the editor has done well also in making his reproduction perfect, in spelling, punctuation, and use of capital letters. The capitals, besides their interest as showing old usage, are especially useful in the present edition, where the type is so small, by breaking the monotony of the page to the eye.

Mr. Henry Morley's Introduction comprises a compound biography of Steele and Addison, in which we notice with much satisfaction the disposition, rapidly growing among critics, to give Steele the full credit of which he has been too long deprived for his great share in making these delightful papers what they were, and in contributing to them many of those elements which have brought to pass their republication a century and a half after they were written. Until within a comparatively recent time the *Spectator* was understood to mean Addison, and hardly anybody else but Addison. Mr. Morley represents the opposite and increasing tendency to attribute to Steele most of the characteristic excellences of the famous essays, as well as that influence which drew Addison away from the stiff academic walks in which he first trod, to the broader and more human spirit which has secured his fame and popularity. As we turn over the familiar pages once more, it is very easy to see by what a thin wall of partition Addison was divided from the realm of prigs and seventeenth-century criticism. Unlike Steele, he never marched right away from canons, and even in his gayest bits we are not unconscious of the overbred man's little apprehension lest he should give too loose a rein to nature and simplicity. There is nearly always a sediment as of stately condescension even in his purest humour, and we can perceive how small a thing might have turned him into the evil ways of criticism from which it was just beginning to be possible for a man of that era to escape. Though he relished *Chevy Chase*, for instance, nothing can be more stilted than the whole spirit and manner of his criticism upon it. The idea, which to us is one of the rudiments of critical knowledge, of the spontaneous growth of poetry in the mind, and of its spontaneous assumption of suitable forms, would to anybody prepared as Addison was seem foolishness and a stumbling-block of offence. "I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations," he says, "which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own Judgment would have looked too singular on such a Subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil." The same tone animates the famous criticism on Milton. It was immensely to Addison's credit that he should have admired Milton as he did, in such an age, but at the same time we may gather from the reasons on which he grounded his admiration that he was not radically removed in critical principle from those who detested or despised Milton. The critical method of that time was the supreme embodiment in art of that abstract or metaphysical way of looking at things of which we have seen so much, and from which we have suffered so much, in regions that are considered far more exalted than art—in philosophy, theology, morals, and physical science. The critic constructed an abstract ideal, partly out of his own head, and partly from the practice of certain great poets. But his observation of the details of the practice was incomplete, and if his attention was solicited to a detail which jarred with his ideal, so much the worse for the detail and the poet. Thus he built his ideal and drew his rules out of Homer and Virgil. Similes, for example, ought to be marked by dignity; therefore, when Virgil resorted to the simile of the whip-top, he was breaking a rule. Homer, too, broke many rules in the same way; in other words, both these poets violated canons which had no other sanction or authority than had been assumed from their own ordinary usage. This was the system to which Addison inclined, and which diffused a certain coldness over his least studied criticisms. That it did not penetrate deeper, and colour and stiffen his own creations, was probably due, as Mr. Henry Morley says, to the influence which his unaffected and genial friend exercised over him from school and college days. "It was Steele who caused the nice critical taste which Addison might have spent only in accordance with the fleeting fashions of his time to be inspired with all Addison's religious earnestness, and to be enlivened with the free play of that sportive humour, delicately whimsical and gaily wise, which made his conversation the delight of the few men with whom he sat at ease."

We are inclined to think, however, that, in the passage from which these words are taken, Mr. Morley has considerably overstated the consciousness and deliberateness with which he assumes Steele to have broken entirely loose from the artificialities of his time. "Steele's sympathies," he says, "were with all England; Defoe and he, with eyes upon the future, were the truest leaders of their time," and so on. Surely this is to attribute to the artist a consciousness of rule and aim which is as unreal as the consciousness that was attributed to him by the older critics in another way. From all that is known of Steele, we should much doubt whether he was at all the kind of man who would be likely to think about the future at all; and the saying that his sympathies were with all England can only mean that he had a nature vividly impressible for all forms and manners of life, that his blood flowed quick, and that he was generally lively, tender, sympathetic, and human. It was not because he thought about forms of literature, or the tendencies of art in his time, or the future generation, but simply because he wrote as he felt, and without any specific thinking about literature, that his work is what it is—natural, truthful, broad, and humorous. There is an immense amount of cant talked about truth in workmanship; but one may say that it was just its truth and reality which has made Steele's work endure; and it is because, as we hope, truth and reality are characteristics of modern art, and have been increasingly so for this century at any rate, that we find Steele's writing still delightful to us. It was the unconscious and spontaneous expression of life, and this is the sort of writing which goes on living. Besides, it is of little purport to call a man the leader of his time when he led nowhither. There was natural force and stuff about the Queen Anne essayists, but what of their successors in all kinds of production through the reigns of George I. and George II.? Even down to the end of the century Goldsmith is the one essayist who approaches to Steele's freshness, gaiety, and truthfulness. All the rest that we have in this order is as barren as it had ever been before. Johnson had much of Steele's genial tenderness, pity, and essential good-fellowship, but when he came to write, do not the pages of the *Rambler*, *Rasselas*, and we know not what else, reveal the lowest depths to which human ponderosity can go? The great lexicographer, as Boswell calls him, had a notion which a great many people have still, that life is one thing and literature another, and that it is not the business of the author to bring the two into one. There is more than one passage in Steele's papers which reminds us of the familiar anecdote of old Johnson carrying a wretched woman of the town home on his back, and Steele is dearest to us of all the Queen Anne men because, in the best of his pictures and reflections, he reproduced the Shakspearian kind of tenderness that prompted such an action as this. And this is connected with the fact that Steele is much less addicted than Addison to the sententiously didactic strain—as much less in fact than Addison, as Addison was less addicted to it than Johnson. He has always less of the air of the professional or professorial moralist about him. As compared with later writers, however, both of them are entitled to a measure of the same praise. Their pages are full of life and stir, of men and women, of the facts of the street and the tavern and the playhouse. The reader's fancy is fixed by living pictures, often at the very outset; and if not at the outset, then surely before he has had time to grow weary. The most general kind of meditation is tacked to some particular bit of actual circumstance. Who would suppose that he was beginning an Essay on Death, when the opening words tell him that "Upon taking my Seat in a Coffee-house, I often draw the Eyes of the whole Room upon me, when in the hottest Season of News, and at a time that perhaps the Dutch Mail is just come in, they hear me ask the Coffee-man for his last Week's Bill of Mortality; I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a Parish Sexton, sometimes for an Undertaker, and sometimes for a Doctor of Physick"? It cannot be denied that there is something exceedingly attractive in this lively and graphic way of opening a grave subject, while it is still in perfect keeping.

Perhaps nowhere else in literature is the mixture of grave and lively, of general and particular, of the anecdotic and the didactic, managed with such easy skill, such entire concealment of the art that produces these delightful results. The essay in which Addison complains of the ungracefulness of gesture which distinguishes our English orators—a complaint of which the reader might have been reminded as often as he chose during the last autumn—contains, though shortly, some good illustrations of the success with which, like a true humourist, he knew how to make one smile, without drawing too near the unseemly region of the grin. Nothing is more ridiculous, he decides, than the gestures of an English speaker:—"You see some of them running their Hands into their Pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others

* *The Spectator*. A New Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Index. By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature, Univ. Coll. London. London: Routledge & Sons. 1868.

looking with great attention on a piece of Paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart Rhetorician turning his Hat in his hand, moulding it into several different Cocks, examining sometimes the Lining of it, sometimes the Button, during the whole course of his Harangue; a deaf Man would think he was Cheap'ning a Beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British Nation." All this is very happy and playful, and might perhaps have proved more effective than angrier remonstrances that have been showered on public speakers since Queen Anne's time, if only the member of Parliament, oratorical by wish rather than by capacity, were open to appeals of any kind.

Then the perfume of literature which rises in the midst of all their closeness to the town life of the hour in the papers both of Addison and of Steele, lends another charm to them. There is always a delicate bookish flavour about them; this is ensured by the Latin motto, if there is nothing else; but in most of them there is, besides the motto, a subtle undertone of bookishness that is particularly delightful, even to people who could not tell distinctly what it is that they find so attractive. Of all delightful characteristics in an essay, none is more excellent than this mixture, in which the writers of the *Spectator* were so happy, of active sympathy with life, and a scholarly relish for polite learning. Several senses at once seem to be gratified by the combination. Perhaps this, after all, is the most conspicuous feature of these essays—variety of tones, with the most exquisite moderation and balance in each; reality without grossness, sprightliness without flippancy, bookishness without pedantry. The result is like some culinary masterpiece, in which it is impossible to distinguish this or that crude element, whilst the omission or slightest excess of any one of them would spoil the whole effect. This consideration shows the absurdity of the conventional recommendation of the *Spectator* to young students as a complete model of style. The young student will be able to write like Steele and Addison when he knows as much about life as they did, when he feels as deeply about it, when his knowledge of books is as mellowed as theirs was, and when he has their kindliness of feeling; and by this time he will unquestionably have formed a style of his own which will be a great deal more becoming than any that he could have borrowed either from them or anybody else. Their style has one quality perhaps which their example may recommend, and in which our ardent times are defective; we mean a certain moderation, temperance, or reserve of statement and argument. And yet in politics the Queen Anne writers, Steele included, could be at least as virulent and angry as the warmest of our contemporaries.

MR. GRANT DUFF'S POLITICAL SURVEY.*

A BOOK like Mr. Grant Duff's *Political Survey* admits of but one kind of treatment at the hands of a reviewer. It cannot be abridged, for it is itself an abridgment of the history of the world beyond the British Empire for the year with which it deals. It cannot be quoted, at least to any great extent, for the object with which it is written leads the author to prefer the known to the unknown, and to content himself, for the most part, with recapitulating for the benefit of his constituents the most trustworthy information on foreign politics that has been published in 1868. What can be done is to give Mr. Grant Duff's incidental statements the critical attention which his character as a politician demands. Even this slender volume is not all narrative; there is an occasional admixture of theory with the facts which make the staple of its contents. From some of these theories we find ourselves obliged to dissent, and we now propose to give our reasons for doing so.

Mr. Grant Duff calls the opinion that "Germany will or can become aggressive as against France" a fallacy "not to be forgiven in a politician," and he quotes, in complimentary italics, M. Guizot's distinction that "Prussia is an ambitious Power, not a revolutionary Power." The two statements are not so irreconcileable as Mr. Grant Duff implies. If the degree of unity now enjoyed by Northern Germany had been attained by a peaceful process, or if the Government to whose vigour it is attributable were of a genuinely constitutional sort, the ambition of Prussia might have no dangers for her neighbours. But though, as Mr. Grant Duff truly says, this ambition "is an ambition bounded by the limits of Germany," it is not for that reason necessarily identical with the ambition of Germany. Prussia, that is to say, has designs of her own. The unity of Germany is an essential element in those designs, but it is so as a means, not as an end. Germany must be united, because without this Prussian ambition must stop short of its natural boundary. But for precisely the same reason Germany must not be suffered to achieve its unity on any other terms than those dictated by Prussia. If the arbitrary character of the Berlin administration were to excite, as it may easily do, serious dissatisfaction in the annexed provinces, or if the democratic and particularist party in the South should so increase in strength as to offer serious obstacles to the extension of the Prussian power beyond the Main, it might become essential to the success of Count Bismark's policy that the flagging enthusiasm of the German people should be roused by a foreign war. That Germany, left to her natural development, would never be an aggressive Power, is true; that Prussia would not be aggressive, in the sense of desiring to annex territory beyond the present limits of Germany, is perhaps true also. But that Prussia might adopt an aggressive policy abroad, as an instrument for carrying out her policy at home, is quite within the limits of possibility; and, being so, it does to some extent justify the anxiety—in many cases no doubt the exaggerated anxiety—which is generally expressed by French writers on the subject. Nor should it be forgotten that national greatness is in a measure relative; and if the French people see their country no longer the predominant Power in Europe, it is not unnatural that they should feel some annoyance at the change of position. In common minds patriotism is usually largely alloyed with vanity, and an entire absence of the fault might argue an equal absence of the correlative virtue. It would certainly be better if nations could view questions of foreign policy with absolute unselfishness, but we doubt whether any people has come near enough to this ideal to be warranted in throwing stones at its neighbours. At all events Mr. Grant Duff is still a long way from such a consummation, since he tells us that, "if we are to choose between the foreign policy "of M. Prévost-Paradol" and the foreign policy of the Imperial Government, we cannot have a moment's hesitation in thanking heaven that the grip of a power which has hitherto proved irresistible is at the throat of all those who sit at the feet of M. Thiers." As Mr. Grant Duff entertains this feeling, it is certainly well that he should give it a devotional expression. Less grateful spirits may be permitted to doubt whether the misfortunes of your neighbours are a legitimate subject for thanksgiving, and whether, supposing the French Liberals should ever get their throats out of the grip and be able to give effect to their policy, their good will towards us would be much promoted by such displays of pious emotion.

Mr. Grant Duff is evidently anxious to write with perfect fairness on the concerns of the United States. But he is apter at discerning the drift of political currents than the position of political landmarks. He is by no means disposed to think that whatever is is best, but it would be very hard to persuade him that whatever will be is not best. It is this faith in the future, perhaps, that leads him to underrate the case against the Republican party in America. He has no wish unduly to influence his readers, for he gives large extracts from the American Correspondent of the *Spectator*, who has of late been anything but inclined to worship the powers that be; but his own sympathies are obviously the other way. As a consequence of this, he misapprehends the position of the Republicans in American history. They "are," he says, "essentially the same political connexion which was headed by Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Adams, and which was known originally as the Federalist party." This may be the true pedigree of the Republican party, but it is not the true pedigree of Republican principles. It does not do justice to the great statesmen of 1787. Alexander Hamilton would not have owned the offspring whom Mr. Grant Duff seeks to affiliate upon him. There is only a superficial resemblance between the policy which sought to strengthen the Government against anarchy and the policy which seeks to invest with absolute power a numerical majority of the nation. Hamilton's theories, if they could have been carried out, would have given additional force to the Executive, and surrounded the Constitution with additional safeguards. His putative descendants are ready to sacrifice Executive and Constitution alike at the arbitrary bidding of Congress. By a singular inversion the end at which Hamilton aimed, and against which Jefferson contended—the subjection of the popular will to constitutional checks—came to be set at nought by those who claim to hold Hamilton's principles, and to be carried out by those who claim to hold Jefferson's principles. The doctrine of State rights was in its origin a mere assertion of popular sovereignty against law; it grew at last to be an assertion of the sovereignty of the law against the popular will. Herein lies the difference between the Southern excesses which Mr. Grant Duff so justly condemns, and the Northern excesses which by comparison seem to him so pardonable. The "terrorism and brutality" which disgraced the Southern States last autumn, and contributed so materially to the defeat of the Democratic candidates, were outrages upon law. The reconstruction policy of the Republican party has been for the most part a perversion of law. The former may seem the worst at the time, but in the long run the latter is infinitely the most dangerous. Acts of murderous violence are bad enough while they last, but if the law has force enough at its back they can be put down sooner or later. But for reckless and impolitic legislation there is no cure save in that radical change in the popular mind of the unlikelihood of which the legislation in question is itself the most convincing sign. If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? We do not claim for the Democrats any higher praise than that of having accidentally got hold of a principle which they seem incompetent to apply, but even this is a more hopeful state than that avowed disregard of the doctrines that lie at the very root of American liberty which characterizes the policy of their opponents.

Mr. Grant Duff's recent appointment to an Under-Secretaryship of State for India gives additional interest to his views upon the position of Russia in Central Asia. For this reason we draw attention to them, although in this instance we have to express agreement instead of dissent. After giving an outline of the recent progress of Russia in the three khanates of Khiva, Bokhara, and Khokand, Mr. Grant Duff continues:—"From this advance of Russia three evils may accrue to us—1. She may actually make an attempt on India, with a serious view to conquest; 2. She may make an attack on India by way of feint, in order to distract our attention

* *A Political Survey.* By Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1868.

from her designs on Turkey; and lastly, she may, by her very presence, excite unrest and disturbance amongst our own Indian subjects and feudatories." The first of these possibilities Mr. Grant Duff dismisses as one with which the present generation is not concerned. For a good many years to come Russia has quite work enough upon her hands in consolidating and extending her Empire north of the Himalaya. And, we may add, if we cannot in the course of another generation make the benefits of our rule in India sufficiently felt to secure us against any foreign competitor in the affection of our native subjects, we shall ill deserve to retain the great position which has devolved upon us. The second danger seems perhaps more serious to Mr. Grant Duff now than it did when he wrote his lecture. The conquest of Central Asia is probably regarded at St. Petersburg far more from a European than from an Asiatic point of view. And if Russia should again entertain designs upon Turkey which England is forced to resist at any cost, it is difficult to exaggerate the aid she might derive from her position at the gate of India. In such an event as this the second and third dangers enumerated by Mr. Grant Duff would really be reduced to one. "Unrest and disturbance" among our own Indian subjects would serve the purpose of Russia quite as well as the most formidable "attack by way of feint." Her object would be to find occupation for British troops, and to induce us to consent to an ultimate loss of prestige in Europe rather than risk an immediate loss of power in India. We do not know that the practical conclusion from these premisses can be better stated than they are by Mr. Grant Duff. He would have us in the first place perfect to the utmost our military communications in India, so that in case of need we could concentrate our troops with the utmost possible rapidity. In the event of a war with Russia the problem to be solved will be how to hold India without unduly weakening our army in Europe, and a small army which can be easily moved from place to place is equal to a much larger one without that advantage. Secondly, he would have us conciliate our Indian subjects by promoting their interests in every possible way—in other words, by doing our duty towards them. And thirdly, he would have our Government kept constantly informed of everything that happens in Central Asia. In taking leave of Mr. Grant Duff we need only add that *A Political Survey*, like everything he writes on similar subjects, is full of information which could not be obtained elsewhere without considerable and sustained labour.

LEONORA CASALONI.*

MOST of us are unlucky enough to have a travelled friend who will insist on forcing on us his foreign experiences, in season and out of season. He really knows a good deal more of what he talks of than you do, and for a time interests you accordingly; but it never seems to strike him that one may have too much of a good thing. Moreover, sooner or later he takes to repeating himself, and then you come to regard him as a positive bore, and the irritating sense of boredom makes you slow to tolerate him, even when he handles his pet theme with some force and originality. This is much the case with Mr. Adolphus Trollope, and in *Leonora Casaloni* there is a marked falling off both in force and originality. For most people an occasional winter in Italy is enough, with perhaps a summer, once in a way, in the Piano di Sorrento, or at the Baths of Lucca. But Mr. Trollope insists on your staying there till the paradise becomes a prison. The most lovely scenery palls on one after a time, and the more heavenly the sky, the greater the monotony of beauty. You cannot transfer to the pages of a book the changing play of lights, the blazing sunsets, the limpid moonbeams that charm you in the body into a *dolce far niente* life, nor can the novel-reader in search of excitement live by scenery alone. Mr. Trollope has gathered a magnificent store of properties; he has wandered over Italy as few men have done, has informed himself on its climate, botany and geology, and the manners of its people, and is undeniably strong in its provincial geography. It is hard to have to throw away so much valuable material while it is nearly as good as new; and so he goes on, putting his characters on the stage with all the familiar accessories, hoping that the audience may fail to recognise their old acquaintances in new combinations. And perhaps his hope might not be disappointed, were there any range of individuality in those characters to fix attention on themselves, and distract it from their dresses. But the local colouring is strong everywhere except where you most care to find it. As for any delicate analysis of the Italian cast of mind that they exhibit, the personages of *Leonora Casaloni* might just as well be English or Esquimaux of the most every-day type. The stock passions of universal fiction run their common course with them, unless when influenced broadly by some conspicuous native institution—insurrection, brigandage, clerical celibacy, or the foundling hospitals. There is not an attempt at getting to the finer springs that may be supposed peculiar to the Italian species of the human family. Yet character is the only stratum where a novel-writer like Mr. Trollope, who confines his labours to the same narrow "claim," can look for nuggets. Mr. Trollope makes opportunities too, but only to neglect them, and, whether from incapacity or indolence—we do not pretend to say which—carefully avoids the most likely places. There is a churchman for instance, high in rank, and represented as ambitious. In obedience to family circumstances, and under the influence of a lady of birth with whom he has formed a *liaison* in his youth, he abandons the career on whose success he had staked his hopes, unfrocks himself, and returns to the world. Struggles of this sort between mundane and spiritual ambition—or, as in the lady's case, between virtue and love debarred from marriage—are like the works of Michael Angelo, to be studied at Rome with especial advantage, and they are just the studies in which an artist who makes Italy persistently his field may be held bound to show his strength. But the Monsignore and the lady are left as sketchy and colourless as the rest of the characters; and these, so far as they may be said to be worked out at all, are touched with the hesitating hand of an artist who is groping in a twilight of vague ideas. The book gives the impression of a story brought out in serial parts, produced as they were wanted; the original plan fading from the author's mind as he wrote on, while he had no means of bringing the bits of his work into harmony by a reference to his original conceptions. In the villain of the tale, the great feature is his habitual mysterious absences from his home, to which he only returns to treat its inmates with capricious brutality. He deals constantly in threats of shooting and stabbing, and if ever there was a ruffian predestined to romantic vengeance at the end of a novel, Sandro Vallardi is the man. It was within the prerogative of the novelist to prepare a surprise for us by bringing him to repentance through the agency of his gentle wife or bewitching daughter; yet the sole road to penitence in Italy is through confession, and we submit that Mr. Trollope tacitly bound himself to let us into the secret of Vallardi's delinquencies. But Vallardi is left to live rich and impenitent, to see his schemes crowned with complete success; so perhaps Mr. Trollope felt a certain compunction about marring the rascal's future by blowing his character among his neighbours. This is but one instance among many, and generally both characters and plot are as much out of keeping with the conventionalities of fiction as with the possibilities of real life.

The story is a comedy of errors, turning on the exchange of two children at nurse, and the effects of the Roman law in legitimating illegitimate offspring by subsequent marriage. It is the same with *Leonora Casaloni* as with *Dream Numbers* and others of Mr. Trollope's books. We rise from the perusal with the impression that Italian craft has been greatly overrated, and that in reality the Italians are anything but a shrewd people. Leonora Casaloni is sent out of the way, and put to nurse with Vallardi's wife. The woman finds she can only bring up one of the two children, and her husband, thinking that Leonora may one day prove valuable, keeps her at home, and sends his own daughter to the foundling hospital at Florence. Considering that one child was dark and the other fair, that there were plenty of neighbours living around the Vallardis, that in particular one gossiping woman and a mischievous lad attached to the house were in the secret of the exchange, it seemed unlikely that Vallardi could persuade people that it was really his own child he had kept. But, as if to make what was improbable impossible, he lets the child he does keep retain her name of Leonora, although the priest who performed the baptismal ceremony, to say nothing of the neighbours, must have known that the name of the child christened there was Stella. However, Mr. Trollope, having thus laid a solid foundation for his story, proceeds to build an appropriate superstructure. Leonora grows up very beautiful, and, so far as we can judge, rather stupid. Il Gufone, the knavish lad mentioned before, described as a monster in looks and an imp in mind, and who had already attained manhood while she was a baby, falls desperately in love with her. His feeling towards her "was the only form of worship that his mind had ever known; and doubtless he was, poor ungraced creature, infinitely the better even for that form of it." So it appears, indeed, in the sequel. But he finds a rival, and, as might be expected, a successful one. By an odd coincidence, Vallardi meets in a convent on the opposite coast of Italy the young Marchese Cesare Casaloni, cousin of Leonora, who is skulking from justice after having taken part in an unsuccessful rebellion. The youth, while his life is at stake, blurts out his whole story to an utter stranger of most unprepossessing manners. His instinctive confidence is not misplaced, and he becomes the inmate of Vallardi's house, which furnishes an additional guarantee for his safety, as being in the neighbourhood of his own villa, just where he was most likely to be recognised. He engages himself to Leonora. He goes to Rome, where the same confiding nature makes him accept for gospel, and without inquiry, all that a relative who has an interest in the family estate directly antagonistic to his own chooses to tell him. He renounces Leonora, and marries the daughter of this relative, the Marchese Casaloni, the ex-prelate, whom that nobleman has reclaimed from the foundling hospital. Of course the betrayer is betrayed, and the girl he has married turns out the daughter of Vallardi, greatly to the delight of that gentleman, who has palmed off his child on a husband he fancies so eligible. And as if these complications and coincidences were not enough, in two short volumes, to tax our memories and faith to the utmost, now Il Gufone comes forward in his true character, the veritable head of the Casalonis. It appears that his father had consented to salve with a marriage the conscience of a dying girl, the daughter of a sacristan, whom he had seduced; that the maternal grandfather of Il Gufone, although he knew all, had never told him anything; that his paternal grandfather had assented to the *mésalliance* of his son, and kept the proofs in his possession, neither producing nor destroying them; and that this old marquis had died in the very nick of time without confessing the secret, but bequeathing the manipulation of his family papers

* *Leonora Casaloni.* A Novel. By T. A. Trollope. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1868.

to a priest, who handed them over to the sacristan. What strikes one as much as the strange good fortune by which the numberless proofs necessary to the development of the story are preserved, is the facility with which they are received; and the way in which questionable looking evidence, flowing through tainted channels, is welcomed by those most interested in rejecting it as confirmation strong as proof of holy writ. However, the change in Il Gufone's worldly prospects is not more startling than that wrought in his moral nature. From a shock-headed ungainly Caliban, with a quality which he boasts as wit, but which strikes us rather as impudence, he passes into a high-bred gentleman of rare delicacy of feeling and a refinement of free-handed generosity unusual even in French *vaudevilles* or Oriental fables. This transformation of a gnome into an angel of light is none the less miraculous if we are to refer it to the chastening influence of his passion for Leonora; for, as we said, she is simply a good-looking peasant girl, easily caught by the shallow attractions of Cesare Casaloni. At any rate we have now everything arranged, by a series of somewhat forced expedients, for a catastrophe that shall reward virtue and punish selfishness and vice. Leonora, recognising the beauties of her handiwork in Il Gufone, and alive to the worthlessness of her first fancy, shall marry her cousin, the veritable Marquis of Casaloni, and the two shall live happily ever after. But the parentage of Il Gufone is not the last or the greatest of the startling surprises which Mr. Trollope has in store for us. Having collected, with a lavish expenditure of probabilities, the materials for an appropriate *dénouement*, he suddenly decides to dispense with them, perhaps with an eye to unity in his effects, and that he might keep his work consistently unnatural throughout. The false, cowardly Cesare has thrown over Leonora and married Stella, in the belief that the latter is the heiress. He has shown scarcely a sign of hesitation or remorse to enlist our sympathies in extenuation of his conduct. Vallardi has done his best to bring the marriage about, that he may have a rich son-in-law at his disposal. And now Il Gufone stands out as the rightful heir and avenging Providence. His education has been one of vice and rascality; if he has improved, it has been by the influence of a wild love and fidelity for Leonora, whose life Cesare and Vallardi have blighted; he is driven to despair, for Leonora refuses his love, and he knows Cesare to be the worthless cause of her refusal—for in mind and manners, as in birth and wealth, he is now an unimpeachable match. It was but the other day that he was vowing vengeance on Vallardi. Yet this Italian, an outcast trained in the worst possible school, not only renounces vengeance, forgiving his enemies and those of Leonora, but actually loads them with benefits. He resigns the family honours—we do not pretend to say how far Roman law would bear him out in this—and estates in favour of Cesare, and he and Leonora retire *à la* Roland and his love, to a couple of convents, perched on a couple of hills, where they live respected, and die in the odour of sanctity. As the shrewd and impulsive Gufone showed so self-sacrificing and forgiving a spirit, perhaps Mr. Trollope could do no less; it may be the force of his hero's example that induced him to leave Vallardi unmasked and Cesare in possession of the fortune which he deserved to lose twenty times over.

If the subordinate personages are somewhat more natural than their betters, we cannot say that they are much more amusing. There is a Dr. Profondi—a most lifelike representation, we are bound to say, of the prosing lawyer—who keeps us on thorns, and his unlucky client on tenterhooks, through the several chapters in which he slowly unfolds the wonderful story of Il Gufone. But that original waits the eventful disclosure with an imperturbable equanimity which we can only envy. Then Mr. Trollope is even more successful than usual in making the dialogue lose any Italian flavour as he strains it through English idiom, commonplace, and slang; while, had he been more successful in exciting our interest, the running commentary which explains the difference between Italian ways and ours would have been simply intolerable. By far the best parts of the book are the descriptions of the country, and those especially to whom the Tuscan Maremma is familiar may like to refresh their impressions of it. But if Mr. Trollope proposes to continue his handbooks of Italian life and scenery, we should suggest his seeking novelties in the days of Realmah and the Sheviri, or else precipitating himself forward into a Utopian future, when the Maremma and Pontine marshes will be model farms, and the Pontiffs hold their Court at Dublin or Quito. At least he could scarcely write anything more unreal than *Leonora Casaloni*.

STATISTICS OF CHURCH HISTORY.*

THE late Dean Milman has effectually wiped away the reproach brought some years ago by Dr. Newman against English literature, that our only Church historian was the infidel Gibbon. Yet, great as is the value, and still greater the charm, of Milman's *Latin Christianity*, it leaves the student of ecclesiastical history much to desire. We do not mean merely that it ends with the pontificate of Nicolas V., but that it does more to popularize and diffuse a knowledge of the mediæval Church than to increase or define it. And this is, of course, still truer of the graceful sketches—for they are little more—of certain periods and events contributed by Dean Stanley to the same department of literature. It would perhaps be difficult to find two writers equally picturesque and attractive among German Professors; but they at least are "men of facts, as Germans should be," and a careful and minute exhibition of all ascertainable facts is, above all things, necessary in dealing with a subject-matter where opinions are so diverse, and passions are apt to be so strong. It has often said that writers on Church history show a te[illegible] unbelievers or heretics from seeing how little the [illegible] to the ideal. We rather suspect the saying is a h[illegible] from Eusebius and Gibbon, but it is easy to understand what is meant. A thoroughgoing partisan, like Mosheim or Rohrbacker, finds it all plain sailing enough. The unbroken line of Pontiffs from Peter to Pius IX., or the intermittent but constantly reviving succession of condemned sectaries—Protestants before the Reformation—marks the one track of light and beauty that relieves the darkness of this world's midnight sea. Troublesome critics like Dr. Maitland have unearthed some ugly facts about the Waldenses, which no good Protestant ought ever to have allowed himself to speak of, even if he was so perverse as to believe them; and there are better authenticated stories than the silly fable of Pope Joan, which do not fit in quite comfortably with the Ultramontane annals of the Papacy. But an historian like those we have named does not stick at straws. To him all Popes are the infallible and impeccable representatives of truth and holiness, or all whom Popes have persecuted are suffering saints of whom the world was not worthy. Any little difficulties that may be started are met at once by the old retort that, after all, nothing is so misleading as facts and figures. It is De Maistre, if we remember rightly, who says that history is a grand conspiracy against truth. No doubt the reproach has often been justly incurred, and not least by writers of his own school; nor can we wonder if many have turned in weariness or disgust from what seemed to them an unprofitable study, under the conviction that history is a mere repertory of data for the support or establishment of preconceived theories. Even among secular historians the most attractive are often the least trustworthy, and few indeed have attained that standard of absolute indifference which experience seems to point to as an indispensable condition for the impartial treatment of the more delicate and exciting problems of Church history. Rationalist critics in Germany have done much to correct the onesidedness of both Catholic and Protestant annalists. But the example of Gibbon would be enough to prove that a rejection of Christianity is no sure guarantee for approaching without partiality or passion the history of the Christian Church.

For these reasons, among others, we hail with sincere satisfaction the completion of Mr. Leitch's translation of Wiltsch's *Handbuch der kirchlichen Geographie und Statistik*, the second volume of which has just appeared. Professor Maurice, at whose suggestion the translator undertook his task, observes, in a short preface, that "those who are most suspicious of German commentaries on the principles of Church history may be anxious to avail themselves of German industry in collecting information about its external details." Such information is indeed equally necessary for students of every school of thought, seeing that the Church is not merely the organ "of transcendent doctrines, but a Society which has a habitation on this earth of ours." We can quite conceive that to many the title of the book may sound repulsive, and perhaps hardly intelligible. Nor can it be denied that it would be a very dry book to read through consecutively. But then it is not meant for reading through, but for reference. It is a handbook, or manual, not a history; and for this purpose it will be found invaluable to the student, the more so as each volume is supplied with a copious alphabetical index. We may suggest, however, that the addition of a table of contents would be an improvement in future editions. To the question, which may have occurred to some of our readers, as to what is precisely meant by the "Geography and Statistics of the Church," the author shall reply for himself. After observing that "ecclesiastical geography and statistics embrace, in a general way, all that became remarkable in Church history," and especially the seats of patriarchs, bishops, convents, schools, places where councils were held, and the like, he proceeds to specify more particularly the subject-matter of the work:—

> The main objects which should be attained by ecclesiastical geography and statistics are:—
>
> (1.) To give a clear view of the diffusion of Christianity in relation to other religions, the Jewish, Pagan, and Mahometan. A survey of the first of these is the more necessary, as it must be considered as a preparation for Christianity in heathen lands; for it was essential that the doctrine of the one true God should be known to the heathens beforehand, in order that Christianity might find easier entrance among them. The dispersion of the Jews, therefore, throughout almost all countries of the earth then known, preceded Christianity in the wise dispensation of God. There the Jews were to the heathens what John the Baptist was to the Jews in their own country.
>
> (2.) A survey must be given of the relations of the larger divisions of the Christian Church to one another, consequently of the patriarchates and the ecclesiastical [illegible] situated therein; also, generally, of the diocesan constitution in these and the Christian districts, which were independent of great ecclesiastical head; the spread of different Christian sects, for example, the Nestorians, Jacobites, &c., must also be brought under view.
>
> (3.) All important places must be noticed according to their degree of hierarchical consideration, in order to ascertain which of them were seats of patriarchs, metropolitans, and bishops, and which were institutions for theological education, leading monasteries, places where councils were held, &c.
>
> (4.) The rise and disappearance of the different Christian institutions in each country must be stated in chronological order.
>
> Acts of councils, and especially the signatures which are found therein, papal letters, and ecclesiastical annals, must be mentioned as main sources.

* *Handbook of the Geography and Statistics of the Church.* By J. E. T. Wiltsch. Translated from the German by John Leitch. With a Preface by the Rev. F. D. Maurice. 2 vols. London: Bosworth & Harrison.

of ecclesiastical geography and statistics. Available sources are also contained in old chronicles and monographies of particular countries and cities.

There are but few works on the subject extant, and these are almost entirely useless, with the exception of *Metropolitanarum Urbium Historia Civilis et Ecclesiastica* of Cantelius for the west, and Le Quien's *Oriens Christianus*.

The best source for the east is the *Bibliotheca Orientalis* of Assemanus.

The history is divided into four periods—the first reaching to Constantine; the second, to the time of Mahomet; the third, to the year 1073 (the accession of Hildebrand); the fourth, including "the palmiest days of the Roman Church," to 1216 (the death of Innocent III.); the fifth and last, to the beginning of the Reformation. The amount of information compressed into two moderate-sized volumes, containing together barely a thousand pages, is really enormous, and copious references and annotations are supplied throughout. In a dry record of facts there is of course little scope for graces of style or for the obtrusion of individual opinion. So far as we have observed, the author has conscientiously abstained from any attempt to go beyond his province as an accurate chronicler and statistician, and his language is clear and simple, and clearly translated by Mr. Leitch, who quite deserves the praise Mr. Maurice accords to him. We may observe, by the way, that "Roman," and not "Romish," is the proper rendering of the German *Römischer*, which is a purely local designation, while our word Romish has a quasi-theological, not to say controversial, sound. When it is said (p. 73) "that if such bishop appealed to the Romish bishop his cause should be *renewed*," we presume "renewed" is a misprint for reheard.

The rise and growth of the primacy of the Roman See is fairly and concisely stated, but we are surprised to find a German Professor at this time of day declining to pronounce any opinion as to "whether the grant of Constantine the Great is genuine or not." And we are still more surprised not to find any allusion to the Isidorian decretals which had so momentous an influence on the development of Papal power in the West, though forming one link only in a long chain of forgeries. There is scarcely a trace, again, of any reference to the great schism of East and West, unless we are to understand the following very perplexing passage in the second volume as referring to it:—"That the Pope possessed the primacy over the whole West, and that he also received it over the dioceses of Antioch and Jerusalem from the beginning of the twelfth century, *and over the diocese of Constantinople from the beginning of the thirteenth century*, is a thing so well known that I had some hesitation whether I should say a single word on the subject." What can be the meaning of this extraordinary statement? How and from whom did the Pope "receive" the primacy over the Patriarchs of Antioch and Jerusalem at the beginning of the twelfth century, and over the Patriarch of Constantinople at the beginning of the thirteenth? Dr. Wiltsch had told us, quite correctly, in his former volume that the primacy "was publicly confirmed to him by a synodal decree" at the (Eastern) Councils of Constantinople, in 381, and Chalcedon, in 451. If he means to say here that it was never acknowledged by the Eastern Patriarchs, the statement can only be accepted with considerable reservations. At all events, if they did not recognise it before the twelfth century, still less did they recognise it afterwards, when they had broken off all official relations with the Western Church. The only sense in which it can be said that the Pope received jurisdiction over Antioch and Jerusalem at the beginning of the twelfth century is that the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem was founded at that period by the Crusaders, and that a Latin empire and Latin patriarchate were established at Constantinople in 1204, after the city had been taken in the fourth crusade. For a graphic account of the circumstances attending their establishment, which were not very creditable to those concerned, we may refer our readers to the second volume of Mr. Ffoulkes's *Christendom's Divisions*, reviewed last year in our columns. The Empire only lasted half a century, but the Patriarch survives to our own day as a titular dignitary resident at Rome, where he contributes a picturesque variety to the great ceremonials of the Church. We presume, from the dates assigned, that this is what Dr. Wiltsch really means, but he has, to say the least, chosen a singularly odd way of expressing himself. And he should have added, that the line of Eastern Patriarchs in these "dioceses" has continued all along, in open defiance of the primacy of Rome.

We have another criticism, of a negative kind, to make. It is disappointing, in a work of reference for Church history, to find no syllable of information about Councils, either general or provincial, beyond a bare record of the dates and places of their assemblage. It would have added very little to the bulk of the work, and would surely not have been going beyond the province of ecclesiastical statistics, to have given us a brief summary of the more important acts of at least the General Councils, of which there are only twenty previous to the Council of Trent. And considering that more than half of them were almost exclusively occupied with matters of discipline and jurisdiction, the omission seems the more unaccountable in such a manual as the present. These blemishes, however, do not affect the general value of the book, and do not at all diminish our gratitude to the translator for his useful and unpretentious labour in bringing it before the notice of English readers. Translation is always a troublesome, and is too apt to be a thankless, task. It is, therefore, only due to Mr. Leitch to express our sincere agreement with Professor Maurice's opinion "that he is conferring a very great benefit upon schools, Universities, and private students by his enterprise." Though we could wish that the work was in some respects more complete, there is none, so far as we know, in the English language that would at all supply its place.

THE TRAVELS OF A HINDOO.*

THE chronic practices of Indian Viceroys have led us to invent the euphemistic term *annexationist;* our familiarity with Indian camps has enriched the English tongue with the convenient word *loot;* and our system of Indian education has produced Baboo Bholanauth Chunder. Not once or twice in these columns have we had occasion to expose notable cases of plagiarism and literary "conveying," but, notable as they may have been, we do not remember any precisely similar to this of the engaging Pengalee Baboo. When Samuel Johnson, in the wittiest and perhaps ablest of his fugitive pieces, was bestowing his memorable castigation on Soame Jenyns, he says:—

> I am told that this pamphlet is not the effort of hunger. What can it be, then, but the product of vanity? And yet how can vanity be gratified by plagiarism or transcription? When this speculatist finds himself prompted to another performance, let him consider whether he is about to disburden his mind, or employ his fingers; and, if I might venture to offer him a subject, I should wish that he would solve this question—Why he that has nothing to write should desire to be a writer?

This question, however, is not one from which Baboo Bholanauth Chunder has any occasion to shrink. He not only has the ambition to write, but has within him the stuff of which writers are made. When he is content to "disburden his mind" he is an entertaining and instructive companion, and we read with pleasure his animated and original observations on men and manners and places—often indeed described before, but never from the same point of view. But when a man so qualified, and with so vast a field before him, leaves off drawing from his own mental stores, and deliberately takes to employing his fingers, our first feeling is simply disappointment, which, however, rapidly turns into disgust when we find page after page of these borrowed goods passed off upon the reader as the result of his own observation and research.

We can find no space for more than a single specimen of Bholanauth Chunder's mode of proceeding, and we select his description of the most famous of the cities of India. He enters Delhi at p. 129 of his second volume, and informs us that, "the eternal Rome excepted, there is no other place which enjoys such a celebrity, and that there are two ways of seeing its sights—the *topographical*, which is to go through them as they fall in your way, jumbling antiquities, mediævalities, and modernesses into a salgamundi (*sic*), or the *chronological*, which is to go regularly from the house of Pandoo to that of the last Mogul. The latter had our preference." Now considering that the "sights," as he calls them, are scattered most unchronologically over an area of some fifty square miles, that his time was limited to three days, and that a Delhi day in November lasts only ten hours, he appears to deserve infinite credit for the power of observation which enabled him to accumulate the mass of knowledge which he has been so obliging as to communicate to the public in one hundred and forty-two closely printed pages of profound antiquarian research and tasteful artistic criticism. But how stands the case? In the course of these pages the name of one particular authority is occasionally mentioned, and there are frequent portions of paragraphs marked off with the single inverted commas which Mr. Carlyle has taught the world to regard as indicating an author's quoting from himself, but not the least hint is afforded that fully a hundred of the pages are either copied bodily from the learned and elaborate Reports of General Cunningham, the late Archæological Surveyor to the Government of India, or are slightly disguised transcripts from them. The following specimen is taken almost at random:—

General Cunningham.	Bholanauth Chunder.
According to universal tradition the Iron Pillar was erected by Anang Pal, the founder of the Tomara dynasty, who was assured by a learned Brahman, that the foot of the pillar had been driven so deep into the ground that it rested on the head of *Vasuki*, King of the Serpents.	The most widely prevalent tradition attributes the Iron Pillar. . . . The Brahmins in the Court of Anang Pal, the founder of the Tomara dynasty, had represented the pillar to be driven so deep into the ground, that piercing through the density of the earth, it was said to rest on the head of the great snake-god Schesnag or Vasuki.
But the Rajah, doubting the truth of the Brahman's statement, ordered the pillar to be dug up, when the foot of it was found wet, &c.	To test the truth of their statement the sceptic monarch ordered the pillar to be dug up, when blood bulged up.
According to Kharg Rai the Tomar Prince was provided by the sage Vyâs with a golden nail, or spike, twenty fingers in length, which he was told to drive into the ground. At a lucky moment, on the 13th day of the waning moon of Vaisâkh, in the Samoat year 792, or A.D. 736, when the moon was in the mansion Abhijit, the spike was driven into the ground by the Rajah. Then said Vyâs to the King:—	In the words of Kharg Rai the Tomar Prince had been furnished by the sage Vyâs with an iron spike twenty-five fingers long. This was formally sunk in the ground, at a lucky moment, on the 13th day of the waning moon of Boisakh, in the Samoat year 792, or A.D. 736. Then said Vyâs to the Rajah:—

* *The Travels of a Hindoo to various Parts of Bengal and Upper India.* By Bholanauth Chunder, Member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. With an Introduction by J. Talboys Wheeler, Esq., Author of a History of India. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

"Ne'er will thy kingdom be besped, The spike hath pierced Vàsuki's head."	"Ne'er will thy kingdom b besped, The spike hath pierced Vasuki' head."
Vyâs had no sooner departed than the incredulous Raja boldly declared his disbelief in the sage's announcement, when immediately	But the sage had scarcely gon away before the incredulous Toma had the spike taken up.
"He saw the spike thrown on the ground, Blood dripping from the serpent's wound."	"He saw the spike thrown on the ground, Blood dripping from the serpent'i wound."
The sage was recalled by the horrified King, who was directed to drive the stake into the ground a second time. Again he struck, but the stake penetrated only nineteen fingers, and remained *loose* in the ground. Once more then the sage addressed the Rajah prophetically, "Like the spike (*killi*) which you have driven, your dynasty will be unstable (dilli), and after 'nineteen' generations it will be supplanted by the Chohans, and they by the Turkans."	The horrified monarch now repented of his folly, and, sending back for the sage, attempted to drive the stake a second time. But it did not penetrate beyond nineteen fingers, and remained loose in the ground. Thereupon Vyâs once more addressed the Rajah in a prophetic tone, "Like the (*khili*) spike which you have driven, your dynasty will be unstable (dhilli); and after nineteen generations it will be supplanted by the Choans, and they by the Turkans."
When the Muhammadan conqueror first took possession of Delhi he was informed that . . . which the verse of Byron has rendered famous:	When the Mahomedan conqueror first took possession of Delhi he was told that . . . .
	* * * * *
While stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand, When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall.	While stands the Iron Pillar Hindoo Raj shall stand, When falls the Iron Pillar Hindoo Raj shall fall.
* * * * *	* * * * *
On hearing which, to show his contempt of the prophecy, the proud victor allowed the pillar to stand.	But to show his contempt of the prophecy, the proud victor spared the pillar.—Pp. 152-3.

So much for Delhi and General Cunningham, who, however, is not the only victim, for in his descriptions of other places Bishop Heber and Sir William Sleeman are made to stand and deliver after much the same fashion. Everywhere, even in what we will call the original parts, we come upon reflections and forms of expression which are as familiar to our ears as "God save the Queen." Of these, also, a single specimen must suffice:—

LORD MACAULAY.	BABOO BHOLANAUTH CHUNDER.
In perseverance, in self-command, in forethought, in all the virtues which conduce to success in life, the Scots have never been surpassed. *History of England*, Chap. 1.	In perseverance, in shrewdness, in self-denial, in most of the qualities which conduce to success in life, the Marwaree has seldom been surpassed.—I. 432.

But if the boldness of the Bengalee is astounding, what shall we say to the simplicity of the English gentleman who is his sponsor to the public, and who assures us in the preface that the Baboo has "derived no literary assistance whatever from any one, whether European or native," and that his

travels are not the sketchy production of a European traveller, but a *genuine bonâ fide work of a Hindoo wanderer, who has made his way* from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces, and looked upon every scene with Hindoo eyes, and indulged in trains of thought and association which only find expression in native society, and are wholly foreign to European ideas!

As we have said before, there can be no doubt that this Baboo is quite qualified to write an excellent work from his own resources, and we had marked many passages which appeared worthy of extract, but are deterred from quoting them by the natural apprehension that when we fancied we were transcribing the words of Bholanauth Chunder, we might in reality be quoting Miss Braddon or an Early Father. Of one point, however, there can be no doubt, and that is that the Baboo has perfectly succeeded in freeing his mind from superstition and prejudice. Throughout his volumes we can only recall a single instance in which either of these influences becomes apparent. Bishop Heber had said:—

The monkeys are very troublesome, and admitted to be so by the Hindoos themselves, but so much respected that, a few years since, two young officers, who shot at one near Bindrabund, were driven into the Jumna, where they perished, by a mob of Brahmins and Devotees.

The Baboo, of course, *more suo*, annexes this anecdote; but, in order to shield the "Brahmins and Devotees," he substitutes the following ludicrous version of the story:—

Two officers had once shot at one of these creatures, and the *whole quadrumanous tribe gathered in an army* to chase them away, and pursuing them with the most boisterous screechings towards the Jumna, across which they had thought of making their escape, made them sink in that stream with the elephant on which they rode.

But this is quite a solitary instance of weakness. "A Brahmin now," he says, "is scoffed at as an empiric, a mountebank, and a wiseacre," and "to be a Pundit now is to rust in obscurity and pine in poverty." The deities of his ancestors and of his neighbours are uniformly spoken of in much the same way in which the venerable denizens of Olympus are treated by Mr. Frank Talfourd and Mr. Burnand; and he quotes with great gusto the description which the old English traveller Fitch gives of the idols he saw at Benares three hundred years ago, adding that "more than one idol under allusion can be identified in our day":—

Many of them are black, and have claws of brass with long nails, and some ride upon peacocks and other fowls which be evil-favoured with long hawks' bills, some with one thing and some with another, but none with a good grace. They be black and evil-favoured, their mouths monstrous, their ears gilded and full of jewels, their teeth and eyes of gold, silver, and glass.

And he is no less delighted with the same traveller's remarks on a devotee whom he encountered at Patna:—

The people were greatly imposed upon by idle persons assuming the appearance of sanctity. One of these sat asleep on horseback in the market-place, while the crowd came and reverentially touched his feet. They thought him a great man, but—sure he was a lazy lubber. I left him there sleeping.

One legend of his fathers is branded as "all bosh," and another is stigmatized—and here he is quite original—as an "ay-and-my-betty story." According to him the god Krishna passed his time "skying with milkmaids," and "owes his apotheosis more to his liaisons than his miracles." This deity is unrivalled in popularity among the common people of India, and the Baboo relates with considerable humour how he found "a middle-aged Bhyragee reading to two women—widows from Bengal—the story of Krishna's amours from the Bhagbut." He describes himself and the two friends with whom he travels as "young Bengals," and tells with great admiration how they appalled their chronological coachman at Delhi by the freedom of their proceedings. They ate oranges "off a plate used by the *sahib logue*—bread-and-butter were next served, and when brandy brought up the rear it was an outrage of which he could not remain to bear the sight." Bholanauth leaves us in no doubt as to what he does not believe, but what he does believe is not equally clear. He probably fancies himself a Deist, for he says, "The Moslem laughed at the Hindoo, the Christian now laughs at the Moslem, and the day shall come when the Deist shall laugh at us all." At present the only two objects which appear to command his veneration are the Railway and the Penal Code. In general he writes capital idiomatic English, but he occasionally misuses words in a very quaint fashion. He speaks of a party of ladies passing "in a tally-ho and four," of "a poultry" as if it were a poultry yard, of a "nonce" as a measure of space, of a pretty girl being "pox-marked," and of each of the mandibles of a bird's bill as a beak. "The wary Krishna stuck like an obstinate fish-bone at the throat of the bird, and kicking up a rumpus in his stomach, at last tore him asunder in two by his beaks." It seems odd to English ideas to say of a poet that "his honey-tongued muse got him the surname of the *Parrot*," and, speaking of a garden, that "the *marigold* was in season, and displayed an exuberance of floral beauty along the walks." He sometimes also represents himself as seeing what all other travellers have missed—*e.g.* the *marble* gates of Somnauth; and he speaks of "the remarkable bath of Shah Jehan, hollowed out of one single block of white marble, and *measuring forty feet in diameter*."

THE DIARY OF PRINCE SALM-SALM.*

THESE volumes possess unusual interest as an authentic record of the closing scenes of one of the most singular tragedies to be found in the pages of history. It is impossible not to feel a deep regret for a man who was anything but a vulgar adventurer, and who undertook a very dangerous and difficult task with nothing to rely upon except his own courage, and his faith in the ultimate triumph of the principles of modern civilization. After the event it is easy to call his enterprise Quixotic, and to ask why an Austrian Archduke should peril his reputation and his life in an attempt to establish a civilized Government in a semi-barbarous country. But all the evidence goes to show that, quite apart from the Imperial throne and such glories as might belong to it, Maximilian did, so far as he could, endeavour to give political life and civilization to a country and a race that did not appear, at least to him, to be hopelessly impracticable. It was in his eyes an experiment that might be fairly tried, and under more favourable conditions it possibly might have succeeded. But its failure, due to a variety of causes that were not by any means obvious from the first, does not diminish the credit of the Prince who steadfastly believed that there lay before him a great work to be done in the organization of a Mexican State, and who devoted his energies and his life to the duty which he had placed before himself. No doubt from the very first it was an arduous task, and difficulties seemed to increase every day, yet the Emperor persevered to the last with unfailing courage, and perhaps only perished from his unwillingness to desert his adherents even when further resistance was absolutely hopeless. The historian of his last days, Prince Salm-Salm, seems to have possessed deservedly the confidence of his Imperial master; and though he is not yet able to produce the documents which could go far, it is said, to justify Maximilian in his assumption of the Empire, he is at least able to describe the high qualities displayed by him in misfortune, as well as the affection which he knew so well how to win from those about him.

It was on the 5th of February that the French army, under the pressure of the Government of the United States, left the city of Mexico. That the inhabitants were glad of their departure there can be little doubt. Perhaps even the friends of Maximilian were not displeased to be rid of an army whose bravery in the battle-field is only equalled by its arrogance in a friendly country. Marshal Bazaine, whether deservedly or not, had the character of being overbearing and rapacious, and could not fail to be looked upon as the imperious lieutenant of Louis Napoleon, whose policy by this time had become odious, and was even deemed treacherous by the

* *My Diary in Mexico in 1867, including the Last Days of the Emperor Maximilian; with Leaves from the Diary of the Princess Salm-Salm, &c.* By Felix Salm-Salm, General, First Aide-de-Camp, and Chief of the Household of His late Majesty the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. London: Richard Bentley.

Imperialist party in Mexico, as it had been hateful to the Liberals. At the same time it cannot be doubted that Marshal Bazaine, acting on his instructions, did what he could to induce Maximilian to abdicate, and, it is even insinuated by Prince Salm, began intriguing with the Juarists and Porfirio Diaz in order to render the position of the Emperor, if possible, more untenable than it actually was. But, apart from any such additional difficulties, when the French evacuated Mexico there was little to encourage the most sanguine partisans of the Emperor. The Liberals in arms outnumbered the Imperialists, and besides had gained more than the advantages of a decisive victory in the retirement of the French army and the undisguised sympathy of the Government of the United States. It followed that the Emperor, if he remained, would have to encounter the certainty of a civil war, in which the balance of chances was, at the outset, unmistakeably on the side of his antagonists. He elected to stay, under the belief, as it would seem, that in the absence of the detested French the Mexican people would rally round him, and prefer his wise and gentle rule to the unscrupulous ferocity and avarice of the partisan leaders of the Liberals. There were not wanting advisers who assured him that such could not fail to be the result of his generous resolve. Swayed by these counsels he determined to prosecute his enterprise, perhaps not without a presentiment of what his own fate might be in the event of military disaster.

On the 13th of February he left Mexico, on his march to Querétaro, with all the Mexican troops he could collect. His object was to unite his forces with those of Miramon, Castillo, and Mendez, and then to prevent the enemy from marching on Mexico. On the road several engagements took place, and on the 19th the Emperor and his small force, after suffering some losses, entered Querétaro. The united armies amounted to 9,000 men with 39 guns, a force altogether inadequate for the defence of a large city in a narrow valley commanded by the hills on either side. On the 4th of March intelligence was received of the advance of the enemy, with an army of 18,000 men, under the command of General Escobedo. Ten days later a combined attack was made, and no doubt the garrison gained a signal victory, partly due to the superiority of their leaders, but perhaps also to the desperate courage of the foreign military adventurers in the Imperial ranks. Still the losses of the besieged had been very considerable, and the experience of the action was sufficient to show the arduous character of a protracted defence of so untenable a position. There were two courses open—either to follow up the victory by attacking the broken troops of Escobedo, and, in the event of success, marching on San Luis Potosi and the west, which at least offered a reasonable chance of escape, or to remain in Querétaro, and allow the enemy to reorganize his forces, and call additional troops to his assistance. The advice of Marquez decided the Emperor in this difficult juncture, and it was resolved to fortify the city as far as possible, and continue the defence. Yet even at this period, at a council of war held on the 20th of March several of the generals were of opinion that a retreat might be attempted with a reasonable chance of success. It was determined, however, to send Marquez and Vidaurri to Mexico—the former as Lieutenant-General of the Empire, and the latter as Secretary of War and Finance—to bring back with them all the troops and money that they could get together. These officers left on the 23rd, escorted by about eleven hundred horse. Meanwhile considerable bodies of troops had joined the Liberals, and supplies of ammunition had been received, whilst the force within the city was by this time no more than six thousand five hundred men, insufficiently provided with food and ammunition, who, notwithstanding such discouraging circumstances, again, on the 24th, successfully repulsed an attack made in force. Nevertheless, the Liberals gradually drew nearer the city, and the bombardment became more continuous and more effective. Yet no news was received from Marquez, and, in spite of a brilliant sortie on the 1st of April, affairs wore a very gloomy aspect. A council was summoned, and again the opinion of Miramon prevailed, to wait for the arrival of Marquez, and as soon as possible to attack the position of the Garita de Mexico, in order to be able to support Marquez if he came over the Cuesta China. Again the unavailing bravery of the garrison was put to the severe test of assailing an enemy of superior numbers in strong positions, and again the vigour which they displayed was so remarkable as to show how valuable had been the opportunities repeatedly thrown away by vacillation or by obstinate adherence to a mistaken view of the situation. But it was becoming evident that the defence of the city could not be protracted much longer. So it was determined to send Prince Salm to try to communicate with Marquez, and, if possible, concert arrangements for the relief of Querétaro. The attempt failed; symptoms of disaffection began to show themselves in the camp; it seemed to be the beginning of the end. Soon information was brought in that Marquez had been defeated by Porfirio Diaz, between Mexico and Puebla, that the latter stronghold had been taken by the Liberals, and that three Imperial generals and fifty officers had been shot by them. It was also stated that the Liberals had decided to make no more attacks on Querétaro, but to wait till their object should be gained by the starvation and exhaustion of its now enfeebled defenders.

This unfavourable news at last induced the Emperor to make preparations for his departure, which was to be effected by breaking through the enemy's lines on the morning of the 27th. And if the evidence of Prince Salm is to be credited, the attack was an eminently successful one; the Liberal army was completely routed, and, but for mistakes or delay in the hour of victory, the Imperial forces might have escaped in safety. Escobedo, however, made use of the opportunity afforded him, brought reinforcements, and chased the Imperial troops back into Querétaro. Still it was believed that escape was not impossible, and everything was prepared for attempting it on May 14. Mejia asked for an additional delay of twenty-four hours for his preparations, which was reluctantly conceded. That night Querétaro was taken, as it is alleged by Prince Salm, through the treachery of Colonel Lopez in surrendering an important post, which permitted the Liberals to surprise the garrison. It rarely, however, happens that such accusations admit of distinct proof, and the assertion of Colonel Lopez that the defenders of the post in question were surprised by a rapid and well-planned attack is not more improbable than that a Mexican colonel should be a profound scoundrel. Moreover, the besiegers were kept well informed of all that was passing within the city, and took their chance of anticipating a surprise directed against themselves.

Long and gallant as the defence had been, the Imperial army, if it still deserved the name, was worn out with hard work and scanty food. It seems indeed marvellous that the influence of those chiefs whom Prince Salm so constantly blames should have been able to retain so long under their command troops that could at any time have made their own terms. Prince Salm bestows his censures on Marquez and Miramon alternately, who, after all, seem to have been very much on a par with most of the Mexican generals, whilst the Emperor was rash in the extreme to repose such confidence in the sagacity or devotion of any of them. The fatal policy of remaining at Querétaro led to the capture of the Emperor, his imprisonment, trial, and execution, which followed in rapid succession by the orders of the ruthless Juarez. In the diaries of the Prince and Princess will be seen the efforts made by these devoted followers to contrive, by entreaty or promises of reward, the escape of Maximilian; but the Mexican President was inexorable, and money was not forthcoming to corrupt the gaolers of the Emperor. The trial was simply a brutal mockery, and the execution was an act of gratuitous barbarity. It may well be that the victorious Liberals desired his death. He was associated in their minds with the Church party, whom they detested; with foreign invasion, under which they had smarted; and with a form of government for which they entertained no affection. But surely, even in Mexico, had the chiefs so willed it, there might have been found means to induce a victorious army—and, as they said, a liberated nation—to forego the gratification of their vengeance, and to spare their country the infamy of his execution.

For the conduct of Juarez we do not see that there can be any palliation. The alleged guilt of the Emperor consisted in his having been taken in arms against the Republic, for which, by a law of 1862, the punishment of death was assigned, and it has been asserted that in his case the law was enforced in retaliation for the severity exercised by Marshal Bazaine and the French, in virtue of a law of similar harshness. There can be no question that the Emperor had to bear the odium excited by the acts of the French commander, but when the struggle was concluded the occasion for retaliation no longer existed. Reprisals may in some cases be used as a legitimate weapon, in order to obtain by terror what humanity refuses to concede; but when there is no longer an object to be gained by them, they are simply acts of unjustifiable cruelty. It must have been clear to the Mexican President that, if the Emperor were released, he would quit Mexico for ever; and it must have been no less evident, after the successful action of the Government of the United States, that no foreign prince, supported by European soldiers, would ever again attempt to found a dynasty in Mexico. However, though Juarez and his party are solely responsible for the death of Maximilian, it must not be forgotten that two of the most powerful Governments in the world had in great measure contributed to bring about the state of things in Mexico which led to the final catastrophe. It was the doing mainly of Louis Napoleon that Maximilian went to Mexico at all, under the belief that he would have the support of a powerful party in the country, and of a considerable French force which was to remain till the authority of the new Government should be established. The French Emperor, however, had miscalculated his power, and under the menaces of the United States was compelled to withdraw his troops, and abandon his ally in a position from which the latter could scarcely hope to extricate himself by success, and which he felt he could not abandon without dishonour. Again, the American Government, when interfering with the affairs of Mexico, ought to have contemplated the effects of their policy, and might no doubt have compelled those whom they protected to abstain from acts of vengeance. Stripped of its cant, the policy of the American Government was purely selfish, and not influenced by any feelings of humanity. It was not until it was too late that Mr. Seward was willing to intercede for the luckless Prince.

No doubt there are further disclosures to be made that will throw more light on this dark chapter of Mexican history. In the meantime, this latest contribution of the Prince and Princess Salm-Salm, though not possessed of much literary merit, will be read with interest. The Prince seems to be a favourable specimen of the military adventurer—a class for which we do not entertain much sympathy. Of his bravery and loyalty there can be no question, and they are virtues which, however unsuccessful, must always command respect.

BRAZIL.*

IN these two thick volumes we have the results of a journey made by Captain Burton during the latter half of 1867, from Rio de Janeiro to the Brazilian highlands, and thence down the great river S. Francisco to its mouth. The journey is of a far less adventurous character than those by which Captain Burton became known as an explorer, but in his former narratives he has always shown so much power of amusing some of his readers and shocking others, that we looked forward to the perusal of the present work with considerable pleasure. At any rate we thought we should be free from the insipid prosiness of the cockney tourist; the book would be spiced with little insinuations against Christianity, the negro, and other objects of Captain Burton's contempt, not to say that so acute and original an observer must have something new to tell us. Our curiosity was most artistically heightened by a preface added by Mrs. Burton, who, in the absence of her husband, has seen the book through the press. After an acknowledgement of the general advantage of Captain Burton's observations, she proceeds as follows:—"Although I proudly accept of the trust confided to me, and pledge myself not to avail myself of my discretionary powers to alter one word of the original text, I protest vehemently against his (Captain Burton's) religious and moral sentiments, which belie a good and chivalrous life. I point the finger of indignation particularly at what misrepresents our Holy Roman Catholic Church, and at what upholds that unnatural and repulsive law, Polygamy, which the author is careful not to practise himself, but from a high moral pedestal he preaches to the ignorant as a means of population in young countries." Mrs. Burton proceeds to explain that these differences of opinion—tolerably profound, it must be admitted—give rise to no domestic jars; and the simplicity with which her protest is uttered makes us anticipate some great offence to call forth such a decided protest from an admiring wife. In other words, we concluded that Captain Burton had been more than usually irritating to British respectability, and had used a rather more pungent sauce than heretofore. In this expectation we have been considerably disappointed. Every now and then Captain Burton finds an opportunity for obtruding on the reader his serene indifference to all forms of creed, and his conviction that many modern theological opinions are to a reasonable man as ridiculous as those of fetish-worshipping negroes. Occasionally he gets a chance for sneering at Exeter Hall and philanthropists generally, and assuring them that their petted negro will speedily die out under the influence of freedom, to the great advantage of the world at large. Once, and only once, so far as we have observed, he throws in a word for polygamy. For the most part his narrative is as solid and statistical as the most humdrum of travellers could desire. Indeed, to say the truth, the general reader will be apt to find it distinctly dull. Like every one else who adopts the same plan, Captain Burton has decided to give us much of the book in diary form, not by any means in order to save himself trouble, but with the view of giving "the simplest and the most natural picture of travels." Captain Burton floated over 300 leagues down a single river, and he enables us to realize the monotony of the process, by inflicting on us a mental repetition of it. In spite of many interesting remarks, the reader's interest cannot but flag, and we must console ourselves with the reflection that, if it is rather a dreary book of travels, it is to all appearance a very useful handbook. Captain Burton evidently had his notebook handy, and set down every step of his journey with praiseworthy care. It will be a very good thing for his successors; but surely the ordinary British public can hardly be expected to read 800 or 900 pages, of which a great part is filled with a succession of sentences like this:—"We had to battle with the winds and the wavelets, which rose as by magic; and off the 'Angical' Fazenda, the enemy had the best of the affair, and kept us at halt for three hours. This is a large breeding estate on the right bank, which is sandy, and produces fine coconuts, Carnahubas, and Quixabeiras. From a point a little below this, canoes during the floods make a short cut across country to the Ypoeira of Chique-Chique," and so on. How many people are there in London who care whether or not the "Angical" Fazenda produces Quixabeiras, or who wish to know of a short cut to the Ypoeira of Chique-Chique? And does even the heroic reader who plods through pages of such lively information obtain thereby a more simple and natural picture of travel than Captain Burton could give us in his livelier style in half a dozen paragraphs? It is a fact, much to be impressed upon all travellers, that there is a difference between books, properly so called, and those compendiums of useful information which, on the spot, may be as convenient as *Bradshaw's Guide*. An attempt to mix the two spoils a couple of very excellent things; and if Captain Burton had compressed the pith of his travels into a quarter of the space, and put together the bare topographical information for those who wished to consult it, he would have composed a far more agreeable work. As it is, we may perhaps venture on the moderate commendation that the book is perhaps as readable as its faulty design allows.

The narrative consists properly of two distinct parts. The first volume is devoted to an account of the Mexican highlands, the site of the gold mines which have absorbed so much English capital to so little result. The second part describes the descent of the great river S. Francisco—the Mississippi of South America, as it is not very appropriately called—down which Captain Burton floated for many weeks in a ramshackle compromise between a raft and a canoe. The first district is one of the many lands of promise which are held out to the poor of Europe. It is doubted, indeed, by sceptics, whether it is possible for the Northern populations to thrive in a country so near the Equator. Yet, if Captain Burton's views are sound, it is admirably adapted in many ways for the superabundant masses of population who are filling our workhouses, and striking fear into philanthropists. Given sufficient means of communication—the one great want of the land—and there is no reason why we should not pour into it a stream of emigration to turn to account its resources, and to enjoy an exceptionally healthy climate. There are virgin forests to be cleared, rich lands to be cultivated, and untold wealth of gold, diamonds, and iron to be extracted. The English miner in the great mine of Morro Velho flourishes under strict discipline, and though it seems that even in this healthy district he cannot do more than from two-thirds to three-fourths of his normal task in Europe, he can earn high wages, and enjoy luxuries unknown to him at home. "Nowhere," says Captain Burton, "can an honest hardworking-man get on so well with such a minimum of money and ability" as in the interior of Brazil. It is true that at Morro Velho he has the exceptional advantage of getting next to nothing to drink in the way of spirits, except a certain Cachaça, which is so singularly nasty as to repel even the robust appetite for liquids of the English labourer. This, indeed, does not seem to be a common advantage of the country. As a rule, the lower orders appear to be hard drinkers. Formerly "a drunken Englishman" was held to be a pleonasm; now it would seem that the natives have taken up the habit, and the epithet is equally unnecessary when applied to any part of the population. Along the coast sobriety is more common, for the simple reason that drunkards are killed off by the climate. Setting aside this unpleasant peculiarity, Captain Burton has little to tell us that is not on the whole creditable to the Brazilian of the interior. It is curious to remark that a change has taken place in the Portuguese population similar to that which distinguishes the modern American from his English cousin. In Captain Burton's opinion, they have in both cases approximated to the type of the original red man. At any rate, they show the predominance of the nervous temperament; they are tall, lean, gaunt figures, peculiarities which here cannot be explained by hot-air pipes and tobacco chewing; they seldom grow fat after the fashion of John Bull or the primitive Portuguese; they have the serious expression frequently remarked in the Anglo-American, and, like them, are marked by hatchet faces, thin lips, and aquiline features, whilst their women show the fragile and delicate beauty of the ladies in the Northern cities. Captain Burton attributes these changes to some influence of the climate. We know not if it is due to the same cause, or to some occult working of that useful explanation of all political phenomena, democracy, that the Brazilians still preserve the habit, which is dying out of the United States, of wearing black dress clothes in the morning. They are more given to the use of the knife—producing what they facetiously call "morde-zinhas," or "little deaths"—than is quite pleasant; and in religion, if not fanatical, they are superstitious; but they are beginning to put on more civilized ways; they are awake to the importance of education; they are free from the curse of pauperism; and they have the virtue, whose importance may be pardonably exaggerated by strangers, of unlimited hospitality.

When Captain Burton descended from the Highlands the change does not seem to have been for the better. Although he does not sum up his opinions, we get a general impression of a lazy and useless population. Every now and then he incidentally mentions that some one whom he was anxious to see had really not the energy to get up and speak to him. People are liable to that terrible complaint which frequently overwhelms Europeans transported to the tropics—a total loss of energy. They suffer from a languor which, if they give way to it, makes all exertion impossible. They sink into the lotus-eating stage, and lead a life comparable to that of the much-reviled Quashee among his pumpkins. The only resource that remains is singing and drinking through the night, which, if we may judge from frequent entries, appears to have been almost the regular practice of Captain Burton's boatmen. They lounge through the morning, sleep through the hot hours, and loaf in the evening. At rare intervals they talk languidly about making a canal, or removing some obstructions in the river; but, on the whole, they are of opinion that these matters are the study of the Central Government. In short, we should say that, in spite of the magnificent resources of the country, and the rapidity with which improvements in communication have been followed by the growth of population and wealth, Captain Burton's account is not very favourable to the prospect of raising an energetic race so near the Equator. The first condition is doubtless the opening, by some means, of the natural avenues of commerce, and to this Captain Burton devotes a great deal of attention. The noble S. Francisco is interrupted by the great rapids of Paulo Affonso in its lower portion, which, according to him, are even superior in picturesque effect to Niagara. Above these navigation, though possible for small boats, is constantly interrupted by rapids and other difficulties called generically "Cachoeiras." These might in many cases be removed at moderate expense; canals might be formed round some, and part of the route might be shortened by laying down cheap railways. Engineers have prepared plans to which the main objection seems to be that they cost a great deal more money than there is the slightest

* *Explorations of the Highlands of the Brazil.* By Captain Richard F. Burton. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

chance of raising for years to come; and it is a great object of Captain Burton's book, who gives several calculations on the subject, to prove that more economical methods might be applied. Meanwhile railways have been constructed with so little forethought, and at so great an expenditure, as to damp to a considerable extent future enterprise in the same direction. Whenever Government or individual energy breaks down these obstacles, there is a magnificent territory in which to try the experiment of a great tropical empire. Mr. Bates holds, as Captain Burton reminds us, that "it is under the Equator alone that the perfect race of the future will attain to complete fruition of man's beautiful heritage, the earth." Whilst waiting for the perfect race, Captain Burton seems to see the chief hope for the present in European immigration, and more especially in the intrusion of certain energetic Southerners since the war, who, in his opinion, are admirably adapted to deal with *prolétaires* of all descriptions, and especially to put a satisfactory conclusion to the great negro difficulty.

We must add, in conclusion, that the gallant reader who works steadily through these volumes will find a great deal of rather scattered information about the geology of the country, many interesting accounts of the present mines, leading to some frequent hints for intending investors of capital, and occasionally some good, though rather diffuse, descriptions of scenery. Scattered remarks about the curiously mixed population, their ways and thoughts, are also deserving of notice; and though we cannot conscientiously praise the book as light reading, unless on the hypothesis of liberal skipping, it may be safely recommended to all who mean to follow in the writer's steps.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH SCHOOLS.*

THE Report of the French Commissioners sent to inquire into the middle and upper schools of England is a singular contrast to the Parliamentary blue-book as we know it. It is a handsome volume, printed in a very pretty type upon large and fine paper. It is readable throughout; the style is easy and graceful; the arrangement of topics skilful; the statistical tables, with which English official documents are commonly overloaded, are reduced to the least possible dimensions, and only introduced when really needed to prove or illustrate some proposition of importance. Nor is the substance of the Report unworthy of its form. MM. Demogeot and Montucci are not only acute observers; they are evidently men who have thought for themselves on educational questions, and they have therefore been able to examine and describe with singular fairness a system unlike that to which they were accustomed at home—neither hastily condemning what seems strangest to a French eye, nor, on the other hand, becoming so much enamoured of certain excellences of English schools as to forget that these excellences may be purchased too dear. Their criticisms are usually discriminating, and always temperate; and if they seem to see our public schools in somewhat too rosy a light, this is perhaps due not so much to misapprehensions on their part, as to a courtesy which gladly praises when it finds anything praiseworthy, and is careful to express disapprobation in guarded though weighty terms. We have been more than once surprised, in going through the treatise, to notice how small is the number of errors into which its authors fall, and how few of the salient features of English upper-class schools which they fail to catch and depict.

With these merits, however, the Report is far enough from being what it professes to be—an account of "Secondary Instruction" in England. It contains a lively description of what are called the great public schools—Eton, Harrow, Westminster, and the like—with a fair, although much less complete, account of such schools of recent foundation as Marlborough and Cheltenham, and some remarks on the Mechanics' Institutes of Lancashire and Yorkshire. But of the schools at which the great bulk of the middle-class receives its education—the endowed grammar-schools throughout the country, the private day and boarding "academies"—it contains scarcely any mention. Some few facts are stated respecting the grammar-schools of Leeds, York, and Durham, taken from a school prospectus, or communicated by the masters; but neither these, nor any other schools of the same rank (except two in Liverpool), seem to have been made the subjects of any serious personal inquiry. It is true, of course, that the largest and most flourishing of these institutions have very much the same arrangements, at least in matters of instruction, as the great public schools; and it is no less true, that from a study of the system and methods of the private academies, there is, according to the Reports of the Schools' Inquiry Commissioners, little or nothing of profit to be learnt. In describing Eton and Harrow, therefore, MM. Demogeot and Montucci are no doubt describing that form of English education which is most characteristic of our country, and from which the greatest number of suggestions for the benefit of French schools may be drawn. Any Englishman reading with attention would see in a moment that the praises and censures given here to English schools generally apply really to a comparatively small class among them. But a Frenchman could hardly gather from the Report that this is so; and we greatly doubt whether its authors themselves were fully aware how small was that part of the field of English education over which their inquiries conducted them.

* *De l'Enseignement secondaire en Angleterre et en Écosse; Rapport à son Exc. M. le Ministre de l'Instruction publique.* Par MM. J. Demogeot et H. Montucci. Paris: Imprimerie Impériale. 1868.

Taking the application of their remarks as thus restricted, the remarks themselves are almost uniformly sensible, often put in an entertaining way, and occasionally such as may be of practical service to an English teacher. With the discipline and social life of our schools the Commissioners express themselves well satisfied. Fagging and flogging, as might be expected, they cannot away with; but the self-governing organization of a public school, the monitorial system, the absence of surveillance, the general freedom allowed to the boys, excite their admiration almost as much as their surprise. The praise bestowed on the "family life," as they call it, which the system of masters' houses provides at schools of the Eton and Harrow type, will seem extravagant to those who know how little even the active master of a large house can, in practice, see of each of his boys, and how many evils, constantly springing up among them, he is almost powerless to check. Serious, however, as these evils are, they are no doubt far less serious than those engendered by the dismal barrack-like life of the French *internats* (boarding *lycées*); and the French observer who has seen only those may well prefer what he finds here. The fact that the Commissioners repeatedly express their pleasure at finding that English boys are not constantly in a state of suppressed revolt against the authorities of the school, is the most significant censure that could be passed upon the system of their own country.

When they come to speak of the instruction given in English schools, their tone undergoes a sensible change. They had, unfortunately, no means of ascertaining by an examination the results actually attained among us, so as to compare the mental condition of an average English with that of an average French schoolboy of the same age. But by studying the programmes of work done and the examination-papers set, by personally questioning the teachers, and by being present on one or two occasions when lessons were in progress in the class-room, they succeeded in reaching conclusions whose substantial accuracy there is no reason to doubt, and which agree in the main with those reached by the majority of educational reformers among ourselves. Nothing—not even the use of the birch—appears to have struck them with so much surprise as the despotism of Latin and Greek in all the greatest English schools, both old and new. Fully admitting both the value of classical studies, and the success with which they are pursued by the more industrious boys in our schools, they evidently think that we spend too much time on them, that we allot an undue share of prizes to excellence in them, and that they are allowed to usurp a pre-eminence in dignity for which no good reason can be shown, and which tends to the dishonour and injury of other important subjects. The result of this attitude is most notably seen in the neglect of scientific, and especially of mathematical, studies—a neglect which the Commissioners describe in a strain of suppressed irony which is more effective than any denunciation could have been. Taking Eton as furnishing the most conspicuous instance of this neglect, though other schools are little better, they relate how, up to 1836, there was no teacher of mathematics there; how it was not till 1851 that this subject was admitted into the regular curriculum; and how even then it was proposed not to allow the mathematical masters to wear a gown, like their classical colleagues. A story which they add deserves to be quoted:—

> Un professeur distingué a raconté qu'il avait autrefois pour élève particulier, à Oxford, un jeune homme d'une intelligence fort remarquable, ayant suivi avec succès le cours entier des études d'Eton. Non seulement cet étudiant ne savait pas la table de multiplication, mais il en ignorait même l'existence. Il en fut informé à propos de l'achat de quelques paires de bas, qu'il faisait dans un magasin, et dont il ne pouvait trouver le prix que par une longue série d'additions. Averti qu'il y avait un moyen d'abréger ce travail, l'aspirant aux honneurs d'Oxford trouva la chose fort ingénieuse, et apprit la table en peu de jours.

Our devotion to classics has not, in the opinion of the Commissioners, justified itself by the excellence of the methods whereby classics are taught. We make the reading of Latin and Greek books, they say, a mere exercise in grammar and philology, not using them either to cultivate the style of the pupil or to inform his mind. Hence, though he acquires a thorough and sound knowledge of Latin and Greek as languages, he does not catch the spirit of the classical authors; his imagination is not touched; he shows little interest, and receives but a feeble intellectual stimulus. Something of the same kind may be observed in the methods of teaching mathematics, although here the fault, in the opinion of the Commissioners, is of an even graver kind. Geometry and algebra are in England, they declare, little but an exercise of memory. The staple of the work done consists in learning off and repeating propositions as they stand in Euclid—often without understanding their meaning—and in plodding through manuals of algebra, like Colenso's, in which "l'on trouve de six à huit exemples pour chaque petite variation de forme qui se présente dans un calcul de même nature, dans les radicaux, par exemple; variations qu'en France l'élève apprend de bonne heure à rapporter à une seule règle générale, qui, bien comprise, est la clef de tous ses calculs." Thus comparatively little is done to make mathematics a means of cultivating the reasoning faculties—of imparting clearness, precision, and dexterity; and thus too it happens that to the great majority of English boys this study is a repulsive one, pursued languidly and unwillingly, and dropped at the earliest possible moment. MM. Demogeot and Montucci incline to ascribe these defects to what they call the exaggerated practicality of the English:—

> Les études mathématiques des écoles anglaises présentent donc le même défaut que leurs études littéraires. Elles s'adressent plus à la mémoire

qu'aux facultés élevées de l'esprit. Les lettres négligent l'histoire, la philosophie, l'esthétique, c'est à dire, la pensée; les sciences tiennent trop peu compte de la raison et donnent le procédé plutôt que l'intelligence du principe. Il y a donc, dans ces établissements, discordance entre le but et les moyens. Les maîtres répètent sans cesse que la fin de l'éducation, à leurs yeux, c'est de former l'homme; leur enseignement ne tend trop souvent qu'à former des hellénistes ou des calculateurs.

There is some force in these remarks; but we doubt whether a mere dogged adherence to tradition and routine has not more to answer for, as a cause of the unphilosophical character of English education, than the excessive anxiety to be practical which our French critics think they discover. Certainly it is from no over-practicality that we lay so little stress upon history, geography, and the study of modern languages—a fact which, it need hardly be said, the authors of this Report comment upon. The result of the neglect of historical teaching, and of the exclusively grammatical character of the literary teaching, is, they think, to be seen in the barrenness which the themes and essays of English boys betray. While much has been done to train the mind, nothing has been done to feed it; hence the want of interest which the average schoolboy displays towards anything for which he is not directly rewarded or punished, and the want of ideas which is seen as soon as he is required to write upon any subject.

These general remarks are followed by a description of the system and arrangements of some of the most important among the public schools—Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Charterhouse, Westminster, and others—in which the characteristics of each are hit off in a lively and generally accurate way. But when they pass from the great schools of ancient foundation to the other educational establishments of England, the Commissioners, being thenceforward obliged to trust more to what they have picked up second hand than to what they have themselves seen, become much less valuable witnesses. Their account of the grammar schools, as has been said already, is extremely meagre; they seem to know little or nothing respecting those private schools in which the bulk of our middle class is educated; and from the praise they bestow upon the various examinations for the civil and military services which have been instituted during the last few years, it may be gathered that they are not aware of the elaborate system of cramming which those examinations have called into existence. Where the subject of inquiry is so vast, inquirers, and especially foreign inquirers, cannot possibly investigate everything for themselves, and must often be at the mercy of their informants. One such informant seems, after giving them a highly-coloured picture of the services rendered, or rather to be rendered, to education by the College of Preceptors, to have told them that its examinations were too severe—a statement which will be, to say the least of it, a somewhat startling one to those who remember the account given of those examinations by Mr. Fitch in his very able Report upon the schools of Yorkshire. However, this is a small matter; the wonder is, not that our French friends should sometimes have been told odd things, but that they should have in general received with so much caution what was told them.

Of the many other topics which the Commissioners discuss so judiciously—of the English system of promotion, which they praise; of the games and athletic sports, which they think carried to an absurd excess; of the bifurcative system of Marlborough and Cheltenham—we have no space left to speak. Two points, however, must not pass unmentioned. One is the opinion they express respecting the masters in our public schools: the other is their general conclusion upon the condition of the English schoolboy at eighteen years of age, compared with that of the French *lycéen*. Repeatedly acknowledging the ability, the energy, and the high moral tone both of the head and the assistant masters in the great schools of England, they feel sure that the work imposed on these masters is far too heavy, and they express their surprise that nothing is done to give them a systematic preparation for the profession of teaching. In the following passage their view is clearly and concisely put:—

Le professorat des écoles anglaises nous semble en somme inférieur à celui de nos lycées, non par le talent et la capacité des hommes, mais par le vice de l'organisation. L'enseignement en Angleterre n'est pas une carrière qui ait son apprentissage, son noviciat, son avancement, ses distinctions, son éméritat. L'absence d'une école normale supérieure reduit le jeune maitre à son expérience d'élève et à ses tâtonnements personnels. L'absence d'une administration centrale, juge éclairé du mérite et des succès de l'enseignement, livre le choix fait par les corps gouvernants à l'impulsion un peu vague des ouï-dire et des relations individuelles. Les avantages du ministère ecclésiastique enlèvent dès leur jeunesse une partie de ses meilleurs sujets. Le travail considérable que les écoles imposent à leurs professeurs ne leur laisse aucun loisir pour continuer par des études personnelles l'œuvre de leur propre instruction. Lauréats d'élite de l'université, leur croissance s'arrête trop souvent au moment où ils montent dans leurs chaires, et leur ambition se borne à sortir promptement de leur professorat ou à s'y enrichir. Quelques-uns trouvent dans leur énergie morale le moyen de suppléer aux loisirs qui leur manquent, et composent de remarquables ouvrages; mais il faut reconnaître que c'est le très-petit nombre.

Regarding the general efficiency of our public schools as compared with the French *lycées*, the Commissioners are too cautious to express any definite opinion. As they did not examine the scholars in English schools, and were but rarely present during the hours of teaching, it was, indeed, impossible for them to form one. Nevertheless, it is tolerably clear, from various parts of their Report, that while they believe the best Harrow or Rugby boy to be equal to the picked scholars of their own schools, they are persuaded that the average Harrow or Rugby boy—one, for example, who goes from the fifth form to be a pollman at Cambridge or an officer in the army—knows less, and has received less intellectual training and intellectual stimulus, than a French boy of the same age. This is no more than what we knew already; but it is a fact so important that it cannot be pressed too often upon the attention of Englishmen. The reproach of our English schools, as compared with those of almost every other civilized country, is that while we do a great deal for, and make a great deal of, our clever and industrious boys, we are content to let the lazy and careless ones slip unimproved through both school and University, not only ignorant of many necessary things—bad arithmeticians, bad spellers, unable to write clear and grammatical English—but also, in the highest sense of the word, uneducated. Life at school and college forms their manners, provides them with acquaintances, makes them cricketers or oarsmen, and gives them some knowledge of the world. It inspires them with no love of knowledge, develops no power of using wisely what knowledge they possess, cultivates no tastes, whether literary or scientific, which may raise them above mere material enjoyments. These evils are not mainly due, as an active party among educational reformers maintains, to the exclusion of what are called modern subjects—French, natural science, English literature—from the ordinary curriculum of schools and universities. Doubtless it is desirable that there should be more variety and flexibility in the course of studies, and that masters should be encouraged to take every pains to ascertain a boy's natural bent, and rouse his intellectual interest by chemistry or geology, if it cannot be roused by Latin. But the mischief, although social causes have a good deal to do with it, finds after all its chief source in the dull and unintelligent way in which instruction is given, especially to young boys, in the absurd methods which custom compels teachers to follow, and in the want of perception, on the part of many teachers, of the importance of appealing on every occasion to the understanding rather than the memory of the learner. These are obvious truths, which Englishmen have preached many times already: it is well to have them preached to us by Frenchmen also.

ARBORICULTURE.*

(*Second Notice.*)

"TELL me how do the trees which I planted thrive? Is there shade under the three oaks for a comfortable summer-seat? Do the poplars grow at the walk, and does the wall of the terrace stand firm?" So wrote Lord Collingwood from his more familiar element, the sea, to his wife ashore, in one of those letters so justly praised for the intense home love which they breathe. And the fact that the forms and shapes of trees or groups of trees root themselves in the memory of all who have any soul whatever for the picturesque or the poetic, is as demonstrable as that the trees themselves are actually rooted in the soil. Who would envy the unobservant eye which fails to note for after-remembrance the clump or single specimen of Scotch pine which Wordsworth preferred to all trees but the oak "for its beauty in winter, by moonlight, and at evening"; or the "goodly masts" of the silver fir; or, if he has ever seen it, the mixed avenue of larch and spruce at Paradise in Aberdeenshire, full of giants of either kind, tapering heavenward, with 80 feet each of measurable timber? What impression the Deodaras or Wellingtonias leave upon such as view them at home, on the Himalayas or in the Sierra Nevada, it is for travellers to tell; but without quitting the range of naturalized coniferæ, one may see cedars of Lebanon even in this country which, with breathing-space amid the uplands of some large park, and at a sufficient height above the rise of water, though not too far to allow "the roots to reach the aqueduct," realize the same boldness of outline and permanence of aspect which rendered them "the glory of Lebanon and the boast of Palestine." Nor do deciduous trees fail to exert a like spell. Not to resort to commonplaces about the British oak, the very name of "Burnham Beeches" will recall a charming study of tree beauty; or we may appeal to the effect upon a rural landscape of three or four spires of the Lombardy poplar, and, where these are not, of a diversifying trio of sister elms, side by side like graces; or we may linger in fancy beneath the lime alley on a summer's day, with the hum of the honey-bee amidst the myriad flowers overhead. It has been remarked that we are apt to associate places with the shrub or tree that is their *genius loci*, as it were—the jasmine on the trellis, the clean-clipt yews, the holly hedge; or, on a larger scale, the elms of an avenue, the clump of beech or Spanish chestnuts, the spreading plane, and any other tree-glory of a place or neighbourhood. And though in such books as Mr. Grigor's, or that of Mr. Brown, the editor of the *Forester*, one does not expect "sentiment," because it is somewhat alien to their calling and clime, it is curious to see how the subject tempts each author now and then into a little subdued rapture; indeed, the latter in one place has a digression about the aspen which lifts his prose almost into poetry, while it illustrates the hold of particular trees upon the memory. "With the aspen," he writes, "there are associated scenes of early life; and at the present moment, though the evening is so still that the sound of the Spey a full mile off is easily heard, the leaves cannot remain quiet; and now and again as the air rises into the most gentle breeze, and almost brings with it the sound of the very minnow's flip upon the surface of the water in the far-off pool,

* *Arboriculture; or, a Practical Treatise on Raising and* [illegible] *Forest Trees, &c.* By John Grigor, The Nurseries, Forres, N.B. [illegible] Edmonston & Douglas. 1868

the leaves of the aspen vibrate to the sound, and their rustling falls sweeter on the ear than any music" (*Forester*, p. 199). It is true that there is an apology offered for this outburst, and Mr. Grigor very rarely ventures upon any so poetical flight; yet experience, we suspect, would establish the impossibility of treating the subject of arboriculture without some spice or leaven of the painter and the poet. We might say also, of the antiquary, for, as Mr. Grigor informs us in his always interesting data respecting the curiosities of "arboriculture," there are trees in the world that laugh to scorn the longevity of our oldest old men. To say nothing of those lusty old giants, the Winfarthing Oak and the King's Oak in Windsor Forest, said to have passed for old in the Conqueror's day; or the Cowthorp Oak in the West Riding, which measures 78 feet in circumference close to the ground, and will hold 84 persons within its hollow; or of the coeval beech in Windsor Forest, and Spanish chestnut at Tortworth—there is matter for comparison of vegetable with animal life, to the disadvantage of the latter, in the account of the cypress at Somna in Lombardy, spared by Napoleon in making his road over the Simplon, because of its accredited existence in Julius Cæsar's day (p. 245). Cypress timber has produced doors, those of the earlier St. Peter's at Rome, which lasted perfectly sound above 1,100 years. One of the oldest chestnut trees in the world stands on Mount Ætna, with a hollow interior in which a whole flock of sheep might be folded (p. 289). But the palm of longevity would be awarded without controversy to the plane-tree "which would overshadow a regiment," in the meadow of Buyukdere, on the Bosphorus. "Its circumference at the base is 141 feet, and its branches extend over a space of 130 feet in diameter, which, if it can be considered a single tree, is probably the largest in the world, and it possesses additional interest from the circumstance that, as De Candolle conjectures, it must be upwards of *two thousand years old*."

In Mr. Grigor's account of our various forest trees, indigenous and introduced, there seems to us the just proportion of anecdote and biography, so to speak, of particular trees and species of trees, to the more practical matter of growth and culture. He is less full of gossip than Selby, though more so than Mr. Brown, and least of all inclined to merge the question of profit and utility in the more showy and attractive one of ornament and embellishment. While not neglecting the charm of trunk, limbs, and foliage for the casual eye, he is studious to set before his readers the questions how, when, where, and what to plant, in such wise that the results may bear scrutiny by eyes accustomed to debtor and creditor balances, and to questions of interest, profit, and loss. Following his guidance, we should expect to find his constant readers devoting their energies and woodland acres to the plantation of larch and Highland pine among conifers, and of ash and poplar among deciduous trees. These afford the best prospect of an early interest on the outlay, and indeed of a revenue in an average lifetime. Mr. Brown quotes a forester's proverb, "that a larch will buy a horse before an oak will buy a saddle"; and though we suspect that this is a piracy from Fuller, who, writing about the Salix Alba, or Huntingdon willow, notices the local byword "that the profit by willows will buy the owner a horse before that by other trees will pay for his saddle," there can be no difficulty in understanding and justifying the transference of the saying to "larch," as contrasted with "oak." The goat-willow, indeed, has proved, in seaside plantations in Norfolk and Morayshire, so capable of becoming a great tree, and its timber is gradually acquiring so much more value since its application, because of its slowness to ignite, to the construction of railway brakes, as well as of railway carriages, that it would be unquestionably prudent to cultivate it much more generally in the soil it likes best, "a rich deep soil in the vicinity of water." But the larch is, with proper care and culture, adapted for greater varieties of soil, and for more widely extended uses as timber. Its thinnings come in for paling, hop-poles, and coal-props; and the mature tree serves not only for sleepers, mill-axles, and ship-timbers, but also for household furniture, of a beautiful clean yellow colour, which takes a fine polish, and darkens with age into a rich brownish yellow.

Not that we suppose Mr. Grigor would deem any timber that is grown superior to the Scotch pine in profit or usefulness, provided always that it is true Highland-bred. The result of his observations leads him to reject Don's theory of two varieties of this tree—one distinguishable by the tapering elongated cone, and the other by that which is thicker and not so pointed, the latter characterizing the old native firwoods, and the former the modern plantations which have so often failed. Mr. Grigor suspects that what Don attributes to a bad variety may be due rather to degeneracy, arising from the cultivation of the tree in the third and fourth generations far from its native soil and climate; and he adduces many proofs that in the case of good plants grown from seeds, or young plants direct from the native forests, be the soil bad or good, the issue will be timber equal to the best Riga deal. The true Highland pine is more robust, redder, and harder, and outlives many generations of the common cultivated fir. The banks of the Spey have supplied timber of this kind from one forest—Glenmore—sufficient to build 47 ships; and the Rothiemurchus forests produced for many years an annual revenue of more than 18,000*l.* It is not indeed so serviceable as oak for building ships of war, because a cannon ball would splinter the former, while it would drill the latter; but for unwarlike purposes it equals the best foreign pine from the Baltic, and the causes which have led to a contrary opinion are the premature falling of pine timber at 30 or 40 years old in Britain, and the error of letting the tree lie in its bark undried and uncut for weeks after falling. The foreign process is quite different, as a pine is not cut down in Norway or Silesia till it has reached at least 100 years. The premature cutting of Scotch pine necessitates a great quantity of sapwood, but even this is good if properly prepared and dried; and Mr. Selby suggests that it may be effectually hardened by steeping in lime-water, or by the more costly process of "kyanizing." The Highlanders adopt a similar process to make the wood of the alder serve for cabinets and tables, steeping it in bog-pits, which are often impregnated with lime. The hint which Mr. Grigor gives as to the dangers of the pine-seed while germinating, from the ravages of larks, linnets, pigeons, and partridges, will probably suggest to amateur planters that it may be better to buy young plants from a nursery; but he gives a lively picture of an even deadlier devastator of the *larch* seed-crop, when following a crop of Italian rye-grass. The larch crop had appeared above ground towards the end of May, and was promising well; but late one evening, after a heavy shower, Mr. Grigor perceived that in five or six beds on one side of the lot the plants had disappeared, and that in a similar space they were about half gone. The enemy was the grub-worm. He collected all his hands, and ordered them to dibble holes all over half an acre between the full crop and the blank land, as well as in every blank space between the beds and alleys. The object of this was only a temporary trap, but the device more than answered his expectations. An army of crows descended upon the ground, and, finding the grubs ready trapped, proceeded to exterminate them, and so to obviate the need of further precautions and preventives. The risks, indeed, to which the larch is subject, when of older growth, from the "coccus laricis" (p. 226), from atmospheric blight, from rot, blister, and other causes, are sufficiently formidable; but in spite of them all it is the most profitable of trees, with the most moderate amount of care, and provided always that the best home-grown seed is selected. The hardiest sort of larch in our climate is that which has a red blossom or female catkin. That which has a white blossom is the Tyrolese "Laricio Europæa flore albo," which, though more vigorous while young, is really far more tender, and should be avoided as much as possible (p. 212). The anecdote of the attempt of Lockhart of Lee to introduce larch plants into Scotland after the restoration of Charles II., which failed so long as he kept them potted in a hothouse, and was only successful when in desperation he thrust the remnant of them into the open air, is an indication of the adaptation of this valuable tree to a hardy climate, and of its fondness for ample breathing space. Of the introduced pines, firs, spruces, &c., it is doubtful whether any will come in this country to match the Scotch pine or the larch, though Mr. Grigor ventures a qualified prophecy in favour of the Californian "Lawson's Cypress," introduced so recently as 1854. The Pinus Lambertiana and the Abies Douglasii promise well, as hardy and bulky timber trees, and there are various importations noticeable for grace and ornamental character; but the average value of the timber of the best of the introduced conifers is not, as we gather from Mr. Grigor, at best more than that of the common or Lowland pine timber

We have left ourselves little space for noticing our author's accounts of deciduous trees. In the dispute respecting the relative excellence of the Quercus Pedunculata and Quercus Sessiliflora, he contents himself with affirming the superiority of the former as a timber tree, noticing, however, the freer growth of the latter while young, even in inferior soils. The author of the *Forester* is so convinced of the inferiority of the Sessiliflora, that he stedfastly rejects it in planting. The resemblance between the timber of this variety of oak and that of the Spanish chestnut, noticed in p. 263, does away, as Mr. Selby has pointed out, with any argument for the chestnut's indigenous origin on that score; and Mr. Grigor holds that it is fatal to any such claims that it suffers more from unfavourable seasons than any indigenous tree. His account of the sub-evergreen and evergreen sorts of oak, and particularly of the process of disbarking the cork tree at intervals of ten years, for the "cork of commerce," without hurt, nay rather with benefit to the growth and life of the tree, is curious and interesting; and we are glad to see that he does full justice to the poplar and the ash—trees which, in some quarters and among country woodmen, it is the fashion to depreciate. Not only is the former not, in any of its varieties, what Cobbett called it, "a great ugly tree," but it furnishes exceedingly useful timber for the purposes of the wheelwright and house carpenter. As to Cobbett's fallibility on such matters, we recommend our readers to the account given in p. 398 of his extravagant laudation of the Robinia or locust tree—a tree no longer planted, in spite of his prophecy—for its timber's sake. The ash, too, one of our thoroughly native trees, has met in Mr. Grigor's pages with discriminating favour. It comes into leaf too late and goes out too early to be ornamental in foliage, but its elegant, easy, graceful outline, as it sways to and fro with the storm, instead of fretting and fluttering like the oak, is a characteristic of it which others will have remarked who are not so conversant with tree life as our author. No thinnings pay better than ash; it is an excellent coppice wood; and, in spite of gainsayers, there is scarcely a tree which it would pay better to plant in suitable and congenial soils, with access to moisture.

Among the casual hints which we have gleaned from Mr. Grigor's pages, one is to the effect that constant removal of walnut trees not only makes them bear sooner, but also improves the quality of the fruit. Another is that the finest veined walnut

timber is that nearest the root, and another, *à propos* of the beautiful-leaved umbrageous "sycamore," that it is the tree to plant on the south side of a dairy. There are many more facts worth knowing to be gleaned out of it both by amateurs and professionals: and the book carries on its face the evidence of thorough and long experience, as also of no small facility in the art of attracting the interest of every class of readers. We know no book on the subject of planting so exhaustive in proportion to its size.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S Diary * continues to drag its slow but not tedious length along. The tenth volume contains the history of 1853 and part of 1854, years of stagnation in the internal affairs of Prussia, and in which her weight in the councils of Europe was at its lowest. The contrast of this state of things with the present is amusing and, in the main, highly satisfactory, both as regards the progress achieved by the only great Power, after England, from which the cause of constitutional liberty has much to expect, and the destruction of that preponderance which the Emperor of Russia's reputation as the great maintainor of "order" enabled him to exercise over the Continent. Subserviency to Russia was one main cause of the low estate of Prussia when Varnhagen wrote, and his memoirs seasonably remind us how great and necessary a work was accomplished by the Crimean war, the statesmanship of which we have of late heard so flippantly disparaged. There is less of patriotic indignation and sarcastic comment than usual in this volume of the Diary; partly, no doubt, from the dulness of domestic politics, and partly also from the growth of a milder mood in the writer himself, whose temper, highly to his credit, was rather softened than soured by the advance of age. Many passages, especially those in which reference is made to Rahel, can only be adequately characterized by a German adjective, *weich*. Some of the notices of men of letters are highly interesting, especially one of an interview with Tieck shortly before his death. Tieck on this occasion said that in composition everything depended upon the first lines, which irrevocably determined the course, the tone, and the general character of the whole. In another place we find Varnhagen complaining of the extreme difficulty of attaining classic elegance in German. In any other language he would, he says, have been a far more voluminous author. Grote's History of Greece is enthusiastically praised as a work full of warmth and freshness, without a superfluous or careless word, a single dry passage, or any empty ostentation of learning. A saying respecting the brothers Humboldt is quoted, to the effect that they wanted no requisite of greatness, and nevertheless were not great. There is much truth in this, so far at least as Alexander von Humboldt is concerned.

Droysen, the latest historian of Gustavus Adolphus †, remarks in his preface that the biographies of this great king are already very numerous, and that his undertaking could hardly be justified if he did not propose to consider his subject in a new point of view. Hitherto, he thinks, Gustavus has been too much regarded in the light of a religious hero—a character which it is now pretty broadly implied he did not altogether deserve. Without disputing the immense services he rendered to Protestantism, Droysen rather sees in him the consummate statesman, whose actions were mainly determined by political considerations. Whatever truth there may be in this view of the career of Gustavus, at any rate it imparts novelty to an almost exhausted subject. He no longer appears as the epic hero who engrosses the action, but only as one of the personages of an exceedingly complicated drama; or, as Droysen expresses it, he is regarded with reference to his place in universal history. The springs of English, French, Dutch, and Spanish policy are all minutely investigated, and Gustavus occasionally retires for a while into the background. Neither does this volume refer to his principal exploits, as it only comprises the incidents that prepared the way for his expedition to Germany. It is, however, extremely interesting, and displays all Droysen's well-known lucidity and method. The author has consulted many valuable and hitherto unused documents in the Saxon and Bavarian archives. The policy of James I. of England receives especial consideration.

"Studies of Baltic and Russian Culture," by Julius Eckardt ‡, is an attractive volume, containing a series of entertaining essays on various matters of interest relating to the Baltic provinces of Russia. Much prospective importance attaches to these regions as an inevitable bone of contention between Russia and Germany. The attempts of the ruling State to extirpate the German element are at present judiciously ignored by Prussia, but when the day arrives when the Muscovite alliance is no longer indispensable, they may possibly form the occasion of a war of races on a colossal scale. Herr Eckardt's work abounds with testimonies of the silent but deadly antagonism between the two nations. In one of the most interesting of his essays he undertakes, with no inconsiderable success, the defence of the German "colony" against those Germans who tax it with rusticity and intellectual inferiority. Judging from the number of eminent men it has produced, this charge would certainly seem to be groundless. In another paper the works of the distinguished Russian novelist Tourguenef are reviewed, with the evident object of exhibiting his hostility to the democratic movement in his country. The national or anti-Western current of Russian political thought finds no more quarter in another paper on the socialistic system of the Russian peasant communities. The article concludes with the memorable observation of Cavour to a Russian, "The equal right of your peasants to the soil is more dangerous to us Westerns than all your armies." The Church and sects of Russia are the subjects of an elaborate essay. According to the writer, revolutionary principles have made great progress among the regular clergy; while the political exiles have omitted no opportunity of working upon the persecuted dissidents, and transforming religious discontent into political disloyalty. Essays of less extensive scope, but more interesting to the general reader, relate to various episodes of the history and biography of the Baltic provinces.

The "Twelve Articles of 1525" summed up the demands of the peasants who rose in revolt throughout South Germany in that year. Their history and origin are investigated by Dr. Alfred Stern *, who arrives at the conclusion that they were drawn up by a leader of the insurgents named Hubmaier, in the southern region of the Black Forest.

A history of the wars of Sout hern Germany for one hundred and fifty years † is a melancholy record of human folly. With the exception of the Hussite contest, whic h was a war of principle on both sides, and illustrious for the heroism of the weaker party, there is not one of them in which posterity now feels the slightest interest, or which can be said to have been undertaken for any adequate reason. Captain Würdinger's professional interest in them is intelligible, but few civilians will see anything in them but a dreary and deplorable chaos of useless carnage.

Herr Baxman n's concise biography of Schleiermacher ‡ is an excellent little book, admirably adapted for the extensive popular circulation for which it is designed. The Life of Stier §, by his sons, is completed in a somewhat more free and genial fashion than that in which it was commenced. Stier, the merely professional divine, presents an instructive contrast to Schleiermacher, a divine too, but also a patriot, a philosopher, and a man of letters.

Dr. Weiss's Manual of New Testament Theology ‖ is a learned and comprehensive work, drawn up *secundum artem*, in a number of paragraphs, in which the conclusions of the author are expressed, sprinkled like islands throughout an ocean of proofs and illustrations in small type. Dr. Weiss writes in the dry methodical spirit of a man of business, and does not seem to belong to any particular school of theology.

The epistles bearing the name of the philosopher Heraclitus ¶ are no doubt a forgery, but, having been composed while his works were still extant, have probably been the means of transmitting to us something of the spirit of his teaching. They are therefore not undeserving of the labour bestowed upon them by Herr Jacob Bernays, who has edited them with notes and an elegant translation.

Professor Arnold's treatise on Roman Law ** is equally serviceable either as an introduction to the subject for professional, or a summary of it for non-professional, readers. It is mainly divided into two great sections—one treating of the law of property in its relation to individual rights; the other, of the constitution of the family, and testamentary law. A preliminary study, which will perhaps be read with more general interest, traces the decline of the Roman empire to its social and economic causes, and endeavours to account for the curious fact of jurisprudence having formed an exception to the general decay. It is possible that Professor Arnold may place this decadence too early. So late as the time of Septimius Severus, an emperor could accumulate vast treasures by economical administration, without incurring the reproach of oppressiveness. Those complaints of systematic financial oppression which indicate that the resources of the State are seriously strained do not become audible until the age of Constantine.

It is a subject for regret that our information respecting the reigns of the best Roman Emperors should be so scanty. J. Dierauer seems to have collected all that can be known about Trajan, and has not only bestowed a world of pains on the investigation of chronological and other difficulties, but has produced a very agreeable narrative. The work †† of which it is a portion is

* *Tagebücher.* Von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Bd. 10. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Gustav Adolf.* Von G. Droysen. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Nutt.

‡ *Baltische und russische Culturstudien aus zwei Jahrhunderten.* Von Julius Eckardt. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Ueber die zwölf Artikel der Bauern, und einige andere Aktenstücke aus der Bewegung von 1525.* Von Alfred Stern. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Kriegsgeschichte von Bayern, Franken, Pfalz und Schwaben von 1347 bis 1506.* Von J. Würdinger. Bd. 1. München: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Friedrich Schleiermacher. Sein Leben und sein Wirken.* Von R. Baxmann. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Nutt.

§ *Dr. E. R. Stier.* Von G. & F. Stier. Wittenberg: Kölling. London: Nutt.

‖ *Lehrbuch der biblischen Theologie des Neuen Testaments.* Von Dr. B. Weiss. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Herakliti schen Briefe.* Von Jacob Bernays. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Cultur und Recht der Römer.* Von Wilhelm Arnold. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Untersuchungen zur Römischen Kaisergeschichte.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Max Büdinger. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Trübner. London: Williams & Norgate.

a collection of prize essays and other publications connected with the University of Zurich, relating to the history of the Roman Empire. We trust that it may be continued, for it is a most convenient receptacle for dissertations that might otherwise be lost. The still more obscure reign of Antoninus Pius is examined in another essay. The most elaborate of any relates to Diocletian, to whose career unusual attention has been directed of late. An essay on Commodus is the medium for a comparison between the respective merits of Dio Cassius and Herodian, much to the advantage of the former, whose excellence will appear still more conspicuous when we consider that we only possess the most important portion of his history, comprising the occurrences of which he was himself a witness, in the abridgment of a Byzantine Greek.

A Life of Bentley * cannot be expected to present much novelty, but should be welcome to Englishmen for the enthusiastic admiration bestowed by the author upon the genius of our great classical philologist. Herr Maehly is less favourable to Bentley's character as a man, but his discussion of Bentley's critical achievements is conducted *con amore*, and animated by the sympathy which can only be derived from a community of taste and feeling. His information respecting the details of Bentley's literary controversies is very exact, though he has hardly bestowed sufficient attention on the character and position of his opponents. An appendix contains Bentley's notes on the first two books of the Iliad, from his MS. in the Library of Trinity College. The notes on the other books are still unpublished, though Bentley was Master of the College, and his MSS. have reposed in the library for a hundred and twenty-six years. They manage these things differently in Germany.

Dr. Fritsch † deserves an honorable place among the German travellers who have recently done so much to extend our knowledge of the earth. If the scope of his researches has been less extensive than in the case of Barth and Bastian, and if the subject of his investigations lacks novelty in comparison with theirs, he has the merit of equal diligence, and the recommendation of a much less ponderous method of treatment, and a more attractive style. The present work, indeed, but imperfectly represents the extent of his inquiries, as he has had the discretion to withhold the mass of scientific detail which could only confuse the general reader. His ethnographical observations will form the subject of a separate work, and the details of medicine and zoology have already made their appearance in various scientific journals. The volume as we have it is a circumstantial but agreeable narrative of various expeditions, in the course of which the author traversed the greater part of the Cape Colony, the Dutch Free States, and Natal. The last named colony is his favourite, and he seems to presage a brilliant future for it. It is one of those few fortunate regions which are equally favourable to European constitutions and to tropical products. Want of labour is the great obstacle to its prosperity at present, and the consequent introduction of Indian coolies promises to lead to a singular mixture of races. The Cape Colony finds less favour with the traveller, who seems to think it within the bounds of possibility that the country may be gradually becoming a desert. At all events, the great uncertainty and unequal distribution of rain are most serious obstacles to agriculture, and the probable destiny of the country is to be an enormous sheepwalk. Dr. Fritsch speaks very favourably of the English settlers, and declares that the colony would have merely vegetated without them. The retreat of the Dutch Boers into the independent republics which they have established in the interior he regards as occasioned by no oppression, but simply by their inability to exist alongside of the more enterprising race. The abolition of slavery by the English, and their humane regulations for the protection of the natives, were highly offensive to the Boers. The work is beautifully and profusely illustrated with coloured plates after sketches and woodcuts taken from photographs, both of which give a lively idea of the very characteristic scenery of South Africa.

There are Alps in Austria as well as in Switzerland, and an Alpine club, which duly publishes its annals.‡ This publication has already reached its fourth volume. It is a handsome and substantial volume, full of information. The most interesting paper is one on the Austrian mountain lakes, which are very numerous, and apparently for the most part very picturesque. A table, digested with true German thoroughness, gives their respective length, breadth, circumference, depth, elevation, geology, the colour of their waters, and a number of interesting remarks. Anglers, as well as tourists, may derive much information from this valuable essay, which also contains many interesting particulars respecting the inhabitants of the wild and simple regions to which it refers.

Dr. Bleek § investigates the origin of language by the help of the Darwinian theory. Like most writers of his school, he seems insufficiently alive to the distinction between plausible hypotheses and ascertained facts.

* *Richard Bentley. Eine Biographie.* Von J. Maehly. Mit einem Anhang: Bentley'scher Anecdota zu Homer. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Drei Jahre in Süd-Afrika. Reiseskizzen nach Notizen des Tagebuchs zusammengestellt.* Mit zahlreichen Illustrationen. Von Gustav Fritsch. Breslau: Universitäts-Buchhandlung. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Jahrbuch des Österreichischen Alpen-Vereins.* Bd. 4. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache.* Von W. H. J. Bleek. Herausgegeben mit einem Vorwort von Dr. Ernst Haeckel. Weimar: Boehlau. London: Williams & Norgate.

"Grammatical Studies" * and "Mineralogical Studies" † are intended to form a series of essays in these sciences, published occasionally as opportunity may serve. The former commences with a disquisition on an abstruse point of Latin philology; the latter with a catalogue of minerals arranged according to their specific weights.

A treatise on Political Economy, by Professor von Mangoldt ‡, is posthumous, and only comprises half the author's task as he had proposed it to himself. It treats of the acquisition, conservation, and distribution of wealth, and has been prepared for publication by an anonymous friend. It is learned, exhaustive, and dry. The author does not seem to have belonged to any school of political economy in particular, or to have concerned himself much with the more exciting aspects of politico-economical problems.

The German Shakspeare Society §, to which we are indebted for so many valuable illustrations of the poet, has lost its able president, Friedrich Bodenstedt, whose place, however, is well filled by his successor, Karl Elze, and the third annual volume exhibits no perceptible falling off. One of the contributions to it, indeed—the essay on Richard III., by W. Oechelhäuser—is perhaps the most remarkable ever published by the Society. The character of Richard is analysed with rare discrimination, and many points raised by commentators are satisfactorily met and disposed of. It is a crying sin of critics to attribute to Shakspeare all kinds of political and philosophical tendencies, from which he was entirely exempt. Fortunately for himself, he wrote for a simple public, for which the mere representation of action as it had been, or might have been, was sufficient. Except for the sake of paying an occasional compliment to the sovereign, he had no temptation to introduce allusions to political matters. Political faction hardly existed in his day, and, as the Puritans kept aloof from the theatre, he was as little compelled as inclined to trouble himself with religious controversies. One thing, indeed, was expected from him, the glorification of his native country, and there his own feelings fully corresponded to those of his audience. Beyond this, scarcely any trace of political sentiment can be found in his plays, except a good-humoured contempt for the inconstancy of the populace, and this was not derived from speculation, but from observation. He drew men as he found them. Dr. Ulrici writes on a subject usually avoided by Shakspearian critics—the defects of the poet. He does not seem to have discovered anything very new, or very terrible, but his paper is of service as showing that the Society is not run away with by a blind admiration. Other valuable essays are those on *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the very interesting account of the representation of Shakspeare's plays at Meiningen under the management of Bodenstedt.

Another essay on Richard III., by Kuno Fischer ‖, is distinguished by precision, thoroughness, and an absence of all fancifulness, but hardly equally so by novelty. Dr. Tschischwitz's ¶ essays in Shakspearian criticism, most of which we have already noticed, have been collected into an elegant series of little volumes. The Doctor is sometimes a trifle too ingenious, but his remarks are always well worth attention, except when he tries his hand at emending Shakspeare's text. The knack of felicitous emendation is a gift which may be developed by study, but cannot be created by it.

It would be curious to investigate the effect of the introduction of reading for railways on the style of German popular literature. Moritz Hartmann**, at all events, seems to have recognised and accommodated himself to the requisite of this new order of composition. The structure of his sentences is concise, the sequence of incident rapid, and he avoids obscurity. The consequence is that his novel is free from the besetting sins of German fiction, and although in no way a high-class work, is a success in its line. Herr Simons' Roman stories are†† like so many chapters from the *Last Days of Pompeii*, greatly impaired in vigour and splendour of colouring, and even more palpably an artificial product of modern feeling. "Papers of a Jewish Family" ‡‡ is a story which shows from the first the strongest inclination to transform itself into a treatise on theology from a Jewish point of view, and ends by becoming one in good earnest.

* *Grammatische Studien. Eine Sammlung sprachwissenschaftlicher Monographien in zwangloser Folge.* Th. 1. Breslau: Hirt. London: Nutt.

† *Mineralogische Studien. Eine Sammlung sprachwissenschaftlicher Monographien in zwangloser Folge.* Th. 1. Breslau: Hirt. London: Nutt.

‡ *Volkswirthschaftslehre.* Von H. von Mangoldt. Stuttgart: Maier. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft.* Herausgegeben von Karl Elze. Jahrg. 3. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Shakespeare's Characterentwickelung Richard III.* Von Kuno Fischer. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Shakspere-Forschungen.* Von Benno Tschischwitz. Theile 1–3. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

** *Die Diamanten der Baronin.* Von Moritz Hartmann. Berlin: Lesser. London: Nutt.

†† *Aus altrömischer Zeit. Culturbilder.* Von T. Simons. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Jüdische Familienpapiere.* Herausgegeben von G. Meinhardt. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 690, JANUARY 16, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, January 18, the Programme will include Mendelssohn's String Quartet in E minor, Beethoven's Sonata for Piano and Violin, in G, Op. 30, Schubert's Sonata in A major, No. 10, for Piano alone, a Concerto for Violin by Bach. Executants: MM. Chas. Hallé, Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti. Vocalist, Miss Emily Spiller. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—Director, Mr S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.—The MORNING PERFORMANCES will take place on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, January 23, 30; February 6, 13, 20, 27; March 6; commencing each Day at Three o'clock. Subscription to Sofa Stalls, for the Seven Concerts, £1 10s. At the First Concert, January 23, Madame Arabella Goddard, MM Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti will appear. The Programme will include Mozart's Stringed Quintet in G minor; Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, and Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata. Vocalist, Madame Sainton-Dolby. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, under the Direction of Mr. JOHN BOOSEY, every Wednesday Evening, at Eight o'clock. The most distinguished English Artists will appear at each Concert, including Miss Louisa Pyne (Mrs. Frank Bodda), Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Nelson Varley, &c. The Programmes will include choice Glees and Madrigals; the best Old Songs and Ballads, Instrumental Solos and Duets; and a Selection of entirely New Songs and Ballads, composed expressly for these Concerts by Arthur Sullivan, Claribel, Virginia Gabriel, J. L. Molloy, Benedict, and Macfarren. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., 6s.—Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and at the Hall.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.—Gas on dark days.

WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, London.—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a COURSE of LECTURES on GEOLOGY, on Friday, January 22, at 9 A.M. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour. A shorter Course will be given on Thursday Evenings, from 8 to 9. First Lecture January 21. Text book, Lyell's "Elements of Geology." Prof. TENNANT accompanies his Students to the Public Museums, and to places of Geological interest in the country. He gives PRIVATE INSTRUCTION in Mineralogy and Geology, at his Residence, 149 Strand, W.C.

VICTORIA INSTITUTE, or PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY of GREAT BRITAIN, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street.

Ordinary Meetings, 8 P.M.

Monday, January 18.—Paper by Rev. C. A. ROW, M.A., on "The Relation of Reason to Philosophy, Theology, and Revelation."

Monday, February 1.—Paper by the Rev. Dr. IRONS, "An Analysis of the Law of Human Responsibility."

MISS LOUISA DREWRY, Professor of History, and of the English Language and Literature, will re-commence her COURSES of LESSONS in these Subjects on Monday, January 18.—15 King Henry's Road, Upper Avenue Road, N.W.

THE FETTES COLLEGE, Comely Bank, near Edinburgh.

Trustees.

The Right Honourable JOHN INGLIS of Glencorse, Lord Justice-General.
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ROBERT DUNDAS of Arniston.

Head-Master.

ALEXANDER W. POTTS, M.A.

Late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; and now one of the Assistant-Masters of Rugby School.

The College is to be opened in September, 1870. It is designed to provide Boys with a liberal Education, qualifying them for the Scotch and English Universities, Professional Life, &c.

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Non-Foundationers will also be permitted, under special arrangements to be hereafter made, to reside with their Parents or Guardians; attending the College during the day, and dining in hall with the other Boys.

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Boarding-House charge..........................£60 "

All Boys before admission will be required to pass an Examination.

Applications for Rules of Admission to the Foundation, particulars of the Examination, &c., to be made to FREDERICK PITMAN, W.S., Clerk to the Trustees, 48 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

SCHOLARSHIPS.—RADLEY COLLEGE, Abingdon.—An ELECTION to Two (or Three) ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will take place on March 20. Value £50 a year for Two years. Candidates must be under Fourteen on January 1. A CHORAL SCHOLARSHIP for Treble Voice will also be competed for. Value £50 a year, tenable so long as the Voice lasts.

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The School reopens January 28; the New Boys will come on the 27th.
For particulars apply to Rev. T. F. FENN, Trent College, near Nottingham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—*Head-Master*, Rev. J. PERCIVAL, M.A. The following SCHOLARSHIPS, tenable at the College, will be open to Competition at Midsummer next:

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Further particulars, and Prospectuses of the College, can be obtained of the SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol. Boarders reassemble on Friday, January 22. The College reopens on the following day.

Clifton College Company, Limited, January 4, 1869.

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The Term commences on Thursday, January 21, 1869.

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Attention is invited to the Division Lists of the Oxford Local Examinations.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the School, and of Messrs. RELFE BROTHERS, School Booksellers, 150 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, London, S.W.—*Head-Master*, the Rev. ALFRED WRIGLEY, M.A., Professor of Mathematics and Classics in the late Royal Military College, Addiscombe. PUPILS specially prepared for the Universities, the India Civil Service, and the Military Competitive Examinations, Woolwich, Sandhurst, &c. The Experimental and Natural Sciences Taught.—The School will reopen on January 20.

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CLAPHAM COMMON.—GLOUCESTER HOUSE, Elms Road.—The Rev. GEO. ELLIOTT, B.A., late of Church House, Merton, receives a limited number of BOYS to be prepared for the Public Schools, Army, Navy, and Civil Service Examinations, &c. The Arrangements are those of a Private Family. Lessons in French and German daily.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 691, Vol. 27. January 23, 1869. PRICE 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT.

A LETTER from a Correspondent which has appeared in the *Times* within the past week gives a very useful and lucid account of the present position of the chief armies of the Continent. It suggests many reflections as to the political prospects of the immediate future, and mainly of a cheering character. It would be an incalculable advantage to the happiness of Europe if the huge armaments of the great Powers could be reduced; but we may take for granted that for the present they will not be reduced, and the next best thing to knowing that they will be reduced is knowing that they are not likely to be used. Various causes may produce a war. There may be a sudden crisis somewhere, and Europe may be dragged into a war against the wishes of all the combatants; or there may be, what the Correspondent of the *Times* chiefly dreads, a general upheaval of the peoples. This, however, is a remote danger, and one about which it is in vain to speculate. From the very form in which it is presented to us it escapes criticism, for it presupposes one of those movements of the minds of masses of human beings which are almost involuntary, and which come in a manner and at an hour that cannot be foreseen. We must be content to set against those elements of restlessness and those permeations of new wishes and new ideas which made such an upheaval likely, those indisputable tendencies to gain material results, and to seek satisfaction in the development of natural resources and of trade, which make such an upheaval improbable. But, looking only at the present position of the armies of the Continent, we may say that they are not such as to induce us to think a great war imminent. The general result may be said to be briefly this. Of the Great Powers, Austria and Russia are unprepared for war; France and Prussia are ready for war, but neither has such a superiority as to tempt it into a struggle. None of the secondary Powers have any means of making war, or anything to gain by war, and therefore Europe is safe for the moment from those movements of small, well-prepared, adventurous States which, like Piedmont, are in critical times not only eager, but in a large measure able, to force on a war between more powerful neighbours. Prussia, although prepared for war, is certain, both for political reasons and on account of the nature of her army, to stand on the defensive as long as possible. The single question therefore is, whether France will so act as to make war inevitable. Into the question whether the EMPEROR may be driven to make war, rather than face domestic difficulties, it is beside our present purpose to enter. But no one can doubt that he himself now wishes for peace, that the vast majority of Frenchmen of all classes and callings wish for peace, that capitalists and traders only talk as if they wished for war because they like to disguise from themselves and others that the stagnation of which they complain is mainly due to reckless speculation, and that no one really desires war in France except a portion of the higher officers of the army and a few fanatics who hope that, somehow or other, the EMPEROR may be ruined and his Government overthrown if a war takes place. The EMPEROR has just said that he considers he has worked up the French army to the exact point which gives the surest pledge of peace. So long as the French nation thought that the Prussians had an army in any respect superior to their own, they were restless and dissatisfied, and watched everything that Prussia did with jealousy and suspicion. But now they will be tranquillized by the assurance that they have an army in every way worthy of France, and quite able to make the influence of France felt and her wishes respected. The EMPEROR may not think what he says, but this is what he says in language which, for him, is singularly plain. And the statistics given by the Correspondent of the *Times* support his version of the facts. They show that France may at any moment meet Prussia certainly as an equal, and possibly as something a little beyond an equal; but they do not show that France has any superiority which, if she challenged Prussia, would warrant her in expecting an easy victory.

France has on paper an army of 1,350,000 men, and could, it is said, put into the field, at a very short notice, a fighting army of half a million of soldiers. The infantry are armed with breech-loaders which, if not altogether satisfactory to a military critic, are pronounced to be better than the needle-guns of the Prussians. The armies of the first line are supported by an equally strong army of reserve. The French troops are not only well drilled and handled, in spite of some obstacles thrown by old officers in the way of improvements desired by the EMPEROR, but they are in many respects better drilled and handled than Prussian soldiers. The field artillery is neither very good nor very bad, and the French have a new engine of war in the *mitrailleur*, which the military critic thinks not likely to be of much practical use, but which may act as a bogy, and frighten an enemy by its novelty. The French army is also supported by a fleet with which Prussia has nothing at all to compare. The Prussians could easily bring into the field an army of half a million men, and their reserves would perhaps be found not very inferior to those of France. The force on paper of the North German Confederation slightly exceeds a million of men, but then South Germany has a paper force of 200,000, and in all probability the national feeling would be strong enough to make all Germany go together. The Prussian artillery, strong in number of pieces, has not brought out of the war with Austria the reputation of being well managed, and much the same may be said of the Prussian cavalry. But Prussia is as strong in fortresses as France is, and either Power would find it difficult to penetrate into the territory of the other. Altogether, what we read leaves the impression that the best judges consider that, army for army, France has a superiority, but that this superiority is a slight one; and if France is to be the attacking Power, the advantage of being on the defensive may restore an equality to Prussia. There is nothing in this to inspire the belief that France would go to war with Prussia in the hope of a short war, with a brilliant military success; and every Frenchman who takes the trouble to inform himself of the facts must feel that, although he may patriotically take it for granted that France would have the best of it in a war, yet a war with Prussia would be a very serious affair. Austria has every motive to keep quiet, and her political reasons for desiring a period of rest in which to consolidate and develop her strength must be largely fortified by the present position of her army. Her artillery and cavalry are both excellent, and she has a nominal force of a million of men; but her military strength in time of peace is limited to a quarter of a million, and although she has managed to get breech-loaders for 600,000 men, yet she does not spend a florin on war purposes which she can economize. Not only is there absolutely no work carried on by the Government in the arsenal of Vienna, but the arsenal has been let as a big workshop to a private manufacturer. Russia, again, is as little prepared for war as Austria. Her force on paper indeed exceeds that of France by more than a hundred thousand men, but only a small portion of her troops are armed with breech-loaders, and it is stated, or fabled, that when the CZAR not long ago moved about from station to station inspecting different bodies of troops, the same set of breech-loaders were always sent forward and used over and over again by the regiments inspected. Russia, too, has very few rifled cannon; and not only are her railways, by which the troops must be moved, if they are to act with celerity, not completed, but the soldiers are largely employed in making them. She, therefore, has certainly nothing in the present position of her army to make her desirous of war, and unless war is forced on her, she will much prefer the cheaper and quieter employment of trying to exhaust Turkey and Austria by perpetual petty intrigues.

The minor States are quite destitute of the means of making war. Italy has a respectable force on paper, but few

of her troops would be of use against the forces of a great Power. She has no money or credit, she has to keep a considerable portion of her population down by main force, and above all, she has a vast French encampment in her very centre, fully equipped and garrisoned, in compliment to the spiritual head of Latin Christianity. The fact is that, as many Italians are beginning to see, the Italian army is too large; for while it does not enable Italy to enjoy much political consideration in Europe, it cripples the resources of the country. As to Spain nothing need be said. Her armies will have quite enough to do in putting down the Cubans, and in making or unmaking revolutionary chieftains. She could supply France with a small contingent, for which she might exact some tiny political advantage; but in doing so she would place herself at the disposal and under the dominion of the Emperor NAPOLEON; and the fear of being driven into a situation so embarrassing will make her do her utmost, not only to avoid a war for herself, but to prevent a war breaking out. She has already had the honour, according to Count BISMARK, of preventing, last autumn, a great war from breaking out, although she did this unconsciously, and merely had one of her revolutions exactly at the right time. If a Spanish revolution is the real secret for preventing European wars, we think that we may rely on Spain always contributing her kind assistance. Turkey, as has just been proved, will not and cannot go to war unless she is permitted and as to her state of preparation, the military critic describes her as perpetually engaged in first buying Armstrong guns, and then selling or losing the ammunition. The Turks would, perhaps, be fully equal to crushing the Greeks, but they will keep out of a great war as long as they can. Of the armies of small peaceful States like Sweden, Denmark, or Portugal it is quite unnecessary to take any account. They would doubtless, if attacked, defend themselves with tenacity and bravery, such as the Danes displayed against Prussia; but the general course of European politics could not be affected by their exertions. The general consideration of the position of European armies inspires, therefore, the hope that war is not very likely, unless there is an upheaval or something about which no one can measure probabilities. It also suggests that the view that if a war broke out, it might be a short, sharp, decisive one, is very probably mistaken, and is founded on false analogies drawn from Solferino and Sadowa. Prussia is very strong as a defensive Power, very much stronger than Austria was in Italy or in Bohemia, and her frontier is so effectually guarded that there is no reason for supposing that everything would be at an end in a few weeks. No one supposes that France would be beaten and own herself defeated in a few weeks; and what ground is there for supposing that Prussia would, at the end of a single campaign, own herself defeated? The speculation so frequently entered into in trading and mercantile circles on the Continent, that war would be better than the present state of armed peace, is based on the notion, which is probably quite delusive, that the differences between France and Prussia would be settled in a single very big battle, after which they would shake hands, be very good friends, and give an opening for enterprising people to invest their money at a profit. Why these persons, whose business it is in life to calculate all contingencies and be guided by all kinds of experience, should forget all the long wars, and remember only the short wars of recent times, can only be explained by supposing that they think whatever they wish for is sure to happen.

THE CONFERENCE.

THE Protocol to which the Paris Conference has agreed is feeble enough to explain the facility with which it was composed and adopted. As might have been expected, the Conference continued its deliberations in the absence of the Greek Minister, who had, indeed, never been invited to take an effective part in the debates. Two or three sittings sufficed for the production of a formula which probably contained the only propositions in which the Powers could concur. As it had been previously understood that the decision of the Conference would not bind its members to any course of action, it was perhaps as well that the Protocol should be confined to empty commonplaces. It may still serve the purpose of preventing war, if Russia, France, and Austria are sincere in their professed desire of maintaining peace for the present. It is not yet certain whether the different Governments are pledged to be neutral in the conflict which would follow on the rejection of the implied advice to Greece. There are some quarrels in which bystanders most effectually preserve the peace by declining to restrain the pugnacity of an eager combatant. Once thoroughly convinced that the contest with Turkey will not be interrupted, Greece will perhaps be inclined to defer even to an insinuated censure on her recent policy. No body of Plenipotentiaries ever devised so odd a method of either forming or communicating an opinion. The Conference, not being prepared to assert that the Greek Government has inflicted wrong on Turkey, gravely propounds the doctrine that one State is not permitted by international law to organize expeditions during peace into the territory of another. It is added that it is also forbidden to equip privateers to break a lawful blockade; and the document is finally transmitted to Athens for the dispassionate consideration of the Government. The Greeks are of course at liberty to reply that the cruisers which took men and stores to Greece were not privateers, as they were certainly not provided with letters of marque; nor will they hesitate on occasion to repeat the statements which have often been made in their despatches, that the volunteer bands were organized by private enterprise, without the knowledge of the Government. They might fairly add that it was an eccentric course to forward to them a string of general propositions, when the Conference shrank from charging them with any violation of public law. There is, however, some reason to hope that they may accept the hint offered by the Conference, although it may have been anomalously conveyed. The Greek Minister at Paris has lately, in spite of his eloquent protest, shown a conciliatory disposition by attributing the want of instructions from his Government to an opportune breach of the telegraph wires. His remaining scruples will perhaps have been removed by the decision of the Conference that the Protocol should be communicated to the Porte as well as to the Government of Athens. The Turkish Plenipotentiary not unnaturally objected that, as he was a party to the document, he might be supposed to have already informed his Government of its contents; but the members of the Conference were apparently the more ostentatious in their impartiality, because they had in the first instance made a distinction between the two principals in the quarrel.

The assemblage of the Conference, if it has served no other purpose, has at least had the advantage of delaying for three weeks the actual commencement of hostilities. In the meantime, although the Greeks had offered additional provocation by almost openly avowing the complicity of their Government with the enterprises of the volunteers and blockade-runners, the capture of the main body of Greek auxiliaries in Crete practically abolished the principal cause of war. As the Cretan insurrection seems to be at an end, the ill-will of Greece will for the present be innocuous to Turkey; and it is always easy for the stronger of two belligerents to make peace after obtaining a marked success. It may be supposed that the Greeks have also discovered that the time is not propitious to a desperate venture. The interval allowed by the Paris negotiations has been employed at Athens, not so much in serious preparations for war, as in domestic measures which would perhaps have been thought too scandalous except in the time of a great national emergency. The Chamber, summoned to provide means for the war, voted a large gratuity to each of its own members, and authorised the Government to raise money at its discretion, or, in other words, by the issue of irredeemable paper money, by forced loans, and by various other methods which might have been borrowed from the practice of Mexico. It is stated that among other measures of financial policy, the Government has seized the funds of the Bank of Athens, notwithstanding the natural protest of the directors. Even a Greek Minister would scarcely annihilate public credit on the eve of a war; but it is not improbable that he might encourage the belief in an immediate rupture as a pretext for confiscation. A hope that the kingdom of Greece may expand into a Hellenic empire would be legitimate and laudable if it were combined with an attempt to deserve the proposed aggrandizement. A well-governed kingdom of Greece would long since have attracted the sympathy of Europe and the confidence of the Christian population of Turkey. It was not by anarchy and lawlessness that the two great States which have arisen within ten years earned their rapid extension. Piedmont was the most frugal, the most orderly, and the most military portion of Italy before it united the whole Peninsula under its ancient dynasty. Prussia was, even in civilized Germany, the best representative of culture, of discipline, and of vigorous government. The would-be centre of Greek nationality has none of the magnetic power which might have been supplied by administrative energy and political prudence. But for the complications which might ensue, a thorough defeat by the superior force of Turkey might perhaps be ultimately

beneficial to Greece. Habitual confidence of security from retaliation is a strong temptation to an ambitious State, and the discovery that impunity has its limits would tend to check a barren and mischievous turbulence. The coercion which was exercised over Greece by the Western Powers during the Russian war produced the wholesome reaction which eventually caused the fall of OTHO; and an unprosperous campaign against the Turks would probably bring Ministers into power who would understand that the regeneration of Greece, which is the first condition of aggrandizement, must begin at home. The considerable territory which was added to the kingdom by the English cession of the Ionian protectorate has assuredly not been benefited by the transfer of its allegiance. A comparison with Turkish administration would probably present a different result; but the chiefs of the Cretan insurrection unconsciously satirized the State of which they claimed to form a part, by alleging as one of their grievances the neglect of the Turkish Government to make roads in the island. A country without roads, without credit, and without security to life or property, ought to be far more powerful than Greece before it meditates a policy of conquest.

It is stated that the Turkish Government is prepared to withdraw the ultimatum, if the Greeks are willing to submit to the mild rebuke of the Conference. It is probable that the SULTAN and his Mahomedan subjects were profoundly irritated by a long succession of affronts and injuries; but sagacious Turkish statesmen must be well aware that the range of possible vengeance is artificially limited. The European Powers, which may perhaps remain neutral while a Greek detachment is defeated, or a cruiser sunk at sea, will not acquiesce in the conquest of any portion of Hellenic territory. The clamour against an encroachment on the frontiers of Christendom would be irresistible, even if it were not consistent with the policy of some or all of the protecting States. Another reason for caution is to be found in the complicated intrigues which are attributed to three out of the five Great Powers. Russian writers, speaking almost openly in the name of their Government, are loudly declaiming against England as the supposed diplomatic antagonist of France; and against Prussia, which is, with better reason, believed to be obnoxious to the Emperor NAPOLEON. It is certain that large offers are made by Russia for the co-operation of France in the East; and it is at least conceivable that the temptation of isolating Prussia might prove irresistible. The strangest anomaly in recent politics consists in the alleged encouragement of Greek pretensions by Austria. It is not difficult to understand that Baron BEUST may wish to embroil France and Prussia; but an alliance between Russia and France against Turkey would force Austria into an opposite policy. It is remarkable that in all overtures for an understanding with France, the Russian organs invariably express inveterate animosity to Austria. The confusion of rivalries may probably prevent a war; but the commencement of hostilities in any quarter might give the signal for a general conflict, and Turkey, which has nothing to gain, could scarcely fail in the end to be a principal sufferer. Recent experience is not encouraging to sanguine believers in the wisdom or morality of Governments and of nations.

THE TRIAL OF ELECTION PETITIONS.

TWO trials of election petitions have taken place this week which are extremely important, both on account of the principles of law they lay down, and on account of the impression they are likely to produce on the minds of future candidates and their supporters. At Norwich, Sir HENRY STRACEY has been unseated for bribery committed by one of his agents; and at Drogheda, Mr. WHITWORTH has been unseated for exercising, by himself and his agents, undue influence. Mr. Baron MARTIN conducted the trial at Norwich, and, after the evidence was over, proceeded to give his decision. He first laid down the doctrine that from the very moment when any agent of a candidate is guilty of bribery on his behalf, the candidate is *ipso facto* disqualified to sit in Parliament. He is a man for whom all votes are thrown away. He cannot by law be returned. The question then arose whether any agent of Sir HENRY STRACEY had been guilty of bribery. A man named HARDIMENT, who had absconded, had unquestionably been guilty of bribery. Even Sir HENRY STRACEY'S counsel could not contend against the overwhelming evidence by which this was established. HARDIMENT drew two hundred pounds out of a bank, went to a public-house shortly before the close of the poll, where a number of hesitating electors were waiting, and was seen giving these men a pound apiece. Nothing could be more simple or more clear; but then was HARDIMENT an agent of Sir HENRY STRACEY? It was shown that he was engaged and acted as a canvasser in one of the wards, to the knowledge of the principal agent of Sir HENRY STRACEY in that ward. This was enough, for according to the doctrine laid down at Windsor by Mr. Justice WILLES, every authorised canvasser is an agent, and in this particular case the canvasser happened to canvass in company with Sir HENRY STRACEY'S son. Mr. Baron MARTIN expressed his full belief in the entire veracity of Sir HENRY STRACEY, who deposed that he had not expended a farthing himself in bribery, and had given strict injunctions that no bribery should be practised on his side. But when an authorised canvasser bribes, even against the express wishes and instructions of the candidate, from the instant when the bribe is given the candidate becomes a person who cannot be returned. Mr. Baron MARTIN expressed a very natural wish to know where the money came from which HARDIMENT expended so lavishly and persuasively, and he said that he hoped to be able to discover this when the scrutiny applied for by the defeated candidate was taken. But he was disappointed. In order to win the seat, Mr. TILLETT, the defeated candidate, would have had to strike off 158 votes, and his counsel declared himself unable to carry his case so far. Consequently no further evidence was taken, and unless a Commission is issued to enquire into the election, the secrets of HARDIMENT will not be disclosed. It is for Mr. Baron MARTIN to determine whether he will report that bribery prevailed extensively at Norwich at the last election, on which Report a Commission would in due course be issued by the House of Commons. But the Judge intimated with tolerable clearness that he was prepared to make such a Report, and he observed that the extent to which bribery was carried at the last election at Norwich was not only very gross, but very easy of detection. Until half-past one on the polling-day Sir HENRY STRACEY was in a decided minority, but afterwards he began to gain, and between three and half-past three no less than 504 votes were recorded for him, chiefly by voters who came to the poll unmistakeably drunk. It was also proved that shortly before half-past three HARDIMENT spent his 200*l.* as above stated. The Commissioners would then, as Mr. Baron MARTIN remarked, only have to take the names of the last five hundred voters for Sir HENRY STRACEY, and they would know who had been bribed and where to turn for evidence. It is certainly very sad that a town like Norwich, with a body of 11,000 electors, should be punished for the fault of a few of their body. But everything showed that, with a considerable portion of the electors, the notion that an election was a time when they could and would get money was treated as a matter of course; and if the House does not mark in some signal manner its sense of the enormity of a state of things in which five hundred voters are bought at the last moment, and brought up drunk to the poll, the whole attempt to enforce purity of elections will be turned into a farce.

Mr. Justice KEOGH tried the Drogheda petition, and if we are glad that Mr. Baron MARTIN exposed with firmness and rebuked with severity the corruption practised at Norwich, we are also glad that the Irish Judge displayed equal firmness and severity in exposing and rebuking the intimidation exercised—especially by Romish priests—at Drogheda. Mr. Justice KEOGH also began by laying down a very important legal doctrine. He stated that if an organized system of bribery is proved to have existed, the election is invalid. An election may be invalidated although bribery cannot be traced home either to the candidate or his agents. In such a case it is not merely that the judge will strike off the votes of those bribed or bribing, but, without any scrutiny, the member may be unseated. The whole election is nullified, because it has been conducted in a tainted atmosphere. In the same way, if there has been general intimidation—if, as at Drogheda, a reign of terror prevails on the polling-day, and voters can only vote at considerable risk, or are deterred from voting by fear—then the whole election goes for nothing, although neither the sitting member nor any of his agents can be shown to have participated in or countenanced any acts of intimidation. It is not they who are punished for doing wrong, but the election is altogether vitiated because it was not held in such a manner as the law prescribes. Nor does it in any way remove the objection that the majority of the electors can be proved to have voted without fear, and that so the same result has been attained as would have been attained if there had been no intimidation practised. The majority can only return a member if the election itself is rightly held; and if there is general intimidation, the election is not rightly held. And there is this difference between general bribery or

treating and general intimidation:—In cases of bribery and treating, it is possible to estimate roughly who and how many people are bribed and treated. But no one can say how many persons are intimidated. If—to use an example taken by Mr. Justice KEOGH—a priest says, as priests unhappily have said often at Irish elections, "You will be lost hereafter "if you vote for the man against whom I warn you," it is impossible to say how many members of the congregation are terrified. Whenever, therefore, there is any general spiritual and physical intimidation practised, a valid election cannot be held; and, in order to decide whether the intimidation is general, we are not to be guided solely by the number of persons who can be proved to have been intimidated. At Drogheda there was spiritual and physical intimidation of the most violent and gross kind. The priests were violent with the frantic violence of coarse, ignorant, fanatical peasants, puffed up with the pride of spiritual authority. One advised his misguided hearers to put down the Catholics who voted for the Orange candidate "at any "risk"; another recommended his spiritual slaves to "throw "their enemies into the Boyne"; another, in the spirit of the Quaker who said he hoped no one would think of pumping on a man whom a mob wished to punish, pointed out that a set of Orange assassins were coming to butcher the Catholics at Drogheda, and that his hearers might as well go out to meet them; but at the same time "he did not want the "people of Drogheda to treat these proceedings as they "deserved." As to the behaviour of the mob guided by these miserable fanatics, it was armed with sticks and bolts; it overawed the stipendiary magistrate; it was so violent and so powerful, that a small military force stationed there found itself unable to protect voters, and men who intended to vote were threatened with death if they dared to vote the wrong way. It so happened that two of Mr. WHITWORTH's agents were clearly shown to have encouraged the violence of the mob, and some of the most violent speeches of the priests were made from the windows of the hotel where Mr. WHITWORTH was staying. Participation in the exercise of undue influence was therefore brought home in this particular instance to the sitting member and his agents; but what is important to notice is, that Mr. WHITWORTH would equally have been unseated if this could not have been done. He connived at the bad practices which rendered the whole election void, but the election would have been void although he had not in any way connived at them.

It is impossible that these decisions should not produce a great and most salutary effect. Bribery is wrong, does great moral harm, corrupts a town for years, brutalizes the poor wretches who are persuaded by gold and beer to go to the poll, and degrades still more the bribers who supply the cash and the liquor. But, putting aside all considerations of this kind, what, as Mr. Baron MARTIN asked, is the use of bribery? It is not at all likely that the fact that bribery has been committed can be kept dark. Gangs of drunken men at various public-houses comparing notes after the close of the poll, and mad with jealousy at finding that some of them have got more than others, will not so far keep their feelings to themselves that no one on the other side will know of what is going on. Directly this knowledge is obtained, a petition is presented, and then the men who have taken a bribe to vote are bribed to reveal that they have been bribed. One lady at Guildford acknowledged, with charming frankness, that she had offered a voter bribed by the Liberals inducements to give evidence on the petition, because she was of such very strong Conservative principles. Anyhow, evidence is collected, and then, as Mr. Baron MARTIN observed, the petition is tried, not before a Committee of the House of Commons, composed of gentlemen unable to resist the specious arguments of counsel, but by persons who have made hundreds, and listened to thousands, of such speeches, and know exactly what they are worth. Mr. Justice KEOGH was able to go still further, for he could not only estimate the value of counsel's speeches, but, as he said, he had been in the House and sat on Committees, and knew from personal experience that these decisions were the decisions of persons who knew nothing of law, and, therefore, he could not feel bound to follow them. His doctrine of the effects of general bribery, treating, or intimidation, without the complicity of the candidate and his agents, was, he owned, not in accordance with the decisions of Parliamentary Committees; but this, he observed, did not at all alter the law which a judge was to lay down. If it is thoroughly good law that an election is altogether void which is attended by the exercise of spiritual tyranny on the part of the priests, or of physical violence on the part of the mob, a great many Irish elections must have been void which have been allowed to pass unquestioned. Henceforth the priests may find it worth their while to ask what will be the use of damning their flocks if they vote wrong. They will only be making the election void, even if they get in the man they favour with their patronage. It is difficult to imagine that any argument will prevail on Irishmen sufficiently to induce them to abstain from a good mob fight. The next best thing to the mind of an Irish peasant, after breaking some one else's head, is to get his own head broken, and an election is always looked on as an occasion when he has a right to expect either the one blessing or the other. But if anything could induce an Irish mob to keep what, in that country, would be thought reasonably quiet, it would be the conviction that if it gratified its natural longings, it would inevitably prevent its favourite candidate from being elected. That bribery and intimidation will henceforth be quite unknown is, of course, very unlikely; but we may say that the new system invented last Session, and the mode in which that system has been worked by the Judges, promises to be effectual against bribery and intimidation to a degree far beyond what the most sanguine supporters of the Bill could have foreseen.

THE OPENING OF THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

THE Emperor NAPOLEON overrates the long-suffering of his Government when he describes it as "sufficiently "strong to bear even the excesses of liberty." It may, it is true, have great latent powers of endurance, but an ordinary observer would certainly be disposed to hold that its patience has been remarkably little tried in this respect. The EMPEROR, however, sees the events of the autumn and winter in a different light from that in which they appear to the public. The "excesses of liberty" are the publication of a subscription list in a newspaper and a visit to a tomb at Montmartre. To "bear" them means to be satisfied with prosecuting all concerned in the ordinary Courts, instead of shipping them off to Cayenne without trial. Virtue no doubt admits of degrees, and in comparison with the events of seventeen years ago, the present Imperial policy may be fairly characterized as lenient. But if the EMPEROR had not himself called attention to the demeanour of the Government in the presence of the recent manifestations, it is to be feared that this heroic composure would have altogether escaped notice. Happily, the self-command of the Sovereign has found its reward and its justification in the conduct of the French people. A factious agitation has, indeed, been created "in a certain quarter," and ideas and feelings "which were believed to be extinguished" have reappeared, but the nation itself "has not felt its faith "in the future shaken." In another part of the Speech, the causes of this steadfast attitude are set forth in more detail. "The popular masses are staunch in their faith, as in their "affections; and, if noble passions are able to rouse them, "sophism and calumny scarce ruffle the surface." In plain words, the EMPEROR has taken the measure of the situation, and sees no reason to modify the general lines on which his policy has been built. It is to the peasantry, and their susceptibility to "great passions," that he still looks for support. They will fight, that is—if need be—to keep the POPE at Rome, to readjust the Rhenish frontier, or even to put down revolution. But they are unaffected by well-planted allusions to the *coup d'état*, and are generally proof against epigrams. It is probable that NAPOLEON III. does not go beyond the mark in cherishing this modest confidence. Under the Empire the great towns are not France, and the real sentiments of the nation outside them are not easily divined by foreign observers. But such evidences as there are seem to point with reasonable uniformity in the direction mentioned in the Imperial Speech and indicated still more surely by the Imperial acts. However uncertain may be the future of France, there can be little question that, at this moment, the majority of the people is still on the side of the Government.

Nor does the Speech leave any doubt as to the EMPEROR's intention to go on governing by and for the masses to whom he gives this praise. He is "thoroughly resolved to persevere "in the course" which he has laid down. What the Empire has been that it shall be. Clever journalists may write smartly about the mischiefs of personal government, but they will not move the EMPEROR from his resolution. "The essential bases of the Constitution" are to be maintained without discussion. Such additional freedom as is compatible with this primary condition the EMPEROR may hereafter vouchsafe. He is willing "to adopt all real progress," and so long as he is unhampered with the substance of a Parliament, he has an affection for the more innocent of its forms. To some

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that they could not prevent it even if they would. Napoleon III. is always acting under the eyes of a watchful Opposition, and his independence of his critics may be materially increased if they are no longer able to hint that his supineness in 1864 and 1866 has brought France into a difficulty from which he has not the ability to extricate her. A man of the Emperor's age and health can hardly be anxious to engage in a war in which neither he nor his heir could command in person, and which might possibly be the means of raising up a dangerous rival in the affections of the army or the people. If he does resolve to run the risk, it will probably be as the only chance of avoiding a still more formidable risk at home. To all appearance, therefore, the real wishes of the nation are more likely than usual to be taken into account in the matter; and it is even conceivable that the significant acknowledgment of the fickleness of fortune, and of his own liability to error, which is introduced for the first time into this Speech, may be intended as a hint that he is genuinely anxious to ascertain what those wishes are. Europe will certainly be the gainer if the Emperor can put off the character of an inscrutable and unerring Providence, and be content to be regarded for the future as a human and fallible Sovereign.

THE BALLOT.

THE late change in the Constitution, while it might seem to weaken the argument for the Ballot, increases the probability that it will be adopted. Mr. Bright has frequently recommended his followers to select the Ballot as the next object for agitation; and Mr. Milner Gibson, being for the moment out of Parliamentary work, has recently appeared as the champion of a cause in which he had not been known to take any special interest. Mr. Bruce informs the electors of Renfrewshire that he has been converted to the doctrine of secret voting by his recent experience at Merthyr Tydvil, where nevertheless the working people, against the wish of their employers, returned a stranger, who had formerly been a Dissenting preacher, at the head of the poll. Mr. Gladstone himself has more than once intimated that his opinion was wavering on the question, and it is therefore possible that within two or three Sessions he may become an enthusiastic supporter of the Ballot. Some of the Manchester Liberals have, with considerable ingenuity, determined to illustrate the proposed method of voting by a kind of working model; and it is possible that an appeal to the eye rather than to the ear may produce the same kind of effect with the sham election for the county of Clare which was arranged by O'Connell on the eve of Catholic Emancipation. The Manchester partisans of the Ballot, having imported machinery and rules from one of the Australian colonies, propose to hold a preliminary election among themselves for the purpose of deciding whether Mr. Milner Gibson or Mr. Ernest Jones shall be the Liberal nominee in the event of a vacancy. Mr. Gibson's zeal in the cause has perhaps been stimulated by the Manchester device, which is nevertheless calculated to cause divisions in the party. The strict discipline which in America compels the minority to abide by the choice of a nominating Convention has not yet been established in England; nor is it certain that a revolutionary candidate would succeed in a single-handed election for Manchester, even if he had previously been selected by a Liberal majority. The mechanical possibility of the Ballot will be easily demonstrated to any sceptical witness of the operation. Doubts as to the practicability of secret voting are generally suggested, like the feeble arguments of the imaginary unbeliever in a sermon, only for the purpose of being triumphantly confuted.

Supporters and opponents of the Ballot agree that, as far as concealment is practised, it will diminish the operation of external influence on the minds of the voters. Menaces of injury on one side and public opinion on the other will become comparatively ineffective. The preponderance of good and evil will be estimated differently according to the political theories and predilections of those who interest themselves in the controversy. It is generally admitted that gross intimidation is both culpable and mischievous; and many persons extend their dislike to all personal influences of love, of fear, or of self-interest; yet it is not certain that an entire disregard of social relations tends to a better exercise of the suffrage. It is indeed plausibly contended that all legitimate influence of respect or good-will would be unaffected by voluntary or compulsory secrecy; but it is difficult to distinguish the various elements of compound motives of action. Many men will act more justly when they know that they will receive credit from others at the same time that they satisfy their own consciences; and perhaps there are but

few persons who may be most fully trusted when they are responsible to themselves alone. Where there is no intimidation, a vote is not necessarily given with less honesty because it may be intended to please a friend, a landlord, or an employer; and still less is there any reason for supposing that a vote under such circumstances will be given on the wrong side. In general it is found that public and private duties are best discharged in the face of the world; but it must be admitted that the public opinion which controls votes is always divided into two. The elector is in any case sure to find supporters and backers among his political allies. The opinion which he most values is that of his own class, or of his special trade; and, as a general rule, the poorer voters, who are alone supposed to require the protection of the ballot, will best secure the good-will of their friends and associates by taking the popular side. The assumption that they habitually cherish profound convictions of their own is a more or less consecrated fiction.

Notwithstanding the sudden conversion of many defeated candidates, there is every reason to believe that intimidation has greatly diminished. Nothing is rarer than a report of the eviction of a tenant for voting against his landlord; and the scandal which would be caused by such a proceeding would sufficiently ensure its publicity. In the majority of cases tenants vote with their landlords from inclination or in compliance with tradition; but the entire body of farmers would resent the exercise of compulsion against one of their number. In some places manufacturers at the last election affected to dictate to their workmen the disposal of their votes; but the experiment could only be tried where the working-classes themselves were greatly divided in opinion. In one or two of the most notorious cases mob violence was combined with the undue influence of the masters, whose capital would certainly not have enabled them to organize riots unless they had had numbers as well as money at their disposal. The practical argument in favour of the Ballot chiefly depends on the existence or prevalence of intimidation, for secrecy of voting would be perfectly compatible with extensive bribery. In some large towns, at the late election, hundreds of newly enfranchised voters were ready to sell themselves on the polling day for a few shillings a head. The risk of such an arrangement, and the conscientious feeling of candidates, prevented, it may be hoped, in the majority of cases, the conclusion of a disreputable bargain; but the temptation to purchase would have been increased by the certainty that the transaction would be secret. The chance of a breach of contract on the part of the voter would be trifling, especially as contrivances might be devised for making payment contingent on the receipt of value. The adoption of the Ballot would perhaps modify the machinery of corruption by compelling unscrupulous candidates to deal with agents rather than with voters; but bribery, unless it is suppressed by other methods, may flourish whether votes are given openly or secretly. The disputants on both sides of the question, if indeed there is a dispute, have of late generally confined themselves to the question of intimidation. A cynical politician might contend that it matters little whether the votes of Norwich workmen were disposed of gratuitously, or exchanged for money or beer. It is not well that a country should be in some degree governed by a venal and ignorant rabble; but there would be little practical advantage in any contrivance for rendering their votes unsaleable. The absence of political conscience and discretion is not to be remedied by open or secret voting.

The entire controversy has in truth been long since exhausted. It is perhaps not unfair to assert that the Ballot is defended or attacked almost exclusively with a view to its probable effect on the comparative strength of contending parties. Mr. MILNER GIBSON, indeed, at the late meeting, professed to desire protection for his opponents as well as for those who shared his own opinions; but the bearing of secret voting on the boroughs and the counties excites a warmer interest than the theory of the ballot-box. On the whole, it may be supposed that the Liberals, or the extreme section of the party, would profit by the adoption of the system which they have long supported. It is useless to inquire whether an increase of their Parliamentary power would be advantageous to the community; for such a result would be necessarily acceptable to themselves, and they have now a fair chance of attaining it. The speakers at the Arundel Street meeting were perhaps not too sanguine in claiming a majority for the Ballot in the House of Commons, including one-half of the Treasury Bench. The Conservatives will vote against Mr. BERKELEY's motion to a man, but out of nearly four hundred Liberals there are probably not a hundred who will directly oppose the change. A much larger proportion of members dislike the contrivance, and the policy of its principal supporters; but the constituencies have to be considered, and the Ballot is almost always included in the local confession of the Liberal faith. If not in the present Session, a Bill or a Resolution in favour of the Ballot will be carried within a few years; and if it appears, after an interval, that the country is in favour of the experiment, the House of Lords will not obstinately resist the popular decision. It is impossible at present to foresee whether voters will shelter themselves under cover of the ballot-box, or adopt the practice of America, where secret voting is practically unknown. The change will be in the wrong direction, but it may possibly be inoperative. It is perhaps more interesting to count the votes which will decide the question than to weigh the arguments which will decorate the trial of strength.

BRAZIL AND PARAGUAY.

ALTHOUGH the Brazilian accounts of the war in the interior of South America are not to be implicitly trusted, experience has shown that they generally bear a certain relation to the truth. The victory at Humaita, some months ago, was not so complete or so glorious as it was represented; but the garrison had in fact evacuated the fortress, and the seat of war was consequently transferred into the heart of the territory of Paraguay. The account of the capture of three thousand of LOPEZ's troops is probably true in substance, although the number of prisoners may have been exaggerated; and the inference that the struggle is virtually at an end may perhaps also be well founded. The triumph of Brazil will in that case be the more conspicuous, inasmuch as the triple alliance of the two Plata Republics with the Empire had of late been virtually dissolved. It was understood that SARMIENTO, the new President of the Argentine Confederation, would take no further part in the invasion of Paraguay, and the ruling party in the neighbouring State of Uruguay has probably enough to do in maintaining itself against domestic enemies. The war originated in a contest between the Brazilian Government and the Dictator of Paraguay for influence in Uruguay; and the Argentine Government was probably involved in the quarrel through its participation in similar intrigues. It is evident that the States which divide among them the finest water communication in the world have a common interest in the maintenance, at least among themselves, of free navigation. It would be advantageous to the inland countries to reach the mouth of the Plata without impediment, while Buenos Ayres would be enriched by possessing the means of access to the Parana and the Paraguay. The only plausible pretext for war, as far as the Argentine Government was concerned, consisted in the restrictive policy which President LOPEZ inherited from his predecessors. Paraguay has always preferred an exclusive system to the advantages which might result from free intercourse with the outward world. The inhabitants appear to have a distinct character of their own, which has been jealously cherished and cultivated by their rulers; and it happens that their country is largely provided with all the articles of consumption which they habitually require. It was natural that their neighbours should resent their churlish policy, and yet the Argentine people seem never to have entered heartily into the war. President SARMIENTO, although he has formally declared his intention of maintaining the alliance with Brazil, appears to have a regard for domestic improvement, which is a singular eccentricity in the head of a South American Government; and he actually prefers the diffusion of education to the prosecution of warlike enterprises. If the defeat of the Paraguay army leads to peace, the Argentine President will probably take a part in the negotiations, for the purpose of securing the navigation of the tributaries of the Plata; but, if the war continues, the Brazilian army must depend on its own resources.

The pertinacity of the Brazilian Government in a costly and apparently unnecessary enterprise is even more surprising than the obstinate firmness of the defence. Although the superiority in number of the invading forces accounts for their victories, much energy must have been displayed in conducting two or three campaigns at a great distance from the coast and the capital; and the material advantages of success appear not proportionate to the expense and the risk. It will undoubtedly be convenient to secure a passage from the south by the rivers of Paraguay to the outlying Brazilian province of Matto Grosso; but, unless the conquered country is permanently retained, the navigation will always be liable to interruption. A desire for the acqui-

sition of additional territory would be singularly unreasonable when the object is to extend the limits of an empire which has room for a hundred times its present population. The nation which owns the teeming and half-explored basin of the Amazon has little temptation to annex the dominions of neighbouring States; yet the invasion of Paraguay, if it is not prompted by ambitious vanity, has received no sufficient explanation. The Government of Brazil indeed complained of the seizure of one of its vessels by President LOPEZ, and there were probably various grievances on either side of a similar kind; but the scale on which the war has been conducted, and the length of time which it has occupied, seem entirely disproportioned to the importance of the ostensible ground of quarrel. It is an additional anomaly that the only monarchy in America should direct its arms against a State of which the Government was rapidly becoming hereditary. Paraguay, like Brazil, has been exempt from the anarchical struggles for power which have distracted all the republics of the Western Continent. The family of LOPEZ was beginning to assume the character of a dynasty when Paraguay was assailed by the invaders. As the Brazilian Government has always insisted on the deposition and banishment of the PRESIDENT as an indispensable condition of peace, it seems probable that the war will produce an internal revolution; and some nominee of the Brazilian Commander-in-Chief will probably be installed as President, to retain his power as long as he is protected by foreign arms. The virtues and demerits of LOPEZ are not easily ascertained from the conflicting statements of friends and enemies. His cruelties seem to have been invented or exaggerated, though it is highly probable that he may have perpetrated acts of despotism and violence. His long tenure of power, and his ability to prolong a desperate resistance, sufficiently prove that he possesses the ability and courage which are the first requisites of a ruler. The people of Paraguay will assuredly regard him as a patriot and a martyr, if he is removed from power at the dictation of a victorious invader. The attacks on his character which have been published by his enemies are probably addressed chiefly to the comparatively uninstructed opinion of foreigners.

Unless the magnitude of the Brazilian victory has been greatly misrepresented, it is scarcely to be supposed that LOPEZ will induce his countrymen to persist in an unequal contest. Even before the evacuation of Humaita, he was embarrassed by a conspiracy of malcontents who desired to make terms with Brazil. Among the confederates were his own brother BENITO LOPEZ, some of his nearest connexions, and one or two of his Ministers. The Brazilian newspapers at the time asserted that the PRESIDENT had put the conspirators to death; but their offence, whatever it may have been, was in truth only punished by arrest. The mysterious plot was closely connected with the misunderstanding which has arisen between Paraguay and the United States; for, according to LOPEZ and his adherents, Mr. WASHBURN, the American Minister, took an active part in the conspiracy, and, after its failure, attempted to make his official residence a sanctuary for the protection of his alleged accomplices. There is no doubt that some of the persons who were accused made confessions, true or false, which implicated Mr. WASHBURN; but, as he absolutely denies his participation in the plot, it must be supposed that the charges were false, or that the story admitted of a different interpretation. The American Government, and Mr. WASHBURN himself, had always professed friendly feelings to Paraguay; nor, indeed, is it to be supposed that the United States can regard with favour the aggressive policy of Brazil. If there is any foundation for the statements published by the Government of Paraguay, it will probably appear that Mr. WASHBURN encouraged the party which thought it prudent to invite overtures of peace from the Brazilian General. A political Opposition in time of war, and in such a country as Paraguay, is not always readily distinguishable from a band of conspirators. The protection which Mr. WASHBURN is said to have afforded to the accused persons may probably have been prompted by a fear that the PRESIDENT would exercise undue severity. On his part he charges the Government of Paraguay with a violation of diplomatic immunities in the detention of an English subject and an American citizen who were attached to his Legation. The American Government has despatched a naval officer in a sloop of war to inquire into the facts, but his mission may not improbably be rendered abortive by the fall of LOPEZ from power. An English officer who had been sent on a somewhat similar mission brings a satisfactory account of the condition of the few Englishmen who are resident in Paraguay. According to his report they are well treated, and it is by their own choice that they remain in the country. As they visited Paraguay of their own accord, there will happily not be any pretext for an Abyssinian expedition into the centre of the South American Continent.

The new world which CANNING fancied that he had raised up to redress the balance of the old has hitherto done nothing to justify the anticipations of forty or fifty years ago; but it may perhaps be worth while to watch the attempts which are made from time to time to give it the commencement of a history. It may be hoped that Paraguay, which has exhibited an exceptional originality, will retain or resume its independence when the present troubles have passed over. The depopulation of the country has probably been exaggerated, and in that fertile region the material waste which has been caused will be replaced in a single season. The great majority of the inhabitants are pure-blooded Indians, although they are lighter in colour than their Brazilian neighbours; and in South America the indigenous race seems to be more capable of civilization than in the North. In Brazil, which is inhabited by a mixed population descended from Portuguese, Indians, and negroes, perhaps the war may tend to create or develop a sense of national unity. The exploits of the army will not be forgotten for want of zealous eulogists, and the glory which may be supposed to have been earned may perhaps be more valuable than territorial conquests; yet there is some reason to fear that the victory achieved over Paraguay may suggest further enterprises for securing the control of the Plata. The left bank is already under Brazilian influence, and feuds in some of the Argentine States might easily furnish an excuse for interference. It will be well if the Government of Brazil can persuade itself that its empire is large enough, and that wars of aggrandizement are out of place and out of time in South America.

SPAIN.

IT has been said that the hardest of all intellectual feats is to keep the mind in an attitude of absolute suspense. Everybody likes to have an opinion, no matter how unprovided he may be with the data wherewith to form it. The Spanish Elections are the latest illustration of this tendency in politics. In theory the Cortes was to be strictly a Constituent Assembly. The Provisional Government assumed, in the first instance, no other function than that of preparing the ground for it. Everything that concerns the future of Spain was to be submitted to its decision. The Government disclaimed even the idea of preparing the materials on which it might work; it was itself to determine what questions should be discussed, as well as to conduct the discussion. In some respects the Spanish nation was unusually fitted for the part allotted to it. It was not intended to arrive at any conclusion of its own, and for some weeks it showed neither the capacity nor the inclination to do so. It really seemed possible that a Cortes might be elected concerning the probable action of which nothing could be divined beforehand. As time went on, however, it became more and more evident that this mental suspense would not last long. First of all, the policy of the Provisional Government began to wear a more decided aspect. Its members were obviously no longer holding the balance to the end that the Spanish people should throw the weight of its wishes into whatever scale it pleased. Day by day it grew clearer that the Revolution, as understood by the Generals who had planned and executed it, meant monarchy in some form. The natural consequence of this change was the formation of a Republican organization charged with the duty of counteracting this predisposition on the part of the Government. As the breach between the two parties became wider, the idea of leaving the members of Cortes unfettered by previous pledges entirely dropped out of view; and when the day of election came, the form the Government should take was openly submitted to the judgment of the individual electors. The candidates were described in the lists issued by the respective parties as Monarchical or Republican, and the greatest of the issues to be decided by the deliberations of the Constituent Assembly has been predetermined for all practical purposes by the votes given a week ago.

The result of the elections might have been predicted with reasonable safety. The conflicts at Cadiz and Malaga had shown that the organization of the Republican party was extremely imperfect, even in the districts where their chief strength lay; and, except amongst the Republicans, there seems to be no political activity in any section of the people. The Provisional Government has had everything its own way outside the Democratic centres, and as it had virtually pronounced for a monarchy some time before the election, the vote, so far as it rested with the authorities, was a foregone

conclusion all along. That it did rest with them to a very considerable extent hardly admits of question. The consolidation of the Electoral Boards seems ingeniously devised to give every facility for vesting the complete command of the polls in the party which has the best organization; and in the rural constituencies there was no organization at all except such as was controlled by the Government. It must be admitted, however, that, if every Spaniard had given an unbiassed vote, there is little or no ground to suppose that the complexion of the Cortes would have been materially different. The nation is accustomed to be ruled by the army; and if it made no effort to emancipate itself from military supremacy when the army was on the side of ISABELLA II., it can hardly feel much call to do so when the action of the army has, on the whole, been both useful and popular. It is far from unlikely that the Communist doctrines which have been extensively preached by the Republican agitators have given great and natural alarm to all those Spaniards who have anything to lose. The Spanish Democrats, like their French prototypes, are equally destitute of the characteristics of the serpent and of the dove, and their intention, if they really entertain it, of confiscating private property, seems destined to be invariably frustrated by their inability to keep their designs to themselves. According to some accounts, the reactionary agents have of late made common cause with the Republicans; but it is probable that the clergy, among whom their chief strength lies, however anxious they may be to witness a BOURBON restoration, have a decided preference for the mild, though inefficient, rule of the Provisional Government over the anti-ecclesiastical violence which would certainly have followed upon a Republican victory. The Spanish Church is not exactly the institution which can hope to bend the Democracy to its purpose.

The prospects of the Duke of MONTPENSIER have apparently improved during the last week or two. His ill-advised manifesto has been forgotten or forgiven, and he perhaps now stands a chance of being ultimately chosen as the Government candidate for the throne. Whether the conciliatory mention of Spain in the Speech of the Emperor NAPOLEON at the opening of the French Legislature will have any influence upon the DUKE'S popularity, and if so, whether that influence will be favourable or unfavourable, it is difficult to pronounce. According to the *Times* Correspondent, the supposed hostility of the EMPEROR has been of great service to the DUKE, inasmuch as French dictation is extremely unpopular in Spain; and in that case, the apparent intimation that France has no intention of interfering in Spanish politics may deprive the Orleanist candidate of the advantages accruing to him as the undesigned representative of Spanish independence. On the other hand, cautious Spaniards may be more inclined to give him their good wishes, if they have no fear that in doing so they will be provoking a French intervention. The probability that NAPOLEON III. will really take any overt steps to prevent the election of the Duke of MONTPENSIER, supposing him to be the choice of the Cortes, is not great. Such an event would no doubt give him considerable annoyance; but Emperors, like other men, have to learn, as they get on in life, that annoyances are made to be put up with. He may be trusted to employ all the means he can command to prevent the election, and among these means may be sundry alarming rumours as to his intention of setting it aside by force of arms. But there is a long interval between hints which cannot be traced to any authoritative source, and such an announcement of the Imperial policy in the matter as would commit him to positive action. In the present state of Europe a war with Spain under an Orleanist King might prove a very grave event. If the Prussian statesmen share in the conviction entertained by many Frenchmen that a war between France and Germany is inevitable, they may see very good reasons for seizing the moment of a quarrel with Spain for settling their own account. Although the Spanish troops might not be able to offer much resistance to a French army, the mere fact of having to send a large body of men across the Pyrenees when the Prussians were marching on Paris would, to say the least, be inconvenient. And with Prussia and Spain in the field the Italian Government might see in an alliance with them a speedier means of obtaining Rome than in waiting till it pleases NAPOLEON III. to give Italy leave to take it. If the Provisional Government can make up its mind between this and the meeting of Cortes to propose the Duke of MONTPENSIER as its candidate, Spain will not perhaps run any serious risk in accepting him. To whatever candidate their choice may fall, they will owe a large debt of reparation for the delay of which they have been the authors. Four months ago the new King of SPAIN would have mounted a throne which had not as yet been shaken by the dynastic revolution. The name of a Republic had never been mentioned in the country, and it was even doubted whether if the cry were to be raised a single Spaniard would be found to take it up. Now the Republicans form a compact minority in the Congress, and a majority in many of the large towns; they have a long list of grievances against the Government; and they are sanguine of being able at no distant time to order things after their own pleasure. The King of SPAIN will have thorns enough in his path, and it is the Provisional Government that must bear the main responsibility of planting them.

ADMIRAL ROUS AND MR. DAY.

LET us suppose the existence of an impossible social monster of the day who knows nothing of racing, and who never saw a race and never made a bet. He would—but writing in the third person is to our craft a weariness to the flesh; so we will fall back on the great *omnes solus*, and describe the ignoramus we have in view under the more convenient and tripping We. We, then, let us say—we never saw a race. We know nothing of horses, though judgment in horses, sermons, music, and pictures comes by nature to the intelligent Briton. Our notions about the anatomy of the noble creature are extremely hazy. We should be sorry to have to answer a paper in which we were called upon to describe the place in the equine economy of pastern, fetlock, hock, cornet, coffin, or withers. What frog and thrush have to do with a horse passes our conception. Of spavins, ringbone, curbs, and all other technicalities of the veterinarian art we are as ignorant as of the atmosphere of URANUS. And of course we know nothing of the art and mystery of betting. Though, by the way, this is not a matter of course, for we believe there are "Turfites" who are very great in the Ring, but who scarcely know a horse's head from his tail. Our ignorance, however, is dense, total, complete, and thorough. The only book-making we are concerned with is a craft unknown to TATTERSALL'S; and as to TATTERSALL'S, as far as personal experience goes, we don't know whether TATTERSALL is a man or a mountain. With the serene indifference which happily awaits the crassest ignorance, the frightful rumour that there may possibly be no Derby this year, if ever, affects us but lightly. As far as human sympathy goes, we feel as much interest in the chariot-race run at the last Olympic meeting as in the favourite for the St. Leger or the Thousand Guineas. The only consolation attending our humiliating position towards the horsy world is that we can approach and canvass Turf topics with an indifference almost insolent, and with an impartiality which may be thought contemptuous. Such is our attitude towards the case—or threatened case—of DAY *v.* ROUS.

This case originated in the last Derby. For that race the late Lord HASTINGS had entered two noble animals, The Earl and Lady Elizabeth. Immediately before the race, The Earl, which was a high favourite, was withdrawn—or, in the language of the craft, scratched. Whereupon all sorts of ugly and angry things were said, and upon these sayings Admiral ROUS indited the following letter, which, as it is an historical document, we reproduce from the *Times* of Jan. 16, 1868:—

ADMIRAL ROUS ON THE TURF.
To the Editor of the "Times."

much laudanum as had been given to the mare he would have been a dead man," permit me to say that it is perfectly untrue. My belief is that Lady Elizabeth had a rough spin with Athena in March, when the Days discovered she had lost her form—a very common occurrence with fillies which have been severely trained at two years old; that when the discovery was made they reversed a commission to back her for the One Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket, and they declared that Lord Hastings would not bring her out before the Derby, on which he stood to win a great stake. I am informed that when Lord Hastings went to Danebury to see her gallop they made excuses for her not to appear. If he had seen her move, the bubble would have burst. But the touters reported, "she was going like a bird"; 10*l.* will make any horse fly if the trainer wishes it to rise in the market. *She has never been able to gallop the whole year.* Lord Hastings has been shamefully deceived, and with respect to scratching The Earl, Lord Westmorland came up to town early on Tuesday from Epsom to beseech Lord Hastings not to commit such an act. On his arrival in Grosvenor Square he met Mr. Hill going to Weatherby's with the order in his pocket to scratch The Earl, and Mr. A. Padwick closeted with Lord Hastings. In justice to the Marquis of Hastings I state that he stood to win 35,000*l.* by The Earl, and did not hedge his stake money. Then you will ask, "Why did he scratch him?" What can the poor fly demand from the spider in whose web he is enveloped? I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

13 Berkeley Square, June 15. H. J. ROUS.

What this, to a non-expert, seems to mean is that Admiral ROUS charged with a gross fraud certain notables called "the "DAYS." Who is the accuser, who are the accused?

accuser, Admiral Rous, is the very Bayard of the racing chivalry. He is the foremost man of the famous Jockey Club, an institution composed of great lords and notables—the choice "nobs and swells," as the betting shop-boys call them—who have charged themselves with the duty of constituting a Court of Honour and of Final Appeal; to whose decision everything relating to racing disputes and racing honour is referred. Admiral Rous is, like the Virgilian hero, a man grave with racing piety and merits; and the counsel of this great Ahithophel of the betting ring—that is, of the Admiral—is as if a man had inquired at the oracle—not, however, altogether of God. Who are "the Days," thus dignified into a noun of multitude? Very famous trainers generally, and famous specifically as trainers of Lord Hastings's two animals, The Earl and Lady Elizabeth. What the Admiral says, or seems to say, in his letter, is that "the Days" knew that Lady Elizabeth had hopelessly broken down, but concealed this fact from their employer; that they also knew that The Earl was a very good horse, and likely to win; that, with this knowledge, they, or their friends, spread, or caused to be spread, the report that Lady Elizabeth was the best horse; that for their own purposes this party got The Earl withdrawn, and compelled Lady Elizabeth to run, and of course to lose, because they or their friends had made a book against her. Admiral Rous, whose letter is formally only a vindication of Lord Hastings, who had been severely condemned for withdrawing The Earl, compares his noble friend to "the poor fly," and "the Days"—and apparently other folks—to "the spider." This letter was either the most distinct charge of fraud against, or the clearest libel on, "the Days" that could be written. So "the Days" thought, and Mr. John Day immediately commenced his action for libel against the Admiral; and from June to January the sporting world, as their airy prophets would say, has been on the *qui vive* awaiting the great trial Day *v.* Rous.

But on Wednesday said sporting world was, as again they would say, electrified by the publication of the following novel correspondence—*simplex munditiis*:—

ADMIRAL ROUS AND THE TURF.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—On the 16th of June last a letter appeared in your columns from Admiral Rous, under the title of "Admiral Rous on the Turf," containing reflections upon me and my family.

I have now to request the favour of your giving publicity to a letter which has been addressed to me by the Admiral, withdrawing his former letter, and a copy of which I beg to enclose.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Danebury, Stockbridge, Hants, Jan. 19. John Day.

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13 Berkeley Square, Jan. 18.

Sir,—As the legal proceedings pending between us have been stopped by you, I now withdraw my letter published in the *Times* newspaper on the 16th of June, and the fact of my having addressed a second letter to the Editor on the same day, requesting him not to insert the first, is a proof that I did not consider myself justified in desiring it to be published.—I am, Sir, yours, H. J. Rous.

To Mr. Day.

We have preferred to preserve this remarkable correspondence just as it stands, for several and obvious reasons. First, we would not willingly see die so valuable and curious a contribution to epistolary literature. Next, because, from our acknowledged incapacity as regards the whole subject, it would be silly in us to pretend to illustrate it. Such a text is its own best scholiast. And, lastly, because in addition to our melancholy ignorance about things equine, we are equally at fault when we enter a moral world in which this sort of thing is possible. Were we to venture on saying what we think, what we think would be quite useless, because we have no experience of the manners and customs, the habits and thoughts, the ethical system, and the duty towards one's neighbour which prevails and is apparently accepted in the sporting world. We survey it as a group of phenomena, very curious and extraordinary, but which concerns us as much or as little as a monograph of the mind or personal habits of the pterodactyl, or pre-Adamite man. If the matter were one of this *Toutos-Kosmos*, it would seem to come to this:—Admiral Rous makes a grave and serious charge against Mr. Day in a letter to the *Times*, and no sooner has he written it than, on the very day of writing it, he thinks better of it, and tries to get the letter suppressed. Somehow he fails in this; but though he wishes he had not written, still what he has written, like another distinguished but not voluminous author, he has written; and apparently the gallant Admiral, more valiantly than prudently, does not for six months withdraw the libellous letter. Mr. Day, justly and most creditably indignant at the imputation cast on him, does the only thing an honest man could do. He, as the old women say, will make the Admiral prove his words. So things go on for six months. When all of a sudden the deadlock, like that in the *Critic*, is unlocked by everybody dropping his weapons. Ground arms; as you were. Admiral Rous has not proved his charge; Mr. Day has not repelled it. Mr. Day withdraws his action, and the Admiral withdraws his letter; whether the charge itself is withdrawn we, not being acquainted with the Turf, know not. Admiral Rous is not now charged with being a libeller; Mr. Day is not now charged with being a rogue. But the charges were made, and they were either true or false; but which is true and which is false, or whether under the circumstances both, either, or neither may be true or false, or both true and false, who can say? If the thing had happened among men, such as men are, we should say that either Mr. Day ought never to have said he was going to vindicate himself, or he should have gone on vindicating himself; either Admiral Rous should not have made his charge, or should have stuck to it. As it is, Admiral Rous seems to have made an imputation which he is unwilling or unable to prove; or—or it may be, and—Mr. Day undertook to prove an innocence which he is unwilling or unable to prove. Does the Admiral say that he made an unfounded charge? he says no such thing. Does Mr. Day say that he has triumphantly vindicated his honesty? he says no such thing. Only both parties find it convenient to let the hot coal drop. The action is withdrawn, and the letter is withdrawn; but whether the action is withdrawn on condition of the letter being also withdrawn, or whether the letter is withdrawn on condition of the action being withdrawn, and which withdrawal was first proposed and first accepted, and from which side the surrender was suggested, we at any rate know not. Very likely we shall hear that the sporting oracles congratulate themselves and their peculiar people on the good feeling displayed by all parties—on the necessity of avoiding public scandal—and the happy termination of this painful matter. But then we are not sporting people, and to our poor minds the termination of this queer business is just the most discreditable thing about it. To hush up such a case aggravates it. "Brother, "brother, we're both in the wrong," may be a very amiable sentiment, and is a very convenient conclusion in this case. But the case is just one of those in which two wrongs certainly do not make one right.

THE POPE ON FEMALE LUXURY.

"THE Sovereign Pontiff," says our contemporary the *Tablet*, "with that tender and unabating solicitude with which he watches over the children whose souls are committed to his charge, puts his finger upon the evils which corrupt society, and continually points out the practical remedy which is at hand." We cannot profess the same reverence for Papal authority which inspires these characteristic sentences, and we don't expect the Papal finger to be guided with unfailing accuracy. Still we may regard with curiosity the expression of opinion thus solemnly commended to our notice, if only as coming from the venerable head of a body of acute, though prejudiced, observers. The Roman Catholic priesthood could certainly, if they chose, tell us a good deal about the weaknesses of modern society; and the Pope's remarks will naturally reflect the opinions current amongst his order. The evil upon which he dilates upon the present occasion is that of "female luxury and extravagance." This is, he thinks, a "terrible scourge which is everywhere spreading its ravages," and has even crept in to some extent amongst the population which has the peculiar blessing of special Papal superintendence. "It is this," he informs us—and perhaps it scarcely needed a Pope to detect the chain of cause and effect—"which is the occasion of brilliant assemblies, public promenades, and theatres." It leads women to run about perpetually from house to house, and to spend their time in "idleness, curiosity, and indiscreet conversation." It renders marriage difficult, and consumes the patrimony of children. Men, it seems, are unwilling to undertake the enormous expenses which their wives incur; and, if any one should doubt so startling an assertion, he will be crushed by a quotation from Tertullian. "Ten million sesterces," as that author assures us, "are spent upon a necklace"; and possibly he might be confirmed by more modern lists of Parisian prices. This impediment to marriage produces all kinds of disorders; "and seeing"—as the Pope remarks in an elaborate, but, as we might have profanely imagined, rather unnecessary chain of reasoning—"that a town is composed of families, a province of towns, a kingdom of provinces, then, the family being corrupted, it poisons at its source the whole of society, and insensibly prepares for it those calamities which at the present day are overwhelming us on all sides." From all which the Pope infers that "his dear daughter in Jesus Christ, Marie de Gentelles," has written an excellent book; and he augurs a most happy success for her enterprise, which is, it appears, the organization against luxury of the women of the period, and, above all, of those who have enrolled themselves as Christian mothers and Children of Mary.

There is certainly no doubt that the women of our age are a great deal more frivolous and luxurious than they ought to be. Money is spent upon assemblies and public promenades and theatres, much of which might be spent more profitably. Women run about to five o'clock teas and elsewhere when they had better

be looking after their children, and their conversation would not always bear to be reported by a shorthand writer. If necklaces don't sell for ten million sesterces, they cost a great deal more in modern money than their purchasers can always afford. This, and much more than this, is very true, and is much to be regretted. We have, indeed, heard something very like it before. As the Pope's appropriate quotation shows, Tertullian was indulging in the same vein of rhetoric, and probably with equal justification, over sixteen centuries ago. Before his time the Hebrew prophets had found occasion to denounce the feminine propensity for luxury after the fashion of their day—at least if the translations (which has been doubted) may be trusted. There might be made with very little trouble an uninterrupted catena of denunciations of this unfortunate weakness, from the earliest recorded history down to the present time. Every epoch has had its own form of the evil, and its own vigorous assailants of the special contemporary manifestations. Nothing was more fashionable in the last century than demonstrations of the startling advances of luxury, and the consequent decay which, as proved by numerous historical examples, was rapidly coming upon the world. The Seven Belgravian Mothers made a remonstrance, couched in a different dialect, but substantially identical with that from which we have just been quoting; and it would be difficult to mention any journal of the day, or the works of any popular novelist, in which the complaint has not been reiterated in one form or another. Of course we do not mention this by way of detracting from the value of the condemnation. As folly and vice have an unpleasant way of perpetuating themselves with more change in the form than the substance, preachers and satirists must necessarily continue to harp upon the same string; and they do a good work if they manage to keep the evil more or less in check. We cannot congratulate the Pope on having thrown much new light upon the subject, as in fact he is merely repeating the commonplaces of newspaper articles in language which is a good deal hampered by the requirements of the pontifical style. But he is perfectly right to protest, though the protest will certainly not win attention by any intrinsic beauties of style. If the similar treatment of the same topic in popular periodicals were not a good deal more lively than that of the Pope, they would have little chance of a hearing. However, a Papal platitude is of course worth much more than any display of eloquence in a newspaper. The Pope may, for example, be able to gain the attention of the distinguished lady who does so much for his cause in France, and at the same time has so great an influence on the fashions of Paris and the world. If she would only set the example of strict economy in matters of dress and entertainment, the new fashion might certainly be taking for a time. We fear, indeed, that even in such a case, the old instincts would be too strong in the long run even for the Pope; and meanwhile, so long as the most distinguished daughters of the Church set a questionable example, the efforts of a Marie de Gentelles are not likely to bear very important fruit.

There is, however, another question upon which we could wish to have seen an expression of opinion. People will doubtless go on breaking the laws of morality to the last syllable of recorded time, and preachers will go on denouncing them. We are not so sanguine as to hope for the speedy eradication of infirmities so deeply rooted in human nature. But we may certainly expect to see certain evils lessened when their causes are thoroughly understood. If female extravagance is common to all times, it breaks out more vehemently at one epoch than another, and it may be that the present is one of them. If so, we should be glad to know what are the specially predisposing causes which make this malady, like nervous diseases, unusually prevalent at this particular epoch. We shall never get rid of all physical or moral evils, but a skilful diagnosis would be equally useful in both. Mere condemnations, whether from Tertullian or from higher authority, are not much to the purpose; because we fully admit the evil; but how are they to be brought home to people's minds most effectually at the present day? The Pope does not enter upon this topic, and we cannot attempt any complete explanation. The great development of material prosperity is one obvious cause of increased luxury; if wealth has made a more rapid progress than civilization, we may expect to find it squandered more recklessly. When a gentleman strikes oil in America he is apt to plunge into senseless ostentation. Our whole generation may be said in a sense to have struck oil; the development of mechanical skill has suddenly enriched whole classes; and a great deal of senseless expenditure has been the result. If this is in any degree a true cause, though not an adequate cause, what is the appropriate remedy? Surely it is by bringing mental cultivation up to the proper standard. That women, as a general rule, are shamefully ill-educated, will be generally admitted. The advocates of women's rights have frequently succeeded in making their cause ridiculous by very ill-advised suggestions, and by their general impression, too frankly betrayed, that the way to put things right is to make women as much as possible into an inferior kind of men. But so long as they insist upon the narrowness and inadequacy of our present system of feminine training, they occupy an unimpeachable position. Women, as a rule, are taught nothing but a smattering of what are called accomplishments, and a still more wretched smattering of the knowledge comprised in "all the branches of a sound English education." Now a number of ladies in this state of imperfect intellectual development have a sudden command of a great deal more wealth than their mothers or grandmothers had before them. Is it not an inevitable result that they should use their power in the most frivolous way? If a woman knows nothing but a little singing and dancing and a few fragments of one or two foreign languages, how is it possible that she should be other than frivolous and extravagant? She has been taught that it is her chief duty in life to make herself attractive to the other sex by dressing herself prettily, and behaving gracefully, and talking nonsense agreeably. Of course, when she grows rich, she dresses more expensively, and talks nonsense more conspicuously, and attends theatres and other abominations of the Papal vocabulary more frequently, and generally acts the same part with rather more vigour than before. There is nothing at all novel or surprising, though there is much to be regretted, in all this. Women whose intellects are systematically confined will be childish in their behaviour, as certainly as women who have been dressed with a view to fashion rather than health will grow up with enfeebled constitutions. One appropriate remedy, though not, it may be, an all-sufficient remedy, is to encourage them to develop their intellects. Give them the means of really employing their minds, and they will instinctively see the frivolity of their present amusements. A woman who knows what is going on in the world of art or science or literature will not waste her time in running about for idle conversation. In short, the best remedy for silly occupations is the creation of a taste for something better. Young men throw away money on the Turf or elsewhere, because their minds are in that stunted stage of development which fits them for nothing else. And women spend large sums on dress because they are often capable of no loftier excitement. What, then, is the attitude of the Roman Catholic clergy towards the higher education? Do they encourage women to study science, for example, as freely and fearlessly as possible? Are they convinced that a woman, who has the necessary faculties, would be all the better for a genuine acquaintance with geology or chemistry or any other study of a similar kind? Do they hold that a thorough study of any branch of human knowledge is an admirable tonic for the mind, and one of the best possible preservatives against the pursuit of frivolity? The question answers itself. We know perfectly well that they are so afraid of the consequences of an excursion into these forbidden regions that they prefer to keep women childish, in the hope of securing a childish obedience. The extent to which women in any country are encouraged to employ their minds boldly is in an inverse ratio to the power of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It may be that the caution is necessary; and that the evils of artificially cramping the mind are not so great as the evils of leaving it to unrestricted action. Perhaps it may be said that there is a temporary alienation between theology and science, and that whenever that is cleared away, and science purified from its accidental bias, women may be encouraged to venture on the forbidden ground. The prohibition may refer to a transitory danger, and will perhaps disappear as that passes away. We will not discuss the wisdom of such a policy; but one consequence is inevitable. If, for whatever reason, you narrow the education of women, you must count upon their continuing to be frivolous. There may be advantages in arresting their development at the age of childhood; but children will play with dolls. When they become rich, the dolls will cost a good deal of money; and the conversation of those who play with them will be something worse than childish. Human nature will obey certain laws in spite of preachers; and one of them is, that the forcible repression of the nobler instincts will lead to a development of the more contemptible.

It seems, indeed, that the "Christian mothers and Children of Mary" are going to set an excellent example of frugality and attention to the duties of their families and of charity. An organized demonstration in favour of economy may do something to repress extravagance, as teetotalism has perhaps done something to discourage drunkenness; and we wish it all success within reasonable limits. But the incompleteness of such a remedy is obvious. It does not really supply new motives, or remove in any degree the cause of the evils, but tries to drill a certain number of persons into enforced abstinence. It is not a mere coincidence that licentiousness generally exists alongside of asceticism, and that, as in Glasgow, the most severe Sabbath-keepers are side by side with the worst of Sabbath-breakers. If you say that all indulgence is bad, you remove every restraint from those who venture to indulge. If the theatre is to be condemned as a school of the devil, it will be pretty certain to justify its character. The virtuous won't go, and the wicked will have it all their own way. If we simply denounce luxury, without finding a better employment for the tastes which it gratifies, society will be divided into fools who submit to the narrowest regulation and fools who submit to none at all. The process of screwing down the safety valve upon human nature always ends in producing a very dangerous compound of bigots, hypocrites, and libertines. It is highly desirable that many, perhaps most, women should devote themselves to charity and to family duties. But many women have no family duties, and many are quite unfitted for devotion to charity. There are other things to be done in the world besides nursing and giving away money, and even, if we may say so, besides attending divine service. There are tastes which will find other gratification; and if all other gratification is forbidden, they will seek for forbidden pleasures. The true method is to develop those tastes, and to discover for them some legitimate means of innocent employment. When the priesthood can boldly encourage women to develop every faculty with which God has endowed them, they will have a

chance of effectually denouncing "female luxury and extravagance."

SOCIAL PENALTIES.

THE pressure of society upon the individual is, and must always remain, one of the most important subjects of the anxiety of men who study the conditions of human progress. In excess it plainly leads to the most pernicious results, by stifling those eccentric growths of opinion and feeling out of which new and improved forms have to be taken and shaped by a process akin to that of natural selection among species, and without which the exigencies of circumstances must infallibly outstrip the means of satisfying them; and so a confused kind of despair grows up in the minds, and stagnation in the habits, of men. On the other hand, a deficiency in this pressure leads to evils hardly, if at all, less grievous than those which come of its excess. That everybody should be legally at liberty to follow his own will in the few purely self-regarding kinds of action, and in all matters of feeling and opinion, is a maxim which needs no comment nor confirmation either in England or in any other country which has taken its ideas upon law from English institutions. Thus much is a clearly proven piece of wisdom which no English or American lawgiver is at all likely to overlook. The law, we may be quite sure, will never repair any neglect on the part of the community to punish dissent from the ruling and accepted ideas of the time. But is there no danger of this neglect occurring? no danger of there springing up largely an indifference to the claims of accepted maxims of conduct, an under-estimate of the value of social accord, a passionate readiness of self-assertion, a foolish, thoughtless, and in certain conditions of temper, a malignant contempt for the advantages which the social union confers even upon those who have most diverged from the beliefs which have been chiefly instrumental in binding our modern society together? If this be so, and there are some wise observers who profess to entertain apprehensions in this direction, then it is certain that the penalties which society—that is to say, the majority of the circle to which a man belongs—has it in its power to inflict have lost their efficacy as deterrents, and that a growing number of persons are less and less moved by fear of them. It is worth while to put this in another way, perhaps; that the pleasures which society has to offer, and its prizes, and everything else, have lost their attractions for many minds, so that to be deprived of them counts for less than it might do, or than it used to do. People of a certain sort, and that hardly the lowest sort either, venture to encounter the disapproval of sets and circles to which they belong, because their approval brings no consequences that they are capable of holding dear. In other words, opinion has not moved equally over the face of society. One portion of the world has pushed on or aside, while the rest has remained stationary and fixed in a little narrow circle of ideas, pursuits, and pastimes, which the others have outgrown. The stiffening of social forms, the ever-growing rigidity of etiquettes, the multiplication of fashionable shibboleths of speech and thought and habit—all this means the voluntary self-exclusion of a good many people of independent humour from a life which cramps, restrains, and infinitely wearies them.

And the striking thing is, as we have just hinted, that those who flout society, and retreat to rural hermitages, or shut themselves up in solitary chambers—or else, while feigning solitude, enjoy companionships unrecognisable by drawing-rooms—are not by any means people of the lowest sort, either in intelligence, aspiration, position, or general social good-will. They are no *mauvais sujets*, out-at-elbows, insolvent, inveterate foes to the minor courtesies, hostile to the tailed coat. On the contrary, in all these things they are found blameless. Their bills are paid, their clothes well-made, their linen good, their salutation and accost beyond reproach. Neither, again, are they as a rule mere cynics. It is not because they despise life, and its enormous tasks and tiny accomplishments, that they save themselves (to use a French idiom) from the favourite haunts of the majority of their fellows; rather because they esteem life too precious to be given away to folly and grievous hollowness. It is probably inevitable that a little folly and a great deal of hollowness should grow into communities that are very large, very rich, and, from their unmellowed age and fundamental constitution, very artificial. But the inevitable is still very often that to which the best minds least easily reconcile themselves. This or that may be no more than the necessary result of conditions which no mortal man can repair or much modify; yet we like it just as little, and are just as little ready to submit ourselves to its burden. Hence, the more unavoidable you show the artificiality of society to be, not the less but the more are people whom artificiality revolts disposed to turn their backs on the scene, and seek simplicity in solitude or else in a clique. It is quite true that in neither of these two resorts are they sure of finding what they seek, for the solitary and reserved man not seldom becomes as artificial in his own way as the dweller in courts and kings' houses; while in small cliques artificiality in one shape or other is pretty sure to have a place, and little circles of people with some special aim or principle to bind them together are notoriously apt to develop a canting phraseology, an esoteric mannerism, a half-pious affectation, compared with which the mannerism and affectation of Fop's Alley or the Belgravian rout actually smell of Arcadia and the green fields. For all this, however, there is rather a feeling abroad that the true social penalties are what are currently styled social joys. To be invited to a great number of drawing-rooms is a worse fate than to be excluded from them. To be patronised by a great host of men and women for your merits is to have a more evil thing befal you than if you had been cut by them for your sins. A wise man might consent never to be invited out to dinner, if the alternative were the position of a frequent diner-out. It may be said, with reason, that the so-called pleasures which society places at the feet of those whom it delighteth to honour are not particularly pleasurable in themselves, but are the outward and visible signs of a high esteem and creditable repute among men. The weakest part of this consolation to the temporary idol of those who distribute social prizes is that he sees them bestowed, far more steadily and lavishly than upon himself, on the mob of the mentally rag-tag and bobtail who fringe dinner-tables and drawing-rooms. If to be taken much notice of, to have many cards on one's mantelpiece, to dine at many boards, and stand in many crowded saloons and on many crammed staircases, be in truth outward signs of social grace, how comes it that they are still more conspicuous in those on whom we would rather have looked for a brand, or the mark of the beast? This is one of the many trains of reflection which are leading some men to a froward and audacious contempt for the worst penalties which the ogre of society is able to inflict on the self-possessed person.

It is sufficiently obvious how powerful an instrument for the coercion of unreasonable whimsicalities and unseasonable manifestations of an eccentric and inexpedient personality is thus thrown away. If the pleasures of social intercourse were more carefully thought about, and more wisely organized, then everybody who had not been born a Diogenes—and the character is mostly artificial—would take as much pains as he could to avoid breaking with a body that had so much to give him, and so much to snatch away from him. It would be a great misfortune, both for the individual and for society, if blandishments and social joys were to trip men up in the conscientious search after truth and elevation of character, or in frank and manly expression. But there is nothing either discreditable to a man or dangerous to anybody else in a certain strong reluctance to offend the opinion or feeling of people about him, with whom he is accustomed to live, and to whom he owes much obligation. If occasion arises when it is above all things expedient that some person or doctrine should be smitten hip and thigh, then the unanimous verdict of the best persons that have ever lived testifies to the need of sacrificing this rightful considerateness to what happens at the time to be the more binding duty of proclaiming a truth or vehemently protesting against an error. But the temper of our day perhaps attributes something too much of a merit to the discovery of discrepancies between oneself and the bulk of one's neighbours. Men, and especially women, think less than they did, or than perhaps it is well that they should think, of flying in the face of old and decent usage. They too often leave the beaten track, not pained at the pain which their divergence gives to worthy souls to whom they owe many a debt, but rather as an army with banners, victorious and jubilant. They too often shake off the old things, not with a touch of regret at parting with what has served generation after generation of good people, but as clever men who have found out a trick and an imposture. There may be many causes for such a humour, and one of them is the disregard into which society has brought such pains and penalties as it has to use. But this, after all, is only removing the difficulty a step further back. Why have the social sanctions grown so comparatively inefficient? Why are average social pleasures so slight, and the deprivation of them so little felt? It must be that the world has grown so big; there is such ample room and variety that men have wider choice of societies than they have in simpler days and among more primitive communities. A man must be a decided villain to be universally tabooed, and on the other hand there are not many forms of eccentricity which he can choose to play at in which he will fail to find playmates; and, if he has any just force of character, it will be no drawback to the pleasures which their companionship confers upon him that they are not the vapid and monotonous pleasures of that lofty but far from exhaustive section which calls itself the world. Seen in this light, the complaint of the decay of the efficacy of the social penalty does not come to very much; it only implies that there is no longer anything like a single and uniform tribunal for that sort of divergency to which the complaint usually refers. Out of the track of acts and opinions which universal common sense holds to be pestilent and will not tolerate on any terms, a man may defy the opinion of one set of people in the just confidence that he is secure of the approval of some other set. There is scarcely anybody in the world, and certainly not anybody worth taking into account, who is not responsible to some social tribunal or other; only in our modern society these tribunals are vastly numerous—whether too numerous and too individualized for the perfect health of the body politic, only very wonderful philosophers indeed can positively decide.

THE FUTURE ADMINISTRATION OF THE POLICE.

THE vacancy in the Chief Commissionership of Police gives occasion, not only for the discussion of personal qualifications, but also of general principles. In articles, in essays, and in society, men debate not only the characters of certain candidates, but also the theories of administration. As the selection of the future Chief will depend in no small measure upon the notion which Mr.

Bruce entertains of the duties of this office, the theories now under discussion are well worthy of consideration.

The principal point of difference between the controversialists is this—should the duties of the Chief Policeman of London be confined to the walls of his office in Scotland Yard, or include active supervision of its force beyond them? There are many, and especially many official persons, who hold that he should confine himself to his bureau, and content himself with receiving reports from his subordinates, issuing orders to them, seeing only a select few of them, communicating with them indirectly through the non-commissioned officers, or more indirectly by circulars and memoranda; that it is not his business to have any personal knowledge, and still less his business to have any experimental knowledge, of the area traversed by his men, of their respective beats, of their conduct while patrolling them, of the incidents which occur to them, of the emergencies which call for their services, and of the manner with which these services are performed. We need hardly say that we entirely disagree from this theory ourselves. But it is one which is in high favour with the ordinary official mind. It satisfies the great official maxim of the day—*Pas trop de zèle*. This is the great commandment which is pronounced from the heights and permeates through the depths of the Civil Service. "You have your work to do—do it, and nothing more. You have your instructions—follow them, if convenient, to the letter; but don't follow them if you are not likely to be interrogated about them; and don't go beyond the letter." This is the language of chiefs and subordinates. It is dictated by policy and corroborated by experience. If a man is betrayed into zeal, he is sure to do something generous, full-hearted, chivalrous, or rash; he is sure to tread on some one's corns, and to provoke complaints, a motion in Parliament and a Parliamentary blue-book. All this is singularly vexatious, trying, and damaging. Even if he follows his instructions, he can hardly fail to annoy some personage or some department. Instructions were framed, not for the guidance of the instructed, but for the protection of the instructors. If a public officer blunders and people complain, the first strategical move is to ask what were his instructions? Then up gets a voluble Under-Secretary, who, deftly hoisting a dingy little octavo from his coat-tails, waves it before the House and triumphantly shrieks out, "What were his instructions? Why, here are his instructions, which have been implicitly followed by his predecessors from time immemorial"; an answer which elicits the expected cheers from the back benches and silences remonstrants, until it is discovered that not one single instruction is in the least degree applicable to the case under discussion, or to any other case which has the slightest probability of happening at the present day. But for the time the citation does its work, and in most instances does it permanently. And those who study instructions—how cleverly do they adapt them to their own ease, comfort, and irresponsibility! Who does not know the old public servant of thirty years' standing, who in every emergency and every doubt appeals to his instructions? Why did he do this? His instructions told him to do it. Why did he not do that? His instructions said nothing about it. But clearly that was the right thing to do. Well, the instructions should have said so then. But they could not foresee the actual state of things. That is their fault, not his. And so forth. His notion of public duty is to do a certain stated thing, and nothing more. As for catching the spirit, rather than following the letter, that is beyond him altogether. The letter is plain and tangible, the spirit impalpable and imaginary. And as for zeal, he has too much faith in caution, and too much disbelief in departmental gratitude, to commit himself in that behalf.

Such are the maxims of hardened officials. With them, forms and routine are everything. And such as they are, they wish the Chief Commissioner of Police to be. According to their view, he should go down to Scotland Yard, receive reports, read them, make his notes and issue his instructions. If regular and methodical himself, he will impart a certain external method and punctuality to his men. That is, there will be a most ostentatious exhibition of regularity and punctuality at the office itself. Such inspectors and sergeants as are required to attend personally will be there to the very moment fixed. Those who have to report will report at the proper time and in the proper phrase. Certain beats will be reported to have been visited at certain hours, and the men to have been found doing their duty on them. Occasionally, a private policeman, not quite up to the formularies of official life, will be caught napping, and thus afford the exciting cause of an exceptional report, to his personal disadvantage. These, and the little incidents of daily patrols over the whole metropolitan area, will supply, as they have hitherto supplied, matter for daily returns of unexceptionable regularity and precision. The Chief will go on writing and reading; inspectors and superintendents attending with returns; and the whole machinery will work beautifully—on paper. But how would it actually work? What would be its public character and its public fruits? With a Chief who never visited his outposts, who knew nothing of the men personally, who never rode out to excite their ardour or to reprove their languor, with deputies who knew that the Chief was a mere office-man, it would work only in one way—that is, perfunctorily and unprofitably. A certain external activity would be displayed, but it would be useless for the prevention or the punishment of crime. The police would be one great sham, whilst its heads would fancy it to be an admirably active organization, and no one could make out a case of actual laches. The metropolis would be alternately excited to loud bursts of merriment and loud cries of indignation at the costly imposture which did nothi[ng] to protect the property that supported it. And in process [of] time the clamour would become so loud, that Parliament would have no alternative but to break up the unity of the force, and hand its component fractions over to the authority of conflicting and discordant Vestries.

That this revolution would work out its own cure in time, and ultimately tend to the reorganization of the force, we do not doubt. But it is hardly worth while to obtain even such a consummation at such a price. Roast pig is a good thing, but it is dearly bought by the firing of a whole village. How great the price in this case would be, may be calculated by any one who will trouble his imagination so far as to conceive a dozen superintendents of the average calibre playing the part of Chief Commissioner in each of twelve metropolitan parishes. Then let him fancy these superintendents weekly called before the Police Committees of each Vestry, instructed by one fussy proser, lectured by another, and bullied by a third, till he left the parochial senate utterly confounded by the manifold directions he had received, which agreed in nothing but their extreme absurdity. Imagine these varied by private hints and instigations to worry this man's enemy and wink at that man's friend, to get up false charges in one quarter, to suppress true charges in another, and to do all the dirty business which small tradesmen, angry and jealous and greedy, would desire to see done for themselves and to the prejudice of their rivals, and the picture will represent correctly some of the fruits of a Vestry-governed constabulary.

The last contingency which we have suggested reminds us of one important change which ought to be introduced into the police. At present the police are the public prosecutors in the majority of criminal cases. It is for the interest of the public and the police that this should no longer be so. The mere fact that a lawyer is at the head of the police is not sufficient to prevent the miscarriage of justice which too often arises from this system. The head of the police has work of detail enough without being encumbered by legal questions. It is desirable that a lawyer should be appointed to advise the police and to watch the preparation of those cases which do not come under the special supervision of the Treasury or the Mint. Perhaps it would be as well to appoint a public prosecutor for the metropolitan districts, as a preliminary step to introducing the institution generally. One effect of the institution would be to diminish, if not wholly to prevent, scandals such as that to which we drew attention a fortnight ago. Nothing can be more prejudicial to the due administration of justice than the repetition of cases like Bisgrove's. The Secretary of State has taken upon himself to set aside the verdict of a jury and the sentence of a judge, upon evidence unconfirmed by oath. He may be morally right. He may have satisfied his own conscience that Bisgrove was in a state of mind which made him irresponsible for his actions. But how was he satisfied? On what testimony? How given? So far as we understand the case, he has set a precedent which virtually annuls capital punishment in future. What is to prevent any man in a respectable position, who has a dislike to capital punishment, from getting up a memorial for a convicted criminal, and urging illness or epilepsy in his behalf? Most men who drink have illnesses and fits during their lives. The intensity and the effects of these attacks properly constitute the subject of strict medico-legal inquiry at the time of trial. Witnesses cannot there float away on a cloud of vague generalities. They must give facts, dates, proofs. It is a very suspicious matter when these are not adduced before a Court capable of sifting them, but are reserved for an officer of State who has no means of strict investigation, and who has a multitude of other things to attend to. And it is always very dangerous for a man who has not a judge's means of ascertaining the truth to undo the judge's work on an extra-judicial inquiry of his own. But if a responsible officer were entrusted with the duty of public prosecutions, he would not leave open a case for this final and irregular appeal. He would have no particular object in getting a prisoner found guilty of murder. He would see to his being committed for trial, and then set about inquiring whether he was a criminal who ought to be convicted, or a lunatic who ought to be shut up. And he would take care to procure the proper evidence for either result. The same official, too, would be of infinite use in advising the police how to watch liberated convicts and notorious ex-criminals, and in suggesting generally the basis of legislative enactments for the treatment of the criminal classes.

The new Chief Commissioner will have plenty of work to do. Not the least important of his duties will be to point out the additions and changes requisite for securing the efficiency of his department. Among these two are conspicuous—the appointment of more Assistant-commissioners to visit the outposts, and of a law-officer to direct the preparation of criminal cases and the surveillance of criminals. The former is indispensable to the discipline of the police; the latter to the safety of the

GAOL CHAPLAINS.

THE root of all our difficulties in dealing with Ireland and the Irish is religion, and no settlement of these difficulties will ever be arrived at until we are able to regard Protestants and Roman Catholics with impartial eye. To say this is only to repeat an obvious and familiar truth, and yet it is a truth wh[…] numbers of persons by their votes at the late election em[…]

denied. If these persons were asked whether they did not think that the Roman Catholic religion, in spite of all they had heard said against it, was better than no religion at all, they could scarcely avoid admitting that it was. If we compare for one moment London with San Francisco, we shall find that in London the lowest kind of labour is to a great extent performed by Irishmen, while in San Francisco it is performed by Chinese. Without feeling any violent partiality for Irishmen, we shall all of us probably prefer them to Chinese; and even if we do not, here they are, and we cannot easily get rid of them. They are almost without exception Roman Catholics. The influence of their priests over them is considerable, and that influence is generally exercised to promote private morality and public order. It was stated by Archbishop Manning before a Committee of the House of Commons that the population for which he was more especially responsible consisted of about 200,000 of the poorest in London. The Archbishop appeared on that occasion, along with the Reverend Newman Hall, and other ministers of various denominations, to advocate the imposition of further restrictions upon the sale of intoxicating drink. We are not concerned at present with the wisdom of the restrictions thus proposed, and we only refer to them in order to show that Archbishop Manning and his clergy make considerable, and apparently sincere, efforts to promote the morality and tranquillity of London. The population already mentioned is exposed to very great temptation about the time of St. Patrick's day. "During that period," says the Archbishop, "we take special and very active steps to prevent, if possible, the entrance of any of our people into public-houses"; and he thinks that these efforts have been attended with very marked success. Our Protestant friends, if we ask them for any opinion as to the morality of the teaching of the Roman Catholic clergy, will, as we know, fly off into denunciations of the confessional. But we should nevertheless desire to obtain an answer to the question, What would be likely to happen if the Irish Roman Catholics remained in London while their priests were taken away? Our own opinion is, that in that case it would be highly desirable to appoint an efficient Head of the Police. The influence of clergy of all Christian denominations is probably exerted with nearly equal sincerity and efficiency in the support of law and order; and impartial laymen think that one form of Christianity, if judged by visible results, is nearly as good as another, and that any form of Christianity is better than none at all.

If it be thought that the above remarks are not far removed from platitudes, a sufficient apology for making them will be found in a report which has appeared in the daily papers of a discussion in the Court of Aldermen as to the religious teaching of Roman Catholic prisoners in the City Gaol. It appears that a Roman Catholic priest who visits his co-religionists in that prison addressed to the Governor of it a letter, which being read at the Court of Aldermen, affected Alderman Carter with such astonishment and indignation that he almost asked himself whether he was in France, or Spain, or England. The Alderman may not know that he is in England, but, unless he has neglected his opportunities at civic feasts, England may be trusted to know that she bears his weight. The Alderman denounces that aggressive policy of the Roman Catholic priesthood which has been so often denounced before. It appears that there are thirty-five men and ten women of the Roman Catholic religion in the City Prison, and the priest who visits them desires to have the opportunity of assembling them for public worship. Some persons would perhaps consider this desire reasonable, and Alderman Carter does not say that it is unreasonable, but he protests against the consequences which flow from it. "The next thing will be," says he, "that the priest will ask us (the Court of Aldermen) to provide him with a room to worship in." Well, we should think that that would be the next thing. If the Alderman were, as he almost supposed himself to be, in France or Spain, he would expect the afflicted earth to bear his weight. But if the Court of Aldermen provide, according to request, a room, it is apprehended that this audacious priest will proceed to decorate an altar in it. We may regret, though we must admit, that this apprehension seems to us perfectly well founded. Among the thirty-five men and the ten women, in the City Gaol, who profess the Roman Catholic religion, it is highly probable that there are some who value what Protestant aldermen would call the mummeries of the mass. It must be admitted that among nominal members of the Establishment, the combination of a taste for church-going with a taste for swindling is not uncommon, and although we think that chaplains of all denominations are liable to be deceived by an apparent awakening of religious feeling in the breasts of criminals, yet unless the work of reformation is to be abandoned as hopeless, the chaplains must be encouraged to assist in it. The prisoners cannot go to church, and therefore the church must come to them. Any chaplain of the Church of England would desire, not only to address prisoners individually, but to gather them together and invite them to take part in the services of his Church. A chaplain of the Church of Rome desires exactly the same thing; and so, if you once admit him into a prison, he will have, as Alderman Carter says, the assurance—nay, the impertinence—to ask for a room, and proceed to decorate an altar; and we have a strong suspicion that, in spite of the protestations of the Court of Aldermen, he will ultimately obtain what he requires. There is, indeed, another and even more formidable contingency, which, if it should be realized, may well cause Alderman Carter to inquire whether he is in France or Spain, or where. This priest, as appears, came to the prison a month ago, but the Court of Aldermen do not know how he got there, nor whether he was sent by the Pope or by Dr. Manning. "Here," says Alderman Wilson, "is a man whom we do not know, and he asks to be allowed to see prisoners in private." Another alderman, in the simplicity of his heart, said that he understood that the priest was appointed by the archbishop of the diocese. This alderman, perhaps, did not observe the concession he was making to that Papal aggression which all true Protestants are pledged strenuously to resist. But we regret to say that this concession, like those of the room and the altar, will be found on examination to be inevitable. A person presents himself, and states that he is a Roman Catholic priest, and that he is authorized to perform spiritual offices within the City Prison. The Court of Aldermen must either take this statement upon trust, or they must examine the alleged authority, which will doubtless prove to have been derived from the person exercising episcopal functions within a district of which Westminster is the centre, or as even Protestants, if they are not upon their guard, will say, for the sake of shortness, within the diocese of Westminster. The dilemma to which we find ourselves reduced is disagreeable. We cannot exclude Roman Catholic priests from gaols, and if they enter they bring with them the authority of their bishops. In fact, the Court of Aldermen is being quietly brought under the canon law, and wheedled into admitting the territorial titles of the Romish Hierarchy. And even this is not the worst of the alarming business; for, as Alderman Wilson says, it will end in getting money out of the Corporation. The priest would not only obtain his room and his altar, but he would come before the Court and ask for a salary, and "there would be a repetition of what was going on in the county."

We happen to know what is going on in the county, because a motion has been this week brought forward for the appointment and payment of Roman Catholic chaplains in the county prisons. It appears, from a report of Visiting Justices, that the number of Church of England prisoners committed to the Westminster House of Correction in the year 1867-8 was 3,358, while the number of Roman Catholics was 2,053, and the total number of all other religious denominations was 43. The same proportion nearly has been observed in four preceding years. Now, if the attendance of a minister of religion is desirable, it ought to be given regularly, and it is not likely to be so given unless a minister be appointed and paid to do the work. The Church of England chaplain at the Westminster House of Correction receives 400*l.* a year, and, at the same rate of payment, a Roman Catholic chaplain ought to receive 250*l.* a year. The opponents of a motion for payment of this chaplain by the county must either say that he should give his services gratuitously, or that he must look to his wealthy co-religionists to pay him. Either of these resources may be sufficient when the number of prisoners of any particular denomination is very small, but we all know by our own experience what are the usual limits of voluntary effort. As regards prisoners committed to the Westminster House of Correction, we have only the total number for a year. But the daily average number of Roman Catholics confined in Coldbath Fields Prison and in the House of Detention is given, and it is 404. There is, as we all know, a considerable population of low-class Roman Catholics, chiefly Irish, in London, and they contribute to our prisons the large proportion of inmates which we find reckoned as belonging to that communion. Having got all these Roman Catholics in prison, what are we to do with them? Nobody proposes to leave them wholly without spiritual instruction, and we suppose that hardly anybody would propose to employ Protestant clergymen to convert them. It remains that they must be attended by ministers of their own faith. We must once more confess that we appear to ourselves to be painfully reiterating platitudes. But arguments which it is impossible to answer may be repeated in the hearing of magistrates and aldermen without producing the slightest impression on their minds. If a proposal should ever be brought forward for paying the priest who now ministers at the City Prison, we shall have Alderman Carter asking himself whether he is in France, or Spain, or England. And even if this particular alderman could be removed to France, or Spain, or heaven, some other alderman of the same views would remain behind to denounce the attempt of the Roman Catholics to get money out of the Corporation.

It may, however, be reasonably hoped that Alderman Carter and his five brethren who voted with him will all go to heaven in course of time, and that they will be succeeded by aldermen with minds more accessible to reason and common sense. Among these six aldermen we recognise, as might be expected, three who were Conservative candidates at the last election. The Irish difficulty will be removed whenever Englishmen are agreed in treating Roman Catholics and Protestants impartially, and considerable progress has been already made towards that happy consummation, because we find that where six aldermen voted against giving facilities for Roman Catholic priests to hold services in the City Prison, seven aldermen voted in favour of these facilities being given. The motion which was thus carried by seven votes to six proposed indeed no more than a reference to the Gaol Committee to consider how facilities might be given. But it was considered, by one of the aldermen who voted against it, of such "vital importance," that he gave notice of a motion to rescind it. This success will afford encouragement for other and greater conflicts. If the sup-

ious equality keep "[illegible]
at their arguments will in time penetrate the heads even of aldermen who stood for boroughs on constitutional principles at the late election.

The county of Middlesex has shown itself less intelligent and liberal than the City of London; for the proposal for payment of Roman Catholic gaol chaplains has been rejected by a majority of two to one. The opponents of the measure have talked in the usual strain about the aggressive policy of Rome. Her motto, says one Protestant orator, is *excelsior*. It is rather hard upon Rome that her adversaries should impute to her their own ignorance of Latin grammar. The truth is, although the majority of these magistrates cannot be brought to see it, that their own fanatical intolerance makes the Roman Catholic priesthood powerful, by furnishing them with just grounds of complaint. If a Roman Catholic prisoner is sent to a convict prison, he is regularly provided with the attendance of a minister of his own Church; but as long as he remains in one of the prisons of the County of Middlesex, he is dependent for that attendance on the charity of the Roman Catholic community. But the heads of the Protestant party have admitted the necessity of Roman Catholic gaol chaplains, and the tail will be reluctantly compelled, in course of time, to give to this admission practical effect.

BENEVOLENCE AND THE POOR.

THE most amusing, if it were not the most pathetic, of all the instances of distress which the winter has of late brought before us, is the distress of a really kindhearted man who wishes to do something for the poor. A host of societies beseech him to check his first instincts of benevolence, and set before him the evils of indiscriminate almsgiving; but no sooner does he depute to his censors the task of more wisely administering his charities, than these societies themselves are denounced as the chief producers of pauperism. He turns to the clergy, but the clergy are half convinced that their course of late has been only a revival of the old system of doles; while a chorus of guardians attributes to the almoner, the sister of mercy, and the district visitor, the sudden increase of mendicancy which has undone the work of the Poor-laws. A little discomfited, perhaps, at finding that there is really no room for any personal benevolence of his own, the philanthropist buttons up his pocket, leaves the poor to the Poor-laws, and plunges into his *Times*. But even here he is far from peace. Morning after morning his breakfast table is seasoned with denunciations of the very system which professed to be all-sufficient, with protests against the incompetence of the central office, the ignorance of guardians, workhouse mismanagement, the neglect of the sick, the starvation of the poor. Indignation turns him into a reformer; he sits patiently under the endless statistics of the Adelphi; he studies the systems of Elberfeld, of Paris, of the Jews. Unluckily, each new system breaks down under the triumphant criticism of its rivals; each demands, as a first condition, an entire change in our legal and constitutional views of things, while it is plain that to introduce any one of them would be the work of a lifetime. At this stage even the most persevering of philanthropists might be pardoned for abandoning his quest, and falling back with a sigh of relief on the familiar beggar at the crossing. The disappointment has, in fact, come to most of us, but a disappointment is sometimes a gain in forcing people to consult possibilities. Now that the storm of the Adam Street theorists has a little subsided, it may be possible to set about considering, not the great question of how to abolish our present Poor-laws, but the smaller one of how to make the best of them.

What is wanted, in fact, is, not a radical change of system, but less rigidity and less red tape. Officialism, however, can scarcely be expected to open its arms to reformers who are yet more exclusive and self-sufficient than itself. There is hardly a single suggestion which has been made in the voluminous correspondence of the last two months which does not possess some value, but the value of each is commonly marred by representing it as the one thing needful. A gigantic scheme of emigration which looks on America or Australia as the mere recipients of what Mr. Carlyle calls "Rubbish shot here" is so ludicrously impossible that one is tempted to set aside emigration altogether. But such a remedy is singularly adapted to local and temporary gluts of unemployed labour, such as the past winters have seen at Poplar and Limehouse, and it is sudden gluts such as these with which the ordinary system of poor-relief is least calculated to deal. Another heroic remedy, that of the penal treatment of pure pauperism in the mass by the withdrawal of such civil rights as the control of his children from any parent on his third application for relief, or by the treatment of drunkenness—the great parent of pauperism—as a legal crime, is big enough in its impossibility to hide out of sight the smaller and more practicable course of putting the man whose deliberate misconduct brings his children to penury on the same criminal footing with the man who is now punished for throwing precisely the same burden on the rates by the desertion of his family. The chief objection to the Elberfeld scheme of dealing with the poor is a precisely similar one. Elberfeld is a thriving town with a singularly sensible man, the brother of the present Finance Minister of North Germany, at the head of it. The municipal regulations of the place allow the central board of guardians to call some three hundred of their fellow-citizens to their aid, and to set each of these as "a father" over some four families among the number of those relieved from the rates. It is needless to go into the details of grouping by which this large organization is bound together; its essence lies in this intimate and personal supervision of the poor, and the word "father" very fairly expresses the spirit of the system. Both the sides of paternal government are fairly represented. On the one hand, the duties of the "father" are far from being confined to administering necessary relief; he investigates carefully the causes of the distress, and the character of the family; he is expected to exert a moral influence over his flock, and to aid personally in procuring employment for those who are willing to work. On the other hand, he possesses a father's penal power; on his report the gambler, idler, or drunkard is liable to imprisonment, and the same penalty awaits the pauper who refuses to work to his full strength when work is given him, or the unemployed labourer who has not made a sufficient effort to obtain employment. This penal power is, in fact, the backbone of the whole system; moral influence would be wasted on the "sturdy beggar" whom our English law allows to "throw himself on the parish" when he will. But, save to the limited extent which we have before pointed out, such a penal treatment of pauperism would be impossible here; while the minute official supervision and interference—in fact, the "paternal government"—which is the essence of the whole, would to our national temper be unbearable. It must not be forgotten, too, that in its practical working such a plan would involve the danger of the most meddlesome and vexatious tyranny. A small tradesman, placed at the head of a group of pauper families, would hardly fail to use his position in a way directly profitable to himself, and to procure forced labour at a rate beneath its market value. In fact, with laws such as those at Elberfeld it would be possible, by a simple combination of the employers and a rigid enforcement of the laws against "idleness," to reduce wages to a minimum and to place the labouring class absolutely at their masters' mercy.

That the introduction of the Elberfeld scheme in its present form into England is impossible does not, however, diminish its suggestive value. It is noteworthy that the personal supervision which forms its chief feature is rendered possible by a general conviction that the reduction of pauperism is the common business of all, and that it is not a task which can be deputed to paid officials. Nor is it the least valuable feature of the plan, as it is reported, that this sense is brought home to the working classes themselves by including artisans among the district supervisors. One cannot help wishing that some mode of representation could be devised, by which delegates of the working classes should themselves sit among the guardians of the poor. Nothing would bring home more forcibly to the very masses from whom pauperism springs its real nature and the necessity of mastering it. At present, abuse the tradesmen-guardians as we may, theirs is the one class which fairly takes its part in this great work of coping with national distress. But, as we have said, the essence of the whole scheme lies in the plan of personal supervision. It is impossible to doubt the power of this when we find it reducing the number of the pauper class by two-thirds, a reduction which is yet more remarkable as a moral gain to the community than it is as an economical one. The impossibility of introducing such compulsory supervision as that at Elberfeld we have already acknowledged, but it does not follow that superintendence need lose all its power by losing its compulsory character. Here, in fact, we think, lies the true field of private benevolence. The man who would devote himself to the moral and social elevation of half-a-dozen pauper families would be cutting off the very spring of pauperism. What has yet been done by the clergy, or by the voluntary agencies associated with them, has been done on too wide and diffusive a scale to prove anything better than mere almsgiving. What is wanted is the spirit of self-sacrifice which would induce a man to concentrate all his energies on some four disagreeable homes, and to work at them, if need be, for years. It is not a question of giving money; benevolence in this sense destroys the very relation which a true friend to the poor would wish to create. The sense of a friendly interest taken in them, the offer of a healthy sympathy, the knowledge where to go for counsel and advice, the certainty that there is someone to look to for help when help may fairly and rightly be given, these are moral elements whose power it would be impossible to exaggerate in the redemption of the poor. A word will often ensure the child's regularity at school, the cleanliness of the house, respectable dress and demeanour. A very little time and thought will often find new spheres of work for the unemployed, get the girl out into decent service, or find the boy a remunerative place. No one who has not worked personally among the poor knows how wanting they are in shiftiness and inventiveness, how thriftless in prosperity, how apathetic when the bad time comes. But it often needs only a suggestion to induce them to "lay by," or to rouse them to new efforts to obtain employment. That, as a class, they are wonderfully grateful for any sympathy, and inclined to repose only too great a confidence in any whom they believe to be their friends, the experience of every clergyman and district visitor could tell. The lesson is a very simple and homely one, but it is the lesson of the Elberfeld experiment, and it is none the worse for being an answer to our wandering and disappointed philanthropist. We would simply advise any reader who is gently tormented with his desire to do some good to the poor, to take the first four families on the relieving officer's list, and to see what a year's personal friendship, counsel, and aid can do towards putting them into a position to help themselves.

THE SITE OF THE LAW COURTS.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN has exhausted all that can be said in favour of the Thames Embankment as the site for the New Law Courts. His grand argument—the alleged superiority of the Embankment for architectural effect—we have already considered, and, notwithstanding a certain plausibility in the project, we were driven to the conclusion that, from a purely architectural point of view, the site originally selected was the more promising. But Sir Charles Trevelyan does not rest his case upon architectural effect alone. He maintains that the substitution of the Embankment site would render the Courts more convenient to the lawyers and others who frequent them, and seems to believe that it would not increase, and might perhaps diminish, the cost of the undertaking. Even in the construction of sumptuous public buildings economy is not altogether to be disregarded; but we cannot think the money question as of more than secondary importance. That we should have a building suitable for its purpose, and an ornament to our city, is far more essential than that a scarcely appreciable reduction should be effected in the cost of its construction; even supposing that this would be the result of changing the site, which we see very little reason to anticipate. It is quite unnecessary, however, to discuss Sir C. Trevelyan's finance till we have ascertained whether his plan would afford the facilities for the conduct of forensic business which the concentration of the Law Courts was intended to provide. Let us then examine the comparative advantages of the two sites from the point of view of practical convenience. Upon this subject Sir C. Trevelyan insists that the Embankment site is preferable. 1. Because it is on a dead level, while the north side of the Carey Street site is 40 feet higher than the Strand side. 2. Because the Embankment site will furnish a larger area available for building. 3. Because the Embankment site will be flanked by two arterial thoroughfares, while the Carey Street site has at present but one frontage to such a street. 4. Because it will be practicable, by some rather bold manipulation of public and private property, to bring the chambers of practising lawyers at least as near to the Embankment site as they now are to the Carey Street site.

There are some other minor points touched upon, but the substance of what is urged in favour of the Embankment, so far as convenience is concerned, is based upon these four allegations. Very brief consideration will, we think, suffice to show what the argument amounts to. The difference of level of Carey Street and the Strand is no doubt a fact to be dealt with, but it is one that points to a conclusion exactly the opposite of that which Sir Charles Trevelyan derives from it. The effect of the difference of level is almost equivalent to doubling the area of the ground floor of the building, for that which is a first floor to those who enter from the Strand will be on the ground level if approached from Carey Street. If, therefore, the whole area actually covered by the building were 7 acres, there would be 14 acres to which access might be had from the street, without mounting a single step. So obvious an advantage was not lost sight of by the architects who sent in competitive designs, and one at least of them availed himself of it to the utmost by laying down a carriage drive for the Judges, from Carey Street within the building up to the very doors of their respective Courts. This of course would have been vastly more difficult, if not altogether impracticable, had the building been designed to stand on a dead level. For convenience of access, therefore, the inequality of the ground is a positive advantage, and this part of Sir Charles Trevelyan's argument recoils upon himself.

The limited area of the site at present purchased is a much more serious matter. It is not large enough for the sort of pile which has been proposed. Almost all the architects, however, fell into the error—the error, that is, from the point of view of convenience merely—of planning the Courts on too large a scale. Nothing impedes business more than an over-spacious Court. To place judges and counsel in a large echoing room, so far apart as to compel them to raise their voices above their natural and easy pitch, is a real and a needless hardship to both; for if spectators are accommodated, as they should be, in a separate gallery, a very moderate area suffices for all the lawyers and others who attend as a matter of business at any one time in one Court. Space might also be economized by curtailing the area of consultation rooms and other adjuncts; but still, when all was done, the actual site in possession of the Government (about 7½ acres) is confessedly too small to allow of adequate light and ventilation. But it has already been proposed by the Commissioners to take 6 acres more, and we observe that Sir C. Trevelyan, when he is dealing with the cost, always very properly debits the Carey Street site with the estimated cost of the whole 13½ acres, which no doubt will ultimately be taken. This being so, the comparison lies between 13½ acres on the selected site and the area of the embankment between Somerset House and the Temple, which Sir Charles Trevelyan gives as 9½ acres. As convenient access to the Metropolitan Railway is reckoned among the advantages of the site, it ought not to be forgotten that an important slice out of this 9½ acres is not unlikely to be required for a station; but even without allowing for this deduction, the available area on the Embankment is considerably less than that which it is proposed to acquire at Carey Street. As a set off against this, it must be admitted that the Embankment site may, without sacrificing light and air, be more completely covered than would be desirable on the original site; but 4½ acres is far more than margin enough to allow on this score, and the net result is, that the available area on the Carey Street site is considerably in excess of what could be procured on the Embankment. The argument from area, therefore, like the argument from levels, is an argument against, and not for, the Embankment site.

But is Sir Charles Trevelyan any more happy in his next point? To place the Courts between two great thoroughfares, such as the Strand and the Embankment-road, is about the last thing which the lawyers would wish for. The actual road traffic attracted by the Courts, even when concentrated, would be trifling compared with the through traffic that would be always sweeping by them with its accompaniments of dust and noise. Lincoln's Inn Fields and Chancery Lane are now the two approaches to all the Equity Courts and Offices. Of these, Lincoln's Inn Fields preserves an almost rural quietude, and Chancery Lane, narrow as it is, would seldom be overcrowded if it were not made the principal channel for vans and omnibuses desiring to pass between Holborn and the Strand. Perhaps the merely legal traffic in this district is not above a fourth of what would accumulate round the new Courts; but if it were multiplied by ten, it would be a mere drop in the ordinary flow of Holborn or the Strand. There are other reasons, no doubt, why such a building as is proposed to be constructed should have approaches not unworthy of it; but if the convenience of lawyers alone were consulted, the Courts would be removed somewhat from all leading thoroughfares, and approached by streets of moderate width, provided with ample space for pedestrians. Carey Street and Chancery Lane are no doubt at present too narrow; but even as they are, it would be long before the traffic of the Courts alone would obstruct them.

We come now to the last and most important question. Which site will be most accessible from the chambers of counsel and solicitors? It is not denied that while Lincoln's Inn remains where it is, the answer to this question must be conclusive against the proposed change of site. The alteration would not much affect the Templars, though, on account of the elongated shape of the ground, the centre of the Embankment site would perhaps be rather more distant than that of the present site from the centre of the two Temples. Lincoln's Inn, however, would be four or five times as far from the Courts, besides being cut off by the barrier of the Strand; and we believe that the great mass of the lawyers who are settled in and about Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn (forming two-thirds of the whole profession) would rather go on without new Courts at all than have them placed on the site which Sir Charles Trevelyan has proposed. This really fatal difficulty is met by two alternative proposals, which can scarcely have been seriously put forward. One is that Lincoln's Inn should sell off its present property, and buy the land, or part of the land, which has just been acquired, by the Commissioners for 750,000*l.* On this it is suggested that they might erect lofty suites of chambers (as if third, fourth, and fifth floors were of any use to practising lawyers) to which it is assumed that practitioners would instantly migrate, and so bring themselves more within reach of the Courts. Even then they would be cut off by the living stream of the Strand ceaselessly flowing between them and their business; but it is needless to consider the consequences of an arrangement which has the objection of being impracticable.

The other scheme is certainly not more likely to be realized, and indeed is so ingeniously complicated, that even its author produced it in the first instance with a sort of apology. The main features are these. The Government offices now accommodated in Somerset House are to have new quarters built for them in the region of St. James' Park. The Society of Lincoln's Inn is to remove to Somerset House, leaving the Hall, Chapel, Library, and Chambers at the disposal of King's College. The Incorporated Law Society is to take part of the land cleared between Carey Street and the Strand, and Clement's Inn is to revive its corporate existence for the sole purpose of appropriating the rest. Where the money is to come from for a plan which in fact would use up both the rival sites, and require in addition a new block of offices in St. James's Park, need scarcely be asked; for the other obstacles are so insuperable, that a question of a few millions sterling becomes trifling in comparison. And when it was all done, the Courts would on the whole be less accessible to those professionally engaged than if they were built on the Carey Street site, without any disturbance of existing arrangements. The more completely the Courts and offices are surrounded by professional chambers the more convenient will they be. A river on the south side of the building would cut off about one-third of the space otherwise available for chambers. On the north, the noisy Strand would be almost as serious an impediment; and the Temples at one end and Somerset House at the other would be the only legal quarters from which the Courts could be approached. Under these circumstances, one can scarcely regret that the notion of Lincoln's Inn bartering Old and New Square—with Stone Buildings, Hall and Library thrown in—against Somerset House and King's College, is too wild to be seriously entertained.

THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

A FAR less sensitive and "earnest" statesman than Mr. Gladstone might well feel appalled at the task lying before the Ministry in the coming Session of Parliament. Ireland has indeed for many a long day been the standing terror of politicians, and not without some reason. There was no subject—not even Church Rates or Parliamentary Reform—which it was so impossible to touch without rousing a storm of angry opposition from all sides at once. The moment it was mooted, a cry of "injustice" was certain to resound glibly and fiercely from

everybody's lips; the one point which all seemed agreed upon being that justice to your neighbours was necessarily injustice to yourself. Mr. Gladstone must have been well aware —or, if he was not, he cannot have been long in discovering—that to announce the policy of disestablishment of the Irish Church was to open the bags of Æolus, and send all the winds of heaven careering about him at their own not very sweet will. At all events, since some Tory genius, whose name we forget, described him during the election in language which "froze his blood," he must have learnt that the path of justice in which he had elected to walk would not be strewn with roses. But he probably expected, as he no doubt had a right to expect, the hearty confidence and support of those in whose interests he was incurring such bitter obloquy. At least it would have been reasonable to expect it if he had not been dealing with Irishmen. But what Herodotus said of the ancient Egyptians is true, in a somewhat different sense, of the modern Irish, that they do everything by contraries. Let us not be misunderstood. We have no doubt whatever that there is a large class—including all really wise and patriotic Irish citizens, men of whom the new Lord Chancellor O'Hagan may be taken as a representative—who are sincerely anxious to do all in their power to strengthen Mr. Gladstone's hands in his difficult task, and who have the sense and the candour to make full allowance for its difficulties. Nor would we by any means imply that none of the Roman Catholic prelates are to be reckoned among them. In the account of the lengthy epistles from several of these dignitaries read at the recent meeting of the National Defence Association in Dublin, one name will occur to everybody as being conspicuous by its absence. Dr. Moriarty, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, is *facile princeps* among his mitred brethren though a man in every way his inferior is their titular head He has often before now come forward to speak words of peace and moderation, and has even professed himself not at all averse to accepting endowments in the shape of glebes and sustentation funds for the fabrics of churches, though not salaries for the clergy. He is not, however, among the five bishops whose letters were read or quoted at the meeting the other day, and, to judge from the extracts before us, he probably felt that he would not have been in congenial company.

Before, however, we proceed to examine in detail these episcopal manifestoes, it is only due to the writers to observe that, however great may be their unwisdom, they have nothing to learn from the example of their Protestant rivals. It appears that about the same time that the National Association met in Dublin, the Central Protestant Defence Association was holding a meeting at Cork, and was addressed by the Bishop of Cork and Lord Bandon. The Bishop, with an exquisite mixture of good feeling, good sense, and good taste, denounced all who would not fight tooth and nail for the Establishment as pure and simple cowards who were "showing the white feather" before the battle was well begun, and he "wished those people would hold their tongues and not bother them with their wisdom." After scolding to his heart's content in the style of a fussy and incompetent nurserymaid, his lordship handed over the cudgels to the Earl of Bandon, who, if somewhat more dignified, was—not to put too fine a point upon it—a good deal more idiotic than his spiritual compeer. He delivered what is called "a lecture," for the purpose of "dispelling false notions about the meaning of the terms disendowment and disestablishment"; in other words, for the purpose of insisting that they had a sense quite different from anything that could be found in the dictionary. Disendowment, according to his lordship, "meant that the Protestants were to be robbed of their property"; disestablishment meant "that the supremacy of the Sovereign was to be overthrown, and Papal supremacy established in Ireland." To argue with persons who present the question in this form would be as idle as to argue with a denizen of Colney Hatch or a writer in the *Record*. But when Protestant bishops and peers talk the sort of nonsense we have just quoted, it is hardly to be wondered at that Cardinal Cullen and Alderman M'Swiney should pay them back in their own coin. We can only fancy a genuine lover of Ireland rising from the perusal of the strange and strangely-timed letters of the Roman Catholic prelates with a feeling of agonized bewilderment. What intelligible motive can have inspired them, unless it be the desire to secure a little temporary popularity in just the quarters where it is least worth having, it would probably puzzle the writers themselves to explain. No doubt it is important to Mr. Gladstone to have the fullest moral support which the clearly expressed sentiment of the Irish nation can give him in his crusade against the Established Church. But it is at least equally important to his success to have his hands left free to achieve a difficult work in the readiest and most practicable way he can devise. And if the Roman Catholic prelates wished to fetter his action and tie his tongue, they could hardly have hit on a more effective means of doing so than by inditing the reamsful of frothy rodomontade specimens of which have appeared in all the daily papers. To do Dr. Cullen justice—and we are the more willing to make the acknowledgment as reticence is certainly not his besetting weakness—he was more reserved, more dignified, and more reasonable than his right reverend brethren, so far as the extracts from his letter enable us to judge. He expressed his belief that "the question of the Established Church gives promise of being settled in a manner comformable to the desires of the Irish people," and his "confident hope that from the wisdom and justice of such men as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright" a satisfactory solution of the Land question would be obtained. We cannot quarrel with him adding that "the country would not be content without a denominational system of education"; for to that principle, whether wise or not, the Catholic hierarchy have long been pledged, and probably a considerable body of national sentiment is with them.

But, when we pass from the Cardinal to his brother prelates we find ourselves on a kind of inclined plane, sinking gradually, as we pass from one to another, to a lower and lower level of moderation and common sense. Archbishop Leahy contents himself with the enigmatic and perfectly pointless demand of "justice for the tenant without injustice to the landlord." Bishop Keane, of Cloyne, begins indeed by recognising the "manly and frank promises of perfect equality for all classes spoken in words of clear and thrilling eloquence" by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. But he immediately proceeds to hint his distrust of their sincerity by observing that "they must give something more than promises," and advising that Irish members should make their support of Mr. Gladstone dependent on certain conditions. And, not content with this, he goes on to intimate, in language studiously offensive and inflammatory, what will be the "terrific and inevitable" consequence if these conditions are not complied with. "Disappointment and exasperation," he suggestively remarks, would then "be the only counsellors" of the Irish people. And when England is engaged in a Continental or American war—"not an improbable contingency"—they "would cheerfully seize on the long-wished-for opportunity, and in their onward movement of vengeance *they would respect neither the advice, nor the ministry, nor the lives of those who stood in their way.*" Whether the "ministry" referred to is that of the Roman Catholic or the Protestant clergy is not quite obvious; but if, as seems probable, the latter is intended, there is a more than Hibernian infelicity in the suggestion. In the first place, it is neither politic nor persuasive to assure a highly respectable body of men who, on just grounds of public interest but for no fault of their own, are called upon to undergo what to them must be a severe humiliation, that if they make any resistance, they will have their throats cut instead. There is a pretty general agreement that the Irish Church ought to be disestablished, because it was a mistake from the beginning, but no one has breathed a syllable against the character or conduct of the present generation of Irish clergy; and all sensible men must desire that the necessary change should be made as little painful to them personally as is consistent with the ends of national justice. More than that, there is no class of the community whose lives should be more secure from the dagger of the peasant assassin than the Irish Protestant clergy. Whatever may be their shortcomings in their spiritual capacity, it is admitted on all hands that they have been good friends to the poor; and, as a matter of fact, it is not they who have been the victims of agrarian murder. Bishop Keane's mild exhortation to them to "stand and deliver" at the dagger's point is as gratuitous as it is foolish and indecorous. Dr. O'Hea, Bishop of Ross, who appears to have been the most prolix as well as the most fervid of the episcopal letter-writers, makes "the disestablishment and total disendowment of the Church as by law established" the keynote of his strain. He professes his willingness that vested interests should be respected, but he is very suspicious as to "the manner" of respecting them, and very determined that not one shilling of her present endowments shall remain in perpetuity to the disestablished Church. "The principle of justice which has so long been left in abeyance" would be "compromised" by any such "half-measures." Considering that no small portion of the endowments dates from post-Reformation times, and has a purely Protestant origin, this reasoning does not come home to one as self-evident.

But after Alderman M'Swiney had read the letters of these various prelates from the chair, Mr. O'Neill Dermott went on to cap them by an argument of his own which certainly deserves to be put on record. The chairman had asserted that "complete disestablishment, thorough disendowment, and perfect religious equality" would alone satisfy the people, and that they would view anything short of it as "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," and had expressly condemned "the policy of substantial re-endowment, which some persons attributed to Mr. Gladstone." And then Mr. O'Neill Dermot got on his legs to prove why it would be unjust to leave the Protestant endowments in the hands of the Protestant Church. His first argument was an appeal to that kind of justice which is sometimes called poetical, and which is therefore hardly amenable to the frigid and unfeeling laws of prosaic criticism. We quote it simply as a noble outburst of poetic genius. "It was only a just retribution that the anti-national Establishment, whose perpetuity was promised as part of the price for which Ireland was basely and wickedly sold, should at last be itself overthrown by the very power on which the renegades of 1800 relied as its pillar of strength." After this, any further argument might seem superfluous; but Mr. O'Neill Dermott subjoined another which appears to us to lose in poetry more than it gains in logical force. "In England the Catholic Church had been the State Church for nearly a thousand years, and yet the English Government, when it suited them, did not hesitate to get rid of it." As a defence of what was done in Ireland at the period of the Reformation, this argument might have some show of plausibility; but what conceivable analogy there is between the ritual and doctrinal changes introduced at that period into the English Church, which did not lead to the disendowment or disestablishment of any Church at all, and only of very few individual priests and bishops, Mr. O'Neill Dermott must be left to

But his third argument is evidently the one on which he fly relies, and we may safely say that it is the most remarkable f the three. It has been said, he observes, that by far the larger proportion of the glebe lands now possessed by the Protestant Church was never possessed by the Roman Catholic Church, bu was given by Protestants for Protestant purposes; and he tacitly admits that this is true of five-sixths of the glebe lands now held by the clergy of the Establishment. To ordinary minds the conclusion would seem to be irresistible that they have a fair righ to keep them. Not so, says the speaker, for "the Governmen seized at the Reformation the rectorial tithes of not less than 562 parishes, together with 1,480 glebes, and handed them over to laymen, while, in addition, 118 parishes became wholly impropriate." With what face, *then*—the force of the *ergo* is scarcely obvious—"can they (the Protestant clergy, we presume, are meant) claim any title to the glebes created since the Reformation? In point of clear equity such glebes *can only be considered as substitutes for the old Catholic glebes.*" Here, again, the reasoning would be plausible if it were urged for a different purpose. The Government robbed Peter, and allowed its friends to pay Paul; therefore it is "clear equity" that it ought now to take Paul's money, and give it to Peter, in compensation for what it robbed him of. There might be a sort of rough justice in such a procedure, but that is not at all what Mr. O'Neill Dermott means. He and his friends assure us they will touch none of the money which, as Dr. Manning absurdly enough expressed it, has been "desecrated" by its application to Protestant purposes; the "clear equity" of the arrangement proposed is not that of robbing Paul to reimburse Peter, but of robbing Paul in order that Peter, who was himself robbed some time ago, may have the satisfaction of seeing somebody else subjected to the same process now.

There is one other remark made by the same speaker, and substantially involved in the reasoning of all the prelates whose letters were read at the meeting of the National Association, which has a wider bearing than most of them may have cared to remember. "All Church property," he said, "is, or should be, a trust fund held for the benefit of the people." If this is sound doctrine in Ireland —and we are by no means anxious to dispute it—why is it unsound doctrine in Italy or Spain? We are not now discussing whether Church property in those countries is, or was, usefully applied for the people's good. Of course, if the affirmation can be successfully maintained, there can be no excuse for meddling with it. But the Papal *Non possumus* of which we have heard so much of late years—and not least from those who are eloquent on the abominations of Church property in Ireland—has been based, if we are not greatly mistaken, not on an affirmative answer to this question, but on a previous objection to its being raised at all. We have no wish whatever to suggest that justice and "perfect religious equality" should be refused to Ireland till the temporal claims of the Papacy have been reconciled with the just demands of Italy, and the principles of religious equality with the doctrines of the last Encyclical. Such reasoning would be as foolish as Mr. O'Neill Dermott's. But it is worth while to remind the prelates who are so eloquent in their denunciations of religious ascendency and their demands for "perfect equality" civil and religious, that they are sanctioning a *lex iniqua*, or what would appear to them to be such, against themselves, which those who for the nonce are content to follow their leading are not likely hereafter to forget.

THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS.

THE volume of Agricultural Returns for Great Britain for the year 1868, recently published, is the second complete and uniform annual issue, and may be taken to exhibit the condition of agriculture in that year. We have had in previous years to find fault with the late period at which these returns were given to the public; and Mr. Fonblanque, of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, in submitting these returns to the Board, admits the justice of this complaint, and informs my Lords that the neglect is not with his department, but with the occupiers of land. "As the forms are issued stamped for free transmission by post, a ready means for the early return of the forms is afforded by the Post Office. In many cases, when the forms are not so returned, considerable delay is occasioned by the officers having to make personal application at houses situated at some distance from their own residences." In spite of these difficulties a summary of the returns was sent to the London papers upon the 19th of September. This being the case it is but fair to acknowledge the difficulties of the department, and to throw the blame where it should lie—that is, upon the farmers. Every month lately has seen the development of the farmers' movement—a movement which has for its object the recognition, by the Government and by the public, of the farmers' grievances and the farmers' wants, and the farmers' demands to be cared for as those engaged in trade and commerce are cared for by the Government. And we do not say that their agitation is unreasonable. Take it only on the point of the amount of capital employed. There are in the United Kingdom about 45½ millions of acres under cultivation or bearing stock. Assume, and we believe the estimate to be under the mark, that there is a capital of 4*l.* per acre employed; this would give in round numbers a total capital of 185 millions sterling employed in the business of farming; and on the ground only of the importance of the amount of capital employed farmers may fairly claim to have their voices heard and their interests regarded. But how can they expect the public to their cause when it is perceived that they are slack and ...nt in a small matter which affects the interest of the ...ole trading community, such as that of making a simple return once a year? They ought to know by this time that the knowledge disclosed by these returns is as valuable to them as it is to commercial men; and as we now hear no more of that stupid narrowmindedness which prompted the refusal of all information, so let us hope that Mr. Fonblanque may no more have to complain of the carelessness or indifference which compels him to wait to a much later period than is needed for the publication of these valuable statistics. Let the Chambers of Agriculture, and the societies devoted to agriculture, put what pressure they can upon their members and friends during the ensuing spring to make their returns on the day on which they are asked for.

It is to be observed that the book is entitled *Agricultural Returns for Great Britain, with Abstract Returns for the United Kingdom, British Possessions, and Foreign Countries*, 1868, and on examination of the contents we find that "the detailed Returns for Ireland will be found in the annual Report prepared by the Registrar-General for Ireland, and laid before Parliament." The totals, however, under each heading for Ireland are given. Now we cannot but think that under a "Justice to Ireland" Ministry, if it survive until the next publication of this annual, there ought to be found under one cover all the detailed information of each division and county of Ireland, in the same form as we now have it for each division and county of Great Britain. And then, with the addition of a column for horses, which strangely are still omitted, we think the Agricultural Returns for the United Kingdom will leave very little to be desired, except an account of the actual crops per acre which have been gathered in preceding years, so that we may in time ascertain what are the average crops of this country—an account which, let it be marked, is given by all foreign countries. The demand that the Irish accounts should stand side by side with those for Great Britain is not so small a matter as may at first sight appear, for the Irish question must in the end resolve itself into the Land question, and we therefore cannot be too well informed upon all points and details of Irish agriculture, and in no way shall we have them so accessible for contrast as if they stood side by side with the Returns for Great Britain. We should then have brought out prominently, what is the fact, that Ireland is the worst-farmed country in North-Western Europe. It is not too much to say that there are no "systems" of agriculture in Ireland, such as exist in Great Britain, France, Holland, or the various German provinces; and in Ireland, of all countries, ought to be found the best system. For if Ireland be not distinguished by good agriculture, in what else can she look for distinction? The nature of her climate may be a difficulty in the way of her becoming a great corn-producing country, but the fertility of her soil, and the advantage of her position as the nearest neighbour of a country with the enormous wants which make England the best market in the world, should be inducement enough for her farmers to force the production of all animal food. Yet we find from these returns, that while in Great Britain there has been an increase of the number of both cattle and sheep borne on each 100 acres in 1868 over 1867, in Ireland there has been a decrease of each. We have only to turn to the detailed tables to trace to what division or county of England the increase is due, while, if we wish to seek for the details of the decrease in Ireland, it is necessary to turn to other tables not so popular nor so generally accessible. Altogether apart, however, from the teaching of these returns we cannot forbear from expressing our belief that bad farming is more the cause than the result of Ireland's misfortunes. Compare Ireland with Holland. Remark the advantages of the one country and the disadvantages of the other. Yet Holland flourishes. With examples near at hand, the Irish farmers make no progress; and the general run of the specifics proposed seems little likely to improve their practice. The tendency of many of them is in the wrong direction. Take Mr. Bright's plan for the subdivision of land; the effect of subdivision would be to throw the tillage of the soil into the hands of those who could (or should) cultivate it by their own manual labour—men without capital to make improvements, men without knowledge of what improvements ought to be made. Instead of division, the wisest movement would be in the direction of agglomeration, with farms of such dimensions as could afford to employ the appliances and the implements of modern husbandry. The Irish "system" is the rule of thumb, and hence it is that, in spite of cheap labour, a good climate, and a fertile soil, Ireland cannot sustain competition with countries where good scientific systems are practised; and we find, as now reported, her live stock, her chief stock in trade, decreasing instead of increasing, as it has done in Great Britain. And it is a very striking fact that, while in the whole of Great Britain there are 530,392 occupiers of land and owners of live stock, there are in Ireland alone 600,000 under the same heading. In England, Lancashire is the county where, on the average, the least extent of land is farmed by each occupier, and no one would point out Lancashire as a shining light in the matter of agriculture. It grows the least corn, in proportion to its area, of any English county; but as it has, taking the three divisions of Yorkshire as counties, the largest population of any, it does the best thing it could do for its people by keeping by far the largest number of milking cows of any English county. But it supports comparatively few cattle intended for consumption in the shape of beef; and, except Middlesex, it has the least number of sheep to each 100 acres of cultivated and grass land of any English county. But Ireland, having about the

per of acreage under corn crops, has a less number of cattle and a less number of sheep per 100 acres than Lancashire. Now Ireland ought to be able to grow beef as well as it is able to breed cattle, and unless there is something in the climate which makes the sheep as good fencers and steeple-chasers as the horses (and we are bound to admit that the performances of the former are as much maledicted as those of the latter are praised on this side of the Channel), her pastures should give us as good mutton as that which we have to fetch from our eastern neighbours on the Continent. And, to try to learn why she does not do all this, we want to have the Irish statistics in the same volume with those for Great Britain.

There is constructed from these tables a somewhat curious corroboration of Mr. Caird's division of England into "two groups of acknowledged importance and interest—the grazing and the corn-growing counties." Following his plan, but working on the basis of the actual proportions of the corn crops to the total acreage as disclosed by the returns, the counties of England have been divided into two classes; "and it will be observed that in the grazing counties the proportion of corn crops is as low as 10 per cent. and not higher than 33 per cent., but in the corn-growing counties the proportion of corn crops ranges between 33 and 55 per cent." (we quote from Mr. Fonblanque). And the remarkable thing is, that, excluding the four northern counties, and the North and West Riding of York, which are grazing districts, without exception the whole of the corn-growing counties lie to the eastward, and the whole of the grazing counties to the westward, of a line of division running north and south pretty nearly through the centre of England. The term grazing must be understood to apply to cattle, for the sheep are to be found on each side of the line in nearly equal numbers and in nearly the same proportion. We think very few would have selected Cornwall as the county having the greatest proportionate number of cattle to every 100 acres of cultivated land. It is a confirmation of Mr. Caird's principle of the westward counties being the proper grazing lands: for, as Cornwall is the westernmost county, so it has the largest herds. With sheep, however, the case is different; they are not wanted merely as converters of vegetable matter into flesh; they do this, but at the same time they have equal value as manure distributors; and thus it is not surprising to find that in Lincolnshire, that well-farmed county, there is the greatest absolute number, while in Kent, the very garden of England, there is the greatest number of sheep per 100 acres of cultivated land, except in Westmoreland, whose fragrant mountain pastures, alternating with its rich valleys, carry a fraction more than even Kent. Scotland cannot be taken into comparison, because there both sheep and cattle live on the mountains and moors, which are not reckoned in the acreage of the returns. For instance, while in Kent there are but 156·1 sheep per 100 acres of cultivated land, there are in Sutherland 957·4 sheep for the same quantity. However, in Sutherland, out of 1,207,188 acres, there are but 23,148 cultivated; while in Kent, out of 1,039,419 acres, there are 719,491 under cultivation. Notwithstanding the comparatively small acreage of the United Kingdom, there is a greater number of sheep in it than in any other European country of which returns are presented, except Russia, and even the United States do not come up to our figure. Other nations, however, possess more cattle and pigs than we can boast of.

The pig was not a favourite animal last year; "it is a kind of stock discouraged by the high prices of food, and there is a decrease in the number in 1868 compared with 1867 of 1,032,000 for the United Kingdom." It appears to be a very unpopular animal in Scotland, as there are only 139,000 in that kingdom against about two millions in England. Pigs are pretty evenly distributed in England, Suffolk having the most in proportion to its area, and the greatest number of any county; but Northumberland, Durham, and Westmoreland have very few; and Cumberland and Yorkshire, notwithstanding their reputation for hams, only just outstrip their neighbours. The number of pigs in Australia and all our Southern colonies is small, and appears by comparison with that of their sheep and oxen, even smaller than it really is. One reason is evidently that the warm climate throws great difficulty in the way of their conversion into bacon. The "hog" trade of the world is rightly settled in those regions of the United States where the summers are warm enough to grow maize to feed the pig, and the winters cold enough to cure him.

The high price of wheat, as a matter of course, induced our farmers to plant it largely; the total increase of acreage under that crop in the United Kingdom being 310,000 acres. This has been done at the expense of barley and green crops. Potatoes and oats have been more extensively grown than in 1867. It rather surprised us to observe that hops are to be found returned as a crop in twenty-nine English counties, and in four Welsh counties, and that even so far north as Aberdeen four acres were grown in 1867. Flax is distinguished for the first time in the returns of 1868. There are but 17,543 acres under this crop in Great Britain against 206,446 in Ireland. Yorkshire grows a third of the crop on this side of the Channel, and Scotland less than a tenth.

The tables which are added to the volume, containing a summary of the condition and results of agriculture in other countries and in our colonies, are most valuable. The only fear is that they may have the effect of bolstering up our national vanity; for, as a mere matter of figures, the general result seems to be that England, notwithstanding its well-abused climate, is, in proportion to its acreage, the most productive country in the world.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

"THE Institute of Painters in Water-Colours" opens its "third" Exhibition of pretended "sketches and studies." The Gallery presents a not unpleasing medley of drawings highly elaborate and pencillings excessively slight, of compositions pseudo-poetic and jottings fragmentary as notes in a student's sketch-book. It will readily be understood that the collection wants winnowing. If the tares could be gathered together for a general burning, the arts would indeed benefit. Such a consummation, however, can scarcely be brought about even in a metaphorical sense. Indeed, the fate of the Institute differs but little from that of the Academy and other Societies ruled by vested interests; all such bodies are of the nature of pocket boroughs. The prescriptive right of members to exhibit works, however inane, has become the bane of London Exhibitions. In tenderness names are usually withheld, and the critic naturally turns, as in the Gallery before us, to what is bright in the present and hopeful in the future. The Institute has wisely recruited strength from the ranks of youthful talent; and it is with pleasure that we recognise faithful students of nature among the recently-elected Associates and Members.

"The Triumph of Justice," by the late E. H. Wehnert, is curious as the last vestige of an extinct art, not to say of an extinct species of man. The figures swell and distort themselves as so many pre-Adamite river gods; the muscles seem to have been studied from Michael Angelo rather than from nature; the attitudes are far too heroic for the observance of good manners or minor proprieties, and the nether extremities, almost as a matter of course in spurious high art, become ostentatious of sans-culottism. As for poor harmless "Justice," she sits aloft as a school-girl rehearsing meekly her part in private theatricals. This "Study for a Cartoon at Westminster Hall" shows what was the sort of art fostered twenty years ago by a Royal Commission intent upon importing grand historic styles into England. "The Triumph of Justice" evidently lay beyond Mr. Wehnert's reach; a vigorously truthful study of an old woman, here also exhibited, indicates that the artist ought never to have forsaken actual nature for ideal creations. A like mistake has prejudiced the career of Mr. Edward Henry Corbould. Wehnert and Corbould entered into the Westminster competitions with ambition, and, after the lapse of more than twenty years, drawings here produced prove that ambition has been the bane of these artists. Mr. Corbould is proverbially clever but artificial, brilliant but meretricious; that he is happy in thought and ready in composition may be seen by "The Ladies of the Court of Rufus on their way to Castle Malwood"—an offhand sketch which to our mind has more worth than a cartload of overwrought drawings produced wholesale. Mr. Corbould's manipulation certainly is a marvel. Take, for instance, the armour in that astounding catastrophe the "Fall of James III. of Scotland"; how sharp is the touch, how keen the edge of the steel, how cold and bright the light which glances from the burnished surface! That this light cannot be accounted for, the painter does not care; a pictorial effect so dazzling was not to be lost simply because it might be contrary to actual fact. Assuredly the artist's productions have a stroke of genius beyond the reach of nature; they are too clever by half to be wholly true. An amusing illustration of the method whereby such dashing painters concoct compositions is found in the "ink sketch" of a certain "Marriage Ceremony" with choral service which provoked some talk at the time. We find in the list of marriages the following:—"At Westminster Abbey, by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Dean of Westminster, H. Weigall, Esq., to Lady Rose Sophia Mary Fane, only daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Westmoreland." To this historic scene—worthy no doubt of a permanent place in art, not to say in the annals of the Abbey itself—Mr. Corbould has given appropriate *éclat*. Even the accessories have been set off with becoming pomp. The picture includes the large mosaic of the "Last Supper," together with Mr. Gilbert Scott's elaborate reredos, but unfortunately this stately background did not arrive at the Abbey till more than six months after the illustrious company had departed. The creative artist is naturally independent of the Clerk of the Works; he forthwith finishes the reredos by a wave of his pencil, and the picture thereby gains the distinguished merit of being finer than the scene depicted. Thus do clever artists embellish facts and improve upon history.

The artificial and stilted school shows at the Institute in uncommon force. Guido Bach certainly presents a favourable example of the academic manner in a masterly sketch, the "Monk Preaching to Sclavonians." Knowledge and command are certified by the drawing, grouping, and execution. It may be objected that another sketch doctored to fit the title "Idle Hours" is too obviously after the trick of groups of paid models dressed up and composed gracefully according to the routine of life academies and costume classes. Yet it is hard not to admire the artist's sense of beauty and grace in line. Guido Bach, in fact, stands almost alone in "treatment" and "style" as practised by the Italians and taught by Reynolds. It is astonishing how this kind of thing has of late gone out of fashion; and, be it observed, two solitary disciples of academic creeds—Guido Bach and Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A.—owe less to English than to German traditions. Englishmen, for more reasons than one, cherish antipathy to all that comes from modern Germany. No gallery nowadays preserves so many hazy memories of an obsolete and worn-out ideal as the Institute; tenderness falls into indecision, and sentiment is compassed by a muddling touch. Even landscapes come dressed in pretty attire, and rustic figures have been

walhed and polished for the carpet of the ____ room. Mr. Henry Warren, Mr. Henry Tidey, and Mr. Augustus ___vier have favourably as well as unfavourably become famous for styles indigenous to this Gallery. Mr. Warren has thrown over the shoulders of the "Woman of Samaria" academic drapery of approved symmetric folds; Mr. Tidey has made "Phœbe" pleasantly pretty; and Mr. Bouvier gains in chalk "designs" somewhat of Flaxman's grace of line and beauty of form.

"Studies in Chalk" are a good sign. These Winter Exhibitions unfortunately indicate that such hard honest work is exceptional, whereas schools strong in drawing have always studied form in black and white, and gained power of hand and precision of touch by use of the firm pencil instead of the flimsy brush. Worthy of all encouragement is the willingness which Mr. James Liston has shown to place on public view a couple of preliminary studies for pictures. That for "Giorgone"—a composition which some seasons since fixed the artist's position—is admirable for defined form, firm hand, and intelligent purpose. In a study for "Rejected" the artist has seized, with pointed pencil, upon character, in face, attitude, and costume; he lays hold on the essentials of his subject, and all that is minor he makes subordinate. Wholly different in quality is Mr. Jopling's "Pascuccia"; a drawing thus confident and yet careless, seeking effect yet indifferent to form, can answer no good end, save to indicate what conscientious students should shun. A slashing so-called "Sketch," by Mr. John Absolon, for a picture from the "Barber of Seville," falls under the same condemnation. At best it may be accepted as clever bravura; it would win a wager for most paint laid on in least time.

Genre is happily gaining ground on the pseudo high art of this Gallery. Among the most honest and truthful works in the room are studies from rustic life by Mr. C. Green, Mr. G. G. Kilburne, Mr. Andrew Gow, and Miss Emily Farmer. "A Girl Reading" is a considerable advance for Miss Farmer; though perhaps still the face is a little too smooth and pretty either for actual nature or honest art, yet really this is an exquisite little picture. Also Mr. Gow deserves to be remembered for a capital composition, "In Church"; the materials are well put together, the light and shade and colour have been managed with knowledge and tact. But drawings within the range of the simply naturalistic and domestic are necessarily so much of a muchness that description becomes tedious and criticism monotonous. We may note, however, the appearance of an artist, Mr. Valentine Bromley, who imparts to even so trite a theme as "Harmony" a new reading and complexion. This Music Party leaves much to be desired in workmanship, yet the attempt may be taken as a pleasing pledge of the growing practice whereby common everyday incidents receive elevation by colour, and reach the imagination through warm harmonies reflected from Venice.

The landscapes, like the figure-drawings, in the Institute are forced up for the market. Messrs. Rowbotham, Leitch, and Harry Johnson emulate the brilliance of chromolithographs, and gain the prettiness of tasteful vignettes. We must not, however, thus dismiss an impressive and poetic drawing by Mr. Harry Johnson, "The Skirts of a Pine Wood near Pisa." This composition is put together with method; the idea proves rare intuition for the dramatic element in nature. These shadowy pine trees form as it were a dark funereal procession, marching to meet troops of storm-clouds that hang on the sunset horizon. Far more scenic, and indeed absolutely meretricious, is "Moonlight," by Mr. W. Telbin. This artist knows well how remunerative is the trade in moonlights; often has his heart rejoiced when pit and gallery responded to the poetic appeal of chalk and water. The principle upon which this drawing has been manufactured is trite and well-nigh worn out. A white watery moon struggles to release herself from an inky cloud, and in so doing casts silver light upon sea and shore. Of course a torch is made to burn redly, as a complementary hue to the pallid moon. The picture is a muddy mixture of black and white, blue and red; the sentiment would seem so intense that anything like form or fact is deemed superfluous; in short, there is not a vessel on the shore that would prove sound and safe at sea. It is really too bad when a clever artist thus far presumes on his good name. As a relief let us turn to that painstaking student of nature, Mr. Edmund Warren. "April in the Forest of Dean" may recall a lovely picture of "Spring," by one of the younger Linnells; though somewhat dotty, it is at all events sparkling, and if opaque in paint it is certainly lucent in sunlight. Mr. Warren has adopted a style the very merits of which lie close upon defects. It is evident that infinitude of detail—scarcely less painful than marvellous—involves the artist in all but insuperable difficulties. Thick body colour clogs the brush so that, freedom of execution becoming impossible, the touch hangs fire. Thus, in a study made in the "Avenue at Wootton," the botched leaves do not poise lightly on the stems, nor does the sky, when painted solidly as enamel after the trees, gain atmosphere. Yet we frankly admit that much credit is due to Mr. Warren; his success in the use of stipple for transparent washes has been greater than could have been anticipated, but the difficulties and disabilities involved will deter other artists from adopting a method which fails to yield results commensurate with the labour.

The transit from the Institute to the neighbouring Pall Mall Gallery is easy. In the former are Mr. Charles Vacher's warm washes for Southern sunlight, and Carl Werner's "Coffee-house in Cairo," realistic as a photograph in its texture of stone surface. We pass to the Pall Mall Gallery to enjoy once more Mr. Elijah Walton's feverish yet feeble reveries. On entering we gladly re- that this poetic and ambitious artist has been in the way [illegible]ovement since the days when he covered acres of canvas with white, blue, pink, and lilac, and thus acquired the reputation, at least among the Alpine Club, of being the only man who could paint the Alps. There is here a small drawing of the "Dent du Midi," which has less than usual violence of contrast between white and black, less of blue smoky mists, less of cast-iron rocks, less of wide wastes of unmitigated white, and, instead, more of delicate articulation in mountain, and of light filagree in snow; more of half tones as relief to hardness, and as the means whereby to express far-stretching distance, atmosphere, and the gradations of space. This enterprising artist has taken a happy hint from birds of passage; he migrates with change of season; he spends his summers among the cool Alps, his winters on the warm banks of the Nile or of the Red Sea. In these Scripture lands Mr. Walton paints as the patriarchs lived—in tents. And some praiseworthy results of recent journeyings in the track of the children of Israel may be seen in a series of drawings, true even to timidity, made around the mountain group of Sinai. The artist gains colour, light, detail; but, as usual, he lacks breadth, and consequent power and grandeur. The mountain whence the Law was given amid thunder becomes, under Mr. Walton's hand, a molehill backed by a serene sky.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

EIGHT new performances have already taken place in St. James's Hall, and with a result showing that the Monday Popular Concerts stand higher than ever in public estimation. This is no more than just, when we bear in mind the spirit and intelligence with which they are conducted. Without the *fanfaronnade* and self-glorification to which we have for so many years been accustomed in other quarters, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell succeeds in making the world believe that his entertainments are, of their kind, the best of the best. And such is really the case. Nothing that is meretricious has any part in them. They are not concerts for the egotistical display of "virtuosity"—the most detestable things imaginable—but quite the opposite. The greatest and most genuine executive artists, it is true, evening after evening appear; but these are the very artists who think least of themselves and most of what they have to play—Joachim, Arabella Goddard, Charles Hallé, Piatti, &c., representative artists in a sphere of activity where music, as music, is the primary consideration. All this, however, has been for a long time acknowledged, and the foundation of the Monday Popular Concerts rests on a solid basis. The general wish is that they may continue to prosper as they have hitherto prospered, and to earn success by the same legitimate means. The quartets and sonatas of the great composers, at one period, were confined exclusively to the few; they are now, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Chappell, open to the many; and it is pleasant to think how thoroughly the many are able to comprehend and appreciate them.

The concerts which take place before Christmas are something like what the ante-Easter season used to be in the most brilliant days of Her Majesty's Theatre, when Mr. Lumley was at its head, and the Grisis, Persianis, Rubinis, Lablaches, Marios, and Tamburinis only came with the summer. Mr. Arthur Chappell has, however, at command a library of music fairly inexhaustible, and, the necessary changes in the leader allowed for, a first-rate quartet. More than this, in Signor Piatti, the most accomplished violoncellist within the memory of the actual generation, and probably as admirable a quartet player as ever lived, he has an instrumental "Lablache" to serve him on all occasions. We need scarcely dwell upon the enormous significance of the bass in a quartet. It is, in fact, not less important than the leading violin itself; and now that Signor Piatti is at the violoncello desk both before and after Christmas, the most favourable opportunity is secured to every "first fiddle" who may chance to be engaged. Happily the leaders of quartets in the early part of the present (the eleventh) season were performers of the right stamp. M. Sainton appeared at the first two concerts, Herr Ludwig Straus at the three others—the posts of second violin and viola being assigned, as in former years, to Herr Louis Ries and Mr. Henry Blagrove. The quartets in which M. Sainton took part were the D major of Mendelssohn (No. 1, op. 44), and the two movements—*andante* (in E), and *scherzo* (in A minor)—found among the posthumous papers of that great musician, and (which, we need scarcely say, is mere conjecture) supposed to have been intended by him as component parts of a new work of the kind. Both these being already known at the Monday Popular Concerts, it is enough to add that the impression created by the *scherzo* of the last, than which a more genuine Mendelssohnian *scherzo* could not be cited, was as lively as ever. M. Sainton entered freely into the spirit of it, and the audience insisted upon hearing it again. Herr Straus led two quartets by Haydn (in C and G minor), and Schubert's quartet in G, "op. 161." The more of Haydn the better; his music sounds well, no matter what may precede and follow it; it makes one in love with existence, so strongly does it convey the sense of pure enjoyment which mere physical life afforded the genial old composer. The G minor quartet was heard for the first time in St. James's Hall, and Herr Straus should be thanked for introducing it. With Haydn, nevertheless, he was pretty certain of success; for, in all likelihood, there is not extant a series of works of more generally equal merit than the more important among the eighty-three string quartets of that very prolific master. Herr Straus's

experiment with Schubert, however, was more hazardous. The quartet in G major is very long, very laboured, and very difficult (if not impossible) to understand, or even half understand, at a single hearing. Those familiar with all that is accessible of Schubert's music are aware that this quartet is ranked by his admirers with the much better known one in D minor, and the string quintet in C major * —its only rivals, excepting the great symphony in C, the pianoforte trios, and some pianoforte sonatas, in prodigality of invention and charming indifference to "order." It may be that the G major quartet is not only equal but even superior to its companion in D minor—produced in the same year, 1826. At any rate it was written off in ten days ("*Innerhalb zehn Tagen hat Schubert einer seinen schönsten Compositionen hingezaubert*"—says his German biographer); and many a composer has laboured for ten years without, in the whole course of those ten years, producing a tenth part of the melody, to speak of nothing else, which, in ten days, came to Schubert. We may add that the quartet was finely played by Herr Straus and his associates, and that its early reappearance at the Monday Popular Concerts is but a question of expediency. M. Sainton and Herr Straus, in the course of their respective engagements as leading violin, each brought forward a specimen of the fiddle music of the early part of the last century, M. Sainton selecting a sonata in G, by Porpora (Haydn's first master), and Herr Straus a sonata in D, by Corelli. Both these "*effigies rerum*" (as Vanini might have termed them) enjoyed every advantage that excellent playing could give; but neither, we think, is likely to be asked for again with enthusiasm. In the way of pianoforte playing that erudite and laborious professor, Herr Ernst Pauer, at the first three concerts, gave, in his best manner, performances of sonatas from Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber (all well known), besides joining M. Sainton in Dussek's charming sonata in B flat, happily unearthed by Mr. Chappell, and taking part in sundry concerted works—among the last being Hummel's Septet for pianoforte with string and wind instruments, a well-worn, but never unwelcome, because always imposing show-piece. At the fourth concert the pianist was Mr. John Francis Barnett, who played Beethoven's long and difficult sonata in C major, op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), without book; and at the fifth, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, an extremely clever young artist, celebrated her *début* at the Monday Popular Concerts by a spirited execution of Mendelssohn's early sonata in E, which some of our contemporaries confounded with the sonata in B flat, one of the recent posthumous publications. Miss Zimmermann, who was received with great favour, also played, with Signor Piatti, Beethoven's sonata in A, for pianoforte and violoncello, the third and best of the five written by the composer of *Fidelio* for those instruments in combination. Add to the foregoing two performances of Beethoven's famous Septet for string and wind instruments, one of Mozart's Quintet in A, with Mr. Lazarus as clarinet, with one of Schubert's very remarkable Ottet in F, equally for "string" and "wind," and we have recorded pretty well all that it is necessary to record about Mr. Chappell's ante-Christmas season. The Ottet of Schubert has been from the first a favourite at the Monday Popular Concerts, and would seem almost to have eclipsed the still greater Ottet of Mendelssohn, not to mention the double-quartets of Spohr, once so much in vogue, now apparently ignored at St. James's Hall. But Schubert is just at present the rage, alike in St. James's Hall and the Crystal Palace; and what it behoves us most to be careful of is not to spoil him. He is so amiable, so tender, so winning, so exuberantly tuneful, and at times so irresistibly eloquent, that we are tempted to pass over his shortcomings, and to forget the veneration we owe to the greatest masters, in awarding him a place side by side with them, knowing, at the same time, that his art was very inferior to his genius, and pardoning him, perhaps, because knowing equally well the precise cause of his inferiority—the want of that indispensable education which, only just at the last moment, Schubert had determined upon acquiring through the instructions of Sechter, one of the dryest and most pedantic of all musicians, who would have been emphatically to Schubert what Albrechtsberger was, more or less, to Beethoven—a clog and an impediment. Well may Schubert's biographer (Kreissle, p. 451) speak of the idea of his hero and Sechter "*in gemeinschaftliche musikalische Arbeit vertieft*" as something almost impossible to realize.

The return of Herr Joachim, whose yearly visit is now the most interesting event of the London musical season, has, if possible, caused greater excitement than at any former period. After playing at intervals, from the time when, as a mere child (in 1844), he first appeared, recommended by Mendelssohn, in Mendelssohn's most heartfelt language, with Beethoven's concerto, at the Philharmonic Concerts, and was at once proclaimed, and justly proclaimed, a prodigy, till now, when his annual appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts (an institution of which Mendelssohn could never have dreamed) is looked forward to as a *sine quâ non*, delighting us every time, and forcing us to say that he always plays better than he played before, Herr Joachim may fairly claim exemption from the criticism which artists less endowed may reasonably expect. Without being hero-worshippers, we feel real pleasure in giving expression to a truth with which, time out of mind, we have been deeply impressed—that Herr Joachim is beyond comparison the very greatest master of his instrument since Paganini, and as a master of his instrument wishing to make that instrument subservient to the highest ends of art very far superior to Paganini. A lover of display—like Franz Liszt, the pianist, for example (a dozen Rubinsteins and Tausigs in one), or Paganini himself—on such an occasion as that of his first appearance before a London public, would have induced the director of the concert at which he was to appear so to arrange the programme that the "virtuoso" should be all in all and the *music* nothing. But Herr Joachim is made of different stuff. Not only did he abstain from any "solo" exhibition whatever, but he selected for his "rentrée" (we *must* use a French term) one of those divine quartets by Mozart, and another of those divine quartets by Haydn, in which the music itself is the sole passport to distinction, and the only way to shine is to shine through its influence—the great quartet in C of Mozart, and the best of Haydn's quartets in the key of B flat. And how Herr Joachim played in them we shall no more attempt to describe than we shall attempt to describe the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he was received, by an audience that crowded St. James's Hall in every part. But the quartets were not the only performances of Herr Joachim. He also played, with Madame Arabella Goddard, the last, the most original, and the most beautiful, of the ten sonatas composed by Beethoven for pianoforte and violin—the one in G, op. 96. So perfectly was this executed, by both artists—and no two artists were ever better matched, Madame Goddard being not less consummate a mistress of her instrument than Herr Joachim of his—that the audience, charmed alike by the music and the performance, called them back twice in succession at the end. Not the least remarkable feature of this interesting concert was Madame Goddard's performance of Schubert's solo sonata in D, one of the three before which Schumann—who, had he possessed Schubert's genius, might have been greater than Schubert—was lost in admiration. Here again came forth the irrepressible musical hero of the time; and here, let us own, he came with a power not to be denied. This sonata in D is, in its way, a prodigy. Each movement has a character apart—the impetuous first *allegro*, that seems to go wherever it lists, and yet always to be right; the slow movement, which, with what Schumann would have called "its heavenly length," seems as if it can never come to an end; the *scherzo*, so energetic and bold, varied by a trio so melodious and expressive; and the final *rondo*, depicting pastoral life as graphically as the last movement of Beethoven's so-called "Pastoral Sonata"—are one and all, if originality and imagination count for anything, masterpieces. They are diffuse, no doubt; but Schubert was almost invariably diffuse. Happy he who can be thus diffuse, and yet never bore. Madame Goddard's performance of this sonata was what might have been expected from one who, independently of natural genius, never comes into public with any great work—and no pianist has a more extensive repertory at command—without such preparation as secures a faultless execution of it in all its parts. Success could not have been more complete or more legitimate than hers on this occasion.

Herr Joachim's two other appearances have been no less interesting than his first. At the second he led Cherubini's fine quartet in E flat, first of the only three works of the kind known to have proceeded from the composer of *Medea*, *Les Deux Journées*, *Faniska*, and other dramatic masterpieces, not to speak of church music that few but the highest masters have equalled—that illustrious Florentine whom Schumann compared with Dante. This quartet, for the resuscitation of which we are indebted to the spirit of research which has ever distinguished the Monday Popular Concerts, is now readily admitted into the charmed circle hitherto filled up by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, an occasional corner being grudgingly awarded to Spohr. So—not long hence, it is to be hoped—may be admitted its fellow-quartets in D minor and C major. Cherubini is one of the few really grand musicians; and whatever he wrote merits consideration and respect. Herr Joachim has also introduced, for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, Mozart's most graceful quartet in B flat, one of the three written expressly for the Court at Berlin, where there was a violoncello player after the com-

D, already mentioned, is the first. Here again one of the most thoroughly Mendelssohnian of the Mendelssohn family of "*scherzi*" produced its accustomed effect, being rapturously encored. But, perhaps, that for which we have to thank the great Hungarian violinist most heartily is his making the general public acquainted with J. S. Bach's masterly violin concerto in A minor, which he played at the most recent concert—with accompaniment of double string quartet, an accompaniment quite strong enough for Bach's music—in a style as perfect as Bach himself could possibly have contemplated. That Herr Joachim knew his audience was proved by the result. No work has been more earnestly welcomed since the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted; and never was a more unanimous "encore" awarded to any piece of music than that which followed the *finale* of Bach's concerto—a *finale* in nine-eight measure, with a theme in the "*gigue*" style, of which Bach and Handel have left so many vigorous examples, but considerably developed, so as to distinguish it from the ordinary dance movements often met with at the end of their *suites de pièces*. The next thing Herr Joachim must do is to produce the double violin concerto, with accompaniments, by the same composer. We would cheerfully be responsible for its success.

At this same concert Mr. Charles Hallé made his first appearance

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* Composed in 1828—which Mr. A. D. Coleridge, in his recently published translation of Dr. Heinrich Kreissle von Hellborn's cumbrous book, *Franz Schubert*, once in his *Catalogue* and once in the body of the work (vol. ii. p. 78), mistakes for a quartet—doubtlessly misled by a misprint in the original German (p. 392).

for the season, playing Schubert's pianoforte sonata in A major (which he had already played in St. James's Hall), with that wonderful accuracy and neatness for which he has been famous ever since, in 1843, he first paid England the honour of a visit. This work is one of the three sonatas Schubert intended to dedicate to Hummel, but which, Schubert dying, his Vienna publisher, Diabelli, inscribed to Schumann (then an influential musical critic), and which Schumann could never be made to believe were Schubert's last. Their comparative inferiority to the three with which Schumann was so captivated easily accounts for his incredulity; and we are inclined to share his doubt as to the actual date of their composition. Mr. Hallé also joined Herr Joachim in Beethoven's duet-sonata, in G major, Op. 30—a capital performance on both hands.

The vocal music at the Monday Popular Concerts, compared with the instrumental, is naturally of subordinate interest; nevertheless, it is a treat to hear Schubert's exquisite *Lieder* from the lips of Miss Edith Wynne—"The Young Nun" especially, which she gives in perfection. Both she and Miss Annie Edmonds have afforded real satisfaction in songs by Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Benedict—as usual, the accompanist *sans pareil*; while Miss Cecilia Westbrook, Miss Emily Spiller, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Madame Sainton-Dolby (whose rival as a classical *contralto* we have yet to find), have also appeared from time to time.

The Saturday Afternoon Concerts begin to-day, when Herr Joachim is to lead Mozart's incomparable quintet in G minor—a piece so marvellously chaste and beautiful that, remembering there is a Wagner now, as there was a Vogler in Mozart's time, one might imagine it to have been written as much out of hatred for that which sins against art as out of love for that which worships it:—

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.

At the concert on Monday night, Madame Goddard is to play a sonata by Dussek, in England known as *Plus Ultra*, in France and elsewhere as *Le Retour à Paris*, but which does not depend upon its name for its beauty. It is some years since this fine work was heard; and no admirers of what is genuine—more particularly those who are aware how much Dussek did, and how scant acknowledgment he has received—will regret to hear it once more. To the Monday Popular Concerts we may almost be said to be indebted for the rescue of this genial composer's music from oblivion—or, at any rate, from something very near it.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF BISHOP ATTERBURY.*

THESE are weary volumes to get through, all the wearier because it is a good subject spoiled, and because the author seems to have had good opportunities, if he had only known how to make use of them. But what can we look for from a writer who evidently thinks that the present Master of the Rolls is Sir Samuel Romilly? At least we can get no other meaning out of the following sentence in Mr. Williams' preface:—

> In the year 1847, Mr. J. H. Glover, then Her Majesty's Librarian, was permitted to publish a volume of the Bishop's correspondence while the latter was in the service of the nominal "James III." It is much to be lamented that this task was not given to one of the able editors of the State Papers, that were published under the superintendence of Sir Samuel Romilly, the Editor's loyalty apparently having caused him to practise an amount of reticence respecting the Jacobite author of the letters, likely to be far from satisfactory to the historical student. Nevertheless, the volume, though awkwardly arranged and most perplexingly illustrated, is extremely valuable for the broad light it throws on the administrative career of one of the most distinguished statesmen of his time.

Mr. Williams expresses himself throughout his preface in this dark kind of way, not making it quite certain whether he really has had access to unpublished materials or not. But, as he tells us that his publishers have lately bought some of the Bishop's papers which were preserved by his descendants, we suppose that he has. But in any case Mr. Williams has very little idea indeed how to make use of materials of any kind. A colection of letters, with just commentary enough to make their dates and allusions intelligible, is a most legitimate piece of editing; but then it is hardly a narrative; it is hardly a book to be read straight through. A narrative biography, on the other hand, may often, if it is judiciously managed, have letters scattered through it; but it is a thing which must be judiciously managed. Now Mr. Williams, in his first volume, attempts a narrative, such as it is; in the greater part of his second volume we can hardly say that he attempts any narrative at all. It is simply a collection of letters, with mere narrative tags between them. This is always a vexatious arrangement, even if the narrative paragraphs are as brilliant as may be; but it is specially vexatious when they are so dully and poorly put together as they are by Mr. Williams. No story more needs some little art of composition to be bestowed upon it, to make it interesting or even intelligible, than the story with which the second volume deals—the story of the petty and yet complicated intrigues of the sham Court and sham Cabinet of the Pretender. When we are shifted about from one place to another place, and from one man to another man, how we long for Lord Macaulay's power of setting every man and every place clearly before us! In Mr. Williams' hands all is dull confusion; we know not where we are or with whom we are dealing; the chief impression which we carry away is regret at seeing powers like those of Atterbury frittered away in such utterly contemptible intrigues. In the first volume, the "notices of the distinguished contemporaries," which, if skilfully managed, might have added much to the interest of the work, are so contrived as to bring in only another element of confusion. Instead of being worked into their proper relation to Atterbury and to one another, they are shovelled in higgledy-piggledy, so as sometimes to read, if it be not a bull, like a Biographical Dictionary without any alphabetical arrangement. The style is poor throughout, and not always intelligible, and the poverty of style is accompanied by equal poverty of idea. Everything is touched upon lightly and weakly; nothing is ever thoroughly grasped or done justice to; and while Mr. Williams nowhere displays a particle of real humour, we are ever and anon offended by artificial attempts at wit of the poorest kind. We suppose, for instance, that he somehow thinks it funny to say that Lewis Atterbury, the Bishop's father, "on March 1st, 1651, permitted himself to be created M.A. by dispensation from *the very remarkable Chancellor of the University*, Oliver Cromwell." We suppose too that there is some hidden wit, though we are too dull to see it, in Mr. Williams' way of going on constantly to talk about "the Rev. Lewis Atterbury" and "the rev. gentleman." Mr. Williams seems somehow to be as much amused at his hero's father being a clergyman as a biographer of Burke whom we remember was at his hero's father being an attorney. It was thought amazingly clever always to talk about the elder Burke as "Mr. Burke, attorney-at-law." We do not see the cause of the merriment in either case, unless Mr. Williams means a sarcasm upon the elder Atterbury for being not only a clergyman, but a clergyman of the school of the Vicar of Bray—one thing under Cromwell and another under Charles the Second. This he certainly was; but how the fact is set forth by always speaking of him as "the Rev." we really do not see.

Let us now look a little more minutely into Mr. Williams' qualifications for dealing with the times with which he has undertaken to deal. Let us see what he makes of the most familiar facts in the history of those times. There is one thing, however, slightly in Mr. Williams' favour, that he is one of those writers in whom it is hard to distinguish between actual ignorance and a mere dull way of writing. It is hard to say whether he really does not know things or whether he simply cannot put his thoughts into intelligible English. Mr. Williams is, in his second chapter, talking, in his confused way, about various things which happened in the reign of James the Second. After saying something about Obadiah Walker, John Locke, and others, he suddenly stumbles upon Rabbi Smith:—

> Dr. Thomas Smith, one of the Fellows of Magdalen College, has left a detailed account of the proceedings of the King, Lord Sunderland, who had turned Papist, and Father Petre, the King's principal adviser. The Doctor, who was an eminent scholar and divine, had declined the Presidency of his college, in consequence of certain conditions attached to his acceptance of that dignity; and when required to acknowledge the Bishop of Oxford as President, he also acknowledged the King's supremacy "out of a principle of conscience and loyalty, as becomes a priest of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of England." He appears to have been much consulted during the whole affair, nevertheless did not gain favour from either party.

To talk of "the Bishop of Oxford," without adding his name, is just one of the careless sort of ways in which writers like Mr. Williams indulge. But, more than this, one would fancy from this passage that, when Mr. Williams wrote it, he had never heard of Farmer and Hough at all. And the fact that Smith was offered the Presidency on any terms was new to us. We have not hunted up the matter, but, if Mr. Williams, who quotes no authority, is right, Lord Macaulay is wrong.

But, two pages on, Mr. Williams does quote an authority; at least he refers to Lord Macaulay himself. By this time he has heard both of Farmer and of Hough, but he does not seem to know that the story which he is now telling has anything to do with the story which he was telling just before. Mr. Williams' account is worth comparing with Lord Macaulay's:—

> The crowning insult came in the King's appointment of an apostate scamp, named Farmer, as President of Magdalen College; nevertheless the Fellows exercised their privilege, and elected an excellent divine, Dr. Hough. The High Commissioner deprived him; but the unfitness of Farmer was so notorious, that Jeffreys could not contend against it, and when the Fellows respectfully, but firmly, insisted on the legality of the election made by them—in a letter addressed to the Earl of Sunderland, to which were appended the signatures of the Duke of Ormond, and the Earls of Halifax, Nottingham, and Danby—even the headstrong James hesitated as to taking coercive measures to support his second nomination. He visited Oxford, and endeavoured to force the election of the Bishop of Oxford by threats. This also proving ineffectual, Penn, the Quaker, was induced to attempt to cajole the refractory Fellows, but did not succeed, and his proceedings have drawn severe censure upon his memory.

Not very long after Mr. Williams goes on to give us, as a sort of *obiter dictum*, his sketch of the history of the Revolution:—

> It is impossible to exaggerate the interest Francis Atterbury took in the Romanizing proceedings at Oxford, as well as in those which followed when the scene was removed to London. The incarceration of the Seven Bishops, one of whom was an "Old Westminster," Sir Jonathan Trelawney, greatly increased his excitement, which did not abate in the University when it became known that *the prelates of the Anglican Church had joined in sending an invitation to William of Orange*. The Protestant champion came, and clerical excitement was at fever heat; the Popish oppressor fled, and a frenzy of congratulation seized upon the members of the rescued Church.

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Atterbury, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, with Notices of his Distinguished Contemporaries.* Compiled, chiefly from the Atterbury and Stuart Papers, by Folkestone Williams. 2 vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1869.

The passage marked in Italics is indeed news. It is wonderful to find any man multiplying the one Bishop Compton into "the prelates of the Anglican Church"; but it is still more amazing to find a man doing so who, we presume, has heard of the memorable passings of question and answer between Bishop Compton and James the Second. Lord Macaulay wrote twenty years ago, and we suspect that many people have by this time forgotten him. But Mr. Williams refers to him; so he has no excuse.

The account of Creech, a contemporary of Atterbury's at Oxford, or rather the account of the Latin poet whom he translated, strikes us as not a little funny:—

> His *Lucretius* was printed at Oxford in the year 1682, and Thomas Brown, a student of Christ Church, Dryden, Waller, and other distinguished authors, added complimentary verses. The work was subsequently severely attacked for its irreligious tendency, though it had been partly translated by John Evelyn. Nevertheless, this translation was much admired.

Mr. Williams goes on to tell us how Creech, twenty years after, killed himself, "owing, it has been reported, to his having been jilted by a girl to whom he was attached; but," continues Mr. Williams, "*as he was a little over forty at this time*, a disappointment of this nature was not likely to affect him so severely." Mr. Williams perhaps somewhat over-estimates the philosophy of men a little over forty, but perhaps a translator of Lucretius was bound to be more philosophical than other people. Atterbury himself was not tried in the same way, as he married when he was twenty-four. In 1687 "he had taken a wife—a young lady of considerable personal attractions [has Mr. Williams been in the habit of writing police reports?], and a fortune of 7,000*l*. Miss Katherine Osborn," he goes on, "was believed to be a natural daughter of Sir Thomas Osborn, and had resided in the neighbourhood of the University." Now is this Sir Thomas Osborn the famous Sir Thomas Osborn better known as Earl of Danby, Marquess of Carmarthen, and Duke of Leeds? If so, should not Mr. Williams have told us? And if he is some more obscure Sir Thomas Osborn, should not Mr. Williams have told us this also?

One is a little amused (vol. i. p. 63) to hear of the "unassuming virtues" of Prince George of Denmark, but the following piece of chronology is more remarkable:—

> The royal sisters were specially charmed with him [Atterbury]; and after he had preached before the House of Commons in 1701—when he included in his masterly review of our Constitution in Church and State, his well merited eulogium on the Prince to whom the nation was indebted for its preservation—though others were removed from the post of chaplain after Queen Mary's death, he was retained.

It is clear that Mr. Williams thinks that Queen Mary died at some time later than 1701. A few pages on we are startled by the mention of "Sir John Trevor, almost as intelligent a Master of the Rolls as Sir John Romilly." Mr. Williams is clearly one of those who, in Lord Lindsay's phrase, progress by antagonism. A book is commonly written before its preface; so it seems that when Mr. Williams wrote his book, though he did not know that Lord Romilly was a peer, he at any rate knew his Christian name, but in getting backwards to his preface he got a step further still from the right thing, and had learned to confound Sir John and Sir Samuel. A page or two further on, after the passage which we last quoted, Mr. Williams, forgetting, after the manner of loose and inaccurate writers, what he had himself just before written, talks of "the Master of the Rolls, Sir John Trevor," as if he had never heard of him before. Now to be compared to Sir John Trevor is no great compliment for Lord Romilly, or for anybody else. Mr. Williams cautiously confines the comparison to the intelligence of Sir John Trevor, and says nothing about his honesty. Perhaps Sir John got improved in this last respect by listening to Atterbury's sermons. At any rate, we hope Mr. Williams will not attempt to do honour to any living Speaker of the House of Commons by likening him to Sir John Trevor.

Mr. Williams, who is thus unlucky with Trevor, makes an equal hash with Sacheverell. He clearly has no notion that the famous Doctor was impeached by the House of Commons and tried by the House of Lords. "Dr. Sacheverell," he tells us, "was prosecuted, and forced to stand a public trial." Presently we read, "Sacheverell was condemned by the court that tried him." If Mr. Williams knew by what court Sacheverell was tried, he has done himself great injustice in his manner of expressing himself. And yet he had just before spoken incidentally of Sacheverell "appealing to the sense of justice of the Lords temporal and spiritual [the order is Mr. Williams'] whom he was addressing;" and presently after he quotes Lord Halifax's "Seasonable Questions," in which Sacheverell is distinctly spoken of as "convicted by the High Court of Parliament." Meanwhile Mr. Williams tells us that "the Sacheverell fever had to be kept up, and the Doctor was now induced to make a journey into Wales that led to frantic demonstrations of devotion to the endangered Church in every town through which he passed." Now, why should Sacheverell, in order to produce frantic demonstrations, have made so long a journey as into Wales? Mr. Williams leaves this unexplained. But Sacheverell had a very practical reason for his progress. He went to be inducted to a living to which an admirer had just presented him.

These are fair specimens of the kind of writing of which we complain, in which, as we said, it is hard to say how much is ignorance, how much is mere incapacity for composition. But it is too bad to spoil the story of "Dearly beloved Roger," and to translate it to Saint Patrick's Cathedral. This is what we presume that Mr. Williams means in the following somewhat mysterious passage (i. 181):—

> Swift at last contrived to obtain an acknowledgment of his merits from the Government, and was preferred to the Deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where the smallness of his congregation induced him to risk a well-known change in the service.

Surely the "well-known change" took place in one of the country churches which Swift held before he became Dean; and was not the faithful Roger his parish clerk?

And now for a few words about Atterbury himself. He deserves a better biographer than Mr. Williams. Mr. Williams seems equally unable to deal with either the praiseworthy or the blameworthy portions of his character. Atterbury had many good and great qualities. No one can doubt his eloquence, his capacity for affairs, or his love of letters. He appears everywhere as excellent and amiable in all private relations, and conscientious in the discharge of his ecclesiastical functions. His correspondence with his daughter and son-in-law during his exile is interesting and touching, and few scenes can be fancied more pathetic than his meeting with his dying daughter, barely in time to exchange their farewell greetings and to administer the rites of the Church. Some of his letters with regard to the disposal of ecclesiastical preferment do him honour, especially his constant refusal to collate his brother to the Archdeaconry of his diocese. His long friendship with Pope is equally honourable to both parties. We may, if we please, condemn the proceeding which sentenced him to banishment and deprivation, not by any process of law, but by a special legislative act. Bills of pains and penalties call for some special justification only one degree less loudly than bills of attainder. But Mr. Williams has really no right to talk of the Government of George and Walpole as a "tyranny more brutal than that of the Stuarts." Any one of the four Stuart Kings would have thought it a rather mild sentence which stopped at banishment and loss of ecclesiastical preferment, and spared life, limb, and private property. And the conduct of Atterbury after his banishment is the truest justification of his banishment. He at once became a confidant and minister of the Pretender, and did not scruple to share in the basest of all intrigues—intrigues for the invasion of England by a foreign force. The Jacobites—or, as Mr. Williams sometimes amusingly calls them, the Jacobins—were ready to ransack Europe for any one, Frenchman, Spaniard, Swede, or Russian, who gave them the least hope of helping to restore the Stuarts by an invading force. Now for rebellion against this or that government a great deal often may be said, but nothing can be said for conduct like this, direct treason against one's country. Mr. Williams tries in vain to palliate the conduct of Atterbury by enlarging on the demerits of Walpole and George the First. Now really this line of argument is utterly off the point, and, after all, though George the First was certainly not a King to call forth any very fervent loyalty, he was at any rate quite as good as James the Third. Atterbury in short soon found out what a poor creature it was for whom he had sacrificed itself, and the latest period of his life, when his correspondence becomes almost wholly domestic, is a bright contrast to the days when he was the centre of plots which disturbed the whole of Europe. Mr. Williams says:—

> The grossest misrepresentations have been published of Bishop Atterbury's motives in embracing the cause of the son of James II.; there is very little doubt, however, that it was the necessary result of his position. By every consistent promoter of High Church principles James III. must have been regarded as his legitimate monarch. It had been found impossible to reconcile a large number of excellent clergymen of the Church of England to a departure from the recognised law of hereditary succession in favour of William and Mary, notwithstanding the evidence James II. had afforded them of his intention to subvert the Establishment. The son of James had given the strongest assurances of his respect for their faith, and they could not deny his claim to the throne of his ancestors.

It is hard to say what "High Church principles" are, but nothing is more certain than that the doctrine of an hereditary right to the Crown, transcending the power of Parliament to dispose of the Crown, would, in the days of Elizabeth, have been looked on as treasonable. In fact the whole doctrine was got up for the convenience of the Stuart dynasty, a dynasty which might represent William and Cerdic and Brute himself, but which, reigning in the teeth of an Act of Parliament, might, far more truly than any dynasty before or since, be called a dynasty of usurpers. Mr. Williams' Jacobitism is a thing quite out of date, a thing peculiar to a single age, which would have seemed as unintelligible in earlier times as it does now. And after all, Mr. Williams' Jacobitism is of a very old kind, for he tells us, seemingly without a sneer, that the death of William the Third was no less "*edifying*" than his life.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS OF ENGLAND.*

THERE is a great pleasure in occasionally realizing the poetical aspiration of "seeing ourselves as others see us." However much modesty they may affect, most men thoroughly enjoy having their photographs taken, and there are few who are altogether above the weakness of gazing affectionately at a looking-glass. The truth holds good of nations as of individuals, and thus the volume of literary "photographs" before us endeavours to gratify what is at least a natural taste. Its author, Mr. Fiske, speaks with due modesty of his performance, and anticipates the possible criticism that his book is painfully incomplete. The criticism would surely be unreasonable, for no one can expect a complete

* *English Photographs.* By an American. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

picture of England in fifteen short magazine articles. He seems to claim a hearing, however, on two grounds—first, on the very reasonable ground that he has written in a spirit at once frank and friendly—a claim which we are very happy to admit; secondly, on the much less reasonable ground that his book is dedicated to Mr. Charles Dickens, and "has been thought not unworthy of the editorial supervision of Mr. Edmund Yates." This, he says, proves that his "observations have included some of the best representatives of English character." In a preface a man may be pardoned for speaking after the manner of prefaces. In colder blood Mr. Fiske would probably admit that a good deal of trash has in all probability been dedicated to so distinguished a man as Mr. Dickens, for much of which he would be sorry to answer; and we fear that Mr. Yates's editorial labours have frequently been exerted upon matter which is certainly not worth publishing twice.

Coming to the substance of Mr. Fiske's descriptions, we may at once say that he has very fairly hit the mark at which he aimed. It was not a very ambitious mark; he has not sought to be a political and social philosopher, to predict the future of the British constitution, to sum up the statistics of English commerce, or to appreciate the schools of thought represented in our literature. He has equally avoided the sin which most easily besets travellers from the two countries—that of ludicrous exaggeration of their peculiarities. To judge from most books of a similar kind, the English or American traveller expects to find his cousins to be, not men, but grotesque monsters, differing in everything but external form from the normal type of humanity. Mr. Fiske has simply moved about with his eyes open, chiefly it would seem in London, and describes men and manners in a lively style, and with a general accuracy which speaks well for his powers of observation. It is true that he seems to have come with some of the old prejudices about him. He could not but think it rather odd that English lords walked about in the ordinary dress of the period, instead of being covered with gold lace, and girt with diamond-hilted swords. The lord has not even got a ribbon in his button-hole, as Mr. Fiske declares; and "a real republican feels almost injured or defrauded when he sees men of rank in ordinary attire." However, it is suggested that the said republicans may find consolation by attending at some public dinner where noblemen wear their stars and collars, or by being presented at Court—a suggestion for which we fear that Mr. Reverdy Johnson will scarcely be grateful. On his first landing, indeed, Mr. Fiske was a good deal taken aback by the unexpected civility of the islanders. One gentleman in a railway carriage offered him a light for his cigar, and another asked him for a newspaper. Nay, these Britons actually passed round whisky and sherry and water, got up a general conversation, and even indulged in some mild chaff directed at the foreigner. Now it is an article of faith with Americans that in England no stranger ever addresses another; whereas, says Mr. Fiske, "all Americans talk with their fellow-travellers." We may mention for Mr. Fiske's benefit that we have heard precisely the opposite remark. Those who have travelled in the American cars are generally struck by the want of conversation there, as compared with those in England—a fact, if it be a fact, which may be partly explained by their construction. As the seats only admit two, with not too much room, it is obviously more difficult to produce anything like conversation. In face, however, of the conflict of testimony which obscures this point, we will not venture into a dissertation upon the causes of so doubtful a phenomenon.

Mr. Fiske's remarks bear for the most part upon certain obvious external differences between the two countries. He describes steamboats, railways, hotels, cabs, theatres, and so on, and compares them with those of his native land. His criticisms are, on the whole, such as we may willingly admit. They are to a great extent illustrations of one prominent distinction between an old and a new country, which must strike every traveller. The abundance of labour in the one contrasts with its scarcity in the other. America is celebrated for its labour-saving machines, and many of the social as well as of the material contrivances are simply due to the same necessity. Thus, to take a trivial example mentioned by Mr. Fiske, the English omnibus is provided with a conductor; in America the conductor is abolished as a luxury, and the driver discharges his functions, communicating with the passengers through a hole in the roof. In an English hotel, says Mr. Fiske, you are bewildered with the quantity of servants; there are three or four young ladies in the office; as many in the bar; a dozen waiters round a joint of meat in the coffee-room; a score of porters round the luggage; and scullerymaids, housemaids, and chambermaids in amazing multitudes. An American house, built after the modern plan, is a vast machine for saving labour. They have hot and cold water and gas laid on to every floor; there is a bath to every room in the house; there are speaking-tubes to convey orders; there is a lift from cellar to attic; instead of lighting a fire in every room, which, after all, only warms one corner and requires infinite labour in carrying coals up and down stairs, there is a single furnace in the basement which warms the whole house with hot air, and can be turned on or off by simply moving a grating. There are refrigerators to preserve meat and provide a steady supply of distilled ice-water, and there is a machine for doing all the washing on the premises. Two servants can keep a good-sized house in order, and many families are content with one. On the other hand, the servants are far more intolerable than the worst of those who provoke an English housekeeper to appeal to the newspapers. They are raw Irish girls, freshly exported, with notions of domestic ——— derived from a miserable shanty, and with principles which teach them to devote all their savings to the Fenians, or to the building of a new Roman Catholic church. Their new independence makes them insolent, and they are more disposed to order their mistress out of the kitchen than to treat her with decent respect. According to Mr. Fiske, English servants at their worst are so much better than servants in America that "an American who prefers his comfort to democracy would do well to exchange countries for this reason alone." Every one who has witnessed the troubles of American ladies must feel the force of this lamentation; but it is only one of innumerable ways in which society is modified by the same condition. In some cases, the struggle to save labour has resulted in ingenious contrivances which more than compensate the evils; in others, any contrivance fails to supply the want of labour. Mr. Fiske is puzzled to understand how Englishmen can possibly prefer European hotels to those of his own country. It is not wonderful, he says, that Englishmen should not take refuge in hotel life from the miseries of housekeeping, considering the extreme discomfort of English hotels. Yet there is one plain advantage in European hotels above those gigantic caravanserais which the Americans call by the same name. The service is far more abundant, if it is not better organized. An American hotel of the larger kind is a wonder of organization; the guests receive a certain amount of comfort, turned out with all the precision of a well-regulated machine; but they are nothing more than the bit of raw material which is put in to be operated upon. They are known by numbers, like convicts. They receive none of that personal attention which makes a good old unsophisticated country inn bear some resemblance to a home. The English inn in its best form—rare enough, it is true—is the development of a comfortable house, whose proprietor has resolved to admit a few additional guests. The American inn is simply a huge factory, in which hospitality is manufactured like cloth, at so much per day or per yard. In London we have recently installed the American plan with very partial success, in hotels which are gigantic enough to lose the advantage of personal attention, and yet not organized with the American skill in saving unnecessary labour. We may add that London hotels suffer especially from the development of club life, which partly accounts for Mr. Fiske's remark, that the stranger is apparently expected to pass the day abroad.

Another illustration of the same state of things is to be found in the railway system. Mr. Fiske complains bitterly of our mode of transporting baggage. There is something very tempting about the American plan, which enables you simply to give a check to an official, and have your luggage transported, without further trouble, to your hotel. The system is, in fact, absolutely necessary in a country where a railway porter is a rarity and a cab a mere engine for extortion. But in England, where we have an army of porters and a boundless supply of cabs, we at any rate have this advantage, that, after a good deal of scrambling, and at a certain risk of losing our portmanteaus, we do succeed in getting to our destination with such luggage as we have saved in ten minutes, when an American would take half an hour, and have to wait two hours more before his trunks would follow him. With certain minor animadversions, which, we should say, Mr. Fiske mixes with very candid acknowledgments of our superiority in other points, we fully agree. Why, for example, is an English engine-driver always exposed to the weather, rain or fine, instead of sitting in a comfortable sheltered room like his American rival? Why is an English steamboat or ferry contrived so as to provide the maximum of discomfort below, and the minimum of shelter on deck? Why is an English theatre so arranged that, in case of fire, about nine-tenths of the audience would necessarily be burnt or crushed, whereas the largest theatres in New York can be comfortably emptied in four minutes? Why is it impossible to travel comfortably by night on any English, or, for that matter, on any European, railway? Why are the streets of an English town made a scene in which a modest woman finds it unpleasant to go abroad after nightfall, when even New York, in most respects the worst-managed city in the world, is perfectly decent externally? Why do Englishmen, above all other civilized beings, enjoy the privilege of beating their wives and jumping upon them with hobnailed boots? An English labourer who carried out his national custom in Milwaukie was summarily lynched by a dozen Irishwomen, says Mr. Fiske, who thumped him with mops and pokers till he promised never to beat his wife again. We are no friends to lynching as a general rule, but the precedent deserves attention.

We are getting into rather serious topics, upon which Mr. Fiske touches very shortly. We would only add, therefore, that we should not give a fair account of his work without adding that he does us for the most part as much justice as we could wish, that he is a hearty admirer of many of our customs, and that his chapter on England and America may be read with profit by all who wish for a plain statement of the difficulties which hinder a friendly feeling between the two countries. He has, of course, been guilty of one or two blunders, upon which Mr. Yates might advantageously have exercised his editorial skill. For example, he has a very exaggerated notion, in our opinion, of the strength of what he calls "caste" prejudices in England, and especially of the supposed reluctance to receive a man into society because he is the son of a tradesman. And it is rather odd that any one who has even a speaking acquaintance with the English history of the last century and a half should fancy that Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone broke through routine by becoming Premiers without titles. But a foreigner, even with Mr. Yates's supervision, must expect to make a few blunders.

LIFE OF SIR JAMES GRAHAM.*

IT is not a bad thing that the lives of men who have cut a prominent figure in the world should be surveyed from a more or less strictly local point of view; that Cicero should be estimated from the standpoint of Arpinum. It is a great and unquestionable gain to a politician to have a local side—to have neighbours, friends, acquaintances, who have known and watched him from his youth upwards, who like to think of him as getting forward in the world, and who constitute for him a peculiar sort of public opinion which encourages, steadies, and warms him in its own way. The home feeling is always a good element in a man of public renown, and those who saw most clearly that Mr. Gladstone was rushing to defeat in Lancashire perhaps felt some sympathy with the motives which he avowed for going there. A man born in the Tower Hamlets or Hackney might as well have been born in Sahara or Oregon for any of that regard or domestic sentiment which surrounds the growing eminence of a provincial, and which, if he has any good stuff in him, ought to exert the most wholesome influence upon his character. And it is not a bad thing for the provincials who stay behind to have a personal motive for taking a keener interest than they would otherwise be likely to do in the affairs of State. It will always be the case, so long as human nature remains at all what it is at present, that people will be more stimulated by persons than by principles, by men than by causes; and it is highly advantageous in free governments that as many people as possible should care about public things. The more numerous the links that connect all who are far removed from the centre with central affairs the better. North-country people are usually the strongest in this sort of sentiment, and of North-country people the Cumbrians probably possess more of what may be called local patriotism than any other section of Englishmen. Perhaps we might go on to say that, of Cumbrians, Dr. Lonsdale is pre-eminently devoted to the culture of the genius of the county. His book on Curwen and Blamire was very interesting, even to those who have the misfortune not to be Cumbrians nor to care specially about the Workington agricultural shows. It was a very graphic, entertaining, and instructive picture of social growth in an out-of-the-way region of the earth. From the same almost exclusively local side, Dr. Lonsdale has now given us an account of a man who was as much more conspicuous than Curwen in the larger field of affairs as Curwen was more conspicuous than Blamire.

Sir James Graham was of genuine old Border stock, and his handsome form and high spirit may be counted among the illustrations, in the face of a thousand the other way, of the doctrine that, after all, it is old blood that tells. Nothing very remarkable happened to him in his youth, and his first entry into political life came to nothing. In 1818, at a cost of six thousand pounds, he got himself returned by a narrow majority of fourteen for Hull; he made no impression on the House; left Hull, went to St. Ives, and was quickly driven to ask for the Chiltern Hundreds by a petition which he had not money enough to contest. He was just under thirty at this time, and his withdrawal to agriculture on his father's estate seemed to justify a prophecy which somebody had made in the House on the occasion of a weak speech of his against Government at the time of the Six Acts, "Well, there's an end of Graham." But Graham had that kind of stuff in him which does not so soon come to an end. For five years he worked hard on the Netherby land, and we may here learn the useful lesson which our publicists too characteristically forget, that marked and widespreading improvement must usually be initiated by some one man, and not be expected merely from the spontaneous activity of the sense of their own needs or advantages in the many. He was young too, as initiators are so commonly and naturally proud to be, and his energy succeeded in introducing improvements about which those who have come after can only wonder—as happens with reference to all improvements that have established themselves—how the world got on without them. Tile-draining, roads instead of quagmires, good stock, good farming, good homesteads, all these were new to Netherby five-and-forty years ago. The only fault which his neighbours could find with the Knight of Netherby was that he was reserved and averse to the practice of hospitality—a defect of grave weight in the Border country. But perhaps they agreed by-and-by that he was better employed in studying economics and finance, and in preparing himself by general cultivation for the Parliamentary field. Dr. Lonsdale points out how much service was rendered to Sir James Graham by a neighbouring yeoman, named Rooke, whose views on corn and the currency were those which now find most general acceptance. The yeoman seemed to have reached free-trade conclusions by something like mother-wit, and it is highly suggestive of unspeakable things, as Mr. Carlyle would say, that truths which were hidden from the wise of the earth, even from Peel at that time, revealed themselves to simple men who had the stupendous advantage of looking straight at the economic facts without considerations of party or Parliamentary policy. In 1846, when the Corn-laws were repealed by a movement in which Graham was the able lieutenant of Peel, the Knight of Netherby wrote to his yeoman counsellor—"The necessity of no longer treating the trade in corn as an exception to general principles was obvious to you long before it had forced itself on my convictions; I give you full credit for your foresight." The present biographer, in his zeal for the honour of the county, is gravely vexed with his hero for not embracing Rooke's opinions earlier, and so snatching for himself and Cumberland the glory which eventually went to the Sussex Cobden and the Lancashire Peel.

To a generation which knew Sir James Graham only as a Tory and at last as a Peelite, it is startling to find him suspected in 1830 of being a revolutionist, and taking part at banquets where his own brother-in-law could propose—it was just after the Three Days of July—as a toast, "May the heads of Don Miguel, King Ferdinand, and Charles Capet be severed from their bodies, and rolled in the dust, and the more speedily the better." That a baronet of the old stock should indulge in sentiments so pronounced as this, may show that there may be even in the stout Cumbrian gentleman an element of sans-culottism. Perhaps, however, the germ was warmed into life rather by natural heat of blood than by any deliberate purpose; and it is not impossible, moreover, that a Lawson and a Graham, while drinking sanguinary toasts to the destruction of the foreign Bourbons, were thinking a little of the Bourbons of Cumberland, the mighty Lowthers. It is probably difficult for us who have flourished in days since the first Reform of the House of Commons to appreciate the difference in political tone which that measure brought about. Before then, there had been no such thing as a peaceful, orderly, and lawful revolution, and people had some reason, therefore, for believing that violent solutions were the only solutions possible, when the problem was the transference of power. The Reform Bill, and all the circumstances of its enactment, proved that our institutions, unlike those of other countries, could be better bent than broken, and in consequence the temper of men turned to bend rather than to break them. Sir James Graham was a vehement Reformer. In 1830 he had brought forward a motion for the reduction of official salaries, and exposed what Burke would have called the shameful parts of the Civil List—its pluralities, sinecures, and jobbed pensions. But he found that no administrative reform could be effected without organic change, as other men had found before him. Cumberland was strongly of the same way of thinking. The election of 1831, says Dr. Lonsdale, "was so grandly enthusiastic in every way, that its record constitutes an historical chapter of which Cumberland may well be proud." The Lowthers were thoroughly beaten, and Graham was returned for the division at the head of the poll. In the Grey Ministry he presided over the Admiralty until the Irish question, which had all along been the danger of this, as of most other Governments, came irresistibly to the front, and Graham, along with the present Lord Derby, seceded. Perhaps by a not unnatural reaction, perhaps from a certain craftiness to which he was not a stranger, he had no sooner got the legislative machine reformed than he felt or feigned dire alarm lest the reform in the machine should lead to change in the work done. It is not impossible that in our own days we may see something similar, and that some of those who have been most eager for a Reformed Parliament may show themselves not eager at all for reformed legislation. At all events, Sir James Graham now went in for caution, and he drew the line at the Irish Temporalities; to touch them was to pass from Reform to Revolution. The Cumbrians were not quite satisfied with his secession; then, as now, the man who fails his party is unbeloved of his constituency. But things grew worse. The Whigs drew nearer to O'Connell, and O'Connell was Graham's chief aversion, both personally and as the representative of a policy. The Knight of Netherby went over to the camp of Peel and Lyndhurst, and the remonstrances of East Cumberland went up to Heaven. The canvass at the next election was most discouraging. The very laws of nature seemed suspended, for the man who had been the Whig champion in 1830 was backed by the terrible Lowthers in 1837. He went to canvass a yeoman, and meeting the mother in the lobby, said, with the factitious gaiety usual in candidates at election time, "You see, Mrs. Twentyman, I walk in with the same freedom as in days gone by." "Ay," was the chilling reply, "but ye're sair altered since then; we hardly ken what ye are now." Sir James afterwards spoke of this as one of the most disagreeable rebuffs he ever experienced, for the dame had been kind to him, even in remote schoolboy days. Some emissary of a religious society had painted up in huge characters near the entrance of Carlisle, "Flee from the wrath to come." A Blue wag painted up before it these warning words, "O, Netherby apostate;" and the warning came true—the wrath of the Blues overtook their former chief, and not even the fifty-three electors of the name of Graham who came to vote for the head of their house could save him from being at the bottom of the poll. He was not the kind of man to bear defeat with good humour, and at a Tory dinner shortly after the election he widened the gulf by his biting assaults on old allies, local and other; Brougham, "the boaster daily correspondent of royalty," being treated with particular severity. Dr. Lonsdale, though no Tory, declares that we cannot fail to see in the ostracism of Graham "a modern instance of the Roman treatment of an English Coriolanus." We may be quite sure that Graham was about the last man in the world to play Coriolanus willingly. For ten years he was an exile from the good-will of his county, and for some part of the time, at any rate, he was scarcely less unpopular in the country at large. He was Home Secretary in Peel's Tory Ministry, and his part in the proceedings against O'Connell, his harsh expressions about Ireland, and, above all, the famous letter-opening business in 1844, surrounded his name with sinister associations. However, all this blew over in time, and in spite of the offence which he gave in 1850 by refusing to take part in any proceedings about the "Papal Aggression," he was at length, in 1852, after long estrangement, taken

* *The Worthies of Cumberland: The Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., of Netherby.* By Henry Lonsdale, M.D. London: Routledge. 1868.

back to local favour, and returned for Carlisle. On the Chinese question, in 1857, he voted against Lord Palmerston, and Carlisle approved of his vote; and he was returned a third time after Lord Derby's Dissolution in 1859. In 1861 he died. It can hardly be said that at any time, even when he was most popular, he attracted much enthusiasm among his neighbours. The reserve of which they had complained when he was young did not lessen as years, responsibilities, and official dignity grew upon him. He appeared cold and distant to men of the middle ranks, Dr. Lonsdale says, "and more lukewarm than cordial to those of his own walk; he seldom unbent himself, except to his Parliamentary equals, and rarely looked 'at home' in the yeomanry circle, where he might have won golden opinions so readily." His manner was not held to be pleasant; "the gloved finger, held out as if by compulsion, felt like a cold touch to a person counting on the manly grasp and hearty response to his own shake of the fist." The Cumbrians did not think him thorough; and Cumbrians, as their lover here says, "above all things like naturalness and openness of disposition."

The executor in whose hands the Graham papers remain is of opinion, in which he is probably quite justified, that the time has not yet come for giving them to the public; and therefore Dr. Lonsdale has not been able to tell us anything that was before private or unknown, and in point of larger political interest he has not equalled Mr. Torrens's biography. But his book will be delightful to Cumbrians, provided they are not under "the cloven foot of the Lowthers," to use his own rather strong expression, and to the rest of the world it will seem lively enough. It gives us a curious picture of the sturdiness with which a yeoman population know how to cling to their opinions, and of the keen and unsophisticated sense with which they keep an eye on their representatives. The only thing to be said against them is that perhaps they are, or at any rate were in Sir James Graham's case, disposed to respect the independence of their chief rather less than they value their own. There are many reasons for thinking that town populations are less ready to resent divergencies from party than a constituency largely made up of yeomen; but the difference probably cuts both ways, and is only partly creditable to the towns.

SAINT CLEMENT DANES.*

THE parish of St. Clement Danes may be said at the present moment to be passing through the throes of a metamorphosis of a most extreme and almost exhaustive kind. On no district of London has the hand of improvement laid a firmer or more revolutionary grasp. It would seem as though everything that meets the eye—church, burial-yard, parish institutions, official and private dwelling places alike—were, to use an expressive Americanism, being "improved off" the face of creation. The clearance actually effected for the site thus far assigned for the projected Law Courts disposes at once of a full quarter of the area of the entire parish. Another quarter at least—including the church of St. Clement's, and the narrow slums of Holywell and Wych Streets—will disappear under the inevitable enlargement which this site, if finally adopted, must undergo, together with the necessary approaches and thoroughfares. On the other hand, should the scheme for transferring the new building bodily, or for the major part, to the Thames Embankment be carried into effect, the first step would be to cart away every stick and stone now remaining above the soil of St. Clement's to the south of the Strand—more than another quarter of the now existing parish. Two outlying and isolated fragments of St. Clement's exist, we believe—one comprising the site of the Lyceum Theatre, the other occupied by certain narrow streets and *culs-de-sac* between the precincts of the Savoy and Cecil Street. These detached blocks will in all probability be ere long all of "St. Clement Danes past and present," that will meet the eye of posterity. No great loss will, we are bound to say, be inflicted by this clearance upon the interests of art or of architectural association. Few regions of the metropolis are less conspicuous for the absence of monuments or edifices which visibly uphold the dignity or constitute the beauty of any site. The parish church, despite the prestige which the name of Wren may attach to so mean and meagre an architectural pile, will leave scarcely a regret at its inevitable demolition. The three lesser Inns of Chancery—Clement's Inn, Dane's Inn, and New Inn—have little of antiquarian or architectural interest about them, and Clare Market with its appendages, reeking with the blood and offal of centuries of hecatombs of slain beasts, will fall a welcome sacrifice at the altar of Hygiea. All that we expect or hope to see towering above the flood of destruction are the two solid and noble bulwarks of health and science—the College of Surgeons, and the Hospital of King's College.

Barren, however, and unsightly as the parish of St. Clement's in its outward and visible aspect may be thought, there are memories and associations connected with it which we would not willingly see thrown carelessly into the same limbo of oblivion as its more material belongings and characteristics. We are glad to find that the sense of its approaching demolition has brought forward a loyal and painstaking parishioner to rescue from forgetfulness the more prominent matters of interest which attach to it. St. Clement's, Mr. Diprose pleads with not less truth than warmth, is no mean parish. "In it have been enacted some of the most noteworthy events in the history of our country; in it many great and worthy men as authors, actors, statesmen, or lawyers, have been born, flourished, and died. On the other hand, time has unravelled in the parish many a plot against the throne and the people, and it is not a little curious to find that on this very spot which has been the scene of many a crime and deed of infamy will be erected one of the most magnificent buildings ever dedicated to the great cause of justice." With so many links of interest binding in one the past fortunes and future destinies of the parish, we should have seen with regret its memorials scattered to the winds for want of a *vates sacer* to collect or chronicle them. Imperfect as Mr. Diprose's volume is in many respects, it fulfils the task of putting together a sufficiently copious mass of particulars to justify him in styling it "one of the most remarkable parishes in the metropolis." He is right in not presuming to offer it to the world as a History in the full or proper sense of the word. It is neither ample nor critical enough in point of matter, while nothing can be more loose and unmethodical than the way in which the contents are jumbled together. It is only towards the middle of the volume, after floundering through divers desultory notices of the new Law Courts, as well as of the existing Inns of Court—not one of which, by the way, lies within the boundaries of the parish—with broken scraps of antiquarian gossip of all ages, that we find the author seriously set to work with his "historical sketch of St. Clement Danes." We are treated to a full churchwarden's account of the charities, ancient and modern, with which this parish teems beyond perhaps any other in London. The compiler would have thrown additional light upon the past, and pointed a moral most appropriate to the present time, had he traced the results of this *damnosa hæreditas* of parochial endowment in the growth and successive deterioration of that congeries of rookeries, slums, and haunts of vice which these lavish incentives to improvidence and idleness have entailed upon St. Clement's. The formal part of his book, too, begins with a blunder of the most portentous kind, which is the more superfluous in that the next page supplies him with the materials for correcting it. Accounting for the fact that the parish has an anchor for its crest, "it is thought," he says, "by antiquarians, to have its origin with the Danish people, the early settlers in this locality, who coming from abroad, and belonging to a seafaring race, must have cast anchor in the Thames, perhaps opposite the very Strand itself; and what so emblematical of a foreigner who invaded our island, and landed from a ship, as an anchor?" A still more idiotic conjecture has occurred to him, that, "the Strand being the shore of a river, very possibly the anchor was first suggested through that circumstance." Had he the slightest antiquarian knowledge, or had he even construed the passages he proceeds to quote in a lame and second-hand style from the *Acta Sanctorum*, he would have recognised in the anchor the common and inseparable emblem of St. Clement; that saint—the fourth Pope, according to the ordinary calculation, from St. Peter—having suffered martyrdom under Trajan, by being cast into the sea with an anchor tied to his neck. In the true spirit of bookmaking, he must needs cap his own original absurdity with a lot of the most heterogeneous twaddle in the shape of a note:—"Anchors are of ancient use, and the invention belongs to the Tuscans.—Pliny. The second tooth or fluke was added by Anacharsis the Scythian (592 B.C.).—Strabo. Anchors were first forged in England A.D. 578. Those of a first-rate ship of war (four) will weigh 99 cwt. each, costing 450*l.*—Phillips. The Admiralty anchor was introduced about 1841. Improved anchors were made 1831, 1846, 1848, 1853.—Haydn."

The primary connexion of this quarter with the Danesis, fixed by Fleetwood, writing to Lord Burghley, an inhabitant of St. Clement's at the date 886, when those Danes who had married Englishwomen, being exempted from the decree of Alfred which drove the Danes at large from the country, were compelled to settle between Westminster and Ludgate. Here they built what he calls "a synagogue," which was known as *ecclesia Sancti Clementis Danorum*. There the body of Canute's son and successor Harold Harefoot was twice interred, and there the Danes in their extremity found a sanctuary and a burial-place. There is no need of Pennant's suggestion that the parish received its name "from the massacre of certain Danes who had taken refuge there." The residence of Danes within the limits of the City is certified by the dedication of churches to two of their native kings—Saint Olaf and St. Magnus. Mr. Diprose has not traced with any great amount of pains the annals of his parish in the times immediately following the expulsion of the Danes. His nearest record, which he may have gathered from an author as commonly known as Newcourt, is that Henry II. gave the church to the neighbouring Knights Templars, on the dissolution of which order, he might have added, it passed to the Canons Regular of the Holy Sepulchre at Warwick. In the year 17 Edward II. the Bishop of Exeter, through an exchange of lands, became patron. By the same process the benefice passed, 1 Edward VI., to the Duke of Somerset, and, on his attainder, reverted to the Crown. By Queen Elizabeth it was given to the Marquis of Exeter, in whose successors the patronage still remains vested. In the Rolls Office Certificates of the Commissioners of the delivery of church goods collected from the churches in the City of Westminster under Edward VI., "the parish of St. Clement Danes without the bar of the New Temple" is named, but a record made of "no specialities." In a record touching chantries in the same office (temp. Hen. VIII. and Edw. VI.), mention is made of "tenements" given by Roger Bowle to "Guide a preste" called the "chapleyne of the

* *Some Account of the Parish of Saint Clement Danes (Westminster), Past and Present, compiled from various Sources.* By John Diprose. London: Diprose & Bateman. 1868.

fraternity." The old church of St. Clement's escaped the great fire, but, becoming ruinous, was rebuilt in 1680 by Edward Pierce, who lived in Surrey Street, under the superintendence of Wren, who from this would not appear primarily responsible for the poverty of the design. We are told, however, by Hatton (1708), that a stone in the new church stated "that Sir Christopher Wren freely and generously bestowed his great care and skill towards the contriving and building of the present church." Mr. Diprose's pages contain many curious notices of memorable personages and events in connexion with both church and parish. He might as well have given us from the parish books, which are in good preservation, a list of rectors, at least for the last three centuries. Among them would have been found Henry Shelford, Dean of Hereford, Roger Sandyford, principal of Broadgates Hall, and John Layfield, Fellow of Chelsea College, translators of the Bible. Bates, a favourite Caroline preacher, and Hascard, Dean of Windsor (1700), at different times held the living, as well as Dr. James Fitzjames, Dean of Wells (1534). To the list of illustrious dead interred within the walls of the old church might have been added the names of Bishops Arundel and Booth of Exeter. On August 28, 1557, Machyn inserts in his diary, "a herse for the duchess of Norfolk was set up in the church," and in October of the same year "the countess of Arundel died at Bath Place." From the same well-known diary it would have been worth quoting a curious account, June 14, 1555, of the "procession of St. Clement parish, set forth with a great many stremers and banners, and the whites (waits) of London, with crosses. In the myds of the crosses was the Spaneards crosse of the Savoy. And yt was rond like to the bangys over the sacrament of cremeson velvet, imbroidered; and after clerkes and prestes in rycho copes synging *Salve festa dies*, and followyng all the Inns of the Court ther and after all the paryshe with whyte rods in ther hands a gret nomber." A similar procession "unto Powlles," including "a iijxx. copes and prestes and clarkes," was seen by him "the viii. day of Juinj 1557." A whole chapter is devoted by Mr. Diprose to Dr. Johnson, one of the greatest parishioners, "who might regularly be seen entering the church as the bells of St. Clement's were heard invitingly ringing." We are glad to see some pains taken to look through the indices of the Calendars of State Papers, which have supplied many desultory bits of history relating to St. Clement's.

By far the best portion of Mr. Diprose's book is the topographical, in which he follows up one by one the streets, courts, and purlieus of the district, and has something to say in connexion with each by turns. There is so much really good matter in these chapters that we should like to see the book put through another edition, in which the omissions might be supplied, the arrangement rectified, illustrations of a better class introduced, and the numerous errors of the press corrected. Though the first aspect of the volume is neat and pleasing to the eye, misprints abound to a degree peculiarly scandalous in the case of a writer who makes a wholly needless parade of his connexion with a trading typographical firm. Misprints such as "*Forregiano*," for the name of the famous sculptor; "Fædora," for Rymer's great work; "eccelesia," and "Hierosolinitatis" are, within a few pages of each other, utterly beyond excuse. "Inveniam viam aut faciam" is surpassed, as possibly a mere printer's slip, by the more deliberate grammatical blunder of the translation,

> By all the powers that in me *lay*,
> I will find or make a way.

What makes these instances of carelessness or ignorance worse is the fact of there not lacking indications of a purpose to make this book a kind of advertising medium. To what other end are we shown a drawing of St. Clement's Lane, now numbered with things that were, in which the object that most conspicuously strikes the eye is the trade premises of "Diprose & Bateman, printers"? Good wine needs no bush. And good writing and printing, we may rest equally assured, will be more certain than any tricks of trade to bring home to author or publisher the proper fruits of literary toil.

RITCHIE'S BRITISH SENATORS.*

WE notice this book, not because it is of much value or interest, but because it is, as they say, a representative or typical one. What it represents is what used to be called Grub Street, but what is now better known as the literary gent. Mr. Ritchie we conceive to belong to, and not unfavourably to represent, that class, a numerous and sometimes mischievous one, who, unlike Wordsworth,

> Much and oft delight
> In merely personal talk.

Sometimes this personage calls himself a *Flâneur*, and sketches his Club-fellows; sometimes he figures as a London Correspondent to some provincial newspaper, and, with a business eye to his gossip getting reproduced in a London journal, and always for a purpose not unfrequently subsidized, gets a rumour or a scandal or an invention or a piece of gossip, malevolent or not, floated. These sketchers in society and purveyors of gobemoucherie have a fearful and wonderful repertory of facts, which may well be, considering that they have their own rich inventive powers and the vast expanses of imagination to draw upon, without the slightest sense of responsibility.

> All men and things they know, themselves unknown,
> And publish every name except their own.

Strictly speaking, they can never be convicted of an untruth. They may safely say "It is said," for have they not themselves said it? and "It is rumoured," which is undeniable, for the inventor of the rumour may with truth testify to its existence. These are the omniscient and omnipresent persons who give us the details of the Queen's conversation with Mr. Bright, who can tell you who wrote what in every review and newspaper, and are quite familiar not only with the earnings and income of their literary friends—the purveyors of magazine padding—but with the salaries of Edinburgh Reviewers, and the profits of Mr. Tennyson. No doubt the creature is no modern innovation. The *Town and Country Magazine* of a century ago, the *Satirist* of our fathers' days, Edmund Curll's famous hands, the writers in the *Snarler* and the *Scourge* immortalized by Goldsmith, and the gossippers of Button's and Will's, are the legitimate ancestors of the London Correspondents—the key-hole and trou-Judas journalists, the Loungers at the Clubs, the Owls, Vampires, and Ghouls, and the Jim Crow Vultures who do the scavengers' work of what they call literature; and cart away the offal and feculent drainage of London society, only to disperse it through many a secret pipe over the country fallows.

Mr. Ewing Ritchie, though we cannot acquit him of belonging to this class, is not to be charged with malevolence or mischief. His fault is that he publishes a book full of small personal details and mere gossip which nobody ought to care about, but which such books encourage a silly if not vicious curiosity about. He has, it seems, at various times composed personal "sketches" of Parliament men; and we suppose has published them in many newspapers. And now he has collected them, with additions; and if with corrections, he has left himself plenty of blunders to correct. Mr. Ritchie frankly enough announces his plan; his "book is not intended for clever critics, but for country people who like to know a little about members of Parliament." This is candid; his book is what he describes it; beneath or beyond criticism, clever or otherwise, and suited for the Little Peddlington market, it certainly argues an exact acquaintance of the writer with provincial tastes. At least we suppose so; though we have not found country people at all less intelligent, or with worse taste, or with a lower sense of what is becoming, than London people, especially London people of the literary profession. And we set it down as a somewhat indirect reflection on country people generally to assume that they can either be amused or instructed by the intellectual food provided for them by Mr. Ritchie, or the like of Mr. Ritchie. But let that pass. If country readers want to know the colour of Mr. Disraeli's hair or Mr. Gladstone's waistcoat—we beg pardon, of "the distinguished, let us add the talented, individual who fills the situation of the First Lord of the Treasury" —Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man. Here they will learn—and much may they be edified—that the proceedings of the House of Commons are inaugurated by prayer, and, "that operation over," strangers are admitted into "an elegant and spacious chamber"; that Mr. Disraeli has "a pale Hebrew face," with "a power of individuality which makes you hate the object of his hate"; that Lord Stanley has "an impediment in his speech," and "not very long since" read a speech in the House of Commons; moreover, that he is "much more plainly dressed than the great exponent"—by which may be meant expositor—"of the Asiatic," commonly called the Asian, "mystery, and by no means so elaborately neat as the worthy member for Droitwich;" which worthy member for Droitwich, we are further informed, is "of the middle size, with a pale face and rather hooked nose," while his "dress gives indications of correctness and finish rather than of greatness or genius."

Here Mr. Ritchie is nearly original. He has heard of Sartor Resartus, and perhaps has a dim notion that "habits" is an ambiguous word, and that it has been said that there is some subtle connexion between the clothes and the mind. Sir John Pakington's coat and waistcoat do not give indications of genius. We know that Brummell's did. Mr. Ritchie takes the tailor's view of man. Mr. Disraeli's is "an elaborately dressed form," hence his "power of individuality," whatever that may be. From Mr. Gladstone's "plain dress and fluent delivery you might almost mistake him for a clergyman"—a conclusion which has suggested itself to other people, not from Mr. Gladstone's dull coat, but from his dull homiletics on "Ecce Homo" in *Good Words*. Mr. Lowe is "a plain man, dressed in black"; and here again the Ritchie theory of the identity of clothing corporeal and intellectual would suggest the parsonic mind. But it breaks down. Mr. Gladstone's plain dress is only the outward and visible expression of common honesty and singleness of mind. Mr. Lowe's dress, equally plain and equally subfusk, suggests "disappointed ambition or party spleen." Mr. Stansfeld is "guilty of the Dundreary affectation of wearing his hair parted in the middle, but he is now always neatly dressed." Mr. Layard's beard, we regret to find, is becoming grey, and Mr. Ritchie is astonished to find that the member for Southwark does not attend St. Stephen's in an Eastern dress—we mean "Oriental costume."

Next to senatorial clothes, Mr. Ritchie is most communicative on senatorial hair. Mr. Cardwell's hair "is undeniably red," but his temper is much cooler than what Mr. Ritchie would call his *chevelure*. Lord Lytton seems to suffer under an undescribed form of trichosis; for we are informed that "all the flesh on his face seems to have run into hair," an affection which the great novelist shares in common with a rat-catcher's dog. The late Mr. Johnson Fox had "the shortest and fattest possible body, with a head adorned by thick masses of grey hair parted in the middle"; but this middle parting, which in gay Mr. Stansfeld suggested

* *British Senators; or, Political Sketches, Past and Present.* By J. Ewing Ritchie. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

——, in Mr. Fox suggests John Bunyan. Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other; and Mr. Ritchie, being a logician, must infer the common nature of Mr. Sothern's hero and the divine tinker by virtue of that style of parting the hair which John Milton, John Bunyan, and Lord Dundreary equally adopted. Mr. Miall, it appears, has given up black clothes since he left off preaching; the late Mr. Duncombe subsided into seediness and a wig; Mr. Whalley wears a white waistcoat—not, we trust, the cast-off vest of the Young England of five-and-twenty years ago. But more than enough of this. Whoever desires to be informed which of our senators is "auricomous"; which had a German-Jew bookseller for a grandfather; which is "shabbily dressed, a little man with a hooked nose and a face indicative of weakness and premature decay"; which son of Peel has "the look of a theatrical gentleman," and which "brushes his hair straight," are not these things written in the book of Ritchie?

In all this Mr. Ritchie is anything but original. Mr. James Grant has preceded him in "Random Recollections" of precisely the same character. So has Mr. Francis. The *Pall Mall Gazette* published a Parliamentary Gallery twice as clever and not much less personal. But in these there was some attempt at order and method. Mr. Ritchie's book is chaotic, and were the coming historian of the times to avail himself of these contemporaneous portraits, he would find Mr. Mill dismissed from Westminster while Mr. Disraeli was not Premier, and Mr. Gladstone just turned out from Oxford; Mr. Lowe member for the University of London, and Sir Bulwer Lytton not yet translated, except in the index and heading, to the serene seclusion of the peerage. Mr. Ayrton has "proved his right to be one of the men for the new Parliament," which in one page is spoken of as future and in another as existent, and of which the chief notables figure in the respectable and nonconforming persons of Mr. Sheriff M'Arthur and Henry Richard, Esq. The fact is that the book is a mere catchpenny collection of old newspaper sketches, not even written up and corrected to the time of publication. Based upon Dod for its facts, it tells us no more than the merest tyro in the politics of the last twenty years knows by heart. But it is Dod and his brief biographies done in that funny and pantological style of which Mr. Sala is the great master and Mr. Yates a very promising artist. But these pantologists have one little defect. They know everything, but, like Homer's Margites, they know it all badly. Mr. Ritchie has picked up a good many things, many anecdotes, many quotations. He is wonderfully well up—many small writers are—in Tennyson's *Ulysses* and *Locksley Hall*, and he actually quotes the *Vision of Sin*. But he should stop here, and not get out of his shallows. Dryden we might reasonably expect any literary gentleman of the day to make a mess of; but when Mr. Ritchie condescends "to borrow a simile from the 'Hind and Panther,' Reynard ravaged the garden and pulled up and destroyed fruit and flower," it would have been better to go to the original, and he would find the ravager in the "bristled Baptist boar." And surely Mr. Ritchie might have remembered Lord John Manners' famous foolish couplet, which he gives us in this very novel reading:—

> Let learning, laws, and commerce die,
> But give us back our old nobility.

It is generally safe to credit Sydney Smith with every joke which it is convenient to quote; yet it was not Sydney Smith, but Bishop Blomfield, who is responsible for the definition of an archdeacon as one who had to discharge archidiaconal functions; nor was it to Sydney Smith, but to Dr. Johnson, that we owe the phrase a "clubbable" man. Like all wits of the day, Mr. Ritchie patronizes the Bible, and somewhere condescends to call it that grand old Hebrew Book; but the Bible speaks of Methuselah, not of Mr. Ritchie's "Methusaleh." It is a great thing in these airy writers to be able to point an illustration with equal ease from things scientific and sporting, and to be alike at home in natural history and the hunting-field; but it is new to us that the boa-constrictor sucks the blood of his victim, and at an awkward fence it is the rider, not the horse, who "cranes"—*i. e.* makes a long neck to see what is on the other side of the hedge. When Peel, in 1828, deplored his difficulties in forming an Anti-Catholic Ministry, he spoke of the fate of a Government "composed," not "of Goulburn, Sir John Pechell, Wetherell, and myself," but of "Goulburn, Sir John Beckett, Wetherell, and myself." Here, however, we credit the printers with the blunder; or, at the most, Mr. Ritchie only corrected the proof carelessly. Mr. Ritchie makes a similar mess of an anecdote related of Joseph Sturge. "When Bradshaw, of the *Guides*, died, I myself," says Mr. Ritchie, "heard Sturge exclaim that there were more tears shed when the nation heard of the death of Mr. Bradshaw than when the hero of Waterloo died." Either Sturge or Ritchie has, we suspect, confused Bradshaw of *Bradshaw's Guides* with Braidwood, the head of the Fire Brigade, whose gallant death really made a great impression on us all. And we should recommend Mr. Ritchie, when he quotes Arbuthnot, to quote him accurately. "Martinus Scriblerus, we know, failed to teach his son logic. He could never get him to conceive of an abstract Lord Mayor apart from his fur cap and gold chain." It was Cornelius Scriblerus who was the father, and Martinus the son; and the difficulty was not about the "fur cap," which is worn by the sword-bearer, or one of the civic retainers, but the "fur gown," which is the Lord Mayor's robe. On the whole, it would be safest for the fluent gossippers of the day never to go beyond their Pickwick, Thackeray, and Tennyson. Dryden and Pope, Swift and Arbuthnot, are, in every sense, beyond the literary gent.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.*

It is not often that a volume of pictorial among those which are published at this season of the year, — of much intrinsic or permanent value. Such works are generally got up with a regard more to external than internal embellishment, and are designed as ornaments for the drawing-room rather than for reference or information in the study. The publishers of the volume which forms the subject of the present notice have, however, succeeded in issuing a work which is far superior to the ordinary class of picture-book, and is really a valuable production. The Abyssinian Expedition will have many historians by the time that all the works now advertised on the subject have been issued, but for the general reader there will hardly be any so good as the one which now lies before us. It embodies illustrations of all the most interesting incidents of the campaign, artistically drawn and carefully engraved, with a clear and concise history of the expedition, compiled with much care, and written with much literary ability, by Mr. Roger Acton. The illustrations, which are from the pencils of Mr. Simpson and Lieutenant-Colonel Baigrie, depict faithfully the striking events which occurred both in the preparation and progress of the expedition, from the equipment of the rifled mountain guns at Woolwich to the departure of Lord Napier from Abyssinia. By their means the nature of the country and of its inhabitants is brought forcibly before the eye, and they are a pleasant adjunct to Mr. Acton's history, which could, however, have well stood alone.

Mr. Acton commences with an introduction, descriptive of Abyssinia, which bears the impress of much study. He has evidently consulted all the best authorities which have appeared both lately and at more early periods, and has succeeded in a few pages in giving a general sketch of the manners and customs of the Abyssinians which may save future readers much painful consultation of authorities from Bruce downwards. Few except those who have been obliged to make the attempt can understand how difficult it is to arrive at any satisfactory knowledge of a partly-explored country. The tales of travellers, proverbially fallacious, can only be trusted where they support each other very clearly. In making a compilation of this kind of evidence it is necessary to consult the productions of nearly all who may have visited the country, and it is wonderful how many visitors there have been to even a very partially-explored land. Mr. Acton must have consulted about twenty ponderous works to obtain matter for his introduction alone, and he has with great skill condensed, and issued in a readable form, the result of his investigations. In the short space of eight pages he tells us all that we care to know about the religious rites, food, furniture, agriculture, dress, and administration of justice, or rather injustice, among the Abyssinians, illustrations of which are conveniently placed alongside the text. After showing us the country and the people, Mr. Acton reviews the life and actions of King Theodore; calmly and coolly he weighs and dissects the various accounts which have appeared of that wonderfully praised and maligned man, and he seems to arrive at a very just conclusion. He traces the rise of Theodore from the time when, on his father's death, he was sent to be educated as a scribe in a convent near Lake Tsana, where he imbibed that knowledge of religion and Scripture with which he often startled and sometimes terrified his British visitors. The convent in which young Kassai, as he was then called, was being educated, was destroyed in one of the civil disturbances which constantly occur in Abyssinia, and he returned to his native province of Kwara, where he became the leader of what cannot be called by a higher name than banditti. He took much plunder from the Mussulman traders near Metemna, which not only enriched him, but secured him a large following. He then defeated the troops of Ras Ali, the ruler of Southern Abyssinia, and as the prize of his victory received one of his provinces and the hand of his daughter in marriage. In 1853, after many adventures, he again defeated the troops of Ras Ali, in the battle of Djisella, and subjected the whole of Amhara to himself. He then bribed the Abuna, or chief priest, to declare him legitimate sovereign of all Abyssinia, marched against the ruler of Tigre, defeated him, secured his kingdom, and was crowned with great pomp as Emperor of Ethiopia. Although, however, Theodore had conquered all Abyssinia, he had not consolidated his acquisitions; the chiefs of the provinces quickly rebelled against him, and when the British army landed in 1867 he had no power except in his camp near Debra Tabor and in his fortress at Magdala. His barbarous cruelties had alienated his soldiers and many of his chieftains from him. Mr. Acton justly discards the very interesting sketch of Theodore's character drawn by Mr. Plowden and sent home to the Foreign Office, as being far too favourable. Mr. Acton says, "Mr. Plowden, whose zeal and abilities in the public service need no commendation, was a gentleman of enthusiastic, we may say romantic, temperament, and his imagination was excited by the spectacle of a victorious hero starting up in the obscurest and remotest part of the country, and by the strength of his own mind and uplifted sword-arm putting down all the obstacles in the way of its political unity and social improvement." "One little incident which Mr. Plowden saw the first day that he was at Theodore's court does not at all bear out his enthusiastic eulogies of that Sovereign's just and enlightened rule. A poor native was dragged into the Royal presence, and accused of being a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. The King ordered him

* *The Abyssinian Expedition.* With Engravings from the "Illustrated London News." Published at the Office of the "Illustrated London News." 1868.

then and there to enter into a public theological disputation with the Abuna before a thousand people without any delay; his Majesty vouchsafing to be, like our King James I., the arbiter of the controversy between them. The convert pleaded that he could acknowledge no religious authority but the Pope. He was instantly ordered to be shot, and though Mr. Plowden, by special entreaty, obtained his life, the King would not spare him perpetual imprisonment in chains." Mr. Plowden's is the only evidence extant which would lead any one to suppose that King Theodore was ever a just or humane man. The ingenious theory that he was a hero until the death of his first wife, and only became cruel after he lost her, will not hold water; it is controverted by facts related by Mr. Plowden himself. As Mr. Acton says:—

> The facts already narrated show him to have been from his youth a robber and traitor, guilty of the vilest ingratitude towards his benefactors; utterly false and faithless; a hypocrite if not a fanatic, but probably a compound of both. It may be true that he was not originally disposed to wanton cruelty. The same is true of Nero. It was that moral insanity which is a penal visitation of nature on men who offend her by tyranny and the effects of frequent intoxication that made Theodore revel in the blood of his own people, and find his chief entertainment in tortures of mankind. Till three or four o'clock in the afternoon he was sober, and fit for business; but after his *siesta* he would begin drinking some fiery liquor, and perhaps go on with it till he was mad. No one then dared to approach him uncalled. If he were then irritated by contradiction or disappointment, he would sally forth and glut his rage, like a fiend rejoicing in havoc, upon the limbs and lives of his helpless victims.

Theodore's admirers have followed in Mr. Plowden's course, and have described him as a good, just, and generous man in the early part of his career, and have depicted him in later life as a grandly wicked and satanically noble hero; but this idea of Theodore is purely the creature of their own imagination. Those who carefully study the accounts given by the captives who were so long in his hands will perceive that he was deceitful, malignant, cowardly, undecided, and puerile. He was bold and cruel only towards those who were helpless in his hands; he was constantly asking his European prisoners to be reconciled to him, and to forgive him. We seek in vain for any traces of his political ability. The mythical accounts of his sagacity in discovering crime, and of his way of doing rude justice between appellants to him, may or may not be true. Some of these stories which Mr. Acton quotes are striking:—

> A peasant woman complains that a man has stolen and drunk her milk; the man denies it; he has drunk no milk that day. "Cut him open," says Theodore, "and let us see." It is done in a minute; the man's belly is full of half-digested curds. "All right," says the monarch, "here's the price of your milk; but if you had lied we should have cut *you* open to see if you had got it yourself."

After describing the character and early life of King Theodore, Mr. Acton proceeds to deal with those whom he so long held in captivity. He clearly exculpates Captain Cameron, but shows that much of the necessity for the Abyssinian Expedition lay in the neglect of the Foreign Office under Lord Russell to answer Theodore's letter to the Queen. It was under the influence of irritation from this cause that Theodore first imprisoned Captain Cameron, and, after he had once made up his mind to put an Englishman in chains, he determined to keep his captives as hostages, in the hope of obtaining as their ransom large amounts of munitions of war and of machinery for the manufacture of cannon. Diplomatic efforts to obtain their release were of no avail; negotiations were useless, and preparations for an armed delivery of the captives were commenced in July 1867. Bombay was chosen as the most convenient base of operations, and all the preliminary measures were confided to the Government of Bombay. The command was entrusted to Sir Robert Napier, the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay. The force required was estimated at about 12,000 men, of whom about 4,000 were Englishmen. Sir Robert Napier in his preparations was well supported by the Horse Guards and War Office in England, but at Bombay he was trammelled in the organization of the Land Transport Corps, one of the most important of his departments, by the interference of the Bombay Government. It was in this Land Transport Corps that the only failure in the conduct of the expedition took place. A reconnoitring party and a pioneer force were despatched and landed at Annesley Bay in November 1867, to make preparations for the arrival of the main body of the army. Sir Robert Napier himself reached Annesley Bay early in January, and the campaign then began in real earnest. Mr. Acton's account and the engravings which accompany it give a clear description of the country, and of the difficulties which the expedition had to surmount. The latter were by no means slight; the difficulty of obtaining food in the country and the constant failure of transport weighed heavily on the commander, but by the strenuous exertions of every one connected with the expedition all difficulties were overcome, and early in April the army appeared on the Bashilo, a river about ten miles from Magdala. On the 13th of that month, Good Friday, an action was fought at Arogee, in front of the fortress. This appears to have been brought on rather by accident than design on the part of the British, as the leading troops moved nearer to Magdala than Sir Robert Napier intended, and Theodore caused his army to sally down upon them. The Abyssinians were defeated with enormous loss, chiefly inflicted by the breech-loading firearms of the 4th regiment. The broken remains of Theodore's army retreated sadly into Magdala, where King Theodore spent an uneasy night. The following day, in hopes of making peace, he surrendered the captives, sent them into the British camp, and also proffered to Sir Robert Napier a large present of cows and sheep. These were refused, and Sir Robert Napier demanded that Theodore should make his personal submission. This Theodore did not do within the allotted time, and on Easter Monday the 33rd regiment, supported by artillery and the rest of the infantry, advanced to assault Magdala. Theodore's retreat or escape was prevented by the British cavalry which had been sent to watch the further side of the fortress, as well as by the wild Gallas, with whom an arrangement had been made to close the passes, and to whom a large reward was offered for the capture of the King. The gate of Magdala was sternly defended by Theodore and a small number of his chiefs, but the soldiers of the 33rd turned the gateway and forced their road through the defences into the interior of the fortress. As they were coming in, Theodore placed his pistol in his mouth and fired it; the bullet passed out at the back of his head, and his death seems to have been instantaneous.

Such is a brief record of the events of the expedition; all these Mr. Acton has forcibly described, and he has filled in the details with an accomplished hand. He has carefully bestowed praise on those who were entitled to it, and has nowhere betrayed any evidence of the partisan and personal feelings which were so evident in the letters of some of the newspaper correspondents who accompanied the expedition. He is always lucid, and gives vivid descriptions such as could hardly be expected from one who was not an eye-witness. In telling of the action of Arogee, he says:—

> The chieftains and leading knights of King Theodore's host were gorgeously attired in robes or loose tunics of scarlet silk, while some had burnished helmets, and most of them wore tippets made of the hides and tails of wild beasts The small horses they rode were gaily caparisoned. Their weapons were lances or carbines, and curved scimitars pointed almost like great hooks, with round curved shields held on the left arm. The multitude of their followers were about equally divided into spearmen and musketeers. They were in thick masses or in scattered groups, but in no regular order. Dashing onward with furious cries of exultation, they were now scarcely a hundred yards from the thin line of our advanced skirmishers. All at once, from the hill of Afeejo behind our troops, a hissing noise as of a fiery flying dragon came rushing through the upper air. The British sailors, in one minute after climbing up to their position on the side of that hill, had taken their rocket apparatus off the mules' backs, placed and pointed the tubes, and sent one of those strange messengers of deadly terror blazing and whizzing into the midst of the enemy, where it burst in a shower of iron. Nothing like that had ever been known in Abyssinian warfare. The brave warriors of Theodore—for brave indeed they were—paused and wavered, when they were greeted by three hundred men of the fourth regiment with a volley from the Sniders.

Altogether we may congratulate the publishers of this illustrated history of the Abyssinian Expedition on having succeeded in effecting a difficult task. They have rendered a work which is intrinsically valuable in a literary point of view eminently fitted for popular reading. The engravings are carefully executed, and Mr. Acton has shown great ability, as well as industry, in his share of the work. That he has written well any reader can tell; that he has written honestly and judiciously those who were present with the Abyssinian army will be ready to acknowledge.

THE DOCTOR OF BEAUWEIR.*

It has often been said that a perfectly truthful autobiography, even by one who has appeared to lead the dullest and most uneventful life, would be more interesting than any purely fictitious history. But, if so, the biographer ought at least to have some knowledge of the craft and mystery of composition; some perception of the value and relative proportions of light and shade; and he should understand so much of the novelist's art as to know what ought to be detailed in full, what only skirted by and not clearly made out, and what suppressed altogether. A bald narrative of commonplace events would not fulfil the saying, which indeed holds good in a psychological rather than a dramatic sense; the interest of such a work being that which springs from an honest self-revelation much more than from the most accurate narrative of outside events. The *Doctor of Beauweir* is a book written apparently to test the truth of the autobiographical theory, in so far as it purports to be the faithful chronicle of an uneventful life; but it scarcely answers to the higher requirements of psychology, having very little to do with character and less with self-revelation, and basing all its claims to interest on the life-likeness of its story and the simplicity of its treatment. It is an exceedingly natural book, but natural in a flat and monotonous manner, reminding one of those carefully-painted landscapes made up of a stagnant river, a line of pollard dull green alders, and a stretch of greyish marsh beyond. The painting may be true to the life, but then the life is not worth painting. Without colour, without incident, without any central point of interest, it is a literal copy of a very dull bit of prose; and, as such, cannot give much pleasure. And while recognising both the fidelity and the industry employed on the rendering, we cannot but feel that the pains taken to repeat such a blank dead-alive scene have been lamentably misdirected.

There is very little story in the *Doctor of Beauweir*, and no plot, properly so called. And it is evident that this is intentional, falling in as it does with the design of the book, which is that of a compressed diary wherein the purchase of the family linen is made of very nearly equal importance with the death of the wife or the marriage of the daughter. From the outset care is taken to lay the plan undisguisedly before the reader. After stating that for several years every publisher to whom he had submitted his work had refused it with disdain, "the Doctor" goes on to confess that

* *The Doctor of Beauweir.* An Autobiography. By the Author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," "De Profundis," &c. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

it could scarcely have been otherwise, since "the obscure position of a village doctor must have been exceedingly limited, and therefore little likely to interest a reading public, at present anxious only for tales of great excitement." Everything follows this lead, and is plain and commonplace. The autobiographer's person is ordinary; and though he says, as the only son of a widow in a novel, he ought to have been slim and handsome, with a fair complexion and blue eyes, he had neither the one nor the other; for his figure was rather short and stout, his eyes were dark, and his complexion commonplace. Commonplace, too, are his abilities, his character, his strength. As strong as, and no stronger than, the average; his learning consisting in "the rudiments of a tolerable education picked up at a respectable school in the neighbourhood"; his abilities not particularly shining, but quite equal to those of his schoolfellows; and his attention to his studies, if not exemplary, yet leaving little to be complained of—he may be taken as the very type of mediocrity in all things. He is just the average youth of average middle-class fortunes; and the whole book is written in harmony with this keynote. With such a beginning we are not surprised to hear that our Doctor falls in love with his master's daughter, nor that he eventually marries her; nor, again, that she is as commonplace as himself. She is tall, with bright auburn hair, good teeth, a sweet voice, and a pleasant smile; but she is by no means handsome, being deeply marked with the smallpox; and she is not particularly clever, but she is capable and affectionate. In fact she is a good average woman of the better half of the commonplace section. After a very mild time of trouble and uncertainty in their love, the Doctor and his Kate marry; and in due course fall into the hands of a certain unprincipled Dr. Goff of Beauweir, who swindles them in all sorts of petty ways, but by whose nefarious proceedings our doctor is established at Beauweir, which in the end turns out well for him. A great part of the book is now taken up with sketches of the Beauweir people, none of whom have anything very distinctive about them, but who are just such people as one meets with in country places, where every one's peculiarities are known for want of something better to study; and where, too, they have room to expand and become exaggerated for want of that wholesome friction with the world which keeps them down in larger communities. How poor the pictorial and dramatic interest of this part of the book is may be inferred from the incidents put forward. One is, that a certain Mrs. Heblate, the wife of the village attorney, "had no family, and, like many others similarly situated, considered herself of a very fragile constitution, and was an excellent patient." The Doctor then goes on to say that at first he tried to persuade his fanciful patient there was nothing the matter with her, but finding this would not answer, he then took to sending her from time to time sundry bottles of mixtures which could do her no harm, and which kept her amused; but that his conscience reproached him on account of Mr. Heblate, who was not overstocked with worldly goods; and yet what could he do? Another couple are mentioned, of whom the husband is "stout and hale, but somewhat predisposed to gout, and the wife, an amiable woman with several children, all of whom had a strumous tendency." The Dissenting minister again was "hearty-looking without any physical characteristics, with the exception of a strongly-marked *arcus senilis* in each eye. I do not think I ever met with it so strongly developed in any man of his age." But nothing comes of any of these points—the innocent mixtures, the predisposition to gout, the strumous children, or the *arcus senilis*. These are the little touches which give such a peculiarly natural and truthful air to the book, but which make it at the same time so peculiarly flat and tedious.

Then we come to an odd eulogium on "poor respectable old women," of whom the Doctor professes himself "an excessive admirer," for the beauty of their lives and characters. "There was hardly one among them in our village who could not relate, in perfect humility, simplicity, and truth, some episode in her existence of surpassing beauty, many in which romance and reality were mixed up together in the most surprising manner." There is no doubt that many a life passed in a miserable clay cottage, in the presence of ignorance, privation, and irksome toil, would afford first-rate material for a tragedy or for an epic poem; but the Doctor deals with his cases so drily that he lets all the romance fall away, and we get to a bare core as little likely to germinate into a drama or a poem as so much dried grain if sown for harvest. One of the most important circumstances related of these poor old women is the breaking of a green glass walking-stick, which her sailor son had given a certain Mrs. Evans. Nothing would convince her but that this foretold her son's death, and when the East Indian mail arrived, and for the first time brought no letter from her boy, she was too firmly persuaded that he was dead, to be reasoned with. "In short, she continued to sink, and at last died, the idea that she should soon again meet her husband and son banishing every particle of fear from her mind." She might have lived, for "singularly enough, about six weeks after her burial, a letter arrived from her son, stating that he was in perfect health, and hoping in a few months the ship would be ordered back to England." Where the wonderful singularity of this fact is we confess ourselves unable to discover. It would have been singular if he had died when the green glass walking-stick was broken; but that he did not, and that he wrote to his mother saying he hoped to be soon ordered home, seems to us the very reverse of singularity in every way.

The sensationalism of this book, if we can apply so strong a term to so mild a production, is supplied by the following circumstances. First, the discovery, by quite sudden and unexpected means, of a rightful heir, who ousts from his unlawful holding an ill-conditioned narrow-natured man who has set all Beauweir to wrongs; next, the perpetration of forgery by the spoilt son of the Beauweir rector, and the consequent misery and humiliation of his family, especially of his harsh-tempered iron-willed mother, whose injudicious training was primarily the cause of the boy's ruin; then the death of the old Doctor's favourite daughter, her disease being that kind of decline which is brought on by a cold caught after a love disappointment; and lastly, an evening full of apparitions to the Doctor himself, when he is left old, childless, and wifeless, at the end of the story. But we are bound to confess that the sensationalism is of a very mild character indeed, and also that the whole of the Drummond-Lydgate affair —the unexpected turning up of the rightful heir—is but bunglingly managed, and wants much more artistic manipulation to make it reasonably clear. Still, in the day of small things one is thankful for minor mercies, and anything like an exciting event tells in such a book as the *Doctor of Beauweir*, the real value of which is in the natural way in which every-day failings and occurrences are related, and the quiet truthful air of the little family jealousies and local annoyances with which it abounds. The more intellectual point of the book is to show the indestructible quality of memory, and how things once impressed on the mind may get overshadowed, but are never lost. A long chapter is devoted to a recapitulation of all sorts of unimportant events that had happened to the autobiographer when a child, and the remembrance of which is brought to him on his revisiting the spot where they took place. On which occasion he takes care to have his fling at the scientific men who hold the development theory, for whose arguments he says he has always had "an unqualified contempt"; though the manner in which he seems to found his chief objections on the score of memory—as if memory were exclusively a human faculty—is rather hazy. Dogs, horses, asses, elephants—to cite no more examples—all have memory in a very marked degree; so that to deduce the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the sentence to be passed on each man at the Day of Judgment, from the fact that we cannot forget what has once occurred, and that "the account man will have to render to the Almighty Judge at the last day is indelibly written on the brain or mind of the individual himself," is to fish in waters which may bring more to the angler's hook than he bargained for. It is strange how even clever men—and the author of the *Doctor of Beauweir* is clever—will go on committing that most fatal mistake in advocacy, building up what is perhaps a divine truth in itself on a perfectly unsound basis, and so giving occasion to the enemy to rejoice, and strengthening his position by the reason of their own weakness. The development theory may not be right, but it has not been given to the author of the *Doctor of Beauweir* to prove it wrong. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*; nor should this writer venture beyond a quiet description of every-day life, flavoured with a little mild pathology to give more reality and life-likeness to his pages.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE second volume of Dr. Boynton's *History of the American Navy* * includes the greater part of the most critical period of the late civil war, during which the fleets of the North were most actively and effectively employed. The first was chiefly occupied with the history of the organization of the Department, and the preparations made for operations on that extensive scale which the Federal scheme of hostilities required, and it also contained an account of the measures which brought about the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and hurried the country into civil war. The narrative preserves no very perfect chronological order, and the present volume resumes the subject at this critical point, and rediscusses a dispute which seems to have arisen in the Federal Cabinet regarding the expedition to Charleston in April, 1861. The author does not attempt to contradict the statement of the Southern envoys—which indeed is so fully corroborated from various quarters as to leave no doubt of its accuracy—that the Secretary of State had distinctly pledged himself that no attempt should be made to relieve Fort Sumter without full notice to the Confederates; and that, even after the preparations for the expedition had come to their knowledge, he answered their remonstrances with the assurance—"Faith as to Sumter fully kept; wait and see." There can be no doubt, in the face of this fact, either that the South was forced into the war without any choice of her own, or that those who so forced her equally anticipated the decision and overpowered the reluctance of the North, which had seemed disposed to let the seceding States depart in peace until its passions were roused by the so-called "outrage on the flag" which is now known to have been simply an act of self-defence. The natural inference would be one highly discreditable to the Federal Government at large, and to the President in particular; but, if Dr. Boynton's statements are to be relied on, they appear to point to a different conclusion, and to justify a doubt whether the assurances given by Mr. Seward were ever sanctioned by Mr. Lincoln, or made known to his colleagues. From this point the author plunges at once into the history of the naval operations; and relates the steps taken to render effectual the blockade by which the Federal Government undertook to close every port on the

* *The History of the Navy during the Rebellion.* By C. B. Boynton, D.D., Chaplain of the U.S. House of Representatives, &c. Illustrated with numerous [illegible]ngs. Vol. II. New York: Appleton & Co. London: S. Low, Son, [illegible] Marston. 1869.

Southern coast from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, and the exploits on the coast-line and on the rivers, which, though they won less attention than the achievements of the army, conduced perhaps even more to the final issue. The boastful tone of the historian, exaggerated and amusing as it often is, is not wholly without justification. It is true that the task assigned to the Navy Department was easier than it seemed. It was not necessary to find ships of war for all the duties devolving upon the Navy; and the swift packet-boats belonging to the various lines running from New York to Southern ports, being rendered useless by the war, were found very effective blockaders, as they were never to be opposed to an armed enemy. With unlimited resources at command, in a country of first-rate shipbuilders, it was not difficult for Secretary Welles in a few months to place several hundred vessels, of one kind or another, at sea. But the total absence of routine red-tape which the department displayed, the vigour, rapidity, and energy of its administration, and the thorough adaptation of its means to the ends immediately in view, were at once characteristic of the national spirit, and creditable to the capacity of those entrusted with these important duties. The last-mentioned feature of Mr. Welles's administration is somewhat obscured by Dr. Boynton's extravagant eulogy. By extolling the American vessels as superior to those of European Powers in every respect whatever, by boasting of the *Kearsage's* victory over the worn-out and worse-armed *Alabama*, and affirming that the Monitors would destroy the English navy in a single encounter, he provokes in the reader's mind a reaction which leads him to forget—as the author forgets—the essential fact that the South had no navy. Of this fact Mr. Welles never lost sight, and on this all his plans were based. His Monitors were not, ship for ship, equal to some of the roughly constructed ironclads of the South, and would have been very helpless in ocean warfare; but for service on the coast, in harbours and rivers, and against land-batteries, which was their destined service, they were admirably suited. The *Kearsage*, and other vessels of the same class, were not intended to fight the fleets of France or England, but to chase swift blockade-runners and light Southern cruisers; and for this service they, in their turn, were perfectly adapted. So, again, it seems somewhat ridiculous to hear so much boasting over victories achieved against an enemy without ships, short of gunpowder, with inferior artillery, and outnumbered at every point by two or three to one. But the author's exaggerations, or the exuberant triumph of his countrymen, should not blind us to the fact that the Federal navy had to engage in an entirely new species of warfare; to fight heavy-armed forts and batteries, and to force passages under the fire of a commanding artillery; and the ease with which success was ultimately achieved does not detract from the honour due to the courage which attempted these exploits, or the skill which discerned their feasibility. If the Americans of the North did not display, as their panegyrists pretend, either daring or strategy superior to those of English generals and soldiers, they certainly did give proof of a higher degree of invention and adaptability, a quicker genius for discerning and seizing the advantages of their position, than English Governments or commanders have usually shown. If Northern writers would do franker and fuller justice to the enemy they conquered, their national exultation would find more sympathy and tolerance with European readers.

In this respect Dr. Draper sets them an admirable example. His History of the Civil War*, of which the second volume is now before us, is not free from strong party and national prejudice —as may be seen in the manner in which he treats the notorious proclamation of General Butler. But its very title displays a better spirit than that of most Northern historians of the war; the Southerners are as a rule, spoken of, not as "rebels," but Confederates; and full justice is rendered to the bravery of the men, the virtue, patriotism, and patience of the women, and the heroism with which the entire people endured the horrors of war, the privations inflicted by the blockade upon a nation accustomed to derive so large a portion of the necessaries of life from abroad, the desolation carried into their homes by the slaughter of the very flower of their youth and manhood, and the other sufferings which he himself sums up in the emphatic phrase, that the South, during the war, was in a state of siege. But even Dr. Draper is not a trustworthy guide. The national vanity that cannot bear to own a failure, nor rest satisfied without trying to explain away a disgrace, leads him too far from sober truth, and even from reasonable probability. Thus, when he claims the campaign of Bull Run as a "political success" for the Federals, basing his argument upon the assertion of an aggressive purpose on the part of the South and a defensive one on that of the North —imputing to the former a design, with a force not half that of their enemy, to take Washington, and denying by implication the notorious expectation of the Federal Government and the entire North that the army of the Potomac would march straight on to Richmond, and capture the Confederate capital at a blow—he not only provokes a smile at the moment, but destroys all confidence in his impartiality and accuracy for the future. His present volume brings the history down to the close of 1862, and the issue of what its author described as "the Bull against the Comet"—Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

* *History of the American Civil War.* By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Physiology and Chemistry in the University of New York, &c. &c. 3 vols. Vol. II. Containing the Events from the Inauguration of President Lincoln to the Proclamation of the Emancipation of the Slaves. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

Don Ramon Paez—an eminent Venezuelan gentleman, now, if we mistake not, residing as an exile in the United States—publishes, under the title of *Travels in South and Central America**, a volume which, intended to be the first of a series, merely relates his experiences in a visit to the *llanos*, or prairies of Venezuela. The introduction, however, describes the port of La Guaira, and the city of Caraccas, the capital of the State; and the glowing colours in which the author paints the climate, the skies, the scenery, the fruits and flowers of his native land, its boundless resources, its extraordinary cheapness, its overflowing abundance of every natural condition of wealth, health, and happiness, would lead the uninformed reader to wonder how it is that so little is heard of Venezuela, that its produce never figures in the market, that it attracts no emigrants, and is scarcely visited by travellers, did not a reluctant half-sentence here and there remind him that this Paradise, like the other Spanish-American States, is "inhabited by demons," the author himself having been a sufferer by its revolutionary convulsions. General Paez—who, so far as we can gather from the manner in which he is spoken of in different passages, is the writer's father—had been one of the principal leaders of the Republicans during the Colombian War of Independence, and, at the head of a force recruited entirely among the *Llaneros*, or people of the wild cattle-farms of Venezuela, had gained successes over the Spaniards which had deeply endeared him to his half-savage troops, and given him the highest opinion of their quality. He owned extensive herds of cattle on the *llanos*, and the greater part of this volume is occupied with the account of a visit paid to his numerous farms, if farms they can be called where there was no trace of cultivation or enclosure, and only a rude log-house and a *corral* for collecting and branding the cattle which ranged at will over the unlimited natural pastures of the prairies. Nothing could well be rougher, wilder, or more trying to the sinews, nerves, and habits of a civilized man than such an expedition, unless it were the daily life of a *Llanero*. The cattle were utterly wild, the horses of those whose task it was to chase and capture them almost equally so, until trained to their peculiar and very difficult duties; and the dangers and hardships of everyday work on the plains are such that those of war must seem almost trifling in comparison. The waters which periodically inundate the *llaños* are inhabited by creatures even more savage than those of the land, and certainly more strange to European ideas. The jaguar, or tiger, as he is here called, is less formidable than the crocodile or alligator of the rivers, and much less common. The presence of the gymnotii, or electric eels, makes many parts of the rivers impassable, even by the most skilful and daring swimmers, as their shocks are liable to paralyse both horse and man. Everywhere, moreover, swarm fish of smaller size and less terrible appearance, but even more dreaded. One creature, of no very alarming size, has teeth which cut a gash as clean and deep as could be inflicted by razor or knife; and the *caribe*, a little fish no bigger than a perch, bites so fearfully that men fly from it, even on land, as from a snake or a hornet. It is attracted by the sight and smell of blood, and a wounded animal in the water is sure to be destroyed; while the strongest tackle, and even the hook itself, is bitten through with ease by its terrible and sharklike teeth, small and insignificant as they seem. These fish, moreover, swim in shoals, and instead of avoiding man—as nearly all terrestrial creatures, unless attacked or exasperated, will do—assail him at once with a ferocity unequalled by beasts of prey. The *Llanero* will venture to meet the alligator, with no weapon but his knife; but he shrinks from the *caribe*. The natural historian would find on the *llanos* of Venezuela abundant occupation for years; and this little volume, brief and unscientific as its descriptions are, is full of interest for all who have the slightest curiosity regarding the characters, forms, and habits of the stranger and more out-of-the-way species of the animal creation. In short, there are few readers who will not peruse the narrative, from end to end, with pleasure and profit, and hope that Don Ramon will fulfil his promise, and relate his adventures in other parts of South America as simply and graphically as he has told the story of his experiences on the *llanos*.

A far inferior, but not uninteresting, work is Mr. Hammond's account of *Hunting Adventures in the Northern Wilds* †—in the woods, lakes, and hills of the north-western part of the State of New York. His expedition was, as we understand, undertaken some years back; and probably his descriptions would not apply in all respects to the actual state of the country. In those days game so abounded there that to kill more fish and venison than could possibly be eaten required very little exertion or trouble. The waters swarmed with trout of exquisite flavour and considerable size, and deer abounded in the woods. A single dog was sure in a short time to bring a buck or doe within reach of the sportsman's rifle, and the cast of a fly never failed to draw the trout to the surface as fast as the angler could make his throws. Mr. Hammond himself met with few remarkable adventures; and the best part of his book consists of the stories of the old woodsman or hunter who accompanied him, and whose quaint dialect, dry humour, and simple, stubborn, common-sense morality suggest that Cooper's well-known hero may probably have been drawn from the life.

* *Travels and Adventures in South and Central America.* First Series. Life in the Llanos of Venezuela. By Don Ramon Paez. New York: Scribner & Co. London: S. Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

† *Hunting Adventures in the Northern Wilds; or, a Tramp in the Chateaugay Woods.* By J. H. Hammond. Philadelphia: J. E. Potter. London: S. Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

A retired actor of thirty years' experience can hardly fail to have collected a store of reminiscences that would be exceedingly entertaining if only their possessor knew what to select, and how to tell his story. But when the author has travelled in all directions, and to all quarters, throughout such a country as the United States, has roamed from the Puritan North to the South in the palmy days of Southern society, and changed his quarters from great cities like Chicago to the log villages of the Far West, or the small towns of the half-settled portions of the cotton States, and been brought into contact with all the contrasts and all the eccentricities of a nation so widely scattered, so curiously compounded, and containing so many diversities of race, character, and circumstance, he must be a very dull fellow if he has not accumulated material for a very interesting autobiography. That of Mr. Sol. Smith * is somewhat too prolific, and slightly tinged with egotistic tediousness, and a certain sort of vulgarity, and would have been better if it had been only half as long; but, nevertheless, it will afford plenty of amusement to the reader who is not too conscientious to skip all that relates to the author's personal fortunes, and to pick only "the plums out of the pudding."

Orpheus C. Kerr seems to improve with experience. At least one-half his present book †—that in which he views through a moral medium of "smoked glass" the solar glories of the American nation, and reduces impeachment, reconstruction, the policy of Congress, the grandeur of the Presidential trial, and other objects of newspaper panegyric, to their natural dimensions and real meaning—is lively, amusing, and not too spiteful. The other half relies for the principal part of its fun on the poverty and distress of the conquered Southerners, and on the unconquerable spirit which contrasts so forcibly with their fallen condition—subjects of ridicule which might be differently regarded by readers of a more generous temper than the satirist.

A sensational work on the Thrilling Adventures of the Early Settlers ‡ may serve young America as a substitute for such works as *Jack Sheppard* and *Dick Turpin*. The stories have generally the advantage of being, if not strictly true, yet accepted as truth; and the *Newgate Calendar* could not furnish a list of crimes and horrors more ample than that contained in this small volume. The acts of frightful cruelty and deliberate wickedness, related with conventional notes of censure, but in a tone of moral indifference, which give zest to nearly half the stories in the book, render it unfit to be placed in the hands of boys, for whom an expurgated edition would possess great interest from the hairbreadth escapes, marvellous achievements, and deeds of desperate courage in which the narratives abound.

Western Border Life § is a story, written from a partisan point of view, of the experiences of a girl from the East who spends a few months as governess in Kansas and Missouri, during the disturbances in the former State. *Stories of the Prairie* ‖ is a selection from the works of Cooper, also confined to those which relate to the wild life of the Far West—a theme that seems to have charms for American readers, despite its triteness, if we may judge from the number of works on this subject that pass through our hands in the course of a year. *A Few Friends* ¶ is the title of a very lively, entertaining, and, we may add, useful little book. Its framework is simply a story of a small party or society of people, chiefly young, who meet at one another's houses from time to time to amuse themselves with games not absolutely childish; and in this way directions are given for playing a dozen or so of games very well suited to a large family party or Christmas gathering. There is also a clever example of a charade, to show with how little trouble and expense these can be acted, if a little ingenuity be exercised in adapting the scenes to the domestic "stage" and "properties." Many of the games are new to us, and all seem pleasant and appropriate.

Of a work on the Human Intellect ** we cannot here pretend to tell our readers more than that it is written by a professor of metaphysics at one of the best American colleges, is very large, and somewhat closely printed. Professor Cooley's *Text-Book of Natural Philosophy* †† is a simple and elementary treatise on mechanics, optics, acoustics, &c., adapted for schools, or beginners in these studies. Mr. Brown's illustrations of five hundred mechanical movements *, or elementary forms of machinery, appear to be meant, not for the scholar, but for the practical artisan. Tim Bunker's Papers † on farming deal not only with American agriculture and farming operations, and other matters of serious interest to the great yeoman population of the North and West, but also with the habits and customs of the farming class, their solecisms of speech and manner, their peculiarities and perversities of behaviour—all treated in a pleasant and sensible spirit, and in a tone unlikely to irritate even those whose errors are gently ridiculed. Most of the papers assume the form of anecdotes of the imaginary writer's experiences, and are couched in the style and tone of a Connecticut yeoman writing to the editor of the journal in which they first appeared, as he might write to a distant friend.

We have two volumes of verse on our list. One, the *Changed Cross* ‡, is a collection of hymns, "principally waifs from magazines and newspapers," of which, as usual, some are good, some bad and most indifferent. *Life Below, in Seven Poems* §—as most readers will imagine from the title—belongs almost entirely to the last category.

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* *Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years. Interspersed with Anecdotal Sketches.* By Sol. Smith, retired Actor. New York: Harper Brothers. London: S. Low, Son, & Marston.

† *Smoked Glass.* By Orpheus C. Kerr. With Illustrative Anachronisms by Thomas Worth. New York: G. W. Carleton. London: S. Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

‡ *Thrilling Adventures among the Early Settlers.* By Warren Wildwood, Esq. Philadelphia: J. E. Potter. London: S. Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

§ *Western Border Life; or, What Fanny Hunter Saw and Heard in Kansas and Missouri.* Philadelphia: J. E. Potter. London: S. Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

‖ *Stories of the Prairie, and other Adventures of the Border.* Selected from the Works of J. Fenimore Cooper. With Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: S. Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

¶ *A Few Friends, and How they Amused Themselves.* A Tale in Nine Chapters, containing Descriptions of Twenty Pastimes, &c. By M. E. Dodge. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

** *The Human Intellect.* With an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul. By Noah Porter, D.D., Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

†† *A Text-Book of Natural Philosophy.* Adapted to Use in High Schools and Academies. By Leroy C. Cooley, A.M., &c. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

* *Five Hundred and Seven Mechanical Movements, embracing those which are most important in Dynamics, Hydraulics, &c.* By Henry T. Brown, Editor of the "American Artisan." New York: Brown, Coombs, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *The Tim Bunker Papers; or, Yankee Farming.* By Timothy Bunker, Esq., of Hooker Town, Conn. With Illustrations by Hoppin. New York: Ludd & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

‡ *The Changed Cross, and other Religious Poems.* New York: A. D. Randolph. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

§ *Life Below, in Seven Poems.* New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: S. Low, Son, & Marston.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 691, JANUARY 23, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 692, Vol. 27. January 30, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

POLITICS AS A PROFESSION.

THE *Quarterly Review*, in an article entitled "Politics as a "Profession," undertakes to show its readers that politics are no longer so good a profession as they used to be, and that, so far as they are worth following as a profession, it is more difficult and more degrading to follow them. An article dealing with current social facts more or less familiar to every one cannot fail to have some truth in it. More especially the *Quarterly* seems to us to be stating only what is incontestable when it points out that persons who take an interest in politics or in special political subjects have now, in an increasing degree, a power of influencing opinion and attaining their object through the periodical press, by writing books, or by lecturing, which makes it very doubtful whether they could do more or even so much by entering the House of Commons, and they gladly avail themselves of any reason for avoiding the expense, worry, and nuisance of a contested election. It is difficult to see what a man who can write when he pleases and what he pleases in a leading daily or weekly newspaper, who has all the society he cares for, who has a competence, but not the large fortune requisite for high office, and does not desire anything from Government, gains by going into the House of Commons. Those, too, who wish to carry any great social reform, to benefit the poor in any particular way, or to fertilize public thought with new ideas, now find that they can do more out of the House, with full liberty to say, write, and do what they please, than they could do in the House, where they must be generally condemned to silence and always to compromises. Far from thinking this, however, to be a loss to the nation, we think it a distinct gain. More people are usefully and happily employed than they would be if a seat in the House was the only way of keeping up an interest in political subjects, or of exercising some gentle kind of political influence. All representative assemblies, too, have inherent defects, such as the difficulty of getting good measures carried through them, which the House of Commons shares with the rest. In England it is only a strong Government, headed by resolute men, that can get Bills of any value passed; but at present there is no reason to think that we are particularly badly off. We have at least got a Government with a fair proportion of able and determined men in it, backed by quite as large a majority as can be held together. The present House, too, inherits some part of that load of electoral iniquity which its predecessors have transmitted to it. Bribery and intimidation have had much more to do with the composition of the House than they ought to have. There are also new evils which have sprung up lately, and in some measure from the extension of the franchise. The necessary and legitimate expenses of candidates are greatly increased by the expansion of the electoral body, and elections have in some places passed too much into the hands of wire-pullers, principally through the operation of the fanciful clause for giving members to minorities. But when all this is said, it remains to be asked what are the special complaints against the House of Commons which make it less worth while than formerly to pursue the profession of politics systematically. The complaints which the *Quarterly* makes are mainly these—that there is an increasing tendency to give power to the domination of cliques, that the best men get degraded by the necessities to which they find themselves subject, and that men with ideas but without means cannot find seats. If there is some truth in these complaints—and there never yet was a representative assembly in any age or country against which something of the sort might not be said—there is at present very much exaggeration in them. The cliques from which danger is alleged to be apprehended are the clique of railway directors and the clique of Irish members swayed by the Romish clergy. There are said to be 130 railway directors in the present House, and railway legislation may again be warped, as it has often been warped already, to suit the Companies rather than the public; and the particular form of danger which the *Quarterly* anticipates is that some great national question, such as peace or war, may eventually be determined by the refusal or agreement of the Government to buy a particular line. In the same way, it is supposed that the Irish priests may get under their control some day seventy Irish members, and that these seventy members may some day come to vote under direct orders from Rome. The *Quarterly* thinks this more likely to happen soon than it has been at any time since Catholic Emancipation. As this is only a speculation for the future, it is not worth much discussing. But the question to be decided is not whether some clique may not, under some unknown circumstances, exercise a pernicious power, but whether the chance of its doing so makes politics less worth following as a profession than formerly. In the days when politics are supposed to have been really worth following, there were cliques enough and to spare. O'CONNELL's tail was formed, wriggled vigorously behind him, and then fortunately melted away. Has the writer in the *Quarterly* forgotten how the clique of the landowners shouted and voted, under a kind of divine frenzy, when they thought their cows were in danger from the Cattle Plague? Selfish interests and the interests of classes too often in every assembly prevail against justice and wisdom, but a politician must be uncommonly fainthearted who will not enter on his profession for fear lest the English nation should be stopped by railway directors from making peace or war, or by Irish members from upholding religious freedom.

The next reason given for avoiding politics as a profession is that public men are now degraded by having to comply with the exigencies of their party or their constituencies. That there is something of this degradation now to be deplored seems only too probable, and that in past times there has been very much to deplore is certain; but the particular instances selected to show how this degradation tells on eminent men are unfortunate. The instances given are those of Mr. GLADSTONE, who stumped Lancashire, and of Mr. MILL, who patronized BRADLAUGH and BEALES. That Mr. GLADSTONE said a great many unwise and ill-considered things while he was stumping Lancashire, and that there was too much of his endless and passionate oratory at that time of excitement, few even of his admirers would dispute. The only wonder is that a man so sensitive and so excitable did not commit himself even more when he found himself opposed with such bitter hostility, with misrepresentations so flagrant, and by such high-handed domineering over dependents. That the *Quarterly* should be able to show that he used a phrase about Ireland which a judicious person would have guarded by a careful addition, and that he should have stated the fact that the Tories were frightened into a Reform Bill by the pulling down of the Hyde Park railings, without adding that it was of course wrong to pull them down, do not seem very unpardonable offences, considering that he was then fighting a hard fight in a county where the clerical friends of the *Quarterly* were furiously warning their parishioners that, if they voted for Mr. GLADSTONE, Protestant martyrs would soon be burnt again at Smithfield. But, anyhow, all this was entirely Mr. GLADSTONE's own doing. Nobody asked him to stump; he was not yielding to any fatal necessity imposed upon him by any one; the faults and the excellences he displayed were entirely his own. In the same way, whatever errors Mr. MILL committed were entirely voluntary. He sacrificed his seat, and alienated many of his supporters, because he would insist on his own crotchets and adhere to his special principles. He has always insisted on the duty of the supreme Legislature to uphold the rights of feeble and inferior races, and he carried this out by prosecuting Mr. EYRE, even after success in prosecuting him had become hopeless. He has always insisted, in his anxiety for the liberty of opinion, on the advantage of encouraging individuals to advance even the most outrageous beliefs, and he showed to what utter extremity he was prepared to follow this out by

making a contribution to the expenses of Mr. BRADLAUGH. But if ever a man acted on his own judgment Mr. MILL did in both these cases. He offended his constituents, he frightened his party, he lost among the philosophical the credit of being a philosopher. In fact, he pleased himself; and a less apposite example of the degradation attending on political subserviency cannot be imagined. If the *Quarterly* wanted to give two instances, not of men who have been corrupted by political life into insincerity, but of men who have created an almost universal impression of their being unusually sincere in the world of politics, and adopting and advocating whatever opinion their reason or fancy may from time to time prompt them to entertain, it could not find better examples than those of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MILL.

That men with ideas and without means cannot now get into Parliament so easily as they once could, when rotten boroughs still existed, is a very familiar fact. We have long ago had to settle whether rotten boroughs should be allowed to continue for the object of providing such men with seats. But the advantage of rotten boroughs to men of this sort can only be properly estimated when we take into consideration the disadvantages to those same men which rotten boroughs entailed. The chief of these disadvantages was that they were led to look on themselves as articles of political value, to be bought by the first or the most willing purchaser. We have lately had lives published of Sir JAMES MACINTOSH, of Lord LYNDHURST, and Lord BROUGHAM, and it is quite evident that they all started in life as clever politicians, undetermined which side in politics they should take, until they knew which side would provide them with a seat. For many years the Whigs would not provide BROUGHAM with a seat, because they thought they were not sure of him. Now our young men with ideas and without means are at least in this respect born in happier days. They are not kept waiting to learn from the chances of a nomination to a rotten borough what their ideas are; and they may have the satisfaction of believing themselves honest. Whether men with ideas and without means are now, as a matter of fact, kept out of Parliament, it is difficult to say. The answer will depend on what we understand by ideas and means. There are several men of good education and position who have only a small fortune, who have very good abilities, and who would like to get into Parliament, but cannot get in. There are several hundreds of such men, many more than enough to fill the whole House of Commons. As the land, commerce, and the law must engross the vast majority of seats, and as of the few left a proportion ought properly to be held by men with special knowledge, such as that acquired in India or the colonies, the proper scheme of things would be thrown out of balance if more than a few seats were left for the men of ideas. If by ideas we mean the fair average ability of well-educated men, then several candidates possessing this qualification offered themselves at the last election. Some, whose defeat we much regret, were defeated, having in most instances stood on the spur of the moment for places where they had no chance; some succeeded, as if by a miracle, and were welcomed by constituencies the names of which they scarcely knew. Although Berkshire, or Clitheroe, or Chippenham, or Abingdon, or Woodstock, might have been wiser than they were, yet Frome, Dungarvan, the Border Burghs, and Perthshire were strangely kind. If we could have all our wishes gratified, we should certainly wish that the present House contained at least half a dozen more of these men, who may be spoken of as men of ideas, and half a dozen special representatives of the working-classes. If it were not quite so rich and quite so mediocre, it might be a better House, but we see no reason to despair of the present state of things being improved hereafter. That elections should cost less is a point greatly to be desired and earnestly to be striven for. The transfer of election petitions to the Judges promises to work strongly in this direction, and if corrupt local influences can be got rid of or abated, constituencies will begin to look out for men likely to do them credit. A man whom his friends pronounce to be amiable and clever will never be able to rely on dropping down suddenly on a constituency and carrying his election in a quiet gentlemanly way. But men who have real ability, and will count the cost, and are prepared to encounter many mortifications both before and after they are elected, may still hope to follow politics as a profession, and not find themselves more disappointed than they must be in a profession full of disagreeables, poorly rewarded, requiring very special gifts, and only to be recommended to men without means, if they are conscious of unusual powers or are sustained by a profound desire to do good.

BELGIUM.

An exaggerated importance has been attached to the death of the young Crown Prince of BELGIUM. Exceptional sympathy with the domestic griefs of conspicuous or Royal personages is perfectly natural, for indifference to the troubles of strangers proceeds chiefly from ignorance and want of attention, while the loss of a child who happened to be heir to a throne in some degree impresses the imagination; and a transient feeling of compassion unconsciously suggests a fear that some public interest is concerned in the event. The extinction of the Saxon dynasty in Belgium, even if it is not destined to survive the present generation, is still, it may be hoped, remote; nor can it be reasonably expected that thirty or forty years hence the fortunes of the nation will depend on the accident of hereditary succession. A similar period has elapsed since the crown was accepted by Prince LEOPOLD, then a middle-aged and childless widower. It is still probable that the reigning sovereign or his brother may leave male issue, and if the Belgians should, towards the end of the present century, be in search of a King, the COBURG family is not likely to have disappeared from Europe. Spain is at this moment engaged in the same operation under greater difficulties; for the candidate who may be chosen by the Cortes will be regarded by a part of the population as a usurper, and there will be two or three sets of Pretenders ready on every convenient occasion to question his title. To some Spanish politicians the choice of a dynasty seems so easy and ordinary a transaction that they think it desirable to appoint, in the person of ESPARTERO, a provisional occupant of the throne. No such fantastic scheme would be likely to find favour in Belgium, where there will be abundance of time for considering the nomination of a successor when it has become certain that the male line of the reigning House is about to become extinct. The danger which is really apprehended is, not that it will be impossible to find a King, but that the kingdom will be absorbed in the dominions of a powerful neighbour. The time has long passed when States, like private properties, derived their unity from their owners, or became by marriage and bequest parts of larger agglomerations of territory. It was in this way that Brabant and Flanders passed from their indigenous dynasty to Burgundy, from Burgundy, through Austria, to Spain, and ultimately again to Austria; but the precedent is wholly obsolete. The annexation of the Austrian Netherlands to the French Republic and Empire reminds Belgian patriots of a more urgent cause of anxiety.

It was only by a happy accident that the Earldom of Flanders escaped, at the close of the middle ages, from becoming a province of France. The power of the Dukes of BURGUNDY, and of the Spanish and German branches of the House of Austria, alone secured the separate existence which has since grown into permanent or temporary independence. The establishment of a powerful monarchy or republic in the Low Countries was unfortunately prevented in the first instance by the final adhesion, during the Dutch War of Independence, of the Flemish and Walloon districts to Spain and to Rome; and, two centuries and a half later, by the failure of the most hopeful experiment of the Congress of Vienna. The fault may perhaps have lain with the Dutch, or with the family of ORANGE; and it was undoubtedly difficult to mould into a single nation two races of different language and religion; but if Holland and Belgium could have been content to retain even a federal union with one another, there would have been no question of risk from the ambitious designs attributed to Prussia or to France. Both countries are free, wealthy, and industrious, nor are their interests in any way reciprocally antagonistic. Of late years they have both been disposed to abandon their ancient jealousies, and some Belgian politicians hold that the separation in 1830 was a mistake; but even if reunion were otherwise probable, it would be impracticable, because it would be forbidden by France. The small State of Belgium, with half its population speaking French, is easier to deal with than a Kingdom of the Netherlands, although there may be no direct or immediate intention of profiting by its inability to defend itself. The project of including Belgium within the French Customs' frontier was suggested by the renewal of the Zollverein after the establishment of the North German Confederation. Frenchmen are perhaps scarcely to be blamed for the mistaken belief that the German States have no closer bond of union than the ties of language, religion, and neighbourhood, which connect France with Belgium or with parts of Switzerland. All the changes which have occurred during ten years in Europe, although they are for the most part beneficial in

themselves, endanger the independence of minor States. The notion of the equality of sovereigns among themselves, and the theory of the balance of power, have simultaneously gone out of fashion.

There is no reason to apprehend that, during the reign of NAPOLEON III., there will be any attempt to annex Belgium to France by main force; nor will the contrivance of universal suffrage be applied until there is plausible reason for assuming the consent of a large part of the population. The most imminent danger to Belgian independence is threatened by the dissensions of two parties which are almost equally balanced. In no other country except Ireland is the priesthood so fanatical, or so powerful among its own adherents, as in Belgium, while the not less numerous Liberal party is united in resistance to clerical pretensions and encroachments. Behind political differences there is often a common stock of opinions and of interests, which limits the field of contest; but ecclesiastical and secular predominance are incompatible, and a struggle between their respective advocates always tends to become internecine. Loyalty and patriotism are regarded by sacerdotal politicians as subordinate considerations; and, on the other hand, modern democracy affects a cosmopolitan character. Almost any French Government has opportunities and excuses for encouraging either party. As the eldest son of the Church, or as the heir and representative of the Revolution, a French Emperor may with equal facility assume the patronage of orthodoxy, or of anti-clerical Liberalism. The protector of Rome has sometimes been denounced as a new PONTIUS PILATE, and only a year ago he was publicly prayed at with unusual virulence by the POPE himself; but, since the defection of Austria and Spain, he is the most orthodox of European sovereigns in his relations to the Holy See. If the conflict of parties in Belgium at any time degenerates into civil strife, the defeated faction may probably invite foreign interference. Apostacy of this kind would be fatal to a disaffected minority in Spain, or even in Switzerland; but between France and Belgium there are neither Alps nor Pyrenees. In a not impossible contingency, French sentiment may perhaps demand compensation for the further aggrandizement of a neighbouring State which is already considered too powerful; and as the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine are finally out of reach, popular covetousness will perhaps be directed to an easier acquisition, which, according to common report, was suggested in 1866 by the Prussian Minister to the Emperor NAPOLEON. The coincidence of excitement in France with an application for aid by the Clerical or Liberal party in Belgium might probably lead to decisive and lamentable results. The best chance for Belgian independence will be found in the adjournment of a crisis which may perhaps, in an altered state of circumstances, cease to be dangerous.

The continuance or expiration of the dynasty of LEOPOLD can scarcely affect the prospects of Belgium. A constitutional King could scarcely offer any serious impediment to annexation, and a casual vacancy of the throne would, according to modern notions, furnish but a feeble pretext for foreign encroachment. It has been oddly suggested that the future marriage of the EMPEROR'S son to a Belgian Princess might involve the absorption of Belgium into France; but the constituent legislators of 1830 prudently guarded against the danger by confining the right of succession exclusively to males. As a daughter of the present KING or of the Count of FLANDERS could make no claim to the Crown, it is evident that she could not convey any title to her husband. Great monarchies can afford to adopt any convenient rule of succession, and in England Queens regnant have been popular; but States which are in any degree liable to be annexed, or to be reduced to a condition of dependence, ought to abide rigorously by the Salic law. The Revolution which drove the male line from the Spanish throne enabled LOUIS PHILIPPE and M. GUIZOT to contrive their notorious plot for providing an Orleanist appanage and a new family alliance. No similar risk would be incurred even if the absurd system of premature betrothal were revived in the case of King LEOPOLD'S daughter. The KING himself, though he was formerly said to be too much under the influence of the priests, has hitherto not abandoned the impartiality on which his father's just reputation was mainly founded. The popularity of his name will, with prudent conduct, secure his throne as long as the people are satisfied with their actual form of government, and with their independent position; but the son of an elected ruler has no divine right which could be placed in competition with any general desire for revolutionary change. It may well happen that time will solve by some unexpected method the problems which perplex Belgian politicians.

EARL RUSSELL'S LAST LETTER.

EARL RUSSELL has his place in the great economy of English politics. His function certainly is not that of a pilot fish, as has been said, or of a pilot balloon either; at least we sincerely hope that he does not represent the policy, or want of policy, of the Government on the Irish Church question. His place is much more like that of a buoy showing the set of currents, and telling of the perilous rocks and shallows. Where Earl RUSSELL is, there is danger; and at just those spots where the surf breaks and the eddies boil round Earl RUSSELL, tossing and pitching at an uneasy anchorage, the ship of the State had better keep a clear offing. "Pembroke "Lodge, February 3, 1868." "Pembroke Lodge, January 18, "1869." "My dear FORTESCUE." Poor dear FORTESCUE indeed! What if he had been influenced, what if we had any of us been influenced—and, still worse, what if any of us are to be influenced—by the great epistolographer? Twelve months ago Earl RUSSELL proposed the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but maintained its claim for retaining an endowment to the amount of one-eighth of its present revenues. Moreover, he proposed the co-ordinate endowment of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian communions out of funds to be obtained from the remaining seven-eighths of the Irish Church property. As everybody knows, this plan was no novelty, and it had just been recommended by Earl GREY, who inherited the principle of it from Mr. PITT. But in a few weeks Earl RUSSELL found that nobody would have this Eirenicon, sensible as it was; that to suggest it was now too late; moreover, that it was damaged because the Tory Government were likely to adopt it; and because, perhaps on this very account, Mr. GLADSTONE had declared for a policy which not only proclaimed disestablishment, but disendowment, and not only disendowment, but alienation of all Church funds from sectarian purposes, together with a withdrawal of the small alms and subsidies which had been given to the two non-established communions. That is to say, Mr. GLADSTONE hoisted the standard of Voluntaryism. Earl RUSSELL, while accepting Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy in a second letter to dear FORTESCUE, again explained, apologized for, eulogized, and all but proposed his old—or Lord GREY'S—plan. And now he is much, as it seems, where he was. He is all for Mr. GLADSTONE, and all for his own favourite scheme; all for himself and all for everybody else; he is for disestablishment, and even for disendowment, but for a disendowment which looks very like disendowment first and re-endowment afterwards. There is to be secularization, because it is a constitutional principle for the State to strip the old Church whenever the State pleases; and here the great principle by which Woburn Abbey is a Bedford estate is maintained. But then the State, like DORCAS, is to make up new coats and garments, not so large and cumbrous as the old ones, but warranted to fit well and suit the prevailing fashion; and the Episcopalian Protestants, after all, are not to be turned out to perish in the cold. Earl RUSSELL may well say that he cannot congratulate himself on being "precise as to disendow-"ment"; and when he complains that "there seems to have "been some confusion in the Resolutions of the House of "Commons on this subject," we are tempted to add that the fog and haze must have spread into the Upper House, and the confusion must have confused Earl RUSSELL himself.

But this is always the case. Confused and uncertain reasoners always accuse the intelligence of their hearers; and, because Earl RUSSELL has not made up his mind, he thinks that the majority of the House of Commons and the constituencies—and, as he addresses the Irish Secretary, perhaps the PREMIER and his colleagues—have not either. And his letter must be intended, if for anything, to assist the judgment of the Lower House, perhaps of Mr. GLADSTONE himself. No doubt it may have this effect, that from its pages may be culled, by every section of politicians, something to strengthen or to favour their conclusions. For it is not so much that Earl RUSSELL has not made up his mind on the great question of the day, but he has made up twenty minds on it. He is not to be charged with coming to a lame and impotent conclusion, since he has come to half a dozen conclusions, and not one of them lame and impotent. He is impartial; but only in the sense that he appears to agree with everybody, and to have a good word for everybody and everything. Black is black and very black; white unquestionably white; but both black and white have much to be said for them. This is reassuring, and full of political wisdom, when every party and section of politicians has come to the conclusion that the only alternative is black or white. However, the statesman who adopted the Appropriation Clause, entered office pledged to carry it, and contentedly remained in office without carrying it, may now be pardoned if, after more than thirty years of this

sort of experience, he sees no inconsistency in advocating Mr. GLADSTONE's policy, and with the same breath recommending us—not without plausible, and to many people irrefragable, arguments—to accept that very ground which Mr. GLADSTONE has cut away from his own, Earl RUSSELL's, and everybody's feet.

Thus Earl RUSSELL insists on the policy of redistributing the Irish ecclesiastical revenues. The Regium Donum and the Maynooth endowments are to be reviewed, reappropriated, but by no means to be withdrawn. It is neither logical nor equitable, because the Irish Church is to be disestablished, that the Presbyterians and Romanists are to be robbed or impoverished; and why so? because the first duty of the State, according to my LORD MACAULAY, is to provide for the religious and moral wellbeing of the community. A pregnant and forcible principle by which—or we have misread every book and misconstrued every discussion on Church and State—endowments always, and establishments for the most part, have been vindicated. To provide for the religious wants of the people is a duty enforced by natural religion, and recommended apart from revelation. So Earl RUSSELL argues, and, after his wont, falls back upon his books. There is quite a catena of authorities on this head; to mention no others, PLATO, POLYBIUS, and CICERO, all Greek and all Roman philosophy. But religion is now Christian; therefore, with the full light of Christianity beaming upon us, we must take care that this light shines before men. Of this light the Churches of ROME and GENEVA, of LUTHER, CALVIN, and CRANMER, are all—and, Earl RUSSELL hardly seems to deny, equally—the candlesticks. This sacred light we must take care to kindle on every hill. Earl RUSSELL sees it glowing and blazing under the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's, and ennobling with as true a radiance the Scotch moorside where the persecuted Presbyterian worshipped without a roof over his head. This light is now obscured by the progress of sceptical opinions, and of a rationalism denounced equally by Bishop DUPANLOUP and Dr. MACLEOD. Here is our danger alike and our duty —our danger that "Christianity itself" runs the risk of being extinguished by sceptical opinions, our duty to see that it is not extinguished. Impressed with these sentiments —and they are shared in, or at any rate expressed quite as forcibly, if not with such eloquence, by Mr. DISRAELI and Lord CAIRNS as by Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE's correspondent —Earl RUSSELL "approaches the question of disendowment"; and then he elaborately broaches a complicated scheme for giving all the three communions funds and property and temporal means, which certainly look very like endowments, whatever they may be called. First, there is the claim on behalf of the present Establishment based on prescription. Prescription may have its bigoted side, and prescription might have been pleaded on behalf of the Druids; but prescription is not all bad. Indeed, the argument from prescription is a very bad argument as against leaving the present Establishment with its existing funds, but no argument at all against presenting the same body with new funds. This, if we understand it, is Earl RUSSELL's reasoning, and it seems to be very like BALAAM constrained to bless when he wanted to curse. And so far does Earl RUSSELL allow himself to be carried by his zealous recognition of the wrong which would be inflicted on the Irish Church by confiscation, that he frankly, in the very teeth of what he calls a hustings' chorus against the anomalies and the abuses of that Church, declares that "these "anomalies and abuses are in reality among the most useful "parts of the Establishment." And with a boldness, not to say audacity, which would surprise the world in anybody but Earl RUSSELL, he defends, and not only defends, but extols, the spectacle of a Protestant clergyman, with a congregation of two or ten or twenty persons, surrounded by a Roman Catholic population of four or five thousand. Such a clergyman is not without his use; his church ought not to fall to ruin; his glebe house is not to be emptied; he is not to be improved off the face of the earth as an anomaly, still less as an abuse.

Now we all know who rushes in where who fears to tread. We are not going to say a word about fools or angels. There is very little of fool, or angel, either about Earl RUSSELL or Mr. DISRAELI; but we much doubt whether this argument which Earl RUSSELL—who is for disendowment—offers will ever be urged by the most fervent champion of endowment. After this broad and expansive vindication of the principle of an endowed Establishment, applied to the most crucial and damaging instance, it is almost superfluous to go into Earl RUSSELL's details; or to note that he would consequently maintain all the churches and all the glebe-houses (and, we suppose, glebes too) of the disestablished Establishment, and would further supply the Romanist and Presbyterian communities with churches and parsonages out of the present ecclesiastical funds of Ireland. Earl RUSSELL would not only build these edifices, but would assign funds for their repairs and perpetual maintenance. This he would do as a statesman; and as a religious man he would maintain a clergyman with a flock of two, as a breakwater against the flood of sceptical opinions. Whether all this would be right and politic we are not now saying; but that it should be seriously put forward by a sincere advocate of Mr. GLADSTONE, can only be accounted for by the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE's advocate is Earl RUSSELL, and that we have had some experience of Earl RUSSELL's peculiar method of recommending his friends' and his own principles. It is but a trifling objection to this plan that it proposes for these purposes to assign to each of the three communions exactly the same sum —namely, 120,000*l.* a year—whereas the numbers of the three communions still stand at six-eighths, one-eighth, and one-eighth respectively. After having sponged up most of the ecclesiastical revenues for those strictly ecclesiastical purposes to which, as one believes—but of course one is wrong, or Earl RUSSELL is wrong, and for Earl RUSSELL to be wrong is an impossibility—Mr. GLADSTONE has pledged himself and his followers that they are not to be applied, it is poor work in Earl RUSSELL to be very precise and minute in doling out the crumbs and fragments that remain to some ideal aged couples basking in almshouses, or to the imaginary orphan babes and sucklings, the ideal and poetical children of involuntary poverty, who are at present in the workhouse.

Qualis ab incepto. Earl RUSSELL is Earl RUSSELL still. He thinks that he is the most practical of statesmen, while he is what the French call a mere *idéologue.* He affects to be original; which he may be, only that Earl GREY, Mr. BENCE JONES, Mr. TRENCH, and everybody else, has been before him. He reads them all, admires them all, admits what everybody says; and then considers himself to be very impartial, because he sees that everybody is right, and that the very opposite arguments to theirs are all right too. But then it is a question about Ireland; and Earl RUSSELL knows that, to solve an Irish difficulty, the best way is to make confusion worse confounded than ever. This Earl RUSSELL has done, and not for the first time; but his latest triumph in this curious art of statesmanship is assuredly his greatest.

THE TRIAL OF ELECTION PETITIONS.

PECULIAR constituencies require peculiar candidates. There is the constituency in which, time out of mind, an election has been an occasion for a general spree, when beer and whisky are drunk as freely as water might be drunk at all times, when every attorney is expected to put every friend up to something more or less good, and when the British elector can safely reckon on attaining that culminating glory of having first drunk himself very drunk with the liquor of both parties, and, having pocketed the half-sovereigns of both parties, staggers to the poll and blurts out the name that accident suggests to him. A constituency of this kind wants a candidate of a jovial, generous, confiding temperament. As the constituents put it, they like a gentleman as is a gentleman; and when their emissaries have got hold, as they think, of the man to suit them, they invite him to come down and see the place. The leading local attorney of the party welcomes him with delight, and the candidate shows his sense of what is due in return by placing a cheque for a sum—not large, but still of satisfactory amount—in the hands of his new friend. But he is most cautious and explicit in directing that the money is only to go for the most clearly legal purposes. He will have nothing to do with corrupt practices, and as to bribery, it must be most distinctly understood that not one farthing is to be spent in that way. An account must be rendered of the money advanced, and vouchers kept for everything paid, that he may be sure nothing wrong has been done. His only object in advancing the money is to show that he is in earnest in the good cause, and that he is sufficiently solvent to meet the legitimate expenses that must fall on him, including, of course, the bill of his attentive host. The attorney thoroughly enters into his views, promises obedience, and the two apostles of purity proceed to walk about the town. The candidate is introduced to every one, is most pleasant and civil, is willing to talk anywhere and on anything; and as many of his supporters are in the habit of frequenting public-houses, he cannot do better than go there to seek them. He talks most affably to them, and shows that he too has heard the chimes at midnight; but he says, with a fall in his voice, that the pleasure of paying for their beer is denied him, and that, as their future member, he cannot do what as a private

gentleman he would have done with infinite satisfaction. The result is, if all has gone off well, that it is pronounced he will do. He is decreed to be the right man in the right place. Who it is that pronounces this decree no one can pretend to sa unless they know who is the dark abysmal person that keeps himself entirely out of sight and prominence, but really manages the election. The word goes forth. The candidate has been found in whom it is safe to speculate. Instantly beer begins to flow, every one is a committeeman or a friend of a committeeman, or wants to know something or say something, and naturally needs refreshment. Money circulates freely. Obscure attorneys' clerks, petty publicans, insolvent tradesmen, go about with pockets full of money. Any one who wishes for a job can be hired as a messenger or a watcher, or as a watcher to watch the other watchers. A profuse expenditure is evidently going on, but the candidate does not contribute a farthing towards it, nor does his agent, nor does any one of his own circle. He is elected, we will say, and a petition is presented against his return, and he comes forward with a clear conscience and swears, not only that he has not spent a halfpenny illegally, but that he most positively directed that not a halfpenny should be spent illegally on his behalf. His agent corroborates these assertions, and even if he loses his seat he is very properly complimented by the Judge on his own immunity from reproach. But most probably there is no petition, and he holds his seat undisturbed; or a petition may be presented, and the petitioner has to withdraw it, or fails because he can get no satisfactory evidence. All is serene, and possibly for a year or so he hears nothing more about the cost of the election. Then he receives an intimation that on fuller examination it appears that all accounts were not quite settled, that in point of fact two or three thousand pounds are wanting to make things square, and that probably he will agree in thinking it best to settle the thing quietly, to draw a cheque for a round sum, and to have no more trouble about the matter. The whole of the enthusiastic and lavish proceedings on his behalf have been conducted on the speculation that when the critical time comes he will draw this cheque, and things will be quietly squared. The speculators may have mistaken their man; he may turn round on them and refuse to give them a shilling, and then they have to bear the loss, and they set to work to find for the next election the ideal candidate, the absolutely heroic man, the free-handed gentleman who, when in due time he is asked to square up quietly, will give enough to square up, not only what has been done for him, but for his predecessor. If no such man can be found, and until he can be found, the speculators lose; but in their low way they are generally shrewd men, and are, it may be presumed, right sufficiently often to find the game a paying one.

Such a constituency was Bewdley, and such a candidate some of the naughty people of Bewdley evidently thought they had got in Sir RICHARD GLASS. He seemed exactly the right man for the place. He came down, gave an encouraging cheque to a friendly attorney, and perambulated the town in a gay, joyous, cheery manner. He showed himself to be one of those people who have the happy art of enlivening and animating the society in which they happen to find themselves. Satisfactory evidence was offered to show that he did not during his canvass sing "The Jolly Thieves," for there is no such song; but there were people at Bewdley perhaps, who, in their delight with his ways and turns of manner, fancied that if there had been such a song he would have sung it. The decree went forth that Sir RICHARD was to be trusted, and Bewdley was itself again. As Mr. Justice WILLES said, "Bewdley ran "with beer." Public-houses were opened on a scale of magnificent profusion which, in the poetic language of the judge, turned them from being mere places of refreshment into honey-pots to catch electoral flies. Hundreds of excellent, useful people were engaged as watchers. The election was all that an election ought to be, and the right man was returned triumphantly, and, what was most satisfactory, he was returned without having spent a shilling illegally. But unfortunately a petition was presented, and he has been unseated, and this time the speculators will find their speculation a bad one. Even if there had been no petition, the speculation would, we take for granted, have been equally bad. Sir RICHARD GLASS would have refused to square up the balance quietly, but that he would have been asked to do so he can no more doubt now, we presume, than any one else can doubt. He would have refused, but there was something in his gallant bearing and pleasant ways of going on that misled the Bewdley people, and made them risk their money as HARDIMENT risked his, when he drew 200*l.* just before the poll closed to return Sir HENRY STRACEY for Norwich. The whole plan of operations would succeed if the right men were selected as candidates, and if it were found possible to prevent some of the distributors of the good things given away from coming within the sweeping law of agency. The present system of trying election petitions undoubtedly tends to discourage schemes of the sort. The rapidity with which the judge lays down and applies the law, the facility with which an investigation on the spot is conducted, the possibility of strengthening a case by many witnesses when a few only could have been carried to London, and the knowledge that everything revealed is published in all the papers the next morning, and read all over the kingdom, must make unscrupulous agents pause. But we must not expect that the new system will do all that could be wished. There is a weak point in the scheme of checking bribery by petitions, which we now are beginning to perceive. Petition after petition is being withdrawn, because the petitioners cannot get evidence or cannot afford the expense. The expense of fighting a petition is very heavy, and in many cases the petition has been presented by persons whose chief object has been merely to attain a public good, and put down illegal practices at elections. But public spirit will not go beyond a certain point. People will subscribe a certain sum to have the truth made known without private advantage to themselves, but they will not double their subscriptions. If the money can be got, it is still sometimes impossible to get the necessary evidence; as a rule, it has to be bought, and the price is very high. A man will ask 50*l.* to come and swear that he took half-a-sovereign at the time of the election. He is considered something of a spy and a traitor; he is playing false to those whose bribes he took; and above all, he is proving himself a bad townsman, who is willing to let all the secrets of the borough be revealed, and have it exposed to odium, and perhaps to disfranchisement. For this loss of social position the man who peaches wishes to be paid, and 50*l.* appears to be the lowest for which an informer will agree to be held nefarious by a set of neighbours who see no harm whatever in taking a bribe. The petitioner cannot, speaking pecuniarily, lay out 50*l.* better than in buying the evidence of a man who can really prove bribery by an agent; but then the petitioner finds that most of those who will take the 50*l.* cannot give evidence that amounts nearly to this, and after infinite trouble and the unpleasantness of driving nasty bargains with the scum of society, he finds that he has got hold of the wrong people, and his petition is a failure.

That the terror of these trials by Judges was not sufficient beforehand to prevent things being done at some elections on the most magnificent scale is amply proved by the instances of Bradford and Dublin. Mr. RIPLEY, who was elected at Bradford, must be as nice a candidate in some ways as an attorney could wish. He did not pay any money, but he opened an unlimited credit at a bank in favour of a local lawyer, who drew what he pleased, and his drawings reached the handsome sum of upward of 7,000*l.* Of course all this went in what were considered legal expenses; but then Mr. RIPLEY was contesting Bradford under very peculiar circumstances, and had consequently to bear legal expenses of a very peculiar kind. There is a part of Bradford inhabited chiefly by Irish, and as the Irish were not quite satisfied with Mr. RIPLEY'S views, it was suspected that they would all vote against him. It was accordingly considered wise and necessary to form what were termed neutralizing committees, the object and duty of which should be to go among the Irish and persuade them to be at least neutral, and not to vote against Mr. RIPLEY even if they could not be induced to vote for him. But neutralizing Irishmen is dry work, and so a hundred and sixty-four public-houses were engaged and kept open in the most liberal manner as schools or centres of neutrality. Nor was there any of that invidious distinction between committeemen and others which so often creates jealousies and tends to interrupt the harmony of a public-house; for all danger of ill-feeling on this head was entirely avoided by the simple expedient of putting everybody on the committee. If it cannot be said of Dublin, as of Bewdley, that it ran beer, it may certainly be said metaphorically of Dublin that it ran porter. A strong current of extra stout flowed with all its fertilizing and animating properties through the constituency. It is only at Dublin that we have got back to the old days of men in the moon and mysterious strangers. Voters who were considered safe to swim with the tide of "GUINNESS" were supplied with a ticket cut out of an old book of unused railway foils, so that, if any one saw the ticket, it looked merely like a pass. This ticket was taken to a dingy room in a dingy house, and, as its holder traversed the room from one door to the other, an arm draped in black came out of a small side enclosure, and, while perfect silence was preserved, tendered an

envelope. The voter opened his envelope when he got safely outside, and to his delight and surprise found it contained a 5*l.* note. And notes of this description were so plentiful, that they were apparently bestowed in many instances on people who had no notion of asking for them, and who would have voted as they did for nothing, or for one-twentieth of what they got. As judgment has not yet been pronounced in the Dublin case, it would be premature to discuss whether any means can be imagined to prevent the recurrence of doings so scandalous. But the Judges, as they gain experience, throw out hints of what they think would be improvements in the law, and their opinion will have great weight. Doing away with nominations is a small but an obvious improvement, and one that can be easily effected without loss to any one. It is said that it would be a loss to prevent the possibility of any one standing up to the last moment. But this is only a verbal objection. There must be a last moment sometime or other, and there is no advantage in fixing the hour when the returning-officer opens the proceedings on the day of nomination as the last moment, more than any hour a day or two days before. In fact the day of nomination is now practically the last moment now in large constituencies, for it would be impossible that voting-cards should be printed and distributed by the next morning. It has also evidently entered the minds of the Judges that the system of having paid canvassers is altogether bad and unnecessary, and that many of the worst evils of election flow from the meetings of paid canvassers of a humble order in public-houses. We must wait until the experience derived from the trial of the petitions yet to be heard furnishes ample material for discussion, but it is evident that the Act of last Session is destined to receive some very important alterations and additions.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE detailed accounts of the New Zealand disasters confirm the telegraphic summary. It is not certain whether the native insurrection on the west coast was connected with the murderous attack on the settlement at Poverty Bay, which is two hundred miles distance from the scene of the unsuccessful skirmish of the 7th of November. On the 9th of the same month several scattered houses in the Poverty Bay district were attacked before daybreak by the Maori convicts who had recently escaped from Chatham Island. Belonging to the fanatical sect of Hau-haus, the assailants killed men, women, and children indiscriminately, and they afterwards burned the homesteads of their victims. The whole district, which, notwithstanding its unpromising name, is said to be one of the finest in the Northern Island, is for the present utterly ruined; and it is almost a relief to find that the whole number of persons killed amounts only to thirty-seven, including nine friendly natives. A massacre by savages, however shocking, is neither surprising nor instructive, for wild men must be expected to act after their nature; and the only moral to be deduced from the misfortune is the necessity of vigilant self-defence. It is satisfactory to be informed that there have subsequently been two engagements at Poverty Bay, in which the rebels who were concerned in the massacre suffered severe loss. Similar collisions take place wherever barbarous tribes come into conflict with civilized colonists. The Indian territory of the United States is incessantly disturbed by attacks on settlers, alternating with acts of vengeance on the wrongdoers, or on others of the same colour. In Southern Africa the Dutch farmers carry on an incessant war with the Kaffirs, especially in the districts which have been abandoned by the English Government. The escaped convicts from Chatham Island were desperate from their first landing; and they may possibly have derived encouragement from the tidings of successful insurrection in the West. To the utmost of their power they have accelerated the inevitable extinction of their race; for angry colonists will be inclined to hold all Maoris, or at least all native insurgents, responsible for the Poverty Bay massacre. The adoption of a new-fangled and absurd religion by the so-called Hau-haus is another serious misfortune. When a European has occasion to kill a negro or an Indian, his conscience secures additional repose if he can persuade himself that the object of his antipathy has no claim to Christian privileges. It was on the pretext of Paganism, and not of blackness of skin, that Africans were first enslaved by the Portuguese; and long afterwards the Spanish clergy vainly insisted on the right of Christian converts to liberation. Politicians who might have been supposed to have relieved themselves of religious prejudices are constantly insisting on the iniquity of protecting Mahomedans against Christian encroachments; and, indeed, of allowing unbelieving Turks to protect themselves. The Poverty Bay massacre appears to have been somewhat more destructive than the unhappy outbreak of 1865 in Jamaica; and the purpose of the rebels was more deliberately formed. There is too much reason to fear that, although a large section of the Maori population is friendly to the colonists, the violence perpetrated at Poverty Bay will long serve as an excuse for indiscriminate hostility.

In the war which has commenced so inauspiciously, the prowess of the Maoris as usual commands respect. The estimates of the number of native combatants are seldom trustworthy, inasmuch as it is not the habit of New Zealand warriors to exhibit their strength in the open field. Their singular aptitude for the art of fortification, combined with their remarkable courage, has constantly enabled them to meet Volunteers, and even regular troops, on equal terms. The late defeat of the armed constabulary under Colonel WHITMORE was, according to custom, incurred in an attack on a *pah*, or Maori redoubt. There is no apparent reason to suspect the commanding officer of exceptional incapacity, or the colonial force of slackness; for the first line seems to have attacked the fortress with spirit and energy. The natives, taking due advantage of the cover which they had prepared for themselves, repelled the attack by a fire which threw the troops into confusion, and they even pursued the retreating enemy until they approached an earthwork which had been prudently thrown up to meet the contingency of a reverse. If some of the accounts may be trusted, the natives received large reinforcements in the midst of the skirmish; but, having effected their immediate object, they declined to await a second assault. Colonel WHITMORE afterwards occupied the deserted fortress without resistance, and all who have had experience of New Zealand warfare understand the barrenness of the triumph. It is not unlikely that the small colonial force will be dispirited by the misadventure, although the officers and men may console themselves by the recollection that English regular troops have often been equally unfortunate.

The local Government, having apparently found a difficulty in levying forces at home, has sent agents to some of the Australian colonies for the purpose of enlisting Volunteers; and at Melbourne the experiment has partially succeeded. The Government of Victoria suggested that one part of an Imperial regiment which happened to be stationed in the colony should be transferred to New Zealand; but the commanding officer could scarcely decide on such a movement without direct orders from England. As long as there was a strong garrison in New Zealand, successive Assemblies and Ministries were constantly in the habit of asserting their ability and willingness to protect themselves. The withdrawal of the troops was at last amicably arranged, and the policy of the Mother-country and of the colony could not be reversed without much inconvenience; nor does Lord GRANVILLE's language at St. James's Hall hold out any prospect that it will be reversed. European settlers in countries partly occupied by savage tribes are habitually jealous of the presence of a regular army, which, in consideration of the protection which it affords, naturally claims the right of regulating the conditions of border warfare. The English inhabitants of New Zealand have now entire discretion in conducting affairs of peace or war with the Maoris; nor can any failure be attributed to the unseasonable scruples or mistaken policy of the Colonial Office. Notwithstanding the checks which have been often experienced, it would be absurd to suppose that the colonists not able eventually to repress the disaffection of the natives, whom they already outnumber. Many of the Maoris are friendly or peaceable; and there is no difficulty in organizing native troops to aid in the suppression of insurrection. Uncivilized tribes have, fortunately, but a feeble sense of national unity; and hitherto there has been no general league against the English power. The most intelligent chiefs are well aware that the continued existence of their race will only rendered possible by the permanent establishment of friendly relations with the intruders; for it must long since have become evident that the actual settlers are too powerful to be extirpated, even if there were not beyond the sea an unknown multitude of possible immigrants to supply their places. The soreness which is caused by the spread of the English population into new districts is not aggravated, as in the Indian districts of North America, by injury to hunting grounds. The Maori, like the European, requires the possession of land only for pasture and cultivation.

In the accounts which have thus far been received from New Zealand, there is nothing to show that the war has assumed a formidable character. The Hau-hau fanatics are distrusted and disliked by the more enlightened portion of their own country-

including all the genuine converts to Christianity. The leader who in the last war assumed the title of King has not yet taken a part in the present struggle, either because he disapproves of its objects, or through a reasonable doubt of its success. A repetition of military disasters might probably cause the rebellion to spread; but it may be hoped that experience will ultimately suggest to some capable officer the proper mode of dealing with a New Zealand fortress. The ships of war which have assembled on the coast will supply the colonists with competent advisers, and, if necessary, with the handiest of gunners. The most unpretending civilian cannot but conjecture that strongholds which almost always repel an assault might be shelled or surrounded, or otherwise rendered innocuous, without useless sacrifice of life and reputation.

If the disturbances prove to be comparatively insignificant, or if they are promptly suppressed, the success of the New Zealand Government will cause sincere gratification in England. No other colony is, for various reasons, regarded with a warmer interest, although it happens that New Zealand occupies almost the remotest portion of the globe. It may reasonably be expected that the English population of a group of islands in a temperate climate will enjoy a civilization and prosperity not unworthy of their descent and of their material advantages. Their progress would be still more satisfactory if it were found to be compatible with the existence and advancement of the native tribes. Although Englishmen have little tendency to amalgamate with alien races, the Maoris appear to be in many respects more open to improvement than any other uncivilized tribes.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE Yellow Book which annually puts the French Legislature in possession of such facts concerning the foreign policy of the Empire as it is thought expedient for it to know is on this occasion of less than usual interest. The only important negotiations in which France has been engaged during 1868 are those that preceded the meeting of the Conference, and even the excerpts from these which it will be ultimately thought safe to publish are necessarily withheld for the present. In the volume as it stands there is not a single document which can be said to give any information, since even the four despatches which constitute the published communications between Paris and Florence during the last twelve months reveal no new fact. They do, however, serve to foreshadow, in a vague and imperfect way, the course which the Imperial Government may be expected to take on the affairs of Rome. Throughout the past year the Governments of France and Italy have been in a state of intermittent correspondence upon the occupation of the Pontifical territory by French troops. It appears, from a despatch of General MENABREA, that as far back as the 19th of last January the EMPEROR recognised the necessity of extricating the Roman question from the precarious and dangerous condition in which it is now placed. Admissions of this kind are so often made to do duty for, rather than to usher in, any further action, that we are not surprised to find, from the despatch which closes the series, that up to the 31st of October M. DE MOUSTIER had not advanced beyond this point. The Yellow Book does not enable us to determine whether the more pronounced Italian sympathies of M. DE LAVALETTE have availed to invest the recognition of this fact with a more practical character, but in the absence of evidence it is pretty safe to assume that no such change has taken place. Nor is it likely that General MENABREA's declaration that in the then unexcited state of public feeling—he is speaking of January, 1868—a European Conference might profitably have been convened to give the Roman question a definitive and satisfactory solution was ever meant to be taken seriously. Something more than a mere quiet interval is needed to put the relations between Rome and Italy on a footing of lasting amity. So long as contradictory pretensions are maintained on both sides, the situation is beyond the scope of diplomacy. Accident or violence may bring about the absolute defeat of either party, but the compromise which seems to be the natural conclusion of the controversy can only become possible through a mutual change of attitude of which at present there is no indication.

Still the semblance of doing something had to be kept up on both sides, and in this first despatch General MENABREA replies to the French invitation that he should suggest a scheme for the amelioration of the existing relations between Italy and the Holy See by the establishment of a *modus vivendi*. The proposals of the Italian Minister were in effect that the Convention of the 15th of September, 1864, should be rehabilitated—that Italy should again undertake to prevent any attack on the Papal States from without, and should assume her share of the Pontifical debt, and that, in consideration of this engagement, France should forthwith withdraw her troops from the Roman territory. The French Government was further asked to use its influence with the POPE in order to obtain his consent to the conclusion of customs, postal, telegraphic, and extradition conventions, to the abolition of passports in favour of Italian subjects, to the passage of Italian troops through the Roman territory, and to the liberation of political prisoners belonging to the annexed provinces. M. DE MOUSTIER delayed his reply for two months. He then expressed great pleasure at the identity of view which appeared to exist between the French and Italian Governments, and magnified the September Convention as the only solution which, under present circumstances, the question could be held to admit of. It is a considerable step, however, from theory and sentiment to practice, and it turned out to be one which the French Minister was by no means prepared to take. He is willing to credit General MENABREA and his colleagues with the best possible intentions. That they are determined to protect the Papal frontier from invasion, and to do so in the most efficacious manner, he is fully persuaded. The one point on which he seeks for fuller information is, how they propose to carry out their purpose. It is not, he observes, "by "a mere tardy and incomplete *surveillance* of the frontier at "the moment of the crisis" that revolutionary attempts are to be checked. The mischief must be traced to its source. Clandestine enrolments and the storing of arms must be put a stop to, without waiting for their object to be made manifest by overt acts. Will the Italian Government state exactly what it proposes to do with respect to these points?

Of course the Italian Government was not in a position to state anything of the kind. International lawyers may argue for ever without convincing an average Italian that it is his duty to discourage all attempts at forcibly settling the Roman question by means of an invasion from without. On the contrary, he would insist upon so settling it to-morrow if he were but a little more confident of success, and he is consequently by no means inclined to look with any extraordinary severity upon those of his countrymen whose view of the situation is more sanguine. If the Emperor of the FRENCH were anxious to restore the September Convention, he would no doubt find the word of General MENABREA's Ministry a sufficient bond for the discharge of the obligations incurred by Italy. But there is no reason to suppose that the arrangement which pleased him in 1864 would please him equally now. The result of this change is that the French Foreign Office has become profoundly impressed with the difficulties which beset General MENABREA's path. It sorrowfully confesses that, after having been once disappointed, France cannot without ample reflection consent to expose herself to the possibility of being disappointed again. General MENABREA, M. DE MOUSTIER admits, has an incontestable title to the gratitude of all who understand the true interests of Italy. Order and good administration grew up beneath his hand, and the ties which unite his country to France are daily drawn closer by his wise and persevering policy. "Is it prudent," asks the French Minister, "to compromise these happy results by any hasty "measures?" The spirit which produced Mentana is not yet extinct, and the men who planned the Garibaldian invasion of 1867 might only see, in the withdrawal of the French troops, an encouragement to new aggressions. Besides, continues M. DE MOUSTIER, what chance would there be of the French Government being able to influence the POPE in the direction desired by General MENABREA, if HIS HOLINESS saw himself at the same time deserted by the protectors on whom he, in common with the whole Catholic world, now relies for safety?

The probability that French representations will do much for the establishment of a *modus vivendi* is so extremely small to start with, that no diminution of it could make the situation materially worse. But General MENABREA's apparent silence since the receipt of this despatch at the beginning of November, may perhaps be taken as an intimation that he is no more anxious than the Emperor of the FRENCH himself to see the French troops withdrawn from Civita Vecchia. The position of his Cabinet between a hostile sovereign and a suspicious populace is far from being an easy one, and his difficulties would be very greatly enhanced if a new attack upon the Papal territory were in course of preparation, and he were to be called on by the French Government to take immediate measures to prevent it. Whether he has the means to do so without additional legislation is at least doubtful, and an attempt to obtain the necessary powers might lead to a Ministerial crisis, the issue of which would depend upon considerations which it is quite impossible to forecast. The

KING is supposed to alternate between a desire to save his crown and a desire to save his soul, and according as one or the other motive happened to possess him at the moment, he might identify himself with the popular feeling and form a Ministry from the Left, or recur to the design of a *coup d'état*, which, though since abandoned, was certainly entertained, if not determined on, two years ago. At that time, indeed, General MENABREA was currently regarded as the instrument by which this latter design was to be accomplished; but his career as a constitutional Minister may easily have indisposed him for playing so ungrateful a part, while it has at the same time made him sufficiently disliked at Rome to injure materially his chance of playing it with success.

There is little doubt, however, that the duration of the French occupation will be decided by considerations in which Italian politics will have but a small share. At present everything points to its continuance for an indefinite period. The evidence as to the state of French feeling on the subject, afforded by the debate in the Corps Législatif last year, was absolutely unmistakeable; and when NAPOLEON III. has satisfied himself that France wants something which it is in his power to give her without injury to the interests of his dynasty, he is not likely to throw away so useful an opportunity. In this case, too, there are very strong reasons to incline him in the same direction. It is to the Conservative element in French society that he naturally looks to secure his son's succession; and on this ground, if on no other, it is of great moment to have the clergy on his side. Again, to a man of the EMPEROR's somewhat visionary ambition, there may be an immense attraction in the thought of what the BONAPARTES might achieve in Europe if the Pontifical throne were occupied by a Pope who would view things from their standpoint—perhaps even by a BONAPARTE himself. Wild as these dreams may be, there can be nothing lost by indulgence in them when the practical interests of the hour lead to the same conclusion. It will not, we imagine, be a slight inducement that will withdraw the French from the Pontifical territory before the next Conclave has met and voted.

THE MANCHESTER BALLOT.

THE sudden death of Mr. ERNEST JONES has given an accidental and melancholy interest to the Manchester Ballot experiment. An honest and earnest advocate of extreme and dangerous opinions, Mr. JONES obtained the enthusiastic admiration of devoted followers, and to a certain extent the respect of his adversaries. His personal honour was beyond question, nor was it at any time suspected that his motives were tainted with vulgar corruption. It is impossible to judge how far an advocate of revolutionary measures is consciously or unconsciously influenced by the ambition which would necessarily be gratified by the success of his projects; nor, indeed, is the cultivation of ambitious hopes more degrading to an agitator than to a statesman. The qualified praise which can alone be applied to Mr. JONES's public character does not extend to the wisdom of his policy or the moderation of his methods. During the Chartist agitation he incurred a sentence of imprisonment which must be supposed to have been just, although the law, then as now, took no cognizance of opinions unless they were expressed in a manner dangerous to the public peace. In his maturer years Mr. ERNEST JONES confined himself to legitimate modes of controversy, but the theories which he maintained were incompatible with the existing order of society. His merits as a politician are mainly to be estimated with reference to the question whether he was right or wrong. Subversive doctrines are not universally objectionable, but there is a strong presumption against their soundness. Only comprehensive inquiry and deep conviction can justify revolutionary proposals. Mr. JONES was profoundly convinced of the truth of his opinions, but he was nevertheless responsible if he was mistaken. A year or two since he expounded to an audience of enthusiastic artisans a plan for relieving the supposed pressure of surplus labour in the manufacturing districts, by transplanting a million operatives to agricultural freeholds. Although he disclaimed any purpose of confiscation, it was difficult to understand how his scheme could be reconciled with the rights of property; and economists discerned innumerable objections to the proposition that the establishment of cottage farms would improve the condition of the industrial classes in towns. It was for the promotion of similar changes that Mr. JONES sought to enter Parliament. A belief that his political activity would be inoperative or mischievous is not incompatible with due respect and tenderness to his memory. It must never be forgotten that in politics or religion it is not enough that a leader should be sincere. In both departments fanaticism and violence have done at least as much harm as hypocrisy.

If Mr. JONES had lived, his hopes of representing Manchester would probably have been disappointed. The ultra-Liberal party has apparently acted injudiciously in giving its members an extraordinary opportunity of expressing their opinions. Out of a constituency of about thirty thousand voters, only a fourth of the number have announced their preference for an extreme or democratic candidate. There can be little doubt that the scheme of a trial by ballot was chiefly favoured by Mr. JONES's party, and that his supporters were more fully represented than the adherents of Mr. GIBSON. If an election had taken place, Mr. JONES must have relied on the seven or eight thousand thoroughgoing partisans who voted for him at the ballot, and on that section of Mr. GIBSON's friends which might think itself bound to abide, according to the American custom, by the results of a preliminary vote. The eleven thousand electors who took the trouble to deposit their suffrages were outnumbered even by Mr. BIRLEY's supporters at the general election; nor is there any reason to suppose that the entire body would have voted for Mr. JONES. The invitation was addressed to the eighteen thousand electors who voted for Mr. BAZLEY, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, and Mr. JONES, or rather for any two of the three coalesced candidates. The abstention of seven thousand extreme Liberals from the ballot shows that many of them either thought the experiment unseasonable or were disinclined to support either Mr. MILNER GIBSON or Mr. ERNEST JONES. In a single-handed contest a considerable portion of the dissentients would not improbably decline to vote; and with the aid of the Conservatives, the moderate Liberals could, as on several former occasions, elect a member. Mr. EDWARD JAMES, a lukewarm politician with little connexion with Manchester, was returned at the head of the poll in 1865. Since that time the strength of the ultra-Liberals has been greatly increased by the accession of the newly enfranchised voters; but the middle classes are almost unanimous in their distaste for the revolutionary doctrines of Mr. JONES. The minority which supported Mr. MILNER GIBSON had the best reason for believing that their candidate would not make use of a Parliamentary position to overthrow the institutions of the country, or to alarm quiet proprietors and traders. Mr. MILNER GIBSON is an undoubted Liberal, but he is eminently safe. For many years he has been exempt from any imputation of violence, except, indeed, in his last year's opposition to the Bill for establishing a foreign cattle market in London.

In Manchester and elsewhere thoughtful men are probably beginning to perceive that the essential differences between a supporter of Mr. MILNER GIBSON and a supporter of Mr. BIRLEY are trivial in comparison with the gulf which separates a moderate Liberal from a believer in the doctrines of Mr. ERNEST JONES. It is perfectly true that, for the immediate purpose of an election, the two great parties correspond with the divisions of opinion on the questions which will occupy the immediate attention of Parliament. All the Conservatives will vote against the abolition of the Irish Establishment, while Whigs and Radicals will, on pain of political excommunication, unanimously support Mr. GLADSTONE. It will be well if three or four further questions lying comparatively near the surface intervene between the present tranquil season and the more stirring conflicts of the future; but, sooner or later, those who wish England to remain as it is will necessarily come into collision with the promoters of revolutionary change. It is highly probable that the apportionment of taxation will be one of the first grounds of a dissension which will entirely remodel the present divisions of parties. When at some remote time Mr. DISRAELI retires from public life, it will become easier for moderate men to readjust their political alliances in conformity with altered circumstances. In the meantime judicious Liberals will, if possible, discourage violent theories, if only for the object of postponing the disruption of their party. The Irish Church affords an invaluable opportunity of dealing with an abuse which may be removed to the equal satisfaction of those who think with Mr. LOWE, and of those who sympathized with the eloquent tirades of Mr. ERNEST JONES.

The exultation of the special advocates of the Ballot at the discovery that the inside of a closed box is invisible excites a natural feeling of amusement. On the other hand, opponents of the Ballot sometimes occupy themselves in devising elaborate contrivances for introducing fraud into one of the simplest of mechanical operations. The most effective plan which has been practically tried was devised some years since in California by a gang of horsedealers and gamblers, who had secured the complicity of a sheriff, or returning officer. To the surprise of the legitimate voters the candidates whom they had unanimously rejected were elected by a majority largely

exceeding the entire number of votes in the district. When the sheriff was shortly afterwards lynched, it appeared that the ballot-box had been provided with a slide which prevented any of the genuine tickets from falling into the proper receptacle; and the sheriff and his confederates had, before the commencement of the election, deposited a sufficient number of votes at the bottom of the bag to secure the election of one of their gang. There is not the least reason to apprehend any similar misadventure if the Ballot should at any time be introduced into England. Once for all, it may be admitted that secret voting is practicable and easy, if only the electors desire to conceal their votes. The question whether it is expedient has nothing to do with the mechanism of any ballot-box. It oddly happened that the Manchester experiment was so contrived as to throw no light whatever on the merits or disadvantages of secrecy, for the voters who were invited to take part in the operation were already known as open supporters of the Liberal party. It is highly improbable that any one of Mr. JONES'S supporters would have concealed his intention from any person who had been curious enough to make an inquiry, or that the result would have been affected if the votes had been taken in the ordinary manner. Yet it is barely possible that some persons may believe that an argument in favour of the Ballot has been furnished by the exhibition of a score of ballot-boxes.

MR. EDWARD WATKIN EDWARDS.

FAR be it from us to anticipate, or even to speculate on, the result of the trial of the six mercantile notables, distinguished among the most distinguished of our merchants, bankers, and traders, who were committed by the LORD MAYOR on Wednesday for trial on a charge of conspiracy and fraud. Not only have we before our eyes the wholesome terrors of the law, vindicated recently in the person of a contemporary; but a sense of propriety, to say nothing of the futility of anticipating the freaks of justice as administered by a British jury, compels a prudent reserve. We may, however, deal with the facts of contemporaneous history. Mr. EDWARDS, Official Assignee of the great Bankruptcy Court in London, is a fact. At least we suppose so. Internal evidence would, to be sure, suggest that he is only a myth, and a very extravagant and improbable one —just one of those wild and, as they say, sensational characters which an inventive novelist with a strong sense of caricature might, in the exuberance of a playful or perhaps cynical humour, suggest. But the external proof is overwhelming. There are three Commissioners in Bankruptcy, and to each Commissioner is attached an Official Assignee, much as a priest has his deacon or acolyte. Attached to Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD is, so says the Law List, Mr. Assignee EDWARDS, whose *honorarium*, as a public servant, is, we believe, only a poor 1,500*l.* a year. What is an official assignee? Probably a functionary entrusted with the discharge of official-assignatorial duties. *Obscurum per obscurius.* And yet what but such a "Dodonean" definition—to use the characteristic language of Mr. EDWARDS'S Hellenic friend, Mr. STEFANOS XENOS—can describe an official assignee such as in practice we find him? One would have thought that to realize and receive and be accountable for the assets and estates of one-third of all those great London firms who find themselves compelled to breathe the air of Basinghall Street, and to keep all the accounts of one in every three of all the London bankrupts, would task any one man's energies, and exhaust any one man's time and talents. But we are mistaken. It seems that to Mr. EDWARDS this trifling burden of official duties is a mere perfunctory episode in his active and energetic life. To an official assignee of his capacities for work and work's worth, the hours from ten to four are the mere *horæ subsecivæ* of the working day. Mr. EDWARDS is—we are not quite sure about the tense—an official assignee; but, while official assignee, he was half a hundred things besides. He was at the same time "partner in the firm of "EDWARDS and O'BEIRNE," "a financial firm." He was at the same time "Director of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steamer Com-"pany," and took fees as Director. He had at the same time a good deal to do with Mr. LEVER in the way of business, and the "Anglo-Luso Company"—the significant name seems to be the only joke about this concern. Also at the same time he had to do something for Mr. THOMAS HOWARD. He had also, apparently when a salaried public servant, been an accountant and partner with Mr. TURQUAND. But above and beyond all this, though some of these matters look as if they must have interfered with his public functions, he was appointed by the great house of OVEREND and GURNEY their referee and adviser-general and oracle in ordinary. He was "Friend EDWARDS," without whom the great house "did not see how it could get on." We hardly know how to describe Mr. EDWARDS'S sublime functions in connexion with this sublime institution. To go down to vulgar fiction, just as in the famous Anglo-Bengalee Company of which Mr. TIGG MONTAGUE was Managing Director, the porter, a wonderful and very mysterious being, guaranteed the solvency of the whole concern by his superb and awful waistcoat, so the house of OVEREND and GURNEY hired the great EDWARDSIAN presence, because it was a presence. EDWARDS was this to the bill-discounting house—not a man, but a presence, an influence, a principle, an idea, a permeating essence and life; we can hardly conceive him in the concrete. His function was spiritual rather than material; his it was to advise, to suggest, to inspire, to regulate, to originate, to interpose. Providence alone supplies the antitype to the great EDWARDSIAN function, for we hesitate to speak of him as a mere EDWARD WATKIN. When OVEREND, GURNEY, and Co. had secured EDWARDS, they could defy fate and the Bank rate of interest; they had got competence, stability, certainty, the Destinies, and Fates, all in one.

Every man has his price in another sense than WALPOLE thought, and the price of such an interposition as EDWARDS was enormous. Indeed, being something more than man, his salary was superhuman. He was rewarded much as CRŒSUS rewarded Delphian APOLLO for an opinion which turned out to be about as valuable as that for which EDWARDS was himself subsidized. Mr. EDWARDS received 5,000*l.* a year for consenting to act for OVEREND and GURNEY in all matters in which those simple and guileless folk, unskilled in the naughty world of discount and finance, might ask for his advice and assistance. The value of these unknown and hypothetical and only probable services can be reckoned by the known purchasing powers of 5,000*l.* a year in the ordinary concerns of life. 5,000*l.* a year purchases in the open English market a Bishop, a Judge, a Prime Minister, a Speaker of the House of Commons, a Secretary of State. 5,000*l.* a year hires these small functionaries, body and soul, mind and tongue and pen, for every day, and all day long. But 5,000*l.* a year could only buy a fraction of EDWARDS, the mere hours of idleness of his mighty mind; what was left of EDWARDS after he had spent his day from ten to four in the Bankruptcy Court was gladly snatched at and bought up at 5,000*l.* a year. After six hours of official business came the cannie hour at e'en of EDWARDS, equal in value to a whole day's work of such poor creatures as Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI. But there was something left of EDWARDS marketable even after Basinghall Street and Lombard Street had taken their fill and fling out of him. Mr. STEFANOS XENOS thought the very snips and parings of EDWARDS, after serving HER MAJESTY and the great discount house, worth five hundred a year, and a present of a steam yacht. Mr. EDWARDS also believes that, in addition to all these pickings, he was auditor to the Galway Steam Packet Company; he owns that, while hired to drive close bargains with the customers of GURNEY, he not only received an annual 500*l.* from STEFANOS XENOS, one of their customers, but 2,000*l.* from another, a Mr. PEARSON; also 300*l.* for acting as umpire between LASCARIDI and LEVER on the one part, and GURNEYS on the other, from whom he was at the same moment taking the aforesaid 5,000*l.* a year; and he will not swear that he did not get something—it might be odd hundreds or thousands—from the Milwall Iron Company under precisely similar circumstances.

But we have no more seen the last or the whole of Mr. EDWARDS than we can exhaust or fathom time, space, eternity, or any other immeasurable and imponderable essence. Like the poet's "stupendous whole," our EDWARDS

> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

Or rather, like KEHAMA,

> . . . Self-multiplied
> The dreadful one appears on every side:
> In the same indivisible point of time
> At the eight gates he stood at once.

Even thus the omnipresent EDWARDS absorbs into one at least eight separate personalities in his various but co-ordinate and contemporaneous forms of being, as official assignee, accountant and financier on his own account, universal conscience, prescience, and general and particular providence on GURNEY'S account, referee and friend in council on XENOS' account, umpire on LASCARIDI and LEVER'S account, referee on PEARSON'S account, auditor, director, and manager on Atlantic Steam Packet account and Galway Packet account, and possibly a secret and beneficial, but not unsalaried, influence on MARE'S Milwall account. To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, to take briefs and retaining fees both from plaintiff and defendant, to be at once death and the doctor, to eat the oyster and to get paid for both empty shells, to get a commission from

the vendor for selling goods dear and a percentage from the purchaser for buying the same goods cheap—these are no mean triumphs. And Mr. EDWARDS enjoys them. But this is not all. He takes a salary from a firm, and lends, not to them, but to one of them, their own money at a good interest, and this, as they say, all unbeknown to his other masters. It appears that Mr. EDWARDS lent to Mr. CHAPMAN—one of the former partners in the house of GURNEY, whose name turns up not for the first time in those little matters at the Mansion House—privately the whole salary which he received from the firm openly and collectively. That is, he tries to play a partner against the firm and the firm against a partner, just as in other matters, in concluding any single bargain, he had sweated every sovereign on both sides and took a bribe—we mean a *douceur*—for making every transaction both dear and cheap to buyer and seller, and on either side profitable to himself.

This is Financing in *excelsis*; the very triumph and crown of the great discovery of the age. At present Mr. EDWARDS is without a parallel. There is no knowing what we may know. There may yet be commercial histories which will beat this. The Crédits Foncier and Mobilier yet await their THOM and their LEWIS. Not only did brave men live before AGAMEMNON, but DAVIDSON and GORDON preceded OVEREND and GURNEY, and the case of the spelter warrants was before this fabulous indebtedness of four millions. And as epic poetry did not die with HOMER, so perhaps is the wondrous tale of London financing not quite exhausted and concluded with the adventures of Mr. CHAPMAN and his client alike and patron, his guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. EDWARD WATKIN EDWARDS. To finish up this portrait, it remains to remark that the gentleman in whom OVEREND and GURNEY invested at such a frightful premium does not look like so very valuable a commodity. Since the evidence given by MAJOCCHI, never was human memory so uncertain, treacherous, and leaky as Mr. EDWARDS'. Dates, facts, particulars, details, all slide and glide away from Mr. EDWARDS in the witness-box. He has a very bad memory as to dates; it entirely fails him on every point of business worth remembering; he really would be candid were it not for this sad infirmity of faculty; whether he was debtor or creditor, whether he paid or received, what he disbursed or the reverse; whether it was a hundred thousand or so on this side or on the other; whether he was acting for somebody or somebody else; when, if ever, he was himself, or whether he was always an *alter ego*, and if so, an *alter ego* of whom; whether he was GURNEY against XENOS, or XENOS against GURNEY; whether he was an official assignee, or an Atlantic Steam Packet Company, or an Anglo-Luso, or a Millwall ironsmith, accountant, bill-broker, money-lender, or yachtsman, whether he was acting for any body, or for two bodies, or only for himself; he really does not know. Nor do we. Mr. XENOS, who calls himself a dove, says that Mr. EDWARDS is a hawk, and he is going to write a book about the dove and hawk; and though Mr. XENOS is a Greek, we are not aware that he was born in Crete, and therefore we may expect his forthcoming revelations of Mr. EDWARDS to be true. Meanwhile, as we are dealing with an accountant and official assignee, we trust that Mr. XENOS will furnish some items which will enable us to strike a balance in that great account which is at present open, and may be stated, in official assignee form, thus:—

DR.	CR.
Mr. EDWARDS in account with	HUMAN NATURE.

DOGMATIC DISBELIEF.

THERE are many words, originally intended to bear a good sense, which have come to be used in a sense precisely the reverse, from a change of opinion either about the quality described or about the persons who claim to possess it. The word "Jesuit," to which we referred the other day, is a good instance of the latter kind of metamorphosis. It was meant to be an honourable title, describing likeness to Christ; but it has come to be used as synonymous with knave or hypocrite, not from any change of view as to the type of character etymologically denoted, but because an impression has grown up, whether reasonably or not, very damaging to those who actually bear the name. Meekness, on the other hand, which in the New Testament is recommended as a virtue, is much oftener used in our own day as a term of contempt; partly because many people think, though they generally avoid saying so, that the New Testament ideal is faulty, partly because meekness has been associated in men's minds with the Uriah Heap type of character. The term "dogmatic" may be said to occupy a middle position, in this respect, between the two already named. In an age when supreme importance was universally attached to orthodoxy it was used almost exclusively in a good sense, and it is often so used still. Since the Gorham controversy first shook the traditional quiescence of the Church of England in its official capacity, we have been deluged with books and sermons and pamphlets on the imperative necessity of a dogmatic Church and a dogmatic faith. At the same time the epithet "dogmatic" is widely, and perhaps increasingly, used in ordinary parlance, even by those who would be the most strenuous in upholding the claims of theological dogma, in a more or less opprobrious sense. When we say that a man or his book is "dogmatic," we usually mean that he is offensively positive and dictatorial as a writer or in private life. But this need not at all necessarily refer to his treatment of religious questions, though it often does. Still less does it necessarily involve any disparagement of a dogmatic creed. Yet the growing tendency to apply the term as a reproach must have arisen from a prevalent, though sometimes unconscious, antipathy to dogma as such.

What, however, we wish just now to insist upon is that the dogmatic temper, in the derivative sense of the word, in dealing with religious controversy, is by no means confined, as is often assumed, to the adherents of a dogmatic faith. The credulity of unbelievers has not unfrequently served to point the moral of Christian apologists, and the champions of authority might with equal justice retort on its assailants their favourite charge of dogmatism. The fool who says "There is no God" shows himself as well aware as the theist of the necessity for a dogmatic basis of his creed. And the most vehement impugners of authoritative beliefs are often the readiest to substitute authoritative denial for argumentative disproof. We do not say that they are never justified in taking such a course. Opinions have been promulgated before now under the shelter of venerable sanctions, to which *incredulus odi* is the best as well as the shortest reply. Dr. Wolff tells us, in his autobiography, that, when he was arguing in a college at Rome against burning heretics, one of his fellow-students (we are not sure that it was not the present Pope) observed, "Seventeen Popes have done it." "Then," answered Wolff, to the amazement of his perplexed audience, "seventeen Popes did wrong." No better reply could have been made. But such cases are exceptional. Those who attack the conscientious beliefs of their neighbours should condescend, as a rule, to argue against their truth, and not to assume that they are false. And they should also take care, as they often do not, to understand the opinions they are contending against. When they are too impatient to master their adversary's position, and too self-confident to examine the objections to their own, they may fairly be charged with dogmatism, and they have no right to be surprised if the victims of their contemptuous onslaught decline to accept sneers for evidence and statements instead of proof. If we wish to convince a Mussulman or a Brahmin, he may fairly expect that we shall pay his present faith the compliment of a refutation. Illustrations of this dogmatic temper among the enemies of dogma are never far to seek. Nor would it serve any useful purpose to dwell on the more extravagant examples of it. When a modern evangelist of Atheism applies foul and ribald comparisons to the Deity in whom the immense majority of his countrymen believe, he may be left to the silent disgust of all right-minded men. It is precisely in its less glaring, and therefore less offensive, exhibitions that this habit of fighting dogmatists with the least honourable of their own weapons requires to be exposed. And the fact that it is always difficult, especially to persons of an unimaginative turn of mind, to put themselves in the position of those whose opinions they dislike, makes it all the more needful to insist on their absolute obligation to do so if they choose to enter the lists at all. If half the disputes in the world arise, as is sometimes said, from the want of defining terms, the other half end where they began from neither party taking the trouble to apprehend the point of an adversary's argument.

We have before us at this moment an anonymous pamphlet, decidedly above the average, by a writer who is clever and evidently sincere, but who is constantly falling into the fault in question. His favourite method is to lay down certain alternatives, one of which must be true, and then to proceed by an exhaustive process to ascertain which of them is true, while he invariably ignores other equally conceivable alternatives, on some one of which most probably an opponent would rest his case. He seldom even manages to explain accurately what is the belief of those whom he is trying to refute, though he is always ostentatiously certain that he knows all about it. It will be worth while to give a few specimens of his method of arguing, and in doing so we are expressing no opinion on the particular conclusions, affirmative or negative, that he has arrived at, but simply on his manner of advocating them. Nor is there any need to name the publication, as we are not reviewing it, but only using it in illustration of our thesis. The writer's main position is, that no doctrines are of any real importance except those which, whether revealed or not, can be proved independently of revelation, so that "each man's personal experience can be made the test of their truth"; and he comes forward with the modest aim of correcting the "current theories of the Christian Churches," which wrongly hold many other doctrines to be necessary also. On this principle he asserts theism and the future life to be "articles of positive knowledge," and devotes a few pages to proving each. The circumstance that some of the greatest thinkers, ancient and modern, judging independently of revelation, have doubted or denied both these "articles" does not trouble him for a moment; he gives indeed no indication of being aware of it. Among the tenets of "the Christian Churches" which he specifically objects to as unnecessary or untrue, are the doctrines of eternal punishment and the atone-

And, with characteristic incapacity for understanding opinions which he dislikes, he defines the former doctrine to be "that *the greater part of mankind* are destined to endless misery," which may be a common belief, but is not "held in theory" by any single Church or sect in Christendom. This doctrine, he proceeds to observe, cannot possibly from its very nature be capable of proof, because any revelation that contained it would destroy our confidence in the Divine veracity, and, moreover, it is grounded by those who hold it "*solely*" on certain doubtful texts of the New Testament. The first argument may have its force; but as it has been urged and replied to again and again, from the times of Leibnitz downwards, a writer less confident of being always in the right would have thought it worth while to take some notice of the replies that have been made. The pamphleteer, however, seems to think that the argument is his own discovery, and is loftily unconscious of any one having suggested, or any one having answered it, before. His second argument is as inexact as his account of the doctrine he is criticizing. Most of those who hold it base their belief on the traditions of the last eighteen centuries quite as much as on any particular text. He is just as inaccurate again in his description of the doctrine of the atonement, and still less happy in his way of dealing with it. The only grounds for thinking such a belief of any practical value, he tells us, are, that it rouses in the mind a lively feeling of gratitude, love, and confidence towards God, and a deep conviction of sin. And all these feelings may be just as easily "kindled in the highest degree" without it. Perhaps so; but it would have been desirable to explain why they have never, except in a few individual cases, here and there, existed in any high degree without it. We do not say at all that this proves the doctrine to be true; we merely say that it proves the worthlessness of the particular argument here urged to show that, whether true or not, it is unimportant. We will give one more somewhat amusing example of the same dogmatic temper, as shown in the writer's careless neglect to acquaint himself with the terms of the discussion. He is complaining of churches, and especially of the Church of England, for "dogmatizing" about their sacraments. And he treats us to the following notable piece of reasoning on the subject. "No Protestant Church believes in the necessity of its own sacraments. The *twilight phrase* which describes them as 'generally' necessary means always, when driven to the light, that they are necessary to those who think them so." The blunder of supposing "generally necessary" in the Church Catechism to mean usually necessary would be a natural, and is probably a common, one in the "twilight" intellectual atmosphere of a rural Sunday school, though even the intelligence of the juvenile rustic might be expected to be proof against the marvellous gloss here put upon the words. But what shall we say of a writer who volunteers the benevolent enterprise of putting all "the Christian Churches" right on the fundamental errors of their teaching, without having even taken the trouble to understand the mere language of the formularies of the Church with which he seems most familiar, and to which he probably belongs? Can it be necessary to remind any scholar that *generaliter* and *fere* do not mean the same thing, and that generally necessary means universally necessary? A writer rather less impatient of any considerations that do not happen to tell on his own side would have observed that the very structure of the sentence from which he so ignorantly quotes—which points to the distinction of two sacraments, universally necessary, from other ordinances which the Church of England does not consider necessary for all—contradicts his careless misinterpretation of it.

We have purposely taken our illustrations from a work of more than average ability, and manifesting no desire to be uncandid. It is precisely the same dogmatic temper which, under one set of influences, finds its dearest solace in the most literal enunciation of the "damnatory clauses" of the Athanasian Creed; and, under opposite convictions, rejoices, if we may be pardoned the expression, in unequivocally damning all the advocates of damnation. When St. Bernard had collected a synod of Bishops at Sens to sit in judgment on the errors of Abelard, we are told that, after each proposition, they exclaimed "damnamus," till at length, being overcome with drowsiness, for the session lasted through a long summer's day, they feebly muttered "namus" till the catalogue of heresies was exhausted. In this day orthodoxy is apt to be as unpopular as heterodoxy was in the time of St. Bernard, and the dogmatists of free thought are not unfrequently content with muttering an instinctive "namus" at every assertion of a dogmatic faith. Sometimes they seem hardly less willing than St. Bernard and his Council of Bishops to invoke the secular arm for the suppression, not of too little, but of too much, belief. Everybody has heard the famous definition of orthodoxy as "my doxy" and heterodoxy as "your doxy." And people are apt to regard their own opinions, as Aristotle says authors regard their books, with the affection of parents for their children. We need not blame them for that. But if dogmatizing be a reproach, it is equally a reproach to the friends or to the enemies of dogma. The Cavaliers were taunted with being ready to fight "for every thread of the surplice and every letter of the rubric"; but old Mucklewrath turned the hands of the clock to hasten Morton's execution, when he caught a whisper of the petitions of the Anglican Prayer-book from the lips of the doomed man. Perhaps we may go a step further. The dogmatic temper—we say nothing of dogmatic creeds—is sufficiently odious wherever it is found, but it is peculiarly ungraceful, because it is so glaringly incongruous, in the assailants of all positive belief. It is the crowning triumph of toleration to tolerate intolerance, so long, of course, as it is not allowed to exercise any oppression over others. But there is something as graceless as it is grotesque in the illiberality of Liberals. "The infallibility of the intellect" is just as much the watchword of one theological party as the infallibility of the Church or of the Bible is of another, and its advocates seem quite as much bent as their opponents, not on obtaining toleration for all forms of opinion, but on securing the active domination of their own. We have nothing to say against liberty of thought and speech in itself, but in the mouths of many it is a convenient euphemism for liberty to put down those who will not think and speak liberally—that is, who disagree with them. It is no paradox to say that there is a party in the National Church who are straining every nerve to convert it into an engine for the dogmatic teaching of the nonexistence of dogma. We may be permitted to doubt if the prefix of a formal negative would be any great improvement to the creeds.

SPASMODIC VIRTUE.

Vice is suffering at present from a rather violent spasm of morality, and is naturally anxious about its future, but we do not think it has much cause for uneasiness. On the contrary, to all seeming, its prospects generally were never fairer or more promising than at this moment. It may be that morality may exact a few more victims, and send a few more scapegoats penniless to the prison or the workhouse, bearing on their shoulders all the sins and scandals of their fellows. But, as we read it, the lesson of all this is, not that vice is doomed, but only that it must move with the age. It is hopeless to overcome individual prejudices, and the Legislature and Executive may weakly truckle to them from time to time; but then the whole tone of feeling in society is in favour of vice, and this must prevail in the long run. If the police have been fussily obtrusive and the magistrates officiously demonstrative of late, yet it will be remarked that they have confined themselves to clearing out certain half-forgotten reservoirs where the backflow of our moral sewage has been stagnating for years—to abating old standing nuisances that have been familiar to our active and intelligent officers for generations. There can be no doubt that for the moment the scavenger is abroad, for the odour of the fetid abominations he has at last made up his mind to disturb comes to your nostrils with overpowering strength from the columns of every paper you take in your hand. There is the notorious Judge and Jury Club, for example, on whose misadventure in the Police Court we commented the other day. In an unlucky hour the eye of some man in authority, as he mused on possible fields for the display of a new-born zeal, lighted on a placard that must have daily stared him in the face since he was first enrolled in the force. Its programme of the nocturnal proceedings of the unholy *Vehme* that held its grimy tribunal under the presidency of Mr. Brooks was habitually published to the world by walking posters, and at the corners of the streets. At length advertising gained it more publicity than it had aspired to, and, in spite of its claims as having nursed the chaste eloquence of the tribune of Clerkenwell, it was rudely pulled up and savagely denounced. Looking at the matter from the judicial point of view, that is as perfect a case for reform as the authorities can ever hope to see fall to their lot. It clears away what our theoretical ethics would characterize as a mass of filth; it vindicates beyond cavil the energy of our censors of morals, and entitles them to repose on their brooms, and for months to come to point back to it with a proud complacency as proof of the value of their services. It is no difficult task to remove with a shovel a deposit of mud when it has settled down, but it is quite another thing to enter on the slow and thankless process of purifying the whole stream of society, and filtering it from the endless abominations it holds in solution. Mr. Brooks was an anachronism; behind the age, deaf to its warnings, and blind to read the signs of the times. It was quite inevitable that he should go. He might have foreseen his fate in the desultory efforts made at scouring the pavements of the Haymarket, and whitewashing its taverns and divans. The old school that used to swagger in the face of decent hypocrisy is fast becoming a thing of the past. It is following the six-bottle men who were in the habit of coming reeling from their potations into the drawing-rooms of the upper ten. What we insist on now is a certain refinement in our vice, and surely we are not unreasonable; for, to make things as pleasant and easy for it as we can, respectability meets it more than half way. We don't look for reform, strictly so called, but we will have progress. Our modern version of the moral law expects that vice shall wear a mask and a robe of some sort, although the one may be as transparent, and the other as diaphanous, as the tissue that wraps the limbs of an Indian nautch-girl. And although it is always painful to change old habits, vice must see that we are only coercing it for its own good. When it consents to pay an illusory tribute to decency, we let it go very much where it will, and do very much what it pleases. If poor Mr. Brooks had only called his clever little entertainment a school of art and oratory, it need not have been blotted from the list of those refined pleasures of the town that elevate the tastes of young men from the country. The police would have felt bound to accept his definition of it in preference to the evidence of their senses, for surely he must know the nature of his own entertainment best. Look at our "anatomical museums." Every one knows generally what their contents are like, and what are the ulterior objects for which their beneficent proprietors keep them up. But

Mr. Brooks is dragged into daylight from the modest retirement of his little back court, while the anatomists are suffered to parade, in our most crowded thoroughfares, collections that are at least as curious as delicate.

As we said, vice may very well entrust its interests to the generous consideration of society. It is true that we have never heard the voice of society, in its recognised organs in the press, more unanimously, more impressively, or more eloquently virtuous. The other day, for example, the new Government, falling into the fashion of the hour, issued the edict that is to save their civil servants from their own imprudence and the claws of the usurers. Forthwith the press, to a journal we believe, preached us enthusiastic sermons on that text, pregnant with the loftiest wisdom. As we read, we felt the deepest admiration for their costly self-abnegation. We turned with interest and pity to the advertising columns to see what filled the blank where, paragraph after paragraph, the fowlers used to spread their snares. We found, to our shame, that our fanciful ideas about consistency had duped us; for there in the old place, and by way of comment on the admirable leader, were the rival biddings of the benevolent capitalists who offer you anything from 10*l.* to 10,000*l.* on your note of hand, sent by cheque or Post-office order. We know no more austere moralist than the journal that opens its hospitable columns as the chosen organ of the *maisons d'accouchement et avortement;* of the model baby-farms where the air is as deadly as in the Pontine marshes. The grim austerity of its virtue is only equalled by the blaze of gorgeous word-painting and the wealth of Oriental imagery with which it inculcates it. Its backbiters may liken it to Satan in the robes of a friar, or to Dr. Dodd with the forged bills in his pockets, drawing tears from the eyes of his rapt congregation. What is certain is that preachers of this sort are in admirable keeping with their flocks, and that pastor and people thoroughly understand each other. On their pedestals of virtue, readers shudder pleasantly at the dramatic picture of nightly orgies in the Haymarket, worked up with a thousand prurient touches. They chorus their bluff British indignation in response to the manly outburst of the worthy magistrate who characterized Mr. Brooks' little entertainment as odious "bestiality." And on the same evening the family is to be seen filling a box at the theatre—the British Cornelia surrounded by her jewels—children from the nursery, girls from the schoolroom, *débutantes* in the first freshness of their youth; while a sprinkling of men—brothers, lovers, or acquaintances—are grouped in the background. If the young ladies and the boys do not pluck some fruit from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—rather more evil than good perhaps—it is not the fault of the mother who takes them there. To say nothing of the ballets, where the poetry of art elevates your soul above the gross suggestions of the senses, the manager relies for his effects on the female form, tastefully disposed in every conceivable combination; its nudity just sufficiently relieved by dress and veiled by drapery to leave it fascinatingly suggestive instead of repellingly coarse. "Startling effects," indeed, as the play-bills advertise them, would they have been to the last generation. Nowadays these things are taken as matters of course, although it would puzzle an intelligent Fiji islander to know why we should scout as barbarous the costume of the ladies in his family, whose simple toilets of bead necklaces and shell girdles are sanctioned by climate and immemorial custom, while our own women are encouraged to undrape themselves for show and not for comfort. Probably the breadth of the anomaly will narrow itself in time. Sensible girls cannot help reflecting that, if there is no impropriety in the freest display of the leg on the stage, it is absurd to be prudish about their ancles in private; and the argument, if good for so much, is good for more. Indeed, reasonable parents begin to admit this; and the present excessively *décolleté* fashion of their daughters' dresses marks a decided step in the inevitable direction. Then there can be no better school for sharpening the faculties than bringing your daughters to hear the *doubles entendres* that salt so plentifully many of our most successful plays. It gives them all the excitement of guessing conundrums for prizes of forbidden fruits. *La glace se fond vite au Palais Royal,* we recollect hearing in a piece played at that genial theatre, and certainly the sensuous atmosphere of a London playhouse is just the temperature in which the forbidding coldness of virgin purity is likely to warm and dissolve. But if innocent girls may see and hear things like these, and take no harm, why be so hard on poor Mr. Brooks and his initiated clients? Are you afraid of taking the down off the peach or breathing on the purity of the country hawbuck who indulges his spiritual love of the beautiful by a contemplation of *poses plastiques* at the "Judge and Jury"? Vice, like poverty, must be always with us, as we know, and, like a practical people, as we pride ourselves on being, we have made up our minds to conceal what we cannot eradicate. It is idle as well as painful to try to level up; it is easy as well as pleasant to level down.

We have succeeded so far already that we may defy the most experienced *roué* to judge us by appearances. In other days there was something so distinctive in the dress and manner of the *lorette* that it was impossible for the goats to huddle themselves unobserved among the sheep. Now the whole young-lady world may be equally proper, or improper, for anything you can say to the contrary. Take a man about town of a few years ago, and wake him up from a Rip Van Winkle slumber in a fashionable church, lighted for afternoon service. Let his eyes wander over the wilderness of faded and badly-matched chignons and the indescribable cut of those dresses that display the form in a gross harshness of outline, and, were it not that the devotees had got prayer-books instead of tea-cups in their hands, his first impression would be that he had got into a midnight meeting of Magdalens. A study of the pews would confirm him in the idea that half-repentant St. John's Wood had fled for excitement from the Argyle to the Altar. Go to the Crystal Palace on a Saturday afternoon, and you find that the delicate good taste of our ladies has nearly succeeded in putting their erring sisters quite at their ease. It is impossible for uncharitable virtue to take to throwing stones, for, as far as exteriors go, it may unawares be stoning incarnate propriety as it masquerades in the trappings of the Haymarket. Much unpleasantness is thus spared to families, for you cannot be expected to know all the acquaintances your son has made, and the ladies he is escorting must certainly be assumed to be all they ought to be, for in dress and demeanour they are the very counterparts of his sisters. You do occasionally see a hideous dowdy from the country, with her own hair simply done, neither docked, nor frizzled, nor plastered, nor supplemented; her cheeks fresh from the bath instead of the powder-box, and her figure draped in the exploded graces of the dresses of a few years back. She has no sort of manner; instead of giggling or shrieking, she talks in a subdued tone; she blushes, as well she may, and she has at least the grace to be conscious of the absurd appearance she makes, for she drops her eyes to the critical stare of the *amateur*, instead of ogling him in defiant challenge in return. But even in the most select places of entertainment it is hopeless altogether to exclude improper characters, and the sight of an occasional object of pity and disgust—the reflection of a horrible past—is useful as indicating the progress we have made, and as stimulating us to persevere in the path we are pursuing. No; notwithstanding the disagreeable episode of the "Judge and Jury," and the persistent persecution of the night-houses in the Haymarket, let vice be of good courage. Even the polite, and certainly not premature, remonstrance said (we hope truly) to have been issued by the Lord Chamberlain against "the impropriety of costume of the ladies in the pantomimes, burlesques, &c." will not perhaps prove a very crushing blow to the cause of indecorum. The sympathies of the public are really all in its favour and, with the exercise of a very moderate amount of the "discretion and good taste" with which managers are obligingly credited, and to which it is announced that these matters "ought properly to be left," the prospects of impropriety were never more brilliant than in this advanced and enlightened age.

MR. GREG ON PEN-MENDING.

WE have arrived at an epoch of economy which would have rejoiced the very heart of Mr. Joseph Hume. The French Empire is going to establish an equilibrium between expenditure and income, after raising at most a loan or two more. General Grant's invariable reply to everybody who asks him, on any pretence, to authorise national expenditure, is to be couched in the remarkable two words with which he once answered a request for a speech, "No, Sir." And in England our clerks are to mend their pens before throwing them finally aside. As Mr. Greg justly argues, in an official letter which we have no authority for regarding as a hoax, pens, "if good to begin with, will bear being recut four or five times, and on each occasion become as serviceable as at first." This plan, he says, he always follows himself, and it has for some time been acted upon both by the House of Commons and the Treasury. If, then, the new system be conscientiously adopted, the nation will require only one quarter as many pens as have hitherto been thought necessary. We are unfortunately left without any means of calculating the probable saving that will be effected. If we assume, for the sake of argument, that it will amount to a thousand pounds, and take the whole revenue at seventy millions, it will follow that a gentleman who pays seventy pounds in taxes will save annually about the thousandth part of a pound, or rather less than a farthing. In four years, therefore, allowing something for interest, he will have saved a penny, and in less than a quarter of a century he will be able to treat himself to a cigar out of the money which has been saved by Mr. Greg's economy. These periods may easily be shortened in proportion to the number of thousands saved. Mr. Greg is of course perfectly right in effecting a saving, however trifling in amount, and we should only be inclined to ask whether it might not be carried further. Would not a more radical reform be effected if clerks were directed to use steel pens, instead of indulging in the luxury of quills? Or it might be possible to insist upon their writing a hand which would increase the average number of words in a page; there may even be cases in which a slate might be used instead of paper, if proper precautions were adopted against creaking pencils; and it is not inconceivable that in other cases we should be all the better served if they were to cease writing altogether. We are, however, getting into matters which are beyond Mr. Greg's competence, and certainly beyond our own. We can only wish that he had a chance of exercising his talents in a larger sphere, and cutting off extravagant practices of more dangerous consequence than recklessness in the matter of pens. This economical measure, however, opens a wider and not uninteresting question. What is the value of that kind of economy generally known as cheeseparing? How much good did Joseph Hume effect by constantly cavilling at every questionable item of expenditure? Is the danger of financial dis-

(less likely to be permanently staved off, or even made sensibly less imminent, by measures of reform in quill pens? The great Chatham, we know, roused the spirit of a nation by the energy of his single will, and in a few months changed general despondency into boundless self-confidence. Will it be the fortune of Mr. Gladstone to stimulate a wasteful population into all the virtues of economy, and fire us with a noble zeal to preserve candle-ends, and have our old clothes turned before buying new ones? The whole people may be inoculated with the spirit of the good old misers of former days, who would drive a mile round to avoid a turnpike, and may perhaps adopt for its standing motto the weighty aphorism—appropriate enough to a nation of shopkeepers—Look after the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. We are tolerably familiar with these paroxysms of economical virtue in individual cases. A gentleman discovers, at the end of the year, that he has spent a hundred pounds or so beyond his income. He resolves to cut down his cabs, and ride more frequently in omnibuses; he saves something on groceries by going to the Civil Service Co-operative Store; and, by way of impressing his virtuous resolutions upon his own mind, he buys an account-book, and puts down the smallest items with extreme accuracy for several days. The worst of it is that such measures generally lead to the accumulation of an amount of self-complacency which produces a relapse into more than the former extravagance, and that at the end of the year the result is about the same as before. He has merely thrown a temporary sop to his conscience. Probably the economist discovers that his only chance is to cut down his establishment and retire into a smaller house in a cheaper quarter of the town. The analogy in the case of a nation is obvious. By cutting off a few superfluous clerks and saving the stumps of a number of quill pens, we shall perhaps effect a saving distinctly visible to the naked eye; Ministers will be able to go to their constituents and flourish the spoils of their pen-knives and pruning-knives before the eyes of assembled multitudes; and we shall grow so proud of our virtue, that we shall be ready to throw away a few millions on the next return of the pendulum. It seems to be a law that fits of speculation and of enforced cautiousness follow each other at regular intervals in the commercial world; and we may set up a similar alternation between the hot and cold fits of administrative economy. If we could make up our mind to cut down our establishment, the results might be different. We might, for example, turn all our colonies adrift, sell Gibraltar to the Spaniards, set up Malta to auction, and resolve to be an island instead of an empire; we should then be able to discharge half our army and save a sensible fraction of our expenditure. As the public mind does not seem quite prepared for such a course at present, it is invited to be content with the cheeseparing system; we are to adopt a plan similar to that which dealers in light money applied to guineas; the different departments are to be "sweated," and if the amount saved in each case is trivial it will come to something in the aggregate.

It is perhaps ungrateful to grumble at any method by which money is saved, considering the amount of trouble which this system imposes upon public officials, and the courage necessary for encountering the grumbling of the victims to economy. Yet we should wish to be clear on one or two points, before we can feel satisfied that any really valuable result has been obtained. Mr. Greg's reform in the matter of quill pens is obviously a sound one so far as it goes. If a pen is mended twice, it will do the duty of two pens. There will be a saving and no loss of efficiency. But how are we to be certain that this will always be the result of an indiscriminate tightening of the screw? Is it not possible that if we treat our civil servants with more rigour, and insult them with these petty and suspicious cavillings at their supposed extravagance, they will contrive to diminish the value of their services in an equal or a greater proportion? If they are to be treated as criminals to be kept in bondage, perhaps they will do badly in proportion to their discontent. The economy which pares away fragments of real utility is just as easy as the economy which removes superfluities; and there is no guarantee that our fit of enthusiasm will secure one more than the other. Human nature is not altered by the excitement of a sudden revival; after a time the converts relapse into their former carelessness, and the new toy is laid aside till some fresh combination of circumstances brings it into notice again. In a few months we may probably be crying out as loudly against a false system of economy as we are now against extravagance; and the huge *vis inertiæ* composed of the idleness and indifference of people employed on business which is not their own will cause the machinery to slip back into its old ruts. In short, the true way of turning our spasms of virtue to good account is by reorganizing any defective parts of our system; there is undoubtedly room enough for reforms in this sense, and, if wisely carried out, the effect may be permanent. If a manufacturer confines himself to occasional outbursts against the wastefulness of his subordinates, they will most likely indemnify themselves for their annoyance by falling into their old habits as soon as his back is turned, or some new object calls away his attention. If he introduces new and more scientific methods of applying force, he may effect a permanent improvement. The cheeseparing system may make as much noise, and serve as well for texts to stump oratory; but the real merit of the Government must be measured, not by the number of quill pens saved, but by the substantial improvements introduced into the organization of the different departments. The precipitate mode of cutting down expenses at random has not only a tendency to provoke a reaction, but prevents any proposal which involves a temporary expenditure, even if it promises to be essentially reproductive. It is a pity to see good enthusiasm wasted in merely producing one of those temporary panics which seem to be almost a national characteristic. We are always in a state of excitement about something or other—the growth of pauperism, or the state of the national defences, or the ignorance of the lower orders, or the extravagance of the upper classes. Too often it cools down, and everything sinks back to its former condition. A genuine statesman might secure some tangible result from each of these spasmodic outbursts, which would remain when the zeal had died away; and it is to be hoped that the present desire for economy will be turned to some permanent account; only we must look for some better symptoms than general exhortations to saving and a frittering away of energy upon quill pens and superfluous clerks.

Meanwhile, as we are trying to save money, perhaps our statesmen will remember that there is another commodity of proverbially equal value. The House of Commons will of course applaud the zeal of its leaders for judicious frugality. If it shows an equal regard for time it will set an excellent example. Are we to listen to nothing else for perhaps two Sessions than endless discussions upon the Irish Church? or will Parliament remember that, however important that subject may be, and whatever new floods of light its eloquence may cast upon the whole question, there are one or two little matters which would be the better for a share of its attention? The waste of public money is bad enough, but the waste of the whole legislative energy of the country upon a single topic, however important, allows evils to remain and to grow up which cost far more even in money than the most rigorous economy of administration would save in the course of years. It would be a melancholy caricature of genuine economy which should spend its force upon cheeseparing, and allow the working power of the Legislature to be diverted from the substantial improvements which alone can give any security for the maximum of efficiency in our expenditure.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "RETREAT" HARASSED.

THE famous *Chapter of Autobiography* was dismissed by all serious politicians with a melancholy smile, half sympathy and half contempt. As the great majority of people accepted Mr. Gladstone's conclusion that the Irish Church must go, they were serenely indifferent to the pangs of conscience which Mr. Gladstone must, according to his own account, have undergone in painfully elaborating his premisses. Confessions and autobiographies and mental diaries are extremely interesting to people of a certain class of mind—to those, that is, who compose such works, and to the narrow intelligences which delight in prying into other people's concerns. Experience has proved that it is only in the less robust mental organizations that confession is adopted as an indispensable means of grace; and, beyond the feminine sex, spiritual confessors and directors of conscience are generally dispensed with. If, however, a man publishes the secret records of his inner life, and takes the public into the confidence of his soul, he cannot complain if his self-revelations are treated as roughly and coarsely as any other alleged facts of history. When Mr. Gladstone published his *Chapter of Autobiography* he ought to have counted the cost. He has been taken at his word; and in a somewhat remarkable pamphlet, *The Retreat of Mr. Gladstone*, a Mr. Bazely accepts Mr. Gladstone's vindication of himself, and criticizes it on Mr. Gladstone's own grounds. Mr. Bazely was, we believe, a very distinguished Oxford resident some thirty years ago. Formerly Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose, a first-class man, and subsequently rector of a large London parish, he has of late years retired into private life, but his interest in public matters does not seem to have been extinguished. Probably—though we have not verified this matter—he was one of Mr. Gladstone's supporters in his early contests at Oxford. But, be this as it may, in character, reputation, candour, and abilities he is a very favourable specimen of those who have withdrawn their support from the Premier. Mr. Bazely is no bigot; he considers it a fair and open question whether the Irish Church might not acquiesce in separation from the State. So far, therefore, we and Mr. Bazely have not many points of difference. We believe that the ascendency of the Irish Establishment is an injustice to Ireland; that to remove that ascendency is a plain duty; and that there is only one way of redressing the wrong. It is very immaterial how, when, or why this conviction has forced itself upon us. Nor would Mr. Bazely care to inquire. We have not—and the people of England generally have not—felt called upon to compose a chapter of national or personal autobiography. Mr. Bazely, therefore, has no dispute—or, if he has a dispute, he does not feel himself bound to pursue it—with the general verdict of the nation against the Irish Church. But Mr. Gladstone stands on very different grounds. *We* may be very inconsistent. With Earl Russell and Sir George Grey we may ever and over again have denounced disestablishment as confiscation in principle and a blunder in policy. But we have never claimed to be consistent. We have never vindicated, or excused, or apologized for ourselves. We may be, as Mr. Gladstone says, rash, precipitate, fickle, and all the rest of it. But we have had the sense—or cunning, as the Scotch say, in that well-worn apophthegm—to let that flee stick to the wall. Not so Mr. Gladstone. He feels the

force of the personal taunt which glances off our pachydermatous conscience, and is at vast pains to show its injustice and falsity. Here Mr. Bazely joins issue. Mr. Gladstone ventures on a strictly and specially personal apology; Mr. Bazely tries to show that the apology fails, and that it fails in every particular.

It is plain that as bystanders we may be interested in this personal and literary gladiatorship without siding either with Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bazely in their private dispute. The great issue of the Irish Church question is untouched by it; and the public interest involved is only how far Mr. Gladstone's defeat and refutation on his own chosen ground—if Mr. Bazely has defeated Mr. Gladstone on this particular point—affects the confidence which the country ought to place in the political capacity, general moral judgment, and prudence of the statesman who is confuted (if he is confuted) on those very pleas which he has ostentatiously selected for his vindication in a matter which, had he been wise with that worldly wisdom which we want in a statesman, he had much better have left alone. Mr. Gladstone's apology, stripped of its tautology and amplification, amounts to this:—That the existence of the Irish Establishment is a gross injustice, wrong, and insult; that this, his conclusion in 1868, was arrived at naturally and gradually, and by sensible and definite stages; and that he never consciously concealed the gradual growth of his convictions. Mr. Bazely replies that Mr. Gladstone's offence is not that in 1841 he recommended the maintenance of an Establishment which he now abandons, but that he never, up to the spring of 1868, avowed this conviction; and further, that he never could have entertained it till the very hour of its avowal. Practically this comes to a distinct charge on Mr. Bazely's part, and it is a serious one, that the *Chapter of Autobiography* is a mere self-illusion, and nothing better than an *ex post facto* enumeration or invention of successive states of mind and gradual growths of sensible and definite convictions extending over twenty-seven years, which are mere phantoms of the imagination, and never had any real existence until they were developed by the self-consciousness of the spring of 1868. The ground of civil justice and political right was never entertained, and never could have been entertained, Mr. Bazely argues, till 1868. It, says Mr. Bazely, Mr. Gladstone had long ago taken up *this* ground, he must bear the reproach of having been year after year a silent and unprotesting party to a crying injustice, which he long felt to be one, but never ventured to denounce. If, on the other hand, his conviction on this argument—the only one on which he now rests his case—was very sudden and recent, the whole of the *Chapter of Autobiography* is beside the point, and, quite irrelevant to that, the only issue. The charge against Mr. Gladstone, reduced to its simplest elements, is that either his conviction of the injustice of the Irish Church Establishment was sudden and precipitate—inspired by the fact that he was in opposition, not in power—or that he had for a long time culpably concealed his conviction of this flagrant injustice, and suffered others who trusted in him to be deceived. If the former alternative is true, then the apology is quite valueless, because it deals with a non-existent issue; if the latter, then it deals with a false issue—that is, is directly untrue. It is to this last point that Mr. Bazely addresses himself, and he employs himself with the proof, elaborated with great logical skill, as was to be expected from his Oxford reputation—and this proof derived from Mr. Gladstone's own account of his own retreat, or education, or whatever he pleases to call it—that the political injustice of the Establishment never was in his thoughts up to 1868. Or, if it were, to have arrived at such a conclusion, and to have carefully suppressed and concealed it, was "dishonour."

We shall not take upon ourselves to pronounce on the force of this argument, as for other reasons, so because for all practical purposes it is of very little consequence to outsiders. Mr. Bazely and Mr. Gladstone may well be left to argue the matter out; and Mr. Bazely is no mean opponent. For ourselves, we do not—though of course he would not himself admit it—think that Mr. Gladstone is so very seriously to be blamed, even could it be proved, which it cannot, that he took a mere party advantage of a political emergency when he uttered his famous declaration of last spring against the Irish Establishment. And, on the other hand, we are by no means prepared to admit that Mr. Gladstone is to be charged with conscious and personal dishonesty for concealing his convictions—whichever of Mr. Bazely's merciless alternatives we are called upon to accept. If Mr. Gladstone had long been convinced that the Irish Establishment must be sacrificed, even though he abstained from proclaiming this conviction, he was not necessarily guilty of a culpable suppression of his convictions; and again, if he was in fact convinced all of a sudden, either by Mr. Maguire's book, or by the aspect of Fenianism, or by the intolerable spectacle of Mr. Disraeli on the Treasury Bench as Premier, is he to be charged with conscious and criminal unveracity, even though he says that his convictions had very long been ripening, and had long been ripe?

But this last question leads us to a final observation, which is, what a very great mistake these mental—and we may say as much of spiritual—Autobiographies, Experiences, Confessions, and Apologies are. We are not saying, as has been said, that Mr. Gladstone in publishing his Chapter was fired by a vain emulation of the unapproachable *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ* of one ten times greater intellectually than Mr. Gladstone. If so, the reception of the two books must have, profitably perhaps, disillusionized the imitator. But we do say this, that the greatest mistakes are committed by these publications. In surveying their past selves, they think they thought thoughts which they never did think: but in so thinking they are but unconsciously mistaking their past selves. Take St. Augustine—Rousseau—Dr. Newman—Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Newman's is the only one of them all which is satisfactory, simply because Dr. Newman's is a mind which occurs only once in ten centuries; and further, because Dr. Newman's account of his change could be proved by documents, facts, and contemporaneous evidence. Mr. Gladstone's cannot. Nothing is so delusive as these mental retrospects. Unconsciously, and this is where we differ from Mr. Bazely, we all of us—and Mr. Gladstone is in our eyes, though not in his brother's, human—interpolate into the past imaginary trains of reasoning, fictitious and probable and plausible mental attitudes and processes, and invest them with a personality and distinctness which they never really had, but which we attribute to them only when, for some very pressing and recent reason, we have, very late in the day, and quite independently of all these fancied processes, come to a conclusion which these figments might have led to, but did not, simply because they were not. When a man engaged with this hazy work of introspection thinks that in bygone days he might have thought so and so, the process is not difficult, and certainly not dishonest, by which he persuades himself that he had actually done so. And this is why we all suspect "Confessions." A conversion and change of opinion is a fact, and a fact hard and tangible; but the gradual, subtle, unconscious secret processes by which it comes about none of us know, and the attempt to describe them is only illusory in most cases. We often mistake the force of passing mental and intellectual processes, and at a distance we attribute undue importance to what really was transient and evanescent. The only thoroughly trustworthy conversions are those in which the supernatural element is admitted. St. Paul never gave an apology or chapter of autobiography. In St. Augustine's case there was always, backing the whole history of struggles and experiences, the irresistible influence of Divine Grace. Even in Dr. Newman's case, the weird saying of four Latin words "kept ringing in his ears"; they "struck him with a power never felt before"; they were as "the familiar 'Turn again, Whittington.'" That is, they were to a certain extent supernatural; they acted as a spell. Therefore even his conversion is tinged by the mysterious and supernatural; and in all such cases the great revolution of mind can dispense with all argumentative justification. Had Mr. Gladstone told us that his conversion was in this way, supramundane, instantaneous, and with power, of whatever other faculty we might have questioned his possession, he could not have laid himself open to the kind of retort which he has met with from Mr. Bazely.

THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE CAPITATION GRANT.

THERE is no doubt that Volunteer affairs have arrived at a sort of crisis, not from internal so much as from external causes. The strength and efficiency of the civilian army (and, in spite of the gross and altogether exceptional misconduct of one or two battalions at the Windsor Review last year, we will add its discipline also) have improved every year, and not least in the year last past, the ninth since its first establishment. But the Volunteers, though they have many friends, are not without a few enemies, who at first predicted that the movement would wear itself out in a year or two, and die of inanition, and are now found representing that men who have half their expenses paid by the State have no right to call themselves Volunteers, and ought to be ranked as paid soldiers of little or no value. It is quite true that those who affect this tone are not very numerous; but they are very industrious in making their voices heard. The *Times* of Thursday contained a letter from one of them—perhaps a distinguished cavalry officer—who signs himself "Hippophylax," in which he makes or implies the following assertions:—

1. That the Volunteers are of no value for offensive operations, and that these alone decide the fortune of war.

2. That the money spent upon the Volunteers could be better invested in regular soldiers.

3. That the Volunteers could never be called out for permanent service, because they have no transport, commissariat, or hospitals of their own.

4. That the acceptance of a capitation grant in payment of part of their necessary expenses constitutes them paid soldiers.

The inevitable inference from the first two of these propositions, if true, would be that the Volunteer movement was a blunder, and that the whole force ought to be instantly disbanded. The cost to the nation of 170,000 Volunteers is something like 250,000*l.*; that is, enough to maintain two or three battalions of regular troops. If "Hippophylax" is right, two or three such battalions therefore would be of more service in holding the forts and keeping the field against an enemy than 170,000 imperfectly trained Volunteers. We have a proper national faith in the power of one British soldier to thrash three Frenchmen, but seventy or eighty Volunteers does seem rather long odds for the stoutest of guardsmen to be matched against. Indeed, if "Hippophylax's" assertion is not rank absurdity, all the general officers, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, who have handled and inspected Volunteers on hundreds of occasions, must have been wilfully and grossly deceiving the country again and again for the last nine years; and we prefer the authority of competent judges who have made themselves acquainted both with the capabilities and the defects of the Volunteers to

of "Hippophylax," whoever he may be. are not, and have never pretended to be, regular soldiers; but for all that, 170,000 of them, drilled as they now are, with their knowledge of musketry and great gun-practice, and with abundant capacity for improvement, when called out for continuous service, must, on the most modest estimate, be a shade more powerful than 2,000 or 3,000 of the finest troops in the world.

The third objection which "Hippophylax" states to the Volunteer army is the want of transport, commissariat, and hospital organization. "Hippophylax" can scarcely be ignorant that the transport staff, the commissariat staff, and the hospital staff are, in the main, as much external to any regiment of the Line engaged in active service as to a regiment of Volunteers. At a time when the commissariat was, if not perfect, certainly less inefficient than it now is, it was a purely civilian body under the Treasury; and though it has been transferred to the War Office, and reorganized—or disorganized—it is not the less external to the combatant portion of the army. Volunteers, if called out, would have the same right to its services as if they were regular soldiers, and if it be said that its strength is not sufficient for an army of more than 50,000 men, the obvious remedy, if more force is needed, is to increase the commissariat, and not to reduce the combatant force. The argument, so far as it proves anything, is an argument against any increase of force, and not at all against the Volunteers as distinguished from other defenders of the country. No administrator in his senses would dream of establishing one commissariat corps for the supply of regular soldiers, and an entirely distinct corps to minister to the wants of Volunteers who might be encamped by their side. This and all other supply services ought to be so organized as to be capable of providing for the whole British forces in the field, whether they called themselves regulars, militia, or Volunteers.

The last proposition of our anti-Volunteer, to which all the others seem intended to lead up, is neither more nor less than a gross perversion of fact. It would be quite logical for a man who thought Volunteers in any number utterly useless, to say that the trifling sums expended by the country on their equipment and armament are thrown away. If we thought Volunteers useless, we should say the same. But it is inexcusable, even in the most prejudiced of cavalry officers, to say that a Volunteer becomes a paid soldier because he is only (say) 2*l.* or 3*l.* a-year out of pocket instead of 4*l.* or 5*l.*, as he might be if Government did nothing towards the supply of his arms and other requirements. It is quite open to any one to object to the principle of Government assistance in paying adjutants and sergeants, and contributing to the cost of arms, clothing, and head-quarter establishments; but nobody has a right to call this contribution pay, or to refuse the title of Volunteers to men every one of whom gives both time and money to the cause, and some of whom are mulcted to the extent of hundreds of pounds a year for the honour of being what "Hippophylax" calls paid soldiers. Statements such as those we have referred to would be of little importance, were it not that unfounded assertions on any subject do leave a mark upon the minds of men who have not taken the trouble to think about it, which it is not always easy to rub out.

It is satisfactory to find that neither Mr. Cardwell nor any other Minister, nor, so far as we know, any single officer of repute in the army (unless "Hippophylax" be one), has ever committed himself to the views on which we have commented; and, with this consensus of opinion to back us, we shall continue to believe that Volunteer artillerymen and riflemen have some considerable value, and that, after every allowance for the superior efficiency of regularly trained soldiers, they give incomparably more strength for the money which they cost than any other force which an equal outlay, or indeed ten times the outlay, would support.

Mr. Cardwell, though he did his best to rebuff the Volunteer deputation that lately waited upon him, so far from taking up the position assumed by "Hippophylax," frankly acknowledged that he highly valued the Volunteers as a means of defence, and that he thought they ought not to be called upon for pecuniary sacrifices in addition to the devotion of their time and energy to the service of the country. It might be quite possible to maintain a Volunteer force on an insignificant scale wholly self-supporting, without the slightest fragment of Government aid. One or two such corps existed before the general movement commenced. The well-known Victorias, for example, found their own rifles and accoutrements, maintained their own establishment complete, kept up a splendid band, and paid every expense of range and head-quarters, at an average annual cost for officers and privates which we believe we underrate at 20*l.* A few such corps might of course be supported, but they must necessarily be composed of comparatively rich men. When it was determined to make the Volunteers into a national force, it was seen at once that the scheme would prove a chimera if it involved any considerable expenditure on the part of the men who volunteered to give their services, but not their money. At first Government supplied rifles and little else, and all other expenses were defrayed out of funds contributed, not by the Volunteers, the bulk of whom were poor men, but by wealthy supporters of the movement, who associated themselves as honorary members with the various corps. The enthusiasm of the men who gave their time and labour has never flagged; but the enthusiasm of those who only gave their money soon began to wane; and then the Government stepped in, and by the capitation grant partially filled up the void which was left. The sort of eleemosynary aid of honorary members went on declining in amount, while necessary expenses could not be curtailed, and by degrees the honour of a commission in a Volunteer corps came to imply the duty of supplementing its finances by very heavy annual payments. So long as competent officers were to be found willing to pay this tax, no great harm was done; but it is now notorious that the expensiveness of a commission narrows the field of selection to a comparatively small class of wealthy men, and that in many instances vacancies in the commissioned ranks cannot be filled up at all, simply because the men who are competent and willing are unable to bear the expense. Lord Elcho put the case very temperately and very fairly before the Minister, and Mr. Cardwell frankly declared his opinion that the Volunteers were a most valuable body, and that while they gave their services gratuitously they ought not to be called upon to contribute a shilling towards the necessary expenses of their establishment. In dealing with a deputation it is always safe for the moment to dispute a fact, because detailed proof cannot be instantly produced; and Mr. Cardwell, true to official instincts, while he admitted that the Government ought to provide all necessaries, denied that any needful expenditure was thrown upon the Volunteers themselves. If Mr. Cardwell seriously believed this, he must have had advisers as well informed as "Hippophylax"; and unless he was insincere (which we will not believe) in accepting the principle that the Volunteers should be asked for work only and not for money, he cannot well refuse an inquiry into the question which he has himself raised, whether the Government allowances are, or are not, sufficient to cover all necessary expenses.

According to the rules laid down by the Government some years ago, necessary expenses include uniforms, ranges, conveyance to drill and practice, expenses of arms, and the support of orderly rooms, armouries, and the like. The first of these items is sufficient to absorb the whole capitation grant of 1*l.* per efficient. The extra 10*s.* for musketry is far more than consumed by the expenses incidental to ranges, including often a large amount of ammunition beyond the scanty Government supply, and all the rest of the acknowledged necessaries are left to be purchased by the Volunteers themselves. In the richer corps, of course, the men find their own uniforms and accoutrements, and pay for a number of other requirements; and even the poorest Volunteers (with few exceptions) pay some sort of subscription, though they leave the weight of the burden to fall upon their officers. That these are the facts Mr. Cardwell will learn if he inquires, and when he has discovered them, we shall be curious to find on what principle he can reject a request for the supply of necessaries the cost of which he admits ought not to be thrown on the Volunteers.

THE BIRCH IN THE BOUDOIR.

ANOTHER step has been taken in the onward march of feminine aggression. On all sides the fortress in which masculine presumption has so long been entrenched is now assailed, and one by one the outworks are falling. That hideous old superstition of the supremacy of man having once been denied, and his claims to an exclusive use of any virile properties, from brains to breeches, having once been vitiated, it is astonishing to see how rapidly the whole social and political fabric which has been constructed on that foundation is tumbling to pieces. Man's monopoly of cigars, of clubs, of the pulpit, of the liberal professions, of sports, of academical life, and of the franchise having each of them been more or less successfully infringed, one might almost have been inclined to fancy that there was little else left which woman could grudge him; that he had been stripped of every shred of his ancient encroachments, and that, except the trifling and accidental distinctions of sex and of bodily strength, there was now really no property and no quality left undisputed which might be said to differentiate the male from the female Briton. But such a conclusion would be premature. There is at least, it seems, one more great privilege, one more time-honoured custom, which the male inhabitants of this country have been used to arrogate to themselves, and of the exercise of which there are divers notorious emblems and instruments. The male inhabitants of Great Britain have been hitherto distinguished from their female compatriots, as from the inhabitants of most other countries, by the peculiar insular privilege of receiving corporal chastisement at certain stages and in certain conditions of their existence; and indeed, until very recently, it would not have been an inaccurate account of the difference between Englishmen and Englishwomen which described the former as that portion of the community which is, and the latter as that which is not, flogged. It was not likely that women, in their present mood of self-assertion, would long allow such an invidious distinction to remain unchallenged. If the young Englishwoman is to be trained to be in all respects as like as possible to what the young Englishman has been, it is clear that means of discipline and correction similar to those which have been in force among men must be brought to bear upon the girls. It was to be expected that before long that should occur which has now, it seems, in fact occurred; that man's monopoly of the birch and the cane, as instruments of training or education, should be attacked in the same way as his monopoly of the academy, the pulpit, and the franchise; that a sect of Female Flagellants would arise to swell the numbers of those who are assailing man's empire; and that to the women who wish to preach, the women who wish to graduate, and the women who wish to vote, would shortly be added the women who wish to flog.

That in the year 1869 there should be living in England, and in London, a considerable number of women, moving apparently in good society, and some of them titled, who are in the regular habit of stripping and flogging with birches, apple-twigs, or leather straps, their daughters of thirteen years old and upwards, must appear to foreigners simply incredible, and to most Englishmen very queer. Yet that such is the case is amply proved by a correspondence in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, on the subject of "Flogging Girls," which commenced in August of last year, and which, after having lasted six months, and having handled the details of corporal punishment in a style which certainly did not err on the side of too much reserve or delicacy, has at last apparently been brought to a conclusion by a summing up from the conductor of the magazine favourable on the whole to the cause of the flagellants. This correspondence, or "conversazione," as the ladies' periodicals affect to call their agglomerations of rambling queries and epistles on any topic which happens to interest their patrons, from best methods of education to best methods of removing superfluous hair, shows that there are in England many women—some of them declared by the conductor of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* to be "ladies of title, and well worthy of attention"—who make it a regular practice, "for certain faults," to strip their grown-up girls, and, either by their own hands or by the hands of governesses, to inflict upon them severe floggings. Nor is this all. Some of these ladies are downright enthusiasts for the birch and the taws. They seem to glory in the privilege of thrashing their girls. They give faithful representations, carefully drawn from the life, of their own pet mode of conducting the operation. The preliminaries, the place of execution—sometimes a bedroom, sometimes a boudoir—the instrument of torture, the behaviour of the victim before, during, and after the infliction of the flogging, in short the most minute details of the entire process, are described with that graphic force which some women exhibit when writing on a subject which powerfully interests and excites them. These writers do not even take the line of apologizing for the inhumanity, or of endeavouring to palliate the shame, which must be involved in the process of stripping and flogging a girl of fifteen or sixteen years old. On the contrary, some of them, who seem to have a sort of mission for propagating the doctrine of flogging girls, are most keen in recommending means whereby the pain may be made as severe and the shame as overwhelming to the sufferer as possible. Thus, for example, a "Mother of a Family" who evidently belongs to this class of enthusiasts, who says that she was herself flogged "until she was fully fourteen years old," and who, in describing her experiences, occasionally employs a phraseology which is a little too highly spiced to be quoted here, writes:—

> I have my girls' fullest love and confidence; yet I never omit the punishment for certain faults. At the same time it causes hardly an hour's intermission of our happy intercourse. It is of course inflicted in strict privacy, and without anger or scolding. A short while ago I tested both plans in the case of a niece, a girl of thirteen, who was placed under my control in my house. She had been reared on the "moral force" plan, and was as bold and disobedient a child as could be met with. For a month I tried the moral plan, but in vain. At length I resolved to see what the rod would do; and so, taking her with me one day after gross misconduct into a secluded room, I lectured her kindly and gently on her behaviour, and finished by telling her that, as all other means had failed, I would now give her a sound whipping. She was much dismayed, as you may guess; but seeing how calm and determined I was, she quietly submitted, and I gave her what some American friends call "a spanking," sharp, short, and effectual. From that day the greatest change has been visible in her; and though four months have elapsed, I have found it necessary to repeat the operation only twice.

Only twice! and does this enthusiastic flagellant, in whom the disposition to flog appears to be a congenital or inherited habit, really think that three floggings in the course of four months are a small allowance for a young lady in her fourteenth year? Would a Harrow boy of the same age consider it a small allowance? What would a Wykehamist in the Fifth Book think of being "bibled" or "scrubbed" at the rate of nine times a year? But then Wykehamists and Harrovians are not, if we may judge from the lamentations and complaints of parents and teachers in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, so unruly, so insubordinate, and so generally incorrigible as young ladies aged from thirteen to eighteen. Thus one poor parent, after describing the failure of an attempt to educate girls under the "no-personal-chastisement system," says:—

> Their progress was so unsatisfactory, and their general conduct so insubordinate and unladylike, that I yielded to the reiterated solicitations of the governess, and consented to her introducing the rod. One was accordingly procured, and at her suggestion it was made of soft pliable leather, cut into long narrow thongs at one end, which she assured me produced intense pain with little or no injury to the person. I directed the governess to inflict upon each of them a most severe whipping, which was arranged to take place in her boudoir immediately after evening prayer. The eldest was first taken to her dressing-room and prepared for the rod, and then conveyed to the boudoir by the governess, who at once administered the discipline. The younger one was then prepared, and received a wholesome flagellation. These whippings were administered *supra dorsum nudum* (*sic*), the delinquents being tightly strapped to an ottoman during the castigation; at the conclusion of which they had to kiss the rod and thank the governess, when they were permitted to retire. Since then there has been a most marked improvement in their behaviour, and the progress made in their studies has been truly gratifying. It is now nearly nine months since one had to be corrected in the boudoir, although the rod is yet occasionally applied to the palms of their hands when they are negligent.

At the commencement of this discussion on the art and mystery of flagellation, it appeared that there was a large number of fair aspirants to initiation in the mystery who were extremely ignorant of its most elementary details. Very numerous and very various inquiries as to the best instrument, as to the best means of making or procuring it, and as to the best mode of applying it when procured, appear to have poured in upon the editor such as it might have perplexed even Orbilius himself to have answered satisfactorily. But the editor was equal to the occasion. He availed himself of the assistance of some persons of his own sex, who had experience of the flogging of boys; and their teachings, backed by the extreme keenness and eagerness to learn which the patronesses of the magazine exhibited, have caused a most rapid and astonishing advance in the development of the doctrine and discipline of this new Society for the Whipping of Young Women. The following six principles may be said to be definitely adopted by the Society:—1. So long as girls are under their parents' protection there is practically no limit of age, short of twenty-one years, beyond which they may not be profitably flogged. "Even at the age of eighteen," cries one enthusiastic mother, "I will administer corporal chastisement"; while another says that she inflicts this discipline "regardless of the age of the offender, who, if she behaves like a child, must expect to be treated as one." 2. The flogging of a girl should always be effective; and it is so in proportion as it produces shame and pain. 3. With the view of producing shame, it is desirable that the sufferer's sisters should be present at the operation. 4. For similar reasons, and also in order to obviate resistance, it may be well to summon the attendance of the servants:—

> On the first occasion [says a lady who signs herself a "Lover of the Rod"] on which your girls show disobedience and want of respect for their mother, order all three up to your bedroom, to wait till you come. I would keep them all three waiting in suspense, as not comprehending your intentions. Then I would provide myself with a good birch rod or cane (a cane is very severe), go up stairs, shut the doors, and at once tell the eldest one you are going to give her a flogging. Doubtless she will feel much astonished, and very indignant; but if you are firm, and threaten to call in the servants to help you, she will submit. There must be shame as well as pain in this; but she has deserved both, in my opinion; and one such punishment in the presence of her two sisters will do everything.

5. With the view of producing pain the sufferer must be unflinchingly stripped. This principle was, after some hesitation, finally settled in the last number of the magazine, on the authority of an old gentleman who affirmed that "during his school career it was his duty, as junior King's Scholar, to purchase and apply all the birch rods of the college," who says that in choosing the instrument "salutary care must be taken to purchase rods with *good buds*, the handles being about the thickness of the wrist," and who "warns perplexed mothers that any interposition of underclothing materially interferes with the efficiency of the operation." The sixth rule states how and where the rod is to be applied. The discussion of this question does not appear to have presented the least difficulty to the conductors or the contributors of this magazine. They have treated the topic with a freedom and fearlessness of expression which is justified by one correspondent on the ground that "the *Englishwoman's Magazine* is written for women only," and which we may therefore suppose represents, in the opinion of that correspondent, the genuine esoteric or after-dinner style of ladies' conversation. The reader is not likely to feel much desire to intrude into the mysteries of such a conversation; and, besides, enough has already been said to show how rapid a progress has been made since the summer by this new sect of female flagellants in the organization and propagation of their doctrines.

The French Commissioners who recently reported to the Emperor on our Public Schools express their astonishment that our great Head-Masters, with their huge salaries, their extensive learning, their high reputation, their dignified social position, and their good prospects of seats in the House of Lords, should condescend to use the birch; and they declare their conviction that the custom will soon die out. It seems plain, from what has been written during the last six months in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, that if the English Head-Masters do abandon the custom of flogging, it will be enthusiastically maintained by English mothers and their governesses. Is it possible that before long the only creatures in Europe, besides cattle, that are flogged will be English criminals and English girls? Or is the whole of this amazing correspondence fictitious? Is it nothing more than an elaborate and vulgar hoax? Have "Materfamilias," the "Marchioness," the "Perplexed Mother," and the other "Lovers of the Rod" no existence out of the fertile brain of the conductor of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*? One of these two hypotheses must be true; and it is hard to say which of them is the more preposterous.

THE CESSION OF GIBRALTAR.

NOTHING could more forcibly illustrate the progress we have made in that spurious kind of Liberalism which consists in being always ready to sacrifice national interests to political sentiment, than the effort to imagine a proposal for the cession of Gibraltar to Spain as coming from two of Nelson's admirals. The old Rock made glorious by its capture and its defence was to our grandfathers a sacred spot, and to the sailors of their generation doubly sacred as a splendid trophy and an impregnable refuge. It is hardly too much to say that the admiral of the Nelsonian period would as soon have thought of proposing the surrender of Dover to France, as of Gibraltar to Spain. Its value has been enhanced rather than diminished by the facts that our fleets are now composed, not of sailing vessels, but of steam-ships absolutely dependent on secure coaling stations, and that since our supremacy on the seas is no longer undisputed, it is more than ever necessary to hold fast to every point that may give us an advantage

against a naval foe. But such reasons are all too slight to avert the tampering propensities of sham Liberalism. The question which has, in consequence, been for weeks before the public, here and in Spain, is discussed by us with far less of warmth or interest than the fancies of particular clergymen for embellishing their persons and their churches, or the claim of somebody who was never heard of before, and will never be heard of again, to enjoy a seat in the Legislature.

People of average reasoning powers, even if they know nothing of Gibraltar, must have detected some weak points in the arguments that have been adduced for the abandonment of the fortress. They must have failed to perceive, for instance, how we could entitle ourselves to the gratitude of Spain by giving up to her a naval station which is carefully branded as indefensible and worthless; or how we should display a fine sentiment of justice by holding forcible possession of a piece of the territory of one friendly Power in place of a piece of the territory of another. It may also have occurred to them that, if we are to abandon dominions because our presence there is disagreeable to other claimants, we shall have to begin much nearer home than the Mediterranean. Indeed, seeing how obvious all this is, it would scarcely have been necessary for those who have some regard for our ancient possession to say any more on the subject, if the controversy that has ensued had not unluckily arrived at the dignity of a public discussion, and reached a stage where opinion may possibly ripen into action. In these days of sentimental policy it would be unsafe to consider any crotchet, having about it that high flavour of magnanimous self-sacrifice so attractive to minds of a particular order, as too wild to find advocates and executors. The discussion itself gives ample proof that there are irresponsible politicians among us quite ready to perform, on behalf of the public, the most disinterested acts. The late elections have given us a number of legislators who, as their speeches show, have, along with a great desire to make a figure, a very limited acquaintance with public affairs or with the national interests, and who are therefore in the condition most favourable to the reception of such ideas as may lead by the shortest cuts to personal distinction. At the head of the departments of War and the Navy we have officials whose opinions on the subject of naval fortresses, being quite free from the bias of professional knowledge, are about equally valuable. And at the head of the Government we have a Minister still engaged in a process of self-education which may conduct him to conclusions unknown to himself or to others, and which certainly will not be rejected because they happen to conflict with received prejudices or opinions. Under these circumstances the common sense of the country, always somewhat supine in its self-reliance, may some day wake up to find that the only part left to it in the matter is to make the best of a bad bargain.

The argument especially likely to weigh with sentimental statesmen, volunteer or official, is that the Spaniards are aggrieved at the sight of our flag floating on the Rock, and would be grateful to see it peacefully replaced with their own. If by "the Spaniards" is meant the inhabitants of the neighbouring parts of Andalusia, who are more immediately interested in the matter than any other portion of the Spanish population, the fact is that they by no means object to us as neighbours. To assume that in the course of more than a century and a half so philosophical a people should not have learned to accommodate themselves to an ever-present fact, but should have gone on transmitting hatred for the Union Jack through so many generations, is to give them much less credit for good sense than their established character entitles them to claim. And, in fact, the assumption is not only contradicted by the good understanding that exists between the people and the garrison, but by obvious considerations of self-interest. The presence of a large foreign population is very important to the prosperity of the adjoining part of Spain, insomuch that, on those occasions when their old-fashioned quarantine laws have proscribed all communication with the garrison, the town and neighbourhood of San Roque have suffered extreme distress. The city of Gibraltar is crowded with a population which —Spanish by descent, but English by adoption—forms a close connecting link between the foreign elements, facilitating the intercourse of the English with Spain, familiarizing each race with the good that lies beneath a surface of prejudice or reserve, and softening the collision of national ideas and habits which are in many respects so different. But it is said that the facilities for smuggling which Gibraltar offers form a grave cause of offence. Not certainly to the Andalusians, who can scarcely be supposed to be indignant at illegalities which they so largely encourage. The men of Kent and Sussex were not used to regard with especial rancour the French ports from whence, in the old days of prohibitory duties, issued the brandy, silks, gloves, and laces surreptitiously landed on their coasts, to gladden their own hearts, and the hearts of their wives and daughters. Nor have the Andalusians, forced by the detestable policy of the Bourbon Government to smoke abominable tobacco, to drink vile spirits, and to wear dear and bad clothing, regarded in a hostile light that port whence come those comforts which their rulers have denied them. That the Spanish Government should dislike to see Gibraltar in our hands was only natural, for the contraband trade caused reductions in a revenue which was in a large measure dependent on the adulteration of some commodities and the prohibition of others. The Governor of Algeçiras, too, numbering among his chief duties that of preventing smuggling, must always have regarded with haughty displeasure the neighbouring fortress which caused to him and his subordinates so much trouble and anxiety. But what a time is this, for those who have kept their notions on the subject to themselves for so many years, to propose to exchange a British port, fortress, and town for the ephemeral gratitude of a Prim or a Serrano, who may be heaven knows what, and have vanished heaven knows where, before the ink is dry in which the preliminaries of exchange are written. And when a permanent Government is established in the Peninsula, if it be such as England can regard with sympathy, it will be one that, by giving Spain freer institutions, and removing vexatious restrictions on commerce, will remove also the only tangible ground of complaint.

We affirm, therefore, that the inhabitants of the Spanish province most nearly concerned in our occupation of Gibraltar do not object to it, and that the desire to propitiate the Government was never so inadmissible as it is now, as an element in the question. The Spanish population of the Rock would assuredly witness our departure with sincere regret. But there is still another interest to be considered, and one hitherto strangely left out of the discussion—that of the British Governor and troops who hold the fortress. Gibraltar is a real military possession. It is not, like Canada, a colony where the advantage is all on the side of the colonists. It does not, like our home fortresses, form a garrison where our troops only play at being soldiers. It is a spot guarded with the jealous care due to its vast importance, and not a house is held on the Rock except by a tenure subject to the exigencies of defence. A real military station, where guards that mount in sight of the Spanish sentries have a practical meaning, where the forms of war are not make-believe, where military authority is of necessity paramount, and which thus forms a better school of actual war than any home garrison can possibly be, exists on a spot of earth peculiarly favoured by nature. The Rock is no barren crust like Malta; it is clothed with a lavish and beautiful vegetation. The streets present the most picturesque variety of costume to be found perhaps in the world; British troops, Andalusian peasants, Moors, Jews, and Genoese all mingling in rich diversity of array. It is covered with valuable public buildings, libraries, hospitals, barracks, and official residences, and is furnished with such extensive works as lines of defence, artificial harbours, and modern artillery imply. For many months of the year the climate is delicious, and the irksomeness of garrison duty is relieved by the facility of exploring close at hand one of the most interesting and romantic regions in Europe. No wonder that it is the most popular foreign quarter now left to our troops. And this place we are asked to exchange for the barren isthmus of a barren and savage territory, where the garrison would be cut off from all civilized intercourse, except by sea, and surrounded by a population not merely barbarous, but hostile, who would come down then, as now, with their long guns to fire on the sentries as a matter of exhilarating amusement. Involved in perpetual disputes, we should be told by the ruler of Morocco, as we have been told before, when complaining of outrages committed by his subjects, that he could not control them, and would be only too glad if we would chastise them for ourselves. Such is the agreeable prospect offered to the British taxpayer, and such the tempting exchange of gold for brass which Admiral Grey chooses this particular juncture of Spanish affairs to propose. We will answer for it that, if Ceuta ever does become a British station, the names of the promoters of the cession will never be mentioned there without execration.

We have purposely abstained from the professional view of this question; because a public discussion on such grounds can seldom be satisfactory or convincing, and because nothing has been advanced by the advocates of the cession which has not been controverted by at least equal authority. Nothing but ordinary common sense is needed to show that a signal station 1,400 feet above the sea must be of infinite advantage to a naval fortress and port; and that an isolated rock with lofty and powerful batteries looking to sea and land, possesses incalculable superiority for defence over an isthmus commanded by neighbouring ground and open on all sides to attack. We trust that there may soon be an end of a discussion that cannot be other than mischievous. We trust that the one condition on which our old Mediterranean watch-tower will be surrendered to Spain will be that offered by Heathfield—that she will come and take it. If it were given up, one of our first efforts in a war with Spain would be for its recapture; and if in such a case Admirals Grey and Sullivan, who are so confident of its weakness, were placed in the front of the battle, they might perhaps find reason to change their opinion. But we prefer to hope that no such contingency is possible; that in war it may continue to be to us a tower of strength, and that in peace it may become a great and valued storehouse of British products, for commerce with a better-governed Spain. And we hope that the preliminary measure which has been indiscreetly suggested, of causing official inspections and reports of the works of Ceuta to be made, will not be resorted to. It would be a pity to foster a belief that we could possibly intend to pay Cervantes such a compliment as he never dreamed of, by adopting towards his country a policy that might seem to be inspired by his immortal hero.

AN ITALIAN DUEL.

THERE is a story, familiar among lawyers, which tells how an Old Bailey barrister was challenged by a learned friend in consequence of a dispute in court; and, being unable to muster

resolution either to fight or to refuse to fight, he invented the expedient of leaving the letter of challenge on the table of a room which he quitted as his wife entered it. Returning hastily, he picked up the letter, and hoped that his wife had not read it. "Yes," she answered, "I have, and you must fight." We believe that this particular duel did not come off; but, if barristers behaved to one another in court in the last century as they do now, duels after court must have occurred frequently. It may be, however, that they behaved differently, for undoubtedly many excesses of the tongue were restrained by the ever-impending liability to answer for them with sword or pistol. Duelling, as an enthusiastic Frenchman says, preserved civilization from the inroads of brutal vulgarity. Men abstained from abuse and fisticuffs, and resorted to genteel murder. "Let us appeal," says this same Frenchman, "to our conscience; and can we affirm that pugilism would not have been introduced into our senate had not duelling, as master of the ceremonies of civilization, protected it from brutality?" Sir Lucius O'Trigger recommended a fight to prevent misunderstanding, and it is more polite to stab a man to the heart than to give him a broken head or a bloody nose. Duelling, says our Frenchman, is an essential accompaniment of representative institutions; and it turns out that he is right, for pugilism has been almost introduced into the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and that Chamber has only been "protected from brutality" by two of its members becoming targets to one another for upwards of an hour.

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* lately informed us that the chief Parliamentary business of the week at Florence had been a duel between Deputy Morelli and Commendatore Paternostro. He does not, of course, mean that this duel took place on the floor of the House, or that the functionaries corresponding to Government and Opposition whips loaded the pistols, or that the Italian substitute for Mr. Speaker gave the word to fire; but a quarrel arose out of a political discussion, and one of the disputants threatened, and the other actually struck, a blow, whereupon, as our French friend would say, "the master of the ceremonies of civilization" intervened; or, in other words, a hostile meeting was publicly arranged. We don't find that the Chamber of Deputies adjourned to the field of combat; and, indeed, observing the erratic courses of bullets, they were a good deal safer in their own House. But a *procès verbal* of the transaction was drawn up and published in the *Nazione*, and the proceeding seems to have been as regular as a debate in the Chamber or a judicial trial. The parties proceeded to the ground accompanied by four seconds and two surgeons. While the seconds were making their preparations the parties waited in separate rooms, each accompanied by a doctor—an arrangement admirably contrived to produce calmness and confidence at the trying moment. It is not stated whether the doctors put before their possible patients the alternative of being pickled and sent home or of lying snugly in some adjacent cemetery, or whether they conversed cheerfully and pleasantly about the quantity and quality of powder necessary to send a ball through a moderately thick gentleman, without allowing it to stick where it could not be conveniently extracted. The "ceremonies of civilization" performed by the seconds were rather more complicated than was usual among ourselves in the days when duels protected us from brutality. A piece of ground was measured, and divided into three parts. The centre part measured twenty paces, and the two ends were of equal length, and measured, as we understand, ten paces. The combatants were placed at the extremities of this piece of ground, and thus they would be at a distance of forty paces from one another. On a given signal they were to advance. Each might advance ten paces, but no more, so that they would always be separated by twenty paces at least. But either party might give fire without completing his advance, provided that after firing he must stand still to receive the fire of his opponent. These are the usual conditions of what is called the duel *à volonté*, and we presume that they were observed on this occasion. "After everything had been fixed," and lots had been drawn for places, and lots had been again drawn for pistols, and all the other ceremonies of civilization had been performed, and MM. Morelli and Paternostro had been allowed ample opportunity both of conversing with the doctors and of communing with their own souls, then at last the duel began. It continued almost an hour. Each party fired five times, and there was a premature discharge and a miss-fire, making up the full allowance of six shots upon each side. We are happy to state that nobody was hurt. We should think that the seconds were in greater danger than the principals; but they kept their places courageously, and they seem to have waited for the moment when the balls began to pass anywhere near the supposed object of their aim, and then to have stopped the duel. As the *procès verbal* has it, "the last shots especially passed very close," and Deputy Morelli was stained with the earth thrown up by a projectile which fell close to his foot. This was all the damage actually done; but, considering that one of the combatants was able at the sixth attempt to drop a bullet at his opponent's feet, there was no saying that they might not have got to killing or wounding after another hour's practice. It is difficult to understand how the first hour was consumed, but we take for granted that the "ceremonies of civilization" are not performed with a breech-loading pistol. Indeed, an old-fashioned duellist would probably regard a breech-loader as an unsuitable weapon for a gentleman. It is true that in America breech-loaders would be preferred, but in that country we fear the "ceremonies of civilization" are disregarded, and almost the only regulation that prevails as to duels is that, unless the provocation is unusual, a combatant should only cut, and should abstain from stabbing, with a bowie-knife.

If eloquent applause is the highest encouragement to deeds of valour, the authors of this *procès verbal* will be the cause of many duels in the capital of Italy. The seconds, having all signed the document, are entitled to divide among them the honour of this heroical composition. We are happy to observe that they differ entirely in character from that Irish gentleman who having, as second to a challenger, received, to his great disappointment, an apology from the challenged, resorted, for fear there should be no fighting, to the expedient of quarrelling with his own principal, who had remarked that apology was not the mode of spelling usually adopted in polite society. The Italian seconds are well pleased with the conduct of their principals and of themselves. "Considering," they say, "that the two adversaries had exhibited a *sangfroid* superior to all enconium," especially when the last shots began to pass very close—and they might have added, if modesty had not forbidden, that the seconds showed almost equally admirable composure when the first shots were wandering about—"considering," they say again, "that the intrepidity thus displayed for nearly an hour before an adverse pistol's mouth, charged six times successively, is a thing reflecting honour upon any gentleman" (particularly, as they might have gone on to say, when no degree of unskilfulness in the use of a pistol can ensure its missing every time it is fired), "considering," once more, "that the object of going out is to elevate dignity, and not at all hazards to perpetrate revenge" (which latter object, they might have remarked, was very unlikely to be attained by gentlemen who seemed wholly incapable of taking aim), considering all these things, and perhaps considering also that this serio-comic drama had now occupied an hour, and that performers and spectators were becoming tired and hungry, it was declared that honour was satisfied, and that firing should cease. It would be unkind criticism to remark that if the combatants really desired to perpetrate revenge they would have done well to lay aside their pistols, and resort to the "brutality" of pugilism, or to some sort of fighting by which they might expect ultimately to succeed in doing one another mischief. There is a familiar saying that no man knows what he can do until he tries. We hope that this *procès verbal* will be preserved among the records of famous duels, for the demonstration it affords that no man knows what he *can not* do until he tries. A great writer upon duelling remarks that "rather erroneous notions have prevailed respecting the probabilities of the results." In England, whenever it was reported that a man was about to fight a duel, people imagined that he must be killed; but abroad the matter was treated more lightly. "They know from experience that the risk of being killed is trifling." We believe that the art of fighting duels with the small sword, without giving or receiving mortal thrusts, has been studied with success in France, and the same kind of result seems now to be attained in Italy with the pistol.* This is surely a triumph of civilization which ought to receive high honours at the next International Exposition. It is evident that, with the most humane intention, two unpractised duellists cannot be regarded as entirely secure against the risk of hitting one another. We should like to be informed how MM. Morelli and Paternostro acquired that "*sangfroid* superior to encomium," and that "intrepidity reflecting honour upon any gentleman," which enabled them to discharge six shots apiece without doing any injury which a clothes-brush could not repair. They must necessarily have assumed an appearance of what would be called, by brutal Englishmen addicted to pugilism, "meaning business," because, if a duellist manifestly "delopes," as the learned call it, or fires into the air, the duel thereupon, according to law, terminates. But if an unpractised marksman pretends to try to hit a mark, he may by accident go nearer to it than either he or the mark desired. Writers upon duelling warn their readers that great proficiency in a shooting-gallery may come to little in the field. The sensation of being fired at may disturb unpractised nerves, and an unerring shot at an inanimate target may miss a man who is shooting at the same moment. It would probably be quite as true to say that a man who could be trusted to miss a lifeless mark might, if he possessed less *sangfroid* and intrepidity than an Italian deputy, be liable to hit a living man. A high authority states that he has known persons who required some months' practice before they could overcome the nervous sensation produced by being fired at. There is an invention worthy of international honour which assists to overcome this nervousness. It consists of the figure of a man holding a pistol loaded with powder only, and placed close to the target fired at. A string attached to the trigger of this pistol has its other end attached to the waistband of the trousers of the person firing at the target. That person, by stepping slightly backwards at the moment of discharging the pistol which he holds in his own hand, produces an answering discharge from the figure which confronts him beside the target, and thus accustoms himself to receive an antagonist's fire without feeling nervous or uneasy. The invention thus described is evidently capable of improvement by the mechanical resources of our age, and the skill of various artists might combine to make the attitude and expression of the figure holding the pistol as terrible as possible, and to suggest to the imagination of the person firing at it that it possesses unerring skill and unpitying heart, that it cares not about elevating dignity, and is resolved to perpetrate revenge. No man can imagine, until he makes the experiment, what will be his feelings when stationed in front of an antagonist. He may

miss the man whom he expected to hit. He may hit the man whom he desired to miss. Therefore, we say that an invention for accustoming the nerves to the sensation of being fired at deserves international recognition.

It is true that, after all the resources of science have been exhausted, the representation is not equal to the reality. The Ballot, as we know, has been proposed as a prevention against bribery and intimidation, and the Ballot has just been tried at Manchester with a result which would have been entirely satisfactory and conclusive if it were not for the circumstance that nobody desired to bribe, and nobody attempted to intimidate. So, perhaps, a man's confidence in his nerves derived from firing at a lay figure might be impaired by the consideration that the supposed antagonist did not fire ball. Nevertheless, we regard the success of these Italian duellists, who were able to fire at one another for an hour without hitting, as a clearly marked step in the progress of civilization; and if duels are necessary, as we are told they are, to the working of representative institutions, we are at least justified in expecting that many of these duels will terminate in a declaration that honour is satisfied, and that breakfast for all parties is ready at a tavern adjacent to the field of bloodless combat.

REVIEWS.

NAPOLEON AND PIUS VII.*

M. DE HAUSSONVILLE continues his history of the quarrel between Napoleon and Pius VII. The vast changes and successful wars of the French Revolution had given fresh energy and consciousness of force to secular government; the progress of ideas had enlarged its sphere of action, and the range in which it might assert its right to organize and control. The claims of the State were not likely to be underrated by a man like Napoleon. At first his policy had been to conciliate the Church, which the Revolution had terrified and despoiled, and, by the bait of great and manifest advantages, to tempt it to give its countenance, and even sympathy, to his daring political designs. He partly succeeded; but he asked too much, and the incurable coarseness and vulgarity of the man, which even his clear and large intellect could not counteract or veil, had turned a great negotiation into a common sharper's game, and had diminished the value of important concessions by insisting on conditions incredibly pitiful and vexatious. This was the first stage of the eventful debate, and M. de Haussonville has related it in his first two volumes. But Napoleon could not be satisfied with having won the Church, and laid it under great obligations, unless he could also show it to the world as his degraded and obsequious instrument. The Pope had stooped so low as to consent to crown him, but this was not enough; the Head of universal Christendom, the representative on earth of the Redeemer of mankind, must have as his enemies all who were the Emperor's enemies. Except that the Papacy had passed through crises as bad before, it might have been said that on the decision of Pius VII. hung the fate of his Church, and that, had he yielded, mankind would never have endured it more. But matters did not come to this test. Pius VII. had reached the point where he could yield no further; he stood firm, and General Miollis marched into Rome, and seized the last remains of the Pope's dominions.

If a romancer had wished to imagine an ideal struggle between force and right—between unscrupulous power, utterly contemptuous of all moral restraints, on the one side, and helpless weakness with nothing but conviction to support it, and the belief in the intrinsic strength of justice, on the other—he could hardly have improved on the facts of this trial of strength between Napoleon and Pius VII. A romancer would scarcely have ventured to invent an oppressor, of Napoleon's height of intellect and conscious strength, so senselessly and meanly brutal; he could not have imagined meek nobleness and dignity and self-respect, without ostentation and without discouragement, of a loftier and more genuine sort than was really shown by the Pope—a man naturally but too ready, wherever he could, to compromise and please—when once he made up his mind that he could yield no more, and must face the worst.

The bearing of all these proceedings on the common argument for the Pope's temporal power is worth noting. The great reason given for the existence of an ecclesiastical State different from all others in its conditions is the necessity that the Head of the Catholic Church should be independent; and the possession of sovereign rights and power is supposed to secure this independence. Under Napoleon this was tested; tested, no doubt, in a very rude and extreme way, but yet not beyond the conditions which the advocates of the temporal power must suppose. For if the temporal power fails just when it is wanted, in a time of trial and of danger to the Pope's spiritual freedom, it cannot be of much worth as a guarantee of independence. There was, of course, unscrupulous and overmastering oppression, of an exceptional kind; but against such oppression a Pope with a weak temporal power, or a Pope without any temporal power at all, would be equally defenceless. In such a case the temporal power could not save him; but at the same time he would have been no worse off without any temporal power. But what was the effect of the Pope's claiming to be a temporal sovereign, with the rights, and also the liabilities, of such a position? It was this, that it gave Napoleon his most plausible ground for requiring that the Pope should bend to his will. When Napoleon insisted that the Pope should take part with him against his enemies, close his ports against the English, and banish his Neapolitan Cardinals, he meant, of course, that the world should understand that all this was done by the Head of the Church; but he demanded it of the Pope as a temporal sovereign, and demanded only what belligerent nations, when they are strong enough, have often demanded. He made the demand because the Pope had certain territory which, unless it was in his own hands and under his control, would give great advantage to the enemies of France, and be very inconvenient to his military plans. Great nations with a serious war to carry on are apt to be high-handed. We seized the Danish fleet; in the Crimean war we put garrisons in Athens. We are not at all sure that the Duke of Wellington would have respected the independence of the Papal States if he had found them hampering his communications in an anxious campaign, and, under colour of an ambiguous neutrality, giving an opening to an enemy into the midst of his own lines. In a great struggle, States which are not strong enough to assert their neutrality are liable to be compelled to take a side. It was the Pope's claim to be a prince, like the Grand Duke of Tuscany or the Republic of Venice, which gave a handle to Napoleon, in a great European war, to attack the independence of the ecclesiastical and spiritual chief.

The temporal power only forced the Pope, who was indeed fighting for his religious independence, into a false position. With the history of the last three centuries behind him, and the traditions of Roman policy and diplomacy notorious to all the world, it was not easy to find an answer to the allegation of the clerical partisans of the Emperor, like the Legate Caprara, when they said that "a policy of alliance with France against the English had nothing in it contrary to the duties of the common Father of the faithful, or to the traditions of the Roman Court." Dealing with that Court as with a foreign and unfriendly Government, Napoleon might say, "If the Pope refuses to enter into the Italian Confederation, the reason is that he means war: the first result of war is conquest, and the final result of conquest is change of Government." And the grounds on which he decreed the annexation of the Legations, just before starting for Bayonne, are neither better nor worse than those on which he rested the measures which he ordinarily used towards those who attempted to thwart his political or military schemes:—

> Considering, he said, that the donation by Charlemagne, our illustrious predecessor, of the countries forming the States of the Pope, was made for the benefit of Christendom, and not for the advantage of the enemies of our holy religion; considering that the present sovereign of Rome has persistently refused to make war on the English, and to join with the Kings of Italy and Naples for the defence of the Italian peninsula; considering that the interests of the two kingdoms, and of the armies of Italy and Naples, require that their communications should not be interrupted by a hostile power—(and so forth).

These were the arguments, not altogether without speciousness, which the temporal power put into the mouth of the aggressor; while the Pope, in defending the temporal power, not satisfied with putting it on the common ground of public right and justice between nations, was tempted to raise his claims to a level which none but his own partisans could accept, and to embarrass his quarrel for his spiritual rights with assertions and pretensions such as no other temporal prince, under the stress of extreme necessity, would feel himself authorized to make. Unable to protect his subjects from the French invaders, he yet imposed on them, as Pope, on peril of the loss of their souls, the obligation to refuse to recognise the authority of masters whom they could not resist. He forbade them, on pain not merely of treason but of sacrilege, to take the oath of temporal allegiance which their conquerors were sure to require. Every one felt this to be a false move. M. de Haussonville says:—

> Après avoir établi que les droits de la souveraineté pontificale étaient d'une essence unique en son genre et supérieure à ceux de toutes les autres souverainetés, Pie VII parlait avec une réprobation toute nouvelle dans sa bouche de ce gouvernement français qu'il s'agissait de substituer au gouvernement de l'Eglise. C'était,—s'écriait-il dans des termes à tout le moins un peu extraordinaires de la part de celui qui avait signé avec tant de satisfaction le concordat, et qui naguère encore, il y avait deux mois à peine, avait été sur le point de s'allier avec Napoléon contre l'Angleterre—c'était un gouvernement notoirement envahisseur de la puissance spirituelle et protecteur de toutes les sectes et de tous les cultes. La formule de ses serments, ses constitutions, son code, ses lois, ses actes, respirent l'indifférence pour toutes les religions, sans en excepter la religion juive, cette ennemie implacable de J.-C. . . . . La protection jurée et si vantée du souverain des Français pour tous les cultes n'était donc autre chose qu'un prétexte et une couleur pour autoriser la puissance séculière à s'immiscer dans les affaires spirituelles, puisqu'en montrant tant de respect pour toutes les sectes, le gouvernement français ne respectait en effet aucun droit, aucune institution, aucune loi de la religion catholique. . . . . Il résultait de là . . . . qu'il n'était pas permis aux sujets du souverain pontife, tant ecclésiastiques que laïques, de prêter jamais à ce gouvernement intrus serment de fidélité. . . . serment d'un scandale grave qui favoriserait un fait qui ne pouvait tourner *qu'au détriment de la foi et à la perte des âmes*, serment répréhensible, injuste et sacrilége.

The Legations were thrown into perplexity and disquiet, threatening a vain resistance which would have been quelled with merciless severity. The Foreign Ministers—ill-pleased, M. de Haussonville suggests, at seeing the first example of opposition to Napoleon given by so feeble a Power—were scandalized at the Pope's imprudence; M. de Lebzeltern especially, the Austrian Minister, enlarged to Count Stadion on the unhappy and impolitic departure of the Pope's letter from the course recommended by the "lights of the age," and on its opposition to the

* *L'Église Romaine et le Premier Empire.* Par le Comte de Haussonville. Tom. III. Paris: M. Lévy. 1868.

principles professed by pious princes zealous for the interests of Catholicism. M. de Haussonville cannot resist the opportunity of reminding us, with sly amusement, how little M. de Lebzeltern, when he talked so wisely, knew of what was going on behind the scenes:—

M. de Lebzeltern avait sans doute raison quand il blâmait l'imprudence [illegible]

[illegible] de Lebzeltern ignorait tout à fait les préparatifs de sa cour en vue d'une guerre prochaine avec l'empereur; quand il prenait résolûment parti contre le pape en faveur des souverains si pieux et si zélés pour le catholicisme qui avaient eu le mérite d'établir la tolérance dans leurs États, il était loin de soupçonner l'alliance à peu près formée déjà, moyennant de gros subsides, entre l'Autriche et l'Angleterre, lorsqu'en termes pleines de tristesse il déplorait le manque fâcheux d'accord entre Rome et Paris.

But the mistakes of the Pope are as nothing when we read of them in the middle of a narrative such as M. de Haussonville has put together in this volume, drawn from the most authentic sources—the letters of the Emperor and his agents—and written with a calm and temperate soberness which befits the subject. Any attempt at giving a rhetorical colouring to the facts which he has to tell would be simply insufferable. It was no life and death struggle, in which hard measures are palliated by necessity. The Pope's neutrality was an inconvenience which Napoleon could well afford to bear. It was not stress of danger which drove the Emperor to violence, but irritation at not being able to have his way, and the determination at all costs to bend a will which he despised to his own. At all costs—the cost of sparing no stupid and spiteful outrage, of accumulating one act of ruffianism on another against an old man bearing, and bearing worthily, the most sacred dignity in the civilized world, of stooping to invent lie after lie even more ridiculous than they were impudent, and of displaying before Europe and his own subjects that after all he was baffled. It is impossible to doubt M. de Haussonville; yet we are continually tempted to rub our eyes, as he takes us, step by step, through these incredible events.

When Napoleon found that the occupation of Rome by the French troops under General Miollis produced no effect, his next step was to deprive the Pope of his natural Council, the Cardinals, most of whom were summarily—and, in some instances, by main force—driven from Rome. The immediate result was to force the Pope to take as his minister Cardinal Pacca, a man much less inclined to yield than Consalvi, and whom the Pope would not willingly have chosen for his chief adviser. But he could not help himself:—

Il était avant tout homme d'ancien régime; non pas, tant s'en faut, qu'il fût un prêtre rigide, altier et un caractère intraitable; tout au contraire, il était aimable, enjoué, plus versé qu'aucun de ses confrères du sacré collége dans la société romaine, s'y plaisant assez et y plaisant beaucoup, très-vif dans la conversation, très-prompt à la riposte, fort arrêté dans ses idées, peu différentes de celles que le comte Joseph de Maistre défendait alors avec tant de verve dans les salons de St.-Pétersbourg, mais ne craignant pas non plus d'examiner toutes choses sous leurs divers points de vue, facile à émouvoir comme la plupart de ses compatriotes, et cependant intrépide, allégre même en face du danger. Tel était alors le nouveau ministre qu'au mois de juin 1808 Pie VII venait d'appeler près de soi, et tel encore nous l'avons connu à Rome vingt ans plus tard dans son alerte vieillesse, l'un des chefs les plus actifs du parti absolutiste, demeuré malgré ses quatre-vingts ans un intrépide causeur, médisant volontiers de la France et rappelant toujours avec la plus évidente satisfaction les années qu'il y avait passées presque toujours en captivité, affectant de mépriser beaucoup les idées libérales et recherchant de préférence les hommes qui les professaient avec le plus d'éclat.

Pacca, courteous and conciliatory in the extreme in his behaviour to Miollis, was not the less resolute in his unflinching opposition. Miollis at length ordered him to quit Rome in twenty-four hours. All that he gained by it was the following scene:—

Pacca n'était pas homme à se troubler pour si peu. Il répondit qu'il n'avait d'ordre à recevoir chez lui de qui que ce fût, et qu'il allait prendre ceux de son souverain. Le major piémontais lui dit alors qu'il ne sortirait pas de la pièce où il était, et que son compagnon était chargé de l'y garder à vue. Le secrétaire d'État demanda la permission d'écrire à S. S., puisqu'on lui interdisait de se rendre en personne auprès d'elle. Le major y consentit, et, se retirant, laissa le cardinal sous la surveillance de son camarade.

Quelques minutes après, pendant que le secrétaire d'État causait avec son gardien de choses indifférentes, la porte de son cabinet s'ouvrit avec fracas; c'était Pie VII qui entrait. "Je fus alors témoin, raconte Pacca, d'un phénomène dont j'avais entendu parler, *l'horripilation*. Dans un accès de puissante colère, il arrive parfois que les cheveux se hérissent et que la vue est entièrement troublée. L'excellent pontife était dans cet état, et, quoique je fusse vêtu en cardinal, il ne me reconnut pas. Qui est là? s'écria-t-il, d'une voix forte.—Je suis le cardinal, lui répondis-je, en lui baisant la main.—Où est l'officier? reprit le saint père, et je le lui montrai près de moi dans une attitude respectueuse. Alors le pape se tournant vers lui:—Allez, dit-il, annoncer à votre général que je suis las de souffrir tant d'insultes et d'outrages de la part d'un homme qui ose encore se dire catholique. . . ."

He proceeded to forbid Pacca to obey the order, and warned the General that he must break the Pope's doors to get at him; and after the astonished French officer, who had not understood a word of all that the Pope had said, had asked Pacca to translate the message for him, the Pope led Pacca away with him, lodged him in an apartment next his own, and gave orders that no one in a French uniform was to be allowed on any consideration to enter the Quirinal Palace.

Napoleon's proceedings at Rome were influenced by the course which events took in Spain and Germany. He hesitated to go to extremities with the Pope, when the Spanish business began to be unexpectedly troublesome. "Évidemment," writes M. de Haussonville, "la parole était aux événements de la guerre." But Napoleon, who, as he says, "had the gift of thinking of everything," had yet time in Spain to think of even puerile ways of making himself personally disagreeable to the Pope. He wrote a despatch to M. de Champagny, his Foreign Minister, to say that neither he nor the King of Naples, nor any of the princes of his family, would have the wax tapers which the Pope was accustomed to distribute on Candlemas Day:—

M. de Champagny, le pape est dans l'usage de donner des cierges aux différentes puissances. Vous écrivez à mon agent à Rome que je n'en veux pas. Le roi d'Espagne n'en veut pas non plus. Écrivez à Naples et en Hollande pour qu'on les refuse . . . mon chargé-d'affaires fera connaître que le jour de la Chandeleur je reçois des cierges bénits par mon curé, que ce n'est ni la pompe ni la puissance qui donnent de valeur à ces sortes de choses. Il peut y avoir en enfer des papes comme des curés: ainsi le cierge béni par mon curé peut être une chose aussi sainte que celui du pape. Je ne veux pas recevoir ceux que donne le pape, et tous les princes de ma famille doivent en faire autant. (Benavente, Jan. 1, 1809.)

But at length the time seemed come. Napoleon appeared to have conquered in Spain; he had certainly conquered in Germany, and at Schönbrunn he signed the decree for the extinction of the Pope's temporal power. On the 10th of June, 1809, with a curious amount of cautious preparation, the decree was promulgated in Rome, and the tricolour was hoisted at St. Angelo under a salute of cannon. The Pope's answer was not unlooked for:—"The French want to force us to *speak Latin*; well, we will then"; and the Bull of excommunication, in spite of the vigilance of the French police, was posted up the same day in the usual places. The Pope seems to have hesitated, as he well might, at the feeble violence and clumsy accusations of the draughtsmen of his Chancery, and also at the risk to Pacca himself; but Pacca insisted, and the Bull, destined to be the source of infinite annoyance and vague disquiet to Napoleon, went forth. M. de Haussonville points out its inadequacy, and the anomalies attending it; one of the greatest being that the Pope himself appeared subsequently to make so little account of its having been pronounced. But it is satisfactory to think that, just because it seemed what Napoleon would have called a *coup de théâtre*, it touched a weak and sensitive place in the great despiser of right and truth—his imagination, and his fear what the world would say.

The Pope's arrest soon followed. M. de Haussonville gives a curious and minute account of it, in which he has used two reports from the agent employed in the work, the General of Gendarmerie, Radet. The first of these is his despatch to his superior officer at the time; the second is an apologetic and exculpatory memoir addressed, after 1814, to Pius himself. Each is a check on the other, and M. de Haussonville is not insensible to the occasional contrast in tone and language between them. To seize the Pope in the Quirinal is represented as a service of risk, and required as much dexterity and precision of combination as the attack of a fortress. But the only obstacle was in locked doors and rambling passages; and Baron Radet and his gendarmes, after much breaking of locks and panels, found themselves suddenly in the presence of their victim, and were at first as much disconcerted as the Gauls with Brennus at the first appearance of the senators. But they soon recovered themselves. Two hours for preparation were refused. The Pope was hurried off in a close carriage, without servants, without money, carrying nothing away with him but his breviary and his crucifix; and, with scarcely an interval of rest, his journey continued till he was lodged in the Préfecture at Grenoble. But Napoleon did not like having him in France; and, with throngs of people crowding for his blessing at every halting-place, he was transferred to Savona.

The coarse brutality which marked the whole business had probably no parallel even in Napoleon's career; but what was yet more characteristic was the fabric of lies with which it was attempted to be hidden from the public knowledge. Napoleon denied that he had ordered the arrest; not thinking, says M. de Haussonville, that his correspondence would one day be published, though not without gaps, by another Napoleon. His orders to Fouché to prevent any mention in the papers of what had passed at Rome were reiterated, and carried even to fussiness. He did secure for the time, says M. de Haussonville, that nothing was known in France, or at any rate that not a word was breathed there on the subject; and when he had to speak, as later at the National Council, this is the way in which the matter was put in a paper written for him by M. Daunou:—

Voici textuellement ce que nous y lisons, écrit avec force ratures de la main de M. Daunou, à propos de l'enlèvement du saint-père au Quirinal: "Le pape avait tout fait pour que sa présence à Rome devînt inutile, et quelques-uns de ses partisans pouvaient, malgré lui, la rendre dangereuse. *Il en sortit le 6 juillet, à l'insu de l'empereur, et vint à Savone, où S. M. le fit recevoir, traiter, établir avec tous les égards dus au malheur.*"

Fouché could not resist the temptation, as he had to lie, of having his bad joke at the public which he kept in order:—

Au moment où la curiosité des nouvellistes de la capitale était le plus excitée, alors que chacun était avide de savoir comment le *Moniteur* prendrait sur lui de s'expliquer sur les [illegible] du saint-père, le ministre [illegible]

[illegible] était précisément le jour où, sur les ordres venus du ministère de la police, Pie VII avait été, au grand désappointement des habitants de la cité dauphinoise, brusquement transporté hors de leurs murs. En voyant la date de cette lettre, et le nom de la ville d'où elle était écrite, les lecteurs assidus de la feuille officielle s'imaginèrent sans doute qu'ils allaient enfin apprendre quelque chose sur le grand événement auquel chacun s'intéressait autour d'eux. Quelle ne dut pas être la surprise de tous et l'indignation de quelques-uns, quand tombèrent sous leurs yeux les lignes que voici: "Les esprits sont ici très-préoccupés du passage, dans la commune de Bornin (commune traversée par le pape lors de son arrivée à Grenoble), d'un animal inconnu, que les traces qu'il a laissées font présumer être un reptile d'une grosseur extraordinaire." Suivaient pendant une demi-page les détails les

plus circonstanciés sur le chemin parcouru par le reptile, qui après avoir occupé à un si haut degré l'attention publique, avait fini, au dire de la feuille officielle, par s'aller perdre dans un torrent.

Then followed the divorce, the Emperor's dream of a sort of religious caliphate, his wild thought of an Œcumenical Council called by himself at Paris, and the more practical questions of filling up vacant sees, and transacting the current ecclesiastical business of the whole Roman Catholic world. He found, of course, that he only got deeper and deeper into inextricable difficulty. Here he was on ground where it was no question of temporal power, but purely of conscience and religion. And he was baffled. Obsequious as the higher French clergy for the most part were, he found even Cardinal Fesch troubled with scruples when Napoleon wanted by his own authority to make an Archbishop of Paris. The Pope, too, found means to make known his canonical prohibitions. Napoleon lost all patience, and in letters which are not included in the recent publication of his correspondence he ordered his agents at Savona to treat the Pope as if he were a conspirator and a traitor:—

Les ordres de l'Empereur furent exécutés à la lettre. . . . Ce fut dans la nuit du 8 janvier que le préfet de Montenotte se rendit au palais de l'évêque de Savone pour saisir la correspondance et les papiers du saint-père. "Tout le monde, écrit-il, était encore enseveli dans le sommeil; rien n'a pu échapper aux recherches." Les recherches dont parle le préfet de Montenotte furent pratiquées avec un soin extrême par des hommes envoyés exprès de Paris et qui savaient leur métier. On visita tous les appartements, on ouvrit, ou l'on força tous les tiroirs. *On prit soin de découdre les vêtements de chacun, voire même ceux du pape.* Ce que ne dit pas M. de Chabrol, et qu'il ignora peut-être, on crocheta, un peu plus tard, le secrétaire de Pie VII pendant qu'il était descendu se promener dans le petit jardin de l'évêché. Tous les livres trouvés pendant cette perquisition minutieuse furent mis de côté, et l'on enleva au S.-P. son écritoire, ses plumes, jusqu'à son bréviaire, jusqu'à un petit office de la Vierge qu'il portait presque toujours avec lui ainsi qu'une bourse en peau qui contenait un certain nombre de pièces d'or, et que l'on trouva dans l'appartement de Mgr. Doria. "Passe pour la bourse, dit Pie VII, mais que pourront-ils faire de mon bréviaire, et de l'office de la Vierge?" . . . Pour plus de sûreté, et sans doute afin de faire quelque chose qui fût particulièrement pénible à Pie VII, on fit partir pour Fenestrelle les serviteurs obscurs qui paraissaient jouir plus particulièrement de sa confiance. C'est ainsi qu'on lui enleva, à sa grande surprise, jusqu'au vieux valet de chambre qui lui servait de barbier. Dans les papiers compulsés avec soin, on ne découvrit rien que de très-insignifiant. Les pièces d'or trouvées chez Mgr. Doria étaient le produit d'une collecte que de pieux catholiques avaient faite pour subvenir aux besoins du S.-P. Dans la liste de donataires, que Mgr. Doria avait gardée et qui fut envoyée à Paris, l'empereur eut le désagrément de lire les noms de plus d'une personne appartenant à son gouvernement et même à sa cour.

That was not enough. The anti-climax was not complete. Napoleon, the master of the Continent, could not be easy till the poor old man whom he treated as a crushed enemy had been deprived of a ring, the "Ring of the Fisherman":—

L'Empereur, qui songeait à tout, se garda bien d'oublier de faire enlever au saint-père son humble anneau du pêcheur. C'était de sa part une idée fixe. Déjà il avait écrit à plusieurs reprises à Rome pour qu'on recherchât partout cet anneau, et qu'on l'envoyât à Paris, mais on ne l'avait pas trouvé. Cette fois on espérait être plus heureux. Nouvelle déception; l'anneau du pêcheur avait été renfermé par Pie VII dans le sac de peau où Mgr. Doria avait mis l'argent provenant du denier de S. Pierre. On avait rendu, sans y regarder, et le sac et l'argent, et par conséquent l'anneau à Pie VII. Quand le prince Borghèse s'aperçut de sa fâcheuse méprise, il donna les ordres nécessaires pour que l'on se procurât à tout prix cet anneau, *sans toutefois employer la violence s'il se trouvait dans les mains du Pape.* Mais Pie VII ne le portait pas à son doigt; on ne l'avait vu nulle part. Le capitaine de gendarmerie La Gorse se décida alors à le demander tout simplement au saint-père. Jusque-là Pie VII n'avait pas montré la moindre apparence de mauvaise humeur. . . . Mais à la réquisition du capitaine La Gorse, Pie VII, jusque-là inébranlable, se sentit profondément ému. Était-ce ressentiment de ce dernier et incompréhensible affront? Était-ce la crainte qu'on ne fît un usage frauduleux du sceau du pêcheur qui d'ordinaire sert à revêtir les actes les plus importants émanés du chef du catholicisme? Toujours est-il qu'après un peu d'hésitation le pape remit son anneau au capitaine de gendarmerie, mais il avait pris auparavant la précaution de le briser en deux, et ce fut en cet état qu'il fut envoyé à l'Empereur par le prince Borghèse.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.*

THE victories won by the glorious Reformation are, as we know, in danger; plans have been promulgated for restoring to England the principles and practice of the Church of Rome. Nay, at this moment statesmen are found willing to denounce openly that Protestant ascendency to which "we owe so much of our Liberty, and so many of our Rights." These last words are quoted from Mrs. S. C. Hall, who has nobly thrown herself into the breach. Seeing the approaching evils, she armed herself with the first volume of a novel written some years ago, lately added a conclusion, and now brandishes this tremendous weapon in the face of the enemy. Her good-will is undeniable, but we fear she will find some troubles in the execution of her design. The first difficulty will be to get her enemies to read her treatise; and we fear that her second will be to get her friends to read it. The vision seen by one of her characters when in a state of "heated imagination" may be perfectly applicable to the future of a country which falls under the power of Rome. "A demon robed in black, and having the authority of judgment, shadowed the island with vampire wings, and as he fanned them slowly, the movement called into existence the most foul and unearthly followers." This is doubtless very powerful, and shows great faculties of delicate characterization. But, alas! it will be all thrown away if the slaves of the "demon with vampire wings" remain in happy ignorance of the scathing satire. Who would care to listen to Mr. Murphy if his eloquence did not call forth an echo from his outraged opponents? And what is the pleasure of listening to the voice of one crying through a two-volume novel, of which no one beyond her own keenest partisans is likely even to see the outside? We, it is true, have done our best to make known its spirit to such of our readers as have a taste for demons with vampire wings; but we fear that what we have further to say will scarcely excite their curiosity. To put it shortly, Mrs. Hall has endeavoured to combine two forms of art which are exceedingly questionable except in the most vigorous hands. Her book is at once an historical novel, which nobody ought to write whose mind is not saturated with knowledge of the period described, and also a novel with a purpose, which we are inclined to say that nobody should ever write at all. Novels of this kind do indeed sometimes produce a great effect. Some of Mr. Dickens' early works excited a strong feeling about chimney-sweeps, poor boys at Yorkshire schools, and other oppressed classes of the population. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had much to do with the rise of the anti-slavery agitation in America; and other examples might be given of the power of a satire couched in this form. The merit, whatever it may be, of such works is generally gained rather at the expense of artistic effect, and still more at the expense of truth. It may, however, be pardonable at times to exhibit even an exaggerated picture of existing evils, with the view of stimulating the zeal of reformers. But if we must have such performances—and at best they are of very questionable value—let us at least have pictures of something with which the writer is really familiar. A mere fancy portrait of what somebody thinks is really the state of affairs somewhere else, must be unfair, and will ninety-nine times out of a hundred be exceedingly stupid. When therefore a lady proceeds, as Mrs. Hall appears to have done, to get up scraps of history from Lord Macaulay (to which recondite and "eloquent historian" Mrs. Hall specially acknowledges her obligation), and pieces out her ignorance from her imagination, in order to prove to us that Roman Catholics behaved very badly at the end of the seventeenth century, we can but wonder what end she proposes to herself. She of course can add nothing to our knowledge, and, indeed, in all probability she writes a fiction for the worst of all possible reasons, namely, because she does not know the facts. When a writer has spent a great deal of trouble in historical inquiry, we are sometimes sorry that he should use his learning for the purposes of a story instead of applying it to a genuine history. No such complaint can be made of Mrs. S. C. Hall. But we may wonder that she thinks herself entitled to write about a period on the strength of obviously superficial knowledge; both because her conclusions can have no sort of value, and because her colouring can neither be faithful nor vivid. Her Huguenots and Papists are such flimsy personages, and talk such a washy dilution of the ordinary tract mixture, that we care nothing for them, nor for the moral which they are supposed to teach. It is a perfectly fair argument, whatever its precise value may be, that the Roman Catholic religion is a bad one, because those who professed it persecuted the Huguenots, and committed various atrocities in England and Ireland. But before we can judge of the conclusions to be drawn, the first thing is to know the facts. What was the severity and extent of the persecution? how far was it worse than the persecution carried on by the opposite side? and to what extent is it to be charged to the distinctive tenets of the Church in whose favour it was intended? To these and similar questions a novel can give us at best a very imperfect answer. Without much more knowledge than Mrs. Hall seems to possess, it cannot even help us to a vivid realization of one view of the question; and, in short, the outside that we can expect from it is a certain amount of the amusement derivable from unintentional caricature. A good red-hot roaring Protestant in a state of excitement is apt to be an amusing animal, and perhaps some people may be tempted to dip into the *Fight of Faith* in the hope of an occasional smile. For the benefit of such sanguine admirers of eccentricity, we will endeavour to give some slight notion of the plot and style of the novel.

There are, of course, two sets of characters—the diabolical Papists and the angelical Protestants. The chief diabolical personages are a recreant Huguenot, who has become a French courtier, and his son. In the background we catch sight of one or two subordinate villains, such as a priest who scowls hideously, and beats a dying child for singing an heretical hymn, after turning its mother out of doors. On the opposite side are the brother of the recreant Huguenot, his wife, and their little daughter, who has been brought up as a boy that she may not be sent to a convent. After a great deal of scowling and raving and quoting of Scripture, the wicked brother seizes the virtuous brother and his wife, and sends them off to the galleys. The child is saved by being packed off in a ship; the ship is wrecked and every soul drowned, with the exception of the little girl, who turns up, smiling pleasantly, in a remote corner of the Isle of Wight. Thus ends the first act. In the next we find the little girl hospitably received by a virtuous English naval captain of the purest Protestant principles, who tells his wife to shorten sail when he means that she is to leave off talking, and generally demeans himself according to the accepted precedents of the rough British tar of comedy and fiction. The captain and his wife not only receive the waif and stray kindly, but provide a French tutor for her education; and who should this tutor turn out to be but her first cousin, the still more diabolical son of the diabolical uncle? This young gentleman has compressed lips and a habit of

* *The Fight of Faith.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

frowning to himself in dark corners, and otherwise acting like a Jesuit in disguise. He is of course suspected by a faithful domestic, but pardoned by the angelical simplicity of the captain's wife, until one fine day he fires a rocket out of a window, and behold, armed men and magistrates rush into the house and carry off the Protestant inmates to a loathsome dungeon on a charge of treasonable practices against King James II. The young lady escapes from this danger as she did from the other, though Mrs. Hall does not take the trouble to account for her mysterious evasion; and thus ends act the second, which has a singular likeness to the first. The curtain rises for the third time, and we find Mdlle. de Chavernay restored to her affectionate guardian in the North of Ireland. She has been released, as it seems, in consequence of the revolution of 1688; and has come to Ireland for no particular reason, except that Mrs. Hall has read Macaulay and has herself visited the scene of the battle of the Boyne, to assist in Schomberg's campaign. Everybody who has been left alive now turns up upon more or less satisfactory pretences. The wicked uncle and his son are acting respectively as an officer in the French army and as a spy in the English camp. A virtuous young parson, who was provided in the second act, retires to Ireland to be ready for the heroine. She has rashly promised to marry no one but her wicked cousin, in order to save the life of her father, who had been in his power. However, the cousin is killed at the battle of the Boyne, and, all difficulties being satisfactorily settled by his death, the old captain dies in the ecstacy of victory, the lady marries the parson, and the virtuous characters live very happily ever after. Thus, to put directly the accusations which the novel obliquely hints, Mrs. S. C. Hall is of opinion that the Huguenots were subjected to the grossest tyranny in order to procure their conversion, that priests forced mothers from the deathbeds of their children, that brothers arrested brothers and sent them into hopeless imprisonment, and that little girls had to be brought up as little boys to save them from compulsory entrance into a nunnery; meanwhile England was swarming with Jesuits in disguise, who went about betraying honest families and convicting them of treason against the government. The amazing Christian virtues of the persecuted race led them to go about blessing those who cursed them, and quoting Scripture with surprising fluency and exactness. There is only one contrast to the prevailing tone of the picture, which we apparently owe to an amiable weakness of Mrs. Hall's. She has an obvious liking for the Irish; and the only good character on the side of the Papists is an Irish girl who is accidentally shot by her father to remove her from her wicked connexions. Perhaps she dwells a little too much upon the natural dislike of this girl to the English invaders, for it tends to remind us that there was such a thing as Protestant ascendency in Ireland, which copied, to a certain extent, the tyranny of the detestable Papists. Indeed, when Mrs. Hall naively rejoices in the rights which "we" owe to Protestant ascendency, her own book might have reminded her that we enjoyed them at the expense of other people's rights; and her tone of unlimited exultation might have been qualified by a few shades of remorse. By all means let us condemn the detestable tyranny exercised against the French Protestants; but we had best remember that we cannot boast that our own hands are quite clean, and those should boast least who are proudest of "Protestant ascendency."

We have only to give a specimen or two of Mrs. Hall's style to satisfy the curiosity of our readers. She has, unfortunately, selected an epoch at which she can hardly use "Marry, come up," and "By'r Lady," and other catch-words. The local colouring is chiefly given by writing "Mistress" at full length, and by addressing a gentleman as "Sir Priest." The dialogue is, moreover, stiffened with a good deal of Scriptural phraseology to give it the proper Protestant twang. This may be easily conceived, and had, perhaps, better not be quoted. Here, however, is a specimen of the commonplace language by which it is relieved. A rough sea-captain and his wife, who is rather an excitable lady, are discussing a storm of the previous night. He says it was "a capfull." She replies:—

> Your pardon, husband; we do not differ except in words; the tempest was terrible last night, and you know it. The island, now, is encircled from Cowes to Ventnor by a girdle of seething foam, which the sun tinges but cannot penetrate; what we look upon one moment is obscured the next; and the tired growlings of the storm now are as silence to the fearful raging of the last six-and-thirty hours. I feel restless and unhappy, as if the foreshadowing of some great calamity.

To which, after a little intermediate sparring, the captain excuses himself for laughing as follows:—

> I laughed long ago at Southampton, to see how cropped hair had grown into love-locks, and the cast-up eyes of a Puritan become well practised in the side leer of the Cavalier. I laugh when men mistake a mood for a mind; I laugh when an old sea-dog like myself, a regular tarpaulin, who learnt his business amid icebergs and tropical hurricanes, was expected to cap to a silken scented commander who learnt his seamanship between Whitehall and Twickenham.

When old sea-dogs and their wives are allowed to indulge in such sentences, our readers may imagine for themselves the truth to nature and the general vividness of conception by which the conduct of the story is marked. If Mrs. Hall, as she hopes, "arrests in any degree the progress of those who," in short, object to Protestant ascendency, there need be little fear of machinations so sensitive to trifling obstacles.

THE ANNALS OF RURAL BENGAL.*

AMIDST the flood of worthless books on trifling subjects which at present corrupts the taste of the reader and drives the reviewer to despair, it is a solid satisfaction to learn that Mr. Hunter has been called upon, "within four months of its original publication, to prepare a third edition" of the *Annals of Rural Bengal*. He modestly attributes this success to "a conscientious desire on the part of the English people to understand the distant nations which have been committed to its care." To some extent, it may be hoped, this is true; but the merit of the desire in question has been greatly lessened by the pleasure with which, under Mr. Hunter's guidance, its gratification is attended. In spite of an unpromising title and some defects of arrangement, the *Annals of Rural Bengal* is a book of singular interest, both as to form and matter. We shall not attempt to criticize Mr. Hunter, for the very good reason that he deals with an unexplored field of history. But we may do some service to intending readers if we put clearly before them what is the story Mr. Hunter has to tell, and in what order he has told it. To do this we must first of all qualify the title of the book. The "Annals" go no further back than the transfer of the country to British rule. This limitation was not a matter of choice. India has no local history:—

> Each field, indeed, has its annals. The crops which it has borne during the past century, the rent which it has paid, the occasions on which it has changed hands, the old standing disputes about its water-courses and landmarks, all these are treasured up with sufficient precision. But the bygone joys and sorrows of the district in general, its memorable vicissitudes, its remarkable men, the decline of old forms of industry and the rise of new—in a word, all the weightier matters of rural history, are forgotten. Life wants the outdoor element which it possesses in so remarkable degree in England. Men of the upper classes come less frequently into contact with each other; caste and religious differences dwarf the growth of good fellowship and limit the interchange of hospitalities; and anything like society in the European sense of the word is prevented by the seclusion of the female sex. The strong county feeling which knits together the magnates of an English shire has not had a chance of being developed among the landed gentry of India. Each house scrupulously preserves its own archives, but carefully conceals them from its neighbours. Indeed, it never strikes the listless, rich native, that what to him are dull contemporaneous events will in time possess the interest of history; nor are there any antiquarians to gather up such meagre records as vanity or selfishness may have framed. English history owes much of its value, and still more of its pathos, to the stores of private documents which the strong individuality of bygone Englishmen has left behind; but in India, one rural generation dreams out its existence after another, and all are forgotten.

From the time the English took the administration of Bengal into their own hands, this scarcity of material gives place to an overflowing though hitherto neglected abundance. The chief Government office of every district contains a vast collection of reports, letters, and minutes which "relate, in the words of eye-witnesses and with official accuracy, the daily history of the country":—

> We learn from these worm-eaten manuscripts that what we have been accustomed to regard as Indian history is a chronicle of events which hardly affected, and which were for the most part unknown to, the contemporary mass of the Indian people. On their discoloured pages the conspicuous vicissitudes and revolutions of the past century have left no trace. Dynasties struggled and fell, but the bulk of the people evinced neither sympathy nor surprise, nor did the pulse of village life in Bengal move a single beat faster for all the calamities and panic of the outside world. But these volumes, so silent on subjects about which we are already well informed, speak at length and with the utmost precision on matters regarding which the Western world is profoundly ignorant. They depict in vivid colours the state of rural India when the sceptre departed from the Mussulman race. They disclose the complicated evils that rendered our accession, for some time, an aggravation rather than a mitigation of the sufferings of the people. They unfold one after another the misapprehensions and disastrous vacillations amid which our first solid progress was made. They impartially retain the evidence of low motives and official incompetence side by side with the impress of rare devotion and administrative skill. But, taken as a whole, they reveal the secret of England's greatness in the East. They exhibit a small band of our countrymen going forth to govern an unexplored and a half-subdued territory. Before the grave heroism and masterful characters of these men the native mind succumbed. Our troops originated for us a rude Mahratta-like supremacy; but the real records attest that the permanent sources of the English ascendency in Bengal have been, not their brilliant military successes, but deliberate civil courage and indomitable will.

Nor is the interest of these records of a purely historical kind. They are filled with information of the utmost political value even at this day. The East India Company had promised to govern in accordance with native usages, and during the first thirty years of its rule its officers were repeatedly charged to do all in their power to ascertain what these usages really were. The inquiry included every detail in the agricultural economy of each district, and "laid bare the whole fabric of the rural life of Bengal." It is in these researches that the real land law of the country is to be found, and Mr. Hunter is so emboldened by his acquaintance with them as to promise that it will shortly become possible to arrive at a definite solution of the mystery in which Indian tenures have hitherto been involved. To this important subject he proposes to devote his second volume. Unfortunately, the sweeping and perhaps premature reforms in the revenue system introduced at the close of the first quarter of the present century, together with the growing demands of administrative duty on the time and energy of the Company's servants, have long put an end to these investigations. "The labours of a previous school of officers soon became a subject of indifference to their successors; the quick decay of a tropical

* *The Annals of Rural Bengal.* By W. W. Hunter, B.A., &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

climate began its work: and of the researches that had occupied the ablest administrators during the first fifty years of our rule, the greater part has, during the second fifty years, been made over as a prey to mildew and white ants." Even Mr. Hunter seems only to have discovered their existence by accident; but now that the publication of his work has made known their value, it is to be hoped that, wherever such documents are still in being, they will be carefully preserved from further decay. We can imagine no better way of securing this end than by placing Mr. Hunter at the head of a new department of Indian Records.

The district with which this volume chiefly deals is that of Beerbhoom and Bishenpore, "the two great frontier principalities of Lower Bengal." In many respects this is a country of singular interest even for India. Its geographical characteristics distinguish it alike from the plateau of the Deccan, which bounds it towards the south, and from the plain of the Ganges, towards which it slopes on the north. On the inhabitants of this, "the outpost of the Sanskrit race on the west of Lower Bengal, devolved, during three thousand years, the duty of holding the passes between the highlands and the valley of the Ganges." To this day "they are a manlier race than their kinsmen of the plains"; to this day they form a composite people made up "of two races, which in intellect, language, and in everything that makes a nation great or ignoble have been selected as the highest and the lowest types of mankind." In the lowlands these races are found intermingled in various proportions; in the hills the aboriginal tribes "have preserved their primitive descent intact." Mr. Hunter's second and third chapters are full of striking instances of the influence which the black races have exercised on the Aryans wherever they have been brought into contact with them. The latter were the more open to this action because they had started on their march for Lower Bengal before Hinduism had developed into that "complicated and costly superstition" which it became in the North-west Provinces and the Punjab. The *patois* of Lower Bengal is full of words which have no connexion with Sanskrit, and "although such words are carefully excluded from written Bengali, they are ever in the mouths of the husbandman, the herdsman, and the forester, and they have furnished the domestic language of affection in which the mother speaks to her child." The religion of the Aryans in Bengal has equally undergone a change. Siva-worship, as Mr. Hunter shows, is distinctly traceable to the theology of the primitive race. The sanguinary aboriginal deity has forced an entrance into the Hindu Pantheon, and in proportion as the aboriginal element predominates in the population he has supplanted the older gods. "Siva-worship is the only form of religion which has now any hold on the masses in the Lower Valley. Khrishna, or Vishnu, is the god of the higher castes," but "in all time of need it is on Siva—a deity scarcely known to the earliest Aryan writers—that the Bengali populace calls." It would seem that the first Aryan colonists had tried to trample out this bloody worship at the same time that they enslaved those who practised it. When Buddhism, driven forth from the Sanskrit kingdom of Oudh, established itself in Lower Bengal, its missionaries owed, it may be, their easy victories to the circumstance that they presented themselves as the deliverers of the classes of aboriginal descent:—

But a negative religion, though it may be the creed of a dynasty, is never the religion of a people. Buddhism quickly lost its active principle in Lower Bengal, and retreated to monasteries or to secluded religious villages among the mountains, such as the Holy City in Beerbhoom; content with having placed a Buddhist dynasty on the throne, and with having spread a thin crust of monotheism over the surface of society. The common people were also satisfied; they were let alone. . . . Such a state of affairs could not be permanent: as Buddhism retired from public life to its monastic solitudes, Brahmanism crept back into its place, and at last drove it forth altogether. But of Brahmanism there are always two sides, the spiritual and the idolatrous; the former represented by the merciful worship of Vishnu, the latter by the bloody rites of Siva, the aboriginal Rudra. Brahmanism had learned wisdom in disgrace; it had learned that nowhere, not even in Bengal, can a dynasty be lasting which sets its face against the people. Instead, therefore, of again introducing their old esoteric religion, with its sublime dogmas and unbloody sacrifices of fruits, milk, and oil, the Brahmans threw themselves upon the people, and preached the popular side of their creed; with the popular Siva or Rudra at its head, to be worshipped according to the popular bloody rites. This was precisely the religion for the semi-aboriginal population of Lower Bengal. The mass of superstition that had always existed, and still everywhere exists, in Buddhist countries, upheaved, splintering into a thousand fragments the thin crust of monotheism that had concealed it. From that period modern Hinduism dates, with its top reaching to the heavens, and its feet descending into the lowest depths of man's depraved heart. Only in Lower Bengal is its baser form a homogeneous and strictly national religion; for only in Lower Bengal did the Brahmans, deliberately rejecting the spiritual side of the Sanskrit faith, identify themselves with the semi-aboriginal superstitions of the masses. Go where he chooses, the Hindu of the Lower Valley is known by his gross materialism and bloody rites.

The influence of the indigenous race may further be recognised in the social condition of the Bengalis. A population consisting of masters and slaves is not easily welded into a single nationality, and the presence of the latter element has greatly promoted that contempt for labour of all kinds which has so long marked the Hindu. "It is a bad thing for a race to be able to get other people to do its work during three thousand years." The consequence is that, under an impartial government, the non-Aryan element is everywhere competing at an advantage with the superior class. As industry ceases to be discreditable, the great bar to the creation of capital in India will be removed, and civilization may in future owe more to the despised tribes of the mountain and the jungle than to the pure-blooded aristocracy of the plains.

The East India Company did not undertake the direct administration of Bishenpore and Beerbhoom until 1787. Up to that time they had been governed by their hereditary princes, and it was only when the abuses provoked by the increasing feebleness of their rule brought the commercial operations of the Company within their jurisdiction to a stand that Lord Cornwallis determined to unite the two principalities into a British district. Mr. Hunter's first chapter—which should be read, we think, after the second and third—describes the condition of the country at the period of transfer. Eighteen years earlier Bengal had been visited by a famine, the effects of which had not exhausted themselves after an interval of forty years. The rice-crop which should have been gathered in December, 1769, failed from want of rain, and by the following May one-third of the population had perished. The next year came a harvest of unusual abundance, but it came "to a silent and deserted province." Ten million of human beings had perished, and for many a year after whole districts lay uncultivated for want of men to till the ground. A great part of the native aristocracy found itself unable to pay the land-tax demanded by the Government, and sank by degrees into irremediable debt and ruin. "When the local records open they disclose the Rajah of Beerbhoom hardly permitted to pass the first year of his majority before being confined for arrears of revenue, and the venerable Rajah of Bishenpore, after weary years of duress, is let out of prison only to die." The whole aspect of society in Bengal was changed. Instead of there being more husbandmen than there were holdings for them to occupy, the peasantry had to be courted to take land; and the great proprietors tried to entice each other's tenants by offers of low rents and protection against law-suits. But the desolation went on increasing in spite of everything. The cultivators fled from the deserted villages to the cities, and by 1780 the greater part of Beerbhoom had become an almost impassable jungle, infested by tigers and wild elephants. Where some traces of cultivation remained the banditti were as formidable as the wild beasts, and the first years of the Company's administration saw the Collector of the district reduced to wage a barely equal conflict with a constant succession of armed and organized depredations.

Such was the condition of the south-western highlands of Bengal at the period at which Mr. Hunter takes up their history. The account we have given of his opening chapters will show how comprehensive have been the preliminary researches by which he has prepared himself for his task. The narrative to which these researches serve as the indispensable introduction hardly begins in the present volume. All that Mr. Hunter attempts to do is to paint the state of affairs in the frontier district during the years that immediately followed the change of Government. With this view he shows us the Company as a rural administrator and as a rural manufacturer; he relates its dealings with the currency, and its essays towards an improved administration of civil and criminal justice; and having thus laid the foundation of his work, he leaves the reader genuinely anxious to see the speedy completion of the superstructure.

FULLER'S CHURCH HISTORY.*

(Second Notice.)

FULLER calls his work the *Church History of Britain*; at the same time, in more than one place he distinctly excludes Scotland from being any part of his subject. It is only when he gets near to his own time, when the attempted introduction of the English ritual into Scotland had such important effects in both countries, that he does, for a short season, cross the border, and even then he comes back home again as soon as he can. But Fuller, in the seventeenth century, had, seemingly without effort, performed that feat which seems so hard to so many of our friends in the nineteenth, and had learned to know an Englishman from a Welshman. In his very first page he speaks of "the Britons, our predecessors," a form of words which, simple and accurate as it is, seems to many people the most unintelligible of mysteries. So presently, when he comes to the controversy as to the birthplace of Constantine, he debates everything in due form, stating each Objection with its Answer to follow it. We there read:—

Objection III.—Bede, a grave and faithful author, makes no mention of Constantine born in Britain, who (as Lipsius marketh) would not have omitted a matter so much to the honour of his own nation.

Answer.—By the leave of Lipsius, Constantine and Bede, though of the same country, were of several nations. Bede, being a Saxon, was little zealous to advance the British honour: the history of which Church he rather toucheth than handleth, using it only as a porch to pass through it to the Saxon history. And Saxons in general had little skill to seek, and less will to find out, any worthy thing in British antiquities, because of the known antipathy betwixt them.

And it is but a slight backsliding when we read directly after:—

Now see what a pinch Verstegan, whose teeth are sharpened by the difference of religion, gives Mr. Fox: "What is it other than an absurdity,

was no English but a British woman." And yet Fox's words are capable of a candid construction, if by "Englishwoman" we understand, by a favourable prolepsis, one born in that part of Britain which since hath been inhabited by the English. Sure, in the same dialect St. Alban hath often been

* *The Church History of Britain, from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year MDCXLVIII.* Endeavoured by Thomas Fuller, D.D., with a Preface and Notes by James Nichols. 3 vols. London: Wm. Tegg. 1868.

called "the first martyr of the English," by many writers of good esteem. Yea, the breviary of Sarum, allowed and confirmed no doubt by the infallible Church of Rome, greets St. Alban with this salute:—

> Ave, proto-martyr Anglorum,
> Miles Regis angelorum,
> O Albane, flos martyrum.

Sure, Helen was as properly an Englishwoman as Alban an Englishman, being both British in the rigid letter of history; and yet may be interpreted English in the equity thereof. Thus it is vain for any to write books, if their words be not taken in a courteous latitude; and if the reader meets not his author with a pardon of course for venial mistakes, especially when his pen slides in so slippery a passage.

On the whole there is not much to quarrel with in Fuller's account of these earliest times. He certainly depreciates Augustine and the work that he did; so to do is a temptation almost impossible to be withstood by a professed anti-Roman controversialist. But he is not carried away by the dream of an "ancient British Church," like those modern writers who seem to forget that they are Englishmen at all. Do any of our readers remember a book on English Monachism by Mr. O'Dell Travers Hill, which we reviewed some time back? or are there any whose memory can reach so far as to remember a frantic book called *Perranzabuloe, or the Lost Church Found*, published some five-and-twenty years or more ago by Mr. Collins Trelawny, and recently republished? Beside the extravagances of books like these, Fuller's faint yearnings after the ancient British Church and its supposed purity seem mild indeed. To be sure he sometimes talks about "Saxons," when he had better have said "English," but he says English about as often, and he grasps the real relations of Britons, English, and Normans in a way which one is glad to come across nowadays. This sentence, for instance, though we doubt its political truth, is well put in other respects:—

> William the Conqueror built most of them [the castles], and then put them into the custody of his Norman lords, thereby to awe the English into obedience. But these Norman lords, in the next generation, by breathing in English air, and wedding with English wives, became so perfectly Anglicized and lovers of liberty, that they would stand on their guard against the King, on any petty discontentment.

Fuller here thoroughly grasps the relations between the two races; he does not grasp the fact that for a private lord to defend his castle against the King was much more of a Norman than of an English proceeding. We must wait for the great days of resistance to John and Henry the Third before we see Norman lords acting thoroughly in the character of Englishmen.

In this early part of the book we come across a curious incidental witness to the mediæval pronunciation of Greek. Fuller meets with two verses on the legendary King Lucius:—

> Lucius in tenebris prius idola qui coluisti,
> Et merito celebris ex quo baptisma subisti.

On these he comments in his quaint way:—"It seems the puddle-poet did hope that the jingling of his rhyme would drown the sound of his false quantity. Except any will say, that he affected to make the middle syllable in *idola* short, because in the days of King Lucius idolatry was curbed and contracted, whilst Christianity did dilate and extend itself." Not at all; the "puddle-poet" simply pronounced εἴδωλα by accent, as a native Greek would have done. The odd thing is that Fuller did not see this, as it is certain that there were scholars at Cambridge who retained the accentual pronunciation of Greek as late as the days of Bentley.

A specimen of Fuller's quaintness of expression, and at the same time of the credulity which still lingered in his age, is found in the reason which he gives for the superhuman length of days said to have been enjoyed by many of the old British saints. "A wonder it is," says he, "to see how many Methuselahs (extreme aged men) these times did produce." He then goes into the reason of the matter in a way half pious, half philosophical:—

> Some reason whereof may be alleged: Because, living retired in a contemplative way, they did not bruise their bodies with embroiling them in worldly affairs; or it may be ascribed to their temperate diet, whilst many of our age spill their radical moisture through the leaks of their own luxury. Nor is it absurd to say, that God made these great tapers of a more firm and compacted wax than ordinary, so that they might last the longer in burning, to give light to his church, and bestowed on them an especial strong natural constitution.

Some way on he has a curious defence of the Welsh tongue "against such as causelessly traduce it." The Welsh language "was one of those which departed from Babel, and herein it relates to God, as the more immediate author thereof, whereas most tongues in Europe owe their beginning to human depraving of some original language." He instances the Italian, Spanish, and French, which he calls "daughters or nieces to the Latin, generated from the corruption thereof." By "nieces" Fuller of course means "granddaughters"; had he that notion which Sir George Lewis wrote against, of a single Romance language, whether we call it Provençal or anything else, intervening between Latin and the existing forms? He goes on to praise Welsh as being "unmixed," "unaltered," and "lastly durable, which had its beginning at the confusion of tongues, and is likely not to have its ending till the dissolution of the world." He then goes on to defend Welsh from the charge of "being hard to be pronounced, having a conflux of many consonants, and some of them double sounded; yea," he continues, "whereas the mouth is the place wherein *the office of speech* is generally kept, the British words must be uttered through the throat." Fuller's answer to this charge illustrates the imperfect philology of his day, and its connexion with a sort of mystical theology; but we are afraid that there are many people who would make the same answer now. "This," he tells us, "rather argues the antiquity thereof, herein running parallel with the Hebrew (the common tongue of the old world before it was enclosed into several languages), and hath much affinity therewith in jointing of words with affixes and many other correspondencies." He next answers the "cavil that it grates and tortures the ears of hearers with the harshness thereof; whereas indeed," says Fuller, "it is unpleasant only to such as are ignorant of it." He then goes on with a characteristic remark which is worth extracting:—

> What is nick-named "harshness" therein, maketh it indeed more full, stately, and masculine. But such is the epicurism of modern times, to addulce all words to the ear, that (as in the French) they melt out, in pronouncing, many essential letters, taking out all the bones, to make them bend the better in speaking; and such hypocrites in their words speak them not truly in their native strength, as the plain-dealing British do, who pronounce every letter therein more manly, if less melodious.

We venture to think that both the High Dutchman and the Spaniard have an equal right to this praise of Fuller's with the Briton, but what would Fuller have said to Gaelic?

It is odd to find our old friend Benedict Biscop (whom, it may be remembered, the *Times* once described as a "Northumbrian gentleman," and at the same time fancied to be the founder of the Benedictine order) appearing in Fuller as "one Benault, a foreign bishop (but of what place I find not)." Some historians would doubtless have quartered this unknown foreign ecclesiastic at Lexovia; but Fuller, though he is fond of calling people Frenchmen a little too early, knew the ecclesiastical geography of Gaul well, and when he comes to a person described as "Ebroicensis episcopus," he very properly rules that his see was not at York, but at Evreux.

The following passage is really by no means a bad description of the change from the old precarious Bretwaldadom to the permanent supremacy of the West Saxon Kings:—

> Egbert in this very year made himself sole monarch of England. True it is, in the Saxon heptarchy there was generally one who out-powered all the rest. But such monarchy was desultory and movable, sometimes the West Saxon, sometimes the Mercian, sometimes the Northumberland, king ruled over the rest. But henceforward Egbert fixed the supreme sovereignty in himself and his posterity: for though afterwards there continued some petty kings, as Kenulph King of Mercia, &c., yet they shined but dimly (as the moon when the sun is risen), and in the next age were utterly extinguished.

We have dwelt at some length on Fuller's treatment of the earliest times, because there is really no other test so good of a writer's critical power. And Fuller, if set to compete with a good many writers of our own time, would certainly not come out at the bottom of the list. Here is a specimen of his quaint humour some centuries later. He is speaking of the religious and charitable foundations of King Stephen:—

> And whereas formerly there were paid out of every ploughland in England, betwixt Trent and Edinburgh-Firth, twenty-four oat sheaves for the king's hounds; Stephen converted this rent-charge to his new-built hospital in York: a good deed, no doubt; for, though it be unlawful to "take the children's bread and cast to it unto the dogs," Mark vii. 27; it is lawful to take the dog's bread and give it unto the children.

Of Fuller's treatment of the period of the Reformation we have already spoken at some length. He throughout tries to be fair, and he often succeeds. The way in which he deals with some points in Cranmer's character does him honour; as when he speaks boldly of "Cranmer's inexcusable cowardly dissimulation in the disputation against Lambert." We doubt Fuller's facts when he describes Cranmer as "arguing, though civilly, shrewdly against the truth and his own private judgement," for it is far more probable that Cranmer still believed in transubstantiation; still Fuller's remarks are weighty in themselves, and especially worthy of notice at a time when the Archbishop's acts and character have been the subject of so much discussion as they have been lately:—

> Was not this worse than "keeping the clothes" of those who killed St. Stephen? seeing this archbishop did actually "cast stones" at this martyr, in the arguments he urged against him. Nor will it excuse Cranmer's cowardice and dissimulation to accuse Gardiner's craft and cruelty, who privily put the archbishop on this odious act; such Christian courage being justly expected from a person of his parts and place as not to be acted by another, contrary to his own conscience. I see not, therefore, what can be said in Cranmer's behalf, save only that I verily hope and steadfastly believe, that he craved God's pardon for this particular offence, and obtained the same on his unfeigned repentance. And because the face of man's faults is commonly seen in the glass of their punishment, it is observable, that, as Lambert now was burned for denying the corporal presence, so Cranmer, (now his opponent) was afterwards condemned and died at Oxford for maintaining the same opinion; which valour if sooner shown, his conscience had probably been more cleared within him, and his credit without him to all posterity.

To the history of monasteries in England Fuller devotes a whole book of his work. Of course we must not look for philosophy in it, nor indeed for very much of criticism, but, on the whole, his account is not to be despised. We find, however, a few odd slips, as when he says (ii. 168) that Waltham was "for Benedictines at the first," and when (ii. 278) he says that Abbot Whiting was "hanged for his recusancy to surrender the Abbey and *denying the King's supremacy*." This last confusion is constantly found in local writers and in the small fry of antiquaries generally, but one is really amazed to find it in Fuller. It is still more amusing when he talks (ii. 328) of "the Lord Abbot of Saint Vedastus (*Anglicè* Saint Forster's) in Arras." Surely, there is no authority for the existence of such a Saint as Saint Forster beyond the odd misnomer which has arisen from the accident of Saint Vedast's church in London standing in Forster Lane.

Fuller is struck, as he well might be, with the fact that several Bishops who conformed to the changes under Henry, and even for a good while to those under Edward, refused to conform under Elizabeth. He divides the Bishops in Edward's times into three classes—"Zealous Protestants," "zealous Papists," and a third class whom he calls "Papists in heart, but outwardly conforming to the King's laws, as Heath, Archbishop of York, and many other Bishops." On this class he thus comments:—

Here it is worthy our inquiry why this latter sort, who so complied under King Edward VI., should be so stubborn and obstinate under Queen Elizabeth; whereof I can give but this reason assigned—that, growing older and nearer their graves, they grew more conscientious and faithful to their own (though erroneous) principles, it being in vain to dissemble, now death did approach, though their younger years had been guilty of such prevarications.

But this judgment of Fuller's, like his judgment of Cranmer's conduct in the matter of Lambert, goes on the mistaken assumption that every man, in the actual agony of transition, must have been either "Papist" or "Protestant," in the clearly defined sense which those words bore a hundred years later. If a man did not act with perfect consistency in one or other of those characters, Fuller thinks he must have been dissembling. But the truth no doubt is that the mass of Englishmen, whether Bishops or anything else, had not, in Henry's time and in the first days of Edward, yet learned the necessity of being either one or the other. Some no doubt thought that change had gone too far, others that it had not gone far enough; but neither party had as yet pushed its scruples so far as to feel bound to disobey what was law for the time being. It is a memorable fact that Gardiner, though thinking that change had gone too far, was ready to use the first English Prayer-Book. But, some years later, men had found out that this intermediate position was untenable, and that they, and the Church of England, could not help taking one side or the other. Gardiner, Bonner, and even Heath and Thirlby, now chose the Romish side. Here, we take it, is the real explanation of the fact which puzzled Fuller, namely, that men who had admitted the greater claims of Henry and Edward refused the smaller claims of Elizabeth. It is some comfort, however, to find Fuller (see ii. 502, 503) thoroughly aware that the claims of Elizabeth were smaller claims. He pointedly sets forth the refusal of the great Queen to assume that title of "Head of Church" which not only common careless talkers, but even lawyers and others who should know better, persist to this day, without a shadow of legal sanction, in forcing on the sovereign of England.

Coming nearer to his own time, Fuller has much to say about the famous Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, Dean of Windsor, Master of the Savoy, Rector of West Ilsley, but not Archbishop of York. Among other things we may notice that Fuller spells Spalato right, whereas, if one ventures to spell it so nowadays, it commonly gets turned into Spalatro. Those were the days of pluralities, but even then it seems to have been thought scandalous for a Dean to abuse the Chapter patronage to his own enrichment. "Finding one precedent in his predecessor, he collated this parsonage [West Ilsley] on himself." But the thing to be most noticed about him in Fuller is the following:—

We must not forget, that Spalato (I am confident I am not mistaken therein) was the first who, professing himself a Protestant, used the word "Puritan" to signify the defenders of matters doctrinal in the English church. Formerly the word was only taken to denote such as dissented from the hierarchy in discipline and church government; which now was extended to brand such as were Anti-Arminians in their judgments. As Spalato first abused the word in this sense, so we could wish he had carried it away with him in his return to Rome. Whereas, now leaving the word behind him in this extensive signification thereof, it hath since by others been improved to asperse the most orthodox in doctrine, and religious in conversation.

The dedications of the different sections of Fuller's work are worth notice. One hardly knows which most to wonder at—the number of his "patrons" of all sorts and classes, or the ingenuity with which he finds something special to say to each, either in Latin or in English. This kind of thing has gone out of fashion now, and, on the whole, it is better that it has gone out of fashion; still with it writers have lost the chance of saying a great many smart, pretty, and appropriate things.

Lastly, we have a word or two to say as to the editing of this edition. In reprinting an author of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, the question always arises, how far we are bound to retain the original spelling. It seems hardly needful to retain the utterly chaotic spelling, the wild waste of letters, of the middle of the sixteenth century, to wit, "Busshoppe" for "Bishop" and such like. But the spelling of the word is often part of the history of the word, and in such cases we ought surely not to wipe out the history. And it often happens that the difference between the older and newer word is more than a difference in spelling; it is a difference between two different forms of the word, or between two words of cognate origin. Mr. Nichols certainly seems to us to have taken some very unwarrantable liberties with his author's text. Let us hear his account of his own doings:—

The passive participle I have commonly found to be accurately formed; *took* is the principal exception, which I have uniformly changed into *taken*. The genitive case of nouns was, in many passages, constructed on the clumsy plan of circumlocution, which, soon after the Revolution, became quite obsolete, and which I have in this work always discarded. Thus, for such phraseology as "the end of *King James his reign*," I have substituted "the end of *King James's reign*." The author always employs *funerals* and *corpse* (applied to one person,) as plural nouns, and I have changed them into the singular.

So again—

I have substituted the relative *who* or *that*, for "which" when applied to persons; though the almost indiscriminate use of all the three relatives in such application was the common practice of that age. Another alteration also I have conceived it to be a part of my duty to effect:—to prevent this generally very correct writer from trangressing the rules of grammar, especially in his hasty mode of yoking a verb in the singular number with two or more plural nouns in the nominative.

Now, with all deference to Mr. Nichols, we want Fuller's text as he wrote it, and not as Mr. Nichols thinks good to improve it. Take again his "list of such words as he has changed for others, their cognates in meaning and derivation." The massacre is pitiful. It is cheering to find that, as late as Fuller's day, "sprongen" and "sungen" still existed as participles from "spring" and "sing." Mr. Nichols ruthlessly changes them into "sprung" and "sung." If Fuller talked about a "rythmer," why should Mr. Nichols change it into a "rhymester"? Why get rid of "justicer"? Why change "chirurgeon" into "surgeon"; why change the perfectly good word "eremitical" into "hermitical," a word of Mr. Nichols' own coinage? "Chantery-priests" might well enough be changed into "chantry-priests," but why into "chanter-priests," unless to show that Mr. Nichols does not know what a chantry is? On the next page we find a number of words which Mr. Nichols for various reasons has *retained* (as Sir Charles Barry "retained" Westminster Hall), though they are seldom employed in modern writing. Among them are "chequered," "datary," "eftsoons," "evangel," "pursy," "sewer" [dapifer], "infamed." Lastly is it Fuller or is it Mr. Nichols who calls the territorial extent of a Bishop's jurisdiction his "*diocess*"?

LES INUTILES.*

THERE is a theatre in Paris which is scarcely known to English travellers, and, under ordinary circumstances, is rarely sought by the Parisians themselves, but which within the last twelve months has acquired a considerable amount of celebrity, and that of the most creditable kind. The Théâtre de Cluny—such is its name—has made two bold ventures, both of which have proved successful, and is called, therefore, by the French wits of the day, the "Theatre of Experiments." Its power of attracting an audience beyond the precincts of its own immediate neighbourhood comes, however, unless we are greatly mistaken, by flashes. Thus it became universally conspicuous a year ago through the production of a comedy by the late M. Félicien Mallefille, entitled *Les Sceptiques*; and it is now still more an object of general attention through the production of another comedy by M. Édouard Cadol, entitled *Les Inutiles*, which had no sooner achieved a success in Paris, when brought out towards the end of last September, than it was performed simultaneously in two of the principal theatres at Brussels. Since that time the sound of M. Cadol's fame has soared into lofty regions, and the whole company of the Théâtre de Cluny has, at the request of the Emperor, played *Les Inutiles* before the Court at Compiègne. In the Parisian playbills of the day the title of the comedy has become a fixture. It was brought out shortly before the withdrawal of *Fanny Lear*, the great piece of the summer, from the boards of the Gymnase, and, while novelties have sprung up in every direction, it has remained the most remarkable work of the present season, though it has now to contend with three rivals—namely, a dramatized version of Mrs. H. Wood's *East Lynne*, entitled *Miss Multon*, brought out at the Vaudeville; *Séraphine*, a comedy by M. V. Sardou, launched at the Gymnase as a bolt aimed at female devotees; and *Les Faux Ménages*, a piece written by M. E. Pailleron, a new hand, who seeks to rehabilitate the "social evil" on the boards of the venerable Théâtre Français.

During the interval that occurred when *Les Sceptiques* had ceased to run and *Les Inutiles* had not been produced, the Théâtre de Cluny, though still open, seemed to relapse into its old position as a mere local establishment, and herein its case is one to which we cannot find a parallel in theatrical London. There is no doubt that the comedies of Mr. T. W. Robertson have done a great deal towards maintaining the Prince of Wales's Theatre, once one of the most obscure of our capital, in its position as a place of fashionable resort; but there is a permanence in Miss Wilton's elevation of the old Queen's that is not reflected across the Channel. Since the production of Mr. T. W. Robertson's *Society*, Tottenham Street has been celebrated as the place where people have a chance of seeing the best possible performance of works that have a better title to be called comedies than most of the new works brought out elsewhere. The Théâtre de Cluny, on the other hand, seems to have its periods of darkness, during which its visible existence is in abeyance.

The celebrity of *Les Sceptiques* was no doubt somewhat increased by the fact that it had been refused by the Théâtre Français, for its success in a remote quarter gave dramatic Radicals an opportunity of inveighing against the injustice of an institution which is one of the most conservative in France, as everybody knows who is acquainted with the struggles of MM. Hugo and Dumas against the force of time-honoured maxims. Its author, M. Félicien Mallefille, who has died within the last few weeks, was socially much esteemed, but as a dramatist he had a reputation which in the opinion of many was greatly below his deserts. *Le Cœur et la Dot*, a comedy from his hand produced at the Théâtre Français as far back as 1852, was pre-eminently successful, but had neither been preceded nor was followed by any work comparable

* *Les Inutiles.* Comédie en quatre Actes. Par Éd. Cadol. Paris: Librairie Internationale. 1868.

to it in importance, nor will the student of the modern French drama who wishes to make himself acquainted with this reputed *chef-d'œuvre* be induced to think his pains very well requited. The personages by whom the action is carried on are indeed strongly marked, and the question between love and money as causes of wedlock is vigorously discussed in a practical debate, which of course terminates in favour of the former; but the whole work is formed by that intermingling of the farcical and sentimental elements which render the works of the Morton and Reynolds school so unpleasant when surveyed from a literary point of view, without regard to their possible effectiveness on the stage. However, its success, as we have said, was great, and its isolated condition easily led to the inference that M. Mallefille was in some sort a neglected genius. This opinion was confirmed by the production at the Théâtre de Cluny of *Les Sceptiques*, which, though rejected by the Théâtre Français, is much higher in its tone, and much more closely approaches the rank of genuine comedy, than its fortunate predecessor. Using for the basis of his plot two of those illicit *liaisons* which recent experience has accustomed us to consider almost indispensable to the modern stage of Paris, the author seriously dwells upon the danger of that prevalent disregard of the maxims of sound morality which he considers to be one of the prevalent maladies of actual society. The sceptic, in his sense of the word, is not of the speculative kind represented by Sextus Empiricus among the ancients, and by David Hume among the moderns; but typifies the modern man and woman of fashion, who sneer away the foundations of time-honoured institutions, the various personages of the play being for the most part varieties of the same species. The oldest sceptic of the party suffers retribution by the discovery that his wife has been seduced by a younger sceptic whom he has trained in his own principles, and the younger sceptic expiates his sin by a suicide which brings the piece to a close. Self-destruction seems a little out of place in a work which is not only called a comedy, but which is written in a spirit consistent with that designation; and it is possible that a disapproval of this feature of the work caused its refusal by the Théâtre Français.

M. Cadol, the author of *Les Inutiles*, is altogether a celebrity of the present day. His piece had been refused everywhere long before the public heard of its existence, and he had not, like M. Mallefille, the consolation of looking back to a bright speck in the past. After a time it was lost altogether, and for four entire years no one knew what had become of it. At last it was found in some impossible place by M. Larochelle, the present Director of the Théâtre de Cluny, who appreciated the value of the treasure-trove, and produced it on the stage, where it still remains. The peculiarity which distinguishes *Les Inutiles* from the contemporary dramas of France is its total freedom, not only from immorality, but from all reference to illicit correspondence between the sexes. We are often edified by the declaration of some French dramatist, that the works we have been in the habit of regarding as immoral are replete with sound social doctrine. All sorts of woes are traced on the French stage to the prevalence of adultery, which is regarded now as a source of deadly calamity, now as a cause of inconvenience. Another origin of mischief is the "social evil," against whose fascinations Parisian youth is warned with a zeal that would do honour to King Solomon or George Lillo. What can be more wholesome than a condition of the stage in which the most conspicuous class of sinners receives the severest castigation? Surely we ought to rejoice when we hear that a new play by M. Octave Feuillet is about to be produced in which adultery will be lashed as it was never lashed before. Nevertheless, everybody who knows anything of the subject feels that all arguments to prove the moral tendency of the modern French stage are but so many sophisms, however plausible they may seem. There is an art of using the lash in such a way as to render the flagellated party interesting by virtue of the operation, and no one can be a greater proficient in this art than the leading French dramatists. *Paul Forestier*, for instance, placed happiness on the side of quiet domestic life, and misery on the side of disorder. Nevertheless the cause of disorder was the fascinating person, and matrimony wore but a humdrum aspect. There is no greater fallacy than the supposition that the moral to which a play ostensibly points is all-important to the public. A piece illustrative of some ethical maxim the soundness of which is above dispute may nevertheless abound in indecorous passages, the mischief of which is incalculably greater than the truth enforced by the catastrophe. This is actually the case with most French plays of the modern school. It is also the case with our *Jack Sheppard*. The whole tale of the burglar ostensibly carried out the unquestionable truth that violation of the criminal code of one's country will probably result in an untimely end. At the same time the process of law-breaking was rendered so exquisitely entertaining to boys of the lower class, that the moral professedly illustrated by the fate of Jack was met with the irrepressible doubt whether, after all, a short life and a merry one was not preferable to dull, respectable longevity.

Now M. Cadol, seeing that there is on the French stage something which is analogous to "the thing called pitch," and which, however handled, is sure to leave a stain, avoids touching it altogether. His comedy is directed, not against sexual sins, but against a love of useless luxurious ease which is perhaps more common on the Continent than in England or America. Although it is in four acts—now a favourite number—its plot is so simple that it can scarcely be reduced to a telling narrative. Paul de la Fortnoye, a nobleman whose age trembles on the close of the eighth lustre, is the grand representative of mischievous inutility. He leads a single life, keeps open house for a party of dissipated friends, who game and feast night and day in the fond belief that they are amusing themselves, and is so utterly careless of the state of affairs that he imagines the revenue of his estates sufficient to cover his reckless expenditure, whereas the interest on the mortgages with which his property is encumbered exceeds his income, and he is only kept afloat by the magnanimity of Mesnard, a worthy manufacturer who has married his sister Pauline, and who even conceals from his wife the assistance he affords to her brother. About Paul minor "inutilities" are gathered—De Trevières, an elderly Baron of doubtful origin, whose title is his sole substance, a being expressly created to be useless, whereas of Paul better things might have been expected; and Henri de Potey, a very young man, who is useless against his will, simply because his father, a foolish, wealthy *bourgeois*, likes to see him ape the idleness and extravagance of the "quality." As an eminently useful person we have, as a contrast to the knot of idlers, M. Desrives, a notary, who has not a thought beyond his business and a modest hope of advancement, but who, though a man of perfect integrity, is evidently regarded by the author as too utilitarian to become an object of interest. The focus of attraction by which all the characters are concentrated into unity of action is Geneviève Seguin, an amiable young lady of fortune, related to Mesnard, who is moreover her guardian, and a general mark for the attentions of bachelors in want of wives. De Trevières sees in her wealth a convenient material for the repair of his own estate, and attacks her with insipid compliments; Desrives looks upon her as in all respects suitable to himself, and employs the good offices of Pauline; Henri de Potey is regarded as a chance on the cards; but the only genuine lover is Paul himself, who has been coaxed down into the country by his sister, anxious to rescue him from Parisian dissipations, and who, thus brought into contact with Geneviève, at once becomes deeply enamoured. But there is a difficulty with Geneviève, which arises from her extreme fastidiousness. She knows that she is wealthy, and she believes that she is far from handsome; hence she is inclined to attribute every attention she receives rather to a desire for her money than to admiration for herself, and, being remarkably sensitive, often sheds tears when other young ladies are expected to smile. At the end of the piece her union with Paul is a settled affair, but a great many delicate obstacles have to be surmounted before things are brought to this happy conclusion. Mesnard, while assisting his brother-in-law, has almost brought himself to ruin, and his generous ward would willingly repair his fortune with her own. He is, of course, too much a man of honour to accept her offer, and Paul, when he has learned the state of the family finances, feels a scruple in asking for the hand of Geneviève, where his suit might be ascribed to a mercenary motive. The lady herself cuts the knot by signing a resignation of her inheritance, without the privity of her friends; for thus Mesnard steps into her property as next of kin, and Geneviève and Paul are enabled to marry without suspicion of interestedness on either side, while the audience are left to hope that the useless man of fashion thrown on his own resources will become a profitable member of society. The plot of *Les Inutiles* is indeed its weakest part; its chief merit consisting in the delicate, though distinct, manner in which the personages are drawn, and in the easy grace of the dialogue, which, less epigrammatic than is commonly the case in French comedy, is throughout tasteful, natural, and free from all obvious straining at effect.

But it is on the negative virtues of his work that M. Cadol sets the highest value, and so thoroughly was he convinced of his extreme audacity in presenting to his countrymen a play in which no moral blemish was to be found, that on the night when his comedy was first performed at the Théâtre de Cluny he distributed an apologetic preface among the audience, which is now reprinted with the piece itself. In this preface, after declaring that his work is moral, he states that the question once occurred to him, whether it was altogether impossible to make an assembly of worthy folks laugh or cry by any other means than the exhibition of social sores. He then proceeds thus:—

> Ceci posé, on a pris la question de face, sans marchander, sans louvoyer. Aussi—vous le verrez—parmi les personnages, pas un coquin, pas une farceuse; comme moyen d'action, pas de papiers honteux, qu'un mystérieux inconnu garde, durant trente ans, pour les produire au dernier acte, afin de dénouer l'intrigue; pas d'adultère non plus; ni duel, ni guet-apens, ni bâtard, ni boursier; pas même une pauvre petite substitution d'enfants; les dames de la pièce n'en ayant point eu avant leur mariage, soit par surprise, à leur insu, durant le sommeil, soit autrement. On n'a pas même admis ces dévouements sublimes et poétiques, par lesquels une jeune fille, infiniment bonne, se livre à l'amour d'un homme indélicat pour sauver celui que "son cœur aime." Nul se suicide, nul se vend, et l'on pousse le scrupule si loin que le sujet lui-même ne coule sur le déshonneur de personne.

By thus apologizing for his own shortcomings, M. Cadol contrives to give a very full and by no means overcharged description of the present state of the French stage.

JEBB'S SOPHOCLES.*

AN accidental tardiness in noticing these instalments of a Sophocles which promises to be one of the ablest and most useful editions published in this country must not be construed

* *The Electra of Sophocles.* Edited by R. C. Jebb, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1867.

The Ajax of Sophocles. Edited by R. C. Jebb, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

into any lack of due appreciation of their value. It seemed best to wait till more than one play had issued from the press; but it is not too late to express the favourable impression which we have formed, from the two samples before us, of Mr. Jebb's eminent qualifications for the task of interpreting Sophocles. Eschewing the old fashion of furnishing merely a grammatical and textual commentary, he has concentrated very much of the interest of his edition in the excellent and exhaustive introductions which preface each play, and which, while excluding what is not strictly connected with the subject, discuss the real matter in hand with acuteness and tact, as well as originality and research.

Thus, for example, he limits his regard, when dealing with the collateral literature of the *Electra*, to a contrast between the Æschylean and the Sophoclean treatments of the story. This contrast, according to Mr. Jebb, is due in great measure to the conditions under which each dramatist worked—the former at a link in his chain or trilogy, which he sought to rivet consistently; the latter at an independent piece, without prelude, and without sequel. Hence the Sophoclean *Electra* is not agitated by feuds between clashing interests and duties, such as it might puzzle the most experienced casuist to determine. No balancing of claims and crimes here distracts our sympathy from Electra and Orestes, about whose call to avenge on Clytemnestra and her paramour the murder of their sire there is no difference of opinion—men, and gods, and natural feeling alike imposing it. Clytemnestra is not permitted, as in Æschylus, to win justification, or sympathy, on the score of previous wrong or feminine jealousy; but is lowered in the eyes of the audience by her tyrannical treatment of her daughter, and never achieves even that amount of interest which we accord to Lady Macbeth, or to the Queen in *Hamlet*. One touch of nature, it is true, Sophocles has, with exquisite tact, accorded to her, when he represents her, though interest and expediency prompt her to rejoice at the supposed fate of her son, yet yielding to a mother's pang at the loss of her child (vv. 766-768). The critics who suppose that outburst to be got up for the sake of acting are but sorry judges of human nature, whereas Mr. Jebb, both in his note on this passage and elsewhere, proclaims his adhesion to the very opposite school, as may be seen from his remark that "these few words of genuine grief humanize and therefore dramatize, Clytemnestra more vividly than anything in Æschylus." Mr. Jebb, indeed, exhibits throughout his commentary that insight into the poet's mind, that appreciation of the coinage of the poet's brain, which is sometimes wanting to the most painstaking of editors. He can harmonize and collate different phases of the same character, and is not dismayed, after the manner of some, when she who, at the first tidings of her son's fate, gave way to natural anguish is shortly afterwards (in v. 807) described as "leaving the stage with an exultant air" (ἐγγελῶσα φρούδους) because roused to a sense of the advantages accruing from the death of Orestes, by the surprise of the messenger at her indifference, and by the irritating laments of Electra. Not less ably does he analyse the characters of the two sisters—the key to that of Chrysothemis being "decorum," τὸ κόσμιον, while to Electra duty (τὸ καλόν) is all in all (872, note). In another place (v. 328, note) Mr. Jebb's remarks on the skill of Sophocles in bringing out Electra as protagonist, as contrasted with his two rivals, are so pertinent, and display so large a grasp of the ethical features of his subject, that we cannot refrain from transcribing them:—

In Sophocles Electra suffers on the scene of her father's murder—in the palace which should be her brother's—amidst the luxuries which should be her own. Hardest of all, the advantages which Electra has sacrificed to duty are paraded by the sister who should have been her ally, but is only her temptress—a weaker Goneril or Regan, serving as a foil to a more masculine Cordelia.—P. 34.

Nor has Mr. Jebb been less successful in hitting off, in his introduction, the main scope and the characteristic features of the *Ajax*. It is a highly plausible theory that in that play Sophocles welded into one the moral of both the Homeric epics, contrasting in the characters and fortunes of forceful Ajax, and patient, time-biding Ulysses, the perils attaching to such fearless spirits as Achilles and the Salaminian hero, and the more sure triumphs of that wise self-restraint which is the theme of the Odyssey. He meets, too, in the only way in which it can be met, the objection to the seemingly inartistic construction of this play—the hero's death occurring when it is barely half over. The later scenes supply that portion of "the Death and Burial of Ajax," as the drama might fitly be called, for which earlier dramas, as well as their sense of what was seemly, would have prepared the audience. "To the Greek mind," writes the editor, "due burial was a matter of supreme concern; nothing could be more deeply, more painfully exciting than any uncertainty as to whether a hero with whom the spectators sympathized was, or was not, to receive funeral rites." Of the tact and good sense which Mr. Jebb brings to bear on his study of the *Ajax*, no better illustration can be given than his note on κἂν ἄποπτος ᾖς (v. 15), where the proper interpretation of the chief word involves a consideration of the question whether or not the goddess was visible on the stage at the opening of the drama, and during her colloquy with Odysseus. It is surely a descent to the ridiculous to accept the theory of her invisibility, and we are glad to see that Mr. Jebb has not only adopted the opposite view, but also maintained it as well by common-sense arguments, as by cogent parallels of divine personages *appearing* as well as speaking on the Attic stage.

But it must not be supposed that undue space is allotted to generalizations of character, or to disquisitions on points of the kind just referred to. The motto of this edition would seem to be "*suum cuique*." We recollect no edition of Greek plays where the stage directions are so good and so clear, and where the functions and position of chorus and actors are so lucidly discriminated in the notes. The illustration, too, of Aristotle's rules about Tragedy, by application to a special example, must conduce to create, in students whose minds are as yet hazy on such topics, a clearness which never would have arisen out of study of those rules in the abstract. Again, minuter attention is here paid to the metres of each strophe in the choruses than is to be found in most commentators. Take up Mr. Blaydes's unfinished edition of Sophocles in the *Bibliotheca Classica*, and the only hope of arriving at any elucidation of the choral metres is to snap haphazard at the jets of light which with difficulty peer out from the midst of long, jumbled notes about this, that, and the other. Now the first thing Mr. Jebb attempts at the opening of each chorus is a continuous exposition of the metres of each strophe, the reader being left to apply it to the corresponding antistrophe. This long-desired concession to the convenience of readers is a boon for which one cannot be too thankful. For thus each consideration has its own time and place, so that, when we have ascertained the metre and manner, we are able to proceed unencumbered to the grammar and the matter of the passage before us.

On these latter points there is much in Mr. Jebb's commentary to satisfy the needs of every class of readers. The advanced student will not lay down this volume after perusal without having gained two or three "wrinkles" which he will find serviceable when reading other samples of the Greek tragic drama; while younger hands may advantageously bestow any amount of pains on seeing that their affluence of suggestive hints will serve to render easier, not only the rest of Sophocles, but the works of his two compeers. We are indebted to Mr. Jebb for various nice pieces of verbal criticism. At the 320th line of the *Ajax*, for example, he notes the fitness of the word ἐξηγεῖτο, a word used commonly of authoritative exposition, to be put in the mouth of Tecmessa, and suggest "the reverence with which she received the utterances of her husband." On the word ἄλημα, "knave," in the 381st line of the same play, which is derived from ἀλέω, "to grind," he shows how the notion of "finesse" underlies this word, as it does also παιπάλημα, from παιπάλη (πάλλω), "fine meal." On *El.* 178; χρόνος γὰρ εὐμαρὴς θεός, it is pointed out that εὐμαρὴς is not so much "soothing" as "smoothing," or "facile," "bringing about the accomplishment of things which now seem hopeless"—cf. Virg. *Æn.*, ix. 8. To this conclusion the derivation would, no doubt, lead us, but it is the gift of such annotators as Mr. Jebb to teach us this. In like manner, profit may be derived from Mr. Jebb's hints as to the sense of καὶ in such sentences as καὶ τί μέτρον κακότητος ἔφυ; (*El.* 236), and of ἦ καὶ ("do you *really*") in vv. 314, 385; of μήπω in v. 403, and of μὲν (= "so") in v. 516 *ibid.* There is real service done, too, by meeting the question whether σωζέσθω or σωζέσθων should be read in *El.* 438, ἀλλ' ὅταν θάνῃ, | κειμήλι' αὐτῇ ταῦτα σωζέσθω κάτω, with a mid-course between Porson's canon, which is too narrow, and Hermann's, which is too broad. Κειμήλια, as is here shown, fulfils neither of the descriptions of a neuter plural, to which Jelf's Grammar limits the use of a plural verb. It is not a case where (1) "de animantibus agitur," nor (2) where "the idea of plurality is prominent."

Of a kindred character are the nice distinctions, in which the notes of this edition abound, between cognate words such as ἀραί and Ἐρινύες (*El.* 111), the former being commonly special, personal, and inactive, the latter general, public, and executive; or ἑορταί and πάνδημος πόλις (*ibid.* 982), the one representing meetings for the special object of worship, the other larger gatherings in commemoration of a common descent. Other notes concern distinctions of a more syntactical character—*e.g.* between ὅρα μὴ τίθης and ὅρα μὴ τιθῇς, where the indicative marks certainty, the subjunctive only probability. Whether there is basis for the distinction at *El.* 199 between εἴτ' οὖν θεός, εἴτε βροτός, and εἴτε θεὸς εἴτ' οὖν βροτός—namely, that οὖν in the first instance puts the alternatives on a par, while in the second "it introduces the second with a shade of fretful despondency"—may, we think, admit of question. Dindorf and Linwood treat them as used indifferently for the same thing.

We are glad to see that the editors of the *Catena Classica* do not adhere too rigidly to that portion of their programme which seemed to profess that their road was to be all new metal, no old materials being tolerated. To ostracize good matter, because trite, is a doubtful policy, for right is right, and cannot be too often enunciated. There is substance and satisfactoriness in the note on ἔποικος (*El.* v. 189); but adherence to such a rule would have precluded the quotation from *Il.* xvi. 59, ὡσεί τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην, which has probably figured in almost every edition of Sophocles, as indeed by reason of its pertinency it is quite entitled to do. In several instances we have found the substance of Mr. Jebb's notes identical with those of Mr. Linwood; *e.g.* in *El.* 958:—

ποῖ γὰρ μενεῖς ῥᾴθυμος ἐς τίν' ἐλπίδων
βλέψασ' ἔτ' ὀρθήν;

The former explains "ποῖ γὰρ] *i.e.* ποῖ—ἐς τίν' ἐλπίδων—βλέψασα μενεῖς ῥᾴθυμος; to what quarter—to what hope can you look, &c. cf. v. 996"; while the latter notes "ποὶ ad βλέψασα pertinere vidit Monkius, sc. ποὶ γάρ, ἐς τιν' ἐλπίδων βλέψασα μενεῖς ῥᾴθυμος;" the pith of both notes being the same. In interpreting another passage later in the play, 1007-8—

οὐ γὰρ θανεῖν ἔχθιστον, ἀλλ' ὅταν θανεῖν
χρῄζων τις εἶτα μηδὲ τοῦτ' ἔχῃ λαβεῖν,

not only does Mr. Jebb not scorn the steps of his predecessors, but he even embodies, in a somewhat diffuse paraphrase, a sense which Hermann had cleared up by the brief explanation "carcerem et lentos cruciatus timet." We may reasonably doubt whether Greek plays will ever be edited without large repetition of the lucubrations of others. Enough if the newest workmen contribute some new tools or methods to the work. The present editor has done this. He has not only, as we have seen, nicely defined shades of meaning and peculiarities of syntax, but has also now and then struck out a new path, and ventured on independent explanations, which commend themselves by their probability even where they differ from the interpretations of predecessors. Thus in Electra's allusion to Agamemnon's murder by Clytemnestra (444–5)—

> *ὑφ' ἧς θανὼν ἄτιμος, ὥστε δυσμενής,*
> *ἐμασχαλίσθη, κἀπὶ λουτροῖσιν κάρᾳ*
> *κηλῖδας ἐξέμαξεν,*

it has been usual to explain the last clause by changing the subject of the verb from Agamemnon to Clytemnestra, and to translate "and for a purification she wiped off the stains of blood on his head." Shrinking from so harsh a construction, Mr. Jebb tries back to the natural subject of the verb, and, taking it with *κηλῖδας* as meaning, which it well may, "took the print of the sword-stains," gets an interpretation which is not only ingenious, but less at variance with ordinary syntax:—"And by way of funeral ablution received the point of the sword-stains on his head."

At emendation, when he attempts it—though this, as might be expected of a good scholar, is but seldom—Mr. Jebb is also generally successful; and not less so in the exercise of that sort of ingenuity which, in the case of various conflicting emendations of some obscure passages, contrives to evoke light somehow. Take, for example, as a sample of his emendatorial skill these lines from the third chorus of the *Electra* (1085–9),

> *ὡς καὶ σὺ πάγκλαυτον αἰῶνα κοινὸν εἵλου,*
> *τὸ μὴ καλὸν καθοπλίσασα δύο φέρειν ἐν ἑνὶ λόγῳ,*
> *σοφά τ' ἀρίστα τε παῖς κεκλῆσθαι.*

The first four words of the second verse defy coherent elucidation. Mr. Linwood tries to give a sense to the words as they stand—*e. g.* "organizing that which is not a pious act in itself (matricide) so as to win two things on one score," *i.e.*, the credit of piety and the discredit of impiety by the same act. This palpable awkwardness is not got rid of by Hermann, Dindorf, or Schneidewin. By substituting *τὸ μὴ κατοκνεῖν, ἐλπίσασα* for the four obscure words above-mentioned, Mr. Jebb extracts from the sentence a very intelligible meaning. "Even as thou also hast chosen a life of tears and sympathy (with the dead, *κοινὸν*); *instead of hesitating* (lit. "so as not to hesitate") in the hope of winning two kinds of praise on one score"—the praise of being a prudent, and a pious, daughter. Taking into account the contrast throughout the whole play between Electra's singleness of purpose and Chrysothemis's attempts to square caution and duty, it seems highly probable that this emendation, or some words conveying a similar sense, may give the true key to the enigma.

A corrupt passage in the *Ajax* will exhibit Mr. Jebb's skill in making the best that can be made of the guesses and solutions of others. The passage is commonly read thus:—

> *ἐγὼ δ' ὁ τλάμων παλαιὸς ἀφ' οὗ χρόνος*
> *Ἰδαῖα μίμνω λειμώνι' ἄποινα, μηνῶν*
> *ἀνήριθμος αἰὲν εὐνώμᾳ*
> *χρόνῳ τρυχόμενος.*—*Ajax*, 600–4.

To take *Ἰδαῖα λειμώνι' ἄποινα* as meaning "a reward for (a long campaign upon) Ida's meadows," is to give the words a pregnant force "too strained for Sophocles." There is a difficulty, too, in seeing the point of *εὐνώμᾳ* in its natural sense. Out of a conjecture of Bergk, not otherwise very helpful, Mr. Jebb picks *εὐνῶμαι* as a substitute for *εὐνώμᾳ*, and for *ἄποινα*, in v. 601, reads *ἔπαυλα* (which seems to be corroborated by the variant *μήλων*, a gloss probably on *ἔπαυλα*). His only other change is *μίμνων* for *μίμνω*; and the sense then works out as follows, "Tarrying through countless months I ever make my couch in the quarters (*ἔπαυλα*) on the plains of Troy." With *εὐνᾶσθαι ἔπαυλα* he compares *Agam.* 176, *σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων*, and with the idea of bivouacking set forth in *εὐνῶμαι*, the well-known passage in *Agamemnon* 542–5, and vv. 1206–10 of the *Ajax*.

In reading Mr. Jebb's notes on these plays we have rarely, if ever, found any mention of the Oxford editor of Sophocles, Mr. Linwood, whose views, where we have compared the two, are frequently antagonistic. At *Electr.* 698, for instance, Mr. Jebb's brief note is "*ἱππικῶν* masc." Mr. Linwood on the same passage writes "*ἱππικῶν* generis neutrius esse vidit Schneferus." Doctors must disagree, we suppose; but there is ample room for both editions, and those who have read Sophocles already with Mr. Linwood's notes cannot possibly do better than supplement the sound scholarship, thus imbibed, by the rare and valuable knowledge which Mr. Jebb has brought to bear on the *Electra* and the *Ajax*.

CAST UP BY THE SEA.*

FROM the minute and matter-of-fact detail of personal travel and exploration to the boundless realm of fiction and imagination is about as wide a step as a writer can well be conceived to take. Not only is there the transition, so to speak, from the narrow river of individual life to the broad ocean of fancy, but faculties widely different in character are called for in the two cases. It must always be with a considerable amount of uncertainty, not to say of apprehension, that we behold an author who has made himself a name by the unadorned and truthful recital of what he has seen, suffered, or surmounted, come forward as an adventurer upon the totally opposite element of fiction. Into that illimitable sea, where so many founder, and in which there are so many liabilities to shipwreck, he seems to venture like a mariner in a craft of untried powers and capacities, without chart or sailing directions, upon waters of unknown roughness and depth. Sir Samuel Baker has inspired the public with so much confidence in his straightforward, natural, and hearty way of describing life in its simplest and least conventional forms, that a natural misgiving may be felt as to how far this reputation will be fortified or impaired by an experiment in the creation of characters or scenery of a fictitious or representative kind. It is true that he can plead for himself as not having been left wholly to his own original or spontaneous promptings in entering upon this novel and possibly perilous enterprise. Since the publication of the *Albert N'yanza* and the *Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, he has been besieged, he tells us, by letters "from boys to whom he was entirely unknown, and who remain unknown to him at this moment except through the medium of their spontaneous correspondence," expressive of their youthful enthusiasm for the life of adventure led by the writer and his wife, and of lively admiration for their bold and successful struggle with so many difficulties. This outburst of boyish spirit impelled him to make some return for sympathies so much in keeping with his own love for what is most fresh and stirring in life. And what seemed to have presented itself as most natural and appropriate to the occasion was the idea of a work of fiction blending with it so much of the facts of history or of actual experience as might enhance its impressiveness and reality, and so take the stronger hold of the class of minds to whom it was primarily addressed. There was much, we may add, in the temperament of the writer's own mind, as shown in his previous lifelike and speaking narrative, which was sure not to fail him in the exigencies of his novel task. Exploration and travel in its most varied forms had made him acquainted with manifold types of men and life, while reading had combined with experience to store his memory with incidents and records of adventure. A degree of reality was thus imparted to the creations of his fancy which could hardly be expected in the mere conceptions of gentlemen who stay at home at ease. We are not prepared to say that the tale before us would of itself have raised the author's name to high literary rank. Nor do we consider it to prove that his forte lies in pictures drawn from pure imagination. Like most works of fiction the strength of which turns upon incident rather than character, it is best calculated to interest and charm the young. For that class of minds, we must remember, it was primarily composed. And though we cannot promise the author that width of sympathy on which he in his dedication counts hopefully, "from all boys alike, from eight years old to eighty," he may, we think, within the limits of all true and promising boyhood, rely upon a reception sufficiently cordial to repay him amply for the effort.

"Adventures," we are told by Mr. Disraeli, speaking by the mouth of Ixion, "are for the adventurous." The maxim is certainly justified in the instance before us by the profusion in which risks, hairbreadth escapes, marvels by sea and land, and incidents of the most startling and sensational kind crowd upon the youthful adventurers whose fortunes and exploits fill the pages before us. Never since the time of Sindbad did peril and disaster, tempest and shipwreck, monsters of the deep or enemies of the land, combine to beset and persecute any unfortunate son of the sea as they combine against Ned Grey and his companions in adventure. And never did Crusoe himself in his utmost need face difficulty and danger with greater cheerfulness, or show himself more prompt and full of resource in meeting and overcoming them. Never did even Ulysses, the much-enduring and daring man, tumble out of one trial or labour into another with more celerity or adroitness. Into Ned Grey's career of a few years are compressed, in fact, the whole ten years' mishaps and experiences of the great Greek's voyage to Ithaca, with the perils of Troy thrown in to double the amount. Our hero may be said literally to be cradled in adversity. The frontispiece shows him to us "cast up by the sea," an infant not many days old, snugly packed in a box lashed on an impromptu raft of empty barrels, while the lovely corpse of his fair-haired mother is found floating upon the waves. No vestiges remain—and no efforts, oddly enough, seem to have been made—to reveal the name of the vessel which has come to wreck upon the coast of Devon. A rich Indian shawl, some trinkets of value, and two hundred pounds in gold packed with the infant, are kept sacredly by its rescuers in the vague hope of light being some day thrown upon the mystery. It would imply a strange distrust of the story-teller's orthodoxy were the reader to doubt for a moment the ultimate clearing up of the secret, the clue to which is here laid by till the proper occasion. It is no part of ours to anticipate the *dénouement*. Suffice it that admirers of *Paul Clifford* will concede the fact of its faithfulness to established precedent, with the exceptional point in its favour that neither does scandal attach itself to the parentage, nor more than the faintest stain of crime to the personal career of the hero. Such moral shadow as may be suffered to flit over it for a while is, after all, but of a kind to pass with most people, and at most times, as conventional and venial. At the time of the

* *Cast Up by the Sea.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S., &c. With Illustrations by Huard. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

late French war, and among the population of the sea-coast, it almost rose into a virtue; combining, as it did, the assertion of free rights against an arbitrary impost with deeds of daring and skill dear to the national heart. It is in the line of contraband trade with France, in articles which the long war made exceptionally and extravagantly dear, that Ned—under the auspices of his foster-parents, Paul Grey and his handsome and spirited but childless Polly—takes his plunge into a sea of troubles, perils, and eventual triumphs. The cruises of the smart lugger, the *Polly*, furnish themes for description quite in the manner of Captain Marryat. Despite the malignant arts and spells of Mother Lee—an old crone strongly suspected of witchcraft, and burning with jealousy of the happy seaman's wife and her blooming foster-boy—the saucy craft plies her adventurous calling in the teeth of revenue cruisers and French privateers. Goodly store of smuggled wealth fills the secret cave behind Paul's cottage on the cliff. The friendly hints of the active one-armed lieutenant of the coastguard—Joe Smart, secretly in love with the buxom Polly—fail to check the flow of enterprise. The revenue cutter, close on the heels of the *Polly* at the close of one successful trip, is lured upon the rocks by the bale-fire of Mother Lee, in revenge upon the officers of the Crown for the loss of her husband, who has been hung for piracy and murder. A terrible scene occurs at the foot of the cliff, where a handful of drowning men, upon a mast with their officer, battle for life with the boiling surf:—

"Lord help us!" screamed a voice of agony; "help!"

"Hold fast!" was again heard, as the breakers forced the entire length of the mast broadside on against the rocks, and jammed the unfortunate men against the cliff.

Old Mother Lee had stood up, and she leant over the cliff, listening to the terrible struggle for life.

"Ha! ha!" she chuckled.

"Lord help us!"

"I'll help ye! Yer helped my Stephen, didn't yer? Here's help for yer! and here! And here's more help! Curses on yer! here's more help! Ha! ha! I heard that strike! D'ye like it? Here's another!"

The old woman, with incredible strength, in a frenzy of fury lifted large blocks of stone from the rocky ground, and showered them at random upon the unfortunate sailors below. A fragment of stone of many pounds' weight fell upon the head of the gallant captain with a dull crash, and his lifeless body slipped from the mast and disappeared amidst the surf. Another, and then a third, succumbed to the pitiless shower of stones which the old hag rolled without intermission from the height. Two men had been crushed to death against the cliff by the mast driven by the surf. Only one remained; several rocks bounded past him, and two had struck the mast within a few inches of his hands.

Just at this moment Paul and Ned arrived, and found Mother Lee in the act of heaving another piece of rock over the edge of the cliff; in her excitement she had neither heard them approach, nor had she seen the light, as her attention had been directed below.

Startled at the unexpected sight of the old woman, Paul halted for a moment just as she hurled a large stone over the precipice. At the same time, a loud cry of distress from beneath rang upon his ear. The horrible truth flashed upon him as Mother Lee turned round, and he read the deed in the fearful expression of her features.

"Cursed old fiend!" shouted Paul, as he seized her by the waist, and lifting her like an infant in the air, he swung her above his head; and in another moment Mother Lee would have been flying over the rock into the boiling surf had not Ned caught Paul's arm, and checked his first impulse of retribution.

Ned's daring is rewarded by the rescue of the single survivor of the crew, a black boy, who becomes his faithful and inseparable companion—the man Friday of his subsequent thrilling adventures in foreign parts. A love episode with the rector's charming and ingenuous daughter, Edith Jones, agreeably diversifies the current of risks and exploits, but is abruptly cut short when Ned and "Nigger Tim" are swept off the beach by a press-gang led by the odious and cowardly Jem Stevens, the rival suitor for Edith's good graces. Her big and brave Newfoundland dog Nero forms their companion in exile, and their saviour in many a hazard by sea and land. Meanwhile Ned's disappearance, falling in with the murder of rector Jones that very night—Ned's name too being the last word upon the dying clergyman's lips—involves the missing youth in the suspicion of guilt, in which his foster-father also innocently shares. A verdict of wilful murder is brought in against them both. The secret of the smuggler's cave is betrayed by Mother Lee, and its stores, including the relics "cast up by the sea," are taken possession of in the King's name. The old hag, following up her scheme of hatred and revenge, and scenting according to her diabolical wont "more luck from the sou'-west," attempts to lure the *Polly*, together with the man-of-war in pursuit, upon the rocks; but, catching fire from her own tar-barrels, meets a horrible though righteous death. The interest of the story from this point is divided, to be carried on alternately between the fortunes of Paul in desperate sea-fights and French prisons, those of the sad and weary watchers at home, and those of the two bold lads and their four-footed companion afloat. An extra touch of reality is given to the tale by the introduction of the famous sea-fight between the *Sibylle* and the *Forte*, from James's *Naval History*. The subsequent loss of the latter with her prize crew is hardly less vividly real. Readers of naval romance must not quarrel either with the probabilities which leave Ned, Tim, and Nero the sole apparent survivors of the wreck, or with the bounty wherewith good luck throws in their way everything needful, first for a long raft voyage, and next for the encounter with savage life on the African continent. At this point Sir S. Baker's special knowledge of Africans and their ways stands him in good stead, and he makes liberal use of the materials at his command. We are almost out of breath with the exploits and hazards which crowd upon us at every page. Our young adventurers cross burning deserts and foaming torrents, singly face the lion and the elephant, and bag the hippopotamus and the giraffe. Tim, through recalling the language of his boyhood, makes a way to the heart of more than one native race, and Ned, copying the precedent of Columbus, rises almost to divine honours through foretelling an eclipse, for introducing which without the authority of the almanac the author thinks it fit to make an apology. We come upon a succession of rapidly shifting tableaux, of tribes ferocious or gentle, wary old chiefs and gushing negro maids, envious magicians and medicine men, and lovely amazon queens. Through the jealousy or hatred of the one sex, and the far more perilous endearments of the other, our hero's constancy and courage pass triumphant, bereft as he is in turn of the watchful Nero and the faithful Tim, till we hail with satisfaction his safe return to England, home, and beauty. The moral unities of the tale are upheld throughout, not only by a delicacy of tone which renders it safe and fitting for the perusal of the young, but by a dealing out of substantial justice, which rewards the suffering good and deprives the wicked of their triumph.

The style of the book bears throughout the impress of the writer's own healthy and vigorous enjoyment of life, and if somewhat free scope is given to the imagination, there is nothing of sickly sentiment, or of any pandering to the love of the horrible. The narrative has been vigorously seconded by the lively though somewhat idealistic pencil of the illustrator. Nautical critics might possibly find professional holes to pick here and there in the records of deeds afloat. Much as Sir S. Baker has seen of life by sea as well as land, he can hardly have met with a lugger which had a "spanker" to be shot away, as befalls the *Polly* in an action with the French privateer, or a boom to be "slacked off" as she is cut out from under the guns of the corvette. Greater risks than those of facing savage tribes beset the landsman who ventures into the technical details of seamanship. In judging the general merits of the book as a fiction, it is only fair to keep in mind the class of readers for whose behoof it was specially designed. Should it be thought by professed novel-readers too rude or inartistic in respect to plot, or of too tough a fibre as respects such or such of its thickly-spun and inexhaustible yarns, it may turn out all the healthier and more digestible food for simpler and less *blasé* stomachs. We may envy the appetite with which the schoolboys so near to the writer's heart will sit down to the rich feast of marvel and adventure that he has spread before them.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 692, JANUARY 30, 1860:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1869.—Four Choral and Two Orchestral Concerts, Thursday Evenings, February 4 and 18, March 4 and 18, April 15, May 6. Madame Schumann will appear at the First Concert (Orchestral), and Herr Joachim at the Beethoven and Mendelssohn Night (Orchestral), on March 4. Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged for the last Three Concerts. (Stall Subscriptions for the Series, 21s. 6d.) Stalls, 6s.; Family Ticket for Four, 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Prospectuses at Austin's, St. James's Hall; Cooks & Co., 63, and Chappell, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—In consequence of the distinguished success that has attended the Four Ballad Concerts given in the present Season, arrangements have been made for TWO ADDITIONAL CONCERTS, to take place on Wednesday Evenings, February 3 and 10. At the FIFTH CONCERT, on Wednesday next, the following Artistes will appear: Miss Louisa Pyne (Mrs. Frank Bodda) and Madlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Hale, Miss Julia Elton, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. George Perren, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Winn. Pianoforte, Mr. W. H. Holmes. Violin, M. Sainton. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (to admit Four), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; and Gallery or Orchestra, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will Preside at the DINNER to be given in behalf of the Funds of the NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT and PROVIDENT INSTITUTION, at Freemasons' Tavern, on 16th of April next.

INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE. The NINTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be EVENING MEETINGS on Thursday and Friday, at Seven o'clock.

Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction, on Practical Shipbuilding, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting.

CHARLES CAMPBELL, *Assistant-Secretary.*

9 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., January 1869.

HINDOO and MAHOMMEDAN LAW and INDIAN LAW.—A COURSE of LECTURES will be delivered on these Subjects by STANDISH GROVE GRADY, Author of the "Hindoo Law of Inheritance," commencing on Monday, the 15th of February next.—For Syllabus and Tickets of Admission, apply to Mr. Grady's Clerk, 5 Essex Court, Temple.

MEMORIAL WINDOW to the Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON.—TRINITY CHAPEL, BRIGHTON, being now in course of Enlargement, an excellent opportunity presents itself for placing a Painted Window over the Communion Table to the Memory of the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON.

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OF

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No. 693, Vol. 27. February 6, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

SPAIN.

THE establishment of a Directory or Triumvirate in Spain will be a continuation of the Provisional Government, and a further adjournment of difficulties which thicken with delay. The supporters of a Republic are justified in assuming that the temporary adoption of their favourite form of government furnishes an argument for its permanent necessity and expediency. No future time will offer new facilities for selecting a dynasty or a King, unless indeed circumstances should encourage the ambition of some successful soldier. The only reason against choosing the Duke of MONTPENSIER or the Duke of AOSTA is that neither candidate is recommended by special merit or by general popularity. If SERRANO and his colleagues have really determined to propose a Directorate, their resolution shows but a qualified respect for the constitutional omnipotence which they have so constantly attributed to the Cortes. At the general election the main issue between a Monarchy or a Republic was decided by a large majority against the system which is now, according to common report, likely to prevail. The electors, as far as they may be supposed to have had an opinion, thought a King better than a President; nor can their representatives decorously forget, at the word of command, the professions which they have made or the instructions which they have received. Any objections which have been raised against the usual form of a Republic apply with increased force to a Directory. The executive power, except in extraordinary cases, cannot conveniently be put in commission, because, amongst other reasons, every member of the governing body will be more anxious to maintain or improve his own position than to contribute to the efficiency of the Government. In the height of a formidable war and of a desperate revolution the Committee of Public Safety for a time conducted the administration of France with spasmodic energy, and in a certain sense with success. The pressure of business and the imminence of danger rendering a division of labour possible, CARNOT was scarcely interrupted in his direction of the frontier campaigns by the mechanical duty of signing daily warrants for the judicial murder of victims selected by ROBESPIERRE or COLLOT D'HERBOIS; yet, when the reaction of Thermidor arrived, it appeared that half the Committee were eager to put the other half to death, nor would the section which might have proved the stronger have failed to accomplish its bloody purpose at the first interval of comparative leisure. The Directory which succeeded, falling on more prosaic times, soon deservedly acquired an evil reputation for faction, corruption, and incapacity. The conspiracy of Brumaire, with its results, was one of the most popular exploits in modern French history, especially when it appeared that the two supplementary members of the new Government were not destined to share with the FIRST CONSUL any portion of supreme power. The Provisional Government of 1848 abdicated, after an inglorious reign of two months, to make room for an Executive Body, which, through the imbecility of LAMARTINE, included LEDRU ROLLIN. The new Government, entering upon the nominal possession of power at the end of April, lasted long enough to be overthrown by the fearful insurrection of June. General CAVAIGNAC was then rewarded for his services in restoring order, by a kind of temporary Presidency; and it has always since been held that there ought to be a single person at the head of the Government, although a minority of the Constituent Assembly proposed to dispense with a President, and to entrust the executive power to a council of responsible Ministers. A Directory which would be weak even if it were designed to be permanent will certainly not derive additional strength from a limited and uncertain tenure of office. If either a different form of Republic or a Monarchy is deemed preferable to a Triumvirate, it will be obviously unreasonable to postpone advantages which can be at any time attained.

The Provisional Government, in referring every question to the Cortes, virtually acknowledges its own incapacity rather than its legal or constitutional disability. Revolutions are no more to be made by parchment than with rose-water; nor have PRIM and SERRANO any title except what is derived from military usurpation, ratified either expressly or tacitly by popular consent. Every statesman is aware that a large assembly can take no initiative, and that Government must, unless it is to abdicate all its functions, introduce and carry the measures for which SERRANO and his colleagues affect to be waiting in passive expectation. As it is impossible to be totally motionless, the members of the Government display a fitful and inconsistent activity. One of the Ministers considered himself authorized to commence the secularization of moveable Church property, although no Cortes had at any time sanctioned confiscation or transfer of Church goods to the State; yet, when a subordinate functionary is murdered in the course of obeying the Ministerial order, the Government announces its own incompetence to decide the question of religious freedom. The objection to measures relating either to Church property or to liberty of conscience is founded on the danger of irritating the priests and the fanatical part of the population. A Spanish bishop would probably prefer even the public preaching of a Protestant sermon to the loss of the treasures of his cathedral; but the Government, which was not afraid to provoke the Burgos outrage, has not made up its mind to establish freedom of worship, although its members, with some inconsistency, boast that one Protestant service, of which, as it happens, they knew nothing, has been celebrated at Madrid. It may still be hoped that Marshal SERRANO is not deeply moved by the sacerdotal tirade against heresy which has been presented to him in the name of various ladies of rank. The memorialists probably believe that, in the words which the priests have caused them to adopt, Protestants worship false gods, and preach unmixed immorality. The Provisional Government is not likely to share their frantic [illegible]; but it has probably not yet ascertained, to its own satisfaction whether any party worth conciliating cares for religious freedom. Sanguinary proof has been given that the fanatics are in earnest, and that they have a portion of the lower classes on their side. When Mr. BEALES and his followers next hold a meeting to congratulate the Spaniards on their institution of civil and religious liberty, it may be well to inquire whether the majority of the people approve even of the barest toleration. It may be safely assumed that the mob which killed and mutilated the unfortunate Governor of BURGOS would, at the bidding of its clerical leaders, as willingly have pulled down a Nonconformist chapel.

The Burgos assassination strikingly resembles many of the transactions which occurred in France in the days of the last Kings of the House of VALOIS. The League had, in Paris and in the larger towns, entire control over the bloodthirsty rabble; and it could always count on the clergy, and especially on the regular orders. Even in Spain the progress of modern degeneracy would probably have prevented the ARCHBISHOP from employing a confidential assassin to vindicate the cause of the Church. It was enough that the clergy and their attendants opened the doors of the cathedral to the mob, while they suddenly withdrew themselves from the presence of the victim. The murder may or may not have been deliberately planned, but there is little doubt that it must have been contemplated as possible. The clergy, who were supposed to be mainly aggrieved by interference with the archives and treasures of the Church, would undoubtedly have been able, within the walls of the cathedral, to restrain the zeal of their partisans. Ecclesiastical consciences will be but faintly troubled by an act for which they will profess to hold the Government responsible. The registration of church books and ornaments was not of urgent necessity, and it was therefore indiscreet to undertake it in a time of general confusion. The reasons assigned for the measure by the MINISTER

of PUBLIC WORKS were obviously futile or insufficient. The possibility that historical documents might be lost if they were left in the churches furnished but a lame excuse for making an inventory of silver candlesticks and jewelled reliquaries. The distinction between a mistake and a crime will not be regarded by the instigators of the murder, who will consider their own act, in its turn, as a more or less judicious political measure. It is unfortunately not yet certain that the clergy have committed an error, or, in other words, that their party is the weaker. The assassination is a defiance as well as a provocation, and there are some indications that the Government is intimidated. The open hostility of the Church to the Revolution greatly increases the risk of civil war. Some of the Northern provinces have returned Carlist members to the Cortes; and there are rumours of importations of arms across the French frontier. Even in political conflicts it is possible that the Church party may hold the balance of power by inducing the extreme and moderate Liberals to bid against one another for its support. It is useless to speculate on the final result of movements which become every day more complicated and more perplexing. The history of Spain during the last six months proves in a crucial instance that even such a Government as that of ISABELLA II. is scarcely more mischievous than a plausible revolution. Some of the worst anomalies which discredited the Monarchy seem to be inseparable from Spanish administration. In defiance of law and of justice the persons accused of complicity in the Burgos murder are to be tried by Court-Martial, although the state of siege which has since been proclaimed is the consequence of the crime. It is only in disregarding the securities of freedom that the Government is bold, for the NUNCIO, notwithstanding the refusal of the POPE to receive the diplomatic agent of Spain, still retains his diplomatic position and his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. There is little reason to expect that the authority of the Cortes will supply the want of statesmanlike vigour and prescience which threatens to make the Revolution abortive.

THE IRISH BISHOPS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Irish Bishops are at this moment in a position of great difficulty, and, in order to do them justice, the difficulty of their position ought to be carefully considered. They are looked on as the natural guardians of an institution which is beyond all question destined to receive before long a totally new shape. The interests of many individuals, and the feelings of a large and powerful class, are certain to be afflicted in a very serious and painful way; and the Bishops are considered, with more or less distinctness, to be the proper persons around whom those threatened should rally. If the Bishops could but take the same ground as the Protestant Defence Association, and could impose on themselves and the world by appearing to believe in the supreme utility of meetings merely assembled to hear third-rate speeches, and cry "No surrender," their task would be easy enough. But this is impossible. Men of sense can see no good in shutting their eyes and screeching out that what they know is going to happen shall not happen. The Irish Church will most certainly be disestablished and disendowed, but everything depends on the meaning which is to be practically affixed to these terms. To the Bishops, above all men, it belongs to endeavour that this meaning shall be one as favourable as possible to the Church over which they have been appointed to preside. But what are they to do? If they simply wait and do nothing, they are accused of supineness; and the clergy, who have very much to say, and the laymen, who have something to say, complain that they have no means of conferring with each other, of combining their efforts, and of helping the Bishops by their suggestions and their support. But then, if the Bishops make themselves into a standing committee of a purely voluntary and unrecognised kind, and associate with themselves that portion of the clergy and laity which would like to be so associated, they may fetter themselves by the action of a vague, unmanageable body over which they would have no control, and which might scandalize the public by its dissensions or its fanaticism. Excellent people as most Irishmen of the Established Church undoubtedly are, there are members of the Church who, in the hot contest they are always waging against Popery, have acquired a bitterness, a wrongheadedness, and a barbarous fury, that would create a very disadvantageous impression if its utterances were now brought before the world. The Bishops might be able neither to repress nor to disown their dangerous friends; and to what shocking lengths Protestant fanaticism may be carried has been just illustrated by the astounding story of the proprietors of Arran, who have, it is said, condemned 3,000 people to go without bread altogether unless they would buy it of a Protestant baker. Persons inflamed with this kind of zeal could scarcely be excluded from a conference of amateurs assembled to speak their foolish minds to the Bishops. The dirty linen of the Irish Church had better be washed at home just now, and it would be very difficult to secure this if an irresponsible, indeterminate body of zealots were called together. But it seemed to offer a happy escape from the dangers of such an assembly, and also from the reproach of doing nothing, if the Bishops could get permission for the Convocation of the Irish Church to meet. There would then be a body known to the law, composed mainly, if not entirely, of persons on whom the Bishops could rely, and eminently adapted from its constitution to do nothing if a masterly inactivity seemed the true policy, or to come out with any amount of resolutions, speeches, and declarations if a manifestation of clerical opinion might in the chances of events seem likely to be beneficial. Nothing could be more convenient, and the Bishops at one time thought that they might venture to ask Convocation to meet without the license of the Crown; but they found that the law was too strong for them, and so they were obliged to ask for the permission of the Government. They could not have had much hope that the present Government would accord the permission, but at any rate it seemed well to ask it. They have worked themselves into the favourable position of having a mild sort of grievance to cherish, and, if they do nothing, they can throw the blame of their inactivity on a tyrannical and hostile Ministry that actually will not allow the legal heads and representatives of a threatened Church to meet together in the hour of their peril.

The reasons against permitting the Irish Convocation to assemble appear to us overwhelming, and how very strong they are is shown by the refusal or omission of Mr. DISRAELI's Government to let it meet. Why, when the friends of the Irish Church were in power, and when a new Parliament was summoned, and the Convocations of the English Provinces duly called together, was the opportunity not taken to give the desired powers to the Irish Convocation? The only answer is, that the fatal objection which is felt now was felt then. This objection is, that the Irish Convocation is a complete novelty, and that the State would now take a distinct step in creating it, which is entirely inconsistent with the attitude of the State towards the Church involved in disestablishment. The Irish Convocation would not have been a recognised body of churchmen meeting at the ordinary time, in the ordinary way, for the discussion of what is clerically termed business. It would have been a new clerical body, summoned *ad hoc*, for the express purpose of resisting a Bill founded on Resolutions passed by the House of Commons. No State in the world would for a moment think of allowing anything of the sort. The same people who would meet in Convocation can of course meet at Dublin as a purely voluntary association, and may say and vote and resolve anything they please. But this was exactly what the Bishops, for reasons of which we recognise the weight, were especially anxious should not be done. They wanted the State to interfere on their behalf, to exercise that power which, of all its powers, most thoroughly assumes and realizes the theory of secular control over an Established Church— the power of saying that a particular body of clergymen may meet together in such a way that their proceedings have a legal validity which is undoubted, although its extent and nature may be undiscoverable. The Bishops, in effect, said to the State, "Establish us and our Church a great deal more strongly "than you have ever done as yet, and then we shall be "in a more comfortable position to discuss with you whether "we shall be disestablished." If indeed Convocation could have been used for the very purposes of disestablishment, if it could have been made to furnish the Government with a body competent to organize the Irish Church as a voluntary community, it would perhaps have been wise to overlook the anomaly and absurdity involved in calling it together at the present moment. But it is evident that it could do nothing of the sort. No English statesman would think for a moment of leaving the constitution of a church to a purely clerical body. Whatever may be the nucleus selected around which the future voluntary association is to cluster, it must necessarily contain a large lay element. To have called Convocation together, and then have added laymen to the members of Convocation, would have been merely a laborious and roundabout way of doing that which had better be done as simply and in as straightforward a manner as possible. And it would be wholly premature at

present for the Government to take any steps towards the creation of a body charged with the organization of the Irish Church as a voluntary association. When the nation is satisfied with the interpretation of disestablishment and disendowment suggested by the Government, it will be quite time enough to decide how and by whom the details of the scheme are to be practically worked. Before this organizing body comes into existence, it will be necessary to settle what endowment shall be left to it to administer, and what are to be its relations to the Established Church of England. Convocation could not possibly help any one to settle either of these points; whereas, by its discussions and by the air of intimate alliance with the State which it would assume, it might seriously embarrass their settlement.

The Bishops have now to consider whether, as they cannot get permission for Convocation to assemble, they will content themselves with forming a voluntary and unrecognised association to confer with and support them. They know their own business best, and can judge as no one in England can, whether they could get together such an association, so composed as to be in some degree manageable, and to carry with it weight and influence. But so far as any one here can pretend to have an opinion, we may venture to suggest that they would make a great mistake if they did anything of the sort. An association which only dealt in general remarks, which cried out against all spoliation, and went on speechifying and passing inoperative resolutions, would put the Bishops in a much worse position than that which they hold now. It is, on the other hand, quite impossible that an association presided over by the Irish Bishops should be able to make any practical suggestions of value at the present moment. Lord RUSSELL has kindly offered himself as a sacrifice for the general good, and has illustrated with what easy contempt the public passes by hasty, foolish little schemes from outsiders for giving so much of the Irish Church property in this way and so much in that. The Bishops had much better wait until they know what are the leading features in the scheme which the Government will propose. This measure will have at least the effect of bringing discussions about the Irish Church to definite issues, and will invest them with a practical character. We may calculate that all, or very nearly all, that can be said for or against the measure will have been said by the time the Bill passes the second reading in the Commons, and the degree of favour with which it is received by the nation at large will then have been ascertained. The Irish Bishops and their friends may then be prudent in making a move, and if they try to modify or to improve the Bill, while adopting its general principles, they may work with some prospect of success. There are many details which must be gone into before the Bill is finally settled, and as to which they have, perhaps, better information, and better means of arriving at a conclusion, than almost any other set of men. If they exhibit prudence and tact and moderation, it is impossible that the Bishops should not be able to control very largely the shape which the Church, under its new organization, will assume. They may, moreover, be encouraged to keep quiet for the present by observing that the contest on which they are about to enter begins under auspices very tolerably favourable to them. Their chief opponents are of course the Roman Catholic clergy, and although there is not the slightest sign that England is inclined to waver in entering on the path of justice, yet language has been held recently in some of the Romanist clerical circles which will certainly not tend to diminish whatever prejudices an ordinary Englishman may have against them. Nothing, perhaps, could conduce more to ensure the concession of very favourable terms to the holders of the endowments of the Established Church than that a cry should be raised by their rivals that they will not be content unless England strips the Protestant Church, when disestablished, of the last farthing. The priests are certain not to be content, whatever is done, for it is their business not to be content; and the argument so often urged by the friends of the Church, that it is useless to try to stop the agitation of the priests by ruining the Protestant Church, would carry much weight as being supported by all the facts we know of, if only it were not quite irrelevant. But although the Irish Church will be disestablished and disendowed, not to stop the agitation of the priests, but from a simple desire to do justice, yet the temper in which the Church is dealt with may in some measure depend on the course taken by the friends and enemies of the Establishment. The priests have gone some way to do themselves and their supposed interests harm by beginning to talk big and use violent language about what must and what must not be done. The Irish Bishops will do well, we should think, to avoid falling into the same error, and to remain in the silence and reserve that gives no offence, until they can do or say something likely to be effective.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

THE resignation of the Greek Cabinet seemed for the first time to afford a definite indication of the policy which was to be adopted; but it now appears that the KING has been unable to form a new Government, except on the understanding that the advice of the Great Powers should be rejected. Notwithstanding the calculated arrogance of Greek diplomacy since the beginning of the quarrel, it is still difficult to believe that the Government will venture on war. Without troops, without money or credit, in the presence of a formidable army on the frontier, the KING and his advisers can scarcely believe that it is their interest to provoke an unequal struggle. A less cogent argument against resistance might be deduced from the consciousness that from first to last Greece has been wholly in the wrong. It will probably be found that ostentatious reluctance to withdraw from a hopeless struggle has been assumed, partly to gratify national vanity, and principally for the purpose of imposing on the imagination of foreigners. Ingenious diplomacy delights to create or magnify the mysterious resources on which it professes to rely. As long as Greece seems to be only restrained by external force from springing at the throat of Turkey, credulous politicians will believe that some promise of aid, from Russia or from malcontent subjects of the Porte, supports a confidence which obviously rests on no visible foundation.

The extraordinarily mild language which revealed the internal differences of opinion in the Conference has enabled the Greek Government to affect a reserve and hesitation which were probably not seriously entertained. It cannot be doubted that Russia has long since announced that the moment is not propitious for a war of aggression; and it is improbable that the Greek Government should at any time have thought of undertaking a single-handed contest with Turkey. The elaborate deference of the Plenipotentiaries, and the delay which elapsed before the recommendations of the Conference were formally communicated to the Greek Government, have given an opportunity for the exercise of diplomatic skill. For two or three weeks all Europe has been kept in suspense while a petty State deliberated whether, in obedience to the counsels of the Great Powers, it should decline a hopeless struggle. In finally assenting to the moderate terms devised by the Paris Conference, any Greek Ministry which may be in office will have the air of conferring a favour. Few politicians will pause to reflect that the acceptance of the Protocol is an admission of wilful breaches of international law. Powerful wrongdoers have often displayed an ostentatious condescension when they have been forced to withdraw from some untenable position; but the strength of the Greeks consists mainly in their immunity from the extreme consequences of war. They know that at the worst they will be protected against any loss of territory, while their enemy is at all points exceptionally vulnerable. During the recent crisis they believed, with some reason, that they were able to involve half Europe in a war for which no Power was fully prepared; and, on the whole, they have added to the importance of their country by causing the commotion which has not even yet subsided. On the other hand, the Porte may perhaps hereafter be treated with more respect, in consequence of its original determination to rely on its own resources, and of the moderation which it has subsequently displayed. It has been often and truly remarked, that the diplomatic ability of Turkish statesmen is altogether disproportioned to their administrative capacity. The advisers of the SULTAN are perhaps more in earnest when they deal with great questions of war and peace than in the still more important task of removing internal abuses. The ablest Western Cabinet need not have been ashamed of the adroitness and foresight which have been displayed by the Porte during the whole of the Cretan insurrection. During that time the policy of France and of Austria has oscillated more than once between opposite extremes, and Russia has steadily watched for the opportunity of forming some aggressive alliance; but the Turkish Ministers rightly calculated that the Governments which had adopted no definite systems would ultimately imitate the unswerving neutrality of England, and every proposal of intervention in the internal affairs of Crete has been consistently rejected. The hostile proceedings of the Greek Government were endured until it was impossible to doubt the justice of retaliation, and even

when war became apparently imminent, time was afforded for neutral Powers to interpose their good offices. The Turkish Plenipotentiary at Paris made the adhesion of his Government to the Protocol contingent on the submission of Greece; and even at the present moment, if the negotiations should break down, the Porte is at liberty to make use of its undisputed superiority of force.

While both the disputants may claim to have secured some advantages in the controversy, the mediators have perhaps suffered a certain loss of dignity. There was a time when five Great Powers, dispensing for the most part with the formality of a Congress, settled without appeal any difficulty which might arise among the weaker States. If there had been a common purpose, the Paris Conference would probably have dictated peace in not less peremptory terms; but in political, as in ecclesiastical assemblages, vague and elastic formulas must be used when it becomes necessary to cover irreconcileable dissensions. It is possible that Prussia and Austria might have concurred with France and England in a vigorous censure of Greek turbulence, and in a demand for the discontinuance of hostile menaces; but if the Russian Ambassador had refused to sign the Protocol it was certain that Greece would be contumacious. It was therefore thought expedient to confine the decision of the Conference to commonplaces, not even seasoned with menaces or warnings. As the document has produced the desired result, it is perhaps hypercritical to complain of its form. Some ingenious theorists have discovered a more far-fetched apology for the tame language used by the Conference, in the knowledge of the Plenipotentiaries that the Greeks had no intention or desire of fighting. The determination of bystanders not to interfere in a quarrel has cooled the zeal of many an eager combatant; and it is possible that the Greek Government may have understood the Protocol as a hint that it would, in case of refusal, be allowed to indulge its warlike propensities without restraint. To the Turks, who had ships and troops ready, while they said little of their purposes, it would have been useless to address any similar intimation. The task of pacification has been greatly facilitated by the suppression of the insurrection in Crete, which was in some degree due to the resolute policy of Turkey. The rupture of diplomatic relations rendered it possible to confine the Greek blockade-runners to the port of Syra, and the Turkish commanders in the island, relieved from the danger of fresh invasions, were enabled to concentrate their forces against the volunteers and insurgents. Now that there is no longer a rebellion to support, it would be absurd to go to war in support of the theory that national sympathies supersede public law. The abortive insurrection, which from the first was deprecated by the ablest Greek statesmen, has greatly diminished the probability of the future annexation of Crete to the Hellenic kingdom. The Mahometan Greeks are now relatively more numerous than at the beginning of the war, and the hopes of the disaffected Christians are proportionally depressed. The Turks have found by experience that their most formidable enemies are more ready to threaten than to strike; and all parties have ascertained that the union of Crete to the kingdom of Greece is not regarded in Europe as an object sufficiently desirable to justify a war.

It is generally agreed that it would have been better, when the independence of Greece was first recognised, to have assigned to the new kingdom a larger territory; yet it is surprising that some intelligent politicians should hold that the Greeks have a right at any time to correct the supposed oversight by unprovoked attacks on Turkey. If, indeed, they were able to accomplish their object by their own strength, foreign sympathizers might well extend to their irregular proceedings the tolerance which was in a similar case accorded to GARIBALDI; but as long as the Turks have both legal rights and ample means of defending them against Greek assailants, it is not to be endured that enterprises should be undertaken which could only be successful if they formed the occasion of a general war. The Greeks, who among other accomplishments possess the art of writing in foreign newspapers, not unnaturally use their literary opportunities for the purpose of proving and illustrating their national superiority to their enemies. As they justly boast, they make fortunes in trade; they attend with praiseworthy solicitude to popular education; and in all respects they furnish a contrast to the characteristic immobility of the Turks. They are also, probably, adepts in the science of logic, but they have not succeeded in showing that their intellectual superiority entitles them to protection against the consequences of lawless attacks on their neighbours. Neither law nor morality allows a good man, on the strength of his virtues, to rob and murder a bad man; and the pretension of scholars to seize the property of dunces is still more indefensible. The aggressive patriotism which inspires Greek residents in Western Europe is not universally cherished at home. Many of the ablest public servants of the Porte, of Greek race and religion, prefer, for the present at least, the government of the SULTAN to the corruption and anarchy of Athens. If the obstinacy of the Greek Government after all forces on a war, the sympathy of England will not be with the aggressors.

THE ELECTION PETITIONS.

THE decision at Bradford is one of the most important that have yet been given, for Mr. Baron MARTIN in an elaborate judgment attempted to lay down the general doctrines of law with regard to bribery and treating. This will be of the utmost service to future candidates, for the most honest man may find his election upset by the rashness or even the mistakes of his agents; and if it can but be understood what may, and what may not, be done, candidates who mean to play a fair game will be able to say exactly what their agents may and what they may not do. For the future a much greater control will be exercised over the operations of agents than heretofore, and candidates will have to make it one of their chief tasks to know as nearly as possible what their agents are doing. With regard to bribery the law is tolerably clear, or at least it seems moderately intelligible, which is saying a good deal for any piece of law embodied in a modern Act of Parliament. If the candidate, or any of his agents, with or without his knowledge, gives money to any elector in order to obtain a vote, the candidate is *ipso facto* from that moment disqualified, and cannot possibly be elected. If, after he has been elected, he or any of his agents give money to reward a person for having voted for him, and this payment is made corruptly—that is, with an evil intent—his election will, on proof of the fact, be set aside. This is the law as laid down by Mr. Baron MARTIN, and it practically comes to this, that a candidate will lose his seat if he or his agents either give a voter money beforehand to induce him to vote, or afterwards give him money corruptly to reward him for having voted. But in what cases money could be given after an election to reward a voter, without its being given corruptly, is not quite clear, although nothing can seem clearer than the language used by the Judge. He said that, in all cases of money given after the election, the other side must prove an evil intention on the part of the giver of the money. But supposing a candidate, after having been elected, sent for a hundred of his supporters and gave them five pounds apiece, and there was no evidence to show that any of these men knew beforehand that the bonus was coming to them, or that the candidate gave it in order to make his seat safe on a subsequent occasion, would the act be perfectly legal, or would the Judge be at liberty to infer an evil intent from the character of the act? Mr. Baron MARTIN certainly said that the evil intent must be proved, not inferred; but until the case has actually arisen and received a judicial interpretation, it seems hazardous to assume that evil intentions can never be inferred from the mere fact that large sums of money are paid after an election to poor voters. But extreme cases are not likely to occur, and it is perhaps more useful to inquire what would happen in probable cases. If an employer of labourers who was the agent of a candidate told his men beforehand that they might vote as they pleased, but that he intended to raise the wages of all who voted for his friend, he would indisputably invalidate the election. But if, after the election was over, he called his men together and said that he had not interfered sooner because he wished them to exercise an independent judgment, but that now he wished to befriend the supporters of his friend, and would give a shilling a week more to all those who had voted on his side, would that be legal? We think that, according to the doctrine laid down at Bradford, it certainly would be legal, and yet such a proceeding would do as much as anything could do to demoralize a constituency. But the law cannot pursue a man's conduct into all its ramifications, and it is difficult to see how anything like evil intent can be proved by an employer raising the wages of those workmen whom he prefers. And, if he may raise wages for political reasons, he may reduce them. He may tell his hands that those who have voted the right way shall have a shilling a week more, and those who have voted the wrong way shall have a shilling a week less. At the next election this would produce its natural fruit. He would tell his men that he was going to vote for SMITH, while they were at perfect liberty to vote for SMITH or JONES as they pleased. But the men would know, from past experience, that it would make the difference of two shillings a week to

them according as they voted in one way or the other, and they would thus feel themselves practically under a pressure to vote for SMITH which it would need much courage to resist.

If the employers who so acted were never in any sense agents of any candidate, but merely distributed wages as they pleased in order to promote the success of the political party to which they belonged, no election could be affected. Employers, however, naturally lean, not to bribery, but to intimidation. They wish to attain their object as cheaply as possible, and it seems simpler, and promises to cost less, to let it be known that, if their men vote the wrong way, they will be dismissed, or will have their wages reduced. The end thus attained by the operation of fear, without any inducement by way of reward being added. Intimidation is the weapon that comes handiest to manufacturers who are hot political partisans. That intimidation has been largely practised in many boroughs at the recent elections is a matter of common notoriety; and there can be no doubt that it was practised at Westbury. It is premature at present to comment on the Westbury case, for the decision has not yet been given. But the evidence adduced on behalf of the sitting member is quite sufficient to show that large numbers of men have been turned out of their employment because they did not vote as their master wished. So much has this been the case that an association has been formed, as it is alleged, to protect them from beggary until they can get work elsewhere. Whether the threat of dismissal made by an agent of a candidate will invalidate the election of that candidate, supposing the agency is proved, is the point to be decided at Westbury; and we will not anticipate the decision. But it is evident that exactly the same threats might have been made by persons who took care not to become agents, and that the manufacturers, whether agents or not, might have waited till after the election, and have then proceeded to punish those who voted the wrong way. If this precedent was established, the election could not be invalidated, nor could any future election be invalidated provided the employers, if agents, took care not to say anything of what they were going to do, but left it to be inferred from past experience. Practically, it would come to this, that manufacturers who were fierce political partisans could determine election after election by bribery or intimidation, or both, without the law being in any way able to touch them or to deprive them of their political success. This is a great evil, and it is to meet this evil that the cry for the Ballot has arisen so strongly in the last few months. Formerly the Ballot was demanded as a protection for tenants against landlords. But it is not on behalf of tenants that it is now asked nearly so much as on behalf of artisans against manufacturers. The manufacturer can act much more rapidly and decisively against his workmen than an owner of land can against his tenants. Nor is it at all true that those dismissed by one manufacturer who is a Conservative will be employed by another who is a Liberal. In many small boroughs there are two or three large factories belonging to members of the same family, and the rest are on a much smaller scale, and cannot take on extra hands at a moment'snotice. The owners even of large factories may not be able to take on new hands, and so many manufactures require special training that a discharged hand who just knows one little piece of manufacturing knowledge may very probably see no hope of employment if he migrates. He is in a worse position than that of a tenant who, when the term of his tenancy is over, is driven out of his holding for acting contrary to the wishes of his landlord. The working-classes feel this, and they feel it bitterly. We have put political power in their hands, and, if they choose to use it, they will have their own way. They have been stung by the tyranny exercised over them in some boroughs at the late election. They think that the Ballot is the only safeguard they have against constant political oppression for the future. It is no use shutting our eyes to the facts of current political history. Manufacturers have a power of determining elections which is quite enough to prevent the free suffrage of artisans, and some of them have shown at the last elections that they will use this power unsparingly. The suffrage has been given to men who, without the Ballot, are at the mercy of masters who will show them no mercy. It is perfectly certain that, if this intimidation goes on, the Ballot will be forced on Parliament, and, bad as the remedy is, the disease is worse. The arguments against the Ballot appear to us to preponderate over those for it, and the greatest of the arguments against it is that, by appealing to the better instincts and principles of men, we may bring about a healthier state of things, whereas by secret voting we can only frustrate their evil intentions; and the last elections showed that, among the great owners of land there has generally sprung up a sense of political honour, and they put less pressure on their tenants than they ever did before. It is quite conceivable that in a few years a landlord who coerced his tenants might injure himself in the social opinion of his equals and neighbours, and it would be far better that political liberty should be brought about in this way than by the rude contrivance of the Ballot. In the same way it would be much better that manufacturers should be shamed out of turning men who vote the wrong way into the streets, than that the men should be protected by the Ballot; but unless the manufacturers are wise in time the Ballot will certainly be demanded as the inevitable supplement of the new Reform Bill.

Mr. Baron MARTIN laid down the law with regard to treating as well as to bribery; and it is practically much more important to know what treating is than to know what bribery is, for it is easy to understand that money must on no account and under no pretence be given to a voter, but it is not so easy to understand when a candidate may pay for the beer drunk by other people. The law is that a candidate may pay for refreshments consumed by his supporters to an amount reasonable according to their station, and to the occasions on which they exert themselves, provided that he does not do this with any evil intention, or with a view to being elected. We do not see that there could be any evil intention which would not be contained in a design to be elected, and so, although the Judge used the expressions as if they might mean different things, it may perhaps be assumed that they have the same meaning. If, therefore, a candidate gives refreshments to his supporters, who he knows are sure to support him whether he gives them refreshments or not, he is quite safe. He may pay the bills of his Committee for such refreshments as they can properly consume while engaged in their work. This was the precise point decided in Mr. FORSTER'S case. It is not giving refreshments that will unseat a candidate, but giving refreshments in order to be elected. Mr. RIPLEY lost his seat because he had given refreshments to any one who liked to partake of them. He had kept open a vast number of public-houses. He had spent more than seven thousand pounds in doing so. It was impossible, as the Judge thought, that this vast sum should have been spent merely to provide certain supporters with moderate refreshment. It is not necessary in such a case to prove that refreshments were given to any particular person to induce him to vote, but the general evil intention—the wish to be elected by offering refreshments lavishly and indiscriminately—is inferred from the acts of opening many public-houses and spending much money. Mr. Baron MARTIN, however, went further. He held that if an agent of a candidate invites a wavering voter to come to a public-house, and then stands a moderate amount of beer, just to wet the discussion, but not to make the waverer decide in his favour by the inducement of the beer, then he has had no evil intention, and has not violated the law. Further, he invented a test eminently favourable to those accused of treating. An agent who treats corruptly exposes himself to a penalty of 50*l.* Mr. Baron MARTIN said that, in order to decide whether an alleged case of treating was such as to invalidate the election, he should ask himself whether the evidence adduced would make him return a verdict of guilty, supposing he were sitting on the jury and the agent were indicted. Certainly the Judges have done nothing to encourage petitions, unless brought forward on very strong grounds. As was said both at Lichfield and at Warrington, the Judge will treat the return as a serious thing not to be put aside lightly, and hitherto more petitions have failed than have succeeded, and many, it may be surmised, will be withdrawn now that it is more clearly understood what must be established in order to make success probable.

AMERICA.

THE great and increasing prosperity of the United States proves that a country possessing unlimited land and an industrious population can afford to dispense with legislative wisdom and with administrative honesty. The addition of five millions to the number of inhabitants since the census of 1860 far more than compensates for the losses caused by a mischievous tariff, and by a perverse depreciation of the national credit. The Empire of Brazil is as large as the United States, and probably it contains even greater material resources; but it is inhabited by inferior or degenerate races,

and the climate is not for the most part tempting to European immigrants. The great Republic of the North, like a wealthy spendthrift, presumes on its advantages with comparative impunity. No small State could afford to be ruled by the politicians who are thought good enough for Congress. Americans generally express in private a sincere contempt for the House of Representatives, and for some of the most prominent members of the Senate; and they never seem to understand that a great community can be any way compromised by the character of its chosen rulers. In a speech lately delivered in the House, Mr. BUTLER recommended the permanent adoption of an irredeemable paper currency, on the ground that coins had first been invented and stamped by despots some thousands of years ago. On another occasion Mr. BANKS proposed the establishment of an American Protectorate in Hayti and San Domingo, although there was no allegation that any party in either the French or the Spanish section of the island desired foreign interference. Mr. BUTLER moved as an amendment that the PRESIDENT should be authorized to extend the Protectorate to any or all of the West India Islands, on the demand of the Government or of the people. As it was scarcely likely that the European Powers which hold possessions in the West Indies would apply for American protection, the amendment practically contained a promise of aid to possible rebels, and more especially to the actual insurgents in Cuba. The French Convention in 1793 was to a certain extent consistent in offering assistance to any nation which might desire to liberate itself from its existing Government, but Mr. BUTLER simply offers, in a time of profound peace, to annex the territories of friendly neighbours on the first occasion. Another representative moved a further amendment, which was intended to include the Sandwich Islands; and finally, a Fenian member from New York demanded that Ireland should share in the benefit of the Protectorate. As the House finally shelved the motion and the amendments, it may be said that the folly and insolence of the speakers were harmless; yet it must be remembered that the chief offenders are leading members of the dominant party, and that in a long debate no opponent rose to rebuke them. Mr. BANKS is Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House; Mr. BUTLER was the principal manager of the impeachment, and he has since been returned to the next Congress by a large majority for an electoral district in Massachusetts. When brawling and dishonest demagogues are allowed to occupy high places, the discredit attaching to their language and conduct is not confined to themselves. The habitual indifference of the people of the United States to personal qualification was oddly illustrated during the war by the appointment both of Mr. BUTLER and of Mr. BANKS to high military commands. The scandalous incompetence exhibited by both has apparently not in any way affected the popularity of either politician.

Notwithstanding the statistics and the reasoning of Mr. WELLS, both Houses have been busily employed in imposing prohibitive duties on imports. It happens that certain copper-mines in Michigan are not at present prospering; and to relieve the shareholders, who have probably not failed to purchase support at Washington, Congress has raised the duty on copper by 300 per cent. The only opponents of the measure in the Upper House were some Senators from New England, who were justly taunted with inconsistency in refusing to Western mines the protection which is enjoyed by Eastern factories. Mr. SUMNER at last endeavoured to tack on the Bill a clause for the further protection of some New England fabrics; but ultimately the copper miners obtained an unmixed triumph. One of the speakers in the debate stated that American ships are forced to sail to some foreign port before they are sheathed with copper; but the manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania have a strong interest in bribing the Western States to support protection. As Mr. WELLS justly argued, the products of one kind of manufacture are the raw materials of another; so that the existing tariff frequently operates as a special burden on domestic industry. It would perhaps not have been prudent to dwell on the injustice to the consumer who is forced to pay a heavy tribute to his producing neighbour. The interests of the community at large are never considered where the rudiments of political economy are unknown. It is almost a subject for regret that America is not in need of foreign wheat; for the threatened importation of a single cargo of grain would inevitably be followed by a protective corn law which would reproduce the obsolete policy of England. There is already a heavy duty on foreign wool; but, according to one of the speakers in the Senate, the wool-producers have not received a corresponding benefit. In dealing with this article, Mr. WELLS, according to his customary rule, abstained from urging on Congress the hardship imposed on the not inconsiderable class which requires coats and trousers; but he ventured to suggest that there were more tailors and slop-makers than sheep-farmers, and that the protective duty on wool counteracted the protective duty on clothes. The administration of milk instead of strong meat to babes in economic science is a proof of Mr. WELLS's sagacity. His report may perhaps gradually effect some modification in public opinion; but as long as the producers watch with their usual vigilance over the lobbies, there will be no change in the legislation of Congress. At some remote period the Western farmers will probably discover that they receive scarcely any portion of the subsidy which their representatives extract from the American consumer for the relief of all who produce what might be better produced elsewhere. In the meantime the evil is mitigated by the wide extent of territory which is uninterrupted by any Customs frontier. The annexation of Cuba, if sooner or later it is accomplished, will practically repeal the resolution which gives a monopoly to the copper of Lake Superior. The copper ore of Cuba is better and cheaper; and if the island were once made a part of the Union its products could be no longer excluded. The desire for aggrandisement would, if the question arose, prevail over the love of protection, especially as some Northern patriots would rejoice to inflict an additional blow on the sugar-planters of Louisiana.

The indefinite extension of the territory of the Union would mitigate the evils of a bad tariff, but it would dilute and adulterate the character of the American people. It is doubtful whether the Constitution will survive the infusion of three or four millions of negroes into the ruling body; and Cuba would add another unmanageable mass of Spanish Creoles and of liberated slaves. There are uncertain rumours of negotiations with Mexico for a cession of territory in discharge of unsettled claims. If such a cession involved a transfer of allegiance by any large number of Mexicans, the transaction would not be ultimately beneficial to the United States. The American people, happily for themselves, have been scarcely sensible that they were governed; and the Federal authority was more imperceptible than the power of the State. Their indifference to the character and competence of statesmen and Legislatures is partially explained by the insignificance of the functions of the Government; and the same excuse may be offered for the reckless admission of incapable negroes to the enjoyment of the suffrage. Nevertheless it will be impossible to convert Cubans or Mexicans into Republicans capable of administering their own affairs with regularity and vigour. If the BANKSES and BUTLERS succeeded in appropriating the West Indian islands, including Hayti, the Government would have to choose between the admission of a semi-barbarous population to equality and the institution of some form of colonial administration which would be incompatible with the spirit of the Constitution. The Union has extended itself from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the voluntary movement of a population which, notwithstanding a large admixture of immigrants from Northern Europe, was sufficiently homogeneous. If countries inhabited by inferior races are to be annexed, the system which has been found successful must be largely modified. The history of South America during the last half-century sufficiently proves that the most symmetrical Constitutions fail to confer freedom and order on turbulent and half-civilized communities. There can be little doubt that American statesmen are aware of the danger and inconvenience which might be caused by the indulgence of ambitious designs; but the debate in the House of Representatives shows that politicians think it worth while to affect sympathy with the unscrupulous projects which are known under the cant name of "manifest destiny." The enormous amount of empty talk which is customary in the United States sometimes misleads foreigners who still cherish an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of decent reserve.

THE WAR-OFFICE IMBROGLIO.

NO outward sign has yet been given of Mr. CARDWELL's progress in the reorganization of the department which has been handed over to him in a state of almost hopeless confusion. If the interval—already considerable—that has elapsed since the change of Government has been spent by the War Minister in mastering the difficulties of his position, and preparing the way for a reconstitution of his office on a more rational basis than has ever yet been laid down, the time may not have been thrown away, however small the immediate fruits may be. Whether this is or is not the case remains a profound mystery, notwithstanding the jubilant announcements invented some time since by the military organs, that the generals had triumphed, and that all the

finance of the army, including the preparation of the Estimates, was henceforth to be entrusted to the same military hands by which the supplies are distributed and the money spent. There is no reason to suspect that Mr. CARDWELL has done anything so mad as this; but, on the other hand, no indication has yet been vouchsafed to the public of any definite step for the restoration of the financial control exercised over the army by civilian and Parliamentary officials for more than a century, until it was undermined by the military manœuvres which culminated in the appointment of Sir HENRY STORKS. Our military contemporaries have been very angry with us, and with other journals who have adopted our phrase, for designating this long-continued movement by the title of the Horse Guards Plot but, until Mr. CARDWELL recognises the fact that such a plot is always in existence for the purpose of supplanting civilian by military control, he will not have gone far towards the solution of the problem he has taken in hand. The exultation with which the premature announcement was made that Sir HENRY STORKS had got hold of the Estimates was only one of many plain intimations that the leading idea of all the recent modifications was the exaltation of the military element into supreme authority over the civilian departments that had previously controlled it. There are very many soldiers, and one civilian, who think this a desirable consummation to aim at; but while Lord ELCHO and his army friends loudly proclaim the imminent success of a revolution which shall transfer army government and army finance into the uncontrolled hands of general officers, it is little puzzling to be told by other friends of the movement that it is a mere delusion to suppose that any such project has ever been hatched. In truth the plot is nothing new. It is easy to trace the course of its sappers incessantly working and mining for years and years, and the only peculiarity of the present moment is that the energy of the attack has been redoubled in consequence of the advance which it has made while the defence of constitutional authority was left in the feeble hands of Mr. CARDWELL'S predecessor And not only is it nothing new, but it is nothing surprising. So long as the dual government subsists, so long will the Horse Guards Plot be an inevitable element in our system of army administration. Until civilian control is either made supreme over military government, or trampled under foot by it, there must be a perpetual struggle for *mastery*, open or disguised, between the two competing rivals for administrative power. Soldiers as naturally wish for one termination of the contest as thoughtful politicians do for the other, and we are not sure that even the triumph of the wrong side would not be preferable to the disorganization that results from the subterranean tactics by which the nominal supremacy of the Parliamentary Minister is continually being undermined

In the near relations which exist between the executive head of the Army and the Throne it has been supposed that any reformer would find a grave source of embarrassment; but this is an entire delusion. No appeal would be needed to the sound constitutional principles which have always governed the conduct of HER MAJESTY, for no one who ever held the command in chief has acknowledged more frankly than the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, that the War Minister ought to be supreme, and that the proper function of the Commander-in-Chief is to act as his principal adviser in military matters. The Horse Guards plotters are much more zealous for soldier-supremacy than the Head of the Horse Guards has ever shown himself to be. That the time has come for the reorganization of the War Department with an unflinching regard to sound principles of administration and to nothing else, we are profoundly convinced; and if Mr. CARDWELL appreciates the importance of the crisis, it is no wonder that he should pause to mature his plans before committing himself to definite action. If, on the other hand, he shrinks from the plain duty before him, and limits his aspirations to that heaven of feeble Ministers—a plausible compromise sufficient to last his time—he may well hesitate before choosing between conflicting schemes which differ only in being more or less ephemeral and inefficient. Still there are modes and degrees of temporizing, and a Minister who is content with merely staving off the day of decisive action may, by one course, transmit the difficulty to his successors not much more formidable than he found it himself, while by another he may so aggravate the confusion as to leave it almost remediless, except by a reform little short of revolution.

If Mr. CARDWELL reflects on what has been done since the days when we had an efficient army-ruler on the permanent staff in Sir BENJAMIN HAWES, he will see that these are no fanciful apprehensions, and that if he does not set himself resolutely to unweave the web that has been so covertly woven by military hands since the commencement of the Crimean war, he will, however reluctantly, find himself a passive instrument of the party whose object, sometimes disclaimed and sometimes avowed, is to create such a self-governing army as has never existed in this country since the days when Kings were generals, and Army Ministers their unquestioning servants.

The most superficial glance at the present and past organization of the War Office affords conclusive evidence of the great change that is in progress. What did Mr. CARDWELL find when he first entered his new office? He met first a general officer enjoying the dignity of Under-Secretary of State, who had been selected originally to advise on military technicalities, and to perform some of those duties towards the Minister which the Commander-in-Chief would discharge if, instead of being established in anomalous independence, he were made the first executive officer under the Secretary of State. On inquiring for the next biggest official, Mr. CARDWELL would find pointed out to him another general officer with newer trappings, but with nominally equal, and perhaps really superior power, who goes by the name of Controller-in Chief; and he would learn that this distinguished officer, with the aid of a third general, takes under his charge the supply of all the requirements of the army, and aspires to the command of the auditors who are supposed to check his expenditure, an to the management of the finance and the preparation of the Estimates, which have never before been committed to any but civilian hands. Having received the homage of these great subordinates, Mr. CARDWELL would next be invited to look upon a civilian of lower rank, still nominally enjoying the title of Assistant Under-Secretary, whose shadowy function it would be impossible to describe, if it were really true that the Controller had absorbed all the offices he thirsted for. An interesting relic of an obsolete *régime*, when Parliament really asserted its authority over army finance, this powerless officer would stand as the modern equivalent of the once omnipotent BENJAMIN HAWES, and of the earlier series of Secretaries-at War, in whose time not a shilling was allowed to be spent without the Parliamentary Minister knowing the reason why and knowing it from the information, not of the soldiers who spent it, but of watchful civilians, whose duty it was to keep extravagance in check, and who did it by judicious organization, and not by merely cutting down troops and stores, leaving the void to be filled up at double expense in future years. These three officers are the authorities through whom the Minister has now to work.

Now, look at the picture of an earlier time, immediately after the consolidation, as it was called, which was attempted at the time of the Crimean war. The Minister for War of that day found his office ruled, not by two generals competing for the first place, but by one permanent officer, who swayed the whole machine. This was the Deputy Secretary-at-War—a civilian trained in the House of Commons to constitutional principles. Perhaps some "HIPPOPHYLAX" may add, with a sneer, that he was a metropolitan member and an ex-soapboiler. The fact was so, and it was also the fact that no permanent officer had ever governed the army with the authority, skill, and judgment displayed by Sir BENJAMIN HAWES In spite of the complication of the dual government, there was in his day no successful encroachment on the functions of the civilian chief of army administration. The next officer was another civilian, the Assistant-Under-Secretary, who had the sole control of finance and of the Estimates, subject to the directions of the Deputy Secretary-at-War. These were the two great offices of the permanent staff, and of them the first has disappeared, and the second, deprived of the support of a civilian chief, seems to retain no function that is not coveted (and, if our army friends prophesy truly, already on the point of being appropriated) by the Military Controller. A third officer, of inferior grade, completed the higher staff. This was the soldier Secretary for Military Correspondence, a subordinate makeshift appointment devised to stop the gap occasioned by the severance between the Horse Guards and the War Office. This is the same office which has now developed into that of Under-Secretary, and which, together with the newly devised Controllership-in-Chief, absorbs all the powers that were once so vigorously wielded by Sir BENJAMIN HAWES.

We cannot within our limits trace the successive steps by which the War Office has been thus transformed. Neither is it necessary to dwell on the means by which what is really a revolution in military administration has been brought about. The result speaks for itself. The two great civilian

offices that governed all are shrunk into one subordinate office of secondary rank and precarious authority; the one insignificant military office is somehow or other dilated into first-class proportions, and yet another high military office is added in which all civilian functions are rapidly being merged. And let it be especially observed, that these results have not been attained by the mere personal substitution of soldiers for civilians in any particular posts. That would be temporary, and of small importance. But the civilian functions have been insidiously tacked on to the military offices, so as permanently to exclude for the future all civilian interference. And this has been done very skilfully; for care has been taken that each soldier-official to whom financial duties have been transferred should have so much specially professional work to do as to preserve his powers for all time as the exclusive property of a military clique. We do not complain of the appointment of military officials, but of the creation of offices marked as military offices, and yet entrusted with the supervision of financial, and therefore of civilian, work. And all this has happened without the House of Commons having the slightest voice in the matter. No fresh scheme of reorganization has been submitted to Parliament, but one Minister after another has half unconsciously made one change after another at the suggestion of his soldier advisers, and military influence has been the power that has silently and steadily worked the transformation. Can any one consider these things and doubt that we rightly spoke of the "Horse Guards' Plot"? And if it has been thus vigorous in the last ten years, it is not the less to be traced, though working under greater difficulties, in still earlier periods. The very unification of departments which took place at the beginning of the Crimean war was a secret triumph, both in what it left undone and in what it did, for those who were manœuvring for military predominance; and it was so, first, because it did not unite the Horse Guards with the ordinary Parliamentary organization; and secondly, because in bringing together the functions of the Secretary-at-War and those of the Secretary for the Colonies and War, it took all the financial powers which had till then been vested in a purely civilian ministry, and handed them over to a mixed department which, as the event has shown, was not, like its predecessor, proof against military sapping and mining.

All these things have no doubt been duly pondered by Mr. CARDWELL. If he thinks that the military encroachments of the last ten years have improved the organization of his office, he will only have to do nothing, and he will soon drift without effort into the grand consummation of army self-government, and will find himself a helpless puppet in the hands of a staff of generals. If he takes a different view, and desires to restore the civilian control to the vigour which it displayed under Sir BENJAMIN HAWES, he has a rather arduous and tedious campaign to fight, and can only hope at last for the imperfect sort of success which always attends half-measures. If he has the courage to face the whole difficulty, to sweep away every anomaly, and reconstruct his office on the basis of Parliamentary supremacy, he may reckon on one sharp struggle, followed by an increase in the efficiency and genuine economy of our army organization, for which his name will long be remembered among the best and boldest of our statesmen. But, unfortunately, administrative genius is not common, and reforming courage is rare among men in high office, and we are still left in doubt whether Mr. CARDWELL can rise to the height of the situation.

FRANCE.

IT is quite natural that the French Government should wish the present Session to close without a debate upon its internal policy. When a general election is impending, the speeches of the Opposition orators become of unusual importance. At other times they may be unpleasant to listen to, but when that little annoyance is over there is nothing more to fear. The division lists in the Corps Législatif might easily be made up beforehand. Just now, however, the opportunities of mischief are not exhausted quite so soon. Once in five years even a French Deputy gets the chance of speaking to the country, and not merely to a packed and obedient Chamber. In May next every French elector will be thinking to whom he shall give his vote, and though in many cases the force of circumstances will decide the question for him, still the mere fact that he has a vote to give must tend to interest him in the proceedings of the Assembly in the reconstruction of which he will shortly bear an infinitesimal part. It follows, therefore, that if M. THIERS or M. JULES FAVRE were to get possession of the tribune, they would be sure of a very much larger audience than they can commonly count on. In many parts of France the apathy or the contentment of the population is such that no amount of indictments against the Government would make the least difference in the election. But that there is an increasing number of constituencies not thus happily circumstanced is shown, not only by the isolated victories of Opposition candidates, but by the large minorities which they have gained even in districts where the Government has been successful. Under these circumstances, anything in the nature of a damaging exposure must, in common prudence, be avoided, and so far M. ROUHER's anxiety that the demand for an interpellation on internal policy should be burked in the preliminary Committees needs no explanation. M. PINARD's reign at the Ministry of the Interior was too fruitful in mischances to make the subject at all a safe one three months before the elections. Unfortunately, to follow a natural impulse is not always the wisest course. There are many occurrences which it may be very important to prevent without its being for that reason safe to prevent them at all hazards. For once, M. ROUHER seems to have forgotten this. A demand for an interpellation must be authorized by at least four out of the nine Committees of the Corps Législatif, and in this case the demand had only succeeded in three. But in two out of the six the votes had been equally divided. Those who had voted for the interpellation contended that a second vote should be taken, but in both cases the Presidents ruled that a tie was equivalent to a refusal. A motion was then made in the Chamber itself to remit the demand to the two Committees, in order that the vote might be repeated. This was hotly opposed by M. ROUHER, and on a division the Government could only obtain a majority of 12, half of whom were Imperial chamberlains, in a house of 216. This amazing indiscretion on the part of the Minister of State has created the largest minority ever arrayed against the Government in the Corps Législatif. M. ROUHER might have used what pressure he liked to secure the vote he wanted in committee, and no harm have come of it. But openly to show that he feared the result of a second trial was to entail on the Government he represented no inconsiderable part of the inconvenience he was so eager to avert. The significance of the division itself, indeed, has probably been overrated. People have argued that, if 102 Deputies can show this amount of independence just before an election, what will they do when they are secure in their seats for a term of years? It would be nearer the truth to infer that it is the approach of an election which has induced them to assume this independent attitude. On these occasions a Deputy has not only a Government to please; he must also think a little of his constituents. To stand well with the latter may often greatly improve his position with the former. A prudent Prefect will not be content with the return of the official candidate; he will endeavour to get him returned by as large a majority as possible. Some small display of independence on the part of a Deputy now may secure a good many wavering or indifferent votes which would otherwise have been given to the Opposition, or not given at all. On this ground it may easily be the part of true prudence to take the electors as well as the Government into account in determining how to act during this short final Session; and the man who is found voting against M. ROUHER in January may have returned to his normal obedience by June. His constituents will then be safely at his back, while front of him will again be a paternal Government with its accustomed supply of prizes for good children.

The essence, therefore, of M. ROUHER's mistake was not that he ventured upon a vote which proved to be so very close, but that he allowed himself to provoke either the debate or the division. It is this which has enabled the Opposition to charge the Executive with shrinking from the legitimate discussion of its own acts. He should have left the Corps Législatif to decide the question for itself, and aimed at preserving an ostentatious indifference as to which way the decision went. If this exhibition of equanimity was beyond his strength, he might at least have rested his opposition to the motion on purely technical grounds. Some Parliamentary precedent might have been disinterred, and made to support an argument that a tie always does mean that a demand is rejected. Instead of this, M. ROUHER went at once into the merits of the proposed interpellation. He did not disguise that, if he had liked the substance of it better, he would not have objected to the vote of the two Committees being again taken. The line he adopted laid him completely open to a very telling attack from M. THIERS. How, asked the Minister of State, can the Chamber discuss anything so general as the internal policy of the Government? If any Deputy wishes to challenge our conduct in respect of the press

or of public meetings, or on any other defined subject, we are ready to meet him, but we will not plead to an indictment which specifies no particulars. The answer was obvious. If this excuse is to be allowed, the policy of the Government as a whole must for ever escape discussion. The general direction given to the affairs of the country is a distinct and separate matter from the course pursued on any particular question. The same men may approve the one and disapprove the other. The right of interpellation was substituted for the debate on the Address; and if it is now to be reduced to a simple permission to put a particular question to the Government, it is a substitute which wholly fails to answer the same purpose. For, as M. THIERS pointed out, if any Deputy attempted to make a particular interpellation of the text for a disquisition on the general policy of the Empire, the Minister of State would at once charge him with wandering from the question, and invoke M. SCHNEIDER's authority to put him down. It is easy to foresee the use to which this incident will be turned by independent candidates of all shades during the approaching canvass. Nor can the authorities easily make their reference to it the occasion for a charge of faction. If only a small number had voted against M. ROUHER, this no doubt would have been attempted. But when just half the Corps Législatif are found on the Opposition side, the most devoted Prefect must forbear to abuse a minority which was largely made up of the EMPEROR's friends.

Although the Government dislikes being questioned its general internal policy, it has vouchsafed to reassure its Conservative supporters on the subject of the socialist meetings which have lately been held in Paris. That property, religion, and family ties should be openly attacked by extreme democratic speakers is so obviously beneficial to the Empire which claims to be the one power competent to protect society from the practical consequences of such doctrines, that we need not wonder at the exceptional immunity conceded to these demonstrations. If there is anything unintelligible in the action of the authorities, it is the determination announced by M. BAROCHE of at once putting the law into execution against them. Perhaps however the explanation is, that some consideration has to be shown to timid friends. If M. DE BENOIST's terrors were suffered to go beyond a certain point, he might cease to worship that Imperial providence which has hitherto made his mind easy and his sleep sound. Nor is it improbable that the meetings in question have not been quite popular enough to serve the turn of the Government. They are described as having been attended by very small audiences, and addressed by very few speakers, and those men of no note. It may be that the authorities would have been better pleased if they had assumed more formidable dimensions and enlisted more important supporters. Not one of the deputies of Paris—declared democrats as some of them are—have been present at them, or taken any part in promoting them. It is by no means desirable for the Imperial purposes that the respectable classes should realize that there is a broad and plainly marked distinction between such men as M. PELLETAN, or M. JULES FAVRE, and the obscure demagogues who rave against religion and decency. M. BAROCHE would doubtless have liked to see these widely removed sections of the democratic party confounded under a common censure, and regarded with a common dread. As he has not been able to achieve this object, it is as well to make a little capital with the ultra-Conservatives of the Corps Législatif by lending a gracious ear to their nervous invocations.

THE NEW CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

It is not often that a deputation to a Cabinet Minister elicits an announcement of official patronage or official intentions. In this respect the deputation which waited upon Mr. BRUCE last Wednesday had an advantage over many others. It reaped the triple benefit of expounding its own ideas, learning those of the HOME SECRETARY, and hastening the publication of Colonel HENDERSON's appointment. This last news had been circulated for some days in private circles, and hardly took the world by surprise. The hope that it may realize all the good which the HOME SECRETARY augurs from it is not diminished by the fact that it hardly coincides with the wishes of Professor MARKS's deputation. To these gentlemen it seemed a strange and terrible thing that a person who was to command a brigade of 8,000 men, distribute their posts, regulate their reliefs, and superintend their patrols, should be a military officer. The "common sense of most" will probably find its best assurance of the goodness of the selection in the ingenious perversity of a metropolitan deputation. But though it is often sufficient to draw inferences from the arguments of bad logicians, there are grounds for approving of this choice quite distinct from the objections of those who dislike it. It is quite true that Colonel HENDERSON has the misfortune to belong to a profession the higher ranks of which are familiar with the duties of authority, method, arrangement, and punctuality. Some folks, too, will deem it a greater misfortune that he belongs to a scientific corps. But this disqualification the general public may perhaps consider to be neutralized—his opponents may regard it as strengthened—by his recent civil appointments. It was Colonel HENDERSON who for thirteen years was at the head of the convict establishment in Western Australia, and who for the last eight years has presided over the Directorate of Convict Prisons in England. Professor MARKS and his friends may perhaps argue that a long intercourse with convicts must have infected his mind with too sympathetic a sentiment towards the subjects of his care. But, until some flagrant instance of partiality has been displayed, we shall be content to believe that a man whose previous career has made him acquainted with the lives and characters of criminals is not wholly unfitted to be placed at the head of the Metropolitan Police. Had he been merely an inspector of convicts, or governor of a convict establishment, it might have been contended that his experience was one-sided, and that his capacity had been sharpened in one direction, only to be blunted in another. This objection is adequately met by the fact that, though long engaged in civil duties, Colonel HENDERSON has never ceased to be a soldier, and that the lessons which an officer learns early, both of obedience and of command, cling to him throughout life. These two qualifications — his original profession and his recent experience—are patent to the world. Sensible people will accept them as *primâ facie* claims to an appointment which requires habits of authority, discipline, and method. And sensible people will, until the contrary is proved, be ready to believe that he possesses other and personal qualifications not less requisite for his new office; that he is neither a vain, nor a garrulous, nor what the Americans call a "gassy" man, not one who talks too much of his doings, or who looks rather to a transient popularity than to his own conscience for the reward of his services. If with his professional and official experience Colonel HENDERSON combines discretion, discrimination, and reserve, Mr. AUSTIN BRUCE will have done much to atone for his hasty and ill-considered commutation of BISGROVE's sentence by giving to the Metropolis a good Chief of Police.

It was not to be expected that any deputation which waited upon a Secretary of State would fail to profit by the opportunity of discoursing on much collateral matter. In this instance the matter of the discourse was quite germane to the object of the interview, and we cannot say that the words of the deputation were without weight and relevancy. While we entirely disagree with the proposition that 8,000 is too large an aggregate police force for a capital which already contains 3,200,000 people, and bids fair within ten years to contain four millions, we are obliged to confirm the statement that the moral is quite disproportionate to the physical strength of the police. With 8,000 defenders, London ought to feel secure against the alarms of normal violence and pillage. Such infractions of law as are known to most and experienced by many of us ought to be either impossible or exceptional. It ought not to be possible that, in a long, populous, and frequented street, houses should be entered by means of ladders between six and eight in the evening, two or three rooms stripped of their most valuable contents, and the thieves get away with the same ease, safety, and celerity, with which they entered. It ought not to be possible for a man to go up to a gentleman's house and carry off a pet dog in broad midday; and that a policeman patrolling close to the scene of theft, when appealed to by a spectator, should calmly plead his instructions as an excuse for not interfering. It ought to be impossible to point out showy shops owned by respectable ratepayers, whose principal traffic notoriously consists in the purchase and sale of stolen jewelry. It ought to be impossible to point out in a body of skilled artisans one or two men—"intelligent operatives" and electors of the British Parliament—who are known to combine the profession of crime with their other industry. But these things, which ought to be impossible, are far from being infrequent. They happen, not rarely and exceptionally, but at least every week. In fact, we do not know of the number of cases such as these. Those which attract attention happen in rich and fashionable neighbourhoods, where their occurrence excites interest and ensures publicity. But in poor and remote dis-

tricts, where the policeman is sometimes an autocrat, and more frequently a victim, cases of deliberate neglect and studied inattention are the rule rather than the exception. Now, it would be unjust to say that either fear or corruption is the invariable cause of this *laches*. That each has its influence we do not doubt; corruption in the wealthier, and fear in the poorer, districts. But we are persuaded that a policeman's neglect of his prescribed duties is more frequently the effect of ignorance than of fear or corruption. It is inconceivable how ignorant even some of the policemen of the A division are of their primary duties—of everything that concerns street nuisances, information given of theft, and all the applications of the law under which and on behalf of which they are supposed to act. Sometimes this ignorance is further clogged by great stupidity; more frequently it proceeds from carelessness, and sometimes from an utter despair of being able to understand and classify the regulations which are scattered over more than seventy Acts of Parliament. Two remedies for this evil suggest themselves. One is a more frequent supervision of the district stations by the Chief Commissioner, and of the patrols by the Assistant Commissioners. The other is the enlistment of a better and more intelligent class of men in the police. The former remedy depends on the personal energy and example of the chief himself; the other on his influence with the Government of the day. Sir R. MAYNE shirked neither danger nor trouble on great and perilous occasions. But it was his grave and conspicuous fault that he confined his duties mainly to pen-and-ink work in Scotland Yard. This will never do. A chief of police, to know his men thoroughly, and understand the working of the police, must be seen at outposts, and witness the way in which his inspectors perform their duties. There can be no zeal, no energy, without the occasional presence of the chief. As to the enlistment of a better class of constables, that does not entirely depend upon him. All that he can do is to persuade the Government to adopt measures which will make entrance into the force an object of competition to a good and intelligent class of men. At present vestries and deputations grumble at the numerous resignations of the constables, and seem to impute this evil to the Chief of the Police. They might as well accuse him of the unseasonable weather, or of female fashions, or of the taste for music-halls. He has just as much influence in these matters as he has in making the profession of a constable popular. That can only be done by attaching to it the same conditions as induce men to enter other departments of the public service. Let constables be assured of a provision for life when they have ceased to serve, and there will be as little difficulty in obtaining good policemen as there is in obtaining good soldiers, sailors, and clerks. This boon the Chief Commissioner is powerless to confer, but he may be most powerful in procuring it.

There is one point in which Colonel HENDERSON's nomination will be satisfactory to many beside the deputation of last Wednesday. The inhabitants of London have awakened to the consciousness that their metropolis is the Omphalus of the thieves' world. The most accomplished proficients in roguery and villany gravitate to it by a sort of special attraction. The cleverest of convicts air their ticket-of-leave experience under our windows and on our doorsteps. In Paris and Vienna the course of action would be clear enough. A body of detectives would be specially assigned to watch these felonious and burglarious gentry. Their goings out and their comings in would be accurately scrutinized, their residences narrowly watched, their companions dodged, and their apartments entered by the inevitable agents of the Public Force. In this country we cannot do as they do in France and Austria, and there is a popular objection to the express legalization of measures which savour of arbitrary harshness. But most people are convinced that even without an Act of Parliament something more might be done than is now done for repressing the criminal expert. To effectually deal with the ticket-of-leave man, to deter him from going on with his profession, to keep him from corrupting others, and to keep others from associating with him, requires a special knowledge and experience. Such a knowledge is possessed by Colonel HENDERSON. He knows the convict, from the virgin wickedness of his Australian nonage to the full-blooded depravity of his ticket-of-leave maturity. He knows the reclaimable and the irreclaimable; those in whom some spark of virtue still lingers, and those who have lost even the grace of hypocrisy. This knowledge will be of use whether the police be armed with new powers or left only to a wider use of their present powers. And it will be one of the most important duties of the new chief to suggest to the Government such changes in the law as, without offending the prejudices of the people, may empower the police to act efficiently, not only for the arrest of detected criminals, but for the prevention of meditated crime.

THE SPECULATIVE AND LOGICAL MINDS.

MR. LEWES, in a passage of the recent edition of his *History of Philosophy*, has described with great vigour and substantial correctness, though in a phraseology that appears to us not entirely unexceptionable, the process of the discovery of truth by the human mind. This process, according to him, consists of two parts—first, the "anticipatory rush" of the mind in framing conceptions of what is possible; secondly, the testing of these conceptions by all means in our power, which involves at once the examination of the intelligibility and internal consistency of the conceptions, and the examination of external reality, to see whether that in any way contradicts what we imagine to be the truth. As near as we can recollect, we have here added a little to Mr. Lewes's statement of the process; for, unless we are mistaken, he lays much less emphasis than we should think right to do on the necessity of clearing up our conceptions in themselves, and divesting them of any secret obscurities and ambiguities that may lurk in them—a portion of the process of discovery which can by no means be neglected, and which is quite distinct from the comparison of our conceptions with external reality. However, we do not imagine that Mr. Lewes would materially dissent from our statement of the process.

Speaking broadly, then, the discovery of truth consists of two parts—the imagination or conception of what is possible, and the testing of our imaginations in order to see whether they represent clear and actual truth. Neither of these parts can in any way be dispensed with. At all times there have been men who have imagined without testing, and men who have tested without imagining. The first, however, is mainly the error of an early and immature period; the second, the error of a late and cultivated period. Towards the first inclined such thinkers as Thales and Pythagoras; towards the second, such thinkers as Sir George Cornewall Lewis and Mr. J. S. Mill. But the most productive and efficacious thinker is such a man as Newton, at once so powerful in imagination as to be able to think possibilities that had never before entered the head of man, and so cautious in accepting these possibilities for truths as to lay them by for years because they were thought to contradict some ascertained facts.

It is, however, needless to say that the combination of these qualities is both difficult and rare. In fact, there is a certain antagonism between them. No man can at the same moment fling open his mind to all the imaginations that may crowd into it, and also be busily employed in testing the truth of these imaginations. The same man may at different times feel both these impulses to the highest extent, but not at one and the same time. And hence, in most men, one of these impulses habitually predominates, and the other is only admitted casually and at intervals. Thus, not to speak of men of remote times, Mr. Ruskin has the imaginative faculty in a very high degree, but cannot be said to have the logical faculty, or the faculty of testing, in more than a slight measure; while Mr. Mill, as we have said, is at precisely the opposite pole. Again, the speculative faculty, of which Mr. Darwin and Sir Charles Lyell have so large a measure, is not fundamentally different from the imaginative faculty; in both there is the same throwing open of the mind, the same spirit of search, of waiting until the desired truth shall arise before the inward vision; only imaginative minds, as we commonly use the word, have their desire bent on the more vivid sensuous reality, speculative minds on the broader intellectual conception. And thus, in the classification of thinkers, we should put Mr. Darwin on the same side as Mr. Ruskin, and over against Voltaire and Hume and Mr. Mill; for though it would be very unjust to Mr. Darwin to speak of him as deficient in logical ability, it is not his logic that has gained for him his great reputation, but his speculative power.

Not only with individuals, but with generations of men, it is noticeable how these two opposite impulses have alternately prevailed—sometimes one, sometimes the other, being dominant. The imaginative or speculative faculty always comes first; and thus in the infancy of Greek thought we have speculations of the freest and boldest type, enunciated by philosophers who thought that the universe lay open to be apprehended by the first comer, and were wholly unaware what a long series of observations—guided indeed by a rational motive or principle, but perpetually checked by the indispensable habit of cautious doubt—was necessary before the human mind could gain any satisfaction from the contemplated result of its endeavours. Thus Thales declared water to be the first principle of all things; nor must we undervalue such a step in philosophy as this, attained as it was through genuine observation and thought, and a faith, rare in all ages, in the unity of things. How vague and inaccurate his hypothesis was, Thales could hardly have known; he probably did not know (though he might have known) that it was a tentative hypothesis only. With Thales must be classed Pythagoras and Heraclitus and Anaxagoras, as great speculatists. The reactionary impulse, the impulse to test, the logical intellect, began with the Sophists. It was indeed as yet only in its rudiments; it was no cautious testing and experimentalizing that the Sophists instituted, but a sweeping denial; they were as proud of human ignorance as their predecessors had been of human knowledge. Neither

party had the smallest n   of the advantage of accumulating facts of little individual importance, but whose truth was certain. With Socrates began a new era. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle were three philosophers of that rarest type which does not give any inordinate preference either to the impulse to speculate and affirm, or to the impulse to test and deny. And it is in consequence of this that they are powerful over the minds of men even at the present day; whereas hardly any other ancient thinker is studied save for reasons of scientific curiosity. In a certain point of view, these three thinkers, like those before them, failed. That is, they instituted no science; they did not form the starting-point of any system of clear and enduring knowledge. And hence scientific men are prone to look with disfavour on them—a disfavour which results as much from the necessary narrowness of science (for science is essentially limited) as from the vagueness of philosophy. For looking broadly at the work done by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, it is absurd to speak of them as having failed. They first marshalled together and experimentally tried all those faculties and dispositions of mind which lead to knowledge; they did not narrow themselves to this branch or that of human interest; there is no corner in the field of discovery which men to this day have reached, that has not been reached through principles that were first apprehended by one of these three men. Their spirit has predominated over all succeeding thought, in spite of the fact that they themselves were guided into few facts or principles of supreme importance. Probably the width of the field over which their intellects ranged prevented their attaining entire clearness in any part of it.

It is of little use here to examine the alternations of the two impulses we have indicated with respect to the later ancient philosophers. Coming to modern times, we are at once struck by a fact, in itself most natural, though one which our ignorance of ancient times does not permit us to appreciate there with equal clearness, that it is periods of a stormy and troubled character that dispose men to great speculative efforts, whereas the logical mind is fostered by circumstances of quietness and ease. Thus, though the Reformation originated in denial and rejection, and might therefore be regarded as a movement rather of testing and trying than of origination and positive search, it is wonderful how soon the great leaders of the Protestants applied themselves to the inquiry on their own account of what was the truth. The system of Calvin was no doubt the most definite and remarkable of them all; but there was not one of the Reformers who would not have scorned, or rather condemned and anathematized, a thinker whose main efforts were in the negative direction. And so too in other branches of thought, the names of Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler, of Bacon and Descartes, prove the great speculative originality of the time. The waves of that great movement of humanity of which the Reformation was the most remarkable phase lasted long; nor can they be said to have finally settled down till the end of the seventeenth century, when the era was closed by three thinkers of the highest rank—Newton, Locke, and Leibnitz. Great as these thinkers were, yet perhaps even the greatest of them, Newton, had not quite the superabundant outflow of originality which characterized some of those who had gone before; but in compensation they had a large portion of that logical spirit which was the distinguishing mark of the following age. For the eighteenth century is distinctively the period of all history during which the logical spirit is predominant. Even in the very style of its literature this is apparent. There are no longer the bold sweeps, the magnificent promises, the lofty station, the resounding words of Bacon, of Shakspeare, of Descartes, of Bossuet; not to err is the mark which every writer sets before himself. Every sentence of Pope or of Voltaire is checked with careful anxiety lest something too much might be said, lest an extravagant or overweening phrase should excite the ridicule of the literary world. If we look at the substance of the thoughts of the age, the same phenomenon appears. Theology, which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had bloomed into all sorts of spontaneous forms, whether elaborate systems or fanatical extravagances, was now restricted to criticism. In Germany, criticism acted as a slow but powerful solvent of existing creeds; in France, it ran riot in the attack on Christianity itself; in England, the principal writers were indeed defenders of Christianity, and so far positive teachers, but teachers of so cautious a type, so careful to confine the essential doctrines of Christianity to the very fewest possible, as no Christian apologists ever had been before. If we look at philosophy, the name of Hume is sufficient to show that this too had the same character. A dread seemed to have possessed the whole world of all wide and bold hypotheses, of every assertion that could not be substantiated the moment it was uttered. And it is noticeable, correspondently with this, that the century was, up to the time of the French Revolution, politically the quietest of modern times. There were wars indeed; but no civil wars, nor much internal disturbance of States; nor was ever that rancorous and fanatical spirit displayed by which the Thirty Years' War, for instance, had been signalized.

The French Revolution was, in great measure, the offspring of the critical spirit, as exhibited by Voltaire; but it immediately generated the desire for vast generalizations. These, indeed, were hollow-sounding and poor enough in the mouths of Robespierre and his fellow-revolutionists; but in Germany the same impulse produced great results. However mystical and visionary Fichte and Schelling and Hegel may be thought, there can be no question as to the great influence they have had on Europe; and certainly there can be no greater contrast than between the writers who stood on either side, chronologically, of the Revolution. Between Voltaire and Hegel, what a difference! Again, with respect to the last fifty years; must we not call the era which produced, nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Mill's *System of Logic*, preeminently a logical era—an era not of much effluence of imagination, but of cautious restriction? On the other hand, since 1848 bolder sentiments have again come into vogue, both in the political and the scientific spheres. If we were to give our own judgment, we should say that since Newton there has not in England been a philosopher of more remarkable speculative and systematizing talent than (in spite of some errors and some narrowness) Mr. Herbert Spencer.

We have spoken throughout this article of logic as the art and faculty of testing imagined truths, with the view of discerning whether they are real truths. This, we think, is confessedly the nature of the syllogism. It has long ago been remarked that the syllogism can discover nothing; its real office is to test. But, nevertheless, though to test is the central design of logic, there are consequences which follow from logic of a wider extent. Without logic, systematization is impossible. Truth, as it first dawns upon the mind, is seen vaguely and obscurely; much even that is false is frequently mixed up with it. Logic, then, has the office of clearing and marking the limits of the truth thus imperfectly discerned—of cutting off, so to speak, its loose ends, and rendering it plainly intelligible and expressible in unexceptionable words. When this is done, and not before, the different truths discovered can be made to fit and dovetail into each other, instead of confusedly overhanging each other's boundaries. And thus logic is the essential preliminary to systematization, which is the last step in the discovery of truth.

INDEFINITE HOPEFULNESS.

A REFLECTIVE person who happens to be staying in a dull country town is apt to employ some part of his time in meditating on the views and aspirations and projects of the persons who have to pass all their days in the dull country town. To anybody in the full swing of a career, and not yet more than a certain number of years old, there is something profoundly marvellous in the possibility of so many rational creatures living with some appearance of content in a place where monotony, dulness, narrowness, and every other condition of limitation and littleness reign supreme and undisputed. Their affairs in the money-making order are puny and diminutive; commercial enterprise is not known among them, for the reason that everybody into whose heart the spirit of enterprise has found a way makes an opportunity forthwith for carrying himself and his enterprise elsewhere. Their political interests are contracted and merely traditional, the atmosphere of small places being conspicuously unfavourable to the exercise of independent judgment, as well as to all other manifestations of vigour. Their social interests strike one who is accustomed to a larger sphere as mean beyond endurance, and their social pleasures strike him as painful beyond description. How do they live? he asks himself. Where do they find the salt necessary to keep so savourless an existence from open decomposition? What do they look forward to? Where is their goal? The lives of the women of such a community furnish a special puzzle. The men at any rate possess the semblance of a career, and follow at least the shadows of larger interests. The warehouse may be small and the trading petty; still they demand a measure of energy and a fragment of originality. And though giving a vote and professing to hold a political view may not be very august processes, yet they may be allowed to count for something in stimulating a little movement in the slow and respectable soul. But women are debarred from even these poor spurs to a quicker pace. If the interests of commerce and public affairs shed but a faint illumination on the mind of the man, that pale light becomes yet paler by process of reflection upon the mind of the wife, and paler still in the daughters and sisters, for the latter have only a very secondhand concern in money matters, and usually no concern at all in affairs of State. And yet, it cannot be denied, these dwellers in waste places seem to enjoy a state of something not unlike happiness. Life appears tolerable to them, and they are every bit as reluctant to leave it as the most active and elevated persons are supposed to be. The explanation is perhaps not very difficult, and it lies in the fact that even these dullest of creatures to all outward seeming have inwardly a far-spreading and brightly illuminated ideal background. Of course some of them have given up all hopes of anything livelier or more golden than the humdrum round of Little Pedlington for this world, and reserve the fulfilment of all ideals for the world to come. But in most people perhaps resignation does not go quite so far as this; they will not, so long as they can help it, surrender all hope of vague good things even in this present world, and so they round off their lives with indefinite pictures for which they are indebted to a sanguine imagination. The outlines are not determined, and the colours shift and change, and the whole thing is very sketchy. The young ladies think of the fairy prince who will come and take them away to London or Paris, and the gay world of pleasure and activity; the mother, in turn, gives her hopes to her children, and builds castles in the air for them; the man often finds more than all the satisfaction he wants in the habitual reflection that with opportunity he had it in him to be Prime Minister, and that even as it is some miraculous turn of Fortune's wheel may one day bring him to that top, wherever it may be, for which generous nature destined him Seriously, none of these expect in sober

truth that their golden visions will ever transform themselves into realities; but they have learnt the great lesson that possibilities in human life are all but unbounded, and that for them too, as for others, possibilities may one day turn up trumps. The chance is enough for them; on the chance they can go on living. They all attend to their duties and go through the day's work, endure their pains and survive their pleasures, on the strength of a hopefulness which reason would by no means warrant or justify.

Perhaps by the time our reflective friend has thought all this out, and the hour has come for his return to the more genial air of labour and ambition, he may have seen enough to make it worth his while to pursue the train of thought a little way further, asking himself whether the dull souls who vegetate in country towns and little watering-places are, after all, the only people who nourish themselves on indefinite and undefinable aspirations. It would perhaps be found upon due contemplation that this margin of the indefinable is just as necessary for the peace of persons who are far removed from stagnation as it is for those who are closely surrounded by it. How far do we all feed upon indefinite aspirations after a future about which the only clearly recognisable feature is that it does not resemble the present? To how many of us would the course of the circumstances around us be endurable, if we finally realized the undoubted fact that it is of these and such as these that all the remainder of life is to be made up? This is a fact which substantially we accept, but mostly we try to think of it as little as we can. It is not an inviting object of contemplation, however happily a man may chance to be placed. Incapacity of being absolutely satisfied with such gifts as reality permits to him appears to be an inevitable condition of man's nature, and there is a hope springing eternally in the human breast, of a much more equivocal kind than that which the poet meant. Take men who are unquestionably in those grooves which lead to worldly success of the best sort; men who are making large incomes as well as a reputation at the Bar, who are treading the smooth path that leads to preferment and dignity in the Church, who are being talked about with much sympathy and much tempestuous reprobation in the world of politics, who are names in scientific circles, or who are recognised as doing good and welcome work in fiction, history, philosophy, or any other part of literature. Yet who believes that any one of these is perfectly contented with what his career is bringing him to? We do not in the least mean, what some novelists would try to persuade us, that there are skeletons in all cupboards, and secret consciousnesses in all hearts, and a sense of blight and mistake and remorse generally pervasive through all the families and men who seem so delightfully happy on the surface. This sort of thing is probably confined to the marionettes whom novelists fashion and move in their delusive puppet-shows. In real life it is pretty safe to suppose that remorse is only occasional, and that the grounds for it are tolerably infrequent. But remorse has nothing to do with that inarticulate dissatisfaction which is the element in life we are talking about, and which finds a remedy for itself in a corresponding view of inarticulate or indefinite hopefulness. Even successful men constantly think that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and that success is not by any means the filling and substantial end-all and be-all which in the golden days of youth they had fondly supposed it to be. Sometimes they turn cynics, make their success a pleasant text from which to preach upon the inanity and nothingness of the world and its fortunes, and delight to impress on incredulous and ambitious youth the dreariness and hollowness of the universe. At other times this dissatisfaction is mixed with vanity, and they deprecate their success as being indeed not much more nor better than failure; a curious form of morbid over-estimate of self of which we had a highly amusing instance two or three months back, when a well-known and popular gentleman wrote a pamphlet showing that the Christian religion must be true because it had given him ample consolation under the afflicting vexations of being a member of Parliament and the author of one of the best books for little boys that were ever written. But either of these cases, either the cynic or the vain man, is a little abnormal. In a general way, the dissatisfaction is much too secret, too subtle, and, we may add, too painful in a quiet way, for men to be fond of trotting it out either for the reproof or the instruction of their neighbours. For the most part, they would hide it from themselves as much as they could, and the only counterweight to it—or perhaps it would be better to say the only form in which, if they are wise, they allow themselves to recognise it—is a certain vague expectation of days when things shall not be as these days are. They only know that they are not heartily and profoundly content with the present, because they find themselves now and again seeking an apparently unnecessary consolation in thinking of a totally different kind of future. The barrister in the midst of his toil and moil vaguely hopes that one day he may awake and discover that, by an admirable metempsychosis, he is become a dweller in the fields and woods, with horses and crops and stock to think about. The student has private dreams of the time when the world shall have opened its eyes to the merit of intellect, and the right of the thinker to a sovereign place in the public assembly. The politician, like Mr. Lowe the other day, deludes himself into the idea that, after all, books are the best friends, their companionship the sweetest and noblest, and that it is a sorry exchange from them to the heat and turmoil, the mortifications and the littlenesses, of practical politics. But of course there are as many ideals as there are men. The one condition of each of them is that it should be different from the real, no matter how. With the common run of men and women this is its one definite feature. There is a great deal of pathos in the reflection how many people there are in the world, or say in London only, who do not know exactly what to hope for, if only the blank could be somehow filled up. Even for those who are best off, whose lives offer most of variety and interest, there would be a marked sense of chill—provided they are not mere flippant creatures, the flies of a summer afternoon—if they could see for certain that what they are now they will remain, that such as the course of their lives is now it will continue to be down to the end. It is to keep off this terrible chill that they spread out between themselves and the future this veil of bright-coloured smoke. The world would be ever so much the worse if the filmy curtain were lifted, for many of those who are doing the best possible work in the world might be ready to faint by the way if they saw that the arduousness or the humdrum was to last to the end of their lives. Duty, we know, is duty, whatever betide, yet not seldom it comes in the guise of a drug, which even good and dutiful men would fain have gilded; and people who have the gift of indefinite hopefulness can happily carry on this gilding process at discretion, very cheaply and most efficiently.

PUMPKINS.

PUMPKINS are among the most imposing of all groundling growths. They have fine showy flowers, handsome leaves, roving stems, and they bear solid-looking fruit of a goodly size and gorgeous colour. To see them spreading over their domain with such rapid luxuriance, one would imagine them among the best things growing; but a critical examination proves their flesh to be about three parts water, while as for their stalks, they are of so pithless a nature they can only creep along the earth, unable to stand upright without support; which tells something against the pumpkin's claim for extra consideration. Still, their showy largeness attracts the eye, and not a few of us believe in pumpkins, and admire both their mode of growth and the fruit resulting. In like manner the human pumpkins—those beings of imposing presence and loud self-assertion—get themselves believed in by the simple; and, as occasions by which their watery and fibreless nature is revealed do not arise every day, they are for the most part accepted for the substantialities they assume to be, and the world is deceived by appearances as it ever has been. These human pumpkins abound everywhere. In all states and professions, and in both sexes, we find them flourishing magnificently upon the face of the earth, taking the lead in their society, and setting themselves out as the finest fellows to be found in their respective gardens. Among them are the men of the Bombastes type, so dear to the older playwrights; braggadocios of the kill 'em and eat 'em school, who were such terrible fellows to look at and listen to, though only pumpkins of a singularly innocuous nature when stoutly squeezed and analysed; fire-eaters of the juggling kind, with special care taken that the fire shall be harmless, and that the danger shall be only in the fear of the spectators. Now that duelling has gone out of fashion, and discharged captains who have signalized themselves in war are rare, our old swashbuckler type of pumpkins has gone out both in fact and fiction, on the stage and off it. To be sure we have a few travellers of slightly apocryphal courage, and more than doubtful accuracy, whose books of perilous adventure and breathless dangers are to us what Bombastes and Bobadil were to our fathers; and we have Major Wellington de Boots with his military swagger and his hare's heart. But he is a very weak imitation of the old fire-eater; and, on the whole, this special family of the pumpkins has dwindled into insignificance, and their place knows them no more.

Then there is the pumpkin after the cut of the Prince Regent—the man of deportment, generally big, often handsome, and chiefly noticeable for a loud voice, a broad chest, and an indescribable air of superiority and command; the man who has studied bowing as one of the fine arts, who walks with a swagger, and even now tips his curly-brimmed hat slightly to the side. This is the kind of man who influences women. Bombastes frightens the nervous and inexperienced of his own sex, but the man of deportment partly fascinates and partly overawes the other. They take him at his own valuation, and have not skill enough to find out the flaw in the summing up until perhaps it is too late, when they have come so near to him that they are able to appraise him for themselves, and have learnt by bitter experience of what unsound materials he is made. And then let him look out. There nothing women resent so much as pumpkin manhood—nothing which humiliates them more in their own esteem than to discover that they have been taken in by appearances, and that what they believed was solid wood turns out to be only squash. Women like to rely on men, and dread nothing so much as weakness and vacillation in their male protectors; save indeed those grim and bulky females in whom Hood so much delighted, who take small men *vi et armis*, and subjugate them body and soul, like two-legged poodles trained to fetch and carry at the word of command. But these are exceptions; the average woman prizing strength rather than poodle-like docility. The pumpkin of the Prince Regent cut is generally notorious for laying down the law on all points. His voice is loud, and his manner of speech dictatorial, so that no one dreams of doubting, still less of contradicting, him, but everybody takes him as he represents himself to be—a man of prompt decision, of boundless resources, a granitic tower of strength to be leant against in all emergencies without the slightest fear of failure; a man who is not only sufficient for himself, but strong

enough to bear the weaknesses of others. He is famous for giving advice—advice of a vague, rapid, sprawling kind, never quite exact to the circumstances, never quite practical or to the point—large advice, general in scope but wonderfully positive in tone, and, until you analyse, grandly imposing in effect. Nail him to the point; ask his advice seriously on any question where the responsibility of counsel will rest with him; place yourself in his hands where the consequences of failure will touch him as well as you; and then see to what meagre dimensions your goodly gourd will shrink. The confident assertion drops into a weak hesitation, the arrogant advice melts into a timid refusal to take such a serious responsibility on himself; you have pricked your windbag, dissected your pumpkin, and henceforth you know the precise weight of substance remaining. Yet mankind sees him exactly where he was before, and he will go about the world in his large, loud way, saying to every one that if you had followed his advice you would have succeeded—supposing you have failed; or, if you have succeeded, he will take all the credit to himself, and say it was he who guided you, and showed you how to go in and win. For himself, and his own affairs, he has no more moral stamina than he had leadership for you and yours. The least reverse knocks him over. Care or sorrow, when it touches him, shrivels him up as completely as frost shrivels up the pumpkin; in every circumstance requiring promptitude, or coolness, or keen perception, or just decision, our swaggering man of froth fails ignominiously; and one hour of real pressure proves without doubt that he was only a pumpkin of imposing presence, good neither as meat nor staff when the time of trial came.

Very often the pumpkin has a wife whose fibre is as close as his is loose, and whose nature is as tough as his is soft; a hard-eyed, thin-lipped, tenacious woman, who speaks little and boasts not at all, but who does all she wishes to do, and whose iron will pins her pumpkin to the wall as the spear of the Bushman pins the elephant or the rhinoceros. It is very curious to see how a blatant blustering man, who is so loud and confident abroad, knocks under at home; and how the high-crested deportment which carries things with such a lofty bearing out of doors droops into the meek submission of the henpecked husband as soon as the house-door closes on him, and he is subjected to the pitiless analysis of home. There is no question of flourish then; and if by chance the ambitious crest should try to display itself, the wife knows how to lower it by a few decisive words of a keen-edged kind, and her pumpkin is made to feel sharply enough the difference existing between fibre and pulp. Yet it is almost melancholy to see one of these fine flourishing fellows so subdued. Pumpkin as he may be, it is not pleasant to see him so cut down in his pride; and involuntarily one's sympathies go with him rather than with that tenacious, hard-mouthed wife of his, who would be none the worse perhaps for a little of her husband's softness, and with less than her own hardness. How often, too, these big fellows have no physical stamina, as well as but very shaky moral fibre. A small, wiry light-weight will do twice as much as they; not, of course, where muscle only is wanted, but where the question is of endurance. Large heavy men knock up far sooner than the light-weights; and though size and weight count for something at certain times and on occasions, fibre and tenacity go for more in the long run. In the Crimea, the men who first dropped off from exposure and privation were the magnificently-built Guardsmen—men apparently bred and fed to the highest point of physical perfection; while the undersized little liners, who had nothing to be admired in them, stood the strain gamely, and were brisk and serviceable when the others were either dead or in hospital. So far as we have gone yet, we have not solved the problem of how to combine toughness and bigness, solidity and size, but for the most part fail in the one in proportion as we succeed in the other. Many of the dark-skinned races are pumpkins in a way. Their flashing black eyes and swarthy skins seem to be instinct with passion; they look like living furnaces filled with flames and molten metal, terrible fellows, dangerous to meddle with, and almost impossible to subdue. But nine times out of ten we find them to be marvellously meek persons, timid, amenable to law, unable to give offence, and incapable of taking it—lambs masquerading in tiger-skins. A fair-faced Anglo-Saxon, with his sensitive blush, good-humoured smile, and light blue eyes, has more pluck and pith in him than a brigade of certain of those darkskinned men. He has less ferocity perhaps than they when they are thoroughly roused, though our good-humoured Anglo-Saxon is by no means destitute of ferocity on occasions when his blood is up; but it is ferocity of the brutal and bludgeon stand-up fight kind—the ferocity of strength fairly put out against an adversary, not the tigerish cruelty which is almost always found when moral weakness and physical submission have a momentary triumph and reaction. Cowardly men are like women in their revenge when once they get the upper hand; and their revenge is more cruel than that of the habitually brave man who, after a fair fight, overthrows his opponent. Some of the dark-skinned races look the very ideal of the melodramatic ruffian—operatic brigands painted with broad black lines, and up to any amount of deeds of daring and of crime; but they are only pumpkins at the core. We need not go so far as Calcutta to find them; we got examples nearer home, both in Houndsditch and in Rome; for both Jews and Italians are soft-cored men in spite of their passionate outsides, and both would be better for an extra twist and toughness in their fibres.

Intellectual pumpkins are as common as those of the more specially physical kind. You meet with philosophers and "thinkers"—perhaps they are poets, perhaps politicians—who flourish out a vague big declamation which, when you reduce it to its essence, you find to be a platitude worth nothing; whipped cream, without any foundation of solid pudding. If they are of the philosophic sort, they quote you Fichte and Hegel, to the bewilderment of your brains unless you have gone into the metaphysical maze on your own account; but they might have put all they have said into half a dozen words of three letters, like a child's first reading lesson. The flourish imposes, and people who cannot analyse take the whipped cream for solid pudding, and think that platitudes dressed in the garb of Fichte and Hegel are utterances worthy of deep respect and admiring wonder. All the professions which talk, either by word of mouth or in print, are specially given to this manifestation of pumpkinhood. Preachers and authors sprawl and flourish over their small inheritance with a tremendous assumption of vital force and vigorous growth; and weak hands, with weaker heads, find support and shelter in their foliage. Poets too, with a knack for turning out large moulds in which they have run very small ideas, are pumpkins dear to the feminine mind. Have we not our Tupper? had we not our "Satan" Montgomery? and a few others that we might catalogue if we cared for the task, each with his multifarious female following, and his spiritual harem of ardent admirers? All artists—that is, the men who create, or rather who assume to create—are liable to be proved pumpkins when called on to show themselves solid wood. They talk grandly enough, but when they have to translate their words into deeds, too often the noble aims and immortal efforts they have been advocating tail off into pulp and water, and we have botches and pot-boilers instead of masterpieces and high art. Perhaps we may take it as a rule that all doers who talk much and boast grandly are of the pumpkin order, and that art, like nature, is best elaborated in silence.

Strong-visaged women are often pure pumpkins with a very rough and corrugated outside. It is astonishing how soon they break down, and for all their stern and powerful looks sink under burdens under which a frail little creature, as light as thistle-down, will glide along quite easily. Women with black brows and harsh voices—brigandesses by appearance, or like the typical Herodias of unimaginative artists—are often the gentlest and most pithless of their sex, and may be seen acting quite compassionately towards their infants, or vindicating their womanhood by meekly sewing on their husband's buttons, and weeping at his rebukes; while a fair, silver-tongued, languid lady, as soft as if she were made of nothing harder than the traditional cream and rose-leaves, will give up her babies as a prey to unfeeling nurses, and let her husband go buttonless and in rags, while she lounges before the fire indifferent to his wrath and callous to his wrongs. There is many a house mistress who looks as if she could use her fists when annoyed, who is absolutely afraid of her servants; and the maid is always the mistress when the one is fibre and the other pulp. Heaven be praised that the strong-visaged women are not "clear grit" all through. If they were as hard as they look, the world would go but queerly, and society would have to make new laws for the protection of its weaker male members. But nature is merciful as well as sportive, and while she amuses herself by creating pumpkins of formidable aspect, takes care that the core shall not always correspond to the rind. Like the Athenian images of the satyr which enclosed a god, the black-browed brigandesses and the men of magnificent deportment are sometimes impostors of a quite amiable kind; and when you have once learnt by heart the false analogies of form, you will cease to fear your typical Herodias, to be impressed by your copy of the Prince Regent, or to be influenced by your wordy Hegelian talking platitudes in the philosophic dialect.

UNIVERSOLOGY.

IT is with infinite pride that we become the means of announcing to the benighted inhabitants of Europe a discovery which is about to regenerate the world—certainly not before such a process was needed. Indeed we are inclined to agree with an enthusiastic reporter of the proceedings at which the discovery was first announced, that "there was room in the nature of things for precisely such a science, and that there ought to be, if there is not, precisely such a discovery." It is sad indeed that a desolating scepticism should introduce that ominous clause, "if there is not." Let us endeavour for a moment to accept the hope, without criticizing the good news too closely. Mr. Stephen P. Andrews has been plunged "in the deep recesses of abstract speculation for thirty years"; and in a month or two a thick volume of 800 pages, with eighty illustrative diagrams, will reveal his marvellous discoveries to mankind. "No less than five distinct introductions" from five enthusiastic disciples will usher in to the world this *novum organum* of the nineteenth century. Listen to a few of the enthusiastic utterances wrung from these appreciative philosophers. "Universology," says Professor M. A. Clancy, "is not only a science vast as the universe in its scope, but a method of scientific procedure capable of application to every domain of Thought and Being, in the new investigation which will ever be demanded in exploring new special departments of Being." It is rather a fall from this glowing language to the plainer vernacular of Professor A. F. Boyle, who contents himself with saying that he "feels as if the world wants it (universology) at just this nick of time"; but the Rev.

Edward B. Freeland, David Hoyle, and J. West Morris are again up to the mark. Universology is the "complete discovery and perfect interpretation of the purposes of the Deity in creation." Universology is the "science of the whole universe, or the Positive and Rational Revelation of the Organic Laws of Thought and Being, by means of their correspondence or of the Grand Pervading Analogies between them." Even the commonest adjectives, as we see, blossom into capital letters when pressed into the service of the universologist. But Mr. David Hoyle is the worthiest disciple. Universology, he tells us, will "revolutionize the world in all its domains, whether Ideal, Physical, Social, Moral, Political, or Religious. . . . It is in fine the Sublime Expounder of the Universe of God; and the means of the eventual introduction of the Race to a Paradisic Existence whose pleasures will transcend the highest imaginings of so-called Utopian dreamers." And now we feel that Mr. Stephen P. Andrews would have conferred upon us a great benefit if he could have complied with the request of his publisher to give some condensed account of the book in which this mighty discovery is announced. Unluckily this is beyond his power, and he can only refer us to his title-page. This announces the book as "the Basic Outline of Universology; an introduction to the newly-discovered science of the Universe; its elementary principles; and the stages of their development in the special sciences." We confess that our minds are not much the clearer for this condensed account. We are, however, treated by way of illustration to one specific result of the science. We shall in future have a universal language, which will be named Alwato—pronounced, as we are carefully told, Ahlwahto. This announcement it seems, excited the Polytechnic branch of the American Institute, whatever that may be, to pass a vote of thanks to Mr. Andrews, contrary to their usual practice.

The most remarkable fact about this surprising revelation is that Mr. Andrews has already five appreciative disciples. Thinkers who have gone in for explaining everything in the universe have generally found some difficulty in making that first step. It is still a matter of dispute whether or not any other man ever succeeded in understanding Hegel. Comte's disciples are still few and far between, though the world was to be converted to his views before the present generation has passed away. The would-be founders of universology—for the science is common enough, though Mr. Andrews has the merit of discovering its new and very significant title—have probably been quite as numerous as the schools which they founded. We constantly see little treatises in which a key is given to the whole mystery of the world, which appear to be generally published at the authors' expense. But here are five men, sufficiently educated to use the largest epithets regardless of expense, and to spell with accuracy, and even for two of them to call themselves Professors, who are ready to swear by Mr. Andrews. Truly it is a good omen, and he need not despair of hearing some day a dialogue carried on in Alwato. We can only suppose that, in the land of the celebrated Miss Hominy, there is held in solution a good deal of that sort of intellectual matter which naturally crystallizes round a Stephen P. Andrews. Mr. Dickens has given few more decisive proofs of his wonderful quickness of perception than by hitting off that admirable caricature. Hominyism is a tendency widely diffused through American society, and therefore there is no country in which the neglected philosopher has a better chance of receiving recognition. Americans sometimes boast—and with occasional truth—that they discover English writers of genius before they have gained honour in their native country. They do it, however, at the price of accepting also a good deal of rubbish. Tuppers pass current there as well as Tennysons, and sham philosophy, if it only uses big enough words, and asserts itself with sufficient audacity, secures a foothold as well as the genuine article. The most highflying transcendentalism will find sympathetic souls in Boston when it can excite nothing but a sneer in London.

There is nothing surprising, and certainly nothing discreditable, about this. It is an illustration of the real meaning of the frequently misused term, that America is a young country. The analogy between a nation and an individual is apt to mislead; but in some points there is a genuine resemblance. Most clever young men go through a certain phase, as naturally as babies take the measles. If poetically inclined, they are cured by a favourable eruption of bad verses; and if given to speculation, they frequently invent what Mr. Andrews so happily calls universology. An intellect of average strength and cultivation discovers, generally about the age of twenty-three, that it has not quite solved the "riddle of the painful earth"; that there are flaws in the scheme which once seemed so perfectly satisfactory; and that the same ideas which looked so novel and startling had previously occurred to more than one philosopher since men began to speculate. Occasionally men of ability are so peculiarly constituted that they carry on this temper of mind into maturer life; and they then develop into the creators of the various ephemeral Utopias which amuse or sadden us for a time. Great social convulsions such as the French Revolution naturally encourage this temper, and throw up St. Simons, and Fouriers, and Comtes, because they seem to open wide possibilities for mankind; and America, in a certain sense, is in a permanent state of revolution. The order of things changes so rapidly, and the whole mind of the people is so constantly set upon the development of its vast resources, that it is no wonder that enthusiastic people suffer from a kind of spiritual intoxication. Everything seems to be possible; and it is the most natural thing in the world to propose a completely new system which shall introduce an inpromptu renovation of society from top to bottom. There is no deeply-rooted respect for old traditions to hamper the boldest schemer; he has, as it were, a blank sheet of paper on which to draw his diagrams just as pleases him best; and he naturally gives full play to the indomitable hopefulness which is the most attractive feature of new societies. In a less satisfactory sense, he falls into the credulity which in an old country is eradicated before a man grows up to years of discretion. There is as yet no thoroughly cultivated class in America which can speak with authority in matters of speculation. One man is as good as another—not merely in regard of his political rights, but because he has attained pretty nearly the same level of cultivation. No ferocious critic sits in the seat of judgment ready to pass sentence on any impostor who claims to be a leader of thought. Doubtless such a class is being slowly developed; but meanwhile questions which ought to be decided by competent judges are determined by universal suffrage or popular acclamation. We are astonished at the success with which the impositions of spiritualism thrive on Transatlantic soil. No story of eccentric tables and mysterious spirit-writings seems to be too gross to find favour. New dodges are found out as soon as the old ones disappear; and a little sleight-of-hand would enable any unscrupulous person to make a very comfortable living out of our kinsmen. If we ask why similar delusions are not so prevalent in England, we can hardly flatter ourselves that it is because we have in general attained a higher intellectual level. Everybody has known persons of apparent sanity, and even sense, who believed in the whole nonsense of spiritualism. And it was easy to see, in the discussions produced by the case of Home, that most people, whatever their judgment might be, were incapable of forming it on scientific grounds. They did not in the least appreciate the requirements of sound reasoning, or know what tests should be satisfied before the advocates of such an amazing doctrine would acquire a right to be heard. The peasantry, we are often reminded, are still at that stage of education in which a belief in witchcraft is possible, though it need not always exist; and it is probable that the majority of the upper classes are equally capable of believing in spiritualism; that is to say, a good round assertion of its truth would find them incapable of testing it critically. Now American believers are, very many of them, fully as intelligent as the body of English sceptics. What is more singular, they have generally a rather higher respect for the claims of science, and are apt to clothe their intolerable nonsense in a singular scientific jargon. They generally argue with naive ignorance of the subject. Thus they fancy that a belief in discoveries about electricity (the favourite name for everything that people don't understand) ought to make a belief in spiritualism easier, and run over all the fine words which will doubtless find a place in the science of Universology. The true difference between the cases is not that the general run of Englishmen are more intelligent or more sensitive to the claims of science; but simply that they have a court of appeal for which they have a good deal more respect. They have a dim belief that a spiritualist must be a fool, because Faraday or Dr. Tyndall assure them that spiritualism is folly. In America, where there is a general presumption in favour of anything that is new, there is also no one to exercise any supervision over the purveyors of novelty. They are, in short, in the same intellectual position as the youth who has read some popular books of science, but has not learnt by experience the labour which goes to form a scientific authority.

We are perhaps getting rather far from Mr. Stephen P. Andrews and his disciples. Probably their thick volume, with its eighty illustrations, will have as short a life in America as in England, and Alwato be speedily gathered to its many predecessors, if it ever comes into existence. Meanwhile, we would suggest that thirty years more spent in the recesses of abstract speculation would probably save Mr. Andrews a good deal of disappointment in the end.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN THE EAST.

CONSTITUTIONAL Government is now on its trial in the East. Greece, Moldo-Vallachia, and Servia are constitutional States. Turkey is circumscribing the despotic power of the Sultan by local institutions, and by educating his subjects in the practice of self-government, which, when united with an independent judicature, forms a surer foundation for constitutional liberty than all the written Constitutions of France since the year 1791. Even the Pasha-King-Suzerain of Egypt has packed a representative assembly, and made his dominion bear the same relation to constitutional monarchy that hyprocrisy bears to virtue. The once unchangeable East is walking onward at a quick pace, and by unknown paths, to a political future. Greece became a constitutional State in 1822, and is now ruled by a generation born to freedom. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the constitutional States in the East, their Governments are greatly superior to the arbitrary administration of Turkish Pashas and Greek Hospodars; and brigandage itself appears to destroy less property and offer fewer impediments to the progress of society than Arnaout taxgatherers and unrestrained despotic power. It is often said, however, that some nations are unfit for constitutional government, and it is an undoubted and a sad truth that many nations are not in a condition to make a good use of it. A clock is of no use to those who do not know how to wind it up, or who wind it up with such

violence that it stops. There are nations at present unfit to make a good use of an equitable judicial system, but nobody would say that it is not necessary to give these nations courts of justice.

Constitutional government, like the human frame, has its childhood, and it is long of attaining strength and vigour. It is a fabric that requires to be constructed with habits, forms, and institutions, and its foundations require the lapse of more than one generation to consolidate them. In the East it has still to contend with the prejudice that might is the nearest thing to right, and with the delusion that the strongest government is practically the best government for the actual state of society. Many who hate a single personal tyrant are so convinced that tyranny must be, that they are advocates for a democratic despotism. Constitutional government is supposed not to possess strength enough to resist the democratic power which De Tocqueville regarded as tending, in the present condition of our civilization, to become an irresistible despotism. As we see, however, that the wildest passions of human nature can be disciplined by laws, surely law can become powerful enough to restrain the most democratic governments with the aid of constitutional habits and traditional institutions. The immediate problem for constitutional nations in the East is how to organize the people so that a democratic power shall respect the government it constitutes. No system of government can give any strong security that society repudiates revolution until both the law of the land and the constitution of the State place the Judicature above the Executive.

The Kingdom of Greece has been a hotbed of revolts, rebellions, and revolutions, yet the working of constitutional government there affords a practical illustration of the improvement it produces in Oriental society in very difficult circumstances. The habits and prepossessions of the Greeks kept their opinions see-sawing between despotism and lawlessness. The earliest Constitution of Greece promulgated on New Year's Day, old style, 1822, reads like an antiquated essay. It reflects the theories current in France at the time, and exhibits what Greek statesmen supposed would favourably influence public opinion in the civilized world rather than what could be practically applied in Greece. The consequence was that this Constitution of 1822 was a dead letter; neither the Government nor even the representatives of the people paid any attention to what they had enacted. Still it could be observed during the War of Independence, amidst scenes of destruction, anarchy, and suffering without parallel in this century. A party existed inculcating the necessity for settled principles of government and forms of administration in opposition to the arbitrary personal power assumed by party leaders and military chiefs. Unfortunately, no man of eminence, except the Admiral Miaoules, appeared to possess a mind with the capacity for making his executive activity conform to general laws; and Miaoules, being an Albanian of Hydra, imperfectly acquainted with the Greek language, was unfit for becoming the Washington of a nation of pedants. Count Capodistrias, who might have laid the foundations of national institutions, made every principle of liberty and law subordinate to might in order to establish his own personal government.

In 1832 Greece was made a kingdom by Great Britain, France, and Russia, and the Crown was conferred on Prince Otho of Bavaria, then seventeen years of age. In 1833, immediately on their arrival in Greece, the Bavarian Regency abolished the Constitution, in direct violation of the promises given both by the King of Bavaria and by the three protecting Powers, who have had reason to regret their connivance at this act of Royal larceny. After robbing the Greeks of their constitutional rights and incipient institutions, the Bavarian Regents and King Otho governed the Greek Kingdom despotically for ten years. During this period of personal government, the seeds of many political and social evils were sown, which yielded a rank and poisonous crop, and which still retard the formation of a good system of government. In 1843 the patience of the people was exhausted, and a revolution expelled the Bavarians, put an end to the despotic power of King Otho, and framed a Constitution on the Continental model of that time, with a salaried Senate of veteran officials, and a paid House of Representatives. This Constitution worked very ill, yet it lasted nineteen years. The Senators were named for life. King Otho filled the Senate with men of moderate capacity and extreme servility, and encouraged jobbing and place-hunting as sure means of making the members who received favours devoted to his dynasty. The House of Representatives was elected by universal suffrage, and the country was divided into large electoral districts. Personal character and local interests were swamped in a bog of democracy, over which nothing but the splay-feet of the central authorities could pass securely. Experience convinced the people that a salaried Senate of officials must be a nest of corruption, and that a House of Representatives consisting of nominees of the Executive must be a club of place-hunters. Reform by any legal proceeding was hopeless. Gradually, but slowly, the hatred of the nation concentrated itself on King Otho's head. He was stigmatized as the corruptor of the Senate, the jobber of the House of Representatives, and the enemy of national improvement. The remedy was sought in another revolution. In 1862 the Greeks dethroned King Otho, confiscated the rights which the three protecting Powers had conferred on the Bavarian dynasty, abolished the salaried Senate, established a single Representative Chamber, and endeavoured to exclude Government nominees and mere place-hunters by declaring that mayors and officials, with the exception of Ministers and military and naval officers on half-pay, cannot be elected as representatives.

Since 1822 the Greeks have lived under five written Constitutions, with an intercalation of ten years of despotism, so that they possess sufficient experience to render their last attempt deserving of attention. The Constitution of 1864 bears within it evidence that it is no mere echo of the voice of Western politicians, and of the opinions of theorists. It is what it was intended to be—an adaptation of constitutional government to the present state of society in Greece, and the general exigencies of opinion in the East. Monarchy was retained (though the difficulty of electing a suitable monarch was felt), because the necessity of having a strong and impartial head of the Executive was acknowledged, and this appeared possible only with a King. Public opinion also demanded that the King should be a foreigner, in order to dominate party corruption and restrain party passions. It was also deemed necessary that he should be the member of a Royal family, that his influence with the three protecting Powers might be greater than the Greeks supposed could be attained in Courts by talents and honesty without Royal blood. The Greeks themselves allowed that they were acquainted with no Royal Highness who possessed the qualities they sought for in their King; but they fixed on Prince Alfred of England as likely to become a better constitutional King than any other European prince who was recommended to their attention. The interest and policy of Great Britain rendered the acceptance of the Greek throne by an English prince a measure not likely, in the long run, to be satisfactory either to Greece or England. Fortunately, diplomatic arrangements had rendered the acceptance of the Crown by an English prince impossible. Earl Russell at this conjuncture, with that sound judgment on matters of fact which often contrasts so oddly with its absence as regards the choice of fitting times and occasions, gave the Greeks a lecture on the qualities they ought to look for in their future King. They were informed that the British Government considered they would do well not to choose "a king under twenty years of age, but rather a prince of mature years and of some experience in the world." (Despatch of Earl Russell to Mr. Scarlett, Nov. 29, 1862.) The Greeks were not offended at the style of didactic statesmanship which has so often given offence to other nations. Indeed, they admired the institutions of England so much the more, since they saw that those institutions had made a Socrates Secretary of State; and, in order to ensure the practical execution of the wise advice, the National Assembly invited the British Government to select a prince possessing these and other qualifications of a good king. Earl Russell had been erroneously believed by the Greeks to possess a large acquaintance among Royal and Serene Highnesses, fit, like Themistocles, to raise a small State to the rank and power of a great Empire. Earl Russell had nothing ready but the lantern of his own advice, and when he went about the Courts of Europe holding it up in the face of princes, he was not more successful in his search for a good king than Diogenes in finding his honest Greek. So, after two misadventures, the loss of much precious time, and a vast deal of diplomatic sneering, he carried his counsels into practice by selecting for Greece a king of the "mature age" of seventeen, and with the "experience in the world" acquired as a midshipman in the Danish navy. The Greeks, having received their King from England, set seriously to work at forming their own Constitution.

The Constitution of 1864 differs from the ordinary type of Continental Constitutions, and its divergencies are the result of a state of society and opinion among Eastern races that cannot fail to exert considerable influence on the political organization of the Christian governments which have been formed in the provinces separated from Turkey, and on the institutions in the course of formation in the Ottoman Empire itself. Some of the enactments of this Constitution probably foreshadow the procedure of democracy, even in the older States of the Continent, as they advance towards liberty. A new position is created for the Crown by placing it in direct connexion with a single representative Chamber, without even an Upper House or a Senate nominated by the sovereign or elected by the people. This, however, was not from any theoretical preference for a single Chamber. The Greeks abolished King Otho's Senate because it was a nest of corruption, and they found that society in the Hellenic Kingdom contained no class of men whose position of independence afforded a chance of forming a useful Senate. The alternative was a Senate like that which had been abolished, or a single Chamber, and public opinion, not merely the momentary will of the populace, pronounced an emphatic decision on the subject by abolishing a Council of State which the Constitution admitted on trial, after it had existed a year. On the other hand, this Constitution of 1864 constitutes a Cabinet as a responsible feature of executive administration, standing between the Crown, the Chamber, and the people. The Ministers are placed under increased responsibility to the Crown by being compelled by the Constitution to act in some cases in a body. The King has thus the power of restraining the assumption of too great authority by the Prime Minister, who, as party leader of an overwhelming majority in a single Chamber, might become the master of his colleagues. By holding regular Cabinet Councils, and compelling each Minister to record his opinion on every administrative measure relating to his department, the King may enforce responsibility by an appeal to facts. A dissolution will then show whether the people adopt the opinion of the King or of the leader of a majority in the Chamber.

The principle of democracy is carried out to its fullest extent by

electing a single Chamber, and adopting vote by ballot and large electoral districts, without reference to municipalities or local interests. Numbers are all in all. Wealth can only make its way by corruption, knowledge by flattery of the mob, and power by intimidation. And for the present the most prominent features of constitutional government in Greece are corruption, national self-laudation, and government intimidation. The Greeks did not overlook the danger of a democracy becoming a despotism when invested with unlimited power, and they attempted to place it under some restraint by several articles of the Constitution. The representatives are invested with independence by being elected for four years. Demagogues are discouraged by the provision that, to be elected a member of the Chamber, the deputy must be domiciled, and possess political and civil rights, for two years in the district previously to the election. He must also be thirty years of age. Another provision intended to restrain both corruption and governmental intimidation excludes mayors of municipalities and paid officials from becoming members of the Chamber. Officers of the army and the navy can only be members while on half-pay, and Ministers have always a seat and voice in the Chamber, but can vote only when they sit as deputies.

This Constitution presents two important questions for consideration before we can arrive at any conclusion concerning the probability of the new type of constitutional monarchy which it presents working well in practice. The first is, how the authority of the Crown can be exercised by the King so as to control the power of the leader of a majority in the Chamber who becomes Prime Minister. The Prime Minister being the representative of democracy, and the Constitution declaring that all power in the State has its source in the people, the Prime Minister must be the most powerful man in the monarchy. The King, though superior in rank, is only, as far as administration goes, a check on the Prime Minister. The second question is, by what means the power of a single Chamber can be prevented from exercising undue authority in a democratic State. This question is far more important than the first, for good government has existed, and can exist, without a king, but is hardly possible with the exercise of unlimited power, whether in the hands of a single individual or a single chamber.

A King placed in constant contact with a single democratic Chamber is in an extremely delicate position. The authority of the Crown has not yet been clearly traced out, and in Greece both the Constitution and public opinion demand that the King should be something more than a popular pageant, and something different from a decorated puppet in politics, moved by the Prime Minister. Experience alone can determine how far the King must govern as well as reign, and how far the powers with which he is invested are available for controlling the government. The exact limits of the administrative action of the Crown and the personal action of the King in a highly centralized constitutional monarchy form a new problem. Party corruption and Ministerial violence might become irrepressible evils, unless the King possess constitutional powers for restraining them. The King, to perform the part assigned to him in such a State, must be able to speak words of wisdom and to avoid acts of indiscretion. The Greeks desire to be ruled by a King, and demand from him discernment of things and tact with men. They feared, from the experience of Otho's reign, that even a democratic Chamber might become a club of jobbers and place-brokers, unless restrained by the King. They knew that the state of society did not render the deputies sufficiently amenable to public opinion. In Greece, consequently, no sooner have the people elected their Chamber by universal suffrage, than they become jealous of their representatives, and the deputies, feeling no sense of responsibility, follow their own devices. This moral condition of the deputies breaks up the Chamber into small sections. No leader can command a sure majority without much jobbing and some violence. Public opinion looks to the King to improve the morality of the Government, and the Prime Ministers of Greece view with aversion and fear any organized exercise of the Royal authority in this direction. They endeavour to convince the people that a constitutional King must reign, and not govern; but the doctrine is directly opposed to the wish of the nation. The people want a good King who can and will govern according to the Constitution, and not a King who allows the powers with which he is invested by the Constitution to be used by party leaders for party purposes.

It was believed by thoughtful politicians that the establishment of a Cabinet or Council of Ministers as a recognised body in the executive administration would enable even a young and inexperienced King to perform adequately the duties with which the Crown is invested by the Constitution of 1864. This provision displays great political sagacity. It forms a bridge over which the Crown and the people can communicate for the purpose of controlling the Ministers and enforcing responsibility on the representatives. But to make Cabinet government different from Ministerial government as an administrative agent in a constitutional monarchy, Cabinet Councils must be regularly and frequently held in presence of the King, and a whole system of procedure and of registration of acts, opinions, and measures must be kept under the monarch's eye. The King must possess his own record of every administrative decision of his Cabinet, and of every act in each executive department of his Government, for it is his duty to see that his Government is carried on according to law and the Constitution, and not according to the mere will of a majority in a single Chamber. How the Crown is to effect this is the problem, and it must be solved, or a King becomes a superfluity, and an hereditary Crown an evil in the State. As Earl Russell's selection did not give Greece a sovereign of mature age, and of the experience in business required for organizing a machinery of checks on democracy, and for enforcing responsibility by means of a Cabinet, time must do the work.

There exists, however, in all free countries a power that can enforce responsibility on Ministers, Chambers, and majorities, far greater than any power with which a King can be invested by any Constitution. That power is public opinion. But public opinion can only be formed by complete publicity of every act of government during a long period. Unfortunately, the little kingdom of Greece has not adopted a system of publicity capable of forming a sound public opinion. Neither the Crown nor the people can yet act as shepherds' dogs of the Constitution. The second question, by what means the power of a single Chamber can be prevented from exerting undue authority in a democratic State, is a question which it is extremely difficult to answer satisfactorily. Yet, unless the power of a single Chamber be placed under some systematic and powerful restraint, there will be a constant recurrence of arbitrary power in the hands of a party majority; and though the nominal first magistrate may be in name a king, the State cannot be correctly called a monarchy. A single Chamber elected by universal suffrage can only be restrained from exerting arbitrary power by the authority of a military despot, or by national institutions and local authorities directly elected by the people, more immediately connected with their daily habits and feelings than the Chamber, and responsible like the deputies themselves only to the law, and not to the government. A centralized government, whether with one or with two Chambers, tends to become a government of gendarmes. Local institutions, or what is called self-government, can alone protect the people against the despotism of a majority, which tends to anarchy, or the despotism of a personal sovereign, which tends to elective monarchy. The Greeks are perhaps not yet fully aware of the necessity of restraining the unlimited power of a single Chamber by local institutions more directly dependent on the law than on the State. Yet a sense of the necessity exists, and the Constitution of 1864 contains provisions declaring that the election of municipal authorities must take place in the same manner as the election of members of the Chamber, "by direct, universal, and secret suffrage by ballot with balls." But there are no articles relative to the rights and duties of a citizen as a member of a municipality. The constitution of the authorities, and the formation of the national habits, by which the unlimited power of a single Chamber ought to be restrained, is relegated to a municipal law in which the principles of self-government are vitiated by the French system of government by gendarmes. There can be no permanent security for the duration of constitutional government until the people can act for themselves in spheres of local activity, with barriers circumscribing them to their local business, and protecting them by responsibility to the law alone. Local institutions to secure communal independence, and publicity to create public opinion, are still wanting in Greece to establish constitutional liberty on firm foundations.

Liberty needs to be secured in all constitutions in the East, not by a vague declaration that all citizens are equal in the eye of the law, which is never true in a government with gendarmes, but by precise enactments announcing that every citizen has duties to perform, rights to exercise, and national institutions to defend. Some of his rights and duties are inherent in citizenship in free States, others are created and regulated by the constitution and by laws. Some are national, others parochial, communal, and provincial. Local charity, primary education, sanitary measures, police regulations, roads and streets, all present local spheres of duty subordinate to the general action of government. Experience proves that in the present democratic condition of society there can be no guarantee for liberty, even in constitutional States, unless it become a recognised principle that where the people elect to an office, whether it be to the place of member of the Chamber, of mayor, common-councilman or alderman, the person elected cannot be removed from his place or restrained in the exercise of his functions except by the decision or order of a regular court of justice. The only restraint on the unlimited power of a single Chamber must therefore be sought in a framework of national institutions, and no framework of this kind can resist the strain of a central administration unless it be supported by an independent Judicature. Democracy, personal sovereignty, religious animosities, and national ambitions are all likely to be more powerful than constitutions in the East for some time to come, and they can only be permanently restrained from becoming frequent causes of disorder and revolution when society makes law, and not political organization, the supreme power in the State.

Some readers may doubt whether the constitution of the Greek Kingdom can be theoretically as good as we have represented it, when they know that the Government it has produced is practically one of the worst in Europe. But it must be observed that the last thing people learn in the highest state of civilization is to frame for themselves good administrative machinery. The constitution is only one of the requisites of good government, and with an over-centralized administrative system in Greece—a country without roads, or independent and self-acting local institutions, and with no efficient responsibility imposed by public opinion—it has not yet acquired strength to command invariable respect.

The two Governments that occupy at present the most important positions in the East are those of Greece and Turkey. The constitution of Greece has in it the germ of much good; the

despotic Government of Turkey is theoretically as bad as a government can possibly be. Practically, the progress of Greece is impeded by an ill-devised system of centralization, and the progress of Turkey is advanced by the care with which the Government rears up local institutions, and allows communities, whether religious or national, to enjoy as large a sphere of self-government as is compatible with an energetic central administration. In what manner the course of events in the East may be influenced by the Constitution of the Greek Kingdom, and by the local institutions daily gaining strength in the Ottoman Empire, is a subject that opens a wide field for speculation.

BANKING FOR SMALL INCOMES.

THE Post Office Savings' Banks—originally an experiment very doubtful, as was supposed, in its result—have already assumed great importance as an item in the national balance-sheet. Details of the annual and total amounts of deposits and withdrawals appear from time to time in the newspapers, and show, in the area embraced by the Post Office system, an immense and almost incredible accumulation of small savings. Till within the last few months statistics showing the number, though not the money value, of deposits made periodically throughout the kingdom were within the reach of every one who would take the trouble to work a sum in the simplest arithmetic; every deposit receipt, and every withdrawal order, being stamped both with a date and with a current number from the commencement, till, in the course of last spring, the latter stamp had nearly reached the eighth million. The system has now been discontinued, but the latest issues showed that about 4,500 separate deposits were acknowledged from the central office on every week-day during April, and that the annual average for the previous three years had been a million and a half, or about 4,800 for every working day during the period. It may, therefore, be asked whether an experiment so completely and unexpectedly successful in the limited area within which it has been tried may not now be beneficially extended upon a wider field. Great as has been the success of the Post Office Savings' Banks, they have also been confessedly, as regards one important object of their institution, an almost total failure. They have not been used as banks of deposit for the savings of the artisan and labouring classes of the towns. They have never commanded the confidence of the men who receive two or three pounds a week; and they have never as yet invited the confidence of the men who receive a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a year. The causes which have produced indifference or distrust in the former class may be examined hereafter; the causes which have led to the exclusion of the latter class may very reasonably call for present reconsideration. Their operation at the first establishment of the system was natural, if not inevitable, however needless and inconvenient it may appear that they should exercise any influence now.

The Post Office Savings' Bank system was moulded upon the pattern of the old Savings' Banks, and followed their rules, being regulated for the most part by the provisions of the Acts of Parliament under which they existed and were managed. The old Savings' Banks were essentially charitable institutions. It was quite within the compass of possibility that the new Savings' Banks might prove to be charitable institutions also, maintained at the national expense. If they had failed to bring in an income equal to the expenditure on their establishment and maintenance, they would have been public "charities," and in all probability very short-lived ones. They have proved, however, to be a thoroughly sound enterprise, and have about as much claim to be regarded as charitable institutions as the Bank of England and its branches. Restrictions, therefore, which in the case of the old Savings' Banks were just and reasonable, and which limited the range of depositors to those classes in which objects of charitable assistance might naturally be looked for, would appear, in the present position of the Government Savings' Banks, to be out of date and out of place. The old Savings' Bank in the country was gratuitously managed. It was open on market-day, and the squires and clergy of the neighbourhood gave their time and trouble in rotation in receiving deposits and paying out withdrawals. The new bank is managed by the local postmaster, who receives a commission on every transaction, small in amount, indeed, since it is only a halfpenny whatever be the sum deposited, but useful in other ways, as the post-office always attracts a certain amount of additional custom to the shop of a retail tradesman.

The principal restriction imposed by the rules of the old Savings' Bank was that no private depositor might place to his account of savings in one year, from January to December, more than thirty pounds. The accumulation of his deposits, it was further provided, might not exceed 150*l.*, exclusive of interest; and both these regulations were transferred to the Post Office Savings' Banks. For all charitable trusts, societies, clubs, penny banks, or accumulating subscriptions, the Post Office system was either found to be—or, on application by the various treasurers, was extended so as to be—available to any amount required; and in many instances considerable sums are now invested in this manner, the Post Office system presenting the combined advantage of a deposit and drawing account in one. But for individual depositors the annual limit of thirty pounds remains, and excludes, with no apparent counterbalancing benefit, a very large class of persons of moderate means, who would probably be found, and in many instances are actually known to be, anxious to be admitted as depositors. The extension of the system so as to include depositors of this class was under Mr. Gladstone's consideration, and is believed to have been favourably regarded by him, towards the close of his tenure of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it is a question which the Government, in the interests of public and private economy, may find worthy of attention among matters of minor detail. The old savings' bank system was not, and was not intended to be, more than a means of depositing small savings. It was not a reservoir for retaining current balances of income. It was intended to encourage habits of saving, and therefore to discourage withdrawals of sums already deposited; and accordingly the withdrawal of a deposit was often a very difficult and troublesome task. The withdrawal of a deposit from the Post Office, on the contrary, is almost as easy as drawing a cheque on a London banker, and a great deal easier than withdrawing a sum from a deposit account at some joint-stock banks. Is there, then, any reason why the possessors of small incomes, or the recipients of salaries paid quarterly, should not be enabled to invest such portions of their income as may not be required for present use in the Post Office national stock? An immediate objection which might be urged against such a proposition is that it would interfere with the business of ordinary bankers, and would bring the Government into competition with them. To this it will be at once replied, by any one conversant with the facts, that the objection is purely theoretical, and that the cases in which any interference, direct or indirect, with banking accounts would take place would be both fewer in number, and more inconsiderable in amount, than those in which the existing system has interfered with banking business by the withdrawal of charitable and trust balances from accounts in which they had been previously deposited. The holders of small incomes and the receivers of salaries and stipends under 200*l.* per annum are not, as a class, found worth the notice of bankers, and the instances in which they have banking accounts at all are comparatively rare. In fact, the rule enforced by the Bank of England, and several of the leading London banks, under which the maintenance of a certain average balance is required, directly operates to discourage, if not to prohibit, accounts of this class, which would not be remunerative to the banker, and are, therefore, not worth keeping. Another difficulty which may be urged is, that the possessors of small incomes in the middle and educated classes might object to their private affairs being known to the tradesman who keeps the local post-office. This is said, and apparently with great truth, to be one main hindrance which has prevented the artisan classes from depositing in the Post Office Savings' Banks; but it is not likely to affect in any material degree the classes socially above them, the extent of whose means, whether arising from realized property or from annual stipends, is for the most part known already with sufficient accuracy to all the local gossips who are curious in their neighbours' affairs. The resources of the widow and the old maid are known to a sovereign, at the tea-table coteries, as accurately as the income of the curate or the stipend of the parish doctor.

The practical advantages which a trustworthy and easily available means of deposit would present to this important class of income-holders are so manifest that they hardly need to be explained at any length. In the absence of any banking facilities for the receivers of periodical dividends or instalments of stipend of salary, one of two alternative courses is alone open. The money received must either be hoarded or paid away. In other words, the actual coin must either be stowed away in safe or supposably safe places, after the manner of Samuel Pepys, or else it must have been already mortgaged for the payment of outstanding debts. Perhaps it may be right to admit that, strictly speaking, there is a possible third course; you may lend the money to a friend—a course which presents the advantages of both the others combined. You hoard the money in another man's pocket, and he uses it to meet his liabilities. As an ordinary rule, the practice of hoarding the dividend or the annuity will be found to prevail among women, and that of anticipating the quarterly stipend to be more popular among men. The widow or the old maid lives at home, in her own small house or in her lodging, and she has always some pet and special piece of furniture, or hiding-place of a like kind, in which she stores her little valuables. If she is in tolerably easy circumstances, she provides herself with a davenport, containing an elaborate contrivance of secret compartments; if her establishment is of a humbler order, she has a quaintly carved cabinet brought from foreign parts, or a family writing-desk, or at least a work-box which has its peculiar corner in a chest of drawers; or, if she is a very old lady indeed, she may have retained the ancient traditional stocking. But the one and ever-present danger in all this system of precautions is, that she persists in the habit of regularly going to church, and in the occasional practice, at irregular intervals, of going out to tea. Her maid is the most respectable and trustworthy of all handmaidens; but even she is not unwilling to be settled in life, and is not insensible to the respectful, though distant, admiration of the young man who has been so regular at chapel of late, and who looks like a Sunday-school teacher. A little harmless gossip, perhaps, and then the sober-looking young man has on one occasion unaccountably been absent from chapel, and there are footmarks in the back garden, and the davenport has been shaken open, or the writing-desk forced, and the precious little hoard which "mistress" had laid by has disappeared. The wise and experienced brother or nephew from the city comes down to the suburb the next day, and shakes

his head with the consoling remark that he always knew it must come to that; but when he is asked by the poor lady what else she is to do but hoard, nothing further occurs to him to say on the subject. For men, and especially for young men, hoarding is generally, if not absolutely, impossible. Even the most prudent householder and father of a family, if he be not utterly penurious and a screw, knows that the more cash he carries about him or keeps in the house, the less chance he has of carrying out those economical resolutions he made after the last autumn holiday, and of saving up for the boys' education; and, for a young man with no such domestic ballast to steady him, to have money in his pocket or desk inevitably means to spend it. And then there is the rent for the lodgings accumulating, and the weekly bills, to say nothing of the tailor; and the quarter's payment has been anticipated, and goes out as soon as it comes in. The obvious remedy for each of the two evils which we have described is to provide the class intermediate between the well-to-do and the poor with the same facilities for storing their available balances which the system of banking provides for the former, and that of the Savings' Bank for the latter class. Already in very many cases the first attempt has been made to invest, and the first quarter's twenty or twenty-five pounds placed to an account at the nearest post-office; but when the next quarter's money is paid, the old-fashioned and unmeaning barrier of the thirty-pound limit stands in the way, and no further deposit is possible till January comes round again. There appears to be no valid reason for retaining any limit at all for the gross amount of annual deposits made by a private investor in the Post Office Savings' Banks. A maximum limit to the whole amount deposited may be assigned, as is done in the case of certain accounts used for charitable purposes; and this maximum, in the case of the private depositor, may reasonably remain at its present amount of a hundred and fifty pounds. But, if any rational account can be given of a regulation which prohibits a young clerk with a hundred a year from depositing twenty-five pounds in June on the ground that he deposited twenty-five pounds in March, of which he may or may not have five pounds left—and which imposes on him in consequence the choice between the unsound as well as unsafe alternative of hoarding, and the easier but undesirable processes of spending and running in debt—it would be well worth the trouble of publishing it in detail, and would amply repay study as a singular and somewhat paradoxical lesson in modern finance.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN NEW YORK.

THE world knows not of its greatest men, and the greatest epochs pass without arresting the sluggish attention of mankind. According to Emmanuel Swedenborg, when the New Jerusalem descended, the great birth of heavenly time was only revealed to a single old gentleman in his lodgings in Clerkenwell; and in some such way it may surprise a faithless generation to be assured that two or three weeks ago, in what is called "New York City," an event occurred in the assembling of a Convocation "Pentecostal in numbers, interest, and results." Pentecostal in time and the calendar it was not, unless the Woman's Suffrage Convention in Washington have devised a new method for calculating the moveable feasts. Unfortunately for the world and for ourselves, the *Revolution*—a Woman's Right journal, published in New York, which makes this announcement—of no later date than the 14th of January has reached us; and the great Pentecostal Convention was to come off, and we dare say did come off, on the 19th and 20th of January. Considering the grandeur of the occasion and the expansive character of the female demands, one would think that the immediate gift which was expected to descend from heaven a fortnight ago was not large. The privilege to be extorted from the American Senate, or the right to be vindicated, is that of the suffrage only. The *Revolution* informs us, which we were not exactly aware of, that the *Saturday Review* has declared that "so far as giving votes to women were concerned, we did not think there was much difficulty." Whether we said so or not, we may admit that nothing is more easy; but to give the suffrage, and to say that it is right to give it, are only the same thing with feminine logicians. However, the ladies know their own policy the best. Give them the inch of the suffrage, and they may be trusted to get an ell out of it. Very likely the Pentecostal Convention has been a great success. It was not without tongues—or fiery ones either—if Miss Susan B. Anthony, proprietor, and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton, editor, of the *Revolution* were, as doubtless they were, present. Meanwhile, pending the revelation of the 19th and 20th ult., we may extract some edification and instruction from this—we suppose authorized—organ of the ladies.

Mr. Horace Greeley, it seems—and he has won small favour with the fervid writers in the *Revolution* for his declaration—is disposed to think that if the women, say in Kansas, desired to vote, he (Mr. Greeley), if he lived in Kansas, would let them. He thinks that when they had got the suffrage they would find it more plague than profit. But, as Mr. Greeley happens not to be a Kansas man, he surveys the question much as most sensible people would do, with the affable contempt with which the shore-going man in Lucretius looked on a storm at sea. This is much our case. By all means let the United States men and women settle this matter as they please. For ourselves, we prefer, under the guidance of the *Revolution*, to see what manner of men the women, when entrusted with the suffrage, are likely to turn out. We can only argue the unknown from the known; and if, in enforcing their claims to a political—and, for the matter of that, every other—equality with man, the American women exhibit good sense, good feeling, good taste, prudence, discretion, and fair elementary morality, they have done something for their cause. If not, not.

We have just used, it may be said, a solecism, when we talked of the sort of man the woman of the future is likely to be. But such solecisms and paralogisms are of the nature of the case. What is to become of grammar and its doctrine of genders puzzles us. The *Kansas Standard* "does not like the word female as applied to females," and adds pertinently enough, "that a cow or a sow is as female as a woman is, and no woman calls herself a female without sharing the distinction with the brutes. . . . In fact, this indiscriminate application of the word female is something almost disgusting, and the sooner we attempt to correct ourselves in this particular the better." Yes, but how? It is not given to every woman to euphemize femality as a fine lady once did who, anxious, but timorous, to call a friend by a familar, but rather coarse, name, spoke of her as a mother of puppies. We see nothing for it but to go to the root of the matter, and for the sex to defeminize themselves. *Cessante ratione cessat nomen.* Mr. Darwin states, or rather repeats, as a well-known fact in ornithology, that, under special circumstances, veteran hens have been known, in the afternoon of gallinaceous life, to develop combs, and to utter semi-masculine crows. Even in the human animal a moustached old lady is not so very uncommon. Just as every man is an improved woman, so a woman is an undeveloped man; and, in a generation or two of Anne Dickinsons and Lucretia Motts, the *Hæc Homo* might be completely developed, and the Androgynon perfected. The difficulty, of course, is about these two or three generations. To submit to matrimony is not to be thought of by the editors and writers of the *Revolution*; and the Darwinian law of selection, as we understand it, requires time and training often repeated. Not that the little matter of matrimony need be so very great an obstacle. The process of developing the successive stages of married woman might be managed without going to church. Marriage is not a necessity to these ladies. Matrons out of wedlock, as the writers in the *Revolution* express it, if carefully selected, might have their function in unsexing the sex. The woman of the future—if there are to be any women of the future—may, however, well be trusted to grow out of the Transatlantic woman of the present. All that is wanted is a coincidence of favourable conditions; and these conditions are frankly announced. Not only are "the statutes that make woman man's chattel" to be reformed, but "theologies that make her his subject owing obedience" are to be got rid of. We must, as these New York ladies assure us, get "expurgated creeds" as well as constitutions, "in order that our Bibles and Blackstones may teach us to respect the mother of her race;" and "any one with ordinary mentality," as they remark, can see that, in this respect, there are few advances to be made from present practice. E. C. S.—that is, Mrs. Stanton, the editor of the *Revolution*—informs us that there are already in America "ministering women who marry, baptize, bury the dead, administer the communion, preach, pray, and, by the laying on of hands, ordain men." So that the fears of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* seem groundless. That journal regrets that "the clergy, with rare exceptions, still follow the lead of the Apostle Paul on the subject; and although they will not undertake to vindicate the soundness of the Apostle's logic, they still maintain his opinions, and insist that, if woman is not inferior to man, she is at least unlike him, and naturally incapable of governmental and public life." This corrupt following of the Apostle the *Revolution* very naturally laughs at. Like the German professor who horrified the Oxford Common room, and a junior fellow who had mildly suggested that St. Paul said so and so, by observing, "Yaas, Powlus, Powlus; clevaire man, that Powlus. I have read his *buch*, and I do not agree with Powlus." So the *Revolution* does not agree with Powlus, and very properly dismisses the clergy and their Scriptural argument with the exhaustive reply, that, "many new ideas on woman as well as government have obtained since the time of Paul"—a sentiment which was more tersely expressed, and in choice American tongue too, by Mr. Hosea Biglow:—

> But John P.
> Robinson, he
> Sez, they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

But not only is a new political and a new theological world to be the result of the Pentecostal revelation and revolution, but something very like a new moral world. It has already had its apostles—just as there were reformers before Luther and ante-Christians before Christianity—in Margaret Fuller, and in Fanny Wright and Mary Wolstonecraft of the old time before them. The Woman's Rights advocates lay it down broadly that "women have the same right to violate the seventh commandment by keeping paramours that men have by keeping mistresses"; and the inference seems to be imminent that, the rights being equal, those pretty "persons" who hitherto have been restrained from incontinence by what they call "the accident of gender" may avail themselves of the masculine liberty in this as in other matters. Were it worth while to argue with these persons, who object to be called females, we might remind them that society is kept together not only by a recognition of common rights and mutual duties, but by a regard to general policy; and whether women can understand it or not, as long as society exists, incontinence on man's part will be compared with incontinence on woman's part, not as a matter solely of personal right, which here means personal wrong, but

as a matter of public policy. On ethical grounds, the sin i the same in the one case as in the other; on social considerations, the adultery of the wife is, and always will be, a more serious matter than the infidelity of the husband. That American women cannot see this is not to be wondered at, while there are followers of Miss Anna Dickinson, who seems to regret that miscegenation is not made compulsory. So far do they carry this especially feminine argument of the *tu quoque*, that they complain of the injustice of society when it condones a husband for shooting his wife's paramour, while it condemns to death a woman for strangling her infant. "Suppose," says E. M. C., discussing the case of a woman under sentence for murdering her infant, "suppose her maternal heart; blinded and warped through love of her child, had taken its life, is that murder? Let not the jury dare to answer in the affirmative." This is the teaching, and here is the teaching reduced to practice:—

Massachusetts is shamed, if not shocked, at the spread of fœticide in that State, and Dr. Storer and others have done good service in rousing the moral sense of the State to a common crime, which is fast confining the sole increase in population to the foreign-born and foreign-descended citizens of Massachusetts. Philadelphia is alarmed at the increase of infanticide in that city, the statistics of the year 1868 showing ninety-four cases of child-murder against sixty-six in 1867. Of these, the case of alleged infanticide by Hester Vaughan is the only one which attracted public attention, though the exhibition by the coroner now prompts the Philadelphia papers to urge some legislative action which will tend to lessen the slaughter of children by their mothers.

THE MURMURING OF MANCHESTER.

ECONOMICAL and theological orthodoxy seem destined to be exposed to one and the same trial. In both cases the faith is assailed in its very citadel. Oxford is the chosen seat of Heresy, and Manchester begins to yearn for Protection. The authorities, to be sure, are sound, as well in the manufacturing as in the educational centre. There is nothing uncertain about the trumpet of the Hebdomadal Council, and we have it on the testimony of Mr. Bazley that "within the walls of the Chamber of Commerce he has not heard a doubt expressed" as to the advantages of Free Trade. But to what a state must things have come when this simple fact is thought worthy of notice and congratulation, and when the member for Manchester holds it necessary to "offer a few vindicatory remarks on the Free Trade policy!" Mr. Bazley has been among his constituents, and he has learned strange things on his travels. There are "even cotton spinners who question whether the principles of Free Trade are so beneficial as those who were chiefly instrumental in their adoption predicted." Probably Mr. Bazley does not present the fact in by any means its darkest colours. The whole tone both of his speech and of Mr. Cheetham's, at the annual meeting of the Chamber on Monday, is evidently prompted by a grave distrust of manufacturing sentiment on the subject. The truth is, that it is only by a happy accident that Protection has been so unpopular in England. The same classes who denounce it here are found to be its ardent advocates in the United States, or in our own colonies. Luckily, however, the term became associated in the minds of Englishmen with dear bread. It was the landlords who benefited by it, and consequently it took brevet rank among the other abuses, or things which pass for such, in maintaining which this particular class is supposed to spend its strength. Protection, Primogeniture, and Preservation of Game have formed a species of triad indissolubly connected in the popular imagination with oppression and selfishness, and a general tendency to be behind the age. When the very same Englishmen get abroad, they lose the associations in which they have been accustomed to view Protection, and the result is that it no longer either disgusts or alarms them. It is certainly to be desired that the accidental identification thus effected may not be shaken for some years. If people were now to begin discussing Free Trade on its merits, it is to be feared that the fallacies by which its triumph was formerly retarded would be found to have lost little of their strength. Science moves but slowly when its conclusions are not aided by interest or passion. The demonstration of Free Trade is so convincing that it cannot be resisted in the long run, but as long as sound political economy is the possession of the few, not of the many, it is well that the force of argument should for once be supplemented by the force of prejudice. After all, manufacturers are but men, and in a majority of instances very ordinary men too. They have sense enough to value economical truth when they see that it puts money into their pockets, but when a trade reverse makes it necessary to take the ultimate result on faith, they are very soon reduced to despondency.

So far as can be understood from the proceedings of Monday, the immediate source of Lancashire discontent is the operation of the French Treaty. Why this cause should be especially operative in Manchester is not apparent. The brewing interest may conceivably feel depressed at the increasing consumption of French wines, and the weavers of Coventry or Spitalfields may shrink from the unequal competition with French silks; but we do not gather that the industrial energy of France has yet been turned to the export of manufactured cotton. At all events, if such a process is going on, it must be in some secret and underhand way which has not interfered with a large increase in the export of similar goods to France. In the nine years between 1858 and 1867 the value of the cotton goods exported from Lancashire to France was multiplied more than seven times. In the former year it was 279,918*l.*, in the latter year it was 1,659,433*l.* Why the manufacturing interest should dislike an arrangement which has brought about so satisfactory a result we do not profess to understand. If the Treaty of Commerce with France had never been concluded, English manufactured cotton would have been subjected in France to duties which were virtually prohibitory. The removal of these duties was purchased by a corresponding removal of duties on those numerous articles which we require to import from France. But why the Lancashire cotton spinners should resent the introduction of claret or French ribands, when they are enabled by this very fact to sell seven times the quantity of their own goods which could formerly be disposed of in the French markets, is a problem to which we see no solution. Or at least the only explanation which presents itself is one which bears improbability on its face. Mr. Cheetham implied that the economical scepticism with which Manchester is now threatened may be traced to mistaken patriotism. The cotton spinners have not suffered by the French Treaty, but they think that the nation generally has, and their hearts bleed for their suffering fellow-creatures. A passage in the annual Report of the Chamber of Commerce describes the fact that in the year 1867 the amount of French imports taken as manufactured commodities was, in round numbers, 30 millions against 13½ millions of English exports, or "a difference of 16½ millions in favour of the national industry of France." This, Mr. Cheetham considers, is what has startled Lancashire. Thirty millions' worth of goods brought into the country, and only thirteen millions' worth sent out in exchange! If this is really the key to the mystery, into what depths of economical darkness are not the children of light still plunged? Where do the Manchester malcontents suppose the money came from which went to pay for these French goods? That practical though Protectionist nation certainly did not give them for nothing, and if our exports to other countries are sufficiently large to leave Englishmen a surplus to lay out on cheap Burgundy and gilt clocks, why should they be prevented from spending their money as they like, because the French wine-merchant or jeweller does not happen to want printed calicoes?

It is more probable, however, that the French Treaty has in reality nothing to do with the matter. The cotton trade is in difficulties, and it suffers from the tendency, natural to humanity, to fix the blame upon the first thing that comes to hand. For some reason or other, the French Treaty happens to fill this place at the present moment, and consequently it comes in for its full share of blame which is not its due. There is a great deal of capital invested in the cotton manufacture which does not yield its proper return; there is a great deal of machinery lying idle in the mills for want of material whereon to work. This seems to be the true motive which tempts Manchester to curse Mr. Cobden and die. The world will not buy unnecessary bales of calico at fancy prices, and until the reduction in the cost of cotton enables the manufacturers to produce their goods more cheaply, the trade will continue dull. Why, when this obvious explanation was forthcoming, it should have been thought necessary to abuse the French Treaty, and hint at faults in Free Trade, we cannot say. Self-interest seems to be equally unenlightened whether its sphere is a farm or a cotton-mill. The cessation of war in America has not restored the agricultural industry of the South. Military devastation, followed by political anarchy, affords few encouragements to sustained labour of any kind, and the prevalence of Protectionist theories in the United States tends to foster the consumption of cotton *in situ* to an extent which threatens to diminish seriously the amount of raw material exported to England. Authorities differ as to the extent to which the operation of these causes is likely to be permanent, but the better opinion seems to be that for a considerable time, at all events, the imports from America will not be appreciably increased. Under these circumstances, the prudent course is obviously to go elsewhere for material. Mr. Bazley's speech on Monday was largely made up of exhortations to this effect. The reference to India as the natural field to which Lancashire should look for her supply of cotton recalls the early days of the American war. As far as Mr. Bazley's recommendations go, no exception can be taken to them. It is the interest alike of Lancashire and India that throughout the latter country there should be better roads, more railways, and increased irrigation. Nor does the objection which existed eight years ago, against a sudden extension of cotton cultivation in India now possess anything like its former weight. In 1861 it was quite uncertain whether the civil war in America might not end in the victory of the cotton States, and in the recovery of their characteristic industry. While this was possible, there were very weighty reasons why the growth of cotton in India should not be stimulated by any exceptional action of the authorities. England governs India for India. The cry of the cotton spinners at that time was that she should govern India for Manchester. If Lord Halifax had listened to the suggestions which were so urgently pressed upon him, he would have postponed all other considerations to the one object of making India a great cotton-exporting country. Let us suppose that, after he had done so, war in America had ceased, the supplies from that quarter had flowed in again with all their former abundance, and in consequence the demand for the inferior article obtainable from India had ceased at a moment's notice. The suffering such a catastrophe might have inflicted upon the Indian cultivators is inconceivable; but the English Government were coolly pressed to disregard this possibility, because it was to the interest of the cotton trade that the gap left by the war should be immediately filled up in this manner. Now, as we have said, the conditions of the case promise a more doubtful—at all events, a very much slower—revival in the imports from the United States; and, so far as the growth of cotton

can be promoted in India without unduly stimulating it by bounties, or unduly protecting it by the discouragement of other forms of agricultural industry, the results will be mutually beneficial to both parties.

THE STATUTE-BOOK.

THE approach of another Session is suggestive of the inevitable annual volume of new Acts of Parliament. It may also suggest to a few discontented spirits an inquiry whether it is absolutely necessary that each volume of the Statutes should be as cumbrous as its predecessor, and each year's legislation as unscientific as that of the year before. We pointed out some time ago * what appeared to us to be very important defects in the way in which the Statutes are promulgated, and we made certain suggestions for the re-classification, not only of the annual issue of Acts of Parliament, but also of the long-promised new edition of all such Acts as are now in force. The new edition, which, with the appliances now at the disposal of Government, in the shape of repealing Acts and registers of repealed Acts, might easily have been published a year ago, is not as yet even announced. So that the lawyer who wishes to have at hand all the living statute law, which certainly need not occupy more than eight or ten volumes, is compelled to purchase a library of from fifty to one hundred and fifty volumes, according to the edition which he may choose. The annual issue of the Statutes still labours under almost all the defects which we indicated in our former article. The volume for last Session is indeed somewhat less bulky than its predecessor. Twenty-two Acts of the kind which, as we pointed out, have no claim to be called "Public General," have been omitted from the authorised edition of such Acts; but the change has obviously been made merely as a rough and ready mode of lightening the book, and has been guided by no clear conception of the principle upon which such a change should be founded. The very first qualification of an editor of the Statutes should be the possession of a definition of the term "Public General." Such a definition we believe to be totally wanting to the minds of those now in authority. In their use of the word "Public," they evidently waver between three different senses—namely, law passed for State purposes, law to be judicially noticed, and law passed at the public expense; while to the word "General" they attach no meaning whatever. Many Acts habitually included in previous volumes of the Public General Statutes are, as we explained before, only private Acts, called "public" in order to simplify the process of passing them. A number of these have accordingly at length been degraded from their usurped position, but many others have been left untouched. If "An Act for confirming certain provisional Orders made by the Board of Trade under the General Pier and Harbour Act, 1861, relating to Carlingford Lough, Elgin, &c. &c." is no longer to be called "Public General," why should not the same justice be meted out to "An Act for declaring valid certain Orders of Her Majesty in Council relating to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England and to the Deans and Chapters of certain churches"? The long and short of the matter is, that it is impossible to re-classify the Statutes to any good purpose without first clearly determining upon what principle the operation is to be conducted.

The grand division of Statutes should be into "Public" and "Private." "Public statutes" should be such as are passed for State objects, and therefore at the expense of the nation. "Private statutes" should be such as, being passed for the advantage of private persons, are paid for by their promoters. The latter class would comprise all the Acts now known as "Local and Personal," as well as those specifically called "Private." These should be printed and published just as they now are. The former class would correspond to those now called "Public General." They should be printed and published rather as an historical monument than as a body of law. For legal purposes they would be subdivided into "General" and "Special." The "Public Special" Acts would comprise those the operation of which is restricted to a definite time, place, person, or object—namely, annual Acts; Acts which, though passed for State purposes, relate merely to local or personal rights; and Acts which are merely legislative authority for doing a certain work. The "Public General" Acts would not only be passed for State purposes, but would also be true laws; and with these alone would the lawyer be concerned. But even this collection should be split up into four separately numbered series, containing respectively laws operative only in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, and in the colonies or India. The ordinary English lawyer would of course need only the "English series" of the "Public General" Statutes. The advantages of the proposed arrangement over that now in use will at once appear from an analysis of the volume of so-called "Public General Statutes" of last Session. This volume, with which every lawyer is obliged to encumber himself if he would have any authorised statement of the legislation of the year, contains 130 Acts, occupying 1,150 pages. Only 318, however, of these pages are occupied by true laws having any operation in England; 358 pages are occupied by Scotch, 142 by Irish, and 21 by Colonial Acts, of a public general character. Of the "Public Special" Acts, as we would call them, the "annual Acts" occupy 209 pages, the "legislative warrants" 16, and the "Local and Personal" 77. Instead of having to purchase a volume of 1,150 pages, the English lawyer would, under the arrangement proposed, get all that concerns him in the compass of 318 pages.

* *Saturday Review*, 20th July, 1867.

As specimens of the Acts of which he would be relieved, we will mention the title of one Act of each of the classes which should be severed from the "Public General English." Among the Public General we may name, in the Scotch series, "An Act to Consolidate the Statutes relating to the Constitution and Completion of Titles to Heritable Property in Scotland, and to make certain changes in the Law of Scotland relating to Heritable Rights"; in the Irish series, "An Act to amend the Law relating to Reformatory Schools in Ireland;" in the Colonial series, "An Act to make provision for the appointment of Members of the Legislative Council of New Zealand, and to remove doubts in respect of past Appointments." Among the Public Special we find of the "annual" Acts, "An Act for punishing Mutiny and Desertion, and for the better payment of the Army and their Quarters"; of the "legislative warrants," "An Act for extending the Provisions of the Thames Embankment and Metropolis Improvement (Loans) Act, 1864, and for amending the Powers of the Metropolitan Board of Works in relation to Loans under that Act"; and of the "Local and Personal," "An Act to settle an Annuity upon Sir Robert Napier, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., and the next surviving Heir Male of his body, in consideration of his eminent services." With none of these Acts has the English lawyer, it is submitted, any more concern than he has with the French code, or with the Marquis of Westminster's title-deeds.

If the principle of classification which we have just described would be beneficial when applied to each year's legislation, still more striking results would follow from its application to a revised edition of the whole of the Statute law. The Statute-book may, as we have already stated, be reduced by the omission of repealed and spent enactments from fifty volumes to eight or ten volumes. But these again may be cut down, perhaps by one third, by the omission of all Acts which, although "Public," are not also "General," according to our use of the term. And this decrease in bulk would be accompanied by an increase in usefulness. The true laws, of which the collection would exclusively consist, would be more accessible from being disencumbered of all enactments of a different character. But the work would be rendered still cheaper and more convenient by being broken up, like the annual issue, into an "English," a "Scotch," an "Irish," and a "Colonial" series. There is no reason why an English lawyer should be compelled to load his shelves with the Statute law of Scotland, any more than with the "Code Civil" of Lower Canada, merely because Scotland, like Canada, is subject to the Crown of England. It is a mere accident in the question that the Scotch Statutes are made by the same Parliament which passes statutes for England. There should doubtless be a monumental edition, for historical reference, of every public statute, whether general or special, which has been passed since Magna Charta; but for legal purposes there should be an edition weeded of everything which is not general law, and divided into four series—the English, the Scotch, the Irish, and the Colonial. The reference of each Bill, on its introduction into Parliament, to its proper class, and its numbering, on becoming an Act, according to its position in that class, would of course require some new administrative machinery, but this might be of the simplest kind. If method were introduced into the promulgation of new laws, it would no longer be possible to frame a statute, as is now constantly done, part of which is a true general law, and part of which deals entirely with private rights. Glaring examples of this error are not wanting among the Acts of last Session. Chapter 99 is mainly for the purpose of continuing a long list of private Turnpike Acts, but it also meddles with the general law of Turnpikes and Highways. On the other hand, Chapter xlvi. of the Local Acts not only confirms certain provisional orders, but also amends the Pier and Harbour Act, 1861. The line between the so-called "Public General" and the "Local and Personal" Acts is also most uncertain. Among the latter is (c. cxiii.) an Act to repeal the Gun-barrel Proof Act of 1855; so is (c. lxxx.) an Act regulating metropolitan subways. An Act regulating metropolitan streets (c. v.) is, however, a public general Act. Again, temporary and permanent enactments are intermingled in the most confused manner. The first half of the Registration Act (c. 58) relates to the registration of the year 1868, and is therefore already obsolete; the latter half affects the law of the subject permanently. Briefly to recapitulate, we would urge upon the Government to determine upon dividing the Statutes into "Public" and "Private"; then, leaving the private Acts without any attempt at classification, to subdivide the public into "General" and "Special"; and to break up the "Public General" into four series, to be distinguished as the English, Scotch, Irish, and Colonial. This arrangement not only to be carried out in the case of the annual volume of new Statutes, but also to be made use of in selecting the contents of the revised edition of all the Statutes. Such edition to consist solely of "Public General" Acts, and to be broken up into the four series above mentioned.

Were these measures carried out, the first step would have been taken towards the improvement of the form under which the law of England is manifested. In the case of the Statutes at least, the jurist would be able to say, "In these four or six volumes" (as the case might be) "is contained the whole of the general law operative in England." Knowing precisely what the law is, and where it is to be found, and discerning, moreover, that its actual dimensions are by no means formidable, he would then be in a position to address himself cheerfully to the next stage of progress—to attempt to arrange the Statutes in a rational, instead of a merely chronological, order.

If law reformers could only by persuaded to define their terms

and plan their course beforehand, their success might be both rapid and durable. Their ill-guided efforts at present serve only to make confusion worse confounded. Till they adopt a better method, the Statute-book must remain, like every other department of English law, a mere chaos through which wayfarers are misguided by a cumbrous and itself chaotic index.

ANDERIDA.

WE take for granted that no one now doubts that the ancient Anderida, the Andredesceaster of our national Chronicles, is to be looked for nowhere but at Pevensey. If there is any one whom Mr. Hussey and Mr. Wright have failed to convince, the thing is set at rest by the decisive judgment of Dr. Guest. The place answers all the requirements of the site in a way that no other place does; and we look on the question as one which, at this time of day, does not need to be reopened.

Pevensey then, taking it all and all, may perhaps be set down as the most memorable spot in Britain. It is possible that either of the events which make it memorable may be surpassed in immediate interest by other events in the great chains of cause and effect to which they severally belong. But we know of no place in Britain where two events of equal moment happened on the same spot. Anderida did not actually behold the beginning of the English Conquest of Britain, but it beheld the completion of one of its most important stages. It did not behold the actual turning-point of the Norman Conquest of England, but it did in actual fact behold its beginning. It was there, in short, that the founders of the South-Saxon Kingdom overcame the last resistance, call it Roman or British as we will, which the Teutonic settlers met with in south-eastern Britain. It was there that Ælle and Cissa stormed the last fortress of the Saxon Shore, and left not a Briton alive within it. And it was there that William the Norman landed on an errand which, to a superficial eye, might seem to be the undoing of the work of Ælle and Cissa. Nowhere do great historic memories crowd more closely together than in the historic land of the South-Saxon. It is no long journey from Pevensey to Hastings; it is a shorter journey still from Hastings to Battle. And it is not without significance that, on the hill of Senlac itself, on the site of the furthest English outpost, on the furthest point to which the great battle can have reached, the road branches off which bears the speaking inscription "To Lewes." So it was; Lewes, in a sense, wiped out Senlac and made England England once again. But, without Senlac, Lewes could never have been. And, without Anderida, Senlac could never have been. All three hang together. The birth of the English nation, its momentary eclipse, its final regeneration, all follow on each other in close sequence of cause and effect. Anderida, in the fifth century, played one of the greatest parts in that utter wiping out of all things Roman and Celtic which made England England. But the part which Anderida played in the eleventh century was not to begin a wiping out of things English, but only to begin their subjection to that fiery trial which proved in the end to be but the fire of the refiner. There is no spot in Britain, there are not many spots in the world, to whose lot it has fallen to play so great a part at two such memorable epochs. There is no spot in Britain where an Englishman is more irresistibly called on to stand and muse on the origin and fortunes of his race.

On the whole, it is the earlier event which presses most irresistibly on the mind as one muses on the site of Anderida. It is not William, but Ælle and Cissa, not the first Norman King, but the first English Bretwalda, whom the imagination calls up as the hero of the spot. Several causes combine to bring about this preference. The birth of our nation is a subject on which we are naturally more inclined to dwell than on its overthrow, even though the overthrow was one which led to its second birth. The earlier event too has that charm of mystery which is wanting in the later. We know every detail of the great campaign of William. Of the great siege of Anderida we know nothing for certain but the result, recorded in the stern simplicity of those few awful words which Gibbon truly said were more terrible than all the Lamentations of Gildas. To the more detailed narrative of Henry of Huntingdon we cannot give implicit belief; but, made up, as it doubtless is, out of very ancient ballads, it helps to throw somewhat of Homeric romance over the story. And, perhaps more than all, we have, so to speak, the living witnesses of both those memorable days, but witnesses which in the day of Ælle were actors in the scene, while in the day of William they were merely spectators. Not a Briton did the English conqueror leave within the walls of Anderida, but the walls which those Britons so vainly defended are still there to remind us of that day. There they stand, ruined and desolate; ruined and desolate they already were when William landed. Those massive walls and solid towers were built, in true Roman fashion, for eternity, and the mere hand of time has, as ever, fallen lightly upon them. They are still there, the very walls which so long checked the progress of the English invader, the walls which he at last scaled or undermined, the walls within whose circuit he slew, like Joshua at Ai or Cromwell at Wexford, every living thing that came within the reach of his sword. No such visible memorials are there to remind us of the landing of William. On that coast indeed the works of man have been more lasting than the works of nature. In the days of Ælle, and even in the days of William, Anderida was a great haven, and ships could ride at anchor under the towers of the Roman city. The towers are there still, but the sea, which bore the fleet of Normandy, has gone back. A marshy flat and a wilderness of shingle cut off the present Pevensey from the sea. To realize the fact that William landed where no one could land now calls for somewhat of an act of faith. But the deeds of the earlier conquerors we all but see with our own eyes.

In fact the true history and nature of the English Conquest is written in unmistakeable characters on the soil and on the ruins of Anderida. The South-Saxon Kingdom, the second Teutonic settlement in Britain, began in 477. In that year Ælle, with Cissa and his other two sons, made good his landing at Cymenesa in Chichester Harbour. The neighbouring city was conquered, and in process of time it came to bear the name of one of its conquerors, and the Roman Regnum became the English Cissanceaster. Fourteen years of fighting carried the invaders eastward to Anderida, the last of the fortresses guarding the southern portion of that long line of defence which the Romans knew as the Saxon Shore. This part of it was fast becoming a Saxon shore in quite another sense—in one denoting not those who threatened it, but those who dwelt along it. In 491 Anderida must have defended a small independent British territory, penned in between the two advancing English settlements, the Kentish Jutes to the East and Ælle's Saxons to the West. The fall of the city, and the massacre of its inhabitants, wiped out the last traces of British occupation and Roman dominion in this corner of our island. It was probably this great success which raised Ælle to that degree of supremacy —whatever that degree may have been—over the other Teutonic settlements in the island which is implied in his being the first Bretwalda. Hengest was now dead and the conquests of Cerdic had not begun. At such a moment Ælle was already the greatest Teutonic prince in Britain, and the South-Saxon Kingdom, so insignificant in after times, held for one lifetime a position which, if any one chooses, he may call Imperial. But the conquered city did not become the capital of a new Empire, or even the royal seat of the conqueror. No spot shows more clearly the way in which our forefathers dealt with their conquest, and the utter contrast between the manner of proceeding of the Franks in Gaul and that of the English in Britain. The Roman walls of Le Mans still fence in the oldest part of that noble city. The mediæval and the modern town have grown up around them, but the ancient hill-fortress still remains, as it has been from days before the beginning of history, a dwelling place of men and a centre of dominion. The Roman walls of Anderida fence in nothing; no human being now lives within their circuit. Probably from the days of Ælle till now no human being has lived within their circuit, except in the corner where a part of the Roman rampart has given way to a mediæval castle. English settlements arose close to the site of Anderida, but not on the site of Anderida. Just outside one gate arose Pevensey, just outside another gate arose West Ham—English settlements, bearing English names, settlements still existing in parishes, with churches, which churches might elsewhere be called ancient, but the dwelling-place of the vanished race is left utterly forsaken between the two dwelling-places of the new settlers. The lesson is an important one. The Roman has vanished, the Briton has vanished; ruined walls and towers alone witness to their former existence. And we may add that the Norman has, in a sense, vanished also—ruined walls and towers alone witness to the former existence of the castle founded by the half-brother of the Conqueror himself. But the Englishman has survived all. The two English settlements which grew up east and west of the forsaken Roman city are there still. They have preserved their uninterrupted existence as dwelling-places of men of English birth and speech. Their churches stand as memorials of that great spiritual conquest the effects of which have remained as uninterruptedly to this day as the effects of the great national conquest itself. They speak of a Christianity which has gone on unbroken ever since the mission of Wilfrith in the seventh century. But it is as important to notice that they speak of no Christianity earlier than the seventh century. Here we may again make the ever instructive contrast between Gaul and Britain. Anderida, a Christian city, doubtless contained, like any city of Gaul, a church or churches dating from the first establishment of the Gospel, covering probably the remains of some primitive martyr. In Gaul that church would still remain, rebuilt in its fabric over and over again, but preserving the site, the name, the traditions, of the earliest times. From Anderida all such traces vanished; how should it be otherwise? how should any traces of that earlier Christianity have lingered on, when not one of its professors was spared? But the English churches of West Ham and Pevensey continued their unbroken existence through the storm of Norman invasion, just as the churches of Gaul retained their unbroken existence through the storm of Frankish, Gothic, and Burgundian invasion. All that the landing of William did to them was to give them a foreign patron, probably a foreign priest, and to rebuild their fabrics in a foreign style. In short there is no spot which is in this way more instructive than the site of Anderida. There is none which more deeply impresses us with the true character of the two great events which it beheld. There is none which teaches us more forcibly the difference between the utter destruction which the Britons underwent at the hands of the English and the momentary subjugation which the English underwent at the hands of the Normans. And, if, as on such a spot we can hardly fail to do, we let our thoughts wander to lands beyond the sea, we better understand the wide difference between the Teutonic conquests in Britain and the Teutonic conquests on the Continent. We see that Hlodwig and his Franks had far more in common with William and his Normans than they had with Ælle and

his Saxons. The differences between the Frankish Conquest of Gaul and the Norman Conquest of England are many and great; but, when we compare either with the work of Ælle at Anderida, we see that they are essentially conquests of the same class. They subdued the earlier inhabitants of the land, but they did not destroy them. The nation, its laws, its language, its religion, still lived on. All might be modified; none were abolished. The Frank indeed gave a new name to the land, which the Norman did not. But that was because the Frank could not, even by calling himself a Roman Consul, disguise the fact that he was a foreign conqueror, while the Norman could give himself out as the legal claimant of the English Crown, unhappily driven to use force to obtain his rights. And, after all, it was not till long after, and through the operation of causes which had very little to do with the first Frankish Conquest, that the name of France finally supplanted the name of Gaul. In fact it has not thoroughly supplanted it yet. As long as we speak of the Anglican Church and of the Gallican, our ecclesiastical language supplies a most speaking witness to the fact that Gaul is still Gaul, while Britain ages ago became England.

PHILLIPS v. EYRE.

IN this case the Court of Queen's Bench expressed, during the argument, an opinion exactly opposite to the judgment which it ultimately gave. The plaintiff complained that he had been arrested at Kingston, carried within the district where military law prevailed, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be flogged, which sentence was carried into effect. These proceedings, or part of them, were authorized by Governor Eyre. They were manifestly illegal, and an Act of the Colonial Legislature was passed to indemnify those concerned in them. This Act required for its validity the assent of the Crown, and this assent was upon due deliberation given. The plaintiff now brought an action against Mr. Eyre, in an English Court, for the imprisonment and violence inflicted upon him in Jamaica, and the Court was called upon to decide whether the right to sue in England was taken away by the Act of Indemnity passed in Jamaica. When a man has sustained a wrong in an English colony he has the alternative of two remedies—he may either bring an action in the colony, or bring an action here. The question was whether a colonial Act could take away, not merely the right of action in the colony, but the right of action here. "It appears to me," said Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, "that the mere statement of the question affords an answer to it;" but the answer which appeared to be thus afforded was not that which the Court ultimately gave.

The principle upon which this decision proceeded is that a remedy for a wrong committed out of England may be had in an English Court, but that the question whether there is a wrong or not must be decided by the law of the country where the wrong is alleged to have been committed. Suppose that, instead of legislating *ex post facto*, the Legislature of Jamaica, in anticipation of future events, had passed a statute authorizing the proceedings complained of in the action. In such a case no right of action would arise here. When by the law of another country the act complained of is lawful, though it would have been by our law wrongful if committed here, it cannot be the ground of action in this country. The rule which obtains in respect of actions on civil contracts—that they are governed by the *lex loci*—is applicable to acts occasioning personal injury. It was, however, necessary to consider whether the same principle would apply where an act which was unlawful when done had been legalized and deprived of its tortious character, and had had immunity afforded to it by virtue of *ex post facto* legislation. But it can hardly be doubted that an independent State is equally competent for anticipatory and for retrospective legislation. And the colony must be considered for this purpose as an independent State. The local Legislature having been established with plenary power of legislation, the same comity which exists between independent nations will be extended by the Courts of this country to the colonial law when it conflicts with ours on matters within the jurisdiction of the colonial Legislature.

The foundation of the English law applicable to this case was laid by the case of Mostyn *v.* Fabrigas, which was decided nearly a hundred years ago. It was an action by a native of Minorca against an English Governor of Minorca for trespass and false imprisonment committed, as the declaration stated, "at Minorca, to wit, at London, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the ward of Cheap." This curious example of a legal fiction was rendered necessary by the rule of law which required the *venue* or *vicinetum* to be stated in a pleading. This rule originated in another and very ancient rule which required the jury who were to try the cause to come from the immediate neighbourhood where it arose. In order that the officer of the Court might know from what district to summon the jury, it was necessary that the plaintiff should inform the Court not only of the county, but also of the hundred or vill where his complaint emerged. The simplicity of very early times did not contemplate the possibility of a transaction which might form a ground of complaint happening partly at one place and partly at another. But when this difficulty was felt, it was evaded by distinguishing between transitory matters, such as a contract, which might happen anywhere, and local matters, such as a trespass on land, which could only happen in one particular place. This distinction between transitory and local actions, which was thus invented by the Courts to relieve themselves from difficulties about *venue*, has been made to serve a more important purpose. For, if an English lawyer be asked whether his Courts will afford a remedy for a complaint originating abroad, he will answer by inquiring whether the complaint is transitory or local in its nature. The question which he thus asks cannot always be answered without difficulty. The English Courts held originally that an action for trespass on land was local; but an action was brought against Captain Gambier for pulling down houses at Nova Scotia by order of Admiral Boscawen, and a thousand pounds damages was recovered. A similar case was that of Admiral Palliser, who had an action brought against him for destroying fishing-huts on the coast of Labrador. But an action for trespass and false imprisonment is clearly transitory, and therefore such an action arising abroad may be maintained here; though the Court in adjudicating upon it would be governed by the law of the country in which it arose. The distinction to be observed in cases of this description is between the cause of action, which is to be considered with reference to the law of the country where it originated, and the mode of procedure, which must be adopted as it exists in the country where the action is brought. Now the cause of action which arose in Jamaica by the imprisonment of Mr. Phillips was taken away by the Act of Indemnity passed by the Legislature of Jamaica, so that no cause of action existed which could be made available in an English Court. When the case is thus plainly stated, the decision upon it is not only intelligible, but inevitable.

There was a recent case of Scott *v.* Lord Seymour, in which damages were sought to be recovered for an assault committed in the kingdom of Naples. The decision in this case turned upon the construction which the Court placed upon the defendant's pleas, and the greater part of the report of the case is occupied with a verbal discussion, which is at once intricate and unprofitable. But Mr. Justice Wightman, in his judgment, did say something, although not very much, which might be thought to be opposed to the judgment lately delivered by the Court of Queen's Bench. Two constructions had been proposed of the defendant's plea. According to the construction which the majority of the Judges did not adopt, the plea stated that by the law of Naples no damages for the alleged trespass were recoverable in any form of procedure in the Courts of Naples. Mr. Justice Wightman said that, if this construction were adopted, his opinion, nevertheless, was that an action would be maintainable in England by one British subject against another British subject for an assault committed in a foreign country. "I am not aware," says the learned Judge, "of any rule of law which would disable a British subject from maintaining an action in this country for damages against another British subject for an assault and battery committed by him in a foreign country, merely because no damages were recoverable by the law of the foreign country, and without any allegation that such trespasses were lawful or justifiable in that country." Applying these words to the case before the Court, and treating Jamaica, as for this purpose it may be treated, as a foreign country, they merely amount to this, that Mr. Phillips would not be disabled from suing Mr. Eyre for damages for trespass committed in Jamaica merely because no damages for such trespass were recoverable by the law of Jamaica. But if Mr. Eyre could allege in his defence, not only that damages were not recoverable in Jamaica, but also that the trespass for which he was sued was lawful and justifiable in Jamaica, then it would seem to follow from Mr. Justice Wightman's language that Mr. Phillips would be disabled from maintaining his action in the English Court; and Mr. Eyre could make the necessary allegation, at least to this extent, that the trespass was legalized and justified by the Act of Indemnity. We are dealing, however, with a mere opinion of a single judge, which was not adopted by other judges who assisted in the decision, and this is all that can be produced in the shape of authority against the recent judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench. On the other hand, the Court relied on cases which establish that an act authorized by the law of the country where the act is done cannot be the subject of legal proceedings here. One case was that of an action against the late Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who, in the service of the Queen of Portugal, captured a British ship for breaking blockade. We may remark, by the way, that British admirals, in addition to all their other claims to their country's gratitude, are entitled to the credit of having illustrated some of the more obscure portions of international law, and have, so to speak, furnished charts and soundings of the legal ocean, by becoming defendants in many actions at law, in some of which it is to be feared that they have had to pay damages and costs. We cannot but feel pity for the fate of Captain Gambier, who actually brought home in his own ship from Nova Scotia the injured sutler at whose suit he was immediately afterwards summoned to appear and defend himself in a Court of law. In the case of Admiral Napier, however, the Court was able to find a sufficient justification for his conduct, "because the Queen of Portugal in her own territory had the right to make the seizure lawful, so that the defendant could justify the act done." This case and others which were cited establish the principle upon which the Court of Queen's Bench proceeded, and, indeed, in the instance of Portugal or of Chili it is indisputable. The difficulty of the question only arises when we come to apply to the island of Jamaica this principle, which undoubtedly applies to an independent State. But, as the Lord Chief Justice said, "plenary power to make laws having been conferred on the local Legislature, subject to

the assent of the Sovereign, it cannot be disputed that it was within its competence to pass the law referred to in the defendant's plea," and the effect of that law had already been declared by the Court.

Supposing this decision to be well founded in law and reason, Mr. Eyre will be required to make no further answer to the greater part of the complaint of Mr. Phillips. There remains, however, a small fragment of the charge unanswered. The plaintiff was sent by sea from the place of his arrest to the place of trial, and it may be that the ship which carried him passed beyond the limit of the territorial authority of the Legislature of Jamaica. To this extent, an act for which the defendant would be responsible would remain uncovered by the indemnity, and the defendant would be liable to pay damages in respect of it.

REVIEWS.

LIVES OF LORD LYNDHURST AND LORD BROUGHAM.*

Of all Lord Campbell's biographies, the Lives of his two eminent contemporaries are in tone and feeling the worst. It happened that they both survived him; and in later years he was on friendly terms with his more brilliant rivals; but, although Lord Campbell exhibits no depth of malignant feeling, he is almost uniformly ill-natured. Having long ceased to hate Lyndhurst, and living at the time on intimate terms with Brougham, he seems to have retained his early feeling of dislike to both, unless indeed he does himself injustice by a mere trick or habit of ungenerous depreciation. If any person feels an interest in the reputation of Lyndhurst or of Brougham, his susceptibility may perhaps be relieved by observing the impartial ill-will of Lord Campbell to all his professional competitors. Even his own father-in-law owes his pre-eminence at the Bar to "his own merits and the partiality of Lord Tenterden." Gifford, "though acute and shrewd, lamentably exposed his defective education, and proved that his sudden and unexpected rise was a mere frolic of fortune." It is perhaps not surprising that the lapse of more than twenty years should not have abated Lord Campbell's resentment at Lord Melbourne's appointment of Lord Cottenham as Chancellor, and of Lord Langdale as Master of the Rolls, over the head of the Attorney-General, in 1836. "Pepys being known to be very feeble in debate, the object was to select an assistant champion for the defence of the Government. A most unfortunate choice was made, and it was very speedily repented of." Speaking of the Session of 1838, Lord Campbell candidly admits that Lord Cottenham was acquiring reputation as an Equity judge; but he adds that he "showed no improvement as a debater, and avoided a conflict with Brougham as with an evil spirit." Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst, it seems, formed a combination to drive Lord Truro from the woolsack in 1851. "They took a dexterous advantage of his antipathy to law reform, which he had not the prudence to disguise." Gossip, political, professional, or ordinary, has always an excusable tendency to become censorious, if only because an infusion of harmless calumny adds a cheap zest to conversation; but one-sided criticism affords poor materials for history, or even for biography. The spiteful acrimony of Voltaire's memoir of his visit to Frederick the Great is almost redeemed by its inimitable wit; yet there is something unworthy in the literary use of the most sparkling ridicule when it is founded on personal acquaintance. Lord Campbell's sneers and charges of dishonesty are not entitled to the toleration which attends humorous malice, for his style reflects the prosaic character of his intellect, and betrays his want of scholarly training. An epigram, though it may by design or by accident inflict a wound, is constructed in larger or smaller proportion for purposes of intellectual amusement; but the propagation of unadorned scandal merely gratifies unamiable feelings. The contrast between abuse and satire may be illustrated by a comparison between Lord Campbell's incessant carping and Lord Lyndhurst's deliberately mutilated quotation from *Macbeth* on the occasion of Lord Campbell's accession as Chancellor:—

> Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
> That the weird women promised.

A recent writer has added the words which supplied the motive, not only for the quotation, but for the speech in which it occurred:—

> And, I fear,
> Thou playd'st most foully for it.

It was unlucky that no member of the House of Lords was sufficiently well read in Shakspeare to remember one of the most familiar passages in *Macbeth*. Lord Lyndhurst's implied attack, notwithstanding its ostensible severity, was essentially playful and innocuous, inasmuch as it was notorious that Lord Campbell had not earned his promotion by any kind of foul play. The jest lay in the certainty that it would not be understood by its object, while there was a reasonable though ill-founded hope that it would be appreciated by one or two of his audience. Lord Lyndhurst's peculiarities, or failings, seem to have been more distasteful to his biographer than the eccentricities of Lord Brougham. In both cases there was abundant ground for moral disapprobation; and it would seem that Lord Campbell's intellect was rebuked by Lyndhurst's, as Antony's spirit was by Cæsar's. With Brougham he could measure himself on more equal terms, for although far his inferior in versatility of intellect and in general attainments, he knew himself to be a better lawyer, a better judge, and a more steady and prudent politician. Lord Lyndhurst surpassed both in robustness and subtlety of understanding; and, throughout a public career which often exposed him to censure, he was adroit, and on the whole fortunate.

Lord Campbell is never tired of repeating the statement that Lyndhurst had in early life been a Jacobin; and he assumes that he suddenly changed his opinions on obtaining, at the mature age of forty-five, a seat for a Government borough. As Lord Lyndhurst repeatedly contradicted the charge when it was raised in the House of Commons, and afterwards in the House of Lords, the burden of proof falls on his accusers, and it is remarkable that Lord Campbell never attempts to support his own assertion except by the testimony of Lord Denman. The truth appears to have been that, after professing extreme doctrines in his youth, Lyndhurst had for many years before his entrance into Parliament wholly ceased to be a politician. It is highly probable that, at the mess of the Midland Circuit or elsewhere, he may have amused himself by startling commonplace Whigs and Tories by revolutionary language; but it is difficult to conceive that he can [illegible] idered almost worthless by his careless confusion of inferences or conjectures with facts. It is known from other sources of information that, holding at the time the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Lord Lyndhurst was summoned to assist the King in forming a Government, on the resignation of Lord Grey, in the spring of 1832. According to Lord Campbell, "Now was the most splendid moment of Lyndhurst's career. One fine morning, while he was sitting in the Court of Exchequer, listening to the argument on a special demurrer, and asking Bayley which way he should give judgment, a letter was delivered to him from Sir Herbert Taylor." The apocryphal fine morning may pass as a cant phrase or figure of speech; but it is unlikely that Lord Campbell should have taken the trouble to ascertain that the Court was, on the fine morning in question, occupied in hearing arguments on special demurrers. It is perfectly certain that neither Lord Lyndhurst nor Baron Bayley ever told him that the Chief Baron was at the moment asking his puisne colleague how he should give judgment. It is only because the biographer wishes to combine a graphic picture with a collateral sneer that he encumbers his narrative with mythological details. The special demurrer and the application to Baron Bayley matter little in themselves, but the fiction throws a doubt on the truth of more important statements, and even on the meaning of the writer. In a paragraph with the marginal note "Lyndhurst's obliging disposition," Lord Campbell, after mentioning a trifling favour conferred by Lord Lyndhurst on himself, proceeds to assert that in 1841, "to excite me to discontent and desertion, he pretended to say that the Whigs were very much to blame in leaving me without any retired allowance or provision of any sort." Instead of pretending to say anything of the kind, Lyndhurst evidently said it; nor is there any reason to doubt that he thought what he said. The supposed object of inducing Lord Campbell to desert his party is not only conjectural, but in the highest degree improbable. The Government of which Lord Lyndhurst was then a member had an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, and it commanded the almost unanimous support of the House of Lords. It was not likely that Lord Lyndhurst should wish to detach from the Opposition an additional candidate for office, especially as he was already provided with an auxiliary in the person of Brougham. It is only by internal evidence that it is possible to distinguish between Lord Campbell's authentic information and the supplementary details which he invents as ornamental or instructive. "He was a Whig, *and something more*, or, in one word, a *Jacobin*. He would refuse to be present at a dinner given on the return of Mr. Fox for Westminster, but he delighted to dine with the 'Corresponding Society,' or to celebrate the anniversary of the acquittal of Hardy and Horne Tooke." A careful student of the manner of Lord Campbell, who had just before said that he often met Copley at that time at public dinners, will probably incline to the conclusion that the biographer had heard neither of the disinclination to celebrate the election of Fox, nor of his attendance at the Corresponding Society. Lord Campbell correctly asserts that Lyndhurst never possessed the hearty confidence of Peel; and it is strange that he fails to mention the intrigue which Lyndhurst at one time meditated against his political leader. The story was told, with many ornamental additions, in the biographical obituary of Lyndhurst in the *Times*; and it appeared that the writer must directly or indirectly have derived his information from Mr. Disraeli, who was to have been brought into Parliament by Lord Lyndhurst's aid. It was intended, according to the narrative, that Lord Lyndhurst should become Conservative leader and afterwards Prime Minister; and the most remarkable circumstance of the story is that it is at least partially true. About 1836 or 1837 Lord Lyndhurst's satellites constantly hinted at an arrangement in which Sir William Follett, who had probably never been consulted, was to have been leader of the House of Commons. It is surprising that Lyndhurst should have contemplated an impracticable project which would never have shaken the supremacy of Peel; but his later attempt to reunite the Conservative party after the repeal of the Corn-laws showed that his judgment was sometimes unsound when it was disturbed by personal ambition. It is not incredible that William IV. may have countenanced a scheme which promised to relieve him from the hated presence of the Whigs. If Lord

* *Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham.* By John Lord Campbell. London: John Murray. 1869.

Campbell had known of the existence of the plan, he would have rejoiced in an additional proof of the political obliquity which he has so sedulously denounced and illustrated.

The Life of Lord Brougham is fuller and more interesting than the Life of Lord Lyndhurst, and the narrative, notwithstanding the spirit of detraction which pervades it, conveys a vivid impression of restless and imperfectly regulated energy. As the biography was completed several years ago, Lord Campbell is an independent witness to the accuracy of Lord Grey's account of the celebrated prorogation of Parliament in 1831. The romance which Lord Brougham afterwards imagined has once more been shown to be entirely fabulous, although Lord Campbell seems to think that the Chancellor mainly directed the policy of the Reform Cabinet. In discussing his subsequent exclusion from office, Lord Campbell unexpectedly takes the side of Lord Brougham, and, with his usual candour in confessing the faults of his friends, he admits that Lord Melbourne and his principal colleagues were guilty, not only of harshness, but of treachery:—

> In my opinion Brougham was atrociously ill-used on this occasion. Considering his distinguished reputation, considering what he had done for the Liberal cause, considering his relations with the Melbourne Government, I incline to think that at every risk they ought to have taken him back into the Cabinet, however difficult it might have been to make conditions or stipulations with him as to his future conduct and demeanour. But sure I am that, in the manner in which they finally threw him off, they showed disingenuousness, cowardice, and ingratitude.

It happened that Lord Campbell considered himself deeply aggrieved in the course of the same transaction. He had been for a year or two Attorney-General, and on finding that Lord Brougham was to be excluded from his former post, he demanded the Great Seal for himself. Lord Melbourne told him that the arrangement was for the present impossible; and the Great Seal was put into a Commission consisting of Pepys, then Master of the Rolls, of Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, and of Bosanquet, a Common Law Judge:—

> Lord Melbourne gave me no explanation then, but in a little time I knew all. Brougham being absolutely and definitely excluded, the great object was to give him as little offence as possible, and as long as possible to ward off his active hostility. To have made me Chancellor would have instantly thrown him into a paroxysm of fury. On the contrary, they resolved to keep the office vacant for an indefinite time, and diplomatically to hold out to him the hope of still filling it. They told him that from his proceedings in Scotland during the last autumn having been misrepresented to the King, his Majesty had conceived a strong, though groundless prejudice against him, which would gradually wear away. . . . Therefore, to give a little time for things to run smooth, the Great Seal would be put in Commission. . . . I earnestly and honestly remonstrated, foreseeing that the plan could not possibly work well, and that the interests of justice would be sacrificed by it to party convenience. But Brougham was duped and acquiesced—nay more, he undertook, as "an independent peer," to patronize the new Government.

Lord Campbell's lax theories of historical accuracy leave a doubt whether the statements attributed to the Ministers were really made by them; but there can be no doubt that they represent the impression produced on Lord Brougham's mind. During the remainder of the Session of 1835 he cordially supported the Government, and it was not until Lord Cottenham was announced as Chancellor that he recognised the hopelessness of his return to office. According to Lord Campbell, his reason was temporarily affected by the disappointment, and during the ensuing Session he remained in seclusion in Westmoreland. He was not consoled, although, according to Lord Campbell, he ought to have been "gratified, and even amused, by finding that Bickersteth (Lord Langdale) had from the beginning proved an utter failure. Without any opponent the Ministerial champion had actually broken down." The injury which Brougham had suffered, although it was not altogether undeserved, rankled in his mind for the rest of his life:—

> I have myself heard him say, with tears in his eyes, "If Melbourne had treated me openly and kindly, he might have done what he liked with the Great Seal, and we might have ever remained friends. The pretence about the King's dislike I found to be utterly false. William may have been angry at the moment, and perhaps justly, for things I had said and done; but in April, 1835, when he was forced to dismiss his Tory Ministers, he did not care a button what individuals succeeded; and I was not a bit more disagreeable to him than Melbourne himself."

During his long administration, Lord Melbourne had thenceforth no more implacable adversary; and after a time Lyndhurst gladly relinquished to his new ally the ordinary conduct of active hostilities against the Government. Although no opponent could be singly more formidable or more troublesome, Lord Brougham's faculty of annoyance was largely curtailed by his isolated position. After his separation from the Whigs, who had never cordially adopted him, he fought thenceforth for his own hand. The Conservatives, availing themselves of his services, never tendered him office, or received him into their ranks. For many years he sat on the Opposition bench whether Whigs or Tories were in office, and, if his biographer may be trusted, he saw with pleasure the coalition of the Whigs with the Peelites at the beginning of 1853. "Instead of the formidable Sugden, he saw on the woolsack the meek and pliable Rolfe, created Lord Cranworth, whom he expected easily to manage." To Lord Campbell the temptation of sneering at a rival law lord is always irresistible. "The only interested object which Brougham now had in view for himself or his family was to obtain a remainder of his peerage for his brother William. He once had a great desire to become an Earl, but this was entirely extinguished by the elevation of Cottenham to that dignity." The "formidable Sugden" himself is not safe from Lord Campbell's attacks. Lord St. Leonards, during his Chancellorship, had proposed to repeal a Bill of Lord Camp[illegible] and "I was called in by Brougham to assist in repelling this aggression. We gave our 'noble and learned friend' a lesson which made him comparatively modest and humble during the remainder of his short tenure of office." Private friendship seems, according to Lord Campbell, to have afforded no security against the attacks of law lords on one another; but it may be doubted whether there was at any time an intimacy between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Campbell. "Lyndhurst, in conversing with me, abuses and laughs at Brougham; Brougham abuses and laughs at Lyndhurst. I am morally certain that Brougham and Lyndhurst when talking together abuse and laugh at Campbell. Yet, instead of checking them, I am afraid that I join with them in this wicked propensity." The confession, though it is amusing and good-humoured, conveys an unpleasant impression of the characters described. In general it is indelicate, if not dishonourable, to join successively with two persons in ridicule and abuse of their respective faults. It may be collected from Lord Campbell's more deliberate criticisms that the comments on Lyndhurst and Brougham were not restricted to trifling foibles. "Although Brougham's statements were not much relied upon, he had never the reputation of a wilful teller of falsehoods, and he always maintained his position in society as a gentleman. His supposed entire want of sincerity may perhaps be explained by the diversity of feelings which agitated his mind at different times, rather than by his consciously expressing sentiments which at the time of expressing them he did not entertain." On the whole, the great legal dignitaries of the last generation seem to have deserved the questionable reputation which they sedulously strove to fix upon one another. Lord Lyndhurst was one of the most accomplished and one of the acutest of mankind; Lord Brougham was a considerable orator, and a marvellous intellectual gymnast; and Lord Campbell himself acquired and deserved a great reputation as a Judge; but a finer moral sense would have enabled them all to command more unmixed admiration, and probably it would have been found in their public lives an additional element of power.

THE EASTERN CHURCH AND THE NONJURORS.*

IT is not many years since "the Orthodox Church of the East" was to the majority of Englishmen a kind of *terra incognita* which they only thought of, if at all, in connexion with the bearing of Russia's policy on the future condition of Turkey. The Crimean war brought us into more direct, though hostile, contact with the religious life of "Holy Russia," and a mutual feeling of respect grew up between the British and the "orthodox" soldiery. Since then the interest in the Eastern Church, which was previously confined to one or two crotchety theologians, as they were generally regarded, has become much more general. Dr. Neale's *History of the Holy Eastern Church*, and Mr. W. Palmer's *Dissertations on the Orthodox Communion*, had already appeared, but they appealed to a very limited circle of sympathetic readers at the time. And an occasional article on the same subject from Dr. Neale's pen in the pages of the *Christian Remembrancer*, however learned, was apt to be put aside for the more exciting topic of controversies nearer home. Even the ill-omened scheme of the Jerusalem Bishopric woke but a languid interest among the great body of English Churchmen of whatever school, and was chiefly remarkable for the scandalous infraction, on the part of the prelates *in partibus* who were sent out to occupy that somewhat uncomfortable post, of the original terms of the compact with their Eastern brethren. Thirty, or even twenty, years ago, the notion of restored communion between the Anglican and Oriental Churches was at best the dream of a handful of ecclesiastical theorists, and anybody who had predicted that official overtures to that effect would shortly be made by the highest authorities of the one Communion, and favourably entertained by the highest authorities of the other, would have been looked upon as almost a monomaniac. But we live faster than our fathers, and what in 1850 would have been looked upon as an idle chimera was already, in 1862, beginning to be a fact. Perhaps the strangest part of the matter was the unexpected quarter from whence the movement was begun. *Quod minimè reris, Graiâ pandetur ab urbe.* If there was one part of the Anglican Communion where Orthodox and hierarchical sympathies would *à priori* have been supposed to be weakest, it was certainly the "Protestant Episcopal Church of America." Yet the first overtures for intercommunion with the East came from the General Convention of the American Church in 1862, when a Committee was appointed for that purpose. In the following year the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury appointed a Committee to communicate with the American Committee, and in 1866 the scope of their labours was extended under the authority of both Houses of Convocation and with the sanction of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who took a warm interest in the scheme. At their suggestion, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted by the Lower House of Convocation at its last Session, July 4, 1868:—

> That this House humbly prays his Grace the President that he will be pleased, in conjunction with his brethren of the Episcopal Order, to take steps towards opening direct negotiations with the Eastern Patriarchs and

* *The Orthodox Church of the East in the Eighteenth Century and the Nonjurors.* With an Introduction on Various Projects of Reunion between the Eastern Church and the Anglican Communion. By George Williams, B.D. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

. . . . with a view to establish such relations between the two Communions as shall enable the Laity and Clergy of either to join in the Sacraments and Offices of the other without forfeiting the Communion of their own Church.

The author of the volume before us, Mr. G. Williams, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is one of the few English divines of the day who have made the Eastern Church their speciality. And his present monograph, though it does not contain much new matter, puts what was previously known in a new light, and in a form accessible to many readers who would hardly care to wade through the instructive but somewhat ponderous pages of Lathbury's *History of the Nonjurors*, to the value of which he pays a just tribute. There is certainly something at first sight almost grotesque in the notion of a small and uninfluential community, which began to die out as soon as it began its separate existence, opening negotiations with the Greek Patriarchs and Russian Governing Synod as "the Bishops of the Catholic Church of Britain." And our sense of the incongruity of the whole procedure is not diminished when they coolly start with the whimsical proposal that the Greeks should defer to their suggestion by reversing the traditions of some fourteen centuries, and transferring the primacy of their patriarchal thrones from Constantinople to Jerusalem "for an idea," as Mr. Williams happily expresses it. His estimate of the position of the Nonjurors, both ecclesiastical and theological, is so temperate and just, and so different, we may add, from the enthusiastic ideal commonly accepted by High Churchmen, not many years ago, as sober fact, that it is worth while to put it on record here. Notwithstanding the vehement contentions about the "usages"—certain ceremonies in connexion with the Eucharist, not prescribed in the Prayer-Book, but very widely practised in the present day—their doctrines appear hardly to have risen to the level of what is now considered to be moderate and "safe" teaching, and were by the Greek Patriarchs denounced as sheer blasphemy. The following is the author's judgment of them:—

Whatever admiration we may entertain for the flower of the English Episcopate who refused, from conscientious motives, to transfer their sworn allegiance from the infatuated monarch, whose arbitrary and illegal proceedings they had so nobly resisted, to one whose title appeared to them to be based on mere usurpation; whatever allowances we may make for their learned and pious adherents among the clergy, who like them "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods" rather than compromise honour and loyalty and ecclesiastical order, by recognising uncanonical Bishops intruded by an Erastian Government, the question of whose jurisdiction must have presented a complication of difficulties, which we of this age, at least, may well have learned, by the painful experience of a Colonial Province and Diocese, to appreciate; there can be no difficulty now in condemning the policy which attempted to perpetuate the succession of a Nonjuring Hierarchy: a policy to which some of the most pious of the deprived Bishops were decidedly opposed. Of the canonical consecration of the substituted Bishops there had never been any doubt, and the question of their jurisdiction had been determined by the demise of the last survivor of the Nonjuring Bishops (Ken) in 1711; who had indeed voluntarily ceded his jurisdiction to his second successor in the See of Bath and Wells in 1704. The newly-consecrated Nonjuring Bishops did not even pretend to be the legitimate successors of the deprived Bishops in their several sees; for they never assumed territorial titles; and the presumptuous claim of Collier to be "Primus Anglo-Britanniæ Episcopus," was a distinct usurpation on the Metropolitan See and on the Primacy of Archbishop Wake, who succeeded Tenison in 1716, and whose dignified protest against this violation of all hierarchical order will call for further notice presently.

Ecclesiastically then, the Nonjurors were in an utterly false position; and it is not a little remarkable that the confusion of their ideas on the order and precedency of the Christian hierarchy should be found reflected in the very first of their proposals to the Eastern Church. Their cool suggestion for subverting the gradations of the Patriarchal thrones, settled nearly fourteen hundred years before by the authority of General Councils, and for transferring the Primacy of the Universal Church to Jerusalem, for no conceivable reason—or at the most "for an idea"—was as great a blunder as they could have committed at the outset of their correspondence; for it could not fail to create a prejudice against them as innovators of the first water, in the minds of those who were so wedded to ancient traditions, and so jealous of their privileges and prerogatives, as the occupants of the three Patriarchal Sees, which it was thus proposed to degrade and subordinate to the fourth, were sure to be.

Doctrinally, they were perhaps hardly better qualified to represent fairly the Catholic aspect of the Reformed Anglican Church; for although they undoubtedly maintained the distinctive principles of Sacramental Grace as opposed to the grace-evacuating tenets of the Puritans, and were very far indeed from being identified with the Luthero-Calvinists, as the Easterns mistakenly insinuated; yet they had certainly imbibed some of the peculiar notions of their Scottish associates—with reference especially to the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist—which appeared nothing short of blasphemy to the Orthodox of the East.

There is a curious account in the Introduction of a plan concerted with the Eastern Patriarchs, at the end of the seventeenth century, for the education of Greek youths at Oxford, by turning Gloucester Hall (the present Worcester College) into an establishment for the purpose. The design originated in a petition of the Metropolitan of Samos to Archbishop Sancroft, setting forth in touching language the ignorance and sufferings of the Greeks under Turkish tyranny. Compton, who was Bishop of London—or, as Dr. Woodroff calls him, "the Most Godly Metropolitan of Great London"—from 1675 to 1714, took up the scheme, which, however, never had any great success, and Dr. Woodroff, canon of Christ Church, was appointed president of the new Greek College. The Metropolitan of Samos, Joseph Georgione, who had suggested it, was driven from his see, and became a resident in London, where a church was erected for him in the then aristocratic quarter of Soho, used at present for Anglican worship, under the name of St. Mary's, Crown Street. During the brief existence of the Greek College at Oxford, another Oriental dignitary, "the Most Reverend and Honourable the Metropolitan of Philippopolis, Exarch of all Thrace and Drovogia," paid a visit to England in 1701, attended by three of his clergy, and was received in state at Oxford and Cambridge, and created a D.D. in both Universities, the degree of M.A. being at the same time conferred on the Archdeacon, Archimandrite, and Protosyncellus, who accompanied him, and his physician being made "D. Med." His Grace acknowledged the compliment at Oxford in "a very excellent speech, all in plain, proper hellenistick Greek," which lasted half an hour. At Oxford he was entertained by Dr. Woodroff, and at Cambridge by Dr. Covel, Master of Christ's College, to whose hospitality Archbishop Tenison had recommended him.

The next Eastern visitor to England of similar dignity, about ten years later, came under very different circumstances. Arsenius, Metropolitan of Thebais, with several companions, was sent by the Church of Alexandria to solicit English assistance against one Cosmas, who had been simoniacally intruded into the Patriarchal Chair by the Grand Vizier. The whole party seem to have been in great poverty, and, in fact, to have lived upon alms during their stay in this country, and the Bishop of London (Robinson) was very impatient to get rid of them, but was not able to do so for some time, even by an offer of 200*l.* for travelling expenses. "The poor Archbishop cried like a child when my Lord of London told him they must depart." It was through him that the Nonjuring Bishops, in July, 1716, first opened negotiations with the Eastern Patriarchs, and he carried a letter from them to the Czar. It appears from a theological statement, extorted from them with much difficulty by Dr. Covel, that they were so illiterate as to know nothing about the Synod of Bethlehem, which had about forty years before put forth a confession of faith, afterwards accepted by the Russian Church, and agreeing in all important particulars with the definitions of the Council of Trent. Yet the Eastern Patriarchs at the same time insisted on the acceptance of this confession by the Nonjurors as a *sine quâ non* of intercommunion; and the negotiations finally broke down from their refusal to accept it.

In conclusion, we may give Mr. Williams's statement of facts as to the creation of the Anglican See at Jerusalem, with which he was personally mixed up, and which has attained a certain historical interest since the publication of Dr. Newman's *Apologia*, as having materially influenced his decision to quit the Church of England. The correctness of the account of the matter given is attested by letters, which we have no room to insert, from Archbishop Howley, the Bishop of Oxford, and the late Lord Aberdeen, who was at the time Foreign Secretary, and who was an intimate friend of the Archbishop's:—

I crave indulgence to add to this public testimony of the veteran statesman my own private witness. When I had been nominated by the Archbishop as Chaplain to Bishop Alexander, I was instructed by his Grace to pay special regard to the Oriental Churches, in which he knew me to be already deeply interested: and he spoke to me of the Christians of the East with feelings of the most tender and compassionate sympathy and affection; claiming for them the utmost consideration and loving forbearance, on account of their long subjection to a degrading bondage; citing on their behalf, almost with tears, the Homeric adage:

> Ἥμισυ γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
> Ἀνέρος, εὖτ' ἄν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἦμαρ ἕλῃσιν.

If then the operations of this peaceful mission have been utterly contrary to what was designed; if, instead of contributing to heal the divisions of Eastern Christendom, it has aggravated them rather; if, instead of conciliating the Prelates of the Oriental Church, it has incurred their suspicion and contempt, if not their enmity, by petty aggressions on their lawful jurisdiction—feebly emulating the Latin Propaganda, without the same excuse; if, besides exhibiting the scandal of public faith broken before the Infidels, and ecclesiastical order violated in the face of all Christendom, it has rudely shaken the confidence of learned and pious members of our Communion, and alienated their attachment from the Church of their baptism; yet let the pious memories of William of Canterbury, of Charles James of London, and, I will add, of Frederic William King of Prussia—the author and promoters of the scheme—be exempted from the blame. Let all lie at the door of those who are even eager to bear the responsibility.

HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.*

THE first difficulty suggested by this book is, What is the meaning of its obviously silly title? Which, of all the towers in all the royal castles in Her Majesty's dominions, is Her Majesty's Tower in some special sense above all the others? By the light of nature we might have hit upon the Round Tower of Windsor as a tower which is obviously brought into a closer and more constant connexion with modern royalty than, for instance, the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon. But by the light of nature we should certainly not have fixed upon the Tower of London. The Tower of London has associations of its own, and names of its own, but there is certainly nothing which specially connects it with her present Majesty or her family. That "Her Majesty's Tower" was a sensation title was plain on the face of it; but even a sensation title might have a kind of propriety, and here we can find no propriety at all. Then immediately comes the further question what the book so called is. Is it a novel, or a book of gossip, or what? It is of course part of the joke, part of the sensation, to keep people on the tenter-hooks by putting forth a title which does not convey its own meaning. And, when we come to examine the book, our state of puzzledom is lessened by one degree, but only by one degree. The book is not a novel; it is not a topographical or architectural book; it is not a history in any intelligible sense of the word. It is simply a book in which the Tower of London is made into a peg on which to hang a great deal of sketchy writing about various

* *Her Majesty's Tower.* By William Hepworth Dixon. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

people, mainly people who had to do with the Tower in the way of being prisoners therein.

The second great difficulty is why Mr. Dixon should have written the book at all to which he gave so grotesque a title. The probable answer would be that there are people with whom this kind of thing goes down, and that, where there is a demand, there will also be a supply. This answer, however, will not satisfy the critic. Mr. Dixon's book will most likely sell, but, as critics, we still ask why it should have been written, because, as critics, we can find no place for it. It is not a description of the Tower; it is only in the first few chapters that something of the kind is attempted in a very poor way. And no description of the Tower is needed. The thing has been already done by the hand of a master. We presume that Mr. Dixon's book is, in some way or other, an expansion or development of a paper which he read at the London meeting of the Archæological Institute. But at that meeting the greatest living master of ancient military architecture made the Tower of London his own for ever. After Mr. G. T. Clark there is really no room for Mr. Hepworth Dixon. But from Mr. Dixon's book no one would ever learn the fact of Mr. Clark's existence.

But, if the book is not a description of the Tower, neither is it in any sense a history of the Tower. The Tower itself is lost in the history of the people who were at such and such times its inmates. Such and such people were confined in the Tower; many of them were put to death within the precincts of the Tower. Mr. Dixon gives us a sketchy account of them and their doings, the Tower itself being often left quite out of sight. Some of the actors in the Pilgrimage of Grace were imprisoned in the Tower. Therefore Mr. Dixon gives us a history of the Pilgrimage of Grace. But then we do not want a history of the Pilgrimage of Grace, at all events not from Mr. Dixon. Mr. Dixon has no more business on Mr. Froude's ground than he has on Mr. Clark's. Of course he no more thinks of mentioning Mr. Froude than he thought of mentioning Mr. Clark. But the ground is Mr. Froude's all the same. That is to say, it is Mr. Froude's as against Mr. Dixon. We can very well believe that Mr. Froude may some day be dispossessed, but Mr. Dixon has shown no signs of any right to dispossess him. We have taken the trouble to compare Mr. Froude's account with Mr. Dixon's. Mr. Froude's narrative of the Pilgrimage of Grace is one of the most characteristic parts of his book. All his merits and all his faults come out in it. There are plenty of affected expressions and of inconsistent metaphors. There are plenty of sentiments right in the teeth of common sense and common morality. But it is a noble and fascinating narrative all the same. He who begins it is pretty safe to go on to the end. After Mr. Froude we do not want Mr. Dixon. But we can see that Mr. Froude's narrative and Mr. Dixon's do not always agree; so perhaps Mr. Dixon writes to correct Mr. Froude. Now Mr. Brewer has made good his right to correct Mr. Froude—Mr. Dixon has not. Mr. Froude may be wrong, but, as regards Mr. Dixon, he keeps his vantage-ground. Against Mr. Dixon judgment must go by default. We can accept no statement, great or small, on the authority of a writer who does not vouchsafe us a single reference from one end of his book to the other.

And so with other chapters of the book. As we do not want Mr. Dixon's version of the Pilgrimage of Grace after Mr. Froude, neither do we want his version of Northumberland and Lady Jane Gray after Mr. Froude's, nor his version of Cranmer after those of Lord Macaulay and Dr. Hook. In short, in a large part of his work, Mr. Dixon cannot stir a step without trespassing on the domains of better writers than himself.

This is how Mr. Dixon's position appears to us. But as it may possibly appear different to other people, we will give our readers the benefit of Mr. Dixon's own account of himself. Here, then, is his preface, written in the very grandest, and to us the very darkest, form of the grand style:—

> Twenty years ago I wrote some chapters on the Tower—especially on the human interests which cling around it; and since that time I have noted, with care, such passages in either the State Papers or printed books as threw light into the cells once occupied by the heroes and heroines of English story. This volume—a book of identifications—is the fruit of this long-continued search.
>
> In the labour of reading and deciphering the State Papers, for the purposes of this work, I stand indebted to Her Majesty's Deputy-keeper of the Records, Mr. T. Duffus Hardy, to an extent which no words of mine can adequately express.

Two or three things strike us here. Mr. Dixon does not tell us where the chapters on the Tower which he wrote twenty years ago are to be found, or whether they are to be found anywhere. But it is odd that the obvious connexion of the book with the meeting of the Archæological Institute is wholly kept out of sight. To be sure, Mr. Dixon's chapters could hardly have found a place in "Old London." They would have been too obviously out of place beside Mr. Clark's wonderful monograph, to say nothing of Dr. Guest on Aulus Plautius, and Mr. Green on King Stephen. Mr. Dixon perhaps acted wisely in keeping himself out of the reach of such competitors, but there is something queer about the thing all the same. Then we should like to know exactly what it was that Mr. Duffus Hardy did for Mr. Dixon. That Mr. Hardy, if he chose, could set Mr. Froude, or indeed most other people, right on a great many points we have not the least doubt. But here we have no means of knowing how much is Hardy and how much is Dixon. We should fancy that Mr. Hardy's information, translated into Mr. Dixon's form of fine writing, would come out something very different from the original article. Then, again, if Mr. Dixon has noted with care so many passages both in the State Papers and in printed books, why on earth does he not give his readers the benefit of his notes in the form of references? Then what is a book of identifications? We have not the faintest notion, and we can only guess that it means that most things in Mr. Dixon's book are identical with things that have been already said by better writers. We need hardly say, indeed we have said already, that Mr. Dixon writes in the grand style, so grand sometimes as to be unintelligible to plain people. We do not know, for instance, why Henry the Third should be called a "prince of epical fancies." Some queer theology seems to lurk in the expression (p. 105) "that the Spanish party in the Church" was "prone to accept irregular aid from heaven." We do not exactly see the point of describing Queen Margaret's marriage, or pretended marriage, with Angus, by saying that "She took to herself the handsome and wedded *Thane*." But Mr. Dixon can do greater things than these. Here is a specimen of Mr. Dixon at his grandest and worst, when he is dealing with scenes which "come back with warm rich colouring to the inner eye":—

> Now:—it is London in the reign of that Henry the Builder, who loved to adorn the fortress in which he dwelt. Whose barge is moored at yon stair, with the royal arms? What men are those with tabard and clarion? Who is that proud and beautiful woman, her fair face fired with rage, who steps into her galley, but whose foot appears to scorn the plank on which it treads? She is the Queen; wife of the great builder; Elinor of Provence, called by her minstrels Elinor la Belle. A poetess, a friend of singers, a lover of music, she is said to have brought song and art into the English Court from her native land. The first of our laureates came in her train. She has flushed the palace with jest and joust, with tinkle of citherns, with clang of horns.

And so it goes on with a great deal more, "Will the Commons let her go? Proudly her barge puts off," and that sort of thing, till we come to this:—

> Her son, the young and fiery Edward, never forgot this insult to his mother; by-and-by he will seek revenge for it on Lewes field; and by mad pursuit of his revenge, he will lose the great fight and imperil his father's crown.

With which side Mr. Dixon's feelings lie on the field of Lewes it might be idle to ask; what we have here chiefly to do is to point out the main peculiarity of this style of writing, the spasmodic or gasping style, a style of which, it may be remembered, we once had the pleasure of quoting some fine specimens from Mr. Kingsley's *Roman and Teuton*. The great point is the excommunication and interdict pronounced against the historical tenses. Nothing ever "was" or "would be" or "had been," it always "is" or "will be" or "has been." Mr. Dixon, having put one Queen through the torture of this sort of description, goes on to inflict the same *peine forte et dure* upon another:—

> Again:—it is London in the reign of Bluff King Hal—the husband of two fair wives. The river is alive with boats; the air is white with smoke; the sun overhead is burning with golden May. Thousands on thousands of spectators dot the banks; for to-day a bride is coming home to the King, the beauty of whose face sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog. On the wharf, near the Queen's stair, stands a burly figure; tall beyond common men; broad in chest and strong in limb; dressed in a doublet of gold and crimson, a cap and plume, shoes with rosettes and diamonds, a hanger by his side, a George upon his breast. It is the King, &c. &c.

So we go on with the procession, and we hear how the Lord Mayor lands, and how the bride trips, and the picturesque city companies stream out, and the cannons roar, and the bells fling out, and all the rest of it; and the following is given by Mr. Dixon as the reason:—

> For this is not simply a great day in the story of one lovely woman; but a great day in the story of English life. Now is the morning time of a new era; for on this bright May—
>
> "The gospel light first shines from Boleyn's eyes,"
>
> and men go mad with hope of things which are yet to come.
>
> The King catches that fair young bride in his arms, kisses her soft cheek, and bears her in, through the Bye-ward tower.

We need not go on with "Is it the same? The Queen—the stair—the barge—the crowd of men—all these are here. Yet the picture is not the same. No burly Henry stands by the stair," and so forth. Has Mr. Dixon really been led away by Gray's verse, which after all he cannot quote rightly? Mr. Dixon must surely be one of those very hot gospellers who went mad with hope of things which have yet to come. Did he overlook, or did he not understand, the fact which he himself records in his next page, that this suffered Protestant Queen "begged to have the Sacrament in her own room" "that she might pray with a pure heart"?

Here again we make our protest. Mr. Dixon is once more trespassing on the preserves of his neighbours and betters. We pronounce Anne Boleyn to be the lawful property of Mr. Froude till Mr. Brewer comes to take her away. Mr. Dixon has no part or lot in her. And as for Mary Stuart, about whom, though her connexion with the Tower is of the very faintest, Mr. Dixon has also somewhat to say, after weighing arguments all round we pronounce her to be the property of Mr. Burton.

Such is Mr. Dixon at his worst. But we are bound to say that Mr. Dixon at his worst is quite an exceptional state of things. Mr. Dixon never writes many pages together in which a critical eye cannot pick out marks of affectation and bad taste; still it is not often that he writes with the exceeding badness of the passages which we have just quoted. His narrative often goes on for many pages in a way which, by comparison at least, may be called sober and straightforward. Ever and anon he makes remarks which show that in the main he understands what he is writing about. We by no means consign Mr. Dixon to the place of punishment of hopeless blunderers. Still we cannot understand why he should have written this book at all. We cannot understand why he should go and tell over again so much that has so little connexion with his professed subject, and which

has been already so much better told by better writers. And the fact that he can write better when he chooses only makes the extravagance of such passages as we have quoted still m[ore] unpardonable. Mr. Dixon is no doubt a clever man, and, had he not been spoiled by self-conceit and affectation, he might even have made an useful writer; but he is spoiled by self-conceit a[nd] affectation, and that is the end of it.

It is only fair, however, to give a specimen of Mr. Dixon in his better moods. The following passage on the difference between the North and South of England in the time of Henry the Eighth contains, among some queernesses, much that is true and forcible:—

The divorce of Queen Catharine and the bull of Paul the Third had produced among the lower ranks in these northern shires a ferment for which the men of Kent and Essex were unprepared. In the home counties, opinion was with the King. In London, and in all the provinces lying near London, the creed and the cause of Spain had fallen at a word—had fallen at once, and for ever; the decrees which were to frame a true English order in the family and in the church having been issued by the commons long before they were put into legal phrase by Parliament and King. Not so in the north. The partition of England into two church provinces was in the reign of Henry the Eighth, but echo to an actual fact. The Trent was like the Tweed; a border line between counties jealous of each other; counties apt to fall out, and when they fall out, to fight. The two provinces had a different custom, in some things a different law. York was a great capital; Yorkshiremen spoke with contempt of the city on the Thames; and most men living beyond the Trent thought shame of the King for not holding his Court and Parliament in York. Yet, in every point of culture and civility, the northern shires were a century behind those of the south and west. All that made England great, all that was helping to make her free, was found in that reign, not on the Humber and the Tyne, but on the Severn and the Thames. The thinkers who were moulding her mind, the poets who were fixing her speech, the politicians who were shaping her laws, were men of the southern race. Below the Trent, the peasant was better clothed, the gentleman was better served, the parson was better read, than their fellows above that stream; and any fight for sway between north and south was in fact a conflict of the brooding darkness against the growing light.

This way of Mr. Dixon's of talking about Spain runs through the whole of this part of his book. And it is mixed up with other queernesses, as "The defiance of Spain and Rome—the *establishment of an English Church*," as if an English Church needed to be established for the first time in the sixteenth century. In a sense this talk about Spain may be justified, inasmuch as Charles the Fifth was dangerous and Charles the Fifth was King of Spain. But to talk about Spain in this way gives a very inadequate notion of the position and greatness of the last full Emperor, and it is better kept back for the days of his son and of Elizabeth.

Mr. Dixon has much to tell us about the great difficulty of knowing who was the lawful heir to the Crown at the death of Edward the Sixth. He gives us a long list of possible claimants, in which, by the way, he has a queer trick of calling every lady of royal descent "Princess." Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, becomes "Princess Frances," a title at which she would have been a little amazed. Mr. Dixon tells us

The two sisters of Edward the Sixth had been set aside by acts of Council, acts of Parliament, acts of the Church, and so far as State decrees could put the King's sisters out of court, they were out of court. Their mothers had been cast away on the ground that they had never been lawful wives; their birth had been assailed; their titles had been quashed; their rank had been reduced; their rights, as king's children, had been extinguished. These public acts had never been repealed. In his old age, their father had in some sort owned his daughters; but the act in which this show of justice had been done was of doubtful force, since the previous statutes which defined their bastardy were left untouched. Indeed, his act for regulating the succession had only named them, in so far as they *were* his children. They were not restored in blood; they were not declared to have been lawfully born; they were not adopted into the regal line, except as additional heirs, and with the risk of being excluded by a final will.

Now all this rigmarole is nothing to the purpose. Mary's claim was perfectly good, and equally good whether she was legitimate or illegitimate, whether she was the daughter of Henry or of anybody else. Parliament had given Henry the power to bequeath the Crown, and he had bequeathed it in a certain way, and, on the death of Edward, Mary stood next in succession by virtue of her father's will. The only conceivable source of doubt would be that subtlety as to the validity of Henry's signature which is discussed by Hallam, but of which Mr. Dixon takes no notice. Again, one might think that, as Henry died at the age of fifty-six, he can hardly be said to have done anything in his old age.

On small matters we will not enlarge. Mr. Dixon will probably think us very pedantic, because we object to calling Lady Frances Princess Frances in days when the word Princess had quite another meaning. He would probably think it still more pedantic if we objected to his calling Bishop Gundulf, or anybody else, a Benedictine *friar*. Nor can we see the reason for calling Henry the Third Henry the Builder, as if it were a received title, or the good taste of heading a chapter about Richard the Third "Uncle Gloucester." But we will end with a sentence which we can [appr]ove, as pointing out a popular mistake, though we have some qualms about what Mr. Dixon elsewhere calls the "Italian" and here the "Universal Church":—

Few wrong notions thrive so rankly in our books as the popular delusion that these Howards of Norfolk, Arundel, and Surrey, have been strictly loyal, through good and evil times, to the universal Church. No house in England has been so wayward in its faith.

PROFESSOR LÜBKE'S HISTORY OF ART.*

THIS ponderous work gives promise in its design, but brings disappointment by its execution. The author aims to be in advance of his age; he proposes to accomplish more than his predecessors. He rightly deems that the time has come when the study of art may be prosecuted on broadly historic, if not on strictly scientific, bases. Certainly the accumulation of data is tempting to his project, while the advance of sundry sciences or philosophies might indicate that the art of history, instead of being treated empirically, can be brought under inductive law. Critics were formerly content to indulge in vague generalities concerning the idealism of Greek sculpture or the spirituality of early Italian painting; art dissertations sounded sufficiently well when paragraphs were rounded with "the airs of Guido or the corregieocity of Corregio." But something more searching and thorough is now expected. Accordingly Dr. Lübke probes and plunges beneath the surface of phenomena, till he touches underlying causes. The chapters in this weighty "history" have their preludes in sketches of physical geography. Thus it is made to appear that the valley of the Nile and the plains of the Tigris and the Euphrates are something more than mere landscape backgrounds to Egyptian temples and Assyrian palaces; the very soil is, as it were, fertile in national arts. Yet, in the conduct of the argument, the connexion between effects and assumed causes is seldom close enough to satisfy a strict logician. It must be confessed, indeed, that the process by which conclusions are wrought out is somewhat pleasant and pretty, and possibly art philosophy may profit by the operation. Nevertheless the general scope of these volumes is stated somewhat too grandiloquently when the author says that his purpose has been "to help the cultivated reader to a deeper understanding of art and its productions, to afford him a survey of the whole course of development, and to give him an outline of the historic progress of art," and "especially to show the inner spiritual connexion, in the artistic creations of the various epochs, from the time of the Egyptian pyramids up to our own day, and to discover in them the grand ideas of the advance of the human race in civilization." Thus the author's programme, cast by the translator into miserable English, has promise, and even pretension; only we regret to add that the performance, carried through nearly a thousand pages, somewhat disappoints the expectations raised.

Dr. Lübke has been well trained to his labours; we trace him through thirteen volumes which date from 1853 down to the present year. These works are after the true German type, laborious, persistent, and possibly profound. The author's judgments may be accepted as mature, and his materials are certainly sufficiently bulky and heavy. The Professor has from time to time produced monographs on specific themes; thus, for instance, we find treaties or tractates on "Ancient Swiss Glass Painting," on "Mediæval Art in Westphalia," on the "Dance of Death in the Marienkirche, Berlin," &c. But for the most part the author's investigations have taken wider range; from details he has proceeded to generals, till at length, in the work before us, he compasses a universal history of art, extending over all kingdoms and embracing all times. It would seem that several of these volumes have attained a success which speaks well no less for the author than for the German people who thus eagerly welcome opportunities of art culture. We find that Dr. Lübke's "Antiquities of Art" have been cast into a people's edition, and that *German Ecclesiastical Art of the Middle Ages* had reached, two years since, in amplified form, a "fifth edition." In the title-page of one of the aforesaid volumes Dr. Lübke is designated "Professor of the History of Art in the Polytechnic of the Swiss Confederation, Zurich." These facts argue well for the critical research of German Professors, and for the art education provided for the people at large. We need not point out how far England is still behind Continental nations in those respects.

Art criticism is in Germany pursued persistently as a profession; æsthetics assume the pretensions of science; art sentiments or intuitions are revered as dictates of the pure reason. Art critics in Germany constitute a specific school. Dr. Waagen, the most prosaic of writers, was accustomed to interlard dry facts with certain slow meditative thoughts, and the whole material he wrought into a not disagreeable mixture of philosophy, moralizing, and gossip. Kugler, a man higher in the order of intellect, made his English readers familiar with speculative methods and emotional tones of criticism; he brought the feelings as well as the reason into play; he clothed and coloured his judgments in warm sentiments; he accosted pictures in terms of endearment; and he became at once impressive and incomprehensible in the somewhat meaningless use of set phrases, such as "objective," "subjective," "motive," &c. Likewise Grimm, whose *Life of Michael Angelo* [is] disfigured by rhapsody, belongs essentially to that Teutonic school which, in critical tone, is wholly unlike aught that sees the light in our own country save through translations. Now Professor Lübke, in the *History of Art*, betrays consanguinity to this same order of critical intellect—high-flown yet plodding and prosaic, speculative yet matter of fact, emotional and transcendental yet withal historic. Our Professor is at once eclectic and onesided, catholic and sectarian; mounting his professorial chair and donning stately robes, he delivers himself with more than becoming dignity of trite principles and trivial facts. The law of the hereditary transmission of talent ought scarcely to be deemed a discovery even in a German university, yet our Professor, when discoursing upon Holbein, cannot state the simplest of facts save under the following awkward circumlocution:—"And as is often the case with grandchildren that they resemble their grandparents, so the young Holbein inherited the mental peculiarit[y of] his grandfather." We naturally desire to learn how much [Hol]bein owed to "the mental peculiarity" of his grandmother. [The] grandmothers of genius ought not to be slighted by German [Professors].

* *History of Art.* By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, Professor of the History of Art. Translated by F. E. Bunnètt. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

tors. As a characteristic example of the Professor's literary styl and philosophic treatment, we venture to quote the following passage, which if cloudy in idea, confused, and possibly even ungrammatical in diction, soars, it must be admitted, into sublime region of speculation—mountains of thought some fifteen thousand feet high, but unfortunately invisible by reason of vapours:—

The intricate complexity [says Dr. Lübke] of things around us impel man to seek a knowledge of the spiritual laws which affect their internal connexion. Only by the assurance of the deep necessity for such a connexion can he calmly and clearly survey the apparent arbitrariness of the separate parts, and perceive, in the successive phases of life afforded by the history of mankind, a progressive development of the ideas and spiritual matter underlying them. If anywhere indispensable, it is especially so in the realm of art, as in its works the character of nations and centuries is sensibly manifested. The question, therefore, of the origin of art is one that affects us closely.

Professor Lübke has before him a subject sufficiently large and comprehensive—the relation between art developments and national civilizations. For the solution of this problem the author's reasonings are not sufficiently cogent or searching; the assumed connexion between effects and causes, between scattered details and governing principles, is often merely conjectural. The causes which have induced art creations may for convenience be distributed under the distinctive divisions of race, climate, and chronology or time. But the misfortune is, as becomes but too evident in the course of Dr. Lübke's inquiries, that these several agencies or conditions are unascertained and ill-defined. Whenever, for instance, whether in the pages of Mr. Fergusson or in some ethnographic chart, an attempt is made to elucidate art phenomena by races, we are prepared for much entertainment and little instruction. Müller, in his well-known work on Ancient Art, was content to speak grandly but vaguely of the genius of "the Indo-Germanic race." And it would seem to be the inevitable fallacy of all such reasoning, whether in Germany or England, that the whole question is begged from the beginning; thus the Hellenic peoples are shown to be artistic on the evidence of their arts, and then again their arts are accounted for by the artistic character of the race. It is evident that there can be no progress in such reasoning; the argument ends where it begins, in some gratuitous assumption or foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, it is impossible to ignore causation between races and national arts; indeed, a true history and philosophy of art probably await the decision by ethnologists of certain moot points as to the antiquity of man and the unity of the human species. Certain well known data quoted by Professor Lübke seem to point to unity; thus figures in the paintings and bas-reliefs of Egypt and Assyria bear alike the Semitic type, while in the decorative arts of the two nations forms occur in common. Moreover, among Oriental nations may be traced germs of the Greek honeysuckle. These facts seem to indicate that national arts throughout the world may have sprung from some common centre. Yet, on the other hand, it is not difficult to point out even between the works of Egypt and Assyria—notwithstanding mutual plagiarism—marked divergence. It is indeed manifest that the artists of the two nations were capable of independent creation. Egyptian sculpture, by its subtlety and refinement, not to say feebleness, bears comparison with the subsequent Byzantine school; while the swelling limbs, stalwart bodies, and heroic movements presented in the plastic works of Assyria bespeak a nation vigorous and rude. In later epochs, like contrasts distinguish and divide the works of Constantinople from the arts of the Western Empire; that is, the Southern arts of Byzantium from the robust products of Lombard and other Northern races. Dr. Lubke leaves all these questions, which lie on the threshold of his inquiry, just where he found them. It still remains impossible upon the evidence adduced to determine whether national arts had one common birthplace and cradle, say somewhere in the East; or whether the great kingdoms into which national arts are now divided may not have had several distinct and successive centres of creation. The data which even an ordinary museum of antiquities affords would seem to favour the latter hypothesis.

Climate, with all that pertains to physical geography, necessarily plays a prominent part in Professor Lübke's *History of Art*. National schools of architecture, sculpture, and painting are bounded by latitude and longitude, and hold possession of zones, continents, and hemispheres. Climate generally gives complexion and colouring to intellect, imagination, and emotion; the romance of Canova was kindled in the South, while the severity of Thorwaldsen was the offspring of Northern latitudes. Certain it would seem at any rate that, if Athens had been planted at the North Cape, Phidias could not have modelled gods and men in the nude. As to landscape art, of course it is a self-evident position that painters must wait upon climate and weather; and, as a matter of fact, it has happened that Claude, Both, Berghem, Turner, and others, all born under Northern skies, were warmed into poetry and romance under Southern climes. There are indeed unmistakeable signs that Professor Lübke has himself, through like migration, fallen under these transmuting agencies. When, for example, he passes under review his own countrymen, Holbein, Albert Dürer, and others, and when likewise he castigates, for its base naturalism, the modern art of this nineteenth century, he is less German than Italian and Grecian in the tone of his criticism.

Chronology—which Goethe, if we remember rightly, designated a science of sciences—Professor Lubke deals with most unscientifically. Dates he distributes and dispenses as figures in a cata... In short, he scatters chronology over his page without ...tion or causation; epochs are without sequence, and schools without onward development. That an author should fall into confusion and contradiction about Egypt may be readily forgiven, but the general impression produced by this history is that chronology has proved to the author not so much a chart as a labyrinth. The doctor is at home in the dark ages; his chronology is shadowed by twilight incertitude.

Dr. Lübke, by careful compilation, presents faithful pictures of national arts under the dynasty of the Pharaohs, the age of Pericles, the rule of Augustus, and the sway of the Medici; yet the student is scarcely now for the first time taught that, through Egyptian servitude art was petrified for centuries, or that under Grecian freedom architecture and sculpture burst into life and developed into beauty. We cannot but think that the author, in bringing these well-known facts once again into view, might have given to the collective panorama of the world's assembled arts more of pictorial colour and perspective light and shade. His narrative is flatter than a bas-relief, and his philosophy has more moralizing propriety than a school-book. But it is fair to state that these volumes are nicely bound, admirably printed, and somewhat copiously illustrated.

German Professors carry the world's history on their shoulders as a heavy weight; and the record of art in particular is often the burden of their lives. Heroic attitudes of mind naturally beget noble diction; thus Dr. Lübke, as a prelude to Greek art, speaks of "that mighty habit of thought inclining to monumental productions, which belongs to all primitive epochs of art." Yet the sequel, as usual, is elementary and curt. Thus upon Greek art the Professor has little new to relate, save possibly the following, on the classic system of polychrome:—

While in opposition to the former supposition of the perfect colourlessness of the Greek temple, opinion has recently fallen into the other extreme, and sought to prove a thorough painting of the whole, calm investigation has gradually arrived at the conviction, after careful attention to the few traces left on monuments, that in the marble temples only the upper parts exhibited coloured ornament; that the pillars, walls, and architrave sparkled in the unbroken lustre of the brilliant marble; that on the architrave, at the most, there were only golden inscriptions and gilded shields hung up as monuments of victory, and that it was alone on the frieze and ceiling that the colouring began.

The reader will have gathered that these handsome volumes are remarkable for careful compilation rather than for original research. Whether we turn to the annals of early Christian art in the catacombs of Rome, or to later Gothic developments in Northern Europe, we find little that adds to existing historic stores. Yet we incline to the opinion that the time has come when the chronicles of the world and its inhabitants may be readjusted on the basis of grand national monuments. The arts lie scattered as on the shores of time, along the track of ancient civilizations. It is only comparatively of late years that travellers and archæologists have collected the data needful for this still unedited history, written in national arts. It may be admitted that Professor Lübke has thrown the scattered materials into a vast mosaic or tesselated pavement, but the picture he has wrought does not bear the touch of a master-hand.

BOUQUET'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE OHIO INDIANS.*

WE may perhaps assume that few of our readers have ever heard of Henry Bouquet, or could mention the campaign in which he distinguished himself. And, to say the truth, there is very little in that campaign which can possess much interest for dwellers on this side of the Atlantic. It was merely a trifling, though creditable, episode in that long war which began with the first arrival of English emigrants in America, and to which Sherman and Sheridan are now putting some of the final touches. The record of it now published, and which is for the most part a reprint of an account published in 1765, deserves a moment's notice, partly as an illustration of the state of America a hundred years ago, and partly also as illustrating a peculiarity of the modern American. It is a misfortune of life in a new country that the inhabitants have no visible connexion with the past, and are too apt to regard it with indifference. Americans are of course descended from as long a series of ancestors as ourselves; but they often speak of themselves, and others speak of them, as if they had collectively sprung into existence at the Declaration of Independence, or, at the earliest, when Captain John Smith landed in the James River. The historical instinct, however, though confined to a limited field, shows some strong signs of vitality. Every American of English descent takes a pleasure in tracing back his pedigree equal to that of any nobleman in the old country. Such relics of historical interest as survive the ceaseless change of American society are studied with special zeal. Plymouth Rock, the windmill at Newport, the tree under which Washington took command of the continental army, and a few more such fragments of the past have to satisfy the whole appetite for antiquities which in England may seek satisfaction at innumerable monuments from Stonehenge to St. Paul's Cathedral. The limitation of the field has a certain charm. An English student of history may stand aghast at the vast mass of accumulated material. In the United States it is easy to become familiar with the whole recorded history of the continent, and to be a profound antiquary at a comparatively easy price. The Historical Societies of the various States do what they can to stimulate and satisfy this curiosity. Minnesota, we know, had an Historical Society a fortnight before the State was founded; and

* *Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians.* Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co. 1868.

the American of the distant future will at any rate have the advantage that his history is recorded as soon as it is made, and will be freed from the necessity of feeling his way by the dim indications of unwritten tradition. This account of Bouquet's expedition, which announces itself as "the first of the reprints of the Ohio Valley Historical Series," is another manifestation of the desire of the population to know something about their grandfathers, or rather about the population which was ousted by their grandfathers; and certainly the description brings before us in a singularly vivid form the amazing contrast between the aspect of the country at two not very distant epochs.

Bouquet was a Swiss officer of some experience, who received a commission in the corps of "Royal Americans" raised in the Seven Years' War. The conquest of Canada had for its immediate effect the outburst of an Indian war under Pontiac. Englishmen and Americans have, it seems, a peculiar facility for making themselves disagreeable to barbarous races; the French always succeeded in gaining the goodwill of the native tribes, whereas a manifest destiny—or some less mysterious cause—has always led us to trample them out with the greatest possible rapidity. Perhaps the instinct is generally more convenient than praiseworthy. The result, however, was that the Indian tribes, as soon as they found that the continent was to be given over to English rule, flamed up into a sudden insurrection, took all the small posts in the interior with the exception of Detroit and Fort Pitt, and scalped and tomahawked in every direction according to their amiable fashion. In 1763 Bouquet was ordered to relieve Fort Pitt, and accomplished this duty after a severe fight at Bushy Run. The next year he marched into the "untrodden wilderness of Ohio," and there received the submission of the tribes and forced them to deliver up their English prisoners. The story is told by a certain Dr. William Smith, on the authority of documents supplied by Bouquet, and is warranted by Mr. Parkman, the able editor, as authentic. It is for the most part a meagre journal of the expedition, varied by occasional reports of speeches from such orators as Keissinautchtha, Eweecunwee, Keighleighque, and others. The speeches bear every mark of being genuine; that is to say, they are no better than one would naturally expect from savages before their language has received the editorial services which Jefferson rendered to Logan in the *Notes on Virginia*. We have, too, certain official compliments which sound a little strangely at the present day. Bouquet, for example, tells the Assembly of Pennsylvania that "next to the approbation of His Sacred Majesty and my superior officers, nothing could afford me higher pleasure than your favourable opinion of my conduct"; and the Assembly wishes him above all things "a safe and pleasant voyage to England, with a kind and gracious reception from His Majesty." Evidently George III. was not yet at a discount in his affectionate colonies. Once the worthy Dr. William Smith thinks it necessary to work himself up to a bit of rhetoric. He tells us that, to avoid breaking the thread of his narrative, he has reserved to the end the description of a scene "which language indeed can but weakly describe, and to which the poet or painter might have repaired to enrich their highest colourings of the variety of human passions, the philosopher to find ample subject for his most serious reflections, and the man to exercise all the tender and sympathetic feelings of the soul." This scene was the restoration of the English captives. The most remarkable part of it seems to have been that the Indians had treated them well, become very fond of them, and only delivered them up with "torrents of tears." Indeed, a young Mingo was so attached to one woman that he persisted in following her to the settlements, at the risk of being killed by the relatives of those who had been "captivated or scalped." Indeed, it is a fact which should be mentioned to the credit of the Indians, that, when they did not kill their prisoners, they always treated them like their own people. "From every inquiry that has been made," says Dr. Smith, "it appears that no woman thus saved is preserved from base motives, or need fear the violation of her honour. No child is otherwise treated by the persons adopting it than as the children of their own body."

Virtuous or not, the Indians were doomed; and we read of the terror they inspired with the same feeling with which the New Zealanders in 1969 will read of the massacres of the last few years. Bouquet speaks with extreme respect of the capacities of the Indians for warfare. He explains at length an elaborate plan, founded on his own experience, for meeting their tactics successfully. He proposes to enlist a sufficient force of men from the frontier; they are to be trained in running, swimming, and shooting; they are to be taught how to throw up an entrenchment, to make fascines, to fell trees, and so on—arts which we should have fancied to be almost instinctive with an American backwoodsman. They are to be accompanied by a body of light horse, and every horseman is to have a bloodhound to discover ambushes, to follow "tracks," to guard the camp against night surprises, and "to seize the naked savages." Moreover, there are to be companies of artificers, composed of the most useful tradesmen; and settlements are to be formed in the woods adapted to the purposes of military defence. There are elaborate calculations as to the number of men, horses, and oxen necessary for an expedition into the woods, and careful instructions as to the order of march. The general principle of Bouquet's own expedition consisted in always preserving such a formation that, at a moment's notice, the troops would compose a hollow square, with the baggage and provisions in the centre. All the Indian battles were fought on a very similar plan. A disciplined force found itself in the centre of a vast forest, stretching for an unlimited distance. Suddenly it found itself surrounded by a troop of yelling savages, who gave way at every charge, easily escaping through the woods, and then returned to weary out their unfortunate prey. The great difficulty was to bring the enemy to close quarters, where the advantages of discipline would tell. Bouquet was attacked in this way at Bushy Run, and for a time was in danger of suffering the fate of Braddock. At last, by a simple manœuvre, he drew the Indians into a position where the fire of the troops might be concentrated upon them, and after a short struggle they were effectually crushed. In a very few years the disappearance of the enemy made all these preparations of light horse and bloodhounds and artificers unnecessary. The next generation settled the question by the victories of Wayne and Jackson, and within a few years Boone found that settlers were becoming unpleasantly numerous even in Kentucky, and had to migrate beyond the Mississippi. A list drawn up by a French trader, "a person of considerable note," gives a careful estimate of the number of Indians in the Western territory. If his estimate is correct, the various tribes could bring into the field a force of 56,500 warriors, which implies a population of something under 300,000. According to the last census, there were in the State of Ohio about 2,300,000 whites, and 30 Indians—22 men and 8 women. In New York the Indians seem to have numbered 140. The figures are eloquent enough without further comment. A few years ago a stockade might still be seen in the suburbs of Boston, which had been erected for defence against the Indians. An Indian is now almost as great a curiosity in Boston as in London.

The worst of American history is that, for the most part, the eloquence is of that kind which is translatable into statistics. So many years ago a certain site was a prairie; now it is occupied by a city whose inhabitants count by the hundred thousand. In 1760 a force had to pick its way slowly through vast woods, exposed to incessant attacks from savages, and advancing at the rate of five or six miles a day. It started from a frontier village, and ended at a fort protected by stockades. In 1850 we might cross the same distance in a railway in two or three hours, with no danger from savages, though a good deal from accidents, and the termini would be Pittsburg with 50,000 inhabitants, and Cincinnati with three times as many. The facts are impressive in a way, though the constant repetition of similar statements becomes rather monotonous. One has a certain regret that the picturesque figures of the backwoodsman and the Indian chief have as good as disappeared, and left not a trace behind. Railway "depôts" have taken the place of stockades, and manufacturing towns of trading stations. We can understand the pleasure which Americans feel in seeking out the few remaining traces of a state of society which, though barbarous, was picturesque, as a certain relief to the too monotonous aspect of an improvised civilization. Such scraps of antiquarianism as this record of Bouquet's expedition will have an interest for them which we cannot fully share.

COUNT CAVOUR'S THOUGHTS ON IRELAND.*

THE condition of Ireland has ever been a favourite subject with the publicists of the Continent. Many reasons concur to give it an interest in their eyes. In the first place, the majority of the people are co-religionists; in the next place, they have given soldiers and statesmen to all the Catholic Courts of Europe; then, their characteristics resemble those of the Continental nations rather than those of Englishmen. Above all, Ireland is the sore and ulcerous point of English polity; the point on which "the foe and the stranger" can fix with self-complacent pity or contemptuous indignation. It is a subject on which every foreigner who regards England with hatred or jealousy can be fluent and declamatory. It is a subject, too, which, if it is exceedingly difficult to fathom, is far from difficult to skim. There are facts in abundance and beyond all controversy; just the sort of facts which suit the pen of a Continental Liberal, who is animated by envy of English prosperity or a dislike of English policy. With three-fourths of these critics Ireland and Poland are convertible instances of the most unrelenting and unmerited oppression. And they declaim on both with equal facility and asperity.

It is refreshing, therefore, to turn from the ruck of European critics to the work of a thoughtful and dispassionate statesman. Cavour was a man to whom Ireland must have been an object of profound contemplation. An admirer of the English Constitution, equally desirous and appreciative of English sympathy, at the same time habituated to struggles for national independence, animated with antipathy to monarchical and clerical despotism, and not without views of landed property consistent rather with the French than the English theory; accustomed, moreover, to subordinate mere theoretical conclusions to practical expediency, he was not likely to be betrayed into the hasty or prejudiced judgments of ordinary European critics. The time at which he wrote gives additional interest to his essay. It was while the Repeal agitation was at its height, and before the Chief Agitator had become entangled in the meshes of the law. Since it was composed, great changes have taken place. The popular tribune, whom many foreign publicists expected to see dictating terms to the Lords and Commons of England from Stephen's Green, was soon to be prosecuted by the Ministry, which he defied, convicted by countrymen whom he professed to champion,

* *Thoughts on Ireland: its Present and its Future.* By the late Count Cavour. Translated by W. B. Hodgson, LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. Manchester: Ireland & Co. 1868.

sentenced by Courts which he proposed to elevate in dignity, and to be relieved from penalties by a Senate which he had often denounced as at once alien and odious. A famine was to be inflicted, more terrible than any which Ireland had yet known or imagined. An emigration was to ensue, more complete in its extent and more important in its consequences than any previous experience could have justified us in expecting. The relief from over-population was to be counterbalanced by the interference of alien invaders. All these things were not foreseen by Cavour, any more than they were foreseen by ourselves. But, though he was not in all things a prophet, this little book proves him to have been a very shrewd and not at all an ill-natured observer.

As an Italian, and the countryman of insurgents against a foreign yoke, he has sympathies with Ireland. But his sympathies do not blind him to facts. He sees at once that it would have been better for Ireland if she had been welded with England even by a greater thoroughness of conquest. He says:—

> In spite of the admiration excited by the generous efforts of the Irish to maintain their independence, we are compelled to admit that it would have been well for them had they been thoroughly subdued in the reign of Henry II. Had the Norman barons once settled and consolidated their sway over the Celtic population of Ireland, they would no longer have regarded themselves as the chiefs of an army encamped in a conquered country; they would in time have become attached to their country, and they would have endowed it with beneficent institutions, such as, from the middle ages onward, ensured the prosperity and the glory of England. Four centuries would have been more than enough to fuse the conquering and the conquered races, so that, when their religious disputes broke out, these would not have been frightfully envenomed by the antipathies of race and nationality.

He is acute enough to see that the grievances of Ireland in the last century were complex and almost contradictory; that the Ireland which claimed legislative and commercial equality was Protestant Ireland, which, in its turn, ignored or disparaged the claims of Catholic Ireland to civil and religious equality. He sees in the fury of the French Revolution the force which made one class of Irish patriots loyal Conservatives, and another class eager rebels. On the union of the two kingdoms he speaks with the moderation of a wise and practised statesman. Coming from a foreigner, and a foreigner of Southern Europe, whose temperament and sympathies might be presumed to be Irish, the following opinion has great weight:—

> There can be but one voice in condemning to infamy those who made traffic of the independence of their country, who bartered their rights and their political influence against gold and places, who sold their vote and sanctioned an act which their conscience disapproved. But must we equally condemn the government which purchased those corrupt men? I would not hesitate to do this if, by a fatal error, public opinion in ages past, and even in our own, had not in some measure sanctioned on the part of Government a morality different from that which private persons recognise; if it had not, in all times, treated with excessive indulgence the immoral acts which have brought about great political results. If we would brand with disgrace the character of Pitt for having practised parliamentary corruption on a great scale, we must treat with equal severity the greatest monarchs of past times, Louis XIV., Joseph II., the great Frederick, who, to reach their ends, offended far more grievously against the inflexible principles of morality and of humanity, than did the illustrious statesman who established the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.
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> But, putting aside the appreciation of the conduct and the merits of those who took part in the Act of Union, let us examine this measure in itself, and let us see if, in fact, it has been unjust and iniquitous towards Ireland, and if it deserves all the hatred which it excites even at this day, all the vituperation which O'Connell and the orators of the popular party lavish upon it without ceasing.
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> For myself, I declare frankly that I do not think so. In accomplishing the legislative union of the British islands Pitt was not moved by a narrow desire of domination; he did not act in the exclusive interest of one political party or of one religious sect. It was not in order to enslave Ireland, to impose upon it his despotic will, that he sought to unite all the Parliamentary powers under one roof at Westminster.
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> The aim of Pitt was noble and great. By uniting under the same government the two islands which St. George's Channel severs, he hoped to strengthen, to consolidate the edifice of British power, then exposed to terrible attacks. He realized the thought of one of those men who have possessed in the highest degree the instinct of government—Cromwell—who nearly two centuries before desired to fuse the Parliament of Ireland with that of Britain. But, if the dominant thought was to strengthen the Government by simplifying the machinery of legislation, he thought also, I dare affirm, of performing an act useful to Ireland, by withdrawing it from the dominion of a blind and persecuting Church. He wished to give to the Catholics, by means of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, complete political emancipation, which they would never have obtained from the Irish Parliament. If he did not realize these generous plans, it was because he found in the will of George III. an obstacle which he had not the courage to surmount, at a time when the support of the Crown was to him indispensable in order to save the nationality of his country, threatened by the power of France.

The summary which Cavour gives of Irish events from the time of the Union is fair and candid. With the exception of the suggestion that Canning's was a Reforming Administration, it is free from error; and this one error is neither strange nor inexplicable. To a foreigner, cognizant of the liberalism of Mr. Canning's foreign policy and his advocacy of religious toleration, it must seem quite a matter of course to speak of him as a Reform Minister. The sketch of the policy of the two Whig Administrations under Lords Grey and Melbourne is vigorous and lively. The justification of O'Connell's changeful and inconsistent tactics is more temperate than that of an Irish partisan would have been. The record of the many benefits conferred on Ireland between 1831 and 1839 will be read by many Englishmen with surprise, not untempered with a sentiment of regret that, where so much effort has been expended, so little return should have been realized. On the Repeal agitation, which O'Connell took up in earnest after the return of the Conservatives to power, Cavour speaks in a tone far different from that of foreign publicists in general. They, as reckless of the Irish as of the English consequences of Repeal, saw in the agitation only a repetition of the Belgian and the Polish cry for nationality. To them it was a challenge of defiance to England, which might herald the destruction of English power. The capacity of Ireland to stand alone they never condescended to consider. The one thought in their minds was the great injury which Repeal would inflict upon England, and the compensation which they might thus extort for the numerous and unmerited successes of perfidious Albion. Cavour saw things in a different light. He saw that half the evils of Ireland were social, that they sprang from the antecedent history of the country, which it was impossible to undo or erase, and that their cure would not come from the destruction or prostration of England. Granted that Ireland might gratify her Continental friends by shaking off the yoke of England, how could that benefit the mass of the people who were pigging in hovels on the miserable subdivisions of underlet and ill-cultivated land? The Irish famine had not yet come; it was not even brooding over the people's minds. Yet in 1843 Cavour saw the normal curse of the country, and wrote thus:—

> The relative superiority of the two agricultural systems, of large and small culture, will for a long time be a problem unsolved; but up to this time we may declare without fear of error that the tillage of the soil consigned to small farmers without capital, without intelligence, without affection for the soil they till, is the most deplorable kind of agriculture it is possible to conceive.

Again, what would be the burdens of Ireland, and her ability to bear them, after she was severed from her more opulent sister, and had obtained separate legislative independence? Cavour, who will not stop to imagine the entire separation of the Governments, thus answers the questions:—Ireland would be unable to pay her own just proportion of the joint national debt, to support her magistracy and her police, without a larger revenue than she now possesses; so that the first dawn of her legislative independence would witness the imposition of fresh taxes on the poorest population of Europe. Neither would Repeal increase the commerce and industry of a purely agricultural country, which is essentially dependent on England for manufactured articles, and which, in an insane attempt to rival her, would begin a fatal war of tariffs. National education in its present unsectarian form would be ill encouraged when its direction was virtually left in the hands of a bigoted and uneducated priesthood. Nor would those public works which are so often proclaimed to be necessary for developing the resources of Ireland be promoted when the capital which was formerly at the disposal of the United Parliament was no longer forthcoming to defray their cost:—

> The country itself possesses little; if it wish to undertake great works, it must have recourse to British capitalists. Those who already hesitate to invest their money on the other side of the St. George's Channel would probably refuse altogether to risk it in a country which had become to them a quite foreign land. For a long time, if Repeal were effected, the Protestant coins of London would distrust the good faith of the democratic Parliament of Dublin. It is, then, probable that this measure would retard, rather than advance, the execution of the public works which the interests of Ireland imperiously demand.

The principal remedies which Cavour propounded for Irish evils, and which he said could be granted quite as well by the United Parliament in London as by an Irish Parliament in Dublin, were these:—1. The disestablishment of the Protestant Church. 2. A continuance of an unsectarian public education. 3. A change in the law of succession and settlement of landed estates, which should transfer the soil of Ireland from Protestant to Catholic proprietors. 4. Extension of railways by the Government. The tone of assurance in which he proposes his first remedy sounds now somewhat prophetic. His fourth proposition was sanctioned by the approval of some statesmen who are dead, and by the regrets of others who still survive. His second is met by the increasing hostility or indifference of those whose characters and fortunes he is most anxious to elevate; while his third will probably supply material for the next grand conflict between Parliamentary factions. It is impossible to read his suggestions and compare them with the list of benefits already conferred on Ireland, without asking, will these be as bootless as the others? Suppose the Church disestablished, the land transferred, railways extended, and education promoted; will these make Ireland one jot more happy and contented than Catholic Emancipation, the Abolition of Tithes, the Reform and Municipal Acts have made her? Will they change the attributes of the Irish soil and the qualities of the Irish character? Great changes have been wrought by the English Government in Ireland since Cavour wrote. Of these many have been highly beneficent, but none are comparable to that great change which has taken possession of the popular mind, and has perverted the reckless, rollicking Irish peasant into a sour, grim, semi-Yankee Republican. This change Cavour neither prophesied nor foresaw. But had he foreseen the American civil war, and the great training-school it was to supply to Irish sedition, we believe he would still have written as he has done on the sterile results of Irish independence, and on the joint interest of both islands in perpetuating their united government.

The essay is a short one, but its matter is pregnant; and the vigorous thought of the author loses nothing of its effect in the English garb in which Dr. Hodgson so ably presents it.

UNDERGROUND LIFE.*

IN the days when eager multitudes were for the first time thronging the aisles of an International Exhibition, and before men's eyes had been opened to the bombast and incompleteness and jobbery of those too often recurring displays, its official trumpeters and a host of equally half-educated scribblers boldly proclaimed that a new era of education had begun. No longer was ingenuous youth to be tortured by wading through countless books, and wearied by sad years of dull lessons; but for the future mere promenades among the collections in Hyde Park, with plenty of bravely-coloured diagrams, and an occasional popular lecture, were the smooth ways to be substituted for the rugged old path of hard grinding. It was in fact through the eye, and by simple inspection, that knowledge was to be won, and a good deal of unnecessary abuse of the older systems of learning was showered out by writers and speakers who probably owed them a grudge in respect of their own ill-furnished condition. A similar notion, so far as regards pleasant modes and copious illustrations, seems during the last half-dozen years to have actuated certain French purveyors of books on the sciences. The "spirited publishers" catch an author gifted with ready pen and fluent style, and, confident of his ability to work up at short notice any given subject, they engage an artist who copies well from nature, and another who, to get his striking views, can soar at will to distant continents or back through the unnumbered ages of the primeval earth; then, with the aid of first-rate wood-cutters and a bold, clear type, they produce a series of handsome volumes on Astronomy, the World before the Flood, the Ocean World, and sundry other branches of natural science. The successive issue of these sumptuous tomes testifies to their popularity. In France they have claimed a place among the *objets de luxe* in the salons of Parisian ladies, and the number of editions of their translations into English produced by London publishers shows that a voluble and picturesque account of scientific matters is not without attractions for a large class of readers.

We confess to some misgivings as to the wholesomeness of the dainty dishes thus set before the public; and with all our admiration for the ingenuity of the French cooks, and our full acknowledgment of the piquant flavour of their sauces and the consummate taste of their dressing of the table, we have a grave suspicion that the quality of the meat is not quite the thing, and that we ought to look at least so far beneath the surface as to avoid mistaking a mere *vol-au-vent* for solid food. The inquiry on a broad scale is one of no little importance, for there are in the reading world persons in abundance who may be allured to, and even in some degree benefited by, the lighter flummery, whilst they might be wholly incapable of relishing or digesting the more nutritious article. It is, however, not our object at present to touch the general question, but simply to notice the last emerging star of this showy galaxy.

The author of *Underground Life* appears to have studied in the coal-producing districts of South France, and subsequently to have been engaged in mining affairs in Tuscany and America. His object, as stated in the preface, is to describe the struggles of the miner, as Victor Hugo, in his *Toilers of the Sea*, has pictured those of the mariner; but, on advancing fairly into his task, he adds a quantity of material which hardly belongs to the poetical side, and his entrance upon which justifies us in requiring technical exactness and a certain fulness of handling. The first and chief division of the work includes coal, with its history and the means by which it is wrought; a second part deals with the sources of the metals; and a third with the mines of precious stones. Maps geologically coloured, woodcuts, and chromolithographs are scattered broadcast throughout the volume; and so remarkable are many of these that we own the soft impeachment of having been seduced into a thorough look at the "pictures" before we could dip into the text. And if, after this first glance, unaccompanied by inspection of the title-page, we had been required to guess the name of the book, we should assuredly have missed the idea of Life, and must have replied "Underground Death," for never before has there been depicted in a single volume so vivid a series of horrors, so plausibly imagined a representation of the many casualties which decimate the ranks of the miners. But at this point we must join issue with our author; he professes to discard fiction, yet his catastrophic plates are mostly pure products of the imagination. It needs no ghost to tell us that the actual moment of an explosion of fire-damp, or the smashing of a group of workmen by collapsing rock and timber, can never have met the gaze of an artist; and the experienced eye of a viewer or colliery engineer will in a moment detect the imposition by the incorrectness of the details. Thus, to impress on us the fatal results of an underground inundation, a ghastly plate presents us with a thrilling *chiaro-scuro* of dark waters with floating corpses of men and horses, hideously stark and swollen; but we take comfort on finding that various lights, shown burning along the line of the excavations, where in fact they were artistically needed, prove that the water cannot have reached high enough to drown even a small boy. And again, in the less murderous scenes, we put it to our mining friends of Northumberland or the Western counties, whether the timber by which the roof should be supported is not in several instances represented as set in a fashion quite impossible in prosaic daily practice. Lapses of this kind may not seriously affect the value of the book with those who may take it up for a perusal of the exciting anecdotes with which it abounds, but they militate strongly against its usefulness as a vehicle of serious instruction.

On surmounting the wonderful headings of the chapters—the Field of Battle, the Perilous Passage, the Soldier of the Abyss, the Sisters of the Catacombs, and so on—we are prepared for the windy exaggerations and fine writing in which our semi-poetical neighbours across the Channel are apt to indulge; but, knowing as we do the sound observation of many of the well-educated engineers of France, we are disappointed to find a marked deficiency of acquaintance with the features of our more notable mines, and a too boldly expressed assurance of English inferiority which savours certainly of want of knowledge on the part of the author:—

> It may be remarked [he says, p. 142] that England, in the working of her coal-mines, has not that practical superiority which is generally ascribed to her. . . . The English may deliver their coal at a much lower rate, it is true, for reasons which have been already given; but, as regards artistic constructions, modes of working, internal management, and surface arrangements, everything is with them inferior to what is seen in many coal-mines in France and Belgium.

And a similar tone—pervading, like some of the gases he describes, many recesses of the work—only satisfies us the more as to the cause of the vaguenesses and omissions and misstatements which stamp a number of M. Simonin's pages with the effect of jottings from hasty tours. But we can scarcely find it in our heart to quarrel with a traveller so generally good-natured, and so clever in giving every nationality in turn more or less of a compliment. Some one in England or in America seems to have set him up with the stock phrase of the energy and aptitude for work of the Anglo-Saxon race—qualities which he allows to have done something for this isle, so bountifully endowed by nature, as he truly enough alleges. Yet in ascribing our undeniably respectable position in the commercial world partly to this ethnological accident, and partly to a total absence of Government interference, our visitor overlooks the scores of thousands of laborious, strong-armed Celts who, in North and South Wales and in Cornwall, daily assist in rearing the great edifice of British mineral produce; and he is fortunately unacquainted with the meddlings of those benevolent popularity-hunters who are constantly endeavouring to check the freedom of labour, and to fetter the workers with legislative enactments of which they are not competent to foretell the issue. M. Simonin's recollections of the reopening of ancient mines in the mountains of the Tuscan Maremma are among his most interesting and happy descriptions; though we derive from the context some idea that they were not so satisfactory to his countrymen, the proprietors. But even when lauding the good qualities of his Italian workmen he cannot resist the temptation of a playful hit at our dull islanders. There, the people employed in breaking up metallic ores at the surface often sing, and sing well, whilst at their work. "In England," he says, "the women and girls either do not sing, or, if they do, sing out of tune." It seems very probable that the author is not musical, or that his prejudices may have suggested the ungallant conclusion, for we have been assured on good authority that the Cornish people are, like all their allied races, strongly imbued with a taste for music, and that the women when engaged in similar tasks are noted for singing choruses in parts with a correctness rarely exceeded, unless perhaps in Germany.

The English translation retains most of the objectionable features which we have described, but has been purged of a great amount of fanfaronnade on which no comment has been made. It is, moreover, rendered vastly more useful to the English reader by the excellent series of maps of the most important mineral districts of Great Britain, compiled from the Government surveys; by one of Chile, with valuable notes, by Mr. David Forbes; and by others of the Lake Superior, Californian, and Victorian regions of copper and gold. The editor, Mr. Bristow, is well known as an accomplished geologist, and has done much to render more complete and trustworthy the earlier chapters which treat of the nature and origin of the coal seams. If in subsequent portions devoted more especially to engineering and metallurgical details he has not succeeded equally well, it must be ascribed in part to the difficulty of neatly patching bits of English cloth on a very Frenchy coat, and in no small degree to that inaptness in the use of technical terms which may mar the efforts of a writer accustomed both to plain English and to scientific terminology. But we believe that he would have done well to exercise more vigorously his powers of selection and excision. Who that knows anything of South Staffordshire coal-working would condone the ridiculous, though effective, figure (58) which professes to depict the pillars adjoining the shaft of a colliery in that dusky region? What geologist will answer for the false impressions conveyed by the section or profile showing the coal-measures as extending beneath the so-called basin of Paris? Why retain the numerous misstatements as to the present practice of English mining? Here and there, again, strange assertions occur, obvious at a glance to the engineer as mistakes, but fraught with undesigned mischief to the unlearned. We read in Chapter V. of a recently executed operation, a great triumph of one Herr Kind—a borehole of above 3,000 feet deep, at Creuzot, which at the outset had a diameter of $1\frac{2}{10}$ inch, and at the bottom retained one of $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch (*sic*). The effect of such an announcement is much as if an architect should describe to us the well-proportioned shaft of the Duke of York's column as being 83 feet in height, with a diameter of six inches. After a gasp of surprise

* *Underground Life; or, Mines and Miners.* By L. Simonin. Translated and Edited by H. W. Bristow, F.R.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1868

we look again, and find that the French measurements are respectively 30 and 16 centimètres, diameters approximating nearly to twelve inches and six inches—a calibre consistent with the magnitude of the operation.

On the whole, if we may revert to our former metaphor, it may be conceded that the translator, in catering for the British consumer, would, but for the exercise of a considerable amount of editorial tact, only have cooked up a hash; as it is, he has produced a highly ornamental *pot-pourri*, offering a varied and pretty ... piced repast, that may not come amiss to those who are ...ng for very substantial fare.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.*

IN the present crisis of the great Woman Question, this novel may almost be regarded as a manifesto. With ladies knocking, as the phrase is, at the gates of the Constitution, and threatening to wrest from the opposite sex the selfish monopoly which it has hitherto enjoyed in the various professions, the view which an accomplished authoress takes of the social position of woman is well worthy of attention. We know what Mr. Mill thinks, and what Dr. Mary Walker thinks, as well as what the Revising Barristers, the Court of Common Pleas, and the College of Physicians think. But to which side in the great controversy the sympathies of the mass of the fair sex incline is, to say the least, uncertain. There is no uncertainty, however, about the opinion of the authoress of *John Halifax*. She pronounces, roundly, for what may be called the domestic theory of woman. Without exactly falling back on the antiquated ministering-angel theory, which is too tame even for her, and fitter for a drudge than a "queen," she adopts the good old conservative doctrine that the proper sphere of woman's work and woman's influence is the household. True she is a "queen," not a mere doll, or an echo, or a spaniel. And hers are the queenly privileges of advising, regulating, and controlling. But the realm over which she queens it lies within doors, not outside. It is home. Men make or mar the outside fortunes of a family, but its internal comfort lies in the women's hands alone. Men may be bad enough out of doors, but their influence is limited and external. It is women who are in reality either the salvation or the destruction of a household. "Until women feel this," observes our authoress, "and recognise at once their power and their duties, it is idle for them to chatter about their rights." The rebuke is just and seasonable. It is refreshing, in these days of "chatter," to find an authoress of reputation reaffirming the view of woman's work which is so well expressed by Molière in the *Femmes Savantes*:—

> Former aux bonnes mœurs l'esprit de ses enfans,
> Faire aller son ménage, avoir l'œil sur ses gens,
> Et régler la dépense avec économie,
> Doit être son étude et sa philosophie.

Our authoress takes higher ground, no doubt, than Chrysale. His sentiments are rather too culinary to satisfy her lofty notion of female prerogative. Still, as against the fair chatterers for emancipation, her protest is quite as vigorous as the good bourgeois's was against the learned ladies who left his dinner to spoil while they studied astronomy.

The medium whereby the theory, that woman is, within certain limits, a queen, is developed in this work, is Edna Kenderdine, one of those good, true, plain little women to whom society is so much indebted for their unobtrusive usefulness, and whom lady-novelists are so fond of employing to point the time-hallowed nursery fable that it is better to be good than to be pretty. Going to the Isle of Wight in charge of a lovely invalid sister, she falls in with an equally good and true young doctor, one of those beings who unite tenderness with strength, and give that impression of a reserve of power which so specially fascinates the good, true, plain little girls of fiction. As he has an invalid brother to nurse, which he does with exemplary patience and skill, a bond of sympathy is at once established. The consequence of shutting up two young women and two young men in the same sea-side lodging without a chaperon—the Miss Kenderdines were in circumstances too humble to think of chaperons—is inevitable. A pretty quartet of flirtation is struck up between them, in which the two invalids and the two nurses pair off together very nicely. Julius, the younger and temporarily disabled brother, is an artist with a soul for the beautiful, though no great stability of purpose, and naturally he is more fascinated by the lovely Letty than by her plain but excellent sister. On the other hand, quiet Dr. William Steadman, though rather dazzled at first by the beauty of Letty, soons discerns the sterling merits of Edna. After a blissful fortnight, in which they enjoy long walks together "like happy children," and indulge *ad libitum* "in pleasant refreshing talk such as clever good men can make with good and not stupid women," and are caught by the tide under the cliffs—an adventure in which Edna shows heroism, and is carried home insensible by the tender and athletic doctor—they part, the ladies to rejoin their pupils in Kensington, and the gentlemen to follow their professions in town. Our authoress will have it that it was no mere accident which guided the Miss Kenderdines and the brothers Steadman to the same lodgings. Fatalism in love is a grand article of her creed. "In all true marriages now, as in Eden, the man and the woman do not deliberately seek, but are brought to, one another." What a pity that scheming dowagers cannot be brought to adopt this Adamical view of matrimony, and, instead of "seeking" eligible sons-in-law, be content to leave them to be "brought" to their daughters by the hand of an over-ruling Providence. Our authoress's personifications of destiny operating on the sweet innocents in the Isle of Wight borders on the ridiculous. "As the sisters cross the threshold, the Grim Invisible Woman sits there, laughing at them, knowing that she had her will—not they." And the trifling accident of the "diurnal coach" being too full to carry them away in it suggests the following paragraph:—"Coachman shook his head remorselessly as Fate, and Fate, laughing from under the coachwheels and making mouths at them from the dickey, set at naught all the excellent schemes of these four young people."

The grins of Fate notwithstanding, they part without any positive declaration. And, of course, "these four young people" meet again in Kensington Gardens. Two of them in the interval have succeeded in analysing their mutual sentiments pretty correctly. Edna had realized that the deep-hearted and high-minded young doctor with the broad shoulders and the shabby coat was "very near her ideal of what a man should be," and thought of him tenderly as "the one man in the world to her now." The deep-hearted and high-minded young doctor, on his part, had fairly "succumbed at last." The desperate nature of his passion may be inferred from such soliloquies as this:—"My darling, my little bright active loving darling! she is all spiritual; makes me believe in spirit without the flesh," &c. &c. So deeply is his nature, in which there is by the way a spice of temper, stirred, that in a dispute with his brother about calling on the Miss Kenderdines, about which he had honourable scruples, he so far forgets himself as to shake his brother by the collar, and, worse still, to comment on himself afterwards "as a —— fool." "Forgive him," exclaims our authoress sweetly, "gentle souls of gentle women, if he used stronger language than I care to record." The gentle souls apostrophized will no doubt show as much leniency as Sterne's Recording Angel did to a similar naughtiness on the part of Uncle Toby. On regaining his composure, the doctor resolves to propose at once, and is promptly accepted by his gushing little mistress; and a good and great lady offering him the post of physician to a charitable institution, they marry on 300*l.* a year. At this point the Woman's Kingdom comes more prominently into view. Dr. Steadman's bachelor household "passed into feminine sway." It was small and simple, but everything about it was nice and tidy, and in the midst of her domestic realm sat the little queen, "sewing, always sewing," and "a deal prettier since her marriage." Now and then a tiny breeze ripples their domestic felicity. The doctor gets on slowly in his practice, and proposes to extend it by starting a carriage. This Edna thinks would be a wicked sham until they can afford it, and the "little queen" gains the point in the conjugal discussion. But after lecturing her husband on the immorality of the proposal she rewards him by a significant whisper about a possible event in the course of next summer. Accordingly at that date their happiness is completed by the arrival of what elderly male relatives insist on calling a "young rascal," who in process of time is succeeded by four other young rascals, all endowed with their mother's sentiment and their father's manly virtues. The final glimpse of the *Woman's Kingdom* is through the windows of a cosy house in Brook Street, whither the flourishing doctor had removed, and from which Edna takes improving walks with her five sons to the National Gallery, as well as placid drives in a fairly earned brougham with her still fondly devoted William.

In the other half of this work, the reverse side of this happy family picture is exhibited. In the fortunes of Letty Kenderdine we see a fatal example of the abuse of the "queenly" prerogative of woman. She is intended, we suppose, for "one of those idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, and abdicating it in the greatest," who are glanced at in the scrap of sentimental rant which our authoress has borrowed as a motto for her book from Mr. Ruskin. As often happens, the character of which the author is least personally enamoured is far the best conceived and drawn. Letty, with her love of dress and luxury and admiration, her ready tears and her cold heart, her surface good-nature veiling a settled selfishness of purpose, is lifelike enough, and, if one may say it, *pace* Dr. William Steadman, far more interesting than her sister, who does not rise above the conventional type of the virtuous and romantic governess. And her character is developed by some skilful touches as the story advances, and when, as the wife of the wealthy Mr. Vanderdecken, she has attained the summit of her hopes and wishes. Perhaps the moral of the story requires that she should be represented as a fretful, discontented woman, in the midst of the wealth and splendour of Holywell Hall. But the authoress is throughout hardly fair to her. Entertaining, as she does, a hyper-sentimental view of love and destiny and souls inextricably mingled, and all the rest of it, she cannot bring herself to make any allowance for poor Letty's infidelity. Of course it was very wrong of her to jilt Julius. Her conduct in stopping at the Cape to marry a rich Dutchman, instead of going on to rejoin her lover in India as she had promised, was quite indefensible. But there is this excuse for her, that she had been induced to accept him against the dictates of her cooler judgment, more from worry and pity than any deeper feelings. However, the whirligig of time brings round his revenges, and, in spite of diamonds and fine dresses, Mrs. Vanderdecken is miserable. Two special scourges afflict her—a stingy husband and a terribly precocious little girl. Imagine a child of twelve striking up a romantic friendship with a discharged common soldier, speaking of her parents' quarrels as "convulsions of nature"—in which phrase, by the way, we see no "pathetic drollery"—and regulating her conduct by fine

* *The Woman's Kingdom.* By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1868.

casuistical distinctions. But, as our authoress observes, nature stirs in a child's heart often sooner than we think. The discharged soldier who haunts the Vanderdecken grounds is no other than Julius, who, instead of being drowned in the Hooghly, as had been reported, had enlisted, and, after serving in the Indian mutiny, returned to England in feeble health and very low spirits. He conceives the fanciful project of punishing the parent through her child, to whom he tells his sad story, which she repeats to her mother, with indignant comments of her own. After giving Mrs. Vanderdecken a succession of terrible frights, he is generous enough to leave her in peace, and departs to spend the evening of his days with Edna and her five sons.

One good point about this book is that its interest is concentrated upon four characters alone, instead of being frittered away, as it too often is, among a crowd of supernumeraries. The portraiture is of unequal merit, but the authoress has evidently taken great pains with each member of her central group. She is more successful with her women than with her men. The analysis of their emotional phases is often delicate and truthful, and it is obvious that the presumably more angelic sex stands the process of idealization from a Pelagian point of view better than the other. A spice of the old Adam would be positively refreshing in Dr. William Steadman. A man of whom no graver peccadillo can be recorded than that he once indulged in a mouth-filling expletive in the course of a soliloquy, may fairly lay claim to superhuman virtue. Even the injured Julius, who is naughty by comparison, is naughty only after a transparently make-believe fashion. His notion of punishing Letty by confiding his sorrows to her little girl is a specimen of the sort of revenge which would occur to a schoolgirl whose feelings had been hurt in a tiff. In short, the Steadman brothers exhibit unmistakeably the stamp, which *John Halifax* exhibited even more unmistakeably, of being evolved fresh and pure out of the depths of the female consciousness. It does not follow that they will be on this account less acceptable to the class of readers for whom this book is intended. They expect a Bowdlerized edition of humanity, and probably prefer delineations in which sweetness is in excess of force. And no one can complain of any lack of sweetness in this work. The authoress seems to write in a crescendo strain of enthusiastic sentimentalism. In one of the quaint stories of Mr. Gilbert we remember an elderly monomaniac who labours under the delusion that he is growing each year younger. As a sexagenarian he frisks about the asylum in the frilled trowsers of childhood. In her literary capacity, the authoress of *John Halifax* is apparently inspired by a similar amiable craze. In each new work she becomes more girlish and gushing. Each fresh message is couched in a more redundant flux of Rosa-Matilda sentiment. But when this is said, her nice young men and virtuous young women remain pleasanter to read about, and much more profitable to study, than the muscular ruffians and lovely murderesses who typify the sexes in more highly-seasoned works of fiction.

THE AGRICOLA AND GERMANY OF TACITUS.*

THE two English scholars who four years ago proved by their version of the History their claim to be our modern translators of Tacitus, have laid us under a further obligation by translating his *Agricola* and his *Germany*. The task is a lighter one for them, but one not less gainful to readers, especially in days when it is a patent defect in our literature that there is scarcely a writer who brings his biography or history within moderate compass, and when an author's hardest task appears to be when and how *colophonem libro imponere*. The two remarkable monographs now translated anew might teach a lesson in this seemingly forgotten art, and show how conciseness, when brought to bear upon the fruits of reflection and research, produces more lasting results than the spun-out volumes which are lengthy and wordy because their author lacks the leisure or the industry to be succinct. Each of these distinct subjects Tacitus has contrived to deal with in forty-six chapters, or, to put the case more plainly, as ancient chapters are of a very different length from modern, in the space of a modern pamphlet; and this too, though in the case of the *Agricola*, without doubt, he used his pen as a two-edged sword, to fight the battle of his father-in-law's fame, and to satirize Domitian and the state of military and civil society under his rule; while, according to the best judges, with whom Messrs. Church and Brodribb partially concur, the drift of the *Germany* was not simply to describe a foreign country, but to point to degenerate Rome, in the midst of its civilization, the moral of the rude and simple virtues of barbarism. Tacitus is indeed a model as to the limits which, with this double scope, he prescribes to his pen. He seizes the main incidents of eight campaigns, and embodies them in less than as many pages. A modern writer makes a campaign or a country serve for as many volumes as a patient public is inclined to purchase, often with an interval between each instalment.

In reviewing the translation of the History, we welcomed a more masterly and sufficient apprehension of the characteristics of Tacitean style, and a more conscientious effort to represent them in English, than had been exhibited by previous translators. Messrs. Church and Brodribb have not deviated from their proposed standard in their new experiment, nor allowed themselves to be influenced by fitful and exigeant critics, who, looking on with Olympian serenity, discuss questions of translation without laying a finger to the burdens they would bind upon translators' shoulders. With some of these an exact translator is branded as a manufacturer of cribs; with others freedom is reproached for having wandered wide of the lines and landmarks of the original. But sensible translators know that, to make their work real and useful and popular, a mid-course must be steered, eschewing servility on the one hand, and not substituting their own ideas for those of their author on the other. The present translators seek "to make their version such as may satisfy scholars who demand a faithful rendering of the original, and English scholars who are offended by the baldness and frigidity which commonly disfigure translations"; and if, in compassing this aim, they succeed in realising some counterpart of the original in manner and matter, it is hard to see how their work would have approached nearer to the ideal of translation had they moulded its sentences to the fashion of Macaulay, or their periods to the measure and the fulness of Burke. Enough if the essence of the Latin is reproduced; and if, in recasting the original materials, as little as possible of what is native be lost, and of what is foreign substituted. But, supposing it to be ruled that translation need not concern itself with the manner of what is translated so long as it sticks fairly to the matter, we do not see what demand there will be for an article which might be superseded profitably by the freer hand of the historian. Yet even the historian, when he would be very lifelike, is apt to don the close-fitting robe of the translator; and it is curious to note the moderate amount of license which the scholarly historian of the Roman emperors allows himself in excess of Messrs. Church and Brodribb, in recording the suspicions of Tacitus as to foul play on Domitian's part having caused the death of Agricola. (Cf. Merivale's *Romans under the Empire*, c. lxii. p. 177, with Church and Brobribb, *Agric.* p. 38.) A comparison of the one with the other will show that translators and historian have wrought upon the same basis of the Latin text with very much the same guiding principles.

And, assuredly, the result of the principles which have actuated our present translators is one which will satisfy all save the needlessly fastidious, whether their work is tested in its narrative passages, or in those speeches which Tacitus puts in the mouths of Agricola and Galgacus, or in those philosophical reflections which teem in the panegyric on the conqueror of Britain, and are interspersed not infrequently in the description of Germany and its tribes. Our excerpts must be confined to the *Agricola* as the more diversified field, although there is equal proof, in the companion monograph of Tacitus translated in the volume before us, of the skill and ability of Messrs. Church and Brodribb, and of their thorough recognition of those various qualities which go to make up a readable translation. One of the most effective bits of narrative is the 35th chapter of the *Agricola*, which details the order of the Roman army as drawn up against the forces of Galgacus; but perhaps more vivid is the description of the vanquished after the battle (in p. 33, c. 38), and the utter demoralization of the Britons:—

> Meanwhile the Britons wandering amidst the mingled wailings of men and women were dragging off their wounded, calling to the unhurt, deserting their homes, and in their rage actually firing them; choosing places of concealment, only instantly to abandon them. One moment they would take counsel together, the next, part company, while the sight of those who were dearest to them sometimes melted their hearts, but oftener roused their fury. It was an undoubted fact that some of them vented their rage on their wives and children as if in pity for their lot. The following day showed more fully the extent of the calamity, *for the silence of desolation reigned everywhere*; the hills were forsaken, houses were smoking in the distance, and no one was seen by the scouts.

An examination of Latin and English simultaneously will satisfy our readers how easy and yet faithful a version is that which we have quoted. Skill in breaking up the Latin does not tempt the translators to any serious deflection from the asyndetic structure of the original. And the result is a vivid representation of the scene even to its closing feature, the "*vastum ubique silentium.*" Equally successful is the treatment of those "finest gems of Tacitean eloquence," the speeches which the historian puts into the mouths of the Roman and the Barbarian commanders. Take this extract from the appeal of Galgacus for a sample:—

> Former contests, in which, with varying fortune, the Romans were resisted, still left in us a last hope of succour, inasmuch as being the most renowned nation of Britain, dwelling in the very heart of the country, and out of sight of the shores of the conquered, we could keep even our eyes unpolluted by the contagion of slavery. To us who dwell on the uttermost confines of the earth and of freedom this remote sanctuary of Britain's glory has up to this time been a defence. Now, however, the furthest limits of Britain are thrown open, and the unknown always passes for something peculiarly grand. But there are no tribes beyond us, nothing indeed but waves and rocks, and the yet more terrible Roman, from whose oppression escape is vainly sought by obedience and submission. Robbers of the world, having by their universal plunder exhausted the land, they ravage the deep. If the enemy be rich, they are rapacious: if he be poor, they lust for dominion: neither the east nor the west has been able to satisfy them. Alone of men they covet with equal eagerness poverty and riches. To robbery, slaughter, plunder, they give the lying name of empire, and where they make a solitude they call it peace.—C. 30, p. 25-26.

Few will venture to characterize this as a bit of Latinized English, and yet it is, as inspection of the original would prove, a translation in which neither the style, nor the gist, nor yet the striking expressions of the Latin are lost sight of. That fine thought about a liberty uncontaminated by any sight of neighbouring bondage comes out again well-nigh entire. The difficult and debated phrase, "recessus ipse ac sinus famæ," is rendered plausibly and, we think, rightly. It seems most natural to regard "sinus" in its sense of "bosom," and it is pressing the rhetorical figure too hard to inquire whether it is "rumour's lap" or "glory's

* *The Agricola and Germany of Tacitus*, translated into English. By Alfred J. Church, M.A., Linc. Coll. Oxon; and W. J. Brodribb, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Oxon. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

lap" that is referred to. To us the speaker seems, by a bold figure, to describe his native fastnesses as the bosom, shrine, or sanctuary in which glory has reared him and his clan to give back now, as it were in the very sight of their nursing-mother, the price of their nurture. And the character of the rest of the passage is well preserved. Its antitheses, its trite sayings, among which are "Omne ignotum pro magnifico," and "Ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant," reappear in faithful rendering, and the English reader has in truth a *bonâ fide* substitute for the original.

The mention of "trite sayings" suggests to us a curious feature in the *Agricola* which may not have been remarked by some with whom it is a favourite, and which those who have laid it by as a school task will have forgotten, if they ever noted it. Incidentally there occur little traits of British character, under the portraiture of Tacitus, which a modern observer would recognise in the remote posterity of those whom Agricola subdued. In the 13th chapter he says, "Ipsi Britanni delectus ac tributa et injuncta imperii impigrè obeunt, si injuriæ absint." "The Britons themselves bear cheerfully the conscription, the taxes, and the other burdens imposed upon them by the Empire, *if there be no oppression*." Most of our rebellions have had something to do with a disregard of this saving clause, and to this day there is probably no country in which a tax-gatherer is so well treated, if he does his work civilly. Again, a patent comment upon the parenthetical remark on the queenship of Boadicea (c. 16), "Neque enim sexum in imperiis discernunt" is that the Salic law has never obtained in Britain, and that the throne of the Edwards and the Henrys is the throne at this moment of Victoria. These and similar passing coincidences will be sure to strike such as take up the *Agricola* again, and a pleasanter or more valuable aid in doing so than Messrs. Church and Brodribb's version could not be suggested to them. The maps are careful and exact; the notes few and to the point; the introductions critical, scholarly, and reliable. And in choosing their interpretation of a doubtful phrase or sentence, their judgment is generally as independent as it is sagacious. Thus, in the famous chapter upon Domitian's complicity in the death of Agricola, the interpretation of Dr. Merivale might have led them to render the sentence, "Speciem tamen doloris animo vultuque præ se tulit, *securus jam odii*, et qui facilius dissimularet gaudium quam metum" (c. 43), as if the italicized words had regard to Domitian's attitude to the outer world generally, and not his state of feeling towards his supposed rival. We cannot doubt that the translators are right in rendering the words in question "for he could now forget his enmity," rather than "though reckless by this time of popular hatred." Still it is significant of their characteristic modesty that in a note on these words they support their opinion by the judgments of Lipsius, and Orelli, and Louandre the French translator, to which we may add that of their English predecessors, Gordon and Savile. There may be a slip or two occasionally—in p. 11, *e. g.*, for "sunlight" we suspect they mean "sunset," as the Latin is "finem lucis;" and in c. 31 we should have thought that they would have acquiesced with Orelli and Ritter in reading "Trinobantes" for "Brigantes." But their work is well and truly done, and it deserves to find such favour as may give them heart to lay their hands to the Annals, and so to complete, as they have begun, a remarkable version of one of the most remarkable of Latin writers.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE list of illustrated French works for the present season includes several publications of more or less permanent interest and value. Passing over M. Gustave Doré's rendering of Dante's *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso**, as belonging to the domain of art rather than of literature, we must say a few words of the sumptuously got up narrative of M Paul Marcoy's journey to the equatorial regions of South America.† M. Hachette's well-known periodical, *Le Tour du Monde*, had already given occasional episodes detached from the traveller's note-book. The entire *impressions de voyage* now appear in the shape of two quarto volumes, profusely illustrated with landscape-scenery, portraits, maps, &c. M. Marcoy himself has a strong leaning to the comical and to caricature; he cares comparatively little for scientific details such as Humboldt would have given, but racy anecdotes succeed one another without intermission throughout his book, and the manners, feelings, and temper, both of the natives and of the settlers, are described from the most amusing point of view. If the climate of those favoured lands is inexpressibly delightful—if a luxuriant vegetation makes every spot, as far as we may judge from the woodcuts, a kind of Eden—we cannot, on the other hand, speak very favourably of the inhabitants. The *dramatis personæ* in M. Paul Marcoy's volumes are, without comparison, the ugliest specimens of humanity we have ever seen, and we include under that designation the civilized Europeans as well as the uneducated Indians. One of the portraits given by our author is that of a missionary priest, who, like a second Friar Tuck, was distinguished no less by his muscular powers than by his sense of virtue. He did not hesitate to inform M. Marcoy that the lash, soundly and frequently applied, was the only remedy for polygamy; adding, that after one year of such discipline, the natives under his charge had become as docile as lambs. In plain truth, the men who have undertaken to civilize those countries are sometimes little better than the tribes amongst which they live; and consequently an immense tract of territory which might, if properly governed, be one of the most productive on the face of the earth, is now comparatively valueless.

M. Dauban has devoted his time and energy to the elucidation of the important period of modern French history which begins with the storming of the Bastille, and ends with the 18th Brumaire.* After reading the volumes which he has already published—his editions of Madame Roland's Memoirs, for instance—and also books like M. Mortimer Ternaux's *Histoire de la Terreur*, it would be hardly possible to affirm that the annals of the Revolution have as yet been thoroughly investigated. Every day brings to light fresh documents which the violence of party spirit had suppressed, and facts which have hitherto been misconstrued or explained away now begin for the first time to be properly interpreted. M. Dauban draws in his preface a contrast between democracy and demagogy, and by describing, on the evidence of Aristophanes, what Athenian government of yore was, he shows what the evils were which in 1794 marred the destinies of France, prevented the healthy working of republican institutions, and rendered the *coup d'état* of Brumaire quite unavoidable. The materials of the volume before us are taken from a variety of documents which are either of rare occurrence or, in many cases, completely *inédits*; amongst other interesting episodes they give us very curious details as to the downfall of Robespierre, and they are illustrated by facsimiles of contemporaneous engravings. M. Dauban had originally intended to give an account of the Paris prisons during that memorable epoch, but the abundance of written evidence accumulated by him on that special subject could not receive full justice as mere part of a history of the year 1794; it required to be dealt with in a separate form, and is accordingly reserved for a second volume.

The shortest way to go from one revolution to another, says M. Ch. de Mazade, is by reactionary measures. This proposition serves as the text to a collection of interesting articles on Spain, originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.† If we would appreciate fairly the revolution which has just altered the destinies of the Peninsula, we should study its antecedents, and examine one by one the political crises through which Spain has passed during the last fifteen years. In 1854 the errors and crimes of the blindest of despotisms brought about a revolution; exactly the same causes have now swept away from Madrid the throne of the Bourbons, and opened a new field to the theories of conflicting politicians. If, however, the revolution of September last has taken place very much in the same manner and by the same means as the one which preceded it, on the other hand its character is more conspicuously negative, because the Spaniards do not seem to know what edifice they are to raise on the ruins of Queen Isabella's throne. Views, too, which fifteen years ago would hardly have found a single advocate, are at present openly discussed; religious freedom, for example, is at least ostensibly recognised as one of the conquests which the revolution has secured.

It is some months since we noticed the two volumes of M. Victor Jacquemont's *Correspondance inédite* ‡, published by Messrs. Lévy, and to which M. Prosper Mérimée had added a remarkable preface. The work we have to speak of to-day is the original collection of letters written from India by that accomplished traveller, and to which he was indebted for the reputation which has placed him in the front rank of French epistolographers. As M. Mérimée introduced the former *recueil* to the public, so M. Cuvillier-Fleury, on the present occasion, enables us to appreciate M. Jacquemont's undoubted excellences. For although irony, satire, and a disposition to look chiefly at the unpleasant side of things, are qualities with which we do not feel much sympathy, yet we must confess that on many occasions our author's satire was rightly directed, and his irony not a whit too severe. M. Jacquemont allows very little scope to imagination; common sense is his forte, but it is that Voltairean common sense which chills and makes one sad. Living in the midst of a people remarkable for their gravity, he seems to delight in scandalizing them by his mirth; they are superstitious, and attached to their old traditions; he opposes to them a free-thinking disposition which purposely exaggerates. M. Cuvillier-Fleury confesses that he used to think M. Victor Jacquemont very impertinent sometimes. The correspondence before us justifies this remark. The perpetual tone of *chaff* which runs through the whole work becomes very wearisome.

If M. Jacquemont belongs in some degree to the school of Voltaire, M. Louis Jacolliot is a second edition of the Abbé Raynal.‖ We hoped that we had got rid of dithyrambic philosophers who attitudinize before the admiring multitude, and utter their oracular sayings in short paragraphs which look like stanzas, and bristle with notes of exclamation. No; M. Jacolliot takes up his parable, and endeavours to show that Europe has borrowed from the Hindoos, not only its language, but its religion. Why is the pure doctrine of the Vedas forsaken? why are the old epic poems now set aside? and why does no one care for the traditions which placed India in former days at the head of civilization? Simply because the successors of the Brahmins have entered upon a compact with kings and princes to enslave

* *Le Purgatoire et le Paradis du Dante.* Illustrations par Gustave Doré. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Voyage à travers l'Amérique du Sud, de l'Océan pacifique à l'Océan atlantique.* Par Paul Marcoy. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *Paris en 1794 et en 1795; Histoire de la Rue, du Club, de la Famine.* Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.

† *Les Révolutions de l'Espagne contemporaine.* Par Ch. de Mazade. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Correspondance de V. Jacquemont avec sa Famille et ses Amis.* Paris: Lévy.

‖ *La Bible dans l'Inde.* Par Louis Jacolliot. Paris: Lacroix.

the people, and the whole nation thus degraded has been given up to a handful of English tyrants. M. Jacolliot declaims loudly against the mania of representing the Greeks and Romans as our sole intellectual ancestors; but he is quite as exclusive himself, although in another direction. According to him, we are poor copyists of Hindoo lore, and Christianity is a mere tame repetition of legends and theories originally developed on the banks of the Ganges. It would be a waste of time to criticise such ideas; yet it is worth while just to refer to them, because they give an idea of the violence with which anything in the shape of positive religion is assailed by some of our French neighbours.

There are in the history of France certain reigns which seem to stand out with special brilliancy as landmarks in the path of civilization and of progress. Some kings have left their stamp powerfully marked upon the times in which they lived, and their very name recalls distinct features of home or foreign policy. Thus Charlemagne, Louis XI., Henry IV., and Louis XIV., are in the fullest sense of the word representative men; for good or for evil the influence they exerted has been widely felt, and it may be truly said of them that they helped to make the France of the nineteenth century what it is. Charles VIII. is not one of those master minds.* Placed between the mediæval epoch and the Renaissance, his reign seems colourless and unimportant. On the one hand, the wars of Charles VII. and the subtle policy of Louis XI. make the short administration of the young King look very tame; whilst the unsatisfactory but dazzling career of Francis I. casts into obscurity the few years which immediately preceded his accession. And yet Charles VIII. has found an historian, and the two substantial volumes of M. de Cherrier have shown that what appears to us one of the dullest epochs in history can, if properly treated, be made highly interesting. It is true, indeed, that the wars of the French in Italy are more particularly associated with the *Roi-Chevalier;* but it was during the reign of Charles VIII. that the ill-judged expedition was planned, and actually begun. The work we are now glancing at is therefore chiefly taken up with an account of the Italian campaign; and in order to make his readers understand thoroughly both its causes and its results, M. de Cherrier has devoted a series of interesting chapters to a description of the political state of Italy towards the end of the fifteenth century. In preparing this part of his work he has been able to avail himself of a number of official documents preserved in the State Paper collections of Venice and Florence, documents which the researches of M. Armand Baschet and M. Rawdon Brown have already to a certain extent made us acquainted with. References are carefully given, and many valuable illustrative quotations from contemporary MSS. swell the appendix at the end of both volumes.

The new instalment of Napoleon's Correspondence,† brings us to the end of the year 1813, and closes with the Emperor's short answer to the address made by the Senate. Hemmed in on all sides, he talks of peace, but he cannot consent to see the territory of France *entamé*, and he appeals to the patriotism of the provinces still free, for help to maintain the integrity of the districts invaded by the allied armies. The National Guard is called to arms, and Cambacérès is ordered to give a scolding to the pusillanimous Senators and Councillors of State, who are already trembling lest their master should finally be obliged to succumb. "I am sorry," Napoleon writes from Mentz, "not to be in Paris; for people would see me more composed and more calm than I have been at any period of my life." At the same time this voluminous correspondence betrays at almost every page the Emperor's anxiety and dissatisfaction; his commands are either neglected or misunderstood; the bulletins, clumsily drawn up, spread false news, and money is squandered to no purpose. The document headed *Notes pour le Ministre de la Guerre* is one of the most curious in the whole volume. It contains a summary of the Report which the Minister was to present to the Senate in September, 1813, when he applied for a Bill ordering a fresh levy of troops. Napoleon's pretended grievances are there depicted in the strongest colours, and the sinister designs of England are denounced with the usual bitterness.

Now that lectures have become fashionable on the other side of the Channel, and that every town has its *conférences* or popular institutes, a new class of literature has sprung up which is growing daily more important. M. Paul Albert's *Leçons sur la Poésie* ‡ may be named here as a very fair specimen of it. They are twenty-two in number, and contain an excellent criticism of the best models of ancient and modern poetry. M. Albert's audience being French, he was obliged at the outset to discuss the once celebrated theories invented by Le Bossu for the due manufacturing of epics, tragedies, and comedies; and he had to show the absurdity of binding down poets to the observance of rules which may help to foster respectable mediocrity, but which true genius sets at defiance. If Le Bossu's axioms were right, Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, Lope de Vega, must be considered as downright barbarians, devoid both of taste and style, and unworthy of occupying the notice of sound critics. M. Albert, of course, has no difficulty in demolishing this artificial system, and in proving that the masterpieces of poetry in every age and country should be judged from a more liberal standpoint.

* *Histoire de Charles VIII, roi de France.* Par M. de Cherrier. Paris: Didier.

† *Correspondance de Napoléon 1er.* Tome 26e. Paris: Plon.

‡ *La Poésie; Leçons faites à la Sorbonne.* Par M. Paul Albert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

The directors of the railway company in the South of France have, in imitation of Paris, organized a series of lectures at one of the Bordeaux termini. Three lectures are almost exclusively devoted to the discussion of scientific topics, Count Kératry's description of the Pompeii ruins being the only part of the series which bears no reference to natural philosophy, natural history, or domestic economy.* Generally speaking, the popular lecturers of the day avoid literary questions, we know not why; and confine themselves to material science. Thus, in the eight volumes already published of the *Entretiens populaires*, otherwise so admirably edited by M. Évariste Thévenin, we have been able to find only four addresses on subjects connected with literature and the fine arts. The present *livraison*†, to which M. Franck has contributed an excellent lecture on selfishness, is introduced by a short biographical notice of M. Perdonnet, who for many years acted as chairman of the *Association polytechnique.*

M. Durand (de Gros) has published in a separate form a lecture read by him before the Paris Anthropological Society.‡ The subject he discusses is the influence of what he calls *media* on the characteristics which mark the different races of men and animals. The Department of Aveyron offers, for instance, two geological conformations entirely distinct from each other, and which, as they have determined the growth of certain plants and the absence of certain others in these respective districts, must likewise, he argues, have modified in the most remarkable manner the physical appearance of man, his temper, his habits, and even his language. Some of M. Durand's statements are extremely curious, whatever may be thought of his theories, and his analysis of the two Aveyronnese *patois* commends itself to the notice of philologists. He is, however, rather inclined to make too much of the principle of which he has constituted himself the champion, and his fellow-members of the Paris Anthropological Society accuse him of attaching too little importance to the law of hereditary transmission as an essential element in the determinations and classifications of races.

The thirteenth volume of M. Louis Figuier's *Année scientifique* § contains the usual review, methodically arranged, of scientific progress during the year 1868. On reading the necrology which terminates this interesting work, we are painfully struck by the number of losses we have to deplore—Sir David Brewster, Schönbein, Léon Foucault, Matteucci, and Flourens, amongst many others.

The education question has lately been discussed in France with increased energy, and the old dispute between the upholders of exclusively secular training on the one side, and of education based upon Christian principles on the other, seems as far as ever from being settled. In this case we have seen what so often happens when great principles are at stake; the merits of the argument suffer from the unfitness or indiscretion of the advocate. If Roman Catholicism were always identified with men like Monseigneur Dupanloup, instead of having as its mouthpiece M. Louis Veuillot, it is probable that the upholders of secularism would not be so bitter as they are just now. The volume which the Bishop of Orleans has just published ‖ is written in that fervid style so characteristic of the learned prelate, and is full of excellent advice which both young and old can profitably meditate.

One of the chief faults of the present school of novel-writers is vulgarity. If you want to be sensational, you can hardly help being vulgar, because you must not only exaggerate the proportions of the *dramatis personæ*, but deprive them of everything which can border upon the ideal; and your plot must derive from the most improbable complications that interest which a plain story unaffectedly told fails to excite in most readers. Such are the faults of M. Deligny's *Mémoires d'un Dissipateur* ¶, and they are the more to be regretted as he evidently has the power of delineating character, and of giving an air of reality to the scenes he brings before us.

In M. Edmond About's *Mariages de Province* ** we have a collection of novelettes which have the merit of being amusing without degenerating into coarseness, and humorous without being caricatures. M. About has seldom been better inspired than when he wrote the first tale of his new volume, *La Fille du Chanoine*; and if the *Album du Régiment* is slightly overdrawn, yet, on the whole, the *Mariages de Province* may be pronounced an excellent specimen of the accomplished author's characteristic style.

* *Conférences faites à la gare St.-Jean, à Bordeaux.* 1re série. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Entretiens populaires.* Publiés par Évariste Thévenin. 8e série. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *De l'Influence des milieux sur les caractères de race.* Par J.-P. Durand (de Gros). Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *L'Année scientifique.* (13e année.) Par Louis Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‖ *L'Enfant.* Par Mgr. l'Évêque d'Orléans, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Douniol.

¶ *Mémoires d'un Dissipateur.* Par E. Deligny. Paris: Lévy.

** *Les Mariages de Province.* Par Edmond About. Paris and London. Hachette & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.—Gas on dark days.
WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary.*

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall, from Half-past Nine till Half-past Five o'clock. Admission, 1s.—Lighted at dusk.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, February 8, the Programme will include Bach's Concerto for two Violins, with double Quartet accompaniment (first time); Mozart's Quintet in C minor, (first time); Beethoven's Sonata in F, Op. 24, for Piano and Violin; and Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses. Executants: Madame Schumann; MM. Joachim, Sainton, L. Ries, Pollitzer, Watson, Zerbini, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, jun., Pesze, Aylward, and Reynolds. Vocalist, Herr Wallenreiter. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co's., 48 Cheapside; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—Director, Mr. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.—The MORNING PERFORMANCES will take place on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, February 6, 13, 20, 27; March 6; commencing each day at Three o'clock. This day, Saturday, February 6, the Programme will include Mendelssohn's Quintet in A major, Op. 18; Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat, Op. 97, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello; and Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 29, for Piano alone. Executants, Madame Schumann, MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti. Vocalist, Miss Anna Jewell. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT of the SEASON at St. James's Hall, on WEDNESDAY NEXT.—Tickets of Boosey & Co.

MUSICAL UNION, 1869.—TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON. MEMBERS are requested to pay their SUBSCRIPTIONS to LAMBORN COCK & Co., Bond Street, or by Cheque to the DIRECTOR. Tickets and Record will be sent in due time. Members declining Subscription to notify the same before March to J. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.

INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS. — NOTICE. The NINTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be EVENING MEETINGS on Thursday and Friday, at Seven o'clock.
Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction, on Practical Shipbuilding, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting.
CHARLES CAMPBELL, *Assistant-Secretary.*
9 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., January 1869.

TO the BENEVOLENT, and SUBSCRIBERS to the ROYAL MEDICAL BENEVOLENT COLLEGE, EPSOM.—MAY ELECTION, 1869.—The favour of your VOTES and INTEREST is earnestly Solicited in behalf of OLIVER C. WILLIAMS, in his Tenth year. His Father was a Surgeon for Twenty years, and died in September, 1867, in the prime of life, leaving a Widow and Seven Children totally unprovided for. The Case is strongly Recommended by the Lady Mary Vyner, Newby Hall, Ripon; the Rev. W. Gardner, Orpington Vicarage, Kent; Dr. Gull, 26 Brooke Street; and many others.—Promises of Proxies, Stamps, or any small Donation towards the Election expenses, will be thankfully received by Miss WILLIAMS, 29 Great Russell Street, Brighton.

HINDOO and MAHOMMEDAN LAW and INDIAN LAW.—A COURSE of LECTURES will be delivered on these Subjects by STANDISH GROVE GRADY, Author of the "Hindoo Law of Inheritance," commencing on Monday, the 15th of February.—For Syllabus and Tickets of Admission, apply to Mr. Grady's Clerk, 5 Essex Court, Temple.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—TUESDAY EVENING LECTURES.—The SECOND LECTURE of the SERIES will be delivered on February 9, at 8.30, by J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.A.S. Subject, THE SUN.;
The Subsequent LECTURES will be as follows:
Third Lecture, March 9, by JOHN RUSKIN, Esq. Subject, THE MYTHS OF STORM IN GREEK LEGENDS.
Fourth Lecture, April 13, by the Rev. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS, M.A. Subject, SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.
Fifth Lecture, May 11, by Professor T. H. KEY, F.R.S. Subject, SOME LEADING PRINCIPLES IN ETYMOLOGY.
Sixth Lecture, June 8, by MICHAEL FOSTER, B.A., M.D. Subject, ORGANS AND FUNCTIONS: the Relations of Vital Work to Anatomical Machinery.
The Tickets are Transferable, and will admit either Ladies or Gentlemen. They may be obtained at the Office of the College. Price for the Course, 10s. 6d.; for a Single Lecture, 2s. 6d. The Proceeds will be paid over to the Fund now being raised for erecting the South Wing of the College.
January 1869. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., *Secretary to the Council.*

GERMANY.—LADIES' COLLEGE, EISENACH, Saxe-Weimar.—Conducted by FRAULEIN MÖDER, M.C.P., "who will revisit London in March." Particulars and Prospectuses kindly forwarded by—London, L. SCHMITZ, Esq., Ph. D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., International College, Spring Grove; A. PRITCHARD, Esq., M.R.I., St. Paul's Road, Highbury; Professor SCHAIBLE, M.D., Ph.D., Military Academy, Woolwich; Manchester, ROBERT GLADSTONE, Esq., Highfield; the Rev. W. M'KERROW, D.D., Upper Brook Street.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 695, Vol. 27. February 20, 1869. PRICE 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

IT will be with sincere pleasure that the country will learn that the inevitable absence of the QUEEN from the opening of Parliament is to be repaired by her coming in person to receive the Address, and thus to show how cordial are the relations which she wishes to establish between herself and the Reformed Parliament. There was nothing in the Speech, which but for illness she would have read, to replace the interest which her presence would have afforded. Still the Speech had the merit of being sensible and inoffensive. The utmost caution was evidently bestowed so that its contents should provoke as little adverse comment as possible. That the Irish Church would furnish the main business of the Session, and that the Government would bring forward a sufficient amount of other work to employ the House of Commons, was quite obvious before the QUEEN's Speech was read. The only interest lay in knowing what the other measures would be to which the attention of Parliament would be directed. The choice that has been made is judicious. The subjects that are to be dealt with are all of real importance, and all need early consideration, while on none of them is there likely to be a regular party contest. One such subject as the Irish Church will give ample room for impassioned debates, invectives, sarcasms, appeals to high principles, and coarse personalities. The rest of the Session may be usefully devoted to practical legislation. Rating, Scotch education, English endowed schools, county financial boards, and bankruptcy, are dull, respectable subjects on which much useful labour may be employed, and on which a hardworking House of Commons may hope before August to pass practical and adequate measures. It will be creditable to the Government, and still more creditable to Parliament, if so much is done; and to have attempted more would have been utterly useless. The wide field of controversy, theological strife, and social jealousies which may be opened whenever the subject of the primary education of the English poor is taken up in earnest, made it out of the question that the Government should attempt to deal with it in a Session which is to be mainly occupied with the settlement of the Irish Church. Then the Estimates are to be framed on principles of strict economy, while the efficiency of the Services is maintained; and Estimates so framed will probably take some time to discuss. Real economies cannot be effected to any great extent by mere vigilance and retrenchment. If a few pounds are saved here and there, some good has been effected; but it is a good which will not make any very great difference to the nation, and it will be inevitably compensated by a proportionate amount of evil hereafter. The next time the Conservatives come in they will gratify their followers, and consult the traditions of their party, by a little general extravagance all round. The present Ministry are quite right to set a good example even in small things, and Mr. LOWE's scruples about letting our officials always use a new pen whenever they write are to be justified by the consideration that cheeseparing is sometimes a proper infliction on those who are spending other people's money. But nothing serious will be done in the way of retrenchment unless new principles are laid down on which our expenditure is to be based. If, by a reorganization of the army and navy, we can get as good an article as we now have for a less price, those who show us how it is to be done will be national benefactors, and will establish a system from which their successors will not find it easy to depart. But anything like even the first beginning of reorganizing the army and navy will provoke much opposition and much discussion of a bitter and personal kind. This will take up a good deal of time, and when we add the consideration of Estimates, framed on new principles, to the five subjects selected by the Government, to the proposed inquiry into the conduct of elections, and to the great subject of the Irish Church, it must be confessed that a good six months' work seems cut out for the enthusiasts who have lately borne and spent so much in order to have the delight and honour of doing it.

The passage in which the intentions of the Government with regard to the Irish Church are shadowed forth must have cost the most trouble to prepare, and the successful result has been attained of putting at least a dozen lines together from which nothing whatever can be learnt, and yet which do not seem utterly contemptible. This is a considerable feat in the way of Queen's Speech composition. Possibly it may not seem quite beyond all criticism to speak of promoting religion by doing equal justice to all, as that is, in fact, begging the question that Ireland is henceforth to be governed on the Liberal principle of equality among the sects, and not on the principle of Protestant ascendency. But, with this one exception, every phrase used might have come from Mr. DISRAELI. There shines through all that is said in the QUEEN's Speech on Ireland the desire to do what has to be done in as gentle and palatable a manner as possible. If the thing to be done is strong, the way of doing it will be mild. This mode of approaching the great question of the Session harmonizes with the feelings both of the country and of the House. The hope of keeping up the Established Church in Ireland has died away so entirely, that no one is sore or nervous or anxious about it any longer. A good-humoured apathy was the state of mind in which the Opposition listened to the production of their rivals. The Conservative journals pronounce this to be the hush before the tornado; but the tornado would seem not quite decided whether it will blow or not. Mr. DISRAELI confessed that the Ministry had escaped making some blunders which he thought he might have relied upon their making. The Bill is to be brought in early in the Session; it is to be a measure whole in itself, and not broken up into fragments, and ample opportunity is to be given to Parliament to pass a comprehensive measure this year. Hints had been given that Mr. GLADSTONE would devise some plan of breaking his Irish Church Bill into two halves, and that preparations were already being made beforehand for carrying on [illegible] of dealing with the Irish Church into another Session [illegible] these errors have been avoided, and in a few days it [illegible] known what is the whole policy of the Government on [illegible], and how it proposes to carry it out. Very fortunately [illegible] QUEEN was able to announce that [illegible] now [illegible] enough in Ireland to admit of the law [illegible] ordinary course, and the Habeas Corpus Act [illegible] longer suspended. That there is no prospect [illegible] England having to use her military power with the one hand while she tries to bribe the Irish into friendliness [illegible] destroying the Established Church with the other, is very much to be rejoiced at. The Opposition will naturally say that the present state of tranquillity in Ireland is owing to the wise and salutary measures of repression and precaution they took while in office. The Government will say, equally naturally, that even the promise of just and fair treatment has already brought about a better state of things. Probably both causes have worked together. Fenianism has burned itself out for the present, because its chances were altogether hopeless, and the Irish, just as they were beginning to yield to stern necessity, were conciliated and pacified by the persuasion that England was going to set to work in earnest to redress the grievances of which they think they have to complain.

The Government is enabled to pronounce that the relations of England with all foreign Powers are eminently satisfactory. Peace prevails everywhere within the limits of the British horizon. In New Zealand certain disturbances have taken place of a rather unpleasant kind. But, in the first place, we may hope that they are transitory, and we know they are local; and in the next place, we are prepared to let the entire burden of putting things straight again fall upon the colony. The portion of the QUEEN's Speech in which the English

inhabitants of New Zealand are distinctly warned that they must expect no help from England in crushing the outbreak that has threatened their repose has commanded general approval here. Such a sign of the times is not to be neglected; and colonists should take notice that the natural sorrow which their sufferings awaken here is in some degree counterbalanced by the satisfaction with which the opportunity has been seized of enforcing the lesson that England will not bear a burden that ought properly to fall on persons perfectly capable of bearing it. It is also satisfactory to know that no apprehension need be felt lest the quarrel between Greece and Turkey should lead to a general war. The Conference has been successful, and if Mr. DISRAELI is right in suggesting that a Conference which merely laid down general propositions of international law scarcely justified its own existence, yet it is something to find that for once a Conference has not been wholly unsuccessful. It appears that the idea of a Conference originated with Prussia, and the Emperor of the FRENCH may feel some natural regret at discovering that one of the very few Conferences that have not proved utterly abortive has not owed its origin to him. It is a very good thing that he can console himself by thinking that this moderately successful Conference was held at Paris, and that a French diplomatist was selected as the bearer of the message which the Conference had to send to Greece. It would be interesting to know where the functions of Conferences are supposed to stop, and whether it would be possible to refer to a Conference the delicate question now agitating France, whether Belgium ought, even against its will, to be made, by the pressure which a Conference can exercise, to permit the amalgamation of a French with a Belgian railway. The tone adopted in speaking of Greece was not, however, sustained when the framers of the QUEEN's Speech passed to notice the recent negotiations between America and this country. All that could be done was to express a vague hope that these negotiations might not prove utterly abortive. We now know that this hope is not to be realized. The Senate has declined to ratify the Convention; and we must comfort ourselves with the thought that we did our best to bring about an amicable settlement, and that, in the dissatisfaction with which the Convention has been received in America, we may see a proof that we were not completely outwitted in agreeing to accept its provisions.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

THE Paris Conference has happily held its last meeting for the formal purpose of recording the acquiescence of Greece in its decision. Sanguine and philanthropic statesmen persuade themselves that a precedent has been established of international arbitration as a substitute for war. Less enthusiastic disciples of optimism may perhaps attribute the final submission of the Greeks rather to the imminent danger of collision with a superior force than to the courteous suggestions of the Conference. To induce the Great Powers to meet in council on the transparent merits of a one-sided quarrel was in itself a kind of triumph; and from the moment at which it was arranged that the Conference should be held, Greece was practically safe from an attack on the part of Turkey. If the fear of detaching Russia from the general concert had not inspired the absurdly deferential language of the Protocol, the Greek Government would scarcely have presumed to keep all Europe waiting for a fortnight or three weeks, before it formally welcomed the opportunity of escaping from an untenable position. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, King GEORGE has had a share in accomplishing the inevitable result. The Greek Constitution reserves to the Sovereign a real though undefined freedom of action, which an able and experienced Prince might employ to the great advantage of his country. On the present occasion the KING has probably confined his efforts to the acceptance of the resignations of his former Ministers, and to the appointment of their successors. The partisans of war will claim a reputation for patriotic self-denial in sacrificing office to their convictions; but, when the average duration of a Cabinet is five or six months, the popular imagination will not be deeply impressed by a change of Cabinet. The KING has had the courage to disregard the imaginary danger of a public indignation which was probably only felt by the writers in Ministerial newspapers. Even the idlers of Athens must have been fully aware that the pretended demand of war must subside if at any time it appeared likely to be granted. There was no money; there were no troops; the enemy had a considerable army on the frontier; and since the pacification of Crete there was nothing to fight for. The crisis was certain to yield, like the pugnacity of VIRGIL's bees, to the application of a little dust; and the late Ministers had the satisfaction of persuading the European Powers that it was necessary to employ the remedy by handfuls.

Arbitration is undoubtedly often useful between nations, sometimes in the solution of doubtful questions, and more often as a mode of reconciling concession with honour and self-respect. In the recent dispute Greece was so clearly in the wrong that the judicial functions of the Conference were left almost entirely in abeyance. In taking the Turkish ultimatum for a basis of discussion, the Plenipotentiaries implied that the only question was whether the terms imposed on Greece involved any unnecessary humiliation. It would hardly have been worth while to enter on so trivial an inquiry, but for the supposed expediency of soothing the susceptibilities of Russia. The affronts offered to Turkey proceeded from a confidence, authorized or assumed, in the aid of a powerful patron, who ultimately declined to acknowledge or fulfil a burdensome engagement. At the last moment the Russian Government would have maintained the cause of Greece if the Emperor of the FRENCH could have been persuaded to modify his Eastern policy, in the hope of securing a Russian alliance against Germany. The failure of the intrigue or negotiation rendered it necessary to postpone the attack upon Turkey, which Russia will never undertake until the complicity of some other Great Power is assured. As peace was to be preserved for the present, it only remained to protect Greece as far as possible from the consequences of premature and ineffective turbulence. The other members of the Conference were, like prudent ecclesiastics in a Synod, more anxious for harmony than for sound doctrine; and the articles of the Protocol were accordingly adopted, not because they were orthodox, but as the only confession of faith which all parties were ready to sign. It is now affirmed on the highest authority that acts of almost open hostility are not consistent with the duties prescribed by international law. As the proposition was formally communicated to the Greeks, it must be supposed to concern them; but they may reasonably infer that their self-appointed advisers are not deeply impressed with the guilt of the irregularities which they mildly censure. It would have been impossible to intimate more gently or more indirectly that, on the whole, they must either conform for the present to the ordinary rules of good neighbourhood, or take the consequences in the form of a declaration of war by Turkey. The certainty that no foreign Power would interfere to protect them would have elicited the same answer to the Turkish ultimatum which has now been returned to the Paris Conference. If the armaments of the Porte had not been in the background of the negotiations, the commonplaces of the Protocol would have produced little practical effect.

The Turks are not in the habit of citing Latin maxims, but they have shown their thorough apprehension of the doctrine that preparation for war is the best security for peace. While the Greeks have, after many ceremonious flourishes, been compelled to discontinue their hostile menaces, other troublesome neighbours have profited by an opportune warning. The Roumanian Ministry, which was occupied in fomenting rebellion beyond the Danube, has been forced to resign; nor have the Servians or Montenegrins ventured to attack an enemy well prepared for resistance. The equipment and increase of the army and navy have undoubtedly been costly; but the soundest economy for a country in the condition of Turkey is to spend whatever may be indispensable to the preservation of independence. Perpetual threats of internal disturbance and of foreign invasion are fertile sources of expense; and no armament can be superfluous which serves the purpose of intimidating hostile neighbours. It is unfortunately true that the weakness of Turkey arises in great part from misgovernment, which might be corrected without military preparations; but, when Greece neglects internal improvement for dreams of external aggrandizement, it is unreasonable to blame the Turks very severely for a similar mistake. The Greeks have, by their recent proceedings, done their cause the questionable service of confirming the Turkish supremacy in Crete, and of diminishing the hopes of malcontents throughout the Empire. The warmest supporters of their pretensions must allow that unsuccessful attempts at aggrandizement are not to be encouraged. Public opinion in Europe, and even in America, has been more visibly alienated from the Greek cause within the last few months than at any former time. In the long run, ingenious and versatile Christians will be preferred to obstinate Mahometans; but they are bound to justify the predilections of their admirers by political sagacity, if not by moral supe-

riority. In mere diplomatic strategy, since the inchoate rupture with Turkey, the Greek Ministers have displayed a certain adroitness; but all the substantial benefit of the transaction has been realized by their adversary.

The motives of the agitation which has caused so much general anxiety were probably not of the highest order. Mr. BULGARES, who had previously professed a pacific and legal policy, found that his Government was labouring under the chronic inconvenience of financial embarrassment. As it was equally difficult to raise new taxes or to borrow money from incredulous capitalists, retrenchment might, to an ordinary Minister, have appeared the only remaining resource. The Greek CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER preferred the opposite plan of incurring unlimited expense, by forcing on the commencement of a war which foreign Governments would almost certainly prohibit before the commencement of actual hostilities. The people, who had apparently never desired a rupture with Turkey, were assured that their warlike enthusiasm was irresistible, and official journalists broadly hinted that the throne itself might be in danger if any impediment was offered to the supposed outburst of patriotic zeal. The Turkish Government was driven, by deliberate affronts and repeated injuries, to break off diplomatic relations; and the Greek Ministers, relying on the eventual support of Russia, and on the toleration of Europe, answered a temperate exposition of intolerable grievances by an insulting despatch. In the very crisis of the dispute, it was remarkable that no visible preparation was made for war, except in the form of some anomalous financial operations. The Deputies convoked in an extraordinary Session voted themselves a considerable sum in direct violation of the law; and they conferred on the Ministers unlimited power to raise money by any method which they might think advisable. Extreme resolutions of the kind may sometimes be justified by the necessity of preparing sudden armaments; but it seems never to have occurred to the Government or to the Assembly that it was expedient to provide troops, ships, or munitions of war. The great idea which inspired the Minister for the moment was not to crown the King of GREECE in St. Sophia, but to lay his hands on the specie of the National Bank of Athens. When the treasure was in the hands of the Government, and when an inconvertible paper currency was substituted for silver, it became expedient to listen to diplomatic counsels, although a show of pugnacity was still maintained. It may be hoped that the new Cabinet is somewhat more respectable; but if any serious attempt is made to protect property or to promote general prosperity, the character and traditions of Greek administration must have fundamentally changed. The country will not be richer or happier because its temporary rulers have contrived, after exciting general alarm in Europe, to escape from the consequences of their violence and imprudence by the connivance of one or more of the Great Powers.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

LORD CAIRNS and Mr. DISRAELI, in the debate on the Address, showed sound judgment in postponing the discussion on the Irish Church. As they both candidly admitted, the Government is pledged, by the circumstances of its accession to office, to propose a measure for carrying into effect the Resolutions of the last Session. The Opposition, on the other hand, is at liberty to object both to the principle and to the details of the Bill; but it may easily be foreseen that the provisions of any scheme which may have been devised will be more open to damaging criticism than a policy which the House of Commons has virtually accepted. There is some reason to suppose that but faint resistance to the measure will be offered in either House, although the Peers may perhaps attempt to modify some of its provisions. None of the speakers deviated from a prudent reserve, with the exception of the seconder of the Address in the House of Lords, who unnecessarily expressed his own personal objection to all religious establishments. If Lord MONCK's opinion had possessed any political importance, it would have furnished an argument to the opponents of the Ministerial proposal; for the prevalent Erastianism of English laymen is only reconciled to the separation of Church and State in Ireland by the anomalous condition of the Protestant Establishment. An abuse is most effectually defended when it can be closely connected with some useful or popular institution. Lord MONCK ought to have learned by long practical experience that an assailant ought, if possible, to isolate the object of his attack, instead of provoking superfluous antagonism. A mover or seconder of an Address happily involves the Minister who selects him in no direct responsibility for his opinions; but Lord MONCK's imprudent declaration will be quoted by advocates of the Irish Church as an official announcement of hostility to Established Churches in general. Mr. HENRY COWPER, who made a speech of considerable promise, may perhaps be charged with unseasonable modesty on account of his confession that the Liberal party had learned its present opinions from Mr. GLADSTONE. The occasion for adopting a definite policy must often be chosen by a political leader, but it is the business of his followers to assume that they had long cherished the conviction which only awaited an opportunity of utterance. The House of Commons probably welcomed with satisfaction the interval which was allowed to elapse before the threadbare subject of the Irish Church is once more submitted to discussion. Within two or three months they have all been forced to make speeches for or against it, and they have heard or read the prolix debates of the last Session. It is the fashion to assert, with Lord CAIRNS and Mr. DISRAELI, that great advantages result from the omission of all disputable questions in the Address. If the late Government had met Parliament, an amendment to the Address would have decided the fate of parties. It would have been idle to move an amendment on Tuesday last; not that there would have been any difficulty in finding grounds of dissent, but because the Opposition would have been hopelessly beaten.

The paragraph in the Speech which refers to the law of rating must have been more than ordinarily distasteful to Mr. DISRAELI. The only semblance of a principle which survived the complete transformation of his Reform Bill consisted in that personal payment of rates which could only be accomplished by the annihilation of the compound householder. The House of Commons was perhaps more to blame than the embarrassed Minister for its indolent readiness to escape a political difficulty at the expense of a social and economical convenience. In spite of the sanguine theories of financial reformers, poor people cannot or will not pay direct taxes either to the Imperial or to the parochial collector. The overseers had long since found it worth while to allow the landlords of small tenements a discount for taking the rates upon themselves, and numerous Acts of Parliament had legalized the practice. The occupiers who have been summoned for non-payment of rates, the parish officers who have obtained distress warrants, and all other parties concerned, except the landlords who have kept up their rents and put the amount of the previous deduction into their pockets, may justly complain of the hasty vote which has cost them so much trouble and loss; nor was Mr. DISRAELI himself forward to protest against the reversal of thoughtless legislation. Indeed the courtesy and moderation of his entire speech suggested an invidious suspicion that he meditated some unusually violent and unscrupulous attack on the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE, himself the chief patron of the persecuted compound householder, generously promised to redress the existing evil with all possible consideration for the feelings of his adversaries. There is no reason why the house-owner should not be allowed to pay the rate on behalf of the tenant, with or without deduction. If all parties agree in the wish to escape from a renewal of the discussion, a few ambiguous phrases will remove all ground of quarrel. Mr. GLADSTONE has only to assert, and Mr. DISRAELI to persuade himself and his party to admit, that rates are personally paid when they are paid in whole or in part by any person. His avoidance of any discussion of the question in the debate on the Address perhaps indicates a determination to maintain a watchful and non-aggressive attitude. As it was necessary to find some fault with the Government, Mr. DISRAELI selected the most harmless ground of attack in his complaint that the Crown had violated either the Constitution or Parliamentary precedent by recommending the House of Commons to appoint a Select Committee. According to the law of tournaments, as laid down in *Ivanhoe*, a knight was adjudged to have been defeated if he lost a stirrup, while his more fortunate opponent retained all his trappings. It appears that there is, in fact, no precedent for the proposal in a Queen's Speech of a Parliamentary inquiry, and the leaders of the Opposition are entitled to the triumph of hitting the blot. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, argued with some force, that it is the duty of the QUEEN, or rather of her advisers, to notice in the Speech from the throne all the important measures which are to be laid before Parliament. The conduct of elections is so peculiarly within the province of the House of Commons that a Royal Commission of Inquiry would have been evidently inappropriate. If the Government moves for a Committee on the subject, the possible consequences may be sufficiently considerable to justify a formal intimation of the Ministerial

intentions. Mr. COWPER evidently interprets the announcement as a preparation for the introduction of the ballot; nor can it be doubted that the scheme will be proposed in the Committee. Mr. MUNDELLA was the only speaker who remarked that one of the most important parts of the proposed inquiry referred to municipal elections. He added that the bribery practised on such occasions was more extensive than at Parliamentary elections, but the scandal is partially explained by the earlier institution of household suffrage as the municipal franchise. There will be less difference of opinion on the expediency of abolishing nominations and hustings speeches, especially as all other public meetings for the purpose of discussion have long since become obsolete.

It was impossible to say much in the debate or conversation about the Paris Convention, or about the treaty which has perhaps ceased to please Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON since the Committee of the Senate has almost unanimously refused to ratify it. It will not be worth the while of Parliament to discuss the terms of an abortive arrangement; but it would be well to express the general opinion that Lord CLARENDON has gone to the extreme limit of admissible or excusable concession. Mr. GLADSTONE performed with facile fluency the duty of representing both transactions as creditable to all parties concerned. The Conference, which neither pledged its members to act on its conclusions, nor put any pressure on the wrongdoers whom it censured, has, it seems, furnished an admirable precedent of arbitration as an alternative of war. Mr. GLADSTONE's opinions on the merits of the quarrel are not to be collected from his language, except that he found something to admire in the conduct of the young King of GREECE, who sanctioned the outrageous policy of his late Ministers, and the more judicious resipiscence of his present advisers. It may be collected that the Government had no expectation that the *Alabama* Treaty will be ratified. Even Mr. COWPER, who perhaps went out of his way to justify the pugnacity of the Americans, remarked with justice that England, after making every possible concession, is no longer responsible for the continuance of the quarrel. The debate was necessarily uninteresting, because it suited the convenience of the Opposition to adjourn any attack upon the Government. For once the speeches of the respective movers and seconders were fuller of matter than the more authoritative statements of the party leaders. Perhaps the best part of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was his judicious apology for the postponement to a future Session of measures which, however urgent, would in all probability not have been passed.

BELGIUM AND THE FRENCH OFFICIAL PRESS.

THAT a man may do what he will with his own evidently counts for an exploded fallacy in Government circles in France. The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has lately fallen under the high displeasure of the semi-official journals of Paris for daring to act on this antiquated theory. A Bill has actually been passed, by a large majority, prohibiting the sale or lease of Belgian railways without the consent of the Belgian Government. If this prohibition is violated, the offending line will be taken possession of by the State, and worked for the benefit of the shareholders. If the Company denies that the alleged sale or lease has taken place, it may appeal to a court of law, and, if it proves its case, it will receive an indemnity during such time as the line remains in the hands of the Government. It is possible that the Bill might have passed without notice if it had not been for the speech delivered by the MINISTER of FINANCE in support of it, and for a passage in the Report of the Committee by which it was recommended to the Chamber. Some of the opponents of the measure in Belgium maintain that its real object is not identical with its professed object. What the Government wants to do, they say, is to prevent any combination of railways in Belgium itself which might prove injurious to the State lines. If this purpose had been avowed, the Bill might never have become law; but the circumstance that the Eastern of France Company had lately been negotiating for the purchase of the Great Luxemburg Railway from Arlon to Brussels enabled M. FRERE to make a telling appeal to Belgian patriotism. He justified the prohibition on the plea that it was necessary to prevent Belgian railways from passing into the hands of foreign Companies, although as a matter of fact the cession of the Great Luxemburg line had actually been annulled by the Belgian Government before the introduction of this measure. Except in Belgium itself, this aspect of the question is of little moment. For our purpose it may be assumed that the design of the Bill is to give additional facilities for preventing the sale of railways to foreign Companies. At all events, the position taken up by a portion of the French press is founded on this supposition, and it is the fact that it is so founded that gives interest and importance to the discussion.

It is hardly conceivable that any one but a semi-official journalist under the Empire would have regarded the question as properly coming within the cognizance of French critics. No matter how unreasonable the fears or suspicions of the Belgian representatives might be, they had a perfect right to entertain them. A man who bolts his door at sunset, and requires every visitor who arrives after that hour to state his business through the keyhole, may be set down as needlessly cautious. But even this exhibition of timidity is not usually held sufficient to justify threats of assault and battery on the part of his next neighbour. This, however, is exactly the line which some of the French papers have taken. The most moderate suggestion they have to offer is that Belgium should be made to feel, "at least by commercial reprisals," how great her crime has been. The more pronounced journals have not been able to content themselves with so mild a proposal. In venturing to claim her railways as her own, Belgium has tried the magnanimity of France to the very utmost. Can the honour of the country put up patiently with such a provocation? If it proves impossible for it to do so, if this crowning insult can only be avenged by the just punishment of the State that has offered it, the offender will only have himself to blame. The French Government has done all it could to soothe the wounded feelings of the nation, and if its well-meant efforts fail, and its long-suffering subjects, refuse to be longer trampled under the feet of haughty Belgium, it will be only the natural consequence of this last act of the Chamber of Representatives. These writers do not give Belgium the credit of having devised this policy for herself. She is but the instrument, they assert, of a stronger Power in the background. The arrow has come from the Belgian quiver, but its flight has been directed by a Prussian arm. The punishment which is justly due to Belgium for allowing herself to be used for such a purpose can hardly be delayed much longer. The great majority of the French people is described as having all along desired the annexation of this truculent State, and of late the sentiment has become almost ungovernable. Belgium has no friend in France, except the magnanimous Government which she is always attacking. That Government will try now, as it has tried before, to stem the popular torrent, and to prevent this ill-advised people from falling a sacrifice to the wounded honour of the great nation whose susceptibilities have been so recklessly trampled on. But unless some help is obtainable in Belgium itself, unless, for example, the Senate will hold itself ready to reject the Bill which is now awaiting its consideration, it can hardly be expected that even the whole weight of official influence will be sufficient to ward off the blow.

We thought we had sufficient experience of semi-official journalism in France not to be surprised at any exhibition of its peculiar characteristics. But we confess to some astonishment at the matchless impudence of this last outburst. That newspapers whose connexion with the Government is perfectly well understood, should allow themselves, or rather be allowed by their masters, to make the domestic legislation of a neighbouring State an occasion for a series of insolent attacks, continued day after day, and claiming, though happily without any justification, to represent the whole public opinion of France, is certainly a phenomenon of very serious import. Whether the act of the Belgian Legislature showed distrust of France or not, whether it was in itself wise or foolish, necessary or unnecessary, is nothing to the purpose. It related to a matter upon which every State has a full right to judge for itself, and to make the exercise of such a right an occasion for complaint, would in itself be a direct aggression on the independence of Belgium. True, the French Government has not, so far as we know, made any diplomatic representations on the subject. It was reserved, we are sorry to say, for an English journal to suggest that it should do so. But the French Government has instructed its organs to do everything in their power to give it a colourable pretext for taking this course, and by this means it has necessarily aroused a suspicion which had of late promised to die out. It might have been expected that if the EMPEROR could not make up his mind to attack Prussia, he would at all events be superior to the mean compensation derivable from bullying a weaker State. That expectation has unhappily proved groundless. In the Imperial mind the possibility of making Belgium atone for the sins of Prussia, of leading the French people to regard the Meuse and the Scheldt as a cheap substitute for the unattain-

l working. That it is so is not favourable for the maintenance of tranquillity in Europe. A war with Prussia is sufficiently formidable in anticipation to induce even a more reckless ruler than NAPOLEON III. to count the cost before setting out. But a war with Belgium, though it might, and probably would, prove an equally serious business in the end, would not present the same difficulties at starting. It is conceivable, therefore, that a Sovereign whose caution would avail to preserve him from the former step might be led on by a fancied prospect of impunity so to commit himself in respect of the latter as to have no decent means of retreat. There is however one solid ground for satisfaction in this miserable business. The independent French journals have not followed the lead of the Imperial organs. The widely-differing schools of political opinion represented by the *Journal des Débats*, the *Journal de Paris*, the *Temps*, and the *Siècle*, are all agreed upon this point. No section of the genuine Opposition desires war. They are all aware that in the preservation of peace lies their only chance of driving the Government into the concession of more liberty at home. The outcry against Belgium is confined to the Absolutist and Socialist papers in the pay of the Government, and to the eccentric print which represents—M. ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

It is with very real regret that we are compelled to number the *Times* among the journals which on this question have made common cause against Belgium. No doubt in the article which appeared on this subject yesterday there were sentences thrown in here and there asserting the right of Belgium to manage her own affairs. But at this moment provisoes of this sort will be forgotten in the general condemnation which the *Times* thinks fit to pronounce upon the conduct of the Chamber of Representatives. It talks of not encouraging Belgium "in a policy of suspicion or isolation," and stigmatizes the measure as "an unnecessary precaution," and one wholly out of accord "with the Liberal policy of the past." It conceals the fact that the agitation in Paris is confined to a single class of newspapers, and regrets that "journals "semi-official and independent, Imperialist or Liberal," should be alike ready to appeal to the passions of the army and people. And it scoffs at the notion that there can be any military danger to Belgium in the line which connects Brussels with all the Eastern fortresses of France being in the hands of a French Company, and under the control of the French Government. We have no hesitation in saying that such writing as this can only be characterized as a disgrace to the nation which—most falsely we feel sure in this instance the *Times* claims to represent.

PARLIAMENTARY AND MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE passage in the QUEEN'S Speech in which Parliament was recommended to inquire into the present mode of conducting Parliamentary and Municipal Elections was probably the only part of the Speech which caused its hearers the faintest surprise. It is not usual for the Crown to recommend Parliament merely to make an inquiry; and if the state of public opinion and general knowledge on a subject is not such as to make immediate legislation possible or desirable, it seems out of place to notice the matter at all in what is intended to be the programme of the proposed legislation of the Session. It also seemed strange that an inquiry should be thought necessary now, while the new system devised last year for trying election petitions is being worked out with care, patience, and great success, by the Judges who have been appointed to perform the unpleasant duty. It is not beyond possibility that the real reason why this unusual step of recommending a Parliamentary inquiry from the Throne has been taken, and why it is to be instituted at once, may be that the Ministry see in such an inquiry the readiest mode of procuring a definite opinion on the Ballot. It is not difficult to imagine that the Ballot has in the Cabinet some ardent supporters, some earnest opponents, and many half-hearted advocates who are not quite sure whether they have really come round to it or not. If the Ballot is merged in the general subject of the mode of conducting not only Parliamentary but Municipal Elections, the Cabinet may have plenty of time to make up its mind before it commits itself to a definite decision. In the present temper of the Liberal party, the Ballot would certainly command a great majority in the House of Commons, unless the Government were to set themselves resolutely against it, which they are not likely to do. On the other hand, there is a strong feeling in the country, and in a section of the Liberal party, that it would be a great pity to adopt the Ballot in a hurry and without reflection. Even assuming, as we think it must be assumed, that the Ballot will be adopted if it can be shown to be the necessary complement of a Bill which has given votes to weekly labourers, yet what is wanted is a great body of evidence, from very various parts of the country, that the protection of the Ballot is really needed. Nor can the Ballot and intimidation be taken by themselves, or one sort of election be separated from another. What is wanted is exactly what the Government proposes—a general inquiry into the whole mode of conducting elections, both Parliamentary and Municipal. But if the Government had been free to choose, we may guess that it would not have been in such a hurry to start the inquiry while many election petitions remain untried, and while it is as yet much too soon to ascertain what is the general effect which these trials of election petitions are likely to produce both on the conduct of future elections and on the habits and feelings of the classes who have hitherto been the authors or victims of corrupt practices.

The inquiry is premature, but the history of the trials that have already taken place shows quite conclusively that it is impossible that the trial of petitions by Judges should do all that is wanted to place the conduct of elections on a proper footing. These trials seem likely to act quite as powerfully in deterring defeated candidates from bringing a petition as in deterring candidates and their agents from corrupt practices, and the whole success of the new machinery for purifying elections depends on men being found willing to bring petitions where any suspicion hangs over the election. If the notion spreads abroad that a petition is a most costly, vexatious, and uncertain thing, a great disinclination to bring petitions will spring up, and then the machinery will fail to produce any of the good results looked for from it. The most recent decisions are not at all encouraging to petitioners. It is not in any way the business of the Judges to make their decisions encouraging to petitioners. They are bound to think quite as much of the sitting member as of the petitioner, and they are called on to accept a return as a solemn legal document which it takes very clear evidence to set aside. They have only to investigate the facts that can be got together and produced before them, and to lay down the law. But the law laid down, although a perfectly good law, and based on sound reasoning, may show that the shades by which cases in which a petition will succeed are to be distinguished from cases where it will not succeed are so faint and slight that no one can tell beforehand how far it will be worth while to spend his money on a petition. Two decisions given this week on the law of agency will show how much this difficulty must press hereafter on a petitioner. At Staleybridge Mr. Justice BLACKBURN had to lay down the law of agency as applied to the following facts. A voluntary committee, sitting and acting at the request of the sitting member, sent out messengers to bring voters to the poll. Two of these messengers bribed a voter to vote by promising to make up to him his day's wages. That this was bribery in law was beyond doubt, and there was no doubt that these messengers had committed the act. The only question was whether they were agents of the sitting member for the special purpose of bringing up voters to the poll. Mr. Justice BLACKBURN decided that they were not. But he said that he so decided with the utmost doubt, and he stated that he could discover no general principle whatever on which the law of agency could be made to rest, so as to mark off clearly who are and who are not agents. Each case, he said, must be looked at separately. The only test he could think of was to look at the mischiefs which the Act wished to avert by making a candidate responsible for his agents. These mischiefs were that a candidate should profit by wrong acts done by others on his behalf, and that persons should be encouraged to spend money illegally for candidates on the speculation of some day being paid. Looking to the facts of the case, the Judge pronounced at Staleybridge that the connexion between the messengers of the committee and the sitting member was too remote to make them agents, and the messengers hoped to be repaid by the committee, not by the candidate. But there is no sort of principle on which this decision rests, for Mr. Justice BLACKBURN expressly said that he could not state any such principle, and certainly it would be most hazardous to accept the doctrine as good law that bribery committed by the agents of committees acting under the authority of a candidate will not invalidate an election when the agent of the committee looks for repayment to the committee, not to the candidate. If there is any general doctrine on the subject, it would probably be much safer to say that the election would be invalidated in this way. At Tamworth a person clearly shown to be an

agent of Sir HENRY BULWER, and possibly of Sir ROBERT PEEL, chose to spend a very large sum in hiring at an extravagant rate a number of persons, some of whom were voters, to act as watchers. But Mr. Justice WILLES considered that he did this, not to make the voters vote as he wished, but in order to make himself a popular person, and enhance his own importance. Here an agent gives voters a handsome sum for a totally unnecessary service, but we are invited to look into the agent's mind, and to observe that he gives for the pleasure of giving, not to get votes. This was no doubt quite a right decision, but the result is that the petitioner is cast in his petition because it is ultimately discovered that the sums he had succeeded in proving to have been given by an indisputable agent of one sitting member, and allowed in the accounts of another, were given indeed to voters for doing nothing, but were so given out of mere vanity, and in the pure delight of throwing away the gentleman's money.

Then, again, there are whole regions of misconduct in the management of elections which the Judges are not instructed or authorized to touch. "If I go in, I must do it properly to "win," the sitting member for Greenwich wrote to a friend "and I suppose that CHRISTIE is not prepared to bleed." The sitting member bled, but he bled properly and discreetly, and his election was confirmed without hesitation. But the legitimate bleeding by which one candidate takes for granted he can beat another candidate who is not prepared to bleed, is an immense evil, and if the inquiry now to be instituted should show any way of reducing the enormous advantage which a long purse gives a candidate, it would do great good. Then, again, these election trials show that no effectual case against a candidate can be made out as treating, unless the treating is quite outrageous, as it was at Bradford. If a candidate merely spends a great deal too much at public-houses, and the election is merely made the occasion of a state of permanent beeriness for a fortnight beforehand, there is nothing in this to support a petition. The petitioner must show either that there has been wholesale treating, so that the election was void because the borough was so corrupted with beer and good food as not to have the little wits left necessary to decide whether one man or another shall be returned, or else it must be distinctly proved that some particular voter was treated by an agent of the candidate with the object of getting his vote. The agency must be proved, the treating must be proved, and the frame of mind and general intentions of the agent at that particular moment of time must be proved; and all this is very difficult to prove. The Judges very soon cut away the allegations of treating. They first ask the petitioner if he means that the voters generally were drunk, and when he replies in the negative, then the Judge asks what particular voter was treated by a recognised agent having at that instant guilty intentions. The petitioner, in answer to this pertinent question, says that perhaps he had better pass on to another part of his case. And what may be said of treating may be said of intimidation. It is so difficult to prove either wholesale intimidation, as was proved at Drogheda, or the intimidation of particular voters by a recognised agent, as was proved at Westbury, that, generally speaking, the petitioner can make nothing of the evidence of intimidation which he has procured, and in nine cases out of ten a petition had much better not be brought unless an allegation of bribery can be proved. But in real life treating and intimidation are greater, more constant, and more dangerous causes of evil in the conduct of elections than bribery, and Parliament has a sphere of most useful inquiry if it undertakes to examine how the waste of money, the demoralization and the bullying that goes on at election time, can be diminished.

RUSSIA AND INDIA.

THE discussions which arise from the progress of Russian conquest in Central Asia forcibly illustrate the inconvenience of all domestic controversy on international questions. When diplomacy was conducted secretly by official persons only, there was, as at present, a risk of error; but Governments and their agents had the great advantage of expressing an undivided will. Newspapers and pamphlets, while they may often throw light on the subject of debate, supply information with indiscriminate liberality to both parties alike. The veiled menaces of a Foreign Secretary or of an Ambassador produce but little effect when the supposed organs of public opinion have admitted the impossibility or inutility of resistance. In the conflict of judgment foreign statesmen naturally accept the statements and arguments which suit their own policy best. The Emperor NICHOLAS at the beginning of 1853 might have found many wholesome warnings in the English press; but choosing to believe, on the authority of one or two journals, that the influence of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT was supreme in England, he plunged his country into a disastrous war. The advisers of his successor will probably place a similar interpretation on eager and exaggerated professions of indifference to the Russian victories in Turkestan. Ostentatious deference to the United States has led, first, to the unlucky Alabama Treaty, and then, by a fortunate consequence, to the refusal of the American Senate to ratify the result of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's successful negotiations. An obviously insincere affectation of confidence in Russia will tend in the same manner to encourage presumption, and possibly to facilitate aggression. It is highly probable that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE may have judged rightly in maintaining his system of non-intervention against the prevalent opinion of Anglo-Indian politicians; but while silent inaction may sometimes be imposing, loud professions of neutrality and of peaceful intentions are generally undignified and often imprudent. Declarations that the vicinity of Russia to the Indian frontier is not alarming are so obviously untrue that they suggest an opposite interpretation. The fabulous ostrich never thrust its head into the sand until it was in imminent danger from its pursuers. It is absurd to suppose that Russian statesmen or generals will be deterred from prosecuting their designs by fulsome assurances of perfect reliance on their friendly moderation. If the time has not yet come for counteracting their possible projects, it would be expedient to say as little as possible when nothing is to be done. If it is true that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE at last resolved on subsidizing the Affghan Government, he confided the reasons of his change or modification of policy only to his official advisers and superiors. Loud disclaimers of anxiety convert subsequent precautions into admissions of the existence of danger.

It is perfectly true that the approach of Russian forces to the Indus and the Himalayah has hitherto furnished no legitimate cause of offence. It would have been incalculably more convenient to the English Government that a barrier should be interposed between two rival Empires; but it can scarcely be pretended that England or India has a vested interest in the barbarism of Central Asia. The civilization which is diffused by Russian soldiers may not be of a high order, but the most flagrant abuses of Russian administration might be beneficially substituted for the social and political system of Turkestan. If Mr. VAMBERY, who is assuredly not a partisan of Russia, may be trusted, the inhabitants of Bokhara are morally the worst people to be found on the earth. The semi-brutal African savages of SPEKE and BAKER may be equally vicious in their propensities, but they are far inferior in capacity to the race which formerly produced the conquerors of India, of China, and of Eastern Europe. The comparatively pure religion of MAHOMET has conformed itself, like other creeds, to the disposition of its professors; and its precepts of charity and piety offer no impediment, in Bokhara and the neighbouring regions, to ferocious cruelty and abandoned profligacy. In such a country even an orthodox Cossack, accustomed to be the instrument of a regular Government, may perhaps be a beneficent missionary; nor would the Indian Government, which has prudently abstained from attempting the reformation of Central Asia, be justified in protesting against the accomplishment of the task by a formidable rival. When it has suited the policy of Russia to be on good terms with England, assurances have been repeatedly given that the frontier of the Empire would not be further advanced in a south-easterly direction; but excuses or pretexts for extension of territory are never wanting in the neighbourhood of warlike and unsettled tribes. A commander on the border sends a flying column to exact satisfaction for the plunder of a travelling merchant; and soon afterwards he finds it necessary to erect a fort, that he may secure supplies and reinforcements for his detachments. After a time the fort is besieged or threatened, and it must be protected by the acquisition of the adjacent district; and finally a general war ends in the annexation of two or three provinces to the territory of the conqueror. One of the many processes by which the Indian Empire attained its present dimensions was exactly similar. In each special quarrel the Ameer or the Khan is as likely to be in the wrong as the Russian commander. In the conquered districts, roads made for military purposes serve commercial wants, and Russian and native traders acquire a certain amount of security for life and property. Although the patriotic and religious sentiments which sometimes survive all other virtues are shocked by the triumph of the foreign infidel, the greatest happiness of the greatest number of inhabitants may possibly be promoted by transference from indigenous

misrule to Russian uniformity and order. Circumstances might render it expedient to co-operate even with a Turkestan chieftain, but no sympathy can be felt for the murderers of STODDART and CONOLLY.

The possible collision between England and Russia in Central Asia will be analogous to a civil litigation rather than to a criminal prosecution, as it will result, not from the infliction or sufferance of wrong, but from a conflict of interests. A native Government of a united India, disposing even of half the resources which are at the command of the VICEROY, might regard with indifference any force which could threaten its northern frontier. The vicinity of a European Power is only dangerous because it might encourage disaffection to an alien Government. The Russian Generals have taken a part in the late civil disturbances of Affghanistan, where Russian agents had been busy more than a quarter of a century ago. In former times it was only by the intervention of Persia that the Russian Government could hope to acquire a footing in Affghanistan; and it was to obviate this comparatively remote danger that Lord AUCKLAND'S unfortunate war was undertaken, and that Herat has been protected by diplomacy and by arms against Persian ambition. Recent victories have placed Herat almost between Russian and Persian territories, and a comparatively short distance separates the Russian outposts from the Valley of the Indus. The more-easterly conquests may be regarded with less jealousy, inasmuch as they are separated from India by a great mountain range, penetrated only by passes which are difficult and defensible, although they have in former times been traversed by more than one Asiatic conqueror. It is from the North-West that a hand might be held out to Indian insurgents, and that an auxiliary invasion might be directed against the Punjab. Some military critics, indeed, hold that the danger has been but slightly increased by the conquest of Bokhara, because the natural course of Russian aggression would, according to their opinion, lie through Persian territory from the southern shore of the Caspian; but the better authority seems to be on the side of the more recent alarmists; and it is certain that the new acquisition will facilitate interference in Affghan affairs. For the moment it appears that SHERE ALI has reunited the possessions of DOST MAHOMMED; but in that distracted country a pretender may at any time make himself master of Herat or of Candahar, and it is not impossible that he might throw himself on Russian protection. The most pacific of Indian politicians agree that the occupation of Herat by Russia would be as legitimate a cause of war as the seizure of Peshawur or Mooltan. With such a contingency in prospect, it is idle to assert that the interests of Russia and England in Asia are identical.

It is impossible to know whether Russia contemplates the future acquisition of the whole or part of India, and it is enough to be aware that hostile proceedings on the Indian frontier might not improbably be caused by European complications. Within a few weeks English diplomacy has once more ended in baffling the designs of Russia against Turkey, which will be resumed on the first favourable opportunity. The experience of the Crimean war showed that Russia was assailable by a Power possessing maritime superiority, while it possessed no means of retaliation on a distant enemy. In the event of a future quarrel, a blockade of Cronstadt or of Odessa might be answered by a march upon the frontier towns of Affghanistan. Any Russian force, indeed, which could be employed on the Indus would be easily outnumbered and defeated, if the Indian Government were at leisure to occupy itself exclusively with repelling invasion. There is every reason to believe that internal disturbances might be simultaneously repressed; but it is useless to deny the probability of novel risks and embarrassments. In India, if not in Europe, the era of perfect non-intervention and of indifference to foreign policy is still remote; nor, indeed, is it likely that the modern doctrine will be heartily adopted by any Government which has an army to dispose of. It is desirable, if it is practicable, to avert a collision as long as possible, by some amicable understanding with Russia; but a compact on a single point of difference with a litigant who has other disputed claims in reserve is scarcely likely to produce a lasting settlement. The most unprofitable of all devices is to assert clamorously that there is peace, when there is no reason for dwelling on the subject except a well-founded belief that peace is likely to be disturbed.

COUNT BISMARK'S EXPLANATION.

COUNT BISMARK could scarcely have allowed the Hanover and Hesse Confiscation Bills to pass through the Prussian House of Lords without qualifying to some extent his remarks on the same subject in the Chamber of Deputies. It is not often that a nominally responsible Minister delivers himself of so direct a provocation to war as was contained in his speech of the 29th of January. In the interval between the two debates Count BISMARK had had time enough to recover himself—supposing him to have been carried away by the heat of discussion, or to have used language susceptible of another meaning than that which he intended to convey. If, therefore, he had remained silent, the fact that, having an opportunity of modifying his original statements, he had omitted to use it, would have invested his language with additional seriousness. This consideration, however, deprives of nearly all its value the very slight retractation implied rather than contained in his speech of Saturday last. It is merely a form to which any Minister who does not carry a declaration of war in his pocket must consent to submit. The French Government especially has so often done the same thing itself that it must be perfectly aware how little it really means. To make a definite statement to-day, and then to tone it down somewhat a fortnight later, is the natural expedient of a man who wishes his words to take root and bear fruit by and by. If he said nothing on the first occasion, he would not achieve his end; if he said nothing on the second occasion, he might achieve it rather too quickly. In dealing with the Prussian people Count BISMARK takes a lesson from the cook, and throws in a little cold water at the last moment just to prevent the pot from boiling over. His quickness of temper serves as a convenient scapegoat on which to lay the blame of his indiscretion. The machinations of the dethroned sovereigns of Hanover and Hesse have been too much for his equanimity. He has "many times been reproached by the "press for not preserving a proper diplomatic calm in the face "of such endeavours." He does not deny that there may be some ground for the charge, but he is far from being ashamed of his weakness. "Those who can restrain their anger at such base-"ness have national feelings differently organized" from his. Count BISMARK does scant justice to his own capacity of self-control. The organization of his "national feelings" would doubtless have proved quite equal to any task he might have thought proper to impose upon it, and had it suited his purpose to keep his wrath to himself, his determination would certainly not have been affected by anything that the ex-King of HANOVER or the ex-Elector of HESSE could have done to shake it. Count BISMARK'S purpose in threatening the Chamber of Deputies with another French invasion has probably been fully answered by a fortnight's uncontradicted circulation. He need not have much fear that the effect of his warning will be seriously weakened by the fact that in addressing the House of Lords he adopted a somewhat milder tone.

When the particular qualification introduced comes to be examined, it is of a curiously transparent sort. Count BISMARK professes to exonerate the French Government and the French people at the expense of the French press. It is the latter which, by "a criminal undertaking," has endeavoured to incite to war two nations most earnestly desirous of remaining at peace. The Prussian Minister is "fully convinced that "all European Governments"—France among the number, therefore—"are animated by peaceful intentions." In the false news "which has been circulated with shameless inven-"tiveness" he recognises the real enemy of the peace of Europe, and he feels that the time has come when "even in 'the interest of national dignity it is necessary to stop the 'sources whence newspapers are subsidized openly to incite a 'brave and warlike nation to make war upon Germany." The "dissemination of falsehood by means of the distribution "of money"—there is the explanation of all the rumours and apprehensions of the last two years. Europe would have been at rest if it had not been for the wickedness of certain French journalists, and the French journalists would have turned their criminal ingenuity in a different direction if it had not been for the traitorous liberality of the ex-Elector of HESSE.

The first feeling suggested by this exposition of the situation is one of wonder whether Count BISMARK really expects any one to believe him; but as the Prussian statesman has never shown any symptom of more than human credulity, the idea of his entertaining such an anticipation may be safely dismissed. It might perhaps be argued that some allowance should be made for the extensive transactions in press purchases to which Count BISMARK himself is suspected of having been occasionally privy; but a moment's consideration will show that this circumstance really tells the other way. A portion of the French press may be no more above pecuniary influences than a corresponding portion of the German, but it is the very fact that the Government is

a large buyer that practically closes the market against private dealers. The independent Paris journals are not to be had for money; the journals that are to be had have long ago been bought up. It is notorious that the most violent attacks upon Prussia which have from time to time appeared in French newspapers have been found in the semi-official organs of the Government. There is scarcely a rumour of coming war, or a demonstration that peace can only be attained by the sword, that might not have been killed in the cradle by the slightest Imperial hint. That these things have been suffered to do their work unregarded has been the deliberate choice of the authorities. To silence a journalist whose highest inspiration is the prospect of Imperial favour it is not even necessary to put the French press law into operation. And Count BISMARK of course knows this at least as well as any one else. When he talks about a hired press doing its best to set Governments and nations by the ears, he is perfectly aware all the time that the press against which he brings this accusation utters nothing but what, at the moment of writing, the French Government wishes its subjects, or some section of its subjects, to believe. His speech is therefore nothing more than an intimation to the Emperor of the FRENCH that he sees all that is going on at Paris, but that for reasons of his own he does not wish at present to bring it home to its real author.

The question why Count BISMARK should have chosen this particular time for assuming so threatening a tone is less easy to answer. It may be of course that he is really suspicious of his neighbour's intentions, and that he wishes both to show that Prussia is prepared, and to give a reason to his own countrymen why she must remain prepared. It may be that he is as doubtful as the rest of the world what NAPOLEON III. really means to do, and that he is getting tired of an uncertainty which involves Prussia in so large a military expenditure. The proverb which sets forth the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie may cease to be applicable if it is extremely important to ascertain whether a particular dog is sleeping or not. In that case it may be the most prudent course to administer a gentle kick at the moment when you are best prepared to defend yourself if the slumber should prove to be only feigned. It is possible, again, that the demonstration may be entirely dictated by reasons of domestic policy. The unity of Germany, as understood by Prussia, is a unity based on conquest. Even in this very speech Count BISMARK avows that his object in annexing Hanover was, not to include 2,000,000 Hanoverians in the common German Fatherland, but to ensure Prussia against ever again having an Hanoverian army in her rear. The motive was strategical, not sentimental. From this point of view, it may be of great importance not to let the idea of a French invasion die away. It may be of importance in the annexed countries, because, as long as the cause of the dethroned sovereigns can be identified with France, the idea of independence is not likely to make much way among a German population. It may be of importance in the purely Prussian provinces, because it supplies an excuse for keeping up a military establishment which, though really required for the consolidation of recent conquests, can only be ostensibly justified on the plea of danger from without. These alternative suggestions may all have some shadow of truth in them, though on the whole it is to the last that we incline as intrinsically the most probable.

CANADIAN PROSPECTS.

THE newly constituted Dominion of Canada has passed through some stormy weather in the first year of its existence, but it has had its fair share of sunshine, and the clouds are now visibly breaking even in the most threatening quarters. Three out of the four Provincial Legislatures have thoroughly understood their position, and have given themselves up to useful local work, instead of attempting to encroach on the ultimate Sovereignty which was wisely vested in the Federal House of Commons at Ottawa. One of them, the Parliament of the Province of Quebec, is actively engaged in the development of a new scheme of colonization, in connexion with cheap wooden railroads, with which it is proposed to pierce the forest in every direction. The great recommendation of the scheme is, that the road is to be made of materials to be had for the cutting on the right and left of the track, and at a cost very little more than that of a common metalled road. Every line that may be so constructed will open up millions of acres of available land, and with improved organization for placing the immigrants, who are now beginning to discover the superior advantages of Canada over the States, the progress of the country promises to surpass all past experience, even of that wonderful Western continent. Only a year or so ago the comparatively sluggish French Canadians were moved by a wave of feeling which prompted many of them to seek to better their fortunes in the States. These very men are now petitioning by thousands to be received back again on terms as favourable as those accorded to emigrants from Europe; and opinion on the west of the Atlantic is gradually settling down to the conviction that, having regard to the fiscal burdens of the United States, and the magnificent means of transit in the Dominion, life in the Colonies is easier and more flourishing than in the great Republic, as it stands after its terrible war. While material interests are thus prospering, political harmony between the central and local Governments has not been disturbed, except in the case of the Nova Scotia Repealers, and even their extravagant, though not unintelligible, excitement is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. It is now some time since the news arrived that the Repeal cause had been abjured by its leader, Mr. HOWE, and it was not everyone perhaps in England who appreciated the full meaning of this defection. Mr. HOWE was something more than the first man among the Nova Scotian Repealers, just as O'CONNELL was more than the first man among Irish Repealers. As O'CONNELL created the Repeal party in Ireland, so did Mr. HOWE in the smaller field of Nova Scotia. With great ability, and with a lofty scorn of consistency, he lashed into fury the indignation of the less instructed classes of his tiny country. As long as it was possible for a Repeal agitation to show front with the slightest semblance of a hope of success, Mr. HOWE wrote and spoke and worked with wonderful energy for the impossible object which he had led his countrymen to aim at. But Mr. HOWE, though not perhaps free from the vanity and selfishness that generally mark the popular tribune, was by no means devoid of sense, and when he saw that both parties in the House of Commons recognised the impossibility of repealing an Act in which four previously distinct communities had a common interest, and that the choice lay between submission and impotent rebellion, he, like a prudent man, accepted the situation. For a time it was doubtful how far the example would be followed. The Executive Council of Nova Scotia presented to their LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR an Address compounded of the same admixture of Constitutionalism and petty treason which used to flavour O'CONNELL'S manifestoes. The last act of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM was to send an answer, quietly but firmly rebuking the pretensions of this rather arrogant body, and appealing from them to the common sense of their countrymen at large. A little later a not less objectionable Address has been forwarded from the Assembly of Nova Scotia, which was elected in the midst of Mr. HOWE'S agitation. This has been met by a despatch from the present Colonial Minister, even more decided and more absolutely fatal to the hopes of the Repealers than that of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM. Even before this decisive evidence of the conclusive nature of the new Dominion Constitution, the Nova Scotians had begun to doubt the wisdom of the representatives whom they had chosen in a moment of angry excitement. The Legislature desired to thwart the Militia Act of the Federal Parliament, but in spite of the opposition of the most extreme Separatists, the people mustered in the ranks to the number of 5,000 and more, which is a large quota from so very small a country as Nova Scotia. Of these the majority were men who had followed Mr. HOWE in accepting the situation.

No sooner was the final answer of the Liberal Cabinet given against Repeal, than further symptoms were apparent of the break-up of the party. Mr. HOWE and a colleague of his met one of the Dominion Ministers to negotiate terms of compromise, and, subject of course to the ratification of the Ottawa Legislature, these have been finally arranged. In a sense they may be supposed by some to justify Mr. HOWE'S agitation, for there is a considerable doubt whether they are not more favourable to Nova Scotia than any that could have been obtained by less vigorous means. Railways and public buildings belonging to the Province are, it seems, to be paid for out of the Federal money, and Mr. HOWE himself is to preside over the Privy Council at Ottawa. This is certainly accepting the situation with adequate fervour, and it may be doubted whether the ex-agitator would not have served his country better by remaining out of office until his elevation would afford no excuse for unpleasant suggestions. His powers are not disputed by any party, but he has done much mischief by his hot-headed advocacy of Repeal, and he may have done more by giving to his desertion the appearance of a personally selfish arrangement.

Mr. Howe's personal character is, however, a comparatively small matter, except so far as any slur upon his integrity may swell the numbers of the ultra party who still refuse to "accept the situation." There are, however, satisfactory indications that the bulk even of the Anti-Confederation party are beginning to see the wisdom of making the best of things. Even the organs of the extreme Repealers profess that they mean to accept every concession that can be wrung from the sister provinces—just as O'Connell used to take the successive measures which were won from the British Parliament—as instalments only of the demand for Repeal. These tactics, though not dignified, are generally successful, and seem to thrive as well in Nova Scotia as in Ireland. The most remarkable evidence of Mr. Howe's influence is at the same time afforded by the tone of the Repeal press. Nothing can exceed the virulence of the language used in speaking of those who were leaders of the Confederation movement from the first. They are told, in the pure Transatlantic dialect of one of the Repeal organs, that if they remain quiet "they "may take the benefit of the forgetfulness that comes "of utter scorn and contempt," but if they aspire again to public life, they shall be "pilloried for the universal "execration of the country." We do not cite this vigorous declamation for its own sake so much as to show the contrast between it and the language used of Mr. Howe. It might have been supposed that the traitor who accepted the situation after the example of the militiamen, and ended by taking a seat in the hostile Cabinet, would be denounced with all the exuberant eloquence at the command of his deserted followers. Strangely enough, we find that Mr. Howe is still spoken of by the most extreme members of the party which he made and destroyed with a respect which is quite unaccountable, except on the supposition that he carries with him the sympathies of a very large section of the Repeal party. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the agitation is practically killed, and before many years we may hear the Nova Scotians boasting how their Province and their leader, Mr. Howe, got more than their fair share of the good things of the Dominion by the well-used device of quarrelling with the Union itself.

While the differences with Nova Scotia are thus rapidly settling themselves, Newfoundland and Columbia are both beginning to gravitate to the common centre, and to seek the Union which one of them—Newfoundland—had at first rejected. The pending question with the Hudson's Bay Company grievously delays the settlement of a large and valuable portion of the Dominion territory, but if both sides are rational, the Company will have no difficulty in getting reasonable terms for any sovereign or other rights or privileges which it really has the power to sell. Whenever this arrangement is concluded, Canada will be able completely to consolidate herself, and promises to start on a new career, which will make her not less attractive to European emigrants than the United States themselves.

MR. EDWARDS' APOLOGY.

Mr. EDWARDS complains that his examination before the Lord Mayor "took the very unusual form of hos"tility from both sides." This is quite true; but not only must Mr. Edwards be aware that he is a very unusual person, and therefore is not unlikely to receive very unusual treatment, but when he says that the object of getting his evidence was "not for the purpose of eliciting any facts material to the "inquiry before the Court," he must submit to be reminded what the inquiry was, and what was the point at issue between Dr. Thom and the house of Overend and Gurney. Dr. Thom's case was that, at the time of the concoction of the new Company, the old partners knew that the concern was rotten at the core; that they fraudulently concealed the true state of their affairs; and that the prospectus issued by the Directors embodied this fraud. On the other hand, the Gurneys replied that, though they had been unfortunate, they concealed nothing; that their affairs had been conducted, not with success certainly, but with good faith throughout. And to prove their respective allegations it was necessary both for the Gurneys and their accuser to go into the details of the management of their business. One person, and one alone, was possessed of the secret history of the house. That person was Mr. Edwards. On Dr. Thom's part it was urged that Mr. Edwards was perfectly aware of, and was a party to, the hopeless insolvency of the house; and therefore his examination, as conducted in the interests of Dr. Thom, was to show up that mode of doing business which Mr. Edwards was employed on behalf of the Gurneys to carry out, and which he and they alike knew, or ought to have known, must end in ruin. On the Gurneys' part it was urged that Mr. Edwards was not only perfectly cognizant of, but was mainly responsible for, the losses incurred; and therefore his examination, as conducted in the interests of the Gurneys, was to show up his mode of doing business, and to throw the burden of failure on him instead of on themselves. Hostility from both sides was therefore very unpleasant, perhaps, but not quite so unnatural. The Gurneys, smarting under their ruin, could not but look with hostility on the man whom they charged with being the author of their ruin; Dr. Thom and the shareholders, also smarting under ruin, must have entertained exactly the same feelings towards the man who was, so they said, the main instrument of that policy which had brought the house into such a state that all the new capital imported into it could not keep it from falling. Every man's hand is perhaps against Mr. Edwards, but then it was alleged at the Mansion House that Mr. Edwards' hand was against every man.

And this seems to be the upshot of Mr. Edwards' very clever apology. For example, one main charge suggested against Mr. Edwards is that he took commission from both sides, the buyer and seller—or, more strictly, the borrower and lender—in the same transaction. What is his answer? Not that this was not so, but that both parties were aware of it. *Volenti non fit injuria.* This is the plea sometimes, we believe, advanced in the Divorce Court, that the respondent has had, practically, leave and license from the husband to seduce the wife. It is not a very moral plea, but anyhow, whenever urged, it admits the fact of seduction. This is what Mr. Edwards admits, and the only charge against him is that the very thing which he admits constitutes his culpability. "It is true," Mr. Edwards admits, "that Mr. Xenos paid "me at the rate of 500*l.* a year; it is true that Mr. Scott "Russell paid me commission on the loan advanced to him "by the Gurneys; but then the Gurneys had full knowledge "of these payments, and even named and arranged their "amount. How then could the Gurneys be injured by these "payments?" The question is not whether the Gurneys were privy to the transaction, but whether the transaction was itself defensible; whether, on the face of it, it was not a wanton squandering of the assets of the house—that is, of their creditors' property; and whether Mr. Edwards, being privy to the transaction, and being the only person benefited by it, was culpable in being a party to it? In the case of an ordinary loan of 100*l.*, if the lender A. gives B., a middleman, 5*l.*, and if the borrower C. gives the same B. 5*l.*, it stands to reason that the 100*l.* is sweated down to 90*l.*, and the capital so far lessened for the private gain of B., and that this 10*l.* might have been saved and spared. These admissions on Mr. Edwards' part run through the whole of his apology. He complains of the suggestion that the 20,000*l.* was paid him by the Gurneys either for ruining their business or for nothing at all; and he says that either alternative is absurd. And then he goes into an elaborate proof of this very paradox that actually both alternatives are true, and, wonderful as the assertion is, he urges that there could be no harm in all this, because the Gurneys were perfectly aware that their house was being ruined, that they had commenced the system of ruining it, and only hired Mr. Edwards to carry on and complete their ruin. And further, that when things had run their natural course, and when the ruin that they had compassed—or, as it is called, "the policy" of making advances to rotten concerns had borne its natural fruits—they really did pay him his 20,000*l.* for nothing at all, or, if for anything, for hush-money, because, "Friend Edwards, we do "not see how we are to get on without thee;" because friend Edwards "had become possessed of sufficient knowledge to "have forced us to put up our shutters within twenty-four "hours of his revelations, if he had chosen to make them"; and because friend Edwards had shown, by something very like a threatening letter of December, 1864, that he was perfectly capable of making these revelations.

These two points—the allegation of Mr. Edwards' complicity in the losses sustained by the Gurneys, and the allegation that he got 20,000*l.* only because he was master of the situation and to purchase his silence—are worth clearing up. "How," plaintively asks Mr. Edwards, "can it be charged against me "that I caused those losses? Certainly Overend and Gurney "cannot and will not say so." Mr. Chapman does say so; but let that pass. The question is not what the Gurneys say, but what Dr. Thom and the shareholders say. This question, the only one worth a moment's consideration, Mr. Edwards traverses, and goes into proofs of the perfectly irrelevant, however astounding, fact that the Gurneys were conscious and active parties to their own ruin, carefully provided for it, and secured

Mr. EDWARDS' invaluable aid to make this certainty of ruin doubly certain. For, to do Mr. EDWARDS justice, he faithfully fulfilled this very extraordinary commission. The Atlantic Royal Mail Company had received advances from the GURNEYS to the amount of 200,000*l.* before Mr. EDWARDS was hired. The *mot d'ordre* of the GURNEYS, and "the policy" originated by them, and entrusted to Mr. EDWARDS, was to keep all cases with which he had anything to do out of bankruptcy. These were his instructions, and in following them out he "supported this policy" by increasing this little debt of 200,000*l.* to 600,000*l.* This "policy" in familiar language, is called throwing good money after bad; and though it may suit Mr. EDWARDS to say that people may well differ as to whether it is a wise policy or not, we beg leave to say that there can be no question about its folly, and little question about its honesty; and that it is a very poor vindication of either its wisdom or its honesty to plead that the GURNEYS, as well as Mr. EDWARDS, were all along privy to it. Two blacks do not make a white. When "the policy" of making these advances under the circumstances was announced to Mr. EDWARDS, he must either have approved or disapproved of it. If he disapproved, he cannot be relieved from the imputation of being a consenting party to what he must have known was wrong in itself, and must end in ruin. If he approved, he cannot be relieved from the charge made by impetuous and plain-spoken Mr. BIRKBECK, that the great losses of the house were to be attributed to his advice, albeit his advice and assistance were only in accordance with "the "policy" of the house. If the policy was flagitious, and Mr. EDWARDS knew it to be such, he was guilty, for the sake of lucre, of carrying out what he knew to be wrong; if he thought it right, as it turned out to be very wrong, he is guilty of being something more than a passive spectator of the ruin of the great house. He was an active participator in, if not the original inventor of, a policy which was either criminal or foolish to the last degree. The recent history of OVEREND and GURNEY raises only the old and ugly dilemma between knave and fool. Dr. THOM and his supporters urge knave; the GURNEYS, according to Mr. EDWARDS, plead fool; only it is a folly not only so astounding, but so peculiar, that the fool which it suggests is somewhat of SOLOMON's type, whose sport it is to do mischief, who rageth and is confident, and whose abomination it is to depart from evil—that is, who determines, when he has begun "a policy," to stick to it.

The other point is equally curious, and Mr. EDWARDS' apology does much to clear up the mystery of the why and wherefore his stipend of 5,000*l.* a year was actually paid as a subsidy by the GURNEYS. The facts seem to be these:—In November, 1862, Mr. EDWARDS was engaged for five years certain, at a salary of 5,000*l.*, the hiring to commence January 1, 1863, and to terminate January 1, 1868. As early as the latter part of 1863 Mr. BIRKBECK rebelled; "from that time "the confidential relations between myself and the house "practically closed." Throughout 1864 the house placed no matter in his hands. Throughout 1864 Mr. EDWARDS complained, remonstrated, and towards the end of the year threatened, and the result of his complaints was that he got the 20,000*l.*; that is to say, for one year's service, that of 1863, he got the whole sum which it had been engaged to pay him—either 20,000*l.* or 25,000*l.*, it is not quite clear which; most likely the former, as Mr. EDWARDS says, "in taking the "sum of 20,000*l.* it appears to me that I was foregoing part "of my just claim; and I think so still." Just claim for what? It could not be for four years' services, for he only acted during one year—namely, 1863. The GURNEYS, it appears, had fixed upon five years as the term during which "their "policy" must come to an end. Mr. EDWARDS, by his skilful management, had contrived to compress into one year five years' work; and no doubt on this view of the matter he was entitled to the full sum, just as a contractor who bargains to lay a cable in six months is entitled to his full payment if he does the work in two months. So if the GURNEYS had, as it seems they had, entered into an undertaking with themselves to ruin their house in five years, and had secured Mr. EDWARDS' services to spread out this remarkable achievement over the whole of that time, they could not complain of Mr. EDWARDS' diligence in helping them to their ruin so handsomely and completely in a single year. This is, in its way, a legitimate excuse for Mr. EDWARDS taking the whole pound of flesh, even though it weighed 20,000*l.* But this excuse, good as it is, admits that for four years—namely, for 1864-5-6-7—Mr. EDWARDS did nothing at all—but hold his tongue. This silence was not so much golden as gold-worthy; and the golden ox, as the Greek proverb says, on Mr. EDWARDS' tongue was not altogether thrown away. The shutters which Mr. EDWARDS might have put up in 1863 were not put up till 1868, and after all were not put up by the GURNEYS at all, but by the Limited Liability Company, and the Six Directors. This postponement of the crash was perhaps cheaply purchased at 20,000*l.* At any rate these were the terms dictated by Mr. EDWARDS, and the GURNEYS submitted to them. After one year's service, and at the end of the second year during which no services had been rendered, Mr. EDWARDS plainly intimated that if the GURNEYS did not come to terms, and his terms too, he might be under the necessity of making public his connexion with the house, and disclosing "the "policy," to the admiration, we suppose, and imitation, of the commercial world of London. The GURNEYS were absolutely at Mr. EDWARDS' mercy, and Mr. EDWARDS took the merciful view and 20,000*l.*, which, we quite agree with him, was foregoing part of his claim; for if he had demanded 40,000*l.* no doubt he would have got it, so completely was he master of the situation. Only we must remind Mr. EDWARDS that his claim was either for helping and being privy to the ruin of the house in one year instead of five years, or was the price for submitting to be paid—bribed, it is sometimes called—for not revealing the secrets of the house, and, as Mr. CHAPMAN says, for being "soothed down" by those who were helpless under his tender mercies.

HISTORICAL CYCLES.

WE have more than once spoken of historical parallels, the fallacy which is implied in their thoughtless use, and the opposite fallacy which is implied in despising them altogether. No historical parallel can be absolutely perfect, because no event in history ever exactly repeats itself. The fact that a parallel is a parallel, the fact that two events of different ages or different countries are compared together, will hinder the two events from being exactly alike. The fact that one event belongs to one age and country and the other event to another age and country will impress upon each some points of difference from the other. But it does not at all follow from this that real instruction, practical instruction and not a mere gratification of curiosity, may not be drawn from the comparison of distant events with one another. For in truth it is often the points of difference which make the comparison most instructive. And it is often the points of difference in detail which best enable us to see the essential analogy between two periods or states of things. A merely outward likeness, a likeness which is a mere likeness of detail, may very well be simply accidental. But a likeness which pierces through the differences necessarily caused by the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners is pretty sure to be a real and essential likeness. That is to say, however remote in time and place the two events may be, analogous causes are at work in the two cases, and they are bringing about analogous effects.

Now, if these remarks are true of historical parallels in general, they are specially true of one class of historical parallels, which we will distinguish as historical cycles. We will give this name to those cases when events seem to reproduce themselves in the history of the same nation, when events happen in one age which, amidst all diversities, present an essential likeness to events which, perhaps in some very distant age, happened in the history of the same country or people. Events, strictly so called, may repeat themselves, or again, institutions may repeat themselves. Institutions especially may practically repeat themselves, amidst the greatest varieties of external circumstances. The institutions of a very advanced age may be a real return to the institutions of a very early age. The later days of a people, amidst countless differences of detail, may have more real likeness, more identity of principle, with its very early days, than with intermediate times from which, in all outward circumstances, they are separated by much slighter differences. This sort of reproduction in the history of the same people or country may be fairly called a cycle. A former state of things seems, with the necessary allowances, to be repeated. The nation seems, with the same necessary allowances, to come back to a point at which it stood ages before. This is strictly the cycle, as distinguished from the ordinary parallel. The analogy between ancient Greece and mediæval Italy is one of the best parallels of the ordinary kind, one of those which we can best follow out both in points of likeness and in points of unlikeness. But the parallel between mediæval Italy and primæval Italy before the power of Rome arose is a parallel of another kind. Our knowledge of the earlier period is not enough to enable us to carry out the comparison in the same detail in which we can carry out the comparison in the other case. But our knowledge is enough to enable us to say that the parallel between mediæval and primæval Italy is a real parallel. And, being a real parallel, it is a parallel of the particular sort of which we are now speaking. It is a return on the part of a country to a state of things essentially the same as a state of things many ages older. That is, it is a true case of an historical cycle.

On the other hand, a parallel which is simply a parallel and no more may be sometimes mistaken for a case of cycle, or it may be sometimes, for interested purposes, represented as being one. We have, for instance, heard till we are weary about the Buonapartes, elder and younger, somehow reproducing the career and position

of Charles the Great. Now there doubtless is a certain parallelism, faint and distant, it is true, but real as far as it goes, between the Empire of Charles the Great and the Empire of the elder Buonaparte. No doubt the virtue of the parallel is a good deal lost through conscious aping on the part of Buonaparte; still there is a certain real analogy between two Empires both springing up in a comparatively sudden way, and both taking in, speaking roughly, nearly the same countries. But that is all. The parallel is not a cycle, but the opposite to a cycle. The Empire of Charles was the domination of Germany over Gaul: the Empire of Buonaparte was the domination of Gaul over Germany. A far nearer approach to a repetition of the career of Charles is to be found in the late aggrandizement of Prussia. There is no such striking parallel at first sight as there is in the other case; but there is a real and very close likeness. Superficial observers are apt to talk of Charles the Great as a sort of meteor which flashed for a moment and left no lasting results behind. His great Empire doubtless broke up, and therefore to careless eyes it looks as if he did no lasting work at all. But Charles did two very great and very lasting works, one for good and one for evil. And one of them has just been pretty well done over again before our own eyes. The first work of Charles was to found what, as compared with the state of things before him, may be called a united Germany. His second work was to unite Germany and Italy under a single sovereign. On these two works of one man all later European history hangs. Now what have we ourselves seen within three years? The last traces of Charles' work for evil have been wiped out; his work for good has been done over again. It is hard to make people understand how many things go in cycles, how often history repeats itself, how much that seems to be innovation is really restoration. This is emphatically the case with regard to the German and Italian Kingdoms. It is hard to make people believe that German and Italian unity are not utterly new things, dreams of speculative politicians, but actual facts which existed long ago and to which we are now only going back. But any one who understands the history of the world for the last thousand years knows very well that every step that has been taken towards the unity of Germany or of Italy is not a step towards something new, but really a step back again towards something old.

In our own history, above all, every step in advance has been at the same time a step backwards. We have often shown how our latest constitution is, amidst all external differences, essentially the same as our earliest, how every struggle for right and freedom from the thirteenth century onwards has simply been a struggle for recovering something old, often in quite another shape, but still essentially the same amidst all the differences of an early and a late state of society. Let us take one example out of many, and let us illustrate it by a story from the late general election. A Liberal candidate professes to be a lover of everything old, a hater of everything new. He denounces the novelties of Toryism, the mere mushroom growth of the last two or three hundred years. Presently he is called on at a dinner to give the toast of the Bishop and Clergy. He makes the suspicious addition of "Ministers of all Denominations." A clergyman opposite triumphantly asks whether ministers of all denominations were among the old things which he loved. The candidate takes his opportunity, and shows how toleration was the old thing and intolerance the new; how, in the first days of the Gospel in England, a heathen King could give full freedom to the preachers of Christianity, and a Christian King could do no kind of harm to those of his people who clave to their old heathendom. In short, if anybody, in Spain or elsewhere, wants a model for a Toleration Act, he cannot do better than turn to Bæda, and study the sayings and doings of the first Christian Bretwalda.

In France we do not see the same going back to old institutions under other forms which we see in England; but we do see the principle of cycles busily at work in other ways. It is obvious that there are large portions of French history which read exactly like repetitions of other portions. There are scenes in the French history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which only need the names to be changed to pass as scenes in the history of the great Revolution. In all cases we find the same deeds of violence and bloodshed done in honour of the most exalted principles of freedom and love of mankind. But there is a much subtler cycle in French history than this. Gaul has not, like England, fallen back on its old institutions, but it has certainly fallen back upon its old nationality. The Frankish element has died out or has been assimilated, just as the Norman element has been assimilated in England, and Gaul is again Gaulish, just as England is again English. And if it has not fallen back on its old institutions, it is for the obvious reason that there were not, strictly speaking, any old institutions to fall back upon. The old Teutonic constitution was capable of being developed, on its own principles, by the needful changes in form and detail, into the constitution which we have now. But Gaul, where Franks and Goths conquered and settled, but never formed the mass of the population, had no such inheritance to develop. Teutonic institutions were in Gaul simply the institutions of conquerors, as Roman institutions were before them. Hence it is that there is in France no such continued political existence as there is in England. The cities of France were ancient when most of the cities of England were founded, but, when we come to look at the laws and usages by which they are ruled, we find the balance of antiquity wholly the other way.

But perhaps there is no European country where events have repeated themselves in so remarkable a way as they have done in Sicily. The repetition is so exact that it almost passes the stage of parallelism and reaches that of identity. But the repetition is not the result of any deep or mysterious cause; it is simply the natural, almost the necessary, consequence of the geographical position of the island. Placed between Europe and Africa, it is the natural battle-ground of European and African Powers. It has thus come to pass that the great struggle between East and West, between the Semitic and the Aryan races, which in later times grew into a struggle between the Koran and the Gospel, has twice been fought out on Sicilian ground. The possession of Sicily was in one age of the world disputed between Greeks and Phœnicians, between colonists from Corinth and colonists from Carthage. The prize is wrested from both by the conquerors of Southern Italy, by the advancing might of Rome. Sicily becomes a Roman province; presently each metropolis shares the fate of its colony, and Corinth and Carthage perish in a single year. Ages afterwards the same part is played over again. Sicily is again disputed between men of Hellenic and men of Semitic speech, between subjects of the Byzantine Cæsar and subjects of the Saracen Caliph. Again the prize is wrested from both by new conquerors of Southern Italy, but conquerors again so far Roman that they spoke a variety of the speech of Rome. Sicily now, instead of a Roman province, becomes a Norman Kingdom, and the Norman conqueror, like the Roman, again makes Sicily a basis of operations for warfare both in Greece and in Africa. The events here repeat themselves almost literally. In fact, they can hardly help repeating themselves. That they have not happened over again a third time is simply because for ages past there has been no African Power capable of playing the part of the old Carthaginians and Saracens. Sicily has therefore been often tossed to and fro between different European Powers, but it has not for many ages run any danger of becoming other than European and Christian.

Take again quite another part of the world, Persia. One cannot help thinking that the singular vitality of Persian nationality, which makes the history of Persia such a contrast to the ordinary sameness of Eastern dynastic history, is in some way due to the Aryan blood of the genuine Persian people. It is a great thing for a nation to be able to say that it has been, twice in its history, roused up, after long ages of bondage, to a new national life by the preaching of a national religion. Ismael in the fifteenth century called the Persian nation again into being by the preaching of the Shiah form of Islam, just as, twelve hundred years before, Artaxerxes had called it again into being by the preaching of the old creed of the land held down so long under Macedonian and Parthian conquerors. This Persian cycle is really a more remarkable one than the Sicilian one, because it is not due to equally obvious causes. It comes nearer to the way in which English and Gaulish nationality have cropped up again, though it differs from them in that the two restorations of Persian nationality were brought about by open revolution, and were also connected with a national religious movement. But the last circumstance is owing to that invariable law of the East which makes nationality and religion identical.

On the whole, then, history does repeat itself a good deal in the various ups and downs of the same nation. But cycles of this sort must be studied with the same allowances and with the same warnings as ordinary historical parallels. The points of difference must be carefully noted, but, after all, the fact that we note the points of difference is the surest proof of essential likeness.

COURT DRESS.

THE great author of the Clothes-philosophy left his work half done. He sketched out a subject of vast importance, and gave many pregnant hints to the world through his brilliant disciple. But he either failed to form his philosophy into a consistent and coherent system, or rather—for we can scarcely suppose a true German to have stopped short in the road to a complete system—his interpreter doubted the digestive capacities of the British public, and only threw before them some specially racy morsels by way of whetting their appetites. Thus Herr Teufelsdröckh's remains present many keen flashes of insight, but lay down no body of rules which might enable persons devoid of his powers of intellectual vision to judge of the phenomena of dress. We have to grope our way in the dark, and decide more or less at random, in the absence of a settled philosophy. A stimulus should be given to our researches by the curious coincidence of a new code upon Court dress appearing simultaneously with a new edition of *Sartor Resartus*. We should of course fail in the attempt to moralize on the circumstance in the fashion of the clothes-philosopher; as, in truth, there is no more detestable dialect in all literature than imitation Carlylese. Yet, standing on a humbler platform, and speaking the language of common life, we may possibly deduce one or two useful lessons.

The fundamental theorem of the clothes-philosophy asserts the existence of a necessary harmony between the human being and his artificial covering. Tell us how a man dresses, and we can infer with certainty his character and intellect. What is true of the individual is equally true of the race. Physiologists explain the presence of certain apparently useless organs by the supposition that they are inherited from remote progenitors living under different circumstances. In a precisely similar way, it has been suggested that the mysterious pair of buttons which ornament the small of a gentleman's back once discharged the useful func-

tion of supporting a sword-belt. They are rudimentary organs, which have persisted long after their use has been forgotten. They would thus testify to the former existence of a military instinct which is now so far extinct that swords are no longer part of our habitual costume; just as distinctly as a rudimentary claw would prove that an ancestor of the animal examined had been in the habit of scratching. If we take a more general view, there is nothing which marks the progress of society more distinctly than the change of fashion in dress. What, for example, can be more characteristic of the good and evil influences of our time than the dying out of provincial and class costumes? Feudalism will not be quite supplanted by modern ideas so long as the British peasant continues to wear a smockfrock. As soon as he becomes conscious of a sphere of life outside of his own village, or as soon as a passive submission to his position is changed for a desire to rise in the world, his altered temper will be marked by the final abandonment of his ancient dress. He will indulge in a humble imitation of the garments of the class above him, and one more characteristic figure will be missed from amongst us. We complain often enough of the disappearance of this and other more picturesque dresses; we are sorry to see the national dresses of Switzerland or the Tyrol superseded by a bad imitation of the one European model; and we look forwards with horror to the time when every male biped on the planet will be arrayed in chimney-pot hats and such garments as are supplied wholesale by advertising firms of tailors. Conceive of many millions of human beings any one of whom might have come straight out of Messrs. Moses and Son's vast commercial emporium! Will they not be wearing the livery of a bondage in some respects more degrading than that of old-fashioned tyrants, and give a palpable proof that vulgar commonplace has conquered the earth, and entered into the souls, as well as disfigured the outward appearance, of all its inhabitants? Students of political philosophy will recognise another manifestation of that tyranny of the majority which supplies so many prophets with doleful forewarnings. The future presents itself to their minds in the image of a Dissenting preacher clad in rusty black, and ordering all men to apparel themselves in his likeness. Already it requires more courage to walk across the Parks in eccentric garments than to march up to a battery in the midst of a crowd dressed after a single fashion; and every day helps to extend the reign of monotony, and reduce the distinction between different classes. It is long since each generation has had to repeat the complaint that it is more difficult to distinguish a gentleman from a pickpocket, and every one has insulted some spotless guest at an evening party by confounding him with the waiter behind his chair. Is not the concession to human weakness granted by the new regulations for Court dress one step more in the downward career? Thackeray somewhere remarks on the inexpressible dignity conferred upon our Sovereign by the fact that men could not enter the Royal presence without a tail. That distinction has fallen before the desolating advance of democracy, and now it seems that we are to be permitted to meet our gracious ruler without exchanging the trousers of domestic life for knee-breeches. We may attend a levée or a drawing-room in "black silk velvet trousers," or even in "dark-coloured cloth trousers of the same colour as the coat." A few more innovations, and even coachmen will abandon wigs; and the Judges, the Bishops, and even that most venerable of mortals, the Speaker of the House of Commons, will begin to tremble for the security of their gorgeous apparel. Nay, it is even possible that the beautiful flunkeys who delight the public by the sight of their brilliant plush and their manly calves may begin to grumble at the ornamental costume which now enhances their charms. When we think of this reckless admission of trousers, we have still deeper reasons for regret, for surely the substitution of trousers for breeches illustrates one of the darkest sides of what we are pleased to call progress. It is the triumph, not merely of monotony over variety, but of ugliness over beauty. It is the meagre and stunted part of mankind forcing the better made to surrender their advantages, and to hide shapely limbs under the monotonous black cylinder which may conceal either beauty or deformity. If our fathers had good legs, they showed them; we put the spindle-shanked and the muscular on the same level. We, in the words of the poet, "shift and bedeck and bedrape us"; our fathers were "noble and nude," if not precisely "antique." They, we may say, "were fair in the fearless old fashion, their limbs were as melodies yet." We are reduced as nearly as may be to mathematical diagrams, capable of being dressed like the philosophers of Laputa, by help of a theodolite and a table of logarithms. If George IV. was not a model ruler in all respects, he had at least most undeniable calves, and displayed them freely for the loyal admiration of his loving subjects. Where is it all to end? Ladies still preserve a taste for the beautiful, though they too echo the complaint that the distinction between classes tends to become, at best, a mere distinction in costliness, not in fashion. But who can say how long it will be before women too find out that love of dress is frivolous, and hasten to the poll in some uniform as ugly and monotonous as that of their brothers?

We fear that it is impossible to give an entirely satisfactory answer to such lamentations. Yet something may be said for those who persist in hoping for the welfare of their species. Undoubtedly we are losing something that can never be replaced. Provincial dialects and costumes and characters are rapidly decaying as man becomes a more cosmopolitan animal, and the little backwaters and side-eddies of human life are carried away in the main current. The Tyrolese peasant, with his blackcock's feather and his graceful dress, will pass away when the flood of tourists fairly bursts into his valleys, and his grandson will perhaps be indistinguishable from the driver of a London omnibus. The old social castes are being rapidly ground to powder in the democratic mill, and their outward signs must disappear with them. The first result must necessarily be a painful increase of monotony, and a disappearance of many characteristic figures surrounded by pleasant associations. Yet it is possible to look forwards to a more reasonable state of things developing itself by degrees. We still suffer from the animosities of a revolutionary epoch. The working man is discontented with his position, and is anxious to throw off the badges of his disgrace. He dresses exactly like his superiors, in order to prove that one man is as good as another. In the Millennium, when everybody is perfectly satisfied with the social order, no one will be ashamed of wearing a distinctive and appropriate dress. Bad manners are the product of a state of society in which nobody is quite at ease, because class privileges are dying out and consequently ill-defined; and the attempt, so often ridiculed, of every social stratum to ape the dress of that immediately above it, is the natural expression, in terms of coats and trousers, of the discontent which can only cease when we have somehow reached a position of comparative equilibrium. Bad taste in dress, like the disorders of our natural integuments, indicates the presence of some morbid humour which we may hope will be gradually absorbed in a healthy constitution. This, however, is a speculation which can only refer to a distant epoch. We shall probably work out a sound system of dress when we have learnt to paint pictures and build houses and form political constitutions to the general satisfaction of the country. Meanwhile it is tolerably safe to congratulate ourselves on the disappearance of distinctions which have ceased to correspond with any real beliefs of mankind. Court dress must always remain at a certain distance from that of ordinary human beings, so long as we have any genuine loyalty; yet it is well that it should follow the ordinary costume of the period at as little distance as may be. It is doubtless difficult to measure the intensity of reverence indicated by taking off one's trousers and putting on a sword and a pair of breeches. Does the difference, for example, between trousers and breeches fully express the awe produced by the presence of royalty on a devout believer in the divine right of kings? We hesitate to express any opinion on so knotty a question; yet, when we endeavour to realize the extreme reluctance with which we should undergo such a transformation in presence of any mere mortal, we are inclined to think that this would not be a violent hypothesis. Seeing, therefore, that we are still sincerely loyal, and yet by no means believers in that dogma in its extreme sense, we should say that some mean term between breeches and ordinary trousers will be the fittest expression for our feelings. We therefore approve, so far as we can venture to judge, of the happy medium discovered in "black silk velvet trousers," or even in "dark-coloured cloth trousers, with a narrow gold-lace stripe on the sides."

BOYS.

A HIGH authority has counted, among the drops of bitterness in the cup of every prosperous and successful life, the vexation of spirit which a man experiences from the reflection that it is an even chance that his son will turn out to be a fool. The sting of the possibility seemed keen enough to make the condition of the father who, owing to the happy accident of being a fool himself, enjoyed an immunity from its pain, almost an object of envy to the philosopher. Modern experience has done nothing to shake the basis of the ancient Oriental calculation, but has, if anything, somewhat strengthened the probabilities against the intellectual application of the physical law, *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.* There is more than an even chance that the wise man's son will be a fool; and the wise man, knowing this, will exhibit his wisdom in taking his luck and making the best of it, rather than in "hating life" because the chances of its dice are against a high intellectual throw twice running in its generations. To a man of the ordinary stamp, who is not wise except in a broad and liberal application of the word, but who is at least equally far from being a fool, the probable future of "the man that shall come after him" presents a problem of constantly increasing interest through the years of middle life. The throw of his own career, directed by the hidden influences of birth and training, education, natural capacity, and casual surroundings, has turned up the working average of seven; it might have been better, but then it might have been worse, and he has nothing to complain of. But he knows that the chances for his son are just as good in favour of a higher cast as against it. He finds in the golden mediocrity of his personal experience a level and pleasant standing-point from which he can contemplate the future at much greater ease than falls to the lot of the philosopher in his more exalted height; and if he uses his opportunities he will not find himself without very fair means of guessing—for knowing is necessarily out of the question—whether his son will be a wise man or a fool in comparison with himself. The balance of judgment will naturally always incline in the more favourable direction, and will have to be corrected accordingly, so that such indications of opinion as a man may gather from his neighbours will be useful in qualifying his own. A man who is either consciously or by common consent himself a fool will occasionally be found to take umbrage at the conventional hope which may be expressed to his son in his hearing, "that he may turn out a better man than his father"; but the

invariable intention to compliment the parent in the use of a phrase so very uncomplimentary at first sight is a sufficient evidence of the generally understood bias of the parental desires. There are few, if any, men worth taking into account to whom it is not a source of positive pleasure to be distanced by their sons, and to whom the chance of such a result is not a sincere gratification in prospect. It would be impossible to be thoroughly in sympathy with boys without some such anticipation, and the feeling may often be detected underlying the coldest and most rugged outward manner. It will never be found safe to calculate on its absence, and a slip of this sort may bring its author to condign and uncompassionated grief. In the early days of the great Oxford religious movement, it chanced that a funeral sermon had brought within the range of a leading Nonconformist preacher several lads who were enthusiastic followers of the new school. The good man poured volley after volley mercilessly into them, conceiving himself to have the hearty support of all the seniors in the family. At length, in an evil moment for himself, he was seized by a prophetic afflatus, and assured the row of Tractarian youths before him that neither in worldly prosperity nor in mental powers had any of them a chance of attaining the standard of their venerable progenitor. He had reckoned without his host; he was hardly out of the pulpit when he was brought to a humiliating apology by the offended seniors, who gave him pretty sharply to understand that his prophesyings were considerably more mistaken than their nephews' opinions, however "unsound" these might be.

To any one who does not care to throw himself into the future of his children, and to watch its germs in their present growth, the holidays must be an unmitigated affliction. But we must correct our antiquated expression. We had forgotten, for the moment, that there are no "holidays" now; we mean, of course, the "vacation." "Holidays" have vanished with "the half" into the limbo of forgotten religions; "vacations" have come in with "terms"; and the school year now, like the *Gallia* of our boyish recollections, *est omnis divisa in partes tres*, or, as the traditional construe had it, "is quartered into three halves." We do not like the change, but *factum valet*, and we take it as we find it. The new vacation seems not to be prized as the old holidays were; and the contrasts presented between periods separated by intervals of twenty weeks were far more distinctly marked than they can be when the interval may at times be little more than ten. The distinct stages of growth are less appreciable, and require a closer and more careful examination. On the other hand, the great change in the modern system of school-life, of which the "term" is but a chance accessory, has immensely altered for the better the mutual relations of a schoolboy and his father. In the miserable old *régime* of the private schools, it is scarcely too much to say that this relation was, at regularly recurring periods, that of natural enemies. The boy had no pride in his school, and could have no love for it. Sometimes he simply detested it. He smudged out "amo" and scrawled "odi" in his Eton Grammar, where "the master" was invoked to illustrate the mystery of the accusative case; and very often he did honestly, and from the depths of his small heart, "hate the master." His father all the while held the position of his alternate deliverer and torturer in respect of this monster. At the holidays he rescued him from his power; when Black Monday returned, he "sent him to school" again, and delivered him over, bound hand and foot, to the dreaded thraldom. In the happier days of modern school-life, the father may find that he has something to do in holding his own against the rival worship of the Head Master. The home is the complement of the school, and not the refuge from its sorrows and the balm for its miseries. The interests of the father and son are recognised as identical, and not antagonistic; and the inevitable pressure of the "school-bill" is no longer augmented by the agreeable consciousness that it is regarded very much in the light of a payment for selling your son into slavery, placed only too inconveniently on the wrong side of the account. The holidays which bring back a boy from a public school have become periods each with a special interest of its own. He is glad to come home, of course; it is very pleasant, and like old times; he thinks you a little behind the age, perhaps, and rather out of the world; but there is a peculiar satisfaction in being able to set you right, and he has something to contribute to the status and the general stock of knowledge of the family. He does it in a quiet sort of way, not seeming to notice or expose your ignorance. You happen to speak of a "chimney-pot," with recollections of charming sketches by John Leech associated with the word; and it is by apparent chance that he brings you to the level of present discovery five minutes afterwards, by the casual mention of a "canister." You find out in fifty different ways that he has improved on the old "Dulce domum" traditions of your own boyhood, and brings out the perfect form of his "domus" in a couple of stereoscopic pictures of which one is his "home" and the other his "house." It is very pleasant to you to find him coming back to you not simply so much bigger, or so much more crammed with Greek and Latin—or modern languages, if you take that line—or with so much improved chances for a place in the House Eleven or the Twenty, but with so much more of what is really in him brought out and developed, and with so much more light thrown on the problem which you are trying to solve about him, as to what he will be fit for, and how he will be likely to turn out. It is quite certain that a good public school will bring out the capacities of a boy, or his want of capacity; and you send him back term after term with the satisfaction of knowing that whatever is in him, whether it is for a higher or a lower level than your own, is certain to come out under a training which is a great deal better than any other system could provide.

But the holidays are useful in their way, in supplying a want which is obviously beyond the reach of the school. Four or five hundred boys must of necessity be all day long and always in some kind of training, and a boy in term-time can never be out of harness day or night. If there are two sets of harness, one put on under the authority of his superiors, and the other under that of his equals, the result comes to much the same thing in the end. A boy, however, is a wild animal; and the freedom of the holidays affords an important opportunity both for the play of his wild nature and the study of his habits. Three or four wild animals, for a few weeks at a time, are sufficiently under control to let their natural habits have ample play; while four or five hundred together would be as impossible to study as to endure. It may be a slight trial of patience to have your house periodically turned upside down, and a holiday task is probably not without its uses in providing an occasional hour of quiet and a little breathing space; but the nearest attainable approach to an entire freedom to do as he likes is the best way to turn the holidays to account, in learning the bent of a boy's inclinations and testing his prospects for the future. It is weary work, and as unprofitable as it is weary, to chain a little fellow to a table for an hour's dismal grinding over Cæsar or Xenophon, when all the while he is longing to get back to a big piece of wood which the carpenter has given him, and on which he is labouring to perpetuate his last summer's recollections of Ryde and Portsmouth, especially when you know that the boat will turn out a success, and the translation very much the reverse. The holidays, when a man may have his sons under his own eye, supply a material link in the chain of probabilities whether a lad will turn out a wise man or a fool, and in what line he may get the best chance for himself; and in the public-school harness of the term lies the best security that the wild animal may be left without risk to follow his own instincts at home.

In one single direction the traditional antagonism between boys and schoolmasters remains in full operation, and the closing up of all other channels would appear to have given additional force to the escaping energy in this. The boy of the period has an intense and unrelenting hatred for his books. He holds intuitively the old philosophic doctrine, of which he never heard, that evil resides in matter; and his books, which are the material causes of his intellectual torment and of the restrictions upon football and cricket under which he groans, are punished and maltreated with the persistency of blind revenge. He scrawls over them, and inks them, and knocks them generally to pieces with a contempt for their feeble powers of resistance which in the days of his father and grandfather was unknown to the schoolboy mind. An Eton Grammar or Delectus in its stout leather cover, and still more a bulky Gradus of the good old Latin sort, "*ab uno e societate Jesu*," had got plenty of fight in it, and could do as good service on the outside of your neighbour's head as it was supposed to be capable of doing on the inside of your own; while its feeble representative, or descendant, in a flabby cloth binding is good for nothing as a missile, and is knocked out of time and stitching if it has only the misfortune to fall on the floor. The casualties of school-books in consequence are alarmingly on the increase, and the parental taxpayer grumbles seriously as the terminal school-bills come in, and the new levies to replace the killed and wounded have to be found and paid for. Not that grumbling on the subject is likely to be of the slightest service, as it falls on the unsympathizing ears of publishers and teachers who find in every smashed "Primer" an additional "trade" at twenty-five per cent.; and the old leather covers may therefore be sighed after in vain. Upon relics such as a *Cicero de Officiis* of 1778 now before us, or still more, an old Gradus, with its perilously un-Protestant title-page, and with a venerated name written in schoolboy characters of the last century above that of its later possessor, we can only look with a regretful tenderness which our grandsons are not likely to know. An old school-book is a strangely touching link between the past and the future. It will often, with its characteristic marginal embellishments, reproduce vividly, as nothing else could, the boyhood of a man who has left on the world which he has quitted the abiding mark of his maturity: and it may serve to remind the men of another generation, watching with anxious interest the impending and doubtful hazard for wisdom or folly in the case of their sons, of a period when the like uncertainty hung around the future of their fathers, to be dispelled in time by an issue which remains as their own noblest inheritance.

COUNTRY-HOUSES.

COUNTRY-houses may be divided into two sorts—houses that are not only in the country but of it, and houses that have nothing countrified about them but their situation. There is the real and the phenomenal, the pure and the hybrid, the genuine and the counterfeit country-house. Each is swayed by a characteristic idea. In the one, this is conformity with immediate surroundings; the assimilation of the life that is lived in it to its local setting, the cultivation of appropriate duties and residential tastes. When a man is in the country, it would have him think the thoughts and do the things of the country. The leading idea of the other is to minimize the accident of position, or to drop

it altogether; to treat the landscape as a scenic accessory, and to aim merely at creating a receptacle for a series of brilliant immigrations from May Fair. There are common features, of course, in each. In both you dine and sleep well. Both provide their male guests with riding and shooting, their female guests with gossip and dancing. But, as you pass from one to the other, you are conscious of a subtle but perceptible change in the social atmosphere. One is of the province, provincial; the other of the centre, Londony. In one you inhale a comfortable or stately bucolicism; in the other, the *largior aer* of the fashionable world. The "note" of one is rusticity; of the other, Belgravianism. One regulates its scheme of life by county standards; the other owns no allegiance to any sovereignty but that enthroned in Pall Mall. In one you detect, however exquisitely sublimated, a whiff of quarter sessions; a breeze of imperial or even cosmopolitan interest ripples the other. "Country-houses for our sterling country neighbours" is the motto of the one; "country-houses for agreeable people from town" is the motto of the other. The one offers a certain amount of novelty, in the shape of a fresh stratum of unexplored bumpkinism. The other is a mere annexe of Fop's Alley and the Clubs; the revival, with a changed *venue*, of the last fashionable or political reunion of the season. As an instrument of social enjoyment, each of these types has its advantages. But which of the two is the preferable model for country hospitalities must depend on the tastes and idiosyncrasy of the visitor.

There are times when the most inveterate haunter of town yearns for a plunge into the deep, deep country. In some such mood, weary of advanced civilization, you accept the invitation of your old family friend, Sir Pompous Broadacres. It is wonderful what a social transformation a few hours in the train effects. You are dropped into Arcadia, or all that remains to the nineteenth century of that delectable figment of classic fancy. Your host is a kind of gentlemanly old Satyr. Your hostess is a plump and matronly development of the sylvan Diana. The young ladies are placid and decorously attired Hamadryads; the son of the house a Faun in knickerbockers. The whole scheme of life is regulated on bucolic principles. There is something idyllic even about the butler. The landscape is a reality, influencing the character, habits, and tastes of the inmates of the Hall. Here is a group of persons whose daily life is determined by their rural surroundings, to whom the Park and the Opera and the "best set" are as nothing, and to whom field sports and quarter sessions and county balls are everything. They are living the natural life and enjoying the natural pleasures of the country, content to leave their intellectual being to be fed by a rivulet from Mudie. They are eminently the square people in the square hole. There is an artistic propriety about the incidents of their daily round, a pictorial fitness in their background of horses and dogs. The scene is full of territorial colour. Everything from the dinner to the conversation savours of the realty. You sit among squires and squireens, and listen to the fine old English gentleman expatiating on the burdens of land, or the fine old English gentlewoman expounding its traditional etiquettes. What reviewers call the human interest is strictly limited to the area of the county. It is a remarkable proof of the vitality of Anglo-Saxon institutions that a boundary line traced by King Alfred should determine the range of sympathy in a great many modern households. A visiting list framed with exclusive reference to political geography is a curiosity in its way. This is the most salient feature of the country-house pure and simple. In the mouth of your hostess and her daughters "the county" means the one great oracle worth consulting, the only social authority whose fiats are binding, the alpha and omega of gossip and tittle-tattle. Nothing is commonplace, the most trivial things become momentous if they fulfil the condition of falling within the sacred limits. A *mésalliance* in any of the other thirty-nine divisions of England is a matter of supreme indifference; but if a Turnipshire squire marries his cook, every Turnipshire dinner-table rings with it. The transfer of an estate creates more hubbub than a revolution in a foreign land. The squabble about a right of way is more exciting than a conflict between two of the Great Powers. The perpetual contemplation of a glory in which, as a constituent atom, it shares, breeds in the county family a rather exaggerated notion of its own dignity and importance. A county pedigree is regarded as the sole passport to notice. Beauty is not beauty unless it has an hereditary right to sparkle at the assembly-rooms, and wisdom is not wisdom unless it flows from lips inspired by the Commission for the Peace. County exclusiveness has its good side, but to be respectable it ought to be completely person-proof. If Japan is to be taken as the social model, the treatment of all outsiders and interlopers should be equally Japanese. As a matter of fact, Turnipshire is not indiscriminately Japanese in its amenities. Its boasted reserve melts like a snow-wreath when a scion of Royalty, or some great personage, takes up his abode within its borders. Then squire vies with squire for a crumb of notice in the hunting-field, while their high mightinesses the county ladies, and the smaller fry who copy them, scramble for a passing smile from their great neighbour. Evidently, with all its exclusive airs, Turnipshire has more in common with Peckham than it would care to own.

The make-believe or phenomenal country-house is a mere development or corollary of the London season. The rural element is conspicuous by its absence. The trees among which it stands are little more than the pasteboard foliage of a Burford panorama. Neither the vegetable nor the brute creation awakens any enthusiasm. No one takes much interest in the stables or the Home-farm. A languid dalliance in the pheasant preserves, or a dawdle on horseback, is enough, and more than enough, for its rosewater sportsmen. The social features are quite different from those of the country-house proper. Your host exhibits none of the symptoms of land upon the brain, which is a chronic affection of the genuine squire. There is no trace of the county fetish which enslaves the mind of the squiress. Instead of these provincial humours, you have diverting glimpses of the fashionable world during its annual interval of hybernation. One by one the old familiar faces, perhaps rather too old and familiar, reappear. The veteran coquette, with her ringlets and her rouge, whose youth of frolics has mellowed into an old age of cards, is pretty sure to turn up at the whist-table. Here may be seen, refreshed and invigorated by a season of repose, the scheming dowager, like Bruce's spider, spinning for the twentieth time her web to catch an eldest son. Here too, by her side, is her most dangerous rival, the married siren, the wife and no wife of modern society, against whose practised charms her schemes—scheme she never so wisely—have a poor chance. Here the fashionable old maid brings her tatting and her scandal, secure of a welcome wherever a vivacious toady is in request. The male guests are recruited from types equally well known to the town. There is the inevitable *attaché*, with his foreign liveliness, and the inevitable guardsman, with his sublime phlegm. Nor would the circle be complete without Fribble and Fal-lal; Fribble with his womanish airs and languid drawl—a pinchbeck Horace Walpole, without wit or taste—and Fal-lal, to whom the Eternal Veracities centre in a charade or a cotillon. Or, instead of being merely frivolous, the tone of the house is literary and political. Then you meet more solid notorieties—the flower of the learned club or scientific society, a stray bishop or judge, a poet or an artist, the latest traveller, the newest novelist, the Minister whom great ladies delight to pet, or, greater far, the official underling, doing Mumbo Jumbo to perfection, and patronizing young ladies with the air of one who has the items of the next Budget in his pocket. All this is magnificent, but it is not country. It is the very negation of country. The whole establishment is genuine London ware. To call such a rendezvous of men and women about town a country-house is a misnomer. It is merely a Belgravian mansion, endowed with the power of locomotion which the flying palaces of the Arabian Nights were fabled to possess, and dropped into green fields.

Which of these two ideals is the most delectable? Which affords most pleasure—the country *au naturel*, or the country smothered in the piquant sauce of town? Merely with a view to enjoyment, all graver considerations apart, is it better to preserve the balance between town life and country life, or to run the two into one? There is much to be said in favour of maintaining the dualism. In the first place, it ensures a wholesome variety. The human mind abhors monotony; however frivolous, it requires at times an alterative. Change of scene is one of its needs. What is still more wanted, and twice as beneficial, is a periodical change of persons. A change of scene without a change of company is a mere mockery. And this is really all that the Belgravian country-house offers to its urban visitor. "Going out" in London, as the phrase runs, means meeting the same persons, saying the same things, listening to the same gabble night after night, often twice or thrice in the same night, during a period of four or five months of the year. This is part of the pleasure, doubtless, but it palls after a time nevertheless. Then no sooner is the season over than, spent and jaded, you are invited to repeat the self-same operation in greater detail, under colour of a round of autumnal visits. Not to put too fine a point upon it, a man must be exceptionally organized to desire to revolve in the same narrow orbit all the year round. Either he is bored to death, or he becomes incurably cliqueish. Merely by way of change, an escape to a simpler and healthier way of living, above all to fresh faces and different voices, the casual intercourse with those twin dignitaries of the parish, the parson and the squire, the incidental amusement which the foibles of their womankind afford, even a disquisition on turnpike trusts or gossip about a county ball, is grateful and refreshing. Then too, by investing town and country with a sort of mutual inviolability, the pleasure of London society acquires in its turn a dash of annual novelty. After a period of genuine rustication one returns with zest to a circle of brilliant talkers and exquisitely-dressed women. In the Belgravian country-house this element of pleasure is discounted. A man can hardly throw himself with relish into the full tide of June dissipation, if he has been anticipating it by driblets all through the previous recess. On the other hand, there are persons whose interest it is to obliterate the country pure and simple, and it is from them that the movement for Belgravianizing it proceeds. The practised conversationalist, for instance, disdains to cast his pearls of anecdote before a country audience. Winter or summer, he must have appreciative listeners of his own circle. The dowager, burning to marry her daughter, frets at the inaction of months of country retirement, and naturally prefers that model of a country-house which affords the most facilities for flirtation, and the best access, to young men of rank and fortune. The pushing woman, who uses her country-house merely as a lever by which to rise, shudders at rusticity in any shape, and opens her doors only to names that figure in the *Court Journal*, and the fashionable wirepullers of the day. But, one and all, these are persons who avowedly make a business, not a pleasure, of society. Consequently, their predilections hardly count for much in a

speculation as to the amount of mere pleasure which a country-house may be made to yield, and the most scientific means for developing it.

CHANGES IN CRIMINAL PROCEDURE.

AMONG the reforms with the proposal of which the new Ministry has been rightly or wrongly credited is the institution of a Public Prosecutor. To this must be added a change in the treatment of professional criminals, which was promised by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons this week. If these two are efficiently carried out, they will together constitute a momentous improvement in the criminal procedure of the country. Perhaps it would be premature to fix the present Session as the time for introducing and completing each of these measures. But it is only echoing the wishes of the whole metropolis, if not of the whole nation, to pray that they may both be completed within the next two years. It is not the language of hyberbole to say that the defects of the existing system are in the highest degree both dangerous and demoralizing. The impunity which it allows to the worst criminals is as fruitful of crime as it is pernicious to society. The only question is, how far can either or both of the proposed remedies prevent the further extension of admitted evils? We suppose no one will deny that the first element in the repression of crime is certainty of punishment. It is only when this is doubtful that crime is embraced as a profession. Make it certain that every one who forges, or robs with violence, or commits a brutal assault, shall be sooner or later apprehended, and you establish at once a powerful deterrent from assaults, robbery, and forgery. Make it certain that the culprit is as sure of being punished as he is of being arrested, and the deterrent is still stronger. Under the present regimen, there is certainty neither of detection nor of apprehension; neither of apprehension nor of punishment. A man walks home at night by a lonely road; he is knocked down and robbed; he rises and gives chase to his assailants, who have several yards' start of him. He loses sight of them round a corner, and stumbles on a policeman, to whom he relates his misfortune. While he is thus engaged, the men effect their escape. The policeman returns, makes a few inquiries, and then proceeds on his beat, leaving the men in possession of their booty. If the victim is a man of energy and persistency, and if he also is a man of observation, he does not let the matter drop. He goes to the station-house day after day, describes his assailants as nearly as he can, puts the superintendents on their track, appears before a magistrate to identify them, and finally is bound over to attend as a witness at the assizes. But not one man in twenty can afford the time to dance attendance at a station-house day after day, or dodge ruffians to their dens, or dangle about an Assize Court or the Old Bailey for a couple of days. And not one man in fifty has perception quick enough to note the form, features, and stature of men who pounce upon him under the sombre rays of a London gaslight. All this constitutes one guarantee of impunity to thieves and garotters. They have their own science of averages, if not as correct, quite as practical as that which is in vogue with the Statistical Society. Then, too, they can count on the operation of other allies beside want of perception and want of energy. A man becomes embroiled with a gang of thieves or coiners. He probably lives near them, and knows them all. He is assaulted and threatens prosecution. No policeman has witnessed the assault, therefore no policeman will help him. He has witnesses, but they are afraid of the gang, and refuse to give their testimony. He is compelled to remain inactive, and a flagrant violation of the public peace remains unquestioned and unpunished. Or it may be he has one witness. On the evidence of this one witness the offenders are punished. But from that day the life of the witness is made a burden to him. He is watched, dodged, persecuted, and harassed out of his mind. He is regarded as the agent of public justice, and is made the victim of private spite. He becomes to his friends and neighbours a frightful example of the danger of assisting the cause of law and order. All these chances and the periods of their recurrence are known to the world of rogues. They lose sight of no conjuncture likely to operate in their favour—the fears of the timid, the engagements of the busy, or the procrastination of the dilatory. All these things, as they know, make judgment most uncertain, and their calling comparatively profitable. Whatever would destroy this uncertainty would, *pro tanto*, impair their profits.

Two changes would do this. One is the greater alacrity and more intelligent supervision of the police. Of this we have spoken before, and will not say more now than that such a change seems to be contemplated by the Government, and will probably be realised in the appointment of four Chief Constables. The other is the appointment of a Public Prosecutor. At present, the victim of offences committed against the law of the land has, in addition, to bear the onus of vindicating it. We see the results. Either he incurs odium by his prominence as an extra-official functionary, or he is injured in his business by the strange duty cast upon him, or a sergeant of police has to take upon himself the duties of an Old Bailey attorney. Much has been said in disparagement of the conduct of criminal prosecutions by the police. With this depreciatory language, for which Old Bailey advocates are responsible, we do not agree. Considering what is the number of criminal prosecutions annually instituted, and mainly prepared by the police, at Quarter Sessions and Assizes throughout all England, we think that, on the whole, their conduct of them is admirable. Still, it is not the policeman's business to be an assistant public prosecutor. He is too much interested in the chase; he follows his game at times too keenly, and sometimes it is the wrong game. Then, if he is young, ambitious and excitable, he is under the temptation to remember things as the counsel for the prosecution wishes him to remember them; and this entails either an ignominious defeat or a dishonourable success. Again, the latitude he enjoys in preparing his cases exposes him to the temptation—or, what is equally bad, the suspicion—of abstaining from the search after the best evidence against opulent or well-to-do delinquents. We do not say that cases frequently occur of corruption, or anything like it, on the part of the police. Far from it. Their probity is, on the whole, highly laudable. Still, when large powers are left in the hands of a class of men not highly paid, their action towards wealthy offenders must be jealously watched and suspiciously interpreted. With a public prosecutor the case would be different. His parquet would be the receptacle of all evidence, and the source of all instructions. He himself would be above the possibility or the suspicion of corruption. He would scrutinize the evidence and advise on the prosecutions. His inferior agents would have the training and experience of policemen, and would be aided by the regular police. Neither the constable nor the injured person would be placed in the obnoxious position of a prosecutor. Each would be part of a comprehensive legal machinery; and it would be as impossible for the sufferer to waive giving evidence according to his own whim or caprice as it would be for the constable to concoct a case out of his inner consciousness.

Thus the means would be at once multiplied and simplified of bringing a criminal to justice. We have purposely limited our view of the Public Prosecutor's duties to the lower order of criminal cases. How useful he would be in bringing to justice the highest class of financial delinquents, we need not indicate. We speak now of his lower functions only. But though thus much were done, still, if nothing more were accomplished, much would be left undone. The great question of dealing with criminals would indeed be imperfectly solved if only their judicial trial were made more certain. What is to be the nature of their punishment? What its duration? It is tolerably well ascertained by this time that the tyro in crime is not reformed by confinement in a gaol. If young, he comes out worse than he went in, and is sure to be committed again. A second committal is notoriously the entrance to a career of crime. From the moment of his second discharge, the convict is sure to pass the remainder of his days between crime and imprisonment. His whole life is divided between getting into gaol and getting out of it. And each time he goes in, he finds willing pupils to profit by his lessons; each time he comes out, eager associates to help him in his enterprises. As years pass on he becomes, not, perhaps, a greater proficient in his profession, but more incapable of any other calling. He knows nothing else, and cares for nothing else. His mission is to prey upon society; while, in its turn, society considers its mission to be sending him back to confinement and hard labour. So the two alternate between the repetition of continued wrongs and useless penalties. Why is this? Simply because it is the principle of English jurisprudence to blind itself to the faults of the most notorious offenders. It is like a prim but good-natured spinster who will not believe in any naughty deed which she has not seen done herself. It measures the guilt of a culprit exactly by the term of his imprisonment. If he is sentenced to five years' imprisonment, it looks on him as guilty during that period, but not one moment beyond it. He comes out as guileless and lamblike in the eyes of British law as he was before he was ever arraigned. He issues out of gaol like the rising sun, to run his bright career again. A neighbour who taunts him and a policeman who watches him are liable to an action and a censure respectively. Of conditions so favourable as these the hero of a score of burglaries is not slow to take advantage. The touching confidence of the law is repaid by conduct which is more largely flavoured with a coarse self-interest than with a refined gratitude, but which the public is beginning to recognise as both impudent and vexatious. Putting aside the not inconsiderable number of persons whose precarious subsistence depends on their dexterity in conveying the property of others, the world is awakening to the conviction that the blindness of English law is both stupid and inconvenient. It asks why people who are notoriously criminal should habitually be presumed to be innocent, and why the dens of land-pirates should be deemed sacred against the visitations of the police? The difficulty now is not how to scheme a fitting remedy, but how to regulate the application of the remedy. The Irish system of licenses is quoted as a success, the English ticket-of-leave system is notoriously a failure. We confess that we suspect the Irish system is not quite so successful as it is represented to be. Probably many of the Irish ex-convicts leave Ireland on the expiration of their penal terms, and recommence their careers in England. Else why should two systems so nearly alike bear such different fruits? The subject of penal servitude in England goes through the process of separation, of assigned labour, of marks for good conduct, and of abbreviated imprisonment, the same as in Ireland; but the directors of Irish prisons can only speak of their system and its results in terms of praise, while the ex-convict in England is the bugbear both of the reformers and the administrators of the criminal law. What is wanted for the man who has been twice or thrice convicted of felony is to place such a guard over him as should be placed over any man who has irrepressible tendencies to drunkenness or any other vice.

There are many men with such a weak moral fibre that only the consciousness of being watched and looked after will keep them out of vice or crime. They would, in truth, be best off if they could be shut up for the rest of their days. But then the public is hardly prepared for this sort of treatment. It offends equally against the popular notions of justice and of economy. A city of prisons and an army of warders would be required for the proper execution of such a plan. The next remedy is a system of long sentences, capable of curtailment according to the good conduct of the prisoners. But this opens out a vista of prison dodges, clever hypocrisies and chaplains' delusions, with which we are all too familiar already. At present we see no better check on the hardened offender than vigilant surveillance by the police. His haunts and the house in which he lives should be subject to domiciliary visits by the police; and any man known to be the landlord of houses occupied by criminals, or habitually trafficking with thieves, should be liable to be perpetually visited and examined. This is a novel and unconstitutional, but not an unreasonable, prescription. The evil which it is intended to check is gross, growing, and formidable. The principle which it offends is a principle which cannot be admitted on behalf of men whose every known action favours the presumption of their criminality. In the hands of raw and ignorant constables such power might be abused; but by men of courage, intelligence, and probity—men of the type of Serjeant Mason, for example—it could be used only for the public good. Neither do we see why the most deterrent of punishments, flogging, should be forborne in the case of those who live on the fears and property of others. If some stringent measures are not adopted soon, the rogues and ruffians of London will have the metropolis at their mercy.

We cannot, at the same time, abstain from pointing out that society is itself in part responsible for the multiplication of rogues and robbers. It has, by its ill-judged almsgiving, pampered mendicancy until it has sapped the self-respect of the poor. When that is gone, the road to crime becomes easy and smooth. There are two millions sterling annually expended, more or less wastefully, by charitable institutions in London, besides thousands more flung prodigally at every impostor who lugs a wretched half-naked child after him, and then people wonder that so many of the poor turn with disgust from a life of honest industry. Every professional beggar is a possible thief. So long as indiscriminate almsgiving continues, so long will there be a rich crop of beggars, patterers, thieves, burglars, and garotters.

A UNIVERSAL COINAGE.

MR. BAGEHOT has reprinted as a pamphlet the criticisms which appeared in the *Economist* on the Report of the last International Coinage Commission. There is little to be said against these papers, except that Mr. Bagehot has himself an apparent craze for one form of internationalization of coins, and is wholly unable to see that the arguments by which he annihilates his rivals are almost equally applicable to himself.

If ever a subject was thoroughly discussed, that of the coinage may be said to have been fairly sifted to the bottom. We have had Commissions and Committees without number, to inquire sometimes into the propriety of decimalizing our weights and measures alone, at others into the advisableness of introducing decimal coins. Other inquiries have included both these objects, and, whatever else may be supposed to have remained open, the following conclusions are established beyond all reasonable doubt:—1. That any change in the pound as our unit of account and coinage is inadmissible. 2. That to decimalize coins alone, or weights and measures alone, would be infinitely inconvenient in the doing, and when done would leave us worse off than before. 3. That no satisfactory plan has yet been suggested for decimalizing coins, weights, and measures together, and that the adoption of the French system *en bloc* is not to be recommended. This last is the clear result of the evidence taken before Mr. Ewart's Committee, although the witnesses invited to attend were carefully selected from the known friends of decimalization, to the exclusion of its principal opponents.

It may be wondered that after this a fresh Commission should have been issued on the subject of the coinage. And yet there really was a reason for it. Some Englishmen had been sent to watch, rather than to take part in, the proceedings of an International Conference held with a view to monetary unification throughout the world. That Conference had suggested that the end might be somewhat promoted by a small change in the value of our sovereign, so as to make it equal to 25 francs, instead of 25·20, which is the actual par of exchange. Civility required an answer from our Government, and, before an answer could be sent, the judgment of a Commission was very properly sought for. The Commission, though overloaded with avowed decimalists, contained strong names both in the world of science and the world of commerce; and, except that one member adds rather a singular qualification to his assent, all agree in saying that the proposed change in the sovereign is not to be thought of, and that, if any approximation is to take place between our coinage and that of France and some other countries, it must be by a change in the value, not of our pound, but of their franc. This disposes of the immediate question, but the Report of the Commission deals (somewhat cautiously indeed) with many other points connected with the coinage, the great majority of which had been long since disposed of, substantially in the same sense, by one of the most exhaustive inquiries ever conducted—that of Lord Overstone's Coinage Commission.

A multitude of questions arose. What is the good of an international coinage when you have got it? How far must assimilation be carried before the benefit is reaped? Can this be done on our part, or must the change be made abroad, or partly here and partly in other countries? These and other cognate inquiries are more or less adequately answered by the Report of the Commission and the evidence which accompanies it. There is little to be found which has not been said and printed and circulated at the public expense many times before, and on several points the Report abstains from pronouncing final judgment, and merely sums up the arguments on one side or the other. Except, therefore, on the primary question submitted to it—of changing the pound—to which an unequivocal answer is given in the negative, the Report, though interesting, is no very important addition to the already cumbrous literature of the subject; though on the questions we have specially referred to it serves, in conjunction with the evidence and index, as a convenient guide to the various sound theories and wild fallacies which have so long been afloat.

And first let us try to find out what is the use of an international coinage when you have got it. If France and England had precisely the same coins passing in both countries, an English traveller, on his first arrival in France, would be saved the trouble of going to the bureau attached to his hotel, or elsewhere, to get his sovereigns exchanged for napoleons and francs, and he would escape the uneasy and unfounded suspicion, often entertained, that he was not getting his full tale of centimes according to the exchange of the day. This would be a convenience to the traveller, though a rather slight one, and the same minute benefit would accrue to the Frenchman arriving in England. A further advantage would be felt by a small proportion of Englishmen during the whole period of their residence in France. Those who were intelligent enough to learn to make purchases and calculate in francs and centimes—a habit which (as has often been stated in evidence) our navvies in France generally acquire in a week or two—would, of course, be just as comfortable as if they had carried their own national system of coinage with them, together with their usual store of national prejudices. But it is no doubt just conceivable that some Englishmen might be dull enough not to be able to understand francs and centimes; and an international coinage would, therefore, be a great relief to these exceptionally stupid travellers, not only on their first entrance into a foreign country, but during their whole stay. Perhaps most people will agree that this extreme of dulness is seldom reached, and need not be taken into account; and if so, the remaining benefit would be that which we first mentioned—the saving of the little transaction of exchange at the outset of a foreign journey.

Neither in the Report nor in the evidence can we find a trace of any other advantage which would result from an assimilation of the coinage of two neighbouring countries. We speak, of course, of the benefit to result from identity of coinage *per se*, irrespectively of the question (which we are not considering now) whether this or that system may or may not be worth adopting for its intrinsic merits. We are speaking also, as the Commission was, of the good of international coinage merely, and not of that very different matter, the facilities to be obtained if international coinage were accompanied by identical systems of account, and identical weights and measures; and, thus limiting the subject, we repeat that an international coinage, if established down to the smallest coin, would confer only the insignificant advantage which we have referred to. And in saying this we are saying precisely what the Commission say, although they put it rather more tenderly to those who advocate the craze. After enumerating a variety of advantages anticipated by some of the witnesses from an international coinage, the Report goes on thus:—

> It must be observed however that the evidence of the witnesses as regards the manufactures and trades of the country points to an uniform system of international currency, not only of coins, but of monies of account, and, indeed, to an uniformity of weights and measures. Unless this uniformity is effected, the object mainly sought for by the witnesses connected with the manufacturing interests—i.e. that of enabling them readily to calculate and compare prices, and to make out invoices and commercial statements—would not be attained; nor would that of conveying readily the minute details of statistical information.

The conclusion thus stated, indeed, is obvious enough, except to a few fanatical worshippers of everything that calls itself international. Some of these gentlemen seem to have thought that, if the coins of France and England were the same, an English price-current, quoting at so much per gallon or cwt., would be forthwith intelligible to a Frenchman who never heard of those insular measures and weights. This of course is absurd, even on the supposition that we changed not only our coins, but our system of account, and took to quoting in francs and centimes instead of pounds, shillings, and pence; and we need scarcely say that this has not yet been suggested, even by those who propose a partial assimilation of coins. If it were desired to establish a common international language, no one would think he had done much by making the verbs in two languages identical if the nouns and adjectives remained distinct. The language of commerce deals with money, weights, and measures, and an agreement in one only of these elements would tend quite as little to mutual comprehension.

Another craze of some commercial witnesses who ought to have known better was that, if the coins of two countries were the same, all fluctuations of exchange would be got rid of. Nothing of the sort would happen. At present the par of exchange between France and England is this—that the pound sterling is

worth 25·20 francs; but if a Frenchman owes 100*l.* payable in London, there is scarcely one day in the year when he could pay it with 2,520 francs, neither more nor less, laid out in Paris. Sometimes gold is more in request in London than in Paris, at other times less so; and the money-dealers, whenever the difference is sufficient to pay the cost of transmission and leave a profit, make it their business to ship gold from one country to the other. The Frenchman who wants to pay 100*l.* in London goes to one of these money-dealers, and asks at what price the money-dealer will undertake to pay his debt of 100*l.* in London. The money-dealer has got the necessary funds in the hands of an agent in London, and at the moment we will suppose 100*l.* is worth more to him in Paris than in London; and to save himself the cost of bringing it over, he will undertake to pay the 100*l.* in London for a sum in Paris worth a little less than 100*l.* Accordingly he demands, not 2,520 francs, but perhaps 2,510, or some smaller sum. In like manner, if the flow of bullion is the other way, he charges a little more than the par. This is the actual operation, though it is generally effected by means of the purchase of a bill of exchange. These are the fluctuations of exchange, and it is obvious that they would be just the same if the sovereign were reduced in value to 25·00 francs from its present value of 25·20. Exchange transactions would remain, therefore, even though international coinage were established. Some of the advocates of international coinage saw this, and admitted it, but then they added an ingenious suggestion. "True," they said, "the transaction with the money-dealer would be of the same kind, and subject to the quotation of the day just as it now is; but then 25·00 is an easier number to multiply than 25·20, and there would be a little less trouble in doing the necessary sum." That is true for what it is worth, and it is not worth much. Another man of business had the boldness to add this other plea—"I admit that if I make remittances abroad through a money-dealer or broker, by buying a bill in the usual way, international coinage will be of no help to me; but if I do the money-dealer's business myself, and employ a messenger to carry the gold across the Channel, the same sum in English coins will always pay the same sum in France, and so I shall escape the operation of exchange." That, again, is quite true, but then nobody would ever do it, because there are plenty of money-dealers who are competing with one another, and by competition keeping their charges down, and who are transmitting coin on a large scale in the cheapest possible way; and no messenger would carry a specific sum across unless he was paid for doing it, at a rate far beyond the minute percentage of profit which the money-dealers make. The convenience therefore is one that no one would ever enjoy, unless perhaps under some very unusual circumstances that might occur to one man in a million once in ten years. The traveller, therefore, alone would benefit, and the little convenience to be obtained from an international coinage, even by the traveller on his first arrival, would be almost neutralized if the small-change as well as the sovereign were not made identical, and this has not been suggested. The only thing proposed was to reduce the value of the pound by 2*d.*, so as to make it equal at par to 25 francs.

Substantially, therefore, the answer to our three questions must be:—1. International coinage by itself is of no appreciable good even when carried down to the minutest detail of the coinage, and extended to our systems of account. 2. To derive any benefit from it we must have identical weights and measures as well as identical coins. 3. This comprehensive change, and indeed any tampering whatever with the pound sterling, being inadmissible, the international coinage, if it ever comes, must be attained by modifications of foreign systems, and not of ours.

Probably (and reasonably too) other countries will insist that, if there is to be a change, they cannot submit to the inconvenience of making it; and the International Coinage Convention must, we think, come to nothing except as between those countries where the French system was introduced by force of arms, and where it has already established itself in the habits of the people.

Before leaving the subject we may notice a singular delusion, which has led one of the Commissioners, Mr. J. B. Smith, to differ from his colleagues. A gold coin of 25 francs, if struck in France, would of course contain one-fourth more gold than a napoleon, and this would come to 112 grains, omitting small decimals. Our sovereign contains 113 grains, and the project is to make it one grain lighter. The Commissioners have pointed out very carefully the enormous disturbance which this apparently small change of 2*d.* in the pound would make, and have rejected it on that account. To this Mr. Smith replies—"True, the value of the sovereign must be kept up; but instead of coining for nothing, as you do now, and giving a sovereign of 113 grains to every one who brings 113 grains of Australian gold, you may say that you will keep one grain as mintage for the trouble and cost of coining, and give him only a sovereign of 112 grains. If this were done," says Mr. Smith, "the sovereign, though a grain lighter, would still buy in the market 113 grains of gold-dust, and would have the same current value which it has now, and all the disturbance apprehended of accounts between debtors and creditors would be escaped." That is quite true, but then you would not have an international coin. Your sovereign of 112 grains would be worth, in gold-dust or in any other commodity of the market, exactly what it is now, and it would buy, not 25 French francs, but 25·20, which is the existing par. Mr. Smith, notwithstanding a very pointed hint given him by Sir John Lubbock, has failed to see that you can't alter the value of a sovereign and keep it unaltered at the same time. As his French friends would tell him, a door must be either open or shut.

IRISH CHURCH PROPERTY.

THE Irish Church Commissioners stated in their Report that the annual net revenues of that Church amount to about 584,000*l.*, of which about 364,000*l.* arises from tithe rent-charge, about 204,000*l.* from rents received from lands, and the residue from Government stock or other sources. Of these revenues a considerable portion, amounting to 113,000*l.* a year, is administered for Church purposes by the central Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners. About 19,000*l.* a year belongs to the capitular bodies, and is applied by them for the maintenance of the cathedral fabrics and services. The residue supplies the endowments of the bishops, dignitaries, and beneficed clergy. This statement of the revenues of the Irish Church excludes the value of houses of residence and lands in the occupation of ecclesiastical persons; and if a moderate sum be added on this account, the value of the property enjoyed by the Irish Church would exceed the current estimate of 600,000*l.* a year. The property of the Church has been derived from various sources before and since the Reformation. With respect to property acquired after the Reformation, from Royal or Parliamentary grants, or from the gift of private persons, the Commissioners have inserted in an appendix to their Report such particulars as were conveniently accessible. This appendix has been only lately published, and it supplies information which may be useful in discussion of the details of any measure for the disendowment of the Irish Church.

Of the lands which yield to the Irish Church, as has been stated, an income of 204,000*l.* a year, the greater part, producing about 142,000*l.* a year, belongs to the Bishops, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Corporations aggregate, and the dignitaries of the cathedrals. The remainder, of which the value is about 62,000*l.* a year, belongs to the parochial clergy. The income arising from the lands of the clergy, although they are generally let at moderate rents, may be considered to represent the improved value. But as to all the other lands of the Church, the income received by the ecclesiastical landlord bears a small proportion to the value. As regards all the lands held by the Church, and particularly as regards those held by the parochial clergy, it may become important to ascertain the times and circumstances under which they were acquired. Some were given by private persons; but the greater part were given by the Crown after the Reformation, and they were for the most part given in those districts of Ireland which, as we know from ordinary history, were selected for Protestant colonization. If we compare the two northern provinces of Armagh and Tuam with the two southern provinces of Dublin and Cashel, we shall find, as might be expected, that out of 62,000*l.*, which is the total annual net value of lands held by parochial clergy, or glebe-lands as they are usually called, 53,000*l.* belongs to the north, while only 9,000*l.* belongs to the south. And if we look at particular dioceses, we shall find in Armagh glebe-lands worth 12,000*l.* a year, in Derry glebe-lands worth 10,000*l.* a year, and in Kilmore glebe-lands worth upwards of 9,000*l.* a year; which, again, is just what history would lead us to anticipate. Having got thus far in our investigation, it becomes desirable to know how much of these glebe-lands were given by the Crown, and how much, if any, by private individuals; and this question, so far as we can discover, has not been directly answered by the Commissioners, although they give extracts from records of grants by the Crown, which are applicable to a large part of the glebe-lands. These extracts are prefaced by an explanation of the various words, signifying different divisions of land, which occur in them. In our own extracts we shall avoid such words altogether; but, in order to convey a notion of the learning which we could show if we chose, we will just mention that, in Cavan, there was used a division of land called a poll or pole, sixteen of which constituted a ballybet. "Each poll contained two gallons, each gallon two pottles, descending even to a subdivision called pints." We are not aware that any allusion was intended by these words to the watery character of the soil; and if they sound in our ears ridiculous, we must remember that the ordinary Irishman kept up the dignity of his patrimonial estate, even if it consisted of only a single acre, by calling it his "country."

In the diocese of Armagh we find Royal grants of glebe-lands of the fourth year of King Charles I., pursuant to the instructions of the late King James I., and to certain articles of 1623, entitled "Orders and directions concerning the state of the Church in Ireland and the possessions thereof, free schools and other endowments, lands given to charitable uses, and other things tending to the advancement of true religion and maintenance of the clergy." The instructions of King James I. for the Plantation of Ulster direct the Commissioners therein named to limit and bound out the precincts of parishes, and to assign to the incumbent of each parish a glebe after the rate of threescore acres for every thousand acres within the parishes, in the most convenient places or nearest to the churches. The grants of glebe-lands in the diocese of Armagh are twenty-nine in number. The first in order is "To John Symonds, Rector of Armagh, three-fifths of the ballibue of Drombybegg, &c." If we turn to the schedules of the Report we shall find that the glebe-lands of the

rectory of Armagh contain 359 acres, statute measure, and yield a gross annual rental of 363*l.* The gross amount of the tithe rent-charge for the same parish is 971*l.*, and the church population is 3,438. Another grant is to "Roger Blythe, Rector or Vicar of Termonmagourke," in the county of Tyrone, of lands which appear by the Report to contain 2,006 acres, of the gross annual value of 721*l.* The record of these grants proceeds to state that all these lands "were lately assigned by the Commissioners for the plantation of Ulster, for the augmentation of glebes, and the maintenance of persons having cure of souls;" and they are to be held for ever in free, pure, and perpetual alms, with a covenant by the grantees for the building of glebe-houses. It appears, therefore, that in twenty-nine benefices in the diocese of Armagh, glebe-lands of large extent and considerable value were granted by the Crown to the incumbents in the fourth year of King Charles I. It is not expressly stated in the Report, but must necessarily be inferred, that these grants comprised all the glebe-lands now belonging to these twenty-nine benefices. The total number of benefices in the province of Armagh is 105, so that upwards of one-fourth of the incumbents of that province hold glebe-lands under Royal grants made since the Reformation. In the diocese of Meath we find grants of the fourteenth year of King Charles I. of glebe-lands to the incumbents of twelve parishes. The deed of grant sets forth in a preamble the reasons thereof in language which may deserve attention. The deed recites that, amongst other imperial cases in which the royal solicitude is continually engaged to spread and establish religion and a sincere pursuit of the Divine name, through all the confines of the realm, is pre-eminent; and this can be done better in no other way than by providing that the ministers and preachers of God's Word, who are continually labouring in the Lord's vineyard under a limited supply of necessaries, should be supported and sustained, without which it is easy to see the decay of religion itself in future. And the deed further recites that the King's most beloved father, the late King James, of happy memory, seeing the tenuity and poverty of the ecclesiastical benefices within his late plantations in the King and Queen's County and Westmeath in his kingdom of Ireland, of his special grace in favour of Holy Church, and that fit and learned pastors and preachers of God's word should be the more readily invited to undertake the care of the said churches, determined to endow the same with an augmentation of certain glebe-lands in the said county. The grant purports to be made in fulfilment of the intention of King James I., with the advice and consent of the Lord Deputy, Thomas Viscount Wentworth, and for the glory of God, and increase of divine worship. In the diocese of Derry we find grants of the second year of King Charles I. of glebe-lands to the incumbents of eleven parishes. In one of these parishes, Ardstraw, the glebe-land comprises 1,040 acres of the gross annual value of 641*l.* In another, Cappagh, the extent of the glebe-land is 1,572 acres, and its annual value 647*l.* In the diocese of Raphoe we find grants of the second year of King Charles I. of glebe-lands to the incumbents of twenty-five parishes. In the diocese of Kilmore we find grants of the same year of glebe-lands to the incumbents of twenty-seven parishes. In other dioceses we find similar grants of the same King.

In addition to these grants from the Crown directly to the clergy, we find a list of "grants of glebes included in patents granting lands to laymen in the reign of King James I." There is an Act of Parliament of the 18th year of King Charles I. which enacts generally, that the lands set out for glebes shall be vested in the incumbents and their successors, and letters patent thereof are to be passed to them "in like manner as is directed in the cases of adventurers and soldiers, and to be of like effect." By another Act of about the same time, all impropriations or appropriate tithes forfeited to the King are settled upon the incumbents of the parishes wherein the same exist or arise. We find intermixed with the grants to incumbents which have been quoted, grants of tithes and lands to the bishops of the dioceses. The total annual revenue derived by the bishops from lands is shown by the Report to be about 73,000*l.* It would be impossible to distinguish how much of this revenue is derived from lands which were the subject of the Royal grants set forth in the appendix. But a paper by Mr. Shirley, one of the Commissioners, shows that these grants must have dealt with a larger extent of lands. He quotes from a manuscript account of the northern bishoprics, written before 1609, which states that the whole estate of the three bishoprics of Derry, Raphoe, and Clogher, together with all the lands belonging to the Primate of Armagh, and the lands belonging to the bishopric of Kilmore, are all carried away from the Church, and are now in the King's hands or of his patentees. The manuscript then proceeds to recommend that these lands should be restored to the bishoprics, and this was afterwards done. "Hence," writes Mr. Shirley, "it may be said that the endowments of the Church, so far at least as the northern bishoprics are concerned, date only from a period long subsequent to the Reformation." There are, as we have seen, other lands in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the corporations, and the dignitaries of the cathedrals. We have no information as to the times and circumstances of the gifts of these lands to the Church. The property of the Church in Ireland may conveniently be divided into four principal heads or classes—namely,

(1.) The tithe rent-charge, amounting, as has been stated, to about 364,000*l.* a year.

(2.) Lands belonging to bishoprics, corporations, or cathedral dignitaries, or in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission, of the annual value of about 142,000*l.*

(3.) Glebe lands of the parochial clergy, of the annual value of about 62,000*l.*, a great part of which was granted to the clergy by the Crown, after the Reformation, in pursuance of a scheme of Protestant colonization.

(4.) Endowments, or annual contributions from private funds. A list of these endowments or contributions, so far as known to the Commissioners, shows endowments to the total amount of 132,000*l.*, and annual contributions derived from other sources than these endowments to the total amount of about 7,000*l.*

When the Legislature comes to deal with the property of the Irish Church, it will have no difficulty as to classes 1 and 4. But embarrassing questions may arise as regards classes 2 and 3.

THWAITES'S FOLLY.

LORD ELCHO'S interference last night was well timed to remind the various officials—Boards, lawyers, surveyors, and amateur surveyors—who have through the vacation been fighting so briskly the war of the Thames Embankment, that the question, however interesting to themselves, is after all one on which the public will have the last word. As yet the fight has been amusing enough, and the ordinary reader has looked quietly on at the game of check and counter-check which has turned a great public improvement into a mere chaos of blundering and jobbery. But it is possible that amusement may be pushed too far. While we are laughing, the Board of Works is doing; and the tale of what it is doing, as Mr. Layard has recently explained it, is a very amazing tale indeed. When a high official "supposes," from its reckless improvidence, that an Act dealing with the finest site in London "must have been passed in the small hours of the night," when he denounces the project which the Act contains as "monstrous" and "unjustifiable," as "a scheme which would spoil at once and for ever one of the finest sites in the world," it is time to look about one. It is of no use relying on Mr. Layard, for, unluckily, these brave words have a very tame ending. "Government," Sir John Thwaites is good enough to tell us, "has no control over this Board," and the Chief Commissioner of Public Works can only go on to express the pleasure he will have in communicating with the autocrats of Spring Gardens, and using "what personal influence he can" in inducing it to hold its hand for the present. Luckily there is a force to which even hectoring Thwaiteses have in the long run to bow, and that is the force of public opinion. If it be true that Government can exercise no control over the insane blunderings of the Board of Works, the public must take at any rate one question out of the hands of peers and Boards and Chief Commissioners, and that question is whether the Thames Embankment shall be a disgrace to London or not.

We do not in the least doubt about the answer which public opinion will give to this question, nor, in spite of Sir John Thwaites's tall talk, have we much fear of any very desperate resistance on the part of the middle-aged and respectable vestrymen over whom "the Government has no control." But the history of the whole matter is of sufficient interest to tempt us to a little detail. Our interest has hitherto been chiefly drawn to the portion of the Embankment which lies eastward of Somerset House, and in the brisk engagement about the site of the Law Courts the existence of the far larger space which extends from Waterloo Bridge to Charing Cross has been almost forgotten. When cleared, however, as it soon will be, of the tumble-down buildings south of the Savoy, the space between the Adelphi and the river will afford by far the finest site which the Embankment in its whole length presents. It is this particular space which the Board of Works propose to doom at once to utter uselessness and to absolute ugliness. There is a grandeur of absurdity about such a doom which is only equalled by the simplicity of the means by which the end is to be accomplished. The site is to be bisected by a huge viaduct from the Embankment at Charing Cross to an outlet in Lancaster Place, in Wellington Street—a road which will not only run diagonally across the whole space, but, by a singular refinement of ugliness, will rise gradually from the one extremity to the other. It is, of course, only by slow degrees that this perfect absurdity has been arrived at. The first step was what Mr. Layard has ventured to call "a mere assumption" on the part of the Board of Works that the traffic between the Strand and the Embankment, when completed, will be so large as to require additional means of access. It might be as well, he very naturally suggests, to wait till such a necessity is proved before making provision for it; but even granting the assumption, a glance at the map would suggest that supplementary outlets are already in existence. On either side of the great block of the Adelphi streets run down towards the river, and the difficulties of levels and gradients are in some cases certainly not insuperable. Even the Board seem to have been struck with so obvious a fact as this, and, if we understand their official advocate, Mr. Newton, aright, they had included some such arrangement in their Bill as originally laid before Parliament. As to the actual parentage of this remarkable measure, we can hardly wonder that there seems to be some little dispute. "A more improvident Act was never passed," says Mr. Layard. "It was passed by the Government of 1862," retorts Mr. Newton, "of which Mr. Layard was a

member." Whether Mr. Layard was then too busy with the Grand Turk, or whether, as he supposes, the Bill stole through "in the small hours of the night," certain it is that, whatever the merits or demerits of its previous schemes, all the Board gained by its struggle for free traffic was a bill of some three hundred pounds for costs.

It was from this defeat that the wonderful scheme for diagonal viaduct, to which the whole site should be sacrificed, took its rise. In schoolboy phrase, the Board took its pinch, and "passed it on" to the public. But, wonderful as it is, the first draft of the scheme was more wonderful still. The viaduct was to have passed directly to the corner of Wellington Street, sweeping away a corner of the burial-ground of the Savoy Chapel ere it reached the Strand, and burying the Chapel itself beneath this shapeless mass of earth. Here, however, the first growl of public remonstrance greeted their efforts. What the Savoy had been, what a memorable relic of the past its little chapel is, what historical associations still carry the feet of many a scholar to the dull little quadrangle and the quiet little churchyard which they proposed to mutilate, the retired grocers of the Board of Works can hardly, perhaps, be expected to know. To many, indeed, who have not wholly lost the past in the present, this project of the Board may acquire a new interest in first revealing to them the actual existence of the Savoy. There, however, it is, a mere stone's-throw from the bustle of the Strand, still recalling in its very name the memories of that great struggle for English freedom in which success was only made possible by the utter alienation of the Crown from national feeling, and the subjection of the actual Government to foreigners like Peter of Savoy. In the history of our social emancipation it holds a yet more remarkable place. When our historians condescend to pass from their battles and their Parliaments, and to trace the history of the people, they will find the first revelation of English democracy in that great rising of the peasantry which is now known only in its treacherous suppression by Richard the Second. The burning of the Savoy was the sign of the first popular victory, and the ruined Palace of the Duke of Lancaster shrank into a hospital and a chapel. The hospital went with the frauds of the Reformation; the chapel remains, still a Royal one, and attached, as in John of Gaunt's time, to the Duchy of Lancaster; while by its side another Royal chapel has arisen—the German Chapel, as it is called—in itself an historical monument of the highest interest, if only as marking, what hardly any other relic of the past does mark, the accession of a German house to the throne of England. To sweep this last monument away, and to pitch a huge mound against the very side of its fellow, required a certain audacity of tastelessness and ignorance which we may perhaps venture to style the "note" of the British vestryman.

The growl, however, of the public, backed by the interference of the Crown, had no sooner warned the Board off the sacred soil of the Savoy, than the viaduct found a new issue in Lancaster Place. As a mere outlet, none could possibly be worse, for the traffic of Wellington Street already forms a troublesome obstacle to the general traffic of the Strand; but this is the least of the objections to the scheme of such a viaduct. Its first result, as we have said, would be to reduce to absolute uselessness the whole of the valuable space between the two bridges that we gain by the Embankment. The ground to the north of it—and the value of such ground must be remembered—must remain to the end of time, should this scheme be carried out, a mere deep sunk hole between the Ebal and Gerizin of the viaduct and the Adelphi. Nor could any great public edifice, any line of stately buildings, any expanse of formal terraced garden, be placed in the narrow strip of ground which would be left between the viaduct and the front of the Embankment. In other words, if we adopt Mr. White's valuation of the site, some 300,000*l.* are to be recklessly flung into a ditch. The second result is one which, if less intelligible to the autocrats of Spring Gardens, is of even greater interest to the public. It is that this viaduct will for ever set on the Embankment the seal of absolute and irretrievable ugliness. Nowhere are large and lofty buildings more needed than here, where they might screen from observation the shapeless mass of the Charing Cross Railway-station, and nowhere would such buildings find a finer sight for their display than in the graceful curve of the river front. Not only, however, is their erection to be rendered impossible, not only is the railway-station to be for ever left open to the gaze of an admiring world, but the very curve of the river itself is to be cut across by the diagonal line of the viaduct; and as if this were not enough for human eyes, the huge earthen mound on which it is carried is to rise gradually from the level of the Embankment to the level of Waterloo Bridge. With such an abomination as this in prospect human patience breaks down. We do not wonder that the remonstrance of Lord Elcho and of the deputation which he introduced found quick sympathy from Mr. Layard. There can be no question as to the new Commissioner's love of art, and whether or not we agree with his artistic hope, that the Law Courts may find their way to the river-side, and be continued in "one of the finest series of edifices in the world," we can have little hesitation in echoing his verdict on this barbarous viaduct. The scheme is, as he says, "monstrous." No doubt anything is better than Baron Haussmann and a toll on metropolitan cabbages. It is a great thing to live in a country where the site of what must be the first of our public buildings, the new Law Courts, dwindles into a controversy about easy levels for gouty lawyers, and where a Minister "supposes" that an Act which he characterizes as monstrous and unjustifiable must have been passed "in the small hours of the night." We are not indifferent to privileges such as these, but not even our gratitude for the possession of a Thwaites can make us swallow his viaduct. The question, as we have said, is whether the Embankment, for which we have paid so many millions, shall be a disgrace to London or not, and about the answer to such a question we can entertain very little doubt.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THIS "Proteus of Paris" has been seeking of late to obtain for his genius some local habitation in London. Last year two Exhibitions were set apart for the astounding products of Gustave Doré's pencil; and already this year the "Triumph of Christianity" and other works, each remarkable of its kind, have renewed a sensation which the painter seeks, and which the public runs after. The trade in goods of this description succeeds so well that a whole cargo of some of the largest canvasses ever seen off the stage will probably be imported into England shortly. At any rate there seems reason to hope that measures will be taken to secure to London an Exhibition which shall be fully representative of the painter's great and varied powers. We are told by an ardent admirer that Doré's "studios, situated in various parts of Paris," "are simultaneously supplied with new pictures"; that "their walls are literally covered as if by magic with some of the most gigantic productions of our time, with paintings of every style and manner, vivid illustrations of Doré's versatility and unequalled artistic powers," &c. &c. This short specimen of rapturous rodomontade may suffice to indicate that Paris will find little difficulty in sparing some few surplus samples for London. Indeed, it would seem quite within the range of possibility that the time may come when most of the great capitals, both in the old world and the new hemisphere, shall rejoice in a special Doré Exhibition. We learn that New York already enjoys the privilege.

The "Triumph of Christianity," exhibited in London this year for a second time, may as a *tour de force* be taken as the measure of Doré's genius. The whole thing is tremendous; unless seen, the possibility of such a picture could not be believed. The characters here assembled are "Christ," "Angelic Spirits," "Christian Attributes," "Ministering Angels," "Gabriel," "Michael," "Hecate," "Thor," "Venus," "Cupid," "Jupiter," "Juno," "Jupiter's Eagle," "Jupiter's Crown," "Phœbus conducting the Chariot of the Sun," the "Bull Apis," "Winged Lions," and the bird "Ibis." A composition which begins with Christ and ends with the bird Ibis is likely to be somewhat heterogeneous and hybrid. As for the "Bull Apis," he may be taken as symbolic of the presumptuous person who rushed in where angels feared to tread. But to demand reverence would obviously be foreign to the whole affair. It were evidently beside the mark to object, in a composition got up as gorgeously as a Christmas extravaganza, that the conception of Christ has little of the divine. It is sufficient for the painter's purpose that the figure, by its stage attitude, is effective. As for the "Angelic Spirits," they may serve to recall an irreverent saying of Goethe, that if all the people get to heaven who expect to do so, the place will prove less pleasant than is usually supposed; there are certainly but few even among the "Ministering Angels" whom we should care to know upon earth, especially in any company where flaming wings cannot be worn with evening dress. Indeed, the painter's conception of angels is but poor and trite; rob the figures of wings, shields, and spears, and they would pass for something less than mortal. With considerable disappointment then we take leave of "Christian Attributes," and turn to the Pagan deities whom Christianity, in her triumph, is in the act of overthrowing. "Jupiter" appears in a kind of Charles Kean character; "Jupiter's Eagle" is like the clipped bird that a certain monarch is recorded to have carried to Boulogne when intent on conquering an empire; "Jupiter's Crown," painted in the act of falling into the mud, might find a place among the regalia at Astley's. In fact the artist evidently designs to bring Olympus, with its machinery and properties, into contempt. Yet Juno is handsome as Menken. Saturn too is a fine fellow, but the old gentleman, unless rescued forthwith, will certainly be run down by the wild horses of "the Chariot of the Sun." Poor Phœbus, seeing that the game is lost, has thrown down the reins; his upturned face of resignation gives signs of conversion to Christianity; his idea evidently is to be taken, like Elijah, straight into heaven at once, including his brass car, which certainly has seen its brightest days. The composition closes with divers monsters such as are carried about in provincial menageries. In particular the "winged lions" make pointed appeal to the sympathy of the spectator; they open their eyes and knit their brows in much amaze, scarcely knowing what it is all about, or what may come next. If this description fails in reverence, the fault is not ours; the subject is perhaps too vast to be compassed by art.

The "Triumph of Christianity" fails of religious character; the work, indeed, judged by the standard of spiritual schools, scarcely escapes irreligion. We look in vain for the purity, quietism, and humility which adorn Christian art in its best estate; we see in the style little in common with the spirit of the early Italian masters—Fra Angelico, Orcagna, Giotto, and others. Yet, if once the mind can be reconciled to the irreverence of modern religious art, this "Triumph" may win a fair share of praise. The Angel Gabriel, poised in mid air, pensive in downcast gaze, and St. Michael, sword in hand, with the swift swoop of an eagle, the wings curved as a half-bent bow ready to speed an arrow in its

flight, are figures of grace and dignity. The whole conception, if mundane, is Miltonic; the grasp of thought is bold, the range through space grand. The treatment too is clever; if the types want refinement and elevation, if the drawing and execution are sometimes careless and even coarse, at any rate it is impossible to deny to the whole performance mastery and force. The artist wields a brush of singular power in the laying on of light, shade, and colour. The refulgence around the central figure is as the glory in Tintoret's "Paradise," or the golden halo which encircles the Madonna in Titian's "Assumption." Specially lovely is the colour, where light falls in silvery softness, and breaks as in opalescent spray shaded by tender blues and turquoise greens. Some of these effects are exquisite, notwithstanding the suggestion of transformation scenes lit by the lime light. Perhaps indeed the whole get-up of the picture has less of Christian sobriety and moderation than of the tinsel of Byron's *Sardanapalus*. The work, however, must be seen by everybody, and when once seen can never be forgotten. It will, we learn, be engraved by W. H. Simmons, to whom was entrusted Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."

The Herculean labours of this giant among painters will naturally obtain the wondering homage of the multitude. It was some years since calculated that the designs of Doré at the age of twenty-nine numbered forty-four thousand; thus, should the painter be spared to threescore and ten, his works may reach not far short of two hundred thousand. Turner's 19,000 drawings bequeathed to the nation form but a small percentage on such astounding totals, yet the National Gallery possesses one drawing for every working day in Turner's life! The incredible fecundity of the illustrious Frenchman may recall a boast made by Vasari, to the effect that such had been the progress in art that works were in his day thrown off in a single morning which would have cost earlier Italian painters good part of a lifetime to execute. Assuredly Gustave Doré may boast, like Vasari, that so rapid is the advance made by the arts in Paris, that the time has come when in a single hour designs can be struck off which would have cost Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, or Flandrin years to mature. Beyond cavil the great Gustave has earned the right to the well-known *sobriquet* borne by Luca Giordano—Fa Presto. We are told that Giordano, with matchless versatility, could assume the style of any master, and that such was the facility of his pencil that a few days sufficed for the completion of a vast altar-piece. But the Fa Presto of Paris may take warning from his predecessor of Naples; the practice of Giordano has been held in reprobation by posterity. One more analogy may be drawn from the decline of Italian art. The would-be sacred works of Doré recall a certain picture by Guercino which we have seen in the Gallery of Bologna:— "God the Father; a grand impromptu painting, done in a single night, and put up in the morning!"

Yet pictures which have been seen in London afford cumulative proof—if further proof were needed—that Gustave Doré has seldom if ever been surpassed for creative imagination, for bold grasp of subject, for wide range through space, for suggestive significance in colour, for grandeur in shadowy gloom. Take, for example, a highly poetic "scene from Milton's *Paradise Lost*." The combat between Michael and Satan is ended; night goes down on the battle-field strewn with winged bodies mutilated and gory; the sun, sinking in anger, illumines on topmost hill the white garments, the pinions, and the spears of St. Michael's victorious host. The picture, notwithstanding a certain cold brutality essentially Parisian, is eminently Miltonic. And assuredly the painter's swelling and grandiose style is more akin to Milton and Dante than in accordance with the subtle thought and simple diction of our Poet Laureate. Such a picture as that recently exhibited in London, "Merlin and Vivien," goes far to justify the opinion that the illustrations of the Idyls fail to give expression to the Saxon simplicity, the refinement and finish, of Tennyson. But Doré once more becomes himself when he approaches Dante; he is truly Michael Angelesque, even by impatience of detail and finish, in such terror-moving pictures as "Dante meeting Ugolino in the Frozen Circle." He equally rises to the height of the great argument in not a few of the sixty illustrations of "The Vision of Purgatory and Paradise" now before us in the handsome English edition published with Cary's translation. Of the brilliant Frenchman's "Bible" we abstain to speak; it is but too evident that the illustrator of the "Contes Drolatiques" has a free and easy manner which might better comport with scenes from *Don Juan* than with characters in Holy Writ.

The pictures of Doré are, for technical processes and art methods, worthy of observation. His drawing, when inaccurate, is not ignorant, but merely hasty; a critic once observed that his errors are but the random shots of a good marksman. His execution runs into opposites and extremes; sometimes it is blotchy, sometimes careful and close upon intention, sometimes opaque, sometimes transparent. The method of laying on colour is wisely modified according to exigencies. That the artist, however, often affects what is slovenly and ultra may be seen in a certain landscape, "Morning in the Alps," wherein paint has been so loaded upon foreground rocks that a rule measure can alone fairly appreciate the relief obtained. Thus pictures become bas-reliefs. Novel also and startling is the painter's use of light, shade, and colour, as instruments of expression. Highest lights are, as a matter of course, opposed to deepest darks, and warmest tones to coolest shades; sensation is first wrought to the uttermost and then subdued to repose. Doré has certainly, even to a fault, absolute mastery over the science of effect; the methods he uses, if clever, are tricky and altogether too obvious; thus, we repeat, his pictures have at once the merits and defects of scenes put upon the stage.

Doré as a landscape-painter has won a first position; here, at all events, he gives proof of genius, and nature serves as a wholesome safeguard. Sometimes, indeed, we have thought him greater in landscape than as a figure-painter; at any rate no living artist can throw around the drama of humanity so imposing an array of scenery; nature and man are brought into response and unity. Rivers, lakes, mountains, skies, live upon canvass with even more vividness than on the page of the poet; in fact, these imaginative backgrounds enhance what they illustrate. It were easy to object that Doré tortures nature into heroics and spasms. Still, it is a great gain to get into landscape some colouring of emotion, or even the abnormal character inseparable from eccentricity. The consequent penalty of an occasional earthquake or conflagration would seem comparatively slight to the advantages secured. Doré certainly comes as a relief to the dreary monotony of French landscape, to the hard mechanism of the German school, and to the trivial naturalism of the English. Yet the precise position which this painter—who certainly ranks among the most notorious, not to say the most distinguished, men of our times—may hereafter hold in the judgment of posterity it were premature to conjecture. We can scarcely now determine what exact place in the page of history shall be reserved for the erratic artist whose misfortune it is to follow after the great era ennobled by the classicism of Ingres, the academic dignity of Flandrin and Delaroche, and the pure spirituality of Ary Scheffer. It may remain the lasting glory of Gustave Doré that he is found to be worthy of the Second Empire.

Gustave Doré stands just now as the most startling art phenomenon in Europe; his genius at each turn changes, like colours in a kaleidescope, into something new and unexpected. The artist, still in the prime of his powers, seems to have reached the point where two roads lie before him—the one of life and truth, the other leading unto death. The fruits of coming years, either for good or for evil, must greatly depend upon whether age shall balance judgment and bring sobriety to imagination, or whether intoxication of success shall betray into more of carelessness and presumption. Henceforth the aim of Doré should be to do but little, and that little well. Seldom in the whole history of art has a painter been under responsibility more grave to resist besetting snares, and to use rare gifts with watchfulness.

THE MUSICAL PITCH.

THAT the musical pitch adhered to of late years in our theatres and concert-rooms is higher than is convenient to certain singers, tenors and sopranos in particular, and exactingly so to choristers in general, higher in fact than is at all desirable, has been frequently urged as well by others as by ourselves. In 1858 the question was taken up by the French Government, with the aid and counsel of some of the most renowned musicians, among whom were Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer, representing respectively Italy, France, and Germany (no one it seems represented England). The decision arrived at was that since the time of Rousseau the pitch had risen, not in France alone, but, indeed, all over Europe, more than a tone, and that it was absolutely indispensable to lower it. Whatever may be thought of the evidence brought forward by the Commissioners, and especially of that said to have been derived from the scores of "Gluck, Monsigny, and Gretry," which is really no evidence at all, such things being managed more systematically in France than in England, the inquiry led, as we have hinted, to a decision, and this decision was promptly carried out. After much serious debate, a fixed pitch was adopted, and a Report * issued by the Commissioners, explanatory of the discussion that had taken place, as well as of the result to which it had led. The "Diapason Normal," or French pitch, was then formally established by law. Shortly afterwards the question was taken up by the Council of the Society of Arts in London, who called a meeting for the purpose of considering it. This meeting was attended by a number of eminent musical professors—singers, players and conductors; but although a large majority were emphatically in favour of lowering the pitch, and what is called the German pitch was recommended for adoption by the Committee who drew up the Report, nothing ever came of it. It was just so much fruitless talk. A strong opinion had been elicited, but none heeded it. We had no Minister of State, no English Fould, to act with authority in the matter; and so it has rested till now.

Nevertheless, the testimony of three tuning-forks, of various standards, with which Messrs. Broadwood of London supplied the French Commission while the investigation was proceeding, sufficed to convince its members that the English pitch had varied more materially than any other, and was now indeed, according to the Broadwood Fork No. 3, with the exception of that used in Belgium by the band of the Guides, the highest in Europe. This fact is, we believe, acknowledged and deprecated by a large majority of our musicians. Whether the pitch has really risen a whole tone, or more than a tone, since the days of Handel cannot be satisfactorily established; but the history of our own Philharmonic Society, of which we are able to speak advisedly, shows at all events that it rose in England more than a semitone within half a century. In 1812, when the Society was first established, the still existing tuning-forks show,

* Published in the *Moniteur*, July, 1859.

A, on the second space of the treble clef, corresponding to $867\frac{1}{3}$ vibrations per second. Between 1812 and 1841-2 it advanced no further then to A = 868 vibrations per second; but from 1842 to 1859 it had gradually risen to A = $910\frac{3}{20}$ vibrations per second. We need scarcely remind our musical readers (those not more or less musically instructed will care little about the matter) that the pitch of a note is represented by the number of vibrations that produce it, and that the greater the number of these vibrations within a given space of time, the higher is the pitch. The pitch advocated by the Committee of Musicians, &c. at the Society of Arts in 1859 was C = 1,056 vibrations per second, which gives its true A = 880 vibrations per second, or equally tempered A = 888 vibrations per second. This, in short, is what is known as the German pitch, accepted by a congress of musicians at Stuttgart, in 1834—about one-third of a semitone higher than the Philharmonic pitch of 1812, one-fifth higher than the "Diapason Normal," and two-thirds lower than our long maintained orchestral concert-pitch, which is precisely the same as that of the Italian Opera. The German pitch was advocated by some of the vocal and instrumental professors, in preference to what is termed the "Philosophical pitch" of Sir John Herschel and the mathematicians—who would fain make C and A absolute immutable entities, whereas all musicians know that they are mere reflections of caprice and change, and this from the inevitable nature of things; it was advocated as a compromise, to meet the exigencies of certain wind instruments, and differs so immaterially from the "Diapason Normal" that it might be employed with just as much advantage—and even with more advantage, as Dr. William Pole, F.R.S., a distinguished authority, and one of the Committee who drew up the Report for the Society of Artists, suggests in a very interesting letter on the subject—inasmuch as "standard tuning-forks regulated according to its number of vibrations are on ordinary sale" in this country, where the German pitch has been to some extent made use of. At any rate, if the pitch must be lowered, which seems to be very generally admitted, there are three substitutes to choose from—the Philosophical or Mathematical pitch, which is the lowest (C = 1,024), the French pitch, or "Diapason Normal," which is the medium (C = 1,044), and the German or Stuttgart pitch, which is the highest (C = 1,056). Scientific men are unanimous in favour of the first of these, on the ground that the uncertainty of the pitch is even a worse evil than its height, and that if the change be effected, a uniform standard should be established capable more or less of universal application. Musicians, on the other hand, are divided about the "Diapason Normal" and the Stuttgart pitch, between which, however, the difference is so slight as hardly to be appreciable by the finest ear.

It is possible that the controversy which has for some weeks been raging on this question may, for a time at least, conduce rather to evil than to good. It has already given rise to a considerable amount of angry feeling in the professional world of music, and has brought out a quantity of newspaper writing, editorial and epistolary, very little of which is calculated to throw light on the subject, while much has quite the opposite tendency. But a still worse evil than either has resulted. The cry about lowering the pitch has been used by directors of societies, professors of music, vocal and instrumental, and even medical practitioners, as a means of forcing themselves into unwonted publicity. Some of these have done little to advance the cause. Mr. G. W. Martin, for example, director of a body of singers upon whom he has conferred the title of "National Choral Society," anxious to be earliest in the field, and emboldened by the recommendation of Mr. Manns, conductor of the Crystal Palace Concerts, to lower the pitch exactly a semitone, conceived the unhappy idea of acting upon that suggestion without taking into account the indispensable preliminary arrangements. He made his string instruments tune half a note lower, and let the wind instruments accommodate themselves to the alteration as best they might. The organ part was transposed, and the singers, chorus and principals, followed suit. Under these conditions two oratorios—the *Creation* and *Judas Maccabeus*—were performed at Exeter Hall; and, perhaps, on the whole, more unsatisfactory performances were never listened to. Every one employed seemed ill at ease, including Mr. Martin, who had thus attempted to cut the Gordian knot. All that resulted from this very bold and equally ill-advised experiment was a general conviction among professors and amateurs that the change in contemplation—a change which we are convinced must, sooner or later, inevitably be carried out—is not the work of a moment, and cannot be effected by a wave from the Harlequin's wand of any adventurous person who may complacently regard himself as the man of the situation. That Mr. Martin is *not* the man of the situation was proved only the other night, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given, and the old pitch (that is, the pitch of the present day) restored. Mr. Barnby, the performances of whose "Choir" have within the last two years attained some notoriety, did better. Before actively coming forward as a champion of the lowered pitch, he at least took some necessary precautions. Mr. Barnby has been urged on by Mr. Sims Reeves, the original instigator and most zealous promoter of the movement; and what Mr. Sims Reeves frankly and openly advocates is sure of obtaining a fair amount of public consideration. That is, not very long ago, he expressed a determination to sing at no orchestral concerts where the actual high pitch was maintained; and that the unwillingness, or at all events inability, of the Sacred Harmonic Society to comply just at present with his wish led to his withdrawal from the performances of that justly-esteemed institution, is well known to those who interest themselves in the subject. Nevertheless, we cannot but think that Mr. Barnby, in availing himself of the opportunity thus thrown in his way, would have done more wisely in announcing his concerts without any covert reference to the Sacred Harmonic Society. He is at the utmost a beginner, and, independently of considerations about pitch, has no chance of upsetting the Sacred Harmonic Society, which deserves too well of the public to be lightly set aside, and at any given period can do exactly what Mr. Barnby is doing now, by adopting the "Diapason Normal." The lowering of the pitch is merely a question of expediency, and when that is settled in the affirmative, the money required for altering old orchestral instruments and purchasing new ones will be doubtless as readily supplied by the Sacred Harmonic Society as by the wealthy music-publishing firm represented by Mr. Barnby, which has owed no little of its commercial prosperity to the oratorio concerts in Exeter Hall. Not to digress further, however, Mr. Barnby, who revived Handel's *Jephtha* for the occasion, adopted the "Diapason Normal," and on the whole—although the means and appliances at his disposal, with the short time allowed him for preparation (the French instruments being by no means so easy to obtain as he had anticipated), were necessarily restricted—with a tolerable amount of success. That as the oratorio went on the pitch gradually sharpened, till towards the end it was very difficult even for a practised ear to detect any material difference, is true; but such would be the case, for reasons unnecessary to state, no matter what the pitch adopted One incident in this performance (to criticize which is not our intention here) caused no little surprise. Notwithstanding the lowering of the pitch to the French adopted standard, a stipulation enforced by the eminent tenor himself, as a condition of his taking part in Mr. Barnby's Oratorio Concerts, and thus lending them the attraction of his name, Mr. Sims Reeves still transposed "Waft her, angels, to the skies" half a tone (from G to G flat), precisely as he had done at the last Handel Festival. By the way, with such touching pathos does this gentleman sing "Waft her, angels," that we earnestly wish he would restore "Hide thou thy hated beams," to which, and not to the recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her, angels," is the sequel. None of the music which illustrates the poignant anguish of Jephtha, just as his rash vow is on the point of fulfilment, should be omitted; and no more profoundly expressive air than "Hide thou thy hated beams" exists, even in Handel. But this has nothing to do with pitch. For his next Oratorio Concert Mr. Barnby announces *Elijah*; and as between the first and second performances a sufficient time will have elapsed, it is to be hoped that he may come forward more thoroughly prepared, and that a fairer chance may be offered of deciding upon the expediency of adopting the "Normal Diapason."

Meanwhile scarcely a day passes without a letter or letters to the papers on the subject. Many of these come from persons of no authority, but who by the outside world may be looked upon as possessing authority in virtue of the mere fact of their communications, with signatures attached, having been admitted into print. Some few, however, comprise suggestions worth notice. For example, the letter addressed by Mr. Manns to the *Daily Telegraph*—after the appearance in that paper of what the Crystal Palace music-Director, with a certain air of patronage, terms a "well-intentioned article," but which, though without exhausting the subject, was an article built upon facts —enters seriously into the matter and contains valuable hints; and this was followed by another, signed "J. W." (evidently the production of an orchestral performer), equally suggestive in its way. We need not enter into the historical disquisition in which Mr. Manns endeavours to trace the rise in musical pitch to a desire expressed, two centuries back, of amalgamating the "Chor-ton" and "Kammer-ton"—in other words the pitch that obtained in churches and the pitch adopted in secular music-rooms—because that in no way concerns the present time, or even Handel's time, and therefore has nothing to do with the matter immediately under consideration. Enough that, both from the letter of Mr. Manns and that of "J. W." —the first of whom advocates the lowering of the pitch, while the last is against it—we derive the information that nothing of the sort can be effectually accomplished without *money*. Mr. Manns, indeed, in the last paragraph of his letter, hits the right nail on the head, and we feel justified in quoting it:—

> Would it not be possible for the many solo vocalists (on whose behalf this movement is chiefly set on foot) to assist their hard-worked and badly-paid orchestral brethren, by voluntary donations or a slight percentage on every engagement, in favour of a fund for the purchase of new instruments? Many very able instrumentalists earn little more than two or three pounds per week, and have to support their families respectably, and live and dress as gentlemen. A sudden outlay of from twenty to eighty pounds will be an impossibility to many of them. The different conductors of operas and concerts might form themselves into a committee for receiving and disposing impartially of such funds. Every flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon player, in connexion with the leading bands throughout England, who presented himself to this committee with an instrument of the new pitch within the next six months might through this fund be at least partly reimbursed, and thus induced to assist the movement willingly. The greatest exertion should be made to render the alteration general, as otherwise the mischief would almost be greater than the benefit to vocalists and the musical art, because the pitch would not alone differ in different orchestras, but a proper intonation would entirely be destroyed through the unavoidable mixture of new and old pitched wind instruments.

In the last sentence of the foregoing it will be seen how Mr.

Manns agrees with Dr. Pole, that uniformity of pitch is of more vital consequence than anything else—an opinion in which we heartily concur. In juxtaposition with the extract from the Crystal Palace letter we ought to place an extract from the letter of "J. W." seeing that, though relating exclusively to military bands, it equally takes into consideration the irrepressible question of *quid pro quo*—in plain language, of money:—

> Mr. Manns says, "Military bands would merely have to purchase flutes, oboes, E flat and A clarinets, and bassoons," to which allow me to add bass-clarinets, saxophones, and D, not E flat, clarinets. Of course Mr. Manns is aware that the Government does not supply the instruments to our military bands, but that they are purchased by the officers. Now let us see what the expense would be to the officers, if the "pitch" be reduced a semitone. There are 181 bands in the army, exclusive of militia, yeomanry, and volunteer bands—the average number of wood instruments in each band is 12; number of wood instruments required, 2,172; cost according to published lists, 17,376*l.*; deduct 25 per cent., if paid for before the expiration of six months—total, 13,032*l.* This sum is exclusive of the cost for the necessary alterations in the brass instruments. Some of our bands have more than twelve wood instruments, but I think twelve will be found to be the average number. Now, Sir, who is to pay this large sum?

We need scarcely insist that, if uniformity of pitch is considered, as it ought to be, indispensable, the military bands cannot be overlooked, inasmuch as our operatic orchestras are continually reinforced by players on wind instruments who, having attained a certain mark as performers in regiments, seek to better their position by a wider utilization of their abilities.

That the *dilettante* element has entered freely and unreservedly into the discussion about pitch will easily be credited. The strange things that have been said and published, however, surpass belief. Only to name a single instance—we find a writer in an evening paper (which, a week previously, contained a well written and ably reasoned article on the subject) talking after this fashion:—

> Let Herr Joachim play a fugue of Sebastian Bach's, first with the high pitch, and then with the lower pitch, before a really intelligent musical audience, *in a room where violin music can be properly appreciated*, and let the opinion of his audience be taken. We would go even further. *With a carefully tuned pianoforte* the difference between one key and another *is simply one of pitch, and not one of temperament also.* Let Mr. Charles Hallé, then, play *the last movement* in Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, or the Adagio which concludes the Sonata, Op. 111.—*to our thinking, the greatest of all slow movements*—not, as they appear on paper, in the key of C, but in B flat, *so that they may sound as Beethoven intended them to sound*, and note the impression they will produce, compared with their effect when played up to the present high pitch.

The italics are our own. Passing over the fact that "the greatest of all slow movements" is simply an air with variations, we should like to know what the writer means by "a room where *violin* music can be properly appreciated," and why the difference between one key and another should be "simply one of pitch, and not of temperament *also*" upon "a carefully tuned pianoforte," any more than upon a pianoforte that has not been carefully tuned. But this is nothing to the recommendation to Mr. Hallé to play the last movements of two sonatas (why these two sonatas, and why the *last movements* of these two sonatas in particular?) in B flat, instead of in C. In the first place, they would not "sound as Beethoven intended them to sound," for the reason that Beethoven would never have written the same kind of passages in B flat as he would have written in C, the characters of the keys, wholly independently of pitch (and this our *dilettanti* cannot comprehend), being entirely different. And next, as for the impression which the movements specified would be calculated, thus transposed, to produce on a large mixed audience, "compared with their effect when played up to the present high pitch," we must beg leave to say that the large mixed audience, even with the author of the singular article to which we are referring among them, would be for the most part indifferent to, because ignorant of, the transposition. The same writer, among a number of other extraordinary statements, informs us that "there is not a violin solo, nor a stringed quartet, nor a duet for violin or pianoforte, written by Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, which would not gain *in purity of tone, in fulness, in richness, and, we will add without hesitation, in sweetness also*, by the adoption of the pitch which the French have now agreed upon." As if we had not been hearing with delight, not merely the chamber-music, but the orchestral music of these great composers, for the last quarter of a century, more or less at the pitch which it is now thought expedient, and for reasons wholly independent of instrumental effect, to lower. Such arguments as these only tend to confuse amateur readers, and to make the initiated smile. To assert that the music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven sounds a bit less effective and beautiful now than when it was first written is to assert that which is not a fact. The proof lies in the high esteem in which this music is held; and as we of the actual generation have only been allowed to hear it at the pitch which has so long been maintained, the fact that its beauty and effect are wholly independent of pitch is incontestable. We must be careful not to confound the two questions. Had Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven written at the present day, and with the present pitch, they would have written precisely as they did in their own time, when the pitch was considerably lower, the characters of keys having nothing whatever to do with pitch. But this in no way prejudices the case in point. The question, as we have said, is purely a question of expediency, and concerns professors of music alone—singers, players upon instruments, composers and conductors; and while we are entirely of the opinion pronounced by Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, and others, at the French Congress, of which M. Pelletier was President—"that the elevation of the diapason is due to the efforts of instrument-makers and instrumental performers, and that neither composers nor singers have had any participation in it"—as singers are most interested in depressing it, we are forced to the conclusion that singers should combine among themselves to raise the necessary fund. They are by far the best paid among those who practise the art of music for a livelihood, and would be the only substantial gainers by the change.

REVIEWS.

LONGMAN'S EDWARD III.*

(*First Notice.*)

BEGUN simply as a continuation of the unpretending Lectures on English History which appeared about five years ago, the Life of Edward the Third has grown into an independent work of some length and importance. Mr. Longman's two volumes afford, in fact, a very fair specimen of a class of historical literature more common in France than among ourselves—the detached "study" of a period or person viewed in greater detail than the general course of history would allow. It is obvious that studies of this kind have both advantages and disadvantages; that, if they encourage closer and more accurate research, they are specially exposed to the danger of hero-worship; that proportion is apt to be forgotten, and the greater currents of history to be lost, while intellectual and moral forces which tell only on long intervals of time are overlooked in the crowd of minor incidents which affect human action directly and at once. But, on the other hand, it is certain that memoirs and biographies and studies of this kind are the feeders of history. It is from the mass of circumstances which gather round them that the historian can alone draw his materials for the larger treatment of the fortunes of a nation. Social facts, above all, can only be revealed by minute researches into the life of individuals, and characters treated in this isolated way acquire a vividness and reality which they still retain when transferred to a broader canvass. In a word, the historian deprived of these outlying aids is like an army whose communications are cut off, and whose supplies have to be gathered on the march. The chances are in such a case that the supplies will be bad in quantity as in quality, gathered at haphazard, and insufficient when gathered. It is not too much to say that the want of preliminary studies of such a kind as this is in reality the great difficulty with which English historians have to contend. We may take as an instance the last work of any magnitude which has illustrated a great period of our history—Mr. Freeman's account of the Norman Conquest. As its readers know, it will, when completed, cover the whole space from the accession of Æthelred to the death of the Conqueror—a century of memorable events and remarkable men. But over the whole of this space Mr. Freeman moves with hardly any other help than his own personal research. No scholar has cared to tell the story of the final struggle with the Dane, or of the reign of Cnut, or of the extinction of the first foreign dynasty. When he arrives at Godwine, Mr. Freeman finds indeed the ground prepared, but it is by some old papers of his own; Harold has found no *vates sacer*, the Confessor is left buried in the legends of Westminster. One or two archæological papers of little or no value alone represent the literature of the great battle which decided the after fortunes of the realm. Only the sketchy chapters of Thiery tell the story of the Norman settlement; the most worthless biography in the English language, that of Mr. Roscoe, remains the one biography of the Conqueror. The case is still worse if from the outer aspects of history we pass to the inner—if we ask for memoirs on the literature, the laws, the religion of the last period of Old-English history. Dean Hook's paper on Bishop Wulstan is a solitary contribution to our knowledge of the last; the two former subjects have not even found a Dean Hook. And yet it is precisely these phases of national progress which demand the previous labour and smelting of the special inquirer; it is impossible even for industry like Mr. Freeman's to cover singly the vast field of society and intelligence through which he passes, and the result is, in one after another of our historians, the sense of something wanting—of a want of "the one thing needful," the moral and spiritual life without which history is nothing but an old almanac.

We are quite ready therefore to welcome such a special contribution to historical knowledge as Mr. Longman has made in the present work. The book has real merits—the merits at any rate of accuracy, of industry, of good sense. There is very little hero-worship about it; a certain sobriety of judgment and calmness of tone saves its author from raptures over chivalry or a vapid imitation of the picturesqueness of Froissart. An evident effort is made throughout to teach at least the social and industrial life of the people itself. But while we are quite ready to fling aside the "picturesque incidents" of the story of our childhood, we could have wished that Mr. Longman had been able to invest the facts which he details with an interest as vivid though more true. Seen through the spectacles of chivalry, no doubt the reign of Edward is merely a pretty sham

* *History of the Life and Times of Edward the Third.* By William Longman. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

and delusion, but we are afraid that ordinary readers will prefer to retain their delusive spectacles till the historian can exhibit his facts in an order at least as attractive as the old. Such an interest will hardly be discovered till he is willing to stop at home instead of seeking his interest in Cressy and Poitiers. Some day, let us hope, it will dawn upon writers and readers that the history of England is to be found, not in France or Germany or America, but in England itself; that there is yet a story to be written which never has been written, and that that is the story of the people amongst whom they live; that the enfranchisement of English boroughs by Richard Lion-Heart is more important than his Crusade, the printing-press of Caxton than the wars of the Roses, the preaching of the Wesleys than the contests and friendships of Pitt and Newcastle. When that day arrives it may possibly be discovered that Cressy and Poitiers are among the most insignificant facts in the period of English history which we call the reign of Edward III. We may be content to loiter over the pages of Froissart, as of old, without taking the conception of society and events which gives us the measure of aristocratic intelligence in the fourteenth century as the precise measure for our own. The rise of a great trading class on the ruins of the purely feudal baronage will occupy the first place in the narrative of the time. The mighty social, intellectual, and religious revolution which produced Chaucer, Wycliffe, and Lollardism will form its close. Mr. Longman, with all his details and summaries and careful notices of Acts of Parliament, feels round the edges of questions of this sort, but without a frank acceptance of them as the basis of his work. The result is, as we have said, a sense throughout of accuracy and justice, but with this a sense of coldness, a want of enthusiasm and breadth of view, which throws a certain weariness and languor over the book. Such as it is, however, we are really grateful for it.

It is, we suppose, the original character of Mr. Longman's history as a mere continuation of his previous lectures which must account for the strange omission of the whole of Edward's life before his accession to the Crown. The omission, however, is a singularly unfortunate one; for it is in the aristocratic revolution which seated Edward on the throne that we must look for the real key to the earlier history of his reign. The victory of the baronage at once over the people and the Crown which began at Evesham, culminated in the deposition of Edward II. It is useless to seek a precedent for that deposition in the case of Ethelred the Unready, as Mr. Longman follows Mr. Freeman in doing. The deposition of Edward was a sheer feudal "diffidatio," the mere withdrawal of a revolted baronage from their military relation to a baronial over-lord. Under the son and the grandson of Henry III., the older notion of national kingship had almost disappeared. The government of the country, in spite of the desperate rallies of the Crown, was in the hands of the baronage and the Church. The legislative declaration of the right of a peer to be tried by his peers—the exemption, in a word, of the baronage and the ecclesiastical hierarchy from the common justice of the land—followed significantly enough on the deposition of the King. It was the ratification of their victory. Throughout Edward's early years the Crown is actually in wardship; power rests with the Council of Regency, the mere representatives of an oligarchy, jealous as oligarchies are ever jealous, and incapable as oligarchies are generally incapable. It is by fixing one's eye on the Scotch war that one is able to detect its influence and its policy. The war with Scotland had long ceased to be a war of the Crown; it had never been a war of the people. The crime of the Second Edward in the eyes of his baronage had been his policy of peace. To the great noble, devoured by his own hungry retainers, peace was ruin. War meant the maintenance of his military household at the cost of the State; the chance of booty, of captives to be ransomed, of broad lands to be won, for himself. The triumph of the nobles in the deposition of Edward II., their second triumph in the murder of Mortimer, was in each case followed by an instant renewal of the war, and it is significant that in the last case the war began with a return of the recalcitrant barons—Beaumont and his fellows—whose bitter opposition to the peace had sprung from the necessary restitution which it involved of the lands they had won from the Scots. The temporary successes of Balliol, the victory of Halidon Hill, the capture of Berwick, the cession of the Lowlands to Edward III., only preluded the desperate struggle of five years which exhausted the resources of the realm, while it filled the pockets of the nobility. The war marks the period of their rule, and what their rule was Mr. Longman has told simply enough. Turbulent, without sense of law, playing loosely with life (few of them lived to see forty), faithless and distrustful, reviving here and there the private feuds and petty warfare of Stephen's chaotic reign—it is amusing to turn from the charming chit-chat of the early chapters of Froissart to such a page of real history as this:—

> Armed men infested the courts of justice and endeavoured to overawe the judges. Great numbers of men banded themselves together in large bodies, living in woods and forests, robbing all persons that came in their way, seizing even the King's judges and extorting money from them by means of ransom; and the nobles, instead of aiding the sheriffs in punishing them, kept these robbers in their pay and protected them. Jousts and tournaments were forbidden unless under special leave. They served for the rendezvous of armed persons; from the number of places at which they were held, they were evidently a popular form of amusement, and furnished convenient opportunities for gathering together, and plotting if need be how to defeat the law. Special keepers of the peace, to be afterwards developed into the county magistrates of the present day, had been ordered to be appointed . . . but they were not able to put down the robbers, and at one time consequently it became necessary for the King himself to march at the head of a body of soldiers to attack and disperse them.

That such a state of things should make even their puppet Mortimer, when really entrusted with the reins of power, long for peace, is not to be wondered at. But even misrule at home was not to prove the worst and most fatal result of this aristocratic government, and its aristocratic love of plunder. Over a century of English history, corrupting national sentiment, blighting national progress, crushing literature and religion and freedom with its iron weight, enslaving the clergy to the Papacy, turning the merchant into a pirate, chaining the labourer in a new serfdom to the soil, hangs the cloud of the great French war. If we had to select the most praiseworthy pages of Mr. Longman's work, we should choose those which illustrate dryly, but with perfect clearness, the origin of the war with France. Whatever were Edward's faults, the great crime of having, out of sheer ambition, doomed two great peoples to an age of misery certainly does not rest at his door. Nothing is clearer from the facts which Mr. Longman has collected than the desperate tenacity with which Edward clung to peace with Philip. But day by day the struggle with Scotland made peace more impossible. France could not stand by and see her most valuable ally trodden under foot. With greater and greater pertinacity Philip forced on the war. Edward, on the other hand, conscious that the conquest of the North was hopeless if France once frankly interfered, submitted, year by year, to wrong and insult, in the hope of averting the struggle. It was in vain that Philip afforded a refuge to Bruce when driven from his throne, that he suffered French adventurers to enlist for Scotland, that he kept up the vexatious quarrels about Aquitaine, that Scotch ships were fitted out with his sanction at Calais, that he forced a truce on Edward in the midst of his victories, that at the moment when Scotland seemed reduced to submission her hopes were revived by French promises of aid. Nothing but the actual threat of invasion, the gathering of fleets in the Channel, the harrying of the coast, could force Edward into war.

Mr. Longman has followed very carefully the course of the tangled negotiations and preparations with which the great struggle began—the intrigues of Philip with the North, with Spain, with Genoa, the struggles of Edward even to the last against his fate. Nor is it less interesting to note how completely the war opens as a mere feudal rather than a national war; the King surrounded by Imperial allies, by the chivalry of Lorraine, unwilling frankly to break with the Count of Flanders, even while he intrigues with the Flemish democracy, wasting money, waging war in chivalrous fashion, marching, countermarching, doing nothing, spending all. It is hard to say all the time whether either of the combatants is in earnest. The tangled web of negotiation with Philip, with the Pope, is taken up again at every interval of the campaign. The first phase of the war ended at last, as every feudal struggle ended, in failure and despair. Heavily in debt, his alliance with the Empire dissolved, Scotland wrested from him, his coast ravaged, the realm lawless and discontented, Edward at the close of 1340 had had enough of this barons' war. Mr. Longman has painted very clearly the real sufferings of England amid all the chivalry and prowess of Edward's Flemish campaign; the seas swept by Philip's fleets, the suspension of commerce, the burning of Portsmouth and the Cinque Ports, the terrors of invasion along the coast. No war was ever at its opening more unpopular than the great struggle which was fated to become a national passion. It was the sympathy of the burgess class with the communal movement in Flanders, the hatred it imbibed from thence of France and its feudalism, the deep resentment of the merchant body for the persistent outrages of France during the following truce upon its trade, that enabled Edward at last to put the war on a national footing, and won for him the victories—more fatal to England than a thousand defeats—of Cressy and Poitiers.

MILITARY HISTORY OF GENERAL GRANT.*

AT the present moment, when General Grant is on the point of assuming the highest position in the United States Government, it is of greater practical utility to divine what sort of a President he will make than to determine what standard he has reached as a general. But though a good commander may turn out an indifferent or bad civil governor, while, again, a mediocre officer may show the soundest judgment as a politician, there is a sufficient stock of qualifications equally applicable to either career, to make a man's history in the field important as an indication of what he may be in the Cabinet. And, apart from his political future, the conspicuous share taken by Grant in the great historical struggle of the Northern and Southern States compels our interest in examining the outlines of his military achievements drawn in the volume before us. Its author, Colonel Adam Badeau, served upon Grant's staff during the two last campaigns of the war, and has since enjoyed full access to official documents, on the Confederate as well as the Federal side, for the compilation of an accurate record. The work is written with that soldierly respect for high qualities, even among the bitterest antagonists, which is the first characteristic of a good military history. Foreign impar-

* *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant.* By Adam Badeau, Colonel and Aide-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief, U.S. Army. Vol. I. New York: Appleton & Co. 1868.

tiality may regret that the brave armies of the beaten cause should throughout be qualified as "the rebels," while the forces of the victorious majority are "the national troops"; but the opinion of the North would perhaps hardly have tolerated a more courteously equivocal description in any account of its favourite hero that wished to be popular as well as true.

The rudest historical outline of the facts of the American civil war proves Grant to have been a soldier of great energy, of a thorough gameness and tenacity of purpose, of strong self-reliance, absolute calmness, and a laudable readiness to undertake any amount of personal responsibility. He had been educated for the army at West Point, and had served as a subaltern through the Mexican war; but he never professed to be in any way a scientific theorist or tactician. Few citizens of either Northern or Southern Confederacy could show any better title to military command when the outburst of civil war on so gigantic a scale took both hemispheres by surprise. The few trained officers whom the nation could boast started on a level of rank with the many improvised civilian colonels and generals whose existence was rendered necessary by the size of the levies. The stern tests of an internecine struggle by degrees proved fatal to most of the unprofessional heaven-born commanders: and before the close of the war the real soldiers had worked their way to the front, with Grant at the head of them. His success in the ultimate result of an undeniably difficult task of enormous magnitude shows him to have been practically the man for the situation. The question on which we wish to be satisfied, by the light of Colonel Badeau's very clear narrative, and any other help that can be given us, is, whether he was more. Was he simply the stronger man armed, who by main force spoiled the strong man of his house and goods, or is he to be ranked as a general among the generals of history?

The fruitless and almost ruinous battles of the Wilderness, after fighting which Grant suddenly quitted hold of the Virginian line towards Richmond, to take up a new base which he could at any time have occupied from the sea without the risk of a single life, are the natural stumbling-block in the way of any discriminatingly enthusiastic laudation of Grant as a first-class general. We wait to hear what Colonel Badeau says of these in his next volume. If they are to be explained, except as the gross blunder in cold blood of a blind worshipper of brute strength, knocking his head needlessly against a wall, Colonel Badeau will no doubt show us what they did mean, with the convincing perspicacity which marks his account of Grant's earlier campaigns. If they are left unexplained, it is still perhaps possible that such a blunder may be made once by a commander who is nevertheless a great general.

It is clear from Colonel Badeau's history that from his first exploit in the war, the swift seizure of Paducah at the confluence of the Ohio and Tennessee Rivers, Grant always knew what he was aiming at, and always knew the military value of time. He soon formed a distinct idea of the proper way to handle the material he had to use, and struck out an equally broad general rule for dealing with the forces opposed to him. While McClellan was attempting, in the east, to drill the army of the Potomac up to the European standard of efficiency before committing it to a decisive campaign, Grant adhered to the principle "that when neither party is well disciplined, there is nothing to gain, in the nature of discipline, by delay. The enemy organizes and improves as rapidly as yourself, and all the advantages of prompt movement are lost." He took at Belmont the first occasion that justified itself, by the collateral object of relieving another Federal corps, to give his men that confidence in themselves and their leader which is won by a hard fight. The successive captures of Forts Henry and Donelson broke the strong chain of defence which the Confederates had judiciously drawn across Tennessee, and opened to the Northern gunboats many hundreds of miles on the Tennessee, Cumberland, and Mississippi Rivers. The obstinate siege of Vicksburg completed the possession of the Mississippi. Yet though each of these operations gave proof how strongly Grant's mind grasped any special importance in the fastnesses from which he had to dislodge his enemy, and how boldly and resolutely he clung to a hold once acquired, he early enunciated his belief that the strength and the weakness of the South lay in its men, and not in its positions, and that the first and last rule of Northern strategy should be to weaken and reduce the Southern armies by striking a hard blow wherever they could be met with. The correctness of this maxim in the main was not only proved by the result, but was acknowledged over and over again both in word and deed by the more skilful among the Confederate generals. No one saw more clearly than Grant that on the part of the South it was a people's war; and the practical inference drawn by him was the stern resolve to render the non-combatant residents of the theatre of war powerless to help the enemy, by the consumption and destruction of their supplies. This was not making war with rose-water; but from Grant's point of view, that the war could only have one result, which had better be reached as soon as possible, it was not impolitic, and was in a certain sense humane. When once experience had proved to him that on a march through a fresh country he could feed a column of thirty thousand men on the supplies they met with, every such sudden plunge forward of a flying force, to strike far away at the railways or magazines on which the lengthy lines of the overmatched Confederates' communications were based, gave a double blow to the South, by exhausting a wide district of provisions at the same time that it made the disparity of combatant power in the gross tell more and more in favour of the stronger. The system that was first struck out by Grant in his circular sweep round Vicksburg culminated in Sherman's great march from Atlanta to the sea-coast. The enormous area of the fertile Southern Confederacy, drained as it then was of any sufficient military force available for meeting such an invasion, guaranteed Sherman from the Nemesis which overtook Napoleon's not very dissimilar procedure in the Russian campaign, of being thrown back in retreat upon the very line of hostile country that he had lived upon and wasted in his advance.

It is a strong argument in favour of Grant's greatness that both Sherman and McPherson, his other most illustrious lieutenant, appear to have believed in him unhesitatingly, at a time when it was the fashion at Washington to speak of Grant as a brave but incapable blockhead who had blundered into various successes. Even where Sherman differed absolutely in opinion, he was content to carry out Grant's plans with a zeal and a faith which he would never have accorded to a leader whose military instinct he felt to be of a lower order than his own. It was against a strong protest from Sherman that Grant passed the whole of his army from the northern to the southern side of Vicksburg, and marched inland from Grand Gulf to strike at the magazines and railroads of Jackson, to beat off the relieving force of Johnston, and to roll back Pemberton's defeated army within those lines of Vicksburg from which it was only to issue again as a dispirited and disarmed body of thirty thousand prisoners of war. Yet through the whole of that difficult campaign of three weeks, far away from any base, Sherman marched and manœuvred with the perfection of swiftness and docility; and when at its close the two stood together on the till then unapproachable Haines's Bluff, north of Vicksburg, Sherman was the first to acknowledge the greatness and the truth of the conception against which he had protested.

It is worthy of remark that, until his Virginian campaign against Lee, Grant had only once or twice come into serious contact with any of the best class of Southern generals. Polk at Belmont, Tilghmann, Pillow, and Floyd at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, were not antagonists whose defeat was in itself a necessary mark of high strategic qualities. At Shiloh Landing, one of the most obstinate and dubious battles Grant ever had to fight, the Confederate general, Albert Johnston, was killed during the first day's engagement, and his place filled by Beauregard under the obvious disadvantage of entering on the command-in-chief during the actual hand-to-hand struggle. Joseph Johnston, when beaten at Jackson, was, from the quickness of Grant's unexpected movement and the slowness of Pemberton's, in too small force to have any chance of a combat on equal terms; and after Grant had invested Vicksburg and fortified his own position, Johnston's strength was still too small to risk an attack without the co-operation from inside which Pemberton never afforded him. Pemberton himself, whom Grant beat at Champion's Hill, again at Black River Bridge, and finally forced to surrender at discretion in Vicksburg, appears to have been a vain and weak man, incapable of estimating his own situation or the comparative value of the courses of action suggested to him by Johnston. Braxton Bragg, the loser of Chattanooga, seems to have played into Grant's hands, by his movements during the battle, to a degree not compatible with a first-rate order of generalship; but it is clear, from the reports of both sides, that a needless and unaccountable panic suddenly possessed the troops in Bragg's centre on this occasion. Shortly before, Bragg had detached his best lieutenant, Longstreet, against Burnside at Knoxville, with a corps not strong enough to crush Burnside, though large enough perhaps under Longstreet to have made all the difference of the balance of forces in the more vital struggle on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Colonel Badeau speaks of Longstreet more than once with sincere admiration, as of an adversary who always took the most soldierlike course, and even in defeat made the victory over him as barren as possible. It is clear that, after the siege of Knoxville was raised by the detachment of Sherman's corps to the aid of Burnside, the forces under the command of the latter as senior general were sufficient to have pushed Longstreet clear out of East Tennessee into Virginia, if the opportunity had been seized. We may expect an equally generous impartiality to mark the writer's appreciation of Lee, when he comes forward in the volume that treats of the final Virginia campaigns.

Grant's written instructions to his subordinates in command are very clear in the indication of the general object required. They leave, as a rule, the details of action almost absolutely to the discretion of the officer charged with the execution of the order; abstaining from minuteness on the plausible theory—which by a weaker man might, like many other truisms, be carried too far—that the movements of the enemy must determine the counter-movements of the Federal divisions. For the proofs of his clearness of foresight we must therefore look rather to the general conception of his greater movements, such as the operations round Vicksburg, the relief of Chattanooga, the march of Sherman's corps to Meridian, and in the following year the great march across to the sea-coast, of which, though the execution belongs to Sherman, the original idea was due to Grant. His vigorous simplicity of mind always prompted him to take the initiative rather than wait on his adversary; so as to be able, as he says in one letter, to select his own campaign instead of having the enemy dictate it for him. The relative strength of the two parties was such as eminently favoured and justified Grant's adherence to this maxim; but the ground for a critical estimate of his strategic qualities is very much narrowed by the fact that he was almost invariably in the position of playing the bold and winning game. Some of the features in

Colonel Badeau's sketch of his hero bring back touches of Soult and of Blucher rather than of any other modern generals we can call to mind.

THE LLANOS OF VENEZUELA.*

WE have read few works of travel more interesting or entertaining in their way than this, the first volume of an intended series of South American journeys. If the author fulfils his purpose, and if he is but half as successful in the narration of his foreign experiences as in his account of the wilder regions of his native land, he will not only establish for himself a well-deserved reputation, but contribute not a little to familiarize the English reader with the natural and political history of a quarter of the globe of which less perhaps is popularly known among us than of any other. Don Ramon Paez is the son or near relative of one of the most distinguished leaders in the Columbian War of Independence, who was afterwards more than once President of Venezuela, and subsequently an exile in the United States. He has, therefore, the disadvantage of writing in a foreign tongue, in which, however, he seems perfectly at his ease. His style is not such as to add any artificial charms to his narrative, which owes all its interest to the intrinsic character of the subject, and to the simple, unaffected, graphic manner in which the writer relates his experiences, and describes the scenes wherein he bore a part. The attraction of the book lies in the novel and exciting nature of the life it portrays, and in the extraordinary features of the fauna and flora of the wild regions in which the scene is laid.

Venezuela is the northernmost part of South America, between Guiana and New Granada. The northern portion of the country, nearest the coast, is for the most part mountainous and agricultural; the variation of the temperature at varying heights, with the advantages of a tropical climate equally enjoyed at all altitudes, allowing the inhabitants to produce the choicest fruits of every zone, and to rear alike cotton, coffee, tobacco, cocoa, apples, peaches, and corn. At and about Caraccas, the capital, some 4,000 feet above the sea level, the land enjoys a perpetual summer not unlike that of the most favoured sub-tropical or semi-temperate countries; and in the gardens fruits of every sort may be seen growing and ripening side by side during the whole year—oranges, mangoes, peaches, and apples thriving in perfection in close proximity to grapes as choice and luscious as those of European hothouses, and to the delicious native fruits of the country, some of which appear to be intended by nature as a substitute for some of the animal luxuries of a colder climate, hardly attainable under a sun of 97 degrees. Among these is the chirimoya, said to resemble "lumps of flavoured cream ready to be frozen"; while two different species of bread-fruit would seem almost to rival the invaluable food from which they draw their name, and the so-called "alligator pear" (Persea gratissima) yields an excellent vegetable substitute for butter. The plant which in Europe is known only by its lovely "passion-flowers" there bears a delicious juicy fruit, about the size and shape of a water melon; and a multitude of other delicacies, too numerous to mention, ripen with little culture and no distinction of season, and seem to render more solid food hardly worth the labour of procuring it. But other food is cheap enough. Beef, we are told, sells for a halfpenny per pound; coffee and chocolate abound; monkey is not bad eating; and humming-birds form, for the unsentimental, a dainty choicer than larks; the iguana lizard is a favourite dish; and the waters, as we shall presently see, furnish such choice and store of fish that even the strictness of a Catholic Lent hardly involves more than the semblance of fasting. Life in such a country, even were its population as dense as ours, could hardly involve the fierce struggles and sufferings which are incident to the civilization of less favoured peoples. No one can want food where with a few days' toil in the year an acre of ground will yield bananas, pumpkins, and maize enough for a family; and clothing and shelter scarcely count for necessaries in a climate where cold is unknown. And again, in such a climate, life itself is a luxury. The delicious air, perfumed by the scent of innumerable flowers; the glorious and perennial vegetation, the shade of trees whose leaves never fall, the ground carpeted, the bushes covered with splendid flowers; the swarms of humming-birds, in every variety of exquisite colour; the delights which appeal to every sense at once, cannot but make the conditions of happiness and contentment other and far simpler than in a temperate climate, and bring them within the easy reach of all. It would seem as if nothing but human folly and perversity could make man's life, in such scenes, other than delightful. And if these countries are not densely peopled, thriving, and prosperous, with a contented people, a successful industry, a vast commerce, and a daily increasing wealth, human folly and perversity must bear the blame. In the hands of Englishmen, or even under an English Government, that part of Venezuela would be the paradise that nature has striven to make it. It has taken all the ingenuity of a false philosophy and a mischievous philanthropy, all the fatal influence of an enforced equality between races absolutely unequal, all the disastrous effects of republican institutions in the hands of semi-savages, all the absurdities of government by a majority where the minority are white men, and the majority are Indians, negroes, and mongrels of every sort of mixture, to make Venezuela what she is now.

* *Travels and Adventures in South and Central America.* First Series: Life in the Llanos of Venezuela. By Don Ramon Paez. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

The southern or inland portion of Venezuela is one vast plain, intersected by great rivers and small tributaries, covered with grass, with here and there small woods or jungles, and surrounded in certain quarters by vast forests; bordered by mountains, below which comes a sort of series of terraces, marking the successive shores of the great sea or bay which once occupied this region, now called the Llanos. The people who inhabit this country are chiefly half-breeds of mixed negro and Indian blood, particularly hardy, brave, wild, strong, and lawless; living on horseback, accustomed from infancy to feats of skill and strength with the lazo and the lance, unrivalled hunters and cattle-guards, splendid guerillas, and dangerous banditti. The Llanos are covered with herds of cattle, almost wild, but each belonging to a particular farm, which must at certain times be collected, counted, and branded, and which are about as amenable to this discipline as the buffaloes of the Western prairie. This is the duty of the Llaneros; and the work of a *rodeo* or collection of cattle for the branding seems to be, on the whole, a good deal more dangerous, and certainly a severer test of skill, strength, courage, and endurance, than a tiger or elephant hunt. The wild cattle are driven together from great distances by a circle of horsemen continually closing round them; into the wild and raging mob of excited beasts thus gathered the Llaneros plunge, to drive out animals belonging to other farms; then the herd is driven home, and forced into the corral, not unlike that employed for the capture of elephants, but stronger; and then the fierce creatures must be dragged forth, one by one, to undergo the operations required. All the duties of the farm are done by men and boys, the latter being early trained for their work; for even the milch-cows are too wild to be safely handled by women. They, of course, do not belong to the savage herds we have described; but, with a certain number of tame oxen, are kept at home, and may be about as manageable as the least manageable cattle of the Welsh or Cumbrian mountains. The author's descriptions of these scenes are lively and interesting in the extreme, and some of his facts appear to be altogether new. Thus he relates that on one occasion he was awakened by the well-known sound of bellowing at a time when no wild cattle were in the corral; and, looking out, perceived a number of bulls in a state of passionate excitement, roaring, lowing, tearing the ground with hoofs and horns, on the spot where one of their species had been slaughtered the day before; the creatures seeming perfectly to understand what had happened there, and to be moved to violent sorrow and wrath by the sight of their companion's blood.

Wild animals are abundant on the Llanos. Besides the cattle, and troops of wild horses from which the Llaneros from time to time supply themselves with animals for use or sale, as in the case of the cattle, there are droves of hogs, apparently derived, like the cattle and horses, from domestic animals run wild; and such native creatures as the capyvara and the ant-eater, and the terrible jaguar, or American tiger, with the less formidable puma and panther. Snakes abound both by land and water, and the largest of them will swallow a deer or a calf whole. But the denizens of the waters are more dreaded and destructive than those of the land. The rivers are numerous, and must constantly be crossed by swimming; and besides, the country is periodically inundated, when the danger to the cattle, from both terrestrial and aquatic enemies, is considerable. The water teems with fish of all species, in such abundance that by driving them into a net stretched for the purpose a larger supply can be caught in a few minutes than a numerous party, such as accompanied General Paez and the author on their expedition to the Llanos, can eat. An anecdote told of Bolivar illustrates this abundance. General Paez, accompanying the Liberator in a canoe, amused himself by slightly tipping the fragile vessel, so as to ship a little water; at the same time shipping so many fish that Bolivar, unaware of the trick, fancied that the fish were leaping into the boat of malice prepense, and urged his friend to get to land as quickly as possible, since even the fish were "savages." The alarm of the distinguished patriot was not so unnatural as it may seem, for the rivers of the Llanos are inhabited by creatures quite as ferocious as the jaguar and the puma. The caiman, alligator, or crocodile—he is called by all three names—is to be found everywhere, and attacks both men and animals with equal fierceness and pertinacity. The natives have the same idea with regard to these creatures that prevails in India with respect to the "man-eating" tigers, and in Africa regarding the lion—namely, that having once tasted human flesh, they ever afterwards prefer it to any other food, and are on the look-out for fresh victims. We have seen this supposed peculiarity in the former instances ascribed to the fact that the "man-eater" is an aged beast, whose strength no longer enables him to chase any more active prey, and who therefore lies in wait for victims less swift than the stag and less formidable than the buffalo; but this explanation will not apply to the *caiman cebado*. The Llaneros have the courage to attack the crocodile with harpoon or lazo, and even in some cases to encounter him in the water, with no other weapon than a long knife, which is plunged into the only spot—the armpit—where the creature is easily vulnerable. But other denizens of the rivers, much less terrible in appearance, are much more feared by these intrepid sportsmen. The gymnotus, or electric eel, can stun a man by a single stroke, so that his contact is fatal to the solitary swimmer. The payara has two or more large, sharp teeth, which cut like a razor, and inflict a gash almost as severe as that of a sabre. But the most dreaded of all is a little creature of the shape and size of a carp, called, from its

ferocious habits, the *caribe*, or cannibal. Its vast numbers and insatiable appetite render the rivers in many parts impassable to men who would face the crocodile without flinching. The author on several occasions amused himself by endeavouring to secure specimens of this extraordinary fish. Hooks were useless. The strongest tackle was bitten through in an instant; even the hooks themselves were easily severed by the shark-like teeth which can penetrate iron or copper wire with apparent ease. But by dipping a strip of tough ox-hide into the water, he succeeded in hoisting a number of the tenacious *caribes* into his canoe; and then found himself seriously embarrassed, if not endangered, by the savage attacks of his untameable captives. We give the description of this aquatic cannibal in the author's own words:—

> Each time the nets were hauled in shore, half a dozen or more of these little pests were to be seen jumping in the crowd, their jaws wide open, tearing whatever came in their way, especially the meshes of the nets, which they soon rendered useless. Their sharp triangular teeth, arranged in the same manner as those of the shark, are so strong that neither copper, steel, nor twine can withstand them. The sight of any red substance, blood especially, seems to rouse their sanguinary appetite; and as they usually go in swarms, it is extremely dangerous for man or beast to enter the water with even a scratch upon their bodies. Horses wounded with the spur are particularly exposed to their attacks, and so rapid is the work of destruction that, unless immediate assistance is rendered, the fish soon penetrate the abdomen of the animal and speedily reduce it to a skeleton; hence, doubtless, their appellation of *mondonguero*—tripe-eater. There are other varieties of the *caribe* in the rivers of the Llanos, but none so bold and bloodthirsty as this glutton of the waters. So abundant is this species in some rivers of the Apure, that it is a common saying among Llaneros, "There is more *caribe* than water."
>
> Every feature of this miniature cannibal denotes the ferocity and sanguinary nature of its tastes. The piercing eye, surrounded by a blood-looking ring, is expressive of its cruel and bloodthirsty disposition. Its under jaw, lined with a thick cartilaginous membrane which adds greatly to its strength, protrudes considerably beyond the upper, giving, as this formation of jaw does to all animals possessing it, likewise an expression of ferocity. Large spots of a brilliant orange hue cover a great portion of its body, especially the belly, fins, and tail. Towards the back, it is of a bluish ash colour, with a slight tint of olive green, the intermediate spaces being of a pearly white, while the gill-covers are tinged with red. The inhabitants, being often compelled to swim across streams infested with them, entertain more fear of these little creatures than of that world-renowned monster, the crocodile. This last, although a formidable antagonist in the water, can be easily avoided, and even conquered in single combat by daring men, while the former, from their diminutive size and greater numbers, can do more mischief in a short time than a legion of crocodiles.

The vast animal wealth of the Llanos was greatly reduced by a strange pestilence, which attacked every species of living being except, apparently, men and horned cattle. It swept away the herds of horses which grazed on the plains, destroyed the wild-boars, capyvaras, and beasts of prey in their jungles, and even devastated the populous rivers of the country, which in some parts are described as covered for miles with a floating mass of putrefaction. Such an animal plague, making equal, and indeed greater, havoc among wild than among domesticated creatures, has, we believe, few parallels in history, and would afford an interesting subject of investigation to the naturalist.

Our space will not allow us to follow Don R. Paez in his account of the turtle fishery of the Orinoco, if fishery it can be called where the reptiles are caught by thousands as they crowd the sands in their effort to reach a place where they may deposit their eggs, while millions of the latter, collected without trouble or search, supply the natives with abundant food, an excellent oil, and a valuable article of export. Nor can we undertake to describe the less lucrative but more interesting mode of capture by which the turtle are caught elsewhere; the Indians being trained from boyhood to shoot them under water with an arrow whose head, attached by a string to the shaft, comes off in striking, and remains fixed in the creature's shell, while the shaft, floating on the water, indicates the position of the prey, and exposes it to the stroke of the harpoon. We can only say that almost every chapter of the volume—by no means a large one—contains some novel and interesting fact or description; and that its general result is to convince the reader that the natural resources of Venezuela are almost boundless alike in quantity and variety, and that, under a Government which could offer tolerable security to person and property, no country in the world could hold forth greater attractions to the settler, the traveller, or the scientific inquirer.

WASPS.*

IT has been the misfortune of wasps to be set down as an idle, wasteful, and utterly useless order in creation, as well as in a peculiar sense, both by temperament and habit, *hostes humani generis*. Hence they have never been taken to as a subject of study in anything like the same popular and kindly spirit as their better famed, albeit not less dangerously armed, congeners, the bees. Neither by naturalists, poets, nor moralists, any more than by the vulgar, unthinking herd of people, has justice at any time been done to wasps. Their very existence and toleration in nature has been thrown by sceptics in the face of the wisdom and beneficence of creation. Their fussy, spiteful, and irregular ways have furnished weapons sharp and venomous as their own stings against this *classe dangereuse* of the great social economy of nature. Yet these little creatures have a history of their own, and play a part in nature as important, it may be, as many insects or beings more pretentious in size or of higher repute in the moral scale. Dr. Ormerod, in a very pleasant little book upon the subject, has taken up the cause of these neglected, if not maligned, insects, in a way which may have the effect of kindling an unwonted degree of interest in this comparatively unfamiliar branch of entomology. Wasps and wasp-nests having been, he informs us, his companions for years, since his attention was first drawn to the subject of wasp-paper, his detached observations have insensibly grown into a continuous Natural History. Being largely derived from personal study and observation, his work has a value which is often wanting in labours of a more ambitious kind, in which speculation makes hazardous advances beyond strict induction from facts. His style is plain and sensible, and the technicalities of the subject are judiciously avoided by referring the reader who would look closer into the many problems connected with this department of insect life to a wide list of works of a more special or scientific character.

* *British Social Wasps: an Introduction to their Anatomy and Physiology, Architecture, and General Natural History.* By Edward Latham Ormerod, M.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

This particular branch of what Coleridge whimsically defined as "life in sections" is not without an archæology of its own. It is true, whatever be the cause, that wasps have not been found in the fossil state. The hymenoptera are otherwise fairly represented among the insects found in amber, but no wasps occur among them. The calcareous marl in gypsum beds has yielded remains of hymenoptera; but no wasps, and but a few Polistes. In literature wasps found a place from early times—then, as now, types of all things petty and annoying. Dr. Ormerod's classical reading recalls the exquisite touch of nature with which Asius, in *Homer*, rushing out of Troy, likens the watchful, swarming Greeks who will not come out to meet him to wasps guarding their nests. Here Lord Derby, we may observe, following Chapman, Pope, and Sotheby, gives a wholly wrong turn to Homer's *σφῆκες μέσον αἰόλοι*. The poet's reference is not to the "yellow bands" of the wasps, but to their rapid, restless, wriggling motion from the waist—*ποικίλοι*, says Heyne, *non colore sed motu variato et celeri*. Wright's "flexible slender waists" is correct, but not so close or expressive as Worsley's "slim wasps quivering bright." Parnell is singularly wrong, as our author does not fail to point out, in giving to hornets instead of gnats (*κώνωπες*) the honour of sounding the trumpet in the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." Ælian, he might have added, speaks (*Nat. An.* iv. 39) of foxes despoiling wasps' nests, and characteristically dodging their stings. How, under the title of *Wasps*, Aristophanes lashed the fussy, troublesome, litigious Dicasts of his day, it were superfluous to draw out in detail. Poverty, in the *Plutus*, fastens upon the analogy with wasps as one of the happy qualifications of her votaries over those of wealth. But this ill-chosen comparison at once turns the tables against her. No one, in fact, among poets or poetasters, ever had a civil word for wasps. Aristotle, in his marvellous *Natural History*, shows a knowledge of their structure and ways as remarkable as any of the chapters which bespeak his keen and correct observation of nature. He was aware that the colony originated from a single wasp which survived the winter, and that the nest was, in the first instance, the sole work of this insect. He knew that the cells were made larger as the season advanced for the young queens or mother-wasps which were then produced, and that the labour of building was at this time delegated to the workers. The chief difficulty in following him, Dr. Ormerod points out, seems to arise from his not having sufficiently distinguished the species:—"His meaning is generally clear enough with regard to the social economy of the *σφῆκες*, but when we get to the *ἀνθρῆναι* all is confusion; and it is not clear whether it is always the same insect which is designated." Wasps have a place in legendary lore. Mrs. Jameson has illustrated the singular fable of St. Veronica relieving Vespasian of a wasps'-nest in his nose by the sight of her miraculous cloth. This ridiculous story was plainly concocted out of the name of Vespasian, in complete ignorance that in the time of that Emperor *vespa* was not the familiar word for a wasp. Coming nearer to our own time, we find Olaus Magnus of Sweden, in the sixteenth century, devoting to wasps a chapter or more of his *Natural History of the Northern Nations.* His classification, as briefly drawn out by Dr. Ormerod, is strange enough, sliding them in, by what he evidently thinks a perfectly natural transition, between stag-beetles and snakes. His descriptive touches are, however, true to nature. Mallow-leaves were, he tells us, the approved remedy for wasp stings in his time. Hornets, the great yellow wasps, were called *Boolgetingh* in the Gothic language. The curious epithets applied to wasps and hornets in the Welsh tongue, such as "yellow-tailed," "carpenter," "singer," might be taken to denote a singular interest in the insects thus diversely characterized. Still, Dr. Ormerod assures us, they are far from being favourite objects of allusion in the Triads. The form of the language, no particular affection, dictated the form of expression. Lhuyd, in his *Archæologia Britannica*, gives *Kakkynen* for the common Welsh name, *chuilkiores* and *guihen* for the Cornish, and *eirkveach* for the Irish, while the Armorican *guezpeden* and *guezpel* show the late Latin *Vespa* already creeping into use.

It is only of late years that the confusion and vagueness which arose from the want of a strict discrimination of species has been removed from the natural history of wasps. Even Réaumur's great work does not wholly escape this influence, which makes much of Aristotle's remarks unintelligible. Among the precious remains of Hunter's MSS. snatched from the flames were two papers on the "Economy of Hornets and Wasps," in which the writer's habits of close and accurate observation have laid the basis for a solid fabric of facts. The great source of error, how-

ever, has finally been removed by the labours of Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, who, in his *Catalogue of British Fossorial Hymenoptera, Formicidæ, and Vespidæ*, has condensed into a few pages the specific characteristics of the British Social wasps, and realized, it is not too much to say, with Dr. Ormerod, "Latreille's wish for another Kirby to clear up the natural history of the wasp family."

Besides the possession of two pairs of clear membranous wings, from which it takes its name, the general order of Hymenoptera is distinguished by a peculiar instrument placed at the end of the abdomen in the female sex. This instrument has been adopted as a basis of classification into species or tribes. In the Sirex and Sawfly it takes the form of a piercer or saw. In the Gallfly and Ichneumon it is an apparatus of pointed bristles. In the Ruby wasp it is a telescopic tube; and in the four remaining tribes, hence called the "aculeate hymenoptera"—namely, ants, bees, wasps, and sand wasps (*fossores*)—it is a sting. The fore wings in the wasp are marked with undeviating regularity by certain nervures differing in the several families, and in repose are folded longitudinally. By this single character the Eumenidæ or Solitary wasps, and the Vespidæ or Social wasps (*diplopteryga*), are distinguished from the *fossores*, which do not fold their wings. These distinctions, which may appear somewhat arbitrary or artificial, are more abruptly marked in the British than in the exotic fauna. In the foreign series, in which all the connecting links are supplied, the *Vespidæ* shade into the *Eumenidæ* as gradually as these do into the *fossores*, clinging by their anatomy to the former, by their habits to the latter. The great distinction between the Social and Solitary groups, though based, as their names imply, upon differences of function, may doubtless be explained by—as they must ultimately, if founded in nature, take their origin from—anatomical or structural distinctions latent within the organism. Though we cannot be said, with our existing knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of these insects, to have the power of correlating the external phenomena of wasp life with the diverse structures or tissues of each several class, yet there is much in Dr. Ormerod's excellent chapter on this subject to show a fundamental connexion between them. The natural history of Solitary wasps not coming within the proper scope of his remarks, he limits himself to but a slight sketch of the Odyneri, which from their general habits and aspects typify to most of us the British Eumenidæ. In distinguishing but two "species" of British Solitaries, the author appears to us less accurate than is his wont. It would have been more in accord with the most received and soundest classification to refer to *Eum. coarctata* and *Eum. odynerus* as cognate genera, of the latter of which we are able to distinguish twelve species. The technical or anatomical character whereby the Social and the Solitary wasps, typified in this country by the *Odyneri* and the *Vespæ* respectively, are marked off from each other, is found partly in the mandibles and tongue, partly in the tarsal hooks, which are simple in the social and denticulated in the solitary group, as shown in the microscope. Hence probably is to be traced, had we the means of minute physiological observation, much of the difference in nest-building and other habits distinctive of the two classes.

Of true *Vespidæ*, or Social wasps, we have in this country seven species of the typical genus *vespa*, including the hornet (*V. crabro*). The *Polistes*, which makes its nest without any outer covering, the "pasteboard wasp" of British Guiana, the mud wasp of India, and such as hang their flimsy structures by threads to twigs and leaves, are strangers to us. On the other hand, the *Vespæ* are unknown in Australia, though well represented in the Indian Archipelago. Of British species (*V. Crabro*, the great hornet, standing alone) three are tree wasps—namely, *V. Britannica, V. Sylvestris*, and *V. Arborea* or *Borealis*. Three build by preference underground.—*V. Germanica, V. Vulgaris*, and *V. Rufa*. The specific distinctions among these are best shown by the aid of illustrations, which in Dr. Ormerod's work are of unequal merit. The best of this series strikes us as *V. Crabro*, which is firmly and symmetrically drawn. In most of the specimens the wings are not only far too long, but also fail to render the nervures or outlines with character and precision. In Plate IV., the male of *V. Vulgaris* has wings that never belonged to a wasp, and the worker of *V. Rufa* has unknown antennæ, with the eyes and head of a fly. The diagrams of wasp faces are much better done. The drawings of nests lack definiteness of outline, especially the last, taken we should say from a photograph, which ought to render better the geometrical rigour and truth which marks the paper fabric of the wasp, even beyond that of her wax-secreting congener the bee. We would recommend our readers to go—Dr. Ormerod's excellent monograph in hand—to the nest-room in the British Museum, there to study the admirable collection of nests, British and foreign, arranged under the care of Mr. F. Smith. Conspicuous amongst these are the curious results of experiments made by the late Mr. Stone in artificial wasp architecture. By the use of wires and bits of pasteboard, to lay down the leading lines of the fabric, the labours of the tiny builders may be made to result in an edifice hardly less complex or elaborate than St. Paul's itself. One of the most valuable parts of Dr. Ormerod's book is that in which he shows the various forms of cells, and their aggregates into nests, to be typical of the species of their builders. He is right in insisting upon the fact of the distinctive architecture of insects such as those not arising out of any external physical necessity, but out of an inner subjective influence, or instinctive impulse.

It has been sought of late to detract from the geometrical exactness popularly assigned to the cells of bees and wasps. Their hexagonal form has been explained as the mere result of uniform lateral pressure, under which cylinders of any soft substance take the form of hexagons as the nearest polygonal figure capable of filling space. Actual observation has, however, disposed of this damaging hypothesis. Certain wasps do indeed make their combs—very small ones—entirely of cylindrical cells, the lateral pressure notwithstanding. But in the ordinary case the hexagonal principle is manifest even in the rudimentary basis of the destined comb. Still more clearly is it seen in cases where the industry of the wasp seems to find a supererogatory vent in a lacework of detached cells exterior to the walls of the house. On the unfinished margin of such a series may be seen stretching out unmistakeable straight lines, the embryonic walls of hexagons never to be fully enclosed. As regards our insular varieties at least, the architectural laws involved, as well as the materials employed, in these beautiful products of nature are explained with clearness and truth in Dr. Ormerod's instructive pages. As a popular manual upon a subject very little studied, no less than as a source of valuable suggestions for the study of professed observers, his book is one to be confidently recommended to the notice of the public.

PROBYN'S ESSAYS.*

THIS volume consists of reprints of six articles written at various times from October, 1865, to April, 1868. One, the earliest, is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; the rest are reprinted from the *Westminster Review*. Mr. Probyn very reasonably asks "those who think it worth while to read these Essays, to bear specially in mind, while doing so, the exact date at which each of them was written." Events, as he truly says, march so fast in these days, that a very short time will altogether change "the circumstances and condition of a whole country." The perfectly reasonable inference is that, in times like these, we are not to be very hard upon Mr. Probyn if he sometimes sees reason to change his opinions, or if his expectations of the future have sometimes turned out wrong after the future has become the present. We shall certainly not be hard on Mr. Probyn on any such grounds. We hold, with Lord Macaulay, that a man who, in a time of great changes, thinks exactly the same at the end as he did at the beginning must be either an inspired prophet or an obstinate fool. In such times everybody changes more or less. The real difference is that some men have the wit to know that they change, and the honesty to confess it, while others are either too stupid to know that they change, or else too dishonest to confess it. We once knew a man, who gave us no reason to think that he was dishonest, who gravely said that he always thought the same as the *Times*. And have not a great number of worthy and honourable gentlemen been trying to persuade themselves that they always think the same as Mr. Disraeli? Mr. Probyn does not belong to this class. He has sense enough to know that he has changed his mind on some points, and he tells us so like a man. We like him all the better for so doing.

The essays which please us most are the three which have to do with Italy. They have the advantage of being written from personal knowledge, and they have the merit of setting before us in a connected shape a great deal that many of us have taken in only in a confused, because in a piecemeal, way. They give Mr. Probyn's impressions of things at three different stages in the recent history of Italy. The first, the essay which is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was written in 1865, in the interval between the last two Italian wars, after the liberation of Milan, but before the liberation of Venice. Mr. Probyn draws, from his own observation, a powerful contrast between the state of the liberated and the still enslaved city. The second essay is one on "Italy, Venice, and Austria," which appeared in the *Westminster Review* of July, 1866. It was therefore written just before that Italian war which formed so important a pendant to the great German war, and it must have been in the press at the very time that the battle of Custozza was fighting. The last, written in March, and published in April, 1867, contains a narrative of the war which was contemporary with the former article. It contains a minute military description of the fight of Custozza, which the table of contents says is illustrated by a map, though we cannot find any map in the copy which has reached us. These essays are all written with a good, honest, hearty appreciation of the Italian cause. But with this natural sympathy for Italy is strangely mixed up a strong leaning to France, and even to the present ruler of France, which is amusing enough. We are bound however to say that this is one of the points on which Mr. Probyn has learned from experience. He seems, when he began, to have really looked upon Louis Napoleon as a sincere friend and honest benefactor of Italy. This belief gets rudely shaken as he goes on; Mr. Probyn is driven to some very hard shifts in his third article, and from another, that headed the "Two Temporal Powers," it seems that his Bonapartism has now pretty well given way. The Antibes Legion and the "wonder-working 'Chassepot'" were too much for him. In

* *Essays on Italy and Ireland and the United States of America.* By J. W. Probyn. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

this essay the "two Temporal Powers" spoken of are, oddly enough, the Protestant Church in Ireland and the Papal dominion at Rome. Mr. Probyn is more successful in dealing with either of these subjects separately than he is in trying to make out any kind of connexion or parallel between them. The article headed the "Church System in Ireland and Canada" is much more to the purpose. It is obvious that there is a natural connexion, and an obvious contrast, between the systems of ecclesiastical policy which have been followed in these two countries respectively, and the Canadian precedent may be fairly held up as an example for Ireland to follow. The last essay is on an American subject, "The Constitution and the Secessionists," and bears date April, 1866. It was written therefore about a year after the murder of President Lincoln. Mr. Probyn is a strong, but not unfair, supporter of the Northern cause. But in this essay comes the most remarkable case of his change of opinion. In April, 1866, he expected great things from President Johnson. He has been grievously disappointed, and he says so manfully. In his Italian essays, the Bonapartism with which Mr. Probyn set forth seems to die out naturally before the facts, but it is nowhere retracted in so many words. But in the American essay he finds it necessary to make a solemn abjuration of President Johnson in a note set apart to that end. We have nothing to object. It is not so much Mr. Probyn who has changed as Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Probyn's estimate of Mr. Johnson therefore naturally differs at different times.

On all these subjects Mr. Probyn, without displaying anything very profound, novel, or brilliant, writes in a sensible and straightforward way; and his narrative of the Italian war of 1866, the fights of Custozza and Lissa, is a really good piece of contemporary history. The essay which we like least is the one on the two Temporal Powers. As we have said, we cannot make out the connexion between the two parts of it, and in the Roman part Mr. Probyn's way of talking about the Pope somehow degenerates into a sort of vehement, and yet decidedly commonplace, preaching. Otherwise, we have not much to say about his style either way. He is always intelligible, and generally unaffected. But many of his sentences are too closely formed upon foreign models, and he has especially that unpleasant habit of using the inflected genitive, in positions where modern English usage does not allow of it, which is so common in the English writing of foreigners and of Englishmen who have become more familiar with the literature of foreign countries than with that of their own.

Mr. Probyn gets a little out of his depth in his Irish history, when he fancies that Ireland was conquered by Henry the Second in 1156, and it sounds rather ludicrous to hear about "the Roman Catholic Church" being "established" by him. It is wonderful to see how many minds are affected by this sort of confusion. They really seem to think that Henry upset one religious society in Ireland and founded another. In truth, as we have often explained, the only ecclesiastical result of the conquest of Ireland was to put the finishing stroke to a tendency by which, for some time before, the Irish Church had been gradually drawing nearer and nearer to English models. But the hopeless confusion of Mr. Probyn's mind on this sort of subject is plainly enough revealed by the following paragraph:—

> The great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, known as the Reformation, separated both England and Scotland from the Church of Rome. The result of their conversion to the Protestant faith was the establishment in the former country of the Episcopal Church, and in the latter of the Presbyterian.

Perhaps Mr. Probyn may be, after all, the prophet destined to enlighten us in our great difficulty, and to give us the date of "the Reformation."

Mr. Probyn succeeds much better when he gets into more purely practical matters, and contrasts the ecclesiastical condition of Ireland with that of Canada. The contrast is certainly most striking. The parallel is closer than any that could be found between any other two parts of the British Empire; it is so close as to afford a reasonable hope that a change which has wrought so much good in Canada may at least do some good in Ireland. Canada, not so long ago the scene of rebellion, has been tranquillized by the very means by which it is hoped to tranquillize Ireland. The parallel is very well worked out by Mr. Probyn. And he sees with equal clearness through the false parallel which was so well worn during the late election—the transparent fallacy that the overthrow of the Church Establishment in Ireland involves the overthrow of the Church Establishment in England. This whole essay on the "Church System of Ireland and Canada" is well worth reading. Some of its statements and arguments had been already used by Mr. Probyn in the essay on the "Two Temporal Powers," but, as we before said, we cannot see the connexion between the two parts of that essay. The Irish Protestant Church is not a "temporal power" in Ireland in the sense in which the Pope is a "temporal power" in Rome. There are very good reasons for altogether changing the position of both institutions, but they are reasons of quite different kinds. And to deprive the Pope of his temporal sovereignty need not carry with it either disestablishment or disendowment. In this essay too Mr. Probyn brings in some considerations which are not to the purpose, such as the great fortunes left behind them by certain Irish Bishops. Now Mr. Probyn admits, with some simplicity, that in some of these cases the wealth of these prelates was by no means wholly ecclesiastical wealth, but that it came very largely from their private estates. He admits also that he is describing a past and not a present state of things. But the truth is that statistics of this sort do not really touch the question. For a Bishop to make himself a great private fortune out of the estates of his church is undoubtedly a scandal. But it is not a greater scandal to do it in Ireland than to do it in England. The frightful abuses of the Irish Church, some of which never could have happened in England in the worst times, have undoubtedly done much to make the Irish Church still more unpopular than it would have been otherwise. But most of these abuses have been reformed, and anyhow they do not touch the root of the matter. It is not a question of particular abuses, but of the great abuse itself, the existence of the Irish Establishment at all. A good and faithful Irish Bishop, doing his duty as well as he can, is, so long as he retains his connexion with the State, really as great an injustice as the careless and scandalous Bishops a generation back. It is quite off the point to argue, as one often hears, that it is a shame for an Irish clergyman, who has perhaps twenty Protestant souls to look after, to have such and such an income, perhaps not more than the average income of an English clergyman. Now it is manifest that, if you endow a clergyman at all, you must give him enough to live upon, whether he has twenty souls or twenty thousand to look after. The fault is not in the amount of the endowment, but in there being any public endowment at all. We do not hesitate to say that, if there is to be a Protestant Rector of Clonmult, he ought to have more than 174*l.* a year, even though his Protestant congregation numbers only nine. But then we say that there should not be any Protestant Rector of Clonmult, holding a public endowment at all.

But the latter part of this essay, though it seems to us to have no natural connexion with the former part, is very good in itself. It is especially pleasant to see the Bonapartist feeling, with which Mr. Probyn set out, gradually dying out. The later conduct of France towards Italy is here well set forth, and the testimony is all the more valuable as coming from one who is certainly not anxious to be harder than is necessary on the present state of things in France.

BREEZIE LANGTON.*

HAD the author of *Breezie Langton* omitted his name from the title-page, we should have unhesitatingly credited Mr. Whyte Melville with his labours. The force and truth of the hunting and racing sketches, the lively chat of the clubs and the barracks, the pleasant flirting scenes, and the general tone of good society that chastens even the slang, all carry us back far beyond the days of the extravagant *White Rose* to those of *Kate Coventry* and *Digby Grand*. We do not say that *Breezie Langton* is of a high class of fiction. Mr. Smart does not trust himself in the subtle mazes of complicated character, nor does he plunge into the depths of human nature to fetch up pearls from unlikely places. He deals chiefly with people who wear their hearts on their sleeves, and who rattle out what comes uppermost; and probably for the best of reasons. In fact, we fear the book may be taken as a very fair and not unflattering picture of certain sets in modern society; the dialogue is shallow, and yet with just enough of sparkle and humour to make it fairly readable without being unnaturally clever. We should call it a tolerably realistic picture of all that it professes to describe, were it not that the author sometimes sacrifices to the traditional improbabilities of conventional military fiction. Every man below the rank of a field officer—and pleasant fellows and agreeable companions most of them are—goes ahead in the most reckless manner. They bet on "good things," play unlimited loo, travel from barrack to ball over the length and breadth of England on unlimited leave and very limited means; and yet the survivors get to the end of the story without leaving much of their fleece with the usurers, and with small damage to their modest patrimonies. Then it is sheer socialism to represent humble subalterns in the Line as received in the best houses, courted for private theatricals, and accepted offhand as eligible *partis*, with just the same improbable good fortune that used to fall to the lot of Lever's earlier creations. But even deducting all this—and it scarcely strikes you as unnatural, unless you approach the book in the cavilling spirit of the critic, so naturally is it all taken for granted—there is an air of truthfulness that strikes you throughout, and assures you that Mr. Hawley Smart has studied from the life what he undertakes to describe. We don't think he has been fortunate in his title; but, if he has failed there, it is a fault that carries with it its own penalty. *Breezie Langton* sounds like a dull conundrum that few people will take the trouble to guess. If you go to the book for the solution, you find Breezie is a fresh, airy, buoyant girl. She has fast manners, but then the novel is a fast one altogether. Tried by trouble, she proves to be cursed with deep feelings; and, although she is not the sort of woman to inspire a settled passion in a thoughtful man, few of Mr. Smart's readers will meet her often without being slightly taken with her. With Breezie and ourselves it was very far indeed from being a case of love at first sight, but she certainly improves on acquaintance, and so do most of the ladies in the book. The title might be "*Breezie Langton*, or Much Better than We Seem." They are all more or less of flirts, which is the less to be wondered at considering how very carefully all their *chaperons* are kept in the background. But then, when

* *Breezie Langton.* A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five. By Hawley Smart. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

they marry for love, they make excellent wives, and find their disinterestedness rewarded; and even when they marry for money, they extricate themselves with dignity and virtue from the false position they have accepted. As for the men, we see at once that the book is written by one of themselves. We have none of the muscular fiends that "Ouida" loves to paint, with their girlish forms, nerves of steel, and constitutions of iron—men modelled on the Rudolph of Eugène Sue, who always rise superior to the emergency, no matter how formidable, and brace their unfailing strength and unflagging courage with a ceaseless round of effeminate debauchery. Mr. Smart's gentlemen see a good deal of life of one sort or another, and are very far from being ascetics. They are very generally of the Turf, turfy, and look on Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster as the great centres of English industry. But they are gentlemen, and men of like weaknesses with ourselves. They occasionally are deceived in their knowledge of human nature, none of them know absolutely everything, and headache is usually found to follow on dissipation. Perhaps we may take exception to the monotony of the characters, and wish the author had launched out into a wider range; for even the men who not only have been gifted with brains, but have been at the pains to cultivate them, chime in with the common tone. Tom Lyttlereck—we were nearly scared back by the name on the very threshold of the book—successful writer of articles and novels as he is, has the good taste invariably to adapt himself to the tone of the company in which he finds himself, with the tact of a gentleman and the versatility of a man of genius. Cis Langton, also a writer and a newspaper correspondent as well, seeks distraction from an early blight of his affections by plunging into reckless speculation on the Turf, and only reverts to the literary labours he lives by when he has parted with the proceeds of his last bout of industry. But it is clearly pleasanter reading when the conversation is levelled up than when it is levelled down, and, we repeat, the dialogue, repartee, and story-telling are most flattering echoes of what one is likely to hear in any news-room or smoking-room in London clubs or British garrisons.

Frail and rickety in the extreme, the structure of the plot is the feeblest part of the book; but then the book scarcely rests on it, and all the interest lies in the series of separate incidents, and the personages who figure in them. Take the hunt steeple-chase, for example, where Charlie Repton, the hospitable owner of the neighbouring mansion filled with the crowd of his guests, rides his own horse. It is made one of the two favourites, the other being The Slasher, a horse famous in the hunt. Repton's friends have backed him heavily, and Delpré—the demon of the story, Captain in Her Majesty's service, over head and ears in difficulties, and something of a leg—plays a grand *coup* for extrication: and, fancying he has got on to a good thing, "plunges" heavily on Repton and his mare. He has made up his mind she is decidedly better than The Slasher, and believes there is nothing else in the betting. But as he passes the weighing-room, "a little man was seated in the scales, apparently in a state of great nervous agitation about his weight":—

"What horrible weather," he exclaimed, "to ask a man to ride in. I shall get my death of cold, or be laid up with rheumatism for the remainder of the winter."

"What's that?" inquired Delpré of a bystander, and he indicated the horse.

"This, sir," answered the little man in the most plaintive of tones—he was got up all in black, and looked in manner and costume as if dressed for his own funeral—"is Mr. Martin's brown beast 'The Novice.' I'm the other one. Novice I mean, not beast. Nice sort of animal and nice sort of day to begin one's career as a steeple-chase rider, isn't it? So kind of Mr. Martin, wasn't it, to bring me down to ride that beast of a brougham horse through a pea-soup fog. . . . Now, Martin, where's the fire-escape to get up by?" said the small man. "Oh, well, chuck away, but you'll never do it," he continued, as Mr. Martin, on the broad grin, advanced to give him a leg up. "By Jove, I'm all here," he said, as he was thrown into the saddle. "Mind, if it is not my neck, I'll have brandy and water as soon as you can get it down my throat. Telegraph to Fergusson to come and set what's broke; none of your country doctors, mind; that's our agreement, and you're to keep me till I'm all right again."

"Best looking and best goer of the lot!" mutters Delpré, as he saw The Novice and his rider canter past. "Has Mr. Johnson ridden much?" he inquires of his neighbour. "Johnson be dommed!" was the reply. "That's Plausible Plum, the biggest gammoner out," &c.

And Plausible justifies his name by rushing at his fences alongside of Repton's fiery mare, flurries her, throws her out, lands "The Novice" a winner by a head, and swamps Delpré.

Finally comes the campaign in the Crimea, breaking up all the flirtations, and carrying off some of the characters, among others the lover of poor Breezie Langton. And we venture to pronounce the pictures at Constantinople and the seat of war, the scenes from the camp and the trenches, very much more vivid than anything in *Dr. Brady*, although that was written by the "pen of the war." There is little attempt at military history or fine writing. We live under canvass with subalterns who are hard set to kill time and eke out rations, not with generals of division, weighed down with their responsibilities, and commanding the meagre markets for their larders. Lieutenant Rolls—Crumbs is his regimental *sobriquet*, and literally his *nom de guerre*—is a fellow of infinite jest, who devotes time, money, and energies to supplementing the commissariat. He varies his foraging by exhibiting his taste for horseflesh in pony dealing, or rather pony stealing. In fact his manner of trading would have undoubtedly brought him to the bar of the Old Bailey in England, or of Judge Lynch in the Trans-Mississippi States. He comes by appointment to fetch his friend Travers and baggage from Balaklava to the front:—

"Confound it, Jack," he said; "blessed if they have'nt stole my pony while I was shopping. It's true I've got hold of another, but he's not half so good as my own. Besides somebody may claim him any minute. I have'nt an idea where he is. Wait a minute while I get a pair of scissors. He's very rough, and wants trimming a bit. Won't look quite so like himself either, after I've operated on him, which will be an advantage."

Having docked the animal's tail and hogged his mane, Rolls loaded his friend's baggage on its back, and the three started for the front. Unluckily the roads were heavy, and the pace slow, and the bereaved owner, following the trail, overtook and reclaimed his property; his natural indignation and his gravity finally yielding to the cool impudence of the culprit. A very similar Providence sent Rolls a goose for his Christmas dinner:—

I happened to be cruising about our lines early one morning, and met my friend waddling along not very far from the Colonel's tent. "Deserting by Jove," said I, and immediately knocked him on the head and picked him up. Then it struck me I had heard the Colonel had got hold of a goose or two, so I sat down and plucked him right off.

Stories like these partake rather more of the character of broad farce than genteel comedy, but we believe they are not much of caricatures, although all corps were not blessed with such zealous and unscrupulous caterers as Mr. Rolls.

After giving these practical Joe Millers, it would be unfair to part from Mr. Smart without a specimen of his descriptive powers. Take the unsuccessful attack on the Redan. It is unpretending, and seems to us very vivid:—

"There go the supports," said Jack, as another mass slowly forms outside the parapet. Crash go the flank batteries of the Redan, and a storm of grape cuts up the ground in front of the storming column. The smoke now almost concealed the works. The trench is a blaze of musquetry, and the fierceness with which the grape and shot whistle about it shows that the Russians endeavour to reciprocate its attentions. The smoke lifts. Clear against the sky, standing on the parapet of the salient angle of the Redan, is the figure of a man. He is a Russian evidently, and is firing rifles at the assaulting party as fast as his comrades can hand them to him. Good God! they have not got in yet, or he could not be there. More than a hundred rifles are aimed at him. He bears a charmed life, and continues to fire rapidly from his exposed position. Ah! he is hit at last. He throws his arms wildly in the air, and falls backwards among his comrades in the interior of the work. . . . The fire gradually slackens, the supports have thrown out skirmishers, the grape cuts the ground all around them, three or four roll over never to rise again, the skirmishers retire, still rapidly dropping. The truth flashes across Henries—"We are beat back."

In fact, *Breezie Langton* is a book of which one can best give an idea by quotations, and as, like most novels, the style is more diffuse than terse, it is difficult to do that and yet do it justice. Superfine readers may with some show of reason call it fast and slangy, but it would be utterly unreasonable to pronounce it immoral or vulgar. We predict for it a decided success in clubs and barracks, and it will recommend itself most to those who are most at home in the scenes it describes. And, forced and improbable as is the plot, its heroine interests us quite sufficiently to put us out of temper with the author for clouding her sunny life with a catastrophe so melancholy.

LIFE OF NICHOLAS PAVILLON.*

THE name of the Bishop of Alet will probably be new to many of our readers. Few even of those who are familiar with the interesting autobiography of the late Mrs. Schimmelpenninck are likely to be familiar with her *Memoirs of Port-Royal*, and Nicholas Pavillon is not mentioned, so far as we recollect, in Sir James Stephens's well-known essay on the Port-Royalists, or in St.-Beuve's more elaborate work on the same subject. Yet the Bishop of Alet well deserves a *vates sacer* on more accounts than one, though we fail to discern the close analogy between his character and career and Bishop Ken's, which seems to have impressed so forcibly the mind of his present biographer. Both were conspicuous for their piety in an age of perhaps more than average worldliness, and both exhibited to a generation of timeserving and obsequious prelates a bright example of independent adherence at all costs to their own convictions of right and truth. But there the similarity ends. No apology, however, is needed for rescuing from oblivion the memory of a bishop appointed by Richelieu, and whose episcopate extended over the first thirty-seven years of the reign of Louis XIV., but who was no courtier, and who in the scandalous crusade of the Jesuits against the Jansenists deliberately took the side of the persecuted party in opposition alike to Pope and King. The external events of the life of Nicholas Pavillon are not, for the most part, remarkable, though he lived to the age of eighty; but his public career coincides with a period of French ecclesiastical history which is on many accounts instructive. The Church of the *ancien régime*, which was finally swept away at the Revolution, was already beginning—to use words frequently applied a generation back to the Church of England—to "die of dignity." Though Pavillon's parents appear to have been pious people in their way, they felt no scruple in purchasing a rich canonry for him while still a boy, and only allowed him to resign the appointment, at his own urgent request, on condition of his retaining the stipend! Later, when he became Bishop of Alet, he had great difficulty

* *The Life of Nicholas Pavillon, Bishop of Alet; chiefly translated from the French.* By a Layman of the Church of England. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1869.

in ejecting a youth, who had only received the first tonsure, from the deanery of his cathedral, and enforcing residence on his clergy, among whom non-residence seems to have been the rule rather than the exception. Even in a case of gross profligacy his deprivation of the offending *curé* was summarily overruled by the metropolitan. The distrust of conventual establishments which, as we shall see, he manifested throughout his life, may be partly explained by the disreputable condition of too many of the religious houses in France at the time. A large number were suppressed by Innocent X. and Alexander VII., the former of whom called them "asylums for licentiousness and crime." On the other hand, as often happens in an age of moral declension, the Church was torn by the fiercest theological passions. Pavillon lived to witness the iniquitous persecution of the Port-Royalists, and the monstrous attempt of their Jesuit assailants to impose on them the infallibility of the Pope in questions of "dogmatic fact," through the condemnation of the famous "Five Propositions," said to be extracted from the works of Jansenius, *in sensu auctoris*, as they persuaded Alexander VII. to word it, though his successor waived the point. He only lived to see the beginning of the contest between the *Regale* and *Pontificale*, when the same Jesuits, finding Innocent XI. favourably disposed towards the Jansenists, threw the whole weight of their then immense influence into the scale of the Royal authority against the Papal, and succeeded, through the influence of the Court confessors with the King and his mistresses, in filling all the French sees with creatures of their own. Little as he sympathized with Ultramontanism, he would have been amazed to find Jesuits employed in drawing up the Declaration of Gallican Liberties, and at a later period, when threatened with dissolution, actually offering to teach the "Four Propositions" in all their colleges. Yet these are undoubted facts. A work by one of them, Père Maimbourg, in defence of Gallicanism, was put on the Index, and the Pope ordered them to turn him out of the society—an order they evaded. When their General, Gonzalez, wrote, by Innocent's desire, against "probabilism"—the system so scathingly exposed in the *Provincial Letters*—and in defence of Papal autocracy, they held an extraordinary chapter to depose him, and were only restrained from doing so by the express prohibition of the Pope. In the earlier period of the quarrel, during which Bishop Pavillon was mixed up with it, they were able to use the combined influence of the French and Roman Courts to crush their opponents, and they used it with a cynical indifference to the moral aspects of the controversy which seems almost incredible to us now, for whatever of moral and spiritual life remained in the French Church ranged itself conspicuously and without hesitation on the side of the Port-Royalists. If ever there were saints on earth, men like Nicole and Arnauld must be reckoned among them. And the subject of the present narrative has an equal claim to the title, though no one is less likely to be canonized.

Nicholas Pavillon was born in 1597, and was early distinguished for his piety, and his abilities as a preacher. Cardinal Richelieu, who had a commander's eye for genuine merit, of whatever kind, and was willing to reward it where he could do so without prejudice to his policy, offered him, in his fortieth year, the see of Alet, which he was, after long hesitation, persuaded to accept, though he rigorously declined all subsequent offers of higher promotion. Two years elapsed before the necessary Bulls for his consecration could be obtained from Rome, owing to the misunderstandings existing between the French and Papal Courts, and he devoted the time to prayer and study. On his arrival at Alet he found the episcopal palace in ruins, his predecessors having preferred to reside at a neighbouring château, and both clergy and people in a state of the lowest ignorance and demoralization. The following passage will give some idea of the state of the French Church in the middle of the seventeenth century:—

> With regard to spiritual matters the state of things which prevailed on the arrival of M. d'Alet was equally deplorable. For nearly a century this bishopric had been held by five or six prelates as if *in Commendam*. It was only in the year 1622, after the spoliation of the town of Alet by the Huguenots, who kept possession of it for a period of ten or twelve years, that M. Polverel, a gentleman of Auvergne, was nominated to this see. He had the reputation of being a pious and learned man, but died before the necessary preparations could be made for his installation. His brother, who was at that time a cavalry officer, an ignorant man, of immoral character, and destitute of any learning or ability, and who had done some service for the Crown, was advised to apply for the vacant bishopric as a recompense for his services. He did so, and some idea may be formed of the fearful abuses prevalent in that day in France during the reign of Louis XIII. by the fact that such an application should be successful. The bishopric of Alet was conferred upon this man in the year 1622, and he kept possession of it until his death, which took place in the year 1637. During the fifteen years of his episcopate his manner of life was very much the same as before he entered upon it. With the revenues of the see he purchased the appointment of Almoner to Queen Mary de Medicis, and also that of Chapel Master to the King. When not at Court he resided chiefly at the Château de Cornavel, in company with a female whom he had formerly seduced, and by whom he had several children, two of whom he publicly acknowledged and provided with the best benefices in the diocese. He went so far as to give two or three of the most valuable livings to one of his nieces, who received the revenues and engaged hired priests to perform the duties.

On hearing who was appointed to succeed this estimable prelate the first act of the clergy was to unite in a vow to the Blessed Virgin to secure her protection against their new Bishop, and they actually had a picture of the pious ceremony painted, which is still preserved. The Bishop at first availed himself of the aid of the Jesuits, in reforming his diocese, but soon found, as might have been expected, that they would submit to no authority but that of their own Order, and the estrangement thus commenced only deepened in the course of time. The account of his devoted labours in raising the spiritual condition of both priests and people is very interesting. One of his methods, which came afterwards to be associated with the Jansenist programme, was the revival of public penances—in which, by the by, he reminds us more of Bishop Wilson than of Bishop Ken—and this appears for the time to have been a success. But then the diocese of Alet was in a remote part of the country, and the inhabitants were mainly of the humbler classes, though the Bishop applied the same discipline, if we may accept his biographer's statement, to the lord of the manor as to the peasant. With the monks as well as the Jesuits, who took an early opportunity of bringing a charge of Jansenism against him, the Bishop came into collision, nor did he gain anything beyond fair words by an appeal to Rome against their opposition to his measures. In a sisterhood of "Regents" which he founded, and which Mrs. Schimmelpenninck has described in her *Memoirs of Port-Royal*, he strictly prohibited vows, or indeed any attempt at permanent organization, on the double ground that all communities degenerate in the course of time, and that the works of charity suited to one age may not be those required in another. He seems invariably to have dissuaded those who consulted him about entering religious orders, whether male or female. Thus he advised the Princess of Conti against retiring into a Carmelite convent on her husband's death; and when several ecclesiastics in his diocese had taken a vow to embrace the monastic life, he applied to the Pope for a dispensation, which was granted, on the ground that their services were needed for active work, and that "it has ever been the mind and feeling of the Church, that its true interests should be preferred before vows and obligations of this description." Coincident with the decay of masculine piety was the growth of an extravagant and maudlin devotion to the Virgin which was censured in a work, highly recommended by the Bishop of Tournai, entitled *Salutary Counsels from the Holy Virgin to her indiscreet Devotees*. The monks and many of the secular clergy were indignant, but Bishop Pavillon arranged for its republication with the imprimatur of a considerable number of the French Bishops.

It was not till the later years of his episcopate that the Bishop was directly involved in the Jansenist controversy. In 1656 appeared the *Provincial Letters*, which he hailed with thankfulness, but soon afterwards followed the *Apology for the Casuists*, reproducing all the lax principles of morality which Pascal had condemned. On this Pavillon wrote to Pope Alexander VII. to point out the danger to which true religion was exposed in France, not, as formerly, by the assaults of heretics, but by the teaching of the ministers of the altar. And, in conjunction with four other Bishops assembled at Alet, he subscribed a formal censure of the Apology. This was to declare open war with the Jesuits and the monastic Orders, and they pursued him for the remaining twenty years of his life with that ingenuity of malicious bitterness which only the *odium theologicum* can produce. We cannot follow the details of the famous controversy on the *Augustinus* of Jansen here. Suffice it to say that the work had appeared in 1640, and the Five Propositions deduced from it by the Jesuit critics were censured by Innocent X. in 1653 on the application of thirty-eight French Bishops, on which a formulary was drawn up and required by the Government to be subscribed. But the opposite party denied that the propositions, which they professed their readiness to condemn, were contained in the *Augustinus*. Thirty-nine Bishops met in Paris and decided against them, and the next Pope, Alexander VII., decided that the Five Propositions were extracted from Jansen's book, and were condemned in the sense intended by him, thus tacitly claiming infallibility in matters of "dogmatic fact," as the phrase ran. This opened out a fresh controversy, and bitter were the persecutions the Port-Royalists were subjected to in order to induce them to sign what they held to be a false declaration on a question of fact. Pavillon at first refused to take any side in the controversy, and even replied to Arnauld that those who were required to make the subscription ought to make it, whatever might have been their own previous opinion. But on being further pressed, and, examining the matter more closely, he felt unable any longer to remain neutral, and when, in 1661, Louis XIV. sent a circular letter to all the Bishops requiring them to sign the formulary, he not only refused, but explained his refusal in an outspoken letter of remonstrance addressed to the King, protesting against the usurped authority of the Government, which the Jesuists had invoked, in questions of faith. At their instigation a second decree was issued the following year, ordering the immediate signatures of all the Bishops who had hitherto refused. Pavillon was firm, and two years later a fresh declaration of the King was made in Parliament, threatening severe penalties on all who still resisted. On this the Bishop wrote again to the King, and moreover forbade any of his clergy to sign under pain of excommunication. The few who disobeyed him were only pardoned on making a formal retractation of their signatures, besides undergoing various penances. The King and the Jesuits were very angry, and after various futile attempts at accommodation, a Brief was procured from Alexander VII., on his deathbed, positively enjoining the four Bishops who still held out to sign the formulary without reservation within thirty days, on pain of suspension and interdict, but within three weeks the Pope died, and the Brief became void. Nineteen Bishops now addressed the new Pope, Clement IX. in vindication of their four brethren, whose

eminent virtues they said were the ornaments of their order, and many more expressed themselves against the infallibility of the Church on matters of fact. At length the four recalcitrant prelates agreed to sign a letter to the Pope, accepting the formulary "sincerely," instead of "purely and simply," which was understood to leave open the question of fact. This argument was called "The Peace of Clement VII."; but, as might have been expected, the Jesuits would not allow it to remain undisturbed, and Pavillon always afterwards regretted his partial concession. On another point he was less flexible. The Jesuits had extorted even from the gentle and judicious Clement IX. a condemnation of a work called the *Ritual of the Bishop of Alet*, in a Brief pronounced by competent judges to be the most scandalous and irregular ever issued from the Court of Rome. It was, as the biographer justly observes, "a striking evidence how generally the interests of the Court of Rome prevail over the true interests of the Church, and that, however great may be the Pope's love for truth and justice, it is a difficult matter to resist the current of opinions that prevails around him, and which often leads him to sacrifice his better judgment to political considerations." The Bishop prepared a defence of his Church and Ritual, endorsed by the signatures of twenty-nine French Bishops, and the death of Clement IX., after a pontificate of only three years, terminated the affair. His next contest—for his career was one of perpetual struggle, though he was naturally a man of peace—was with the King about the *Regale*, and in this he had the full sympathy and support of Innocent XI. (Odescalchi), but he died the year after that able and excellent pontiff ascended the throne, worn out with labours and trials.

The translator has discharged his task very creditably, but the narrative would have read more naturally if he had been rather less solicitous about adapting its language to the supposed requirements of members of the English Church. There is something a little affected, for instance, in constantly speaking of "administering" or "celebrating the Holy Communion," when the original doubtless speaks of celebrating the mass. But the book is one which will have an interest for many readers both of the Bishop's communion and the "Layman's."

BURRITT'S THOUGHTS AND NOTES.*

THIS little book is a republication of essays contributed some years ago to the *Christian Citizen*, the *Bond of Brotherhood*, and other lively periodicals, now, it would seem, extinct. Their author is Elihu Burritt, otherwise known as the "learned blacksmith," and a very good specimen of the genuine Connecticut Yankee. Their merit in a literary point of view is of course trifling, and they may be set down as rising to about the ordinary standard of religious tracts. It is difficult to say what may be the tastes of consumers of that kind of intellectual food, and perhaps our verdict would not be of any great weight with them. We will therefore content ourselves with bearing testimony to the fact that the book is perfectly harmless, that it contains nothing likely to disturb the most infantile powers of digestion, and that, if it does either good or harm, we see no reason to doubt that the good will distinctly preponderate. To criticize such a production seriously would be a complete waste of labour, but it may be just worth while to notice it as a picture of one phase of human character. There are a great many people in the world who sit at the feet of Mr. Elihu Burritt and teachers endowed with similar qualifications for the prophetic office. Although we do not share their reverence, we could not afford, even if we were inclined, to despise their sentiments. They have the importance due to numbers and to an average degree of intelligence. If we could look upon our own time from a purely philosophical point of view, it would perhaps be as important to understand the tendencies of the lower stratum of the middle classes as those of the more cultivated thinkers who flatter themselves that they have pierced to the essence of things. After all, many philosophers talk as great nonsense as any human being can talk, though the fact is concealed from their own generation.

Let us endeavour, then, to sum up the principal articles of the Burritt creed. It is short, simple, and, in a certain sense, undeniably true. Mr. Burritt is a philanthropist of the most cosmopolitan aspirations. His ideal is a vast confederation of mankind in which there shall be no war, no drunkenness, no slavery, and a universal system of penny postage. This last improvement seems to occupy a rather disproportionate space in his anticipations of the future. For England, in the warmest outpourings of enthusiastic philanthropy, he can find no better title than "Land of the Penny Post"! Rising to his loftiest mood, he remarks:—"Sunbeam of summer, what is like thee? sung a sweet spirit whose poetry was the breath of flowers. Had she lived to witness the light of gladness which Rowland Hill's great boon diffuses every morning through thousands of English homes, she might have answered, One thing is like thee—it is the PENNY POST." And he proceeds, in a glowing rhapsody, to point out the close resemblance between the post and the sunbeam. This was written before the adoption of a similar system in America; but, if we may put any faith in Mr. Reverdy Johnson's promises, we may see before long the adoption of an ocean penny post, and then the analogy between the post and sunbeams will be, if possible, stronger. We fear that Mr. Burritt's other anticipations have scarcely the chance of so rapid a fulfilment. War, he says, costs a great deal of money and a vast number of lives, and it ought to be speedily put down. With a touching persistency he republishes an essay written some twenty years ago, proving by the arguments then so familiar that the cause of universal peace was about to triumph. There was the great meeting at Paris, where Cobden and Victor Hugo sat beside Carové of Germany and Durker of Wisconsin, U.S. The Brussels Congress, the great arbitration movement in England, and the noble demonstration in Paris, all transpired, he says, within the space of eleven months. "Contrast the progress of those eleven months with that of the preceding eleven years, and see if it has not proved that we are reaching onwards to the grand consummation of that cause by an intense ratio of geometrical progression." Unluckily we can now contrast it with the progress of the next twenty years, and if we would adopt this ingenious mode of reasoning, we should have cause to infer that we are going backward to the ages of incessant warfare by an equally rapid progress. Within that time every great nation of Europe and America has been carrying on desperate wars with its neighbours or itself. Poor Mr. Elihu Burritt recommended his countrymen to abolish slavery by compensating the owners instead of by fighting. He remarks pathetically that they have spent ten times more in money alone than would have been sufficient to carry out his peaceful plan. We rather think that the war has converted many American peace advocates to the conclusion that there are certain questions which, in the present stage of civilization, can only be settled by downright brute force; and if a further dream of Mr. Burritt's should ever be carried out, this principle will receive a few further illustrations. Looking at matters from an American point of view, he cannot see why there should be more than three nations in Continental Europe. Every clear-sighted American, we are told, sees this to be inevitable. Sweden is as near to Germany as Ireland to Great Britain; and by dividing Europe into three parts, none of the resulting nations would have a greater population than that which will occupy the United States in another generation or so. Thus Germany should take in Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, and the whole of Italy. France should include not only Belgium, but Holland, and, more strangely still, Spain and Portugal. Russia would of course occupy Greece and Turkey and the Principalities. What would become of poor little England we know not; perhaps it would be taken under the wing of the great Western Republic. Why Mr. Burritt should go so far and then stop it is not easy to see. One great recommendation of this ingenious plan is that the mixture of different nationalities would tend to counteract their faults The French vivacity, for example, would be advantageously tempered by Dutch phlegm; and the lymphatic temperament of the German race would be all the better for admixture with the more fiery South. Whilst he is about it, he might as well have stirred up the whole mass into one homogeneous whole, and mixed a gigantic salad from the various elements of European civilization. Of course this is all to be brought about peaceably, and perhaps in another thousand years or so our descendants may enjoy a millennium in which Europe will be occupied by a vast population of many hundreds of millions of people, with no marked differences, and all of them, if we may venture an anticipation on our own account, strongly resembling Mr. Elihu Burritt; for, of course, every social reformer thinks that reform consists essentially in making every one else as like as possible to himself.

We are in the habit of laughing at peacemakers; and yet they might retort upon us with apparent fairness. Can you really say, they may ask, that our dreams are not better than your cynicism? We look forward to the advent of universal peace, and advocate it on grounds of commerce and Christianity. Laugh if you will, but how dispute the statement that a good many millions a year would be saved, and that the world would be much better if our policy were adopted? Pascal was surely right when he said that it was wicked for men to cut each other's throats simply because they lived on opposite sides of a river; and Voltaire, when he demonstrated that men in all ages had been immense fools for murdering each other by wholesale instead of settling their disputes by pure reason. If the scorners would lay aside their cynicism, they would remove the great obstacle to the advent of common sense and universal peace. They have no right to mock at our enthusiasm when their mockery is the very thing which makes it visionary. Even if we grant that war once had its uses, may we not hasten the good time when we shall be able to dispense with what is already an anomaly, and which becomes more anomalous in proportion as we can induce men to cherish our dreams? Certainly, we make no direct objections to this. It is very likely well that Burritts should flourish, and that many people should receive in such form as is most suitable to their minds the truth that war is a great evil which sometime or other may be expected to disappear. Even the most prosaic of visions, the dullest millennium that was ever pictured by a Quaker or a cottonspinner, is better than a simple acquiescence in the existing evils of the world. Only we would suggest to Mr. Burritt's school that there is a weak point in their argument, which they may as well consider, and which is illustrated by the cases we have just noticed. The ardent abolitionists of America were for the most

* *Thoughts and Notes at Home and Abroad.* By Elihu Burritt. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1868.

part peacemakers. Mr. Hosea Biglow denounced slavery, an equally denounced war:—

> As for war, I call it murder,
> There you hev it plain and flat;
> I don't want to go no further
> Than my Testament for that.

Unluckily, in the existing state of human nature, the cry fo abolition led of necessity to war. It was all very well to say tha human nature ought to be better. Undoubtedly it ought; bu meanwhile you must be content either to abandon your denunciations of evil or to abandon your hopes of peace. If the world i to be imbued with an ardent aspiration for gathering Europe int three great nations, it will undoubtedly have to fight for its realization. The prophet can excite believers, but unluckily he only produces a counter-irritation in the mass of non-believers. He does not bring peace into the world, but a sword; and to say that he is not responsible for the evil which he indirectly produces is to make as good an excuse as a man who should put a match into a powder-magazine, and say that he had requested it to blow up softly. Some people have extended thei dislike to capital punishment to a dislike to all punishment whatever. We should all sympathize with them most heartily if they would only persuade other people to give up crime. For the present, an objection to war is much of the same value. It will simply leave the tyrants and military zealots, who will no listen to the charming of Mr. Burritt, to have their own way; and, on the whole, we consider that there was better logic in the decision of the last Peace Congress, who proposed to prepare the way for universal peace by finishing up all the arrears of war, and settling every conceivable question permanently and once for all. In short, it is the characteristic of narrow-minded reformers to propose the absolute suppression of some symptom of social disease without trying to suppress its causes; yet we may hope that what is sensible in their efforts will not be thrown away, and that they will gradually increase the reluctance to appeal to brute force. And as Mr. Burritt is an amiable as well as a "learned blacksmith," we will take leave of him on good terms, with the expression of this sincere wish.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A BIOGRAPHICAL dictionary of dates *, giving the periods of the chief events in the life of every person of celebrity, would be an invaluable work, requiring for its satisfactory accomplishment, not only great erudition and perseverance, but also much judgment and discrimination. It may be feared that Herr Oettinger is somewhat deficient in these latter qualities. His plan is at once too narrow and too wide. The dates of birth, marriage, and death, which are all he gives, are acceptable so far as they go, but only go a little way. The compiler virtually acknowledges the insufficiency of his system on arriving at Napoleon Buonaparte. His heart fails him here; he cannot content himself with the bare information that the great Corsican was born, married, and died; and, in contempt of his own principle, he records the dates of the chief events of his life. What has been done here should have been done everywhere, and the necessary space should have been obtained by the sacrifice of the innumerable insignificant names which encumber the work. We are not solicitous for information respecting "Audovera, consort of King Chilperic," or "Henrietta Hedwig, divorced from Johann Ludwig von Sandersleben, and subsequently espoused to the Duke of Wurtemberg-Mumpelgard." Herr Oettinger also seems to labour under the delusion that every English peer is *ipso facto* a statesman, which has crowded his work with names much better known at Newmarket than at St. Stephen's. His omissions are sometimes as surprising as his insertions; it is, for instance, to his credit to have discovered Mr. Daniel Wakefield the Chancery barrister, but how the diligence that unearthed Daniel should have failed to detect Edward Gibbon Wakefield is very difficult to imagine. A work of this kind can hardly be satisfactorily accomplished by one writer, or indeed by a committee of writers of the same nation. Foreigners cannot be expected to possess an exhaustive and accurate knowledge of the history and literature of other nations. A Spanish collaborator would have saved Herr Oettinger from making St. Francis Borgia an Italian; an English colleague would have informed him that Robert and Elizabeth Browning were poets, and that the designation *Schriftsteller* was as inappropriate to them as it would have been to Tennyson, whose marriage, by the way, has escaped his research, and who hence makes no more conspicuous figure in his pages than the humblest son of Apollo. One notice is particularly amusing from its meagreness, that of Nancy Parsons. As nobody knows when she was born, and Herr Oettinger does not know when she died, and she probably dispensed with the marriage ceremony, she is simply recorded as "an English actress, dates unknown." Why, then, mention her at all in a dictionary of dates? On the whole, we must regard this enormous, and in many respects meritorious, volume rather as the skeleton of a future edifice than as an edifice itself.

Austria is at present out of fashion in Germany; she is the scapegoat on which the sins of the nation are laid. Germans are naturally unwilling to attribute their long disunion and comparative impotence to defects in the national character. An equally specious and much more agreeable explanation is readily found, now in the blind bigotry, now in the selfish policy, of the State which so long aspired to lead the nation. Any inquiry whether Austria's successful rival might not be equally open to the same indictment would probably be discountenanced as impertinent and unseasonable. Under these circumstances, it is surprising to find any history of the vituperated State, especially one written by a Professor in the Prussian dominions, so favourable as the posthumous work of Professor Perthes.* The explanation must probably be sought in the writer's personal or political affinities. However this may be, his impartiality even degenerates into indulgence. Although a Protestant himself, he is ready to defend that alliance with the Court of Rome which has occasioned half the misfortunes of Austria, and which her statesmen would now so willingly dissolve. The work is, however, pleasingly written, displays much skill in arrangement and condensation, and contains many interesting sketches of celebrities, especially one of Gentz. It is incomplete, but reaches the days of Napoleon.

Herr Burckhardt's work on the Italian Renaissance † would demand a very elaborate notice if it were perfectly new. Although a republication, it yet deserves to be indicated as a mine of information in this much misrepresented era of human development. Puritan intolerance, though assuming a different form and manifested in a different way, has desecrated the shrines of the Renaissance as effectually as it did the cathedrals of the middle ages. The conscientious effort after absolute perfection, visible in all the artistic and intellectual creations of the period, has been persistently represented as narrowness, conceit, and sensuality. It is Herr Burckhardt's merit to insist on the romantic aspect of the epoch. He shows not only its strength and its refinement, but its genuine simplicity, displayed in a fashion which, in the nature of things, can never be repeated. The ancient world can have no second resurrection; there can be no other such thrill of amazement and admiration as then penetrated all orders of society, and of which the author adduces many most interesting and even touching examples. The chivalrous sentiment of the middle ages was not extinguished; it was merely transferred to a different class of objects, but for which influx of ideas Europe would have become as stagnant as the East. The author, for instance, shows how the pensive feeling evoked by the contemplation of antique ruins, unappreciated until then, became an important factor in the modern sentiment for landscape. Herr Burckhardt is more successful in the accumulation than in the arrangement of his materials; but his work is nevertheless a treasury of information interspersed with picturesque traits and anecdotes.

Baron von Maltzan ‡ is already known to us as an adventurous and entertaining traveller in Arabia, and we find him again on what, if not geographically, is perhaps essentially, the most Oriental district of Europe. Sardinia was for ages debateable ground between the children of Shem and of Japheth, and to this day sufficient traces of Phœnician and Saracenic occupation remain to repay the careful attention of Orientalists. More curious still are the nondescript remnants of a pre-historic religion, leavened with the ideas of Greece, Egypt, and Phœnicia; and the *nuraghe* or ancient forts, the counterparts of the round towers of Ireland, of which, more truly than of the Pyramids, it may be said that they have forgotten the names of their founders. The archæological element is copiously represented in Baron von Maltzan's book, which is profusely illustrated with engravings of the objects described. Personal narrative is not lacking, and there is a perfect opulence of information respecting towns, landscapes, manners and customs, the political and social condition of the country, its commerce, natural productions, and geological conformation. There is also a most interesting chapter on the language and literature of the island. The former would appear to be a remarkably fine dialect of Italian, approximating to the Spanish type (Lusbe, the name of the evil spirit which so puzzles Baron von Maltzan, is the Spanish *Luzbel*), exquisitely musical, and capable of a high degree of cultivation. The most valuable part of the literature is the poetical, which is chiefly amorous or religious. The estrangement and imperfect civilization of the island have been favourable to the local muse, who will probably be dislodged from her haunts when the inhabitants have learned to look upon themselves as Italians. According to the Baron, they have invariably yielded but a grudging submission to the Piedmontese, but are perfectly contented to be comprehended along with their former masters in the general union of Italy. Baron von Maltzan's work is evidently to a considerable extent a compilation, but there is enough of independent research to maintain amply his credit as a traveller.

Herr Titus Tobler §, the renowned and veteran topographer of

* *Moniteur des Dates. Biographisch-genealogisch-historisches Welt-Register, enthaltend den Heimaths- und Geburts-Schein, den Heirathsakt und Todestag von mehr als* 100,000 *geschichtlichen Persönlichkeiten.* Von E. M. Oettinger. Leipzig: Denicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Politische Zustände und Personen in den deutschen Ländern des Hauses Oesterreich von Carl VI. bis Metternich.* Von C. J. Perthes. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Cultur der Renaissance in Italien.* Von Jacob Burckhardt. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Reise auf der Insel Sardinien. Nebst einem Anhang über die phöniciischen Inschriften Sardiniens.* Von Heinrich Freiherrn von Maltzan. Leipzig: Dyk. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Nazareth in Palästina. Nebst Anhang der vierten Wanderung.* Von Titus Tobler. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

the Holy Land, has added to the numerous obligations under which he has already laid all students in this department of knowledge, by a most elaborate treatise on Nazareth. Dissatisfied with his personal exploration of the locality, and unable from age and infirmity to supplement it by a second expedition, he has applied to the resident missionary, Zeller, who has furnished him with categorical answers to no less than two hundred queries, and also with a plan of the city. Tobler's gigantic industry, and perfect acquaintance with whatever has been written on the subject, have done the rest, and enabled him to produce a work moderate indeed in compass, but teeming with information, historical, topographical, and archæological. It may not be generally known that a pillar in the convent at Nazareth emulates Mahomet's coffin by remaining suspended in the air. In this case the explanation of the mystery is not far to seek—the column is indeed disconnected from the floor, but by no means from the ceiling. The miracle does not suffer on this account in the estimation of the pilgrims.

"From Eden to Golgotha"* is a very different sort of topography from the prosaic but sober and accurate labours of Titus Tobler. The conception is good; the writer proposes to accompany the Hebrew race through every stage of their eventful history, and, as the scene of action shifts from age to age, to bring the light of his research to bear upon the constantly varying features of geography, philology, and ethnology. No way deficient in the learning demanded by his task, he is so to a most unfortunate degree in the humbler, but not less essential, requisite of a sound judgment. The work starts with an enormous paradox. Determined to allow nothing for the play of imagination, and bent on finding a literal interpretation for every legendary passage, the author insists on assigning a specific locality for Eden. Others have done the same, but no one before, we should suppose, ever dreamt of pitching Paradise upon Lebanon, and there discovering Pison and Gihon, Havilah and Hiddekel, bdellium and the onyx-stone. It may be easily conceived what tortures this remarkable hypothesis inflicts upon the original, and upon a hundred other passages cited in illustration. Almost every chapter of the book embodies some theory equally eccentric.

The appearance of a second edition of the last volume of Ewald's "History of the People of Israel" † affords us an opportunity of noticing Ewald's emphatic condemnation of the Tübingen school in the preface. Writers in France, Holland, and this country often speak as if the extravagances of these critics—especially their notable discovery of the late origin of the Acts—were generally accepted in Germany. It should be known that the reverse is the case. Baur's extreme is not a whit more respectable than Hengstenberg's in the eyes of Ewald.

Dr. von Haneberg's "Religious Antiquities of the Bible" ‡ comprise an exceedingly full and careful account, in the first place, of all temples, tabernacles, sacred vessels and ornaments; and in the second of all liturgical and other religious rites, ceremonies, and observances. The writer professes to have devoted an unusual amount of attention to the traditions, commentaries, and modern practices of Judaism.

Schleicher's "Indo-German Chrestomathy" § carries out the excellent idea of publishing select passages from all the ancient Indo-European languages in the same volume, so as to afford materials for a ready comparison among themselves. The purest texts have been chosen for the purpose; thus, Sanscrit is represented by a passage from the Mahabarata, Zend by one from the Yaçna, Old Persian by the Behistun inscriptions, Umbrian by the Iguvan Tables, and so on. A glossary of each language is added, and a few notes.

Moritz Schmidt's "Lycian Studies" ‖ consist principally of two indexes, in which the words of the inscriptions are respectively classed according to their initials and their terminations. An appendix contains some attempts at the restoration of mutilated inscriptions; and Dr. Pertsch contributes an essay on the bilingual inscription known as "the decree of Pixodaros."

The first instalment of a work of large promise for both theology and Egyptology lies before us in Dr. Ebers' "Egypt and the Books of Moses."¶ In thus reversing the title of Hengstenberg's work of 1841, he indicates at once that their ways will be diametrically opposite. In speaking of that production, the author deals leniently enough with a theologian of an obsolete school, who could so far give way to his "party stand-point" as to speak of the Egyptians as "a people who had as little historical sense as the Indians," evidently forgetting not merely the pyramids and temples, teeming with mementos and written tokens intended for the very latest generations of man, but also that other characteristic fact, that their very workmen's tools were covered with hieroglyphics. Yet even if Hengstenberg had been competent to illustrate the Bible from Egyptian monuments, there now lies almost a generation between that first effort and the present attempt; and how great has been the wealth of information since acquired is known even to the uninitiated. The *Papyrus Anastasi I.* gives—to mention but two facts—an account of Canaan and Palestine, then unknown, while the *Leyden Papyrus* speaks of the Hebrews who were carting stones for the city of Ramses at the very time when it was written. Dr. Ebers also, instead of having to believe blindly what Egyptologists told him, is able everywhere to look for himself. The volume before us carries us only as far as Pharaoh's dreams, but the amount of interesting Egyptian material in Genesis, together with the valuable ethnological investigations which the author found it necessary to add, is so prodigious, that we almost wonder that he has been able to bring so much into this one instalment. A linguistic introduction on hieroglyphics and their deciphering is followed by geographical chapters on Egypt and the River Gihon. Next comes the genealogical table in Genesis, the discussion of whose bearings and difficulties alone might fill a volume of its own. The Egyptians, the Hamites, and the sons of Mizraim, are separately treated of in many special divisions and subdivisions. The question of the Caphtorim and the Phœnicians—that people which begins to claim more and more attention every day—together with their indigenous sources of information, is next gone into. Here we first enter upon Egypt as such, its remains, literary and otherwise; and the "Hyksos" brings us finally to the Patriarchs and their surroundings. We would neither subscribe to all our author's conclusions, nor could we conscientiously recommend the book as light and graceful reading. But those who wish to see the latest results of these out-of-the-way studies brought before them by a trustworthy Egyptologist will be glad to turn to this book, the value of which is enhanced by a number of carefully executed illustrations.

The origin of language is an abstruse subject, which loses none of its abstruseness in the hands of Herr Geiger.* If his views are correct, but at the same time incapable of being presented in a more comprehensible and popular form, it can only be said that this department of truth is not likely to be accessible to many in our generation. When, quitting generalities, he descends to the region of facts, his style becomes sufficiently clear, and his matter entertaining.

Dr. Köstlin † is not obnoxious to the complaint of impenetrable obscurity frequently preferred against æsthetic writers. Nothing can be more simple and decisive than his convictions; he is perfectly satisfied that a handsome face is better than an ugly one, and fully alive to the distinction between an opera and a pantomime. The youth of the University of Tübingen will learn no æsthetic heresies rom their teacher; it is another question whether they will learn anything beyond the art of wrapping up commonplaces in pompous verbiage.

"The Gods and Heroes of Greece" ‡, by Otto Seemann, combines Hellenic art with Hellenic mythology, the æsthetic element perhaps preponderating. Both divisions of the subject are lucidly treated, and the accompanying illustrations are numerous and excellent, all the chief museums of Europe having been laid under contribution.

Dr. Naumann's work on Physical Science and Materialism § is directed to prove that the latter derives no support from the former. His *modus operandi* is to choose out a single work as a representative of the materialistic school, and refute it paragraph by paragraph. His choice has fallen upon Büchner's well-known *Kraft und Stoff*. Materialists have been too ready to extol this superficial and arrogant book to have a right to complain of Dr. Naumann's selection, or of the castigation he bestows on a conceited sciolist. For Dr. Naumann's own sake it may be wished that he had chosen a more formidable opponent, or at least that he had profited by his opponent's example of terseness and conciseness. The latter has time and space on his side, and we apprehend they will prove more than a match for all Dr. Naumann's arguments.

Ludwig Nohl's "Sketchbook" ‖ consists of various essays on music, giving a general survey of the present state of musical matters at Munich, now one of the European centres of the art, in virtue of the King of Bavaria's patronage and amateurship. As all the world knows, the royal taste is the reverse of orthodox, which

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* *Von Eden nach Golgotha. Biblisch-geschichtliche Forschungen.* Von Ludwig Noack. Bde. 1, 2. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte des Volkes Israel.* Von Heinrich Ewald. Bd. 7. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Nutt.

‡ *Die religiösen Alterthümer der Bibel.* Von Dr. D. B. von Haneberg. München: Cotta. London: Nutt.

§ *Indogermanische Chrestomathie.* Bearbeitet von H. Ebel, A. Leskien, J. Schmidt und A. Schleicher. Herausgegeben von A. Schleicher. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Nutt.

‖ *Neue Lykische Studien*, von M. Schmidt; und *Das Decret des Pixodaros*, von W. Pertsch. Jena: Mauke. London: Nutt.

¶ *Aegypten und die Bücher Moses.* Von Dr. G. Ebers. Erster Band Mit 59 Holzschnitten.

* *Ursprung und Entwickelung der menschlichen Sprache und Vernunft.* Von L. Geiger. Bd. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Aesthetik.* Von Dr. Karl Köstlin. Heft 2. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Götter und Heroen Griechenlands. Eine Vorschule der Kunstmythologie.* Von Otto Seemann. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Naturwissenschaften und der Materialismus.* Von Dr. M. E. A. Naumann. Bonn: Cohen & Sohn. London: Nutt.

‖ *Neues Skizzenbuch.* Von Ludwig Nohl. München: Merhoff. London: Williams & Norgate.

may or may not be a deplorable circumstance in itself, but has at all events the advantage of securing new ideas a fair chance for existence. Few innovators in art or any other department of human activity have propounded their views under such favourable circumstances as Herr Wagner. If not an entire convert to Wagner's theories, Nohl is a decided admirer of his practice. His elaborate essay on the composer's last work, "The Mastersingers," is the most interesting part of his volume, the rather as it will probably be a very long time before this opera is performed out of Germany.

"Reminiscences of Mendelssohn," * by the celebrated actor Devrient, form an acceptable supplement to the volumes of correspondence published by the family, but go only a very little way towards supplying the desideratum of a complete biography. The period of Devrient's chief intimacy with Mendelssohn was that of Mendelssohn's youth, when he was between thirteen and twenty-one, and consequently that when information respecting him is of least importance. Much that naturally appears delightful in the biographer's recollection seems trivial in his narrative; we are, however, indebted to him for some really interesting glimpses of the interior of the Mendelssohn household, and of the method pursued with Felix's education. Some casual sketches of other notabilities are graphic; Zelter's ruggedness is well portrayed, and so is the languid conceit which Heine affected in society. There is an amusing picture of Varnhagen—his wife's Boswell—hovering at a respectful distance around that intellectual queen of Berlin society, and eagerly inquiring after any remark of hers which had failed to reach him. After Mendelssohn's departure from Berlin, his intercourse with Devrient was of necessity only epistolary, and his few letters, though interesting, cannot for a moment be compared with those addressed to his own family. There is no stronger symptom of the goodness of Mendelssohn's heart than the inspiration which always came over him when his powers were invoked for the entertainment of his own circle. After several years Mendelssohn returned to Berlin at the invitation of Frederick William IV., who expected the regeneration of Prussian music at his hands. With an instinctive perception of the situation, Mendelssohn wished to abandon this ill-starred project from the first, and it was chiefly in deference to Devrient's advice that he persisted in the undertaking which eventually occasioned him so much chagrin. His resignation again interrupted his personal relations with his biographer. It should be added that the irritable as well as the amiable side of Mendelssohn's nature is brought out in this sketch, but that the portrait gains thereby more in vividness than it loses in attractiveness.

Wasielewski †, the meritorious biographer of Schumann, has produced another work which will be highly appreciated by musicians. The first part contains a history of violins and violin-makers, the second and more extensive is devoted to composers and performers on the instrument. Violinists have in general been the most erratic of the musical fraternity, and the romantic incidents of their lives will be found such as to repay others besides strictly musical readers for perusing Wasielewski's biography.

Albert Hahn's edition of Mozart's *Requiem* ‡ comprises a commentary, a comparison of variations between the standard edition and the original manuscript, a new German translation, and a very disparaging criticism of the old one, which certainly appears a conspicuous exception to the usual fidelity and spirit of versions in this language.

* *Meine Erinnerungen an Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, und seine Briefe an mich.* Von Eduard Devrient. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Violine und ihre Meister.* Von J. W. von Wasielewski. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Mozart's Requiem.* Von Albert Hahn. Bielefeld: Sulzer. London: Williams & Norgate.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW *takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.*

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 695, FEBRUARY 20, 1869:

CONTENTS OF No. 694, FEBRUARY 13, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.—Gas on dark days.
WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall, from Half-past Nine till Half-past Five o'clock. Admission, 1s.—Lighted at dusk.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, February 22, the Programme will include Bach's Concerto for Two Violins, with Double Quartet accompaniment; Mendelssohn's Ottet for Stringed Instruments; Beethoven's Trio in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, and Schumann's Etudes en forme de Variations for Piano alone. Executants: Madame Schumann, MM. Joachim, Sainton, L. Ries, Pollitzer, Amor, Ludwig, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, Reynolds, Paque, and Piatti. Vocalist, Miss Edith Wynne. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Commence at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—The MORNING PERFORMANCES will take place on SATURDAYS, February 27; March 6, 13, 20; commencing each day at Three o'clock. Herr Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Signor Piatti will appear on every occasion. Madame Schumann, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Charles Hallé will be the Pianists. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MUSICAL UNION, 1869.—On the Nomination of His Grace the Duke of LEINSTER, *President*, the VACANCIES in the Committee are filled up as follows: Sir ROBERT GORE BOOTH, Bart., M.P., Chairman; Earl of ROSSE, Lord O'NEILL, Viscount LASCELLES, Rev. E. GODDARD, Colonel E. NEVILLE, and the Trustees of the Institute, W. TITE, Esq., M.P., and THOS. BRASSEY, Esq.—Subscriptions for the Eight Matinées after Easter to be paid to LAMBORN COCK & Co., Bond Street; or by Cheque to
J. ELLA, *Director*, 9 Victoria Square, S.W.

ROBERT BUCHANAN'S READINGS.—Hanover Square Rooms.
"WELCOME TO A POET.—Mr. Punch observes that Mr. Robert Buchanan, a poet of the right sort, reads publicly in London. Ha! sire! We could well like to hear him......Mr. Punch wishes him every success."—*Punch.*
"His first reading was completely successful. It was heard with marked attention by one of the most distinguished audiences an entertainment of the kind has ever gathered."—*Globe.*
"Mr. Robert Buchanan has achieved the difficulty of inventing a new pleasure."—*Express.*
[illegible]ADING from his OWN POEMS, Wednesday Evening, [illegible] at the Rooms.

INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE. The TENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be EVENING MEETINGS on Thursday and Friday, at Seven o'clock.
Papers on the Principles of Naval [illegible]lding, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Ma[illegible] and for War, will be read at this Meeting.
C. W. MERRIFIELD, *Honorary Secretary*.
9 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., January 1869.

GERMANY.—LADIES' COLLEGE, EISENACH, Saxe-Weimar.—Conducted by FRÄULEIN RÖDER, M.C.P., "who will revisit London in March." Particulars and Prospectuses kindly forwarded by—London, L. SCHMITZ, Esq., Ph. D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., International College, Spring Grove; A. PRITCHARD, Esq., M.R.I., St. Paul's Road, Highbury; Professor SEBAINE, M.D., Ph.D., Military Academy, Woolwich; Manchester, ROBERT GLADSTONE, Esq., Highfield; the Rev. W. M'KERROW, D.D., Upper Brook Street.

FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principal of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and references on application.

FOLKESTONE.—ETON and HARROW.—Mr. T. RATCLIFFE, formerly of Exeter College, Oxford, receives PUPILS, who are prepared for the above and other Public Schools.—Full particulars on application, 2 Albion Terrace, Folkestone.

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No. 696, Vol. 27. February 27, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

PUBLIC LIBRARY 1869

THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE House of Lords has struck for more work. It is indignant at its enforced leisure, and at the ridicule entailed on it by having nothing to do for four months, and by then being called on to pass a vast variety of Bills, under the dictation of the Commons, in the hot days of July. Lord SALISBURY, as a peer capable of doing real work and eager to do it, especially frets at having to stand thus idle in the legislative market-place because no man will hire him. He cannot find any consolation in being told, on the authority of the late Lord ABERDEEN, that the abuse of which he complains has lasted for at least fifty years. What he says, and says perfectly truly, is that he finds himself a member of a body which is called a legislative body, and which does nominally concur in a vast amount of annual legislation, but which has no real legislative power. The Lords, as he says, only sit to register the edicts of the Commons. Now, on any possible theory of the present uses of the House of Lords, this must be wrong. Supposing we adopt the Archbishop of YORK's theory, and say that the main function of the House of Lords is to scrutinize the measures of the Commons, still the Lords ought to have time and opportunity given them sufficient to make the scrutiny effective. But when all the legislation of a Session is sent up to them in a mass, they cannot exercise any scrutiny which is at all worthy of the name. They must take the Bills as they find them, or render the labours of the Commons altogether nugatory. Rather than do this, they pass Act after Act the operation of which is wholly uncertain, and the clauses of which are totally unintelligible. The next year sees Bills for amending the Acts of the year before, and the next year Bills to amend the amended Acts; and so English legislation goes on continually being built up with the least method and skill ever shown in the legislation of any civilized country. From much of this chaotic confusion in Acts of Parliament the Lords would be perfectly able to rescue the country if only the chance were given them. But it is not practically recognised that their business is to scrutinize the measures of the Commons. In real life the Lords are expected, not to improve the measures of the Commons, but to pass them as they stand. The only function accorded them is a sham legislative function. Naturally they resent so humiliating a position being thrust on them; but what are they to do? Every now and then they threaten that they will not pass Bills sent up to them by the Commons after a certain day, and Lord SALISBURY indulges in the hope that he will be able to keep them firm in their resolution this year if they will join with him in saying that the Peers, rather than pass Bills which they are not permitted to discuss, will reject them. This has been tried, but has hitherto been tried in vain. When the pinch comes, the Lords give way. They will not stay in London, to fight the Government day after day, after the season is over. They shrink from the odium of having it said that, from mere pique and from jealousy of their privileges, they are bent on depriving the country of legislation that it needs. By a bold effort a resolute, energetic man like Lord SALISBURY might during one year perhaps succeed in whipping up an opposition in the Lords that would reject a large batch of Bills because they had come up from the Commons a day later than the time which, in the exercise of a purely arbitrary discretion, the Lords had chosen to say was the limit within which they must come up. But it is obvious that this could not be repeated. The House of Commons would next year send up its Bills too late, and the Government of the day would make every exertion to get the Lords to yield. And the Government of the day would be sure to win sooner or later. As Lord SALISBURY confessed, it was not a party question, and a Conservative Government would work just as hard as a Liberal Government to induce the Lords not to render the legislation of the Commons fruitless. When once the Lords had yielded to the entreaties of a Conservative Government, the precedent would be established, and a Liberal Government would claim to be treated on an equal footing. Some years ago a resolution not to proceed with Bills sent up after a certain date was adopted in the most formal manner by the House of Lords. But the proviso was added, that Bills sent up after that date might be proceeded with if of great importance. The Bill establishing Partnerships with Limited Liability was sent up too late, and the Government of the day moved that it was a Bill so important that it ought to be proceeded with. It was exactly the kind of Bill that the Lords were entitled and competent to discuss fully and fairly, but they were cut out of all effectual discussion of it by a resolution stating that it was an important Bill, and it passed into law with the merely nominal assent of the Peers.

The difficulty which lies at the bottom of the whole question of the proper functions of the House of Lords is far too deep and wide to be met by resolutions of the Peers not to do this or that except at their own time and on their own conditions. This difficulty is, that legislation is not now the enactment of measures which wise men think the best for the nation, but the enactment of measures which the nation, through its representatives, wishes to pass. All legislation implies change, and the instruments of legislation will vary according as the motive power of change resides in one set of persons or in another. The Lords may possibly represent some classes in England, but they do not represent the classes in which the motive power of change resides. They are thus necessarily cut out of the sphere of legislation, and every day their exclusion becomes more complete. Theoretically it seems as if the Cabinet would do wisely to bring some of its measures forward in the Lords, and some in the Commons, but each measure in turn seems important when the leaders of the Ministry examine it; and, if it is important, it is important because some considerable section of the classes in whom the motive power of change resides wishes for it and needs it. But if people care about it, they naturally wish their own representatives to discuss, modify, and improve it, on their behalf; and so each measure in turn seems as if it must go to the Commons first. Lord GRANVILLE himself said that he was taken by surprise at hearing that no Government measure was to be introduced in the Lords; he had quite hoped for two at least to be allotted to the Upper House. He promised to do his best to get some work for the Lords to do, and he has been partially successful. The Lords are to have two Government measures to discuss at once, the Scotch Education Bill and the Bill for the Repression of Crime. The Law Lords pleaded hard for having the Bankruptcy Bill also brought back to them. It is, in a sense, the Bill of the Lords, for the Upper House has for some time worked very hard at Bankruptcy Bills, and it might be thought that in a Bill dealing with a very wide and complex branch of law, the professional skill of the Law Lords might be most advantageously utilized. But the CHANCELLOR, who was inclined at first to think that the Bankruptcy Bill should begin in the Lords, says now that this cannot be. In spite of all complaints from his legal friends among the Peers, he adheres to his resolution. His reason is most significant. The Bankruptcy Bill necessarily interests the great centres of trade and manufacture, and the large towns all wish the Bill to begin in the Commons. They are not satisfied with having a Bill drawn by competent and skilful persons like the Law Lords and the more intelligent Peers; they want their own men, the men who represent them, the men they have sent to Parliament, to have the moulding and handling of the Bill. The Peers say that the object might be effected equally well by having the views of the leading persons in large trading towns communicated to the Lords by deputations, petitions, and so forth. This brings us to the root of the matter. The commercial towns are not

satisfied with submitting views to mere non-traders. They want their fellow-traders, whom they have elected, and who know exactly where the shoe pinches, to have a say in the making of an Act which will affect them every day of their lives in a hundred different ways.

As they could not resist the appeal of Lord GRANVILLE, and naturally did not wish to wound the feelings of the Peers on the eve of a renewal of the contest about the Irish Church, the Government decided to hand over two Bills to the Lords, and the two which they thought might best be handed over to them were the Bill for the Repression of Crime and the Bill for Regulating Education in Scotland. The only reason for choosing these two must have been that the objections to giving them up to the Lords were rather slighter than the objections to transferring any other of the Government measures from the Commons. But the objection to letting these Bills begin in the Lords, and especially to letting the Scotch Education Bill begin in the Lords, are very considerable. The legislation of the House of Lords on Scotch Education must almost inevitably be a piece of sham legislation. A Scotch Education Bill, to be acceptable to the Scotch people, must be a very liberal measure. It must take that side in educational matters which is warmly opposed by the majority of both our old Universities, by four Bishops out of five, by the vast majority of the English clergy, and by the bulk of the Conservative party. The Bill introduced by the Duke of ARGYLL virtually applies compulsory rating in aid of secular education. This Bill has been introduced into an assembly composed mainly of English Bishops, English University Conservatives, and Scotch Peers, who not only do not represent the political opinions of Scotland, but are elected for the precise reason that they hold the views of the large landowners, not those of the Scotch people. If such an assembly were possessed of real legislative power, if it could do what it pleased with the Scotch Education Bill, it would make mincemeat of it. It would either reject it at once, or would cut it up and mend it and patch it until it had quite changed its nature. That this will happen is not likely, because the House of Lords will scarcely venture to assume legislative power with regard to such a Bill. It will think that Scotland ought to please itself about such a measure. English Bishops will hardly like to legislate adversely to the wishes of a Presbyterian society. Nor will the House of Lords wish to begin its business by stifling at the outset one of the two little Bills it has got hold of with so much trouble. It will therefore, perhaps, adopt the Government measure without much alteration. But this is only registering an edict of the House of Commons beforehand instead of afterwards. The Lords will but declare that they are prepared to assent to what they understand would please the Scotch members in the House of Commons. This is not legislation in the sense in which the House of Commons legislates. It is only such an arrangement of sham legislation as seems to keep up a little the dignity of the Peers. When we enter on so difficult an investigation as that of ascertaining the true function of the House of Lords in modern England, we necessarily begin by clearing the ground and discovering the direction in which efforts to give new activity to the Peers will be futile. It is not without regret that we are forced to the conclusion that the Peers cannot emerge out of their present false position, either by any resolution not to proceed with business sent up after a certain date, or by getting one or two minor Government Bills entrusted to them at the beginning of the Session.

SPAIN.

THE Constituent Cortes seem to have commenced their functions with moderation and prudence. The Republican minority, conscious of its weakness in the Assembly, was compelled to console itself by protestations that the Provisional Government had interfered with the freedom of election. A party never appeals to the alleged opinion of the people until it despairs of Parliamentary success. It is useless to argue that the Cortes are incompetent to determine the questions which have been formally referred to their decision, for there is no other visible authority to compete with them as long as they act in harmony with the Executive Government. It is highly probable that the Ministers have exercised an influence which would be considered undue in England, but the constitutional traditions of the Continent are less intolerant of official dictation. One of the Ministers aptly replied to a charge of bribery by the remark that the Republicans had in some districts offered a gigantic bribe, in the form of a repartition of private property. It is wrong perhaps to purchase a vote, but the offence is considerably aggravated if the means of corruption are provided by a preliminary process of spoliation. A further objection to the actual constitution of the Cortes is founded on the exclusion from the suffrage of all persons under twenty-five years of age; and the Republicans naturally assert, with more or less truth, that the youth of Spain shares their opinions. A sweeping measure of disfranchisement, in the form of a decree issued by the Government, may perhaps appear to be anomalous; but Marshal SERRANO and his colleagues had no better legal right to grant universal suffrage in name than to limit its operation by exceptions. A qualification founded on age is less invidious than any other mode of diminishing the danger of a promiscuous franchise, and probably the limitation has not injuriously affected the wisdom and calmness of the constituencies. Even if it is true that the younger generation of Spaniards is Republican, there is no reason to believe that experience will fail to produce the wholesome scepticism which ordinarily comes with advancing years. ARISTOTLE, if he is correctly quoted by HECTOR in *Troilus and Cressida*, thought young men unfit to attend lectures in moral philosophy. It is still more undesirable that they should teach their elders either theory or practice. If the Spaniards who have not yet reached twenty-five retain their Republican opinions a few years hence, they will have abundant opportunities of testing their philosophy by experiment.

The moderate majority of the Cortes has resolved to prolong, with a formal alteration, the power of the Provisional Government. Marshal SERRANO is to hold a position corresponding in some respects to the old English title of Protector, but with more limited powers. Some years ago ESPARTERO occupied a similar rank, under the name of Regent; but a Regency implies the existence of a King. The Cortes retains to itself the right of revoking the powers which it has conferred; and, while the temporary arrangement lasts, Spain may be regarded as a Republic under an Assembly exercising supreme power, both legislative and executive. The Republican party in the French Constituent Assembly of 1848 wished to make a similar system permanent, and their foresight was justified by the subsequent conduct of a President who derived his title directly from the people. The English Constitution has within fifty or sixty years placed the Executive authority in the hands of a Minister who is virtually appointed and dismissed by the House of Commons. If SERRANO were a Parliamentary leader instead of a military chief, he would resemble a First Lord of the Treasury without a titular Sovereign above him. He probably owes his appointment in some degree to a mediocrity which furnishes no cause of alarm either to his colleagues or to the Cortes. It is understood that PRIM cordially approves of a selection which will leave him substantial power without unnecessarily ostensible responsibility. The most solid and real authority in Spain will long be inseparable from the command of the army; and PRIM has apparently satisfied himself that SERRANO will content himself with a nominally higher post. The arrangement which the Cortes is prepared to adopt will moderate any impatience which either Marshal may have entertained for the definitive settlement of the Constitution. The Duke of MONTPENSIER or King FERDINAND might possibly ascend the throne with the most cordial feelings to the chief promoters of their elevation; but a King could not afford to employ an independent Minister, and he would with still stronger reason be jealous of a permanent Commander-in-Chief. As long as the name of a Republic is avoided, a Government without a King will not be associated in the popular mind with subversive social doctrines. Time will show whether PRIM has a secure hold on the affections of the army, which still retains the same ultimate power which it possessed under O'DONNELL and NARVAEZ.

The Cortes, having apparently adjourned the choice of a King, are about to employ themselves on the questionable task of establishing a Constitution. In the present temper of the nation, it seems not improbable that religious liberty will be affirmed in principle, even if it is found necessary in practical administration to humour the prejudices of the people. In other respects there is little for the Cortes to do in the way of organic legislation. Many previous Constitutions include the most enlightened novelties of modern Liberalism, as they have been propounded by the authors of successive revolutions. No country has for a generation enjoyed larger verbal franchises than Spain, although, unluckily, the Ministers, the satellites of the Court, and, above all, the chiefs of the army, have governed according to their respective interests and inclinations. The majority of the Cortes, which three or four years ago was arrested for presenting a

loyal address to the QUEEN, possessed privileges not less ample than those which are claimed by the House of Commons. The political difference between the two countries consists not so much in their Constitutions or their laws as in the national modes of thought. The Constituent Cortes may perhaps do some good by reaffirming truisms which have been hitherto systematically accepted and disregarded. The late revolution affords a proof that Spaniards are not content with the anomalous system which has long prevailed. After a time it will perhaps be understood, in Spain as in England, that interference with the personal liberty of the most obnoxious politician is a grave offence against the community. The Provisional Government was probably unconscious of committing an illegal or irregular act when the assassins of Burgos were tried by court-martial for a crime committed while all the regular tribunals were in full exercise of their jurisdiction. The equality of all citizens before the law implies that the law itself is not to be suspended or superseded at the pleasure of civil or military authorities.

Marshal PRIM has announced his irrevocable objection to the choice of the Prince of ASTURIAS as King; and SERRANO is still thought to be favourable to the candidature of the Duke of MONTPENSIER. Some ingenious partisan of King FERDINAND has devised the fable that the English Government has formally protested against the contingent union of the whole Peninsula into a single kingdom. The opponents of the Portuguese candidate will probably make a counter-appeal to Spanish jealousy by dwelling on the fact that King FERDINAND is a Prince of the House of COBURG, and a cousin of the King of the BELGIANS and of the future King of ENGLAND. The same ground of alarm was suggested three-and-twenty years ago by M. GUIZOT in the course of his intrigue for the eventual succession of the Duke of MONTPENSIER to the Spanish throne. It was then alleged that the pretender supported by England was a COBURG, and that the interests of France would be gravely compromised by the choice. Well-informed Spaniards must be well aware that England has neither the wish nor the power to interfere with their free disposition of the Crown. For the present the Duke of AOSTA appears to have been forgotten.

On one question all parties in Spain are for the moment united. Liberals and Catholics, Progressionists and Republicans, are equally determined to retain the cherished sovereignty of Cuba. It is not for Englishmen to criticize too harshly a sentiment which exactly reproduces the feeling of their ancestors during the American rebellion. In spite of the indignant protests of the Opposition, and notwithstanding the scandalous mismanagement of the war, the English people, from first to last, cordially shared the resolution of the KING to resent to the utmost the dismemberment of the Empire. The Spaniards of the present day have probably been guilty of graver errors in the administration of Cuba, but they are as patriotic and as proud as the English of a hundred years ago. The malcontents of Cuba naturally seized the opportunity of a revolution in Spain to commence the insurrection which they had long been meditating; but their offence is aggravated, in the judgment of the mother-country, by their selection of a time when popular enthusiasm anticipated the abolition of all domestic and colonial grievances. Some of the planters who have favoured the rebellion may perhaps have been alarmed by the partial agitation against slavery which followed the outbreak of the revolution in the last autumn; but the Provisional Government hinted only at gradual abolition; and in a matter which excites but a lukewarm interest in Spain, the colonists would ultimately have been allowed to determine their own policy. It has never been satisfactorily explained whether the insurrection is favourable or hostile to the liberation of the slaves. In some districts the rebel chiefs have proclaimed freedom to the slaves of loyal proprietors, but they have not yet adopted or avowed any systematic purpose of emancipation. Their principal grievance consists in the alleged preference by the Government of Spanish settlers and functionaries to the native Creoles. The Colonial Office of Spain has never copied the modern English practice of allowing distant dependencies to manage their own affairs, and the local Government of Cuba is administered by strangers, who are generally believed to profit largely by their residence in the island. The injury or affront seems exclusively to affect the higher class of the Cuban population; but there is nothing surprising in the sympathy which the general population apparently feels for their cause. As it appears that the Americans have no intention of interfering on behalf of the insurgents, General DULCE will, with the aid of the reinforcements lately despatched from Spain, almost certainly suppress the rebellion, if he has not already accomplished the task. The vast spaces which were a sufficient defence of the North American colonies are not to be found in Cuba, nor can any intelligent colonist believe that the island can become an independent State. The Spanish army is brave and well disciplined, and the fleet will command every port in Cuba. The struggle may perhaps tend to unite contending parties in Spain, although it will embarrass the administration of the finances.

THE RATES ON WEEKLY TENEMENTS.

A GRIEVANCE which Mr. GLADSTONE promised on the hustings to make an effort to redress as soon as he came into power, and which especially hurts the feelings and vexes the constituents of Mr. BRIGHT, could not be expected to lie long dormant without the attention of the new House of Commons being called to it. The tenants of small cottages at weekly rents were seriously inconvenienced by the Reform Bill of 1867, even after the abolition of the famous Compound Householder had done something to make their position better than that which was originally offered them under the Ministerial scheme. Their real grievance was that the personal payment of rates was inserted almost by accident, as a device for making the Conservative party think that some sort of check still remained after they had abandoned all the principles on which they had opposed a Reform Bill. It was most inconvenient and annoying to these poor people that they should have the great nuisance and trouble of themselves paying their rates, which their landlord was quite willing to pay for them. The nuisance was inflicted on them for no end whatever except to make the Conservative party a little more comfortable for a moment. Long before the Act came into operation the Conservative party ceased to care for rate-paying checks, and went in for the magnificent illusion of a great Conservative residuum. But the annoyance to the weekly tenants, devised to please the Conservatives, remained, and an Act of Parliament provided how it should be inflicted. Even now the mischief cannot be directly repaired. It would be casting a sort of open slight on the Conservative party to repeal the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Bill. In England, long after political parties have ceased to care about measures effete or inoperative, the measures often remain unrepealed because it would wound the vanity or harass the feelings of some set or class of people to have them distinctly abrogated. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill has been a dead letter since it was passed, but hitherto it has been found impossible to repeal it, because the people who passed it are still powerful, and do not like to confess in plain terms that they were led away by a silly panic. The present Ministry, therefore, have very wisely refrained from proposing that tenants and landlords shall please themselves as to who shall pay the rates, and that the arrangement shall be totally disconnected from the question whether the tenant is to vote; but they want to put the tenant in a comfortable position, and practically to get rid of the nuisance devised for his torture, without seeming to win an evident political triumph. This is a very roundabout, unbusinesslike way of accomplishing a very simple end. But in Parliamentary government such concessions and compromises are necessary; and, if the Ministry can but get a Bill through Parliament which will make the tenants easy without raking up the old jealousies and animosities of the Reform Bill, they will have gained a practical end which, under the circumstances, is probably the best they could achieve.

The astonishing things that may be said and accepted in Parliament when both sides are willing to repeal an Act provided that it is done for courtesy's sake in a roundabout way, were strikingly illustrated on Thursday night when Mr. GOSCHEN introduced the Government measure. The real drift of the measure is to make the landlord pay the rates for the tenant, and Mr. GOSCHEN hazarded the proposition that this fully carried out the principle of the Act of 1867. This principle he boldly declared to be that the rates should be paid by some one, but that it was quite immaterial by whom they were paid. Conservative members whose memories could take them back two years must have smiled at this audacious account of the principle which they then treated as one of life and death. They must have thought of the long hours during which it was unfolded to them by their leaders that the great discovery had been made of one grand abiding Conservative principle which would make any Reform Bill safe, however otherwise democratic. This grand principle was the personal payment of rates by the tenant. The sordid, unfeeling, spiritless outcast who would not go through this amount of trouble in order to exercise the noble privilege of voting was depicted in the blackest colours, while the patriotic tenant saving up his halfpence until the day when he proudly paid

the tax-gatherer, and thus bought his right to go to the hustings as an elector, was held up to the justest and the warmest admiration. Here was an infallible test by which for all time the sheep might be divided off from the goats. The sheep whom Conservatives might trust would alone vote, while the naughty goats who hated the bore of personal payment, and whom Conservatives most properly despised and distrusted, should never aid in Americanizing our institutions. And now Conservatives have lived to hear that the rate-paying clauses were never meant to have any political effect, but were solely devised in the interest of the overseer. Their principle was that the rates should be promptly and punctually paid by somebody; but the overseer cannot care by whom they are paid, and so it makes no difference whether one person pays them or another—whether the tenant bores himself by saving up his halfpence and fronting the tax-gatherer like a man, or whether he prefers shifting all the trouble and responsibility on to his landlord. Mr. GOSCHEN felt keenly the humour of his assertion that this was really what the Conservatives meant, and added that, at any rate, the residential qualification remained. In other words, he reminded the Conservatives that if the test on which they relied was really taken altogether away, the test on which the Liberals relied, and which the Conservatives pronounced wholly insufficient, would still be maintained. But he knew he was on safe ground, for he was able to inform the House that the late Government had been scared by the amount of nuisance which their measure had inflicted. Summonses by thousands on thousands were issued against the occupiers of weekly tenements for taxes which had previously been paid by the landlord, and these summonses could not be enforced on account of their number, and the taxes could not be collected from the tenants. There were no less than twenty-five thousand summonses issued in Birmingham, and when so many lambs shepherded by Mr. BRIGHT were annoyed, it was certain that their shepherd would have a word of advice to give to any Ministry that might be in office. Accordingly the Conservative Government instructed their officials that there was no reason why the landlord should not pay the rates, and be looked on as the agent of the tenant. This was very sensible, but it entirely destroyed the famous test of personal payment; and the parochial authorities not only obeyed their instructions, but of their own mere motion restored the dead Compound Householder. They took upon themselves to lower the assessment on houses when the landlord paid the rates, thus offering the very bonus and inducement to the landlords on which the scheme of creating the Compound Householder rested. Mr. GOSCHEN found that the Conservative Government and the overseers had between them virtually repealed the rate-paying clauses of the Reform Act, and all he had to do was to carry out what had been done, but to carry it out in a rather more methodical and systematic way.

The landlord, when he pays the tenant's rates, is accepted as the agent of the tenant. The tenant is held to pay personally for all electoral purposes when he does not pay personally but some one else pays for him. If the landlord consents to pay the rates, the tenant gets his vote quite comfortably, and the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Bill are, for him, non-existent. What the tenant wants is therefore a scheme by which the landlord shall be induced to pay the rates. Under the system of Compound Householders this was done by giving the landlord a bonus. He paid less than the tenant would have paid, but he got back, in the shape of rent, or at least had an opportunity, which he seldom neglected, of getting back, the full rate from the tenant. Where this system prevailed it was equally acceptable to the landlord and the tenant, and there were bitter complaints made in 1867 that a useful and convenient social arrangement had been wantonly set aside in order to attain a useless political object. The system of Compound Householders might have been restored by Mr. GOSCHEN, just as it had been virtually restored by the Conservative Government and the overseers. But there were two objections. To have restored the Compound Householder might have been regarded as a sort of open triumph over the Conservative party; and then—which was a more serious objection—the system of Compound Householders had never been universal, and it was a mere matter of accident whether it happened or did not happen to prevail in any Parliamentary borough. Mr. GOSCHEN, therefore, set himself to devise a means of enabling the landlord to act as agent of the tenant, which would operate everywhere. He proposes to secure this end by an enactment which is seemingly simple. His Bill provides that if the tenant pays the rates he may deduct what he pays from the accruing rent due to the landlord. The rate is thus treated as primarily payable by the landlord, and if the tenant is made to pay it, he will at once stop it out of his rent. But this is not all. The tenant might, under the present system, find it very difficult to pay the rate, because the rate for a year or a half-year is levied all at once, and it is levied in advance, so that a tenant might be called on to pay a year's rate and then be turned out of his holding, and have no means of getting it back out of his rent. Mr. GOSCHEN meets the difficulty by providing that no more than a fortnight's rate shall ever be levied at once. The tenant can never, therefore, have more than a very small sum to pay at once, and he is certain of getting back what he pays. The landlord will thus be under a very strong inducement to pay the rate himself. He must pay it sooner or later, and he must pay it within a fortnight after the tenant has paid it. He has, therefore, to choose between paying it himself, and avoiding all dispute and trouble, and having it stopped out of the rent. Obviously it will be much more convenient to settle the rate directly with the overseer, rather than go through the trouble and annoyance of seeing whether this or that tenant is entitled to withhold a few halfpence out of his weekly rent. The device would probably be efficacious, but it is not impossible that the House of Commons may prefer some system even more simple and direct. When once the landlord is taken to be the agent of the tenant, and the payment is treated as one that the landlord is legally compelled to make, the whole scheme of testing electoral qualifications by personal payment on the part of the tenant is so completely cut away that it is hardly any use going through the farce of pretending that the rate-paying clauses of the Reform Bill are preserved; and the Conservative party may perhaps be willing to yield to the opinion of the House of Commons, while they would have resented a direct proposal if made by their political opponents.

THE *ALABAMA* TREATY.

ALTHOUGH the Foreign Affairs Committee of the American Senate has, as it appears, not yet reported, the rejection of the *Alabama* Convention may be regarded as inevitable; for the sanguine Minister who has on all former occasions asserted that the dispute was settled, admitted at Manchester that the ratification of the Senate would probably be withheld. The Democrats will agree with the Republicans in the determination to keep the quarrel open, for the dominant party has plagiarized from its opponents the tradition of hostility to England. When the Senate a few months ago unanimously ratified the appointment of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON as Minister to England, it was distinctly understood by himself, and generally assumed both in England and in the United States, that he would be allowed to negotiate the effective arrangement of existing differences. No serious politician can have expected that he would obtain better terms than the profuse concessions which are included in the draft of the Convention; but the anxiety of the English Government and nation for a just settlement has defeated itself by encouraging additional demands which are wholly inadmissible. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S unaccountable want of tact in proclaiming the imaginary good-will of his countrymen to England has largely contributed to the same result. It was undoubtedly irritating to the speakers and writers who had, with unanimous consistency, expressed the deepest resentment, to be assured that their animosity was factitious or insincere. It was in vain that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON combined with his amiable professions an almost litigious tenacity in negotiation. His treaty was condemned before it was seen, on grounds which would have been equally fatal to a still more advantageous compact. The vague statement that the measure of damage suffered by the United States was the cost of one or two years of the civil war may perhaps have been erroneously attributed to General GRANT, but it has been adopted by a large part of the American press. As it would obviously be impossible to frame a treaty on any such assumption, the thoroughgoing opponents of ratification must be understood to object to any possible settlement. It would follow that all the discussions to which Lord STANLEY and Lord CLARENDON devoted so much labour were from the first entirely purposeless. There is a certain inconvenience in the constitutional provision that every treaty to which the United States is a party must be ratified by two-thirds of the Senate. In dealing with other Powers, diplomatists know that the agents with whom they deal will be either summarily disavowed or sustained by their own Governments; but it is impossible to ascertain whether an American Minister has authority even to enter on a negotiation.

Although the popular attacks on the treaty have little rela-

tion to its contents, it is probable that some of the members of the Senate may disapprove of its terms on special grounds. It is objected that in a possible contingency the claims of English subjects might be allowed by the Commission, while the liability of the English Government for the captures of the *Alabama* would be successfully disputed. Such a result would undoubtedly be annoying to the losing party, as indeed failure is one of the most disagreeable possibilities of all public or private litigation; but it was scarcely to be expected that the English Government would enter on a one-sided reference from which the claims of its own subjects would be peremptorily excluded. All Mr. SEWARD's projects of arbitration included the claimants on both sides; nor was it until lately contended that in this respect he had been too liberal. As an able writer in the *New York Tribune* justly remarks, there is nothing in the protocol which imposes any condition on English claimants in relation to their attitude towards the United States during the continuance of the war; nor indeed is it probable that the owners of vessels seized by American cruisers are or were enthusiastic partisans of the Federal Government. Few citizens of the United States could prefer a claim against England if they were subject to the preliminary condition of proving that they had not professed to share in the national animosity. No Court can take cognizance of the private feelings of litigants, or even of their acts if they have no bearing on the immediate issue. There is no foundation for the further objection that the Commission might deal with subject-matters which properly belong to American jurisdiction. A claim founded on a capture would be conclusively barred by the proof that the captured vessel had been condemned by the proper tribunal. It is wholly immaterial whether claims, either well or ill-founded, are preferred by "a class of "Englishmen whose sympathies were all on the side of slavery "and the rebellion." The counter claims would probably have been advanced by Americans whose sympathies were on the side of Russia during the Crimean war, of NANA SAHIB during the Indian mutiny, and of the Fenian conspirators. Unless, indeed, Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON should himself unexpectedly have appeared before the Commission, every claimant would probably have avowed himself on all possible occasions the irreconcilcable enemy of England.

Some genuine surprise seems to be caused by the discovery that the *Alabama* claims are not conceded. The rash or sycophantic concessions of English politicians have been accepted in the United States as national admissions of liability. Lord STANLEY, in the course of the last Session, unnecessarily and imprudently expressed the opinion that the *Alabama* claimants would probably recover damages. Mr. MILL, in strict consistency with his own predilections, declared that England owed compensation to the United States. Lord RUSSELL is quoted as another witness, because, at a meeting in honour of Mr. GARRISON, he made an abject confession of error; and of course Mr. GLADSTONE's humble and humiliating apology for his presumption in miscalculating the respective forces of the North and the South is not forgotten. It might have been added that Mr. BRIGHT, with that patriotic feeling which prejudices him against his own country wherever American interests are concerned, took a public opportunity of stating that the Government of the United States, as represented by Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, had been too forbearing. It may be natural that ordinary Americans should believe that the English Government is bound by the unauthorized language of conspicuous politicians, but official persons and statesmen ought to know that a State can only be represented by its Government. Lord STANLEY's speech assumed that there would be an arbitration, though he injudiciously anticipated its results. Mr. MILL and Mr. BRIGHT are devoted to the cause of the United States; and Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE, though by their ostentatious repentance they gravely compromised their own personal dignity, entirely abstained from prejudging the question of liability. It would have been especially difficult for Lord RUSSELL to retract the arguments which he used in his controversy with Mr. ADAMS, inasmuch as he would have been wholly unable to refute his own maxims and deductions. It is one of the disadvantages of sound reasoning that it cannot be disavowed or recalled, and accordingly diplomatists more astute than Lord RUSSELL frequently rely by preference on vague rhetoric and transparent sophisms. The escape of a single vessel destined to become a Confederate cruiser, from an English port, during a war of four years, may or may not justify a claim for compensation. If the American contention is valid, the demand would have been allowed by an arbitrator; but without the intervention of some impartial tribunal the English Government could not honourably admit a liability which had been repudiated by the United States in the analogous Spanish and Portuguese cases.

The more extravagant demand of a reference to arbitration of the English recognition of Confederate belligerency was not expressly excluded by the terms of the Convention; and it is, therefore, perhaps fortunate that the Senate should terminate the negotiations before a question is raised which would have brought the proceedings of the Commission to a standstill. In his speech to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON insinuated that Lord STANLEY or Lord CLARENDON had finally conceded the monstrous claim in dispute. When Sir H. BULWER calls the attention of the House of Commons to the negotiation, the members of the late and of the present Government will perhaps be able to correct or explain his statement. Having, in its anxious desire of peace, yielded everything, and perhaps more than everything, which was consistent with national self-respect, the English Government can only wait for some future opportunity of negotiation. The apologists for the rejection of the treaty urge in substance that arbitration ought to have been preceded or rendered unnecessary by the concession, on the part of England, of the matter in dispute. The pacific language and feeling of the English nation, and the anxiety of Lord STANLEY and Lord CLARENDON to effect a settlement, are used as arguments for insisting on an absolute and humiliating submission. As the object has not yet been attained, the dispute is to be kept open until some opportunity occurs of exacting vengeance. As the *New York Times* accurately remarked, the doctrine which General GRANT is supposed to have propounded leads, by logical necessity, to an immediate declaration of war; but, as nations are happily not bound to be logical, it is perfectly understood that there is no intention of despatching an army to Canada or a fleet to the West Indies. The *Tribune* correctly describes the popular policy in threatening to equip piratical cruisers against English commerce whenever England is engaged in a foreign war; and Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON hints a similar menace. The untoward escape of the *Alabama* is represented as an intolerable violation of law, but the American Government is deliberately to permit innumerable *Alabamas* to issue from its ports. No English Minister, jurist, or politician has at any time maintained the right of equipping vessels of war against a neutral. The whole controversy has always turned on the special circumstances of the escape of the *Alabama*, and the *Alexandra* was afterwards seized in excess of the strictly legal powers of the Government. Against deliberate violation of the international code there is only one mode of protesting, which may be highly inconvenient. It is, fortunately, not indispensable to enter a formal protest against vague menaces of future lawlessness. The rejection of the treaty as it stood is not to be lamented; and the regret which is caused in England by the unwillingness of the American people to close the dispute will be henceforth entirely unembittered by self-reproach.

LORD BURY ON MINISTERIAL RE-ELECTIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE drew a sound distinction between complicated measures and Bills affirming simple propositions, when he refused to allow Lord BURY's Bill the formal compliment of a first reading. The House was perfectly competent to decide the question, rightly or wrongly, as soon as it was raised; and the mover might at his pleasure have answered the arguments of his opponents in his reply. Lord BURY probably exercised a sound judgment in withdrawing, without unnecessary discussion, a Bill which would otherwise have been summarily rejected. It is sometimes as useless to reason with a majority of the House of Commons as to argue against the master of twenty legions. The short debate on the Bill was only made remarkable by a maiden speech in which Mr. VERNON HARCOURT showed how thoroughly he had already acclimatized himself in the Parliamentary atmosphere. On future occasions Mr. HARCOURT may probably rise into higher levels of eloquence, and he can scarcely fail to deal with more interesting subjects; but, in proving that Ministers ought to forfeit their seats on the acceptance of office, he displayed at the same time his well-known command of language and his appreciation of the tastes and habits of his audience. Next to the great efforts of its most conspicuous orators the House of Commons admires conventional truisms, or fallacies elaborated with rhetorical amplitude of argument and illustration. It is no longer the fashion for Tories to rely on the wisdom of ancestors; but when traditional sanction can be quoted in support of some apparently popular principle, the Liberal majority is delighted with the venerable

authority which sanctions a possibly absurd conclusion. Mr. HARCOURT solemnly reminded the House that the restrictions or pecuniary fines imposed upon official members were nearly coeval, if not with Parliament itself, at least with the modern system of Ministerial responsibility. It would not have been convenient to add, that if the present working of the Constitution could have been foreseen, no legislator would have dreamed of making so gratuitous an addition to the difficulties of representative government. It was as a safeguard against the exercise of a prerogative which has since fallen into disuse that it was proposed at one time to exclude Ministers from Parliament, and afterwards, by a compromise, to send them back to their constituents for re-election. If the original measure had been carried, the existing Constitution could never have existed; and the present relic of obsolete jealousy interferes in some degree with its practical operation. There is a presumption that, when the reason of a law has expired, the effect of an extinct and forgotten cause ought not to be allowed to survive its origin; but, as experience has shown that some antiquarian laws become useful in unexpected ways, English Parliaments generally hesitate to abolish the parasitical appendages which have twined themselves round the ruinous parts of the Constitution. Mr. HARCOURT received merited applause for his historical exposition of the well-known origin of the law; nor was he less successful when he afterwards defended, on entirely different grounds, the continuance of a troublesome and mischievous prohibition.

Parliamentary majorities have long since superseded the Crown in the virtual power of appointing and dismissing Cabinets; yet apologists who have by long habit or natural genius attained a due gravity of demeanour have no difficulty in arguing that an appeal ought in every case to lie from the Imperial Parliament to Greenwich, to Birmingham, or to the Radnor boroughs. When the Jacobin Club demanded that the Convention which represented the whole of France should acknowledge the supremacy of the people as embodied in the Paris mob, the pretension was backed by physical force ready for action. The electors of the boroughs or counties which are temporarily deprived of their members by a change of Government have not the smallest desire to dictate to Parliament or the country; and they generally deprecate the trouble, and the waste of time and money, which are caused by the existing law. The constituents of a leader of the Opposition send him to Parliament for the express purpose of making him a Minister; and when their object is at last attained, they require no formal inquiry, by a Speaker's writ, whether they are inclined to pocket their political winnings. Mr. HARCOURT, who is as ready with party allusions to gratify his own friends and allies as with historical platitudes for the edification of the House, satirically remarked that the inmates of Caves, or, in other words, seceders from their own party, may be supposed to have disappointed their constituents. Mr. WHITE had anticipated the sarcastic insinuation that Mr. LOWE, if he had taken office under Lord DERBY, might possibly have been embarrassed by the necessity of a fresh election for Calne. As the contingency never occurred, the illustration failed of its complete effect; and it is a sufficient answer that if the obsolete law were repealed, constituencies would choose their members with full notice that they might possibly become Cabinet Ministers. Mr. HARCOURT proceeded to prove that the necessity of re-election might possibly throw obstacles in the way of the acceptance of office by Mr. DISRAELI, and that it would to a certain extent furnish to a Minister governing with a minority an additional reason for a dissolution. Sir ROBERT PEEL, as Mr. HARCOURT had, with praiseworthy research, ascertained, stated as a reason for dissolving, on his accession to office in 1834, the inconvenience which might have arisen if any of his colleagues had failed to be re-elected. The researches of a judicious advocate always stop with the discovery of a precedent which suits his immediate purpose. Further inquiry would have shown that in the autumn of 1834 the new Minister was in a minority of more than a hundred, which was reduced to twenty or thirty by the general election. Sir ROBERT PEEL was never in the habit of pinning his heart or his motives on his sleeve for political critics to peck at. When a plausible reason was valid as far as it went, the sagacious Minister invariably preferred it for public use to a fuller manifestation of conscience. If the exclusion of Mr. DISRAELI from power is a proper object of constitutional legislation, it unluckily happens that the necessity of re-election neither prevented his acceptance of office in 1866, nor forced him to dissolve Parliament before the close of 1868. The antagonism between the law and common sense has of late years produced among all parties a feeling that in ordinary cases it is unfair and ungenerous to oppose a newly-appointed Minister at his re-election. No contest of this kind occurred when Mr. DISRAELI'S or Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet was formed, nor has there probably been a similar instance within twenty years. Of many questionable arguments, perhaps the weakest was the suggestion that the loss of Mr. BRIGHT'S election speech at Birmingham would have been a public misfortune. There is a general and growing belief that hustings' speeches might be advantageously abolished; and if constituents wish to hear the reasons of eloquent members for taking office, they can easily invite them to dinner.

Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues were, as it has been said, re-elected without a single exception; and therefore the reference to the constituencies was in their case useless. Lord PALMERSTON in 1859, and Mr. GLADSTONE in 1868, took office immediately after a general election, in which the claims of the two great parties and their leaders to power had been the principal point in issue. One of the speakers in the debate of Tuesday pertinently asked why there should be an appeal from the House of Commons to the borough of Tiverton; but in 1859 the voice of Tiverton, whatever it might be worth, had been within a few weeks audibly expressed. When a Government resigns in consequence of an adverse vote, the Session is interrupted for two or three weeks, even for ordinary business, through the natural unwillingness of members to attend the House in the absence of the Ministers. The heads of the great departments are at the same time interrupted in their laborious efforts to master the current business of their offices by their necessary attention to a useless ceremony; and notwithstanding the multiplication of gratuitous inconveniences, the professed object of the constitutional rule is only half attained. The votaries of ancestral wisdom have the good sense not to make copies of their idol, nor to propagate its worship. The peers who form half or more than half of an average Cabinet cannot be included, because they have no constituents; yet the power of the Crown is as dangerously exerted in the choice of Lord CLARENDON, Lord GRANVILLE, and the Duke of ARGYLL, as in the appointment of Mr. CARDWELL. The remaining SECRETARY of STATE was, as it happened, exempt from the necessity of returning to the ill-judging constituency which had rejected him at Merthyr. Until Mr. BRUCE was elected for Renfrewshire, Mr. HARCOURT and other constitutional purists must have seen with alarm that four-fifths of the seals of State had been distributed without the subsequent ratification of any constituency whatever. The Secretaries of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Admiralty, and the Under-Secretaries of State are, by a convenient fiction, supposed to derive their offices, not from the Crown, but from their respective superiors. If the House of Commons had really believed in the expediency of the law as it affects Cabinet Ministers, the same restrictions would long since have been imposed on their respective subordinates. Although it is not allowable to suppose that Mr. AYRTON or Mr. BAXTER could at any time have seceded from their party, Mr. LOWE might at an earlier period of his career possibly have been a Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. GLADSTONE may be excused for discountenancing a measure of Reform which is not avowedly approved by the majority of the House. The inconvenience, though it is entirely unmixed with advantage, is limited in operation, and it is endurable because it is old. The fear of unpopularity which restrains members from the expression of their real opinions is probably unfounded; but the removal of the restriction might decorously originate with the non-official section of the House. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues may feel a delicacy in proposing to relieve themselves from a fine of some hundreds of pounds if at any future time they again form a Government. The moderate measure by which the last Parliament rendered it possible for the members of a Government to change offices with impunity has in some degree diminished the ancient nuisance and weakened the bulwarks of the Constitution. Mr. HARCOURT'S future Parliamentary reputation will not be less solid because its first instalment has been earned by the defence of a sacred and acknowledged abuse.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

EVERY one who has watched the course of a trial at law must have observed that witnesses sometimes affect to misapprehend the drift of a question, and give answers which, though literally true, convey a wholly false impression. These fencing tactics seldom succeed when the examining counsel is determined to have a *bonâ fide* answer; but occasionally counsel and witness are in the same mind, and questions are framed for the purpose of eliciting replies true

to the ear, but not to the sense. Such *nisi prius* tricks are not thought very creditable, and, in spite of all temptations, we know that they are never practised in the House of Commons. Still it does sometimes happen that an accidental slip creeps into the terms of a Parliamentary question, and that a Minister, though desiring to reply with the most perfect frankness, mistakes the real object in view, and, by answering the words instead of the spirit of the questioner, inadvertently deceives every one who hears him.

This is exactly what took place on Tuesday night, when Lord Elcho put his question about the Commander-in-Chief. The well-known candour of Lord Elcho renders it quite unnecessary to say that the error implied in the form of his question, and pointed out by the Minister, was a mere inadvertence, and Mr. Cardwell is much too upright and experienced an official to condescend to the device of meeting a most important inquiry with an evasive answer. The conversation was undoubtedly quite a *bonâ fide* affair, but, from an unfortunate misconception, the result of the question and answer is simply to throw dust into the eyes of the public. As this was obviously not intended, both Lord Elcho and Mr. Cardwell will, we are sure, be grateful to us for removing some of this unlucky dust; and we feel the more bound to do so because it would be affectation on our part not to acknowledge that the question pointed at some observations in an article on Mr. Trevelyan and the Duke of Cambridge which appeared in our columns on the 13th instant. The matter will be all the clearer if we first call our readers' attention to the statement which we then made. After pointing out the administrative obstruction caused by the duality which actually exists between the Horse Guards and the War Office, we added some remarks which, as they seem to be impugned by Mr. Cardwell's answer, we are constrained to repeat. The passage runs thus:—

"In point of fact, almost all the difficulties to which we "have referred have been found in past experience to arise "from the anomalous authority given to the *office of Com-* "*mander-in-Chief*, and not from the rank of its possessor for "the time being. The vice is not in the appointment of this "or that Commander-in-Chief, but in the studied ambiguity of "*the warrant which defines his position.*" We then pointed out that all matters of command and discipline, and all appointments and promotions, were excepted out of the jurisdiction of the Secretary of State, though a vague general responsibility was reserved, and we concluded thus:—"What wonder "that all is confusion—that instead of a few high administra- "tive offices under the Minister, you have a staff of two or three "great soldiers at the War Office, duplicated by a staff of four "or five more great soldiers at the Horse Guards, always corre- "sponding with and intriguing against each other, and doing less real work than half their number, at a third of the cost, would do if the whole government of the army were placed under a single responsible Minister, with the Commander-in-Chief as his first executive subordinate, to undertake the supervision of matters of discipline, promotion, and the like."

Every word of this, including the words which we have now italicized, is, as we shall presently show, absolutely accurate; and our readers will now be prepared to understand the strange fiasco of Tuesday evening. Lord Elcho put a question to Mr. Gladstone, and we think we cannot be wrong in assuming that the object of it was to ascertain whether such a description as we had given of the relations between the War Office and the Horse Guards was correct or not. Unfortunately Lord Elcho, not having made himself as familiar with the details of the case as we have been obliged to do, put the first part of his question in this shape:— "Whether, *under the warrant appointing the Commander-in-* "*Chief of the Army*, any doubt arises as to the relative posi- "tion of the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State "for War?" and then went on to inquire as to the existence and extent of the dual government, and whether steps were in contemplation for the concentration of the War Departments in one building.

It will be observed, on comparing the italicized passages in our statement and in Lord Elcho's question, that what we carefully described as "the warrant which defines [the Com- "mander-in-Chief's] position" is referred to by Lord Elcho as "the warrant appointing the Commander-in-Chief," and that while our criticism was aimed at the anomalous powers of the office, Lord Elcho's question pointed exclusively to its present occupant, the Duke of Cambridge. The Premier thought fit to leave the War Minister to answer the question, and we do not accuse Mr. Cardwell of purposely taking a miserable advantage of Lord Elcho's blunder in confounding an "appointing" warrant with a "defining" warrant. Still, with a simplicity which cannot be too much admired in so experienced a veteran, he replied that there was no warrant "appointing" His Royal Highness, and that his proper technical title (as everybody knows) is not the "Commander-in- "Chief," but the "Field Marshal Commanding in Chief." It never occurred to Mr. Cardwell's mind that the real subject of inquiry was the warrant defining the position of the Commander-in-Chief, and he was therefore entirely silent on the most material point to which we had directed public attention. It never struck him that the relative status of two officers might be defined as well in the warrant appointing the one as in that appointing the other. Oddly enough Lord Elcho did not think it necessary to correct his question and elicit a substantial answer, and the result is that almost every one who heard Mr. Cardwell must have supposed that he was directly contradicting our assertion as to the ambiguous warrant; and yet all the while he was talking of something wholly irrelevant, and was of necessity aware that the position of the Commander-in-Chief for the time being is in effect defined by Royal warrant, and that all such warrants apply, in every particular which we mentioned, to the Duke of Cambridge, although he has only the inferior title. But first, it may be as well to sweep away the little technical cobweb about the designation of His Royal Highness. A "General or Field Marshal Commanding in Chief," such as the Duke of Cambridge, is simply an acting Commander-in-Chief exercising all the powers of the office, with no substantial difference except in dignity and emolument. Mr. Cardwell, in referring to this trivial distinction, fell into exactly the same error which Mr. Trevelyan had in a different way fallen into. He treated a grave question as to the relative position of two great offices, the Ministry for War and the Command in Chief, as if it were a matter purely personal to the present holder of the Chief Command. It is not so; and for this reason we have spoken, and shall continue to speak, of the position assigned to "The Commander-in-Chief" in the abstract, instead of limiting ourselves to the exact title which more accurately describes the rank of the Duke of Cambridge. All that we have urged, and all that we now mean to urge, would apply with equal force whether the Command in Chief was held by a Royal Duke or by a soldier who had risen from the ranks. Now, having disposed of this interpolated quibble, let us come to the substance of the dispute. Has any such warrant as we rather irreverently described ever been framed? This is a simple question of fact, and we know, and Mr. Cardwell knows, what the answer must be.

The next question is, whether any distinction is made by such warrants between the powers of a General or Field Marshal Commanding in Chief and those of a Commander-in-Chief? Mr. Cardwell must have learned very little of the traditions of his office if he cannot answer this question also, and he can answer it only by confirming what we have said.

Lastly, we ask whether the warrants in force from time to time have not in practice been interpreted to mean that in the ordinary course of administration the Commander-in-Chief, whether substantive or acting, shall in matters of command, appointments, promotions, and discipline be independent of the Minister, though the Minister may nevertheless retain an extraordinary reserved power of intervention on questions of extreme importance. This gloss gives a sort of meaning to what would otherwise be absurd and unintelligible, and the meaning is that duality shall be the rule, and the interposition of the Minister the exception, to be called into action only on great emergencies. And so the practice always has been, and is to this day. In the face of this well-known practice, which originated long before the appointment of the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Cardwell thought it right and candid to say, in his place in Parliament, that "there exists in principle no dual government," when he knew well that the dual government has always been in full force in practice; and that, so far as Royal Warrants say anything, they say that the whole command and discipline, and all appointments and promotions, shall be, as the general rule, excepted out of the Parliamentary jurisdiction. Is it or is it not the fact that not only military appointments, but all the appointments to the administrative staff of the Horse Guards, from the highest to the lowest, are made, and all their duties assigned, by the General for the time being acting as Commander-in-Chief? And if it is so, with what fairness can Mr. Cardwell say that the dual system is not at this moment rampant?

But let us take Mr. Cardwell at his word, and assume that he has, not in name only, but in reality, the supreme effective power which he, like his predecessors, claims in theory, but which neither he nor his predecessors have ever

dared to exercise. If he has the power, he cannot shirk the responsibility. Every duplicate office in the Horse Guards and the War Department is, we are now told, a duplicate office maintained, by the authority of the Minister, for the aggrandizement of some petted soldier at the expense of the country. A chief is wanted to supervise the whole department of supply, and what do we find? Why, we have two Generals, Sir HENRY STORKS and General BALFOUR, assigned to this work at the War Office; and a third magnificently paid General called a Quartermaster-General, to do substantially the same work at the Horse Guards. Of these three only one is wanted, and it is well known that the principal duty of the Quartermaster-General is to make routes, and to send requisitions for stores to the twin department which exists at the War Office. Then, again, there is a Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, and his counterpart at the War Office, in the shape of an Under-Secretary of State, developed out of what once was called the Secretary for Military Correspondence. The necessity for these offices is created by the dual system, and one, if not both might be dispensed with if the General wielding the powers of the Commander-in-Chief were placed at the elbow of the Minister as his military adviser. Then, again, we have at the Horse Guards three Adjutant-Generals—that is to say, the Adjutant-General of the Army, who alone is needed, and two Deputy Adjutant-Generals, quite independent of the first, who report direct to the Duke of CAMBRIDGE as the immediate commander of the Engineers and Artillery respectively. Not only are all these needless and costly offices established as a consequence of the dual government, and of the quasi-independence of the Horse Guards, but a very large percentage of the work of the two departments consists of tedious correspondence and wrangling about trifles, between Pall Mall and Whitehall. For all this waste and mischief Mr. CARDWELL says that he alone is responsible, and should he fail to annihilate it at once, his responsibility would be heavy enough if Ministerial responsibility were less of a farce than it is.

At this moment the Government are insisting, not only at the War Office, but in every department, upon the most stringent economy in the pettiest details. The newspapers are beginning to fill with the lamentations of poor clerks reduced to penury by the inexorable virtue of a Cabinet that is resolved at every cost to reduce the Estimates. Neither regard for the efficiency of the services, nor consideration for faithful work, nor compassion for struggling public servants is allowed to stand in the way of Mr. GLADSTONE's thirst for savings. Within fair and reasonable limits this savage economy may be right, except where it puts a veto on important work; but while in the treatment of the inferior officials parsimony is carried to the verge, and sometimes beyond the verge, of cruelty and injustice, the country cannot be expected to look quietly on while the dual government whose existence "in practice," though not "in principle," Mr. CARDWELL admits, is made the means of furnishing duplicate places to those whom the Commander-in-Chief for the time being may delight to favour.

Mr. CARDWELL hints that at some remote epoch he will do something to remedy these evils by bringing the two departments under one roof. That will be a legitimate change in its way if it is ever effected, but it will not come to much until there is one head as well as one roof over the whole army administration, nor until the Minister of War organizes his office without respect of persons or of rank, and applies the same stern rule alike to those whose salaries are counted by thousands as to those who draw a few poor hundreds from the public funds. The late Ministry went on the principle of making things pleasant all round. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues denounce this laxity, and resolve to make things unpleasant all round. Be it so, but let them apply their hard rule fairly, and beware of making things unpleasant all round with an exception in favour of those who enjoy the highest position, draw the maximum salaries, and in too many cases do the minimum of effective work. A real reformer would seek out and encourage those among his subordinates whom he found to be doing the most valuable work. A sham reformer will encourage the costly ornamental chiefs, and cut down without mercy every one who cannot protect himself by rank and position. It is not yet apparent to which of these classes Mr. CARDWELL, or even the omnipotent Mr. GLADSTONE, belongs. It is something, however, to have extracted the admission that, for any continuance of the dualized confusion which has hitherto reigned in the army, the Cabinet and the WAR MINISTER acknowledge their direct responsibility. It will not take long to show how they mean to discharge it, and these are not times when default in such a matter will be tolerated in a Ministry that calls itself Liberal.

After what has now taken place, we trust that, if Lord ELCHO does not repeat his question in a more satisfactory form, some other member will. And perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE will think the subject of sufficient importance to call for an answer from himself.

CONVENTUAL LIFE.

THE Alexandrine trial SAURIN *v.* STAR has dragged its slow length along before the much enduring Queen's Bench, and we do not need its conclusion to draw the moral of the case. The main issue remains clear and instructive, quite apart from the verdict. That issue is one in which the readers of this journal may be assumed to feel some interest. It has happened to us recently to have been seriously called to task, by a writer in one of the chief Roman Catholic organs, for having denied the principles of the Christian faith, or something like it, because we asked attention to the fact that the three great virtues once considered the very crown and glory of the Gospel—poverty, chastity (or, more properly, the celibate life), and obedience—had ceased to hold their supreme rank or obligation over the conscience. We were told that, if these virtues were not of universal obligation—as they could scarcely be, or it must have been intended by the author of Christianity that the world should come to an end in a single generation—at any rate they were the theological counsels of perfection which formed the ideal of the Christian life. Further, we were reminded that one for whom we have often professed sincere admiration was against us; and Dr. NEWMAN was quoted, when he observed that, "if the truth must be spoken, what are the humble "monk, and the holy nun, and other regulars, as they are "called, but Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture? . . . Where shall we find the image of St. PAUL . . . . or of MARY the mother of MARK, or of PHILIP's daughters, but in those who, whether they remain in seclusion or are sent over the earth, have calm faces, and sweet plaintive voices, and spare frames, and gentle manners, and hearts "weaned from the world, and wills subdued; and for their "meekness meet with insult, and for their purity with slander, "and for their gravity with suspicion, and for their courage "with cruelty?" Whether this charge was seriously preferred by the *Tablet* may be doubted; but we answered it argumentatively, and without levity. We shall not repeat our justification; but we refer to the matter only for the sake of showing how our position is illustrated by this most disagreeable trial, in which, be it remembered, those who are bound we suppose to accept this doctrine, that the conventual life presents the standard of New Testament Christianity, have been impleading one another. We, as—what the POPE politely calls us—Non-Catholics, can afford to stand apart and see how not only this ideal and typical life works, but how, after all, it presents itself to human nature and family affection even in its most artificial form—that of a Jesuit father who has accepted the doctrine that the highest duty of the "religious" is to reduce himself to the "cadaverous" condition of humanity divested of the personal will.

When all the lees and sediment of petty and silly details have been strained from the case of SAURIN *v.* STAR, it cannot but come to this on the most favourable or unfavourable judgment—that the conventual life presents no guarantee against the errors, weaknesses, and sins of the worldly life; and further, the suspicion is raised that, as developed and working among people such as men and women now are—and that they are what they are is a fact which cannot be got rid of by wishing that it were otherwise—this same conventual life presents special opportunities and occasions for the cultivation of certain special errors, weaknesses, and sins. And this is a very important social matter, for one must be dead to every right feeling not to recognise that the intention and object of such an institution as that of Sisters of Mercy, or the Brotherhood of St. VINCENT of PAUL, and similar sodalities male and female, are not only religiously proper, but in some way or other remarkably suitable to large social needs of the present day. There are many excellent people, female and male, who are impelled by the strong desire of benefiting their fellow-creatures, the poor and sick and ignorant, and who are consumed by the burning love of good works, who look to such institutions with a natural instinct as furnishing the best modes by which they can discharge duties which, visionary as they may be to others, are real and practical to them. They think that a common life of common duties, a holy interchange of mutual love and experience, a rule involving submission of the will to those of greater experience and ability, will best secure them from their own wickedness and self-seeking. There

is little to be said against this ideal of conventual life. It only just requires prefection; that is to say, it assumes it. But in the case of most of those adopting the conventual life, they wish to use it as a means of acquiring those angelic tempers and that perfection of attainment which the very fact of the life presupposes. Here seems to be the weak point of these institutions; they are sought as a means for acquiring the very conditions which they presuppose. They would act very well, we dare say, were all their members that which on entering this life they suppose, or at least profess, themselves to be. The profession of a nun or monk assumes that all evil dispositions are dead in them; that they have already acquired the exact discipline which their work requires; that they can be as self-denying, obedient, and abundant in every virtue as their vows assume them to be. In practice it comes out that the professed members do not come up to their own description of themselves. It may be that, after all, Sister MARY SCHOLASTICA was only a very commonplace sort of person—rash, impulsive, eager to form great friendships, and equally ready to break them. She seems to have had a fretting sort of mind, apt to take offence, to find her companions disagreeable, and to make herself equally disagreeable. Finding that she was in a false position, and had made a fatal mistake in life, she turned that life into a curse to herself and all that she came into contact with. She was just the sort of person we constantly meet with; and among her sisters or schoolfellows she would have been much as she was in the convent. She developed considerable talents for making herself and everybody about her uncomfortable. This is about the worst which probably could be said about her; and it is not after all so very bad, or, at any rate, it is a character common enough.

To live with a person of this sort must be a trial; but it is a trial which becomes infinitely more severe and exasperating under the peculiar conditions of a nunnery. Women, as a rule, do not get on well together. Their natural weakness and infirmities of temper, for good as for evil, require to be strengthened and elevated by intercourse with the masculine mind. A community of women, or even a woman's party, wants a backbone. Largeness of view, a strong sense of justice, and a severe contempt of paltriness and little miserable details of looks and gestures and suspicions and guesses, these are not to be expected in a woman's set. And, after all, a nunnery is only a woman's set. Where these qualities are met with in the members of an ordinary family there is confusion. The convent reproduces in an unfortunate form the family—the family life with its temptations, but without its safeguards. Such an inmate as Miss SAURIN is admirably calculated to bring out the very worst parts of the tempers of her companions. In this case, assuming the very worst against the Hull nuns, it seems to have been so. Her infirmities and pettinesses were met with infirmities and pettinesses; her disagreeables with harshness, suspicion, and even tyranny. The rules of her order armed the Superior with powers of being at the very least extremely disagreeable, which, it may be, Mrs. STAR availed herself of to the uttermost. A "cantankerous" inmate whom you cannot get rid of, whom you cannot bring down to the required humility and abasement, must sorely try the temper. The Mother Superior, we can quite understand, was sorely tried; the Sisters were sorely tried; Sister SCHOLASTICA was sorely tried. And the result was that the house came in practice to be not the home of every virtue and every grace, but an unpleasant abode of bickering, quarrelling, insubordination on one side, contumely and suspicion, if not oppression, on the other, and—to speak familiarly—nagging, fretting, frowning, and chafing, all round. Childish faults and offences are met with childish reprisals and punishments; and instead of the calm serene life of sacred contemplation and active beneficence, the chief interest of the Hull community was to discover whether one of their Sisters did not appropriate boot-laces, or was not in the habit of surreptitiously appropriating scraps of biscuit, and the school-children's stale crusts. No doubt it is infinitely disgusting to hear of all the little annoyances, and even the ill-treatment, which, according to her own account, was lavished on this unfortunate black sheep. The very recital of them, whether they are to be construed literally or whether they are exaggerated, shows at least this, that a convent is no security against the very worst errors of the worldly life. If Mrs. STAR inflicted these indignities, or if Miss SAURIN invented them, the case as against this sort of life, whichever narrative is true, is equally fatal.

We may go further and say, that in common domestic life, either to have acted as the Mother Superior is said to have acted, or to have made up such a story as Miss SAURIN is said to have made up, is simply and happily impossible. Public opinion, even within the narrow limits of a family circle, would have prevented it. Taking Miss SAURIN's exaggerated and hurried statements as literally true, the only analogous case is that of a ship's crew at sea. There are sometimes deeds of the most horrible cruelty perpetrated under the name of discipline, which is much the same thing as conventual obedience. A despotic captain reproduces an irresponsible Superior in religion. In either case he is the centre and sun of a small system, amenable to no check from public opinion; in a word, practically irresponsible. It is so in a convent. The feminine nature, we fear, is too often essentially cruel; not the less essentially cruel because with women the art of ingeniously tormenting is from circumstances contracted to small opportunities of inflicting corporeal punishment. But the very same temper which in a sea-captain ties his victim to the capstan, would in a Mother-superior be restricted to the small but irritating power of investing her small victim with a dirty duster on her head. This is the worst that can be said against Mrs. STAR; and certainly the worst has been said. On the other hand, it is the system which is responsible for developing all the infirmities of Miss SAURIN's character into that tissue of disobedience, untruthfulness, and grumbling with which she is, truly or falsely, charged. The warning is not without its healthy as well as its painful side. It addresses itself to the young, the susceptible, and the enthusiastic. They had better pause before they take irrevocable vows; they had better think twice, even at the mature age of eighteen—Miss SAURIN's age, we believe, of profession—before they commit themselves to a life which requires precisely those gifts and virtues which it is impossible that pious, ardent, inexperienced, and sentimental girls can possess. This case, whichever view we take of it, shows that to form a certain character the very worst course is to assume that you have it. And, unless our memory fails us, we have heard this sort of thing before. The lady, and she was one who scarcely made her revelations attractive, who wrote some years ago two disagreeable books—*Flemish Interiors*, and a *Glance behind the Grilles of French Religious Houses*—tells much the same story. A Miss GOODMAN made somewhat of the same charges against Miss SELLON of the Plymouth sisterhood. In all these cases there was exaggeration. But there was smoke behind the fire; as there is in this case.

BRICK AND MORTAR IN PARIS.

A NEWER excitement, and one of which the scene is laid nearer home, has taken the place of the Belgian railway business in the minds of Paris politicians. Whether the sudden moderation of the semi-official journals was due to the discovery that they had misinterpreted the EMPEROR's wishes or to an intimation that since the fighting had not been taken up by the independent press it had failed to answer its purpose, or to the transfer of the controversy from journalistic to diplomatic ground, is more than can be said with certainty. Happily the French Government has of late shown in a great number of instances that it has thoroughly mastered the art of effecting a retreat. But for this consoling reflection, some natural alarm might have been entertained lest it should feel compelled, in common consistency, to make its acts square with its words. Threatened men, however, live long, and the rule holds good even when the ultimate author of the threats is NAPOLEON III. Belgium is not likely to be a sufferer by reason of the audacity of her Senate in passing a Bill to which the French Government was known to be adverse. The question will probably be let gently down through a descending scale of rumours until it reaches that limbo of groundless alarms to which the Imperial Government has been so generous a contributor. In the face of M. FRERE-ORBAN's speech in the Senate, it would have been hard even for a semi-official journalist to maintain that Belgium had done anything more than her indignant neighbour would have done under similar circumstances. If, said the Minister, the Eastern of France had wished to cede its line to a foreign company, if the French Government had expressed its disapproval of the proposal, and offered itself to buy the line, if the Eastern of France had, without taking any notice of this communication, proceeded to complete the contract—what course would the Government have taken? It is much easier to bluster about distrust, defiance, and ingratitude than to answer a plain question like this, and the portion of the Paris press upon which the duty would have devolved may be thankful that it has been spared the necessity by the signal to cease firing.

The abandonment of the contest has been masked to a great extent by the discussion in the Corps Législatif on the finances

of the city of Paris. The storm which has been brewing for years has come at last in the shape of a speech from M. THIERS. Financial arrangements which court concealment could not have a more dangerous foe. The municipal Budget unrolls under his hands in a way which throws the strongest light on exactly those places which the Prefect of the Seine most desires to keep obscure. The question before the Corps Législatif related to a particular loan, but this necessarily brought up the whole history of the financial policy which had led to this loan being required. Certainly the figures, as they stand, are somewhat startling. During the last fifteen years close upon 2,000,000,000 francs have been spent on the "transformation" of Paris. The annual expenditure now amounts to 250,000,000 francs—"just double," says M. THIERS in an aside, "the total expenditure of Belgium "or Bavaria." The Budget in which these figures are presented is modelled on the Budget of the Empire. Its leading principle is to put facts pleasantly at starting, in the hope that people will find them dry reading, and not turn the page. First, therefore, comes the ordinary Budget, showing an income of 156,000,000 francs against an expenditure of only 102,000,000. This is followed by the regular extraordinary Budget amounting to 61,000,000 francs, and this by the special extraordinary Budget amounting to another 60,000,000. And then the supplementary Budget brings up the estimates to the grand total. The last three members of the series deal entirely with expenditure. Even Baron HAUSSMANN's power of conjuring is unable to represent the receipts as anything more than the initial 156,000,000 francs. It is in making provision for this deficit that his financial ingenuity has been exercised during the whole period of his reign. How he has contrived to make two ends meet he is probably himself unable to say; but the inability is unimportant, as the creditors who have found the money may be trusted to keep the account for him. Unhappily debt, like death, knocks, in the end, at every door, and the master of the Hôtel de Ville has not discovered any means of evading the inevitable dun. "My work is at an end," says Baron HAUSSMANN. "No," answers M. THIERS, "your work "is not at an end—but your resources are."

Indeed, however loudly the Prefect of the Seine may protest on this last point, it is obvious from the whole tenor of his administration that nothing is further from his thoughts than bringing his operations to an immediate, or even a speedy, end. While the French workman is kept constantly employed his political tendencies do not often exhibit themselves in action. Good wages, and the knowledge that it is the Government that pays them, exercise a highly conservative influence on all who come within their reach. If the reconstruction of Paris were suspended, and the huge artisan army to whose wants the process ministers were suddenly thrown out of work, there might be considerable danger that the Socialism which is only dormant in its ranks would no longer be limited to theory. The Government and the Opposition disagree of course as to the number of hands who would be affected by a discontinuance of the Prefect's labours. By the Opposition they are variously stated at from 200,000 to 500,000; by the Government the total is reduced to a mere trifle of 91,000. Probably the discrepancy does not go beyond the surface. An official speaker would be sure to reckon none but workmen in the strictest sense of the term, while the Opposition calculation no doubt takes in all the unskilled labourers who practically share the workman's fortunes, because they cannot be employed except in conjunction with him. Even with the omission of this probable correction, 91,000 Frenchmen, all starving, and all cherishing a grievance against the authorities, are a vision from which personages of greater importance than the Prefect of the Seine may be allowed to shrink back in affright. If war were to break out, the conscription might in part dispose of the difficulty; but as long as peace lasts there will probably be means found and excuses devised to enable the Government to retain the position of paymaster. Meantime the prosperity of the artisan involves a constantly increasing tax on the other classes of society. The cost of living in Paris has grown enormously, and even the rise in prices does not make up to the shopkeepers for the yet greater rise in rents. "Thirty years ago," says M. THIERS, "there was not a shop in Paris let at more than 15,000 or "20,000 francs; now there are some which fetch 80,000 "or 90,000 francs." If you want proof, he adds, go and search the registry of bankruptcies.

Baron HAUSSMANN, or the authorities by whom he is inspired, have certainly arranged their operations in the best possible order for their own purposes. If all the obvious improvements had now been effected, and only the less urgent portions of the scheme remained incomplete, it might be difficult to make out a case for going on. Things have been so managed, however, that, with the exception of the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard de Sévastopol, which even M. THIERS acknowledges to be real improvements, most of what has yet been achieved affects only the outskirts of Paris. The Boulevard du Prince Eugène runs through a series of gardens, the Boulevard Haussmann does but give loungers another road from the Madeleine to the Arc de l'Étoile. The system on which Paris has been rebuilt could only be paralleled in London by the construction of new streets on the largest scale through St. John's Wood or Tyburnia or Clapham. By this means, if the Prefect is now asked to stop, he can point to many much-needed changes in the centre of Paris, and ask his critics whether they are willing that the real wants of the city should be left uncared for, after so much money has been spent on mere accessories. There is not much chance, however, that the request will as yet be put forward in a way to demand an answer. Financiers and politicians may predict that an evil day is coming, but the general public sees only that Paris has become a more enjoyable place to live in, and that the crowds of strangers which have been thus attracted thither spend a good deal of money during their stay. The people who find the outlay and the people who gain by it are not the same, and at present the Government is more interested in pleasing the latter than in lightening the burdens of the former. Baron HAUSSMANN's gourd will hardly be cut down just yet.

INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT.

NONE of Mr. Mill's works is so brilliantly written, none has so much of the prophetic air, none is supported by such a force of genuine and intelligible passion, as his *Essay on Liberty*. The propositions therein contained are directed, not against some subtle metaphysical hypothesis or politico-economical fallacy, but against that which is the most pervading power in the whole world, which dominates with irresistible force over the uneducated and the unthinking, and is scarcely ever wholly expelled even from the learned and the intelligent—the sense of blind companionship, the laziness which cannot, and the fear which dares not, form any thought for itself, the instinctive clinging for help to another which arises from the want of individual energy of soul. Who can deny the merit of a philosopher who comes forward to attack this temper, and to encourage men to dare, at all costs, to be themselves? Nevertheless we are of opinion that Mr. Mill, in the vehemence of his assault on one error, has forgotten the existence of an opposite error, and has in consequence neglected to gain a full view of that temperament which is the best aid to every man in the discovery of truth. And though the subject is one of the most extensive, yet a few hints towards clearing it up may not be unprofitably given in a short compass.

Men are, as a fact, widely different from each other. Even between those who are nearest in blood, in neighbourhood, and in friendship, the dissimilarities are great; and between men brought up in different spheres, and especially of diverse nationality, the distance in thought, feeling, and opinion becomes so wide as hardly ever to be bridged over in such a manner as to lead to a perfect mutual understanding. Now this far-stretching, deep-seated diversity of men is a fact to be recognised, and yet it is a fact which it needs some courage to recognise. For there is a sense of safety in community of thought and belief; no one likes to be considered an outcast from the general tone of those among whom he lives; and when once some strong mind has impressed a certain habitual disposition on its neighbours, any one who dissents from this is considered strange, unaccountable, and an alien. As sheep keep warm by huddling close together, so the opinions of common men retain their vitality and existence by their affinity and close neighbourhood to each other. And yet beneath this outward appearance of similarity there is in truth a wide dissimilarity; men repeat the same phrases and the same watchwords, while the real moving force of their lives, their deepest faith and most constant desire, may be fundamentally different, and even opposite. And it is an essential condition of veracity, of sincerity, of advance in the knowledge of reality, that men should open their eyes to this diversity, should learn that agreement in words is no sure guarantee of agreement in thought, and should be content to resign the apparent unity which had prevailed among them when they know that it only serves to cloak over an actual disunion. This is the meaning of the advice given to men to "dare to be themselves"; to dare to examine what is their genuine state, what they truly desire, hope, and believe, and not be staggered should they discover that, in their natural selves and of their own spontaneous disposition, they would not express themselves as they have been taught and accustomed to express themselves in imitation of others. This is true liberty of thought; it is the liberation from the bondage of words; and it must of necessity result in the liberation of speech. For no man can be individual in thought without the struggle to express this individuality in the concrete and permanent form of language; if his thought does not advance in strength and durability, it decays and dies. It does not, unfortunately, by any means necessarily follow that when a man

has won freedom of thought for himself he should desire it for others also; but others will naturally have a tendency to imitate his example; and after a time it is discovered that this individuality, this breaking of the chain of formal unrealized words, is in all cases an advance towards truth. And thus thinkers who are free themselves do in the end consent, and even rejoice, that others should be free also, in spite of their opinion that this freedom is, in many cases, used to oppose what they themselves regard as most valuable.

So far Mr. Mill, as we understand him, says; and so far we agree with him. But the evils caused by pressing to an extravagant degree this spirit of individuality are not stated by Mr. Mill; as far as appears, they have not been observed by him; and indeed his own works do, unless we are much mistaken, show very clear signs that he has suffered from this non-observance. For, granted that men are to "dare to be themselves"; that they are to recognise and insist upon what they themselves naturally think, and not merge it in any form of words prescribed to them by another; is this recognition of diversity, of our own individual opinion as opposed to that of others, an ultimate state? Certainly not; no man either thinks for himself alone, or by himself alone. The bulk of our knowledge, in all its broader and more general portions, we receive through others; the society in which we dwell has from our earliest years been pouring into our minds opinions, ideas, prejudices, thoughts; what is peculiar to ourselves is for the most part merely the combination and form in which these are held. And, conversely, we cannot hold strongly any belief, in whatever proportion it may owe its origin to the influence of others or to our own energy, without desiring to diffuse that belief back over the whole society from which so many of its main elements must necessarily have been derived. We cannot genuinely believe, without the desire to propagate our belief. It is not the sense of individuality alone, it is the sense of individuality joined with the sense of community in one bond with all mankind, that is the only trustworthy guide in the pursuit of truth.

Thus it is necessary to preach to men, not merely that they ought to be individual, but also that they ought to be social; and our energy in clinging to the one of these doctrines should imply a corresponding energy in clinging to the other. In a certain sense, both of these forms of moral teaching are commonplace; the maxims "Dare to think for yourself," and "Pay respect to what other people think," are each of them some thousands of years old. But there is a vast difference between assenting to the terms of a moral maxim and grasping vividly its meaning in connexion with the particular circumstances of the time. And if men at the present day are less individual than they ought to be, it is not the less true that their social instincts are defective (and we speak more especially of this matter of opinions and beliefs); they do not submit themselves sufficiently to other minds; they do not endeavour with all their power to absorb the elements of good in doctrines which come to them under a forbidding guise; they have not the humility to think that they may possibly be misapprehending those whom they condemn; they have not the generosity to suspend their judgment, however they may profess in words toleration for the obnoxious opinions. The maxims which should guide a true thinker are these:—"Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto"; "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." These maxims are, indeed, very difficult to hold by practically. When we meet some actual representative of unpalatable beliefs, how can we repress our rising indignation? The conviction almost unavoidably forces itself upon us that his qualities of head and heart are far from what they ought to be, far below the standard at which our own are maintained. And this conviction puts his obstinacy in a still worse light, for he actually rejoices in these bad qualities of his. How tempting it is to put him (if we can do so) into a logical dilemma, and leave him there! But "*Nihil* humani a me alienum puto" is the only justifiable principle; we cannot sever ourselves from the faults and errors of our neighbour. Whether his desires and principles are in reality better or worse than our own cannot, for the most part, be known till after diligent examination; and in the meanwhile we must do our utmost to identify ourselves with him, and try to discern, under strange forms of words, fears and hopes which are really inherent in ourselves. For it will generally be found, among men of the same generation, that common impulses have prevailed among them, even when the outward appearances are most dissimilar. The same character will re-appear in the statesman, the poet, the philosopher, and the architect; it will be the same fundamental cause that makes one man a fanatical revolutionist, another a bigoted obstructive, a third a sceptic. It is then the task of a man who really wishes to know the truth for himself, and truly to judge his neighbours, to penetrate beneath that outward mask which words throw over thought, and to discern the identity which lies hid below. He must assume, even when appearances seem most to contradict it, that he is not alien from those who most deeply offend him. There is a fundamental rationality in man; and though it is hard, amid the confused skein of words, the premature and tentative efforts at grasping and expressing the whole sum of truth, which have marked every successive generation, to disentangle that which is the clue to the whole—the genuine impulse which was the origin of so much that is obscure and seemingly nonsensical—yet the endeavour must be persistently made. And if we are inclined, as is often the case, to be angry with those who take their opinions by rote, yet such anger should not be extreme. Those who take their opinions by rote do, in effect, as far as in them lies, ally themselves with so much of our common humanity as comes within their reach; they testify to the existence of the common bond between themselves and others; and this should be admitted, even when we blame their indolence or timidity in refraining from the energy of individual thought.

This sympathy with men, which is so valuable, this identification of ourselves with others, and abnegation of our own individuality in favour of the common spirit of mankind, this dexterity in penetrating through the uncouth and unfashioned speech to the real thought of those with whom we have to deal, is not won by logical power, though logical power may be a great aid towards perfecting it. It is far more closely allied to the imagination; and, like all imaginative excellence, it demands as its condition tenderness, delicacy, and the absence of self-sufficiency. Now these are qualities which intellectual men are wont to overlook, and sometimes even to despise; their chief aim is, too often, to be unassailable; so long as they are impregnable in the propositions which they venture to affirm, they do not care how scanty those propositions may be, how inadequate to maintain men even in their present condition of happiness, how little likely to be fruitful of great and important discoveries. The position of such a man as Kepler, nine-tenths of whose works are pure failure and mystical obscurity, but who in the tenth part discovered some of the most pregnant and valuable truths ever laid open by man, is surely far more honourable than the position of Hume, who contented himself with the lucid exhibition of the difficulties and seemingly insoluble contradictions to which the ordinary beliefs of his time, and the theses of its most genuine inquirers, might be brought.

We do not say that the present generation is very conspicuously inferior to preceding generations in the cultivation of the sentiments which we have been recommending. But it ought to be superior; and we think that on the whole, since the beginning of the century, there has been retrogression. The intellectual men of the present time look on themselves as a peculiar people, place themselves in isolation from the thoughts of other ages, survey with contempt all ideas that do not spring from a certain circle of thinkers; which certainly was not the case then. They do indeed think that they justify themselves by claiming to be on the side of the large uneducated or imperfectly educated classes of the community. But it stands to reason that they must in reality be further removed from the sympathies of these than from those of the intervening classes, the middle ranks or the well-educated Conservatives. And it is sheer irrational partisanship to establish an alliance on the single basis of a dislike held by both parties in common, or on anything except a genuine mutual understanding. That cannot be a sincere respect for another which is taken up as a means of exciting prejudice against a third party. For our own part, we desire to express a genuine respect for the working-classes. But we say that, as is the case with all people who have insufficient leisure, their knowledge of language is not sufficient to enable them to express with accuracy their real wants; their knowledge of things is not sufficient to enable them to discern the remedies for those wants. They, in short, are sincere and true in feeling, and it is most important that their voice should be heard; but their language needs interpretation, and this, distinctly, through the defect of intellectual development. And when a public writer discharges accusations of immorality against the ministers of all religions because they use the words that have been taught them by others, he fails to see that this is, in some degree, an inevitable necessity for all men; and that it becomes a still more stringent necessity in proportion to the diminished leisure and opportunities of the class of whom we have been speaking.

We have wandered from Mr. Mill. And, in reference to this point, we are sure that Mr. Mill has always strenuously endeavoured to do justice, to escape from isolation and a narrow individuality, and to enter into the sympathies of men. But his works bear it on their face that this has always been an effort to him; it is not his natural instinct; he has always preferred the combative position. And in truth, with all Mr. Mill's desire for fairness, we do not know any philosopher whose treatment of his opponents is so unintentionally irritating. He never entirely quits the region of words; Plato says one thing, and Cicero says another, and Comte another, and these sayings (remarks Mr. Mill) are fallacies or absurdities; but to put himself in Plato's or Cicero's or Comte's position, to see what they were aiming at, what was the central instinct that made them wander into these (if you like) absurd propositions, he does not inquire. He has seldom been able to cast himself loose from formulated language, and to feel the tentative motions of another's spirit. And hence his conclusion with respect to the vast majority of previous philosophers is that nearly everything which they have put forward is absurd. He praises them for this, and only for this, that they dared to think in a way contrary to that of ordinary men—a merit which, in his eyes, far outweighs the fault of absurdity in the opinions. To us it appears that, if this were the only praise that could be assigned to such philosophers as Descartes and Leibnitz, it would be one of the strongest possible arguments against individuality of thought. If individuality has, in the greater number of its most eminent possessors, led simply to absurdity, is not this an argument against individuality? We assent to Mr. Mill's enthusiasm for individuality; but in order to assent to it, we are obliged to conclude that his treatment of the philosophers most eminent for individuality has been very imperfect indeed.

NATURAL SELECTION AMONGST MANKIND.

IF Mr. Darwin's doctrine is well founded, the human race as at present constituted is the result of a long and exceedingly slow elaboration. It resembles one of the machines advertised as possessing all the newest and best improvements. We, in our collective capacity, are heirs of all the ages from the first dawn of life until now, and, until we are in turn superseded by something better, may flatter ourselves that we combine in the highest degree practicable all reconcilable good qualities. What may be the ultimate value of these speculations is at present, and perhaps is likely long to remain, an open question; but one application of the theory, amongst many others, is of extreme practical interest. We may or may not have descended from the monkeys, and if we have, it must be granted that, in spite of much which might be urged to the contrary, we have on the whole made a distinct advance in morality and intelligence. In spite of wars and pauperism and commercial scandals, we are very superior to the dogheaded baboons. But the question remains, whether the same process is still at work amongst mankind. Is it true that the races which are furthest removed from the animals tend to supplant those of a distinctly lower type? Is it probable that at some distant period the world will be peopled by civilized beings of European descent, and that from them will arise a still nobler race, with larger brains, greater physical capacities, and more highly developed social affections? Without looking to a future so remote that our feeble vision can never expect to penetrate its depths, we may ask whether a progress in that direction is distinctly visible to the naked eye. It might be vain to inquire whether in a few million years there will be a race of beings on the planet capable of looking down upon us as we look down upon naked savages, or even "showing a Newton as we show an ape"; but it is important to know whether on the whole the superior races of mankind are supplanting those just below them in the scale, or whether some of the highest qualities at present developed are likely to be absorbed in a competition with inferior races of men. Certain familiar facts may be quoted in favour of the more cheerful prospect. New Zealanders and Red Indians are on the road to extinction, and the capacity of the negro to survive competition with the white man is still a very doubtful problem. The best hope held out for him is that he may survive, free from the disadvantages of slavery, but still at the best a serviceable and distinctly inferior drudge. If we might confidently apply these results to races divided by less palpable distinctions, we should infer, not only that Europeans are supplanting savages, but that the best races of Europe are likely to supplant those a degree or two below them. In other words, of course, we should look forward to the day when the population of the globe would be of exclusively English descent, which would be inexpressibly cheering.

Two or three difficulties, however, have been raised, which point to causes likely to retard this desirable consummation. Thus it has been said, although statisticians do not seem as yet to have decided the point, that the native American is being absorbed by the foreign immigration, and that expressly because he represents on the whole a superior type of civilization. The educated and intelligent native naturally feels the influence of prudential restraints. He does not marry, unless he has a fair prospect of supporting a family. He tends more and more to approximate to the social condition illustrated in France, where population increases so slowly as to be all but stationary. Meanwhile the immigrant, with a far lower standard of comfort, multiplies at an unprecedented rate, and bids fair in a few generations completely to swamp the higher type of man, and that for the very reason that he is at a lower intellectual stage. In other words, the fact that one part of a population is less capable of foresight and self-restraint gives it a direct advantage in the struggle for existence. It is unnecessary for this purpose to ask whether the facts are correctly stated, or whether there may not be some other explanation at hand. It may be said, for example, that the native American is physically degenerate, and is so far an inferior animal that, from certain climatic influences, or from the social habits of the people, his constitution is not so robust as that of his ancestors. It may be that the race is undergoing a slow process of acclimatization, and that a true interpretation of the facts observed would be somewhat different; the advantage would only be in the first race of emigrants, and ultimately those who had adapted themselves to the new soil through a long process of modification would gain the superiority. This, however, is a speculation for which the proper data have not as yet been accumulated. The difficulty suggested is the simple one that, in certain cases, the absence of that sensibility to prudential restraints which is the product of long-continued civilization gives an advantage to the least civilized part of the community. An argument in some respects similar is urged by alarmists of a different class. In California and Australia, it is said, the man of European origin is being ousted by the Asiatic. The Chinaman is an inferior being, both physically and intellectually, to his competitor. He can do less work, and is less capable of the higher kinds of thought. As, however, he can live upon the bare leavings of an American or English labourer, he succeeds in insinuating himself into the lower branches of labour, and, having abundance of ingenuity, industry, and capacity for imitation, he gradually ousts his more cultivated, but more expensive, rival. He is already the object of bitter jealousy; and, considering his perseverance, his powers of increase, and the enormous population of which he is the representative, he is likely to become even more formidable in future. If the Irishman swamps the American, Irishmen and Americans alike are in danger of being eaten out in course of time by the semi-barbarian races of the East, and the world, instead of being Americanized, will undergo a process for which a similar word should, if possible, be coined from the substantive Chinese. The danger is, of course, remote; but if a population of 300,000,000 once takes to expanding beyond its borders in a rapid geometrical increase, it is hard to assign any limits to its possible future.

A danger of a different kind is suggested by another observer. The agricultural population of the country is, it has been said, physically deteriorating. So far as the decay results from insufficient food and clothing, we may hope that it is a temporary and local result, caused, not by the progress of civilization, but by the fact that civilization has failed to penetrate into certain districts. But it is further argued that the improvements which have come within reach of the poorer classes have failed to benefit them permanently. A great many feeble infants have been preserved, who, under a rougher system, would have died; and, consequently, the average strength of constitution is diminished. The hardships of former times acted usefully by thinning out the population, and the healthier were selected by a spontaneous process to grow up and become the parents of the next generation. How far this can be true as a rule must be a very complicated question. The hardships which kill off the weak must tell more or less prejudicially upon the strong who survive. If we succeed in bringing up many who would have disappeared under a more severe test, it is fair to suppose that we also destroy certain evils which would have brought down the general standard of health. The implied doctrine seems to be that certain trials which injure the sickly tend positively to invigorate the healthy. But the hardening theory is only applicable within very narrow limits, and the more ordinary case would seem to be that anything which is bad for one class tells proportionately upon the other. Certainly the savage tribes upon whom the experiment is tried on the largest scale seem to be of distinctly weaker fibre than the more pampered European; and the soldier who has been luxuriously brought up is said to stand hardships better than his rougher companion who, in the common phrase, has been inured to hardships from his youth. Still we may suppose that, within certain limits, which it is impossible to define, the effect of rearing the sickly part of the population is to produce a race of inferior stamina. If we had not certain awkward moral feelings, we ought to choose out the most promising babies, as we take the best-looking puppies in a litter, and remorselessly drown all who are not strong enough to live.

The general result would therefore be that civilization produces upon the human race an effect analogous to that which racing is alleged to produce upon the breed of horses. We certainly develop some qualities in a very high degree; we get a highly nervous, sensitive, and intellectual race; but they are wanting in the robust physical qualification which is a necessary substratum for their other merits. The first necessity of a population, as for an individual, is that it should live. It may display the finest intelligence, but if it has not vitality enough to carry on an internecine struggle for existence, it will not be able to get a hearing at all in this world. The rough pachydermatous part of the population will expand at the cost of the more refined; the inferior races, which on the whole manage to produce a greater surplus with a given amount of labour, will push on one side the more costly, though more powerful, machine, just as screw-steamers supplant paddle-wheels, not because they are faster or more convenient, but because they burn less coal to produce a given speed. And finally, if we become so tender-hearted as to rear all the weakly constitutions, we shall pay for our humanity by degenerating in average strength, and shall be literally too good for this world; or, if a statement in such terms sounds too improbable, we may say that our goodnature may perhaps be developed out of proportion to our foresight or our severer virtues. So far as there is any truth in this view, it would not be in any way opposed to the doctrine of natural selection; for that doctrine merely asserts that the races will survive which, on the whole, are best adapted to the world in which we live. It would be a partial condemnation of our modern civilization, and would show that, although it has produced a race distinctly better fitted for self-preservation than the Red Indian or the negro, it has yet developed mankind in a very imperfect and one-sided manner. We are trying, according to the proverb, to chop blocks with razors, and have encouraged delicacy at the price of strength. Men, like horses, are becoming "weedy," and require an infusion of some stronger and less highly strung organizations. The excitable American needs to be invigorated by the duller European immigrant; and in some climates at least, the white man will have to be content with supplying commanding officers to use their brains in directing the ruder rank and file of Asiatic races. In short, we should have to regard the development of mankind, not as a continuous process in which the finest race in existence at a given period always tends to multiply at the expense of its neighbours, but rather as a tentative and vacillating advance, where certain races gain for a time exceptional merits at the expense of vitality, and then have to sink back upon the more vigorous breeds of the second rank.

The observations necessary to determine this point would undoubtedly be of the highest interest. We should hardly be philosophical enough to be reconciled to a partial deterioration of the

race by the fact that it is in accordance with the law of natural selection. It would be melancholy to believe that the progress upon which we pride ourselves is in part illusory, and that we must start again from a lower platform. We would infinitely rather discover that the alleged indications of decline are merely exceptional. The case of a new country is obviously not quite in point. There is there a special demand for the rougher kinds of labour, and the race which increases most rapidly has an advantage which it does not possess in other countries. What is required is as many millions as possible of rough hard-working pioneers; and the enormous increase of the immigrant population in America has been in fact produced immediately by such a demand. In a country in the normal state, where the limits of population are closer, the more intellectual qualities will give a greater advantage; and it is at least probable that the evils which result from preserving the weakly children will be counterbalanced by removing the causes of general depression. This, however, is an intricate problem, which we must be content for the present simply to note, without attempting to discover a satisfactory solution.

DOLLS.

THE love of dolls is instinctive with children, and a nursery without some of these silent simulacra for the amusement of the little ones is a very lifeless affair. But outside the nursery door they are stupid things enough; and whether improvised of wisped-up bundles of rags, or made of the costliest kind of composition, they are at the best mere pretences for the pastime of babies, not living creatures to be loved, or artistic creations to be admired. Certainly they are pretty in their own way, and some are made to simulate human actions quite cleverly; and one of their charms with children is that they can treat them like sentient beings without a chance of being turned upon. They can scold them for being naughty, and put them to bed in broad daylight for a punishment, and seat them in the corner with their impassive faces turned to the wall, just as they themselves are dealt with; the doll all the time smiling exactly as it smiled before, its round blue beads staring just as they stared before, neither scolding nor cornering making more impression on its sawdust soul than do little missy's sobs and tears when nurse is cross and dolly is her only friend. But the child has had its hour of play and make-believe sentiment of companionship and authority; and so, if the doll can do no good of itself, it can at least be the occasion of pleasantness to others.

Now there are women who are dolls in all but the mere accident of material. The doll proper is a simple structure of wax or wood, "its knees and elbows glued together"; and the human doll is a complex machine of flesh and blood. But, saving such structural differences, these women are as essentially dolls as those in the bazaar which open and shut their eyes at the word of command, enforced by a wire, and squeak when you pinch them in the middle. There are women who seem born into the world only as the playthings and make-believes of human life. As impassive as the waxen creatures in the nursery, no remonstrance touches them and no experience teaches them. Their final cause seems to be to look pretty, to be always in perfect drawing-room order, and to be the occasions by which their friends and companions are taught patience and self-denial. And they perfectly fulfil their destiny; which may be so much carried to their credit. A doll woman is hopelessly useless, and can do nothing with her brains or her hands. In distress or sickness she can only sit by you, and look as sorrowful as her round smooth face will permit, but she has not a helping suggestion to make, not a fraction of practical power to put forth. When a man has married a doll wife he has assigned himself to absolute loneliness or a double burden. He cannot live with his pretty toy in any more reality of sympathy than does a child with her puppet. He can tell her nothing of his affairs, nothing of his troubles or of his thoughts, because she can impart no new idea, even from the woman's point of view. Not from want of heart, but from want of brains to understand another's life. Is she not a doll? and does not the very essence of her dollhood lie in this want of perceptive faculty at all times, both for things and feelings? What are the hot flushes of passion, the bitter tears of grief, the frenzy of despair, to her? She sees them, and she wonders that people can be so silly as to make themselves and her so uncomfortable; but of the depth of the anguish they express she knows no more than does her waxen image when little missy sobs over it in her arms, and confides her sorrows to its deaf ears. Whatever anxieties oppress her husband, he must keep them religiously to himself, he cannot share them with her; and the last shred of his credit, like the last effort of his strength, must be employed in maintaining his toy wife in the fool's paradise where alone she can make her habitation. Many a man's back has broken under the strain of such a burden, and many a ruined fortune might have been held together, and repaired when damaged, had it not been for the exigencies and necessities of the living doll, who had to be spared all want or inconvenience at the cost of everything else. How many men are groaning in spirit at this moment over the infatuation that made them sacrifice the whole worth of life for the sake of a pretty face and a plastic manner!

The doll woman is as helpless practically as she is useless morally. If there is any personal danger about, she either faints or becomes dazed, according to her physiological conditions. Sometimes she is hysterical and frantic, and then she is actively troublesome. In general, however, she is just so much dead weight on hand, to be thought for as well as protected—a living corpse to be carried on the shoulders of those who are struggling for their own lives. She can foresee no possibilities, measure no distances, think of no means of escape. Never quick or ready, there is a total paralysis of such wits as she possesses in a moment of pressure; and it is not from selfishness so much as from pure incapacity to do otherwise that the poor doll falls down in a helpless heap of self-surrender, and lets her very children perish before her eyes without making an effort to protect them. As a mother, indeed, the doll woman is perhaps more unsatisfactory than in any other character. She gives up her nursery into the absolute keeping of her nurse, and does not attempt to control or to interfere. This, again, is not from want of affection, but from want of capacity. In her tepid way she has a heart, if only half-vitalized like the rest of her being; and she is by no means cruel. Indeed, she has not force enough to be cruel or wicked anyhow; her worst offence being a passive kind of selfishness, not from greed, but from inactivity, by which she is made simply useless for the general good. As for her children, she understands neither their moral nature nor their physical wants; and beyond a universal "Oh, naughty!" if the little ones express their lives in the rampant manner proper to young things, or as universal a "Oh, let them have it!" if there is a howl over what is forbidden or unwise, she has no idea of discipline or management. If they teaze her, they are sent away; if they are naughty, they are whipped at her request by papa or nurse; if they are ill, the doctor is summoned, and they have medicine as he directs; but none of the finer and more intimate relations usual between mother and child exist in the home of the doll mother. The children are the property of the nurse only, unless indeed the father happens to be a specially affectionate and a specially domestic man, and then he does the work of the mother—at the best clumsily, but at the worst better than the doll could do it.

Very shocking and revolting are all the more tragic facts of human life to the smooth-skinned easy-going doll. When it comes to her own turn to bear pain, she wonders how a good God can permit her to suffer. Had she brains enough to think, the great mystery of pain would make her atheistical in her angry surprise that she should be so hardly dealt with. As dolls have a constitutional immunity from suffering, her first initiation into even a minor amount of anguish is generally a tremendous affair; and though it may be pain of a quite natural and universal character, she is none the less indignant and astonished at her portion. She invariably thinks herself worse treated than her sisters, and cannot be made to understand that others suffer as much as, and more than, herself. As she has always shrunk from witnessing trouble of any kind, and as what she has seen has passed over her mind without leaving any impression, she comes to her own sorrows totally inexperienced; and one of the most pitiable sights in the world is that of a poor doll woman writhing in the grasp of physical agony, and broken down or rendered insanely impatient by what other women can bear without a murmur. When she is in the presence of the moral tragedies of life, she is as lost and bewildered as she is with the physical. All sin and crime are to her odd and inexplicable. She cannot pity the sinner, because she cannot understand the temptation; and she cannot condemn from any lofty standpoint, because she has not mind enough to see the full meaning of iniquity. It is simply something out of the ordinary run of her life, and the doll naturally dislikes disturbance, whether of habit or of thought. Yet if a noted criminal came and sat down by her, she would probably whisper to her next friend, "How shocking!" but she would simper when he spoke, and perhaps in her heart feel flattered by the attention of even so doubtful a notoriety. If she is a doll with a bias towards naughtiness, the utmost limit to which she can go is a mild kind of curiosity about the outsides of things—the mere husk and rind of the forbidden fruit—such as wondering how such and such people look who have done such dreadful things, and what they felt the next morning, and how could they ever come to think of such horrors. She would be more interested in hearing about the dress and hair and eyes of the female plaintiff or defendant in a famous cause than many other women would be; but she would not give herself the trouble to read the evidence, and she would take all her opinions secondhand. But whether the colour of the lady's gown was brown or blue, and whether she wore her hair wisped or plaited, would be matters in which she would take as intense an interest as is possible to her. The utmost limit to which enthusiasm can be carried with her is in the matter of dress and fashion; and the only subject that thoroughly arouses her is the last new colour, or the latest eccentricity of costume. Talk to her of books, and she will go to sleep; even novels, her sole reading, she forgets half an hour after she has turned the last page; while of any other kind of literature she is as profoundly ignorant as she is of mathematics; but she can discuss the mysteries of fashion with something like animation, these being to her what the wire is to the eyes of the dolls in the bazaar. Else she has no power of conversation. At the head of her own table she sits like a pretty waxen dummy, and can only simper out a few commonplaces, or simper without the commonplaces, satisfied if she is well appointed and looks lovely, and if her husband seems tolerably contented with the dinner. She is more in her element at a ball, where she is only asked to dance and not wanted to talk; but her ball-room days do not last for ever, and when they are over she has no available retreat

If a rich doll woman is a mistake, a poor one who has been rich is about the greatest infliction that can be laid on a suffering household. Not all the teaching of experience can make wax and glue into flesh and blood, and nothing can train the human doll into a dignified or a capable womanhood. She still dresses in faded finery, which she calls keeping up appearances, and still has pretensions, which no "inexorable logic of facts" can destroy. She spends her money on sweets and ribbons, and ignores the family need for meat and calico; and she sits by the fireside dozing over a trashy novel, while her children are in rags, and her house one scene of disorder. But then she has a craze for the word "lady-like," and thinks it synonymous with ignorance and helplessness. She abhors the masculine-minded woman who helps her—sister, cousin, or daughter—so far as she can abhor anything; but she is glad to lean on her strength, despite this abhorrence, and, while grumbling at her masculinity does not disdain to take advantage of her power. She is only negatively disagreeable though; and for all that she carps under her breath, will remain in any position in which she is placed. She will not act, but she will be passive; which is something gained when you have to deal with fools. This quiescence of hers passes with the world for plasticity and amiability; it is neither; it is simply indolence and want of originating force. While she is young, she is nice enough to those who care only for a pretty face and a character founded on negatives; but when a man's pride of life has gone, and he has come into the phase of weakness, or under the harrow of affliction, or into the shadow of the valley of death, then she becomes in sorrowful truth the chain and bullet which make him a galley-slave for the remainder of his days, and which sign him to drudgery and despair.

As an old woman the doll has not a charm. She has learnt no handiness, come to none of that grand maternal power of helping others which should accompany maturity and age; she has still to be thought for and protected, to the exclusion of the younger and naturally more helpless, as when she was young herself, and beautiful and fascinating, and men thought it a privilege to suffer for her sake. Nine times out of ten she has lost her temper as well as her complexion, and has become peevish and unreasonable. She gets fat, and rouges; but she will not consent to get old. She takes to false hair, and dyes, and padded stays, and artful contrivances of every description; but alas! there is no "dolly's hospital" for her as there used to be for her battered old prototype in the nursery lumber-closet; and, whether she likes it or not, she has to succumb to the inevitable decree, and to become faded, worn out, and unlovely, till the final *coup de grâce* is given, and the poor doll is no more. Poor, weak, frivolous doll! it requires some faith to believe that she is of any good whatsoever in this overladen life of ours; but doubtless she has her final uses, though it would puzzle a Sanhedrim of wise men to discover them; and perhaps in the great readjustment of the future she may have her place and her work assigned to her, when the meaning of her being shall be made manifest.

THE SPANISH EXPERIMENT.

It is not easy to say what the existing form of Government in Spain is, or how far it is even intended to be permanent. But, as far as anything can be made out, things look as if an experiment was being tried which must be of the highest interest to students of political constitutions. A person who is certainly not a King, and who does not appear to be a President, is called upon to name a Cabinet. His relations to the Cortes do not seem to be very clearly defined, but it looks as if they were to be of a kind quite different from anything which has yet been tried in the way of constitution-making. Such a form of Executive as seems to be intended would be quite unlike the Executive of any country now existing, whether kingly or republican. The peculiarity, if we rightly understand the case, would seem to be this, that the Ministry, the actual governing body, is to be named by a chief directly appointed by the Legislature, and, we imagine, liable to be removed at its will. This is something different from the forms usual either in a republic or in a constitutional monarchy, and it would seem to give the Legislature a greater, at all events a more direct, power over the Executive than it possesses in any known kingdom or commonwealth.

Whether such a system lasts or not, and whether this really be what is intended in Spain or not, the question is at least worth discussing as a curious point of political science. The form of Executive which seems to be intended is one which is quite conceivable in idea, though, as far as we know, it has never yet been tried. The power vested in the Legislature would be much the same as that which is practically vested in our House of Commons, but it would be exercised in quite a different way. We should always remember that, in our own system, what we call the Constitution, as distinguished from the law, is something purely conventional. The responsibility of an English Minister includes two quite different things. In law it means that his office gives him no privilege; that if, in the discharge of his office, he commits any illegal act, he is responsible to the same tribunals, and is liable to the same penalties, as any other man. But in the language of the conventional Constitution, Ministerial responsibility means something much more than this. It means that, though all his acts may have been perfectly legal, yet, if the House of Commons advisedly disapproves of him, his measures, and his policy, he is bound to resign office. We have in short a system of what we may call unwritten political law, which no statute has decreed and of which no judge can take any notice, but which practically regulates the relations between the Executive and Legislative branches of the State. And what it comes to in the end is this, that the House of Commons does, in an indirect and very roundabout way, but still practically and effectually, appoint and remove those who have the actual management of affairs. It does not directly name them; it does not directly remove them; but no Minister whom the House wishes to get rid of can remain in office against its will. Now we have always been led to think that this great control exercised by the Legislature over the Executive was practicable only because there was a power beyond and above all, a power which formally appoints, which may even exercise some personal choice in its appointments, but whose choice is still narrowly limited by the clear indication of the will of the House. In short we have always supposed that the House could exercise this power simply because England, and the States which in this respect have copied England, are monarchies and not republics.

For it is plain that in the chief republican States the control of the Legislature over the Executive is far from being so great as that which we have just described. We have heard over and over again that the Executive of a Republic, the President or the Executive Council, must be appointed for a definite time, and, good or bad, must be endured till the end of that time. As all the world knows, the President of the United States cannot be got rid of simply because Congress dislikes his policy, or refuses to pass the measures which he recommends. He may indeed be impeached and deposed, but only on proof of some definite illegal act. It has been said over and over again that a bad President must, with this last exception, be endured till the end of his term, while a good one cannot be continued beyond his term without a formal re-election. We know perfectly well that the President and Congress may be at open war with one another during the whole time of their joint legal existence, without either having any means of getting rid of the other. And this state of things has been over and over again contrasted with the power of the House of Commons to get rid of a bad Minister when it chooses, and to keep a good one as long as it chooses. To be sure this constitutional belief received a certain shock during the last Parliament, through Mr. Disraeli clinging to office when supported only by a manifest minority in the House. His friends, when twitted with this at the late election, used to answer that no vote of want of confidence had been passed against him. They conveniently forgot how many Ministers had resigned office without waiting for any vote of want of confidence, because the House had unmistakeably shown its want of confidence without any formal vote. But their answer showed that, even in the Conservative view, a Minister must give way to a vote of want of confidence. And this is enough to maintain the principle. They admit that a vote of want of confidence, the effect of which is purely conventional, is enough to get rid of a Minister, without waiting for the legal effects of an impeachment or a bill of pains and penalties. And this is quite enough to mark the distinction. No vote of want of confidence can get rid of a President of the United States.

The Swiss Federal Council again, and the Executives of the several Swiss Cantons, stand in essentially the same position. There is every chance of the Federal Legislature and Federal Executive being on good terms, seeing that the Federal Council is elected by the two Houses for their own term of existence. There is therefore not the same fear of their clashing with the Legislature as there is when, as in the United States, the Legislature and the Executive are chosen by distinct acts of the people for different terms of office. How well the Swiss Legislature and Executive do work together is shown by the very small number of cases in which a Federal Councillor has failed to obtain re-election. Still the two Executives are legally in the same position. If the Swiss Legislature happened to disapprove of the acts of the Federal Council, there would be no way of getting rid of them before the end of their term, unless some illegal act could be proved against them.

Now we have always been taught hitherto that this great power on the part of the House of Commons was able to exist only because of the existence of the Crown. We have always held that it was the fact that the law placed the supreme power in hands which were not legally responsible, but which were constitutionally bound to attend to the manifest wish of the Legislature, which enabled the House to get rid of the virtual rulers in this easy and indirect way. The supreme power, we always held, remained untouched through all changes of those who acted in its name; its existence hindered the necessity of any interregnum, and even of any formal transfer of power. The real powers of government might pass from one set of hands to another without any disturbance of the common routine of things, without so much as any kind of formal election. The necessity of keeping on a bad ruler, the necessity of parting with a good ruler, were both of them avoided, and that because, beyond the actual ruler, there was the supreme sovereign, unchangeable and irresponsible. Whatever might be the other advantages of a commonwealth, it could not, we always argued, change its rulers at will or keep them on at pleasure, without revolution or disturbance of any kind.

The Spanish experiment, if its nature be rightly represented, is a bold attempt to grapple with this last difficulty. It is an attempt to do, directly and openly, what the English House of

Commons does indirectly and covertly. It is an attempt to have a Ministry without a King. Hitherto a Ministry, in our sense of the word, has implied a King, and a constitutional King. We say this, because it is clear that the Ministers either of a President or of a despot hold quite a different position from the Ministers of an English King, and a very inferior position. They are in fact Ministers, but not a Ministry. But in Spain it seems that we are—at least until the form of Government is finally settled—to have a real Ministry, but a Ministry without a King. They are, it seems, to be appointed by a person whom it is to be presumed the Cortes can appoint and remove. How, in such a state of things, are all these delicate points to be settled, which in England depend on no written law, but on a series of precedents applied to the circumstances of the case? In England we know instinctively when a Ministry ought to resign, but we have always thought that it would be impossible to define beforehand by statute when they ought to resign. It clearly is not a majority against them on any conceivable point which binds a Ministry to retire. Yet who could define beforehand what sort of a majority it is to which a Ministry is bound to yield? Who could undertake to set forth anything of the kind in legal form? But if the Spanish Cortes is really attempting, even for a season, to have a Ministry without a King, one would think that it must either attempt this very delicate piece of legislation, or else enter on a practical career of equal delicacy. A struggle between a President and a Congress is a great evil; but each party knows its own ground; each knows that the controversy must soon be decided by the legal death of one or other of the disputants. The nation, in its next election, Presidential or Congressional, will settle the matter one way or the other. So in England a frequent change of Ministries is a great evil; still the evil is much lessened by the quiet and almost underhand way in which the actual Government may be sent to the rightabout. But a Ministry without a King would seem almost to invite constant attack. Its position is theoretically quite intelligible; but one is inclined to doubt whether such a system could work at all—whether a Legislature formally vested with the power of changing the Executive at pleasure would not be always employed in discussing proposals for a change of the Executive, to the exclusion of all other matters of debate. The political student might like to see the experiment tried, as a chemical student might wish to see a chemical experiment tried, but the practical politician might be inclined to shake his head. Kings, Presidents, Councils, have all been tried; we know something of the working of all three; we know something of the good and the bad side of all three. But here is something wholly new. One doubts whether it can work even as a provisional system till a King is chosen, or till some other form of Government is agreed upon. As itself the permanent form of Government for a large country, it does seem a hazardous experiment indeed.

CONVOCATION ON THE IRISH CHURCH.

THAT the Lower House of Convocation should be a good deal excited on the subject of the Irish Church is natural enough. Not only are we disposed to make allowance for strong language, which is the legitimate expression of strong feeling, but in a certain sense the English Clergy in the person of their representatives were called upon to speak out. In their way, perhaps a small way, the Proctors to the Lower House were elected, by the suffrages of their constituents, to meet a direct issue, and to express the will and conscientious convictions of those constituents. Just as the House of Commons was elected with a view to the Irish Church question, so those members of the Lower House of Convocation who compose its representative element owe their seats at Westminster to a definite intention and purpose clearly enough expressed. In the case of the House of Commons and the people of England, the verdict was against the Irish Church; in the case of the House of Convocation and the Clergy of England, the verdict was against disestablishment and disendowment. On either side great men were rejected simply on this issue. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Horsman lost their seats in Parliament because they were not sufficiently Gladstonian; Mr. Brainston and Dr. Vaughan have been summarily ejected from Convocation, because they were not able to pronounce strongly and distinctively against Mr. Gladstone. Under these circumstances, therefore, it is right and reasonable that the Convocation elected under such conditions of the clerical mind should pronounce as strongly what they were sent to the Jerusalem Chamber to pronounce, as that the Parliament men should say and do in St. Stephen's what they were expressly elected to say and do. It is idle, therefore, to find fault with the Lower House for being all but unanimous against Mr. Gladstone's policy.

But in saying this—and it is only fair to say it when such nonsense is talked about the ingratitude of the clergy in not meeting Mr. Gladstone's private courtesies and humilities to them with instant submission to his Irish Church policy—we may be permitted, while we have not a word to say against the honesty and openness, to canvass the mode and form of expression by which the representatives of her clergy are discharging a duty which we are frank to say they could not decline. That the Irish Church question could be or ought to be shirked by Convocation has not been argued. The Upper House of course felt this. In their Address to the Crown the Bishops trod gingerly on the subject. They felt that the least said the soonest mended. That their utterances were characterised by that exceeding caution which bordered very nearly on cowardice is not to be denied. Such a course as they adopted has its justification. At any rate the Address of the Bishops was very carefully and skilfully drawn. The paragraph may stand for a model of discretion; and we subjoin it, if for nothing else, as remarkable for its literary merits:—

> We look forward with deep anxiety to the measures which may be proposed to Parliament respecting the Irish branch of the United Church; and we trust that the interests of true religion may not be lost sight of amid the conflicts of political parties; and we pray that, whatever course may finally receive the sanction of the Legislature, it may tend to that which all loyal hearts desire, the peace, the enlightenment, and the good government of Ireland.

This Address of the Upper House, sent down to the inferior clergy for their adoption, was drafted by the Archbishop, proposed by the Bishop of London, and seconded by the Bishop of Oxford—each and all of them pledged and declared against Mr. Gladstone's policy—and carried *nem. con.* and without discussion. At any rate this indirect suggestion of moderation and caution, to which so prominent a person as the Bishop of Oxford was a party, ought not to have been thrown away on the Lower House, which we are told "met in much larger numbers than usual, the Jerusalem Chamber being uncomfortably crowded." How it was met we shall see. Canon Selwyn, scarcely able to restrain himself from "proposing, as he had intended, a separate Address," contented himself with moving an addition to the Bishops' Address in these terms:—

> We humbly and dutifully pray your Majesty not to assent to any measure for repealing, with respect to any portion of the United Kingdom, those parts of the great charter, of the 1st William and Mary, c. 6, and other statutes of the realm, which recognise the Christian Church as incorporated with the Constitution of this country, and which secure the rights and privileges of the Church. We also humbly pray your Majesty not to assent to any measure for alienating to secular purposes any portion of the property or revenues which have been dedicated to the maintenance of the worship of Almighty God, and the support of His ministers.

In explanation of one part of this proposed addition, Canon Selwyn read the words of the oath prescribed by the 1st of William and Mary, c. 6:—

> "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion established by law? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the Churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them, or any of them?"
>
> *King and Queen.*—"All this I promise to do." King and Queen lay hand on the Holy Gospels, saying, "So help me, God."

After considerable discussion, this addition was carried by 36 against 15 votes; but, as we are told by the same authority which gives those numbers that more than a hundred members were present, it seems that one half of the Venerable House used the discretion of not voting. Many of them perhaps on the ground, openly avowed afterwards, that Canon Selwyn's addition was not sufficiently forcible. In the course of the debate some strong things were said. It was a strong, not to say a perilous, thing in Archdeacon Selwyn to quote the Coronation Oath—which, if we view its language as simply reciting and repeating the pre-Reformation formula, only means a pledge on the part of the House to guarantee to the spiritualty such temporal possessions "as by law shall appertain to them"—and in which sense the term "Churches" only means the fabrics and estates; or, if we construe this word "Churches" in its Revolution sense, it must mean, what Dean Stanley would argue, the Presbyterian as well as Episcopal community, the Kirk as well as the Church. And it was a strong thing in Canon Selwyn to recommend the Queen not to assent to the Government measure if passed by Parliament. Still stronger was it in Archdeacon Denison to regret that Canon Selwyn's strong language was not strong enough, and to require that Church disestablishment should be treated as a sin and a robbery—a sentiment which the charity of Dr. Jebb made more heavy by craving permission, while "alluding to the sin," to "speak somewhat of the sinner." If even a Liberal such as Canon Blakesley, who himself "extremely regretted" Mr. Gladstone's policy, recommended in the interests of the Irish Establishment caution, and suggested that premature and violent language on the part of Convocation would certainly defeat their object; if the Dean of Ely, who went so far as to characterize the Bishops' Address as "singularly weak," had still so much common sense as to remark that "to ask the Queen to put herself into collision with both Houses of Parliament might possibly jeopardize her crown"—these wise counsels were met with a remarkable retort from Archdeacon Moore:—"Better jeopardize the Crown than destroy the Church." Again, if Archdeacon Grant suggested that the country at large had expressed itself most unmistakeably on the question, and that the Bishops from their Parliamentary experience might perhaps know better than the country clergy what language was not only most suitable, but most expedient, to address to the Crown, he was met by a rejoinder from Canon Selwyn himself, in which he openly declared that "they, the Lower House, were as much Her Majesty's advisers, and as constitutional as were her Ministers." With these feelings rampant in the Jerusalem Chamber, as we have said, Canon Selwyn's addition to the Bishops' Address was carried, as was another proposed by Archdeacon Denison, who "could not vote for the last motion" (Mr. Selwyn's), because it was too weak and hesitating, and seconded by Dr. Jebb on the express and avowed principle that "the Queen had a personal right in the matter, as the ultimate authority in matters of law, and that this was an occasion when she was bound to execute the dictates of her own conscience, irrespective of any constitutional advisers whatever"; which, if with Dr. Selwyn we admit Convocation to be one of her

constitutional advisers, we believe and trust that Her Majesty will do. Archdeacon Denison, it is true, grounded his addition to the Address on the principle that the disestablishment of the Irish Church could not be effected "without repudiation of the necessity and value of the Reformation." But the value of this concession to popular feeling or prejudice—which, in fact, is, in this form, only a decorous way of shouting "No Popery"—is very much impaired when we find the same speaker in this very curious debate adopting the monstrous historical figment that in the sixteenth century "the nation solemnly adopted the Reformed Church as expressing the pure truth of God, as distinct from all aberrations on the one hand in the direction of Puritanism, and on the other in the direction of the inventions and corruptions of the Church of Rome."

We should much like to see this solemn rejection of Puritanism before it existed voted by the nation, and this authoritative protest on the part of the nation against Roman, or any other, corruption. We have heard of a Comic History of England, but the most comical chapter in it is not so comical as this popular and archidiaconal view of the Reformation as an act solemn, complete, single, accessible, definite, and well-considered. The Reformation never existed as a single act, nor can time or place or occasion be assigned to this solemn determination on the part of either Church or State to do anything more definite than from time to time to accept—sometimes with, but much oftener without, any formalities or legalities—the hesitating and fluctuating and inconsistent policy of Tudor sovereigns and statesmen.

It is sufficiently disheartening to find amongst a body of educated and influential men the prevalence of such dangerous fallacies as these views announced in the Jerusalem Chamber of the binding force, as well as of the meaning, of the Coronation Oath, and of the constitutional right or duty of the Sovereign to refuse the royal assent to the decisions of Parliament. In the face of such mischievous absurdities we can afford to smile at the puerile, if popular, view of the Reformation announced by Archdeacon Denison, which may perhaps be attributed, as the theatrical reporters say, to the novelty of his first appearance in the new character of a champion of the sixteenth-century worthies. But perhaps it is as well for the Church to have had it all out. The worst that can come of Tuesday's outbreak is the unseemly collision between the two Houses of Convocation, which has occurred, and probably was intended; and it is quite certain that the Bishops cannot give way. The best of it is, that the clergy generally will have opportunities of seeing what the convictions which, conscientiously, as we believe, they entertain come to when brought into the field of action; and, above all, in perusing the report of this debate they will have the opportunity of pondering over the wise and sagacious advice of such men as Archdeacon Grant, Canon Blakesley, and the Dean of Ely, who, while declared enemies of disestablishment, have not taken leave either of common sense or common prudence.

HALFPENNY CONSERVATISM.

THE heroic and invigorating spectacle of good men battling against insuperable odds has this week been exhibited in Scotland. It might indeed have been on view six weeks earlier, for the "Second Annual Meeting of the Scottish National Constitutional Association" was held as far back as the 6th of January. But Scottish Conservatives are modest as well as brave. They shun the glaring publicity so dear to a vulgar democracy, and the report of the proceedings has only just ventured forth from the congenial shade of a committee-room. Now that it has come, it has an undoubted claim on our notice. The speeches it records are honourably distinguished among similar productions by the frankness with which they recognise facts, and the unanimity with which they suggest a remedy. There is no attempt to disguise the low estate of Conservatism in Scotland; it is admitted to be in a very bad way indeed. "We in this country," said the chairman, Lord Dalkeith, "are in the unfortunate position of having been beaten almost everywhere. We have been thoroughly beaten this time, and it is almost human nature to feel a little downcast after such a defeat." But the heir of bold Buccleugh could rise above human nature; nay, he did not despair of making his audience rise with him. The advice which he gave to the meeting showed how firmly this noble confidence held possession of his soul. He calls upon the Conservatives of Scotland "to organize," but it is no prospect of mere tangible success that he holds out as the motive for their doing so. They are to organize merely to show their courage. Indeed, with Scotland in its present terrible state, it would be of little use to organize for any other reason. The Scottish people, as described by one of the speakers, "are wholly given up to Radicalism and Dissenterism." The Electors have a prejudice against Mr. Disraeli which is "more than can be naturally accounted for by the merits or demerits of the subject." A certain amount of prejudice against him Lord Dalkeith seems to think reasonable. It is, we presume, "accounted for by the demerits of the subject." But the prejudice which exists is out of all proportion to the occasion. The Scottish Conservatives are consequently to organize simply as a sort of moral gymnastic. Their associations are to hold in civil life the place which that fine Conservative force, the Yeomanry Cavalry, holds in military life. If the latter were ever wanted for real service, the first thing it would have to do would be to forget the notions of drill and discipline it has contracted during the periods when it has been called out for practice; and, in like manner, whenever Conservatism means business, its trumpets will sound a very different note from that which is now popular at "constitutional" meetings. Till then, both modes of employing time are harmless, and the latter has the advantage of not forming an item in the Estimates.

It is fair to say, however, that all the speakers at the meeting concurred in one practical recommendation. The political disease of the country must be treated homœopathically; the only cure that can be trusted to work on a Scottish elector is a hair of the dog that bit him. It is a newspaper that has made him a Radical; it is only a newspaper that can make him a Conservative. The secret, it seems, of the deplorable errors which pervade all parts of Scotland is that everybody reads the *Scotsman*. It is to be found "in every house, at every railway station, in every village." "People have unfortunately got accustomed to taking in the *Scotsman*." Lord Garlies, from whom we borrow this last wail, attributes the habit to the "general appetite for virulence and abuse"; but, whatever may have been its origin, there is no doubt that it has been thoroughly formed. The problem of the hour, therefore, is how to supersede the *Scotsman*. Unfortunately, to state the problem and to solve it are by no means the same thing. To begin with, there is a difficulty in the fact that Conservatism has already a representative in the Scottish press. What are the precise shortcomings of this journal does not appear, but we gather from the speeches at the meeting that it is not considered to be quite up to the mark. Of course this was not admitted by any one; on the contrary, every reference to it was couched in highly complimentary terms. It is "able and well conducted," says Lord Dalkeith. "We have been very much indebted to it," says Lord Garlies. But somehow these praises all end with the suggestion that a new Conservative paper had better be started without loss of time. There is an attempt, indeed, to take the sting out of this conclusion by laying great stress on the necessity for a *weekly* paper. Obviously, however, this is a very transparent expedient. It is the weekly issue of the daily *Scotsman* that has done all the mischief, and we presume that it would not be difficult to arrange for a weekly issue of the daily *Courant* if hebdomadal publication were the only element wanting to success. Even Lord Garlies, however, who constituted himself the especial advocate of the existing organ, thinks that it would be well to supplement it by a new weekly paper. He considers that if the Conservatives of Scotland "could start a really good organ not confining it to politics alone, but containing general news, and giving opinions on all subjects," they might do great good to the constitutional cause. To contain general news, and to give opinions on all subjects, are apparently such uncommon features in newspapers, that the mere fact that a new journal exhibited them would be sufficient to ensure its triumph. Perhaps, if Lord Garlies would extend his reading, he would find that the idea has been anticipated.

Sir Thomas Gladstone took a different view of the situation. He founded his hopes on the known preference of his countrymen for "spending a halfpenny instead of a penny." In his opinion, the only way to banish Radicalism from Scotland is to undersell it. The road to success lies in lowering the price of the Conservative journal "below that of the ordinary newspaper." The *Scotsman* exacts a penny from every purchaser. The Conservative organ that would supplant it must offer itself for a halfpenny.) One obvious merit possessed by this scheme was pointed out by a subsequent speaker. The political depravity of the Scottish constituencies may be such that they will rather pay their penny for a paper they like than their halfpenny for a paper they do not like. But if the outlay even of the halfpenny can be spared, then they may be led to see a new beauty in the principles they at present reject. The last hope of Conservatism lies in a gratuitous circulation, and as this is a costly process, there is more chance of its being carried out on the necessary scale if two papers can be bought for distribution at what is now the price of one. Sir Graham Montgomery told a touching story of an elector—living too, "in a not very out-of-the-way part of the world"—who wrote to him the other day to say that, as he never saw a Conservative paper, it would be a great kindness to send him one. Evidently this man goes with the multitude and buys his weekly *Scotsman*, but he also feels that if he can screw a second paper out of his representative, it will be so much clear gain. In this way we dare say a good many copies of the proposed halfpennyworth may be got rid of. A frugal race may be trusted not to refuse so much paper and print when it is offered in this generous spirit.

One not unimportant consideration the meeting seems hardly to have taken proper account of. It is a pity there was nobody to remind them of the proverbial contrast between the ease with which a horse is brought to the water and the difficulty with which he is made to drink. Perhaps the idea did cross the mind of Dr. Andrew Wood. At all events, he warned his hearers that "it is utterly impossible to cram Conservative principles down the throats of Radicals." Conservative papers may be distributed by hundreds of thousands—that is only a matter of money—but will that ensure Conservative articles being read? Dr. Wood evidently has his doubts. Advertising agents—who, as a class, may be trusted to know their own business pretty well—have a theory, we believe, that it is practically useless to advertise in journals for which there is no genuine demand, inasmuch as the people to whom they are sent rarely take the trouble to untie

them. Even if this amount of labour should be incurred, it may be surmised that the principles which cost the recipient so much hard cash will be dearer to him than those which the postman brings him for nothing. Men value that most for which they have made most sacrifices. When the members of the Association have thrown away a sufficient number of halfpence, it will perhaps occur to them that no organ, however able or however cheap, could have averted their recent defeat. They need look no further than the speech of Lord Garlies for an explanation of its real meaning. "Of all the unfortunate questions," he said, "that could have cropped up, none could have been more so for the Conservative party than that of the Irish Church Establishment." As regards the Conservative party in Scotland, this is no doubt strictly true. The annual report of this Association speaks of its own indefatigable labours "to strengthen the attachment to the National Church, and to prevent the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland." But what identity is there in Scotland between these two objects? The National Church is pledged by its doctrines and history to regard Prelacy and Popery with a common abhorrence. The two are but different forms of the same enemy. The prelatical form may be much the more innocent of the two, but to ask the Presbyterian peasant to exert himself to keep it established is to ask him to choose the lesser of two evils, when he is as yet entirely unconvinced that there is any need for him to choose either. The multitude has none of that zeal for the principle of establishments which glows in the breasts of a few educated Erastians. It may struggle to keep its own Church established, and so far it may be, as in England at this moment, an appreciable element in the calculation. But it will never struggle to keep a Church which it dislikes established, merely for the love of an abstract theory. Supposing Presbyterianism, instead of Anglicanism, had been the established religion of Ireland, the present policy of the Government would evoke but a languid resistance among those Conservative Churchmen who are now so ready to see the Crown itself jeopardized rather than an acre of ecclesiastical property diverted to national uses. It will take a good many numbers of the halfpenny print in which Scottish Conservatism proposes to embark its fortunes to make Scotchmen more zealous in defence of Episcopacy than Englishmen would be in defence of Presbyterianism.

PROFESSORS AND TUTORS.

THE enthusiastic admirers of the new Oxford Statute about unattached students anticipate, as its ultimate result, something little short of an academic revolution. We have already explained why we distrust the accuracy of their calculations. The relief to men of narrow incomes will not be nearly so great as is commonly assumed, though the University has now reduced its pecuniary demands to the lowest possible standard. The late prolongation of the educational course, during which money is being spent instead of being made, will still keep away from the University poor students who are not going to take orders. And the relief, such as it is, will be purchased at the cost of those social advantages which many regard as the main inducement for going there. Travelling expenses, again, will necessarily be a serious item to those who live at a distance from Oxford; and they cannot cut the knot of the difficulty, as was very commonly done in the middle ages, by staying up all the year round. Nor is this all. The difference between Oxford and Cambridge, and the foreign Universities, which has led the latter to designate them somewhat contemptuously as *hauts lycées*, are too many, and too deeply rooted in national peculiarities and traditions, to be obliterated, or even seriously affected, by a relaxation of the rule of college residence. Our Universities, like our Public Schools and other kindred institutions, have become what they are through the slow growth of centuries, and the concurrent operation of various influential elements of English life and thought, which it would take us too long to examine or even to enumerate in detail here, and they can as little be transmuted into something else by a stroke of the pen as they could be reproduced to order on an alien soil. In the crisis of a great political cataclysm like the first French Revolution it may be possible to break altogether with the past, and start fresh with a paper Constitution based on the most abstract conception of the rights of man. But ordinarily it is not possible to re-mould a long-established institution on ideal principles, however admirable, and it is least of all possible in England. Historical institutions have a spirit and continuous life of their own, which is not indeed impervious to change—for change is a condition of all healthy life—but which will assert its substantial identity under all successive modifications of form. To import some hundreds of unattached undergraduates into the University—supposing, for argument's sake, that the expected hundreds come—will no more make Oxford into a second Heidelberg or Glasgow than the artistic energies of Louis I. of Bavaria could make Munich into a second Athens. And it seems very unlikely that a large number will come. Still it would be rash to hazard any confident prediction as to how many may avail themselves of the new opening offered them. And the presence of even a small minority of matriculated students who are not members of a college cannot fail, in the long run, to exercise some influence on the intellectual life of the place. It is worth inquiring what kind of influence this is likely to be, and how far it will tend to remedy or to intensify the admitted faults of the existing system. We have on a former occasion expressed our belief that it will act, to some extent, in both directions.

There are, broadly speaking, two theories of the proper function of a university, which may be distinguished as the English and the German, though it must not be imagined that either view is maintained or acted upon to the entire exclusion of the other. And the name *universitas* is variously explained by the advocates of the rival theories as referring to the universality of the studies to be prosecuted or of the students to be taught. According to the former—or, as many Englishmen would be disposed to call it, the practical—view of the matter, universities are schools of the higher education, and their main, if not their sole, object is to train youths during the interval between leaving school and entering on the duties of active life. Their duty towards knowledge, of whatever kind, is not to extend but to diffuse it. We are not to look to them for fresh advances in scientific discovery, but for imparting to their *alumni* its ascertained results. Tested by this criterion, it may be admitted that Oxford and Cambridge have on the whole discharged their duty fairly in the education of the upper classes of English society, who will certainly bear comparison with the corresponding classes of any other European country in general cultivation and attainments. On the other hand, few standard works in any branch of literature have emanated of late from either University. Logic and history have long been specialities at Oxford, but Grote and Mill are not University men, though their works are text-books in the schools. A university seems the natural home for metaphysical speculation, and perhaps Dean Mansel's name may be pleaded in evidence of it; but then it must be remembered how much he is indebted to Sir William Hamilton, who did not write on the banks of the Isis or the Cam. Even in theology, which is far the most richly endowed of all the special Faculties both at Oxford and Cambridge, and which has alone among them retained any active life, owing to the close connexion between the Universities and the Church, there is very little to show. It is not long since the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford contented himself with delivering every term the same twelve lectures, and a similar practice still prevails at Cambridge. It is true that the great religious movement of thirty years ago originated at Oxford; but though in the University, it was not of it. Dr. Newman held no academical office, though the possession of a fellowship gave him leisure for theological studies which many others equally enjoyed but did not care to use. If, from the English, we turn to the foreign idea of a university, we find it is exactly the reverse. The German Professor quoted by Dr. Pattison, who said that a professorial chair would be a very pleasant position if it were not for the interruption of having to deliver lectures, rather emphasized the idea than caricatured it. According to this view the main function of a university is to prosecute scientific research; and professorships are founded, primarily at least, with the object, sometimes theoretically ascribed to canonries, of providing capable men with learned leisure for the task. And, as a matter of fact, all the principal German works in scholarship, history, science, and theology for the last half century have emanated from the Universities. That they have been equally successful in discharging the (as they regard it) subordinate function of teaching, we do not believe; and candid writers among themselves, like Dr. Döllinger, while considering universities almost a creation of Germany, do not hesitate to acknowledge that in this matter they have something to learn from us. He especially expresses his regret that the collegiate system, which survives at Oxford and Cambridge, has been lost in Germany. Considered, however, as corporations devoted to scientific investigation and literary activity, the German Universities have undoubtedly attained a splendid success. Whether, considering the marked distinctions of national character, it would be possible to get the same results out of our own Universities, and whether, if it were possible, the benefit would not be too dearly purchased, are questions too wide to be more than glanced at here. But we may say at once, what no reasonable man will be disposed to deny, that one object of endowed Faculties is to promote the study, as well as the teaching, of the special science to which they belong, and that this aspect of the professoriate has, with some rare and honourable exceptions, which will occur at once to every one, been all but wholly lost sight of at our two great Universities. Professors have not generally been required to reside, except when required to teach, and, before the reform of 1851, few besides the theological professors at Oxford delivered any lectures. Dr. Gaisford, almost the only English scholar of his day who had a European reputation, never lectured at all. The real work of the place was done by the college tutors, and is mainly done by them still; and if they discharge their educational duties with average conscientiousness—we need not say that many of them do a great deal more—they can have little time left for independent study. In one way the result of the University Commission has been to make matters worse in this respect. The abolition of the clerical restrictions on some two-thirds of the fellowships has at once made the circulation much more rapid and multiplied non-residents. Scarcely any fellow who is not actively engaged in college work stays up after his year of probation, and even lay tutors having no livings to wait for are naturally unwilling to let the best years of life slip by before commencing the duties of their profession elsewhere.

It becomes, then, a question of some interest whether the introduction of a new element into academic life, in the shape of

unattached students, will have any tendency to remedy this defect. Those who are most sanguine in maintaining the affirmative insist on the fact that it will undermine the tutorial system, and thus give a fresh impulse to the professoriate, which will have to be largely extended. But this is very far from being certain. There has for some years past been a sort of inter-communion established between several of the leading colleges at Oxford, so that undergraduates at one can attend tutorial lectures at another; and it would not be difficult to extend this system so as to include unattached undergraduates, if indeed it has not been already done. Every student in lodgings is obliged by the new statute to choose some Master of Arts as a tutor, whose business it would be to make some such provision for his instruction. Moreover, unless these students appear in much greater numbers than there seems any reason to anticipate, it is obvious that no important change in the existing system will be produced by their presence. But, if we admit the extremest hypothesis of writers like Mr. Bonamy Price, and assume that the tutorial will become merged in the professorial system, does it at all follow that this would promote the end in question? If the work of education is to be effectually carried on at all, it must consist of something more than simply delivering lectures to a silent auditory, whose bodily attendance alone is secured, and who may listen or lounge as they please; in other words, if tutors *eo nomine* were superseded, the new professors would have to discharge tutorial functions. Certainly they would not have to lecture *de omni scibili*, but would be confined to their own special subject; but this division of labour has been to a great extent carried out in several colleges already, and still it does not leave the tutor much leisure for private study. Professor Jowett is known to be one of the few college tutors who, without neglecting their educational duties, are also engaged in serious literary work; and there was a story current in Balliol not long ago, of his appointing a pupil to come to him with his composition from twelve to one o'clock at night, that being the only open hour he could command. It has indeed been suggested that a large staff of sub-professors should be appointed for the drudgery of the ordinary routine work, leaving the chiefs of each Faculty comparatively free for following their learned avocations. But it can hardly be intended that they should give no lectures at all, and we should thus come back to something very like the old system, under a new nomenclature—the head professors occupying much the same position as now, and the sub-professors stepping into the place of college tutors. Some sinecure fellowships might perhaps, as we have previously observed, be converted into sub-professorships, but that would be about the extent of the change. We do not feel sanguine, therefore, as to any appreciable influence on Oxford, as a place of study for adults and a home for scientific investigation, from such a change of tutorial into professorial lectures as has been anticipated from the matriculation of lodger students. Nor do we think they will be numerous enough to bring about such a change as the result of their appearance. At the same time, the fact of their being there at all will serve to bring into prominence the academic as distinguished from the purely collegiate idea, and this may act as a reminder that a University has other functions besides those of a college. We have, however, to set against this consideration the fact that an increase in the number of students will involve increased demands on the teaching powers of the place.

There is another point of view, however, in which it is not inconceivable that the new comers may exert a certain reflex action for good on the University, in its scientific as well as its educational capacity. Putting aside those who come simply to qualify themselves for ordination, and who, as we cannot help suspecting, will be the majority, we may fairly presume that their motives for seeking admission will be of a more distinctly intellectual nature than can be predicated of full two-thirds of those who occupy the existing colleges. And the infusion of fresh blood of this kind, even in very small proportions, cannot fail to act beneficially on the system. Every little that tends to strengthen the studious as opposed to the luxurious or purely athletic element in the University is a gain. If it helps to raise the minimum standard of pass examinations, and to shame a larger moiety than at present out of sinking below that minimum, some good will be done. But, moreover, a further effect may be produced if men of a really intellectual stamp and with a keen thirst for knowledge are brought up to the University. Professors will not like to find in their classes "a chiel taking notes" of the deficiency of their attainments in their own subject-matter, or instituting disagreeable comparisons between what he learns from their lectures and what he has learnt from men or books elsewhere. The number of active-minded men, with a genuine love for learning, who will devote their lives to scientific study and investigation purely for its own sake, is much smaller than most theorists are willing to believe. The law of demand and supply holds good here quite as much as anywhere else. Men do not, as a rule, spend years in investigating the deeper problems of theology, or metaphysics, or mathematics, from abstract devotion to the subject, any more than, they enter on the study of law or medicine, however they may be drawn to it by their own mental tastes, without the expectation of tangible results. To choose a suitable man for a chair, endow him richly, and relieve him from the pressure of active duties, will not secure his leading the life of a Newton or a Faraday. Some outward stimulus is required; and one main stimulus, both for good and for evil, in the present day, is the charm of notoriety. Few persons in public positions are so unambitious as to have no regard for fame, and fewer still are so callous as to be indifferent to the reproach of feebleness or mediocrity. The productive energy of Oxford and Cambridge professors will not rise to the standard of their German brethren until unproductiveness is felt to be a discredit. If the introduction of a new class of students to our ancient seats of learning should contribute towards the general recognition of such an estimate of professorial obligations, they will be entitled to the gratitude both of the University and the country.

METROPOLITAN RATING.

THE Poor-law furnishes an eminent example of our national genius for muddling. The complications of other portions of our law are ascribed, more or less reasonably, to its antiquity; but no part of the Poor-law is older than the time of Queen Elizabeth, and by far the greater part of it belongs to the last and present centuries. The existing confusion prevails alike in the department of fact and in that of words, and Parliament has failed equally in forming a distinct purpose and in expressing it intelligibly.

The President of the Poor-Law Board has undertaken to reduce to order that region of chaos in which rates are levied upon the inhabitants of the metropolis. A measure was prepared and carried two years ago, by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, for placing certain charges which had hitherto been borne by individual parishes, or unions, upon a common fund. Mr. Hardy showed convincingly the expediency of this arrangement, to which, indeed, there can be no possible objection except this, that means do not exist for raising a common fund equitably. If we consider how a rate is to be imposed, we shall find ourselves called upon to settle, first, what kinds of property shall be rated, and secondly, what values shall be placed upon them. So long as each parish managed its own affairs and bore its own burdens, both these questions might be answered in almost any manner that could be suggested by accident or caprice. To the first question, however, the same answer was pretty generally given in all parishes; but to the second question the variety of answers was inexhaustible. Taking, for example, the commonest description of rateable property—namely, a house—you might argue without end as to the principle upon which its rateable value was to be ascertained. The lower you fixed the value, the higher you must make the rate; but while the parish continued independent of all other parishes it mattered not, speaking generally, whether you fixed the value of its houses low or high, provided you fixed the value of all of them upon the same principle. But as soon as it is arranged that two or more parishes shall contribute to a common fund, it becomes necessary that they should agree as to the principle of imposing the rates by which this fund is to be raised. Now in the metropolis this has not been done, and we are told that it would take five years to do it. In order to arrive at the rateable value of a house, you must determine what you will take as its gross annual value, and what deductions you will allow from that value. Mr. Goschen states that in the metropolis at present not only is there the greatest variety with regard to the deductions allowed, but also with regard to the manner in which the "gross estimated rental" is arrived at. One parish or union may complain against another, and even within a parish one class of occupiers may complain that its rental is estimated too highly as compared with others. We will not, however, at present concern ourselves with controversies which arise within particular parishes, but will keep to the consideration of Mr. Goschen's proposal for adjusting among the parishes and unions the burden of the common fund. We shall probably not be wrong in assuming that in future years the charges to be imposed upon this fund are likely to increase, and it is therefore highly important to provide that the burden of contributing to it should, if possible, be equitably adjusted. To make this adjustment completely and satisfactorily it would be necessary to take a fresh valuation of all the rateable property in the metropolis, and this would occupy five years, and would cost a sum of money which we are not told, but can perhaps imagine. The amount of the charges on the common fund compared with the total charge for the metropolitan poor is at present so small that it could not be worth while to undertake the troublesome and costly process of a fresh valuation in order to adjust this burden. But if the process were undertaken and completed, the tendency to place fresh charges on this common fund, of which the burden had been thus carefully adjusted, would be irresistible; and thus considerable progress would be made towards the result which is aimed at by those who demand equalization of poor-rates. Mr. Goschen's Bill, however, only provides that the adjustment shall be made roughly and imperfectly; and, indeed, it would hardly be unfair to say that he imposes on his own Board a duty which resembles that of making bricks without straw. It is unnecessary to remind householders in the metropolis that they pay other rates besides poor-rates. All these rates, however, are levied upon the basis either of the poor-rate or of the county-rate. There are, therefore, these two bases, and only these, available for the adjustment of the burden of the common fund, and it appears from Mr. Goschen's statement that one of them would be as unsatisfactory as the other. But when the Central Assessment Board which is to be constituted under this Bill proceeds to perform its duties, it must either adhere to the poor-rate valuation, which is employed at present, or adopt the county-rate valuation,

or proceed by some arbitrary method which will hardly content those who suffer by its application. In the parish of Poplar the amount of the existing valuation for poor-rate is 417,000*l.*, while for county-rate it is 344,000*l.* That parish, therefore, either pays too much towards the common fund for poor relief, or it pays too little towards the expenses of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which are levied upon the basis of the county-rate. We can hardly suppose that the Assessment Board for a Poor-law purpose would resort to the basis of the county-rate; and if it did, the difficulty of its task would hardly be diminished, because the metropolis extends into four counties—namely, Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, and the City of London; and in these different jurisdictions the county-rate is made by different bodies, and on different principles.

In each of the Metropolitan Unions there is now an Assessment Committee. It is proposed that a similar committee should be established in each of the parishes not comprised in any union. Representatives from all these committees will constitute the Central Assessment Board, and this Board will fix the amount of the valuation upon which each parish and union is to be assessed to the common fund. Every parish and union will have a right of appeal against the assessment made upon every other parish and union, and a paid assessor of the Board is to be appointed to decide these appeals. How he will decide them heaven knows. We will suppose the probable case of an appeal by an East-end parish against the assessment of St. George's, Hanover Square. In East-end parishes it has been found necessary to screw up the valuations in order to obtain the largest possible produce from the rates. In West-end parishes there has been no occasion to raise the valuations, and some supposed advantage in keeping them down. It may probably be true that the valuation of St. George's, Hanover Square, is low compared with the valuations of East-end parishes, and that for the equitable imposition of a rate to meet the charges on the common fund the valuation of St. George's, Hanover Square, ought to be raised. Anybody might say as much as this, but the paid assessor will have to say by how much the valuation of St. George's ought to be raised. It may be that, for the purpose of comparison between, we will say, Poplar and St. George's, Hanover Square, the county-rate would afford a guide, because we may suppose that the same principle of valuing property was followed throughout the county of Middlesex, whatever that principle may have been. But, if we attempt to compare Lambeth with St. George's, the county-rate fails us as a guide, because we have no reason to suppose that the same principle of valuation was followed in Surrey as in Middlesex, and indeed Mr. Goschen tells us that the principle was different. It seems to us, therefore, that the proceedings of this Central Assessment Board under its paid assessor will be left very much to the good pleasure of the gods; but we are far from meaning to urge the probable imperfection of the Board's work as a reason why it should not work at all. The paid assessor will decide that the total valuation of a particular parish or union must be raised by a certain sum. It will then be the duty of the Assessment Committee of that parish or union to raise proportionally the valuations of all the properties comprised in it. We do not know whether those which we will call individual valuations, having been thus raised for the purpose of assessing the rate for the common fund, will be kept at the higher figure for the purpose of assessing ordinary poor-rate; but we should suppose they would be, for otherwise we might have a house bearing one value for the ordinary poor-rate, another for the rate for the common fund, a third for the county-rate, and perhaps a fourth for the house duty. Mr. Goschen seems to suppose that the individual, or as he calls them, tenement valuations, will become the basis of rating for all purposes, and he forgets that these valuations, for which he is thus disposed to claim authority, will only have been arrived at by a process for which we shall take the liberty to coin the word "backwardation."

The Central Assessment Board determines, we will say, that the total valuation of a particular parish shall be raised in the proportion of three to two. Hereupon it will be the duty of the Assessment Committee of this parish to raise in the same proportion every individual or tenement valuation in the parish. If the Committee must do this as a matter of course, it is idle to inquire upon what principle they do it; and, therefore, that part of Mr. Goschen's Bill which lays down a principle for individual valuation appears to be inapplicable to his present purpose. The Bill contains a schedule of deductions which may be allowed from the gross estimated rental of a tenement in order to arrive at its rateable value. If a new valuation of all the rateable property of the metropolis is to be made, this schedule of deductions will be most important; but Mr. Goschen says that a new valuation is not to be made, because it will take a long time to make, and cost a great deal of money. It is odd that Mr. Goschen should expect a valuation arrived at in the happy-go-lucky sort of way which he proposes to supersede the county-rate valuation for the purposes to which that valuation is now applicable. However, we entirely agree with Mr. Goschen that there ought to be one uniform valuation for all purposes of rating, and if we remark that his Bill does not promise this result, he may answer that this was not its primary intention. He undertook to make a more equitable adjustment of the burden of the common fund, and in this he has succeeded.

OUR PROSPECTS FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

WE are promised a revival of what some people may consider the principle of Good Friday. The Reform League intends that here in London we shall spend it as a day of most unquestionable humiliation, in every sense of the word. Just as from the Vatican, or other centres of ecclesiastical authority, emanates an authorized pastoral as to the proper observance of a day of fasting, so from the Nag's Head, Leather Lane, it has been—so the announcement runs—"definitely settled that the demonstration in honour of the late Ernest Jones should take place in Trafalgar Square on Good Friday, at five o'clock." A sketch of the details of the demonstration has been put out. It is at once cosmopolitan and authoritative, and has a certain æsthetic and almost religious propriety. The taste for pomp and ceremony has penetrated Leather Lane, derived perhaps from St. Alban's Church, which is, we believe, close by the Nag's Head. "Processions headed by bands of music," and tailed, we fear, by all the scum and ruffianry of London, "are to start from different parts of London and march to Trafalgar Square. The International Branch, the Labour Branch, and a Greek Branch would attend with banners, and a band of the members of the International Branch would sing in chorus in the procession." At present the sacred hymns to be sung have not been announced. The mention of a Greek Branch might suggest that the celebrated scholium reciting the heroic deeds of Harmodius and Aristogeiton would be revived for the occasion. The precedent of the obsequies of the Manchester murderers—we mean martyrs—celebrated by Mr. Finlan in Hyde Park, might give promise of a solemn dirge and sacred requiem for the repose of poor Mr. Ernest Jones' soul, were it not that the vocal powers of a London mob are more likely to subside into "Not for Joseph," or the roaring chorus, whatever it may be, which at the moment happens to be popular in Whitechapel and Wapping. But, whatever the details of the rites, there can be no mistake about the general effect which the demonstration ordered by the Reform League contemplates. The *Congregation of Public Rites*, or the Provisional Government—for it is well to speak of them in either capacity, and recognise at once both their political and ecclesiastical authority—have decided that the capital city of the British Empire is to celebrate Good Friday next as they shall direct. They intend to occupy in force the very centre and heart of our civilization—Trafalgar Square. They propose, as far as in them lies, to make, on the most sacred hours of the Christian year, the main streets of London hideous with a grimy tag-rag and bobtail composed of most of the fools and all the rogues who on that particular day choose to find nothing else to do than run the chance of assisting in a general disturbance. The dictators of the Nag's Head are prepared to insult all right feeling by a wretched caricature of a religious observance, and to stun us with brass bands and brutal chorusses. All this on Good Friday; and, as though to provide every certainty of general annoyance, and possibly of public danger, they have fixed upon the hour of five o'clock—which of course will be six, that is, the fading twilight of early spring—on the 26th of March, for their demonstration.

And what is that they are going to demonstrate? In a stupid sort of way, there was some kind of meaning in the Beales and Potter demonstrations; and even in the contemptible failure of the Funeral March in honour of the Manchester murderers there was at least a venomous and mischievous sympathy with actual miscreants. But poor Mr. Ernest Jones—what had he ever done that his memory, or the feelings of his family, should be outraged by this silly, though mischievous, violation of all decency? Mr. Jones was a fanatic, but not altogether of the vulgar sort. Born and bred a gentleman, he could have no sympathy with Finlan and Lucraft, the president of the Leather Lane Leaguers. If Mr. Jones ever consented to a mob-meeting in Trafalgar Square, it was for objects very different from this. But to say all this is rather to waste words. Time, place, and purpose—matter and manner—all are so contemptible that there is not the least likelihood that the demonstration will take place. As on a previous occasion, the police will, it may be presumed, not suffer a crowd to collect or a procession to be formed; and were it to be arranged, as in the case of the mock obsequies of the Manchester murderers, a few hundreds of dirty boys and fanatics would be all that would really feel any interest in the avowed object of the procession.

It is perhaps as well that the attempted revival of these London processions should take a form which, while it provokes the disgust of all decent people, at the same time can only be met with ridicule and contempt, and perhaps indignation, from the better sections of the League itself. Mr. Beales will be wanting in that sort of dignity which he has more than once affected, or perhaps really felt, if he does not denounce the wicked folly contemplated by his tail. But something remains to be said. That such a puerile display should even be announced shows that there is something wrong. A day or two ago a numerous deputation of Strand tradesmen groaned in dismal strains of lamentation before Colonel Henderson. Since the conventional wailing of the chorus at the end of a Greek tragedy, we do not remember anything so monotonously and tediously mournful as the sorrows of the Strand. The trade of the Strand had collapsed; the Strand by day was occupied in force by hordes of newsboys plying their vocations of dispensing halfpenny newspapers and tossing for the receipts, and by sturdy troops of more adult gamesters watching the odds at the windows of the Sporting Press. If we are to believe these much-suffering shopkeepers, the Strand is all day long rendered hideous by gaming, and all night by prostitution. But, says Colonel

Henderson, what am I to do? A nuisance may be annoying, as the etymology seems to suggest, but quite legal. The street trade in newspapers is especially protected by Act of Parliament; the street trade in harlotry is, if not especially protected by statute, condoned by the great principle of the liberty of the subject. As to placards and walking advertisements and handbills, they are not to be prohibited unless immoral; and the Anatomical Museums and the Revelations of a Nunnery are not pronounced, by the police, to be immodest or offensive to decency. Shouting is not illegal; begging is very hard to prove; a crowd causing an obstruction is difficult to define; magistrates differ; the courts of Police and Sessions, as in the instance of the night-houses near the Haymarket, are in direct conflict. Altogether Colonel Henderson says but little to assuage the woes of the melancholy men of the Strand.

They rejoin that the state of things from which they suffer is a disgrace to civilization and to the first street of the first capital in Europe. Well; we have heard all this before, and all the capitals in Europe seem to suffer under what is always their special and particular disgrace. But to say this is not quite equivalent to doing nothing. At the present moment we are doing something. Every day we confiscate—so the police reports tell—at least a dozen of "indecent valentines," sold chiefly in the suburbs. As we never happened to see an indecent valentine, we cannot perhaps appreciate the full importance of the present activity of the police, or the extent of the social evil which they are so vigorously and rigorously suppressing. Judging from the trifling nuisances which they do not deal with, we can quite understand the extent of the moral evil with which they are so successfully contending. Seeing that Holywell Street is the Holywell Street which it has always been—a trifle not worth mentioning—the indecent valentines at Mile End and the Hackney Road must be very bad indeed. But whether the particular nuisance against which authority is at the moment displaying its and the law's terrors is or is not so very abominable is less important than the fact that where there is a will in these matters there is a way. Apply this to such an incident as the threatened Ernest Jones demonstration. If indecent valentines are a public nuisance, *à fortiori*—nay, *à fortissimo*—is this demonstration from the Nag's Head. If the little scamps tossing for coppers in the Strand are a disgrace to our civilization, what force of language is left for us to condemn this grotesque Good Friday indecency? If public morals are injured, and private interests ruined, by the present state of the Strand, what about the projected and intended, planned and concerted, raid of ruffianism on all London next Good Friday? Mr. Bruce and Colonel Henderson have a great future before them—will they use their opportunities? We shall see; and this Good Friday affair may perhaps test them. We have all of us had enough of these street demonstrations in London. Even under Beales and Potter they became contemptible; but the fact that a thing is contemptible is no reason why it should exist. The immoral valentines may be thought to be contemptible; but the law in this case disregards the motto *Aquila non captat muscas.* And we have no objection to the eagle catching flies, so that he slaughters superior vermin also. By all means burn the valentines, but at the same time let decent folk have Good Friday to themselves, at least in peace and quietness, if not in religious retirement and rest. The short petticoats at the ballet might reasonably be lengthened; but if we do not like the public exhibition of young women's legs on the stage we may stay at home. But the Nag's Head Leaguers will not let us be quiet. The Trafalgar Square people deprive us whenever they please only just of all our streets. As often as they like they may sweep up into one grand body all the villany and crime-producing strength of three millions of people. At present not much harm has come of these monster meetings, except the little matter of the Park railings, and that other trifle which followed from it—the knowledge imparted to the criminal classes of London, both of their own strength and their impunity. Lord Kimberley has undertaken to edify the Lords—panting for opportunities to serve their country—with the disgraceful details of the increase of London crime, and is also ready with some attempt at a remedy. Among known evils, and prominent among these causes of the increase and the enlarged audacity of London crime, we take leave to call his Lordship's attention—or, if not that, the attention of his brother peers—to the consideration how far the criminal classes are emboldened by the edifying spectacle of London, or at any rate of its chief streets and central sites, surrendered, if not to brute force, at least to the most dangerous elements of society, as often as it pleases such people as Finlan, or the patriots of the Nag's Head, Leather Lane.

TWO-YEAR-OLD RACING.

THE question of two-year-old racing, as connected with the alleged degeneration of the British thoroughbred, has been nibbled at more or less for some time past, but has never till now been formally submitted to the judgment of the highest racing tribunal. Sir Joseph Hawley, about the most successful breeder and owner of race-horses on record, sounded the alarm by giving notice of a motion to the effect that no two-year-olds shall run before the first of July; and the challenge thus thrown down has already been taken up, amongst others, by Admiral Rous, confessedly one of the first living authorities on matters connected with the Turf, and by Dr. Shorthouse, a gentleman who, not willing that his light should be hidden under a bushel, describes himself as having spent far more time in investigating questions relating to the breeding, training, and running of race-horses "than any one else, living or dead." We have said that the question of two-year-old racing must be discussed in connexion with the alleged degeneration of the race-horse, because nothing but a belief in such degeneration can justify the attempt to make so startling an alteration in the arrangements of the racing year as is contemplated. The *onus probandi* therefore rests on those who are dissatisfied with the existing order of things. They must prove, first, that the modern race-horse not only is unequal to maintain the form displayed by his predecessors fifty or a hundred years ago, but also has materially degenerated from that form; and, secondly, that such degeneration is owing to the system of two-year-old races. And we submit that they will have considerable difficulty in proving either of these points. Undoubtedly, Sir Joseph Hawley has individually derived considerable benefit from the practice of reserving his two-year-olds till an advanced period of the season, and he may be laudably desirous that other owners should for the future share the advantages which he has thus enjoyed; but other causes have also combined to produce his success—his great judgment and experience, for instance, as a breeder, and his prudence in not overtaxing the strength of his stallions. Nor should it be forgotten that he has himself not unfrequently deviated from the rule which he now seeks to lay down. Blue Gown was brought out as a two-year-old at an early part of the season, and did three times as much work in 1867 as either Rosicrucian or Green Sleeve. He was evidently intended to pick up what he could in the way of two-year-old prizes, while the great three-year-old triumphs were reserved for his more indulged stable companions. Yet what was the result? Rosicrucian, who only ran once in 1867 before the autumn, and Green Sleeve, who never appeared at all before October, were both useless in 1868; while Blue Gown not only won the Derby and the Ascot Cup, but kept on running throughout the year, and astonished the world by his extraordinary performance in the Cambridgeshire. Clearly two-year-old running and training caused him no harm; nor, so far as we are aware, have the labours of the last two years so overtaxed his energies as to render him unfit for renewed exertions during the present season.

But, leaving exceptional instances, which can of course be quoted on one side as on the other, let us ask whether the opponents of two-year-old racing have made out their case about the degeneration of the race-horse. They have two standing arguments—first, an immense number of horses break down and have to be put out of training at a comparatively early period of their career; secondly, there are no races now worth speaking of over the Beacon Course. Granting both these facts, they are susceptible of explanations that involve no acknowledgment of that degeneracy which is inferred from them. To take the second argument first, there are no races now over the Beacon Course, or generally over any course much exceeding two miles in length, because there is no demand for them, and consequently there is no demand for horses so bred and trained as to accomplish them. Half the pleasure of modern racing consists in seeing the race all through, from end to end, and in watching the conduct and movements of the competitors in the various stages of the contest; and there can be little satisfaction when the horses are started in an adjoining parish, and have to traverse three miles and a-half before they become distinctly visible. Our grandfathers might have enjoyed such a pastime and called it racing, just as they pottered about in a big wood from morning to night, and enjoyed that, and called it hunting; but our tastes have altered, and the instruments and aids to our pleasures have been correspondingly altered also. If a revulsion of taste should occur, and an intense longing should suddenly arise for four-mile races, we fully believe that within a few years we should be able to provide ourselves with a sufficient number of horses well able to perform the duty required of them. But to argue that because we do not want a thing, therefore we cannot get it, seems to us to be begging the question. It is true that a few long races still figure here and there in the programmes of meetings; in every institution of any age there are relics of the past. But Queen's Plates are a most utter farce. The horses walk and trot and canter just as they please for three-fourths of the distance, and there is a little show of a race just at the finish. The sooner they are abolished the better. The Alexandra Plate at Ascot we also consider a mistake. It is an attempt to force public opinion in a direction to which it is resolutely opposed; it is an attempt to make horses bred and trained for one purpose accomplish another totally different.

In regard to the number of horses that break down and are turned out of training at the end of their second or third year, we shall have more difficulty perhaps in rebutting the detractors of the modern race-horse. It is perfectly true that an immense number of horses do break down, and have to terminate their racing careers just when the promise of them is brightest. But these breakdowns are generally local, not constitutional—the results of accidents which cannot be avoided, not of weakness arising from degeneracy. Dundee broke down, but we scarcely think any one would say that he was a degenerate horse; and his son, Marksman, after being most severely injured on the leg at Tattenham Corner, only lost the Derby by a neck. It was a toss up whether Gladiateur would tumble down as he descended the Swinley hill, or whether he would win the Ascot Cup by a quarter of a mile; but the largest breeder of the day does not perceive, in the local infirmity which abridged his career of triumph, any bar to his being a successful sire. Both Dundee

and Gladiateur remained what critics profess to consider a short time on the Turf; yet Gladiateur was never half trained as a two-year-old, while Dundee kept on running and winning as Mr. Merry's two-year-olds do run and win. There is obviously no panacea against accidents. Different owners have different objects, and follow different plans. Some work their horses, others spare them; the result is, not that the British race-horse is rendered more or less degenerate, but that the British owner of horses finds himself with a larger or smaller balance at his banker's. Mr. Percy Wyndham and those who agree with him appear to think that every injury inflicted on a particular horse is an injury inflicted on the breed of horses also. This is a great confusion of ideas. As to the injury suffered by two-year-olds that are unduly overworked from the beginning to the end of the season, we are quite of the same belief as Mr. Wyndham, nor do we think there is anybody who would entertain a contrary opinion; but we deny that those injuries incapacitate the sufferers from duly fulfilling their duties at the stud, or are calculated to deteriorate their progeny. "Several two-year-olds, in 1868," says Admiral Rous, "ran three times as many races as the celebrated horses in the last century performed during the whole course of their career. The natural consequence is, nine-tenths will be stumped up at five years old, *but that will not affect the breed*." The wonder is not that Achievement and Lady Elizabeth did not do more than they did, but that they were able to do half what they did. The curiosity is not whether "the celebrated horses in the last century" would have stood a year of such work, but whether they would have stood three months of it. The proposed legislation might very likely lighten the labours of a good many two-year-olds (though, if required, they could still be hurried through a long list of engagements from July to November), but we doubt whether it would in the slightest degree alter, for better or for worse, the character of the race-horse. By degrees, at considerable inconvenience and at considerable loss, horses might do the bulk of their work at three years instead of two; and, they would probably break down then just as they do now, only a year later. For it is not the particular year in which the work is done, but the amount of work crowded into the particular year, that tells upon a horse. What our horses are set to do, bred to do, and trained to do, we believe they do as well as their predecessors, if not better; and we are fortified in this belief by the opinion of Dr. Shorthouse, which, though somewhat dogmatically conveyed, is deserving of the highest regard. He says, "The conclusion that I have arrived at is, that the horses of the present day are immeasurably superior both in speed and bottom to their predecessors of a century or half a century ago."

The real truth is—and even careful observers sometimes draw wrong inferences from it—not that we have fewer good horses than our grandfathers, but that we have more bad ones. The number of worthless horses kept in training for a time is legion; but we do not attribute this fact to the degeneracy of the breed, but in the majority of cases to the ignorance and avarice of the breeder. Carelessness in the selection of sires and dams, and greediness in filling the pockets with heavy fees at the expense of the strength and vigour of young and promising stallions—these are the reasons why there is so much useless blood-stock in the country, and these are the causes that will, if continued, do more damage to the breed than any amount of two-year-old training and two-year-old running.

We have not noticed the remainder of Sir Joseph Hawley's motions, because they refer more to matters of detail which can be discussed at another time. Nor have we touched on two-year-old running as it affects the morality of the Turf, or raised the question, much pressed in many quarters, of the obligation laid on the Jockey Club to protect and watch over the Turf's moral interests. For we are decidedly of opinion that the Jockey Club is about as able, either by its own example or by zealous exhortation, to advance Turf or any other morality, as to revise the Book of Common Prayer, or prepare the Budget for the present year.

REVIEWS.

LONGMAN'S EDWARD III.*

(*Second Notice.*)

THE issue of his first war with France had left Edward a beggar, his Scotch conquests lost, his military efforts the derision of Europe. The victory of Cressy, the utter prostration of the French power at Poictiers, made him at one bound the first prince in Christendom. Chivalry sought its glory in the two great battles which did more than all else to sweep chivalry away. It found its historic representative in a King whom, with a truer instinct, his French rival termed "the wool-merchant." It is amusing to see how completely throughout his life Edward assumed the position of "the king chivalrous," a king of tourneys and adventure, of feasts and lady-loves, and how completely the facts of his reign belied the assumption. Mr. Longman sees in a dim way the contrast as it etches itself out in the character of Edward:—

The character of the times in which he lived deeply impressed itself on that of the King himself, and is strikingly manifested in the purposeless character of much of his war with France. It was the venturesomeness of war, its stirring strife and magnificent pomp, that delighted him, as it has delighted barbarians in all times. Possessed of a fine person, "having a god-like face," as an old chronicler says, he loved, like his prototype Alexander, to display himself surrounded by a gorgeous array of thousands of splendidly-attired followers at the Court of the Emperor, or of the King of France; or clad in singular but magnificent apparel, at feasts and festivities such as those which followed the establishment of the Order of the Garter. Courage he possessed in an eminent degree, combined, however, with no small amount of chivalrous rashness. . . . Of his personal character in other respects but few traces remain, and some of them are not such as to excite much admiration. Conjugal fidelity at that time was not considered a necessary virtue in sovereigns, and certainly was not practised by Edward the Third. In this matter it is but fair to judge him by the habits of the times, but his disgraceful subjection in his old age to a worthless woman was the natural sequel to a licentious life, and deeply stains the conclusion of his reign. That he was unscrupulously despotic is clear enough from the facts mentioned in the course of this history, and that he was cruel and revengeful is far from doubtful when his conduct to the burgesses of Calais is considered. . . . Manly courage and personal energy are the chief noble qualities that can be assigned to him. He had besides the questionable virtue of indomitable will. The commercial prosperity of the nation during his reign was great, and he deserves credit for laying the foundations of English manufacturing industry by his encouragement of Flemish weavers; but the progress made must be attributed to causes arising, unintentionally on his part, from the advantages of increased foreign intercourse, and from the concessions he was compelled to make to his subjects in order to obtain the means of gratifying his warlike passions and his love for inordinate splendour, rather than to a wise foresight directing the policy of his reign.

Policy Edward had none. Throughout his reign he was driven along by social forces of whose very existence he had no conception, and over whose development he exercised no control. At its opening he is the first baron of the English baronage, the chief of chivalry, the mere brilliant leader of a brilliant, worthless aristocracy. At its close he is, as Philip called him, the "wool-merchant," the king of the trader The failures of the earlier campaigns, the exhaustion of the nobility, the breakdown of chivalry as a fighting power, had consummated the great revolution which for a century past had been raising the merchant class into an element of the State. As English history is written nowadays, we suppose we must not blame Mr. Longman that, in writing the history of Edward the Third, he has left unnoticed the great cardinal fact of his reign. But the truth is, that the whole history of England during the fourteenth century is summed up in the elevation of the merchant class. Evesham was the victory of the burgher as it was the victory of the baronage—a victory, in the case of the first, over democracy and the "minor populus" of the towns. In the greater political struggles of the Barons' war the communal struggles of English towns have been, very naturally, passed over; but in each the party of De Montfort was the party of revolution, claiming for the whole people a share in the commune, freedom of government, freedom, above all, of trade. In each the "majores," the greater folk, the landed proprietor of the soke or aldermanry, the wealthy member of the merchant guild, jealous of power, greedy of gain, are for the Crown. The triumph of Edward and feudalism over democracy and De Montfort was, above all, their triumph. In London, in every town, a merciless reaction followed on the momentary revolution. The leaders of the "minor populus" were killed, pillaged, exiled. All municipal power—the very right, now first becoming important, of electing members to Parliament—was concentrated in the burgher body. The guild-system, imprisoning trade within the same narrow limits, took an immense development. Steadily through the three Edwards the merchant class seize and strangle the old communal liberties of the towns. The great Rebellion of Bristol, under Edward II., represents the last desperate struggle of English democracy against the *bourgeoisie*. For good as for evil the new power leaves a deeper and deeper stamp on the new national legislation. The Mortmain Act, the greater facilities afforded for investments in real property, the improvements in police and judicature, the law of debt, witness to the advance of its influence. Under Edward I. a commercial spirit begins to tell upon public policy, to draw tighter the Flemish alliance, to dictate the sack of such a rival merchant-centre as Berwick. It is amusing to see those great heroes of chivalry doing the work of blood simply to satisfy the greed of the trader. Against his will the trading class forced Edward I. into his struggle with France; the Cinque Ports declared war and waged war for themselves, bearding the King and his Council with insolent defiance; "if wrong or grievance be done them, they will go seek through the seas where they shall think to make their profit." Edward gave in to the trader as he gave in to the noble; and the trader went on to wrest from him the expulsion of the Jews. The Jew was the King's purse, the one chattel absolutely at his disposal, the one financial resource of the Crown. But commercial jealousy was too strong for such a King as Edward. The traders are the new power of their day, jostling roughly with the older powers of the State. "We will sooner go to hell than be taxed," was the famous reply of the Dunstable burgesses to the menaces of the Church; and when noble marauders plunder Boston fair they are hung, noble as they are, imploring pity of the burgesses standing round.

This gradual advance of the merchant class under the first two Edwards brought it fairly to the front under their successor. It was a new day for England when a merchant vintner could entertain the King in his house by St. Martin's, or when (we do not notice the fact in Mr. Longman's account) in a tournament at London Edward figured as its Mayor, his two eldest sons as the Sheriffs, his lords as City Aldermen. Partly no doubt this sudden revolution was owing to the great development of commerce, as we see it in the regulations of the Liber Albus, and

* *The Life and Times of Edward the Third.* By William Longman. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

to the new energy given to English manufactures by the emigration from Flanders. But it was still more owing to the utter collapse of feudalism. Every day made it clearer to the keen cynical trader that the great governing class, whose whole claim to govern rested on their fighting power, could not fight. Bannockburn was the first great revelation of their military incompetence; Crécy was the second. But the whole French war, its empty skirmishes, its pompous marches, its harrying and plunder, its merciless bloodshed, its utter want of purpose or aim or success, lingered on year after year as if to show the hollowness of the whole system. Charles V. only represents the universal sneer of the world in his famous instructions to the French forces not to engage with their opponents:—"Let them go. By burnings they will not come to your heritage: it will weary them, and they will all go to destruction. Although a storm or a tempest rage over a land, they go away and disperse of themselves. So will it be with these English." Such a fool's death as that of Chandos, such a massacre as that of Limoges, such an old age as that of Edward, showed the helplessness, the infamy of chivalry. But the collapse of Lancaster's expedition in 1373 was its deathblow. Never had knighthood started in a more imposing guise. The mightiest army England could pour out had simply marched across France without a blow, and without a blow it was turned by a few simple marches into such a horde as Napoleon brought back from Russia:—

> Winter was now approaching and the country they began to traverse was bleak and barren. The Limousin, Rouergue, and the Agenois did not supply them so well with food as the rich country they had left; and they were sometimes nearly a week without bread. In the sterile mountains of Auvergne they fared worse; for they could get food for neither man nor horse, and their relentless pursuers had increased from one to three thousand. Their horses died in vast numbers; more than 30,000 are said to have marched from Calais, but it was a mere fraction of that number that reached the journey's end alive; the army was utterly starving, and, as Walsingham says, it was a miserable sight to see "famous and noble soldiers, once delicate and rich in England, without their men or their horses, begging their bread from door to door, nor was there any who would give it them." At last, about Christmas, after a march of six hundred miles through France, they reached Bourdeaux a horde of miserable fugitives.

But while the ruin of the war fell on the noble, its gain and its glory were reserved for the trader. The expedition which ended in Crécy was the result of his commercial jealousy of the flourishing Norman towns. Caen surpassed every English city save London. The drapers of Louviers looked down on the infant manufactures of our southern and eastern coasts. The sack of Louviers and of Caen, the three hundred rich citizens, the four thousand bales of cloth which the victors sent home as the spoil of the latter city (why does Mr. Longman omit such a fact as this?) consoled the burghers of Norwich or of Winchelsea. The world-famous siege of Calais was really a commercial act. It was the will of the English trader which fired the chivalry of England for twelve weary months beneath its stubborn walls. Edward was the mere mouthpiece of his good subjects of London in his expression of hatred against its citizens for "the damage they had done on the sea in times past." Calais gave the English merchant the mastery of the Straits, so needful for the Flemish trade. At home he reaped the spoil of the war, while knight and baron reaped hard blows abroad. "There was no woman who had not got garments, pins, feather-beds and utensils, from the spoils of Calais and other foreign cities," while the good wives of London "began to glorify themselves in the dresses of the matrons of Celtic Gaul." Capital had indeed a yet fiercer struggle to wage at home than even feudalism abroad, and one even more destructive to the welfare of England. From the time of Edward begins, as Mr. Longman has well pointed out, the great war between employer and employed, which still rages, though not with its old intensity, in our own. It began in the greed of the capitalist. Within the towns the merchant guilds stripped grade of all freedom, and built a gigantic system of monopoly on the ruins of the communal liberties. No theory is more ridiculous than the theory which looks on guilds as the bulwarks of commerce against the violence of feudalism. The very date of their power might suffice to prove that all danger from feudalism was past. The real danger was the danger of the people, of the small employer, of the independent workman, elbowed into serfdom by the narrowing influence of capital. The whole legislation of Edward's reign is directed to the artificial building up of a wealthy merchant aristocracy, to the ruin of the free trader. The class of little retailers, the middle-men of commerce, were attacked in the statutes against forestalling and regrating; the concentration of trade within the favoured staple cities was a fatal blow at the industry of smaller towns. But it was the guild system within these towns itself which most effectually destroyed the small trader. No man throughout Norfolk might buy nets, hooks, or other fishing instruments, except "owners of ships that use the mystery of fishing." Had Mr. Longman passed from Acts of Parliament to the records of London, he might have multiplied his instances of the oppressive inner legislation of the towns. But, great as their oppression was, it was as nothing compared to the oppression exercised by employers of labour without their walls. The Statute of Labourers remains the one great legislative act in modern history by which a governing oligarchy ever ventured to reduce a whole population to slavery. In the midst of Froissart's tales of glory or war, the reader hardly pauses to notice the ravages of the Black Death; but the mark of the Black Death remains on English society to this day. In a few years one half of the population of the land had been swept away. "The sheep and cattle strayed through the fields and corn, and there was none who could drive them." Labour rose naturally in the market, and with the rise in the price of labour came the terrible Statute of Labourers. "The employers," as Mr. Longman fairly puts it, "combined to keep down wages by the terrors of legislation." A scale of wages was fixed. All aid, all charity, to those who refused it was made illegal. All secret hirings and contracts were forbidden. An oath to observe these ordinances was imposed on the whole of the labouring classes. They were imprisoned within their own county and restrained from seeking work elsewhere. By a Fugitive Slave Act, of unexampled atrocity, the whole rural population found itself reduced to prædial bondage, bound to the soil. "If any of the said servants, labourers, or artificers do flee from one county to another because of this ordinance, the sheriffs of the county where such fugitive persons shall be found, shall do them to be taken at the commandment of the justices of the counties from whence they shall flee, and shall bring them to the chief gaol of the said county, there to abide till the next sessions of the same justices." When the gaol failed, the Parliament tried branding. The escaped bondsman might be "burnt in the forehead with an iron formed and made to this letter F in token of falsity." It was to this that the rule of the triple oligarchy of the baron, the burgher, and the priest had brought England after a century of their sway. It is this which forms the terrible reverse of the history of Crécy and Poitiers. It was to escape from this that the great socialist risings under Edward's grandsons shook England to its foundation. It was the pressure of this that forced men to questions like Ball's, "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?"—to Wyclif's inquiry whether a mere brute force like this was any legal power at all, whether dominion were not founded in grace, in something really worthy of the allegiance of man? Pauperism is one legacy which feudalism has left us; it was the Statute of Labourers, and not the dissolution of the monasteries, that forced on England the Act of Elizabeth. The bitter strife between employer and employed is the other. To every artisan, to every ploughman in the land, the one memorial of Edward's reign is not the thought of Crécy or the proud keep of Windsor, but something infinitely simpler and deeper—the gentle means of persuasion which the Parliament ordered to be made "in every township betwixt this and the Feast of Pentecost," the first sign of the warfare between labour and capital—the village stocks.

VESUVIUS.*

It was in the second year of the present century that the trenchant and quick-sighted Forsyth, in recording his impressions of Herculaneum, ventured to deal thus summarily with the destroyer of that entombed city:—"Vesuvius is now an exhausted subject. Its fire and smoke, its glory and terrors, are vanished for the present. Ladies, as I read in the Hermit's Album, go down to the bottom of the crater. Naturalists, on comparing its latter eruptions, have pronounced the volcano to be now in its old age." And in a similar way, above nineteen hundred years ago, when the daring Spartacus encamped his gladiators in the extinct crater of the same mountain, its volcanic forces were deemed to be exhausted, although the barren summit bore obvious marks of igneous action in ancient times. But these intervals of rest, albeit in the former case extending over a strangely long series of years, were in each instance soon succeeded by violent outbursts, and in the more recent period by an almost unceasing activity, which has been continued down to within the last few weeks.

If we wish to speculate on the springs and links of connexion of these wondrous throes of the buried Titans, no other volcano in the world offers to the inquirer so ready an opportunity of observation or so detailed a chronicle of events. The proximity of the most startling effects of natural forces to a large and luxurious city, the graceful and picturesque form of the mountain relieved by the distant Apennines, its softly outlined base gliding as it were into the blue waters of the Bay of Naples, the contrast between the luxuriant vineyards upon its flank and the chaos of steaming ruin which crowns its heights, with the unique remains of antiquity which were buried by the first great eruption recorded in history—all combine to attract to this region, not only crowds of mere sightseers, but accurate observers drafted from all the civilized nations of the earth. Among these some have been occupied simply with examination of the actual phenomena, whilst others have attempted by comparison and generalisation to reason upon the meaning of volcanic action generally, and to hazard conclusions as to the reasons of its varying intensity, and on the problematical approach to that decrease of energy which must in all likelihood some day or other reduce the Neapolitan volcano to the condition of its extinct brethren of Apulia, the Eifel, and Auvergne. Professor Phillips has after this wise been tempted to exchange the banks of Isis for the shores of the Tyrrhene Sea, to admire all that was offered to view in the early part of 1868; and thereupon—moved, we doubt not, by the farcical and inaccurate accounts supplied, for the benefit of newspaper readers, by "Own Correspondents" and by romantic school-girls—has printed the result of his studies, the first book, we believe, with the exception of Mr. Lobley's brief sketch published last year,

* *Vesuvius.* By John Phillips, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1869.

which for 120 years past has been produced in this country on the special subject of Vesuvius.

The name of the Oxford Professor is a guarantee for a readable work, a mellifluous flow of language, and a philosophical adjustment of opposing arguments on moot points. In these respects we are not disappointed; and, if hardly complete enough for a scientific monograph, the bright little volume, with its abundant woodcuts, may be commended to the attention of those for whom the somewhat dry though excellent pages of *Murray* are insufficient pabulum, but to whom the voluminous foreign Vesuvian literature is unknown or unfamiliar. The earlier chapters, on the history of the district and of its eruptions, contain a well-written version of the usual narratives, but we confess to being unable satisfactorily to follow the series of events without a better map than that which faces the title-page. It is true that Professor Phillips gives us there a clear but flat representation, in colours, of the areas overspread by the lava streams of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries respectively; yet since the publication of the large-scale maps of the National Survey, and of M. Le Hon, we had hoped for such a plan of the mountain in an English dress as should enable the reader to follow out the details of the chief flows of lava at the more important crises, and to recognise all the localities, especially those mentioned in the text, which interest the investigator. Among the characteristic phenomena of eruptions, the author insists on the plentiful evidence which shows them to be commonly preceded by earthquakes, often of great frequency, and sometimes recurring at short intervals for years together. The general sinking of the water in the wells around the foot of the mountain is also one of the immediate forerunners of violent action; and the curious retirement of the sea from the shore, succeeded by its sudden return, is often observed over a moderate extent, although a doubt may be expressed as to the sufficiency of the explanation afforded for it:—

> If any one will have the courage to admit an opening made suddenly through the sea-bed, occasioned primarily by the production of fissures as already described, he may understand how this might, in a limited space of the sea-coast, occasion both the withdrawal of the water and its return. The opening may have been an old one concealed or impeded in the course of time, and merely reopened or cleared, or made to communicate with a new underground fissure.

There ought not to be omitted the opposing and exceptional fact, stated in a letter of Palmieri's in the *Comptes Rendus*, that when the first disturbing movements of 1861 were forcing up the rocky foundations of poor thrice-ruined Torre del Greco, the water in the wells and public fountain rose higher than usual, and new springs broke out by the sea-side. On the commencement of actual eruption enormous volumes of transparent steam are vomited forth in rapidly succeeding globose puffs, which condense in the upper air into cumulated cloud, occasionally towering up to a height of twice or even four times that of the entire mountain. In the lower part of the column may then be seen at night the *fuoco* of the guides, in reality the reflection of the incandescent lava below; and here the author gently breaks it to the unlearned that the smoke and flame so liberally brandished before us in popular descriptions are but creatures of misapprehension, the so-called "smoke" being either the vapour of water or the showers of detrital lava, the ashes and dust often carried up with it to a vast elevation, whilst anything like real flame is of very unusual if not doubtful occurrence, and has been noticed in a few rare instances, and on a small scale, by only two or three competent observers. We could wish that, in this descriptive part of his work, the author had dismissed some of his exceeding caution and smoothness, and had manfully tackled the views of M. Charles Deville on the successive phases of volcanic action, for they are too important to pass without a far more distinct comment. Can it be confirmed that the eruptions take place along lines of fissure tending approximately to cut through the centre of the mountain? If so—and from Ætna as well as Vesuvius strong favourable evidence may be had—it is a capital fact to assist us in tracing back the action of the pressure which gives rise to the outbreak, in settling the origin of the dykes, still disputed by a select few, and in discussing the character of upheavals. And again, how far may we trust to the definite announcement of the French chemist, supported on a series of visits extending over many years, that the various sublimed products of the craters afford a sure test and scale of the distance, either in time or place, from the acme of intensity of eruption? Before and along with the outflow of the lava rise the hot stifling vapours laden with hydrochloric and sulphurous acid, and bearing up to the light of day the chlorides of sundry metals—lead, copper, and iron—which, with common salt, form incrustations in the chinks and rents, and in the cooling surfaces of the orifice. But when past the time or the focus of chief intensity, and when the red heat is no longer visible, the chlorides diminish whilst the sulphur increases; and further away towards the base of the slopes, and even out at sea opposite Torre del Greco, as also in regions from which intense activity has long died out, emanations of carbonic acid gas and the inflammable carbonetted hydrogen are the last products which reach the surface, and tell therefore either of remoteness from the centre of excitement or of the phase of comparative inactivity.

On another point of research, open in great part to settlement by the aid of documentary evidence, Professor Phillips expresses himself with more decision. He has constructed tables showing for every century since the sixth before the commencement of our era, in parallel columns, the frequency of eruptions from Ætna, from Vesuvius, and from the Phlegræan fields, and concludes that from it we may infer a "general reciprocity of eruptions and some evidence of a common underground connexion." For ourselves, we own to remaining unconvinced by his tabular statements. The connexion can only be taken in a very secondary and modified sense, for although the whole South Italian region, from the Latian hills down through Sicily and away to Pantellaria, doubtless owes its various outbursts of volcanic force to one deep-seated source, we cannot believe in any direct communication between their fluid lavas when the great difference between their ejected products is borne in mind. Neither the newer nor the older lavas of Vesuvius and Somma, on the one hand, will be confounded by the practised observer with those of Ætna and the cliffs of the Val di Bove on the other; and this in spite of the strong family likeness which unites by one bond the mineral products of all modern volcanoes, from Hecla to the Pacific. We grant that it is very seductive to the eye of fancy to trace out that a line drawn northward from the crater of Ætna through the western parts of the old eruptive islands of Volcano and Lipari in succession will strike the cone of Vesuvius, and that another carried from the same origin through the ever fire-breathing Stromboli will land us on the great extinct crater of Mount Vultur near Melfi; but the tendency to theorize will be somewhat checked on comparison of the ejected materials, and on recollection of the paradoxical independence of the main and subsidiary cones of one and the same volcano. Thus, if we look up from Vesuvius to the far grander scale of Ætna, we find the lavas at one time ejected from vents six or seven thousand feet higher than at another; and Mauna Loa affords a still more puzzling example, pouring liquid lavas from its summit, whilst in apparent defiance of hydrostatical laws the great crater of Kilanea, only sixteen miles away, and ten thousand feet lower, remains a quietly seething lake of molten rock.

We had also expected from so experienced a geological writer a bolder grappling with the vexed question of Elevation Craters supported by Von Buch, Daubeny, and Abich, and vigorously opposed by Lyell and Poulett Scrope. No one, we suppose, gifted with common powers of observation is likely to ascribe to the main cones of eruption any other mode of origination and growth than that of successive ejections, as maintained by the last-mentioned authors; but in contemplating the inner structure of Vesuvius it appears to us that our author has ignored one of the most telling phenomena—namely, the occurrence, in the Fosso Grande and the Val di Leone, of masses of marl and limestone charged with fossil shells—Cardium, Turritella, Pecten, Ostrea, &c. —of species which still live in the adjoining sea. It is true that these calcareous rocks are met with among the so-called "ejected masses" of Somma; but it may fairly be asked, is not this term often a misnomer, and must not these fossil-bearing fragments, cropping out at so great a height above the sea level, belong to beds once forming the floor of the Mediterranean, which were gradually raised from their original position into a mound of considerable elevation, either prior to, or contemporaneously with, the first discharges of volcanic material?

The concluding "views leading to a general theory of volcanic excitement" comprise a temperate and careful vindication of the doctrine of the dependence of igneous action on a state of internal fusion and on the gradual contraction of the globe; but this chapter is altogether apart from any results of the author's late tour. It is on this latter point, in the lack of a close personal investigation of the mountain, that we find the book defective, and it may be hoped that in a future edition more vigour may be imparted by an extension of experience. We believe, too, that a Professor has yet to arrive at a due sense of the dignity of his grand subject who tells us apologetically in his preface that so stupendous a department of nature "has been honoured (*sic*) by the special researches of" such and such authors, "and has interested" such and such others! Nor would it be amiss to submit his proof-sheets to the eye of the Professor of Modern Languages, that the mis-spelling of such words as *cipollino*, *Gaeta*, *abbate*, and *bocche* may no longer act excruciatingly on the optic nerve of the reader.

THE STEPPING-STONE SERIES OF SCHOOL-BOOKS.*

ON more grounds than one we are glad to welcome this little book. In spite of the objections which may be urged against the form of question and answer into which it has been thrown, and although the arrangement of the matter might in some respects be improved, it is a good book in itself. So far as it goes, it will give the learner a real knowledge of his subject, while it will enable him to test the theories put forth on the growth of successive styles of architecture by facts which are plainly stated. In short, we have here a book which makes no attempt to hide ignorance under a veil of big words, or to throw dust in our eyes by repeating nonsensical axioms, or unblushingly laying down the law in the teeth of all evidence. This little work is therefore a real boon for the class of schools for which especially it has been written.

Over this class of schools there still hangs an air of mystery. So far as we can judge, the great movement for competitive examinations has not yet had any effect upon them. Our National Schools are more or less under the control of inspectors who are really educated men; and of the so-called "private schools" a certain proportion come under the influence of University local examinations, and must therefore do something more

* *The Stepping-Stone to Architecture.* By T. Mitchell. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

than merely drill boys to give answers which have either no meaning or else a wrong one. But the schools of which we now speak flourish apart in some charmed region, and stagnate in serene content with a literature of their own. Of these books the happier boys who are sent to Rugby or Harrow or Marlborough probably know not even the existence; but they have nevertheless the stubborn reality of facts. They furnish the food, if it deserves the name, which is to feed the minds of a far larger number of Englishmen than make up the whole body of the learned professions; and a glance at the contents of a few of them is enough to give us some notion of its utterly indigestible nature. The mere sight of these pages is a weariness to the flesh and to the spirit even of those who may take them up as curiosities with which they have no personal concern; but it is impossible that they can realize the miseries of a boy who is crammed with such stuff, if he has mind and power of thought, or the deadly lethargy into which it must plunge him if he has none. The feeling of pity for these victims of our own flesh and blood is natural; but our interest runs in the same path with our humanity. We cannot allow these schools to go on undisturbed a moment longer than is unavoidable; and, however hopeless the task may appear, we shall return from time to time to the assault, till the walls of Jericho fall down. The publication of Mr. Mitchell's *Stepping-Stone to Architecture* gives some ground for thinking that our labour will not in the end be fruitless. Any book which is honestly meant to impart real knowledge, and the means of attaining more, will, if introduced into a school where the books used are bad, be like the putting of a new cloth on an old garment. The rent will be made worse; and the teachers will find that either they must return to their old rags and steadily refuse to give them up, or they must dress themselves in new and sound raiment.

We are sanguine enough to look for the former of these results in the case of the series of manuals or catechisms to which the *Stepping-Stone to Architecture* belongs in appearance, but with which it has nothing in common beyond its wrapper. We even dare to hope that it may lead to the expulsion of certain greater offenders from a field which they have long choked with tares. How hard it is to drive them out, few know. The demand for Mr. Butter's wonderful Spelling-book, on which we disburdened our consciences some years ago, is, we believe, very little abated. Mr. Hunter's *Art of Paraphrasing* still teaches boys and girls the delightful art of spoiling everything they touch. Under his guidance, the farewell of Adam to Eden—

> Fit haunts of Gods, where I had hoped to spend,
> Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
> That must be mortal to us both—

may still be transmuted in the Latinizing cauldron into an adieu to "localities worthy to be frequented by celestial beings, and amidst which I had cherished the soothing expectation of spending in quietness, though mournfully, the allowed remainder of that day in which, by divine decree, we both must die." But, wretched as it is to find boys led to fancy that they understand Cowper's line, "How fleet is a glance of the mind," better by saying, "How rapid is the *transition* of thought," much more serious mischief is done by a much more successful book—the *Historical and Miscellaneous Questions* of Richmal Mangnall. There can be little doubt that the whole plan of this book is wrong from beginning to end. Greek, Roman, and English History, Geography, Astronomy, are large subjects, and it is impossible to travel over them to any good purpose within the scant measure allotted to each in that volume. Nor is it of the slightest use to fill a child's head with names which for him can only be mere sounds. If asked to "name the chief Grecian poets," he may answer, as Mangnall makes him answer, "Homer, Hesiod, Archilochus, Tyrtæus, Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Anacreon, Pindar, and Menander"; but this teaches him nothing, and it is much better that he should not know the names until he can attach to them some facts or some ideas. It is not here, however, that the greatest harm is done. The worst is that the boy or girl takes down, in a dogmatic form, a mass of statements which are either absurd or false, and they go away from their work, if they remember it at all, with the firm conviction that "the Egyptians communicated the knowledge of their discoveries in the useful and elegant arts to the Greeks, who afterwards made them known to the Romans," and that "Athens was founded by Cecrops, who, having landed here about 1,600 years B.C. with an Egyptian colony, introduced order among the original inhabitants." Naturally enough, they will talk glibly of Sesostris as "the successor of that Amenophis who was drowned in the Red Sea," although Egyptologists say that only his army was drowned, and the Pentateuch bears out their words. That Lycurgus enforced an equal division of lands among all Spartan citizens, that the laws of Draco were much more cruel than any passed before or since, they have no doubt whatever. Are not these things noted in the pages of their printed catechism, and must not the catechist know all about it? If he has any misgivings, will not these at once give way before the motto from Thomson which, prefixed to the Questions, tells him that, as he follows his guide, he is "conducted by Historic Truth"?

The confusion of ideas and falsification of facts can scarcely be carried further than in Hort's *Pantheon, or Catechism of Mythology*, which maintains its ground in spite of Dr. Smith and Mr. Cox. But as we have already* culled some choice absurdities from this book, we will not inflict on our readers any further extracts a volume which tells us "that Orpheus, Pythagoras, Thales, and other founders of Grecian philosophy and mythology studied in Egypt." Nothing can be done to improve such a book as this; the stable of Augeas can be cleansed only by turning a river through it, and sweeping away all its contents. It is true that in this particular matter the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is quite as absurd as Hort's *Pantheon*, but then all its articles are not like its article on Mythology. Unfortunately almost all the information conveyed by the Stepping-Stone series for which Mr. Mitchell has drawn up his manual, is practically of this kind. Of these the least harmful is the *Stepping-Stone to Geography*, because it does not pretend to do more than deal with the map of to-day; and in the absence of monstrous mistakes and blunders we may pardon the man who thinks that he is doing a child good by getting him to answer "roast beef and plum-pudding" to the question which asks him—"What is the favourite and famous national fare of the English?" or by making him repeat a page and a half about the present circuits of the Judges. But it is doing a child a serious mischief to tell him that "the State of the Trinobantes consisted of Essex and Middlesex"—a way of talking which may well make him think that Julius Cæsar came to England. In the same muddling fashion the *Stepping-Stone to English History* speaks of "the Saxons dividing that part of Great Britain called England into seven kingdoms." The juxtaposition of the following questions and answers is perhaps even a more serious offence:—

> Q. In what year did Egbert begin to reign as King of England?
> A. In the year 828.
> Q. What great system was introduced into England *about this time*, which has been the chief source of the civilization, peace, and happiness of the country?
> A. Christianity.

After the same style the child is told that Alfred divided England into counties, while under William the Conqueror, so called of course because he won in the fight at Hastings, we have the following portentous query:—

> Q. Who invented musical notes in this reign?
> A. A Frenchman.

The old Greek poet is more merciful when, speaking of the invention of the lyre, he at least tells us that it was made by Hermes.

The *Stepping-Stone to Grecian History* shows some improvement on others in the series, but the bald way in which everything is treated makes the latent scepticism of some of the questions rather mischievous than useful to the learner. The answer "No" is to be returned to the question which asks whether we can "look on Cecrops as an historical person." The next query is, "Who is said to have increased the power and wealth of Athens by his wise regulations?" the answer being "Theseus." Now the child, having been told that Cecrops is mythical, may very possibly lay a stress on the phrase, Theseus is *said to have* made Athens great; but is it of any use thus to be led into doubt, unless he can also give some reason for doubting the fact—in other words, until he can form some idea of the class of beings to which Theseus, Minos, Romulus, and others belong? The subject of the Draconic legislation is treated much as in Mangnall, and the child will of course go away with the impression that before the age of Draco there were no laws at Athens at all.

The *Stepping-Stone to Roman History* is more absurd, as we might expect when we consider the bogs and pitfalls among which an uncritical writer has to move through several centuries of the narrative. There is no lack of mere mistakes. The daughter of Servius is Tullias; the people betrayed by Sextus Tarquinius are "the Gabii." The conduct of Brutus in having his sons executed is not to be admired, because "it was most cruel and unchristian." Of course the whole story down to the Punic wars is quite true, and there is no doubt about the chronology; but by way of acquitting herself of the heresy which draws a sharp line between ancient and modern history, the writer begins with some questions on modern Rome, and the information given is sufficiently strange. To a question about the healthiness of Rome the child replies that "from July to October the foreigner is exposed to dangerous fevers"; and to another on the supposed malignant character of consumption in Rome, he answers that "the disease there communicates itself to the healthy by means of articles of clothing and furniture." Having duly spoken of Rome as "the capital of the States of the Church, the residence of the Pope, and for centuries the capital of Christendom," he is next asked, "What is it now the capital of?" and answers, "Italy, and the world of arts." Whatever they may think of the world of arts, Baron Ricasoli doubtless would heartily agree with Garibaldi in wishing that he could thus with a stroke of the pen convert into a fact a consummation devoutly to be desired.

We have said enough to show of what sort of stuff these Stepping-Stones are made. A glance at almost any portion of Mr. Mitchell's manual will show that his little book is of quite another kind. Whether he is right or wrong in particular cases, he has grasped the essential distinctions between the styles which he treats, and sees that the development of styles is no mere arbitrary and irregular process, but a growth which may be traced with scientific strictness and minuteness. He has not contented himself, like Mr. Fergusson, with a chronological classification of styles generally, and more particularly of the Romanesque and Teutonic styles; and thus he has furnished to the learner a method which may enable him to find his way without much difficulty

* *Saturday Review*, February 16, 1867.

through the most intricate questions relating to Gothic architecture. In speaking thus, we are not committing ourselves to an opinion in favour of the catechetical form of this manual. On the whole, we are inclined to doubt whether long answers to short questions, or short answers to long questions, can be turned to much practical use. But there is no sort of doubt that the pupil will not be merely threshing chaff as he works out the following questions:—

Q. What distinction can you make between Greek and Roman architecture?

A. The architecture of the Greeks was that of the column and entablature. The genuine architecture of the Romans was that of the round arch, though, when they conquered the Greeks, they grafted Greek forms on their own style, and so made the latter exhibit a combination of both.

Q. What is the principle of the styles known as Gothic?

A. The Gothic styles may be classified in two broad divisions, the first of which, comprising the styles generally known as the Early English or Lancet, and the Geometrical (or First and Second Pointed) styles, exhibits throughout the principle of subordination, or unity of separately existing parts; while the second division, comprising the Curvilinear Decorated, or Continuous, and the Rectilinear or Perpendicular styles, tended more and more to blend and fuse the separate parts. The Romanesque styles which preceded the Gothic may be described as more or less a return to the genuine arched construction of ancient Rome.

The same praise may be given to the following among other questions on tracery:—

Q. How many kinds of tracery are there?

A. Two; plate tracery and bar tracery.

Q. What is plate tracery?

A. Plate tracery is the very earliest form of tracery, and belongs to the later periods of the First Pointed or Early English style. It consists simply of apertures cut in the flat surface of the stonework between the tops of the narrow windows.

Q. Is this, properly speaking, tracery?

A. No; the complete idea of Gothic tracery requires not only that the lights and figure (or figures) above them should be combined by label and arch, with mullions instead of portions of wall, but that the spandrils in the window-head shall be pierced.

It is clear that such a manual as this, well illustrated as it is, cannot be useless. From it the reader will at the least learn something of the real results of the architectural science of the present century; and having worked through this manual he will not find himself in hopeless antagonism with such writers as Whewell, Willis, Petit, Sharpe, Paley, Freeman, Scott, Pugin, and others who are likely to know something about a subject on which they have bestowed the honest labour of years. The worst point in nine out of ten of these stepping-stones and manuals is that they seem deliberately to ignore the labours of such workers and their results, unless indeed they are written by people who do not know that the matters with which they profess to deal have ever been made subjects of careful toil and thought. Hence their books are unspeakably repulsive; and the sooner they follow the example set by Mr. Mitchell the better, if not for their own interests, yet assuredly for the welfare of the poor boys and girls who are now tormented with masses of unmeaning talk or pretentious verbiage. Instead of being more difficult, it is really easier to write a book in accordance with facts than one which twists and falsifies them; but then it must be written by some one who really knows the subject. It may perhaps be better to abandon the form of catechisms; but, whatever may be the decision on this point, it will be a happy thing for the youth of England if competent writers can be found to prepare a series of manuals which shall not be stepping-stones to ignorance and conceit, in all cases in which the learner is not driven away in disgust or despair.

ORVAL, OR THE FOOL OF TIME.*

IN his former writings Mr. Lytton has given abundant proof that he possesses many of the qualifications necessary to produce good imitations, paraphrases, and translations. However opinions may vary as to his right to be considered a genuine poet, most critics will allow him cleverness, perseverance, a love of rhythm, a keen appreciation and retentive memory of much of the best modern English poetry, resulting in the ability to write light, elegant, and harmonious verse, where in one stanza we get a glimpse of Tennyson *en déshabille*, in the next a flavour of Shelley diluted, succeeded by the unwonted spectacle of Browning and conventionality side by side, and alternating most curiously with a faint occasional suspicion of a pleasant individuality of tone, which, if it had only been kept separate and carefully cultivated, might have won him before this a very fair position among the really original minor poets of the day. Rather, however, than drop into the rear among these, Mr. Lytton has of late years apparently aimed at becoming the first imitator of his time. In the present volume he has dedicated his powers, which are undoubtedly considerable in this direction, to an attempt to popularize among English readers a dramatic poem, the *Infernal Comedy*, written by Count Sigismund Krasinski, the Anonymous Poet of Poland.

It is rather difficult to discover from its preface the exact relation which *Orval, the Fool of Time*, is intended to bear to the drama which it represents. Its author tells us that he came by chance across a prose translation of the poem in an old number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was much struck with its beauties. "While the effect of it was still fresh upon my mind, the following paraphrase of it was written with a rapidity which is perhaps the best guarantee of its fidelity." And he invariably speaks of it as a paraphrase; though from a passage in another part of the book it would almost seem to be something else. "There is a merit," he says, "which belongs to accurate translation, and there is a merit which belongs to spirited paraphrase. I presume to think, however, that there is also another kind of merit, belonging neither to the one nor the other, in the vividness with which a writer may succeed in imparting to the minds of his readers sensations added to the stock of his own individuality by contact with a literature embodying the thoughts and fancies of an experience unfamiliar to himself and his countrymen." Putting this and that together, and having no knowledge of the original work, we are left to form our opinion from internal evidence in the poem, whether it is to be regarded as a spirited paraphrase, or an attempt to bring before us vividly the sensations added to the stock of Mr. Lytton's individuality by contact with the French translation; in other words, whether it resembles the *Infernal Comedy* as Pope's translation does the Iliad, or whether the merit in it is of the kind that would belong to a novel, let us say, written at top speed by an enthusiastic Frenchman, in imitation of the *Pickwick Papers*, with which he had lately become acquainted through the medium of a German translation. A perusal of the poem as it stands, combined with the light thrown upon it by its preface, seems to suggest that while it is in some parts a paraphrase, it is in others, not to use the word in an invidious sense, a tolerably unscrupulous adaptation. Some passages certainly read like translations, but the general absence of any definite traces of the nationality of its author—a Polish poet, as we are particularly told, writing for a Polish people—leads us to suspect that in many places Mr. Lytton has availed himself pretty freely of the liberty of departing not only from the letter, but also from the spirit, of the original. To remove any such traces was necessarily to remove one chief element of interest, and possibly to destroy altogether the perspicuity of the poem. In the absence of accurate information on the subject, all that can be done is to review the drama in its present form, without holding Count Krasinski responsible for its defects, or accrediting Mr. Lytton with the originality of the plot.

There seem to be two main objects aimed at in the poem—one to poetize the French revolution after an abstract fashion, the scene being laid in a totally imaginary country, and the characters of none of the historical actors being preserved; the other, to show that the man who is heartless and incapable of human sympathy is mischievous to society and damnable; or, as the chorus of Evil Spirits sing it, an hour or two before his death—

> Because thou hast never loved aught, or ever
> Hast aught adored, but thine own self, O soul,
> Therefore shalt thou the face of God see never.
> Evil thy course, Damnation be thy goal!

Orval, whose future prospects are thus distinctly revealed to us, is the typical aristocrat, with liberal tendencies, but impelled by ambition to take the lead of the nobility against the revolutionists. When his last fortress is taken, he commits suicide by leaping from the ramparts into an abyss beneath. He is throughout a very tremendous and awe-inspiring personage, with a most inexhaustible flow of windy declamation, holding communion with a multiplicity of spirits, evil and good—a guardian angel and an infernal eagle—who chants his choral passages with the best of his associates. Mr. Lytton tells us that the only language natural to such a character is rant, and if a due allowance of bombast was all that was wanted to make him natural, his hero is certainly a great deal more natural than bearable. We draw a sigh of relief as he goes over the castle wall with a sensational header, emitting his last furious gush of what bade fair to be an eternal flood of wordy melodramatic verse:—

> Earth, take back whate'er of thine
> Held for awhile this yet unconquer'd Spirit,
> Which now goes hence. All mine eternity
> I see before me—black and terrible,
> And, in the midst, God, like a sun that burns
> For ever, lighting nothing. Farewell, world!
> Receive me, thou, my native element,
> Into whose vast and sombre depths, thus, thus,
> With outstretcht arms and open'd spirit, I plunge!

(*He leaps from the wall, and disappears into the abyss beneath.*)

Panurge, the commander of the revolutionists, is a no less imaginative and typical being—a great ruling mind, unscrupulous and inscrutable, an atheist up to the last few moments of his life, purposing to achieve by his victory some vague ultimate amelioration of the human race, but, like Orval, dying just as the new era is about to begin. He is a more shadowy creation than his companion, and gains in effectiveness by being so; for these great abstract heroic Frankensteins, with all the humanity and national characteristics taken out of them, have a woeful tendency to become wooden when brought boldly into the foreground to point some clearly enunciated moral. With his death the poem ends as follows. He is sitting with his follower Brutus on the conquered wall:—

PANURGE.

> A sign! a sign!
> I know it. I have seen it in bad dreams.

BRUTUS.

> Lean upon me. Thy face is white as death.

* *Orval, or the Fool of Time; and other Imitations and Paraphrases.* By Robert Lytton. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

PANURGE.

Millions of men obey me. Multitudes,
Nations in arms. Where is my People?

BRUTUS.

Hark!
Their cry is yet upon the air beneath us.
Thy People call thee. In their name, and mine,
Pluck those changed eyes from yonder reddening rock!

PANURGE.

He stands there, still! Pierced with three nails, which are
Three stars. His arms are stretch'd across the world.
We cannot pass them.

BRUTUS.

Master, I see nothing.
Away! away!

PANURGE.

Vicisti, Galilee!

(*He dies.*)

We have purposely chosen the two most elaborated and thrilling bits of the tremendous in the poem. The force of the melodrama can no further go. Both ranters being dead, one of them in the most unexpected and inexplicable manner, we are left to wonder how the revolution will get on without its leading spirit, and what great moral truth is indicated by his fearfully sudden death. For the whole drama, it seems, bristles with second and third meanings. Nothing is to be taken in its simple sense. Everything is an allegory. We are to feel that it is an allegory, but we are not to be given the key to it. Now surely this is a mistake. Surely an allegory ought to be decently intelligible, or else be readable without any reference to second meanings. At any rate ought not the translator of an allegory to take especial care that his translation shall at least be as intelligible as the original? That it is not so, we infer from the following passage amongst others in his preface. Speaking of the *Infernal Comedy*, he says:—"Count Krasinski's entire conception of the revolutionary drama is profoundly sad. It closes with the picture of a universal failure, without a hope beyond." Now *Orval* closes with nothing of the kind. Panurge is certainly dead, but the revolution is entirely successful. It has taken the last fortress of the aristocracy, and that is all we know about it. The great social regeneration aimed at is certainly yet to come, but then the curtain falls just as the new system is about to be put upon its trial. In this there is much that is vague, but very little that is sad. Either the close of the *Infernal Comedy* must be something very different from the close of *Orval*, or the comment upon it seems rather farfetched and questionable.

In dealing with abstract puppets and ideas, Mr. Lytton seems to have missed his vocation. He is like an active lightweight who excels in leaping and running, but fails when he tries to win distinction by putting the weight and throwing the hammer. Whenever any opening comes—and even in such a terrific poem as *Orval* there are openings for the display of gentle sentiment and the tender emotions—he gets over the ground lightly and nimbly enough. Directly the deep speculations begin, we get laboured grandiloquence and empty long-drawn elegance in place of the rude strength of an unconsciously original writer. Whenever an unusual expression occurs, it seems to have been chosen because it was unusual, and not because it was the only one in which the writer could make his meaning clear. The situations of the piece are many of them fresh, and the plot is ingenious, but the element of greatness is nowhere visible, though the strainings after it are everywhere conspicuous enough. But poets are a stiffnecked race, and when one of them has persuaded himself that his forte lies in the magnificent, it is the hardest thing in the world to persuade him to come down from his stilts. In many respects Mr. Lytton resembles Propertius. He should take to heart the advice given to that poet by Apollo:—

Non hic ulla tibi speranda est fama, Properti.
Mollia sunt parvis prata terenda rotis.

It is a relief to turn to the minor pieces in the volume, most of which are eminently readable. The greater number of them are imitations of Servian ballads, which have been published and reviewed before. There is a very pleasing paraphrase in blank verse of the episode of Aristæus, from the Fourth Georgic, where the easy melody, clearness, careful choice of words, and general faithfulness of the English leave little to be desired. Mr. Lytton seems also to have found a congenial author in Ronsard, whom he paraphrases simply and unaffectedly. But the prettiest things in the book are two imitations from the Danish, a comparison of which with any average bits out of *Orval* shows distinctly enough the directions in which the author's strength and weakness lie. The second is too long to be judged by quotations; the first suffers by being mutilated, but its merits will be partially apparent from a stanza or two:—

Stretching the tired limbs over the ground,
Laying the head o'er the Elfin Mound,
Seem'd I, or dream'd I, to hear and to see
Two milk-white maidens come lightly to me,
So lightly to me?
I saw them but once: I shall see them no more.
Dreaming is o'er.

And a marvellous music in air was heard,
And voices neither of breeze nor bird:
And the torrent, that never before stood still,
Stopp'd all at once of his own wild will
On the windy hill.
I saw them but once: I shall see them no more.
Dreaming is o'er.

"And wilt thou be of us? and wilt thou be ours?
We will play thee strange music, and ply thee strange powers:
Dance thee sweet dances, and sing thee sweet tunes:
And teach thee to read and to write the great runes
That charm stars and moons."
I saw them but once: I shall see them no more.
Dreaming is o'er.

MASTER WACE.*

SOME years ago we had occasion to review a well-meant, but not very successful, attempt to turn Master Wace into English verse, but we did not enlarge so specially as we might have done on Wace himself and his merits. To supply that lack is a good work at any time, and may be as well done at this time as at any other. But before we begin to say anything about Wace's merits, let us say a word about his mere name and description. Is not Wace the first man who ever called himself, or was called, by his surname only without his Christian name? It is certainly a strange thing that there should be a man of the twelfth century of whom we know the surname while his Christian name is doubtful. At the very close of his work he describes himself as "Maistre Wace" without any Christian name, and the name Robert, by which his French editor calls him, seems to be only a guess, though not an unlikely one. In one place in his history he indeed calls the famous Walter Giffard by his surname only, but then the Christian name had been used such a very little time before that the liberty taken was not a very frightful one. To speak of himself in a formal way as "Maistre Wace," as we now talk of Mr. Smith, is decidedly a step further, and it seems likely enough to be the first instance of the modern usage.

Master Wace certainly fills a very important place both in the history and the literature of his age. He and his contemporaries give us the earliest extant example of any long composition in the French language. And though there are doubtless earlier compositions in the Southern forms of Romance, it would be hard to find any of the same historical value. It is not wonderful that French literature should be a plant of later growth than the literature of the languages, both Romance and Teutonic, which surround it. The Teutonic languages naturally developed their literature earlier than the Romance languages, because the man who was speaking or writing High-Dutch or Danish or English must always have known what he was speaking or writing, and could never have fancied that he was speaking or writing Latin. But it was only gradually that the Romance languages came to be recognised as distinct languages, capable of being made the vehicles of sustained composition. For a long time a Romance-speaking man would doubtless have flattered himself that he both spoke and wrote Latin, though he would doubtless have allowed that the Latin which he spoke was much less pure than the Latin which he wrote. That France should lag behind Provence in the formation of a native literature was only natural. We must never forget that Northern Gaul remained, deep into the tenth century, subject, so far as it could be said to be subject, to a German-speaking sovereign. It was no doubt at the Court of the Dukes, afterwards the Kings of Paris that the French language grew up into anything like a regular form. But the great position which that language was destined to take among the languages of Europe came from another quarter. It was the Normans who, by becoming French, finally determined that Northern Gaul should be French, and not German. And, of the tongue which they then made their own, the *Lingua Romana*, now become a recognised national speech as *Lingua Gallica*, they became the most diligent cultivators at home and the most diligent propagators abroad. It was the conquests of the Normans which spread the French tongue from Scotland to Sicily, and the Normans had no small share in at least the first stage of that latter crusading movement which planted the French tongue at the Courts of Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Constantinople. The second stage in the development of the French language, the writing of prose history, is due, if not to France Proper in the very strictest sense, yet at least to Champagne, the country of Villehardouin and Joinville. But the earliest stage, the stage represented by Wace, the stage of historical composition in metre, is beyond doubt primarily Norman.

Wace's work is a noble one; it is one which improves on acquaintance, and which shows its author to have been possessed of no small share of the best qualifications of an historian. Its title of "Roman," and the fact of its being written in verse, should not lead any one astray. The work of the good Canon of Bayeux is a history, and a history which places its writer very high among the historians of his own age. He wrote in verse, because the first efforts at sustained composition in any language are sure to be in verse. It is most curious to watch in our own Chronicles how prose supplants verse as the vehicle of the higher sort of composition. The writers of the earlier parts clearly had no idea of elevated prose. When they came to a part of their story which plainly called for a higher treatment than usual, all they could do was to throw their thoughts into verse. Gradually the art of prose-writing advanced, till we come to those wonderful pieces of natural eloquence which set forth the character of William and the horrors of the reign of Stephen. But

* *Le Roman de Rou et des ducs de Normandie, par Robert Wace. Publié pour la première fois par Frédéric Pluquet.* Rouen: 1827.

Master Wace his Chronicle of the Norman Conquest. From the Roman de Rou. Translated by Edgar Taylor, Esq., F.S.A. London: 1837.

poetical entries of the Chronicle are just as trustworthy as the entries. The style of expression of of course is different, but is nothing about them savouring of what is called poetic licence with regard to the facts. So with the Song of Maldon. There can be no doubt that it gives a thoroughly trustworthy account of the battle. So with Wace, his work is none the less a history because it is in verse; he wrote in verse simply because in his day it was as natural to use verse for the purpose as it now is to use prose. In fact we trust Wace's French verse a great deal more than if he had written in rhetorical Latin. We suspect that most men will be more truthful in their own tongue, which they write naturally, than in a foreign tongue, where there is always a temptation to display, and, with display, a danger of exaggeration.

The book, then, is in fact a history of Normandy from the first beginnings of the Duchy to the death of William the Conqueror. In the earlier part he does little more than versify the narratives of Dudo of Saint Quintin and William of Jumièges; in fact there was little else to be done. His narrative therefore is neither more nor less trustworthy than the earlier narratives on which it is founded. But this is really saying a great deal, if we compare Wace with the crowd of writers, in verse and prose, in Latin and in the vernacular, who were not satisfied to follow the best materials within their reach, but made it their business to trick everything out with exaggerated or legendary improvements. But as Wace draws nearer to his own time, he rises to a much higher position than that of a mere versifier of what others had written before him. His narrative of the Conquest of England must be looked on as an independent authority, and an authority of a very high order. His narrative is not indeed a contemporary authority, like William of Poitiers or the Bayeux Tapestry. But Wace comes just within the limits which Sir George Lewis fixes for credible testimony. Born quite early in the twelfth century, he might easily have talked in his youth with old men who had been in the great battle. His work was written, or at least finished, late in life, in the reign of Henry the Second, and we may suspect that a great part of his life had been spent in collecting materials. If we compare him with a strictly contemporary writer like William of Poitiers, we shall at once see the advantages and disadvantages of his position. The Archdeacon of Lisieux wrote from his own knowledge, or from perfectly fresh information; the Canon of Bayeux wrote many years after the fact, from such information as he could get. But then Wace wrote to record the truth, while William of Poitiers wrote simply to magnify his patron. Nothing strikes us so much in Wace as his thorough honesty of purpose. He evidently took the utmost pains to get at trustworthy accounts of everything. When he is mistaken—and he sometimes is mistaken—we are sure it is always the fault of his informants and not his own. He is one of that small class of writers who, when they do not know a thing, have honesty enough to say that they do not know it. A great deal of what he tells us he must have picked up from local and family traditions, and we know how apt local and family traditions are to be inaccurate and exaggerated. But there is no sign of exaggeration or conscious myth-making on the part of the writer himself. We must take many of his stories for what they are worth; but, whether we believe them or not, we are certain that Master Wace simply told the tale as 'twas told to him. Between conflicting statements, as in the different accounts of the numbers of the ships and the armies, Wace always inclines to the most moderate and probable version. Moderation in short runs through his whole work. He is not a furious partisan like William of Poitiers. He is a Norman, a Norman of the Normans. A native of Jersey, a Canon of Bayeux, he belonged by birth and residence to the true Norman lands, and his local sympathies are often strongly shown. He loves to dwell on anything which concerns either his own city of Bayeux, or his native island and the noble peninsula to which that island was an appendage. But he has none of that savage hatred toward Harold or towards England which is shown by other Norman writers, by William of Poitiers above all. We judge of his statements of fact according to our light, but his tone is always fair, moderate, and sensible. He does thorough justice to the great qualities of the English King and to the enduring valour of the English soldiers. To this last indeed ample testimony is borne, even by such frantic libellers as William of Poitiers and Guy of Amiens. And one Englishman Wace seems to have chosen as his special hero. Gyrth seems somehow to have been a favourite with all the Norman writers, except with William of Poitiers, who of course could not stoop to admire any Englishman. But though Gyrth stands out boldly in the accounts both of William of Jumièges and of Orderic, it is only in Wace that he approaches to anything like the position of hero of the piece. For in Wace he does something very like it. He is of course second to William, but he is second to William only; he distinctly stands out before any other man, Norman or English. This part of the poem is all but a Gyrthiad. The hero is brought in on every conceivable opportunity, and he is always represented as displaying the most remarkable union of wisdom and valour. And his story is worked up with a good deal of epic skill, till we reach the final point where he dies, the last man at the Standard, by the hand of the Conqueror himself. It is not easy to see how this Norman tradition of Gyrth arose. Possibly there may have been a feeling that the great man of their own side needed to be matched against a worthy adversary, while it would not do to show too much honour to the perjured Harold. But even to Harold, as we have said, Wace is wonderfully fair, compared with other Norman writers; still Gyrth is decidedly his favourite on the English side.

The *Roman de Rou* is by no means the only work of Wace, but it is the one on which his fame rests. And it is one which ought to set his fame very high, both strictly as an historical authority and as one of the founders of a literature such as that of France. Thoroughly to appreciate Wace, he ought to be compared with other writers of his own class, especially with his younger contemporary and rival, Benoit de Sainte-More. In Benoit there is a distinct romantic element, an element of exaggeration and decking out of facts, which stands in marked contrast to the honest sobriety of Master Wace. That honest sobriety, combined as it was with a diligent and inquiring spirit, sets Wace very high in his class. It is not often among mediæval writers that we find one who wrote so long after the events which he records who can throw so much real and, in the best sense, original light upon them.

GHEEL.*

THIS is a book of which we may confidently say that it was worth writing, and that, with certain slight drawbacks, it is very well written. Its exterior is rather deceptive. It blazes out upon the world in the most brilliant of all possible yellows, and produces the impression that it means to compete with those shilling novels which seek to attract our eye on railway bookstalls. The startling picture of a terrible catastrophe ornaments its sides, and the name of Gheel will probably leave most readers in profound ignorance. What, or who, is or was Gheel? will be their natural inquiry; is it an Indian city, or an article of commerce, or the name of a Highland hero? Not to leave them in suspense, we will inform them at once that Gheel is a village about thirty miles from Antwerp, and that a Flemish writer asks indignantly, who is there that has never heard of Gheel? In Belgium the question would probably be met by the intended reply; but in England it is necessary to explain further, that Gheel is the site of the oldest lunatic asylum in the world; and that the system there adopted is in certain respects entirely peculiar and well deserving of attention. The insane and idiotic have been received at Gheel for, it is said, twelve hundred years, and the legend which accounts for this singular speciality is as follows:—An Irish princess who was converted to Christianity was persecuted by an extremely objectionable old Pagan father. She ran away to the most remote corner of the globe then discoverable, which happened to be Gheel. Her retreat was discovered by her indignant father, owing to her folly in paying her bills with Irish currency of the period, thus exciting remark amongst the intelligent inhabitants of Antwerp. The father solaced his wounded feelings by cutting off his daughter's head, and her body, being left on the ground, became the cause of innumerable and startling miracles. The natural result was a great concourse of devotees, who, as was equally natural, were composed chiefly of the insane and idiotic. The inhabitants took charge of these poor creatures, and in this way started the peculiar industry which for twelve centuries has been practised at Gheel. The author does not pledge herself to the authenticity of this remarkable legend; but the facts which she investigated on the spot are equally remarkable, whatever may have been their original cause. The only fault that we have to find with the account given of them is, that the writer, from a laudable anxiety to be amusing, has adopted a style approaching a little too closely to the orthodox manner of fictitious writers. She reports conversations so dramatically that we rather lose faith in their strict accuracy. However, perhaps this is hypercritical; and at any rate she gives a very clear and intelligent account of the main peculiarities of the place.

The most distinctive circumstance about Gheel is that the lunatics, instead of being collected in a large building, are scattered about amongst the different families. They become domesticated in different houses, where each patient may have conveniences according to the means of his relations. Those who are comparatively healthy, or who have long lucid intervals, work at their trades, and frequently earn as good wages as the sane persons with whom they board. Others of course require more careful supervision, and are subject to more or less restraint; but the great principle which prevails at Gheel is that which has been adopted in all rationally managed asylums, of reducing coercive measures to the smallest practicable amount, and trusting as much as possible to the gradual influence of simple and regular life and healthy diet. The circumstances of Gheel enable this system to be carried out with a completeness elsewhere unknown. It might indeed be supposed at first sight that lunatics living in the families of farmers or artisans would frequently be subject to harsh, or at best to unintelligent, treatment; and the author says that in former times abuses were known, if they were not frequent. Now, however, a great reform has been made. The Belgian Government has established a central asylum at Gheel, under the supervision of a distinguished physician, Dr. Bulckens, to which all patients are sent in the first instance. They remain there for a time, until each case has been properly observed and the appropriate treatment determined. If special medical care is required, they may remain permanently; but as a rule they are

* *Gheel, the City of the Simple.* By the Author of "Flemish Inter[illegible]"
London: Chapman & Hall. 1869. [illegible] Bradbury,

sent to board in different houses of the district. For this purpose, Gheel and the neighbouring villages, including a population of about 11,000 souls, is divided into six districts, to each of which a special class of patients is assigned. It is not very easy to understand the classification as given by the author; but it appears that the harmless cases are allowed to live in the central village, and that the most violent are sent to the more remote districts, where they can live in certain farmhouses scattered widely over a large heath. There is a careful system of supervision by appropriate officers, so that the condition of every patient is reported each night to the physician in authority. There are it seems at present 620 *nourriciers*, or persons authorized to take charge of lunatics, and about 800 patients. The management of the patients thus devolves principally upon the families with whom they board, and who have acquired a kind of traditional aptitude for it, whilst the classification and supervision are left to the central authorities. Some of the results appear to be very remarkable, especially as regards the relation of the patients and the *nourriciers*. The arrival of a boarder is generally celebrated, it is said, as a little family festivity. The guest is treated to the best of everything, and gradually learns to take an interest in all the affairs of the house. He sometimes is cured by the gradual "resuscitation of moral vigour" which results from friendly and familiar treatment. The people have learnt a peculiar practical skill in dealing with the objects of their singular hospitality. Thus, for example, a mischievous person is allowed to break everything he pleases, and it is declared that the annoyance of the owners has a better effect on the patient than any direct restriction, and frequently induces him to make a moral effort which leads to his recovery from the habit. Thus a young Englishman—the only one of our countrymen at Gheel—had imported, amongst other "expensive and unattractive habits," a peculiar love of breaking windows. Certainly the passion, taken by itself, would not be a sufficient proof of lunacy, and we fear that the method of cure adopted at Gheel would hardly be found effective at an English University town. On the first day of his arrival this young gentleman broke twenty-eight windows; no notice whatever was taken of his exploit, and next day he confined himself to smashing fourteen. He was again mortified by the complete indifference of the villagers, and since that time has completely abandoned this delightful pastime. The result, if satisfactory in its way, illustrates the extreme difficulty of introducing the Gheel system elsewhere. It would certainly take something like twelve centuries of training to induce the inhabitants of an English village to allow undergraduates to live amongst them and break as many windows as they pleased without remonstrance. A still more remarkable case is mentioned in illustration of the skilful treatment of the violent lunatics. One who was subject to occasional fits of frenzy had exhibited symptoms of an approaching crisis, and the doctor had warned the woman in whose house he was living to watch him closely. The madman objected to this vigilance, and whilst the *nourricière* was sitting in front of the door with her infant in her lap, he took up a large pair of tailor's shears and threatened to split her skull. She walked towards him holding up her infant as a shield and made him back into a low chair at the further end of the room. She then threw the child into his arms, and running out of the room locked the door upon the pair. The baby screamed violently, to the extreme surprise of the maniac. The mother fainted away from excitement, but on recovering sent for the doctor; and on his arrival half an hour afterwards the door was opened and the maniac was found calmly nursing the child, which he had restored to good humour at the same time with himself. The method was certainly original, and perhaps it would take even longer to train mothers to this use of their infants than to teach the ordinary mind to submit to window-smashing. It is indeed remarked as a curious result, that the affection entertained by the lunatics for children, and the reciprocal veneration which the children entertain for the infirmity of their guests, is frequently touching and of almost incredible intensity. A patient seized with an attack of raving mania is frequently restored to composure, it is asserted, simply by the presence of a little child. In spite of the extreme liberty allowed to the patients, and the familiar terms on which they live with the inhabitants, it is said that cases of personal injury are unknown, nor have the Gheelians themselves suffered any evil consequences from their long and close association with lunatics. The patients liable to attacks of temporary violence frequently leave the houses of their own accord and wander off into the fields and woods, where they can give way to their impulses without injury to their neighbours.

The author gives various descriptions of individual cases, and of the strange, half ludicrous, half melancholy incidents resulting from the delusions of the patients, in which, however, there is little that is new. The most purely ludicrous story, which we fancy that we have heard before, is the answer of a lunatic to a visitor who said to him, "You now tell me that you are the Archangel Gabriel, but last time I was here didn't you tell me that you were Lucifer?" "So I am," replied the lunatic, "*but it's by different mothers.*" There is another good anecdote of the madman whose release had been procured by Balzac, who had convinced himself and the authorities after a long investigation that the un-[illegible]te man was the victim of a conspiracy to keep him out of [illegible] Balzac was delighted with his success, and begged [illegible]lebrate his release by coming to breakfast with him. "No," said the man, "but I will come if you make it a supper." "Certainly," said Balzac, "if you prefer it, but why should you not come to breakfast?" "Because," was the reply, "you will see, as a sensible man, that I cannot allow myself to be seen except at night, as I am the moon." Balzac decided to be more careful another time. The story, true or false, may be paralleled by the anecdote mentioned by Erskine, in his speech on Hadfield's case, of the lunatic who almost succeeded in an action for obtaining his release, till he accidentally admitted that he believed himself to be Jesus Christ. On a subsequent occasion the same man was so conscious that this answer had led to his continued confinement that he refused to commit himself again, and his former reply had to be given in evidence.

These stories, however, are a divergence from the main purpose of the book, which is to recommend Gheel to the attention of qualified observers. It is, indeed, sufficiently plain that it would be almost impossible to transplant the system which has there been gradually developed. We cannot expect that any population of sufficient size would be induced to take in lunatics on a large scale as boarders; and it would be still more difficult to train such a population in the necessary medical knowledge, and to make them practise proper forbearance and self-restraint. Yet it is probable that many hints may be derived, as to the general principles of treatment, from the singularly rational and humane methods adopted at Gheel. The author seems only to have made a passing visit, but a more careful and prolonged inspection would probably well repay the trouble. She has done good service in calling attention to the facts.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS—DOMESTIC SERIES.*

[I]N our review † of Mr. Brewer's Letters and Papers of the reign of Henry VIII., we said that we supposed "Mr. Lemon's successor would enlarge the accounts of the documents which she has to epitomize, so as to bring the concluding years of the Domestic Papers of Elizabeth into something more like harmony with the corresponding period of Foreign Papers." Mrs. Green's volume was completed before these words were written, and it may be thought she has done exactly what was suggested. Forsaking the method followed by her predecessor for the Calendar of the first thirty-three years of Elizabeth, and adopted by herself for the twenty-two years of the reign of James I., she has given us a fair analysis of the Domestic Papers of the years 1591–1594 inclusive, and promises us two more volumes before she can complete the series of Domestic Papers for this reign. And it may be said that we ought to be satisfied. Nevertheless we are not satisfied. We have several faults to find. The accounts of the State Papers are in many instances too meagre. We believe we are correct in saying that there is not a single footnote in the volume explaining any historical difficulty. There is no allusion anywhere throughout these papers to any copies of them which exist either in MS. or in print. Those are serious faults in such a Calendar, and we fancy they are attributable to one and the same cause. Mrs. Green is by no means deficient in skill, or in knowledge of her subject. She has been accustomed to the reading of manuscripts and to historical investigations for more than twenty years, and her *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*, which were published as long ago as the year 1846, bear ample testimony to her historical and critical powers, and her intimate [a]cquaintance both with printed books and the repositories of manuscripts. The most probable account of the deficiencies of this volume then is, that the editor has been hurried through her work. We are not aware whether she is subjected to the rule of producing a volume every year, which presses so hardly upon some [o]f the editors on the staff of the Master of the Rolls. But if this be so, it will account for Mrs. Green's not having produced a volume as valuable as she might have done, and as we believe she would have done if she had not been fettered by unwise restrictions.

And, whilst we are on the subject of unwise restrictions, we will venture to repeat our opinion, though we may be told that it is *crambe decies repetita*, that the Master of the Rolls has made a great mistake in his order which cuts down the prefaces to these volumes, and confines them to an explanation of the papers contained in them. This order, whilst in some cases, as in that of Mr. Brewer, it has been wholly inoperative, seems to have frightened other editors, and perhaps amongst them Mrs. Green, [i]nto an almost entire silence; whilst in the few words with which [t]he volume is introduced to the public the editor has made a very unwise defence of the want of uniformity in the series, part of [illegible]

[illegible] proved [illegible] mend the use of the word *desirability* to the consideration of [t]hose who object to Latin grammar as a means of education, and [p]roceed with our grumbling. Now experience has shown no such [t]hing. We venture to think that if the opinions of competent

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth, [15]91–1594, Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office.* Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green, Author of "The Lives of the Princesses of England," &c.; under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co.

† See *Saturday Review* of February 8, 1868.

judges had been asked, before this series was commenced, whether an index to the State Papers or a description of them was wanted, the verdict would have been nearly unanimous in favour of the latter—in favour, that is, of a system which should in almost all cases preclude the necessity of consulting the originals.

Now, if Mrs. Green had enlarged her epitomes to this extent, one ground of complaint against this volume would have been removed. It is because we have so often been disappointed in this respect that we consider this the principal defect in the volume. For instance, it would be absurd to suppose that the description of the report of the conspiracy of Dr. Lopez, which is compressed into nine lines, would satisfy any one who wished to investigate the history of this attempt to destroy the Queen, and who knows that the original is extended to more than twenty-two pages. It is indeed possible that nothing more can be gleaned from the original than appears in the other documents in this volume, which extend over more than thirty pages, from p. 430 to p. 460; but, if so, this should have been stated in a note. Either the information contained in this paper is not sufficient, or, if it is, this should have been distinctly stated. As it is, the historian who wants to be sure that he has omitted no available source of information for this plot against the Queen's life must have recourse to the original of this paper, where—if we may hazard a conjecture as to the true state of the case—he will probably find no additional information to that which he can gather from the documents calendared in this part of the volume. But, if this be so, it is much to be regretted that there should not be afforded to the reader the same information that is appended to a subsequent document of March the 9th, 1594. This paper, which also in the original occupies above six pages, consists of a brief declaration of Dr. Lopez's treasons. But, as it is to the same effect as those already calendared, the editor has perhaps exercised a wise economy of space in omitting to describe it more minutely.

This is far from being a solitary instance of the fault with which we are charging the editor of this volume. The most vexatious of the omissions are those of the names of Popish recusants. And though the reader will find in the Index, under the head of Recusants, the sub-titles *names of, lists of, wives of,* &c., he will in vain search the body of the work for the names, there being in general nothing more definite than the following:—

> Names of students and English seminaries at Rheims, and 4 in the English College at Rome, known to Robert Weston; also of 21 recusants and favourers of the Church of Rome remaining in and about London; in Hertfordshire, 4; Bedfordshire, 4; Northamptonshire, 5; Leicestershire, 2; Staffordshire, 1; &c.

Mrs. Green must be quite aware of the extreme difficulty of getting at the truth as regards the religious belief of the nation at large, and of separate counties and county families in particular. And in this relation we cannot but think that every distinct name occurring in any of these documents ought to have been reproduced. The Church history of that period has never yet been written by any one possessed of an intimate acquaintance with its records. And we want the means of testing what has been written of it by Roman Catholic or by Puritan authors, and, above all, we want a fuller account of the recusants themselves than is to be met with in Dodd's Church History, or in any other account of them that has yet been printed. This is the weak point of Mrs. Green's Calendar, which in other respects, and as far as we can judge without comparing her epitomes with the actual originals, we believe to have been conscientiously and faithfully executed.

Much the largest part of the book is occupied by one subject; and if any one hitherto has been apt to suspect that Queen Elizabeth had a quiet and secure life after she had got rid of the obnoxious Queen of Scots, and after the signal discomfiture of the Spanish Armada, a glance at these pages will suffice to undeceive him. Scarcely a page can be opened which does not contain something about real or supposed plots of Papists against the Government or the Queen's life. The volume does not throw as much light as we could have wished either on the reality of the plots or on the extent to which the King of Spain was implicated in them. We must wait for further revelations from the Simancas Records, and we fear that we shall have to wait for many years before we know much about the real connexion of English conspirators with the Court of Spain; or, again, how far suspicions were entertained at Madrid that Elizabeth was conspiring against Philip's life. The boast contained in one of the State Paper documents, that Elizabeth was not concerting measures against the Spanish King, at least shows that some such suspicion was afloat, and that it was not thought very unnatural that she should be undertaking some such measures by way of reprisal and retaliation.

Perhaps the most striking feature in the volume, to a reader of the present day, is the separation of the Roman Catholic gentry into two classes, which will bear some comparison with the Ultramontane and the more liberal views entertained by Archbishop Manning and Dr. Newman respectively. The analogy must not be pressed too closely. But there was then, as there is now, amongst the Roman Catholic gentry and clergy, a party with a strongly developed English feeling. Such persons are the representatives of the view which must have been in Gardiner's and Bonner's minds; and, had the Church been left as Henry VIII. meant to leave it—the old doctrines remaining for the most part untouched, but the Pope's supremacy got rid of—many of these would have belonged to the National Church. No such alternative, however, was now presented to them, and they were content to remain loyal subjects of the Queen provided only they were unmolested in the exercise of their religion. This class of people had little or no sympathy with the violent measures adopted by some of their co-religionists, whose object was to secure the throne, after the death of the Queen, for any one in communion with the Church of Rome who might seem to have some hereditary claim, or who might be strong enough to hold it if once placed in it. With many there was a rooted hostility to any foreign rule, and this consideration seemed to render the chances of Philip of Spain and the Duke of Parma but slight; but a claim might be made for a son of the latter if a match could be brought about between him and Lady Arabella Stuart. Lord Strange, who was lineally descended from Henry VII., was another possible candidate. The Queen's long reign, and the discovery and defeat of all the plots and machinations against her life, disappointed all their hopes. It is useless now to speculate upon what might have been the eventual effect of a declaration, on the Queen's part, who was to be her successor. She must have known, as well as her courtiers did, how much strength such a declaration would have given to her Government. Yet, with a perversity the chief ingredient of which perhaps was personal vanity, she persistently refused to name any one. Of the quiet accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England, in 1603, we shall perhaps have more to say on the publication of the last volume of the Calendar of Domestic Papers of this reign.

The last remark we have to make on this volume is on the striking absence of many incidents of domestic history from its contents. It is so full of indictments of Roman Catholics, and hunting down Papists and Jesuits, that it seems as if the severe measures adopted by the Government against Anabaptists and other sectarians who began to multiply at that time had been overlooked. That is of course owing to no fault in the editor, but to a deficiency in the documents. Even where the arraignment of a Nonconformist minister is noticed, as in the case of Penry, there is not nearly enough given to check the ordinary histories of the time. We have here only two documents referring to him, one containing a very brief account of his indictment, and the other merely stating that he had been hanged; whilst of his predecessors in the same line—Arthington, Coppinger, and Hacket—the names are just mentioned in an anonymous draft, and we have to look elsewhere for their trial and the account of their death. A similar remark applies to the arraignment of Sir John Perrot, in April, 1592. In this case, it is true, there are several documents in which his name occurs. We have many papers which refer to the accusations made against him, but there is no account either of his trial or the execution of the sentence. The real reason of this is, that the originals from which this information is to be derived have found their way into other collections, whether private or public. The arraignment of Perrot may be found in the Cotton Collection in the British Museum, which, we take the opportunity of observing, is more deficient in domestic papers of Eliz. an. 33–37 than we had expected to find it. But we must add that, if the Cotton Collection is deficient, the Lansdowne most remarkably supplies the gap. Not to say anything of other papers dispersed through this Collection, there are at least twelve consecutive volumes of this library which would have furnished 1,200 documents illustrative of this history; enough, that is, to supply materials for another volume nearly as large as that which we are reviewing.

Thus, whilst the historian of the first half of the sixteenth century will have easy access to all the information that can be gathered from the volumes of Mr. Brewer and the accounts transmitted from Venice and Simancas, the unfortunate writer who shall undertake the reign of Elizabeth will have to hunt for himself for documents which he may or may not be able to find, but which most certainly ought to have appeared in this series of publications. It would not be too much to say that the whole of the Domestic Papers, from the beginning of the reign of Edward VI. to the end of Elizabeth, will some day have to be done again.

THE EPICURE'S YEAR-BOOK FOR 1869.*

ON the appearance of the first volume of this English aspirant to the fame of the *Almanach de Table, La Gazette des Comestibles,* and other ancient Continental annuals for the use of Monsieur L'Appétit, we ventured to point out an anomaly or two in its form and substance—for example, its mixing up the question of "food for the million" with dainties "for the upper ten," and one or two such affectations as the omission of the pheasant from the *menus* of October and November, whilst he figures prominently and prematurely in those of September. For these hints a dyspeptic author or editor might have done what an amusing Greek word in the *Wasps* of Aristophanes would have suggested to a scholar-gourmand—namely, "put us in his pot," and made stock of us for his second volume. "Fin-Bec" has not only not done this, but by his forbearance, and his omission of the features objected to, has proved that he is one with whom good living does not disagree, and that he recognises the wholesome truth that good books and good dishes can never be the worse for full and free discussion. His editorial difficulties, it would seem from his present preface, do not lie

* *The Epicure's Year-Book for 1869.* Second Year. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co. 1869.

so much in adverse or lukewarm criticism as in the pange of having to reject "good" volunteer "material." "Inventors of new dishes and new condiments; importers of unknown vintages; creators of new provision trades; gastronomic authorities on the table arts, besiege him, bespeaking his attention." Amidst which graphic vision of the proverbial "too many cooks," suggestive of the difficulty which Fin-Bec must find in keeping his palate uncorrupt and his criticism just and candid, arises the central figure and master mind of M. Jules Gouffé (a veritable "flower, safety, plucked out of the nettle, danger") to impart an air of sound wisdom and discretion, of practical experience, and the true simplicity of genius, to the too often extravagant flights of gastronomic enthusiasm. The epicure, gaping for a new appetitive sensation, will con the *menus* for the four seasons which this great authority has contributed to this "Year-Book," and find perchance what he yearns for in the saddle of reindeer (selle de renne rôtie, purée de céleri), which is now brought from Archangel to Paris and London, and from which, "cooked à point, the gourmet cannot take off his eyes" (p. 57). Such choice winter flesh, however, cannot be accessible *cuivis homini*, any more than the gelinotte (or "hazel-hen,") among fowl, which comes in a week from Russia, packed in oats, contained in wicker baskets, to relieve in March the chickens and the pigeons; or the asparagus from Provence among vegetables, each head costing 4*l.*, and measuring three inches round, which figured at the Turkish Ambassador's dinner last April (cf. p. 110). Yet plain mortals, fit only, as a Frenchman would say, to discuss poultry and butcher's meat, may appreciate and profit by Fin-Bec's maxim, in accord with M. Gouffé's, as to marketing, "that when anything is so scarce as to have an extravagant price upon it, it is generally not only scarce, but of bad quality" (cf. pp. 53, 104), or by the remarks which that artist made to the editor of the *Year-Book* on fat meat and fat poultry shows. "The fat meat," he said, "represents so much food wasted in making diseased animals—in creating expensive, unwholesome fat. As regards poultry it is monstrous; the yellow fat with which it is covered is detestable. I see a turkey marked 6*l.*, geese at 4*l.* each, fowls at 1*l.*, and pigeons at 3*s.* 6*d.* a head. They are all unhealthy monsters, coarse and gastronomically bad. The restaurants buy them; but who that knows how to eat would order one?" The idea of M. Gouffé, which follows in the text, of offering handsome prizes, not for this production of montrosities, but "for the supply of the best breeds in the best condition to the market all the year round," is one which marks him a far-sighted and reflecting connoisseur as to the victualling department, and justifies Fin-Bec in accepting him as his "magnus Apollo."

In the "Gastronomic Calendar," and the corresponding "Seasons and Season Menus" (pp. 15–56), the reader will find "things old and new" to satisfy the most exacting appetite. The gourmet, *cujus animus est in patinis*, may have heard of the Poachard or Dun Bird on the 27th of January this year elsewhere than on the Misley Hall Estate, Essex; indeed, according to the eminent naturalist Mr. F. O. Morris, it arrives in England in November, and does not migrate northward until March, being abundant meanwhile in the southern and fenny counties. The simnel cakes, which one associates with reminiscences of Shrewsbury and Ludlow, are commemorated on the 10th of April, and under the head of "Good Friday" we find a note and comments on the origin of "hot-cross-buns," worthy of the pages of *Notes and Queries*. We are afraid that the advocates of a Christian original for these are out of court altogether. There can be no question that they are traceable to the Roman "quadra," which Ovid refers to in his *Fasti* (iv. 745–6), in the words "dapibusque resectis." Fin-Bec is right therefore in saying that their origin is "respectable"—classical, though not Christian. We are taught to connect St. Swithin with other ideas than fair or foul weather, when we read that on the 15th of July one "should go to Plymouth to eat 'dories,' and to the coast of Cornwall for mullets"; and henceforth an appropriate meditation for "St. Vincent's Day" (Jan. 22) will be found in the chapter upon "Our Cellar," or perhaps in the "History of the Origin of the famous French Vintages," in M. Nicolardot's *Histoire de la Table*. In Fin-Bec's urgent pleading for more attention to the production of winter salads in England it is impossible not to concur; and we may say the same of his glorification, in common with M. Dubois, of the "veritable English rhubarb pie, with the brown sugar"—only he has forgotten the cream!

Among the discoveries of the last year, he notes that of a rival to the foie-gras pâté in "hare-liver pie" (p. 20); but if Deyer—whose "idea of associating the fat liver of the goose with the gastronomic diamonds of Perigord" was the death of Clare, the Strasbourg inventor and purveyor of the original foie-gras—still survives, he may take heart, and not follow suit, when he learns the judgment of Fin-Bec in p. 165, that the distance between goose-liver and hare-liver is as wide as that which separates "truffles from galls."

The editor's remarks at p. 20 on the subject of the "rouge-gorge en salmis," or spitted, fail to convince us that we took a wrong view of the taste of Englishmen with reference to this Continental delicacy. Much as is due to France in matters of the table, we have confidence that on this point our naturalists would carry the day against our epicures, even if the latter should ever consent, *gulæ causâ*, to the destruction of "red-breasts," "red-starts," "black-caps," and such small birds, which in this country enliven our hedges, whilst abroad they are slaughtered promiscuously, twenty-four to a dish. Nor, although we have some sense of the seductiveness of a lark-pudding, and can believe that "a little pyramid *of larks* is delightful," can we altogether join in the lamentation of Fin-Bec, that "they have been neglected" (*i.e.*, allowed to soar unmolested) of late years, and no longer hold the proud place they had when Cambacérès governed the dinner-tables of the First Empire" (p. 20); or in that at p. 40, where he says that there is "in July a sad lack of birds!" Where? it occurs to us to ask. In the shrubberies, the gardens, or in the open country? No! upon the club-tables, where, though he is difficult to get, a "Corsican Blackbird" may sometimes figure in a July *menu*. So long as he is procured from across the seas, well and good; the damage to our sensibilities is infinitesimal. But let us be content to wait for the game that comes in with August, and runs on till past the arrival of the restorative "snipe," and of the wild-duck "that repairs wasted frames," rather than furnish our *menus* with the blackbird which fattens right under our country windows; and the thrush, more precious to us surely as a many-noted songster than as a table delicacy, even when his orgies on the grape have enhanced his flavour, and justified the proverb, "Soûl comme une grive."

On the best mode of remedying our national scantiness of table-fruit through the winter we more cordially approve of Fin-Bec's inquiries and researches. Why should not we share with New York the advantages in this way of Mr. Nyce's fruit-preserving houses? "His theory is that by keeping fruit in a very cold and even temperature, employing certain disinfectants and appliances to absorb all moisture, and admitting no ray of light, he can arrest the process of ripening, and keep the life of the fruit, so to speak, in absolute suspense." Or why not adopt another hint from our neighbours across the Channel, to whom we owe so many, and naturalize the process of preserving cut grapes in water, which is set forth in that most suggestive volume, Mr. Robinson's *Gleanings from French Gardens* (pp. 196–203), a process which we commend to Fin-Bec and to our readers generally? It is practised in the gardens of Ferrières (Baron Rothschild's seat) and elsewhere, and by it grapes cut in October may be preserved till April. The grapes are cut with a longish shoot, and stuck in narrow-necked bottles, so that the branches hang clear of each other. The water in these bottles is sometimes mixed with charcoal, but this does not seem essential; and the bottles are placed in rows upon two laths, supported by two three-legged uprights. Another wrinkle, as to the preservation of peaches, gathered before they are soft-ripe, and packed in bran in a cellar or store-room (*ib.* 203), is valuable, if to be depended upon. To us it seems a little problematical. Before leaving the topic of fruits, we may note that Fin-Bec speaks experimentally of green-currant jelly—unstained by strawberry juice, as the Americans have it—as really delicious.

The editor's notice of fish-dinner novelties last July, *e.g.* "Filets de truite à l'Épicurienne," "Rouget à la Réforme," and "Anguilles à la Magdala" (p. 42), lead us away to the whitebait, which Dr. Gunther of the British Museum affirms to be the young herring, miscalled to "please fishermen and gourmands." Whilst Dubois, in his book on the dishes of all nations, can say, as he is declared to say, in p. 142, that "English whitebait is the little fish that is called 'canchetti' in Italy, *poutin* at Nice, and 'poisson blanc' at Bordeaux," and whilst the editor of *Scientific Opinion's* crucial test—of watching side by side the development of herring-spawn and whitebait-spawn in separate salt aquariums—remains untried, we shall be content to laugh at the disagreements of doctors, and to call the delicacy which "the English love to eat at 'Grénisch'" by the name which custom has endeared to us. The season of Lent will naturally render that part of the *Epicure's Year-Book* which is devoted to fish-dinners especially interesting to good Catholics. We wish we could transcribe for them a *maigre menu* which a Bréton hotel-keeper announced for last Good Friday at five francs a head (p. 31). A French writer—Mercier, quoted in the *Histoire de la Table*—says that at the French monarch's table in Holy Week, in his day, every fish that swam was imitated in vegetables, to which the distinct flavour of that fish it represented was imparted. We could accept this as strict "fasting," but "Saumon de Loire à la Régence," "Turbot sauce aux huitres," "Mayonnaise d'homard à l'Orientale," with much more, and "Punch Romaine" to wash it down, strike the uninitiated Protestant as in the nature of a feast.

Upon the modern wine question Fin-Bec's remarks are valuable and interesting, the more so as he regards it from the consumer's point of view. The basis of them is Mr. Beckwith's notes, and Mr. Denman's answer; and we may promise those who read the chapter intituled "Our Cellar" some excellent information as to good ordinary and extraordinary wines. One corollary may be safely drawn from the results of his inquiries and researches—that not nearly all the Château Lafite and Château Margaux, or the high-sounding Austrian "crus," any more than the famous brands of Port, or the so-called Cadiz and Puerta-Santa-Maria Sherry, come from the utterly inadequate regions which the names indicate. So far, however, we do not see that the port and sherry fanciers, with whom we desire to be classed, have much the worst of it; and it does not appear at all clear to us that either the shippers of port or ourselves have very much to gain by importing the pure vintages of the Alto Douro. Would they suit our market, or would they improve with age to an equal degree? The hint to the sherry buyer, that he should seek it of a pure straw-colour, soft but not sweet, fruity to the taste, but leaving the palate quite clean, has our entire approval. Of course it makes a vast difference in one's estimate of wines whether or not one accepts Mr. Beckwith's theory, that we should seek a wine *to drink*;

not to sip. Granting this, the buyer of course will go in largely for the wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux. Of these the English taste, unintimidated by visions of gout, will, we suspect, favour the former. For the comfort of those who are thus minded, be it recorded that Mr. Beckwith holds Burgundy, taken with dinner, to be neither "heating nor gout-causing." Yet there ought to be virtue too in Bordeaux; and it would seem that there is to claret-drinkers like our editor, who fairly gets into a seventh heaven of poetry over Mr. Beckwith's inability to describe its bouquet. "Try," he cries, "to describe the loveliest woman your imagination has ever approached. Endeavour after words that shall present to the sense the perfume of the rose, the fragrance of a bed of thyme; master in a written page the full flavour of the peach; and your 'prentice hand' may turn to your Bordeaux bins." *A propos* of the French wines, no maxim can beat that of the old gourmands—"Burgundy from the cellar, Bordeaux on the stove, Champagne in the ice-tubs"; yet we see that Mr. Beckwith is against the icing of this last, and for deferring its production to a later period of dinner than is customary. In confirmation of his opinion that Champagne will improve by keeping, we must cite from the *History of the Table* the experience of Père Porignon, the great improver of the Champagne vintage. This worthy, who died in 1715, mastered his subject so thoroughly that he obtained a liquor sparkling or still, white, grey, or red in colour, and strong enough to keep nine years, and stand a voyage to India. We must not quit the wines without retailing a *mot* from Fin-Bec's scrap-book:—

A MAGNIFICENT SHERRY.

Host. Taste this sherry, sir; magnificent. Bought it at the sale of Bishop—
Guest. (Having tasted) Colenso, I presume.

Had we space, we could have wished to commend Fin-Bec's clever scheme for the reform of picnics; no one could deserve a better fortune than such "Potted Luck" as henceforth readers of the Year-Book will know how to provide *sous les feuilles*. We might have recommended, too, his reviews of books germane to his subject, which, having gone over the same ground, we can testify that he has "read" as well as "reviewed." But it must suffice to say of his second "Year-Book" that it is, as it should be, an improvement on his first; full of good hints, curious matter, capital anecdotes, and—as the "Legacy of Corks," which serves for introduction, proves—some very pretty writing. In most points we are so impressed by his knowledge that we could sit reverently at his feet; only we must beg of him to forward us the address of the poulterer at Rouen from whom he gets his ducklings, and to bear with us if, his "Cellar" notwithstanding, we retain a belief in the possibility of purchasing wholesome Port.

PERKINS'S ITALIAN SCULPTORS.*

MR. PERKINS will be remembered by our readers as the author of two elaborate and plentifully illustrated volumes on Tuscan Sculpture, which were noticed by us when they appeared.† He has now completed his task, if Sicily be excluded from the *Regno d'Italia*. But, whereas two volumes were required to give even a tolerably comprehensive outline of the art as practised within one small territory, the whole of the remaining provinces of the peninsula have been comprised by Mr. Perkins, without any retrenchment of his original scheme, within one. The natural inference from this is also the correct inference. Venice may fairly compete with Florence in the glories of painting, but Florence was the intellectual soil of Italian art; and hence the more severe and intellectual of the two sisters was far most at home in Tuscany. Even there, as we pointed out in our former notice, sculpture, despite the great genius and labour which were brought into her service, was never really understood; was never guided by those almost instinctive laws which were felt by Assyrians and Egyptians, and were carried by Hellenic artists to their highest completeness. Italian sculpture, in fact, hardly ever emerged from being a condition of painting, carried out at a great disadvantage in other materials. Its charm, for a very peculiar and powerful charm it has, is mainly derived from the other art; and except when it seems thus to reflect the great contemporary painters of the time, it ceases to please. In nineteen cases out of twenty, we find that Italian sculpture either aims at, or reaches, nothing above ornamentalism. We are very glad to see the fragments collected at Kensington; but their chief lesson is what should be avoided by a sculptor. And this moral is what Mr. Perkins's last volume, containing not above three or four names legitimately entitled to praise for success in their art, brings before us even more forcibly than its predecessors.

The volume must, however, have cost the author an even proportionately greater degree of industry and personal research. It is a perfect mine of information on ancient times, and upon the performances *virorum obscurorum*. Mr. Perkins has here had to deal with a subject which, as regards the actual works in sculpture, or the history of the provinces in which they were produced, and where they are now buried, is little familiar to English readers. Hence a vast mass of complex materials has been before him; he has had to sketch the early history and to give some account of the chief persons in whose honour the sculptors of the time were employed, in order to give life and meaning to his criticisms. A book written on such a scheme, like that of Messrs. Cavalcaselle and Crowe on Italian Painting, can hardly be made into a work of art, or have the sort of charm which there is in a biographical history; nor has Mr. Perkins perhaps given us so much original research into unpublished materials as the authors just named, who followed a long series of able investigators. He is more like a pioneer in new regions; but his work, like theirs, will be indispensable to all who care to follow out the story of Christian art in detail and with accuracy; although we feel at the same time that, both in the painting and the sculpture of Italy, many most interesting fields remain to reward the diligence of future students. And, though we are grateful to Mr. Perkins for what he has done in the way of illustration, yet it may be remarked that greater delicacy and greater force in the engravings would put the subject of such a work more completely before the eye of the reader.

Apulia, with which the volume opens, is a country which combined many elements in its early art. There are the influences from Byzantium, so long the paramount power in what of old had been named "Great Greece"; the Saracens, who at one time almost promised to carry the empire of Mahomet into the holy soil of the Peninsula; the Normans, who here made a conquest less durable though more brilliant than that of England; the Lombards, who during the imperfectly known centuries of our own Saxon period had planted in the South those seeds of vital vigour which were the true motive elements in almost everything of value, whether in art or politics or energetic life, which sprang up in mediæval Italy. These races have chiselled their mark on many a rude but energetic bas-relief and shrine; and though we must admit with a sigh that the sculpture is of a sadly primitive order, and has little place in art, yet there is an historical value and an archæological curiosity about it which can hardly be overvalued. Mr. Perkins gives a plate from a contemporary relief of two Saracens fighting, at Ravello, which is as vivid and more authentic than a page from Sir Walter Scott. Another etching displays a dragon door-handle, of unmistakeable Scandinavian ferocity. A third engraving shows the bronze statue of Heraclius, cast in Constantinople in the seventh century. We have a sketch of that singular castle which Robert Guiscard built upon more ancient foundations, and which was then enlarged by the great Emperor Frederic II.—him who anticipated in the thirteenth century the "critical spirit" of the nineteenth—into a singular pile, half fortress and half palace:—

> Tenanted only by robbers or wandering shepherds, it has greatly suffered of late years, and its single portal with a double Gothic arch and cannellated pilasters, above whose Corinthian capitals stand the Suabian lions, has been much marred and defaced. Through it the traveller enters into the castle, which from its great size, its peculiar distribution, the mysterious solitudes of its vaulted chambers and winding stairways, and its association with one of the most romantic and interesting persons in history, is eminently calculated to affect the imagination.

A few details follow which make one earnestly desire that, before the process of destruction goes further, some Fergusson (if there be more than one such living) would plan and draw, and preserve for those coming years when such a monument will appear like the relic of a primæval world, a building which must be one of the most singular and important relics of antiquity now existing.

Southern Italy contributes few names to the history of sculpture after these early ages. One beautiful work, the altar tomb of a Countess Montorio, is ascribed to Andrea dall' Aquila, an artist who was manifestly influenced by the Tuscan sculptors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The monument shows a tenderly designed figure of the countess, with her little daughter placed as if for protection in a niche below. The inscription has a touch of true poetry in its simple setting forth of fact:—

> Beatrici Camponescæ, infanti dulci, quæ vixit mens. xiv.
> Maria Pereyra . . . mater . . . Montorii Comitis conjux,
> Filiæ suæ unicæ benemerenti, et sibi, vivens posuit.

Filiæ unicæ vivens posuit! What a tale of long past and forgotten sorrow is in the simple words! The genius of a Flaxman would have been required to carry art to a point which would equal them in pathos.

In Naples and its neighbourhood Mr. Perkins describes many works of great curiosity; but the district has made little contribution to art, whether in painting or in sculpture. Merliano, the greatest name of the school, is an ornamentalist of the "pictorial" type, whose crowded compositions were the delight of the connoisseurs of his day, just as there are people who admire the bad pictures in stone which deform more than one costly reredos of recent erection.

The native barrenness of Rome in art has been often noticed. Probably no city, unless we except Athens, has drawn so many great artists together to work within it; but the creative impulse is almost absent from the race. Hence the atmosphere of the Eternal City, from the middle ages, if not from the Imperial period, to our own day, has been injurious to the genius which it has imported. Many an artist from more gifted races than that of Central Italy—English, French, or Tuscan—has turned mannerist at Rome, or sacrificed his talent to please the little winter coterie of ignorant but wealthy patrons.

> Something ails it now; the place is cursed!

The imbecile productions of Mr. Adams and Mr. Mozier, the showy emptiness of Mr. Story and Miss Hosmer, with half a dozen more flourishing manufactories for spoiling marble, are the natural

* *Italian Sculptors: a History of Sculpture in Northern, Southern, and Eastern Italy.* By C. C. Perkins. With Etchings and Engravings on Wood. London: Longmans & Co.

† *Saturday Review*, February 4, 1865.

results of that "Rubbish of Rome" under which title contemporary life in the city has been appropriately described.

Mr. Perkins has a few better things to tell of in the interesting chapters which he devotes to Lombardy and Venetia. These districts, like those of the south, contain many specimens of immense historical value, which, however, lie more in the beaten track of travellers than Apulia, and are hence less totally unknown. Milan, possibly at different times the richest city in Italy in sculpture, has gone through two epochs of destruction; that when it was razed by Barbarossa, and that later one, noticed by Mr. Perkins, when the Archbishop Borromeo (like the Bishop of London the other day), reduced what he considered the undue number of its churches. Yet San Ambrogio retains enough to form a museum of early art, whilst the Certosa near Pavia is equally rich in the delicate ornamentation of the early Renaissance. Then follows a long series of names familiar to every intelligent tourist or lover of art—Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Mantua, Bologna, Modena, Ferrara, Venice. Everywhere, indeed, we find that absence of a true conception about sculpture which we have noticed as characteristic of Italy; everywhere it has pursued the same course, passing from the awkward but attractive *naiveté*, the ignorant earnestness of the "religious" art, so dear to Mr. Ruskin, to the brilliant but baseless decorative exploits of the Renaissance—a style that, in its turn, gives way to that passion for the fantastic and the prosaic into which Italy fell three hundred years ago, and above which she has not hitherto raised herself. So powerful were these adverse influences, that even in the case of men of such extraordinary native vigour and gifts for sculpture as Ricci of Padua, or Verrocchio and Leopardi—the joint authors (for such appears to be the case) of the equestrian Colleone at Venice, or the modeller of that noble bust of the great Andrea which adorns his monument within his native Mantua—their efforts issue only in single pieces of merit, and are incapable of carrying the artists to a series of successful works, much less of influencing their contemporaries. In short, we may say in general that what is good in Italian sculpture is due to the bright impulses of individuals who for a moment broke through the atmosphere of their age; not, as in a healthy state of art, to the prevalence of a good style, carried to its height by individual impulse. This remark applies most completely to the schools dealt with in Mr. Perkins's present volume, although we can hardly credit even the far more excellent sculptors of Tuscany with the knowledge of the true direction of their art, or at least with any consistency in pursuing it. And yet, after all, so much educated labour and natural gift and fineness of invention was bestowed upon Italian sculpture, that it will remain always a subject of intense interest to the lover of art, even whilst he is compelled to read in it the salutary lesson of the inevitable fate which hangs over that art which takes a false direction, and leaves the "main current" for subsidiary channels.

To such students we warmly commend the handsome work which Mr. Perkins's industry and liberality—with little hope of an adequate return—has now completed. It is, truly, one of those few books which should find a place in every library where art is represented.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE have on our list this month two works of a class in which America peculiarly excels; which are executed, for the most part, with greater care and elaboration than any other American books, and the production of which is a characteristic speciality of the national literature. We have repeatedly had to notice the liberality and energy displayed by the State and Federal Governments in promoting scientific and practical investigations into the geographical, climatic, geological, and other natural features of the great Western continent, and particularly of the United States themselves. Expeditions sent out at public expense have explored the rivers of South America, and traversed in every direction the great desert that stretches along the range of the Rocky Mountains, and the course of the Colorado, from Southern California to Utah. One of the most carefully elaborated and most perfect works of travel we have had to notice, illustrated with drawings of extreme interest and admirable execution, appeared in the form of a Report from the Federal officers sent to penetrate that desert, as far as they could, by the waters of the strange river that flows, in many parts, a thousand feet below the level of the surrounding country. At all the military stations in the Far West regular observations of the temperature, atmospheric pressure, rainfall, &c., are taken and transmitted to Washington. No pains are spared to acquire and record all information that may indicate the peculiar character, climate, advantages, and resources of different parts of the country, and assist to direct the enterprise of speculators, the stream of immigration, and the labours of agriculture. Private ability and industry are so actively and constantly employed in the same manner as to prove that the demand for this species of knowledge fully keeps pace with the zeal of the authorities in providing it. Of both public and private works of this class we have before us excellent examples. The third volume of the Report of the scientific gentlemen appointed to make a complete geological survey of the State of Illinois* contains a minute description of the coalfields of that State, and an account of the geology of several counties, tog

shells found in various strata, illustrated by a series of elaborately executed plates. The work has been done, and the Report is now published, at the expense of the State, which could hardly lay out its money more obviously and directly to the advantage of its taxpayers.

A far less technical, and to the general reader an infinitely more interesting, work is that entitled the *Natural Wealth of California*†, in which the geography of the State is carefully explained, with a brief sketch of its history. A minutely detailed description of the different counties, with the peculiar agricultural and mineral characteristics of each, follows; while the latter half of the volume gives an account of the climatic and geological peculiarities of the several regions into which the State is distributed by its physical features, with especial reference to their bearing on agriculture and other industrial pursuits. It is evident from the writer's statements that gold-mining will long continue to constitute one of the most important resources of California, but that it will require science, capital, and organization to render it profitable, and has already ceased to divert the attention of the community at large from more regular pursuits. The advantages which California offers to the farmer are great, and only partially counterbalanced by that want of rain which is the chief trouble of the country. Everything grows twice as fast and twice as big in California as elsewhere. Fruit-trees bear incredible quantities of large and delicious cherries, plums, peaches, oranges, apricots, apples, and pears; strawberries may be gathered all the year round; wheat, in ordinary years, yields an abundant crop, and from the scattered seed of one harvest springs up next year, without care or labour, a "volunteer" crop averaging twenty bushels to the acre. Hops grow luxuriantly, unspoiled by the misfortunes which vex the soul of the Kentish farmer. Dairies are numerous and very profitable, despite the losses by drought in unfavourable years, which a degree of care far less than that required in other countries by the hardiest cattle would entirely avert. But the peculiar and most promising industries of California are those of Southern Europe, the latitude of San Francisco being nearly that of Gibraltar. The silkworm thrives on mulberry-leaves gathered in great profusion and at little cost. The vineyards now occupy some thousands of acres, and produce an annual and increasing vintage of 4,000,000 gallons, the yield per acre being greater than in France. The land is a healthy one, and the climate is never, save in certain exceptional districts, either extremely hot or severely cold; the mean temperature of the several months on the sea-coast ranging from 50° in winter to 65° in summer, and the heat of noon being seldom more than 12° or 15° above that of midnight. In the interior, where the days of summer are hotter, the nights are always cool, and blankets can seldom be dispensed with. The weather is generally very serene, storms are rare, and lightning still rarer, and the "rainy season" of San Francisco is marked by a rainfall not exceeding the average of the year in Westmoreland. Altogether, the book presents an exceedingly attractive, though apparently very fair, picture of Californian life, and can hardly fail to allure the hesitating emigrant.

Mr. Horace Greeley's *Recollections of a Busy Life*‡, fragmentary and desultory as they are, will interest all readers who care anything or know anything about the political history of America during the last forty years. Of that history the life of Mr. Greeley has been an important part. He was one of the earliest supporters in the press of the Whig party formed during the administration of President Jackson, and including nearly all the opponents of that remarkable and able, if not very judicious or profound statesman. The Whigs held much the same relation to the Federalists that the Republicans did to the Whigs. The Federal party received a death-blow in the defeat of the elder Adams at the close of his first term. That defeat answered, more nearly than those who judge by the practice of late years might suppose, to the ejection of an English Ministry by an adverse verdict on an appeal to the country. The precedent set in the case of Washington, and followed in all subsequent instances down to the time of the younger Adams, had established, in accordance with the purpose of the framers of the Constitution, the idea that, in the absence of reason to the contrary, each President should serve two terms of office; and the refusal to re-elect John Adams was equivalent to a vote of censure on his policy and administration. The Federalists never recovered this disaster, though they continued to act as an organized Opposition under Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. Their final dissolution may be considered as having taken place at the second election of the last-named President; and the Democratic party was practically unopposed, until the contest between Clay and Jackson rallied round the former the scattered enemies of the dominant faction. The numbers and power of the Whigs were greatly increased by the personal defects of the President, and by his high-handed and imperious policy. But their strongest bond of union was a sectional one. In this

* *Geological Survey of Illinois.* A. H. Worthen, Director. Vol. III. Geology and Palæontology. Illustrated by the Western Engraving Co. Chicago. Published by authority of the Legislature of Illinois. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *The Natural Wealth of California; comprising Early History, Geography, Topography and Scenery, Climate, Agriculture, &c. &c.* By Titus Fey Cronise. San Francisco and New York: Bancroft & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

‡ *Recollections of a Busy Life. Including Reminiscences of American Politics and Politicians, from the Opening of the Missouri Contest to the Downfall of Slavery; to which are added Miscellanies; also a Discussion with Robert Dale Owen on the Law of Divorce.* By Horace Greeley. New York: Ford & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

respect they differed from the Federalists even more than the Republicans differed from them. The Federalists, though stronger in the North than in the South, hoisted no sectional colours and avowed no sectional purposes. The Whigs, though not exclusively a Northern party, did include, among their grounds of opposition to the Democrats, a decided preference for Northern views and Northern interests, hostility to the extension of slavery, and very strong Protectionist leanings. Mr. Greeley belonged to the extreme Northern wing of the Whigs; a Republican before Republicanism became a party platform. His Protectionism was more thoroughgoing and more extravagant than that of the majority of his party—far more so than that of his leader, Henry Clay, who was the author of the Compromise Tariff by which the violent resistance of South Carolina was appeased, and the Nullification quarrel arranged. He was also, from the first, a political Abolitionist. He did not share the extreme ideas of those impracticable but honest fanatics who, like Garrison, looked upon slavery as a crime and an abomination with which no terms were to be kept, and which was to be assailed without regard to constitutional obligations or public law. He distinctly admits, in the present volume, that the North had, before the war, no more right to meddle with slavery in the Slave *States* than with "drunkenness in Canada, or polygamy in Turkey." His hostility to it was limited to a resolute determination to exclude it from the Territories, and to resist the execution of all laws for the rendition of fugitive slaves. He does not attempt to explain how he reconciled an obstinate disobedience to the Constitution on this point with the oath which he must repeatedly have taken to uphold it; nor does he appear to have the least notion that the South might fairly complain of her exclusion from the common possessions of the Union, and insist upon the right of her laws and institutions to perfectly equal treatment at the hands of the Federal Government. His views on this point led him further than most of his associates were prepared to go, and kept him constantly in advance, first of the Whigs, and then of the Republican party, formed about 1856, by the union of all the remnants of the Whig, American, and other anti-Democratic and anti-Southern elements. Down to the outbreak of the war he was regarded, even by his allies, as an extreme and dangerous man. But he was averse to war. He insisted that the South was not really Secessionist—an opinion which the unanimous and desperate adherence of the entire people to the Confederate Government has not yet taught him to abandon—and he refused to recognise the announcement of the national will through any other form than that of a direct popular vote; but he argued that, if such a vote were passed by any of the States, the Union should let them go in peace. When Fort Sumter fell, he, like other Northern men of like views, changed his tone, and, refusing to recognise the plain fact that the Southern Government was forced into that attack, threw the responsibility of war upon the Confederates. But, when the war was over, he had the courage to acknowledge that it had been war, and not rebellion only, and to give practical effect to his doctrine by offering himself as bail for Mr. Davis. A paper in which he justifies this act is inserted in the present work. His arguments are, first, that a Power which has levied a regular army and fought a pitched battle is thereby excepted from the category of rebels, and assumes the rights of a belligerent or quasi-national Government, so far at least as to exempt its adherents from the personal penalties of treason; secondly, that a Government which has treated with its antagonists in a civil war, and exchanged prisoners under regular cartel, is thereafter precluded from dealing with them as mere rebels when victory declares on its side; that defeat does not convert those who were yesterday enemies, enjoying all the privileges of war, into criminals and traitors; and finally, that the long detention of Mr. Davis was unconstitutional and illegal in the first place, and cruel and discreditable in the second; that his trial was postponed simply because there was no chance whatever of a conviction, unless a jury were packed for the purpose; and that, under such circumstances, he was absolutely entitled to his release. Few Englishmen will think that such a vindication was required for what was here generally considered as the noblest act of Mr. Greeley's life. Apart from mere politics, the sketches, slight as they are, of the different public men with whom the autobiographist was brought into contact—and particularly of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Lincoln—will be generally interesting to English readers. Not less acceptable will be the simple narrative of Mr. Greeley's own early life; the hardships of his boyhood as the son of a labourer in Connecticut; his struggles, labours, and endurance as a printer's apprentice; the long series of disappointments, disasters, and losses which attended his repeated attempts to set up in business on his own account, and the various unsuccessful or temporary newspapers with which he was connected before the establishment of the *Tribune*. There is very little of the ordinary fanatic about Mr. Greeley. He has sufficient obstinacy, exaggeration, and self-confidence for the character; he seems, too, to have just that imperfect degree of knowledge, and that one-sidedness of judgment, which are necessary to fanaticism; and he clings to various prejudices, personal, social, and political, with something like fanatical vehemence; but the genial temper, the appreciation of humour, and the incapacity of wilful injustice or persevering hatred, which are perceptible in every page of his writings, have saved him from the fate to which his eccentric notions, and his obstinate adherence to them, would otherwise have conducted him. The impression left upon the reader is that of a man who would learn to like even his political enemies, if he knew them, and whom even his political enemies could hardly help liking.

An Introduction to English Literature, by Mr. Day*, contains a great deal that might safely be recommended to the use of young students in this country, as well as in America, who wish to acquire some notion of the history and development of their mother tongue and of its literature, without having leisure to give to so difficult a subject the complete and protracted investigation it deserves, or opportunity to make themselves acquainted with the authorities at first hand. The specimens of English literature in prose and verse which occupy the greater portion of the volume extend over nearly the whole range of what is commonly called English, as distinguished from what is popularly known as Anglo-Saxon literature—from "Piers Ploughman" and Chaucer down to Tennyson and Longfellow. There is, however, a regrettable gap of 150 years, from Chaucer to Spenser, which creates a hiatus in the work even in the aspect in which its author meant it to be regarded, *i.e.* not as an anthology, but as an elementary history of the language, illustrated by specimens from the principal authors of different periods. The latter portion of the work consists of chapters on the origin and distinctive character of languages in general, and of the English tongue in particular; on its derivations, its grammar, accentuation, prosody, and so forth; in which the writer has had free recourse to Professor Müller and other recent authorities. To the more earnest student this book may serve as an introduction to their works, while the ordinary reader may find it in some sort a substitute for a more elaborate course of study than he has leisure or inclination to pursue.

The second volume of Dr. Beardsley's *History of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut* † takes up the story of the Church's fortunes at the moment of the final separation from the Mother-country, and brings it down to the present times. It is not without instructive lessons for many of those who, without much knowledge or care about the facts, refer to colonial and American Churches as bright examples of the prospects of a Church set free from State trammels; and the case of Ammi Rogers, related at considerable length, shows how difficult it is for such a Church to enforce its jurisdiction over refractory clergymen, and how much more troublesome and less effective than is commonly supposed is an appeal by such a Church to the intervention of the Common Law Courts.

An elegant and pretentious volume, with copious illustrations, gives a description and history of the Central Park of New York City ‡; a place of retirement and recreation, in the midst of the commercial metropolis of America, laid out with much greater elaboration and at greater expense than our own parks, and differing from them much as the work of a landscape-gardener differs from an ordinary rural park in England.

Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living § is more aptly described by its title than most works of the kind are. The "art of living"—the arts of spending life pleasantly and respectably, and holding a good position in society, of friendly intercourse with neighbours, and of domestic comfort and happiness—really form the principal subject of the "thoughts" set forth in a series of chapters on various themes, from "dress" and "manners" to "marriage"; and if the thoughts are generally obvious and commonplace, they are tolerably just and wholesome.

Of fiction and poetry we have, as usual, a considerable quantity. *Fair Play* ‖ is the title of a story by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, of which the subject is Woman's Rights, and the title of which is vindicated by the introduction of a Southern cruiser, obviously intended for the *Alabama*, whose captain avows it to be his practice to sink captured ships "with their crews." Probably only an American and a female writer could have imagined that even the license of fiction excused so foul and unfounded a slander as this. *Cape Cod and All along Shore* ¶, by Charles Nordhoff, is a volume of reprints, most of which are tolerably interesting, and written in a lively style and genial spirit. *The King's Lily and Rosebud* ** is a graceful but rather inane fairy tale; and the *Flower and the Star* †† is a little collection

* *An Introduction to the Study of English Literature; comprising Representative Masterpieces in Poetry and Prose, marking the successive Stages of its growth, and a methodical Exposition of the Governing Principles and General Forms, both of the Language and Literature, &c. &c.* By Henry N. Day, Author of "Logic," "Art of Composition," &c. &c. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *The History of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut, from the Death of Bishop Seabury to the Present Time.* By E. Edwards Beardsley, D.D. Vol. II. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

‡ *A Description of the New York Central Park.* New York: Hunlington & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

§ *Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living: designed for Young Men and Women.* By Washington Gladden. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

‖ *Fair Play; or, the Test of the Lone Isle.* By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Author of the "Widow's Son," &c. &c. Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

¶ *Cape Cod and All along Shore.* Stories. By Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

** *The Entertaining Story of King Brondi, his Lily and his Rosebud.* By Anna M. Diaz. With Illustrations by W. L. Shepard. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

†† *The Flower and the Star, and other Stories for Children.* Written and Illustrated by W. J. Linton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

children's stories, not, certainly, objectionable on the score of excess of life or excitement. *No Love Lost* * is a story told in letters mostly dated from Venice, and written in that Homeric hexameter which some critics declare to be readable and even poetical when skilfully employed, but which is universally admitted, in clumsy hands, to be utterly intolerable.

A *Schiller Gallery* †, containing descriptions and portraits of all the principal characters in the *Robbers* and the other works of the great poet, celebrates the centenary anniversary of his birth, and makes a graceful ornament for a drawing-room table. The *Album of Languages* ‡—a work treating more or less superficially of the characters and relations of some hundred different tongues, and illustrated by translations of the Lord's Prayer in each—is fitted, by its size, its beauty, its binding, and its gilding, for a similar use, and utterly unfit for the shelves of a library or the desk of a student. Why such a work should have been produced in such a form it passes our wit to conjecture.

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* *No Love Lost.* A Romance of Travel. By W. D. Howells, Author of "Venetian Life," &c. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *The Schiller Gallery.* Containing Characters from Schiller's Works, drawn by Frederick Pecht and Arthur von Ramberg. Fifty Illustrations on Steel. With Descriptive Text by Fred. Pecht. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *The Album of Languages.* Illustrated by the Lord's Prayer in One Hundred Languages, with Historical Descriptions of the Principal Languages, Interlinear Translation and Pronunciation, &c. &c. By G. Naphegyi, A.M., M.D., Member of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society of Philadelphia, &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

NOTICE

Mr. G. W. Martin, *director of the National Choral Society, complains, in a very long letter, of certain remarks contained in our article about* "The Musical Pitch." *We attributed his lowering the pitch half a tone to a suggestion put forth by* Herr Manns *in a letter addressed to two of the morning papers on the* 11th *of January.* Mr. Martin *declares, on the contrary, that as far back as December* 24th, *he wrote to his "wind-instrumentalists," and that "their acceptance of their engagements was made conditional upon their playing a full semitone lower than the ordinary pitch."*

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 696, FEBRUARY 27, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 20.
THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.
WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary.*

Hall.—On
...oven's Quartet in ... and Violoncello; Beethoven's Sonata in C major, Op. 53, ... 's Chaconne, for Violin alone; Executants: Madame Schumann, M... ...nry Blagrove, and Piatti. Vocalist: Madame Sainton-Dolby. ... Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, S James's Hall.—The MORNING PERFORMANCES take place on SATU DAYS, March 6, 13, 20; commencing each day at Three o'clock. MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H..ry Blagrove, and Piatti appear every Saturday. Pianists: Madame Schumann, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Charles Hallé. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MUSICAL UNION, 1869.—MEMBERS' TICKETS and RECORDS will be issued next Week. Subscriptions to be paid before Easter to Lamborn Cock & Co., Bond Street; or by Cheque to J. Ella, 9 Victoria Square, S.W.

ROBERT BUCHANAN'S READINGS.—Hanover Square Rooms.
"Welcome to a Poet.—Ha! sirs! We could well like to hear him.........Mr. Punch wishes him every success."—*Punch.*
Mr. BUCHANAN'S SECOND READING from his OWN POEMS, Wednesday Evening, March 3, at Eight. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell's, and at the Rooms.

INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE.
The TENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be EVENING MEETINGS on Thursday and Friday, at Seven o'clock.
Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction, on Practical Shipbuilding, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting.
C. W. MERRIFIELD, *Honorary Secretary.*
9 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., January 1869.

VICTORIA INSTITUTE, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street.—ORDINARY MEETINGS, 8 p.m. Monday, March 1, PAPER by Rev. Dr. Irons, "Analysis of Human Responsibility." Part II. Historical Continuation. Monday, March 15, PAPER by the Rev. M. Davison, "The Noachian Deluge."

ART UNION of LONDON.—Subscription, One Guinea.—Prizeholders select from the Public Exhibitions. Every Subscriber has a chance of a valuable Prize, and in addition receives an impression of a Chromolithograph, CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN, by Vincent Brooks, from the Original Picture by William Mulready, R.A.
LEWIS POCOCK,
EDMD. E. ANTROBUS, } *Hon. Secs.*
444 West Strand, Jan. 1869.

SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of ARTS, MANUFACTURES, and COMMERCE.—On Monday next, March 1, the ADJOURNED DISCUSSION on the Paper, by Mr. HENRY COLE, C.B., "On the Efficiency and Economy of a National Army in connection with the Industry and Education of the People," will be resumed.
The Chair will be taken at Eleven o'clock a.m., by A. J. MUNDELLA, Esq. M.P.
By Order, P. LE NEVE FOSTER, *Secretary.*
Society's House, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE ROYAL INFIRMARY for CHILDREN and WOMEN, Waterloo Bridge Road. Instituted 1816. The Sufferings of poor helpless Children from Disease and Poverty are such as to call forth the utmost sympathy and consideration of the Humane and Charitable.
This useful Hospital, which has done so much for the relief of increasing numbers of these poor little Sufferers, urgently needs the support and generous assistance of the Benevolent.
CONTRIBUTIONS are earnestly solicited.
Bankers—Messrs. Fuller, Banbury, & Co., 77 Lombard Street; and Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand.
180 Waterloo Bridge Road, S. CHARLES J. F. RENTON, *Secretary.*

ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE for INFANTS, Hornsey Rise, near Highgate, N.
Patrons.
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN-PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.
The New Buildings, which are upon the separate plan of having Twenty-five Infants in each House, are nearly ready for Occupation. Ninety-six Infants have been elected; Two Hundred could at once be received if the COMMITTEE had FUNDS in Hand. The Plan provides for Four Hundred altogether, the Infant Orphans of the Poor. £5,000 are immediately required to meet the pressing requirements of the Contractors, and for this Sum the Committee urgently Appeal. They have no Funded Property, and only exist at the present time upon Borrowed Money.
Contributions are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received at the Offices of the Charity, 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C.
JOSEPH SOUL, *Hon. Secretary.*
The only Salaries paid are to the Household. The Offices are Rent Free, and all other Services gratuitous. All the Accounts are open to Inspection.

URGENT APPEAL.
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill.—Founded in 1758.
Patrons.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
Funds are greatly needed at the present time for this Charity (which provides for 400 Orphans) consequent upon the high price of Provisions, Clothing, &c. It is mainly dependent upon Voluntary Contributions for support. These are very earnestly solicited.
94 Orphans were admitted in 1867.
30 Orphans elected in January.
394 are now under the care of the Charity.
2,159 have been already received.
A Donation of £10 10s. and upwards constitutes a Governor for Life; £5 5s. a Life Subscriber; £1 1s. and upwards, an Annual Governor; 10s. 6d. a Subscriber.
Office, 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C. JOSEPH SOUL, *Secretary.*

METROPOLITAN CONVALESCENT INSTITUTION. Asylum, Walton-on-Thames.
CHILDREN'S BRANCH, the Burroughs, Hendon, N.W.
President—His Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON.
Treasurers—Right Hon. RUSSELL GURNEY, M.P., Q.C.; Major W. LYON.
Chairman—Colonel W. F. GRANT.
Bankers—LONDON JOINT-STOCK BANK, 69 Pall Mall.
Convalescent Boys from Two to Ten, Girls from Two to Fourteen, are now admissible to the Convalescent Home at Hendon.
Donations and Subscriptions are earnestly solicited to meet the increased current Expenditure.
Office, 32 Sackville Street, Piccadilly. CHARLES HOLMES, *Secretary.*

THE LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL has urgent NEED of FUNDS.
Donations ... will be thankfully received by Messrs. Dimsdale & Co., 50 Cornhill; ... & Co., Strand; Messrs. Hoare, Fleet ... Road, N.
CHARLES FINN, *Secretary.*

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 697, Vol. 27. March 6, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHEME.

THE eager expectation with which the introduction of the Irish Church Bill by Mr. GLADSTONE was awaited was amply rewarded. As a mere piece of oratorical composition, his speech was universally acknowledged to have been one of the greatest triumphs which this generation has witnessed in the House of Commons. Nothing could have been more clear, more aptly arranged, more comprehensive, or with a better distribution of materials, than his statement. He was thoroughly in his element, and he has been so long out of his element while baited and vexed in the Reform debates, and while carried away by his own volubility in his career of stumping, that it almost comes as a novelty to find once more that, when in his element, he is among the very first speakers that have ever addressed an English Parliament. When he has to deal with an enormous array of figures, to address a vast variety of interests, to introduce ingenious novelties, and to weave in bits of not inappropriate sentiment, he shows himself a real master of Parliamentary oratory. His speech on Monday was like a Budget speech on a grander scale, and with a much wider interest. The effect of the speech, apart from the scheme it introduced, is by no means unimportant. It stamps upon the memory of a public which in recent years has had to listen to much criticism on Mr. GLADSTONE—which, if often exaggerated, has yet in the main been just criticism—why it is that, in spite of everything that can be said against him, he holds so commanding a place in general estimation. But the merits of the speech would have been very quickly forgotten if the merits of the scheme had not also been incontestable. The credit of having devised such a scheme, so bold in its general outline and yet so carefully considered and so ingenious in its details, belongs of course, not only to Mr. GLADSTONE, but to the Cabinet. That a Government so recently come into office, having to do with so much matter absolutely new, and with so many puzzles to solve in a short space of time, should have produced this scheme, gives a very high idea of the intellectual strength which resides in the leading minds of the Cabinet. The remarkable feature of the scheme is that there is no crudity in it, no noticeable blunders or omissions, no shirking of difficulties, no vague, tentative, half-and-half legislation. It forms a consistent whole. The whole may be condemned as bad or as founded on a wrong principle, but if the main character of the scheme is once accepted as good, then the details so cohere together, and everything in it is worked out so completely, that the scheme cannot bear much addition or alteration without being spoilt. It is in fact like a good Budget made in a time of great economical change, when every part of the contemplated remission or imposition of taxes and duties so dovetails into the other parts that the Budget must be taken or rejected as a whole. Evidently this is the impression which Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme has made on Mr. DISRAELI. After considering its provisions, he has come to the conclusion that the only thing to be done with the Bill is to oppose the second reading. When once the House of Commons has placed beyond dispute that the principle of the Bill is to be accepted, the acceptance of this particular scheme for carrying out that principle becomes almost a matter of course. Changes will be made in Committee, but they will probably be in those very minor matters which do not practically affect the character of the scheme. The success with which the Cabinet has done its preliminary work gives a hope that we shall really get rid of this wearisome question of the Irish Church once for all within the limits of the present Session; and if this is so, we may invite the world to notice that Parliamentary institutions, which are always said to be on their trial, will have come out of this particular trial in a most happy and encouraging manner.

The two great successes of the scheme, each of which shows great felicity of contrivance, great originality, and great political tact, are the creation of the Church Representative Body and the destination of the surplus. That there must be some body created to represent the Church was obvious; but it was by no means obvious to hit upon the three peculiarities of this part of the Government plan—that the nature of this body should be wholly unknown now, so that the time of Parliament shall not be wasted in settling the squabbles of clerical parties, that the members of the Irish Church shall find themselves irresistibly impelled to create such a body within a given number of months after the passing of the Act, and that the Government, while having none of the trouble of creating it, retains a control over its formation by reserving the right to decide whether it is truly representative. The destination of the surplus, which was always said to constitute the main difficulty of the scheme, is so adroitly managed that there is probably no part of the scheme that will meet with less opposition. The expenditure of the money on works of mercy has a sort of semi-religious sound about it which may comfort those who object to the utter secularization of Church property; it will benefit the poor only, Irish people only, and the only class of poor who would not be demoralized by having money laid out in large sums for their benefit. Fond as they are of jobbery, not even Irishmen will turn blind or mad to profit by the spoils of the Irish Church. And then even those who most dislike it must own that the scheme is a very clever scheme in the subtle and delicate way in which it tempts—or, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said at the Middlesex banquet on Wednesday, bribes—people of all kinds to agree to it. There are little bribes held out to everyone. The disestablished Church is left perfectly free from State control, and has unlimited power to adopt any doctrine or any heresy it likes. This will be satisfactory to those who wish to see the Church invested with this sort of plenary power; while those who wish for a strong lay element in the governing body of the Church will reflect with pleasure that a Cabinet of laymen will decide whether the laity are properly represented. Then the Church is to be allowed to keep all its private endowments and all its churches. By the ingenious fiction of pronouncing the glebe-houses unmarketable, it will also get these valuable houses for next to nothing, while in deference to rigid equity it seems to be stripped of them. The Representative Body of the Church will also be pleased at the ease with which new endowments may be formed by the surrender of the capitalized value of the annuities of incumbents to the Representative Body, and the incumbent will enjoy the double opportunity of forwarding the good work and of making a good bargain for himself. The curates must own they have been handsomely provided for, and even temporary curates may hope for a gratuity. Then the landlords cannot be indifferent to the offer to let the tithe rent-charge cease altogether in forty-five years, and they may be thankful for the subtlety—or, as enemies will call it, the sleight of hand—of the PRIME MINISTER, who saw how this could be done by a mere dexterous manipulation of accounts. The tenants are still more benefited by the Bill, for they will all get off paying most of what they now pay to the county cess, and some lucky ones among them will be allowed to buy up the Church land with funds almost entirely supplied for them by the Government, which, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, in a vein of thought delightful to all Irish tenants, may afford a happy opportunity of trying the experiment of breaking up large properties. The British taxpayer, who for the first time in his existence finds himself advantageously remembered in an Irish scheme, will be saved no less than 70,000*l.* a year which he now pays to the Irish Presbyterians and Catholics. Nor are these adversaries of the Establishment without a special bonus. Not only will they see their rival reduced to their own level, but they get between them something over a million sterling in ready money out of that rival's funds. Certainly it is not for them to grumble, and the scheme has so many attractions for different sets of people, or, as the Con-

servatives would say, the bribery has been done so equally all round, that the opposition to the scheme is likely to grow fainter and fainter as soon as disestablishment and disendowment are once a recognised necessity, as they already are recognised practically to be perfectly inevitable.

The only objections which, so far as we can find, have hitherto been made to the details of the scheme by its adversaries, refer to the proposed treatment of the claims of the Presbyterians and of the Catholics. These objections are twofold. The amount to be given in compensation for the cessation of the Regium Donum and of the grant to Maynooth is said to be too large; and, secondly, it is said that this amount is to be paid out of a fund which ought not to be burdened with it. The facts are these. By far the larger portion of the compensation fund to be given in lieu of the Regium Donum is to be applied in payment of life annuities to Presbyterian ministers and professors, exactly on the same principle as annuities are to be given to incumbents and permanent curates of the present Established Church. So far the two communities are treated exactly alike, and no cause of complaint arises. But in the grant of the various sums making up the Regium Donum there are two items—one for payment made to a Widows' Fund, and the other for certain incidental expenses of the Belfast College. Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to give fourteen times the annual amount of these two grants as a compensation for their discontinuance. The yearly grant to Maynooth has always been made to trustees, and Parliament has never watched over its application, or seen what part goes to what individual. This annual grant Mr. GLADSTONE also proposes to discontinue, and to give in compensation fourteen times its amount. The objection urged is that this is too much. The income of the Irish Church is about 700,000*l.* a year, and about seven millions sterling will be payable in compensation for disendowment; so that the Church will receive only ten times its annual income in compensation, while the Roman Catholics of Maynooth and some Presbyterians will receive fourteen years' income by way of compensation. Equality demands that these fourteen years shall be cut down to ten. Mr. GLADSTONE acknowledges this, but he starts the theory that compensation given to places of education ought to be higher than compensation given to ecclesiastical bodies, because the world is more ready to pay priests and ministers than to contribute to institutions for training them. This is true as a matter of fact, but whether it constitutes a good reason for giving Maynooth fourteen times its annual grant is a very difficult question; and Mr. GLADSTONE appealed to an argument which would come home much more to many of his hearers when he said that another Session he should deal with Trinity College, Dublin, and that therefore it might be worth while for his critics to consider whether the theory he had started in favour of Maynooth might not be conveniently recognised in the interests of the great Protestant institution. The other objection is, that the sum of eleven hundred thousand pounds to be paid in compensation to the Presbyterians and Catholics is to be taken from a wrong source. Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to take it out of the property of the disendowed Church, and it is said that this is a violation of his pledge not to apply the funds of the Church in favour of any other religious body. But it must be remembered that this sum must be paid by some one. No one contests that if the Regium Donum and the Maynooth Grant cease, a compensation, amounting to at least a million sterling, must be paid. The only question is, who is to pay it? If it is not taken out of the funds of the Irish Church, the British taxpayer must pay it; if the British taxpayer does pay it, there will be no gain whatever to the Irish Church, but there will be a million more to spend on works of mercy in Ireland. Why should we in England or Scotland tax ourselves to give more lunatic asylums to the Irish, when we have every reason to suppose they will have many more and much better asylums than we have got? The debate is really not one between Catholics and Protestants, or between Episcopalians and Nonconformists, but between British taxpayers and the payers of the Irish County Cess. The British taxpayers certainly seem at first sight to have the best claim to consideration.

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

THE task of replying to expressions of American animosity, however wearisome and painful, ought perhaps not to be abandoned as utterly useless. It is, indeed, idle to appeal directly to the candour of a population which has for several generations been educated in a perverse hatred of England; but simple statements of the truth, addressed to Englishmen who may not have sufficiently studied the nature of the quarrel, may perhaps find a hearing from those Americans who would not willingly be guilty of injustice. The failure of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S amiable fictions, and of the fulsome professions which echoed his assurances of friendship, ought to cause neither surprise nor regret. Resentment can only be aggravated by the affected belief that it is non-existent or insincere. The people of the United States were irritated by Mr. JOHNSON'S misrepresentation of their feelings, and they were at the same time encouraged by the undignified eagerness which responded to his overtures. No fresh offence has been offered since all American parties were willing to negotiate for the settlement of the claims arising out of the war; yet the Senate has contumeliously abstained from even taking into consideration the treaty which six months ago it prospectively regarded as expedient and just. The less pugnacious class of politicians have at last convinced themselves that it is a hopeless undertaking to contend against a national determination to perpetuate hatred. The well known and able "Yankee" Correspondent of the *Spectator* confesses, in a curiously characteristic letter, that, in spite of his own supposed endeavours, there is no hope of a speedy settlement of the grave questions in dispute between the two countries. He also admits that "the reason of this is an unwillingness on the part of the "people here to settle those questions unless on terms the "acceptance of which by the British people is impossible, "without a display of magnanimity on their part of which it "would be hard to find a parallel in history." The term "pusillanimity" would have been more appropriate to an imaginary submission which has certainly no parallel in the history of a powerful and independent nation. It was not until the defence of the fortress had become impossible that the citizens of Calais went out in their shirts to meet the conqueror with halters round their necks. The writer with perfect truth avows that the *Alabama* claims form but a trifling item in the charges against England. It is not at all certain that an agreement to refer the recognition of belligerency to arbitration would satisfy the appetite of the people of the United States for the humiliation of a rival. Perhaps an unqualified admission that the recognition was wrongful might for the moment appease a rancorous hostility; but few advocates of the American claim have remembered that in crouching to one Power the English Government, while it disgraced itself, would offer an unjustifiable affront to nearly every State in Europe. France recognised the belligerent rights of the Confederacy on the same day with England, in terms which had been settled in concert; and within two or three weeks every maritime Power, including Russia, pledged itself to approval of English policy by adopting the same decision. The French Government more especially would have a just right to complain of a confession on the part of England that both nations committed either a wrong or a doubtful act requiring the judgment of an arbitrator. The Government of the United States virtually admits the injustice of the claim upon England by not preferring it against France.

The calm and accomplished "Yankee" seems to be as incapable as the most ignorant of his countrymen of understanding the grounds on which the recognition is justified. Notwithstanding the full explanations which have been given, he still fails to perceive that the establishment of a blockade was, as the Supreme Court declared, conclusive evidence of belligerency. In other countries private disputants generally submit to the decision of the proper tribunals on purely legal questions; but by an American the judgment of the Supreme Court "is not regarded as having any bearing on the question." The blockade is confused with the occasional determination of a Government to close the ports of an insurgent district, although such a measure would not justify the capture on the high seas of vessels bringing munitions of war to the insurgents. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD preferred for this reason a legal blockade, with all its international consequences. The Supreme Court has ruled that the war had already commenced at the time when the European Governments acted on the same assumption. It may, indeed, be plausibly argued that there was no necessity for immediate action, and that the recognition would have been more courteous, though not more indisputably legal, if it had been postponed at least until the arrival of Mr. ADAMS. If all that afterwards happened could have been accurately foreseen, the English Government might perhaps, at the expense of much practical inconvenience, have been disposed to humour American susceptibility by a short delay; but, when the QUEEN'S Proclamation was issued, no greater doubt was entertained of the existence of a regular war than if the combatants had been Austria and Prussia. No step was ever taken in more perfect good faith, or with less thought of injury or affront to the State which has since

grieved. The harbours of the Confederacy along a coast of three thousand miles in length were, with few exceptions, in the power of the seceding Government; and it had already been announced that Confederate cruisers would receive commissions or letters of marque. Half the officers of the Federal navy declared that their allegiance was due to States included in the Confederacy, and it was believed that the commercial marine of the North would be exposed to formidable attacks. The English Admiral on the West India station urgently pressed for orders by which he might regulate his conduct in dealing with the Confederate flag. At the time seven States, which had always asserted their own sovereignty, had combined to form the Confederation, and three or four other States were on the point of joining them. The leaders of all American parties had repeatedly asserted that secession was lawful, or at least that there was no power by which it could be prevented. The late President of the United States had professed the same opinion; Mr. GREELEY, the most conspicuous private member of the Republican party, openly advocated the theoretical right of secession; and General SCOTT, Commander-in-Chief of the army, declared that forcible reclamation was both impossible and unjust. Finally, the Government itself had formally declared that, if the Southern States seceded, they could not be recovered by conquest. The law of the case has never been authoritatively laid down, and the practical controversy has been decided by events. The English Government saw no further than the American people; and it afterwards discovered with unfeigned surprise that its neutrality had been misrepresented as partisanship.

During the whole of the contest, the Government, the leader of the Opposition, and both Houses of Parliament carefully abstained from even verbal interference. A young member who at an early period of the civil war rashly asserted that Republicanism had broken down was immediately checked by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, then the leader of the Government in the House of Commons. Mr. ROEBUCK failed to induce the House to express any opinion which could give offence to the Federal Government, and in the House of Lords the cause of Southern independence was left to the solitary advocacy of Lord CAMPBELL, who, in current American phrase is expanded into the British aristocracy. It is unworthy of a great nation, which perpetually boasts of its greatness, to complain of the partial cheers which once greeted Mr. LAIRD, or of the unfriendly language of two or three Peers and as many Commoners. A year and a half ago the House of Representatives unanimously voted for the abolition of the principal rules of international law, on the proposal of Mr. BANKS, who in an elaborate speech described England as the enemy of the United States. Mr. COLFAX, as Speaker, formally welcomed the representatives of the Fenian rebels on the floor of the House; and within three or four weeks the Mayor of New York had presided at a meeting called to urge the Government to declare war against England. One of the deputies chosen to convey the request to Washington was the same Mr. HORACE GREELEY who subscribed twenty years ago to the expenses of SMITH O'BRIEN's rebellion. The House of Representatives has unanimously passed a vote of sympathy with the rebels in Cuba, and it has prospectively authorized the PRESIDENT to recognise the independence of the island, as soon as a *de facto* Government is formed. It is wonderful that intelligent Americans nevertheless affect to think their country aggrieved by the recognition, not of independence, but of belligerency, accorded to the Confederate Government, at a time when it held undisputed possession of one half of the territory of the United States. English writers, and a few newspaper correspondents during the war, have perhaps given some provocation to sensitive Americans; but the journals of the United States have for many years scarcely deviated into a single expression of courtesy or good feeling to England. Their correspondents in this country make it their business to collect details of pauperism or crime as indications of the social character of the community. The Correspondent of the *New York Tribune* lately threatened Englishmen with the vengeance of his fellow-citizens because they had received Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON with civility, on the not unreasonable assumption that his credentials were genuine. The Correspondent of the *New York Times* for many months scarcely wrote a letter without the assurance that Americans might indulge in any insult or outrage, because it was impossible to "kick England into a war." The "Yankee" himself seems to think that the ancient animosity of his countrymen is justified by the War of Independence and by the war of 1812. No equally intelligent citizen of any other country would think that resentment ought to survive war for thirty or for fifty years. It is absurd to complain that in the eighteenth century the English Government refused to relinquish a large part of its dominions without a struggle, and the successful colonists might well have been contented with the retribution which followed on a few political blunders. They contrived to involve England in war with France and Spain and Holland, and bring her to the verge of a rupture with Russia, Prussia, and Sweden. The Stamp Acts and the consignments of tea to Boston were amply avenged; but unfortunately the Americans were afterwards determined to confine their studies to their own history, which contained scarcely any event except the quarrel with England. In 1812 Mr. MONROE forced England into a war at the very crisis of the great struggle with NAPOLEON; and consequently the flower of the Peninsular army was wasting its time beyond the Atlantic, while recruits and doubtful auxiliaries were fighting at Waterloo. The "Yankee" credits his countrymen with generosity on the inaccurate assumption that in 1860 they were beginning to forgive the quarrel which they had fastened upon England in 1812. It is not worth while to dilate on the extravagance of such a pretext for the hostile feeling which had caused the dismissal of the English Minister from Washington in the middle of the Crimean war. The feelings and language of former times are only exaggerated in the denunciations of the policy of England during the civil war. At a future time perhaps some American speaker or writer, after a dispassionate inquiry into the merits of the case, will have the courage to rebuke the obstinate injustice of popular opinion.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

IN introducing his Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE invited his hearers to observe that the key to the comprehension of its provisions was to keep in view three distinct periods of time. First, there is the period from the passing of the Act until the 1st of January, 1871. Then there is the period of ten years from the 1st of January, 1871, to the 1st of January, 1881. And, lastly, there is such an undefined period after the 1st of January, 1881, as may be found necessary to bring the dealings of the State with the Irish Church to a final close. We propose to state briefly the principal events, transactions, and arrangements by which each of these periods is to be marked. The main character of the first period is that it is of an introductory and preparatory kind. A Commission, to be appointed by the Crown, is, immediately on the passing of the Act, to enter into the technical ownership of all the temporalities of the Irish Church, and to assume the office and functions of the present Ecclesiastical Commission, which is to be dissolved. If any archbishopric or bishopric falls vacant during this preparatory period, the Crown will fill up the vacancy, should the Irish Bishops wish it to be filled up, but the person selected will hold his office subject to the provisions of the Act, and will have no claim to sit in the House of Lords. In the same way any incumbency will be filled up by the person having the right to appoint, but the new incumbent will hold his incumbency subject to the provisions of the Act. The State being represented by the Commission, the Church may, if it pleases, constitute for itself a Representative Body during this initiatory period, and all that the State will require is that this body shall be one fairly representing the bishops, the clergy, and the laity. By the end of the period it is assumed that the State and the Church will each be represented by a body duly qualified to act for them, and thus that it will be possible at the opening of the second period to make the necessary bargains between the Church and the State. Immediately that the second period begins—that is, from and after the 1st of January, 1871—the Irish Church will be forthwith disestablished. Irish Archbishops and Bishops will cease to sit in the House of Lords. The Ecclesiastical Courts and all ecclesiastical jurisdiction and law will cease to have legal existence, the Crown will present to no more bishoprics or incumbencies, the rights of private patronage will cease, and, subject to life interests, there will be no freeholds in any of the temporalities of the Church. The Representative Body will make such appointments in such way and on such terms as it pleases, and although, until this body chooses to make any alterations, the law will assume that the members of the new voluntary community are bound by the existing doctrines and rules of the Church, yet the Representative Body will be at full liberty to make any changes it pleases, to remodel its discipline, and to add to, change, or discard any of its doctrines. If, for example, this Representative Body chose to do away with bishops altogether, the voluntary communion would retain its existence and its property, although its whole character as an Episcopal Church would be gone.

Disestablishment is thus made absolutely complete from the 1st of January, 1871, and the much more complex work of disendowment, which is to last over the second period of ten years, is to begin. Disendowment means taking away the property of ecclesiastical corporations sole or aggregate, or of bodies or persons holding property for the benefit of the Church; and two questions may be asked—On what terms shall this property be taken away, and how much of it shall be taken away? The answer to the first question is that no person having a life interest shall be prejudiced; and the answer to the second question is that all the property of the Church shall be taken from it which does not come under one of two heads—namely, property given from private sources to the Church since 1660, or property of no marketable value. Every bishop, incumbent, and permanent curate—that is, every curate who shall have been serving as curate within two years before the 1st January, 1871, and whose engagement is, in the opinion of the Commissioners, of a permanent character—shall receive from the State an annuity for life equal to the clear yearly sum he has been receiving formerly, and all curates holding temporary engagements are to receive a gratuity. Exactly in the same way all laymen holding semi-ecclesiastical offices, like clerks and sextons, and the officials of the Ecclesiastical Courts, are to receive annuities or gratuities, according as they hold their offices permanently or not, and the owners of advowsons are to receive their value. But it is a great object to tempt the holders of these life annuities to close their relations with the State as soon as possible; and they may, if they please, ask that the estimated value of their annuity shall be paid to the Church Representative Body, with which body they will make their own terms; and as this body will be glad to get funds which it can retain permanently for its own purposes, it will probably give the annuitant a rather larger annuity than the State has guaranteed him. The private endowments of the Church made since 1660—an epoch chosen because it was then first made certain that the Irish and the English Churches held the same doctrine—are to pass without deduction to the Representative Body, and this body is also to take over as much of the non-marketable property of the Church as it pleases. Under this head are placed the churches, and the schools and burial-grounds thereto attached. If there are any churches which the Representative Body does not wish for, the Commissioners will pull them down, and sell the materials, while a special grant is to be made to aid in the maintenance of a few churches of national interest. The glebe-houses, if there is no building charge on them, are also treated as of no marketable value, but the land on which they stand is treated as being worth something; and the Representative Body, if it wants the glebe-house, must pay to the Commission the value of the land on which it stands. With some apparent inconsistency, glebe-houses on which there is a building charge are treated so far as of marketable value that the Representative Body, if wishes for them, must either pay off the building charge, or must buy the glebe-house at twelve years' purchase of its value as a tenement.

All the property of the Church which is not a private endowment and is of a marketable value is to be taken away from it. This property consists in some small degree of sums invested in the Funds or in perpetual rent-charges, but mainly of land and of tithe rent-charges. The land is to be sold, and the tenants who now hold it will not only have a right of pre-emption, but will have money lent them by the State to buy it with. The tithe rent-charge is virtually to be paid for forty-five years, and then to cease for ever. If, indeed, a landlord never chose to relieve himself from paying it, he and his successors would be liable to pay it for ever; but all he has got to do is to borrow its capitalized value from the State, which in forty-five years will consider itself paid off; or, if he likes, he may himself redeem it at twenty-two and a-half years' purchase. Thus the value of the land and of the tithe rent-charges will be almost immediately represented by money in the hands of the Commission. Before the ten years of the second period have elapsed, it is probable that the Commission will have got in almost all its receipts and made most of its payments. It will have sold its land and received the capitalized value of the rent-charges; it will have got the value of the land on which the glebe-houses stand, and a larger payment where there is a building charge; it will have bought up most of the annuities granted for life to bishops, incumbents, and others; it will have given its gratuities; it will have purchased all private advowsons; it will have handed over the churches that are wanted, and sold the materials of those that are not wanted. It will have made its grants towards the maintenance of national monuments. It will have disposed of the burial-grounds; and, lastly, it will have paid the sums to be given in compensation for the cessation of the present annual grants to the Presbyterians and to Maynooth. The Regium Donum now comes to something a little short of 50,000*l.* a year, while the trustees of Maynooth receive 26,000*l.* a year. The Presbyterians are to be treated much like the Episcopalians. Their ministers, assistant-ministers, professors, and all others holding permanent offices, are to receive annuities for life equal to what they get at present, provided that they continue to discharge their duties; while the sum now given annually in aid of the Widows' Fund, and of the incidental expenses of Belfast College, is to be represented by fourteen times the yearly amount paid down once for all, and a further sum is to be given in aid of the College buildings. The trustees of Maynooth are to receive in a sum down fourteen times the amount they now receive every year, and a debt they have incurred to the State for College buildings is to be remitted. By 1881 the Commission will thus have wound up its affairs, except so far as there may still be annuitants who have not capitalized their annuities, and landlords who have not chosen to borrow the purchase-money of their rent-charges. But it is obvious that both these outgoings and incomings might easily have their capitalized value fixed, so that the Commission could buy Government annuities, and sell the rent-charges, if it can be supposed that any rent-charges could then be existing excepting on the forty-five years' footing. The Commission would thus find itself at the beginning of 1881 with a large sum of money in hand, which would represent the net proceeds of the disendowment of the Irish Church, and which would then be applicable to the purposes to which this surplus is destined by the Bill. It might happen that some portion of this residue would be in hand sooner, and the Commission is not bound to wait till 1881, but might apply it to the destined purposes whenever there could be no doubt that it was part of a clear residue.

This clear residue is estimated by Mr. GLADSTONE as something between seven and eight millions, the whole value of the property of the Irish Church being taken at sixteen millions, and a little more than half being needed for compensations and necessary outgoings. These seven millions and a-half are, in the language of the Act, to be applied for the advantage of the Irish people, but not for the maintenance of any Church or clergy, or other ministry, nor for the teaching of religion. It is unavoidable calamity and suffering that the spoils of the Irish Church are destined to relieve, yet not so as to cancel or impair the obligation now attached to property under the Acts for the relief of the poor. The support of lunatic asylums will absorb about half the money, and the other half will be devoted to the maintenance of infirmaries and hospitals, to aiding reformatory and industrial schools, to providing the poor with trained nurses, to educating and maintaining the blind and the deaf and dumb in separate asylums, and to maintaining idiots and other persons of weak intellect not requiring to be kept under restraint. The burden of providing for these works of mercy, so far as they are now provided for at all, falls on the county cess, which is paid by the occupier, not the landlord, and is exacted from occupiers, however small may be their means. The poorer class of Irishmen would thus benefit by the disendowment of the Irish Church, not only by having their lunatic, their blind, deaf and dumb, and idiotic friends kept in the most splendid asylums they could wish for, by having good nurses at hand, reformatory schools ready for their naughty children and industrial schools for their clever children, but by having more cash left in their pockets, and by being relieved from a vexatious and increasing impost. Mr. GLADSTONE even went further, and promised that they should only pay half of the county cess that might remain to be paid after the diminution effected by the contemplated application of the surplus property of the Irish Church had been made. The other half is to be paid by the landlord. This, however, does not form part of the present Bill, and was probably only mentioned by Mr. GLADSTONE because, as he had mentioned the poor Irish occupiers, he naturally wished to show what a good friend he was to them. The general result of the Bill may then be said to be that in 1871 disestablishment will be complete, and the Irish Church will be a voluntary communion governed by a Representative Body having the most ample powers; and that in 1881 disendowment will be complete, and that thenceforth an annual sum of 310,000*l.*, representing the net proceeds of disendowment, will be applied to works of mercy in Ireland.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

THE moderate improvement of the condition of railway property within the past year is satisfactory, and not at all mysterious. In some parts of the country the traffic is increasing, and the panic which commenced in 1866 is at last subsiding. Although shareholders have suffered heavy losses, the issue of a severe trial has proved that nearly all the great Companies are thoroughly solvent. With two or three exceptions, all railways have continued to pay the interest on their debt; and consequently the rate, which had risen to the amount of one-half, or even one per cent. on the principal, has now generally relapsed to its former level. The clamour of ignorant and interested railway theorists has worn itself out with the alarm which it tended to foster. The most credulous of shareholders would now close his ears to a demonstration that permanent improvements or extensions of a railway ought to be paid for out of revenue. The Court of Chancery alone, for some inscrutable reason, confers on speculators, at the trifling cost of a few shares, a right of litigation which enables them to depreciate at their own pleasure the value of the entire corporate property. The mischievous effects of uncertainty and of misrepresentation have but recently ceased to operate, and it is only since the beginning of the present year that the price of shares has begun to rise from its lowest point of depression. The improvement within two months, amounting on an average to about three per cent., will probably be confirmed or increased by the results of the general meetings. The stoppage of payment by the Chatham Company, in consequence of inability to renew debentures, indicated the existence of a risk which had been entirely overlooked. Scarcely any Company could have dealt with the principal of its debt, however ample might be the margin of revenue after providing for the interest; and Boards of Directors have, since 1866, steadily endeavoured to substitute an irredeemable stock for the old system of temporary loans. It is surprising that, after the suspension of the Chatham Company's payments at a time when the Bank rate of interest was ten per cent., no serious difficulty has been found in the renewal of debentures. The soundness of the security could not have been more thoroughly tested; nor is there any reason to apprehend a more formidable crisis. In a few years the bulk of the railway debt will have assumed the form of permanent stock, and the investment already commands a higher price, in proportion to the interest, than the funds of any foreign country.

The misfortunes of railway shareholders have, like the dangers of railway travelling, been the subject of wild exaggeration. A journey in a first-class carriage on a well conducted line is nearly the safest condition of human life; and the ordinary stock of the great majority of the principal Companies has always produced a liberal return. The London and North-Western, the Midland, the Great Northern, the North-Eastern, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the London and South-Western Railways, including much more than half the entire mileage of England, have for several years enjoyed uninterrupted though varying prosperity. The South-Eastern Company paid for the last half year the moderate dividend of four per cent. The London, Brighton, and South Coast, the Great Western, and the Great Eastern are only beginning to show a small surplus over their fixed charges. Within the last year the income of the Midland Company has been greatly increased by the opening of the new line from Bedford to London; yet the London and North-Western and the Great Northern Companies, from which the Midland traffic has been diverted at Rugby and at Hitchin, have maintained their receipts and their dividends. Nearly every Chairman at the late general meetings has complained of the operation of Lord CAMPBELL'S Act, which is nevertheless too just and too popular to be repealed. It might perhaps be found possible to restrain by some equitable enactment the liberal discretion which juries exercise in favour of injured passengers. It is an old and perhaps unavoidable anomaly that the most frightful and culpable accidents are sometimes less costly to the delinquent Companies than minor collisions. An unmarried passenger, or a landed widower with an only son, may recover damages for a broken leg, but not for a broken neck; and if the father of a family is killed, it is economical to dispose at the same time of his wife and children. The Abergele disaster, which scarcely left a survivor, has not entailed on the London and North-Western Company a liability to compensation proportionate to the greatness of the catastrophe. The security of ordinary passenger traffic is in the highest degree creditable to railway managers, and to the officers and servants of the Companies. More deaths occur from accidents in the streets of London in three weeks than on all the railways in the United Kingdom in the course of a year. The character of the accidents which occasionally happen is unavoidably startling and destructive.

Although much energy and ability have been exerted on the financial regeneration of embarrassed lines, the province of administrative skill is comparatively narrow. In the case of Companies which were burdened with large floating debts, it was obviously necessary to obtain the sanction of Parliament for the issue of additional preference shares or debentures; and in the meantime the revenue was applied to meet urgent demands. It is by this process that the Great Eastern and Great Western Companies have been enabled to resume cash payments to their preference shareholders, and to secure a balance for dividend or reserve. It is to be feared that neither Company has brilliant prospects, for there are no manufactures, no commercial ports, and no large towns in the Eastern counties; and the traffic of agricultural districts is inelastic. The Great Western line traverses in some parts of its course a more productive district, and the traffic has already improved with the partial revival of the iron trade; but the misfortune of having been constructed by a man of genius who preferred mechanical perfection to commercial expediency still weighs heavily on the Great Western. The abandonment of the broad gauge, which is gradually proceeding, will either occupy several years, or it will require an immediate capital outlay of two or three millions. In the meantime a considerable part of the system is as completely isolated as if the neighbouring lines were restrained from intercourse with the Great Western by prohibitive duties levied at the points of junction. The fortunes of the Brighton Company have been partially restored by the simple remedy of increased fares and diminished accommodation, as well as by the effects of the great expenditure which caused temporary embarrassment. Nearly all the Companies which had suffered under difficulties have reduced or extinguished their debts to outside creditors; but the North British Company is still compelled to pay its preference dividends in deferred warrants. According to the statements of the Directors, a Bill now before Parliament will, if it is passed, enable the Company to resume cash payments; and, if so, only one considerable Railway Company will remain in an insolvent condition.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company has for nearly three years paid nothing either to debenture-holders or to shareholders; and seventeen suits in Chancery, conducted by sixteen solicitors, are, it is to be hoped, tending to decide the respective priorities of as many rival claimants. No tribunal could be less satisfactory than a Chief Clerk in Chancery who can only afford occasional scraps of his time to the most important and urgent cases. The delays of which injured shareholders and creditors naturally complain are probably unavoidable, and the multiplicity of litigants is caused, not by the fault of clients or solicitors, but by the speculators who employed strange and complicated devices in raising the capital of the Company. The ordinary shareholders, who behold at an indefinite distance the vague prospect of a dividend, require but little compassion. The greater part of them derive their title from the contractors, in virtue of purchases at more than seventy per cent. discount; and the few shareholders who invested their money at an earlier period must have consented to many successive postponements of their claims. The contest is waged among several classes of shareholders, who for the most part insist that they are preferred to the debenture-holders of all but their own respective sections of the line; and by the debenture-holders on different portions of the capital, and of various dates. It is probable that every purchaser of a debenture believed that his security took precedence of all the shares; but some of the shareholders claim a lien on the gross receipts anterior to any deduction. It is useless to recommend compromise and forbearance where there is an irreconcilable conflict of interests. When the Court of Chancery or the House of Lords has determined the priorities, some of the claimants will be paid in full; and perhaps before the expiration of the provisional term of ten years, the divisible fund, which now exceeds 100,000*l.*, may be sufficient to meet all preference charges. The Chatham line is for the most part extremely valuable in itself; and, notwithstanding the enormous amount of nominal capital, there is no reason to suppose that the construction was unduly expensive. The great defect of the railway is that the head is too big for the body. Two or three hundred miles of line, however profitable, are heavily burdened by great metropolitan stations and approaches. It is an extraordinary fact that the original shares still command a price in the market which represents the belief of purchasers in the eventual prosperity of the line. The Company which

nearly dragged down with it all other railway undertakings is the last to recover, as it was the first to break down. Nearly all the suitors in Chancery have been misled or defrauded; and it is but an insufficient consolation that the chief authors of their misfortunes have been overwhelmed by the ruin of the Company.

M. ROUHER AND M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER.

M. ROUHER must be accustomed by this time to the necessary though invidious office of throwing overboard the JONAH of the minute. In concert with his Imperial master he has reduced the process to a system. The appearance of the MINISTER of STATE, whether on the field of discussion or of action, usually heralds the disgrace of a colleague or the abandonment of a policy. There is no continuity between what he says or does and what has been said or done by any other member of the Government. The explanation of his conduct must usually be looked for in the attitude of the Opposition. He has learnt by intuition or practice the extreme point to which resistance can be pushed with safety, and his special function in the Cabinet seemingly is to announce when that point has been reached. Mr. DISRAELI played a similar part more than once in the Session of 1867, but M. ROUHER has to include the country as well as the Legislature in his calculations, and the demands on his acuteness are so much the more serious in consequence It is hard to say whether the PREFECT of the SEINE or the MINISTER of the INTERIOR has most cause to smart under the latest exhibition of this useful talent. Baron HAUSSMANN has been disowned, M. DE FORCADE LA ROQUETTE has been ignored. Neither sensation can be altogether pleasant, but perhaps of the two sufferers M. DE FORCADE LA ROQUETTE deserves commiseration most. The PREFECT of the SEINE may well have been startled at hearing that he, and not the EMPEROR, is responsible for the reconstruction of Paris. Still, when the first surprise was over, there was an appreciable dignity in the position thus unexpectedly assigned to him. To have spent 8,000,000*l.* invests a man with some importance, even when he has been only an agent, and he certainly does not lose in this respect if it is suddenly discovered that he has been laying it out at his own pleasure. But the MINISTER of the INTERIOR has no such consolation. He was suffered to defend the administration of Paris in the Corps Législatif, in the undisturbed belief that the EMPEROR had been the real architect of every new street. Acting on this theory, M. DE FORCADE LA ROQUETTE constructed an ingenious and even eloquent apology. He appealed directly to the vanity, and indirectly to the fears, of the French middle class. Under the Empire Paris has become the capital of modern society, and the change in its exterior aptly symbolizes the exaltation of its position. The gaze of the civilized world is fixed in reverent admiration upon the straight streets and high houses which constitute the Napoleonic ideal of architectural grandeur. To be sure, a good many of them have been constructed in quarters where they are not wanted, but this does but establish the foresight of the Government. These now deserted thoroughfares will one day be peopled, and if the work had been delayed a few years it would only have been more costly in the end. And then just think of the workmen it employs! What might all these skilled artisans have turned their thoughts to if their strong arms and active brains had been left without proper occupation? Who shall say how many insurrections Baron HAUSSMANN may not have unwittingly suppressed? Take care of the building trade, and society will take care of itself. Nor is it only the men's working hours that have been thought of. Their own labour has been made the means of keeping them contented during their intervals of leisure. Those "objects of "luxury" with which the critics of the Corps Législatif find so much fault are so many places of recreation for the artisan when the fatigues of the day are over. He has been building for himself as well as for others.

When M. ROUHER rose, all this pretty theory fell to pieces. There was not a word in his speech about the advantages which Paris has derived from Baron HAUSSMANN's administration. The most pronounced member of the Opposition could not have shown a more icy indifference to those sentimental considerations on which the MINISTER of the INTERIOR had rested his case. Instead of defending what the EMPEROR had done, he boldly denied that he had done it. To make the Sovereign responsible for the administration of the city of Paris "is to commit a deplorable error." The idea of a regenerated Paris may have been the EMPEROR's; but it is the execution of the idea that is now subjected to attack, and the responsibility for this lies with those who undertook the work. Having thus shifted the possible blame from the EMPEROR's shoulders to those of Baron HAUSSMANN, M. ROUHER could afford to say a word or two in extenuation of his scapegoat's conduct. The impression left by his speech is that, in his opinion, the PREFECT has rather muddled away money than otherwise, but that his intentions have been honest all along. The prerogatives of the Legislature have been too often disregarded, "but the mistake will not occur again." Perhaps the present is not the right time for contracting a fresh loan, and it is natural that the Corps Législatif should be indisposed to leave it to Baron HAUSSMANN to determine when that time has arrived. The necessities of the case will be best met by allowing the Government to authorize the loan when it shall seem expedient. M. OLLIVIER has said, with some truth, that it is essential to the success of M. ROUHER's method that he should have the last word; and, if his speech had not come, as it usually does, at the close of the debate, the result could hardly have been claimed as a triumph by the Opposition. The real concession offered by M. ROUHER was extremely small. It was invested with some importance by the fact that it was made in the teeth of a fellow-Minister, but when viewed apart from this accidental circumstance, it scarcely amounts to anything. It is well that the prerogative of the Chamber should be respected for the future, but the value of the promise is a good deal lessened by its being virtually dependent on the willingness of the Deputies to leave the hands of the Government wholly untied. Indeed, a little reflection seems to have convinced the Opposition that M. ROUHER's surrender was only one in appearance. Three days later, when the Report of the Committee again came before the Chamber, the Left supported an amendment in favour of a direct and immediate loan rather than one to be contracted through the medium of the Crédit Foncier and under the control of the Government. A division was insisted on, and though the Government had a large majority, yet the minority were able to command 97 votes.

It certainly looks as if M. ROUHER's position in the Cabinet of which he is the moving principle was on the eve of being seriously compromised. The publication of M. OLLIVIER's narrative of his negotiations with the EMPEROR in connexion with the famous letter of the 19th of January helps to make it clearer what this position really is. In the beginning of 1867 the EMPEROR was halting between two opinions, and this is probably a fairly accurate description of him in the beginning of 1869. At one time he inclines to the "crowning of the "edifice"; at another he fears that if he loses his hold on the country, he may not be able to get it again if he wants it. When he made his overtures to M. OLLIVIER, the first of these feelings was uppermost, and his desire to secure the Opposition deputy as a Minister probably implied an intention of dismissing M. ROUHER, who represents the opposite idea. But the influence of the MINISTER of STATE proved too great to be overthrown, and the leading object of the Government during the two years which have since elapsed has been to maintain the *status quo*. The means which M. ROUHER prefers for the attainment of this end are eminently elastic. He showed the utmost civility to M. OLLIVIER when it was on the cards that he might supplant him any day, and he will dismiss with equal composure a colleague whose only offence has been a too strict execution of his own instructions. Why he has opposed himself so unreservedly—remembering some of his recent displays, one might almost add, so passionately—to any reconciliation of the Empire with liberty cannot be said with certainty. It may be that he distrusts his own aptitude for a new system, and fears that its adoption would throw the EMPEROR irrecoverably into the hands of some Parliamentary politician. It may be that he distrusts his countrymen, and is genuinely convinced that the Empire cannot dispense with the safeguards to which it has been accustomed for seventeen years. Whatever may be his motive, there seems to be little doubt that he has identified himself too closely with repressive legislation to be chosen as the instrument for carrying out any other. If the EMPEROR wishes to change his policy, he must change his instruments also. That HIS MAJESTY feels this himself is rendered extremely probable by M. OLLIVIER's revelations. The letter of the 19th of January showed how strongly the EMPEROR's mind was leaning in the direction of Liberal reforms; the extent to which it has remained a dead letter ever since proves his unwillingness to dispense with M. ROUHER. But to play such a part as the MINISTER of STATE has chosen for himself requires something more than a succession of doubtful victories. A Constitutional Minister may be content with a working majority, however small; the Minister of an absolute sovereign must annihilate as well as defeat opposition. It is his failure to do this consistently that constitutes the

of M. ROUHER's position, and M. MAUPAS's recent crusade in favour of a responsible Ministry is sufficient evidence that M. OLLIVIER will not want successors among Bonapartists as well as among Democrats.

THE DUAL GOVERNMENT OF THE ARMY.

THERE is always abundant consolation in this world for the disappointed, and the many Liberal aspirants for office who were left out in the cold on the formation of Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry may find balm for their wounded spirits in contemplating the indignities to which their successful rivals are subject. As Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE once said when he found the doors of office closed against him, it is much more dignified to be a free and independent member than to undergo what Ministers are daily compelled to submit to. A few recent illustrations will suffice. Mr. TREVELYAN, by an unlucky slip, attributed personally to His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE those well-known defects of army administration which are caused by the duality between the War Office and the Horse Guards. He was compelled to apologize, and did so no doubt with that reservation of his own views which he owed to his self-respect. But the fact of the apology was published, and the terms of the apology were kept secret, and the subsequent course of the Ministry may have led unthinking observers to conclude that Mr. TREVELYAN has abjured his most cherished opinions. Nothing probably can be further from the truth; but a man in office is forced to submit in silence to the most unfounded imputations.

Mr. TREVELYAN's sorrows, however, are as nothing to what the MINISTER for WAR has had to suffer. Twice in one week Mr. CARDWELL has been called upon to answer questions the obvious purport of which was to draw from him a candid statement of the relations which exist between the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief for the time being. Twice in one week Mr. CARDWELL has undergone what to a man of any sensitiveness must be the unspeakable humiliation of giving answers carefully worded so as to meet the specific questions put to him, and at the same time to convey a totally erroneous impression on the real subject on which information was required. And Mr. CARDWELL is not humiliated without companions in affliction. The Cabinet teems with men who in the days of opposition, not twelve months since, stoutly declared their conviction that the civil government of the army was being sapped by military authority and military influence, and all these men are forced to chafe in silence while their colleagues ask the House to credit a diametrically opposite representation. Nor is this kind of moral torture reserved for subordinates. Mr. GLADSTONE himself has risen to accept the responsibility of all that Mr. CARDWELL said. These painful Ministerial duties fall in a modified form, not only upon the Cabinet, but upon their organs in the press. We all know what a heavy moral price the semi-official journals in France pay for the exclusive information they enjoy. Something of the same kind may be traced in England, and the jealous dailies which may have envied the privilege accorded to the *Times* of announcing in the morning the substance of speeches to be delivered by the PREMIER in the evening may console themselves by observing the suit and service which the Leviathan of the press has to render in exchange. The clever statement of Mr. CARDWELL on the position of the Commander-in-Chief, which indulgent critics might regard as just not false, was amplified and exaggerated in the *Times* into an article which its most partial admirer must have seen to be just not true. Such are the indignities by which the possession of power and influence is tempered.

This is a sad state of things, the existence of which one would like to disbelieve, but there is no possibility of escaping the truth. No one who has considered the answers given by Mr. CARDWELL to Lord ELCHO and Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN, and both by him and by Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. WHITE, can doubt that the picture which the Ministers desired to present was that of a Secretary of State for War absolutely supreme, with a Commander-in-Chief as his subordinate, exercising no authority but what was delegated to him by his official superior. Most persons are familiar with the effect of a rose-coloured glass upon a winter landscape. Not a single line seen through it is distorted from the truth of nature, and yet a scene of snow and ice is converted, as by magic, into a landscape of tropical splendour. This is just what the Ministers have done. They have given colour to what they described; but while they invited the House and the public to accept their view, they took some pains not to transgress the limits of verbal truth in any specific statement. Mr. CARDWELL and Mr. GLADSTONE thought it right to pass over in silence the well-known fact that the independence of the Horse Guards, as the general rule, has been sanctioned by a succession of Royal Warrants, but neither of them committed himself to the direct assertion that duality did not "in practice" exist. Mr. CARDWELL said that there was no duality "in theory," but there he stopped, and was content to lead the House by implication to believe that the idea of the dual government had no other foundation than the accident that the Horse Guards Staff was located in Whitehall, and the War Office Staff in Pall Mall. Not so the *Times*. It is the duty of an organ to say things that the patron does not venture or will not condescend to say, and accordingly we find the *Times* converting Mr. CARDWELL's pregnant silence into the form of direct assertion. We are told by this candid and highly informed authority, that "the dual government has "no existence but in the imagination of the public"; that, "practically speaking, the authority of the Commander-in-"Chief is at all points subordinate to that of the Secretary for "War"; that "Mr. CARDWELL gave a clear [!] explanation of "the case in his answer to Lord ELCHO"; and that what passed in the House of Commons was "an exposure of a most "inveterate delusion." Of course the *Times* was bound to outdo its leader, and while Mr. CARDWELL thought he had gone quite far enough in denying the existence of the dual government "in theory," the *Times* stoutly maintains that, "practically speaking," there is no such thing. Now all these assertions and insinuations are easily subjected to the test of truth. If the dual government is a mere delusion, if it is and always has been the rule and the practice that the Commander-in-Chief for the time being has no independent functions, if he is subordinate to the Minister in the same sense that any other army official is subordinate, then the Ministers have spoken with candour, and the *Times* with truth, and we, in common with all the world, have been deluded by a wild hallucination. If, on the other hand, it should prove that the office of the Commander-in-Chief has been by repeated warrants recognised as independent in many important particulars of the War Minister, if the matters which come under the direction of the Commander-in-Chief have been expressly excepted out of the jurisdiction of one Secretary of State after another, if the practice has always been and still is in accordance with this doctrine, then the dual government (whether it be a good thing or a bad thing) is a reality, and the Ministers have suppressed, and the *Times* has denied, the truth which the public are entitled to know. That is the issue which we have raised, and which we are prepared to abide. It is very short and simple, and very easily established.

In the year 1866 a Parliamentary return was printed of certain documents relating to the duties and authority of the Secretary of State for War in relation to those of the Commander-in-Chief. One of these documents, dated the 22nd of May, 1855, was a patent vesting the administration of the army and ordnance, *with certain exceptions*, in Lord PANMURE. The same exceptions occur in the patent granted to General PEEL in 1858, and nearly the same in that granted to Lord HERBERT in 1859. Since that time patents of this description had not, we are told by the compilers of this Parliamentary paper, been issued to successive Secretaries for War, and the reason is supplied by reference to a subsequent document, framed not later than Sir GEORGE LEWIS's period of office, once for all "defining the duties and autho-"rity of the Secretary of State for War in relation to those of "the Commander-in-Chief." This document was not given in the Parliamentary paper, on the plea that the original was mislaid, but it is incredible that no copy or extract remains, and no one can doubt that it is still the governing document, and that Mr. CARDWELL could scarcely have been ignorant of its purport when he affected to treat the "letter of service" as the sole instrument which determined in practice the position of the Commander-in-Chief. When Mr. CARDWELL tells us plainly what the substance of this document was, and whether there have been any subsequent documents varying its provisions, he will find himself compelled to admit the independence, even "in theory," of the office of Commander-in-Chief on the office of Secretary of State for War.

But we do not need the details to prove our case. If the Commander-in-Chief's office is strictly subordinate to that of the Minister, as that of any Under-Secretary is, what is the meaning of a succession of solemn documents defining the relations between the one office and the other? The bare existence of such documents is an authoritative assertion of duality "in theory." We know well how Mr. CARDWELL will excuse

his statement. He may say that though the Commander-in-Chief is not by any document or by practice made in terms subordinate, still he does, as a matter of fact, yield in the last resort whenever the Minister chooses to intervene. This is true in exactly the same sense in which it may be said that in the last resort the House of Lords always yields to the House of Commons. But who would say on this ground that the Peers are not "in theory" independent of the Commons, or that there is no duality between the two Houses? It is exactly the same with the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State.

Now as to the practice. You cannot prove practice from written patents, but we can fortunately prove out of Mr. CARDWELL's own mouth that, as to one part of the "excepted "powers," the independence of the Horse Guards is an actual fact. The Minister was compelled to admit, in answer to Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN, that there is no appeal from decision of the Commander-in-Chief to the Secretary of State for War. Mr. CARDWELL says this is as it should be, and that is a position which any one has a right to argue, and which we are ready to discuss when once we get the facts honestly admitted; but to say that certain powers are vested in the person holding the office of Commander-in-Chief, without appeal, and in the same breath to say that he is a mere subordinate under a letter of service, and that there is no independence and no duality, is one of those contradictions that only a Cabinet Minister can be expected to comprehend.

One word more as to the explanation insinuated by the Minister, and boldly adopted by the *Times*, as the solution of the whole controversy. The dual government exists, we are asked to believe, so far and only so far as it is necessitated by the fact that the Horse Guards and the War Office are not under one roof. A single question will dispose of this idle pretence. The Commissariat is not under the same roof as the general War Office staff, and the same is true of the Purveyor's and other offices. Has this arrangement ever been found to involve any consequence beyond the sending of a few messengers backwards and forwards, and has it ever given to the chiefs of these really subordinate departments any of the independence and duality which characterize the position of the Horse Guards? Duality is not a question of locality, but of regulation and practice.

In theory, therefore, and in practice, in any but a non-natural sense of the words, the dual government exists. How pernicious it is, we are not discussing to-day; and if the Government approve of it, with all its anomalies and all its extravagant cost, it would be fair and manly to challenge public opinion upon it. But to evade the issue by denying the existence, patent to all the world, of that which they would like to defend but dare not, is a device which does credit neither to the candour nor to the courage of a Cabinet which includes among its members some of the most resolute opponents of military domination. We have only to add that if, instead of putting sarcastic questions which are easily evaded, Sir P. O'BRIEN and Mr. WHITE had asked for the documents we have referred to, they would have compelled an admission of the truth, and sooner or later the whole truth must come out.

MR. FAWCETT'S BILL.

THE difficulty of reforming abuses in other departments of State is trifling compared with the obstructions offered to any measure which touches the House of Commons. On Wednesday last Lord BURY enjoyed the opportunity of avenging, both by vote and speech, his late defeat, on the innocent Mr. FAWCETT. Both members proposed reasonable measures for diminishing the expenses of elections, and both failed to accomplish their object. As the law for vacating seats on acceptance of office was absolutely indefensible by argument, though not by rhetoric, Lord BURY was refused permission even to introduce a Bill. Mr. FAWCETT's measure, on which it was possible that there might be a genuine difference of opinion, was defeated only by a small majority, with the result of affording to the Opposition the shadow of a triumph. Except that he may perhaps have infringed party discipline, Mr. FAWCETT judged rightly in refusing to refer his Bill to the Select Committee on Parliamentary and Municipal Elections. If he had succeeded in carrying the second reading, the vote of the House would have been in the nature of an instruction to the Committee, which may still, if it thinks fit, adopt the principle of the Bill in its Report. There is little chance that the inquiries of the Committee will be followed by immediate legislation; and in a future Session Mr. FAWCETT will probably renew his proposal. A part of the expenses in dispute would be saved, both to candidates and to ratepayers, if the obsolete practice of nominations were abolished; but the advantage of such a change would be too considerable to meet with the ready acquiescence of the House of Commons. The provision of hustings, of poll-clerks, and of booths would seem to concern counties and boroughs not less nearly than the objects to which their funds are otherwise applied. The Sheriff holds a County Court for the election of Knights of the Shire, and the polling machinery serves to inform his judgment on the real decision of the electors. The liability of candidates is inconsistent with the whole theory of elections, and probably with the original practice; but some members are afraid of encouraging contests by cheapening elections, and many more would rather pay two or three hundred pounds once in three years than be supposed to shift a burden from themselves to their constituents. According to Mr. FAWCETT, the expenses in a certain borough, where every election during fifteen years has been contested, would have been covered by the price of half an ounce of tobacco for each ratepayer once in three years. It may be contended that such sums bear but a small proportion to the outlay of candidates in many English boroughs and counties, or in little Irish towns; but some elections are pure and inexpensive, and the abolition of strictly necessary expenses would make irregular extravagance of liberality still more conspicuous than at present. The risk of encouraging frivolous oppositions was met, in Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, by the provision that an unsuccessful candidate receiving less than one-fifth of the votes given at the election should still be liable to pay his share of the expenses.

Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. BAINES contended that the Bill, among other advantageous results, would render the House more accessible to working-men. As no private person would dream of choosing an artisan to act as his agent in important and complicated affairs, it may be doubted whether legislative and public business in general ought to be dealt with more carelessly by prudent constituencies. It is possible that the practical Constitution of England may have been hitherto unduly aristocratic; but the qualities of gentlemen, or of those who are anxious to assume the character of gentlemen, have a considerable value; and politicians of democratic tendencies habitually neglect to estimate sufficiently the weight which Parliament has derived from the social position of its members. An upright and intelligent artisan is as respectable as an educated man of fortune; but if he was recognised as one of the natural leaders of the community, he would not be engaged in manual labour. Yet, however forcible may be the reasons against the election of working-men, no theory can justify their exclusion from Parliament by the indirect machinery of a fine imposed upon candidates. A few years ago Parliament thought fit to abolish the pecuniary qualification of members, either because the restriction was considered inexpedient or on the ground that it was systematically evaded. The expenses of the hustings and the poll ought not to serve the incidental purpose of limiting the choice of constituencies. The opponents of the Bill were probably influenced by a desire to retain some of the privileges which are still attached to the possession of property, but they were fortunate in the opportunity of using an argument which for the moment possesses exceptional weight in the House of Commons. The increase and the partial incidence of local taxation form the latest popular grievance; and it is undeniable that the adoption of Mr. FAWCETT's plan would have imposed an additional charge upon the rates. A young county member quoted in the original idiom the assertion of an enlightened constituent, that he would never consent to pay for the erection of a poll-booth; but it is not to be supposed that the most boisterous farmer would become a martyr to his conscientious horror of local taxation. The preamble to the Bill recited too argumentatively, but with perfect justice, the probability that when counties and boroughs paid for elections, they would take care that their money was not wasted. An under-sheriff or a mayor has at present no interest in saving the money of the candidates, who are regarded by a large part of the community as legitimate objects of plunder. If they were dealing with local funds, they could sometimes avoid the expense of constructing booths for the occasion, and in towns the structures which are only temporary might be applied during the intervals of elections to some useful purpose. The bills of the printer and of the advertising agent would be vigilantly checked, and in the result it would probably appear that many generations of candidates have been unduly taxed. Even if no reduction were effected, the burden on the rates would be utterly insignificant. The members who remarked in the debate that local charges were aggravated by a multitude of petty items, were probably influenced by political rather than economical motives.

If Mr. GLADSTONE and the other Cabinet Ministers had been present, the Bill would probably have passed; but on Wednesday morning Mr. AYRTON, who seemed to feel a peculiar antipathy to the measure, was charged with the conduct of Ministerial business. He had urged Mr. FAWCETT in vain to withdraw his Bill, that it might be referred to the Committee, and he resented Mr. FAWCETT's refusal with a frankness which perhaps would not have been exhibited by the leader of the House. It may be assumed that if Mr. AYRTON had been an independent member, he would have opposed the Bill; and finding himself compelled to vote for the second reading, he made his support as damaging as possible. It is evident that official silence is pain and grief to the most voluminous of speakers; for, in the absence of the Cabinet, Mr. AYRTON attacked Mr. FAWCETT and his Bill in one of his prolix orations. He seems to have forgotten that since he was compelled to signify the Ministerial assent to the Bill, it was his business, if possible, to secure a majority. The Government is too strong to be damaged by a chance defeat; but a Secretary of the Treasury ought to avoid the risk of even the most trifling check. It is not even prudent unnecessarily to reprove a zealous supporter for alleged insubordination. Mr. FAWCETT's reasons against referring his Bill to the Committee were strengthened by the statement of Mr. HARDY, that a Bill affirmed on second reading by the House could not, in conformity with practice, be submitted to a Committee for any purpose except the examination of its details. If Mr. GLADSTONE would find a less busy place for Mr. AYRTON, he would render the Government more popular in the House. It is often a serious question for a Minister whether an active member causes more inconvenience as an opponent or as a colleague. It would, perhaps, have been difficult to refuse Mr. AYRTON office, and the suspension of his independent position has, to the great comfort of the House, materially shortened the debates; but it would be highly convenient that a Cabinet Minister should, if possible, supersede him in the management of the House on Wednesdays.

The rejection of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill acquires some additional importance in consequence of Mr. BRUCE's scheme for reducing the less regular expenses of elections. The applause which has been bestowed on the election Judges may have been well deserved; nor can it be doubted that they have interpreted the law with an accuracy and authority which could not be possessed by Election Committees; yet nearly all their recent decisions tend to relax the restrictions which had, according to popular belief, been imposed on the expenditure of candidates. In Ireland, more especially, it appears that a rich man may scatter money wholesale, as long as he abstains from direct and avowed traffic in votes. The increasing costliness of elections tends far more commonly to deter educated men of moderate means from standing than to exclude the working man whose admittance is recommended and depreciated with so much undue earnestness. A candidate who sincerely wished to discourage corruption, as well as to spare his own pocket, might perhaps feel that his efforts were somewhat less hopeless if Parliament had established in principle the liability of the electors themselves to the necessary expenses of an election. A refusal to pay anything would be more simple and intelligible than a distinction among various kinds of expense which sometimes slide imperceptibly into irregularity and excess. Parliament shows no present disposition to check the evil by distinct prohibition of the principal causes of expense. The employment of paid agents and canvassers, of messengers, and of watchers, will perhaps, on the report of Mr. BRUCE's Committee, be declared illegal; and it would certainly be abandoned if the ratepayers had to pay all the bills, as well as the actual cost of the formal election. For the present the Opposition feels a natural satisfaction, not so much in having thrown out Mr. FAWCETT's Bill as in having technically beaten the Government; but Mr. HARDY's inability to resist the appointment of a Committee which will probably recommend the adoption of the ballot proves that the majority is entirely unshaken.

HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the persons peculiarly affected by its provisions, there is no doubt that Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill will be gratefully welcomed by the London public and by those persons who have given their attention to the present state and prospects of criminals. That the professional instincts of those ardent lovers of freedom whom the purlieus of Whitechapel and Shoreditch will send forth to swell the Nag's Head procession on Good Friday resent an interference so prejudicial to their interests, is only what we ought to have expected. The juster fear is that respectable men, for whose protection the Act is proposed, will be so moved by that effeminate dread of inflicting pain which is too characteristic of our age as to agitate against punishments the novelty of which is less remarkable than the necessity. When we recollect that only within a few years men who were deemed intelligent enough to hold the Commission of the Peace for the county of Surrey startled the Sessions Court of Kingston by inflicting a disgraceful sentence on a schoolmaster who had inflicted needful and wholesome castigation on an unruly boy, we are prepared to expect any amount of shrieking remonstrances, not only from the backers and accomplices of our thieves and burglars, but also from the men of competent means and capacious stomachs whose muddled intellects are the suitable interpreters of their gushing hearts. Nor will there be wanting brawlers to enlist the democratic sympathies of the smaller householder in fierce war against any enactment which proceeds from the House of Lords. Costermongers from Bethnal Green and tapsters from the Seven Dials will unite in patriotic indignation against provisions which fetter the freedom of their customers and "pals." All the rascaldom and mendicancy of the land will be fired with constitutional enthusiasm on behalf of their time-honoured privileges of "loafing," stealing, and begging. Amid the din of insolent remonstrance and whining supplication will be heard the familiar accents of the professional humanitarian, deprecating the infliction of cruel punishments or unconstitutional surveillance on erring "flesh and blood."

The provisions of the Bill are, in the main, those which we have persistently advocated. The proposals of the Government are directed to the radical destruction of the criminal class. Some criminals are, like poets, born, not made. They inherit the taint of criminal blood, grow up under the fostering care of fathers and brothers who have professed only crime during their whole lives, and are themselves apprentices to crime from the day they can walk. Others are made criminals by accident; by the temptations of voluntary or involuntary idleness; by the example or the exhortation of wicked companions; by hunger and want; by casual association with criminals. The two classes will come within the provisions of Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill. The first of these provisions is directed against ticket-of-leave men. It is proposed that any ticket-of-leave man may be summoned by a police-constable before a magistrate, and compelled to prove that he is living honestly. If he cannot prove this, he will be remitted to the completion of his unexpired term of penal servitude. As ticket-of-leave men often escape detection in the crowds of populous cities and by removal from one town to another, it is provided that a network of registration and supervision shall be established over the country, by which their persons and residences shall be kept within the cognizance of the police. The next propositions are directed against criminals who have been imprisoned for felony, but not sentenced to penal servitude. They will be liable to prove before a magistrate that they are living honestly, though they will be exempt from the summary process pursued in the case of ticket-of-leave men. Should a man of this description be found under any suspicious circumstances in an inhabited house, or contravening the Vagrant law, he will become liable to imprisonment for one year, and to seven years' supervision after his term of imprisonment. The next portion of the Bill deals with those who may be described as habitual offenders. It takes away the discretion of the judge in the case of a prisoner who has been thrice convicted of felony, and punishes him with seven years' penal servitude. Such a man will not be called on to prove the honesty of his life after his liberation and seven years' supervision, but will be treated as a rogue and vagabond, and will be liable to one year's imprisonment if proved to have been found on any premises under suspicious circumstances. An important—perhaps the most important—part of the Bill bears upon the receivers of stolen property. It is provided that on any person who has been convicted of a crime punishable with imprisonment, and who is found in possession of stolen goods, the burden of proof shall lie, to show that he did not know them to have been stolen. A correlative clause makes the existing law of pawnbrokers more stringent. And one hardly less important than any affixes six months' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, as the penalty for assaults on the police.

To the general character of these provisions all but hardened humanitarians or their friends will give their assent. The Bill does certainly adopt some principles new to the English law, and a great deal of declamation may be expended in denouncing them. But, albeit novel, they are

not necessarily noxious. The element of "reputed" character has long been known to the Scotch criminal law, and has been found of great value in the administration of justice. Perhaps some modification may be made in some of the details of the Bill. But the general principle must be retained on grounds of public policy. The fairest modification of details which occurs to us is a relaxation in favour of "suspects" who reside in small country towns. They have neither the same facilities of crime nor the same temptations as those who live in large cities, and their residence has generally been selected with a view to self-reformation and the prosecution of an industrial career. The arbitrary interference of the police might worry away men who, if left undisturbed, would resume habits of labour, diligence, and honesty. But with the noted criminals of great cities the case is different. It is in the populous labyrinths of alleys, "courts," and "wynds," that their dens and hiding-places are found. It is there that their haunts, their rendezvous, their abettors, their "receivers," abound. It is from these that they issue forth to prey upon the country districts. It is there that they train up a race of successors, and corrupt by their example the idle and the unemployed who live near them. As a rule, the homes of the criminal population are and must be in great cities. Not only would small towns and country districts not afford them materials of plunder, but they would not afford the opportunities of concert, the facilities of conspiring against the public wealth, or of disposing of their pillage. So long as predatory crime exists, its professors must live in the capital, or in the largest cities of England. Therefore, the more stringent provisions of the proposed law might perhaps be limited to London and some dozen other towns. This is the only important modification which occurs to us as plausible, and we are not unaware that exception may be taken even to this. How much more stringent the law should be than it now is in the metropolis may be gathered from the catalogue of professional criminals with which Lord KIMBERLEY edified the House of Lords. It appears that we have amongst us nearly 23,000 known thieves and depredators, 3,095 receivers of stolen goods, 33,000 vagrants and tramps, and 29,000 suspected persons. Of these nearly 15,000 live in London, but all have communication with London. This is a goodly array; and when it is considered that a large proportion of these have been many times recommitted to prison, that they have, most of them, abandoned all design of living honestly, and that the more hardened and adroit have established a regular confraternity among themselves, it is tolerably clear that our present mode of dealing with them is slack in the extreme. They are enemies of us all, and we treat them as friends; they constitute a hostile camp in the midst of us, and we keep no watch on their movements. They exercise their calling in opposition to the law, under its protection.

It is surely high time that this were changed, and the principle of the proposed change appears unexceptionable. No one, we imagine, can entertain any reasonable objection to the registration of criminals who hold tickets of leave. They are a privileged class, and the individuals of a privileged class should be known to the world. They are a class of doubtful character, and their presence without the means of distinguishing them is a danger to society. The obscurity which they have hitherto enjoyed has been to their own advantage rather than that of the public. Few people can have forgotten the varied career and versatile abilities of Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS. Sentenced in 1837 to transportation for life, this predatory genius was found in England in 1842 under another name, and again sentenced to the same term of transportation. He reappeared on the stage of English life in 1851 under a third alias, when a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment was passed upon him. The obscurity which hangs over this period of his career favours the supposition that he worked his sentence out. After its completion, he committed burglary, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. Since that time he has divided his energies between the vocations of a beggar and of an area sneak, in both which capacities he has had to inhabit county gaols. Making any degree of allowance for the amusement or the edification which signal talent of any kind affords, it is clearly beyond doubt that felonious talent like Mr. ROBERTS's may be too finely cultivated. A convict who, after having been twice sentenced to transportation for life, reappears to continue his professional studies in England, may be an object of legitimate wonder; but he is an object of equally legitimate alarm. He commits and disseminates crime wherever he goes. Under the proposed law such a man's career will be cut prematurely short. Descriptions of his person, each of which will probably be illustrated by a photographic sketch, will be sent to the different police-stations of England. If he escapes from prison, he will then be recaptured. If he comes out on license, he will be watched. If he renders himself subject to a second and third committal, he will become liable to surveillance in all cases, and to imprisonment in all suspicious cases. The men, too, who provide him with lodging and the means of conspiring with his confederates will be kept under the watchful eye of the law. And, most effective of all, the pawnbrokers who—despite Mr. ATTENBOROUGH's indignant disclaimer—are known to be the best allies and supporters of the burglar class, will not be allowed to fence with policemen as much as they do now, but will be called upon to open their books and reveal their transactions with their skilful but dangerous clients.

To all these provisions we anticipate but two objections. One is that they are new. The other is that they are likely to be abused by ordinary policemen. The answer to the first objection is obvious. The state of things they are intended to remedy is new. The object of the Bill is to prevent it from becoming normal. The second objection is more valid, and may necessitate an additional clause or two. It may be necessary to state of what acts the license-holder has been convicted before he is amenable to long surveillance. And it may be thought prudent to transfer the right of arrest from an ordinary constable to a police officer. Even this precaution may be rendered superfluous by the appointment of the District Chief Constables, whose presence will be a great check on abuse of powers. If opposition is urged by the country members against the Bill, it may, in the first instance, be limited to London. London is the haunt and focus of the crime which we most particularly wish to repress. If the principle of the Bill succeeds in London, it will be adopted by the large cities of England, and then by the whole country. And that it will succeed in London we have no doubt.

INTREPIDITY.

SOME of the qualities which we most admire in a man who has achieved an undeniably successful position are apt to excite much carping remark if they are displayed while he is only working his way to such a position. Foremost among qualities of this sort is the virtue of intrepidity, if we give it the better-sounding name, or, if we give it that with the worse sound, audacity, which is more commonly attached to it in the cases where its possessor happens to fail. When a statesman, for instance, has inspired us with confidence, then the more intrepid he is the better. In an ordinary way there is so much timorousness, apprehension, dread of movement, and passion for the *status quo*, that the sight of men in high places with none of these fussy weaknesses is almost a liberal education in itself. Most people are so closely surrounded by the denseness of their personal and daily circumstance, with all its exactions and demands, that there is no room for the display of that far-seeing and commanding grasp, that reposeful yet energetic self-reliance, which we justly admire in the ruler. Yet somehow we are always inclined to postulate from an intrepid man that he shall have earned his right to be intrepid. Coming short of this, he is more likely than not to be banned as an adventurer, and what is by and by relished as intrepidity is meanwhile confusedly stigmatized as unscrupulousness or impudence. Thus, the poor man who aspires to Parliament is an adventurer until he gets a seat; the man in Parliament who aspires to office is an adventurer until some rare chance turns up of proving himself unmistakeably disinterested, or until after long probation he has acquired such a character and reputation as effectually to banish all mean or sinister associations from around his name. In a word, there is nothing the world likes so much as intrepidity, when it is sure of its man; nothing it is so chary of construing favourably, until it is quite sure about the rest of a person. There are two explanations of this suspicious and doubting temper, both of which may contain a measure of the truth; we may either attribute it to the sometimes innate grudging and enviousness of men towards their fellows who happen to be taller than the average by a head, or else to the ease with which the virtue is counterfeited by self-interested pushing and forwardness, or by mere ignorant rashness. Moreover it is not to be denied that the world has suffered many things of intrepidity, which is too often found in close company with a heartless indifference to the injuries which may be inflicted right and left in the progress to some end ever kept steadily in view. In politics this is particularly true; intrepidity means Napoleons and Disraelis. We think of mendacious bulletins and Maundy Thursday epistles. Taking all these considerations together—the enviousness of the natural man, the spuriousness of much assumed intrepidity, and the number of persons afloat even in high places who hold the theory that the aim of a career is *l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme*—we may begin to understand how it is that even the wise intrepid man often prefers to pass himself off for a quiet person of a blameless and no more than commonplace kind of character. The ancients were anxious to avert Nemesis, and the intrepid modern may well be anxious to conciliate a public opinion which is naturally hostile to a man who boldly proposes to walk over the public head.

Intrepidity on a humbler scale, however, than in the elevated domain of political and public action is less open to invidious remark, and is a virtue worth thinking about. It is rather in accordance with our prevalent traditions to make little of this quality, and to assume that success must be due almost entirely to the respectable qualities of the tortoise. In an old-fashioned commercial country this is quite what we might have expected. As a general rule, a man who sets to work to make his fortune in trade had perhaps better discourage the intrepid impulses of his character as rigidly as he knows how to do, in favour of cautious feeling of his way bit by bit, and of the commonplace excellences of industry, patience, and a slow-blooded tenacity. It is true that we have now fallen upon days when the City loves a speculative stroke, and the temper which rushes into dry goods, teas, tallow, or anything else in the spirit of the desperate warrior heading forlorn hopes. But this new love, besides being particularly out of repute at the moment, it is in any case thought better to cherish in secret. No Polonius would include the speculative stroke among the practices to be enjoined upon ingenuous youth. And in other professions than that of commercial money-making, the experience of the world and a natural turn for perseverance among the best kinds of Englishmen—and, in saying Englishmen, let us be understood to mean particularly Scotchmen—have combined to bring a dashing spirit into a certain suspected position. Yet there is no reason why the cool man who sits tranquilly down for a tenacious spell of some five-and-twenty or thirty years' work, drudging, monotonous, exacting, never to be shirked, and in no way glorious, should not plume himself on possessing intrepidity in the very highest degree; far more than if he impetuously proposed to himself to scale the heights of fortune at a single dash. This is the sort of true intrepidity to which the common use of the term does but scanty justice; as if it did not involve a far more considerable coolness, reach of vision, freedom from tremors, and reliance on one's own nerve and muscle, than the mere capacity of making one or more dashes. We do not often hear people talk of an intrepid patience, yet nobody with any reflection or observation will deny that there is such a thing. Consider the intrepidity of patience on the intellectual side implied in setting about one of those great literary tasks whose execution our own time has been so fortunate as to witness. The tenacity of a merchant who deliberately contemplates the prospect of ever so many years' drudgery and anxiety before he realizes his proposed fortune is not any more marked than the tenacity of an author, like Milman or Grote, who calmly contemplates an equally long prospect of toil to be undergone before the goal of the final chapter shall be reached. The position of a learned author is so dazzling that people seem somehow to associate dazzle and joy with the labours which have achieved the position. They might just as well assume that the merchant or the barrister earned his money amidst the same luxurious and sprightly surroundings in which he may choose to spend it. Yes, but, it may be said, the writer of a great history, for example, has a certain lofty pleasure in the work as it grows under his hands; his investigations are a delight to him because they bring him new treasures; the consciousness that he is contributing new ideas to the stock of humanity is inspiring and elevating. And all this is probably true enough in its way of many moments; but it need not be said that there is another side which is not by any means so attractively rose-coloured. First, there is much downright hard physical endurance to go through. Then, it does not follow, because a man finds pleasure in learning and composition, that he should find no pleasure in anything else; yet, if he be really hard at work, a good many if not most of the other pleasures will have to be sacrificed without remorse or second thought. Worse than either of these, and more inevitably painful, are the intellectual discouragements which throng in many forms around the growing task, and make the wretch feel as if he would fain dash his inkstand at them as Luther did to demolish the mocking fiend. Hence anybody who sits down to work knowing what he has to encounter deserves credit for at least as much sheer brute tenacity or intrepidity as the longheaded merchant or anybody else who, being poor, resolutely sets to work by slow degrees to make himself rich. Then, again, there is the votary of physical science, who needs courage as much as any of his neighbours—the courage of patience, coupled with that animating far-sightedness which is at the root of all intrepidity that is worth the name, or at any rate that is worth having oneself or admiring in other people. Indeed it is exactly this far-sightedness which distinguishes the virtue from its counterfeit. The rash man, dazzled by false impressions either of himself, or of circumstances, or of the people with whom he has to work, believes that he can see further than plain folk, when in fact he is either near-sighted as a bat, or squints, or has colour-blindness, or is in some other way not only not more clear-seeing than the rest, but not nearly so much so. Who does not know the pretentiously intrepid man of this sort, who flies into the air like Icarus, and then, when the warm sun of realities melts his sham wings, flops down to earth or water again?

Yet it is to be said that even when calm and confident self-reliance is not justified, and when events and forces turn out to be quite different from what they had been calculated to be, still a man is by so much the better for his miscalculation in a great many circumstances that may be imagined. Only let us picture the extent to which even a strong person is weakened, the injustice which he does to himself, the disadvantage at which all his powers work, if his strength should happen to lie in every direction but that of fixing his aims and marching towards their fulfilment without the consciousness that there is a world round about him of people with envious eyes and restless unsparing tongues. To be unconscious of the numbers and voices of the audience that accompanies each of us, in one walk of life as in another, must obviously multiply power to a degree almost beyond computation. Such blindness and deafness leave us so free, not universally perhaps, for there are temperaments which are only really alive and alert when the eye and words of the crowd begin to play upon them. And men of such a temperament are likely to be more generous, humane, and sympathetic than others in the conception of their projects. It is only when the hour for executing a project arrives that the danger and weakness of such sensibility are fully experienced. A great Minister of our own time might serve to point this moral; a Minister who appears to have quailed and trembled, and passed slumberless nights tossing on his bed, because some obscure pamphleteer had used bad language about his supposed schemes for disestablishment of the Irish Church. A man less accessible to the scurrility of every passer-by who should choose to shoot out a tongue at him would be much more free to perform his political taskwork with comfort and effectiveness. There is the great letter-writing statesman, for instance, who would, according to the old jest that concealed so much truth, advance with equal intrepidity to the command of the fleet or the amputation of a limb. This is perhaps an excess of a good thing, yet it is excess in the right direction. Nobody can doubt that Lord Russell has had the benefit of such powers as he was born with, absolutely unimpeded. He has been able decidedly to make the best possible use of them, from his own point of view at any rate.

It is perhaps just worth pointing out that action often looks very intrepid when in truth it is only unusual. The unknown always seems set thick with dangers, and the man who steps forth into uncommon courses is assumed to be running countless risks. The beaten track is naturally the safest, yet there is no reason why other tracks should not be safe too, and a man deviating into a career or a policy of his own may be complying just as carefully with all the conditions of soberness and well-doing as if he were acting as people in his case are accustomed to act. He shows more or less strongly marked individuality, but individuality and intrepidity are two different things. Some of the most terrible penalties that await new courses are in the estimates which friends form and express about them. To be able to face these implies courage of the rarest sort; but then persons with strongly marked individualities are as often as not blessed with a thick-skinned apathy about outside opinion which, as we have already said, may be a drawback to fineness of conception, but is a clear gain in carrying plans out.

INSTINCTIVE CRUELTY.

CRUELTY is popularly supposed to be one of those vices to which the "wicked heart" of man is most naturally prone. The earth is indeed stated, at a very early period of its history, to have been "full of cruel habitations;" but then the unbridled lust of power and pelf necessarily leads to a great deal of violence and oppression, and we are speaking here of cruelty for its own sake, not of a selfish disregard for the rights or happiness of others where our own interest is concerned. Every kind of crime, however unnatural or even repulsive in itself, is perpetrated often enough when there is some ulterior object to be gained. But whereas there are "pleasant sins" which most men feel inclined to unless they are restrained by some stronger motive, whether of morality or self-interest, there are also sins which to all appearance they "feel no mind to," except as the means of attaining some further end. It is hard, for instance, to conceive a state of society where parricide would be a normal form of temptation, though a wider experience might have warned Solon against treating it as an impossibility. And cruelty for the mere sake of cruelty is commonly thought to come under this category. It is regarded as too purely diabolical a passion to appeal to any natural instinct of even the most depraved human spirit. There are hideous and well-authenticated tales, to be sure, of monsters in human form who are scarcely, if at all, caricatured by the ogres and Blue Beards, *et id genus omne*, who were the terror of our tender youth. But then the personages of whom these things are related, though they have every claim to be considered historical, lived for the most part some hundreds of years ago. And we all remember the story of the old woman whose feelings had been deeply harrowed by a Good Friday sermon, but who was at once relieved on learning that the events referred to happened eighteen centuries ago. "Well," she observed, "that is a very long time; let us hope it isn't true." In the same way we half unconsciously hope or suspect that those shocking stories of child-killers, were-wolves, and the like, are not quite true, seeing that they generally refer to a period long past. And besides, if they are true, there is always the convenient resource of temporary or chronic insanity. Why should we consider them typical of a natural instinct any more than the ravings of some unhappy denizen of Hanwell prove that it is an instinct of our corrupted nature to fancy oneself the Emperor Napoleon or the Second Person of the Trinity? And so we are thrown back on the old inquiry, whether cruelty for its own sake is really a natural, or only an acquired taste; or, we should rather perhaps say, whether it has any existence at all when there is no ulterior motive of personal interest or malice to explain it.

In other words, is the witnessing of pain inflicted on others, or on brute animals, a natural source of vicious enjoyment, apart from any special ground of antipathy to our victims?

The popular answer to the question, as we said before, is in the negative, and every alleged case of motiveless cruelty is at once set down to monomania or some form of mental disease. No doubt this is the pleasantest view to take of the matter. But is it the true one? Those who say that it is will of course appeal with confidence to the ordinary experiences of social life. We see abundant examples, they will tell us, of double-dealing and oppression and niggardliness and harsh contempt for the feelings and sufferings of others, and in all these ways cruel injury is inflicted on them, but it is not done for the sake of injuring them. Dives takes no particular pleasure in the sores of the starving Lazarus, though he is too covetous or too careless to relieve him. On the other hand, habits of mind are formed, as moralists teach, both by acts and by passive impressions, though in diverse manners. The constant performance of acts of benevolence produces a benevolent temper of mind, but the habitual contemplation of pain and suffering, without any attempt to relieve it, hardens the temper against all genuine feeling of sympathy. Parish doctors sometimes become in this way little short of brutal in their treatment of the poor. Still, it may be said, that is hardly cruelty for its own sake; it is simply indifference to suffering, bred of selfish dislike to take any trouble in relieving it. So far the argument holds good, and if it covered all the circumstances of the case there would be little more to be said. But unfortunately it does not. It does not even pierce beneath the surface of ordinary social life, as we are acquainted with it under the conditions of modern civilization. There are other vices, usually considered quite as unnatural as cruelty, of which an equally superficial examination would reveal no trace, but which nevertheless are perfectly well known to be rife among us. Some reserve is always found needful in the indulgence, and still more in the avowal, of propensities which are under the ban of society, and we cannot fairly infer their non-existence from their not being obtruded on our notice. An Englishman's house is his castle, as the saying goes, and he is haughtily intolerant of strangers prying into its secrets. Certainly our modern castles have no dungeons, or *oubliettes*, or other conveniences of the mediæval pattern for coercing or getting rid of troublesome customers. But enough comes to light every now and then to show that a rule of domestic tyranny, not to say domestic cruelty, is by no means so infrequent, even in "the best-regulated families" to all outward seeming, as we might have been disposed to assume. Not to speak of such cases as that of the Eastbourne schoolmaster who got four years' imprisonment for beating a boy to death, there is abundant scope for refined and systematic cruelty without coming under the lash of the law; and there are not wanting instances of fathers, in the same rank of life as Mr. Hopley, testing very similar theories of education—though with a more cautious eye to dangerous consequences—on their own children. What is to be said again of James II.'s enjoyment in seeing prisoners' legs crushed in the iron boot? There are undeniably phenomena which it is not easy to explain except by an inherent love of cruelty for its own sake. And of course, if such a passion exists at all, it will be developed, like any other passion, by indulgence.

But, without pressing these considerations, a previous objection may very fairly be raised to staking the issue merely on the average experience of modern society in a civilized and Christian land. There are, as we hinted before, vices which do not now dare to show their faces in public, but which, however justly in one sense we may brand them as unnatural, have notoriously been so prevalent in other ages and other countries that we cannot reasonably deny their connexion with actually existing tastes of a depraved nature. In such cases we are apt to adapt our nomenclature to what we desire rather than to what we know to be true. And for practical purposes it may be wise to do so. Only we must remember that neither our wishes nor our terminology can alter facts. If we look a little more closely into the present question, and put aside as far as possible disturbing causes, whether of moral influence or material restraint, the testimony of experience will not perhaps square so nicely with our preconceived impressions. Let us take, for instance, the case of children, before they have "set the world in their heart," either for good or evil, while they are still comparatively "children of nature," as we phrase it. Would it be true to say that no such thing as an instinctive love of cruelty ever displays itself? Nero is said to have amused himself as a boy with killing flies, and this is often quoted as an early prophecy of his future character, as though killing flies were the natural anticipation of a taste for burning Christians and for matricide. But have we never seen children on a summer afternoon engaged in precisely the same benevolent occupation? Are we, indeed, quite sure that our own tiny fingers were never stained with the *débris* of crushed insects? If they were, we have probably long since forgotten what the enjoyment of the process consisted in, but it is not easy to distinguish it from a pleasure in the infliction of pain. Is it so very uncommon for small children to pinch and scratch their smaller brothers or sisters for the pleasure of hearing them cry? Birds'-nesting cannot be fairly brought under the same condemnation, for the love of adventure and the possession of the eggs constitute the charm of that operation to the schoolboy mind, and the sorrow of the bereft parents is viewed merely with indifference, if not altogether forgotten. But what are we to say of the unamiable proclivities of the juvenile mind in the matter of stoning cats or gloating over the proverbial agonies of the "expiring frog"? Such perverted tastes, it may be replied, are among the childish things which are put away with advancing years. True, but they are put away in deference to public opinion, represented in the first instance by the rebuke, or more probably the rod, of an enlightened nurserymaid. We outgrow them as the moral sense of the community is increasingly brought home to us. But the existence of a passion is not disproved by the fact that it may be eradicated or coerced. However, we need not confine ourselves to the psychological revelations of the nursery or the schoolyard. Their testimony will be confirmed if we turn to examine the condition of children of larger growth. For the point to be ascertained, be it remembered, is not whether cruelty is not condemned by the intelligence and conscience of mankind, and therefore controlled or kept in the background in proportion as moral restraints supersede the action of brute force, and civilization takes the place of anarchy and barbarism. That nobody denies. The present question is whether cruelty be not, like lust or envy or malice, one of the vicious propensities of human nature. And the more directly we come into contact with nature in its unsophisticated state, and apart from the moral or religious influences which have done so much to transform it in the course of ages and in the countries we are most conversant with, the easier will it be to get at the true solution.

One of the poets of the day, whose genius—warped and one-sided as it is—it would be mere affectation to deny, has contributed something towards an elucidation of the subject. The main and avowed speciality of Mr. Swinburne is to be classical. Pagan deities, Pagan poetry, Pagan morals, and Pagan modes of thought are his delight, and their Christian counterparts his aversion. We are not now inquiring how far he has worked out his ideal successfully. Except in his first poem, *Atalanta*, we think his classicalism is in many respects gravely at fault. What we wish to insist upon here is that, according to the Swinburnian conception of classical poetry and life, its two leading passions are cruelty and lust. This is no doubt most prominently brought out in the poem which in form has least pretence to be classical. The Mary Stuart of *Chastelard* is a voluptuous tigress, combining the fierce lusts of Messalina with the cold-blooded cruelty of Caligula—a kind of psychological monster difficult to conceive of and impossible to exist. But the same idea runs through all Mr. Swinburne's compositions. It is the keynote of the volume of *Poems and Ballads*, which is cast in a classical mould. Now we are very far from saying that the ideal is true to nature, or true to classical models. Sensuality, when left to itself, gravitates more towards an easy *nonchalant* good-nature than towards fierceness. And classical sensuality, in its most highly developed and idealized form, as represented in Greek poetry and life, had no tendency to become cruel. It shrank with fastidious loathing from the sight of physical pain, and felt no temptation to inflict it. Mr. Swinburne has wholly misread his Greek models if he thinks he is reproducing their spirit in his sanguinary erotics. But the classical age of Greek poetry, though a period of gross moral corruption, was also a period of high intellectual civilization and refinement. When Rome, in the later days of the Empire, fell under a similar or a deeper moral degradation, and the intellectual life of an earlier period was losing its hold on the nerveless effeminacy of an effete generation of pampered Sybarites, the alternating passions of lust and blood which dominated society were very much what its modern admirer has too faithfully portrayed:—

> Then the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,
> Drew bitter and perilous breath,
> Then torments laid hold on the treasure
> *Of limbs too delicious for death;*
> *When thy gardens were lit with live torches;*
> When the world was a steed for thy rein;
> When the nations lay prone in thy porches,
> Our Lady of Pain.

The Roman ladies who gazed in an intoxication of sensual delight on the writhing limbs of mangled gladiators in the Coliseum—may we not add the Spanish ladies who still gaze with cruel rapture on the ghastly horrors of a bull-fight?—certainly drew their enjoyment, such as it was, from sheer contemplation of intense physical torture. We may call it, if we choose, an acquired taste, but they seemed almost to suck it in with their mothers' milk. And a taste which can be so readily and so completely acquired by a whole population, and that in an age of exquisite material civilization, must have some natural instinct or passion to base itself upon. It would open out a fresh subject of inquiry, and a wider one than we have room to enter upon here, to ask what natural feeling lies at the root of this cruel pleasure in the infliction or contemplation of torture. Is it the sense of security which suggested the *suave mari magno* of the Epicurean poet? Or is it a latent consciousness of superior power, like the proud conviction of a girl of three years old that she can torment her two years old brother into a paroxysm of agonized naughtiness? Or is some subtler influence at work which the psychologist has still to unravel? For the present we must content ourselves with insisting on the fact, without pausing to investigate its causes.

LAMARTINE.

ONE-AND-TWENTY years ago the death of Lamartine would have been an event of European importance. At that time week after the beginning of the February Revolution, he wa

already considered as the representative of order and moderation among colleagues who held various shades of opinion, from the decorous Republicanism of Marrast and Garnier Pagès to the Jacobinism of Ledru Rollin. The respectable classes of France were thoroughly frightened by a revolution effected by an extemporized city mob, and organized by an audacious minority chiefly consisting of the writers in two newspapers. It might possibly have been in the power of Lamartine, who, down to the very eve of the Revolution, had never joined the Republican party, to save constitutional government by supporting a regency when the high-spirited Duchess of Orleans took her son to the Chamber of Deputies. In another mood of mind the sentimental and impulsive orator might not have been disinclined to mediate between the Republic and the Monarchy; but he had lately written a romantic history or eulogy of the great Revolution, and at the moment it pleased him better to be a Republican leader than to become the protector and representative of an infant prince. If he had maintained the Orleans family on the throne, a responsible or free Constitution might perhaps have taken permanent root. It was in consequence of Lamartine's decision that the country was frightened into the acceptance, three years later, of the Imperial system against which educated Frenchmen struggle in vain. The temporary supremacy of the rabble was odious to all other classes of the community; but after the collapse of Parliamentary government the only alternative was to rely on the peasantry, who preferred an absolute ruler to an Assembly. During the anarchy which followed the flight of the King, respectable Frenchmen who had long associated the Republic with the Reign of Terror were to some extent reassured by the presence in the Provisional Government of an accomplished gentleman who had been a supporter of Royalty and a champion of the Church. The Opposition to Guizot had included Legitimists like Berryer, and dynastic Liberals such as Thiers and Berryer, as well as the Republicans of the *National* and *Réforme*, who ultimately made their moderate allies the instruments of their own unexpected triumph. Lamartine's eloquence had been employed in the promotion of the common cause; but his admirers scarcely understood, as he had perhaps himself never decided, which of many factions had attracted his sympathy. The part which he had taken in the establishment of the Republic was imperfectly known, and it was justly assumed that his instincts and sympathies would be opposed to the coarse violence of his more dangerous associates. Although he was but imperfectly trusted by his Jacobinical colleagues, he had given recent pledges to the Revolution; and in the Provisional Government itself there was a moderate party which needed a leader. Among the nine or ten bold adventurers who had appointed themselves to exercise supreme power, Lamartine alone possessed any considerable personal distinction. Louis Blanc, then a young man, had never shared in public life, except as a journalist; and of the other members of the Government not one rose above mediocrity. Lamartine also derived great power from the confidence of the defeated party, which, as it afterwards appeared, formed the great majority of the population. While the Republicans were flattered by the accession of their brilliant convert, the bulk of the community regarded him as the sole representative in the Government of their interests and opinions.

The hopes of those who trusted to Lamartine were partially justified by his subsequent conduct; and where performance fell short of expectation, prophecy, according to a well-known mythological law, has converted itself into history. For two or three months he floated on the surface of the popular tide, and sometimes he checked by an eloquent appeal the noisy violence of the mob. The common tradition that he saved France from Jacobinism is almost wholly fabulous. On one occasion he pacified a blatant mob which demanded a change of the national colours, by informing them, with doubtful accuracy, that the red flag had only been connected with the massacres of Paris, while the tricolour had made the victorious circuit of Europe. If his authority as a historian is sufficient to discredit his sincerity as an orator, he was in the habit of calming the people with solemn assurances entirely opposite to his practical intentions. In his characteristic history of the Revolution and of himself, he quotes at great length a speech in which he deprecated the injurious suspicion that the Provisional Government meditated the employment of the army to coerce the people. It was impossible, he declared, that a Government issuing from the victory of the people over the soldiery of Bugeaud should disgrace itself by relying on military force against the founders of its power. Having satisfactorily illustrated his own eloquence, the historian in the following pages proves his statesmanlike sagacity by the statement that he was at the time concentrating a large force in the Northern departments, with the purpose of throwing himself and his colleagues on the protection of the army, if the people of Paris proved themselves too insubordinate. Those who are acquainted with Lamartine's habitual use of language will believe either assertion according to their estimate of its comparative probability; or, by a judicious compromise, they may still more confidently infer that when he addressed the people he had neither renounced the thought of employing military force, nor made any definite arrangement for restoring order with the aid of the army.

When it was found that the dreaded Provisional Government practised neither murder nor confiscation, reviving confidence took the form of unqualified gratitude to the only Minister who was known to disapprove of the precedents of 1793. The most prudent act of the Government had been the formation of the so-called Moveable Guard, which, absorbing into its ranks the young ruffians and reprobates who had made the Revolution, turned their energies into a regular and useful channel. In after years many of the street rioters distinguished themselves as gallant soldiers in Africa and in the Crimea, and in the meantime they not only abstained from mischief, but were ready at the word of command to shoot any troublesome person who might follow their own recent example. There was, nevertheless, much cause for the alarm which was afterwards justified by the terrible insurrection of June. Large numbers of workmen were maintained almost in idleness at the public expense, and although Louis Blanc always denounced the national workshops, he loudly promulgated equally impracticable and perilous devices of socialism. Ledru Rollin, as Minister of the Interior, sent Commissioners to manage the elections in the Departments, with instructions drawn, according to common rumour, by Madame Dudevant, which recalled the memory of the famous emissaries of the Convention. Lamartine and his more moderate colleagues deserve credit for convoking the Constituent Assembly, against the wish of Louis Blanc, who desired to prolong the provisional dictatorship until the country was educated into Republicanism. A dozen electoral divisions returned Lamartine to the Assembly; and when it met, he was designated by common consent as its leader, and as the chief of the future Government. His administration of the Foreign Office derived a factitious lustre from his personal popularity, and he was supposed to have maintained peace, which had in truth never been endangered. The English Government had, in accordance with its habitual policy, accepted the Revolution as a fact; and the sovereigns of the Continent were trembling for the security of thrones which had been rudely shaken. If Lamartine had been an original and resolute statesman, he might have anticipated Napoleon III. by seconding the heroic adventure of Charles Albert, who had pushed the Austrians from Lombardy into the territory of Venice. The French Minister received coldly the overtures of the Piedmontese agents, only hinting that it might be possible to purchase the French alliance by the surrender of Savoy. His more daring successor in power may boast that, if he made a bargain with Italy, he performed the stipulated service before he demanded the price. A foreign policy at once tortuous and timid did nothing to redeem the domestic blunder which precipitated Lamartine for ever from the summit to which he had been casually lifted.

When the Provisional Government resigned its functions into the hands of the Assembly, the moderate majority determined to exclude the extreme Republicans from the Executive Commission which was to administer the Government. By common consent Lamartine was chosen as the principal member of the Commission; but with incredible perversity he refused to accept office unless the obnoxious name of Ledru Rollin were added to the list. The Assembly unwillingly acquiesced; but from that moment it withdrew all confidence from Lamartine, and the entire nation shared its change of opinion. The Republic and its founders were discredited by the scandalous riot of May, when Louis Blanc was carried on the shoulders of the mob into the Assembly; and the helplessness of the Government, and perhaps the complicity of one of its members, were reflected in the desperate civil war which raged for two or three days in the midst of Paris. When the insurrection of June was at last repressed, the inglorious career of the Government was summarily terminated, and Lamartine subsided for the rest of his life into a not unpitied obscurity. His biography, as far as it is a portion of history, begins and ends with the first three or four months of the ill-starred Republic. Before it was founded he was only an accomplished declaimer; and after June, 1848, he exercised no greater influence in France than the humblest elector. It is more surprising that he should have retained a legendary reputation than that his political importance should have wholly collapsed.

The conclusive judgment of competent French critics confirms Lamartine's title to the character of a poet, nor has a certain morbid languor of tone prevented him from securing many foreign admirers. No reader of the *History of the Girondists* can doubt his literary genius, which, like the kindred muse of Chateaubriand, was better suited to romance than to history. In composing his brilliant narrative he is so utterly indifferent to truth that he sometimes describes in ample detail events which, if they ever occurred, can by no possibility have been known. It is scarcely credible that he should have heard that Rouget de L'Isle, author of the bloodthirsty and bad verses which have been set to the national air, was everywhere pursued in his flight from the guillotine by the sound of the Marseillaise. It is impossible that any historian can know the details of the last hours of Petion and Barbaroux, before they perished in their solitude by starvation, or by the attacks of wolves. In far more important matters Lamartine's authority is absolutely worthless, as when, in an account of the battle of Waterloo, he kills eight horses under the Duke of Wellington, and makes the Highlanders rip up the horses of the French cuirassiers with their national weapon, the *claymore*. Even in recording his own experience he is not less indifferent to fact. Many statements in his history of the Revolution of 1848 are positively contradicted by Louis Blanc, who is both a practised historian and a man of honour. Probably it was in matters relating to himself that Lamartine was most thoroughly incapable of distinguishing between truth and falsehood. His vanity was marvellous in its extent and in its candour. In the account of his travels in the East he relates how Lady Hester Stanhope deduced from the beauty of his arched instep, which to uninspired observers seemed prosaically flat, the pro-

phecy that he would be the first man in France. In a later work, writing of himself in the third person, he describes his own face and figure with complacent admiration; and his history of the revolution in which he took part is almost exclusively occupied with his own speeches and intentions. Although he was not considered orthodox, he declares that "M. de Lamartine had been created religious as the air is created transparent." "The political principles of Lamartine were those of the eternal truth of which the Gospel is a page." "His sole apostle was Liberty." It is true that he had a genuine love for liberty, and that he consistently denounced both Imperial tyranny and Jacobinical violence. The tenderness for Robespierre which he exhibits in the *History of the Girondists* proceeds from the interest of an artist in the central figure of his composition rather than from any tendency to sympathy with the pedantic and sentimental forms of murder. In personal appearance Lamartine bore some resemblance to Wordsworth, though his face was less rugged and weather-beaten. In look and manner he might have been mistaken for an Englishman, especially as he spoke the language with correctness and fluency. His genius and temperament were essentially and entirely French; and his place in literature has been most fitly determined by the judgment of his countrymen.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

THE unpleasant topic of which we are about to speak deserves notice, in spite of its unpleasantness, if only on account of its admirable exemplification of two great English principles—the principle of leaving everything alone, and the principle of preserving delicacy of language, even at the price of morality or of the national health. It is known to every one that one of the most fearful of known diseases—whose effects are specially distressing, not only to the sufferer, but to his descendants—is being constantly spread throughout the population. The most distinguished surgeons declare that it is hardly possible to speak too strongly of its disastrous consequences, and the returns from our army and navy show how seriously it affects the national resources. If such a disease had afflicted our cattle, the House of Commons would have postponed every measure of internal reform till it had dealt rigorously with the case. As it only affects the health of our soldiers and sailors, and of many thousands of innocent persons throughout the country, and as it is not exactly a subject for general conversation, nor even for more than occasional newspaper articles, Government can only approach it in the most cautious and tentative manner. Moreover, our extreme regard for the liberty of the subject is such, that we prefer that people should be permitted to go about freely spreading disease and death to this and future generations rather than that anything savouring in the slightest degree of coercion should be applied. Even now this theory is accepted as generally accurate. In the one case, however, of our military forces it is admitted by the most bigoted constitutional jurists that society which keeps men in an artificial state of life may also protect them from the ensuing consequences. We should not ourselves think it necessary to prove that society must have made a bargain with some fraction of itself before it can venture to stamp out an infectious disease, and to justify, for example, proper precautions against cholera or yellow fever, by establishing some special claim on the part of the population affected. The attempt to check contagious diseases of all kinds is surely amongst the most legitimate objects of legislation. However, we will not quarrel with the process by which even the most scrupulous sticklers for the propriety of leaving things alone, and saying nothing about anything, have convinced themselves that in the case of the army and navy certain precautions are permissible. This very qualified and guarded admission of the principle led to the passing of the Act of 1866, and the experience already gained shows decisively that the evils in question may be reduced to far more manageable dimensions. The same experience shows with equal distinctness that by observing certain conditions we may obtain still better results. A blue-book which was published last Session contains full evidence upon these points. We will shortly mention some of the facts upon which these conclusions are grounded, and may then confidently assume that the burden of proof lies upon those who would oppose the careful extension of the precautionary measures by which this terrible evil has been already perceptibly reduced.

The first point is, that wherever the Act has been put in force the results have been distinctly favourable. At Aldershot, for example, the number of cases was reduced by one-third in the space of two months from the first introduction of the measure. At Plymouth, in the course of four years, there was a progressive diminution amongst the seamen from 270 to 156 cases. Similar results have been observed elsewhere; and not only has the number of cases, but the intensity of disease in each case, perceptibly diminished. It is obvious, however, that in such places as Plymouth or Aldershot the experiment is tried under very unfavourable conditions, for the simple reason that the influx of fresh troops from unprotected districts is constantly renewing the danger. It is manifestly hopeless to stamp out a contagious disease by selecting only two or three places in the midst of the country, without being able to draw a cordon round them. In accordance with this we find that the success in certain places where there are greater natural opportunities has been far more decisively marked. In Malta, for example, we find from Sir Henry Storks' evidence that the disease has been reduced to a minimum, and that lately, in a garrison of 6,000 men, there were only eight cases. At Sheerness, the only place in England where the Act has been thoroughly put in force, the Committee of the House of Lords tells us that "the disease is now almost obliterated." Encouraged by these successes, Government is carrying out similar measures in Hong Kong, Ceylon, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and elsewhere. A striking confirmation of these results may be found from foreign experience. It is enough to mention two facts. The loss from illness in the English army amounted in 1866 to more than seven days' service of the whole force; in 1868, the imperfect application of the Act had reduced this loss to less than six days. In the French army, at the same time, the loss was only three days. A more startling fact is that, during the year 1860, one in four of the Foot Guards in London was affected, whilst at the same time only one in fifty-six of the troops in Brussels suffered from the same cause. In other words, it is perfectly clear that the disease can be restrained wherever proper precautionary measures are taken, and that the success is in proportion to the completeness with which the protected district can be isolated.

Another point which deserves particular notice is the facility with which the Act has been worked—owing no doubt, in great part, to the discretion shown in its introduction by the police authorities. There is a mass of ignorant prejudice which might easily be alarmed into indiscriminate opposition by anything which, however unfairly, could be construed into oppression; and for every reason it is desirable that the unfortunate classes affected should submit without reluctance to the working of the measure. As a matter of fact, it seems that everything has gone on more smoothly than could have been anticipated. The authorities unanimously agree that there has been no perceptible reluctance amongst the female patients to be retained in hospital until they have been cured. The adoption of the French system of registration would be out of the question in the present state of public opinion, and it is at least very doubtful whether it is not really open to many serious objections, which we need not at present discuss. It is important that it should be understood that the purpose of the Act is simply the suppression of disease, and that no one is more directly benefited by its working than the patients. Mr. Romaine, the Secretary to the Admiralty, informs us that there "has never been any difficulty, or any scandal of any kind in any place." He thinks that the women "now understand the working of the Act, so far that they consider the doctors and others who look after them as their best friends." Indeed, so long as due discretion is shown, there can be no reason why any persons should object to being cared for at the public expense until they are relieved from a terrible disease. The treatment, moreover, is favourable to morality from a higher point of view. Dr. Barr, the surgeon at Aldershot, states that there is a marked improvement in decency of behaviour of the unfortunate class admitted to the hospitals. Some of the women have been able to support themselves by honest industry after their discharge. A considerable proportion have been returned to their friends, or induced to enter reformatories, and this fact is by itself an answer to those who object to what they call public recognition of vice. Its existence is certainly admitted to be a fact; and we may add that it is a fact which there is not much apparent sense in ignoring; but the tendency of the measure is to diminish, not merely the consequences of the vice, but its extent.

The undoubted results thus far obtained are satisfactory; but they show conclusively that, in order to obtain any important improvement, the Act must be extended. Not only has it been willingly accepted in military stations, but the inhabitants of many important towns, such as Bath, Newcastle, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Exeter, and others, have shown themselves favourable to its introduction. Some facts are alleged, which are well worth consideration, to show that it might be applied even to London with much greater facility than is generally supposed. It is indeed equally obvious that it should only be introduced gradually, and with every precaution necessary to secure the co-operation and approval of the inhabitants. There would of course be a certain expense to be incurred in providing hospital accommodation, although the diminution of the disease would, it is to be hoped, lead to the ultimate diminution of the expense. One of the worst results of the present system, or absence of system, is that, from the want of any adequate accommodation, the diseased persons are forced to continue at large, spreading disease amongst the population. The general nature of the scheme which seems best to meet these conditions will probably be that suggested by the Lords' Committee. The Government should have power to extend the Act, first, to all naval and military stations; and, secondly, to any place the inhabitants of which apply to be included, and can give proof that they have adequate hospital accommodation, and sufficient means of providing for the religious and moral supervision of the inmates. A measure embodying these principles would, we imagine, have the general consent of all sensible men; and it is to be hoped that the unsavoury nature of the subject will not prevent its being efficiently supported.

One other point of great importance may be noticed. The Admiralty have ordered that sailors shall be carefully inspected on arriving at a port, before the crew is allowed ashore. The necessity of this regulation is obvious, and it is at least equally obvious that a similar measure is required for the mercantile marine. Till now, by that curious felicity which sometimes distinguishes our laws, the masters of ships, whilst generally bound to provide their men with medical attendance in cases of illness, have been allowed,

in this special class of contagious diseases, to turn them adrift in the port. The consequence is that, as a French physician tells us, a "frightful mass of contagion" is annually imported, and he suggests the propriety of some kind of international arrangement on the subject. The French complain, we are told, that our sailors, as coming from a country where there is no regulation, introduce the greatest quantity of disease into France. The importance of this subject is so obvious, that we hope it will not be overlooked in any measure which may be introduced by Government.

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE Duke of Argyll's Scotch Education Bill is now before the country, and it may be safely pronounced to be an excellent one. The leading propositions contained in it are simple enough. They are, in the main, nothing but an extension of the principles which have guided Scotch education since the Reformation. These principles, stated shortly, are—compulsory rating, local and central supervision, and inspection. Upon these John Knox founded the parochial system which lasted till the disruption of the Kirk in 1843. The rating was in the early time confined to land which yielded a large annual rent, and was applicable to the support of only one school in each parish. The local supervision was exercised by the parochial minister. The inspection was conducted by members of each Presbytery, composed of the ministers of the neighbouring parishes. And the central authority was vested in the General Assembly of the Kirk, to which detailed reports upon the schools were presented by the different Presbyteries throughout Scotland. Since the disruption, this organization has broken down. For a quarter of a century Scotland has been subjected to disquietude through contending denominations, and the Scotch, being an orderly people and more interested in the well-being of their families than in the rivalries of their clergy, are heartily tired of the present state of things. The Government measure therefore proposes to relieve the Churches of the burden of education, and to place the management of all the schools in the country in the hands of a representative Central Board. The principle of compulsory rating is no longer to be confined to the rich landowners, but will be extended to all ratepayers. A committee of ratepayers will be formed in each parish or burgh, and this committee will appoint the teachers and attend to the local wants of the school. The inspection of the schools will remain with the Committee of Council, but will be extended to every school in the country, and certain modifications will be introduced into the Revised Code, so as to render it more applicable than it is at present to the peculiarities of Scotch education. These are the main principles of the new Bill. It is obvious that there is nothing very revolutionary in them. Whatever may be thought of them here, they have been recognised and acted on in Scotland for nearly three centuries.

But though there is nothing revolutionary in the measure, the effect of it on Scotch education, if carried out into law and well administered, it is difficult to exaggerate. There are at present in Scotland something like 5,000 elementary schools of one kind or another. Of these 5,000 schools, rather more than a third are under official inspection, and rather less than a half are efficiently conducted. But many of the latter class are placed by denominational zeal where they are not wanted, and there are miles and miles of country, and streets and streets of thickly-populated towns, without a good school of any kind. Hence only a small proportion of children of school age is sufficiently educated, and in a population of three millions of people, there are nearly a hundred thousand children at no school whatever. It will be the first duty of the new Board to remedy these evils, to see that there are schools wherever they are wanted, to discourage those that are unnecessary, and to ascertain that all are satisfactorily conducted. The Board will thus at once come to operate upon something like 3,000 schools. This will keep it in employment for some years to come; and five or six years hence, if the measure is well worked, the number of schools doing efficient service in Scotland will be more than doubled, and the whole school population without exception will be attending good schools. This will of itself produce something like an educational revolution in the country.

The Board, however, will have difficult and delicate duties to perform before this ideal state of things is reached. The foundation of new schools in districts at present unprovided with them is a simple matter. Evidence is produced that a school is wanted in such a locality, and the Board proceeds to order the formation of a School Committee. This Committee imposes a "school assessment" upon the locality, receives a proportional grant from the Committee of Council, builds or buys its school under the approval of the Board, selects its schoolmaster out of a body of competent teachers, whereof a register is kept by the Board, pays him his salary out of the assessment, and there is an end of the matter. After that, it is the duty of the Board and the Committee of Council, through Her Majesty's Inspectors, to see that the school is kept efficient. In Scotland it is unlikely that the Board will experience much difficulty in establishing such new schools as are required. In England it might be otherwise; but the Scotch peasantry and the village populations value education, and the parsons and magnates of the land are fully aware of this. And whether they like the new scheme or not, they must accept it, feeling the influence of popular impulse from below.

But the settlement of the new schools is only part of the duties of the Board. There are, as we have said, some 2,000 schools in Scotland doing efficient work, and with them the real difficulties of the Board begin. Of these some 800 represent the old parochial schools, and the remainder consists chiefly of schools connected with some one or other of the contending denominations. "The Scotch nation," it has been well said lately, by one who knows his countrymen, "is tenacious—it is not intolerant." This is true of the Scotch nation, but not of the Scotch ecclesiastic. He is both tenacious and intolerant, and when the Board comes to deal with him in his capacity of school manager, it will find him as prejudiced as any English rector, and more vigorous. Power is given in the Bill for the gradual adoption and absorption of all existing denominational schools into the national system, and it lies with the present school managers to propose, and with the Board to accept or refuse the proposal for adoption. In most cases it is probable that the Board would accept the proposal, but not in all. In some parishes, for instance, there may be two rival denominational schools within a hundred yards of each other, doing precisely the same work, and doing it well. But one school is adequate for the wants of the population. Both wish to be adopted, and a choice must be made. Here the Scotch divine will have full scope for the development of his tenacity and intolerance, and it is impossible that the action of the Board in such a case can be satisfactory to the divines of both the denominations. This is only one instance of the difficulties before the Board, but it is sufficient to show the kind of responsibility it will have to discharge. It is obvious from this that the strictest and most judicial impartiality will be demanded from the functionaries composing the Board, and that any suspicion of a leaning towards one denomination or another would be fatal to the institution.

And this leads to the question of the religious difficulty in Scotland, and how the Bill proposes to solve it. The solution of the problem is very simple. It is like the snakes in Ireland. There is no religious difficulty. "Scotch parents," as the Duke of Argyll said, "don't care a halfpenny to what religious body schools may belong, but send their children to the best master, whether it is an Established Church School, a Free Church, or a United Presbyterian." Hence the Bill takes no notice of the religious teaching in the schools, beyond the provision of a very strict conscience clause. Denominational inspection, which has done much harm in Scotland by multiplying unnecessary schools, by causing unnecessary expenditure of public money, and by producing a want of uniformity of inspection, almost to the extent of raising suspicion of unfairness, is to cease for ever. For the future the inspectors are to take no cognizance of religious instruction, unless the school managers desire such cognizance to be taken. This clause will probably give rise to opposition, and the old worn-out cry will be raised, that there is no guarantee for the religious education of the people. But this can easily be answered. In the first place, it may be shown from the Commissioners' Report that religious instruction is just as well given in subscription schools, and others unconnected with any denomination, as it is in those that are under the superintendence of the churches. In the second, we may expect with confidence that the ratepayers will be as desirous of having their children instructed in religion as the parsons now are of attending to the spiritual wants of their parishioners. On the ground therefore of the so-called religious difficulty there is no danger of formidable opposition.

And indeed it seems improbable that the Bill will be seriously opposed on any ground. It has the sanction of a large body of Commissioners, eighteen in number, selected from all political and religious parties in Scotland. It has been before the public for more than a couple of years as a draft Bill appended to the Commissioners' Report, and as such has been subjected to the rigid criticism of everyone who takes any interest in the subject, and it has come well out of that criticism. A few alterations in detail have been made, but the principles of the draft Bill are retained, and, so far as we can judge, the measure has been accepted in Scotland, and received with acclamation even by the Tory newspapers in this country. It is therefore difficult to see from what quarter any opposition can arise. The English clergy may look upon it as an experiment on a worthless subject, and they may fear that compulsory rating in Scotland will lead to compulsory rating in England. But the Scotch have had compulsory rating for three hundred years without affecting us, and we have not yet got within sight of permissive rating. The introduction of undenominational inspection into the Privy Council system is, no doubt, an innovation which the English clergy may look on with anxiety. But the Scotch people may possibly, and very reasonably, claim to relieve their anxiety by taking the matter of inspection into their own hands, and by insisting on a still further severance from the Committee of Council than the Bill contemplates. But that is a matter upon which it is unnecessary to say more at present.

MR. EDWARDS'S DISMISSAL.

THE country has been deprived of the services of one of its greatest, and therefore least appreciated, men. The Court of Bankruptcy loses an official assignee, Mr. Edward Watkin Edwards, and one more skilled in the theory and practice of the great art of insolvency could not have been found for the post. *Cuique in suâ arte credendum;* and the man who helped the business of Overend and Gurney to ruin, and whose function it

was at once to stave off bankruptcies and to compass them, was, one would have thought, the square man in the square hole, or the crooked man in the crooked hole; anyhow, he was the man for the place. It is not, however, on his suitableness for his post, or on the suitableness of his post for him, that Mr. Edwards's services have been dispensed with by the Chancellor, but upon a ground purely technical and formal. Lord Hatherley, in his order of dismission, very slightly, and we must say with but scanty and almost contemptuous indifference, refers to Mr. Edwards's character and accomplishments. Mr. Edwards is dismissed because he happens for a long time to have acted in direct violation of a very plain and intelligible order of the Court, and in contempt of law. When Mr. Edwards became official assignee, or at any rate during his tenure of office, an order of Court was made in 1852, expressed in very clear language:—

"No Official Assignee shall either directly or indirectly carry on any trade or business, or hold or be engaged in any office or employment other than his office of Official Assignee."

Whether Mr. Edwards ever at any time obeyed this order is not plain; but as he himself admits, when the Bankruptcy Act of 1861 was passed, or rather in contemplation of its being passed, he "determined," to use his own explicit words, "to make an effort to increase his general income" by doing the very thing which the order of Court of 1852 prohibited. The Act of 1861 was about to commute the fees by which the official assignees had been hitherto paid into a fixed salary of 1,500*l.* per annum. This arrangement, Mr. Edwards says, "would seriously affect his income." *Rem, quocunque modo rem:* the first thing present to Mr. Edwards's mind was Mr. Edwards's shrinking income; the last thing was the law. So Mr. Edwards "determined to increase his income," and accordingly took suit and service with Overend and Gurney. This, says Mr. Edwards, was no secret; everybody knew it; and therefore, as it was public, it could not be wrong. Moreover, if it was contrary to the letter of the law and the order of the Court, no less a person than the Chancellor of the day (who was "the then Lord Chancellor" of the day, namely, 25th January 1864? perhaps some obscure annals may be found to reveal this piece of information), to whom Mr. Edwards's connexion with Overend and Gurney was made known, "must have been satisfied on the subject."

And here we are bound in justice to say that Mr. Edwards makes out his case, so far at least as this is concerned, that "the then Lord Chancellor" of January 1864 at least condoned, and to some extent excused, and therefore justified, Mr. Edwards's extra-official engagements and income. "The then Lord Chancellor," like this pleasant month of March, came like a lion into the matter, and went out of it not at all in leonine fashion. When the matter was brought before him by the report of certain public proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court, his Lordship writes in the gravest and strongest language:—"The Lord Chancellor requests that Mr. Holroyd will in open Court make strict inquiry of Mr. Edwards whether or not he is an agent for the house of Overend and Co. If this charge is well founded, dismissal must follow." The inquiry in open Court does not seem to have taken place; the Chancellor's letter was shown to Mr. Edwards, and, in reply, Mr. Edwards admitted that he had, as aforesaid, "determined to increase his income" and to undertake arbitrations, &c. for Overend and Gurney. The result was—why of course the result was that, as Mr. Edwards bravely and honestly admitted his defiance and contempt of the law, the threatened and unavoidable dismissal followed. No such thing; the Chancellor's letter was withdrawn, and Mr. Edwards continued from that time to this to ply the two strings, or rather some twenty strings, to his bow, of which his official assigneeship was the least. Mr. Edwards justifies this course, and says that "the then Lord Chancellor" accepted practically his justification, and moreover his interpretation of the rule of Court. "I consider the rule was limited to office hours, and that I was not precluded from taking any such employment as did not interfere with my hours or official duties. And I submit that that must have been the opinion of the Lord Chancellor in 1864; for after I stated my view, and it was matter of public notoriety and discussion that I had been engaged on behalf of Overend and Gurney, and in the transaction as to which the then Lord Chancellor called on me for explanation, I never received any reprimand or admonition from him or any one else, nor any intimation that I was wrong, or that I was not at liberty to act as I had acted."

This is fair enough and true enough. It does not justify Mr. Edwards's violation of the law, or make his conduct less culpable, or make his very unnatural interpretation of the rule of Court a bit the more trustworthy, to show, as he does, that he openly announced his determination to defy the law, and that he was quite able to misrepresent and misinterpret and wrest the plain sense of the plainest words; but it is something for him to show that, by silence at least, "the then Lord Chancellor" agreed with, or did not show that he disagreed with, this ingenious, but not very ingenuous, reading of the rule of Court. It is a justification of Mr. Edwards—we ask his pardon for the parallel—much akin to that of which the presiding genius of the Judge and Jury Club lately availed himself, and successfully, when he said that the police were quite aware of his, and of his great predecessor Chief Baron Nicholson's, funny ways and sayings, and never interfered with them. Let Mr. Edwards, therefore, have the moral benefit, as he has had the immoral profit, of those five years during which Justice kept the bandage over her eyes closed, and winked at Mr. Edwards and his little extra-official employment. What Mr. Edwards may reasonably complain of is the hardness and technicality and austere literal-mindedness of the now Lord Chancellor of 1869, as contrasted with the pleasant, loose, and elastic laws of interpretation accepted by "the then Lord Chancellor" of 1864. What concerns us is, however, not Mr. Edwards's sorrows, but this unpleasant contrast between these two occupants of what Lord Campbell was pleased to call the marble chair. Lord Hatherley seems to be made of stuff hard as his seat; and if the "then Lord Chancellor" was right in his connivance at Mr. Edwards's reading of the rule of Court, it seems to stand to reason that Lord Hatherley is wrong. And of course *vice versâ;* if the one is only properly strict, the other was too lax. But here we pause. To attempt a contrast or comparison between two Lord Chancellors, and to say which has certainly forgotten his duties, is not pleasant work to undertake, nor does it tend to edification. To prove that a Lord Chancellor at any time shared in Mr. Edwards's very peculiar notions about duty, official or personal, and therefore is *pro tanto* indirectly responsible for not a little of the scandal which has attended Mr. Edwards's acting out of his principles, would do no good.

Be this, however, as it may, our immediate business is with the victim of hard-hearted Lord Hatherley's inability to misunderstand or misread the order of Court. Lord Hatherley, indeed, adds to the injury done to Mr. Edwards by dismissing him the insult of saying that substantially he does not believe a word he says or said in his famous interpretation of the rule of Court restricting its effect to office hours. "Mr. Edwards," says our present prosaic matter-of-fact Chancellor, "must be well aware that the object of the 122nd rule was to secure the entire time and services of the official assignee"—which is the exact thing that Mr. Edwards says he never was aware of. And, with something like an ugly pleasantry, the Chancellor goes on to turn Mr. Edwards's flank, and to convict him of an awkward inconsistency, into which, like all other clever men, he has been betrayed by his superhuman cleverness. "I took the Overend agency because it did not interfere with office hours, or with my devotion to my official assigneeship"; and Mr. Edwards might have added, he also took a seat at the Boards of the Crystal Palace Railway Junction, of the famous London, Chatham, and Dover, of the Windsor and Greenwich Hotels, of the Enamelled Iron, of the Metropolitan Extension, of the General Irrigation of France, Companies. He undertook each and all of these offices, because to take them was not inconsistent with the order "not to hold or be engaged in any office or employment other than his office of official assignee." And, moreover, he took them because they did not interfere with his official usefulness or diligence, or with the proper discharge of his duties; which honest boast the Lord Chancellor, not without slyness, contrasts with the parallel statement, dropped by misadventure on Mr. Edwards's part, that the services which he rendered to Overend and Gurney alone, though only extending over one year, had entailed "ceaseless anxiety and never-ending hard work, mentally and physically," or, as he elsewhere puts it, work "constantly occupying him till midnight, and all after he had done the ordinary day's work which is sufficient for most men." What Mr. Edwards had to plead, and did plead, on the one hand, was that his extra-official work was so heavy and tremendous that the result was his "broken health, which sufficiently tells the tale of his ceaseless labour." On the other hand, that this severe work was a mere trifle not worth mentioning, just an amusement and bagatelle for the spare time which hung heavy on his hands. What the Lord Chancellor has felt is, that the Buckingham of finance, agency, and directorship—

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but Lombard Street's epitome—

is by far too energetic, too capable, too smart, for such jog-trot work as that of an official assignee from ten to four. Let Mr. Edwards take heart. A successful and lucrative future is still within his grasp. In London such as it is, the London of financing and Company-hatching, such gifts as his will command a market. The little cabined, cribbed, confined Paradise of Basinghall Street is, to be sure, shut against him; but a larger world is all before him, and Providence—or something else which has guided him hitherto—will be his guide. Basinghall Street may once more witness his triumphs and re-echo his famous name.

LORD GOUGH.

THE military career of Lord Gough began as far back as 1794. After fourteen years of active and varied service he had become Major of the 87th Regiment, and went with it to Spain in 1809. He commanded this regiment with great distinction at the battle of Talavera. Early in 1811 Massena lay with a great army before the British lines which defended Lisbon, unable to attack and unwilling to retreat, while Soult, who commanded in Andalusia, had marched towards the frontier of Portugal with a view, which he afterwards abandoned, of co-operating with his brother Marshal. He left Victor in command of that part of his army which was besieging Cadiz, and an Anglo-Spanish force, profiting by Soult's absence, attempted to raise the siege by landing at Tarifa, and taking the French lines in reverse. The English portion of the combined force which undertook this enterprise was commanded by Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, and one of the regiments employed in it was the 87th. The Spaniards were more numerous than the English, and their

General held chief command. He so managed matters that, when Victor marched from his lines to attack him, he allowed his adversary to occupy the height of Barrosa, which was the key of the allied position. Graham, who had a general's eye and mind, saw the danger and devised the remedy at the same moment. The great military historian Jomini says that Graham "attacked with impetuosity the French columns, which, astonished at so much vigour, fell back"; and he adds that this combat did much honour to the English General and his infantry. English historians tell how Major Gough led the 87th Regiment in a charge in which it captured a French eagle, and they claim for their countrymen a victory which Spanish apathy left unimproved. The siege of Cadiz was not raised, but the moral effect of the battle was highly important. It showed that our infantry, led by officers like Gough, were irresistible by the French. Later in the same year the British took possession of Tarifa, an ancient town, surrounded by an old wall, without ditch or outworks, seated on the extreme southern point of Spain facing Africa. Its situation checked the coast traffic by which the French army besieging Cadiz obtained supplies, and Soult determined to take it from the allies. With infinite labour siege-artillery was brought against the place, and was used with such effect that the English and Spanish commanders began to think of abandoning the defence. But Major Gough of the 87th thought only of holding the place to the last, and he was supported by an engineer officer, and by a naval captain who assisted with his ship and crew in the defence. The town of Tarifa is cut in two by a watercourse down which flows periodically a torrent, and the entrance which would be thus afforded into the town was barred by a tower, with a portcullis, in front of which were palisades. Down this torrent-bed marched a French column of assault, while behind the portcullis, Gough, at the head of his regiment, awaited them. The assault was repulsed with heavy loss, and the besiegers, depressed by failure and suffering in health from exposure to floods of rain, were compelled to abandon their enterprise, and leave Tarifa to the English who had held it so tenaciously. We believe that Lord Gough was the last survivor of the officers to whom the honour of this defence belonged. The siege was pressed with great determination by Soult's lieutenant, Victor, and any faltering among the defenders would have given him the place. But Gough was not the man to falter. There have been many more skilful officers than he, but no officer ever surpassed him in that resolution which made any force that he commanded certain to do in some way the work entrusted to it. The assault on Tarifa was received on the last day of 1811. The next conspicuous service of Gough was at the battle of Vittoria, which was fought on the longest day of 1813. Wellington, moving from the frontier of Portugal, threatened the French communications with their own country, and obliged them to retreat northwards from Madrid. At Vittoria, which lies on the road from Madrid to Bayonne, the French army made a stand, to cover the enormous train of baggage which it was carrying into France. The combined attack of the English on three sides of the position of Vittoria was successful, and the French army was not only defeated, but overthrown and ruined. The 87th Regiment, under Gough, played an important part in this great battle, and the bâton of the French Marshal Jourdan was among the spoil taken by them upon this field. In the battle of La Nivelle, which opened the road to France, Gough was severely wounded. From the end of 1813 he saw no more of war until 1841, when he went as a general to China.

Whatever may be thought of the military capacity of Lord Gough, we cannot but admire the good fortune which gave him chief command in several of the most memorable battles which have been fought by English armies. He counted seventy-five years of service, and the experience which is gained by directing the movements of great armies in the field of war was possessed, we may almost say, by him alone among the servants of the British Crown. He was at the head of the land force employed against China in 1841, and, as Commander-in-Chief in India, he earned the title of Conqueror of the Punjab, by which the French saluted him when he went to the Crimea to invest their Generals with the insignia of the Bath. In 1843 he defeated the formidable Mahratta host in Gwalior, and in 1845 and following years he fought four great battles, besides smaller actions, with the Sikhs, and finally broke the power of the most warlike and best disciplined army that was ever arrayed against British authority in India. The memory of these fierce struggles has faded by the lapse of twenty years, and the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny have supplied newer themes for the poet and the orator. But still the names of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, Goojerat, have only to be mentioned to recall the sensations of a time when the agony of suspense excited by the news of dubious and bloody conflicts on the Sutlej gave way to rapturous exultation at the news which followed of victory, triumph, and revenge. The British empire in India rocked to its foundation on the night when Lords Gough and Hardinge lay down among their troops under the fire of the Sikh artillery, and hardly hoped for more upon the morrow than to die with honour upon the ground they held. From that field they might advance to unexampled power and prosperity, but irretrievable ruin must attend upon retreat. After the death of Runjeet Sing his fierce soldiery acknowledged no control, and there could be no peace in India until it was exterminated. This was the task which devolved upon Lords Gough and Hardinge when the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej and encamped on British territory, in defiance of our army which lay in observation in the neighbourhood. Lord Gough's method of fighting was simple in the extreme, and he studied little else than to get his enemy in front and go straight at him. He led an army in India as he led the 87th Regiment in Spain, and he had little to offer in the way of tactical or strategic guidance beyond the famous war-cry, *faugh a ballagh*, which he taught to the Royal Irish Fusiliers at Vittoria. But if he depended, as has been said, solely upon the courage of his troops, the source from which they derived that courage was his indomitable will. From the first day to the last of his long and honourable career he was ready to say to those who served with or under him:—

> I will set this foot of mine as far
> As who goes farthest.

And his deeds would have been answerable to his words.

The Sikh army crossed the Sutlej on the 13th of December, 1845, and five days afterwards was fought the battle of Moodkee. The troops were in a state of great exhaustion, principally from the want of water, which was not procurable on the road, when, about 3 P.M., information was received that the Sikh army was advancing, and the troops had scarcely time to get under arms and move to their positions when the fact was ascertained. The country was a dead flat, covered at short intervals with low thick jungle, and dotted with sandy hillocks. Our cavalry turned the flanks of the Sikh army and swept along its rear, while our infantry completed its dispositions for attacking the infantry of the enemy, now almost invisible amongst wood and the approaching darkness. When our infantry advanced it met with such opposition as might be expected from soldiers who had everything at stake, and who had long boasted of being invincible. This stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight, and amid clouds of dust which arose from the sandy plain. The enemy was driven from his position, and seventeen of his guns were taken, but victory was dearly purchased by the loss of Sir Robert Sale, the defender of Jellalabad, and of many other gallant officers and soldiers. Be it remembered that some regiments of the British army had marched twenty miles on the day of this hard-fought battle. Three days afterwards the Sikh army, largely reinforced, and possessing a numerous and powerful artillery, occupied the position of Ferozeshah. Lord Gough, to whom the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, served as second in command, made his arrangements for attacking this position at 4 P.M. The Sikh artillery far surpassed ours in number of guns and weight of metal, and also, as is said, in rapidity of service. Our infantry forced its way into the entrenchments and mastered some of the guns, but the Sikh infantry, which lay behind them, fought in a manner worthy of its fame. Night fell while the conflict raged. The enemy retained possession of a large part of their original position, whilst our troops, intermingled with theirs, kept possession of the remainder, and finally bivouacked upon it, exhausted by their gallant efforts, greatly reduced in numbers, and suffering cruelly from thirst, yet animated by an indomitable spirit. The enemy continued to harass our troops by the fire of artillery wherever moonlight discovered our position. We learn thus much from Lord Gough's own despatches. We know from other sources that retreat was suggested, but Lord Gough counselled to stand firm, and that his own and Lord Hardinge's personal intrepidity in storming batteries at the head of bands of English gentlemen and yeomen at length achieved a partial success and a temporary repose. Thus the long night wore away. But with daylight came retribution. Our infantry formed line and advanced and drove the enemy clear out of his position. It took seventy-three pieces of cannon, and remained master of the whole field. Yet the Sikh leaders brought up fresh battalions and more guns, and opened a heavy fire upon our troops, now occupying their position, to which, as our ammunition was exhausted, we could not answer by a single shot. Once more our weary soldiers were having recourse to the sabre and the bayonet. But the show of readiness sufficed. The enemy drew off; and thus ended the two-days' battle of Ferozeshah, which was gained over the Sikhs, not by an army of Englishmen—for of that we should not think much—but by an army composed largely of native troops to whom a few Englishmen had to show the way, and who without English example would not have stood one hour before the Sikhs. And even English regiments hardly prevailed over these formidable warriors. It is said that at the battle of Aliwal, where a successful charge was made by our 16th Lancers upon Sikh battalions, "the ground was more thickly strewn with the bodies of victorious horsemen than of beaten infantry." When news of the battle of Ferozeshah came to England it was felt that a few more such victories would ruin us. But in February, 1846, occurred what Cromwell might have called the "crowning mercy" of Sobraon. The Sikh army now occupied an entrenched camp having its rear upon the Sutlej. To attack this camp Lord Gough employed heavy artillery, under the direction of skilful engineers. But when it came to the actual assault our troops had to go in as before, and the Sikhs met them as they always did. After more than one repulse, by determined courage, and at heavy cost of life, our infantry forced the lines, and then there fell upon the Sikhs a defeat which was almost destruction. The river was in their rear, and the bridge of boats crossing it was broken. In their front and on their flanks were victorious enemies whom their barbarities had exasperated. Among them and around them were slaughter, confusion, and dismay.

The Sikh power was broken, but not destroyed. In little more

than two years this turbulent soldiery again called Lord Gough into the field. The battle of Chillianwallah cost as many lives as Sobraon, and it was almost barren of result. The 24th Regiment of the Line lost more than half its numbers in this battle, and people at home began to doubt whether the soldiership of Barrosa and Tarifa was not an expensive kind of generalship for a large army. Accordingly, Sir Charles Napier was despatched to the scene of action, but before he arrived Lord Gough had finally defeated the Sikh army in the great battle of Goojerat. Nobody doubts that Napier was a far better general than Gough, but his opportunities of action and distinction were incomparably smaller. Napier commanded a regiment at Corunna, but never afterwards in Spain. Gough commanded a regiment, as we have seen, at Talavera, Barrosa, Vittoria, and La Nivelle. Napier did great things with a small force in Scinde. Gough commanded in chief in the most arduous contest in which his country was engaged in the forty years which elapsed between Waterloo and the Crimean war. He was the son of an Irish officer of militia, whose ancestor had emigrated from Wiltshire to Limerick. The English stock transplanted to Ireland has produced much goodly fruit, and none better than this ensign of 1794, who has died a Field-marshal in the present week. When our army lay for many weary months before Sebastopol it was said that the Irish officers used to sigh for one hour of the leadership of the fiery old hero of Barrosa and Ferozeshah. "He would soon have a go in at the damned place and be done with it." For some purposes perhaps bad generalship is better than good; and certainly the highest military skill is of little value without that determination which Lord Gough so conspicuously displayed. When we think of what he was, and that Ireland gave him to us, we may well forgive all the trouble that is caused by that wayward partner in the Union. Nature, which has denied to her coal and iron, has given in compensation a breed of incomparable soldiers.

SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE success of the Dudley Gallery is a sign of the times. The number of works sent to this, the Fifth General Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings, amounted to nearly two thousand; more than seven hundred are hung, and upwards of one thousand have been either rejected from lack of merit, or crowded out from want of room. Within a week of the opening of the Exhibition the sales had reached 2,000*l*. Yet it were absurd to contend that the art quality of the collection is in a ratio with these high figures. Indeed, the present Exhibition falls below the standard of some of its predecessors. The success of the Dudley Gallery, then, may be ascribed less to the absolute excellence of its contents than to the wisdom of its scheme and the wideness of its scope. The term "General" implies that the Exhibition represents a large constituency. Thus, while the Old Water Colour Society includes, under the qualification of members and associates, 56 artists, and the Institute 77 artists, the total number of exhibitors present at this moment in the Dudley is not less than 393. These comparative facts may in some measure account for the good fortune that has attended the experiment of an Exhibition open to the whole of England and the world besides. A wide constituency secures extensive sympathy and support, but numbers do not necessarily imply selection or quality; they rather represent the democracy of art, with all that the democratic element involves. The Dudley, in fact, casts a capacious net into the sea, and draws on shore odd fishes. It will easily be understood how much of curiosity attaches to the opening of a Gallery where, by chance, may turn up some prodigy of genius not known before either in the realm of nature or of art.

Mr. Simeon Solomon sends three subjects, which severally represent his peculiar style under the three phases of classicism, mediævalism, and sentimentalism. "Sacramentum Amoris" is a kind of hybrid between a Roman statue and a Life Academy model of soft rosy flesh. A little more firmness of articulation, as for example in the knee-joint, and more strength in the modelling generally, would have given this graceful and ideal, but somewhat feeble, figure the force and nobility which it now sadly lacks. Still we incline to look leniently upon even the faults of a work which, in its motive, rises superior to the literal and low naturalism to which the English school is now for the most part committed. Mr. Solomon is one of the very few artists who, through beauty of form and elevation of thought, redeem the nude from all taint of impurity. The picture is pretty in idea as it is pleasing in colour; specially happy in flush of fancy is the lambent flame sweeping around the figure as the symbol, the life-giving light, of this "Sacramentum Amoris." We must, however, be permitted to protest against the irreverent use, not only of Christian thought and the most sacred Christian associations, but of the text taken from the opening of St. John's Gospel—"et lux in tenebris lucet, et tenebræ eam non comprehenderunt." No Christian could permit this piece of profanity to find place in his house. Of the two remaining contributions of Mr. Solomon, the one inclines, as we have said, to mediævalism, the other to modern sentimentalism. "A Saint of the Eastern Church" is somewhat of a satire on humanity; the picture has been painted for the sake of the saint's wardrobe; the figure serves as a clothes-horse, yet the work may be excused for the beauty of its colour. Mr. Solomon's third drawing, "A Song," brings us down to modern days and mincing manners, to drawing-rooms and pianos, to lovemaking and die-away sentiment. The scene has the merit of being to the last degree unreal; all the women are in love, and all the men in consumption. This new Song of Solomon is most mystic and meaningless. Yet the painter will probably be forgiven by reason of the rare art qualities which he brings to bear upon whatever theme he treats. His colour is brilliant, his light clear and unclouded, his sense of beauty subtle. Could we but see in these creations more physical force and individual character, a great future might be in store for the painter.

After Mr. S. Solomon may follow, by the law of contraries, Mr. E. J. Poynter, a young artist singular for firmness in drawing and unromantic reality in treatment. That Mr. Poynter has acquired a certain academic mechanism may be judged from the academic honours recently and deservedly conferred upon him. Few painters have at so early an age obtained entrance into the Academy. This newly-elected Associate has wisely been studying in Venice, and his contributions to the Dudley show the benefit which his somewhat hard and cold manner has derived from contact with the colour of the school of Titian. Four illustrations to the "Prodigal Son" have evidently kindled into fire under the ardent compositions of Veronese and Tintoret. The artist, indeed, in seeking colour, has been here too indifferent to composition. Instructive comparison is suggested by kindred subjects—"La Dogana and Island of St. Georgio," by Mr. Poynter, and "Venice from the Public Gardens," by Mr. Donaldson. Mr. Poynter, as we have said, is firm in drawing. Mr. Donaldson, on the contrary, cannot draw—a charge substantiated by the ludicrous figure-pictures here exhibited. But how much of beauty and poetry, how much of nature's truth, can be gained by harmony of colour merely, is at once apparent by this subtle and delicious study made by Mr. Donaldson of Venetian sky and water. This drawing shares the intensity of Holland's sketches without their mannerism. Mr. Donaldson may find it to his advantage to exchange figures for landscape; nature is persuasive of sobriety and sanity. There is nothing like steady sketching for bringing a man to his senses. Certainly, an artist with a fine sense of colour may paint, even though he cannot draw; only to him will be denied a first rank. The English school has long shirked drawing, and shakiness in form is specially felt in the Dudley, not to mention other semi-amateurish Galleries. Amateurs are accustomed to take refuge in sentiment, and when their emotions grow very strong they follow the example of the Greek painter who saved the feelings of his spectators by hiding the scene from sight. This may be one reason for the prevalence of twilights and veiling shadows in the nascent school of Piccadilly. But well-trained exhibitors, such as Mr. Wells, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Poynter, and Mr. Marks, illustrate the truth of the dictum that, when drawing of the figure is mastered, all becomes easy, whether it be the delineation of a building, a mountain, a boat, or a tree. For thought and maturity of style, a couple of designs by Mr. W. Cave Thomas may here be commended; the line is firm, the form studious and expressive. Neither can we pass by one of the smallest, yet assuredly one of the most artistic, of studies in the Gallery—"Marion," by Mr. T. Wells, a simple yet masterly head worthy of comparison, for free, firm, and dainty touch, with Lawrence's early and careful drawings. Nor must we forget Mr. Calderon's defiant, slashing figure, "La Fileuse," painted with the confidence and command which knowledge alone can give or justify. This achievement claims remembrance chiefly for the technical process employed, that of tempera on canvass. The effect gained is rather forcible than delicate, the material imposes decisive outline, broad demarcation of form with boldness in laying on of colour, while it precludes repainting or retouching. Thus the method has disabilities as well as advantages. Among the merits are a breadth and simplicity, a brilliance of light-giving power, comparable to the process of fresco. This mode of painting in tempera on canvass, which has obtained special favour in "the St. John's Wood School," may be turned to useful account in the mural decoration of public buildings and private dwellings which seems gaining ground notwithstanding the discomfiture of fresco-painting at Westminster.

The Dudley, as we have already indicated, rivets attention by a not unpleasing medley of mediævalism and modernism, of nature and of nonsense. So accustomed is the visitor to look for eccentricity, that he may pass over sobriety and truth as common-place. Still, did space permit, we might mention with no stinted praise drawings studious and true by Messrs. Luxmoore, Lobley, Mills, Muckley, and Small, Miss Juliana Russell, and Miss Lucy Madox Brown. Miss Madox Brown will be greeted with special pleasure, as well for her father's sake as for the picture of rare promise by which she makes her *début*. "Summer Flowers," by Mr. Townley Green, and "The Calf," by Mr. Pinwell, are clever, but not original; these artists are but too evidently trying to outrival Mr. Frederick Walker in the "Old Water Colour." The Dudley, as already indicated, draws to itself observation by bringing into public view some of the latest phases of our English school. Thus we meet here with the prevailing tendency to throw an atmosphere of poetry and the pale haze of romance over common things and ordinary incidents of life. The method adopted may be nothing more recondite than lighting up a wall of white plaster and red brick, or placing a figure, well chosen for force and form, against a well-toned background. Mr. Edward Binyon, in such drawings as "L' Arania e la Filatrice," shares this felicity of treatment with M. Hébert, and other French artists. The Gallery, indeed, is rather conspicuous for unobtrusive grays and tender half-tones, which barely escape vague generalities—such, for instance, as the sketchy drawing of "St. Peter's Port, Guernsey," by Mr. Field Talfourd. Mr. Harry Goodwin

is another artist who goes in for tone, especially in a low key; indeed, "Autumn—Evening" becomes all but invisible on a dark day. Messrs. Harry and Albert Goodwin are alike too blue in their shadows. Mr. Arthur Ditchfield is yet another artist who gains repose and seeks sentiment in monotone. His "Sunrise on the Thames" is very lovely and impressive. This awaking into day—deep shades of night dispelled at break and blush of dawn—speaks to the mind as a thought in nature. Foreign styles are reflected in the Gallery in the vigorous and broad landscapes of Madame Bodichon and Alphonse Legros. There is much spirit and firmness of hand in the drawing of "Aloes near Tlein-cin, Algeria," by Madame Bodichon. Two impressive but repulsive landscapes by Legros—"Souvenir d'Espagne," and "Don Juan showing his Castle to Eglina"—have something in common with the grand old styles of Gaspar Poussin and De Loutherbourg. These pictures, however, cannot be deemed good of their kind—they are opaque and black; nature might have taught this artist how to have escaped monotony and dreariness by modulations of light and colour and tenderness in the half-tones. It is the misfortune of Legros, whether he paint a figure or a landscape, to mistake roughness and rudeness for uncompromising truth; yet this artist's style may be accepted as a wholesome protest against the prettiness and triviality of our English school. The more largeness of thought and vigour in treatment we can import from the Continent the better; already our school shows signs of approaching reaction. Thus artists such as Mr. C. R. Aston and Miss Anna Blunden who have been accustomed to dot in subjects with the point of a fine pencil, are becoming less scattered. Our painters indeed at last seem to understand the obvious distinction between a study and a picture, and the mockery and delusion of "Pre-Raffaellitism" already belong to the past. The next danger may come in an opposite direction. Mr. Arthur Severn paints the sea in fine frenzy rolling; throwing reason to the winds, he loses the curves and levels of his waves. Still this drawing is grand as an idea; the sky is full of storm, smouldering fires, and gusty winds. How greatly poetic aspects and dramatic actions in nature now usurp the attention of our artists may be seen in the drawings—alike, though most unlike—of Mr. J. C. Moore and Mr. Henry Moore. Solemn, poetic, and tranquil is "The Yellow Tiber," painted by Mr. J. C. Moore. "Thunder Clouds," by Mr. Henry Moore, rise as a grand vision in the sky; these clouds, piled high as mountains, dark in storm and thunder, are illumined by brilliant bursts of sunlight. Mr. Ruskin, in a well-known passage, complains that people do not look at the sky; our artists, we are glad to think, are beginning to open their eyes to the wonders and beauties of cloudland. In conclusion may be noted some few etchings; among the number are brilliant works by Mr. Philip G. Hamerton.

Mr. McLean has opened his "Fourth Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings, British and Foreign." The collection, which is small but choice, derives its chief interest from examples of Continental schools. The English pictures—with few exceptions, such as the magnificent work "The Thunder Cloud," by the venerable John Linnell—are in no way out of the ordinary run. "The Artist Model," by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., is certainly commonplace enough. People, however, may in this Gallery pleasantly refresh and extend their knowledge of French, Belgian, and Dutch schools, represented by two of the Bonheur family, by Fromentin, Bouguereau, Jalabert, Merle, Frère, Duverger, Zeim, Koller, De Jonghe, Bischop, &c. A better opportunity may perhaps occur for passing under review these well-established masters. Among artists less known, we may say that we have never seen, even in the Paris Salon, better examples of Charles-François Marchal, Léon Perrault, or of Édouard-Alexandre Sain, names which appear in the list of medallists of the École des Beaux Arts within the last few years. We may also add that it is with pleasure that we mark the progress made of late by Madame Peyrol, the married sister of Rosa Bonheur. As for Auguste Bonheur, a picture here exhibited confirms an opinion formed in Leeds, that the brother bids fair to head the family. Yet we would ill afford to lose any one of them. It is with reluctance that we leave this small collection, so great is our enjoyment of French and other foreign schools.

"The Society of Female Artists" has opened its "thirteenth season." We have catalogues before us extending as far back as 1858, and we scarcely recall a single Exhibition that was not declared at the time to be an advance upon its predecessors. The pitch, then, to which this thirteenth step in a progressive series has reached is more easily imagined than described. We can, however, with all sincerity declare that the Gallery this year does present an improved appearance, and we willingly accord to the Society itself a most praiseworthy endeavour to serve a good cause. People, however, will persist in asking wherefore there should exist at all any Society exclusively "female," especially at a time when it has become the ambition of women to be as men. One thing certainly seems a little strange and perverse, that while women would, if permitted, rush to the hustings to save the nation, they do not care to paint a good picture to serve this female Society. We would venture to suggest that they should, as a preliminary to absolute rights, do the one thing well for which nature has evidently fitted them. Women, by taste, by fancy, and imagination—by, in short, those intuitions of character, of truth, beauty, and goodness which are essentially womanly—seem peculiarly suited to art-work. And yet this "Society of Female Artists" has been allowed to reach a "thirteenth season" without giving adequate proof of what women can do.

THE THEATRES.

THE short time that has elapsed since the pieces which were brought out for the especial exhilaration of the Christmas holidays began to lose the bloom of novelty has been more than commonly remarkable for rapid productiveness. The Haymarket led the way with a three-act piece, called *Home*, freely adapted by Mr. T. W. Robertson from a four-act comedy by M. Émile Augier, entitled *L'Aventurière*. In this the chief personage is a gentleman who, having in early youth escaped from the domicile of a stern father as a confirmed scapegrace, comes back, with a fortune acquired in the United States, to find the "governor" entangled in the meshes of a designing "adventuress" anxious to secure a wealthy husband, and thus to feather her own nest and that of her brother, a loafer of the most unquestionable kind. In order to defeat her machinations, he conceals his real character from his father, and pays court to the lady himself; and as his manners are fascinating, and he has moreover succeeded in making her believe that he is a Count in disguise, he wins her heart through the medium of her head, and she is, as she thinks, on the point of eloping. The old gentleman, interrupting the flight, is at first enraged with his guest on account of his supposed breach of hospitality; but the real state of the case being explained by his daughter, who alone is in her brother's confidence, he blesses the son who has freed him from the fascinations of the siren. The adventuress, when defeated, becomes interesting, and gives a summary account of her own life, which proves that her disposition, naturally good, has been perverted by evil counsels, chiefly administered by her brother. And what makes her situation more pathetic, the passion with which she has been inspired by the pious son has grown into a genuine feeling, though it originated in interested motives. The chief object of this piece is to furnish Mr. Sothern, who represents the returned prodigal, with an effective character; the embarrassment which he displays in an indirect declaration to the young lady whom he is supposed really to love affording him an opportunity of indulging in some of those practical pleasantries in which he has more or less delighted since he first appeared as the creator of the immortal Lord Dundreary. The autobiographical speech, sensibly and unaffectedly delivered, has elevated the professional position of Miss Ada Cavendish, who plays the adventuress. The cool, impudent brother, whose keen eye to business no quantity of alcohol can dim, is an admirable character in the hands of Mr. Compton.

Of more importance is Mr. Robertson's other play, a comedy entitled *School*, which has been brought out with immense success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where it forms one of a series composed of the same author's earlier works—*Society*, *Ours*, and *Caste*—which were produced at the same house, and performed by essentially the same company. The story of a pupil-teacher in a seminary for young ladies is fancifully connected with the tale of Cinderella, which, on the ascent of the curtain, she is discovered reading to her admiring schoolfellows. Edith, as she is called, is treated harshly by the governess, kindly by the governess's husband, and falls into disgrace by conversing too long in the playground with a young nobleman who has come with a select party to witness a school-examination. Expelled from the seminary, she ultimately reappears as the bride of the aristocrat by whom she was brought into trouble, and likewise proves to be of gentle blood herself. That the fairy tale may not be forgotten, the first gift of the young husband to the young wife is a glass slipper. The plot of this piece is extremely slight—more slight, in fact, than the German play, called *Aschenbrödel*, upon which it is founded. But it has enabled Mr. T. W. Robertson to introduce a number of characters who exactly hit the company for which he writes, and who are convenient mouthpieces for much good dialogue, both smart and sentimental. Edith and her noble lover are the poetical pair, who discourse about each other's shadows by moonlight in such very German fashion that one is surprised to learn that their words have not been furnished by Herr Benedix, the author of *Aschenbrödel*. These two interesting personages could not be better played than by Miss Carlotta Addison, a young and rising actress, and Mr. H. J. Montague, who has made a speciality of juvenile lovers, and is, in his line, without a rival. Mr. Sidney Bancroft, who for some years was generally laughed at by critics as a "stick," but who is now established as one of the best representatives of the "heavy swell" to be found in London, has his place in the new comedy as a high-bred cynic; and it is the mission of Miss Marie Wilton, who appears as the liveliest and wealthiest girl in the school, to laugh him out of his cynicism, and convert him into her most humble adorer. Mr. Hare—a gentleman distinguished for the accuracy with which he depicts oddities of the most various kinds, and who is absolutely necessary to a piece constructed according to the type established at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—is fitted to a nicety with a nearsighted, puzzle-headed old gentleman who ultimately proves to be the father of the modern Cinderella. The good-natured schoolmaster by Mr. Addison, and the less good-natured schoolmistress by Mrs. Leigh Murray, are both good, substantial characters; and the bevy of young ladies who compose the rank and file of the seminary, and among whom lines suggesting a variety of temperaments are scattered broadcast, help to enliven the scene, though they have but little to do with the fable. Altogether there is a harmony between the piece and the persons engaged in its representation that renders *School* the pleasantest dramatic exhibition of the day.

The sprig of rue, however, has not been wanting to Mr. Robertson's cup of prosperity. Ninty-nine hundredths of the people who had seen a clever piece admirably acted had been perfectly satisfied with their evening's entertainment; but the other hundredth comprised a travelled gentleman who wrote a letter to the *Times* revealing the fact that the German play, *Aschenbrödel*, was the basis of the much-applauded *School*, and adding that Mr. Robertson's work was nothing but a translation. Hereupon a debate arose which, conducted through different journals, deserves to be remembered among the curiosities of theatrical literature. The relation of Mr. Robertson to Herr Benedix was soon settled by an elaborate article in the *Times*, which contained a full analysis of *Aschenbrödel*, clearly showing that the Englishman had indeed availed himself of the skeleton fashioned by the German, but had written entirely new dialogue, had created several new characters, and had even altered the structure of the Teutonic skeleton to no inconsiderable degree. But the thirst for controversy was not to be so easily slaked. Mr. Robertson and his *School* fade into the background, and we get an interminable debate on the subject of dramatic originality in general, and the length to which an imitator may go without incurring the charge of plagiarism. If he had stated at the outset the exact amount of his indebtedness to Herr Benedix, Mr. Robertson, it is justly said, would have prevented this flood of discussion; but it may be observed, on the other hand, that dramatists of all nations have usually been slow to confess their obligations to each other, and that it is rather hard to charge a gentleman with exceptional toughness of conscience when he simply conforms to a code which, however lax, has been admitted and acted upon for centuries. However, the hardship in the case of Mr. Robertson has its palliation. Through the crash of conflicting opinions, *School* is the best-advertised piece of the day, and everybody makes a point of seeing it.

Home and *School* are, in fact, the two chief successes of the season, and confirm an already expressed opinion that the public is getting weary of mere "sensation," and requires something in the shape of writing and good acting. That attention to decorative accessories will ever so completely cease that a papered wall with two old-fashioned chairs in front of it will be accepted as the symbol of the well-furnished drawing-room, is neither to be expected nor desired. We have learned the art of stage arrangement at a somewhat heavy price, and our acquirements, such as they are, for good or evil, must be preserved. The very play of *School* is put upon the boards after a fashion which makes some of the scenes so many "spectacles" on a small scale. The wood in which the school-girls listen to the fairy tale, the grouping of the listeners, the manner of disposing the moonlight while the lovers utter their pretty pertnesses and sentimentalities, all conduce to give the tale that appearance of reality which modern audiences have learned to regard as indispensable. It was when the taste for reality in external details of the stage threatened to supplant all interest in essentials that it became apparently dangerous to dramatic art.

The reaction in favour of neat writing and good acting which has occurred in the course of about six months has led some Utopians to believe that a day is at hand when everything like melodrama will vanish from the theatre, and universally educated humanity will luxuriously contemplate a series of genteel comedies spiced with a little romance. This is a sort of reformation that is not by any means on the cards. The enjoyment of comedy presupposes a sympathy with certain social prejudices and proprieties which a large mass of our fellow-subjects cannot possibly acquire. To persons who are utterly unacquainted with the delicacies of refined living, and whose lives are spent in a struggle for non-luxurious existence, a tale that involves anything less than a fight for life and death will appear trifling and insipid. In the so-called "palmy days" of the drama, when tragedy and comedy alone composed the dramatic banquets offered to the public, it was generally found that the humble classes cared little for comedy, but always looked upon tragedy as attractive. The real Melpomene, classic or romantic, is now a neglected muse, but the interest in deadly collisions to which she once responded is not extinct, and to the end of time, unless human nature greatly alters, there must be pieces in which somebody is killed, and in which incidents occur involving the safety of life or limb. When tragedy loses its hold there must be melodrama, under some name or other, and as long as this serves as a vehicle for writing and acting it is still entitled to some respect. Perhaps Mr. Watts Phillips's new piece, *Fettered*, now played at the Holborn, stands on the boundary-line to which modern melodrama may safely go, if it would not pass over to the obsolete condition which even transpontine managers have lately learned to repudiate. When a serious domestic interest is to be excited, the Englishman looks as naturally towards an imprudent marriage, with bigamy for its probable contingent, as a Frenchman looks towards adultery. Thus the principal personage in *Fettered* is an adventurous villain who, having decoyed a wealthy girl in her teens into an unhappy marriage, commits a forgery which earns for him a sentence of transportation, and afterwards coming back to begin life afresh, accidentally renews his acquaintance with his long-liberated wife by entering her house as a burglar. The "crack" turns out a better speculation than he had expected; for, recognising the lady of the house, and rapidly calculating his own value as a social nuisance, he remains to extort where he had merely intended to rob. So daring are his schemes, and so fertile is he in resources, that one cannot conjecture how his career, which includes a project of marrying a second heiress while the first is alive, would come to a full stop, were not a water-mill in which he takes refuge from the police stricken by lightning. The mill, destroyed in such a manner as to allow the escape of the innocent, while the guilty one is annihilated, has reminded some critics of the old-fashioned *Miller and his Men*; but there is nothing in common between Mr. Phillips's play and that famed representative of the melodrama of the past. The adventures of Grindoff belonged to a region perfectly familiar to our playgoing fathers, which was peopled with conventional robbers distinguished by their very gestures from the rest of humanity, and which might indifferently be called Bohemia, Spain, Italy, the Black Forest—anything but England. Mr. Phillips's play, on the other hand, is an exaggerated picture of modern London, leading to one of those mechanical displays which will always be found useful in melodrama; and, till he is thrown on his concluding "effect," he shows considerable tact in the structure of his story. Let us add that one of the main attractions of the piece is the character of a thievish vendor of birds, acted by Mr. George Honey with wonderful humour, and not ill-provided with telling points of dialogue. Tom Tit, as he is called, is somewhat low company, but when we reflect that his shop contains a stock of real birds and rabbits and dogs, we are rejoiced that so much live humanity can flourish unswamped by the mass of brute vitality which, we trust, is a farewell tribute to the fading taste for vulgar realism. As times go, *Fettered* is not a bad piece.

If, however, Mr. Watts Phillips has furnished the Holborn with a melodrama which, with the aid of capital stage-management, sustains a certain amount of pleasurable excitement, he has failed utterly in a piece called *Not Guilty*, which is perhaps the most incomprehensible drama ever produced on any stage. The main object of the work—that of making Mr. Emery represent two personages, one an estimable military officer, the other a desperate ruffian—is in itself a cause of confusion, for the characters are not strongly contrasted, nor is any striking situation obtained from their mutual resemblance. And, in addition to the complexities that arise from the fundamental idea, there are complexities of detail which render the enigma altogether insoluble, however wise the Œdipus.

A respectable mistake committed by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has arranged for the Princess's Theatre a series of pictures, some of them startling, in which Madlle. Beatrice represents *Marie Antoinette*, but which really never become a play at all, and a very coarse specimen of the old domestic melodrama, entitled *Red Hands*, and brought out at the St. James's Theatre, complete the list of novelties for theatrical London.

REVIEWS.

DR. WINSLOW ON COSMICAL REPULSION.*

THERE are many signs tending to prove the present time to be in many respects a critical one in the history of physical science. More especially is this the case in the broadest and most extensive field to which the science of physics seeks to extend its powers—that, namely, of the cosmical forces, with their ultimate nature and laws of operation. Since the publication of the *Principia* the progress of cosmical science has been one of unmixed triumph for the law of gravitation, conceived as a principle of attraction inherent in all matter, applicable to all bodies, terrestrial and celestial, pervading all space, and capable of explaining the motions and periodical changes which successive observations brought to our view in our growing knowledge of the universe. Of late years, it cannot be denied, a suspicion has been gaining ground that the monopoly, so to speak, enjoyed by this magnificent and triumphant hypothesis is liable to question. Not that the slightest doubt exists, or need be started, as regards the absolute truth or the universal applicability of the law of gravitation. Certain facts and phenomena, however, of great physical importance, which had either escaped the notice of illustrious men from age to age, or have been only brought to light by aids to observation not within their reach, have opened new and almost startling fields of speculation and discovery in relation to this momentous theme. Anomalies have not seldom been encountered in the study of nature by the single light of the established hypothesis. In the application of mathematics to physical facts and observations, cases have been found to resist every form of analysis based upon the exclusive truth of that assumption, or at best recourse has been had to a treatment through the use of empirical or exceptional formulæ aside of the original law. A query has thus been raised, in the minds of many astronomers and physicists, whether some subtle principle antagonistic to attraction does not also exist as an all-pervading element in nature, and so operate as in some way to disturb the action of what has generally been considered by the scientific world a unique force.

It is the aim of Dr. Winslow's recent work on *Force and Nature* to establish the existence, and to trace the fundamental laws, of a repulsive force in nature complementary to the attractive force inherent in matter. In following out this thesis he has shown great subtlety and strength of reasoning, combined with much width of observation and a marked power in generalizing from facts. This is not the first time that his views upon this important

* *Force and Nature: Attraction and Repulsion, the Radical Principles of Energy, discussed in their Relations to Physical and Morphological Developments.* By Charles Frederick Winslow, M.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

problem have been submitted to the public. As early as the year 1853 a treatise was printed by him on *Repulsion as a Cosmic Force.* In justice to the originality of his speculations Dr. Winslow feels called upon to explain that he was at that time unacquainted with the *Theoria* of Boscovich, in which that learned Jesuit presented, in 1745, the hypothesis of repulsion, and attempted its mathematical development as a middle range of speculation between the theories of Newton and Leibnitz. Acute and even prophetic as were Boscovich's ideas, they seem to have made no impression either upon his own or subsequent times, nor have they proved to Dr. Winslow himself suggestive either of law or fact during his observations and researches in the same field. The general idea of "molecular repulsion" was indeed, as the author allows, as old as the early Greek philosophy, and was shadowed out in the poetical cosmology of Lucretius, though at no time brought within the range of inductive or experimental proof. A letter from Newton to Boyle is adduced by the author to show that the conception of a force unlike and opposed to gravitation had crossed the mind of that great philosopher, although his views in the main were but conjectural, and were never carried out with the same full and clear development as his other leading hypotheses. Hooke was led, in 1682, by his observations upon comets, to conceive a repellent agency proceeding from the sun, and urging the tails of those bodies in a direction contrary to that which gravitation would cause them to take. This agency he supposed to be light, and applied to it the name of "levitation." Conjectures, more or less vague, had been hazarded by Kepler, Euler, and others, that the light emitted by the sun might be a repulsive force *per se;* by others, that the sun's electricity exercises a repulsive influence upon distant bodies. The observations of Bessel upon Halley's comet impressed him with the idea of some element of power contrary to gravity inherent in the sun, and engendering in the resisting medium a condition opposed to that of the cometary particles, to which he gave the name of polarity, considering it as something akin to magnetism. In 1858-60 this idea was revived and expanded by M. Faye, who from his own observations, as well as those of Mr. Bond and others, upon the comet of Donati, deduced the idea of a definite repulsive influence exerted by the sun upon comets in general, but not upon the denser cosmic bodies, "née de la chaleur solaire, et exercée au loin par la surface incandescente du soleil." He dwells with interest upon the problem of determining the "duality of those forces which govern the heavenly bodies around us." Dr. Winslow is particular in drawing attention to the date of this declaration of M Faye, with the view of establishing his own claim to the priority of research and publication. It was in March, 1853, he tells us, that his first demonstrations of "repulsion as a planetary, solar, and universal force" were given to the public. Whether this essay or treatise was published in America or England we are not given to understand. Since that time his undertaking has been furthered and stimulated, not only by the general drift of scientific thought in relation to cosmical and molecular physics, but in particular by efforts like that of Professor Rankine in his *Outlines of the Science of Energetics.* The writer has also to speak of direct encouragement and assistance given to his labours by Baron Liebig, as well as by Faraday, from whom a most generous and encouraging letter reached him in the year 1858.

Molecular repulsion has, as a fact in physics, long been placed beyond dispute. The problem now before men of science—the problem which Dr. Winslow considers himself to have solved in the affirmative—is the extension of this law through all the acts and conditions of molecules to their grandest combinations and phenomena. It may one day be in the power of the calculus to assign to this universal law its definite and progressive quantities and functions. It may, on the other hand, be reserved for this discovery to mitigate or to clear up much of the reproach that in a certain sense may be said to hang over the department of analysis. There are certain anomalies or difficulties, such as those in the lunar theory, in the problem of the tides, and in the secular variation of the earth's mean motion, which are held, so to say, in suspense for lack of the means of integrating the equations involved. What if it should turn out that the real defect lay in the assumption of an attractive force as the sole cosmical condition of the problem? Telescopic science, enlarging and defining the aspects and the range of the stellar universe, has added its suggestive voice to the demand for a wider conception of cosmical force. The spiral form of many nebulæ, notably the great nebula in Orion, and anomalous forms like the "dumb-bell" in Vulpecula, seem at once to challenge the exclusive dominion of a law which would account only for regular curves of the second order. We do not find Dr. Winslow making as much as we think he might of these two branches of speculation. In his chapter on the *Nature and Action of Force,* he enters with fulness and vigour of reasoning upon the mechanical and crystallographic actions resulting from the primary forces in nature, and indicating in their products the "dual elements of attraction and repulsion" at work in every action of those forces upon aggregates or combinations of atoms. Although not treated by physicists in general as an active agent in crystallization, repulsion is, he rightly urges, without doubt as present and effective as attraction in arranging molecules into geometrical forms, and expanding these forms into their grandest and most perfect proportions. As attraction is known as the force that moulds the faces and produces the shortest axes of crystals, it follows that repulsion must be that which shapes their salient diameters and angles. In the evaporation of any saline solution, the particles are seen to repel and fly from each other like so many animalculæ or infinitesimal magnets, while in another direction they attract and attach themselves to one another, assuming finally regular and solid geometrical forms. "While attraction appears to be the basis of solidity, repulsion appears to assume a higher function, and to inspire in matter a spirit of selection, adjustment, arrangement, order and beauty, and to be an ascending force from inert or neutral atoms, adding to the solidifying force a kind of intelligent life-like endowment."

The same basic force may in like manner be detected underlying the great geological principles which resulted in the formation of the earth's crust. Without committing himself exclusively to any special earthquake theory, the student of nature cannot but recognise the persistent action of a repulsive force in the upheavals and fissures, the undulatory movements and shocks which disturb even now the equilibrium of the earth's surface, no less than in the vast basaltic and metamorphic deposits which denote a highly crystallizing energy at work in the earliest processes of solidification. The testimony of earthquakes to the truth of the hypothesis of terrestrial tension and repulsion is brought together with much diligence by the author, whose extensive travels in Central America and the islands of the Pacific have given him the means of personally testing and measuring the magnitude of those tremendous agencies. His reasoning, which is in part based upon, and in general compatible with, the careful observations and cautious views of Perrey and Mallett, goes to establish the existence of a powerful repulsive principle at work, radiating from the centre of the globe. From the immense stores of facts collected by these and other investigators, he thinks he can see his way to connecting this movement of the fluid mass confined within the solid crust of the globe with the varying attraction of the sun's mass at different portions of our planet's elliptical orbit. The general intensity of the seismic or plutonic force should be, according to this theory, inversely proportional to the length of the earth's radius vector. The tables he has put together do much to substantiate this view, so far as the numbers of recorded earthquakes with their corresponding dates are concerned. "For the six months during which the earth is most remote from the sun there stand 5,175, against 6,697 during the six months of nearest proximity of these two bodies, thus presenting a difference of 1,522 *in favour of the perihelic arc.*" If we proceed to estimate, however, these phenomena in the ratio of their intensity, rather than of their frequency, the results seem to us, at first sight at least, far less decisive, even if any law can be deduced from them at all. Picking out from the long list of earthquakes those which seem to have been the most violent or extensive, we find them occurring without much difference at all periods of the year alike. Of the two great catastrophes at Lisbon, that of 1531 took place on the 26th of February, that of 1755 on the 1st of November. That of Lima, in 1746, was on October 28. That by which the coast of Chili was permanently raised was on November 19, 1822; while one of the most violent on record in this country—by which, says Hoveden, Lincoln Cathedral was rent, *à summâ deorsum*—took place April 15, 1185. That whereby parts of St. Paul's and of the Temple churches were thrown down was on the 6th of the same month, 1580. The late terrible shocks in South America occurred in the middle of August; the extraordinary eruption of lava in Hawaii during April of last year. The wonderful outbreak of Vesuvius described so graphically by Sir W. Hamilton extended with little intermission from November, 1765, to near the end of October, 1766. The greatest of anomalies is that lately recorded by Professor Phillips—that periodically Ætna is most active during the six months ending with July, Vesuvius during the six months beginning with that month. Dr. Winslow allows little or no force to the tidal influence of the moon upon the molten sea within our earth; else we might refer him to the most recent observations of Professor Palmieri, showing that the eruptive force in the case of Vesuvius is sensibly strengthened at the syzygies and weakened at the quadratures of the moon. It is so far in favour of his hypothesis that none of the fiercest shocks can be pointed out at exact proximity to the June solstice.

The phenomena of comets have been studied by the writer with an amount of pains and an acuteness of reasoning to which we regret that we cannot do justice. On the nature and causes of waterspouts he dilates, it seems to us, with more originality than conclusiveness. Instead of seeing in this phenomenon the simple force of atmospheric pressure, he believes it to depend upon a "positive radiation of the repulsive force as a definite cosmic principle, which acts upon the body of the waters to rarify, in like manner (although in an opposite sense) as attraction acts to condense them." From what source this radial impulse is imparted to the ocean, its surface being in the most signal instances calm at the time, and how it is combined with the rotary action of the descending currents of air, he forbears to speculate, though he might possibly trace here an analogy with the well-known synchronism of atmospheric and magnetic storms with disturbances of the earth's strata. He has done, however, good service to science by exposing the hollowness of referring these and similar systems in the working of nature to the mere hypothetical notion of "reaction":—

To call these and similar phenomena simple "reaction" explains nothing; for reaction, as a word, means nothing unless it represents an idea of direct and positive physical force. If it mean anything, then, it expresses a force opposite in action to that which drew the particles towards the centre and

increased the density of the comet's mass as it approached the sun. If it be a force—a positive principle exerting action opposite to attraction—it is the equivalent of molecular repulsion, admitted by every writer on molecular physics, and which has already been demonstrated to be susceptible in our own planet of swelling into indefinite volumes, of producing general radial phenomena, and of becoming an absolute planetary force, the properties of which are everywhere similar, and always expressed in functions of a cognate and voluminously repulsive character. And it may well be concluded from all which precedes, that the final principle of nature which, throughout our globe, expands matter, creates the waterspout, guides the currents of vital force and molecules in the palm-tree and pine, lifts platonic fires thousands of feet high, shakes alike centre and circumference, causes flame to ascend perpendicularly from every radius of the sphere, is no other than a positive living force of repulsion—a principle of energy the opposite of attraction; and that it not only performs the same function in every planet and comet, but also is the identical principle which, in every star and controlling central body of a system, determines and guides all radial phenomena in their outward courses; and in our own system, proceeding from the sun, projects the comet's tail in all its radial aspects in the same manner as repulsion, ever insensibly radiating from the earth's centre, projects the ascending atoms or luminous currents from a burning taper. It is one and the same principle, as universal in its reach as gravitation, and ever antagonistic to it, whether in a molecule or a world. It is the occult principle of energy, the final element of antithetic power, *per se*, in polarity, as will be more clearly seen hereafter.

Dr. Winslow's volume is more conspicuous for bold and comprehensive generalizations than for the minute discussion of facts. Its tendency throughout is to take for granted, or to lay down as a solid basis for speculation, what may often be considered matter of no little doubt, if not opposed to the received current of scientific opinion. Thus the fundamental dogma on which he proceeds to build his entire structure of proof is that space is absolute vacuum. "No ether, either ponderable or imponderable, exists there." The hypothesis of an ethereal medium, either as engendering or transmitting light, or retarding the motion of bodies in space, will one day be classed, he thinks certain, with "phlogiston," *vis inertiæ*, and similar baseless figments of the schools. Light, in his view, is "only a compound resultant of molecular attraction and molecular repulsion." When to this highly sounding but vague definition he adds the still more obscure thesis that "light is generated by an equatorial product or function of thermic and other moleculo-chemical vibrations, in the same manner as magnetism is an equatorial product or function of electricity, and *vice versâ*," we feel compelled to postpone our acquiescence till the author has done more to clear up and substantiate his meaning. Again, he depends upon the assumed fact that "no physicist will admit that a single molecule has ever dropped out of the globe or been annihilated." Now, in our present imperfect knowledge, to say the least, of the ultimate nature of molecules, and of the possible state of tenuity in which the constituents of matter may exist in the volatile or gaseous form, is it within the scope of science to lay down that none of the mineral or other exhalations given off by the earth under the radiant heat of the sun, or the action of volcanic fires, may be so far radiated from our surface into the upper strata of the air as to be absorbed into the absolute cold of space, a consequent loss of molecular bulk being entailed upon our globe? But for some such compensatory loss, indeed, the increase of the earth's bulk known to result from the constant accretion of meteorites would lead by rapid and calculable steps to disastrous consequences. A French *savant* has worked out in figures the number of years that our planet would take, on the basis of this handicapping by so many kilogrammes of metal annually, ere its race was arrested in the vortex of the sun. We are glad to find the writer in entire accord with ourselves as regards one phase of the molecular or atomic theory, the assumed *shapes* of atoms or molecules. "Whether molecules possess hooks, or are cubes, spheres, ellipsoids, or of various other shapes whereby to be dovetailed or packed together, or whether they are surrounded with one or several atmospheres of ether or electric fluid, or any other unknown or fanciful condition wherewith to fill up the spaces between their irregular attachments and peripheries," these seem to him scientific conceits which have had or will have their little hour. They may serve as rhetorical flights to dazzle a half-instructed audience, or convenient aids to grasp what might be otherwise shapeless and intangible truths. But they have no place in the severe and sober nomenclature of philosophy. Allowing for a certain diffuseness and prolixity of style, besides that undercurrent of dogmatism and premature speculation we have already spoken of, Dr. Winslow's treatise is one which deserves thoughtful and conscientious study. He has the merit of breaking ground, in a tentative and suggestive sense, upon problems of the highest moment, which it may be reserved for some Newton of a future day to reduce to mathematical fixity and measure.

MR. ARNOLD ON CULTURE AND ANARCHY.*

WE all of us know pretty well by this time what to think of Mr. Matthew Arnold in his character of social philosopher. As a poet, there is much to be discovered about him, and there are many things to be said. As a critic, every competent person so much esteems what he has done that we could wish that he had done a great deal more. But as a person discharging the functions of a spiritual power, playing at being the English Socrates, most people have made up their minds about him, and do not take the trouble either to criticize him or, perhaps unfortunately for ourselves at this moment, to know how others would criticize him. Considering how short a time it is since Mr. Arnold came before the public in this character, only some four or five years ago, and considering how much mark he has really made upon English opinion in this interval, there is something curious in the fact that he should already stand in the ranks of the played-out. Most people think pretty much the same about the performance before us, which is in a manner the sum and substance of foregoing instruction; and when most people think the same about a writer, it is rather a good reason for believing that, as a source of truly vital influence, his hour has passed. We all of us, or nearly all of us at any rate, agree that Mr. Arnold has done a thoroughly good bit of work in familiarizing the English reader with clever nicknames for personages who were already only too familiar to him, for to give a clever nickname is to sap the position of the personage to whom you give it; that he has done a great deal by way of beginning towards cleaving the ugly block of national conceit, not in national excellences but in national defects; and that he has decidedly quickened and stimulated intelligence among many of the most important of those who ultimately form public opinion. Yet somehow we seem to feel that we now know all that he has got to tell us in this order. The general impression on the subject comes to something of this sort—that England has a systematic and disgraceful contempt for anything like the higher intelligence, that she omits from her scheme of valuable things the ideas of order, discipline, organization, logical harmony, and the like; and that this disrespect for brains on the one hand, and for effective organization on the other, must inevitably one day cause severe, if not ruinous, penalties to be exacted from her. There is a great deal of the most valuable and well-timed truth in this, and Mr. Arnold deserves the highest credit for the mixed perseverance and good-humour with which he has pressed it upon everybody who has ears to hear. Yet, once more, people appear to have the kind of sentiment about all this with which young folks come to regard a good and amusing trick of which they have found out the secret. For one thing, Mr. Arnold, in his papers on politics, has indulged without stint in a mannerism which at first was dazzling and effective to a high degree, but which is not of a kind to bear endless repetition and reproduction. There is another prose-writer in our day who practises mannerisms without end or limit, but Mr. Carlyle's mannerism is robust, poetic, infinitely picturesque and diversified. Besides, we are conscious that it carries us very deep down into things. On the whole, we are not conscious of any such thing in Mr. Arnold, with his rather monotonous fun about Mrs. Gooch and Mr. Frederick Harrison and the Rev. W. Cattle and the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. It does not go far into the heart of the matter. Those iterated allusions do not live and stir, as allusions do in Mr. Carlyle. We are not attempting, what would be very unfair, to blame Mr. Arnold because he is not as the old prophet, but are only trying to understand why, of two sorts of mannerism, each good in its way, one palls upon us and the other does not, and why Mr. Carlyle's objurgations of the times go on kindling a flame in the young mind, while Mr. Arnold's are already beginning to strike on the ear as a very old tune, which was never very much of a tune at any time. Perhaps fire is too violent and ungoverned an element for the fastidious critic to resort to, even in its metaphorical designation.

It is something more than a merely accidental coincidence that both Mr. Carlyle in his *Shooting Niagara*, and Mr. Arnold in the volume before us, should wind up their monitions with an earnest appeal to hopeful and ardent youth to have nothing to do with the barren and windy politics of the day. "At this exciting juncture," says Mr. Arnold, "while so many of the lovers of new ideas, somewhat weary, as we too are, of the stock performances of our Liberal friends upon the political stage, are disposed to rush valiantly upon this public stage themselves, we cannot at all think that for a wise lover of new ideas this stage is the right one." And he gives as a reason why abstinence from eager participation in the practical operations of politics is to be recommended, that the House of Commons must of necessity be the very last place in which the new movement can make itself effectively felt, as being inevitably the strongest and most enduring of the old organizations. The centre of movement is not in Parliament, but "in the fermenting mind of the nation, and his is for the next twenty years the real influence who can address himself to this." In this there is a great deal of truth, but one or two things suggest themselves as worth saying about even the truth that there is in it. For instance, there is a slight inconsistency in our serene adviser rushing incontinently as he does, not into the House of Commons, but into what are strictly House of Commons questions, such as Real Estate Intestacy Bills, Bills for legalization of Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister, and so forth. If Mr. Arnold chooses to play spiritual power, he had better not meddle with the details which justly engage the temporal power. There can be no objection to his acting the part of Pope if he can find any acolytes, only let him restrain his comments within the sphere in which alone he claims competence. He is welcome to quote Bishop Wilson as much as he likes, but to talk like Bishop Wilson when the subject of discussion is a measure affecting the devolution of landed property in Great Britain in the nineteenth century is to be guilty of that kind of incongruity which the French might call *saugrenu*—a word which Mr. Arnold himself once so admirably explained to the English public. We are almost humiliated, as by seeing somebody whom one much respects and likes accidentally making a fool of himself, by Mr. Arnold's talk about the Real Estate Intestacy Bill. Of the measure itself

* *Culture and Anarchy; an Essay in Political and Social Criticism.* By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1869.

we say nothing; it may be good, or it may be bad, but there is something pitiable in the sight of an able man plunging into criticism of a given measure, without having even felt the necessity of fixing the sort of matter in which the measure lies, and determining the appropriate standards and principles by which measures in that order may best be examined. It is all very well to talk about letting your consciousness play freely over subjects, but unless this play is regulated on some intelligible and scientific principle it is just as likely to land you in error as in truth. The supporters of equal division of land in case of intestacy say, according to Mr. Arnold, that by the natural law or fitness of things a man's children have a right to equal shares in the enjoyment of his property after his death. Mr. Arnold takes no pains to find out the real meaning of this statement, but, fastening on the word right, lets his consciousness play about that to the exclusion of all real sight into the nature of the controversy. His consciousness tells him that he has no rights, but only duties; it is unsafe to say that children have rights, instead of saying that parents have duties; nobody's consciousness tells him that to leave all our children an equal share in our property is a duty; and so on. We suppose that this is what is called "play" of consciousness as distinguished from that "work" of consciousness into which most of us are plunged. Contrast this sort of talk with the way in which Burke, whom Mr. Arnold admires, would have elevated a low and narrow fashion of handling a political subject. What we want in politics is a vigorous and intelligent use of political judgment, just as in chemistry or astronomy we ask for the vigorous and intelligent application of a trained chemical or astronomical judgment. And, applying such judgment to the issue about the devolution of real estate, we find that the partisans of equal division maintain that it is for the interests of the nation that our policy recognises equality of right in children in respect of personalty, that large estates are economically prejudicial, and so forth. The partisans on the other side deny that large estates are economically prejudicial, and assert that they are the very opposite; they urge the impolicy of unsettling a tradition that has worked well, refuse to admit any analogy between realty and personalty, and in various other ways make up a defence which shall stand the test of political discussion. There may be underlings who put forth parts of the case on either side, instead of the whole, and talk crudely about rights, vested interests, and the like; but the leaders in the House and in the press know perfectly well, and express with entire adequateness, the true nature of the controversy. Mr. Arnold has absolutely nothing to contribute to the subject, and he assumes to talk patronisingly and condescendingly where he has never taken the trouble to master the question. Mr. Bright and Lord Salisbury, though the one is in Mr. Arnold's vocabulary a Barbarian, and the other a variety of the Philistine, both use their consciousness to much better effect than Mr. Arnold upon this subject, simply because they know to the bottom what they are talking about, and have studied the form of argument proper to the matter, its standards and scope, much more scientifically than their admonisher with his vague play of consciousness. It may be wrong to go into Parliament, and it may be a pity, from the point of view of Hellenic culture, that anybody should be so lamentably Hebraised as to wish actually to pass measures for the improvement of the well-being of the country; but if a man is there, he would deserve as much contempt as even Mr. Arnold could bestow upon him out of his inexhaustible stores, if he did not *concentrate* his political reason, which is a very different thing from letting consciousness play over things. Such keen, searching, and exact dialectic as Plato taught is Hellenism in its truest and noblest sense; vague, unregulated, unscientific play of consciousness, which is what we get from Mr. Arnold when he talks about politics, is Hellenism made uncommonly easy.

Let us notice another thing. Does Mr. Arnold or any other teacher do anything like the good he might do, by mere injunction to practise this and abstain from that? To bid us follow culture is, for the vast majority even of decently trained persons, simply a word. It is like the sterile admonition of the moralist to follow virtue. What sort of virtue? How? Where? Give us the example of virtuous life and conversation. And so of culture. Present to us the fruits of culture in forms that men may grasp, that may help us to realize the methods and the ends in something like visible bodily shape. Socrates bade men know themselves, but then he constantly went about showing them how they might attain this divine self-knowledge, discussing all subjects, examining all opinions. If he was anything, he was specific. We wish that Mr. Arnold, our polite Anglican version of Socrates, would work in the same spirit, giving us many examples of culture, rather than a single precept about it, clothed in many words. He has done something, we gladly admit, and even a great deal. His volume of critical essays taught us much. His more recent book on secondary instruction in France and Germany was full of lucid and valuable thoughts about education. His verse is a constant delight. In the present volume there are some wise words, and they will exert their full effect, for Mr. Arnold has got his public; but we cannot detect any sort of usefulness in its general purpose. In those practical operations of politics about which Mr. Arnold speaks at once so authoritatively and so contemptuously, you cannot choose precisely the way in which the thing is to be done, nor the hour and the minute, nor the forces by which to do it. The world must be improved, if at all, by these practical operations, and if one cannot carry them out in the noblest way possible, then we must take the next noblest way that is possible. There are large forces, sweeping in many currents, in a country like ours, and it is the business of the statesman and politician to control or use them with as much prudence and effect as they can, for the general good. It is the business of distinguished men like Mr. Arnold to modify these forces in the intellectual order, preparing the way for new activity ten, twenty, or any other number of years hence. But why scorn the rough and needful business of the hour, and the men who are content to do it? Unless we are to starve, somebody must thresh the corn. Not at all, says Mr. Arnold; throw away your clumsy ugly flail, and let us set to work to make a fine steam-machine, which will be in perfect order in twenty years from now. If this is the result of culture, he may well call his book *Culture and Anarchy*—culture in the next generation and anarchy meanwhile. Only the anarchy would assuredly advance so much more rapidly that when culture arrived it would find all swept and garnished, and our last state would be ever so much worse than even this present.

ERASMUS' PRAISE OF FOLLY.*

UNTIL the taste for reading any Latin book that does not belong to the golden period, and likewise form part of a classical curriculum, has altogether become extinct, the *Encomium Moriæ* of the ever genial Erasmus is sure to find students among the more intellectual class of the male public. It is a *jeu d'esprit* in the best sense of the word—a sport with scholarship by a scholar, whose learning sits too easily upon him to render him pedantic, or to obliterate his original nature. The "Encomium" was one of the great scholar's earliest works, and probably the time at which he wrote it was the happiest in his life. Fortune had not yet raised him above the vicissitudes of the literary adventurer, but he was already an object of attraction to all the learned men of Europe, and the religious differences that drew him into the field of theological controversy, and embittered the latter days of his life, had not begun. The name of Luther as a religious wonder was then unknown, nor was there any suspicion of the historical importance subsequently attained by the friar of Wittenberg. The connexion of the "Encomium" with the Reformation, on account of the satirical manner in which its author treated the religious practices of his day, was an afterthought. In common with many indubitable Roman Catholics, Erasmus simply thought that the Church at the beginning of the sixteenth century was not in good condition, and though he had little respect for the prevalent theology, his book does not show the slightest desire to overthrow a single ecclesiastical institution. He wrote it, too, under remarkably pleasant circumstances. He had just satisfied his youthful desire of visiting Italy, the seat of polite learning, and he was sojourning at Rome, under the special favour of the Pope, when he received a pressing invitation from his English friends, who were many and influential, to visit them for the third time. Our country had been endeared to him by his two previous visits, and the invitation was accepted. On his road he wrote the "Encomium," which he dedicated to his good friend Sir Thomas More. The affinity of his friend's name to the Greek word Μωρία seems to have suggested the subject. At least, in his dedication, he supposes More asking him what Pallas inspired him with the notion of filling up his spare hours with a panegyric on Folly, and answers him thus:—"Primum admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi gentile, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus." That Erasmus was not superior to a pun is well known to every one who has but glanced at the "Colloquia."

The character of self-satisfaction, which is with Erasmus the chief attribute of folly, is imprinted on the very form of the book, which is an oration pronounced by Moria, or Folly herself, who is thus her own panegyrist, vaunting her lofty lineage, and declaring her power over all sorts and conditions of men. She is accompanied by her nurses Methe (Inebriety), the child of Bacchus, and Apædia (Lack of Education), the daughter of Pan, and by several female and two male attendants. The females are Philautia (Self-love), remarkable for her haughty brow; Colacia (Flattery), who is blessed with smiling eyes (*arridentibus oculis*), and always applauds with her hands; Lethe (Forgetfulness), who is half asleep; Misoponia (Sloth), who leans on both elbows; Hedone (Pleasure), who is wreathed with roses, and has anointed hair; Anoia (Imbecility), whose eyes wander; and Truphe (Luxury), who is *nitida cute probeque saginato corpore.* The boys are the convivial god Comus, and Νήγρετος Ὕπνος (the Homeric expression for profound sleep). Having stated that she is the daughter of Plutus, God of Wealth, and the nymph Neotes (Youth), who gave birth to her in the Fortunate Islands, where she was suckled by Methe and Apædia, Moria asserts her right to be considered chief of all the deities. What does man more highly esteem than life? Now life presupposes wedlock, and as it is clear that people in their right senses would never get married, Moria's attendant, Anoia, is manifestly the cause of wedlock. If a person who has already experienced the vexations of matrimony is foolish enough to marry again, the aid of Lethe is invoked.

Moria, according to her own opinion, is not only the origin of life, but produces all that makes life pleasant. The charm of infants is their utter lack of wisdom, and the further people are removed

* *Μωρίας Ἐγκώμιον. Stultitiæ Laudatio. Desiderii Erasmi Declamatio.* Londini, et venit Parisiis apud Barbou. MDCCLXV.

by force of education and experience from this state of blissful stupidity, the less tolerable is their condition until they arrive at old age, the evils of which are softened by that second childhood which is in some sort a recurrence of the first. A very old man who retained all the lessons which he had learned through life would be as offensive as a too precocious child. But Folly comes to the rescue, and makes the "lean and slippered pantaloon" a sourse of satisfaction to himself and others:—

> Delirat senex meo munere. Sed tamen delirus iste minus interim miseris illis curis vacat quibus sapiens iste distorquetur. Interim non illepidus est compotor; non sentit vitæ tædium, quod robustior ætas vix toleret. Nonnunquam cum sene Plautino ad tres illas literas revertitur, infelicissimus si sapiat. At interim meo beneficio felix, interim amicis gratus, ne congerro quidem infestivus.

The "Senex Plautinus" is he in the *Mercator*, who late in life has learned the three letters composing the verb *A M O*.

As the gods, when they are most kindly disposed to mortals, metamorphose them into trees, birds, grasshoppers, and serpents, thus virtually killing them, since the change of one creature into another of a totally different nature implies the death of the first, so Folly, more beneficent, restores her favourite to the happiest period of his life. If men were content to remain stupid always, no such change would be needed, inasmuch as they would enjoy a perpetual childhood. Herein the people of Brabant are especially to be commended, that the more they advance in years the more stupid they become; and the like commendation is due to the men of Holland, whom Folly affectionately calls "Hollandi mei," since they not only worship her devoutly, but are proud of their devotion. Look at the assembly of the gods. Why is Bacchus always young, and always blest with a plentiful crop of hair? Simply because he is essentially unwise and heedless, and has as little as possible to do with sage Pallas. Why is Cupid always a boy? Simply because he is always a trifler. Venus, *χρυσέη Ἀφροδίτη*, is proved by her epithet to wear the color of Folly's father, Plutus, and moreover is perpetually smiling. Who is more zealously worshipped by the Romans than Flora, the parent of all pleasure?

Descending from Heaven to Earth, we find everywhere an abode for Folly. If, according to the Stoics, wisdom is submission to reason, and folly obedience to the passions, the supremacy of the latter is shown at once; reason being confined to a little nook in the skull, whereas the dominion of passion extends over all the rest of the human frame. Nay, as man, with all his drawbacks, still had a modicum of wisdom in his composition, he took unto himself, by the advice of Folly, his partner woman—*animal videlicet stultum quidem illud et ineptum, verum ridiculum, at suave*—that his natural melancholy might be cheered by her foolishness. As for a woman who wishes to appear wise, she is doubly foolish in assuming something contrary to her nature. An ape is always an ape, even if clad in purple; and a woman is always a woman—that is to say, a fool—and it is to her foolishness that she owes her power. Folly gives the best seasoning to the banquet, and is the truest promoter of friendship. As the lover overlooks the defects of his beloved, and even thinks them so many charms, so friends lightly pass over each other's faults, which is in itself foolish. Cupid is painted blind, as one to whom *τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ πέφανται*, and it is to the kindly absurdities of friends and lovers that life owes much of its pleasure. As for marriage, no one would enter into that holy state if he prudently calculated his chances of happiness beforehand, and few men would remain subject to that yoke did they not close their eyes to many of their wives' misdeeds. Without Folly everybody would hate, not only his neighbour, but himself likewise. To prevent the latter calamity is the office of Folly's attendant, Philautia, without whose aid the orator would grow cold, the musician would become untuneful, the actor would be hissed, the poet would be laughed out of countenance, the painter would come to grief, and the physician would starve in the middle of his drugs. A man must begin by admiring himself if he would gain the admiration of others. Hence it is happily provided by Philautia that no one is dissatisfied with his own personal appearance, his own family, his own place, his own country.

One of the most fertile sources of glory is war, than which nothing can be more foolish. A wise man, worn out by study, and with little blood in his veins, would be altogether out of place on the battle-field, to which stout heavy fellows, with abundance of valour and the least possible amount of mind, are exactly suited. As for the assertion that "Consilium in bellis plurimum habet momenti," that may be very true with respect to the generals, but the rank and file are best supplied by the dregs of the human race. Indeed philosophers are of little use in any of the concerns of practical life. Socrates himself, pronounced the only wise man by the oracle of Apollo, could not escape derision when he meddled with public affairs, and it was only by his wisdom that he came to an untimely end. In the presence of a multitude Plato could not finish a sentence, and Theophrastus was utterly dumb-founded. Isocrates, far from being able to inspire a soldier with valour, was chicken-hearted to the last degree, and Cicero when he began his speeches sobbed like a blubbering boy. Plato's declaration that republics will be happy when philosophers rule or rulers philosophise, will not bear the test of history, which shows that of all statesmen those who fell into the hands of philosophers and men of letters were the greatest nuisances to their country. Of the two Catones, one kept the State in a fever by his insane *delationes*; the other subverted Roman liberty, while he too unwisely defended it. Brutus, Cassius, and the Gracchi all furnish instances of the same truth, and Cicero was as mischievous to the Romans as Demosthenes to the Athenians. M. Antoninus, admirable Emperor as he might have been (though even that is questionable), was unpopular because he was a philosopher, and he left behind him a son, who injured the State to a far greater degree than it had been benefited by his father. In fact, wise men generally have been unlucky in their offspring, as if nature had kindly provided that the poison of wisdom should not be allowed to propagate itself too far. Cicero's son was a degenerate being, and the children of Socrates resembled their mother more closely than their father. Lead a wise man to a feast, and he is anything but a boon companion; take him to some public amusement, and his face is a damper to the assembly; in his purchases and bargains he is more like a log than a man. The intruder who interrupted the performance of a play by pulling off the masks of the actors, and showing them all in their true colours, would deserve immediate expulsion; and the wise man who unmasks his fellows is a nuisance on a large scale. Human life is so subject to ills that it would be unendurable did not Folly sweeten it a little with ignorance, thoughtlessness, and oblivion, which operate so well that those who have the least reason for wishing to remain alive are the least anxious to die.

The philosopher who considers it a very wretched calamity to be enslaved by Folly utters a mere absurdity, inasmuch as this is the case with the bulk of the human race; and to pity a man because he is a fool is as absurd as to commiserate him because he cannot fly or walk on four legs. The different branches of science and learning (*disciplinæ*), are in truth gifts of the dæmons, who should properly be called *δαήμονες*, or "knowing ones," and were without influence in the golden age. In that age all talked one language, so there was no need of grammar; no one disputed, so logic was not required; rhetoric and jurisprudence would have been equally superfluous. But when the golden age had passed away, learning came with other evils, one grammar alone being sufficient for the perpetual torture of life. As it is, those branches of knowledge which approach the nearest to common sense—that is, to folly (*quæ ad sensum communem, hoc est stultitiam, quam proxime accedunt*)—are most highly esteemed. Theologians starve, the professors of natural science (*physici*) shiver, astronomers are laughed at, logicians are slighted, but physicians thrive—*ἰατρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων*—and the more ignorant, daring, and reckless they are, the more they are prized. Next to the physicians come the lawyers.

The instinct of brute animals furnishes an argument against the utility of human wisdom. No philosopher ever founded a republic comparable to that of the bees, who do not even possess all the bodily senses. The horse, on the other hand, having allied himself more closely with man, is subject to all sorts of woes. Even among men, idiots and maniacs enjoy advantages unknown to the learned and the great. The swineherd was better off than *πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς* to whom Homer gives the epithet *δύστηνος*, which he never applies to Paris, Ajax, or Achilles. Your thorough idiot, approaching the condition of the brute, is free from the annoyances of shame, ambition, envy, and love; not being a responsible agent, he is even incapable of sin; and not only is he always laughing himself, but, as a general object of derision, he is the cause of infinite mirth in others. In his capacity of Court-fool he is the delight of monarchs, to whom he may utter truths which would offend if spoken by the wise. His happy career over, he goes straight into the Elysian fields, without fear of death, there to recreate indolent souls with his sports. Let the sad, morose life of the wise man be compared with the career of this merry fool, and every advantage indubitably appears on the side of the latter. The argument that folly is miserable, inasmuch as it is a species of madness, is easily refuted. There are two kinds of madness—one sent from the infernal regions by the Furies, the other a pleasant aberration of mind. To this latter kind belongs the madness ascribed by Plato to poets and lovers, and it is well illustrated by the case of the infatuated Argive, mentioned in Horace's Epistle (ii. 2), who, quite sane in other respects, sat alone in the empty theatre, gratified by imaginary performances, and was grieved to the heart when cured of his charming illusions. For a miserable pauper to fancy himself a Crœsus is manifestly a blessing, and when one madman laughs at another there is a general diffusion of enjoyment.

The chase, which is only a noble sort of butchery, the rage for building, the passion for dice, are all so many manifestations of folly, and are all sources of gratification. The same may be said of those external acts of piety by which many devotees expect to escape the penalties of a future state without renouncing their favourite vices. The votive offerings abundantly suspended in churches are so many proofs of the estimation in which folly is held by mankind, for whereas you may find gifts expressive of gratitude for escape from every variety of difficulty and disease, there is not a single testimonial of gratitude for an escape from folly. Suppose some spoil-sport of a sage came among the multitude of those happy fools who trust to the kind protection of saints, especially to that "Deipara Virgo, cui vulgus hominum plus prope tribuit quam Filio," and said to them—

> Non male peribis si bene vixeris. Peccata redimis si nummulo addideris odium malefactorum, tum lachrymas, vigilias, precationes, jejunia, ac totam vitæ rationem commutaris. Divus hic tibi favet, si vitam illius æmulaberis.

What an amount of happiness would be destroyed by a discourse so importunate!

Different nations have their characteristic forms of folly, through the inspiration of Philautia:—

> Jam vero video Naturam, ut singulis mortalibus suam, ita singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus communem quandam insevisse philautiam;

atque hinc fieri ut Britanni, præter alia, formam, musicam, et lautas mensas perpere sibi vindicent; Scoti nobilitate et regiæ affinitatis titulo, neque non dialecticis argutiis, sibi blandiantur; Galli morum civilitatem sibi sumant; Parisienses theologiæ scientiæ laudem, omnibus prope submotis, sibi peculiariter arrogent; Itali bonas literas et eloquentiam asserant; atque hoc nomine sibi suavissime blandiantur omnes, quod soli mortalium barbari non sunt. Quo quidem in genere felicitatis Romani primas tenent, ac veterem illam Romam adhuc jucundissime somniant. Veneti nobilitatis opinione sunt felices. Græci, tanquam disciplinarum auctores, veteribus illis laudatorum heroum titulis sese venditant. Turca, totaque illa vere barbarorum colluvies, etiam religionis laudes sibi vindicat, Christianos perinde uti superstitiosos irridens. Ac multo etiam suavius Judæi, etiam dum Messiam suum expectant, ac Mosen suum hodieque mordicus tenent. Hispani bellicam gloriam nulli concedunt. Germani corporum proceritate et magiæ cognitione sibi placent.

In distributing these national characteristics Folly is not speaking ironically, but merely enumerating the different forms of Philautia. And what an interesting survey we have of the state of the European mind at the very commencement of the sixteenth century! Spain was the great military Power; the Pope, as Hobbes considered him long afterwards, was a sort of ecclesiastical Roman Emperor; Paris, pre-eminently theological, then gloried in her Sorbonne; France generally had already established her reputation for politeness—thus, by way of anticipation, contradicting the opinion that she learned it from the *précieuses* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; the German proclivities have respectively been handed down by the tall grenadiers of Friedrich-Wilhelm and the metaphysics of the Post-Kantian philosophers; the Scot remains unchanged. As for the Englishman, his regard for personal appearance and his love of good-feeding are unchanged likewise; but he will now be astonished at his exceptional reputation for music. There is, however, no doubt that Erasmus, who knew England well, is correct with respect to the musical proficiency of our forefathers under the Tudors, inasmuch as this is proved in very full detail by Mr. W. Chappell, in his invaluable history of *Popular Music of the Olden Times*.

The important truth that it is not from things themselves, but from their opinion concerning them, however false, that men derive their chief felicity, furnishes a powerful proof of the utility of folly, and the benefit of flattery and self-love. Thus the gifts of Folly are scattered everywhere. Those who really possess superior endowments of mind and body are necessarily few, but those who believe that they possess them are, thanks to Folly, without number.

The fools are then divided into several classes, to be considered separately—grammarians, poets, jurists, philosophers, theologians, monks and friars, kings and princes, nobles, bishops, cardinals, and popes. Among the scholastic divines of the day, the Scotists are handled with marked severity, the subtle questions enumerated as follows evidently referring to the teachings of the eminent Scotist, William of Occam, though he is not mentioned as their author:—

Num quod instans in generatione divina? Num plures in Christo filiationes? Num possibilis propositio, *Pater Deus odit Filium?* Num Deus potuerit *suppositare* mulierem, num diabolum, num asinum, num cucurbitam, num silicem? Tum quemadmodum cucurbita fuerit concionatura, editura miracula, figenda cruci? Et quid consecrasset Petrus, si consecrasset eo tempore quo corpus Christi pendebat in cruce? Et num eodem tempore Christus homo dici potuerit? Et num post resurrectionem edere aut bibere fas sit futurum, jam nunc famem sitimque præcaventes?

The satire against persons in high places consists in a comparison between what the dignitaries are and what they ought to be. If kings and popes really understood the duties pertaining to their respective offices, they would not take so much trouble to obtain them, or, finding themselves possessed of them already, would feel sad under the weight of their responsibilities. Fortunately their wisdom does not extend so far, and thus they can thoroughly enjoy themselves, and promote the enjoyment of many others, who fatten on abuses. The conclusion of the discourse takes a more serious turn, Moria here vindicating her sacred character by the citation of St. Paul's assertion that the "foolishness of God is wiser than men," with corroborative texts.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that, in making Folly her own panegyrist, Erasmus falls into the inconsistency by which it is the doom of allegory to be always accompanied. Ostensibly the same person, the Moria who speaks in one part of the discourse is by no means identical with the Moria who holds forth in another. Sometimes she is the advocate of absolute idiocy or insanity; sometimes she would recommend that blissful ignorance of evil with which the *mens sana in corpore sano* is perfectly consistent; sometimes she is that practical common sense, of which we find a modern exponent in those persons who, by no means fools, doubt whether gentlemen of the calibre of Mr. J. S. Mill are fittingly placed in the House of Commons. But the enjoyment of a work so excellent, and the parent of many others excellent also, should not be impaired by a spirit of depreciatory criticism. Let it be accepted as the broad statement of the views of things in general taken by a man who had studied deeply and seen much, and in whom the attributes of the recluse scholar and the thorough man of the world were singularly combined, and it will be read with unmixed admiration.

STOKES' LIFE OF PETRIE.*

A LIFE of Dr. Petrie is a work to which we can give a hearty welcome. There are few classes of people to whom we take more kindly than to a rational Irish antiquary. The breed is rare; the specimens are therefore the more precious when we come across them. And Petrie was distinctly the head of his order. He did a very great work, a work the importance of which in its own line can hardly be overvalued. He brought reason and evidence to bear on a subject which had hitherto been given up to wild guessing and extravagant speculation. A goodly band has since arisen to walk in his steps, but Petrie was undoubtedly the beginner. A self-taught man, working for a long time well nigh alone, and with very little in the way either of books or of men to guide him, he may sometimes have come to hasty conclusions. But no one who knows the difference between Petrie and the Irish antiquaries who went before him will ever be inclined to be harsh on any points where they may think that Petrie's views will not stand the test of the most recent criticism. We say this because we have seen in some English antiquaries a certain tendency to undervalue the greatness of Petrie's services to antiquarian knowledge. The work he did was such as has seldom fallen to the lot of one man to do; and, compared with the gigantic fabric of error which he overthrew, any slips of his own—supposing such slips to be very many more than we believe them to be—are the merest dust in the balance.

Petrie is best known in England, and no doubt in Ireland too, from the work on which his fame will doubtless always mainly rest—his magnificent volume on the Round Towers and the other early ecclesiastical remains in Ireland. But we hardly knew, till we learned it from Professor Stokes' book, how varied his studies and attainments were. He was not only devoted to the study of antiquities of every kind, but he was also a painter and a musician; indeed it was as a painter that he began life. As for his musical tastes, those he contrived to turn into a branch of his antiquarian studies by diligently collecting the old national songs and airs of Ireland. That he was versed in the Irish language and the Irish national chronicles we need not say, because such knowledge is taken for granted throughout his great inquiry, and it indeed lies at the root of the whole thing. While other people were simply speculating and talking nonsense, Petrie had set to work in the right way, with the proper combination of indoor and outdoor study, to see every ancient relic with his own eyes, and to compare what he saw with his eyes with what he read in his books. He thus established, what no sane person now doubts, the real origin and object of the Round Towers. To those who have taken a wide view of the history of architecture there never could have been any doubt as to the matter. But, before Petrie's time, there were not in any country many critical students of architecture as a branch of history; in Ireland there were perhaps none at all. The few who were qualified to judge had not studied Irish antiquities, and those who professed to have studied Irish antiquities simply gave the reins to their fancy. The wonderful thing is that Petrie, whose studies were very local, and who had not given much attention to anything out of Ireland, should have known how to set about the work as he did, with such perfect patience and sobriety and in such a thorough critical spirit. While other people babbled about fire-worship, phallic worship, every conceivable absurdity on the face of the earth, Petrie simply showed by the evidence of records what the Round Towers really were. They were simply belfries, standing detached from their churches, and used, as church towers were used more or less in all parts of the world, for various secondary purposes. The circumstances of the country made defences a matter of special moment even for ecclesiastical buildings; the towers therefore were made more strictly defensive than was usual in more settled countries, though certainly not more so than was usual in Pembrokeshire at a much later time. All this Petrie demonstrated by incontestable evidence. Now an architectural student of wider range would most likely have come to Petrie's conclusions without going all through Petrie's evidence. A comparative archæologist would adopt Petrie's views on the Round Towers instinctively. Still it is a great thing to have the matter thoroughly worked out as a matter of evidence. It is a great thing in itself, and it is a still greater thing with regard to objectors. If the unlearned and unbelieving are to be convinced at all, they are much more likely to be convinced by such a laborious testing of evidence as Petrie's than by the instinctive perception of the comparative archæologist. To them this perception would seem simply a guess, like their own guesses, differing from their own guesses only in being prosaic and unattractive. Indeed many of the unlearned and unbelieving abide to this day as stiff-necked as ever, in the teeth of all that Petrie has done. Mr. Keene and his Cuthites offer a memorable example indeed. Professor Stokes is naturally moved to a righteous wrath at what he calls the "desecration" of employing Petrie's own drawings and engravings to illustrate a book in which Irish archæology has been flung back into the slough out of which Petrie raised it.

On the other hand, we have seen now and then, and we have always seen with regret, a disposition among a few English antiquaries to undervalue Petrie's researches. Our own belief is that, taking his work as a whole, Petrie could have stood his ground against any man; but undoubtedly he had his weak points, and he made his occasional slips like other people. A wide view of things, a range of study less exclusively confined to Ireland, would undoubtedly have been an advantage to him. The wonderful thing, as we before said, is that, working within so narrow a range, his work was of the high character which it always bears. No doubt he often gives his buildings dates a good deal too early for them; he sometimes falls into the common error of mistaking the

* *The Life and Labours, in Art and Archæology, of George Petrie, LL.D., M.R.I.A.* By William Stokes, M.D., D.C.L. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

foundation of a church or monastery for the date of the erection of the present building. Indeed it appears from his Life that he latterly admitted that his dates in some cases were too early. But, if Petrie has now and then slipped in detail, we still maintain that his system is sound as a whole against both classes of adversaries, and that he was himself far more logical and critical than either of them. We have often said to English objectors who complained that Petrie put a building in the eighth or ninth century which they would have put in the eleventh or twelfth—"Never mind; your difference is a very slight one; remember that Petrie is fighting against people who put them in the eleventh or twelfth century the other way." Antiquarian research has undoubtedly advanced since Petrie began to work, and certainly no one man has done more towards its advance than Petrie himself. Some improvements might no doubt be made in detail if his work could now be gone through again by some competent person; but we feel sure that such an examination would leave his main positions very much where they are now. Most of the objections made to his system are decidedly captious, and they often rest on mere misconceptions of the authorities quoted on their behalf. For instance, Petrie holds that there were stone buildings, and even ornamental stone buildings, in Ireland long before the English Conquest in the twelfth century. We should also say long before that imitation of foreign work which, in Ireland as in England, went before the actual foreign invasion. Cormac's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel holds a place in Irish architectural history analogous to that which Edward the Confessor's work at Westminster holds in England. We are told that the Irish did not build in stone till the eleventh century, and that nobody anywhere could use the chisel till late in the twelfth century; but we have shown in former articles that these views are founded on utter misconceptions of the passages of St. Bernard and of Gervase which are quoted in their support. Again, Giraldus—whom, by the way, Professor Stokes somewhat oddly speaks of as Cambrensis without any name—distinctly speaks of the round towers as an ancient custom in his days. It proves nothing to show—what there is no doubt of—that there are few round towers as late as Giraldus's own time, or even later. The witness of Giraldus, to say nothing of all the other evidence, shows that the erection of these later round towers was simply the retention, possibly the revival, of a custom which had been in use ages before. In the Appendix will be found some remarks of Petrie's in answer to Mr. Parker, in which he holds his ground on some of these points well and successfully.

The life of Petrie was, as might be expected, not an eventful or exciting one; his biography is almost wholly a record of his labours with the pen and the pencil. He was born in Dublin in the year 1789, and he died in the same city in 1866. Though his birth was Irish, his descent was Scotch, both his parents having migrated from the younger to the elder Scotia. He was a painter and an antiquary from his youth, almost from his childhood. His profession as a landscape-painter gave him great opportunities in the antiquarian way, of which he made the best advantage from the very beginning. Professor Stokes gives us large extracts from the journals in which Petrie recorded his early tours, and though the style is sometimes a little too highflown, they are valuable and interesting, as showing how early he began to exercise his powers of observation and criticism. He thus received, though at his own hands, a real antiquarian education. As Professor Stokes pointedly says, "He did not take up the pursuit in middle life, as is the case with so many *dilettanti* antiquarians whose minds in their youth have had no preparation for the study." For purely Irish matters—and Petrie commonly kept himself to purely Irish matters—this was really a very good education. For wider inquiries a more general culture would have been needed. Like other people, he broke down when he went beyond his proper beat, as when he dreamed of Greek colonies in Ireland in some remote mythical time. Still, after all, we may call the error a comparatively slight one, as Aryans of any kind may count as brethren in opposition to the Phœnicians, Scythians, Buddhists, daughters of Pharaoh, and other strange persons whom the pre-scientific school thought fit to quarter on the Green Isle.

Petrie's first literary efforts were made in the pages of several local periodicals, such as the *Irish Penny Journal* and the *Dublin Penny Journal*—periodicals which, though extinct, are still known to antiquaries on the strength of his contributions and those of a few others like-minded with himself. He had much to do with the Topographical Department of the Irish Ordnance Survey and with the Royal Irish Academy. It was out of a prize offered by this last body that his great work arose. He seems never to have been on the Continent, and his visits to Great Britain were not frequent. They were made mainly to investigate points connected with his Irish studies, as when he went to see the two Scotch round towers at Brechin and Abernethy. His last visit to Great Britain seems to have been in 1849, when he, and several other distinguished Irish antiquaries, attended the Cambrian Archæological meeting at Cardiff, held under the presidency of his intimate friend Lord Adare, now Earl of Dunraven. He there took part in a discussion on cromlechs, which he was surprised to find that some—by no means all—of the Welsh antiquaries still looked on as Druidical altars. Petrie, it seems, was one of the first to make out for himself, before the Danish scholars had taken up the matter—at any rate before their researches were generally known—that the cromlechs were simply graves. This, again, considering the general state of opinion on such matters when he began his work, was a sign of no small accuracy of observation and independence of thought.

Personally Petrie seems to have been in every way excellent and delightful. He was the centre of a circle of attached friends, most of them men of kindred pursuits with his own. And that circle has grown into a school, which still has a work to do and enemies to contend against. It will be with pride and reverence that that school will always look back to Petrie as the founder of rational archæology in Ireland.

LUCREZIA BORGIA.*

In many an old Italian city there is a half-forgotten public library, which the natives carefully avoid, and to which strangers do not often resort. Now and then some enthusiastic scholar may pay it an unexpected visit, and ransack its seldom molested stores, but during the long intervals between such rare invasions its volumes stand tranquilly upon their shelves, its papers lie undisturbed in their cases. And yet there is much that is curious to be seen in these old cemeteries of learning, and much may be learnt by any one who will consult their relics aright. Even if no great results arise from his researches, if no startling discoveries throw a flood of light on one of the dark places of history, the hours which he has spent in an old library of this description will seldom appear to have been wasted. There, in the shade and quiet which are seldom troubled by the glare and noise of the outer world, he will at least experience the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with the former life of the city which spreads around him, and over the ancient chronicles of which he is poring. And if he afterwards publishes a history of that city, he will possess the obvious advantage of having some real knowledge of the subject on which he writes. The book which is now before us appears to owe its existence to one of the unfrequent visits we have mentioned. Mr. Gilbert seems to have spent some time in consulting the public records of Ferrara, and especially those which have reference to the life and times of Lucrezia Borgia, and his labour has resulted in a curious picture of the city as it was between three and four centuries ago, and a very interesting study of the character of a princess who has hitherto found but few champions. The idea originally thrown out by Mr. Roscoe, in his *Dissertation on the Character of Lucretia Borgia*, has been fully worked out by Mr. Gilbert, who has at least succeeded in proving that the beautiful toxicologist of the stage has very little in common with the Lucrezia Borgia of history.

Mr. Gilbert's efforts are mainly confined to drawing the picture of the life led by Lucrezia after her marriage with the Duke of Ferrara. In doing this he has placed great reliance on her letters, of which there are no fewer than 339 "at present extant in different public libraries or private collections in Italy." They extend over a period of nineteen years, beginning a little before her marriage, and ending a fortnight before her death. On nine of these, addressed to the celebrated Pietro Bembo, a charge has been founded against her of infidelity to her husband; but this seems to Mr. Gilbert manifestly unfair. And at all events, he says, among all the other letters there is not one from which a line can be quoted to her prejudice, while most of them speak highly in her praise. Some of them contain appeals for mercy on behalf of condemned criminals; others show her solicitude for the interests of the sick poor. Many of them are written to her husband, describing in an affectionate style little matters of family interest, about the health of her children and other similar affairs, such as would seem to prove that she was a good mother, and a woman true to feminine instincts and feelings. Others are to her husband's father and sister, by both of whom she was greatly beloved—a fact which of itself goes far to show that she was not as black as she has been painted. Throughout these letters, or at least in those with which we are ourselves acquainted, there seems to m nifest itself a kindly and affectionate spirit, as well as the tone of piety, unmixed with bigotry, on which Mr. Gilbert lays great stress. It is impossible to read them without forming an idea of their writer as a woman of great intelligence and ability, in her public capacity evidently a large-minded ruler, in her private life apparently an affectionate wife and mother. When we add to the evidence afforded by her own letters the favourable testimony of some of the most celebrated writers of the day, we must at least allow that Mr. Gilbert's scepticism with regard to her depravity is not altogether unwarrantable. It is difficult to consider that woman a monster of crime of whom Ariosto says that Rome ought to prefer the modern Lucrezia to the Lucrezia of antiquity, as well in modesty as in beauty, and to whom, as the most worthy of women, he gives the first niche in the temple erected to female excellence in the *Orlando Furioso*; whom all the historians of Ferrara mention in terms of the highest praise; than whom Paolo Giovio, Bishop of Nocera, says he never knew "a more amiable, virtuous, or pious woman"; and to whose merits, speaking some years after her death, Aldo Manuzio bears this striking testimony:—

> What might not I say of her piety towards God, of her charity towards the poor, of her beneficence to those about her, of her justice to all? The marvel was what an amount of misery she had been able to alleviate by the ministers of her bounty; what prudence she had exhibited in the transaction of public business and in the administration of justice; what care she had evinced in giving to all what appeared to be their due, so governing her State as to have the good rewarded, the evil-doers punished, and having affairs so well conducted in the Senate as to exhibit to her subjects the most excellent judgment and the greatest acuteness of intellect.

* *Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara.* A Biography. Illustrated by Rare and Unpublished Documents. By William Gilbert, Author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

The wonder is, if her merits were really so great, how she could ever have been made the subject of the horrible charges which have rendered her very name infamous. One explanation that may be

bitterly detested that she, as their relative, was recklessly charged with crimes fearful even to think of, and was readily believed to be guilty of them. She was a Borgia; therefore to be attacked. She was the daughter of Alexander VI.; therefore she must be corrupt. She was the sister of Cesare Borgia; therefore she must have been in the habit, when in wrath, of instantaneously killing by a sweetmeat or a flower or a glove; or, when vexed, of swiftly turning vigorous youth into decrepit old age by a single draught of cunningly doctored wine.

If Pontano and Sannazarro are to be believed, Lucrezia Borgia was the vilest of women; but they were not only poets, but also faithful subjects and admirers of the princes of that House of Aragon which the Pope had betrayed, so it is not wonderful that they should have attacked the whole Borgia family. It is true that the gravest of their charges is also to be found in Guicciardini, but it has been already pointed out by Mr. Madden that the accusation does not appear in the earlier editions of his work. What throws most discredit on the testimony of the poets is the fact that it is not supported by that of Burchard, whose official position in the palace made him better aware than any one else of what the Borgias were doing, and who hated the Pope and his family so much that he would have been delighted to side with Lucrezia's poetic enemies if their verses had been in accordance with the prose of fact. As it is, although he says nothing of the particular crimes they mention, one of the chief blots on her character is derived from his pen; that is to say, if he really wrote the well-known description of the orgy which preceded Lucrezia's marriage with Alfonso d'Este—an orgy which Mr. Gilbert thinks never existed except in the diseased imagination of some hater of the Borgias.

Lucrezia was certainly educated in a very bad school. During the period in which she was growing up to womanhood Rome was in a fearful state. Murder was then a very commonplace affair. The witness who saw the body of the Duke of Gandia flung into the Tiber excused himself for his silence on the subject by saying that he had seen a hundred dead bodies pitched into the river in his time, and therefore did not attach much importance to any particular corpse. The Pope and his son Cesare ruled with unrelenting severity. For a contemptuous gesture or an angry word they would have a man strangled or drowned without the slightest compunction. Sometimes, it is true, they refrained from killing, but their mercy was far from complete. A man was once seen pointing his finger at Cesare Borgia. For this crime he was immediately arrested and thrown into prison, "where his finger was struck off, and tied to the iron bars of the jail window, as a warning to others to be less demonstrative." Another misguided person not only pointed his finger rudely at the Duke, but even spoke of him without respect. "The man was arrested, and both his finger and tongue were amputated, and exhibited by being tied to the bars of the prison window." It would have been strange if Lucrezia's family had been anything but unpopular among the Romans, or if she had escaped being involved in the hatred which at least her father and her brother justly deserved.

But in Ferrara she found herself in a very different position from that which she had occupied in Rome. Her husband was deservedly popular, and she herself soon acquired the respect and even the affection of his subjects. During the years she lived there no scandal sullied her fair fame, and neither her husband nor any of his relatives seem to have had reason to be displeased with her behaviour. When she died he seems to have felt her loss acutely. "I cannot write without the tears coming into my eyes," he says in a letter to his nephew, "so sad is it to find myself deprived of so amiable and good a companion; so dear was she to me, not only from her excellent life, but from the tender love which existed between us." And there is good reason for believing that his sorrow was shared by the inhabitants of Ferrara, to whom she had endeared herself by the exercise of virtues which seem strangely inconsistent with the vices with which her name is generally associated.

Mr. Gilbert has done good service in carefully investigating the evidence on which the charges rest which have been brought against her, and his researches are likely to produce the more effect, inasmuch as their results have been described in a manner likely to prove generally interesting. His clear and unaffected style is admirably fitted for biography, and the chapters which are devoted to Lucrezia's life tell its story exceedingly well. Unfortunately their sequence is broken by the introduction of such long accounts of Ferrara and its inhabitants that the thread of the narrative sometimes vanishes entirely out of sight. Not that these pictures of Ferrara life are uninteresting; on the contrary, they contain much that is curious and attractive; but they seem somewhat too numerous, and too minute in detail, for insertion in a memoir.

Some of the regulations which prevailed at Ferrara in Lucrezia's time might be advantageously put in force among ourselves. For instance, not only was begging prohibited in the streets, but those who encouraged beggars were punished. "For the first offence the mendicant was imprisoned, and for the second flogged, while any person detected in the act of giving him money was fined two scudi." It appears also that "the punishment for the offence of selling bread under the just weight was a severe fine for the first offence, and imprisonment with flogging for the second," which probably kept small traders awake to the necessity of having their weights in due order. In fact all kinds of offenders seem to have been somewhat severely punished, from a forgetful guardian of the castle clock to such a criminal as that Madonna Laura who was immured in a cell but a few feet square, in which there was no aperture except the small window through which she received her food, and there confined until she died. So ingenious, indeed, were the contrivers of these punishments that some Ferrarese historians claim for their city the honour of having been the first to use the guillotine. Certainly there is an execution mentioned of one Giuseppe Ariani, in which "the executioner pulled a cord and the knife fell." One of the strangest offences mentioned in the annals of the city is that alleged to have been committed by a certain physician, who "was strongly suspected of adulterating his vipers." It seems he supplied a great many for the benefit of the plague-stricken in one of the hospitals, the accounts of the institution containing such entries as "For 21 vipers, comprising three dead, bought in Bologna at 7 soldi apiece; and for the carriage of the same," &c. A still stranger entry occurs a little further on. "For 4,320 scorpions at 25 soldi the hundred," &c. The plague made great ravages in Ferrara, and numerous documents relating to it exist in the archives of the city, one of them containing an entry which speaks well for the care exercised by the rulers of the city, being an account of a reward paid to a certain notary for many things he had done, and, among others, for "carrying daily a report of the progress the plague was making, as well as of the condition of the sick, to the illustrious Duke, or his consort the Duchess Lucrezia." The land also appears to have been afflicted about the same time by a plague of poets, who "were as plentiful in the city as frogs in the meadows surrounding it." Eventually the sufferings of the people reached such a pitch that the Duke sold off the whole of his silver plate and his rich furniture, and Lucrezia, who was now in her thirty-fifth year, "and therefore at a time of life when a woman is apt to have great faith in the value of dress," pledged all her jewels in order to relieve the distresses of her people.

This sacrifice was the greater inasmuch as personal ornament was specially sought after in those days. Mr. Gilbert has given some interesting extracts from various works relating to the extravagance and the eccentric notions of taste which then prevailed in dress. Some of the patterns and devices then adopted seem not a little strange, as, for instance, in the case of the lady who wore "a robe on which were embroidered no fewer than six hundred figures exemplifying different episodes in the life of Christ." It appears, from a tract published at Ferrara about the beginning of the sixteenth century, that ladies were in the habit of making free use of such cosmetics as powder of white mushrooms, powdered candied sugar, dark powder for colouring the eyelids, powders of white and red coral, and powdered talc, "the latter being mixed as a sparkling for the hair." The tract also contains several recipes for turning black hair to a gold or yellow colour. Perhaps the most striking documents quoted in relation to dress are those which relate how Leonello, Marquis of Ferrara, attempted to curtail the trains worn in his time by ladies. Not only did he issue an edict prohibiting trains "which, when a lady stood upright, could be stretched out more than half a yard from her heels," but he invented a plan to enable fathers and brothers to give information against their wives and sisters, or daughters, without being detected. For this purpose a box was placed at the entrance of the cathedral, with a slit in the lid through which anonymous denunciations against ladies who wore their trains too long might be safely slipped.

That Mr. Gilbert will succeed in amusing and interesting his readers may be safely predicted. Whether he will be able to alter the world's verdict in reference to the character of Lucrezia Borgia is a very different question. It is hard to stem the current of general aversion. And in the court of popular opinion the "devil's advocates" are listened to more readily than the promoters of a canoniza- Moreover, an honest indignation will not readily consent to become sceptical on the subject of the great crimes of history. And whatever may be the effect produced by Mr. Gilbert in the study, it can but in few instances serve to counterbalance the influence of the fatal confessions which Lucrezia herself has been made to utter on the stage.

MAXIMS BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.*

IN a paper entitled "To Persons about to Find Themselves Famous" the author of this little volume remarks that there is not in these times much demand for essays. Their day, he thinks, is gone by. "People prefer to think for themselves on this and that subject, and do not desire other men's 'views' upon them." How far this assertion may be true in a purely commercial point of view we will not inquire; but it is a bold assertion to make in a volume which, though nominally devoted to "maxims," is really a series of essays. Shall we condemn the author out of his own mouth? He has given us not a little provocation, for which we are half inclined to take revenge. A young author, he assures us, regards a critic exactly as a barrister regards an attorney—"he despises him from the bottom of his heart, but he pays him the most respectful court." The writer is evidently not a young author, but he seems scarcely to have purified his

* *Maxims by a Man of the World.* By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

mind from the resentments instilled into it at some earlier period He pays our craft, it is true, an ironical compliment to the effec that he knows "no critical organ which he does not reverenc and admire for their sterling honesty and excellent taste" but we fancy he comes nearer to a genuine expression of feeling though of course he is still speaking jocosely, when he except from his compliment one or two critics "whom I may dismiss with the observation that they are malignant and contemptible idiots." Nay, he goes a step further, and ventures to speak of the *Saturday Review* by name, with a levity, if not a positiv disapproval, scarcely expedient in one about to appear before that critical tribunal. If, therefore, we gave way to a natural feeling of resentment, we should be able to retort easily upon our assailant. People, we might observe, do not desire the "views" of the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* upon marriage, love, money, friendship, children, and other similar subjects. If we wish for reflections upon such topics we may go to Solomon, or to the various wise men who have discussed them in the English and other languages for some centuries past. Are not the very titles we have quoted taken almost *verbatim* from the titles of some of Bacon's Essays, and does the writer think that it requires the acuteness and fiendish malignity of the *Saturday* Reviewer of his imagination to discover that there is a wide interval between Bacon and the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd?* The day for such things, we might repeat, is gone by; essays, maxims, or whatever you may please to call them, are old-fashioned methods of composition, and it is as hopeless to restore the literary fashions suitable to the days of the *Spectator* as i would be to bring back our great-grandmothers' hoops.

Nothing could prevent us from taking this line of argument and summarily judging the "Man of the World" out of his own mouth, except the consideration that it is not founded in fact. Our great-grandmothers' hoops, to use our own illustration, returned upon us with certain modifications only the other day; and, in spite of the suicidal assertion of the author, essays upon social and moral topics have by no means gone out of fashion. Rather we wonder at the public appetite for a kind of literature which in magazines is stigmatized as "padding," but which certainly composes some very popular volumes. So long as we have such essayists as Mr. Helps and "A.K.H.B.," to mention no others, it cannot be said that there is no market for essays upon general subjects; and as the author's practice contradicts his theory, we may presume that he would not too eagerly dispute the assertion. He will probably admit without much reluctance that his literary wares are not to be summarily rejected as belonging to an unsaleable class, although he may possibly differ from our estimate of their value. To settle this point satisfactorily we ought to know what people want in an essay. Why should any one desire to read a few remarks upon love or marriage or sickness? Do we not, generally speaking, lay in a tolerable supply of moralizing once a week that we are so anxious to make up possible deficiencies by the study of lay sermons? When a gentleman proposes to abolish marriage, or to introduce polygamy, he may claim the merit of comparative novelty; though he must make haste, however wild may be his theories, if he would not be anticipated. But can any human being throw any light upon love considered in the abstract? Certainly, if it were necessary for a writer to do so before presuming to rush into print on the subject, the essayist must be either a profound philosopher or a presumptuous impostor. Fortunately there is no such necessity. It is true, as the "Man of the World" remarks, that "to write well and strikingly upon what is already well known is given to very few folks indeed," and we might once more condemn him out of his own mouth. Yet it is also true that people have an amazing appetite for reading their own commonplace thoughts, if put into a tolerably graceful style, and enforced by a few appropriate anecdotes. It is beyond our present purpose to inquire into the remote causes of this singular propensity; and we may assume it to be an ultimate fact in human nature that mankind enjoys this simple intellectual food, if it is only dished up with a certain amount of culinary dexterity. All that seems to be strictly necessary is that the commonplaces thus treated should be sufficiently disguised not to strike us as obtrusively commonplace. If we ruthlessly boiled down any of these, or most similar essays, we should find that essentially they came to very little. Half of them would turn out to be a kind of literary "water-bewitched"—some obvious truism properly expanded and garnished with a sufficient commentary. The other half would be similarly reduced to the paradoxes which are the reverse of those truisms. Yet, simple as the process sounds, it doubtless requires a good deal of skill in manipulation. Essayists generally have so little to say, that much depends upon the neatness with which they put it. A man has, we will suppose, to prove, in a score of pages, that honesty is the best policy; or, like the "Man of the World," to illustrate the proposition that "marriage is the crucible of love." If he desires to be piquant more than to be improving, he will perhaps demonstrate the reverse of these truths, and show that honesty is the worst policy, or that marriage produces love instead of testing it. The first man who hit upon the truism about honesty must have been a man of genius, for he has succeeded in making many generations repeat his phrase till it has become wearisome. He compressed into five words a thought at which generations had been hammering without making it into an epigram. The reverse process may be similarly exemplified. When somebody at last succeeded, after many failures, in concocting the epigram that language was given us to conceal our thoughts, he invented one of the happiest witticisms that have ever been uttered. Yet all he had to do was to put into a formula the reverse of an intolerable truism. The imperfect attempts at uttering this phrase which have been discovered by the curiosity of later generations beautifully exemplify the extreme difficulty of making a really telling epigram. The business of the essayist is the reverse of this; he takes a platitude, and expands it into a disquisition; he resembles a sculptor who should repeat on a large scale the carving on a gem; or, more accurately, if more prosaically, he is like the cook who makes a savoury compound from a diminutive packet of portable soup. The epigram is the essence of art; and the essay is the dilution, which, for some purposes, is of more easy consumption.

Hence it would be absurd to condemn an essay on the ground that it, after all, says very little, and that that little is very old. If the threadbare text is expanded with due felicity, and made into an artistic whole, the writer has done all that can be demanded of him. He ought not, indeed, to give us blank commonplace, but we should be content if he sustains himself, though at a very small distance, just above the level of platitude. We might easily find fault with the "Man of the World," who is fonder of the essay founded upon simple platitude than of the cynical variety which starts from a paradox. He is accordingly rather apt to fall into downright commonplaces and to deal in that oppressive goodness and "geniality" which inspired Mr. Dickens's Christmas Books. "Next to a good wife," he tells us, "a good friend is the very best thing to be got." "A husband soon gets tired of the pretty artifices which pleased him as a lover." "Sacrifice nothing to appearances." These, and other little remarks which it would be easy enough to select, are not only true, but we might also say, disgustingly true. They are the raw material cropping up where we ought to have the manufactured article; the bare canvass showing where we only want embroidery. It is doubtless difficult in treating such subjects to avoid an occasional drop into the flattest prose, but the author is here a little abusing his privilege. For the most part, however, his remarks are pleasantly put and neatly illustrated, with a pleasant sprinkling of humour. The most unaccountable circumstance to us is that they should have been described as by "a Man of the World." The device rather resembles that by which tracts are sometimes distributed in envelopes holding out a promise of impropriety. We take up the book expecting to see some harsh and bitter criticisms upon human nature and society. To our surprise, we find ourselves talking to an amiable gentleman very fond of quiet family life, strongly attached to children, attached to the clergy, and with only one strong prejudice, which is apt to crop out at intervals without much reason, to the effect that the House of Lords is an effete and foolish institution. Indeed, the author is obliged to admit that he uses the title of "Man of the World" in a non-natural sense.

It is difficult to give any specific account of essays which are principally amplifications of well-known maxims, unless we were to indulge in long quotations. It is better to say simply that people who have time for such reading will find them pleasantly written, and, unless they are closely connected with the peerage, thoroughly inoffensive. Even a peer need not take the jibes directed against his order very much to heart. Probably it will survive several such assaults. There are, however, two or three essays touching upon more special subjects which we may commend to all whom it may concern. Persons interested in Universities and public schools may discover what is the view taken of them by one of the reprobate—by a gentleman, that is, who has gone through the usual course, and has only learnt to hate Latin verses with a bitter intensity, to detest even the classical authors generally, and to announce boldly the opinion that the *Seven against Thebes* is "as windy, worthless, and idealess a composition as exists." He has also learnt two small classical jokes, which he "values exceedingly," on the ground that they cost him a thousand pounds apiece—being, in his opinion, the net result of an education which amounted to that sum. The writer is eager to assure us that this opinion is not the result of any antipathy to poetry or literature as such, for he is an ardent admirer of Shelley, Shakspeare, and other great men, whose compositions did not enter into his course of instruction. It is merely, he thinks, the natural result of the stupid blundering system which makes our education generally a hollow mockery and sham. We forbear to inquire into the precise value of this argument, and will content ourselves with commending to the attention of Mr. Farrar and similar radical reformers the fact that a gentleman who can write good English, and is not without strong literary tastes, can speak with a certain personal antipathy of our whole educational course, as an intolerable grievance. We decline to ask whether it is the fault of our schools and Universities, or of the "author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*," that they disagree so decidedly with each other.

KING AND MUNRO'S HORACE.*

THE real student and the mere man of taste will each find a treasure in King and Munro's Horace. But, as is just, the worker will get the lion's share of it. The virtuoso will feast on wood engravings reproducing upon paper the actual effects of the glyptic art, will inspect without quitting his library the varied riches

* *Q. Horatii Flacci Opera.* Illustrated from Antique Gems by C. W. King, M.A., Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. The Text revised, with an Introduction, by H. A. J. Munro, M.A., Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. London: Bell & Daldy. 1869.

of the Beverley, Blacas, Paris, Berlin, Roman and British gem-collections, will assess the marketable value of this or that rare cameo or intaglio, and snatch a new sensation from signets that may have graced the finger of Menander or Aspasia. But the thorough-going scholar will reap more tangible fruit, while he not only feeds his eyes and informs his mind with the actual shapes of things known to him hitherto only by word and in imperfect conceptions, but also finds the text which these shapes illustrate soundly revised, and prefaced with a lucid and masterly introduction from the pen of one whose name rises first to every tongue when we speculate who shall be the first Cambridge Latin Professor. It is but natural to attach most value to these latter points; and never was inquirer less in danger of disappointment than when he seeks, in the text now given, definite views as to readings and orthography, and, in the introduction, clear grounds for those views, as well as a *multum in parvo* of curious and convincing criticism. Still the sternest iconoclast would be sorry to lose the gems wherewith Mr. King has illustrated the pages of his Horace, after once discerning the singular light they throw upon the text, and realizing their close connexion with the history, antiquities, and mythology of Rome as it was to Horace. Mr. King bases the claim of his edition to higher favour than met a century ago the beautiful copperplate vignettes of Pine's Horace, and the various followers in Pine's lead from that time till the present, upon his having limited himself to "the resources of the glyptic art alone," and not availed himself of medals or fancy-designs to help out a complete set of gem-subjects elucidatory of his text. "All persons," he writes, "conversant with ancient art are aware that engraved gems filled exactly the same place in the Roman world as prints on paper do in the modern; all subjects,

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,

being embodied in their medium, and by means of impressions circulated all over the empire. No theme was too high or too low for their scope; the profoundest mysteries of religion, and the broadest caricature, imperial majesty and the puffs of a quack doctor, with every other expression of the various feelings of our nature, claimed gems for their exponents." Acting upon this knowledge, Mr. King has secured the highest skill in wood-engraving for the production, not of "reduced copies of other copies," but of veritable "subjects drawn after the originals," which originals are furthermore culled from the vastly augmented stores that enrich the present generation. He deserves all the credit of having struck out an independent and definite path of illustration, untrodden or only partially trodden hitherto, and having pursued it with a tact and spirit which must command success. Perhaps it scarcely comes within the range of average scholars to have more than general ideas about Phidias and Apelles. The history of the ancient art of engraving on precious stones, with the names of its foremost professors, is but beginning to be popularized by the interesting researches of Mr. King. But its application to Horace is an idea which none will fail to appreciate, after having once tested its curious resources of illustration. It supplies in cameos and intaglios, chiefly used of old for signets, a contemporary portrait gallery; a commentary or Greek and Roman mythology; an "illustrated companion" to the implements, usages, and fashions of classical antiquity. Where could be seen a finer show of the historical and literary Romans of the Augustan period, or of the Greek philosophers, mostly indeed from gems of Imperial Rome, but still entitled to the credit of authenticity, because copied probably from contemporary statues? Among the philosophers, however, the "confronted busts of Socrates and Plato" represent a gem of exceptional rarity, being, Mr. King tells us (Sat. II. iv. A, pp. 286 and 446), a work of the best period of Greek art, and presenting what Visconti pronounced wellnigh indiscoverable—a genuine portrait of Plato. Other portrait-gems curiously illustrate individual weaknesses. That of Aristippus (Epist. I. xvii. A) bespeaks, by "bostrukized" hair and beard, a philosophic courtier who thought it worth while *principibus placuisse viris*; and the Numidian Juba (Od. I. xxii. A), from Mr. Maskelyne's electrotypes, seems to have set no less store on being, as Cicero described him, *bene capillatus*. Among historic personages, Mark Antony, at the head of Od. I. xxxvii., seems by his "massy features" to claim that Heraclid lineage which he so much affected, and at Od. III. xvi. A, Perseus, the last of Macedonian Kings, asserts his descent from his fabulous and Jove-born namesake, by a winged petasus, tipped with an eagle's head. At the head of the first ode of the Second Book, the "Julium Sidus" in the field fixes a date to the noble profile of Julius Cæsar, and elsewhere the likenesses of Augustus, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Livia, and Julia present these personages as vividly to the scholar, as the portrait exhibitions at South Kensington brought students of English literature and history face to face with their heroes and worthies.

If we turn to mythology, there is no lack in Mr. King's pages of varied illustration of its legends—some in the grotesqueness of early Pelasgic and Etruscan art, others in the "pure, perfect forms of mature Hellenic schools," and others again in "the flowing and languid elegance of the Decline." The feats of Hercules crossing the Styx and about to muffle Cerberus (I. iii. B), and voyaging in a raft upborne by empty amphoræ, with his lion-skin for sail and his club for rudder (I. vii. B) are both Etruscan; and so indeed is Nessus grasping Deianira, the headpiece to epode iii., wherein the Centaur's figure has the forelegs of a man, the original conception of the semi-equine form, which more refined Greek taste superseded with the human bust, completing the usual horse's figure. A very curious contrast between the Etruscan and Greek treatment of the same subject is pointed to in p. 143 and p. 154. In the latter page will be seen a Sisyphus conceived in the matter-of-fact Etruscan style, and in the former the same mythic personage performing his "up-hill" task according to perfected Greek style. In this all is natural enough. But in p. 154, a squared block is being lifted up the steps of a pyramid, which is destined to fall as soon as completed. Mr. King notes hereupon that the subjects of King Porsena, whose tomb is described in Plin. (N. H. xxxvi. 19), might be excused for taking pyramid-building as the best expression of "labour in vain."

Of the finished Greek school and style are "Apollo Musagetes" (I. xxxii. A); Ariadne, a beautiful head from the Berlin collection (II. xi. B); and Venus *robing herself*, an exquisite gem from Mr. Maskelyne's collection, said by Mr. King to have been probably a signet of Aspasia's class and date, and suggesting provokingly the high antiquity of crinolines. In the same book we are charmed by a graceful engraving of Atalanta, the gauzy texture of whose drapery shows the perfect symmetry of the Greek figure. One or two glyptic monuments claim, as Mr. King teaches us, a very far antiquity. The "Stork in its Flight" (Ode II. xx. A), bearing the genuine signature of Dexamenos the Chian, is proved, by the letters being read from right to left, to belong to a date prior to Herodotus. A beautiful nymph kneeling beside her pitcher, and identified by the tympanum on the field with the priestess of the mother of the gods, Rhea Silvia, is doubtless Roman (III. ix. B); and so are "Paris" (Ode I. xv. A), a youthful Bacchus (III. xxv. A), and numberless other heads and groups from mythology. Even more interesting, however, to the scholar will be those engravings which illustrate antique customs; *e. g.*, the drinking vessels (scyphus, cyathus, crater), which figure in the Etruscan gem aptly adopted as a tail-piece to the last ode of the First Book; the insignia of the sacerdotal office graven on the signet of some ancient Flamen (Ode III. vi.), and "the instruments of sacrifice" on a gem used for the same purpose, represented at III. xxiii. B. In p. 64 (cf. 404) may be seen the "plectrum" and scabillum, which are the proper arms of a musician. How many of us can tell off-hand what a scabillum was?—the bronze shoe-sole which flute-players used to beat time with. These and many more curious antiquities appear in this Horatian museum, which in this respect admirably supplements, if it does not actually supersede, Rich's *Illustrated Companion to the Latin Dictionary and the English Lexicon*.

We could dwell for ever upon these delightful helps towards realizing antique forms and faces, but we must not forget a less superficial feature of this new Horace—its text, and its introduction to the text. For this text, in the absence of all MSS. of any great age, the chief materials have been a fuller collation of Bentley's Queen's College Oxford MS., by Mr. Nettleship of Lincoln College, and the more valuable "Oldest Bernese" of Orelli, older as it is by a century than all other existing codices, and that century "the interval in which designed interpolation began to be rife." It is fortunate, as regards the chief deficiency of the "Bernese," the almost entire absence of the Epistles and Satires, that there is compensation in the exceptional accuracy, as this part, of the collation by Cruquius of the MS. of the ninth century, known as "Blandinius Antiquissimus." In points of orthography the "Oldest Bernese" seems to have been followed more completely than in former editions.

We are not surprised that Mr. Munro ridicules, and slays with the sword of criticism, the phantom which has haunted most later German scholars, that many of Horace's odes are wholly or in parts spurious. Mr. Munro argues, with much force and eloquence, that, of all styles, that of Horace would be the hardest to imitate successfully, and he draws a pertinent analogy from Bentley's edition of the *Paradise Lost*. As that critic, from want of sympathy with Milton's highest efforts and ignorance of his favourite sources, the Italians and his own country's romances, cut out many of the poet's noblest lines, so Grüppe and Peerlkamp, in "crass ignorance of all the environments of Horace, and of the sources, native and Greek, most of them now lost, from which he drew his materials of thought," maunder about supposed incongruities, and in some cases actually excise (*e.g.* Ode I. xii.) what Quintilian quoted as genuine. But though there is no room for scepticism as to whole odes, Mr. Munro thinks there may be much as to single words. Such is the state of MSS. that, in spite of Macleane's vehement professions, even he had to desert their authority for conjecture. The best service that can be rendered under the circumstances is such sifting of evidence and critical dicta as Mr. Munro justly credits to Mr. J. E. Yonge, and as we discern, in method at least, in the valuable introduction before us. Not, indeed, that it is smooth sailing for such as venture to air their conjectures and possible emendations. "Most of us," says Mr. Munro, "from long habit prefer our own mumpsimuses to the most brilliant sumpsimus." And we can ourselves testify how much against the grain is conviction as to new readings, when our conservative instincts are interfered with. Indeed, we are ready to tax ourselves with perfidy matching that of any Cinara or Glycera, in inconstantly giving up old loves, or readings, for new and strange ones. But there is no help for it; we must throw overboard "Veris inhorruit Adventus," Conington's "Spring's first shiver" (Ode I. xxiii. 5), for Bentley's "Vepris inhorruit Ad ventum," in which he was anticipated by Salmasius, and which Munro decidedly prefers, because in February, spring's first advent, there would be as few lightly-moving leaves to shake

in Italy as in England, and the steady zephyr's breath would be the last thing to frighten a fawn. With "Mauri peditis" (I. ii. 39) it is a less pang to part. As Bentley urges, the Moor was not "acer," and did not fight afoot, or hand to hand, to say nothing of the ill compliment to Mars involved in picturing him as delighting in the prowess of his children's foe. On the other hand, the traditional character of the Marsian, corroborated by Appian's proverb that "there never was a triumph over Marsian, or without Marsian aid," should reconcile us to this emendation. To the usual reading and interpretation of Ode II. xx. 6-7, "Non ego, quem vocas, Dilecte Mæcenas, obibo," we are not yet prepared to say good bye; but there is serious ground for surrendering the wonted punctuation at v. 5 of the first ode of Horace. In spite of the judgment of his great predecessor Bentley, Mr. Munro calls on us to place a full-stop after "palmaque nobilis." In this case the infinitive and the two nominatives, both joined with one "juvat," have an exact Horatian parallel in Ode I. iv. 29; and vv. 7-10, otherwise without a construction, find one approved by Macleane and Dr. Kennedy, and justified by the parallel which is cited from Epist. I. xvii. 33-4:—

> Res gerere et captos ostendere civibus hostis
> Attingit solium Jovis et cœlestia temptat.

The feeling of awkwardness at ending the sentence with v. 5 is "mere habit," and, amidst many similar rhythms, Munro quotes an exact parallel in the first sentence of the last ode in the third book, the epilogue to the Odes, as the first ode forms their prologue. Another conjecture, which he supports with such force as to justify its acceptance, though he stops short of that step, is to read "Thynus" or "Thœnus" for Pœnus in the lines "Navita Bosporum Pœnus perhorrescit" (II. xiii. 14). Whereas the drift of this passage is that men only guard against known dangers, the common reading here represents "the Punic skipper fearing straits with which he has little business," none at any rate comparable to his own Syrtes. Munro shows the futility of Orelli's suggestion that "Pœnus" means "Tyrian" or "Sidonian"; and by imagining a case of a supposed corrupt text in Shakspeare, argues that it is more legitimate to accept Lachmann's Thynus here (the Thyni dwelt along the shores of the Bosporus) than "Cales" or "Cadiz" for "Calais," supposing a sentence to have run, "the Calais skipper fears nought beyond the straits of Gibraltar." Yet the latter emendation, he says with a quaint drollery which it is impossible to summarize, would be greeted with a *εὕρηκα*. At III. xxiv. 4, his inclination would lead him to read "Tyrrhenum omne tuis et *superum* mare," and to consider "Apulicum" a gloss for the italicized word; but he accepts Lachmann's "Terrenum omne tuis et mare publicum" in deference to authority, although with a suspicion that "Tyrrhenum" is genuine, and "terrenum" baser metal. Upon another contested line "Altricis extra limen Apuliæ," his reasons for doubting Mr. Yonge's emendation "limina *villulæ*"—namely, the absence of such diminutives from the highest class of Augustan poetry—constitute in themselves a small mine of criticism. We must refer the scholar to it, and only notice one other improved reading (Ode I. iv. 8), which he thinks justified by MSS. authority, although he does not, with Bentley, adopt it. For "Vulcanus ardens *urit* officinas," some MSS. read *visit*; and Munro attributes this variance to the fact that in Horace's day "visit" would be written "uissit." Correct transcribers would keep "visit" when "uissit" became obsolete, while the more ignorant would change it to "ussit," an unmeaning perfect soon changed again to "urit." As he adds truly, "Venus dancing in the moonshine while her husband is away visiting the stithies of the Cyclops," is a beautiful picture. For many more valuable hints as to interpretation, as well as prosody and punctuation, we must refer our readers to the volume itself, and content ourselves with saying that in its twofold aspect, and in the excellency of the distinct work of its twin editors, this edition of Horace reflects the highest credit upon English culture and scholarship.

A YANKEE MINOR POET.*

THE reader will doubtless receive with curiosity the announcement of a new poem by the author of *Daisy Swain*. That poem was in every possible respect so utterly unlike anything to which we have been accustomed in this country, that it is not probable that any Englishman who had the privilege of reading it can have forgotten its characteristic features. To those of our benighted countrymen who were prevented, by lack either of time or of Transatlantic sympathies, from making acquaintance with Mr. Dagnall's first work, an opportunity is now offered, by the publication of the *Mexican*, of appreciating the merits of this minor poet of America. A major poet Mr. Dagnall himself would at present perhaps hardly claim to be, since he has only hitherto given to the world two not very lengthy "poems" as the fruit of his genius.

It is true that much higher claims have been put forward in Mr. Dagnall's behalf by some of the American daily, monthly, and quarterly papers and magazines. *Daisy Swain* was, according to the Vermont and Massachusetts critics, an "elevated," "inspired," and, above all, a "thoroughly loyal" poem. A magazine of Philadelphia said that Mr. Dagnall had displayed real power in that work, and that his genius would earn him an enviable position and fame as a poet. "If," cried a Boston journal, "any Englishman should contemptuously ask now 'who writes an American poem?' we should triumphantly answer, '*John M. Dagnall.*'" But it was a New York paper that gave the severest rebuke to the narrow insular prejudices of Albion, by raising the new author to a height above our most renowned poets of the present and past centuries. "Byron," said this critic, "wrote *Don Juan*; Shelley, *Prometheus Bound*; and Coleridge, *Christobel* (*sic*); but neither of the three had the genius to produce *Daisy Swain*. Long may its distinguished author write," &c. &c. It is, however, fairly questionable whether the whole of this criticism springs from purely æsthetic considerations, or whether some of it may not have been written from an international or anti-British point of view. Just as there are in England some journals and some politicians who make the most sincere and admirable efforts to be truthful and impartial on most topics, but on whom the word "Yankee" or "negro" has a perfectly maddening effect, so it is conceivable that some American critics may be unable to resist the temptation of administering a snub to English literature, and may choose rather to obey the dictates of patriotic spleen than those laws of criticism which their profound study of high art would otherwise have suggested to them to follow. Had the Boston critic been able to keep the thought of the "contemptuous Englishman" out of his head, and had the recollection of our pretentious Byrons, Coleridges, and Shelleys not occurred to the New York reviewer, they might perhaps have claimed a somewhat less transcendent glory for their new poet. And, at any rate, Mr. Dagnall himself will probably for the present be content to be classed among American bards as a "minor poet." Even if he claims to be superior to every English poet of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, it may occur to him that, according to the proverb, *Au royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois*. His ambition, if he be the gifted creature that his Yankee critics portray him, is probably tempered by at least a Transatlantic modicum of modesty; and it is not likely that he will at present expect us to rank him above his countryman Longfellow.

The scene of Mr. Dagnall's new poem is laid in Mexico during the last days of Maximilian's Government, and it describes the adventures of a young Republican of Sonora. This hero, whom the author sometimes calls "Rafael," and sometimes, from considerations of metre or of enthusiastic affection, "Raf.," is betrothed to a lovely creature named Morena, and is enjoying life immensely in her society until it occurs to him to meditate upon the wrongs and sufferings of his country under "the foreign sneak" Maximilian, and to conclude that he ought to strike a blow for the Republic of Mexico. He is possessed of great personal prowess, which is thus described in lofty lines by the poet:—

> Nor one, nor two, he feared to meet; for tho'
> Still young in years, yet few his strength could boast;
> And he who dared dispute his way, he'd rap
> With well aimed blows his sconce, until his eyes
> Would flash with stars.

Accordingly, leaving Morena under the care of her father, Don Pedro, he goes on board a privateer, and sails down the Gulf of California. After a desperate but triumphant encounter with a French vessel, he is caught in a storm and shipwrecked. All the crew except Rafael are drowned; and he is cast, almost dead, upon an apparently desert island. Here however he is rescued and cherished by an enchanted princess, who falls in love with him, but from whom, after a time, he escapes on board of a Spanish ship which puts into the enchanted island for water. Meanwhile Gandora, a rival of Rafael, but whose suit has been rejected by Don Pedro and his daughter, having first betrayed to Maximilian the meditated rising in Sonora, carries off Morena to a castle which he has strongly fortified. Rafael, however, who returns at that juncture from the enchanted island, and disembarks from the Spanish vessel, pursues Gandora to his stronghold, and after a sharp struggle kills him, and rescues Morena. This done, and the Republican cause having meanwhile prevailed, the lovers are happily married.

Now as to the metre in which the poet has clothed this epic. Judging by the foregoing extract, the reader may perhaps have jumped to the conclusion that the poem is written in iambic pentameters, or blank heroic verse. Such a conclusion would be erroneous, though very natural. The impression made upon any reader by the first ten lines must certainly be that the poem is intended to be written in that measure; and perhaps, by a very liberal allowance for the use of trochees, tribrachs, anapæsts, dactyls, and even cretics, in the place of the normal iambics, he might manage to maintain his theory for the first ten or twelve pages of the poem, though he would find his liberality sorely tried by such lines as the following:—

> For them he felt
> He war could wage, or still in tempests live,
> Danger scorn upon the waste of waters,
> Where the winds of ocean free shall waft him
> Where adventure leads to fame and conquest,
> 'Gainst his foes upon the sea.

But he will come before long to verses to which it is impossible to assign five feet of any kind whatever, and which even upon the give and take system—that is, allowing the redundant syllables of one verse to supply the deficiencies of another—cannot be made out to be pentameters. For example:—

> But doomed beneath their roofs
> Of mold and filth of dungeon damp they may
> Be for a time; yet the sun doth shine
> Above their sorrowing heads, Justice still
> Doth weigh the balance.

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* *The Mexican; or, Love and Land.* By J. M. Dagnall, Author of "Daisy Swain." New York: American News Company.

The most Procrustean ingenuity cannot torture the third and fourth of those lines into heroic verses; and the occurrence of these, and hundreds of similar and even shorter lines, throughout the poem may sorely puzzle the English reader, unless he bethinks himself of the true solution of the difficulty, which is thus suggested in the words of the poet's New York publishers:—"Nothing in this work is stilted. The poet's thoughts spring spontaneously from the subject; and his verse is unaffected and free from the restraints of mechanical mannerism on which so many poets rely for their reputation." The obvious truth is that this child of Columbia cannot, like the unhappy Byron or Coleridge, and like so many miserable English poets of the present day, suffer himself to be tied and bound by the rigid fetters of metre. The genius of his poetry bursts the slavish bonds of prosody, and soars far above the region of forms into that illimitable Yankee empyrean where only he and the spread eagle are at home.

Let us, in a spirit of hopeless yet ungrudging admiration, proceed to note some of those beauties of thought and diction which justify the ecstasies of the publishers at having secured the monopoly of such a work. And, in order to save the constant repetition of the symbol *sic*, it may be here stated, once for all, that every extract from the poem is quoted with literal and verbal fidelity to the original. Here is an instance of what the poet's publishers call "his sweet and elegant expressions of language." The poet has been describing a scene between Rafael and Morena, in which they "pay compliments," or, as we should say, make love, under "a green alcove"—that is to say, the shade of a mango tree. Sitting under this mango,

> Alternate then
> They'd look at each and smile, then clasp each hand
> With friendly fervor; for each one felt that each
> Was loved.

The "compliments" of American lovers are somewhat intricate. It would puzzle two European lovers to smile upon each; but their utmost ingenuity would probably fail to find out how to manipulate their four hands, so that they might clasp each of the four with friendly fervour. Having ended "their compliments," the lovers, if we are not mistaken, kiss one another:—

> Then wrangling Mars
> And Cupid quartered in their leafy camp.

But it is difficult to be sure of the exact meaning of these lines. Mars clearly means Rafael, and Cupid, apparently, Morena. The loves of Mars and Cupid are a novel, but exquisitely improved, American edition of the Old World tale which Demodocus sang; and the refined term "quartering" no doubt embodies the notion which is conveyed to us English Philistines by the commoner word *hugging*. Having "quartered," the lovers go home:—

> Soon they reached
> With graceful step and slow, the palace of
> Don Pedro fair Morena's honor'd sire,
> Whose shiny pate an index bald revealed
> That there old Time a barber turn'd and shorn
> It of the locks his youth had wove.
> But yet he bore his weight of years well.

In England an index is generally intended to reveal something else, and does not itself require revelation. But Mr. Dagnall does not use the word in that low utilitarian sense. According to him an index means a secret or mystery which requires explanation. In England, also, *shorn* is not, except in one or two provincial dialects, the past tense of *shear*, nor *wove* the past participle of *weave*. An English poet would feel himself compelled to write *sheared* and *woven*. But then in England we are enslaved by the tyranny of grammar, as well as that of prosody. The American minor poet is equally free in both these respects; and we must envy the elasticity which our language gains under his patronage. Thus, for example, the pronoun *thou* is in this poem both singular and plural, and of both second and third persons. "Thou may," "thou wilt," "thou did," "thou wish," "thou conceives," "thou doth"—all these combinations are common in the *Mexican*, as they were in *Daisy Swain*. The following verses will illustrate this great improvement in the use of pronouns. The poet makes Rafael exclaim, after his shipwreck,

> Ah, comrades brave! alas! I cannot help
> Think of thy fate. Oh! let thy conscious spirits
>
> Blame not me . . .
> Down in thy ocean graves in peace repose
> From earthly toil secure, sweet be thy sleep!

And again, before the storming of Gandora's stronghold:—

> "The maiden yield from thralldom vile," Raf cried,
> "Ere we upon thy heads destruction hurl."

His use of the termination *th* is another example of the poet's liberty. This termination, which a tyrannous prescription compels us in England to reserve for the third person singular of the present tense indicative, is used by Mr. Dagnall for the termination of almost every person, number, and tense of the verb. The following lines will severally illustrate its employment for (*a*) the first and (*b*) second persons singular, and (*c*) for the third person plural, of the present tense; and for (*d*) the third person singular, and (*e*) third person plural, of the past tense:—

> (*a*) It was the pleasing smile *I oft hath seen*.
> (*b*) Here at my side when *thou* Rafael *goeth* hence.
> (*c*) *Hath Republics but a life's uncertain date?*
> (*d*) Don Pedro rose,
> And *spaketh* to his mirthful guests around.
> (*e*) Ere their words upon the south wind *fledeth*.

After all, however, it is useless to attempt to classify the poet's usages of words. Any such attempt shows a fundamental inability to appreciate the unconditioned nature of the poet's liberty. One could almost as well imagine an American patriot subject to the grinding despotism of Queen Victoria as an American poet submitting to be governed by grammatical rules or critical canons. Under what rule, for instance, could we class the following amazing discord of the verb and its subject?—

> The weapons which *thy grace wouldst lend*
> To quell the rash insurgents.

Or the following abnormal, yet elegant, inflection of the verb *to*

> *They done as bid*, for every one approved
> The Captain's word.

To attempt to formulate the unconditioned is a hopeless task, and the reader is probably ready to admit that Mr. Dagnall's verse is indeed "free from the restraints of mechanical mannerism." Such lines as

> Soon near the altar stone *in special pew*
> Devout, near other worshippers, she knelt.

Or,

> Come hither champion brave, the *rostrum mount*.

Or,

> But him she'd pass
> Disdainful by, nor condescended once
> *To fix upon his low and sensual phiz*
> *A gaze.*

Or,

> Ah! who she sighed can tell what evil there
> On yonder deep, which now so tranquilly
> Reposeth, *hath befallen my young man?*

will sufficiently convince the reader that Mr. Dagnall's publishers are justified in asserting that he possesses "all the human moods, the very qualities of heart and soul of the true poet." On the whole, it is clear that, since the publication of *Daisy Swain* and the *Mexican*, the reputation of Byron, Shelley, and Coleridge has been hopelessly doomed.

WIFE AND CHILD.*

WHAT evil genius prompted Miss Whitty to attempt a story so entirely beyond her grasp, both in method of narration and in circumstances? The autobiographical form, when the speaker is assumed to be a man, is almost beyond the power of any woman to render lifelike. How indeed can she make lifelike the workings of a nature with which she is necessarily very imperfectly acquainted? for even the woman who understands most about men is still very far from any accurate knowledge of them as they are with each other and to themselves. *Wife and Child* is simply an amazing story, so far as its mistakes go. We cannot understand how any educated person in the present day, when so much is known concerning French society, should have made so many and such grave blunders. She might have read, if she could not observe; and the meagrest magazine article that treated of her subject could have set her right, and have given her more correct information than what she possessed for herself. The book is made-believe—and it is a very transparent make-believe indeed—to be written by a Mr. Harley, an artist travelling in France apparently in happy forgetfulness of picture-dealers and exhibitions; who, alighting by chance at the village of Gamaches, instantly plunges into the midst of the small love affairs and domestic dramas going on there at the moment, and moreover gets admitted to the grand château, and taken into the confidence of peer and peasant in a way little less than marvellous. But it is as difficult to understand why Miss Whitty chose France for her scene of action as why she chose a man for her fictitious narrator. For though she has probably passed through Picardy and Normandy, where she places the scene of her story, she has evidently learnt no more of the life there than a foreigner would learn of England by looking at the fields and villages from the windows of a railway carriage. She gives no touch of local colouring anywhere, and her ignorance of even the most salient points of difference between us and our neighbours is as complete as it is odd. Her characters have French names, but they have decidedly English ways, and speak, act, and think as if they had been born within the sound of Bow Bells, and had never stirred beyond it.

When the ground lines are shaky and ill-drawn the whole structure is sure to be awry; and we are bound to confess that *Wife and Child* is very much awry indeed. There is not a blunder in any way possible to be made that is not dragged in to swell the list of literary offences. The author speaks of men getting drink at a road-side café; her travellers go by a coach and alight at the door of a village inn; among these travellers is the narrator, the Mr. Harley in question, who has passed as a Frenchman with his peasant fellow-voyagers, until, suddenly aroused, he speaks in English, when to their amazement they discover he is an Englishman; though how a set of unlettered peasants could distinguish the Britannic tongue from the German, the Russian, or the Spanish, is among the minor mysteries of the narrative. Hodge at his plough would not be so discriminating, for every foreigner would be mounseer to him indifferently, feeding on frogs and living in slavery, whatever his special nationality. When these perspicacious peasants alight at the door of the village inn, which

* *Wife and Child.* By Miss Whitty. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

is in the square, and is called the Artists' Home—we should like to see that sign translated into French—they all go into the "coffee-room," and here Mr. Harley hears something about a former occupant of the state-chamber of the inn, an Englishman, commonly called "le Gentilhomme"—certainly a literal translation of "the gentleman," the name by which a stranger might have been known in a primitive English village, but as certainly not the name which would have been given him in France. When the room called le Gentilhomme's chamber is being prepared for the new-comer, Madame Planchette, the untidy hostess with a good heart under her slatternly exterior, finds that she has no sheets, so has to borrow them from her neighbour, Madame la Directrice de Poste, next door. Now this was a very strange want on the part of Madame Planchette; inconceivable, indeed, in a country where almost the poorest peasant bride has her "dozens"—of household linen among the rest—as her necessary *corbeille de mariage*, and where linen is far more plentiful than in England; partly because, in the country, the "grand wash" comes only two or three times in the year, not as with us every week, and therefore a larger store is needed; and partly because the national customs go that way, and French linen, like Scotch "napery," marks the respectability of the family and the niceness of its habits. These are the first blunders; all occurring quite in the beginning of the book; and they have so far a good effect that they prepare the reader for the graver mistakes that are to follow.

The authority of parents over their children, and the almost universal obedience which children pay to their parents' wishes in the matter of marriage, with the consequent prevalence of the *mariage de convenance* over that of mere affection, and the excessive shyness and social effacement of unmarried girls, are about the cardinal points of French society. Take away these, and the whole social fabric must be reorganized. It would be no longer France, but another country altogether. Let us see how these cardinal points are dealt with in *Wife and Child*, and what is made of the obedience of sons and the social effacement of girls. A young man, the heir of his house and the only son of his mother, has fallen in love with a street girl, a wandering acrobat originally, whom his mother took from her perilous profession and brought up in her own house in unfettered intimacy with her son; all which, to begin with, is as utterly impossible as that an Eastern youth should be in full familiarity with his friend's harem. This lady, Madame de Vermandois, wants her son Louis to marry his cousin, one Mademoiselle Adèle d'Artigny; but though Adèle is passionately in love with Louis, he snubs her cruelly and will have none of her. The queerest bit of drawing of all is in this character of Mademoiselle Adèle. She is a bold, forward, sensual girl, who talks to gentlemen that she sees for the first time with the *aplomb* of a married woman—and a singularly cool hand, too, among married women; who is insolent and discourteous as no French lady would allow herself to be; and who shows such an amount of voluptuous love for her cousin as would be simply impossible in French society. No well-conducted woman of any age could so far forget herself as Adèle is represented as doing; even among the *lorettes* themselves it would not be tolerated as an exhibition made in cold blood; and were a demoiselle of Adèle's rank mad enough for such displays, they would be taken as the aberrations of madness pure and simple, and the girl would be consigned to a *maison de santé* or to a convent. A demoiselle is the very fetish of French sentiment, the idol round which our neighbours hang their choicest garlands; and the care taken of her in anything like decent society is one of the main facts of French life. Again, no man would have spoken of a demoiselle, and his cousin, too, as "a splendid creature—a fine animal." Public opinion would revolt against such a tone as abominable and disgraceful; for, whatever Frenchmen may permit themselves to say of married women or light women, a young girl—*l'ingénue* of the stage—is sacred. Then Adèle is supposed to be able to go out alone at all hours, to have secret interviews with a ruffianly vagrant by name José, and to sleep on the ground floor, far away from her mother's room, and in a part of the house where the gentlemen and the guests sleep—all of which is no more according to the habits and customs of French domesticity than if a Frenchman were to speak of our ladies as joining in a man's wine party, or sleeping in communistic dormitories. What can we think of a picture of French manners which makes a lady apologize to a gentleman, and an Englishman too, for having placed his room on the ground-floor next to Adèle's? whereupon he answers, "It will make no difference, unless it should produce a nightmare"? to which she replies, "I trust it will produce nothing worse!" referring to the enmity between them, and the possible results of this, not to anything more equivocal. A shrewd sharp Frenchwoman could not possibly have made such a broad double entendre innocently; and, not being able to make it innocently, she would not have made it at all, of a demoiselle. Then, again, a husband and wife detail their night conversation together, which also is utterly inadmissible as a picture of manners, on many grounds. This kind of writing is indeed a perilous playing with edge tools.

The Mr. Harley, too, who tells this odd history of Anglicized Gauls, is about as like reality as a waxwork figure or a field scarecrow. He is simply a very weak woman put into coat and trousers, and his voice is the voice of Bottom roaring like a sucking dove. He plays with little children like a woman; takes maternal care of distressed young females like a woman; gives scarlet flannel to old dames, and expatiates on the advantages of the scarlet colour for warmth and comfort, certainly not as a man would have done; enters into the love affairs of his neighbours like a woman; and is tearful, pedantic, and impulsive, all like a woman of rather more than average sentimentality and rather less than ordinary fibre. He and Louis de Vermandois talk together in the tallest of the high falutin' style. Their first interview is described thus:—Mr. Harley is sketching; Louis is half asleep on the ground near him; the two are strangers, but Louis, suddenly arousing himself and lifting his cap, apologizes for "turning the highway into a bedchamber"; but he "could not make an exertion to look up," he said, "so locked was every faculty in the imprisonment of thought." To which Mr. Harley replies: "At your age I should have fancied imagination to be a more natural expression than thought." "Imagination is the offspring of passions—thought the child of knowledge." After a little more of the same kind, Mr. Harley goes on to say:—

> While I was thus drawing my own conclusions, he turned, and seeing my scrutinizing examinations, laughingly exclaimed, "Are you wishful to take my portrait, in order to impart human animation as an enhancement to your landscape sketch?" "Not unless you think your portrait would produce the desired effect," I answered, with a somewhat malicious smile. "Ah! that is a reproach to my discourtesy in presuming your drawing needed improvement." "Nay, it was not my drawing I alluded to, but this lovely scene, which, so far from needing humanity as an embellishment, makes us poor mortals feel terribly out of place amidst such exquisite poetry of nature," &c. &c.

Is this the kind of talk two young men would hold together in the Forest of Eu or anywhere else?

If *Wife and Child* is odd in every other respect, it is also odd in its grammar; it is as if the author wrote by ear, not knowledge, and her ear played her false not unfrequently. She speaks of a language "comprehensive to all around"; says "have control of you"; makes "them" refer to "any one"; calls a bad smell "inodorous"; and so forth. As for the story, it is worthy of the diction and general style of treatment. A secret marriage between the "gentilhomme" of the beginning—one Mr. Edward Dargan, whom Mr. Harley knew from the first to have been an Irishman, and not English at all, because he was said to have had dark blue eyes—and a factory girl, by name Marie, has resulted in the birth of a little girl, and the flight of the unacknowledged wife or mother. Mr. Dargan dies, the mother dies; the child becomes a street acrobat; is saved by Madame de Vermandois; has her papers, her mother's marriage certificate, &c., stolen by José, and is therefore for a time unable to substantiate her legitimacy; is much exercised and hardly dealt with by Adèle, because of her love for Louis de Vermandois; and finally emerges from all her clouds under the patronage of Mr. Harley, and is married to Louis with the full consent of everybody. If Miss Whitty had called her book a picture of Chinese society, she would have been quite as near the mark as she is in making it a would-be representation of French life; for not a line in it, not a character, not a circumstance has the smallest flavour of France from first to last, and laws, manners, and national characteristics are all equally ignored or violated.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fresh discoveries of manuscript documents which are daily taking place prove at the same time how little we still know of the historical treasures at our disposal, and how necessary it is to reconsider some of the facts which have been hitherto regarded as established beyond the possibility of a doubt. Examine, for instance, the question of the Spanish marriages during the reign of Henry IV. and the Regency of Marie de Médicis. Most historians in discussing this twofold piece of matrimonial diplomacy assert that the negotiations on the subject began in the year 1609; if we believe them, Henry IV. was thoroughly averse to the whole affair, and took no pains to conceal his feelings. But, in point of fact, the preliminary schemes with reference to the fresh bond which was to connect France with Spain may be traced back as far as the year 1602; at the very birth of the Infanta Anne of Austria and of the Dauphin Louis they were already in contemplation, and in 1609 they were interrupted on account of the "grand design" which for a time estranged France from Spain, whilst it led to an alliance with Savoy. It follows that, on assuming the regency, Marie de Médicis could, without departing very much from the truth, say that in renewing the negotiations for the Spanish marriages she was adhering to the policy of the late King. We have thus stated in a few words one of the points on which the history of the reign of Henry IV. and of the subsequent regency requires to be corrected; but there is, besides, a fact which, although universally acknowledged, has never been sufficiently explained. In 1612 the marriages were settled, and the necessary documents signed by the contracting parties; how is it that the exchange of the princesses did not take place till 1615? The answer must be found in the opposition raised by the members of the Royal family of France, who, by suggesting fresh causes of delay, tried to render the alliance ultimately impossible, and nearly succeeded in so doing. M. Perrens, in attempting to throw new light upon this important episode of the early part of the seventeenth century, has written an interesting volume*, full of valuable details, and illustrated by copious extracts from unpublished diplomatic papers; these are

* *Les Mariages espagnols sous le règne de Henri IV et la régence de Marie de Médicis.* Par F. T. Perrens. Paris: Didier.

the despatches of Roberto Ubaldini, Archbishop of Montepulciano, and Nuncio at the Court of France (1608–1615), and the correspondence of Savary de Brèves, French ambassador at the Court of Rome during the same period. Other papers, enumerated by M. Perrens in his preface, have also been profitably consulted; and, with such sources at his disposal, he has been able to complete not only M. Bazin's *Histoire de Louis XIII*, but the contemporary narrative of Charles Bernard, Claude Malingre, Levassor, and Father Griffet.

It was only last month that we had occasion to review a new French work on the history of Charles VIII. The present volume of M. Zeller takes us to the same epoch *, but its subject is Italy, not France, and the field over which the historian extends his observations is far wider, including the second half of the fifteenth century as well as the first twenty years of the sixteenth. M. Zeller has made it his aim, not to produce an erudite and original work, but to popularize the results of learning, and bring them out in an agreeable form. He gives us a series of lectures in which both the literary and the political condition of Italy during the Renaissance period are impartially discussed. The Medici, the Borgias, Machiavelli, and Savonarola are the principal actors in that busy drama; the extremes of refinement and of corruption uniting as in one common channel to overrun society, whilst the counter-current of the Reformation is already gathering its strength and threatening the Church.

With the exception of a volume written two centuries ago by Charpentier, the first President of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, France could not until very lately boast of a good monograph on Socrates and his philosophy.† M. Chaignet has endeavoured to supply the deficiency, and his unpretending book will be found to furnish, in a readable and attractive form, every fact of moment respecting the subject of which it treats. M. Chaignet, in estimating Socrates, places himself at a point of view diametrically opposite to that which Mr. Grote has adopted. Even in the preface we see the feeling of antagonism breaking out, and the author, whilst discussing the authorities for a biography of Socrates, wonders that Mr. Grote should have tried to rehabilitate the philosopher Adrastus Aphrodisiensis, quoted by Proclus, but whose evidence has seemed to Dr. Ritter worth no consideration whatever. M. Chaignet has studied in all its bearings the system of philosophy introduced by Socrates, and he finds in it not merely an intellectual reform, but a revolution affecting man's whole life. The principle from which Socrates starts is, we are told, exactly the same as that afterwards adopted by Descartes; he clears the ground of the extraneous materials accumulated by those who had gone before him, and contends that, instead of studying the phenomena of the outward world, man should concentrate all his attention upon himself. We have spoken of the system of philosophy which Socrates originated; but the expression is not strictly correct, and M. Chaignet finds fault with the great Greek moralist for not having propounded anything like a distinct code of doctrine. The quotations contained in M. Chaignet's volume are very judiciously selected, and they show a considerable amount of reading and research.

M. Camille Selden has the great merit of discoursing about Germany with a full knowledge of what Germany really is, and the introduction to his volume entitled *L'Esprit moderne en Allemagne*‡ proves that he has bestowed long and careful study on the subject of which he writes. We have to thank him for an amusing and thoughtful volume. Heine, the Archduke Maximilian, Hebbel and Anastasius Grün, suggest by turns a number of excellent remarks which place our author far above the usual tribe of tourists who pretend to know Germany *à fond* if they have only spent a single season at Vienna or Dresden.

It may seem singular to find M. Martha beginning his essay on Lucretius by a declaration to the effect that he, M. Martha, is neither an Epicurean nor an atheist.§ But religious discussions have reached such a pitch in France that even literature is under suspicion; both parties are on the look-out to watch the slightest symptom which can indicate to what side you belong, and if any writer of acknowledged reputation were to compose a book in praise of Bayle's intellectual qualities, there is no doubt that he would be *ipso facto* set down by some charitable critics as a thoroughgoing sceptic. M. Martha takes some pains to explain, in the first place, how Epicureanism has already been refuted over and over again; and, in the second, how unfair it is to deny the literary merits of an author simply because the opinions he advocates are erroneous. A system may be decidedly false, and at the same time the prose or poetry in which it is expounded may be as decidedly genuine. Such is the case with Lucretius, whose value as a poet and thinker may be, and ought to be, estimated quite independently of the doctrine which he has clothed in such magnificent language. A hundred years ago the poem *De Naturâ Rerum* obtained a kind of spurious popularity, not so much on account of its literary merits as because it served the then fashionable cause of irreligion. Lucretius enjoyed in the *salons* of Madame du Deffand and Madame Geoffrin what the French would call a *succès de vogue*, though very few indeed amongst the poet's most enthusiastic admirers would have been able to give a critical and scholarly account of his works. M. Martha has given us a volume which, in a certain sense, completes the well-known edition of M. Munro. He deals not so much with the grammatical side of the subject as with the literary merits of the work, the ideas developed, and the system maintained. In a preliminary chapter he gives a general sketch of the doctrines of Epicurus, he then shows how Lucretius has popularized these ideas, and he concludes by an estimate of the system itself. Ingenious parallels with other writers, both ancient and modern, occur frequently, and some of the most striking passages are translated into French Alexandrines.

* *Entretiens sur l'Histoire du seizième Siècle; Italie et Renaissance.* Par J. Zeller. Paris: Didier.

† *Vie de Socrate.* Par A. E. Chaignet. Paris: Didier.

‡ *L'Esprit moderne en Allemagne.* Par Camille Selden. Paris: Didier.

§ *Du Poème de Lucrèce.* Par C. Martha. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

The collection of travelling handbooks prepared under M. Joanne's direction has just been enriched by the publication of a new volume on Corsica.* For the majority of Frenchmen that island has almost the interest of a foreign country; the language is one with which they are not familiar, the manners of the inhabitants are extraordinary, and the terrible *vendetta* is there, threatening all imprudent persons who might even inadvertently trifle with the feelings of the sensitive Corsicans. M. Léonard de Saint-Germain has accordingly found it necessary to give details of a kind somewhat different from those which fill most guide-books. A geographical and historical *résumé* opens the volume; then comes the *itinéraire*, properly so called, including a disquisition of forty-two pages on Vendetta and Bandittism.

The first three fasciculi of Dr. Wurtz's Chemical Dictionary are now published†, and they enable us to judge of the importance of the whole work. Not only is the strictly scientific view of chemistry fully discussed, but also the manifold applications of the substances which come successively under notice. Thus the article *Amidon* gives us, in the first place, a complete enumeration of all starch-producing substances; it describes also, with every possible detail, the preparation of starch itself, its uses and its effects. The essay on *Analysis*, occupying forty-eight pages of close print, may be considered as thoroughly exhaustive. It includes some important remarks on spectral analysis, and is illustrated by a number of useful woodcuts. Dr. Wurtz is responsible for a series of papers in which, whilst examining the subjects of atomicity, the atomic theory and atomic weight, he adds fresh developments to the views which he had stated in his introduction. The fabrication of steel is described under the heading *Acier*, and the preparation of alcoholic liquors furnishes another instance of the care bestowed by the learned author upon questions of applied science.

M. Arnaud (de l'Ariège) has nothing very new to tell us about the famous case of Christianity *versus* the French Revolution.‡ Far from adopting M. Michelet's theory, he maintains that the Revolution is the practical realization of the theory on which Christianity itself is based. He writes in a fair and dispassionate spirit, and evidently wishes to claim on behalf of the Church an important position in modern democratic society. Not only does he represent apostolic Christianity as perfectly compatible with the tendencies of the age, but he cannot imagine that the doctrine of religious infallibility as asserted by the Church is a fallacy to be cast aside and for ever given up. The only cause of the quarrel between the two contending parties is, in his opinion, the union of Church and State.

The history of the French Revolution §, as we have already said, is in M. Michelet's estimation the history of the decay and final catastrophe of Christianity. Three more volumes of this singular work are now before us, and they bring the narrative down to the events of Thermidor. We notice at the beginning of the fifth volume a preface in which M. Michelet professes to describe M. Louis Blanc's hero, Robespierre, as he really was. It would be difficult to find anything more curious in the way of statement and reasoning. Robespierre, says our author, rose to absolute power, thanks to the support he obtained from the Jacobins, the priests, and the landowners. The last two elements in this enumeration are rather startling. Never was there, continues the ingenious historian, a less violent mob than the Parisian populace. If Robespierre has been whitewashed, it is because Napoleon was his successor; a Jacobin tyrant leads naturally to a military despot, and by the law of reaction the government of the sword must bring back that of the clubs. We are also informed by M. Michelet that Count Joseph de Maistre was an admirer of Robespierre. Madame de Staël is found fault with because her sympathies were too aristocratic, and because she suffered from a chronic attack of Anglomania.

M. Durand's list of new publications contains some items which deserve to be noticed here; and, first of all, M. Beaussire's interesting and comprehensive work on Liberty.‖ The author begins by showing what man's individual rights really are, and by tracing the history of the assertion of these rights from the earliest period to the present time. Amongst the nations of classical antiquity, where the action of the State was incessant, philosophers were less anxious to enjoy the liberty of professing their doctrines than to procure for those doctrines the sanction of the Government. They wanted to become legislators, and to obtain a kind of monopoly which, in

* *Itinéraire descriptif et historique de la Corse.* Par L. de Saint-Germain. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Dictionnaire de Chimie pure et appliquée.* Par M. A. Wurtz, Membre de l'Institut. Fascic. 1–3. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *La Révolution et l'Église.* Par F. Arnaud (de l'Ariège). Paris: Lacroix.

§ *Histoire de la Révolution française.* Par J. Michelet. Vols. 3, 4, 5. Paris: Lacroix.

‖ *La Liberté dans l'ordre intellectuel et moral.* Par E. Beaussire. Paris: Durand.

the long run, must prove fatal to freedom and to the security of the State itself. Christianity marked out in the clearest manner the respective provinces of the State and of the individual conscience; but the Church compromised the ideas of its Divine founder by seeking an alliance with temporal rulers, and even the reformers of the sixteenth century committed the same mistake as soon as they had thrown off the yoke of the Papacy. M. Beaussire proclaims the independence of moral life, and from this point of view he examines man's position in the world, both as member of the State and of a family. Education, the freedom of the press, the right of meeting, the question of property in its various aspects—all these subjects are carefully discussed.

The History of Cartesianism, which a few years ago made M. Bouillier's name justly popular *, has reached a second edition. It would be difficult to name a more interesting subject, whether we consider the genius of the men who were concerned in upholding Cartesianism or the results which it brought about. Descartes, Malebranche, and Spinosa are, of course, the three principal figures in M. Bouillier's volumes; but around them are grouped a number of other characters which give life to the narrative, and transport the reader from one part of intellectual Europe to the other. For the *Histoire de la Philosophie Cartésienne* is much more than a mere exposition of abstract metaphysical principles; it is a complete picture of society, political, literary, and ecclesiastical. The entire university system was affected by Cartesianism; physicians regarded it as a frightful heresy, and the Sorbonne divines thought that, with the *Discours de la Méthode*, the abomination of desolation had been introduced into the world. Even ladies like Madame de Sévigné and her daughter, Madame de Grignan, discoursed about the *tourbillons*, and Molière ridiculed on the stage the blue-stockings whose time was taken up by speculations regarding the formation of the universe and the souls of dumb animals. We thus see the peculiar interest which belongs to M. Bouillier's volumes. They address themselves not merely to philosophers, but to all readers who would know with anything like accuracy the history of the seventeenth century.

The monthly *comptes-rendus* of the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques † claim, by their variety and their erudition, a high place amongst the periodical transactions of learned societies. A publication containing biographical sketches by M. Mignet, essays from the pen of M. Jules Simon, M. Franck, or M. de Parieu, deserves to be generally known and attentively read. The Académie deals with subjects so various that its *bulletins* are certainly not liable to the charge of tediousness or monotony. Thus in the number for December last we have the seventh part of a disquisition on the principles of political science, an excellent article by M. Edmond de Pressens on Gnosticism, and a review of books by M. Jules Simon. The able historian of Spain, M. R. Saint-Hilaire, relates the episode of the last days of Philip II.; and M. Eugène de Rozière, in a learned paper, endeavours to determine the date of that famous text-book of the Roman chancery, the *Liber diurnus*.

M. Georges Pennetier comes forward in the field of science under the protection of Dr. Pouchet ‡, and opens a brisk campaign against the adversaries of heterogeny. His little volume is not addressed to *savants*; it is an attempt to popularize a theory which has, he says, been hitherto very little understood by the generality of readers. After defining spontaneous generation, he proceeds to argue that the philosophers who take the opposite view cannot account for the creation of the microscopic animalcules which are formed from organic matter in a state of putrefaction; heterogeny, he further asserts, is the only theory capable of explaining how life appeared originally on the face of the earth. M. Pennetier's book, otherwise written in a simple and interesting manner, is unfortunately too much of a polemical production, and the discussion often assumes a tone of bitterness which ought not to disfigure works professedly designed to further the cause of truth.

The *Causeries scientifiques* of M. Henri de Parville § are perhaps not quite so complete as M. Figuier's *Année scientifique*, nor are they by any means so methodically arranged; but they have the advantage of being illustrated with very good woodcuts, and we must acknowledge that in many cases no amount of description can compensate for the absence of correct drawings. Thus M. Foucault's pendulum, and Dr. Fromentel's new ventilator, and M. Leauté's oxygen lamp become much more intelligible, especially for the non-scientific reader, when the description given in the letter-press is completed by a sketch showing the mechanism which works the apparatus.

M. Charles Baudelaire may be studied as a poet and as a critic.‖ His works—now collected for the first time, and printed uniformly—will show, we think, that whatever may be his qualifications for discussing the merits of this or that picture, or his acquaintance with the various schools of painting, he knows very little of the fundamental principles of æsthetics. His great merit consists in plain-speaking, and in the most complete absence of what French people call *parti pris*. With respect to his poetry, it may almost suffice to say that, when first published, the whole edition was seized by the police. The present reprint, though still sufficiently repulsive, is shorn of its chief horrors.

We are thus led to say a few words of two or three of the most recent novels, where horrors, as usual, are thickly strewn. If *Un Naufrage Parisien** is meant to scare people away from vice, we must give the authoress credit for her good intentions, but we cannot reconcile ourselves to the thought that it is a lady who has written so repulsive a story. *Jean de Chazol* †, though decidedly sensational, has at least nothing immoral about it; and in M. de Bentzon's *Roman d'un Muet* ‡ the interest of the tale rests upon the infirmity of the leading character. Here the feeling produced is far from pleasant. Novelists, we think, would do well to beware of dealing with exceptional facts in human nature; and although Xavier de Maistre's admirable *Lépreux de la cité d'Aoste* may be quoted against us, yet it would be impossible to maintain that such pictures are representations of real life.

* *Histoire de la Philosophie Cartésienne en France et à l'étranger.* Par F. Bouillier. Paris: Durand.

† *Séances et Travaux de l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques*, Décembre 1868. Paris: Durand.

‡ *L'Origine de la Vie.* Par Georges Pennetier. Préface par F. A. Pouchet. Paris: Rothschild.

§ *Causeries scientifiques.* Par Henri de Parville. Paris: Rothschild.

‖ *Œuvres complètes de Ch. Baudelaire.* Paris: Lévy.

* *Un Naufrage Parisien.* Par Claude Vignon. Paris: Lévy.

† *Jean de Chazol.* Par Marie Uchard. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Le Roman d'un Muet.* Par Th. de Bentzon. Paris: Lévy.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 20.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.

WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary.*

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, March 8, the Programme will include Beethoven's Quartet in C major, Op. 59, for Strings; Bach's Concerto in C minor, for Two Pianofortes; Haydn's Trio in G, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 90, for Piano alone; and a Prelude and Fugue, by Bach, for Organ. Executants: Madame Schu......., MM. Charles Hallé, Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Le Jeune, and Piatti. Vocalist: Madame Osborne Williams. To commence at Eight o'clock. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—LAST TWO MORNING PERFORMANCES on SATURDAYS, March 13 and 20, at Three o'clock. On Saturday next, March 13, the Programme will include Bach's Concerto for Two Violins, with Double Quartet accompaniment (for the last time this season); Woelfl's "Ne plus ultra" Sonata for Piano alone, &c. Executants: Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Joachim, Sainton, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti. Vocalist: Miss Wynne. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admiss[illegible]—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Under the immediate Patronage of
Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN,
His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES,
And Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.
Conductor—Mr W. G. CUSINS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—FIRST CONCERT, Wednesday Evening, March 10, Eight o'clock. Symphonies—Woelfl, in G minor; Mendelssohn's (Scotch). Overtures—Euryanthe, Weber; Lodoiska, Cherubini. Concerto, Violin, Beethoven, Herr Joachim. Mlle. Anna Regan (her first appearance), and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Stalls, 10s 6d., 7s.; Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d.—Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 63 New Bond Street; Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street; R. Ollivier's, 19 Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.—Next Thursday, March 11, at Three o'clock, Evening at Eight; and Friday Evening, March 12, being the Last Three Appearances this Season of those celebrated Artistes, Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD PAUL, in their Newest and Strongest Programme of Sixteen Songs and Impersonations. Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Trains and Omnibuses to all parts at conclusion.—Plan at Austin's Ticket Office.

ART UNION of LONDON.—Subscription, One Guinea.—Prizeholders select from the Public Exhibitions. Every Subscriber has a chance of a valuable Prize, and in addition receives an impression of a Chromolithograph, CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN, by Vincent Brooks, from the Original Picture by William Mulready, R.A.

LEWIS POCOCK, EDMD. E. ANTROBUS, } *Hon. Secs.*

444 West Strand, Jan. 1869.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on Wednesday, the 28th of April next, the Senate will proceed to Elect EXAMINERS in the following Departments:

Examinerships.	*Salaries.* (*Each.*)	*Present Examiners.*
ARTS AND SCIENCE.		
Two in *Classics*	£200	F. A. Paley, Esq., M.A.; Vacant.
Two in *The English Language, Literature, and History*	£120	Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D.
Two in *The French Language*	£100	Rev. P. H. Ernest Brette, B.A., B.D.; Vacant.
Two in *The German Language*	£30	F. Althaus, Esq., Ph.D.; Prof. Buchheim, Ph.D.
Two in *The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, the Evidences of the Christian Religion, and Scripture History*	£50	Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D.; Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne, B.D.
Two in *Logic and Moral Philosophy*	£80	Prof. G. Croom Robertson, M.A.; Vacant.
Two in *Political Economy*	£30	Prof. W. Stanley Jevons, M.A.; Vacant.
Two in *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*	£200	Edward John Routh, Esq., M.A.; Vacant.
Two in *Experimental Philosophy*	£100	Prof. G. Carey Foster, B.A.; Vacant.
Two in *Chemistry*	£175	Prof. Williamson, Ph.D., F.R.S.; Vacant.
Two in *Botany and Vegetable Physiology*	£75	Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A.; Vacant.
Two in *Geology and Palæontology*	£75	Archibald Geikie, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S.; Prof. T. Rupert Jones, F.G.S.
LAWS.		
Two in *Law and the Principles of Legislation*	£100	Prof. Mountague Bernard, B.C.L., M.A.; John Richard Quain, Esq., LL.B.
MEDICINE.		
Two in *Medicine*	£150	Prof. J. Russell Reynolds, M.D.; Samuel Wilks, Esq., M.D.
Two in *Surgery*	£150	F. Le Gros Clark, Esq.; Vacant.
Two in *Anatomy*	£100	Prof. William Turner, M.B.; John Wood, Esq., F.R.C.S.
Two in *Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, and Zoology*	£150	Prof. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.; Henry Power, Esq., M.B.
Two in *Midwifery*	£75	John Braxton Hicks, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.; Prof. Priestley, M.D.
Two in *Materia Medica and Ph[illegible] Chemistry*	£75	Prof. Garrod, M.D., F.R.S.; Samuel Osborne Habershon, Esq., M.D.
Two in *Forensic Medicine*		E. Headlam Greenhow, Esq., M.D.; Thomas Stevenson, Esq., M.D.

The Examiners above named are re-eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election.

Candidates must send in their Names to the Registrar, with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Tuesday, March 30. It is particularly desired by Senate that no Personal application of any kind be made to its individual Members.

17 Savile Row, W. March 2, 1869.

By Order of the Senate,
WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., *Registrar.*

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 698, Vol. 27. March 13, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD SALISBURY continues his courageous and benevolent efforts to provide the Peers with occupation. Nor has he laboured in vain. The result of his exertions thus far is that six industrious gentlemen of the House of Commons are to meet a deputation from them, and see whether the poor peers cannot have a job or two found for them in the early part of the Session. Even the occupation, devised for labourers in some parts of Ireland during the famine, of having to make a hole and fill it up again for sixpence a day, would please the Lords. Left to themselves, they cannot get anything to do more interesting than to discuss Lord SHAFTESBURY's ecclesiastical Bills; and it is better to smoke a pipe under a haystack than do that. But better times are coming for them, and a joint Committee of both Houses will proceed to consider their hard case with a sincere desire to do something for them. The particular scheme which Lord SALISBURY devised in order to get a hearing, was a Bill for allowing Bills not passed in one Session to stand over till the next Session in the stage they had reached when the Session in which they were introduced came to an end. There was undoubtedly something plausible and taking in the proposal. It is impossible, however, to suppose that the House of Commons would agree to such a measure. It would entirely alter the relations of the two Houses to each other, and it would paralyse the Executive whenever the Cabinet did not belong to the Conservative party. There must be a supreme power somewhere, however its existence may be veiled, and however gently its action may make itself felt. At present the supreme power in the Constitution lies in the House of Commons, because it virtually determines the choice of the Executive Government. The Government so chosen by the Commons can in the last resort give effect to the wishes of the Commons, in spite of the opposition of the Lords, because it can raise the famous question, How the QUEEN's Government is to be carried on. If, for example, the Irish Church Bill, after being carried by a decisive majority in the Commons in pursuance of the wishes of the nation recorded at a general election, were thrown out in the Lords on the second reading, the present Government would either resign, or, if in face of the large majority they possess in the Commons they continued in office, they would only do so on the understanding that the resistance of the Lords should in the last extremity be overcome by a wholesale creation of peers. It will not come to this, simply because the Lords know that, if they resisted, it must come to this. In the case of the Reform Bill of 1832 it did come to this; and the Lords, having had their lesson, did not need that it should be repeated to them when, although Protectionists almost to a man, they were forced to adopt Free Trade. But if they could read a second time a Bill which they very much disliked, and then shelve it to another Session, the Government of the day would be paralysed. As it is, the Lords can often spoil a Bill they dislike by making a series of judicious amendments to it, some of which they trust the Commons will adopt rather than lose the Bill. This leads to a sort of game at brag between the two Houses; the Lords trying to throw the odium of the failure of the Bill on to the Commons, and the Commons trying to throw it on to the Lords. The game generally ends in what is called a compromise, which really means that the Bill is shorn of some of its strength, and passes as an imperfect and mutilated measure. But if the Lords could spend time in discussing amendments, and then defer the final settlement of the Bill till another Session, they could defeat and discredit the Government without giving it such a handle of complaint as would warrant it in forcing the Lords by threatening to use the extreme remedy provided by the Constitution. A thousand ingenious reasons might be found for letting the Irish Church Bill stand over till next year. It might be urged that the wishes of the Irish Church itself should be consulted; and, if we are to judge by the pace at which the Irish Church has hitherto moved in its deliberations, it would take much longer than from now to next July for it to have any wishes at all.

A member of the House of Commons, hitherto unknown to fame, has also contributed his mite this week to a reform of the House of Lords, and has suggested the introduction of a scheme of minority voting in the election of Scotch and Irish peers which would prevent the representative peers belonging, as they now do, almost exclusively to one political party. Mr. GLADSTONE, who seems to have learnt something from past experience, and to have awakened to the sense of the expediency of being civil to his supporters, complimented his new friend on having made a most valuable suggestion, and in fact laid on the butter a little too thick, perhaps, for good taste. But he pointed out that the Lords should be left, in the first instance, to reform themselves. It is certainly an abuse that all the Scotch and Irish peers should be Conservatives, and this bad result of the present system of election shows probably an inherent imperfection in the schemes for making the House of Lords representative. But practically none of the defects under which the House of Lords now labours really flow from the faulty election of Scotch and Irish peers. If there were a dozen more Liberal peers sent from Ireland and Scotland, the Lords would be still just where they are now. They would still have nothing to do for the greater part of the Session, and they would still be a Second Chamber forced to obey the First Chamber in matters of primary importance, and able to thwart it in matters of secondary importance. The Duke of MANCHESTER, again, expressed, at the Colonial banquet, his views as to the House to which he belongs. There is nothing like taking the bull by the horns, and the Duke's opinion was, that the House of Lords needed nothing whatever to make it absolutely perfect, except that it should include one or two persons of colonial repute. This is only an exaggerated and narrow way of putting the case on which the expediency of creating life-peers is rested. Persons of great public eminence, who have served their country or added to its fame in some conspicuous manner, should, it is said, have a place somewhere in the great council of the nation; and as the House of Commons is neither accessible nor suited to them, it follows that they ought to have seats in the House of Peers. But this, whether true or not, regards the House of Lords in its social, not in its legislative, capacity. It is quite true that for such men as Lord NAPIER of Magdala and Sir JOHN LAWRENCE there is, as things now are, no appropriate honour. Lord NAPIER accepted a peerage contrary to his private wishes, in order that he might establish a precedent putting Engineer officers, and what is more, Indian Engineer officers, on a par with the portion of the army hitherto more favoured. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE really deserves a peerage if he chooses to take it, and it is to be regretted that he cannot have so convenient an honour offered him as a life-peerage would give. But this is nothing more than a social arrangement, very much like devising the Order of St. Michael and St. George for the colonies. It would not reform the House of Lords, nor confer on it any appreciable benefit, except that of adding some additional lustre to its name. And as the creation of life-peerages is a mere social arrangement, the social argument that it would tend to create a higher and lower aristocracy is not without great weight. Distinguished life-peers might, indeed, on rare occasions give some increase of weight

to the debates of the Lords. About once in three years, for example, the Lords delay dinner until they have had a little chat about India, and on such occasions Sir JOHN LAWRENCE would speak with force and be listened to with respect. But, in the first place, this would rarely happen, and in the next place, it is not strength in debate that the Lords want. They are rich in oratorical power, in acquaintance with affairs, and in varied experience. What they complain of is that, with all their aptitude for work, they have nothing to do; and the creation of life-peerages not only would not give them occupation, but would tend to perpetuate and strengthen the notion that their main function is to be as ornamental and as idle as possible.

It is not often that the word of wisdom flows from the mouth of Lord RUSSELL; but on this occasion we own that the remarks made by Lord RUSSELL on the business of the House of Lords seemed to us among the most pertinent and the most suggestive that were offered. The drift of what he said was that work was to be provided for the Upper House, partly by examining what spheres of political activity belonged most properly to the Lords, and partly by rearranging the course of business in the Commons. The Lords may be regarded as an initiating and as a revising legislative body, and it must be considered what they can properly initiate, and how they can properly revise. Lord RUSSELL said that the initiating functions of the Lords lay properly in matters ecclesiastical, diplomatic, and legal. As to ecclesiastical questions, the attribution to the Lords of a constitutional aptitude for dealing with them probably suggested itself to Lord RUSSELL as a compliment to the Bishops. It must be supposed that the Bishops sit in the Lords for some special reason; and as no clergymen sit in the House of Commons, the Bishops seem to have something specially to do with ecclesiastical legislation. But this was clearly a mistake. The Bishops are not meant to legislate for the Church, but to defend it. They initiate nothing; they remain passive, and see as far as possible that things are not changed to their detriment. The repeal of the Test Act, Catholic Emancipation, the suppression of half the Irish Bishops, disendowment and disestablishment of the Irish Church, are the sort of ecclesiastical measures carried by modern English Parliaments; and the rustic who waited till Bishops initiated them would gaze a long while at the river of time. In diplomacy, Parliament does not so much legislate as express opinions for the guidance of the Secretary of State, and here it is quite true that the Lords can, and often do, take the initiative with much success; and a debate in the Lords on any international or diplomatic question generally commands great attention and respect. But one evening every other Session is about all that falls to the lot of the Lords as an opportunity of showing their excellence in this department of public affairs. Diplomatic discussions, to be valuable, must be very rare. There remains the law; and here it must be owned that there is, as matters now stand, a lamentable waste of very valuable legislative power. The experience and the knowledge and the leisure of the Law Lords are not nearly enough utilized for the reform of those portions of the law which every one knows ought to be reformed, but which it is no one's business to reform. The only way in which the confused mass of the English law can be brought into shape is by having its several portions settled and revised by some competent body, the decision of which shall not, except in extreme cases, be altered by the House of Commons; and it does not seem impossible to constitute such a body and to associate it in some special manner with the House of Lords. The main duty of the House of Lords must, however, necessarily be that of revising the legislation of the Commons, and the Lords are fully justified in asking that they should have every possible facility given them for discharging this duty properly. Lord RUSSELL suggests that the best mode of securing this would be to alter the time of year up to which the Estimates are framed, so that the discussion in the House of Commons of these Estimates should be thrown later than it is now, and be put after the mass of their legislative work for the Session was done. Then the Commons would be discharging the complex and lengthy financial duties which belong exclusively to them, while the Lords were revising the Bills sent up to them. This suggestion deserves consideration, as also does that of Lord GRANVILLE that many Bills might be permitted to begin in the Lords which must now begin in the Commons, because they have some faint and remote tinge of a money Bill about them. The extreme jealousy of the Lords with which the Commons used to be animated in all money matters may perhaps be mitigated now that the supremacy of the Commons has been established.

AMERICA.

GENERAL GRANT'S brief Inaugural Address will probably be expanded in his Message to Congress. His avowed purpose of checking administrative corruption, especially in the Revenue department, will be generally approved. The new House of Representatives has passed by a large majority the repeal of the Tenure of Office Bill; and probably the Senate may reconsider its late determination to maintain, against General GRANT and future Presidents, the law which originated in Mr. JOHNSON'S conflict with Congress. Since the Act has been in force Republican functionaries have been safe from dismissal, because the Senate assumed that Mr. JOHNSON could only be influenced by political motives if he attempted to remove an opponent from office. General GRANT'S acts would be more favourably construed, but it is not certain that he would think it worth while to exercise his discretion under the constant supervision of the Senate. The question, except as far as members of the Cabinet are concerned, would become comparatively unimportant if the Civil Service were placed on a permanent footing. General GRANT'S independent position may enable him to disregard the claims of party; but an ordinary President must reward his supporters by the distribution of patronage. The practice which was introduced by General JACKSON of giving, as he said, the spoils to the conquerors, is wholly incompatible with a regard to ability or to character. A postmaster or tax-collector who represents election influence and expenditure naturally considers that an office bestowed as a reward of partisanship involves a right rather than a public duty. The consequences of General JACKSON'S system were tolerable as long as the administrative functions of the Federal Government were confined within narrow limits. When the large taxation which had been rendered necessary by the war for the first time required the organization of a large revenue service, the tax-gatherers were appointed with customary disregard to their qualifications and to their honesty; and it is consequently asserted, with more or less exaggeration, that one-fourth of the indirect taxes are intercepted before they reach the Treasury. If General GRANT is willing to reform the existing abuses by the exercise of wholesome severity, the Senate would probably be well-advised in removing the obstacles to his efforts. When the delinquents and idlers in the public employment were once dismissed, there would be little difficulty in reconciling general opinion to the institution of a regular Civil Service. If the United States remain at peace, the need of a large revenue will gradually diminish with the charge for the interest of the debt. General GRANT'S denunciation of the policy of repudiation, and the last votes of the outgoing Congress, have already strengthened American credit, and consequently facilitated the contraction of loans on easier terms.

The Cabinet has been already reconstructed, and few of the members past or present are known out of their own country. General GRANT'S first Secretary of State apparently owed his appointment to the personal friendship of the PRESIDENT. Mr. WASHBURNE, when he was a member of the House of Representatives, voted with the extreme Republican party, of which Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS was the principal leader. Mr. HAMILTON FISH, who is new to diplomatic business, will probably be influenced by Mr. SUMNER, who, as Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate, may almost be regarded as a supplementary Foreign Minister. Mr. FISH has the disadvantage of succeeding a Minister of remarkable ability. In accordance with custom, Mr. SEWARD was consoled for his failure to attain the office of President by the highest office in the Cabinet, and for two or three years he really administered the Government in the name of the inexperienced President, who had only visited Washington as an obscure member of the House of Representatives. It was to Mr. SEWARD that his countrymen were indebted for the surrender of MASON and SLIDELL, against the opinion of the rest of the Cabinet and the leaning of Mr. LINCOLN. The tone of his innumerable despatches, although it was sometimes offensive to foreigners, perhaps tended, by satisfying American taste, to restrain popular pugnacity. Even when he gave reparation for the *Trent* outrage, he thought it necessary to maintain the rightfulness of a seizure which he was practically repudiating as indefensible. After the death of Mr. LINCOLN, the Secretary of State, though he co-operated loyally with Mr. JOHNSON, contrived to avoid incurring any considerable share of the odium which attached to his chief; and if he continues to take part in public life, he will be acknowledged as a Republican, notwithstanding his connexion with a

Democratic President. During his eight years of administration he has achieved several diplomatic triumphs, although much of the merit belongs to the Federal armies and to their leaders. Mr. SEWARD composed the remonstrances which induced the French to evacuate Mexico; and at the close of his term of office he concluded the singularly advantageous Convention with England which the Senate has nevertheless hitherto declined to confirm. His purchases of Russian America and of the island of St. Thomas were on the whole popular, although the bargain with Denmark is not yet finally settled. Mr. HAMILTON FISH's judgment will perhaps be tested for the first time by his firmness in maintaining neutrality in the insurrection in Cuba. Blockade-runners from the Southern ports are already conveying supplies to the rebels, and the House of Representatives has unanimously voted for the recognition of any Government which they may succeed in establishing. It is not forgotten that the recognition of Texas as an independent Republic was the first step in the process of annexing the great Mexican province to the United States.

The appointment of the wealthiest trader in the United States to the office of Secretary of the Treasury caused some surprise, as Mr. A. H. STEWART has neither political nor administrative experience. The ability which has been illustrated by his commercial success would probably have justified the PRESIDENT's selection; and it was understood that Mr. STEWART was opposed both to repudiation and to the maintenance of the extravagant tariff. The refusal of the Senate to repeal the law which prohibits the Secretary of the Treasury from being actively engaged in trade has compelled Mr. STEWART to resign his office before he had entered on its duties. By introducing for the first time, in place of Mr. STEWART, a prominent politician into the Cabinet, General GRANT will have gratified the Republican party. Mr. BOUTWELL is one of the most active members of the House of Representatives, and although he has always acted with the extreme section, he has sometimes come into hostile collision with Mr. BUTLER. The remaining Ministers have found many eulogists since the first publication of the official list, and as it happens that it is uncertain whether the Attorney-General is a Massachusetts judge or an advocate of the same name and family, the PRESIDENT's uncompromising admirers gallantly assert that either of the two brothers would be thoroughly qualified for the office. The appointment to the War Department of General SCHOFIELD, who had held the office under Mr. JOHNSON since the retirement of Mr. STANTON, was only temporary; but the report that General GRANT had declared that the Secretary at War ought to be a civilian has been disproved by the selection of General RAWLINS. Two civilians, Mr. STANTON and Mr. LINCOLN, at the very crisis of the war, resolved to supersede General GRANT, then engaged in the siege of Vicksburg, in favour of the incapable amateur, General BANKS. General GRANT himself made no objection to discharge the duties of Secretary for War; and it was supposed that General SCHOFIELD possessed his confidence. His appointment of SHERMAN to the rank of General of the Army is one of many proofs that the PRESIDENT is superior to any mean jealousy of his chief military rival. The promotion of SHERIDAN to be Lieutenant-General will be generally popular, though the claims of General THOMAS were thought by some persons to be preferable.

The enigmatic passage of the Inaugural Address which relates to foreign policy is not encouraging to the hopes of believers in Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON. General GRANT qualifies the truism that nations ought to be bound by the same moral rules as private persons by a hint that violation of international duties will be repaid in kind. In other words, the escape of the *Alabama* from the Mersey is on fit occasion to be avenged by the wilful connivance of the American Government at unlawful expeditions directed against English commerce. If this country had the misfortune to be engaged in a war lasting four years, the departure of a single hostile cruiser from an American port through accident or negligence would not be regarded as a heinous wrong. If General GRANT and the great community which shares his opinions would consult any legal or moral authority, they would find that one breach of the law was not properly met by another. If A., by carelessly leaving a trap-door open, causes damage to B., the proper remedy is an application to some legal tribunal, and not the establishment of a similar nuisance on the premises of the injured B. As the American Government has wisely abstained from resorting to the arbitrament of war, the threat of reprisals at some indefinite period is equally ungenerous and unjust. On some future occasion the PRESIDENT will probably express his intentions more fully; but for the present his language countenances the reports of his unfriendly disposition. It is not to be regretted that the negotiations terminated before his acceptance of office, and that the English Government is no longer bound to press for a settlement of the dispute. When General GRANT, in his acceptance of the Chicago nomination, uttered his aspiration for peace, he perhaps referred exclusively to domestic dissensions; but it is evident that he has no immediate intention of engaging in foreign hostilities. It would be idle to talk of economy, and of the reduction or discharge of the debt, if a war were impending which would involve unlimited expenditure. The lapse of time may perhaps gradually moderate the prejudices and the angry feeling which now induce the American Government and people to keep a useless quarrel alive.

ELECTORAL PURITY.

WE know by this time as much as we are likely to know how far the new system of trying election petitions is calculated to ensure electoral purity. To put the result briefly, we know that it will scarcely do anything at all to ensure it. Where there is real, open, unquestionable bribery, those who have detected it are able to expose it more quickly and more cheaply before a judge than they could do before a Parliamentary Committee; and if there is a clear case, attested by unimpeachable witnesses, of one of those very few acts for which, apart from direct bribery, the judge will unseat a candidate, then the petition will succeed on easy and cheap terms. It comes to this—where any sensible and competent Committee of the House of Commons would unquestionably have unseated a member, the petitioner can obtain that decision more quickly and cheaply now, without the risk of having a foolish Committee appointed. But this is all. The appointment of the judges to conduct election trials will tend hereafter to discourage petitioners; for the judges go, as they consider they ought to go, not by any vague idea of the general merits of the case, but by rules which they have laid down to protect the sitting member unless an incontestable case is proved against him. The sitting member is treated as if he were in possession of a freehold, and as if the petition were an action of ejectment. At first the judges seemed inclined to take a different view of their duties. Reckless expenditure, for example, was held in itself to show a frame of mind in a candidate which tainted all his proceedings, and Mr. Baron MARTIN unseated Mr. RIPLEY at Bradford because, in that large town, he had spent 7,000*l.* But this mode of regarding expenditure has been entirely abandoned. At Youghal it was decided that a candidate may very properly go to a constituency which he has never heard of before in his life and run through 5,000*l.* in getting 126 votes, may spend enormous sums in purchases at shops and in giving away in charity, and may employ bands of watchers for months. At Wigan Mr. Baron MARTIN said that he was guided by the oath of the sitting member, and if the sitting member swore that he had meant to conduct the election properly, the judge would consider it was all right, unless the indisputably corrupt act of some one indisputably an agent for him was proved beyond all doubt. A member was not to be ejected out of his Parliamentary freehold for anything short of this. The decisions of the judges will have the effect of showing a candidate exactly how to get hold and keep hold of this freehold. Giving actual sums of money before an election is really almost the only thing he need avoid. He may spend his money as freely as he likes in almost any other way. He may treat as much as he likes, so long as he does not treat corruptly; that is, so long as no one can prove that any particular voter sold his vote for so much drink and victuals. He may cover all the walls of every shop with boards at a shilling a day apiece; he may have roughs and watchers in abundance, for, although the judges will reprove him for doing so, they will not unseat him for it. He may even perhaps hire cabs for his voters, which is distinctly illegal, because he may speculate that he will be let off for a first offence on this head, as Mr. Baron MARTIN let off the sitting members at Salford, merely cautioning them not to do it again. The judges treat such things as these as they would treat a man who was constantly firing off guns, or who set up nasty-smelling works on his land. These are disagreeable ways of behaving on a freehold, but the freeholder is not to be turned out for them. Committees and associations on behalf of the candidate may do pretty well what they like for him, and he will not be respon-

sible unless they actually give larger sums away in cash than a charitable judge would consider to have been spent in charity. If a new election were held next week the expenditure would probably be much more profuse than it has ever been, and much safer, for those who conducted it would have the decisions of the judges to tell them exactly what to do; and if any petitions were presented they would probably be of a very speculative kind, and the DODSONS and FOGGS who got them up would be most happy to withdraw them on reasonable terms at the right moment. The clauses in the Act of last year intended to prevent the collusive withdrawal of petitions have utterly broken down, and a petition may still be looked on as a nuisance which the freeholder may be made to buy off if he is properly managed.

Evidently, if electoral purity is to be attained at all, or if any considerable approximation to it is to be realized, the end is not to be gained by setting the judges to administer the existing law. The law itself must be altered, and the subject is important enough to justify the Cabinet in moving the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the best mode of conducting Parliamentary and municipal elections. Mr. BRUCE, in moving last week for the appointment of this Committee, openly professed his conversion to the Ballot; and when a Cabinet Minister has got as far as this, and carries, as Mr. BRUCE evidently did, the majority of the House with him, the time when the Ballot will be introduced cannot be far off. What every one who cares for electoral purity desires is some means of lessening the two great evils of our present mode of conducting elections —profuse expenditure and intimidation. It is not bribery, in the sense in which bribery is generally understood, that is the evil to be combated. A place which, as Mr. Baron MARTIN said of Beverley, is a mere nest of corruption is tolerably certain to vanish out of the electoral area even under the law as it now stands, and even large towns like Norwich and Dublin will probably pay some penalty for their evil habits. It is the profuse emptying of money-bags throughout a constituency in expenditure which the judges have now instructed experts how to make legal that is, if possible, to be put down. No legislation can entirely put it down, but a very few changes in the law might immensely reduce it. The last Parliament did not in its secret heart dislike this expenditure, for it considered it a weapon in the hands of gentlemen against democracy, and so it would listen to few of the many propositions submitted to it for reducing the outlay of candidates. But a Parliament sincerely desirous to effect the purpose might deal a few blows against this expenditure which would strike home. Mr. BRUCE dwelt on a way of doing this by forbidding the employment of paid canvassers. These terrible nuisances pester, bully, demoralize, and bestialize voters for weeks together before an election, in order to run up a little bill against the candidate. It would be equally easy to make all payments for roughs, watchers, and messengers illegal, and to make illegal acts on the part of the candidates void the election, and not merely, as at Salford, furnish the ground for a little mild reproof from a benevolent judge. Mr. HARCOURT pointed to a still wider and more efficacious remedy when, in asking that the decisions of the judges might be communicated to the House, he suggested that all treating whatever should be pronounced illegal, and not merely treating carried on corruptly. If the candidate and his agents were not allowed to treat any one under any pretence, and if paid canvassers, watchers, roughs and messengers were also forbidden, the expenses of candidates would be most materially diminished. Further, if Mr. FAWCETT's proposal were adopted, and all the expenses of the returning officer were paid for by the borough, a candidate would have scarcely any legitimate expenses. There would, indeed, remain the expenses of solicitors, of advertising, of printing, and of postage; but even these would be very much diminished, in proportion as the electors were less and less addressed personally, and looked more and more to the general expressions of opinion, at meetings and on public occasions, on the part of the candidate, as the main guide to their choice; and whatever may be the evils of the Ballot, it cannot be denied that it tends materially to lessen the amount of private appeals to individuals.

Intimidation is of two kinds, and against neither kind does the existing law provide any effectual check. There is first the intimidation of open violence at the time of the elections, which is nothing less than a great national disgrace, and against which we are glad to see Mr. GATHORNE HARDY uttered an indignant protest. The whole notion that at election times the law should go utterly into abeyance, and that mobs may go about bullying, terrifying, wounding, plundering, and sacking houses, simply because a writ has come down to the place for the election of a member, is perfectly monstrous. The Ballot might do something to remedy the mischief, but it would not do nearly enough. To begin with, the process of elections might be much simplified. If nominations and declarations of the poll were done away with, the mob would have much less excuse for assembling. Then the guardians of order ought to be much more efficiently protected than they are. Assaults on the police when a mob is assembled are most serious offences against public order, and ought to be severely punished. As it is, the unfortunate police are not protected at all, and a lot of blackguards are allowed to hustle them and pelt them with stones, and get off scot-free, because the proceeding is considered one of the humours of election time. An adequate term of imprisonment with hard labour would soon change the sentiments of the vulgar on this head. Lastly, damages for all personal injuries and for all injuries to property at an election time ought to be recoverable by an easy process from the rates of the borough or county where the election is held, and then the ratepayers might think it worth their while to save their pockets, and aid the cause of order a little. Too ready a use of the military force ought of course to be avoided; but if soldiers are used at all, they ought to be much better protected than they are now. It is in the highest degree improper that soldiers should have to stand and be pelted with rubbish while they are forbidden to strike terror into their assailants by a use of their weapons. Intimidation of the quiet sort takes all kinds of forms, but they all come to this—that the voter is threatened with a pecuniary loss if he votes as he wishes to vote. It is in human nature to exercise freely this power of threatening in order to gain a political object, unless the law comes to the aid of the weak. Men of every class enjoy the pleasure of being able to make their neighbours own their supremacy. Landlords threaten farmers, gentlemen threaten tradesmen, manufacturers threaten weekly workers; and, as Mr. BRUCE informed the House, even working-men themselves threaten the petty shopkeepers who depend on their custom. The feeling of alarm at the extent to which this intimidation has now spread is so strong, that the Committee which is now to consider the mode of conducting elections can scarcely be said to set out with having the Ballot reserved as an open question. Its real function will be much more to consider what particular form of secret voting shall be adopted than to decide whether secret voting shall, in some shape or other, be used as a remedy against intimidation. No men have done so much to prepare public opinion for the Ballot as the election judges; for they have shown that the existing law is futile against intimidation, and no other remedy, good or bad, has been suggested but the Ballot. It is with great regret that we see this; for, if men could but have been gradually weaned from the evil habit of intimidation by a change in social opinion, this would have been far better than to try to outwit petty tyrants by such a device as the ballot-box. But it is impossible to allow the intimidation that marked the last election to continue, and, as some change must be made, the Ballot will have the advantage of being the only remedy visibly in the field. Fortunately, it is not a question of political parties, for mob violence and petty tyranny are of no use to any party, and it will certainly be the respectable, quiet, and honourable classes—the friends, in every rank and every party, of order, decency, and independence—who will profit most by elections being conducted so that the brutal license of election mobs shall be done away with, and so that each voter can vote without pressure and without fear as he pleases.

THE BRAZILIAN SLAVE TRADE ACT.

THE House of Lords would have done well to consent to the repeal of the Brazilian Slave Trade Act without debate. The interval of three-and-twenty years which has elapsed since the Bill was passed has witnessed an entire revolution in national policy. In 1846 the long peace had not yet been interrupted, nor had English opinion recognised the possibility of abandoning the position which had been acquired at the end of the long struggle with France. Lord CHELMSFORD's inaccurate recollection represents the rapid oblivion which follows close upon great changes of political theory. In perfect good faith, Sir ROBERT PEEL's former Solicitor-General thought it impossible that in 1846 and in 1849 he should have defended a measure which now seems to him and to many others entirely obsolete. All who have reached middle life must occasionally have felt similar surprise when they have happened to look at prints of the forgotten fashions of their youth. For a moment it seems impossible that stiff neckcloths and

high collars should within a not very great number of years have been accepted as matters of course. A high-handed mode of dealing with foreign Powers is not less abhorrent to modern modes of thought; and it is fortunate that Lord RUSSELL and Lord GREY retain, with more tenacity than Lord CHELMSFORD, the principles which prevailed in Parliament and in the country down to the eve of the Russian war. The ABERDEEN Act was one of the latest legislative assertions of a policy which had been for thirty or forty years strenuously pursued by the English Government. The slave trade was only abolished in 1807, after a long and obstinate contest; but as soon as the question was finally settled, all classes and all parties unanimously desired to procure the adhesion of foreign States to the same prohibition. The Ministers of that time were not ordinarily distinguished by any enthusiastic attachment to philanthropic novelties; yet, in the negotiation which ensued on the fall of NAPOLEON, Lord LIVERPOOL and Lord CASTLEREAGH exerted themselves as earnestly to obtain the suppression of the slave trade as to establish the balance of power in Europe. Their anxiety, like the agitation at home by which it was stimulated, in some instances defeated itself; for, as the sentiment of aversion to the slave trade was then confined to England and the United States, colonists and slave-dealers easily persuaded their countrymen that English benevolence was prompted exclusively by commercial interest. The efforts of diplomacy nevertheless produced considerable results in the conclusion of treaties with nearly all foreign States. In return for large concessions Spain and Portugal agreed to make the slave trade piracy, and to allow on terms of nominal reciprocity the right of search by English cruisers.

Brazil, on its subsequent separation from Portugal, inherited the liabilities which it had shared with the Mother-country, and the acceptance of a Convention similar to the Portuguese treaty was a condition of the acknowledgment by England of the new Empire. The obligations incurred by the Government of Portugal had never been supported by any moral scruple on the part of the people; and the Brazilians, as habitual purchasers of slaves on a large scale, were still less inclined to discourage the obnoxious traffic. The contest of activity and skill between the English squadron on the coast of Africa and the Portuguese and Brazilian traders continued for twenty years, till the special arrangements of the Convention expired. The Government of Brazil displayed no intention of renewing the treaty, and there was reason to believe that the slave trade might assume gigantic proportions. If the trade with Brazil had been left open, it would have been scarcely possible to maintain a general policy which was regarded with jealous dislike by almost every maritime Power. Not long before Mr. CALHOUN had proposed to the French Government an offensive and defensive alliance with the United States against England, on the express ground of the hostility of that perfidious State to the sacred institution of slavery. At that time there was as yet no *Alabama*, or recognition of belligerency, to serve as a pretext for American hostility; but the operations of the African squadron formed a sufficient excuse; and when at a later period the English vessels began to watch the coast of Cuba, Mr. SUMNER and the other Republican leaders were the loudest in their denunciations of English intrusion into American waters.

Although the Brazilian Government was no longer bound by a Convention to permit supervision by English cruisers, the general undertaking to suppress the slave trade, which still remained in force, was openly and systematically violated. The English Government accordingly determined to persist in visiting Brazilian vessels, and, finding that the right or power of search was practically inefficient, Sir ROBERT PEEL and Lord ABERDEEN, with the advice of Sir WILLIAM FOLLETT and Sir FREDERICK THESIGER, introduced the Bill for carrying into effect the Convention between the QUEEN and the Emperor of BRAZIL. When it was proposed by the authority of Parliament to follow slave-ships from the high seas into waters within the jurisdiction of Brazil, the plan could scarcely be reconciled with respect for the rights of an independent Power, but the Government and the Crown lawyers seem to have determined on meeting by a system of reprisals the open refusal of Brazil to fulfil its obligations. As it happened, there was no risk of serious Parliamentary opposition, for all statesmen of the older generation shared the national sentiment, and Lord PALMERSTON, who usually opposed Lord ABERDEEN's foreign policy, consistently exhibited a passionate antipathy to the slave trade.

It was easy for Lord CHELMSFORD and Lord CAIRNS to prove that such legislation would not be attempted by any Government at the present day; nor can it be denied that occasional bickerings with the Brazilian Government have been caused by natural resentment at the use which has been made of superior force. English sailors on shore have sometimes failed to receive due protection from the police; and now and then an officer in uniform has been affronted or arrested, with the result of much angry correspondence. On the other hand, the entire suppression of the Brazilian slave trade furnishes some compensation for the injured dignity of half a dozen midshipmen. Lord ABERDEEN's Act is open to much theoretical criticism, but, unlike many more plausible specimens of legislation, it effected the object for which it was designed. The doctrine of non-intervention is perhaps just, as it is undoubtedly convenient; but a man who is habitually indifferent to the concerns of his neighbours is not likely on any occasion to render them useful service. Notwithstanding the modern dread of intrusion, Parliament will not be disposed to share Lord CAIRNS's disapproval of the recital in the preamble of Lord CLARENDON's Bill. It is as well that, even when opinions have been modified, a formal consistency should be observed in legislation, and that the Act should be ostensibly repealed, not in consequence of the adoption of a passive policy, but because "the circumstances which led to "the passing of the said Act no longer exist by reason of the "cessation of the importation of slaves into Brazil from "Africa." Lord CLARENDON has never been accused of pugnacity or arrogance, but he belongs to the school of Lord PALMERSTON. If his successors commence the practice of introducing humble apologies into Acts of Parliament and diplomatic documents, they may possibly find that national pride is not an exclusively aristocratic prejudice. The cessation of the Brazilian slave trade is exclusively due to the operation of the measure which shocks the feelings of Lord CHELMSFORD and Lord CAIRNS; and it is not improbable that the prospect of the abolition of slavery in Brazil might be partly attributed to the same cause. In tropical or semi-tropical countries it is cheaper to import slaves than to breed them, because the traders supply the planters with a large proportion of able-bodied men, encumbered with comparatively few women and children. The Dutch farmers, indeed, of the Free Republic in South Africa kill the men in their incursions into the interior, for the purpose of enslaving their families; but they require domestic servants and agricultural drudges rather than gangs of field hands, and they know that a captive Kaffir warrior is not a manageable slave. Both in Cuba and in Brazil the stoppage of importation renders slavery less profitable; and other reasons perhaps incline the Brazilian Government and a portion of the community to favour ultimate emancipation.

The reduction and future withdrawal of the African squadron, while it relieves the navy from a painful and dangerous service, will complete the policy which is involved in the repeal of the ABERDEEN Act. The crusade against the slave trade has in the course of fifty or sixty years cost hundreds of valuable lives, and it has occasionally led to diplomatic embarrassments, but the sacrifices incurred will not be regarded in history as excessive or inglorious. The undeviating neutrality which implies frequent acquiescence in evil, although it may on the whole be dictated by prudence, is not an active virtue. A paradoxical reasoner might contend that the advantages of the slave trade have overbalanced its injurious results by transplanting a large number of Africans to lands in which they or their descendants have acquired the rudiments of civilization; but popular sentiment repudiates far-fetched speculations, and it was notorious that the slavedealers who conducted the traffic were among the worst specimens of the human race. The misery of the barbarians who occupy the continent of Africa has been perceptibly increased by the market for labourers which superseded the demand for the produce of labour. In England, if not in other European countries, the agitation which began nearly a century ago has left a permanent impression which is beyond the reach of argument or sophistry. Lord CLARENDON's Bill marks the virtual termination of the transmarine slave trade, and the commerce is now almost wholly confined to the Dutch and Portuguese settlements in South Africa and to the Valley of the Nile. As Cuba and Brazil proceed to reform their institutions and their practice, benevolent indignation will probably be concentrated on the atrocities of the Arab and Egyptian slave-dealers. Before the present generation has passed away one prominent form of iniquity will perhaps have disappeared from the earth.

MR. LOCKE KING'S BILL.

THE proposed abolition of the Irish Establishment, among its other recommendations to the favourable consideration of Parliament, furnishes an excellent excuse for postponing many troublesome questions. The alteration of the law of succession to landed estate in cases of intestacy is added to the long list of measures which the Government is to adopt or consider as soon as it has disposed of the Irish Church. Mr. GLADSTONE, with prudent reserve, only expresses the opinion that the present law is not insusceptible of improvement; but it is easy to foresee that he will at least approve of the modest instalment of change which has so often been urged on the House of Commons by Mr. LOCKE KING. It would indeed be possible to take an intermediate step by giving younger children a pecuniary charge on land which had devolved by descent on the heir-at-law, and the plan would have the merit of corresponding to the arrangement which a prudent freeholder would probably make by will. The settlements and wills of large landowners almost always provide for younger children by charges on the estate, while the middle class of proprietors seldom make an eldest son, and still more rarely die intestate. The only persons who can afford to own land in England are landlords of the rank of country gentlemen, yeomen farming their own estates, and monied men, connected for the most part with trades or professions, who have other sources of income. The freehold occupier himself makes a great pecuniary sacrifice to independence and to sentiment; and the merchant or lawyer who possesses land worth a few hundreds a year deliberately indulges himself in an expensive luxury. While Mr. LOCKE KING's undeviating consistency through a long course of years probably represents his personal belief that the law of succession to land produces great and practical evils, his opponents and his supporters, with few exceptions, regard his annual motion as an occasion for discussing a far wider issue. The more judicious representatives of the landed interest would willingly compound for the suppression of male heirs-at-law if it were not for the instinctive feeling that an ancient custom is more defensible than a modern enactment. For their own purposes, the landlords would probably exercise a sound discretion in accepting the proposal; but they are fully justified in their belief that concession would not end the controversy. A few years would prove the futility of Mr. BRIGHT's belief in the tendency of the law to regulate the practice of testators. The English aristocracy is not likely to add social and economical suicide to political abdication. When it was found that intestacy affected only an insignificant fragment of the land, a law of equal partition in case of intestacy would be quoted as a legislative admission that the principle of division ought to be more generally applied. If the theory were adopted by Parliament, it would soon appear that the liberty now possessed by testators must be abolished or largely restricted. As long as land produces an income of about three per cent., no permissive measure will check the process of accumulation.

In the debate of Monday last Mr. HENLEY and Sir LAWRENCE PALK expressed a well-founded opinion that Mr. LOCKE KING's plan, if it had any considerable effect, would accelerate the extinction of small freeholds. The practical unit of landed property is the smallest extent which, according to the custom of each separate district, is usually occupied by a single holder. The nature of the buildings, the rotation of crops, and the size of the fields are regulated by experience and tradition; and the division of the farm into three or four equal portions would involve the introduction of a new and less profitable mode of cultivation. On a hundred acres of land subdivided by legal compulsion it would become necessary to build additional houses, barns, and sheds, and in some instances manual labour would be unavoidably substituted for the use of horses. It is not impossible that such a revolution may at some future time extend over the whole surface of the country; but it would be difficult to introduce the change in a few scattered spots and patches. In the great majority of cases a sale would be preferred to a partition, and, as at present, the wealthy neighbour would be the probable purchaser. If eldest sons were abolished by law, there would no longer be any motive for adding adjacent farms to estates which would be doomed to subdivision. In a few generations the landed nobility and gentry would disappear, and large farms would follow the fortunes of large estates. An active and increasing party has persuaded itself that a community of small proprietors is the soundest and happiest form of society. The doctrine may be supported by plausible arguments, but it has nothing to do with a voluntary disposition of property. It is not too much to say that the country must choose between the English and French modes of distribution, and that the national system of agriculture must stand or fall with the present tenure of land. The state of law which is proposed by Mr. LOCKE KING is inoperative in the United States, because, in default of tenant farmers, no testator could dream of founding a family on a large landed estate. Economical reasons would similarly supersede the working of the law in England, with the opposite effect of promoting accumulation.

Mr. WALTER suggested one of the strongest arguments against the present law by quoting some of the extravagant misrepresentations for which it serves as a pretext. It may be easily believed that many foreigners imagine, with Mr. WALTER's simple-minded American, that the rule of primogeniture is compulsory and universal. The eldest son claiming under a marriage settlement may, in the great majority of cases, become absolute owner of the estate, if he declines to concur with the life-tenant in a fresh arrangement, and abstains from resettling the property on his marriage. Great estates would be more frequently broken up but that prudent heirs are careful not to dissipate their property, while spendthrifts have for the most part occasion to make terms with their fathers. The monopoly which creates jealous irritation at home and delusion abroad belongs in truth, not to pedigree, but to money. Land, being at the same time the pleasantest of possessions and the least profitable of investments, passes into the hands of rich men, or remains there, for the same reasons which enable the same class to ride the finest horses, to buy the best pictures, and to live in the largest houses. Many instances might be mentioned of large landed estates which have been collected within the present generation; and indeed a column of auctioneers' advertisements sufficiently proves that a capitalist may at any time assume the position of a country gentleman. Manufacturers and merchants are every day supplanting indigenous squires, with ampler means of extending their boundaries by successive purchases. It is idle to talk of the law of primogeniture as affecting the transmission of their property to their descendants. Unless the estate is exceptionally large, its value would almost always be diminished by subdivision, while the object which induced the purchaser to diminish his own income would be frustrated by an equal partition of his property amongst several children. It is only on the first, or at most on the second, descent that the cadets of a family, new or old, have the shadow of a grievance to allege. The grandchildren or great-grandchildren of the founder or testator would probably have been poorer under a law which practically prevented the foundation of large estates.

The removal of misconception would be the most valuable result of the legislation which, pending his further political education, Mr. GLADSTONE seems disposed to favour. It might be worth while to make the experiment of a change, although it would produce only a trifling effect, for laws ought in modern times to be intelligible and logically tenable, as well as practically just. The ancient belief in institutions as necessary and inscrutable mysteries has become nearly extinct, and if a law which does little harm or good is found to be unpopular, it may be prudent to remove the cause of offence. The more serious contest which lies behind Mr. LOCKE KING's project will not be indefinitely deferred either by the maintenance or by the abolition of theoretical primogeniture. The victory will depend in some degree on the arguments employed on either side, but it will be mainly decided by the comparative force of the combatants. The array of landowners and farmers will not be materially strengthened or weakened by the law of succession which may be in force at the beginning of the struggle; but if Mr. LOCKE KING's plan were embodied in the Statute-book the champions of the existing system would have to deal with one prejudice less. A democratic triumph would not be confined to a compulsory partition of land, for the progress of subdivision might be accelerated by taxation devised for the purpose of rendering ownership unprofitable except to occupiers. All owners of property will combine to resist legislation which would tend directly to restrict freedom of enjoyment and disposal; but political power will be found to have been already dissociated from land and from money as soon as an agitation arises which really interests the multitude. The more zealous advocates of peasant proprietorship fully understand that their object can only be attained by the adoption of the compulsory partition which prevails in many other countries.

FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

WHEN the French semi-official press began a crusade against Belgium, just a month ago, it was easy to explain away the unpleasant significance of the act. The journals in question had been over-zealous, and, in their desire to interpret the EMPEROR's mind to the public, they had not waited to understand it for themselves. It was pointed out that the most careful supervision cannot always prevent an inspired newspaper from making this particular blunder. Unless the authorities write it all themselves they must leave the editor and his staff some small latitude in the selection and treatment of topics, and an ardent journalist will naturally be eager to offer the graceful tribute of his unprompted homage in the shape of an article which he thinks will please his master, though it has not been expressly ordered. True devotion loves to anticipate the wishes of its object, and as long as piety and intelligence are not inseparable, it will occasionally go astray in doing so. The theory was certainly ingenious, while it had just that alloy of truth which made it equally impossible to accept or to disprove it. And as the excitement did, as a matter of fact, die out as suddenly as it had begun, those who believed that the relation between the French Government and the semi-official press is rather too intimate to admit of the latter devising a foreign policy for itself, had nothing left but to submit without being by any means convinced. Time, however, has brought them their revenge. Let it be granted that by a common hallucination all the semi-official organs fell into the same error, that it was found impossible for more than a week to let them know that they had made a false start, and that upon this intimation being at length conveyed to them they came back crestfallen to the post. Does this complicated hypothesis account for the manœuvre being repeated a fortnight later? We will allow that such a mistake might have happened once, but it is subjecting our credulity to an unfair strain to ask us to believe that it can happen twice. If the explanation given by some English papers of the original denunciation of Belgium had been the true one, the journals to which it related would surely have shunned for the future all reference to so unlucky an escapade. Instead of this, the subject has suddenly been resumed with no less fervour than at first. We presume it will not be seriously maintained that this time the French Government knows nothing about it.

The precise language of the semi-official journals on the "Belgian difficulty" matters but little. The particular forms of abuse employed by the several organs may only represent the individual taste of their conductors. It is not necessary to suppose that the *Patrie* took the opinion of a Minister before attributing the attitude of the Brussels Cabinet to Prussian instigation; or that the *Peuple* has hit the precise point which most occupies the EMPEROR's mind when it sheds tears of sympathising anguish over the sufferings of the Belgian democracy. Some allowance must be made for the exigencies of composition, and when several writers have to say the same thing every day they may fairly claim to choose their own way of saying it. What does matter is that there should be a Belgian difficulty at all. The opposition of the Legislature to the fusion of the Great Luxemburg and the Eastern of France Railways was a purely domestic incident, and when a great Power goes out of its way to convert it into an occasion for diplomacy, it is the fact itself, not the manner in which it is done, that is calculated to excite suspicion. We are now told that the questions at issue between the two Governments have been referred to a Commission, and a confident hope is expressed that the pending dispute will be amicably arranged. Whether this hope turns out well founded or not, the really ominous symptom will remain intact. A Government which is ready to take offence at the municipal legislation of a weaker neighbour need do nothing more to give ground for reasonable alarm. Such a policy cannot possibly bode any good. Its authors may not intend to follow it up seriously, but so far as they do intend to follow it up—and without some thought of the kind it would hardly have been launched into the world—their designs are altogether mischievous. The action of the Belgian Legislature justified neither remonstrance nor inquiry. It was a step which, as an independent State, Belgium had a perfect right to take, if indeed she were not, as a neutral State, bound, under the circumstances, to have recourse to it. The alleged wound to French susceptibility had no existence except in the patriotic imaginations of two or three inflamed—and inspired—editors. From first to last the whole discussion has been palpably got up for a purpose; and we repeat that, although that purpose may, and probably will, be abandoned, it is evil so far as it exists.

At first sight there may seem to be little or no connexion between the uneasiness thus wantonly created by the French Government and the larger question of peace or war in Europe. The very anxiety evinced by the official papers to attribute the vote of the Belgian Chambers to the dictation of Prussia makes it unlikely that NAPOLEON III. can have any hope of rectifying his frontier at the expense of a weaker neighbour without Count BISMARK having a word to say upon the process. If, on the other hand, the EMPEROR merely keeps this particular quarrel open as an item in his plans against Prussia, why should he excite the hostility of the other Powers by an unprovoked aggression upon Belgium? Of all possible ways of opening the campaign against Germany, the occupation of Brussels has apparently the least to recommend it. And yet it is not, after all, very difficult to devise an explanation of this seemingly unintelligible conduct. The key to the EMPEROR's recent policy is to be looked for in the fact that he regards war as at best an unavoidable evil. Every year he lives he has more to lose and less to gain by it. This fact affords no guarantee that he will not fight, but it does increase the probability that before he does so he will try every means that suggests itself of securing the advantages of war without incurring its dangers. The point about the recent changes in Germany which most troubles the minds of his subjects is not that Prussia has become stronger, but that France has remained stationary. It is the relative, not the absolute, greatness of their country that Frenchmen are so anxious to preserve. They could better have borne a loss if it had been shared by a neighbour, than to see Prussia strengthened without any proportionate benefit accruing to France. The EMPEROR's policy towards Belgium may perhaps have been suggested by his knowledge of this characteristic sentiment. If a considerable addition to French territory could be obtained without a conflict, it would do more than anything to lift the cloud which has lately hung over his management of foreign affairs. It might restore public confidence in the Administration, and give the popular imagination something else to occupy it than the issue of the coming elections, or the probability of M. ROUHER's resignation. Frenchmen would feel that the favours of fortune were not all reserved for their rival—indeed, they might even please themselves with the reflection that, in fighting for the aggrandizement of Prussia, Count BISMARK had been unconsciously paving the way for a corresponding aggrandizement of France. By what possible means can this happy stroke of policy be achieved? We can imagine how anxiously the EMPEROR would put this question to himself, and we can at the same time catch a glimpse of one or two considerations which might render him not wholly hopeless of success. He might perhaps reason somewhat in this fashion:—The constant expectation of war is becoming wearisome to the whole of Europe, and if France were once to make her pacific intentions unmistakeably evident, the sense of relief would be universal. If the neutral Powers can be induced to see that this consummation is only to be brought about by France receiving territorial compensation for the disadvantages she has sustained by the events of 1866, they may think the peace of Europe not too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of a petty State. Prussia, to be sure, would bluster a little, but, in spite of Count BISMARK's boasts, it is by no means certain that he is really anxious to go to war, and even if he is, the annexation of Belgium might enable France to withdraw her opposition to the extension of Prussian rule beyond the Maine. There would still be England to reckon with; but England has not of late years counted for much in Continental politics, and may probably be left out of the calculation. Some undefined notions of this sort may conceivably be floating in the EMPEROR's brain, and their presence there would entirely account for his obvious desire to nurse the flickering flame of an imaginary grievance against Belgium. The danger of such a state of mind is that, the more the design is brooded on, the more feasible it is likely to appear. The real obstacles to its accomplishment may only become apparent when a creditable retreat has become impossible.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

MR. CHILDERS had his orders to knock off 1,000,000*l.* from the Navy Estimates, and it is most creditable to him that he has done it with as little detriment as may be to the public service. Some considerable portion of the money is really saved by retrenching expenditure which was of comparatively little use. Another large portion of the economy merely represents outlay postponed to future years, when the

hot fit may have succeeded the cold fit in the matter of warlike preparations. The three great heads under which Mr. CHILDERS classifies his projected changes are—first, administration; secondly, *personnel;* and thirdly, material. In each of these departments some saving is promised; and in each, when the propriety of reduction is once admitted, Mr. CHILDERS has shown judgment in the choice of the items which he has attacked. We cannot, however, entirely concur in the course proposed in any of these three departments.

Perhaps the most important field for a naval reformer is that of administration, and here we find that Mr. CHILDERS, though undoubtedly moving in the right direction, treads with feeble steps. He does not deny the inefficiency of the old Board, but instead of remodelling the machine on a sound and workmanlike footing, he is content to patch it up with an alteration here and a modification there, so as to get it to work a little longer with perhaps a shade less of friction and waste than we have been accustomed to witness. The old Board system was—so Mr. CHILDERS tells us—to place the administration "practically in the hands of four distinguished "naval officers, assisted by a Minister, those naval officers "dividing the business between them"; and we may add, what Mr. CHILDERS forgot to mention, that these departmental chiefs of administration were political sailors going out with the Ministry of the day. Mr. CHILDERS tells us also that no one knew in whom the financial control vested; and he might have added that, for purposes of patronage, the Board was superseded by the direct action of the First Lord. Nothing could be much worse than such an organization, the primary essentials of good administration being, first, that the heads of departments should be permanent officers selected for their special capacity, and not as a reward either for political or naval services; secondly, that there should be distinct financial control; and lastly, that the Minister should be, not an "assistant" of his subordinates, but their absolute master.

All this is in effect admitted by Mr. CHILDERS, for, though he says that the Board was incompetent only in matters connected with the dockyards, he forgets that he is himself condemning and reversing the policy of the Board and the Sea Lords in maintaining excessive squadrons in every ocean; and that, as to patronage, the Board could not well go wrong, inasmuch as no patronage was left at its disposal. The work that really remained to the Board was mainly the dockyard work, and in that it is conceded that its action was eminently unsatisfactory. The logical conclusion would have been to sweep away the Board altogether, converting the Sea Lord into a sort of permanent High Admiral, strictly subordinate to the Minister—as the Commander-in-Chief of the army ought to be, and is curiously enough sometimes said to be to the Minister for War—and replacing the other Lords by permanent well-chosen administrators of the dockyard machinery. The present First Lord stops short of this reform, and for reasons of a very singular kind. He says that a Commission in the year 1860 reported dead against the Board in all matters relating to the dockyard. Next he tells us that a Committee appointed in 1861 was allowed to drop without reporting, and after hearing the evidence only on one side; and that the official evidence was in the main favourable to the official system, as might reasonably have been expected. Then Mr. CHILDERS has the courage to refer to Mr. SEELY's Committee, and says that counter reports were prepared by Mr. SEELY and the then Secretary of the Admiralty, and that this Committee also abstained from reporting on the principal subject referred to it. Mr. CHILDERS' modesty prevented him from saying that, although the evidence entirely proved Mr. SEELY's case, the Committee were induced by Mr. CHILDERS himself to withhold their judgment, which, if given at all, could only have been given one way.

Strangely enough Mr. CHILDERS thinks that these facts supply a reason, not for abolishing, but for retaining a Board which no one of the three investigating bodies ventured to acquit, and which one of them unreservedly condemned. At the same time, however, an attempt is, it seems, to be made to mitigate the evil working of the Board. In the first place, Mr. CHILDERS insists on his own undisputed supremacy. In the next, he entirely modifies the policy pursued by the Sea Lords. Then he intends, if it will work, to make the Secretary a real financial officer; and, finally, he proposes to consolidate the dockyard work and commit it to managers who are to be regarded as quasi-permanent officers, under a single chief responsible to the Minister alone. This officer is also to be permanent, though to keep up the fiction of the Board system he is to be called a Lord of the Admiralty. And economy is to be effected besides by abandoning the Deptford and Woolwich dockyards. These are evidently honest, though clumsy and timid, approaches to a sound organization, and in these days of an omnipotent Government we must be content even with partial amendments of proved abuses. In the general regulation of the fleet Mr. CHILDERS will give effect to a policy which he announced long since in opposition. He will reduce the foreign squadrons by 16 ships and more than 3,000 men, which, coupled with the steps taken by the late Government in the same direction, will complete a total reduction of 6,600 men, almost exactly what Mr. CHILDERS had proposed when he sat on the other side of the House.

The Estimates also show a considerable reduction in dockyard expenditure. Repairs are to cost less, partly because fewer ships will be commissioned, and those for longer periods; partly, it may be hoped, from more effectual supervision. Another saving will be obtained by a reduction of the Marines, which is justified on the only ground on which a reduction of that admirable force could be justified—namely, that the numbers are too large to admit of each man having the share of sea-service necessary to insure efficiency.

Finally, money is to be saved by reducing expenditure on stores and on the construction of new ships. Two new ships only of any importance are to be laid down, and these are to be enormous turret ships, with 12-inch armour, and low free board, carrying the heaviest metal, and having stowage for twelve days' consumption of coal. Every ship of course is a compromise, and in this case, in order to get stowage and offensive and defensive strength, Mr. CHILDERS has given up masts altogether. The new ships will not therefore be cruisers in the proper sense, neither will they be coast ships, for they are intended to draw twenty-five or twenty-six feet water. Mr. CORRY objects on principle to any ship which cannot sail when called upon; but he has yet to show that the tremendous power of the proposed turret-liners can be attained in any other way than that proposed by Mr. CHILDERS. Turret cruisers we must have, and shall have when the obstinate opposition to them has been conquered by the now imminent success of the *Captain*. But this is no reason why we should not also have turret-liners as Mr. CHILDERS proposes, in the face of which no known ship or fort will long be able to escape destruction. The step is a step in the right direction, and though we should have been glad to see more decisive action on the part of Mr. CHILDERS, it cannot be doubted that he proposes to apply the limited sums which he asks for much more advantageously than any naval vote has been applied for years, and that even where his plans are most defective, the changes which he does make are all in the right direction.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE BRITISH TRADESMAN.

AT the celebrated, we had almost said the notorious, dinner which the Fishmongers gave to the present Ministers, Mr. LOWE delivered himself of a somewhat hard and fast principle to which he seemed to pledge the Government, and to be desirous of committing the House of Commons, on whose behalf he was returning thanks. He hoped "that when any "question is brought forward between the public and small "classes of individuals, the House of Commons would range "itself on the side of the public, and not of individual "interests." Good orthodox teaching this—the greatest happiness of the greatest number, as BENTHAM would express it; the weakest goes to the wall or into nothingness, as the Darwinian law illustrating the struggle for life would enunciate it. Mr. LOWE went further, and announced that it was the duty of Ministers in charge of departments to represent economy, while he feared it would be—at any rate it always had been—the part of the House of Commons, as representing the chorus of profligate expenditure, to resist economy. All this was to be changed. In spite of any taunts about cheeseparing, the Government was resolved to compel a rigid system of pen-nibbing in all the public offices; and whatever the sympathies of a soft-hearted public might be, or whatever the justice of the case might be, the staff of clerks must be reduced. Whatever results may have attended the edict about pen-mending, Mr. CHILDERS has set to work with the Admiralty; and though a Commission has reported that the selection of certain clerks to be dismissed or placed on "the redundant list" is arbitrary and unjust, on the 31st of March at least a dozen clerks will be reduced. As most, or at any rate many, of these gentlemen must have been attracted to the QUEEN's service by the Civil Service Commissioners, no doubt this piece of economy will do much to increase the popularity of competitive examinations, when it is known that a clerk who fancies himself permanently attached, say to such an office as the Admiralty, may find after some years' service that his choice lies

between a total extinction of his professional life, and transference to such offices as those of the Post Office or Customs. Well; we at any rate, as the taxpayers, cannot complain, whatever the civil servants may think about it. *Fiat parsimonia, ruat justitia.* We believe that every taxpayer who has an income of 500*l.* a year may, if he nibs many pens in making the calculation, bring out the consoling fact that by the dismissal of the eleven Admiralty clerks he may perhaps be saved something like an appreciable fraction of three farthings a year by the fearless adoption of the principle of "public as against "individual interests." But the worst—shall we say?—or the best of these broad and abstract principles is their generality. They are so very general that generality is their beauty, and nobody likes them in practice. Mr. LOWE admits and complains of this generality; and whatever may be the case with Mr. LOWE, one, and a very distinguished, colleague of Mr. LOWE seems to see this too. Now here is Mr. BRIGHT, who was at the Fishmongers' dinner, and whose special duties were included by Mr. LOWE in this definition of the function of a Minister. Mr. BRIGHT presides over the Board of Trade; the business of the Board of Trade is "to range itself on "the side of the public, and not of individual interests," and of course, when they come into contact, to uphold the general against the special. During the last week two occasions have turned up in Parliament to test, in Mr. BRIGHT's person, the working of this noble principle. Last Friday Lord EUSTACE CECIL called attention to the matter of false weights and measures and adulteration, and Mr. SELWIN-IBBETSON called attention to the number of railway accidents arising from the enormous traffic on the principal lines.

We shall not follow either Lord EUSTACE CECIL or Mr. SELWIN-IBBETSON through their statements. They may have been, which we do not think, exaggerated; but at any rate they only express a large and deep feeling on the part of the public, and, further than this, they were advanced in the public interest. Lord EUSTACE held a brief for the public against the special interests of retail tradesmen; Mr. SELWIN-IBBETSON appeared on behalf of the public against the dealers in railway accommodation. In either case Mr. LOWE's law applies—the public against individual interests. Part of Mr. BRIGHT's reply we shall not take much notice of, because it refers merely to matter of fact. Mr. BRIGHT answered Lord EUSTACE, first, by saying that weights and measures were, as a fact, seldom short or defective against the purchaser; and that, as to adulteration in articles of food, there was very little of it, and what little there was, was rather healthy and salutary than otherwise. Mr. SELWIN-IBBETSON was met on the same tack. As to railway accidents, there were none worth speaking of; and as to the remedies which the law enforces against the Company in the matter of Lord CAMPBELL's Act, it was Mr. BRIGHT's firm opinion that the law is of a very questionable character; and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE went on to hint not obscurely that, in his view, if there was to be a change, it ought to be made in favour of the individual railway interest as against the public safety. This was pretty strong speaking, but it did not embody much of a principle. No doubt if Lord EUSTACE and Mr. SELWIN-IBBETSON were merely inventing their facts, and if there were no such things in existence as false balances, adulteration, or railway accidents, it was simple folly and waste of time to ask Parliament to legislate against these non-existent crimes and evils. But Mr. BRIGHT went further, and really distinguished himself. To be peddling about mere questions of fact is poor work; never mind the minor premiss if you can dispose of it by a good broad, sweeping, exhaustive major. This is the philosophic mind; and Mr. BRIGHT delivered himself of a major which rises to the dignity of a maximum. His reply was substantially this:—If this is all true, and even if your statements are not exaggerated, which I believe they are, still I am bound to say that "adulteration arises from "competition in business," and therefore, as you cannot stop, and indeed ought to encourage, competition, it is useless to attempt to interfere with adulteration; for if you attempted to interfere with it, "life"—that is, the tradesman's life—"would "not be worth having, and I should recommend them"—the tradesmen compelled to sell honest goods by honest weights, and groaning under the terrors of inspectors and Government prosecutions—"to remove to another country where they would "not be subject to such annoyance." And so with regard to railways:—You cannot and must not interfere with railways. To talk of compelling separate lines for goods traffic, and separate lines for passenger traffic, is all very well in the interests of human life and the public. But "a question like that" is absurd. And as to telegraph signals, "to interfere with a "matter so delicate and minute, and to make it compulsory," it is not worth wasting breath upon it. Now if this is not precisely and accurately what Mr. LOWE denounces as the profligate view of preferring private interests to public ones, words cease to have a meaning. The retail tradesman must be defended against the ignorant clamour of the public, so must the railway interest. The public asks for economy in the shape of just weights, and goods being what they pretend to be, and economy in the matter of life and limb. The tradesman and the Railway Board plead their private interests, and Mr. BRIGHT, to use Mr. LOWE's language, "ranges the Govern-"ment on the side of individual interests, and not those of the public."

As to the matter of fact, though we just now said we should not enlarge upon it, we must say a word or two. Let any one of our readers weigh the meat, bread, and groceries which come into his house during the next week, and note the result; and further, we ask how comes it that in the parish of St. Pancras the inspectors state that the crying evil of the day is that the parish authorities screen and conceal "the numerous cases of "deficient weights and measures brought under their notice"? How comes it that a sort of telegraph is worked announcing the approach of the inspectors? how is it that they detect "a "famous tea merchant with his 2 lbs. weight 6 oz. deficient," and find the retailers hiding their false balances? Most likely the telegraph workers were those described by Mr. BRIGHT whose weights were always wrong, but wrong in favour of their customers, and who, pious Christians as they are, would not have their good deeds known to incredulous inspectors. If we were disposed to take Lord EUSTACE CECIL's side, we should also inquire what right has the Vestry of St. Pancras to guard with this jealous care the list of tradesmen fined for having deficient weights? and further, if this precious Vestry, composed as it is of small retail tradesmen, has this power to screen these thieves and robbers, why should it retain the power? Why is not the supervision of weights and measures made a matter of police, and not of municipal regulation? and why should not the magistrates be compelled to publish these lists? The whole thing ought to be taken out of the hands of these wretched Vestries. No, says Mr. BRIGHT; trade would be impossible if we interfered. They interfere in France, they interfere in Prussia, they interfere everywhere where it is admitted to be one of the first duties of Government to protect the poor and ignorant and starving; and even where law is halting, and it is difficult to reach offenders in a thinly populated country such as America, the law of Lynch supplements the statutes. But in England the British tradesman ought not to stand this. Better shut up his shutters than submit to the degradation of honest dealing. Mr. BRIGHT at the Fishmongers' Hall said that, in his own person, he had in the public interests so far neglected business that he was almost in the condition of Mr. SHEIL, who was, according to his own account, sent to the Board of Trade because he knew less about trade than any other man in Parliament. We make Mr. BRIGHT a present of this extenuation of the character which he is pleased to give of the British retailer. We trust that Mr. BRIGHT is, as he seems to suggest, ignorant of the real character of his clients. His picture of them is scarcely engaging. POPE talks of the "tradesman meek and much a liar." Mr. BRIGHT describes him as much a liar, and bound to be so by the stress of competition, but anything but meek. Mr. BRIGHT's retailer not only cheats, but must cheat, and must not be interfered with in his cheating. We regret to say that there is much truth in this. The lower you descend in trade, the less economical and the more unsound is its working. The small retail tradesman has no capital, or only such as he borrows at an extravagant price; the retail publican is much in the same condition. They deal in perishable articles; they are bound to give credit; they are open to competition; the money that they have is not enough to pay interest, to remunerate their own labour, and to keep their families; and adulteration and false weights are their only resource. Humanitarians will say that, if you throw additional difficulties on the small retailer, you are suppressing a useful element in society. This is just what we deny. We believe that the public good, and the true interests of trade, would be advanced by diminishing retail trade as it is now carried on in poor neighbourhoods, and that both vendors and consumers would be benefited by improving a good many retailers from off the face of the town. If, as Mr. BRIGHT says, the retailer's life is not worth having if he is to be interfered with, and compelled by law to forego cheating and robbery, we need not deny this. But we add that this same small tradesman may as well be made to understand that, while it is a great hardship to be compelled by an inquisitorial law to be true and just in all your dealings, there are

other people, and the great majority of us too, who feel that life is not worth having if the Government of the country will not acknowledge the first and elementary principles on which society is founded, and for the sake of which alone we submit to Government at all.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

WE must defer to a future occasion the discussion of the many important questions raised by the Army Estimates, but the conversation which preceded the Committee was much too curious an illustration of Parliamentary government to be passed over in silence. A remarkable controversy has been raging for months on the simplest of all simple issues. Is it, or is it not, the fact that, by virtue of a solemn document, the Horse Guards is established as a distinct centre of administration from the War Office? On four several occasions the War Minister has been called up to say whether this is so or not. He knows, and every one who has inquired into the subject knows, that precisely such a document as we have described was signed as a Royal Warrant, and ought to be, if it is not, in the custody of the Minister for War. And yet, with this knowledge in his mind, four times has Mr. CARDWELL spoken on the subject without hinting at the existence of the document which would solve the whole controversy, and suggesting, as strongly as he could suggest without direct assertion, that the whole statement is founded on imagination, and that no warrant exists which defines the separate functions of the two officers between whom the government of the Army is divided.

That this should be possible only shows how difficult a thing it is for the House of Commons to compass any kind of administrative reform. If a Tory Ministry is in, it is hopeless to move in such a matter. If Liberals are in power, the very men who would lead the attack, were they permitted, are gagged by the discipline of office. And yet, even with every allowance for these formidable obstacles, it is infinitely creditable to Mr. CARDWELL'S—what shall we say?—tact, that he has been able, after four questions, so to deliver himself as not to confess, and even, by implication though not in terms, to deny, the existence of a document with which he ought to be perfectly familiar. It is worth noting, if only as a curiosity of Parliamentary government, how this result was brought about. The first inquiry was made on February 23 by Lord ELCHO, who inadvertently misdescribed the document which he was inquiring for, by calling it a warrant appointing the Commander-in-Chief, instead of a warrant defining the relations between this great officer and the Secretary of State. Mr. CARDWELL was able to say that there was no such "appointing" warrant, and adroitly mentioned a letter of service in a way that seems to have led some members of the House to believe that that was the governing document. So the difficulty was tided over once. Then came another question from Sir P. O'BRIEN, which, in consequence evidently of what had fallen from the Minister, was directed to this letter of service, which had nothing to do with the question. Sir P. O'BRIEN having thus been led on to a false scent, got no more information than Lord ELCHO had done, and once more Mr. CARDWELL sat down without having acknowledged the existence of the paper on which the whole dispute turned. A third question by Mr. WHITE, framed on the same kind of misconception, on March 12, still failed to draw out a categorical answer to the question whether the all-important document had any existence. The inquiring mind of Parliament was not, it appeared, to be baffled, and at last Mr. O'REILLY gave an explicit notice of his intention on Thursday last "to ask questions relative to documents now in force upon the subject of the respective duties "and authority of the Secretary for War and the Commander-"in-Chief." At last the chase appeared to be at an end. A question directly pointed to documents of which Mr. CARDWELL was the proper custodian could scarcely be answered without saying whether such a warrant as was suggested was a reality or a fiction. It did seem at last as if every earth were stopped, and we confess we waited with some curiosity to see in what terms an experienced Minister would admit his acquaintance with a paper as to which on three previous occasions his mind had appeared to be a perfect blank. But the game of politics has as many surprises as the game of war. Just when matters had at last been brought to a crisis, every one let drop his weapon, and the curtain fell upon one more *fiasco*. And all this came about in the simplest and most natural way in the world. Mr. O'REILLY, having occupied the ground by his notice, accidentally omitted to ask his question, and by a hair-breadth escape Mr. CARDWELL was still able to avoid rendering up his secret. Oddly enough too, after his attention had been called to the specific point by Mr. O'REILLY'S notice, the Minister again addressed himself to the subject on Mr. WHITE'S motion, and again took his double line of defence, which was in substance, first, that the dual government did not exist; and, secondly, that the dual government had been approved by Sir JAMES GRAHAM'S Committee and ought not to be changed. And then, for the fourth time, the Minister sat down without committing himself to any statement whether the document existed or not.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing of all was that Mr. O'REILLY, in the course of the same evening, delivered a glowing panegyric on Mr. CARDWELL, without so much as hinting that he would like an answer to the question which he had so unfortunately forgotten to put. The remarkable and interesting result is that, after a fortnight's hard questioning, the House of Commons is unable to find out from one of the Ministers whether an important State paper exists or not.

THE THEORY OF SOCIETIES.

THERE has been considerable discussion of late respecting the theoretical status of the Church of England. Such inquiries, indeed, can never be entirely laid aside; but there are obvious reasons why at the present moment they should attract more than usual interest. And naturally, together with this interest, a corresponding diversity of opinion is elicited on the part of different inquirers. There are people, for instance, who identify the Church with the State; there are, it is said, people who identify the Church with the clergy; and there are people who affirm that the Church is something different from either of these two. Professor Bonamy Price holds that the Church of England is a society created by the English Government at the era of the Reformation. Dr. Pusey holds that the Church of England at the present day is the same society as that which existed under the same name in England in the reign of Henry II. Some hold the Church of England to be an independent society; others hold it to be a part of a larger society.

For the full settlement of these questions a good deal of historical, and possibly theological, research is required. But there is a source of disagreement anterior to any dispute on matters of history or theology, in the fact that the terms used in the discussion are still in need of a definition perfectly accurate and clear. More especially, the fundamental term, Society, has never yet been so carefully explained as to render it possible to say when any collection of men is, or is not, a society; or when any given society, in the progress of things, has been so far altered, either in its principles or its construction, as to make it incorrect to speak of it as the same society which it had been some time back. These topics will, we think, admit of a great deal more examination than they have hitherto received; and we wish to attempt something of the kind in these remarks.

What is a society? A society, in the most general sense of the word, is any collection of men who have a purpose in common, understood by the whole body alike; that is, a collection of men, each of whom undertakes for his own part to act in some more or less definite way, and has a reasonable expectation that the other members will likewise act in a manner more or less determinate. It will be seen by this definition that a society does not, *ipso facto*, imply a government; it does not imply any delegated body taken out of the rest to carry out and enforce the purpose of the whole society. And though, as a matter of fact, nearly every society has a government, whose power over the other members is greater or less according to circumstances, yet there have been, and are, societies without such an appendage. To take a very trifling instance; we have known a society, each member of whom bound himself or herself to get up and be dressed before eight o'clock in the morning, or else, failing to do so, to pay a fine, proportionate to the lateness of the hour, into a certain common fund. At the end of the year the whole of this fund was divided among those members who had been most regular in their early rising. It is plain that this society was truly a society, and yet it had no government; the sole constraining force upon each member of it was his own honour. Again, to pass from the very small to the very great; the nations of Europe may, not metaphorically, but with perfect correctness of phrase, be termed a society. That is, there are certain general rules which each nation for its own part undertakes to abide by, in the reasonable expectation that the other nations will abide by them also. It is true that these rules are comparatively few; they are of modern date; yet both by reason of themselves, and by reason of the more numerous tacit and unexpressed agreements which go along with them, they suffice to render the words "Society of Nations," as applied to European countries, a strictly accurate expression. Yet Europe as a whole has no government. So again, the Christian Church, from the time of the Apostles to the time of the predominance of the Papal power, was a society without a government. That is, the different Christian Churches had governments; but the whole body had none; though the different Councils which, at periods of any great difficulty, met from diverse portions of the Church were the rudiments of a government.

But though a society may exist without a government, it cannot exist without compulsion, in some form or other; it cannot exist without the anticipation of pain, on the part of each member of the society, in case he should act in a contrary manner to that which is supposed by the fact of his membership. The compulsion exercised on each member of a society may be purely mental; it may be simply the feeling of an ill conscience produced by the breach of an engagement; it may be fear of the disapprobation of the rest of the society; but whatever be its form, it cannot be entirely absent. Material compulsion in a society almost necessarily implies a government; for material force implies a definite act, and this will always, for convenience sake, be entrusted by the whole body to some chosen members of it. It is true, that in the case of the "Society of Nations" which constitutes Europe, that which impels each nation to abide by such rules as those established in respect of maritime warfare is the fear of material loss in the case of their being disregarded; but this is probably the only exception that could be adduced.

It is evident that there are all degrees of complexity in societies. The organization of some is intricate to the last degree; that of others can be understood at a glance. In this respect, a parallel may be drawn between societies and the forms of animated beings. Without disrespect, we may compare clubs, philosophical and debating societies, temperance societies, and so on, to polypi and jelly-fish. You may cut a polypus about, or even turn it inside out, and leave it as cheerful as ever. Just so, the Oxford or Cambridge Union might lose the whole set of its officers, and be no whit the worse for it; it might in an instant resolve to change its government throughout, and be regulated on totally different principles, and the society go on as merrily as before the operation. But this is not possible with an animal or a society of at all delicate organization. If you cut off a man's head, there is an end of him; and if the Parliamentary government of England were abolished, the whole of society would be convulsed.

This analogy may be pursued even further. We put forward at the beginning of this article, as one of the most interesting and important questions that often meet us in respect of societies, Whether any given society has, after the lapse of time and the processes of change, retained its identity? is it the same society that it was before? Now, curiously enough, this question does sometimes, though rarely, meet us in the case of animated life. There are creatures each of which will, if cut in two with a pair of scissors, become incontinently two creatures. What are we to say of this? Are both creatures that result from the scission identical with the single creature which existed before? It is a puzzling question, and may serve to show, by analogy, that in the identification of a society more difficulties may meet us than we are at first aware of. But this is observable; the doubt as to the identity of any creature (a doubt arising not from our own imperfect observation, but from the character of the creature itself) cannot possibly arise except in regard to creatures of a low order—that is, of extreme simplicity of organization. No one can doubt as to the identity of any given man, from the day of his birth to the day of his death; and so, with the increase in complexity of any society, increases the ease with which that society is identified. A huge, overgrown Eastern empire, with its few and homogeneous parts, and its low organization, may very probably furnish matter of dispute as to whether it is the same empire that existed in nearly the same place five centuries before. But no one can dispute the continuity of life which binds together the England of to-day with the England of Edward I.

But here a consideration meets us of the highest importance. We saw that those societies which exercise a merely mental compulsion on their members, and rely on this for the continuance of their being, have much less need of a government than those whose action and objects are more material. It may be added, that they have also less need of a complex organization altogether. Now the Christian Church is an institution that relies for its existence on the mental influences that co-exist among its members. It cannot, indeed, avoid having, in every part, some definite organization; but its objects are so general, so loosely connected with the manifold material phenomena of the universe, involving so few fixed modes of action, that it is necessarily a simple and not a complex society. Its organization is of a low order, and in saying this, let us not be thought to say anything irreverent of it. It might quite conceivably have had no organization at all; Christianity might have been left to spread itself, as mathematics and philosophy spread themselves, by books, or by casual oral instruction. As it is, in organization it is one of the most simple of societies; and this forms great part of the reason why it is so difficult to say whether, in any case, and in any sense, different Christian bodies can be said to form a single society; or whether a Christian body of the present day can be said to be one and the same society with a Christian body of some centuries ago. Undoubtedly, the difficulty of the former question would be much diminished were it not that certain Christian bodies actively anathematize other certain Christian bodies. It seems hard to affirm societyship between bodies one of which, if not both, vehemently repudiates the connexion. And yet the statement may not in all points of view be so absurd as at first sight appears.

The most highly organized by far of Christian communities is, unquestionably, the Roman Catholic Church. And no less unquestionable is it that a great part of this comparatively high organization is due to the fact that the Roman Church has, far more than any other Christian body, mixed itself up with secular matters. The gradations of rank, the cardinals and bishops, and numerous religious orders, the military service (as it were) and instantaneous obedience which, unknown among other Christians, is paid as a matter of course by the priesthood of the Roman Church to their superior authorities, the centralization of the whole, could not have arisen unless that Church had been used to enter as a combatant into the field of warring powers, of governments, and States, and empires. And no doubt this is the principal reason why the Church of Rome has maintained a permanence of form, a strength of resistance against enemies that have again and again seemed about to crush her utterly, which is her own most impregnable boast, and by which Protestants, far enough removed from her doctrines, have often shown themselves fascinated and even overawed. Yet it is not, after all, so wonderful that a power which took its rise in the infancy of modern Europe, and was moulded in the midst of violent assaults, and trained to employ against earthly monarchs weapons to which those monarchs were unused and unaccustomed, should show a greater vitality than societies which, however born of convulsion, soon glided into a period of rest and quiet, if not of obscurity and insignificance.

CLERICAL CELIBACY.

A CONSIDERABLE sensation appears to have been created in Italy by a recent decision of the Court of Appeal at Naples in favour of the legality of clerical marriages. The *Times'* Correspondent informs us that about forty priests, in or near that city, were already married, but this is stated to have been the first case brought under the official notice of the supreme civil tribunal. It had, indeed, been decided in an opposite sense by the local courts of Salerno, on the ground that a priest was always a priest, and bound, as such, by the obligations incurred at ordination. A similar decision, if our memory serves us, was given, and on the same ground, by the civil courts in France two or three years ago. Of course the advocate of Luigi Treglia, the young priest who appealed against the prohibition of his marriage, had little difficulty in answering this argument on the accepted principle of "a free Church in a free State." The law, he said in effect, knows nothing of ecclesiastical obligations, which can only bind the conscience. No doubt the Church may prevent a married clergyman from officiating, and there the State cannot interfere to protect him. But it will secure to him all his rights as a citizen, any ecclesiastical regulation or impediment notwithstanding. So far the matter is of little interest to any but those immediately concerned. A Roman Catholic priest, for instance, might marry any day in England—some few have actually done so—and his marriage, if contracted under legal conditions, would be valid, and his children legitimate. But he would have to leave his Church, or at least to retire into "lay communion," as the French priests did who married during the first Revolution, and were afterwards absolved and readmitted to the Sacraments. It seems, however, to have been felt on all sides that wider issues were ultimately involved. Certainly the advocates both for the appeal and the defence, if we may trust the reports in the English newspapers, travelled into considerations lying far beyond the immediate legal bearings of the case. On the one hand, the "traditions of centuries and the feelings of the multitude" were urged against allowing the validity of such unions. "What would they think of a priest *who said mass in the presence of his wife and family?*" This was clearly to raise the whole question of clerical celibacy as a law of the Church. On the other hand, it was observed that this law was "in perfect contradiction to the nature of man, to the Divine word revealed in the Scriptures, and to the example of Christ, who selected married men for Apostles." It was a device to serve the ambition of mediæval Popes, "killing the soul, the heart, and the moral sentiment." This, again, was quite beside the merely legal aspects of the question. It was to challenge directly, not the civil force, but the moral expediency of the existing rule of the Church. And the Attorney-General evidently intended to give this enlarged scope to the inquiry, for he observed that the popular prejudice against the marriage of priests would die out when people saw them respectable heads of families, and that for his own part "he would infinitely rather hold out his hand to a priest who took his wife to his house *than to one who took his concubine*"—rather a startling comment, if there is any foundation for it, on the average standard of clerical morality in South Italy.

With the particular case ruled by the Court of Appeal at Naples neither we nor our readers have any concern. It seems to us, as we remarked before, inevitable that it should have been ruled as it has been, on the existing principles of the relation of Church and State in Italy. But the wider issue thus indirectly but very prominently raised is one vitally affecting the condition of a Church which includes more than half the Christian population of the world, and it can therefore hardly be regarded with indifference by any thoughtful man. The fact that an Œcumenical Council has been summoned to meet in Rome at the close of this year no doubt gives it an additional significance, though we should be curious to hear on what authority it is [illegible] le

Certainly [illegible]

intimation has yet appeared on the list of *agenda* with which the Roman Catholic organs have rather copiously supplied us. But, whether or not it comes before the Council, there are not wanting signs that the question is rapidly becoming ripe for discussion before the tribunal of public opinion, within as well as without the Roman Communion, and that is a tribunal which the authorities both of Church and State are sooner or later constrained to listen to. It may not, therefore, be out of place to say a few words here on some of the general bearings of the question. And we shall do so without attempting to reopen the controversy, on which we have more than once lately had occasion to speak, as to the relative merits of the celibate and the married life in the abstract. The point at stake here is not the "virtue of chastity," but the compulsory rule imposed for life, and that from a very early age, on a large body of men. The force of what we have to say therefore will be unaffected by the truth of any theories about the "counsels of perfection" and the spiritual superiority of the unmarried life. Neither, again, are we at all concerned to deny—what most reasonable persons, whether Catholic or Protestant, would readily admit—that a single life voluntarily undertaken and persevered in for the purpose of more entire self-devotion to ministerial work—say in missions to the heathen, or among the half-heathen population of our vast cities—is a noble and useful exercise of Christian philanthropy. That is quite another thing from a lifelong engagement, usually entered into at the mature age of twenty-one, and required as a *sine quâ non* of holy orders, which may be, and as many have declared often is, felt afterwards as an intolerable yoke, while yet it can never be laid aside without the complete sacrifice of position and career, too often also of character. The question, we repeat, is not of celibacy in the abstract, but of compulsory celibacy, imposed on the whole clerical body, as in theory it has been in the Church of Rome since the days of Gregory VII. The main arguments urged in its favour then and since have been the example of our Lord and some of His apostles, the necessity or fitness of those charged with the ministry being free from family cares and distractions, and especially the requirements of the confessional. It is obvious for many reasons, which it would hardly be suitable to dwell upon here, that the example of our Lord will not bear to be dwelt upon in this connexion. It could at most only prove celibacy to be the higher state, not that it is obligatory on the priesthood. As regards the Apostles, several of them seem to have been married; and marriage, as we gather from St. Paul's Epistles, was ordinarily required, in the apostolic age, as a condition of ordination. This was no doubt chiefly for reasons of a temporary nature, and seems to afford no adequate justification for the permanent retention of the rule in the Eastern Church. Still it does not point to the expediency of an opposite rule. But it was not in fact from these motives, nor even altogether from the more practical consideration of their greater fitness for the work of the pastoral ministry, that one of the ablest pontiffs who ever sat on the Papal throne resolved to enforce absolutely and universally, on the whole priesthood of the Western Church, the rule of celibacy. Pope Siricius had censured clerical marriage at the end of the fourth century, and it had long before the eleventh been made "irregular." But it continued to be extensively practised, and Hildebrand was the first to take the bull by the horns when, at a Council held at Rome in 1074, he positively forbade it and made it invalid, with a prohibition to laymen from confessing to married priests or hearing them say mass. The enforcement of his decree, as was natural, was strenuously resisted. There was much, however, in the circumstances of the age to excuse, if not to justify, it. Hildebrand perceived, no doubt, that a celibate priesthood, cut off from domestic ties, and comparatively independent of social and secular interests, would prove a gigantic instrument of spiritual power. And the event ratified his anticipations. But it would be no less an historical blunder than an injustice to ascribe to such a man the mere selfish aims of a vulgar ecclesiastical ambition. There was an imminent danger of Church property under the feudal system becoming, like lay property, hereditary in the hands of a married clergy, and of their sinking into a mere sacerdotal caste, degraded beneath the moral and intellectual level of the rude barons among whom they lived, and whom it was their business to elevate to a higher life. This, however, does not at all prove that what was excusable or requisite for one age is necessary for all times. A recent writer in a Roman Catholic periodical says, "Imagine the Anglican clergy, as a body, bound to celibacy, and what would be the result?" The Roman clergy have been so bound for eight centuries, and we may ask what has been the result? What is the verdict of history on the experiment of Hildebrand?

We have said that the attempt to enforce the new law was from the first met with strenuous opposition. This was especially the case in France and Britain, and from that day to this it has notoriously been the constant source of grave moral scandal, which is alone enough to throw the *onus probandi* on the shoulders of those who advocate, not on those who deprecate, the retention of the rule. In the century after its establishment we have the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, a Welsh archdeacon, that the Welsh clergy lived in habitual concubinage, and that Pope Alexander III. would have rescinded the law but for the opposition of one abbot, afterwards Gregory VIII. Peter Manducator, Chancellor of the University of Paris, publicly declared it to be the greatest evil ever inflicted by the devil on the Church of God. In 1212 a Council of Paris had to prohibit Bishops from taking bribes for condoning the secret marriages of their clergy, and several local Councils were held about the same period to restrain clerical irregularities. At the General Council of Vienne in 1311, memorials from two Spanish Bishops were read, urging the repeal of the law of celibacy as the only effectual remedy for the moral evils entailed by it. The question was brought forward at all the General Councils held during the fifteenth century. At the Council of Trent the ambassadors of the German Emperor urgently demanded permission for the marriage of priests, as well as the use of a vernacular liturgy, and the restoration of the chalice; and all these demands were supported by the Cardinal of Lorraine and the French Bishops. Since that period matters likely to give offence or lead to discussion have been carefully screened from public view, but it may well be doubted if on the whole there has been any material improvement in the average of clerical morality. There have always been countries where it has been at a low ebb. We have Blanco White's mournful evidence about Spain in his own day, and it is worth remembering that Dr. Newman has assured us that his honesty in the statement of facts may be relied on. Unless common report is greatly at fault, the state of things is no better, to say the least, now, in Spain and Portugal, than it was thirty or forty years ago. There is a passage in Mr. Ffoulkes's now famous pamphlet, which we lately reviewed, pointing to a similar conclusion. Nor can it well be supposed that the bitter recriminations exchanged between the Ultramontane and Liberal clergy in Italy are altogether destitute of foundation. Since the Italian clergy have been subjected to the jurisdiction of the civil courts, cases of the very gravest nature have been tried at Milan and Turin, affecting the character of religious orders charged with the education of boys. The Roman Catholic clergy of Würtemberg and Baden openly petitioned the Holy See some years ago for the abolition of the law of celibacy, and of the large number of suspended priests in France the great majority are said to have been deprived for immoral conduct. The state of Mexico and South America in this respect is but too notorious. These facts—and they are but specimens of what might be adduced—prove thus much at all events, that the enforcement of a rigid rule of celibacy for life, on a large body of men, is very dangerous to morals, and thus the burden of proof is thrown back on those who defend it. Can they sustain the burden?

There is, of course, the stock argument from the greater freedom and leisure of an unmarried clergy for devoting themselves to their spiritual labours, which, however, tells more in favour of voluntary than of enforced celibacy, for bringing the horse to the water is a very different thing from getting him to drink. Nor can it possibly be maintained that the confessional necessarily requires the services of a celibate priesthood. Roman Catholics at least will not wish to deny that private confession existed in the Church from the beginning, yet the rule of celibacy was not, as we have seen, enforced till the end of the eleventh century; and the opposite rule of compulsory marriage has always prevailed in the East, where nevertheless confession is quite as rigidly required as in the Latin Church, and parish priests are confessors as well as monks. It has indeed been said, we know not how far correctly, that women generally prefer going to the former. Nor can it be maintained that a celibate clergy are exempt from temptations to avarice, for all the mediæval Councils ring with charges of clerical simony and nepotism; while it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the Anglican clergy of our own day, who are mostly married men, spend as much on the Church as they take from it. On the other hand, if the arguments in favour of the law are far from conclusive, there are serious arguments against it, besides the obvious one already dwelt upon, which cannot fairly be ignored. It is the merest truism to say that a bachelor life, unless undertaken and carried on from the highest and purest motives, has a natural tendency to foster selfishness, while there is much in the duties of a husband and father to evoke that refinement and chivalry of character which are valuable in all, but especially valuable in those whose mission it is to minister consolation to the sick, the sorrowful, and the erring. The law of celibacy again exercises an important reflex influence on the whole method of clerical education, by at least suggesting, if it does not necessitate, that narrow and caste-like system of seminary discipline which has been pursued during the last three centuries in the Roman Church, and in many respects, as a late trial in this country showed, with such unprepossessing results. After making full deductions for prejudice and exaggeration, the clerical author of *Le Maudit* must be regarded as an important witness, both conscious and unconscious, on this point. And the separate system of training of course perpetuates itself through life in all but men of decidedly superior mark—who are a small minority in every large body—by creating a caste-like habit of mind, and going far to destroy personal independence. A celibate clergy are far more apt to become the willing tools of ecclesiastical despotism, and to identify the cause of religion with the advance of their own order. The whole history of Ultramontanism illustrates this. To a certain extent every order must have, and ought to have, an *esprit de corps*; but it may easily be developed to such a degree as to clash with that broader human sympathy expressed in the old saying, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.* And this, while it may help to further sacerdotal aggrandizement, diminishes the legitimate influence of the individual priest. These are but some of the objections which will readily occur to any thoughtful observer of Church history. It will be seen that we have purposely confined ourselves to such considerations as might commend themselves, and indeed appear to be commending themselves, to the judgment

of orthodox and intelligent Roman Catholics. The notion .. Italy and Spain, for instance, being converted to Protestantism, notwithstanding the well-meant but rather amusing schemes of Mr. Meyrick and Lord Shaftesbury, has always struck us as one of the wildest of chimeras. But it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell—or, as the *Times* would say, to "pre dicate"—that important changes in matters ecclesiastical are looming in the distance from which "the most dogmatic Church in Christendom" will not be able permanently to hold aloof. The institution of clerical celibacy, as a law of absolute and universal obligation, will probably be found to lie at the root of al or nearly all that is distinctive in the disciplinary system of Rome, as contrasted with that of other episcopal communions; for instance, the Eastern Church. Any attack upon it is naturally regarded by Ultramontanes as an assault on the fortress which is the key of their whole position. Others may perhaps be disposed to see in it the promise of a new and more hopeful era in th spiritual destinies of their Church.

THE FUTURE OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

IN the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* Professor Beesly discusses the social future of the working-classes in an article which has at least the merit of containing much forcible plain-speaking. It is superfluously easy to ridicule the pretensions of the Positivist school, and to wonder how men who begin by rejecting all our most sacred doctrines can venture to set up a faith or a fanaticism of their own. Faith or fanaticism, it cannot be denied that, like all other creeds believed with great intensity by even a small number of enthusiasts, it represents a force with which we shall have some day to reckon. Given the fact that a certain number of able and cultivated men have the most profound conviction that they possess the key by which the mystery of the future is to be unlocked, and in consequence preach a coherent body of doctrine with singular zeal and unanimity, and more contempt or aversion becomes out of place. The school may die out, but even in perishing it will modify to some extent the convictions of its opponents. Every heresy owes such vitality as it exhibits to some partial view of the truth; and there is something to be learnt, when we are tired of denunciation, even from Mr. Brigham Young himself. The Comtist ideal of the world may be unworthy of anything beyond bare toleration; but it is well to ask what are the charms by which it attracts the zeal of a small body of faithful disciples. We are in the habit of drawing some important conclusions from the nature of the Mahommedan paradise; the Positivist heaven, being of a strictly terrestrial variety, will enable us the more easily to estimate the value of the aspirations which it excites.

One point may be observed at starting. Professor Beesly does not, like some other theorists, underrate the difficulty of the task which lies before us. Socialists and Utopians generally suffer from the delusion that, by altering the mere mechanism of society, they can remove all its inherent evils. They fancy that, by shuffling the cards sufficiently, they can make them all turn up trumps. Selfishness and tyranny are to be suppressed by arranging men, like the fragments of a Chinese puzzle, so that there may be no room for evil passions. The Positivists, on the other hand, frankly accept the necessity of the case. They would not have fallen into the error committed by the philosopher of the German poem, who twisted round and round in the vain hope of persuading his pigtail not to hang behind him; they would adopt the more radical cure of cutting the pigtail off. In other words, they admit that to regenerate human society we must begin by altering human nature. Neither can we say that the means by which it is proposed to effect this end are obviously insufficient. If mankind were converted to the Positivist religion, we should all be subjected from our youth to a training which might be confidently expected to obliterate a good many of our instincts. Whether we should be the better for the process is quite another question, which is partly illustrated by Professor Beesly's picture of the future.

Meanwhile, however, the recognition of this principle gives an advantage to the Positivists in their controversy with certain rival schools. Thus, for example, the success in certain directions of co-operative societies has probably led to an exaggerated view of their influence. Some enthusiasts talk as if the world was to be entirely regenerated by the universal substitution of co-operation for the present machinery of industrial employment. They anticipate that the quarrel between labour and capital will reach its final solution by converting all the labourers into capitalists. To these rather extravagant enthusiasts Professor Beesly can reply, with great force, that there are certain inherent advantages in the present system which can never be secured by its rival. "Special skill in training, unity of purpose, promptitude, and occasionally even secrecy, are necessary for a successful direction of industry just as much as of war." Co-operation, moreover, has the disadvantage of forcing the labourer to share in the risks as well as in the profits of capital; and so far neutralizes one of its most important functions. And his objections are summed up in the statement that co-operation requires certain qualities of unselfishness and devotion not to be found in average men, and does not attempt to create them, nor to supply their place by an "organized religion." The considerations thus noticed show, we think, very conclusively, that the field within which co-operation can be expected to work must be very limited. There are many varieties of business to which it can never be applied at all, or only if the general level of virtue and intelligence is materially raised. As a matter of fact, co-operation applied to productive industry has not yet succeeded in establishing itself, in spite of many experiments; and, as compared with individual management, must necessarily suffer many obvious disadvantages. As a moral and social panacea, we readily admit that, like other panaceas, its merits have been absurdly overrated. Professor Beesly indeed holds, not merely that co-operation cannot succeed to any large extent, but that, if it did succeed, its results would be disastrous. The natural consequence would be the creation of a large number of small capitalists as bigotedly conservative as the peasant proprietors of France, and probably ruling those who continued to be labourers in a more tyrannical spirit than the present capitalists. If, as he imagines, the manufactures of the country were to "get into the hands of a number of small shareholders," the rein might probably, as he says, be tighter and the hand heavier. This, however, is to assume that co-operation must fail in its main purpose of giving the labourer a share in the capital. Assuming success to be possible, it is reasonable to suppose that a shading off of one class into another would rather diminish than stimulate animosities. If it were comparatively easy for labourers to pass into the capitalist class, and if there were a large number of these in an intermediate stage, it would be more easy for both sides to recognise a community of interest. Every facility for saving money, moreover, necessarily tends to stimulate the prudential virtues, and to discourage the great fault which, more than any other, tends to lower a man's position in the world—that of a total want of self-restraint. A savings-bank does not directly make a man virtuous, and certainly does not amount to an "organized religion," but it facilitates the development of foresight and prudence where they exist in a rudimentary state, and gives an advantage, in the struggle for existence, to the men who are furthest from the savage state of hand-to-mouth existence. Therefore, as an educating agency such things have their value, though they do not preach the highest kind of virtue. An ideal condition of industry from this point of view would certainly not be one in which co-operation had entirely supplanted individual management, but it would be one in which co-operation had received a large development, simply because the increase of prudence and intelligence had made it possible. "A co-operative society," says Professor Beesly, "is at best a joint-stock company with a large number of small shareholders." Be it so; yet we cannot doubt that joint-stock companies have increased with the increased civilization of the upper classes, and have done much by a natural reaction to develop the virtues to which they were due. If they do not amount to a new religion—and they are certainly far enough off from that—they are, with all their faults, a valuable element in society, in which the working classes may some day share.

Here, however, we have fallen into that crying heresy of individualism, against which it is the special mission of Positivists to protest. Professor Beesly praises trades'-unionism for the very reason which lead some men to be prejudiced against it. The merit of co-operation is in his eyes limited to this, that it enables a few "sharp, shifty" men to creep out of the working-class, whilst doing little or nothing for the great body of that class. It helps the model working-man of a certain party to become, as he expresses it, by a happy quotation from Lord Shaftesbury, "a good and even affluent citizen"; but for the average workman—the easy-going man, content to live and die where he was born—it is of no particular use. Trades'-unionism, on the contrary, attends to this easy-going person, finds him work, strengthens his good resolutions, "in short, it regulates him generally, and looks after him." The offences generally charged against it of reducing the best men to the level of the average, or even of the worst, are condoned in Professor Beesly's eyes by the advantages thus conferred upon the great body of workmen. It encourages, he thinks, the high kind of virtue which leads a man to sink his interests in those of his class, instead of the lower virtue which leads him by hook or by crook to scramble above their heads. And his ideal is summed up in the future assimilation of the industrial class to an army. The rank and file should receive uniform pay, and trust implicitly to the guidance of their leaders. The leaders should have before their eyes as the first object the welfare of their followers, not the accumulation of fortunes for themselves. A stern public opinion would summarily put down that heartless display of wealth which at present embitters more than anything else the existing prejudices between different classes. The whole human race is to be thoroughly and effectually drilled till individualism is crushed out of our constitutions. A spiritual power will be organized whose moral influence will be sufficient to check any abnormal deviations from the path.

There is a force and vigour about this conception of the future of society which is not without its charm, and, we may freely admit, not without its practical value. The apostles of the *laissez-faire* school have certainly something to learn as to the value of disciplined and harmonious action, and we may even grant the claim to apparent moral superiority in a school which appeals to comparatively unselfish instincts, and proposes to the workman rather to labour for the benefit of his class than to try to elevate himself by deserting it. Yet this extreme anxiety for universal drilling has its weakness even in this point of view, and it is strange to find trades'-unions advocated on the ground of unselfishness; they, we might perhaps urge, only appeal to the selfishness of the many

instead of the few, and are prejudicial to the highest ideal of society, which would reconcile with the general advantage the most complete development of the individual. Even in an army it is easy to push discipline too far. The discipline under Grant or Sherman was as stern, says Professor Beesly, as under Frederick or Napoleon. We rather doubt the fact, though it is probable enough that Grant or Sherman would have been very glad to make it so. But the advantage of the United States armies, which in some degree counterbalanced their defects of discipline, was the high degree of individual intelligence. It was probably owing in part to this fact that, though the Northern armies were frequently beaten, they were seldom completely routed. The native troops, at least, had an interest in the cause for which they were fighting, and were not mere fighting machines, held together by a bond of discipline. In proportion as an army combines a certain degree of freedom of action with the necessary strictness of discipline, it becomes a useful and effective instrument; and an army, though according to Professor Beesly's parallel it has many points of similarity with an industrial enterprise, has more need of blind obedience in proportion as the object for which a campaign is carried on is more remote and more in need of concealment than the object of an industrial enterprise. The difference in the particular requirement of secrecy is enough by itself to measure the vast difference between the two cases. It was essential that Napoleon's troops should not prematurely know that he meant to cross the Alps, but there is no similar need in the case of the tunnel under Mont Cenis. Now the object of co-operation is to stimulate this element of free intelligence and interest, which, if highly important even in an army, is of far more importance in an industrial enterprise. To do so requires undoubtedly a moral and intellectual training which co-operation cannot give by itself. But that is no reason why some of the required training should not be applied in this direction. On Professor Beesly's plan, the capitalist has to be trained to take more interest in his workman's happiness than his own fortune, and the workman to feel an implicit confidence in the unselfishness of his employer. The co-operative enthusiasts certainly will require, for their success, that the workmen should be trained to higher prudence, and also trained to submit to discipline in all cases where discipline is required—in short, to leave, without undue jealousy, a fair share of authority to their employer or chief partner. It is difficult to see why one process should take longer than the other. We may certainly be obliged to Professor Beesly and his friends for insisting upon the imperative need of a spiritual improvement taking place simultaneously with an improvement in organization, although the end to which they propose to work appears to us to imply a decidedly one-sided conception of the most desirable type of character, and the means seem calculated to lower a man some degrees in dignity and independence of character.

CONFISCATION.

ONE of the subtler processes of the abuse of language is first diligently to use a word in an inaccurate sense, and then, when people have got pretty well used to that inaccurate sense, to turn about and employ it as an argument. Such a process is indeed directly opposed to the sound rule of law that no man may take advantage of his own wrong; but rules of law do not stand much in the way either of the corruptors of language or of the propagators of sophisms. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," says the proverb. But it is a twofold triumph when, before you hang the dog, you have, so to speak, hanged the name—when you first pervert some very harmless word into a bad name, and then use the bad name so formed to hang the dog. This sort of thing has been very diligently done throughout the controversy which is now raging about the Irish Church. No one is a greater master of the art than Mr. Disraeli. In his speech when Mr. Gladstone brought in his Bill for disendowment, he solemnly told the world that the measure was "sheer and mere confiscation." The words were of course received with cheers, as the same words, or words like them, have been received with cheers on the Conservative side of every hustings at the late election. The words sound well; they have a good roll; the order is well chosen; two rhyming monosyllables lead the way to a big Latin word to wind up the sentence. And no doubt many people have thought that so artfully contrived a cadence must conceal something in the way of meaning. Now this word "confiscation" has been going about the country during the whole of the election time, and there is no doubt that it has done good service on the Conservative side. People were everywhere told that the disestablishment of the Irish Church was "confiscation," and, as the word "confiscation" sounded big and ugly, people were led to infer that the disendowment of the Irish Church was something very dreadful. The bigness and vagueness and outlandish sound of the word made it admirably suited either to wind up a period of the orator's own, or to put a captious question to an adversary. If a man was dishonest enough to play the trick, he could always make a point by the transparent, yet often effective, dodge of demanding a categorical answer to a question to which no categorical answer can be given. An impudent lawyer, for instance, interrupts a Liberal candidate with the question, "Are you for the confiscation of the revenues of the Irish Church? Answer, Yes or No." Of course no answer of Yes or No can be given to a question which, so far as it has any meaning at all, is simply dishonest. Attempts to explain or define are cut short with the repeated demand "Answer, Yes or No." The lawyer has of course his packed train to cheer him, and the incapacity of the Liberal candidate to give a categorical answer to a question to which no categorical answer can be given is at once blazed abroad as a "Conservative triumph."

Now one is not surprised that so low a trick as this should be ventured on upon a platform in Little Peddlington, though even on a platform in Little Peddlington there will always be people sharp enough to see through it. But it seems that it tells not only in Little Peddlington, but in the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli does not indeed ask Mr. Gladstone for a categorical answer to a question; but he uses exactly the same sophism when he says that the disendowment of the Irish Church is "sheer and mere confiscation." In a certain sense the saying is a truism. Any transfer of the property of individuals or corporations to the Crown, the Nation, the Public, or whatever we may choose to call it, may, without much abuse of language, be called Confiscation. Only Confiscation is in itself a word perfectly neutral and colourless; it expresses a certain process of law, and says nothing as to the justice or injustice of the process in any particular case. Confiscation may be either just or unjust, but in either case it implies the semblance of legal procedure. In most ages and in most parts of the world private property has, in certain cases—in the case of certain crimes for instance—been liable to forfeiture to the King, the Commonwealth, or whatever the sovereign power may be. Such property may, with very little abuse of language, be said to be confiscated. We say with very little abuse of language, because in strictness "confiscatio" means seizure for the benefit of the "fiscus," the prince's privy purse, as distinguished from the "ærarium" or public treasury. Now most certainly neither Mr. Disraeli nor his supporter the attorney of Little Peddlington meant that Mr. Gladstone had any notion of transferring the estates of the Irish Church to Her Majesty's privy purse. We do not suspect either of them of knowing what "fiscus" or "ærarium" means. But, leaving this subtlety, we may understand by confiscation any legal transfer of private property to the public service without compensation. We think this last qualification must be added. Confiscation seems to imply that the public officer seizes on the private possessions without any regard to the consent of their owner. The forfeiture of the goods of a traitor or felon is an obvious case. So is the seizure of the gun of a poacher or of the nets of an unlawful fisherman. Now these processes are perfectly legal; most country gentlemen at least would add that the seizure of the poacher's gun was not only perfectly legal but inherently just. In Bailey's Dictionary the word "confiscation" is not found, but the verb to "confiscate" is explained to mean "to seize upon and take away goods as forfeited to the King's Exchequer, &c." Johnson has both the verb and the noun, and the verb is explained "to transfer private property to the publick, by way of penalty for an offence." The noun is explained "The act of transferring the forfeited goods of criminals to publick use." This being the meaning of the word, it would be no great flight of metaphor to apply the word "confiscation" either to the suppression of the lesser monasteries or to the proposed suppression of all Irish ecclesiastical corporations. Either process is the transfer of private property to the public, and, at least in a rhetorical way, it may be said to be the penalty for an offence. The corporations in question, in the sixteenth century and in the nineteenth, stand charged, if with no worse crime, at all events with the crime of uselessness, and confiscation is part of the sentence pronounced against them.

Now if Mr. Disraeli and his Peddlingtonian supporter meant only this, there would be nothing to say against them. But, if they meant only this, their words would be wholly without force. They would be stating an undoubted fact, but a fact that proves nothing. For "confiscation" in this its proper sense is, as we said, a word perfectly colourless, and to say that this or that is an act of confiscation proves nothing as to its justice or injustice. But the word "confiscation" has gradually got an odious meaning. The confiscation of a man's goods is, in any case, one of the less pleasant processes of the law, and it is one against which modern feeling has, in most cases, come to run stronger and stronger. In a great many cases confiscation harms the innocent rather than the guilty. If a man forfeits his life for treason or murder, it seems needless that he should also forfeit his goods, which are in fact taken not from him but from his children. And, though confiscation may be perfectly legal and perfectly just, yet of all the confiscations which have ever been done either in England or in other parts of the world, the larger proportion would probably be found to have been morally unjust, and no small proportion of them to have been formally illegal. Hence the word confiscation has become odious; it calls up pictures of tyrants putting people to death and seizing their goods, or, in the mildest shape, of reducing them to beggary and banishing them or shutting them up in islands. It makes one think of Nero and Domitian and the Visconti and Philip the Second, and any other unpleasant sovereigns that one likes to name. Altogether it is a good, big, ugly word, just fitted to become a word of reviling on proper occasions. Also it is a Latin word; so, by the way, is "forfeiture" also, if one comes to think of it; but "confiscation" is much more palpably Latin than "forfeiture"; it ends in -ation, and it has all the grandeur and bigness of a Latin word ending in -ation. As such it is just the word for penny-

-a-liners, and penny-a-liners have not been slow to use it. It has gone the way of "ovation," "inauguration," and all the rest. In penny-a-liners' talk "confiscation" has quite lost its real meaning of forfeiture, whether just or unjust, to the public treasury; it has ceased to be colourless, and it always expresses the idea of an unjust seizure of something or other. It has also lost its sense of a public seizure; we now constantly hear it applied to perfectly private transactions. To take an example from our own craft, we remember a contributor to a periodical whose editor failed or refused—as most editors, by the rule of their office, must refuse—to return an unused manuscript, who indignantly said that the editor had "confiscated" it. In short "confiscation" has got simply to mean the act of "him as prigs what isn't his'n." And, though this is certainly an abuse of language, we are bound to say that the abuse is not so great as the kindred abuses of "ovation" and "inauguration.".

"Confiscation" then having ceased to mean confiscation, and having got the meaning of "robbery" instead, the word stands ready to be used as a word of abuse. As such it was used both by Mr. Disraeli and by his Little Peddlington follower. The local attorney most likely did not know but what it was the right word, or he used it simply because it was a big word. The ex-Prime Minister no doubt uses it with a special eye to bamboozlement. To be sure a few nights later we find Lord Redesdale talking in the same strain, telling us that disendowment is "pure confiscation," and, as he told us once before, that it is "sacrilege." Now we are sure that every word that Lord Redesdale says comes from the bottom of his heart. We are sure that Lord Redesdale thought that the words which he used had a meaning and a very solemn meaning. We are sorry to have to tell him that his most awful anathemas are really nothing more than an uttering of truisms. Mr. Disraeli we can hardly let off so easily. We recommend to him, the next time he wishes to frighten us, to copy the plain English of one of his late colleagues. Compare Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons and Sir Stafford Northcote at the Middlesex Conservative dinner. Sir Stafford Northcote, we have no doubt, says what he means and means what he says. He calls the Irish Church Bill "robbery." This sort of talk may be violent or silly, but it is honest. Mr. Disraeli cannot stoop to use a plain word like "robbery"; "confiscation" is bigger and grander and vaguer and therefore more effective. And it has also the advantage of being true *per accidens*. If Mr. Gladstone were asked, as his supporters were, whether his measure was a measure of confiscation, he could hardly say No. It is a measure of confiscation in the natural and etymological sense of the word, though not a measure of confiscation in the sense of the penny-a-liners. Mr. Disraeli very likely knows this, and this is very likely why he chose the word. The sophism is paltry enough, but there is a kind of small cleverness about it which makes it serve his purpose. But it is an odd chance of language, an odd cycle, one might say, when to call a thing by its right name gives the falsest impression of its real nature. The act really is an act of "sheer and mere confiscation"; but "sheer and mere confiscation" is not necessarily, as Mr. Disraeli would have us think it, sheer and mere robbery. If we were ever asked, "Are you for the confiscation of the property of the Irish Church?—Yes or No," the nearest approach to the required answer that we could give would be, in the style of Euripides, "Yes and No."

THE MARTYRS OF YANG-CHOW-FOO.

JUST now the public mind, or the public purse, which practically amounts to much the same thing, is rather sensitive about missionaries, and their manners and customs. The Abyssinian Income-tax—the actual twopence and prospective nobody knows how many pence, which after all must be traced back to a fervent desire on the part of a small knot of sincere, but imprudent, people to improve Abyssinian Christianity—makes us wince. We all know the duty of sowing the Gospel seed in heathen lands, and many of us think that, so long as it is sown, the sower and his tools, the times and seasons for sowing, are very immaterial; indeed to inquire about them at all is often considered to be the sign of the faithless, if not of the scoffer. Still at this moment, like Cowper's tithe-payers, down drop our chins as we bring out our bags, and we mutter as we review the cost of our Abyssinian sermons:—

> . . . A rarer man than you
> In pulpit none shall hear;
> But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
> You sell it plaguy dear.

This nervous and irritable state of the public mind accounts for the interest felt in a debate in the House of Lords on Tuesday, on certain Chinese despatches respecting "the attack on British Protestant Missionaries at Yang-Chow-Foo," last August. We now learn that we have escaped another Chinese war literally by the skin of our teeth, and all to avenge a little popular brawl, in which certain persons—nobody knows who, but calling themselves missionaries—lost their books and furniture and certain female fallals, and one of them got a bad black eye. It seems that in the poly-mono-syllabic town above mentioned, in the interior of the country, a domestic party of English folks styling themselves the China Inland Mission have planted themselves. Who or what the China Inland Mission is nobody seems to know. The Missionary Societies disavow them; Lord Shaftesbury speaks of them with contemptuous ignorance. The China Inland Mission is unknown to London, and, if we might conjecture, it is some offshoot of some small Dissenting community existing in one of the Chinese consular cities which has planted itself; for nobody seems to be responsible for its origin or existence. The Mission seems to consist of a large domestic party—one Mr. Taylor, Director, with his wife and four little children; another married couple; two single gentlemen, and three single ladies; and nineteen teachers and servants. It does not seem that this party did anything very active in the way of missionary work. They rented a house under the provisions of the treaty, but they were not popular. As has happened ever since Christianity existed, they were suspected by the barbarians of being cannibals. The old scandal raised against the primitive Christians reappears in China; and the missionaries are suspected of keeping children for the purpose of cooking and eating them, scooping out eyes, and ripping up women with child. The literary notables and gentry of Yang-Chow disseminated these atrocious reports; the consequence was a popular riot, the mission-house riddled, and the missionaries robbed and ill-treated. No lives were lost, but one eye was reported to be missing, though it seems afterwards to have been recovered, not however without, it is said, possible permanent injury. This was the utmost result of the riot. Mr. Director Taylor immediately appeals to Consul Medhurst, and, as the name Medhurst is familiar to us in connexion with Chinese missions, we are not surprised that this official personage looked favourably on the case. He at once proceeds to vindicate the wrongs of the missionaries with a very high hand. He summons H.M.'s ship *Rinaldo*, and, with an imposing force, demands all sorts of penalties and redress. He was determined to assert the treaty rights, determined that the missionaries should be well paid for their wrongs, determined that every humiliating apology should be exacted from the Chinese authorities, &c. Chinese authorities demurred. Mr. Consul Medhurst was firm, very firm. The captain of the *Rinaldo* was, much to his credit, rather lukewarm. Sir Rutherford Alcock was appealed to; the admiral on the station was appealed to. Each and everybody backed up Mr. Medhurst with the whole force of the British name and British navy. Captain Heneage was despatched by Sir Henry Keppel with the *Rodney* and 300 men, and after seizing a most innocent Chinese steamer, private property, the missionaries' demands were of course acceded to. A large sum in the way of compensation was paid by the Viceroy, and we are not at war with China. Indeed, we have performed a glorious feat of arms, and achieved a commercial success which runs second, if second, only to that which we won on behalf of Don Pacifico.

This great victory of the Gospel and the Union Jack seems to have been received somewhat coldly at the Colonial Office. Lord Clarendon has acknowledged the latest triumph of British diplomacy by sending out instructions to British Consuls in China "to remember that the interference of naval force, either on their representation, or on the part of naval officers acting on their own estimation of facts before them, will alone receive the approval of Her Majesty's Government under very exceptional circumstances"; and, further, "that the Government cannot leave with Consuls and Naval Officers to determine for themselves what redress or reparation for wrong done to British subjects is due, or by what means it should be enforced. Nor can they be allowed to determine whether coercion is to be applied by blockades, by reprisals, by landing armed parties, or by acts of a more hostile character"; in fine, "that the Government cannot delegate to Her Majesty's servants in foreign countries the power of involving their own country in war." In other words, Consul Medhurst, Sir R. Alcock, and the naval authorities have been snubbed, and their inconvenient zeal unmistakeably censured, inasmuch as, one and all, they have done those very things which the Government declines to sanction or approve. This is so far satisfactory, as is the whole tone of the debate in the Lords. It is some satisfaction to know that we have barely escaped a great peril, but it is no satisfaction to know what a contemptible and trumpery incident it was which, to use Lord Shaftesbury's phrase, has caused all this fuss.

The ideal of a missionary is very noble, and this ideal has been often and fully realized in the annals of the propagation of the Christian faith. A missionary advances into the howling wilderness with his life in his hand; goods he has none, or such as he has, he cheerfully submits to their spoiling for his Master's sake. He bears the cross, and with the cross its burdens. He asks not an eye for an eye, and certainly not, as this Inland Mission did, hard cash for an eye, but turns the left cheek to him who smites the right. He does not demand an indemnity for his ravished coat, like Director Taylor, but cheerfully surrenders his cloak also. To the simplicity of the dove he adds the prudence of the serpent, and when persecuted in one city, he scarcely asks the assistance of an ironclad and Armstrong guns to reinstate him. Such were the Bonifaces, the Xaviers, and even the Swartzes of history. Such was the martyr spirit of missionaries who converted Europe, and who in other days planted the Gospel in this very China, and in further Japan. We have changed all this; and while we are told by the Duke of Somerset that missions should follow trade, the China Inland Mission has anticipated the maxim and conducted missions on a sensible practical trading system. The missionary of the period preaches the Gospel when backed by treaty provisions. He is spreading that Kingdom which is not of this world, only it happens to be stoutly represented by consuls, diplomatics, and the British fleet. He fights the servants and emissaries of Satan from the strong entrenched camp of a war-steamer, and the evangelists of the gospel of peace are re-

inforced under persecution by an armed party of marines. This might be all very well, for modern manners require a change from primitive methods, were it not that the details of missions, such as they are, are not only complex, but very expensive. Mr. Taylor sends in his little bill for damages, and it is certainly one which would have made Xavier, to say nothing of apostolic men, stare and gasp. As we have said, the Inland Mission consisted of four men, five women, and four children. The damages, as assessed by Mr. Director Taylor, amounted to 1,128 taels=366*l.* 12*s.*; a sum which this suffering servant of the Cross proposed, through the Consul Medhurst, to raise to 2,000 taels=650*l.*, the additional figure being for compensation for medical attendance and unappraised sufferings generally. The details of the alleged loss were disputed by the Chinese authorities; the dubious loss of an eye was disproved; and in fighting out the details the Chinese and the missionaries repeated the edifying disputes with which we are familiar in English trials between alleged sufferers by suspicious fires and questionable railway accidents and Directors who think themselves imposed upon. The upshot was that the *épicier* and missionary mind, backed by the *Rodney*, got the best of this wrangling and chaffering; and the indemnity actually extorted from the Chinese reaches the respectable sum of 585*l.* 10*s.* The polite Chinese never disputed Mr. Taylor's original valuation of the actual losses of his party in goods=366*l.* 12*s.*; and to this they were compelled to add 162*l.* 10*s.* for compensation of injuries, 31*l.* 15*s.* for loss incurred by two Chinese servants, and 24*l.* 10*s.* for rent.

The details of the alleged losses incurred by the Mission, and so cheerfully paid by the Chinese, are curious; and they have this value, that whatever results this armed negotiation on behalf of the Martyrs of Yang-Chow may have on the spread of the Gospel in China, and whatever impression may be made on the intelligence of the disciples of the most ancient faiths of Bouddha and Confucius by this peculiar exhibition of the spirit and practice of living Christianity, the incident will do much to reassure those timid souls, the failing greengrocers and their wives and daughters, from whom such a body as the Inland Mission with its noble army of martyrs and female saints must have been recruited. Let them take courage, we say; not only shall not a hair of their head fall unavenged, but not a hair ornament of a she-missionary shall perish which shall not be paid for even to the uttermost farthing. In his plaintive and particular enumeration of the losses sustained by the Mission, and in his little bill for the same—we will not recall the contrast of St. Paul and his scourgings, stonings, and perils by the heathen, and the taking joyfully the spoiling of goods, knowing of that better and enduring substance—Mr. Taylor, Director of the China Inland Mission, sets down as a part of the indignities and losses endured by these servants of the Cross, "money taken from Miss Blakesley, and a pocket and hair ornament from Miss Desgraz." In the bill of costs Miss Desgraz's property destroyed is valued at 25*l.*, which, considering that the injury done to the house is appraised at only 14*l.* 10*s*, leads us to the conclusion that Miss Desgraz ought, as a lady missionary, to be rather grateful to the heathen robber who, in this somewhat emphatic way, must have reminded her of a certain apostolic counsel against that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and wearing of gold and of putting on of apparel. We make no doubt whatever that Miss Desgraz was adorned with all the inner adornment required by apostolic precept, but she found it, which the holy women of old did not, quite compatible with this valuable "pocket and hair ornament," priced and paid for at the modest figure of 124 dollars. Far be it from us, as it was far from the gallant Chinese, to inquire into the particulars of Miss Desgraz's "hair ornament," which sounds significantly like a chignon; but it was evidently a costly article, twice as valuable as a sacked house. A "concertina" and a "sedan chair" too are rather odd instances of what are, we believe, styled *Instrumenta Ecclesiastica;* but they show, not unsatisfactorily, that the arts and elegancies of civilization are not despised by the modern soldiers and daughters of the Christian regiment as necessities in preaching the Gospel. Minute political philosophers have traced French Revolutions and Thirty Years' Wars and the like to etiquettes violated, or tea-cup politenesses neglected, in the person of Queens or concubines, royal or otherwise. We shall begin to believe these authorities now that we have seen how nearly the British Empire was plunged into a war with an Empire of some hundred millions to avenge the Rape of the Chignon perpetrated on that fervent missionary Miss Desgraz, or on her "pocket and hair ornament."

DEBATE ON THE HABITUAL CRIMINALS BILL.

When a question of practical legislation comes before the House of Lords, it is debated with a clearness, thoroughness, and precision which it would be well for the House of Commons to imitate. The debate on the Habitual Criminals Bill was no exception to the general rule. The peers who took part in the discussion were neither as extreme partisans nor as rabid opponents of the Bill as would have been evoked by the same measure in the House of Commons. There was a preponderating inclination to support the principle of the Bill, but there was an entire absence of heat and passion in its favour. The convict and the ticket-of-leave man were not left without some one or two to say a timely word in their behalf. Those who were the most strenuous advocates of stringent measures spoke without any of that vindictiveness which sometimes alloys the best devised samples of criminal legislation: and those who deprecated the proposals of this measure did so, not on grounds of sentimental tenderness, but of legislative expediency.

The main points of exception were to the exclusion of certain misdemeanants from the operation of the measure, and to the hardship of the contemplated surveilliance. Lord Portman repeated in the House an objection which had been made out of the House, that the limitation of the proposed conditions [to convicted felons exempted a body of misdemeanants who were as criminal as any felons—the coiners and issuers of false money. It is quite an open question whether misdemeanants of this class may or may not be included in the provisions of the Bill. We rather incline to the notion that they may be, as they hitherto have been, safely excluded. The object of the Bill is to deal with that class of crimes which most endangers human life and inspires most wide-spread terror. Now that class consists much more of thieves, burglars, and garotters, than of coiners. From all that can be learned, coiners are mostly a distinct and exclusive band of criminals. They do not generally associate with the vulgar run of magsmen and cracksmen. They are for the most part—for the peculiar comfort of the Bishop of London—men of some education. This education has inspired them with æsthetical tastes, and with an equal distaste to the commoner forms of industry. They have cultivated a certain refinement, for the continued enjoyment of which Fortune has denied them the necessary conditions precedent. To adjust the balance and redress the injustice of Fortune, they employ the talents given by nature and the education given by Government to circulate monetary portraits of their sovereign, and live upon the confidence of her subjects. In all this there is no violence, no outrage on persons, nothing to inspire terror; none of those things which this Bill is specially intended to punish or prevent. At the same time it must be confessed that the continued impunity of any criminal class from restrictions which press upon other criminal classes is prejudicial to society. It acts as a direct encouragement to the crime in favour of which the exception is made. Therefore it may perhaps be decided that coiners and certain other misdemeanants ought to be included in the same category as felons.

With regard to the hardship of certain details in the provisions of the present Bill, two things must be borne in mind. The Bill is purposely and intentionally hard. Public justice and public suffering have called for hardship, not for lenity. There has been more than enough of lenity. The Bill now under consideration must be made as hard as it can be consistently with the feasibility of carrying it into effect. If its provisions are so severe that it cannot be executed, then it is both wise and just to mitigate their severity. Now we understand Lords Romilly, Shaftesbury, and Houghton to object to it as too hard. Lord Romilly, moreover, wishes to give to every apprehended convict or ticket-of-leave man the power of proving his probity on oath. This is, after all, not a great matter. If a notorious criminal had to purge himself before a magistrate, any number of oaths would not impose any restraint on his protestations or add to the credence of the magistrate. All that the latter could do in any case, he virtually can do now. He can put any questions to the prisoner, he can let him tell, or encourage him to tell his own story in his own way. An intelligent magistrate, familiar with petty and quarter sessions, will have no difficulty in coming to a just conclusion on the circumstances of the case and the prisoner's story. It is superfluous to complicate a plain situation with factitious inducements to perjury. As to the hardship and difficulty of exercising supervision, these are questions which must have been considered before the Bill was introduced. It is a Bill of supervision. If the notion of supervision is too revolting, let it be given up; but then the best part of the Bill must be given up too. Now, before this is done, the members of either House who oppose it should bear in mind that for the last six months the whole world has been c ying out for supervision. Supervision of old offenders and ticket-of-leave men has been the one thing pronounced absolutely indispensable. And with great justice. There is not one of the peers who is not a magistrate. Many of them are Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, and very admirable Chairmen too. None know more than they do the statistics of provincial crime. From what comes before themselves, and from all that happens at the assizes, they know that with a certain assignable ratio of prisoners crime is "not accidental, but a trade." They know that the men who reappear on charges of petty theft sessions after sessions are living on petty crime, and that they only disappear from the Sessions Court to reappear at the Assize Court on heavier charges. Naturally, necessarily, inevitably, crime is with a certain proportion of these men a trade, a profession, a subsistence. They cannot shake it off, even if they would. It sticks to them as tightly and indelibly as holy orders to English clergymen. There is not only the one question to be considered, in how many cases of convicted criminals does this occur; but also, the other question, how strong is the tendency to its occurrence? If only two per cent. of convicts were convicted a second time, and of these only one per cent. a third time, there would be good grounds for deprecating supervision. But notoriously the case is very different from this. Beyond the statistical fact lies another. Not only does a certain number (and that the greater number) of convicts relapse into crime, but the temptation is for all to relapse. There are old associates, difficult to shake off; old

haunts, difficult to forego; there are new courses, difficult to take to; new occupations, difficult to obtain. Under all these difficulties, official supervision strikes us not as a hindrance or incumbrance, but as a help and stimulus to an honest life. All policemen are not inveterately malignant or incurably mischievous. An average policeman will more probably try to do a good turn to a man who is struggling to be honest than to thwart him. Even if the policeman's supervision were as harassing as convicts and the friends of convicts represent it to be, it would throw impediments on dishonest and criminal courses which would be equally beneficial to the criminal and the public. But notoriously there is and has been as yet no such supervision.

A memorandum issued by Colonel Henderson informs us that discharged prisoners who wish to abandon a life of crime have always had the assistance of the Prisoners' Aid Society, and that the police will continue to co-operate with this society in helping reformed convicts to get honest employment. The conjoint action of the police, the society, and the Central Registration Office will facilitate rather than obstruct the endeavours of the few who are reclaimed. On their behalf additional supervision is a safeguard and a shield. How weak and slight it now is for the restraint of notorious offenders we gather from recent letters in the *Times*, which reveal the license now enjoyed by the criminal profession, the impunity with which its members may meet and plan their little tactics of offensive war against society, and the liberty which is accorded to their oft-convicted hosts. Under the eyes of the existing law, men who have passed half their lives in going to prison and preparing themselves to go again, may freely assemble in hostelries kept by ex-convicts, may there mature their conspiracies against property and life, may issue forth in company to execute their purpose, without being subject to question, much more to arrest, by the police. Does Lord Houghton wish to see this state of things made permanent? In ten years we shall have 5,000 ticket-of-leave men at large. Of these the great bulk will honour the metropolis by making it their residence. The great bulk, too, will, by a necessary law of their being, remain thieves, burglars, and ruffians of some kind. Do Lords Houghton and Shaftesbury wish to see them enjoying the same immunity, and society exposed to the same dangers, as now inflict such scandal on our law? If they do not, why object to the only feasible suggestion hitherto made to obliterate the scandal, and give protection to the public?

If there were any sufficient grounds for believing that policemen would universally abuse their powers to harass and worry penitent ex-convicts, we would gladly assent to the suggestion that the duty of inspection should be taken out of the hands of the police and placed under a separate department. But two difficulties interpose themselves in the way of this arrangement. Who and how many are these penitent felons who dread the system of license, registration, and description? How many of those who have been convicted twice, and, *à fortiori*, of those who have been convicted thrice, are inclined to take to a course of honest diligence and industry? Does the number bear such a proportion to the aggregate of criminals that for their sake the provisions of the Bill should be modified? And, if we establish another department distinct from the police, will it not be liable to the objection that, while professing to work independently of that force, it would in reality be dependent on the aid of policemen for doing its work?

There was one suggestion thrown out by Lord Romilly which deserved more consideration than it received from the House. He proposed that the son of every convicted felon should be adopted by the State and educated by it. This naked proposition provoked laughter; and certainly it has its grotesque side. Hard economists could hardly refrain from laughing at the idea of lavishing the revenues of the State on the education of young felons while honest men's sons are forced to go without it. But there are other phases of the question than the ludicrous. What is to become—what actually does become—of these young gaol-birds, nestled in crime? Are they not, from the moment that they can walk and talk, proficients in the ancestral profession? Do they not follow the career and repeat the fate of their fathers? Do they not, too, disseminate a moral taint and corruption among the children of the neighbouring poor? Is it not one of the sharpest and most piteous of lamentations among the industrious poor, that their fate compels them to live in places where their children are necessarily infected by the language and example of vicious and criminal companions? It is hard, we admit, that a man should, by a life of habitual rascaldom, obtain for his children privileges which the families of the honest and industrious poor often fail to obtain. On the other hand, which is better for the State itself—that, wanting as it does soldiers, sailors, good colonists, it should appropriate these infant waifs and strays, manipulate them to its own purpose, and use them as its servants, or leave them, unnoticed and unaided, to work out their own fate, to perpetrate crime, go to gaol, and consummate their destiny on the gibbet, as their fathers did before them?

Whatever else may come of this and other debates, one thing is tolerably clear. The *fons et origo* of felony will be dammed, if not dried up. There will be no longer the wonted impunity for the marine-store dealer, the dishonest pawnbroker, the low beer-shop keeper, and other bankers of burglars and magsmen. The capitalists of crime will find their wings clipped. And roughs will no longer be able to maim policemen for life at the cost of one month's imprisonment. If the Bill fail on all other points, but succeed in these, there will be ample cause for rejoicing on the part of honest men. We only hope that Parliament will be bold enough to add flogging to the punishment proposed for the last-named offence.

OCEAN-RACING.

We are glad to learn that the youngest of our national sports is finding influential patrons. We think we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the very promising prospects of an amusement that is sure to recommend itself to a people who despise as tame everything that has not a dash of danger. It is much to be regretted that the match between the Cunard Royal Mail steamer *Russia* and the Inman Company's *City of Paris* did not come off a few weeks earlier. Had it only been reported when there was nothing in the papers but election trials, we should have had whole columns consecrated to what may one day be looked back on as an era in the sport for which we confidently predict a great future. As it is, the story of the race has unluckily met nothing like the attention it merited, and the public-spirited owners have been baulked of the tribute they so well deserved. We fear we cannot claim for England the original conception of the sport, although she has improved upon it and adapted it. We are but Anglicizing an American institution that was cradled and nursed on the broad grimy bosom of the father of waters. It was suggested perhaps to the early apostles of steam enterprise on the Mississippi by the vast distances that had to be hurried over, by the precarious tenure on which Western life was held, and by the scarcity of excitements in a half-settled country. With its violent currents, its sunken "snags," and its general perils, the Mississippi offered unusual advantages. The owners and captains had hit off the tastes of their customers, who so thoroughly entered into the spirit of the thing, that grave citizens took their seats on the safety valve, conjuring the captain to "rip" rather than be passed, while dollar-loving pork-dealers from Cincinnati heaped their choicest hams by armfuls on the furnaces. Unluckily the water privileges in our Lilliputian island are too limited to admit of our closely imitating a pleasure which the Americans have found so animating. Something we might perhaps do with our penny boats between Westminster and London Bridge, but the distances are almost too short to generate enough of either steam or excitement, and in the frequent stoppages and changes of passengers the races would be stripped of half their charm. But, if we have to content ourselves with outriggers on our rivers, the waters of the world are free to our ships. Ocean-racing becomes almost a matter of duty with the nation that aspires to the empire of the seas. If we encourage horse-races to improve the breed of our horses, it is clear that steam and ship races should be good to improve the different classes of our steamers and ships. Moreover, while horse-racing cannot be said to develop the *physique* of the jockey, and is supposed to be unpropitious to the morals of the hangers-on of the studs, ocean-racing must infallibly foster a wholesome indifference to danger in our crews, who will cherish behind teak or iron plates the spirit that used to animate our hearts of oak. In England individual enterprise generally shows the way to the Government departments. As yet ocean-racing is entirely in the hands of private firms, but we do not despair of seeing the day when the Admiralty shall regard itself as a sort of naval jockey club—a tribunal to manage the conditions of the racing, and to preside at the distribution of liberal prizes to the mercantile marine. The Americans and ourselves nearly monopolize the great ocean highways of the world, and there are our courses ready made. The races are run from point to point, and between these you leave the competitors absolutely to themselves. All that will devolve on the authorities is to see fair play at the start, and then wait in the hope that some or all of the vessels entered will turn up at the finish.

We trust that the strange immunity from accident which has hitherto attended the sport may be taken to be of good augury for it. A single catastrophe might have been apt to scare us back to caution, had it come before we were well warmed to our work. Men must gradually break themselves into familiarity with danger, and the novice who works his first day in a powder magazine in fear and trembling, comes in time to light a pipe in it, in contravention of the rules, and just after an explosion, with the most supreme indifference. Honour where honour is due; and the first promoters of ocean-racing were, we believe, the great houses in the tea trade. Of late years, season after season, the *Taeping*, the *Ariel*, the *Fiery Cross*—a dozen, more or less, of Aberdeen-built clippers—have been started together from the shores of China for the London Docks. Season after season, on completing their course half round the world, they have been towed into the docks within a very few hours of each other. The arrival of the earliest cargo of the year means actual money value to its fortunate owners and carriers, although that, we believe, counts for little in comparison with considerations of professional honour and rivalry. As is very natural, the captain throws himself heart and soul into the race. The crews do the same, for sailors are the most reckless of men; and, to say nothing of welcome relief from the monotony of a protracted voyage, the men would not be worth shipping if they let the danger outweigh the fun. The prudent owner hedges by insurances, and makes his book so safe that, while he may win heavily on his ship, in no contingency can he be out of pocket. What the underwriters think of it all is a mystery to us. Possibly they cover

additional risks with increased premiums. On board we may be certain that in no case is there any timid shortening of sail. The ship is forced ahead, careening over almost to her scuppers, struggling along under every inch of canvass to her sky-scrapers. To say nothing of the chance of being struck of a heap by a squall, we may be very sure the men are not ordered aloft to take in sail until rashness is trembling on the brink of foolhardiness. Each moment makes lying out in the slippery yards more dangerous, as the gale goes blowing up into a hurricane. We have no doubt, however, that the sailors like it; and, after all, the risks of the China race are nothing to what their mates have every day to face nearer home in deck-laden Baltic boats and rotten coal-tubs. But now that the more spirited of the Atlantic Steam Companies have taken the hint, they seem determined to offer their passengers similar attractions, and to enliven the tedium of their voyage by making a perpetual race of it.

For a first attempt, the match from New York to Liverpool was exceedingly creditable. The two steamers, in a run of eight days and eighteen hours, finished almost neck and neck, the *Russia* landing herself a winner by five-and-twenty minutes. When either one or the other came so near to a victory, we may rely on it that we shall see a perceptible difference for the shorter next time they meet, and that, although, as we have seen it gravely asserted, "no risks are allowed to be run in racing," the respective captains will continue "to exercise every art of seamanship to ensure a triumph." The reputation of running the fleetest steamers is clear profit to a company whose customers are go-ahead Americans and busy Englishmen who have a sympathy with energy, and to whom time is money. A captain who, in his over-prudence, let himself be habitually beaten would soon be coldly looked on by his employers, and the ambition of being made a favourite in the Liverpool betting would of itself prevent him from blundering into excessive caution. Heavy bets were flying about on the race of the other day, and we may soon see the ocean odds quoted regularly in the sporting column of the Liverpool press. If you once educate your passengers to an enthusiastic identification of themselves with their ships, you get a solution of the problem which puzzles the stewards of suburban steeplechases—that of procuring the spectators the maximum of excitement by concentrating the dangers of the race under the grand stand. In a packet you are always sure to find yourself at the critical point, safe to witness any accident that is going, or to be in at the deaths, if there are any. From first to last the Transatlantic companies have a perfect course ready to their hands—nothing but "hazards" from beginning to end. You go racing speed through the fogs on the Newfoundland banks, boiling up defiantly an extra cloud of steam. You go driving fast in sleet and darkness through the icebergs, leaving yourself as little time as may be to profit by any warnings of the glass. If you run the gauntlet safely, good and well; but if you do have a collision at your top speed, of course your bows shiver like pasteboard, and down you go by the stem before you have time to lower a boat. Then the road you travel is covered thick with ships, which, it is to be trusted, will sooner or later take to following your example. It will be a marvel of luck if you thread the many racing pairs you may meet without a mishap, which may cost you the match, if it does not send you to the bottom. Running anything down when you get among the fleets of fishing-boats in the English or Irish seas is one of the unconsidered trifles that need count for little one way or other. A shock like that could scarcely make itself felt abaft the funnel. Surrounding them continually by danger in every conceivable form, you provide your passengers with constant subjects of conversation, and the time need never hang heavy upon their hands. The more timid, who are half frightened as well as pleased, may take to living in life-belts, like James of Scotland in his iron one; and cork jackets and crinolines will be advertised as travelling necessaries which no lady should be without. But for those adventurous persons who find vent for their love of excitement in the American voyage, the attractions offered by the rival companies will only be beginning when an accident happens in mid-ocean. Then comes the scramble for places in the boats. Some of them are sure to have been swamped in the launching, and there is only room for one half of the passengers. You have the overcrowding, the cold, and the wet; the shortening rations, dwindling into sheer starvation; the pangs of thirst, and all the sufferings that were brought home to us the other day by the survivors who came back out of the jaws of death when the *Hibernia* went down. The reflections of the castaways may be those of the steeplechase rider, who lies under his horse with a shattered collar-bone and a fractured thigh; but those who play at bowls must sometimes meet with rubbers. They may find comfort in the thought that it is the possibility of a fate like theirs that gives ocean-racing its zest to the multitudes of their fellow-travellers who are at that moment enjoying it. If you really have no weakness for incidents of this sort, don't take your passage in the steamers that court them.

Except under one of the paternal Governments that regulate everything down to the weather in which their subjects are to bathe, the lives of passengers are of course their own personal concern; their deaths so many commercial transactions, to be arranged between them and the steam and insurance companies. But then there are Her Majesty's mails. What we are half afraid of—although perhaps it is ridiculous to feel any anxiety in the matter—is that the authorities of the Post Office in a burst of energy and red-tapeism may step in and say, "When we subsidized you handsomely to carry our mail-bags, we never intended that you should expose them to wanton risks." Fancy if the managing partners of Rothschilds and Barings had a taste for sport, and were in the habit of matching the messengers who carry their correspondence in a daily race to St. Martin's-le-Grand through rain and darkness, cabs and carriages, knowing all the time that, if one of them were to come to grief, his valuable charge would be scattered to the mercy of winds and thieves. Mr. Dilke and Mr. Dixon's experiences of the care the American Government take of their Pacific mails show that the companies have little to fear from its interference. The chief drawback we see to ocean-racing is that, however favourite an amusement it may become, the enjoyment of it must be necessarily confined to the few. Some steerage passengers, and an occasional shipload of emigrants, may partake of it for once in their lives, but the bulk of the people must be content to read of it. The best chance for the masses seems to be, that our trains may come to follow in the wake of our steamships, and that the practice may be followed out generally on our competing lines of railway. If it is good at sea, there is no reason why it should not be adopted on land. The London and Chatham will race the South-Eastern from Dover to town. The suburban network of railways is extending itself fast, and we can imagine few things more thrilling than a couple of express trains shooting along on parallel lines, in derision of Parliamentaries, cross-traffic, and danger-signals. True, the risks would be little more real than those of racing at sea, but then they would be more obvious. All praise in the meantime to the Cunard and Inman lines. We would only suggest that in fairness they should warn the small craft whose business lies in the same seas to "clear the course," and then, if accidents do happen, it will be their own fault.

THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS BILL.

THE Ministry could not have given a better pledge of their desire to turn their Parliamentary strength to account than by introducing, within less than a year from the appearance of the Schools Commission Report, a measure which claims to embody the most important suggestions made by the Commissioners. Short as it is, the Bill is one of great interest, and Mr. Forster has judged wisely in bringing it in at the very beginning of the Session, and so securing ample time for the discussion of its provisions. Of these we shall now endeavour to give a summary, premising that the objects which it aims at are two—the reform of existing abuses in endowed schools, and the establishment of a new body under whose authority schools may in future be inspected and teachers examined.

About the importance and urgency of the first of these objects there can be no two opinions. The Report of the Commissioners has revealed a state of things equally surprising and disgraceful to the English people—wealthy schools without any scholars, large and growing populations without any schools, in some places lazy and incompetent masters, negligent trustees, bad methods of instruction, immense sums of money spent to no purpose. Such scandals undoubtedly call for stringent remedies. The Bill creates an executive Commission of three persons, who are to hold office for three years, and to receive full power to alter (by the schemes they are to frame) the trusts of existing foundations and the application of their revenues, to change the constitution of governing bodies, or create new bodies instead of those which now exist, and to transfer to the Queen in Council any visitatorial authority which may now be vested in any person or corporation. The details of the reforms to be introduced into the trusts are for the most part left to the discretion of the Commissioners (subject to the approval of the Privy Council and of Parliament), but in several points specific directions are given them respecting the regulations which the schemes framed by them are to contain. Thus every scheme is to provide for the dismissal, at pleasure, of the teachers of the endowed school to which it relates. In all schools which do not appear to the Commissioners to have been originally intended for, and still to belong to, a particular religious denomination, no scholar is henceforth to be required to attend any religious lesson or service to which his parent or next friend shall object in writing, no person shall be excluded from trusteeship on the ground of his religious opinions, and no person shall be ineligible as a teacher on the ground of his being a layman. Finally, if the Charity Commissioners shall certify to this Executive Temporary Commission that it is desirable to apply to education the whole or a part of a charity now devoted to some one of certain specified purposes—such as doles in money or kind, loans, the redemption of prisoners or captives, and the like—those charities may be dealt with by schemes drawn up by the Commission as if they were educational endowments.

The exercise of these powers is fenced round with restrictions which we proceed to describe. All existing vested interests are reserved; and the jurisdiction of the Commission is not to extend over any foundation less than thirty years old, nor over any school which is part of a Cathedral foundation, nor over any school or exhibition forming part of the foundation of a college (except with the consent of such college), nor over the schools dealt with by the Public Schools Act of 1868. Further, the schemes framed by the Commission have to run the gauntlet of the Privy Council and of lying on the table of the House before they can pass into law. When the draft of a scheme has been prepared, it is to be published and circulated in such a way as to

give full notice of its contents to all persons interested, and copies are in particular to be sent to the governing body and the head master of the endowed school to which it relates. When two months have expired from the date of such publication, during which period objections and suggestions are to be sent in, the Commissioners are to reconsider the scheme, weighing such suggestions, and sending down, if they think fit, an Assistant-Commissioner, who shall hold a public inquiry in the place where the endowment in question is situated. They are then to settle the draft scheme, and submit it to the Committee of the Privy Council on Education. Then another period of two months follows, during which petitions may be presented to the Queen in Council by the governing body of the endowment, or any person interested therein, praying Her Majesty to disapprove of the scheme, or of any part thereof. When a petition is presented, the Privy Council are to take it into consideration, admitting, if they think fit, counsel to be heard on both sides; and, if any valid objections are raised to the scheme, they are to remit it to the Commissioners to be amended. If no petition is presented, or if the Privy Council disallow the prayer of the petitioners, the scheme is to be laid before Parliament. Forty days are to be allowed, during which an address may be presented to the Crown by either House against the scheme or any part of it; and if within these forty days no address is presented, the scheme may be finally approved by an Order in Council, and will then become legally binding. In this way it is proposed to give security for the protection of all interests affected, and for the expression of the views and wishes of all persons who can claim a right to be heard.

All this machinery, it will be understood, is temporary and provisional. The permanent body which the Bill proposes to create is altogether distinct from the Executive Commission, and will have its action confined within much narrower limits. It is to be called the Educational Council for England and Wales, and is to consist of twelve members—six named by the Queen, with the advice of the Privy Council, and the rest elected by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, two by each University. This Council is to provide for the examination of teachers, granting certificates of competence to those who pass, and entering their names in a public registry; and is also to organize and superintend a system of examination for the scholars in all endowed schools, and in those private schools which choose voluntarily to present their scholars to be examined, and to submit to the rules which the Council may frame.

As respects the general object of the Bill, and the propriety of legislating on the matter, every one is agreed; nor can there be much doubt that the reform of our educational endowments, and their adaptation to the needs of the time, must be carried out by an Executive Commission acting in the direction indicated by the Bill. But the exact character of this Commission and the nature of its powers are of course points upon which difference of opinion must be expected. So much will turn not only upon the ability and diligence of the persons appointed to serve as Commissioners, but also on their temper and fairness of mind, that we think these persons ought to be named in the Bill; and, moreover, it will be desirable to have their number increased from three to five or six at least, so as to provide for a careful consideration, by differently constituted minds, of the perplexing educational questions they will have to deal with. As to the extent of the powers to be allowed them, that is a question to be settled by inquiring how far the schools can be expected to reform themselves without extraneous guidance and suggestion, and how far it will be necessary to give them a stimulus from without. The truth seems to be that local trustees are seldom averse to reform when the reform is put before them in a judicious and amicable way; and therefore we do not anticipate that the Commission will experience much opposition if it approaches the local bodies in a conciliatory spirit. On the other hand, these bodies are often so inert and so uninstructed, so little aware of what a school ought to be and how its endowments should be used, that little can be hoped for from them in the way of origination. Hence it will be needful to give the Commission adequate powers of modifying trusts and drafting schemes, while at the same time the exercise of these powers must be subject to a strict and impartial review by the Privy Council. That this review may be more than a form, that it may inspire confidence in the public and give full opportunity for the discussion of points where the Commission is at issue with the local bodies, some further provisions ought to be introduced into the Bill, defining more exactly the procedure in these matters before the Privy Council, and specifying the composition of the Council when it meets to hear appeals from the Commission. At present we find nothing to show that the tribunal of review will be competent to deal with questions requiring, as these questions do, a great deal of experience and special knowledge. Moreover, the Bill fails to prescribe any means by which endowed schools, once reformed, shall be kept from again lapsing into abuses. The evidence published in the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners established conclusively three propositions—that the Court of Chancery is utterly unfitted, by constitution and character, to deal with endowed schools; that the Charity Commission has neither wide enough powers nor a large enough staff to superintend their management; and that it is most important, in organizing and directing these schools, to treat them not individually but collectively, looking upon each as a part and member of a great whole. Now the Bill, if we understand it rightly, does not propose either permanently to curtail the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, or to increase that of the Charity Commission, or to call into being any new permanent body with powers equal to the work to be done. The Education Council, it is true, will act as a check on bad schools by exposing their defects, and its examinations will in course of time clear away the race of grossly incompetent masters. But it will have no power to interfere with the actual working of endowments, and so far as appears, the schools, once recast by the temporary Commission, will thenceforward be left to their own devices, and to the good pleasure of the local governing bodies. Two or three other points in the Bill which strike us as blemishes are of less consequence. The period of three years allowed to the Temporary Executive Commission will be found scarcely long enough for the heavy task before it. The exemption from the authority of that Commission of non-classical endowed schools receiving Government grants will prevent it from dealing with a set of foundations whose number, if not their wealth, makes them very important, and which are, in many instances, exceedingly ill administered. And it may be doubted whether the provision that all head-masters of endowed schools shall be henceforth dismissible at the pleasure of the local governing body, without any appeal to some external authority, may not prove objectionable in practice. Where a governing body is under the control of public opinion, as is the case in large and important schools, there need be no fear of its acting hastily, or from motives of personal spite; but with small foundations in country towns it is quite otherwise, and many a good teacher would refuse to place himself absolutely at the mercy of the trustees by whom such foundations are administered. In the case also of graduates in honours, a good degree might well stand in place of a certificate as a qualification for a mastership; a good classman may well feel repugnance to seeking a recognition of proficiency from a Board in London.

These and other matters of detail will have to be carefully considered when the Bill goes into Committee, and it may be hoped that no difference of opinion upon such matters will prevent the friends of education from uniting in the endeavour to secure a sound and effectual reform of middle-class education. To those who complain that the present Bill does not contain all that could be wished, we would say that, however desirable it may be to create an organization for the superintendence of endowments and of public education generally—such as was recommended by the late Commission—the enterprise is one of too much importance to be entered upon hurriedly, and may possibly be better undertaken when the discussions of the next two or three years have shown us what precise form such an organization ought to take. Meantime, any reforms which may be successfully carried out by means of a temporary Commission will be so much clear gain. If those who are entrusted with the work are men not only of administrative talent, but of open and unbiassed minds, men wise enough not to seek to impose one type upon all schools, and bold enough to be deterred by no opposition of influential local people from proposing in their schemes whatever the interest of the bulk of the inhabitants requires, they may succeed not only in vivifying the existing foundations and greatly raising the tone of their instruction, but also in evoking a public interest in education which is now sadly wanting, and without which the best-organized system of public schools must languish. Should the work, however, unhappily fall into the hands of doctrinaires and men of one idea, the result of their labours would be general discontent, and a fatal discouragement to all that private zeal has hitherto achieved, under many difficulties, for the improvement of middle-class education. Let us add, that in a case like this there is really no conflict of interests. The interest of the whole nation, and of every class in it, is to have a good education provided, and public charitable funds administered in the most economical and most generally useful way; and the only question which Parliament has to discuss is as to the best means of attaining that object.

KING COLE'S PARLIAMENT.

A CURIOUS example of the *imperium in imperio* has been lately exhibited in the metropolis, at no great distance from the spot where the older Estates of the Realm hold their deliberations. An assembly which, according to Sir Charles Trevelyan, has been irreverently styled "King Cole's Parliament," was convened in the hall of the Society of Arts, to deliberate on army reform, and to hear Mr. Henry Cole deliver his ideas thereon. It may be thought by some that the subject scarcely lay within the province of a Society whose business is the promotion of the arts of peace, and that the potentate to whose mild sway in his own dominions we cheerfully submit could scarcely claim to treat the topic with authority. But that is a point on which there may be differences of opinion, and in answer to some such objection, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, one of the debaters, explained how great is the blessing conferred on the army when civilians will kindly undertake the management of its affairs, and how utterly incompetent military men are to manage those affairs for themselves. It must be held, therefore, that the officers present, some of them of high rank and considerable experience, enjoyed unusual advantages in being lectured on the subject of their profession by a gentleman whose military opinions have been ripened in the unwarlike atmosphere of the South Kensington Museum, and in listening afterwards to a discussion on the same, in which several gentlemen took part whose qualifi-

cations, judged from the Chadwickian point of view, were no less exalted than Mr. Cole's. Now, though we are very far indeed from asserting that civilians may not with great propriety and benefit to the public service interest themselves in military affairs, yet we do assert that nobody who listened to the discussion was likely to be rendered more desirous than before of entrusting the destinies of the army to the gentlemen who took part in the debate. The army has suffered many things of many men, but we can imagine no greater crowning misfortune that could befall it than to have its affairs regulated by Messrs. Cole, Chadwick, and their compeers; and we fear that we should continue in that belief, even though they could produce testimonials of their fitness from Mr. John Stuart Mill. We fully admit that a great deal was said which deserved consideration. Many projects were descanted on, many changes advocated, which we should be glad to see submitted to a fair trial. Much, both of objection and suggested improvement, that was uttered, was true; but what was true was not new, and we might even go the whole length of the epigram, and say that what was new was not true. Whatever was urged which was judicious and sound and practical has been long before the public, and originated, not with the speakers who uttered it, but with those military men whom they pronounced incompetent to manage their own affairs. For proof of this we appeal to the blue-books containing evidence given before Commissions on military questions; to the great changes made in foreign armies, under the administration of eminent soldiers, from which most of our new ideas on organization have been derived; and to writings in the press, in which experienced officers have borne a full part.

Considering that all which a volunteer reformer generally seems to think necessary for setting up in business is a turn for objecting, and a full belief in his own infallibility, Mr. Cole may be pronounced a fair, and even a favourable, specimen of the class, for he joins to the ordinary qualifications a good deal of cleverness. Of the degree of research and inquiry with which he prepared himself for his task, he gives us a lively idea when he says:—

> I will venture to say that the cost of the Indian army, be it little or much, ought not to be charged upon the tax-payer of this country, but should be supported by India, whatever the cost may be.

There is something to admire in the boldness of the man who, knowing no better than that the cost of the Indian army is supported by the British tax-payer, undertakes to lecture an intelligent audience, including Indian officers, on the subject of army organization. Describing our army as he believes it to be, he says that it is not only very expensive, but very bad of its kind. The men are "the outcasts and roughs of the people," and the officers know nothing of their profession, giving one hour of the day to duty and the other twenty-three to idleness and dissipation. Now on these points we venture to differ very decidedly from Mr. Cole. Considering what our army is, and what it does, we think the country has a very cheap bargain in it so far as the troops are concerned, and it is a perpetual marvel that officers and men should be found for the money to do the work, and to do it so well. The comparison which he draws and seems to think so effective, in respect of expense, between our own army and those of foreign Powers, is altogether beside the question, because the conditions are totally different. They have conscription, and no colonial empire; we have vast colonial possessions to garrison, and we must get our recruits by competition in the labour market. And there is this to be said of our Army Estimates, that large as they are they let us know the worst—there is nothing behind; whereas in France or Prussia there is a vast untold, unestimated item of lost industry in the background. Every landowner and employer of labour, every artisan and peasant whose industrial enterprises or pursuits are interrupted by "the tax of blood," could bring his item of loss to swell the total; and if these could be turned into figures we might find that, even in expense, our army could compare not unfavourably with those of the Continent. Not only does Mr. Cole think our army dear and bad, but the existence of any standing army at all is, he tells us, on the authority of "old Judge Blackstone," an offence against the laws of the land; and this he insisted on so much, that his hearers were left to infer that the two sentries in Whitehall are formidable engines of tyranny, and that every time the guard is relieved at St. James's an outrage is committed on the British Constitution.

But Mr. Cole is not merely an objector—he can build up as well as pull down, and he has his remedial measures ready; the first of which is, it seems, that the expenditure of the army is to be placed under his control, a matter which he is quite ready to undertake at a moment's notice, as no doubt he would be to assume any other important function of the State. His first operation is to be a very decided exertion of economy, and is to consist in at once reducing the annual cost of the army by seven millions. "I assert," says the lecturer, dogmatically, and somewhat illogically, "that at least half is an unnecessary expenditure, and therefore a tax upon industry." Why the necessary half of the expenditure is not, equally with the other, a tax upon industry he does not explain. Such a diminution of revenue implies a corresponding reduction of the forces. "I have been assured," says Mr. Cole, "that the best number for a *corps d'armée* is about 16,000 men. . . I believe one such real *corps d'armée* would suffice as a model for the United Kingdom." On these grounds, then, of Mr. Cole's assurance and belief, we have the numbers of our future army fixed with exactitude; and as 16,000 men is certainly a small number with which to confront the hosts of the Continent, even granting that "upon one pair of English legs do march three Frenchmen," Mr. Cole is ready to supplement them with an army of reserve. This is the most romantic and picturesque part of the whole scheme. The entire youth of the country are to be trained to arms. Fond of their warlike calling, and perfectly skilled in it, they will be, Mr. Cole tells us, the surest friends of peace; and thus every man will do his own soldiering at a cost of next to nothing to the country. And not only will the youth be trained, but at every infant school in the kingdom drill is to be a branch of education; an idea which so kindled Mr. Chadwick's enthusiasm, that he went further in the same direction than Mr. Cole, fixing on five years old as the proper age for a recruit, who at ten is to be discharged from the service as an accomplished veteran. Such were some of the features of a scheme set forth airily and agreeably by Mr. Cole, without, as he says, pledging himself to precise details. In fact, the great defect of the lecture, next to total unacquaintance with the subject, was the absence of those particulars which impertinent practical people will insist upon having, and which are the bane of great projectors. On the whole, the unfortunate result on the mind is to create an uncomfortable doubt whether a man who can deal thus imaginatively with one subject can be prosaically sound upon any other, and whether the cloud-capt towers of the South Kensington Museum itself may not turn out to be the baseless fabric of a vision which will some day dissolve and leave not a wrack behind.

When the field was left free, several debaters entered it, and expatiated therein on plans and views of their own, which had not always a very perceptible relation to the matter in hand; and Sir Charles Trevelyan, with characteristic zeal in the cause, availed himself of the opportunity to speak several times at considerable length, and to read the greater part of his own pamphlet—a process which the audience did not submit to without frequent, though ineffectual, remonstrance. Mr. Chadwick insisted that professional soldiers were far surpassed in their own business by clergymen, and quoted several divines as the authors of improvements in war; after which he took a somewhat discursive flight into the middle ages and expatiated on the method of training men to the use of bows and arrows. Everybody had his fling at our military system, but nobody said, as might have been said, that, after all, its defects must be mainly due to civilians, who have had almost the entire control of its administration. This must be obvious to anybody who considers for a moment how the affairs of the army are managed. At the head of it is placed a gentleman who has generally distinguished himself in some other career, but who, it is no scandal to say, knows nothing of military matters, so that the officials of the War Office may be presumed to be largely occupied with what Mr. Lowe calls "educating their masters." But the Minister by no means enters on his duties without ideas to guide him. He always brings with him a strong desire to distinguish his administration by some great reform, and an equally strong desire to cut down the expenses of the army to meet the exigencies of the Budget. Putting together the three elements of desire to effect reform, desire to economize, and ignorance of the subject, we certainly have the elements of considerable mischief. Then, in the House, there is no subject which calls forth a less creditable display of information and ability than a military question, and the inefficiency with which the army is represented in Parliament is a calamity to it and to the country. Out of doors public opinion is largely influenced by those who can lend it only a dubious enlightenment; volunteer statesmen out of employ, pamphleteers without a subject, and stump orators without a stump, all turn to the army as their natural topic. Seeing then the share which such influences have had in moulding our military system, it may be matter of wonder that it is so good as we find it, and that, through all vicissitudes, it has continued to supply us with troops who command the respect at least of their enemies.

Our readers will be in no danger of supposing that we are desirous of representing our military organization as faultless. Nowhere has the expediency of comprehensive reforms in the army been more strongly insisted on than in these columns. A short term of service, the latter part of which is to be passed in the reserve—separate colonial troops—localization of corps—with their consequences of abolition of pensions and increased pay, of obviating all the evils which soldiers' marriages entail, and of attracting a superior class of recruits—these are matters which we have often dilated on, setting them forth with some detail, and supporting them by argument till they took shape as a coherent and practicable system. It is with great satisfaction that we see the thoughts of the country inclining the same way; and as it can scarcely be expected that a War Minister, new to his office, would set about comprehensive schemes of change unless strongly supported, we are glad to find that the subject is earnestly pressed on his attention. Parliament, people, and press must all unite to carry any such measures as those we have indicated. But we are unable to see what possible good can result from such discussions as that which Mr. Cole has invited. It was evident that he was no more entitled to lecture on military reform than any other gentleman who reads the newspapers. The discussion that ensued (except so far as that was repeated which had been often and better said elsewhere) was merely a field for the airing of crotchets and the remorseless riding of hobbies. When we consider what the institution is that these gentlemen are trying their prentice hands on, and how nearly the honour and safety of England are concerned in its efficiency, it is evident that such

empirical attempts at reform are not merely a farce, but a mischievous and dangerous farce. Let us urge reform, by all means, since it is so manifestly needed, but let us see that it is committed to fully competent hands. The whole Continent is just now bristling with arms; we know not how soon we may be called on to enter the arena. Let us take care that we do not in that case grasp a weapon which will break in our hand from having been ignorantly tampered with.

RATING AND ASSESSMENT.

THE Compound Householder may be compared to that hospital patient who disregarded the predictions of the doctor, and declined to die until God pleased. He was killed entirely in 1867, and now he is more alive than ever. The House of Commons grew weary of his name, and decreed that he should be obliterated and extinguished, and behold here he is again! He heard sentence of death pronounced upon himself, and yet he no more intended to die than did the gentleman who threatened the directors of the company in which he insured his life that if they did not settle promptly with his executors he would shoot the lot of them. But it is considered decorous in the House of Commons to speak of him as our late lamented friend, and although his vitality is irrepressible, it is hoped that, out of regard to the delicate susceptibility of Conservatives, he will consent to disguise his person and change his name.

The personal payment of rates, as we all remember, was proposed by Mr. Disraeli as a test of fitness for the franchise. Glowing descriptions were given in the House of Commons of the moral and intellectual qualities which would be developed in small householders by imposing on them the liability to pay rates. We regret to state that in the district of Bethnal Green this liability appears to have developed, in those subject to it, a tendency towards the use of profane oaths. According to a witness who appeared before Mr. Ayrton's Committee of last Session, a man who has paid his rate finds that his neighbour has not paid, "and he meets the collector with the imprecation that he will see him damned before he pays again." It is, however, stated by other witnesses that the virtues which Mr. Disraeli led us to expect have actually been produced in several boroughs. We find, among the proceedings of the Committee, that a draft report was prepared by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who with dutiful allegiance to the leader of the Conservative party proposed that the Committee should report itself to be convinced "of the importance of the social advantages likely to result from personal assessment." The Committee, however, declined to go this length, although a witness from Hulme, near Manchester, assured them that very great social benefit had resulted from making people pay their rates in person. They are now being taught a lesson that will be very salutary to them in future. The witness could perceive a very great benefit already, and, considering that he was speaking within seven months after the Act came into operation, we must conclude that the inhabitants of Hulme, near Manchester, possess a capacity for social improvement, and for turning disagreeable incidents into moral lessons, which must inspire all right-minded beholders with admiring confidence in the destiny of Lancashire. In Bethnal Green they curse and swear, for 'tis their nature to; but the visits of the rate-collector produce in Hulme only "the habit of saving, and of preparing for payments at short intervals." Indeed the faculty of Lancashire for ethical development is positively marvellous, for while one set of witnesses tells us that the character of its people is improved by having to pay rates, another set of witnesses tells us that the same result arises from having rates paid for them. A witness from Liverpool thinks that the practice of compounding "has a tendency rather to elevate the tenant." He is conscious then that the demands made upon him have been met, and he occupies his social status as though he had paid in full. This evidence was given with perfect gravity, and was not intended, as might be supposed, as a burlesque of the evidence given on the other side. The same witness described the pitiable position of the magistrates at Liverpool, surrounded by a crowd of women who had come to answer the summonses issued against their husbands for non-payment of rates. We cannot help wishing that the leaders of the Conservative party could have taken a week's turn of the duty of these magistrates in hearing summonses. Their desire for the inculcation of moral lessons would, we think, have been considerably mitigated. It surely was a wonderful caprice of Mr. Disraeli to meddle with this system of compounding. It was, as everybody knows, optional; and if in any place moral improvement was preferred to convenience, the system could be avoided, and rates could be exacted from all tenants. But the system was adopted very widely, and it had the sanction of the late Sir George C. Lewis when he was at the head of the Poor Law Commission. It is perhaps surprising that, in disregard of this high authority, as well as of the outcry which arose upon the abolition of compounding, Mr. Ayrton's Committee reported against the system. They stated the clear result of the evidence taken before them to be that, as a general rule, parishes were likely to benefit in a financial point of view by the abolition of composition. It appears, however, that at Birmingham and some other places this financial benefit has been counterbalanced by grievous hardships inflicted and loud complaint excited by the change of system. But it is nevertheless true that if the recommendations of the Committee were adopted to their full extent, composition might be abolished with general advantage.

The Committee propose that all local rates should be assessed on the same basis and collected by the same hand, and that the collections should be made at frequent intervals. The weekly tenant might without inconvenience pay his rates monthly, and the expense of frequent collection would be compensated by the employment of the same collector for all rates. Mr. Goschen has partially adopted this idea in the Bill which he has brought into the House of Commons. He proposes that the overseers shall not be entitled to collect more than a quarter's rate from weekly tenants, and that such tenants shall not be required to pay more of the rates than will be covered by two weeks' rent. He also proposes that such tenants shall be allowed to deduct the rate they pay from the rent due, or accruing due, to their landlords. Thus the Reform Act is not to be touched. The controversy of 1867 is not to be re-opened. Weekly tenants are to be rated, and to be liable to pay the rates. But then they may deduct the payment from their rent. This is in effect, however it may be disguised in words, a transfer of the liability for rates from the tenant to the landlord, and thus one-half of the system of compounding is to be restored. But then it will be said that the owner of property let by the week is subjected to a liability from which the owner of other property is exempt. Mr. Goschen admits that there is some force in this argument, because such a landlord might have to pay rates for property that was not let during the whole of the period for which the rate extended. As a fresh charge would be placed on a certain kind of property, the Bill would propose that that circumstance should be taken into account in determining the rateable value of that kind of property. Here we seem to get the other half of the system of compounding; for whether you rate high and then make a deduction, or whether you rate low in the first instance, comes practically to the same thing. We do not know, nor do we care, what will become, under Mr. Goschen's proposal, of the moral improvement of weekly tenants, and perhaps it would be well that that figment of Mr. Disraeli's brain, having served its purpose, should be forgotten. If only it could be agreed that the assessment and collection of rates should be regarded purely as an economical subject, there might be some hope of attaining to a rational and intelligible system. But the determination to treat this subject from a political point of view threatens to involve it in inextricable confusion. It is not our present purpose to express any opinion upon the political value of what are called the rate-paying clauses of the Reform Act; but, for the sake of simplicity of legislation, it would be desirable to make a clean sweep of them, or else to adopt the recommendations of Mr. Ayrton's Committee to nearly their full extent.

The first operation in local taxation is to ascertain the property which is to be the subject of rating, and the value which is to be set upon it. This operation is now generally performed by Assessment Committees of Boards of Guardians. The valuation rolls prepared by these Committees are only applicable to the assessment of poor-rate, but it has been proposed to make the same rolls applicable for all purposes of local rating and taxation. The authorities by which rates are imposed are many and various, and the greatest diversity of procedure exists among them. There is not any certain time for which rates are to be assessed. In some parishes they are made yearly, in others half-yearly, thrice yearly, and quarterly. Rates for different purposes are made at different periods. In some places one collector collects several rates. In other places several collectors are employed. It is suggested that one consolidated rate should be imposed to answer all charges for a year. The officers employed to collect this rate might also be employed to collect the assessed taxes and the income-tax. The power of excusing persons from payment of rates should be transferred from magistrates and overseers to Boards of Guardians, and the owner of every tenement the occupier of which has been excused payment of rates on the ground of poverty should be liable to two-thirds of the rate. The foregoing are the principal recommendations of Mr. Ayrton's Committee, and, without adopting them entirely, we may say that they propose a system which would suffice to lay for ever the ghost of the compounder. But the result of the passing of Mr. Goschen's Bill will be, not a system, but confusion. However, it may suffice for the present year, and further experience will decide whether it will be possible permanently to abolish composition. There is no doubt that even in places where the loudest outcry has been raised, the produce of rates collected since the passing of the Reform Act has been greater than it was before. It may, indeed, be said that the collection of these rates has caused more misery than it has relieved; and certainly it would not be possible to persevere in a system which involved the periodical summoning of many thousands of ratepayers before magistrates. The system of compounding was not perfect, but it would have very well borne letting alone.

MADAME RACHEL AGAIN.

WE had—shall we own it?—from the first, rather a sneaking liking to the woman Levison, who was pleased to call herself Madame Rachel. Supremacy in anything subdues, and there was such a perfection in the matchless and superb impudence of the purveyor of the Beautiful for Ever that there was no resisting her. She had taken her measure of human kind—that is, of female kind,

for we remember the American authority which denies even the humanity of woman—and as she meant to succeed she succeeded. Surely to have the dash and go in her to announce the Cosmetic Water distilled from magnetic rocks in the Great Sahara, and brought fresh every morning on swift dromedaries by special arrangement with the Emperor of Morocco, and to price it at two guineas a bottle, and to sell it too, showed no common mind. And then she really was ill-used. If we believe in the Recorder's law, she ought never to have been found guilty of the offence of which she was convicted, and which she is now expiating, how many soever were the sins against society in general, or Mrs. Borrodaile in particular, which Mrs. Levison may have committed. And then since she has been down she has struggled and screamed as loud as Prometheus, and with as good a will. She has tried for a new trial, or rather she has got hold of a view, and there may be something in it, that the judge who convicted her, Mr. Commissioner Kerr, was either no judge, or *pro tanto* no judge, or that the Court presided over by Mr. Commissioner Kerr was not duly or sufficiently constituted. Anyhow, she has tried a good many dodges since her conviction, including, among others, an action against her attorney for mismanaging her affairs, or appropriating or misappropriating her assets. In other words, she has contrived to let us know that she was not only alive, but kicking.

Madame Rachel's last move is characteristic. She is going to sell off her furniture and effects. This again shows how well she is up to the heights, or depths, of our human folly. Nothing so pleases that particular class of folk in which she has found what we should call her dupes, and Levison herself would call her patronesses, as an auction, and a little personal memorial of, or proximity to, what is just verging on, or has nearly stumbled over, the bounds of the strictest propriety. Advertise the elegant furniture and chaste effects of some St. John's Wood villa, and let it be generally circulated that there are on view the belongings of somebody's cast-off mistress, or the broken-down Nancy Dawson of the day, and the poor creature's traps and gilt trinkets are sure to be sold for twice their weight in solid gold twice refined, and maid and matron will squabble, or at any rate bid against each other, for the very dubious honour of possessing a vulgar Aspasia's combs and brushes. Madame Rachel's sale will answer; at any rate the catalogue is characteristic, and almost worth the shilling which—for we are much as silly in these matters as other folk—we were actually fools enough to give for it. When we sent for it from the respectable auctioneer, the messenger had to wait two hours for it till it was duly scented; and thus, reeking with patchouli or vitiver, or whatever the fragrance or frowziness is, there is the inventory of the contents of No. 50 Maddox Street to be had by anybody else who is equally flush with shillings and folly. We must own to some disappointment with the contents of the "Private Residence." Like some other curious persons who are said to have ordered what they hoped to find spicy literature, as they call it, and received a packet of dull tracts, so we. Mrs. Sarah Levison, from something we remember of her trial, used to deal in china as well as Arabian and other waters—at least Lord Ranelagh spoke of buying some crockery of her; and her house—or at any rate this sale—seems to be made up of china plates and Indian bronzes. These very ordinary items exhaust the list of this curious woman's collection, or stock in trade. If people are prepared to accept the authenticity of "a rare ebony Indian table, inlaid with silver and buhl, and presented by Nana Sahib to the King of Delhi," or a "handsome fire-screen, describing the acts of Garibaldi, presented by his daughter to Madame Rachel," or sundry other souvenirs from Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, Madame Soyer, and the present French Emperor, they may do it on the same guarantee which satisfied the buyers of the Circassian gums, magnetic rock-dew, and Jordan water. There is a good deal of wine to be sold, and we are rather surprised that, as there is a sale at all, there is not a good deal more to be sold. One thing is rather, if not very, curious; we mean the sort of books which we are expected to believe occupied Levison's hours of lettered and studious leisure. Among the contents of "Madame Rachel's library" we find—besides forty-two French novels, the genuine possessorship of which no one will be disposed to dispute—Mill on *Liberty*; Xenophon's *Opera*; Colenso on the *Pentatruch*; *Thucydias*, 2 vols.; Molière's *Ouvres*; Rant's *Critique of Reason*; Keble's *Christian Year*; Compte's *Philosophie Positive*; and Butler's *Analogy*. We preserve the spelling. Either the story that Levison could not read or write is not true, or the purchasers who are going to give long prices for genuine memorials of this notorious woman are as abounding in faith as the customers of the Arabian Perfumer to the Queen and the Royal Courts of Europe; or—which is the more charitable conclusion—we have misunderstood our Rachel all along. The world knows not of its greatest men. The choicest saints are hidden. Far from spending a worthless life on essences, grease-pots, and enamels, Levison was, if we are to judge from her favourite authors, a hard student. Her lamp at midnight hour was not burning philtres and love potions, but was out-watching the Bear with Butler's *Analogy*, and unsphering the spirit of Immanuël Kant—whom the auctioneer calls Rant—unfolding the mysteries of Auguste Comte, and studying, and we dare say refuting from her own Hebrew standpoint, the maligner of the Pentateuch. The Rachel Library opens up quite a new view of our old friend's character. Anyhow, we congratulate Madame Rachel that in her sorrowful estate she has still sufficient reliance on herself and on the British public to venture on this extremely audacious and, in its way, amusing venture for notoriety, and, which is much more to the purpose, solid pudding. We always said that she would make no bad thing of her collapse; and we wish her sale, what it is sure to find, all success.

REVIEWS.

GUICCIARDINI.*

(Second Notice.)

GUICCIARDINI began and ended as an historian. His first youthful work—unpublished till the other day, when it was printed from his autograph in the archives of his family—was an unfinished History of Florence under the "tyranny" (in the old Greek sense) of the first Medici, then under the restored popular government, down to the first great blow struck by the League of Cambrai at the battle of Agnadello or Ghiaradadda—a history in part of his own times, and a remarkable effort for a youth of twenty-five. His last employment, on which death found him still intent, was the great History of Italy by which his name is chiefly known. But active public business, not literature, was what he set before himself as his aim, and what was, in fact, the main occupation of his life. He was not an observer looking on at a distance, to whom to be occasionally conversant with the details and responsibilities of action is a novel and curious change to his ordinary habits. He wrote a great deal, and was fully conscious of his qualifications as a writer; but the object and purpose of his life was not to write and record and pass judgment on what was going on, but to play a leading and important part in it. He and, like him, Machiavelli, were writers because they were ambitious and practical politicians, and they wrote out of the abundance of their very real and varied experience. His first literary attempt, his fragment of Florentine history, was probably intended, in part at least, for a practical end. The young advocate, who was diligently training himself, in the exercise of his profession and of the various civil functions which attended it, for the public career on which he had set his mind, and who had shocked his cautious father by laying a foundation for it in a marriage alliance with one of the most powerful houses of Florence, used his time of comparative waiting and leisure, before the stress of real work came upon him, in reviewing the circumstances amidst which he had to begin to act; in tracing back recent events and changes, as far as they were connected with the emergencies of to-day, and practically affected them; in collecting distinctly before his own mind the best judgments he could make about the men, some lately dead, some still alive, who had shaped the present with which he would soon have to do; in clearing and fixing his thoughts as to the tendencies which he saw at work, the dangers and obstacles that were either inherent in things or the legacy of past mistakes, and what in them was inevitable and insuperable, what admitted of resistance or remedy; the conditions which a citizen of Florence, desirous of her welfare and greatness, must take account of, in the state of the world in which he found himself, and the principles on which he might most wisely and hopefully deal with them.

But, with whatever view written, the sketch is the most interesting account which we have of perhaps the most interesting crisis in the history of Florence; the crisis which determined the fate of free and rightful government, and the chances of political improvement in Italy for three centuries to come. The seeds and germs of t were in the city of Florence alone; there only men had the intellect to imagine it, and the head and spirit to aspire after it, in however imperfect a manner. In that republic alone, perhaps, on the Continent, the idea survived and was seriously entertained, that government is for the governed, and should be, to secure this, by the governed. And the struggle at Florence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was to ascertain whether this was practicable. The verdict of events was against it. The power of the world, in vast and overwhelming and accumulating forces, was in the hands of those whose only notion of government was that it is for the advancement, the pleasure, the glory of those who could get hold of it. To an Emperor of the Romans, to a Vicar of Christ, to a King of France or of Spain, and to those who served them, the political ideas which prevailed at Florence seemed simply the height of impertinent and ridiculous childishness; and in the terrible shocks of war among these mighty and ruthless Powers, these ideas were crushed and perished. But the chimerical ideas which were current with the multitude in Florence, and which interested its public men, are now in substance the ideas of civilized society. With all their gross faults, and their incredible and grotesque blunderings, and with all their fruitless and tragic efforts to accomplish the impossible, Florence and Venice—alas, hating and jealous of one another—were spots in a world of selfish fraud and brute force in which public spirit really lived, and in which reason and justice were allowed to go for something in ordering the civil relations of men; and it was so in Florence more than in Venice. This will always give an interest to their history out of proportion to the smallness of the stage on which it was played, and unaffected by the complete and disastrous eclipse which for a time seemed to pass judgment on the principles which they prematurely sought to realize.

* *Opere inedite di Francesco Guicciardini*, illustrate da G. Canestrini. 10 vols. Firenze: 1857–1867.

Guicciardini's sketch follows the course of the last two of those alternations which were continually succeeding one another at Florence, between the "*Governo stretto*" and the "*Governo largo*," the "close" and the "open" system of government. Under the first Medici things were far from having yet arrived at the gross despotism of the later ones or of the Dukes of Milan, or even at the arbitrary rule of the men who became upstart "Signori" at Lucca or Bologna. The liberty of Florence, within as much as without, was not an idea without meaning, even to the mind of Lorenzo. But the eternal problem which the statesmen of Florence were revolving was, how the city might be free, and yet the wisest and fittest men govern it; and the eternal oscillation was between freedom on the one hand, with the chances and results of ignorance and confusion, and ability and wisdom on the other, tempting to ambition, usurpation, and violence, and provoking conspiracy or revolution. With the "Governo largo" power was, it seemed, sure to come into the hands of unfit and incapable men, and fit men would decline it or be excluded. With the "Governo stretto" there might be the rule of the most competent; but it seemed equally inevitable that they should turn their power to their own advantage, and ruin the rights and freedom of the rest. These are the two sides of the question which Guicciardini illustrates, with keen penetration and grave and relentless impartiality, in the *τυραννίς* of Cosimo and Lorenzo (they knew the old Greek term as well as thing), in the restoration of popular government by Piero Capponi, Francesco Valori, and Savonarola, and in the modified democracy with a Gonfaloniere for life under Piero Soderini. The history is a proof of what the civil education of Florence was. The work of a young man of twenty-five (we have the date incidentally given us, when he was writing, 1508), it is not only a vigorous narrative, but it is full of that keen discrimination between appearance and reality which it takes reflection and experience to give, and of delicate and subtle appreciation of motives, and still more, of the whole of a complicated and varied character. And, except in the direction of cautious distrust of all things human, it is difficult to discern any bias; on each side he is free of criticism, but he is not afraid to praise. Such a work seems to presuppose great and active discussion of public matters among men of strong and free sense and keen wit, and an early familiarity with such arguments and such company among the younger men; and it illustrates what he says of the difficulty of governing a city like Florence:—

> Massime sendo questa una città liberissima nel parlare, piena di ingegni sottilissimi e inquietissimi, e uno imperio piccolo, di non potere cogli utili pascere tutti i cittadini, ma sendo necessario che contentatane una piccola parte, se altri ne fussino escluso.—Vol. iii. 84.

The narrative is written simply, easily, and succinctly; there is movement in the story as it unfolds itself; and it is written also with a kind of sly archness which reveals a great deal that is not directly shown. We have a companion picture to put beside it, the more mature work of Machiavelli, which goes over much of the same ground; and it does not seem to us that the work of the younger writer, younger not merely in date but when he wrote, suffers by the comparison. Compare, for instance, the account in each of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, or of the administration and character of Lorenzo. Machiavelli is fuller, and perhaps tells us more; but Guicciardini, with just as much subtlety, keenness of insight, and vivid sense of reality, is more rapid and more readable; he is, as yet, less studied; and there is the charm of fresh and personal experience which belongs to a man who is writing in the midst of the things which he relates, who has lived in the midst of the recent actors in them, and reflects what he saw in the scenes he describes, and heard in the circles which discussed them. Many of his passing remarks and criticisms seem the very echoes of the talk of Florence; such a sentence as this, in his character of Savonarola, whom he judges with curious impartiality:—

> Dottissimo in molto facoltà, massimo in filosofía, la quale possedeva sì bene e se ne valeva sì a ogni suo proposito, *come se avessi fattala lui.*

Or in his concluding remarks on the Pazzi conspiracy:—

> E questo è il fine delle divisioni e discordie civili: lo sterminio di una parte; il capo dell' altra diventa signore della città; i fautori ed aderenti sua, di compagni quasi sudditi; il popolo e lo universale ne rimane schiavo: vanne lo Stato per eredità; e spesse volte di uno savio vieno in uno pazzo, che poi dà l' ultimo tuffo alla città.

The history breaks off abruptly in the midst of Soderini's government, the failure of which—as Guicciardini, when he was writing, clearly foresaw—was inevitable, though it need not have been ignominious. Four years afterwards, while Guicciardini was in Spain, endeavouring to satisfy Ferdinand for the alleged offences of the Republic in standing aloof from the Holy League against France, and reporting home the fair words which the King gave him, the King's Viceroy in Italy surprised the Republic, upset the popular Government, chased away Soderini, who fled without trying to strike a blow, and with a Spanish army replaced the Medici in Florence. Long afterwards, in another and very different time of distress, when Clement VII. was trying to bargain with the Constable of Bourbon who was marching on Rome, Guicciardini seems to have been remembering the fate of the Republic, and the way in which it was lost, when he gave the warning that the time of negotiation was in those days often the time for dealing the deathblow—"ricordandosi che spesso si danno i colpi mortali tra la guerra e la tregua." But the issue of the long experiment, the recent course of which was the subject of the historical sketch which we have been noticing, decided his political views and his course. Soderini's government was the last chance for popular government, and he evidently thought that there was a chance of it if Soderini, who was an honest man, had been an abler and more energetic one. But Soderini shrank equally from what was violent, and what was wisely bold and strong. Guicciardini recounts his father's advice to Soderini, to let the exiled Medici come back and live like citizens at Florence, instead of like fugitive princes in foreign Courts, stirring up intrigues and exciting pity; but Soderini's timid jealousy shrank from it. In a diary of the time Guicciardini thus writes of him:—

> Siamo nell' anno 1512, ed è Gonfaloniere a vita già il nono anno Piero Soderini, ed è la città nelle cose di drento in questi termini; che lui si trova con grande podestà; gli uomini di qualità e a' quali pare convenirsi riputazione, depressi; ed i magistrati e onori si distribuiscono molto largamente e spesso in uomini che non gli meritano, o per ignobilità di casa, o per valere poco ed essere cattivi. Di questo nasce che essendo gran parte degli uomini prudenti quasi alienati dalle cure pubbliche, ed avendo si può dire abbandonata la città; e il Gonfaloniere facendo deliberare le cose ne' numeri grandi, perchè gli uomini savi vi abbino meno parte, e che le si deliberino più a suo modo, rimane la città quasi in sul governo di lui solo. Di che seguita che le cose pubbliche e dello Stato non sono ben governate, e si vive in molte cose quasi a beneficio di natura: perchè lui non può reggere tanto peso essendo solo, o non avendo tale parte, come la esperienza ha mostro, che si potessi meritamente chiamarlo uomo savio e valente.—Vol. x. p. 87.

He made up his mind, when Soderini fell, that popular government was an impracticable and hopeless attempt; and under the circumstances of the time, and in the condition of Italy and the world, there can be little doubt that, in so judging, he was right. The time for free government had been; the time for freedom, justice, and public spirit might come again, and it has come. But his age was one of those hours of darkness when justice in matters of government speaks in vain, and when the dictates of invincible reason and certain truth are forced, by the unhappiness of the times, to wear the aspect of the most extravagant dreams. It is undeniable that a man of sober sense could have very little hope, in the times which were passing then, of finding the materials of a stable and orderly government in the quick-witted but jealous and sensitive and changeable people of Florence, exposed to perpetual and remorseless intrigues, and made restless by unceasing alarms and terrible dangers; still less that the most honest government of freedom and justice could avail to save its independence amid the clashing and lawless ambitions of Popes and Kings. A greater man than Guicciardini, when he recognised that the time was not ripe for the triumph of justice and truth, might have preferred to wait in faith, and meanwhile to be counted a fool for his principles and hopes. A lesser man might have weakly struggled to resist the irresistible, and caused misery and confusion by the attempt. Guicciardini, eager for work and conscious of power, was a man to make the best of things. "Nè i pazzi, nè i savii," was one of his sayings, "non possono finalmente resistere *a quello che ha da essere.*" When he came home from Spain, he ranged himself at once on the side of the Medici, and devoted himself to their service. To have a government of purpose, counsel, and force, such as, in that state of the world, it was vain to hope for from the disorderly assemblies and the uncertain and shifting authorities of the "open" democracy, seemed to him the only chance for the independence of Florence; and the Medici seemed the only men capable of heading such a government. To save independence, he was willing, probably with but qualified reluctance, to sacrifice freedom; yet he did not forget that the popular intelligence, which he fully recognised, and the long use of liberty, had made Florence peculiarly difficult to break in to despotism; and he knew the Medici well, though he was very far yet from knowing them as in the course of time he was to know them. But he could see no alternative. The following extracts are from a collection of notes and observations which he left to his family (*Ricordi politici e civili*). They belong to his later life, but they represent the conclusions to which he very early came:—

> Più difficultà ha ora la casa de' Medici con tutta la grandezza sua a conservare lo Stato in Firenze che non ebbono gli antichi suoi, privati cittadini, a acquistarlo. La ragione è, che allora la città non aveva gustato la libertà e il vivere largo; anzi, era sempre in mano di pochi, e però chi reggeva lo Stato non aveva lo universale per inimico; perchè a lui importava poco vedere lo Stato più in mano di questi che di quelli. Ma la memoria del vivere populare continuata del 1494 al 1512 si è appiccata tanto nel populo, che eccetto quelli pochi che in uno Stato stretto confidano di potere soprafare gli altri, il resto è inimico di chi è padrone dello Stato, parendogli sia stato tolto a sè medesimo.—*Ricordi politici* (1528), No. 376, vol. i. 213.
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> Non disegni alcuno a Firenze potersi fare capo di Stato se non è della linea di Cosimo, la quale anche a mantenervisi ha bisogna de' papati. Nessuno altro, e sia chi vuole, ha tanto barbe o tanto seguito che vi possa pensare, se già non vi fussi portato da uno vivere populare, che ha bisogno di capi pubblici; come fu fatto a Piero Soderini; però chi aspira a questi gradi, o non sia della linea de' Medici, ami il vivere del populo.—*Ib.*, No. 377 (i. 214).
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> Chi non ha in Firenze qualità da farsi capo di Stato, è pazzo a ingolfarsi tanto in uno Stato [particular constitution, or form of government] che corra tutta la fortuna sua colla fortuna di quello; perchè è sanza comparagione maggiore la perdita che il guadagno. . . . . Esempio abondante è a chi se ne ricorda Bernardo Rucellai; e la medesima ragione ci debbe consigliare a temporeggiarci, e intratenerci in modo con chi è capo di Stato, che non abbia causa di averci per inimici e sospetti.
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> Io sarei pronto a cercare le mutazioni degli Stati che non mi piacessino, se potessi sperare mutargli da me solo; ma quando mi ricordo che bisogna fare compagnia con altri, e il più delle volte con pazzi e con maligni, e quali non sanno tacere, nè sanno fare, non è cosa che io abhorrisca più a pensare che a questo.—*Ib.*, No. 379, 380.

Guicciardini, then, frankly accepted what he considered to be the necessities of a Florentine citizen who wanted to take part

in public life. He served Leo X.; he served Clement VII.; he served Alessandro, and then, as far as he was allowed, the second Cosimo. And he served them with his eyes open, knowing perfectly what sort of men they were, because active life on any other conditions seemed to him impossible or useless. Every purer and nobler road was closed. His was not that "prudence which makes a man keep silence in an evil time." He saw the world round him with much the same eyes as Machiavelli; but he took what he found with the grave earnest of an accomplished and deeply occupied official, too busy and too positive to speculate on the right hand or the left, to complain, or even much to laugh at things, except in passing, with a touch of involuntary amusement and sarcasm, but with little trace of that grim, terrible humour, telling of intense scorn in the background at the wickedness and still more the weakness round him, which we feel to pervade every line of Machiavelli in his most direct, and even in his most tragic, passages.

Guicciardini's official correspondence, first from the Court of Ferdinand of Aragon, and then as the Pope's representative clothed with supreme civil and military authority in the Emilia and Romagna, is at least as interesting as any portion of this collection. His letters are of much value as documents illustrating the history of the time, and they show a good deal of the man himself. The Spanish Embassy led to nothing, and there was not in reality much to do. The crafty old King amused the young Ambassador with civil speeches, which Guicciardini perfectly understood, and treated him, as he is careful to report, with "discrezione e umanità grandissima," while his Viceroy was plotting and accomplishing the overthrow of the Ambassador's country. But it gave Guicciardini a near view of a specimen of the kings of the time, and an opportunity of studying for himself one of these formidable potentates; and he was deeply impressed with the King's immense ability, his immense dissimulation, and his terrible power. He quotes the proverb, which he says the Moors have of "this Majesty"—"*che questo Re scrive le lettere a modo suo, e che Dio gliene soscrive tutte.*" He appears to have been particularly struck with the military order and organization which he saw in Spain. Ferdinand's perfect craft and mastery of all indirect ways was long remembered by him with hardly dissembled admiration. The crown of it was that, known to be a deceiver, yet Ferdinand got men to go on trusting him:—

> Ancora che uno abbia nome di simulatore o di ingannatore, si vede che pure qualche volta gl' inganni suoi truovano fede. Pare strano a dirlo, ma è verissimo, e io mi ricordo, il Re Cattolico, più che tutti gli altri uomini, essere in questo concetto; e nondimeno ne' suoi maneggi non gli mancava mai chi gli credessi più che il debito: a questo bisogna che proceda o dalla semplicità o dalla cupidità degli uomini; questi per credere facilmente quello desiderano, quelli per non cognoscere.—*Ib.*, No. 105.

The letters of so quick an observer are not likely to want for incidental touches of interest. Spain was not a pleasant place for a foreigner; and he especially notices the contrast of character between Spaniards and Englishmen, then in close alliance with Spain, which was soon to lead to such fierce national antipathy:—

> E vedute queste diffidenze comminciate a nascere tra gl' Inghilesi e costoro, si può facilmente dubitare, che avendo ad essere in uno medesimo campo, possa nascere fra loro ogni giorno disparere; massime che le nature non sono conformi, e anche naturalmente queste due nazioni sono molto inimiche.

The correspondence also contains the letters to Guicciardini from his relatives and friends at home. Among them is one with an animated description of the battle of Ravenna, and another with an account, written on the spot, of the overthrow of Soderini's Government.

In the *Carteggio*, a correspondence relating to his government under Leo X. and Clement VII., he plays a much more important part. He shows the qualities of an able and energetic officer, placed in a very difficult and hazardous post, with dangers all round him, with very slippery masters to serve, and expected, as was common in those days, to do the most important work with the most inefficient and desperate means. He was to keep order and peace in the Pope's new conquests, with the corruption and lawlessness of the Court of Rome countenancing and stimulating the disorder of the native factions. He had to maintain the Pope's power by bands of brutal and plundering mercenaries, and to get the money to pay them as he could, in fitful and inadequate supplies. He was, if we may judge by his correspondence, indefatigable, resolute, vigilant, and, what was very necessary, patient; not fond of severity, but perfectly ready for it. He tells with great satisfaction how, at his first entrance on his office, he had seized a troublesome military partisan of the neighbourhood, of good connexion and formidable character, and had him summarily tried and beheaded, without giving him any chance of appealing; a proceeding which he considers to have produced a very good effect. If we are to believe him, his stern but just and impartial rule earned him popularity in these provinces, where plunder and oppression were usually the order of things. But perhaps the most interesting portion of the despatches is that in which he follows day by day the march of the Constable of Bourbon's fierce companies—a fresh invasion of the barbarians on their own account, rather than the advance of a regular army set in motion under the orders of a belligerent Government—to sack Rome, and put the Pope to ransom. It was a mad enterprise, except against an opponent made utterly helpless by his absolute reliance on the devices of insincerity. The band of adventurers marched through Italy in the midst of hostile camps, by almost impassable roads and amid deluges of rain. It was only to attack them; there were the soldiers to attack them; but the soldiers would not fight without money, and for this the money was not forthcoming, while Clement was vainly offering huge sums to buy off the invaders. Guicciardini's urgent counsels are characteristic of the time. Florence, the Pope's first resource for money, was exhausted. The Pope, he urges, must raise money himself now. It is no use for him to be nice about the means. Let him sell as many Cardinals' hats as he can, and not listen, at such a crisis, to weak and vain scruples. Later, the time for resistance has passed; and then he is urgent about raising the money, if not to fight Bourbon, at least to buy him off:—

> Questo capitano franzese (Marchese di Saluzzo) non può essere più debole, nè pensare manco alle cose: la gente d' arme sua male pagata, e i fanti suoi sanza uno quattrino, fanno tanti mali alli amici, che li inimici non so se ne fanno tanti; d' onde nasce la desperazione di populi, il serrarci le terre in sul viso, e tanti disordini; nè lui vuole, può, o sa provvedervi. Dio mi è testimonio che io muoio ogni dì mille volte, trovandomi in tanto caos, necessitato a pensare, a ricordare e importunare ogni minima cosa, e alla fine impotente a farla eseguire. . . . E adunque unico rimedio lo accordo, conosciuto bene da voi, ma mal aiutato; perchè non posso credere che a Firenze siano ora tanti contanti che bastino a fare ritirare costoro [the Imperialists] e vorrei che se non potessino supplire loro (i Fiorentini) ne fussino aiutati da voi; e voi non avendo altro modo, *mettessi mano agli estraordinarii*, i quali non so per che maggiore necessità o maggiore pietà s' abbino ad adoperare: e se voi pensate mettervi mano seguendo la guerra, quanto è meglio farlo ora per levarsela da dosso, e quanto sarà più santo e più pio. E se non vi ne risolvete al presente, vi interverrà come di molte altre cose che fuora di tempo avete voluto fare . . . in queste ambiguità vostre e diffidenze di altri veggo che o sarete presi una mattina nel letto, o vi converrà fuggire. Però per l' amore di Dio risolvetevi che l' accordo abbia effetto traendo di qualunque luogo quelli danari che non si possino cavare di Firenze: perchè questo è minore male che qualunque altro.—Al Datario (Giov. Giberti), 21 Aprile, 1527.

"Choose the least evil," is his continual appeal; and selling Cardinals' hats is a less evil than the ruin of Rome and the Pope; but, at any rate, *choose:* to fight in earnest, to buy off in earnest, or to throw up the game and fly. The temporizing Romans irritate him by telling him that he is too hasty; that his last alternative is a "partito pazzo e disperato":—

> Non volli allora dire in mio linguaggio altro, se non che è necessario non differire più a risolversi; e se i mali che si aspettino di questa ruina, sono i maggiori mali che possino essere, stimare manco *tutti gli altri rispetti che questo*, quando anche ce ne sia qualcuno che vaglia più; dico che s' ha a tornare a gittarsi in terra, *e quanto più presto l' uomo sa quello che ha a essere, tanto è meglio.* 18 Aprile, 1527.

The next day—in a little more than a fortnight afterwards Rome was sacked—he returns to the charge. He urges the spiritual mischief of a victory by heretical Lanzknechts as a set off against the scruples of those who hesitated to sell Cardinals' hats to raise money to resist them. It may be doubted whether he cared so much about the spiritual evils themselves which he described, as about the effect on the Pope's measures which his enumeration of them might produce:—

> E perchè il punto principale è di provvedere alle spese, e che Firenze da per sè non basta, sendo esausta come ognuno sa, e danneggiata da' soldati inimici e amici, non so che resoluzioni saranno le vostre, e se continuerete in volere più tosto perire che aiutarvi: o se quello che non ha fatto la ragione e la necessità passata, lo farà almanco ora lo sdegno e la desperazione. Non vogliono li inimici, da Nostro Signore e da noi, se non tutto quello abbiamo: non hanno instrumenti e arme seco che solo offendino il temporale, ma ruinano le chiese, profanano li sacramenti, mettono eresia nella fede di Cristo: alle quali cose chi può fare conato di provvedere e non lo fa, massime essendo in grado chi è obbligato a farlo, credo sia sottoposto alla medesima infamia, alle medesime pene, e alla medesima offesa di Dio che loro. Se in Nostro Signore è tanto animo che possa patire primo perdere la gloria del mondo; perdere lo stato temporale che hanno acquistato i suoi predecessori; vedere ruinare la sua patria, che nè per nobiltà nè per qualità di ingegni, nè per li ossequi che ha fatto a casa sua, non lo merita; privare il sangue suo di quello grado e di quello splendore, che non gli hanno già dato i pontefici, ma le virtù e fortuna degli avoli suoi;—se tutte queste cose gli paiono vili rispetto a uno proposito (direi parole più gravi, se la riverenza non mi impedissi) che s' ha messo nell' animo di non volere con fare cardinali e con modi simili evitare tanta ruina, non gli debbi parere vile la autorità spirituale, la fede di Cristo, che perdendosi questa guerra se ne va in preda di Luterani. Non l' ha eletto Dio per suo Vicario a questo effetto, perchè lasci ruinare la chiesa e la fede sua, e empire il mondo di eretici; nè per difendere le cose sacre, la salute dell' anime, la fede nostra, può con buona coscienza scusarsi di fare provisione alcuna. Non è buon capo lasciare andare in preda le cose sante, non coscienza lasciare ruinare la fede di Cristo, non virtù lasciare i Cattolici in preda delli eretici. Ognuno che ha buon gusto conforta e prega Sua Santità a non tardare più a fare danari; a difendersi, poi che non può avere pace; e non voglia per l' amore di Dio differire tanto che siano tardi.

This is certainly not a high view of things. To save the Christian faith by deliberate and wholesale simony appears to him the obvious and reasonable course. But in Guicciardini's world and age it was not so unnatural. He might think that if the Papacy—which as an Italian he wished to support—were rightly maintained by the ordinary courses familiar to all the world in the daily policy of the Popes, a sacrilege more or less, in a moment of extreme danger, could not do much harm, and was not worth standing out about. If Cardinals' hats were constantly sold one by one, he probably could not understand why, in such desperate straits, they should not be sold in a lump. Guicciardini's unscrupulousness must be measured by the service in which he was engaged; and his being in that service at all must be judged of by reference to the conditions of his time. To follow public life in Italy, when the Most Christian King was Francis I., the Catholic King Ferdinand of Aragon or his grandson, and the Holiness of our Lord the Vicar of Christ was represented in Popes who were also Medici or Farnesi, condemned a man to strange necessities. What is to be said of men like Guicciardini and

Machiavelli—who, seeing no escape from these necessities, accepted their evil times as limits of irresistible fate, and made the best of the degraded Sparta to which they were born—is that they were men who, from real public spirit, could not bear to be idle; that they never deceived themselves as to the evils which yet they put up with, because they saw no way to remedy them; and that though the double character of servants and accomplices of fraud and violence, and its clear-sighted and unsparing denouncers, is not a pleasant one, yet they were the pioneers of improvement; they were among those reformers of a transition time, unable to extricate themselves from old trammels, whose acts are too much stamped with the evil habits of the past, but whose words, inconsistent as perhaps they may be, prepare for a better future. Guicciardini, with the strongest confidence in the force of reason and the power of good counsel, had also the strongest sense of the limits of human foresight, of the immense part in human affairs of the unthought-of and unexpected, and of the vanity of wasting strength on refractory obstacles which nothing but time could touch. He had no patience with the restlessness which frittered away a lifetime in varied experiments after what promised to be better, instead of throwing its whole force into one solid and concentrated effort in one direction, which after due balancing of good and bad seemed, if not the best, yet the least bad. His type and continual byword of incapacity was the accomplished but changeable and never satisfied Bernardo Rucellai, as Machiavelli's *bête noire* was Piero Soderini. But he looked in the face, and judged with cold, merciless reason, the evils from which he saw no present escape. His plain-speaking has been the warning and lesson to the times after him. To us it seems cynical. But this cynicism has been the way in which Italy men, short of the highest force of character, or hopelessly kept down by their circumstances, have given vent to their restrained indignation; and it was one side of a genuine and deep desire after that nobler lot of which they felt their country, with all its crimes and follies, to be worthy. Guicciardini, the officer, and an energetic and faithful one, of the Popes and the Medici family, has also, like Machiavelli, faithfully transmitted the tradition which has descended in our days to Giusti and Cavour. He has left the following judgments on that policy and system to which, on national grounds, he gave the main work of his life:—

> Non si può dire [he says, commenting on and qualifying Machiavelli's famous chapter on the Roman Church in the *Discorsi* on the First Decade of Livy]—non si può dire tanto male della corte romana che non meriti se ne dica più; perchè è una infamia, uno esemplo di tutti e vituperii e obbrobrii del mondo.—Vol. i. 27.
>
> Io non so [he says in his *Ricordi politici*] a chi dispiaccia più che a me la ambizione, la avarizia e la mollizie de' preti. Nondimeno, il grado che ho avuto con più pontefici, m' ha necessitato a amare per il particolare mio la grandezza loro; e se non fussi questo rispetto, avrei amato Martino Lutero quanto me medesimo, non per liberarmi dalle leggi indotte dalla religione cristiana nel modo che e interpretata e intesa communemente, ma per vedere ridurre questa caterva di scelerati a' termini debiti, cioè a restare o sanza vizii o sanza autorità.—*Ricordi*, No. 28.

He repeats it again in broader terms:—

> Io ho sempre desiderato naturalmente la ruina dello Stato ecclesiastico; e la fortuna ha voluto che sono stati dua pontefici tali che sono stato sforzato desiderare e affaticarmi per la grandezza loro; se non fussi questo rispetto, amerei più Martino Lutero che me medesimo, perchè spererei che la sua setta potessi ruinare o almanco tarpare le ale a questa scelerata tirannide de' preti.—*Ricordi*, No. 346.
>
> Tre cose desidero vedere innanzi alla mia morte; ma dubito, ancora che io vivessi molto, non ne vedere alcuna:—uno vivere di republica bene ordinato nella città nostra:—Italia liberata di tutti i Barbari:—e liberato il mondo della tirannide di questi scelerati preti.—*Ricordi*, No. 236.

PERRY'S GUIDE TO SCOTTISH HISTORY.*

HERE is a small book with a long title, and a book which makes one think that, if a great book is a great evil, a small book may be something more than a small evil. First of all, why should any one write books in question and answer? To any one not behind the scenes such a practice seems a profound mystery. The book is clearly not made either more interesting or more instructive by such an arrangement. No one would ask by choice that a story, as a story, should be cut up in this way, and no one can think that a lesson is thereby really made any plainer, or more easy to remember. The truth is that the fashion of writing books in question and answer is one devised wholly for the benefit of idle or stupid schoolmasters and mistresses. It is devised wholly for their benefit and to the great damage of their scholars. Some questions on the matter learned must be asked for very shame, and of course there is no test so good of the proficiency of either teacher or learner as the kind of questions which are asked and the kind of answers which are made to them. Now to put good questions, such as are likely to draw out good answers, calls for both knowledge and thought. But then think how much is asked for in these two simple words. Unless some folks are greatly maligned, there are many teachers in the land whose stock of knowledge is not great, and their stock of thought smaller still. For these it is that books are written in question and answer. The form of asking questions and receiving answers is kept up, but only the form. The wearisome process of thinking is dispensed with on both sides. The master no doubt solemnly puts his question, and the scholar, we will suppose, glibly makes his answer. But then the question is printed in the book which the master holds in his hand, and the answer is required to be learned by rote by the scholar. The master sets the question in the words of the book, and the scholar is expected to answer it in the words of the book. We believe that, if he departs for one jot or one tittle from the words of the prescribed answer, the offence is held to be quite as great as to make the grossest blunder about the facts of the matter in hand. Why not? Is it not the part of the learner to learn what is in the book and to say it? And is it not the part of the teacher to see that he says it as it is in the book? Why should either learner or teacher be wise above what is written? Why should either of them presume to decide that one departure from the text is venial, while another is confessedly mortal? We ourselves have always had a special liking for the child who, being asked what David did when they told him that his child was dead, promptly answered, "He cleaned himself and took to his victuals." According to our notions, for the child to translate the story into his own every-day speech showed that he thoroughly understood and entered into it. But such a child would get a very bad mark in a school where all the books are written on the principle of question and answer. And what, in such a school, would happen between teacher and scholar, if for a moment their parts and duties should be exchanged, if the learner should venture to ask a question, and should expect the teacher to answer it? What, in such a school, would happen to the adventurous child whose inquiring mind put a question which we recommend to the serious attention of the brothers Rawlinson, "Please, Teacher, did they milk Nebuchadnezzar along with the other cows?"

The mere fact then that the little book before us is in question and answer, so far sets us against it. But we begin to get a little more indignant when the authoress tells us in her preface that she has mainly followed Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, and that she has often made her answers in his very words. Now the *Tales of a Grandfather* are one of the books which fairly puzzle us. What should one do with such a book? Should one let a child read it or not? Should we be so stern as to forbid him to read a set of tales which, simply as tales, are among the most charming ever written? Or should we allow him the pleasure of reading them at the risk of getting his historical notions twisted all wrong for life? But though there may be a doubt about the *Tales of a Grandfather* in their natural state, there is no doubt at all as to the *Tales of a Grandfather* broken up into question and answer, and turned into an instrument of torture for the children who have to learn it by heart. By such a process all the poison is left, while all the sweetness is taken away. And, after all, there is a great deal in this small book which does not come out of the *Tales of a Grandfather* in any shape. We cannot trust Sir Walter Scott when the prejudices of Scottish nationality stand in the way of historical truth, but he had both too much sense and too much taste to trouble his grandson with the ridiculous fables which once passed as early Scottish history. But here we have the whole thing from Fergus the First, the contemporary of Alexander the Great, whom our authoress evidently looks on as a person about whose doings there is no more doubt than about the doings of John Knox and the Regent Murray. And so the thing goes on. "The first beginnings of Scottish Parliament appeared" in the reign of Finnan, who began to reign in B.C. 128. Perhaps this was to help to keep the number of constitutional States in the world up to the right figure, seeing that the Achaian League and the Republic of Carthage had both vanished during the reign of this prince's father. A little way on reigns Eder, who helped the southern Britons against Cæsar, but of whom Cæsar, very improperly, takes no notice in his Commentaries. And, to make matters worse, these public fictions are mixed up with private fictions, absurd stories about the origin of different families in Scotland—Grahams, Hays, and what not—all which we suppose that the children who have to get up the questions and answers are expected to believe. It is a slight ray of comfort to find that in the ninth and tenth centuries the English are called the English, but this ray is again darkened when we find the fight of Brunanburh most conveniently left out. To be sure it may lurk in the following mysterious answer:—

> A battle was fought at Dunbar, in which Athelstan reduced the Scots to such distress that their king was obliged to make the most abject concessions in order to preserve his crown.

Dunbar, we suppose, comes from the story in Fordun, about Æthelstan cleaving a rock in these parts with his sword, like Roland. But he puts—so far as Fordun can be said to put anything—Brunanburh in the "partes Anglorum australes." This can hardly mean Dunbar, such a little way within the northern frontier of Northumberland.

"Gregory the Great" reigning in Scotland as a contemporary of Ælfred amazed us for a moment. It looked so like not only a bold stroke of geography and chronology, but also a strange and caliph-like union of the two swords. But we recovered on remembering the Gregory of Fordun, who did many great acts, and who conquered pretty well the whole of England, though the English Chronicles have forgotten to say anything about it. The following question and answer are amusing:—

> *Q.* Who has dramatized the story of Duncan's death?
>
> *A.* The great English poet Shakspeare. He has founded his play upon certain facts in history, but to some extent it differs from the simple statement of the Scottish chroniclers.

* *A Guide to Scottish History, in Question and Answer, from the Earliest Period to the Union of the Crowns under James VI.; with a cursory View of Events to the Union of the Kingdoms under Queen Anne, May 1, 1707; ending with the Final Extinction of the Royal Line of Stuart in 1807.* By Elizabeth Perry. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

To be sure it does differ a good deal from the little that we can put together from our meagre authorities, English, Scottish, and Irish. Two things, however, are certain. One that Duncan was not, as we are still told, "treacherously murdered" by Macbeth. He was pursued and killed after a battle, a cruel deed in any case, a murder according to our notions, but not a particularly bad murder for Scotland in the eleventh century. Then it is equally certain that the war between Malcolm and Macbeth was not finished off so readily as Shakspeare and the Guide to Scottish History make out, but was prolonged for some while. Even after the death of Macbeth, the cause of his house, a house of rival claimants for the Scottish Crown, was maintained by his kinsman or stepson Lulach. On the whole, Macbeth is an injured man, and we feel half inclined to rehabilitate him.

In the Wallace and Bruce times we have of course the usual kind of talk on which it is needless to dwell for the ten thousandth time. We will pass on, and cull a specimen here and there of the later questions and answers. These we think reach their height when we come to the times of Mary, Darnley, and Bothwell—the times of Mr. Burton. It is really awful to turn over the pages and con the soul-harrowing questions. "What wickedness did Darnley meditate?" "How did Mary treat Darnley after this atrocious deed?" "Who next caused great trouble to the nation?" "What dreadful deed is Bothwell suspected of?" "What audacious step did Bothwell next take?" "What other guilty act did Bothwell commit?" What, we should like to know, would happen if the scholar should forget the exact distinction between the "dreadful deed," the "audacious step," and the "guilty act," and should put the wicked doings of Bothwell in a wrong order? But we must do our Guide the justice to say, as indeed our readers may have inferred already, that no sign whatever is shown of a wish to turn Mary Stuart into a suffering saint.

The whole system of question and answer seems to us so utterly wrong from the beginning that we are perhaps not very good judges as to the merits of this or that particular question. But we would gently ask whether it is not a mistake to overload the questions with epithets and big words. A little fine writing may be endurable in the answers, but surely the questions should preserve a stern simplicity. We turn at a shot to the reign of James the Second; let no one think that we are apologists of the murder of the young Douglasses; like the authors of one of the forms of prayer from which Lord Stanhope delivered us, "we cannot reflect upon so foul an act without horror and astonishment," but it strikes us that a question is almost as ill chosen a place as a prayer for any very strong expression of horror and astonishment. But our Guide asks, "Did this barbarous and treacherous act produce all that Crichton desired?" So a little further on, "What resulted from these traitorous proceedings?" "How did the King try to rid himself of these tyrannies?" "What unhappy circumstance abruptly terminated the tranquillity of the kingdom?" The unhappy circumstance, be it remembered, is no other than the bursting of the cannon which abruptly terminated the reign and life of James the Second in 1460. Now this sort of style shows the unreality of the whole thing. No one would ask real, natural, *vivâ voce* questions in this penny-a-liner's dialect. Why on earth cannot we have a straightforward account of what happened without these absurd interruptions?

One extract more, to set forth the sad estate of Scotland after the departure of James the Sixth for England and how grievously the members of two learned professions fell away from their ideal standard:—

Q. Was the union productive of no good to Scotland?

A. It was the most unfortunate change for Scotland. By the removal of its regal court, it was at once deprived of all objects that refine and animate a people, and a universal dejection seemed to overtake the nation.

Q. In what way was the change most observable?

A. In the rapid decline of learning. The court being withdrawn, and most of the nobles being with James in England, there remained no standard for correctness of speech.

Q. Did not the intercourse between the two nations supply the defect?

A. The intercourse was too inconsiderable, and the ancient prejudices were still unremoved, so that the Scots possessed no means of refining the language according to the purity of the English standard.

Q. Are not the clergy mostly the disseminators of elegance and correctness in the modes of speech?

A. Yes; but in that age the Scottish clergy were more eminent for piety than learning; their modes of expression were both inelegant and incorrect.

Q. Are not the pleaders of the bar also distinguished for their propriety of speech?

A. Yes; but at the time of which we are speaking, the advocates and lawyers also fell into a loose and inaccurate style, and in writing, they introduced those vicious forms of speech which are termed Scotticisms.

Alas for the good old English of Bernicia.

FERGUSSON'S TREE AND SERPENT WORSHIP.*

THE patronage of literature or of the fine arts has never been exercised by any department of Government in this country to anything like the same extent as it is among most of the leading nations of Europe. We are, moreover, threatened just now with a resuscitation in high places of the spirit of Joseph Hume. A policy of cheeseparing and skinning of flints may serve as a reactionary check upon a temper of liberality and loving indulgence of art which had begun to show itself of late in more than one quarter. The more prompt, then, and the more hearty should be our appreciation of the act of any of our high departmental authorities in wielding the powers of office in furtherance of the direct interests of science or taste. To those charged with the administration of our Eastern affairs has been generally due, we cannot but admit, the palm of boldness and discrimination in the stimulus thus given to letters or the arts. A certain tinge of magnificence, reflected from the Orient realms subject to their sway, has been thrown for the most part over what has thus been originated or sanctioned in that department by the successors of the Moguls. The sums lavished even by the old Court of Directors upon the history, the monuments, or the scientific exploration of India are seldom taken into sufficient account in the general balance against that much-abused body. The case of the Schlagintweits may indeed be thought to speak more for the art of getting at the ear of head-quarters than for the discrimination shown in sanctioning an outlay so far beyond the merits or the fruits of the adventure. Under the new *régime* we had lately, in Dr. Forbes Watson's work upon *Indian Textile Fabrics*, a happy instance of what could be done to combine the generous patronage of art in the abstract with an enlightened regard to the cry for utilitarian results. Herein, as in the publication of the Vedas, we see realized the twofold law which should regulate all authoritative patronage of this kind. A boon to the lovers of art as such is justified beyond opportunity of cavil, should it at the same time hold out a direct and tangible gain to the community upon whom the burden of the accompanying outlay must necessarily fall. Whether a stimulus is to be administered to industrial or mechanical progress, or the light of science to be turned upon what is dark in the history, the religion, or the arts of the East, we have in this rule a practical safeguard against many possible causes of complaint. So long as it is observed, there will be less fear of injustice being done to the guild of literature at large through the blind selection of official favour or caprice. And we shall see fewer occasions of the authority or the purse of Government being lent with the mere result of airing the hobbies or fostering the crotchets of chosen individuals.

The latest publication which we owe to the liberal hand of the Indian Treasury is a magnificent work. As a triumph of typographical taste and skill it is second to none that even the Queen's printers have turned out in our day. The illustrations of "mythology and art in India" announced in the title extend to no less than fifty-nine photographs of architectural and sculptural details, executed with the clearness and precision, both of outline and shadow, for which the climate of the East forms an unfailing security. To these are added two-and-forty lithographs, giving either plans and measurements of the buildings, or hand drawings of portions and subsidiary features, taken on the spot. A rich and appropriate binding gives an air of sumptuous finish to the whole. There is so much novelty in the entire subject of Indian antiquities and archæology in this country, and there is so much even in the external aspect of this handsome volume to attract the eye of the public, that the issue of the work seems likely to mark an era in the history of literature in this country. On his own professional ground we are always glad to meet Mr. Fergusson. In the knowledge of Indian antiquities, which he has in great part acquired on the spot, he stands in many respects alone. The careful and indefatigable collection of facts which is shown in all his writings is conspicuous throughout the present volume, and the study he has brought to bear upon the elucidation of the monumental remains which form its professed object, and should justify its outlay, is beyond all praise. It is not, however, the architectural part of the subject which has been most prominent in the writer's mind, nor is it that which has given its title to the volume. The tale of the monuments of Sanchi and Amravati has been kept in subordination to certain speculations, not to say dogmas, of an ethnological or a theosophic character, which have become fixed ideas in the writer's mind. If we ask why we should have to wade through the preface, which contains so much crude and often irrelevant matter, before we even open the questions of art which these objects suggest, the answer is that to these pre-existing crotchets we probably owe the publication of *Tree and Serpent Worship*. The *raison d'être* of the volume, the motive which prompted so much outlay of ingenuity and time, the persistent energy which enlisted in its behalf the pecuniary succour of the Indian exchequer, was the chance of ventilating on a scale of unprecedented grandeur, and behind the ægis of unwonted authority, a system of ideas so near to the heart of the originator. An opportunity so golden is rare in the life of any writer. Yet we feel, for our part, too much beholden for the artistic treat which the second and substantial portion of the volume has afforded us, to find undue fault with what we may think shadowy and conjectural in the preliminary matter.

Within his own limits, and in the execution of the legitimate section of his task, Mr. Fergusson displays striking ability in the treatment of his subject. It is to his ardent study and keen appreciation of Indian art that we owe the timely rescue, and the knowledge we now possess, of treasures which might otherwise have been left to decay and perish unheeded. Among the miscellaneous collection temporarily housed at Fife House on their way to their permanent resting-place at the new India Office, was a series of stone slabs covered with bas-reliefs, richly carved with groups of men and animals. These had been sent

* *Tree and Serpent Worship; or, Illustrations of Mythology and Art in India in the First and Fourth Centuries after Christ, from the Sculptures of the Buddhist Topes at Sanchi and Amravati.* With Introductory Essay and Descriptions of the Plates. Prepared under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council. By James Fergusson, Esq., F.R.S. Folio. London: East India Museum, and Allen & Co. 1868.

Madras by Sir W. Elliott in 1857. They were fragments which had formed part of the circular rail of the celebrated tope or burial mound of Amravati. The general plan and structure of this curious monument had been known through a careful survey made by Colonel Mackenzie in 1817, and had been inserted in the *History of Architecture* four years ago. By the aid of these drawings it was possible to put together these detached fragments after the fashion of a puzzle. This task was facilitated by photographs which Mr. Fergusson was empowered to have taken on the spot, through the liberal support of Sir Stafford Northcote. Thus not only the plan, but a very fair restoration of the general aspect, of the tope could be brought before the eye. Fresh and unexpected light was in the course of these labours thrown upon this noble monument of architecture. Mr. Fergusson having become acquainted with a series of drawings of the great tope of Sanchi, executed by Colonel Maisey in 1854, as well as with General Cunningham's able work upon the Bhilsa topes, it became obvious to him that the one series could not be fitly studied apart from the other. The Sanchi tope was clearly of earlier date than that of Amravati, as proved by the simpler and bolder forms of the architectural construction, and the less complex and ornate character of the sculptured details. A further and more ample grant from the Indian Treasury gave the means of comprising within the contemplated work a comparative view of the two monuments. An additional series of photographs from the spot was made to exhibit, in still more striking form, the grandeur of Sanchi, on which time and the ravages of the destroyer have less ruthlessly pressed. Two of the great gateways in the outer rail retain their grand outline and the bold imagery of their carved surfaces. The richer ornamentation of these noble trilithons denotes an earlier date than that of the rail at large, which is of the simplest form. The construction, as pointed out by Mr. Fergusson, and illustrated by still plainer examples elsewhere, is essentially one of wood. There is nothing lithic in its character. Uprights of stone are posted in the earth some feet apart, into which three circular horizontal bars are inserted, a heavier railing above the whole fitting on to a tenon at the top of the post, and holding all in its place. The great gateways rose to a height of 27 feet, the lowest rail being 15 feet from the ground. All this, as the author forcibly remarks, is good carpentry, but it is very clumsy masonry. It might be rash to infer from this fact, as Mr. Fergusson seems inclined to do, that building in stone was absolutely unknown in India before the time of Asoka, to whose Buddhist revivalism he ascribes the erection of the Sanchi tope about 250 B.C., among the 84,000 topes traditionally ascribed to that monarch's religious fervour. His peculiar ethnological theory, which we pass over for the present, implies at least an extensive intercourse between the race among whom originated the peculiar form of worship embodied in these structures, and well-nigh every nation under heaven. Tree and serpent worship, we are told, "came from the mud of the Lower Euphrates, among a people of Turanian origin." This singular birth must have been at an early date indeed for the religion to affect, as the author makes a point of showing, the earliest Zend and Jewish records, to appear in the remote monuments of Mexico on the one hand, and of Egypt and Assyria on the other. Now the Turanians, we are as confidently assured, were the great building people, and worked pre-eminently in stone. Would it not then be the strangest of enigmas that a race capable of this world-wide diffusion should only have achieved its first steps in stone construction upon Indian soil centuries after the mighty works of Assyria and Babylonia had had their day, and thousands of years after the primitive cairn of loosely piled stones had developed in Egypt into the stately pyramid of exquisitely wrought and mathematically laid masonry?

Be it, however, the earliest stone structure in India or not, the position of the Sanchi tope relative to the later stages of Indian art is not difficult to determine. Not only from the character of its imagery, but from the relics it is known to have enshrined, its connexion with the Buddhist faith is placed beyond doubt. Monuments of a threefold kind perpetuate the peculiar faith and practice of this great religious sect—the *sthûpa* or tope, the *chaitya* or temple, and the *vihâra* or monastery, the prototype, it may well be, of the Christian conventual building. Recent researches into the literary history of Buddhism have kept pace with our growing knowledge of its monuments. The labours of Burnouf, Vassilieff, and others have given a solid basis to much that beforehand was vague and legendary in the extreme. Whatever may be made of the several Buddhas of the early myths, we may feel pretty certain of the historical Buddha in the person of Gotama, or Sâkya Muni, the great reformer of Brahmanism, who died in 543 B.C. Even in his lifetime Buddhistic *vihâras* or monasteries were erected, it is said, in numbers along the Ganges. It is usual for a considerable period of time to elapse before divine honours, the ascription of miracles, or the devout care and adoration of relics, falls to the lot of a saint. Centuries might be expected to elapse before the sacred tooth, which soon became as common as fragments of the True Cross, was enshrined in the massy reliquary tope, guarded by its outer and inner rail in solid stone. Still there is no reason why in the circular structure thus upreared, and even in the fence encircling it, there may not have been perpetuated the simple type of an architecture for ages habitual to the simplest races of mankind. Erections similar in form, though vastly more rude in art, bespeaking to most other eyes than those of Mr. Fergusson an era immensely more remote in pre-historic time, are found scattered over every continent of the northern hemisphere. The more elaborate stone gateways of Sanchi are assigned by Mr. Fergusson to about the year 20 A.D., their general structure to about 246 B.C., the date of the third great Buddhist council of Rajagriha under Asoka. By that time mid and south India had begun to feel the influence of Greek art infiltrating through the kingdom set up after Alexander's invasion of Bactria. The more refined and elaborate architecture of Amravati evidently pointing to a later date, Mr. Fergusson is probably not far out in assigning the central building, now entirely in ruins, to about 200, the outer rail to after 300, and the inner rail to after 400 A.D. In the fragments of both rails here ingeniously restored the original wood construction is nearly lost under the more conventional treatment and wonderful richness of the ornamentation. The subjects throughout are elucidated in a running commentary by Mr. Fergusson. Whether they refer in all or most cases to the history of the founder, or include incidents in the life of saintly or royal personages amongst his followers, is not exactly clear. One leading form of symbolism which runs through the whole is that drawn from living objects, trees and animals, which is met with in the artistic products of India more largely than perhaps in those of any other Eastern nation. These emblems form doubtless traces of an early nature-worship, anterior to the more spiritualized cosmogony of the Vedas. So, in turn, the religion of Zoroaster was founded on a solemn protest against the worship of the powers of nature invoked under the Vedic belief. The ruder symbolism of tree and animal worship survived both the spread of Brahmanism and the Buddhist reaction as a mode of conventional usage in art, if not as a living element in the popular belief. Pagan forms are similarly met with in objects confessedly of Christian date, as in the case of the silver nuptial casket of Secundus and Projecta in the British Museum.

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU AND ELBA.*

SIR NEIL CAMPBELL, writer of the Journal and subject of the Memoir which together form this volume, was an admirable specimen of Wellington's first-rate regimental officers, and something more. He seems to have laid hand to no military task without adorning it, but the opportunity of distinguishing himself in command of a large body in the field was never afforded him. Yet he saw as much service as fell to the lot of most hard-working British soldiers in the reign of George III., and the tough gallantry traditional in the old Campbells of Duntroon was brilliantly exemplified in the career which unfortunately ended at Sierra Leone, at the age of fifty-one. His first military experience was gained in the West Indies, where as an ensign he showed the quality of self-reliant judgment in the difficult command of an unruly detachment stationed on the Caicos Islands, in apprehension of an attack by the St. Domingo negroes. Returning home in 1800, he joined the 95th Rifles on the original formation of that corps, and some three years later was promoted to a majority in the 43rd Light Infantry, then encamped at Shorncliffe, in Sir John Moore's brigade, the nursery of the Light Division that was to win so many laurels in the Peninsula after its heroic trainer had been buried at Corunna. Campbell himself was not fated to serve in Spain as one of the Light Division. After three years at Shorncliffe he was again sent to the West Indies, where he remained with short interruption till 1810, assisting with distinction at the expulsion of the French from Martinique, the Saintes Islands, and Guadaloupe. Early in 1811 he joined the Peninsular army as a volunteer, and was appointed colonel of one of the Portuguese regiments in Pack's brigade. In this command he did his part at Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, and Burgos; and the fact that half of the officers serving in Campbell's regiment in 1812 were killed or wounded before the end of that chequered campaign is a fair proof that Pack's Portuguese took their share of whatever hard knocks were going. After the retreat from Burgos, Campbell was sent home invalided, and in April, 1813, we find him at the Russian head-quarters in Poland, on the staff of Lord Cathcart, as military *attaché* to Wittgenstein's corps. With this division of the allied forces he went through the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen; was detached and sent northward to the siege of Dantzic, for services in which he received from the Emperor of Russia the orders of St. George and St. Anne; returned to headquarters on Rapp's capitulation, and again followed Wittgenstein's fortunes in the advance upon Paris till March, 1815, when he was severely wounded at Fère Champenoise, through the perverse blunder of some Cossacks who took him for an enemy, while he was urging a hopelessly surrounded French corps to surrender. He had but partially recovered from a sabre cut on the head and a lance thrust through the back, when he was named by Lord Castlereagh as the British Commissioner to escort Napoleon to Elba; and his is the figure of an English officer, with head bound and arm in a sling, in the elder Vernet's notable picture of the "Adieux of Fontainebleau." Campbell not only escorted Napoleon to Elba, but, at his special request, was allowed to remain as British Resident in the island through the winter of 1814. After the unfortunate evasion of that person from Elba—to use the phrase by which Castlereagh and the English Ministry delighted to designate the resurgent Emperor—Sir Neil Campbell joined his

* *Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Elba.* By Sir Neil Campbell. London: John Murray.

regiment in Colvile's brigade in the army in Belgium, led column of attack in the storm of Cambrai, and, after the occupation of Paris, was appointed by the Duke of Wellington to command the Hanseatic Legion quartered in the department of the Somme. This was the end of his active military service, for, on the recurrence of inflammation from the wounds of Fère Champenoise, he was invalided at his own request towards the close of 1815. After a long respite from public employment, he accepted in 1826 the Governorship of Sierra Leone, where in less than a twelvemonth he fell a victim to the peculiar climate of that colony, which then even more than now deserved and maintained its ominous name of "the white man's grave." Forty years have gone by since then; the good Knight of St. Wladimir is dust, and his good sword rust, and so forth; when now these memorials of him, and of the greater historical personage with whom it was his fortune to be for some few months intimately associated, are laid before the reading public by the piety of an affectionate and judicious nephew.

General curiosity will be more easily interested in gathering the touches of Napoleon given by Sir Neil Campbell than in retracing the lineaments of Sir Neil Campbell himself from his journals and letters; and the main title of the volume is discreetly associated with Fontainebleau and Elba. But the *hors d'œuvres*, so to speak, or miscellaneous observations made by the intelligent Scotch officer in the course of his varied military career, apart from those which cluster round the central figure of his great State prisoner on parole, are suggestive and acute enough to deserve appreciation by all who care to study the history of those times. His forcible description of the battle of Salamanca and its results contains a pertinent note on one of the causes of the comparative slowness in pursuit, after a victory, which is frequently charged to the nature of the British soldier. A pursuing army which adheres to the system of commissariat-supply and fair payment can rarely move as quickly as a flying army which marauds and lays waste on principle; yet Wellington's policy of rigid honesty proved the strongest in the end, considered as a piece of military tactics alone. A comparison of the Russian and Prussian forces in 1813 is curious, and historically valuable. "The physical material of the army under Wittgenstein struck the eyes which were fresh from Wellington's camp of veterans as the finest in the world; but the officers were often incompetent, and the discipline loose and orientally barbaric. The Prussians, who had just shaken off the French yoke by the grandest of national efforts, after learning in secret to be a disciplined arm-bearing people under the strict conditions by which Napoleon had endeavoured to secure their military insignificance, are described after Bautzen as "*perfect* in everything." Wittgenstein appeared to his English attaché to fight the battle of Lutzen on no particular plan, to be generally conscious of his own unfitness to command in chief, and to be bothered with the constant interference or criticism of his Imperial master and the King of Prussia." Bautzen again disclosed the want of a single head, and that a competent one; and the difference between the broad view of the campaign grasped by the supreme mind of Napoleon, and the indecisive muddling of the allied councils, was illustrated in the fact that before Lutzen they never dreamed of fortifying Dresden, and after Lutzen left Dresden at once for him to seize and fortify. The evidence of an officer of Wellington's can hardly be taken as conclusively impartial in estimating the comparative personal powers of Napoleon and Wellington, which appear to have been largely discussed in the allied headquarters after the news of Vittoria. Colonel Campbell was honestly convinced that the actual work done by the English general in Spain, with little aid beyond that of his quartermaster-general Sir George Murray, indicated even more surprising bodily and mental activity than was measured by the labours of Napoleon, aided by Berthier, Murat, Caulaincourt, Duroc, and his other personal staff of general officers. It is interesting to read Napoleon's own appreciation of the qualities of his great rival, in his first conversation with Colonel Campbell at Fontainebleau:—"C'est un homme de vigueur dans la guerre. Pour bien faire la guerre, il faut en avoir comme cela." A similar complimentary tribute to the bull-dog tenacity of Blücher is worth noting:—"Ce vieux diable m'a attaqué toujours avec la même vigueur. S'il était battu, l'instant après il se montrait encore prêt pour le combat." There are strong and picturesque touches in Colonel Campbell's description of this first close interview with the fallen lion whom he had once before seen at a distance through a telescope on the morning of Bautzen:—

It was a strange feeling that came over me, when the aide-de-camp, after announcing my name, retired shutting the door, and I found myself suddenly closeted with that extraordinary man, whose name had been for so many years the touchstone of my professional and national feelings, and whose appearance had been presented to my imagination in every form that exaggeration and caricature could render impressive. I saw before me a short, active-looking man, who was rapidly pacing the length of his apartment, like some wild animal in his cell. He was dressed in an old green uniform with gold epaulets, blue pantaloons, and red-top boots, unshaven, uncombed, with the fallen particles of snuff scattered profusely upon his upper lip and breast. Upon his becoming aware of my presence, he turned quickly towards me and saluted me with a courteous smile, evidently endeavouring to conceal his anxiety and agitation by an assumed placidity of manner. He first asked me several questions about my wounds—which were plainly observable from the bandages upon my head, and my arm being carried in a sling—the circumstances under which they were received, the period and occasions of my service in the army, the particulars of my Russian orders and British military decorations, upon what claims and to what rank they had been accorded, what part of Great Britain I was from. On my replying from Scotland, he inquired whether I, like himself, was an admirer of Ossian's poems, adding here, "Je les aime beaucoup, car il y a quelque chose très-guerrière." "Oui, Sire." I answered, "on a dit en Angleterre que Votre Majesté les aimait beaucoup." . . . . His conversation turned almost entirely upon military subjects, and events connected with the British army, on which he seemed to reflect with the deepest interest; but he did not once touch upon the operations of the other allied armies. He paid many compliments to the British nation for their union and national feelings, in which he considered they much excelled the French. "Votre nation," he said, "est la plus grande de toutes. Elle est plus estimée par moi que toutes les autres. J'ai été votre plus grand ennemi, franchement tel, mais je ne le suis plus. J'ai voulu aussi élever la nation française, mais mes plans n'ont pas réussi. C'est le destin." Here he stopped short, seeming greatly affected, and the tears were in his eyes.

For some personal or politic reason, Napoleon from the first treated Campbell with a more pronounced show of intimacy than he extended to the other Commissioners who were charged with the same duty of depositing him in the safe sovereign retreat of Elba. On the day of quitting Fontainebleau, he opened out in a similar style to General Köller, the Austrian Commissioner. "J'ai eu tort peut-être dans mes plans. J'ai fait du mal dans la guerre. Mais c'est tout comme un rêve"—a tone of penitence that after the "Hundred Days" of the next year sounds rather like the sick devil's proverbial desire to be a monk, which evaporated as soon as he was well.

Through the south of France Napoleon's journey towards Elba was a changing scene of such execration as might naturally follow the author of the conscriptions which had decimated the population for glory, who had ceased to command victory. He rode one stage ahead of his cortége disguised as a courier, at other times changed cap, coat, and name with one or other of the Commissioners, and showed a dread of poisoning and assassination which hardly left him even on his arrival at Elba. The whole picture given of him in these notes, by one who attended him most closely through the journey, is that of a man thoroughly disorganized for the moment by the fact of finding himself a beaten individual, and no longer a power. Yet it is clear that almost from the day of his landing at Porto Ferrajo the idea of a possible return to the French throne was forming in his mind. While telling his friend "Combell" "Je suis un homme mort," "je ne pense à rien dehors de ma petite île," and so forth, he lost no occasion of testing the temper of the French navy towards himself, and began to form the nucleus of an armed force by clandestine recruiting in Corsica, Tuscany, and the other Italian duchies. The British Commissioner soon became uneasy, but failed to convince his superiors of the possibility of an attempt from Elba, probably in concert with Murat. A high diplomatist, fresh from the Congress at Vienna, gave Colonel Campbell, at Florence, in February, 1815, a sarcastic message for the ex-Emperor:—

You may tell him that everything is amicably settled at Vienna: that he has no chance: that the sovereigns will not quarrel. *Nobody thinks of him at all. He is quite forgotten, as much as if he had never existed!*

A few days later, and Cæsar and his fortunes were committed to the little flotilla of seven sail bound to Antibes, to recall himself to the memory of Europe, and throw for the great stake once more. It is clear that Sir Neil Campbell would have been unable to prevent the escape, had he been on the spot at the moment.

"Madame Mère" was one of Napoleon's visitors at Elba, and so came across the writer of this journal:—

She told me that Napoleon was first intended for the navy, and studied for it at Brienne with a certain proportion of the other pupils. She went to see him there, and found that they all slept in hammocks; upon which she prevented his pursuing that line, and said all she could to dissuade him from it. "Mon enfant, dans la marine vous avez à combattre le feu et l'eau!" He was then fourteen or fifteen years of age.

It seems that Napoleon's masters at Brienne reported that he would make an excellent sea officer. Was it maternal dissuasion, or ambition, or chance, or destiny, which weighed down the scale in favour of a career on *terra firma*, and gave to the fortunes of the French Republic, and to the history of Europe, a turn which could hardly have been impressed upon them by Admiral Buonaparte, whatever naval victories he might have achieved?

IN SILK ATTIRE.*

WHATEVER may have been the faults of Mr. Black's former novel, *Love or Marriage?* they were not those of a dull, mediocre, or commonplace writer. The manufacturer of average insipid fiction who reminds you that he is the author of *Sarah's Cousin* or *White Water Lilies* might just as well introduce himself as "a near relative of Mr. Smith." But the author of *Love or Marriage?* if you have seen the book at all, has made for himself a definite place in your recollection. He may have attracted his readers, or he may have repelled them, or he may have done both at once; but at any rate he has given them a distinct impression of his work. In a new book from the same hand they will expect to find great descriptive power united with minute accuracy of observation. They will expect to find the scenery in the midst of which the action of the story is going on entirely realized by the writer, and represented so as to be recognised in detail by the reader. The chief persons of the story will stand out in the same clear light, and they will be real living figures. But when the writer has so elaborated his characters that they have a hold on the reader's sympathies, there will be no certainty that he will have the slightest sympathy with them himself. He is just as likely as not to exhibit his

* *In Silk Attire.* A Novel. By William Black, Author of "Love or Marriage?" 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

still in putting them to the torture. He could create Fanny Glencairn, and then draw the interior of Helstone's establishment, with Fanny there, and Fanny's mother too. And he could do this, not by two distinct and contrasting pictures of the poor child in her sweetness and purity, and in her after hardness and glare, but by measured and unbroken gradations of the downward progress, as unpityingly as a machine might crush out slowly a beautiful life. When therefore he invites his readers to set out again under his guidance, and to follow the story of another life, the more beautifully a new character grows under his hand the more will the reader have his misgivings as to what is to follow when the story draws towards its crisis. Mr. Black has, however, made a great advance as a writer of fiction since he last appeared before the public. He has learnt to share the sympathy which he can call out in his readers, and there is no trace throughout *In Silk Attire* of the cold and almost cynical exhibition of the broken idol which made the story of *Love or Marriage?* painful in direct proportion to the power and skill which it evinced. Annie Brunel is a conception of much higher character than Fanny Glencairn. She presents the sweetness and tenderness of girlhood in union, not with the weakness, but the strength of womanly character; and the relation between the two stories is slightly and perhaps unintentionally indicated by the introduction of Helstone as a subsidiary character, moving in the same professional circle with Miss Brunel, but on a level below her own, and outside the pale of her personal intimacies.

In Silk Attire is a story of theatrical life. We may leave the theatrical world, and the theatre-going public, to settle their own quarrel with Mr. Black, if they think they have any, in their own way. We offer no opinion on the orthodoxy of the doctrine to which the author calls us to listen from the lips of so sweet a preacher; but the conclusion to which the whole working of the story leads is unmistakeably that the theatrical profession, for women at least, is incompatible with the higher life, and that the mimetic spirit will be cast out and die as soon as a nobler impulse has taken possession of the soul. We do not mean to assert that Mr. Black has written the story of Annie Brunel with any such intended moral, but Saul is among the prophets nevertheless when a novel-writer, whose very calling stamps him as "worldly," first captivates us to a gentle, loving, high-spirited woman, and then leaves us to accept on her assurance a view of life which comes, in other words, to this and nothing else:—"Some things, indeed, are in their tone and effects, in the system by which they are supported, and in the consequences they produce, so plainly and undisguisedly dangerous that there can be no hesitation in naming them. For instance, the whole system of theatres is such that . . . no special pleading about their great moral lessons and the like will avail to save them from a simple and direct condemnation." The words will be familiar to many of our older readers as those of Archdeacon Manning. We are not concerned with their justice; but the parallel between the conclusions of the preacher and the inference suggested by the novelist is remarkable.

Annie Brunel, the most popular actress in London at a period which the course of the story identifies with the current lustrum, has inherited from her parents the highest type of refined culture, and the most complete development of histrionic talent. She is known to the reader from the first as the only child of a marriage between Henry Ormond, Marquis of Knottingley, and Annie Napier, the idol of theatre-going London in her day. The marriage had taken place in the country, and she had been brought up in America after her father's death, in ignorance of her rank or name. Mr. Black has furnished, in the introductory chapters which preface his main narrative, the key to the double nature or antagonistic forces in the conflict of which the central interest of the story lies. Two brief extracts may sufficiently indicate this:—"Annie, I cannot bear your going upon the stage any longer. How can I bear to hear the women talk of you; how can I bear to see the men stare at you; and such men and such women, Annie!" And, fourteen years later, the actress-spirit speaks in the mother:—"When my daughter [illegible] to believe that an actress may be a lady, it will be time for her to apply to you for the rank she has lost." Six years later still, Lady Annie Ormond, the heiress to all her father's estates, as "the young American actress, Miss Annie Brunel," "had won the heart of London." Through the teaching of her mother, heart-broken and embittered against English society by the conduct of Lord Knottingley and his family, she had learnt to entertain a deep distrust for every one outside the circle of her professional life, and to believe that her only chance of happiness was to marry, if she did marry, in her own profession. Only, in case she should be reduced to utter straits, was she to break this rule of social isolation, and to apply to a solicitor in London for advice. In her outward life she had grown up simple, wayward, and almost childlike in her love of amusement; all her real and deeper feeling, and all her consciousness of a higher and nobler life, was bound up in the stage:—

"I live," she said, "only in the theatre. I find my life wasted whenever I go out of it, and spend my time in amusing myself like a child. I have nothing to interest me but the theatre; nothing to live for out of it; and it is only when I get [illegible] over with a delici[illegible] fingers tingle with [illegible] many a time I can't help laughing or crying quite naturally when the scene suggests it."

A summer is passed on the Continent, and the return of the theatrical season finds Annie looking on the theatre with changed eyes, and speaking of it in a changed tone. The manager "observed an unusual constraint, at times, in the manner of his chief favourite; something which he had never noticed before, and could not at all understand." Mrs. Christmas, the kindly old lady, half nurse, half superannuated actress, to whose care Annie had been left by her dying mother, was as much perplexed, and more anxious:—

"Why should you vex yourself, mother? I have no dread of stage fright. I shall be as cool as I am now—that is not what I mean. What I fear is that the moment I go upon the stage, and see the men and women all around me, I shall feel that I am just like one of them, only a little lower in having to amuse them. I shall feel as if I ought to be ashamed of myself in imitating the real emotions of life."

"You never had any of these fantastic notions before. Didn't you use to pride yourself on your indifference to the people?"

"I *used* to."

"What has changed you?"

"My growing older," she replied, with a sad smile. "I begin to feel as if those things that make up acting had become part of my own life now, and that I had no business to burlesque them any more on the stage. I begin to wonder what the people will think of my lending myself to a series of tricks."

Her anticipations were entirely justified.

"Then you know," she said calmly, "that I have made a total failure, and that to-morrow every one, including the papers, will say so."

Lord Weyminster, whom people supposed to have a share in the proprietary of the theatre, went behind the scenes, and met the manager.

"This won't do, my boy," he said.

"Do you think not?" said the manager anxiously. "They received her very warmly."

"They received Miss Brunel warmly, but not her Rosalind."

The result is that Annie gives up her profession, and goes into the world outside to seek her fortune. The death of Mrs. Christmas leaves her alone in the world, and after a brief experience of life as a governess, she finds herself brought into straits which make it necessary for her to carry her mother's sealed letter to Lord Knottingley's solicitor; and she then learns that it contains the simple words, "My daughter claims her rights." Lady Annie Ormond is placed in possession of her estates, and naturally at first does not know what to do with her accumulated fortune. The author, too, is by this time so thoroughly in sympathy with his heroine that he seems to share her feeling of bewilderment, and does not quite know what to do either. As is often the case with a novel of more than ordinarily sustained interest, the last twenty or thirty pages hardly come up to the mark of the rest; and it may be worth the consideration of a writer who knows that he has done good work up to what is substantially the completion of his design, whether he is bound to go on with the merely mechanical finish at all. To break off in the middle of a sentence, like an edition of an ancient manuscript, and put *cætera desunt* instead of *finis* at the bottom of the page, would be perfectly within an author's right, and not without precedent in other, though lower, branches of skilled labour. "A little in the rough in places, still; don't you dress and finish it off?" was an inquiry made after examining some marvellous product of a modern power-loom. "Oh no," the workman carelessly answered, "we leave all that to the girls." Our readers will have already assumed that the elevation in Annie's character has been brought out by the power of love; and Mr. Black has shown even more skill in tracing the stages in his heroine's upward progress than he did in the corresponding exhibition of the downward course in poor Fanny Glencairn. We do not propose to tell the story of Will Anerley, or to analyse the well-arranged complications in which Dove, the little tender, clinging, adopted sister of Will, and on the other side the coarse middle-aged Thames Street tea-dealer, who had come into a million sterling and bought a German title and castle, are intertwined. Both are very good pictures; and when Count Schönstein is in love, we feel that we have the whole man presented to us—his ordinary nature and the condition of its temporary disturbance—in the one stroke of description that "he forgot to tell lies about the price of his wines." Miss Nelly Featherstone, too, the pert, pleasant soubrette, deserves more than a passing notice. She, with her timid and devoted admirer Frank Glyn, represents throughout the whole action of the story the level on which theatrical life and the life of the outside world may be supposed to meet and combine; the level on which Annie Brunel had never been capable of resting, and above which we follow her in her gradual rise. Nelly on the stage can act at Frank in the pit, and do things on purpose to plague him; and Frank is happy enough to see her on the stage, although he grumbles about rouge and bismuth, and gets naturally out of temper on the subject of tights.

While, however, Mr. Black has bestowed ample attention on his central figure and her accessories, there are not wanting throughout these volumes marks of a carelessness of detail which ought to have been avoided. One of these calls for notice in the opening pages of the story. It is abundantly clear that in the author's mind the introductory scenes are laid in the drinking, duelling, scandalous days of the Regency; but the later evidence of dates places it beyond question that the period of Lord Knottingley's marriage was within twenty-five years of the present time, when "the Prince" could only mean the late Prince Consort. We should like also to remind Mr. Black that it is not altogether nice for a charming girl like Annie Brunel to be loafing about "the long and sombre thoroughfares" in Pimlico, "running southward to the river, the broad smooth river," with a young engineer, at one o'clock in the morning. We are very much obliged to him for not asking us again to accept an

escapade to the South coast, in which a young lady lives in lodgings with an unmarried man without any harm done or thought of; but another time he must let us off midnight rambles too, either in the back streets of Pimlico or "along the lonely pavements of Kensington." Count Schönstein was no doubt a very coarse animal and a great snob; but it must be allowed that a young lady under such circumstances does lay herself open to having disagreeable things said about her. The provoking verbal tricks which were frequent in *Love or Marriage?* are almost entirely absent in the present story, but there is a single instance in the repeated use of the epithet "supreme" in the senses, or nonsenses, in which it has become of late a cant word with a certain school of writers, and which lead us to suppose that "supreme" must be our old acquaintance "awful" grown up to man's estate. These, however, are only minor blots on a work which deserves a hearty welcome for its skill and power in delineation of character.

SMEATON'S LIFE OF THOMSON.*

WE have read this book steadily through with an ever increasing sense of wonder. The portrait of Mr. Thomson, which forms the frontispiece, though not remarkable as a work of art, represents a good old shrewd Scotch gentleman. The preface expresses Mr. Smeaton's opinion that the life was one which should not be left unwritten, though qualified by a modest doubt as to his own capacity for the work. However, by adopting the scheme of allowing Mr. Thomson to become as much as possible his own biographer, he hopes that a kind portrait has been drawn of an "eminent literary man." Mr. Thomson, we are told, "appears in this memoir as he thought and spoke and acted amongst his fellows." From all this we anticipated, it may have been rashly, a forcible account of one of those strongly marked types of character which are frequent in the Northern half of this island. Scotchmen may be dull occasionally, but they have a vigour and independence which is perhaps more attractive in description than in personal intercourse. It is not always pleasant to meet a man who thinks that your salvation is extremely doubtful if you ever take a good walk on Sunday; but as the subject of a biography he is likely at least to avoid the one great fault of insipidity. With such expectations we began the book, and from conscientious motives we plodded steadily onwards till we reached the opposite cover. We received from it the impression that Mr. Thomson was probably a very excellent gentleman, very conscientious if also not a little bigoted, and much respected by all his acquaintance. But that which surprised us was that it should be possible to write so many pages about a man of more than average ability, and holding a prominent position in the country, without telling us anything more about him. The narrative is perhaps one of the most colourless in existence. Poor Mr. Thomson is at the end of it precisely what he was at the beginning; that is to say, for we had not the honour of his acquaintance, nothing more than a name, something as indistinguishable from other respectable Scotch gentlemen as one mathematical symbol from another, or as the first from the second citizen in one of Shakspeare's plays. Of his domestic life we learn nothing, and there is an almost studied absence of those little touches which bring out a man's character in skilful hands. It is really strange that any human being should have composed a thing which to all external seeming is a book, and which seems to have been put together with considerable care, and even with a superficial appearance of good composition, and yet have never succeeded in bringing his hero distinctly before us. If Mr. Carlyle had ever had a view of the back of Mr. Thomson's head, he would have described him more vividly than Mr. Smeaton has succeeded in doing in his five hundred and odd pages. We can only suppose that some Scotchmen catch a certain contagion from long-winded sermons, or that their literary appetites become so depraved by listening to the monotonous flow of pulpit eloquence that they really don't know what is dull and what is not. Possibly, too, it may be that Mr. Thomson was really as uninteresting a character as his biographer describes; but we would again hope that this is highly improbable, even in Scotland.

The task of giving some account of a book which is chiefly remarkable for its undeviating dulness is not a very inviting one. If Mr. Thomson was dull, and his biographer duller, it would seem to follow that an abstract of his biography must be dullest of all. We will endeavour, however, to pick out some of the most conspicuous facts about him, and to explain so far as may be the causes of the peculiarly soporific nature of the book. The circumstance upon which his biographer lays most stress is that Mr. Thomson was a "Calvinist of the most pronounced class." His biographer has some difficulty in fixing the precise time of his conversion; but it seems that in his youth his views had been tainted with a certain "legalism"; and that he went "so far as to allege that according to a man's stability in a state of probation one might either stand or forfeit the acceptance which he once possessed—a notion which he completely outlived and repudiated." We are glad, however, to say that, whatever Mr. Thomson's views may have been, he does not seem to have indulged in that ostentation of religious phraseology which is so objectionable in many biographies of this kind. The most characteristic indication of his opinions, so far as the outside world is concerned, is to be found in various judgments passed upon men and things, and duly recorded in this volume. Mr. Thomson of course looked upon the Pope as Antichrist, and regarded Roman Catholic Emancipation and the Maynooth Grant with utter detestation. His view of Irish politics is expressed by a sentence printed in capital letters to show its importance. "The greatest evil, I think, which Ireland ever saw," he says, "was THE REPEAL OF THE PENAL LAWS." These laws, he thinks, had scotched and well-nigh killed the snake, and were removed just in time to save its life. Rather inconsistently, he admits that he would not have voted for enacting them, though he would never have repealed them. Even pronounced Calvinists have certain human weaknesses. Dr. Newman's *Apologia* is the most intolerable book he ever tried to read, though he condescends to the admission that its author is a man "of fair abilities." Meanwhile, he cannot sufficiently express his intense aversion to writers of a different school. "One of his most marked peculiarities," we are told, "was the inductive precision and correctness with which he apprehended the scope of any literary production," and we are treated to a good many examples of his criticism. Of one of Sir C. Lyell's books he remarks, "I dislike and disapprove this book exceedingly." He burns Channing's works, by way of marking his disgust. Darwin teaches "pure atheism." His style is clear, but he has not another good quality. His book proves nothing, and is one uninterrupted repetition of a baseless theory without a fact to stand on. Buckle is "incredibly ignorant and perverse." His book is the "most pretentious farrago of rubbish I ever read," "the whole book the most grovelling materialism and the bitterest enmity against revealed truth and moral excellence." French literature, especially the modern, is summarily declared to be an "utter abomination—not so much *bad* as absolute *inanity*." That a fine old Scotch Conservative should write down notes of this kind in his private journal is by no means surprising, and is certainly compatible with his possession of the most excellent and amiable qualities. But it is rather odd that his biographer should fancy that he is doing his hero honour by publishing them. The writers assailed may deserve all that is said of their evil tendencies; but they have rather too high a reputation to be summarily knocked on the head by this pronounced old Calvinist. Mr. Smeaton should ask himself this question, What is the logical inference from the fact that Mr. Thomson thought that Dr. Newman, Mr. Darwin, Sir C. Lyell, Buckle, Channing, and others were contemptible fools, and that all modern French literature was simply inane? Ought we to infer, for example, that the reputation of these writers must necessarily give way before Mr. Thomson's infallible judgment? or is another conclusion equally possible? To condemn a writer in this summary fashion, is to say in substance, either you or I know nothing about the matter; and the alternative is sometimes a tolerably simple one.

Mr. Thomson appears to have been a man of more intellect than these remarks would lead us to suspect, though his biographer scarcely brings out the fact. He was a rich country gentleman, and yet had a strong objection to the game laws. He was a pronounced Calvinist, and thought that a very large proportion of modern literature was utterly contemptible and corrupting; but, so far as we can make out, he was neither narrow-minded in other matters, not apt to be intemperate in the tone of his remarks. "It is impossible," says Mr. Smeaton, "to convey any idea of the sort of the wide, varied, all-embracing interest in whatever is knowable with which his mind was possessed." The expression seems to be a little strained; but he certainly took an intelligent interest in many matters. He travelled through Italy soon after the last war, and made more careful observations than are customary with the present race of precipitate travellers. He brought back sufficient knowledge of Roman antiquities to write some respectable papers on the subject, as well as to publish various demonstrations that Popery was the arch-abomination of the world. He studied geology, not exclusively with a view to show that Mr. Darwin was an atheist. He took a considerable interest in reformatories and other benevolent institutions, he appears to have founded some very successful industrial schools, and was a vigorous opponent of Sunday travelling, on the ground that it was opposed "to the commandment of the Almighty" and to "statute law." He was an effective advocate of the proposal for uniting the colleges of Aberdeen, and was also very enthusiastic about a plan for restoring the Jews to their native land, thereby not merely fulfilling the prophecies, but not improbably realizing a "vast ultimate gain" in a commercial point of view. He had his reward in a good conscience and in a visit from the Prince Consort at the time of the British Association meeting in Aberdeen, which made so deep an impression upon his mind that, besides putting up an obelisk in commemoration of the event, he was always talking and thinking about it for the remainder of his life. He was deeply interested in the Free Church movement in Scotland, and wrote a great many letters on the subject to his friend, Lord Aberdeen, to Sir Robert Peel, and to various other persons concerned. He collected a fine museum and library, and left them, together with landed property, estimated at 30,000*l.*, to the University of Aberdeen.

In all this there is that quaint mixture of commercial shrewdness, practical benevolence, and pronounced Calvinism which characterizes a certain school of Scotchmen. In spite of a very limited intellectual vision, Mr. Thomson was doubtless a useful man in his generation, and deserved better things than to have his life written. It was a cruel kindness to drag him before the

* *Life of Alexander Thomson, of Banchory.* By the Rev. G. Smeaton. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1869.

public as a biographee, if we may coin a word to express a very unfortunate class, and the only comfort is that in all probability no one will read the book except reviewers and personal friends. The one chance of making it interesting would have been to bring out Mr. Thomson's peculiarities more vividly than would perhaps have been advisable so soon after his death. But Mr. Smeaton fairly put this out of his power by his notable plan for obtaining vividness. To publish a man's letters and diaries is a very good plan if the man has the power of putting himself into all his writings; but when they are commonplace remarks upon the Free Church question, or simple notes in a travelling journal, that Zurich is a fine town, and that it is interesting to see Herculaneum, nothing more uninteresting can well be conceived. There are people with plenty of character whose letters are as monotonously dull as any commercial circular acknowledging the receipt of esteemed favours; and Mr. Thomson seems to have been one of them. Whether any writer could possibly have made much of such a life is a question which, under the circumstances, it is unnecessary to discuss.

SÉRAPHINE.*

PERFORMED with the consummate delicacy and art in which such a company of actors as that at the Gymnase is certain not to fail, *Séraphine* may be as interesting a piece as the Parisian playgoers are said to find it; but for people who have to content themselves with a sober perusal of it by a London fireside, the secret of its success, if not hard to discover, cannot appear flattering to the state of contemporary judgment on dramatic things. A play by so good a writer as M. Victorien Sardou, be it said, ought to suffer hardly any disadvantage in being only read instead of actually seen. Of course it is as true of a good writer as of a bad one that he composes his drama for representation, and that the success at which he specially and justly aims is success in representation. If a play does not act well then it is undoubtedly a failure as a play, whatever it may be as a poem, because the object and end of a play is that it should be acted. But what we mean is that a modern French dramatist does not suffer the same disadvantages in the closet as the modern English playwright does, because the former is usually, and in M. Sardou's case certainly, a good writer *quâ* writer, whatever he may be as a delineator of character, or a constructor of dramatic situations. A classic tradition has lingered about the French stage, which the stage in our own country, notwithstanding the noble genius which has illuminated it, has never been so fortunate as to possess; and this tradition ensures a certain style and manner which give a cultivated reader a purely literary pleasure apart from consideration of the work's dramatic quality. Hence one sits down to read a French play without much disadvantage in missing a sight of it. The critic starts pretty fair, and without pretending to say how much the art of three or four highly appreciative and finished actors might do to ensure a long run and a triumph with the audience, he may make tolerably sure of being able to form a sound judgment upon the fundamental stuff and quality of the play. In the case of *Séraphine* one can hardly help seeing that this fundamental stuff is as thin, and its general quality as disagreeable, as they can possibly be.

Let us consider the plot, which has at any rate so much merit as belongs to simplicity. Séraphine is introduced to us as a lady who has surrendered herself to the practice of religion and its ordinances in all possible rigour and narrowness. She is incessant at all charitable associations, swallowed up by zeal for the conversion of the little Patagonians, eager in attendance at all the prescribed services of the Church, faithful at the conferences of any popular preacher. Her eldest daughter is married to a man of the world, living under her roof, and one of the most important tasks of the devout mother is to keep the husband and wife as much apart as possible. Her performance of this task occasions some clever by-play, which on the stage must be very funny, as a Parisian husband habitually kept apart from his wife, though living in the same house with her, may well be expected both to feel and inspire a good deal of pointed amusement. Séraphine has another daughter unmarried, whom, in her religious fervour, she is on the point of consigning to a convent. In time, however, to prevent this, an old admiral, who is Yvonne's godfather, appears, and carries the maiden off by force to his own house. At this point it appears that the admiral is not only her godfather, but her real father also; for the devout and virtuous Séraphine was not always either virtuous or devout, and she had in her unconverted days dishonoured her husband, whose child, however, the innocent Yvonne had always been very naturally assumed to be. Séraphine guesses who has abducted her daughter, and hastens to his house, whither her husband follows her. The daughter is found, and the next day there is a clearing up which leaves everybody in the dark whom it would be indiscreet to enlighten. Yvonne, unconscious to the last of her true paternity, is betrothed to a lively youth who has figured in a spirited manner during the play. The Baron, her supposed father, has been satisfied with a made-up explanation of her abduction. The Admiral, her real father, departs for the fleet, without betraying his secret; while Séraphine is left in a tolerably equable state at having escaped a doubly disastrous disclosure of her old sin. All this, it will be allowed, is not very nice; and, to make sure of our not missing the point, alongside of the main current of Séraphine's affairs there is a still less nice episode of one Chapelard, friend of the family—a greedy, selfish, fawning hypocrite, a better-mannered kind of Chadband. Connected with Chapelard by an undefined tie, which, however, is supposed here again to be that of some clandestine paternity, is a youth who is equally devout with the rest, and who is at length discovered to be spending the money subscribed by pious congregations for the little Patagonians upon an improper young lady who dances at the Opera.

The reader now understands the kind of matter of which the play consists, and its bearing. We are in the region of the immortal Tartufe, but among the dwarfs of that unlovely species. Of fine and free delineation of character there is none. Chapelard is commonplace to the last degree. M. Plantrose is a well-drawn man of the world at war with his mother-in-law; but then a man of the world at war with his mother-in-law is not much of a creation after all. The author, if he were less well known for taste than he assuredly is, would deserve some credit for the ease and good breeding of M. Plantrose, but then it is only in the modern drama of home construction that we English think it worth noting when a gentleman on the stage is drawn after the picture of a gentleman off the stage. Still there is no creation, nor power, nor freshness of conception in M. Plantrose, nor indeed about any of the rest. The unlucky Baron, Séraphine's husband, may be said to exhibit fairly the humour of his situation as betrayed husband kept in the dark, as swearing old colonel in a devout household, and as gouty subject despatched relentlessly on all pious errands in all weathers. But is not this rather too dangerously near the confines of farce to be worthy of a writer like M. Sardou? Even Séraphine herself is neither in outline nor in colour very effective. In her devout mood she is commonplace, because the caricature of religious devotion has been so often repeated by small masters and great as to have become essentially commonplace. We get a glimpse of force for a moment while she defies the Admiral, in spite of her knowledge that the fatal past places her in his power. And on one or two other occasions the entanglement of circumstances makes her interesting for the moment. But then the interest is rather from the circumstances than from the outshining of any strong or remarkable quality in her.

What, then, are the parts on which the dramatist has relied, and as it would appear has not in vain relied, for the success of his piece? So far as we can see, upon two or three situations, scenes, or interviews, which turn either upon a nauseous sort of sentimentalism, or else upon associations, suggestions, impulses, of a kind which is nauseous and something more. One situation, which we are quite sure, without having been to the Gymnase, cannot fail to stir a sentimentally inclined audience to the depths of its French heart, is the interview between the ingenuous Yvonne and the Admiral, whom she takes to be no more than her godfather. The cleverness of this scene, and the exceeding neatness of the dialogue, cannot be praised too highly. The old man, whom she loves dearly, would fain have her confess that she loves him better than she loves her (supposed) father. She holds out from a sense of the wickedness of liking anybody in the world more than a father; and the play between them, the coaxing earnestness of the old man and the half uneasy tenderness of the hardly pressed maiden, is excellent. But to a spectator or reader the entire suggestion of the scene is disagreeable. The true relationship, which of course we know all the time, is not one that we care to be reminded of or to think about. Sentimentalism is all very well, but this is sentimentalism under most unpleasant difficulties. The climax of the piece is still more unpleasant. The Admiral happens to have kept possession of a bundle of Séraphine's warmest and least reserved letters in the days of her amour. By an accident the letters fall into the hands of Yvonne. The Admiral, having just discovered this terrible mishap, seeks Séraphine on the instant, and tells her that these old letters have been taken. "Mon mari?" exclaims Séraphine:—

> MONTIGNAC.—Eh! si ce n'était que lui! . . . mais le coup est plus atroce: ce n'est pas l'épouse qui est menacée dans son honneur! . . . c'est la mère! . . .
> SÉRAPHINE.—La mère!
> MONTIGNAC.—Vos lettres sont dans les mains d'Yvonne.
> SÉRAPHINE.—Ma fille!
> MONTIGNAC.—Comprenez-vous—vos lettres! . . . sous les yeux de cette enfant! . . . ces lettres brûlantes . . . ardentes! que vous ne reliriez pas vous-même sans rougir!

That the mother is distracted with horror at the thought of the gross exposure which may have happened is natural, and this horror is a sort of tragic climax to the piece. That there is a certain dramatic force in the situation one cannot deny; the audience will be thrilled; but how repulsive in all its suggestion and association! Maternal love and its crushing anguish have often before now been made the key-note of mighty scenes, and a mother's fear lest an innocent daughter might chance upon some story of past guilt is not essentially improper for a legitimately telling situation. But we would venture to make two decided objections to its use and fitness here. First, we are not at all prepared to feel any sympathy with Séraphine by her odious and defiant action in the previous parts of the play; nothing leads up to any association of pity or good-will with her in any case. Secondly, the form in which the disclosure of the past guilt would have been made, and the expectation of which is the stimulus to the spectator's interest, is detestable. Look at it as

* *Séraphine. Comédie en Cinq Actes.* Par Victorien Sardou. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1869.

we will, the whole suggestion of the pure daughter handling the mother's not pure letters is ignoble and distasteful, and the same kind of ignoble and distasteful suggestion runs through the entire piece.

THE SIMANCAS RECORDS.*

(Second Notice.)

WE are sorry that the long-promised continuation of our notice of M. Bergenroth's last publication of Records has been delayed until now. His lamented death, which has occurred in the interval, leaves a vacancy on the staff of the Master of the Rolls which it will, we fear, be impossible adequately to fill. Though we have had occasion to express grave differences of opinion from M. Bergenroth on important points, yet we may be allowed to state our firm conviction that no other place held by an editor of this series of documents will be so difficult to fill. We think it worth while to add that the following remarks were in type before we had heard the sad intelligence.

The supplementary volume of despatches from Simancas differs from the two volumes previously issued, and indeed from all the other publications in the series of Calendars of State Papers, both in style and arrangement. The editor has exercised a wise discretion in printing at full length the important documents which have been so long suppressed; and as they refer to two entirely different subjects, the volume has, we think, been judiciously divided into two parts, without reference being made to chronological arrangement, except that the documents in each portion follow each other in proper order. We have already discussed the first set of papers, referring to the conduct of Catharine of Aragon during her residence in England as Princess of Wales. And we trust that nothing we have said will prejudice the reader against M. Bergenroth's conclusions as expressed in that part of his preface which refers to the mad Queen of Castile. Mr. Turnbull was dismissed from his employment under the Master of the Rolls for telling the truth as it appeared in the State Papers of the reign of Mary. M. Bergenroth was never in any danger of losing his appointment for having formed an unfavourable judgment of her mother, though, as we have shown, his judgment rests upon no shadow of evidence. No one can complain of him for suppressing or altering the evidence, such as it is. The only fault we find is that the conclusion he has arrived at is in no way connected with the evidence. We are glad that the documents have been printed at full length, and an English translation of them placed at the foot of the page, for in truth the original Spanish is especially difficult to make out, and requires more knowledge of language in general than is possessed by most Englishmen, however fluently they may be able to converse in that language in its present form. Where a document was presented in French or Latin the editor has not encumbered his page with a translation, as the sixteenth-century type of the former language presents little difficulty, and that of the latter none whatever, to ordinary students of history.

In noticing the portion of this volume which is headed "Queen Juana," the first question that will arise in some minds will be—What has the personal history of the mad Queen of Castile to do with English affairs? And perhaps, strictly speaking, these papers have no business to appear in a series of Calendars the professed object of which is to illustrate English history. It cannot be pretended that the fact of Henry VII. becoming a suitor for her hand, after the death of Elizabeth of York, entitles her to appear there, and unquestionably England makes no figure at all in the Spanish rebellion against the Emperor which occupies the greater part of the volume. Again, if it were ever so well established that the mad Queen of Castile was as sane as her sister Catharine, Queen of England, it would not follow that her royal suitor was aware of her soundness of mind; nor, even supposing that Henry was relieved from the odium he has incurred for his willingness to marry a mad woman for political aggrandizement, would that much soften the dark shades which gather round his picture as it has been drawn from the previous revelations from Simancas.

From what has been said, it will have been anticipated that M. Bergenroth expects us to reverse our judgment of the character of Queen Juana, in pretty much the same way in which he thinks he has succeeded in showing us that we ought to change our views as regards the piety of Catharine of Aragon. We trust that nothing we have said on the latter point will induce any one to prejudge the case of Juana of Castile. The editor made such an absurd failure in his attack upon the English Queen that we think it quite necessary to bespeak for him a fair hearing in his defence of the sanity of the Queen of Spain. In truth, his preface is nothing less than an elaborate attempt to establish the truth of his conclusion, that her nearly fifty years' confinement was the result of a conspiracy originated by her father, and afterwards continued by her son, the Emperor, for the purpose of securing the government of her kingdom to themselves during her lifetime, and enlarging the boundaries of that dominion which had been consolidated first by the marriage of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, with Isabella, Queen of Castile; and then by the death of Don Juan, their only son, which left his sister, Juana, sole heiress to the kingdoms of her father and mother, to which, after her marriage with the Archduke Philip of Austria, were united in prospect the dominions of Austria and the States of Burgundy.

The detail of the imprisonment and the sufferings of the poor Queen reads more like a piece of romance than a narrative of real history, and yet we are bound to admit that M. Bergenroth has nowhere overstated the facts as they appear in his published documents. His representations are quite as exact in the one case as in the other, and our only quarrel with him is that the conclusion does not appear to us to come out of the premisses with the amount of certainty which he attributes to it. He says, "That Queen Juana in the year 1507 was incapacitated by insanity for matrimonial life, will hardly any longer be pretended." Now we admit that the hypothesis of Juana's sanity is perhaps tenable. That is to say, after reading first M. Bergenroth's preface, and then the documents of which it is the epitome, it appears to us just possible that Juana was of sound mind at the commencement of the dreary period of confinement and surveillance to which she was subjected, and which, at its termination, left her hopelessly insane. But it is after all only an hypothesis, which has to be confronted with some facts very difficult to make it fit in with. We may perhaps concede that Ferdinand was capable of the villany of treating his own daughter in the fashion described in these papers. It is more difficult to believe in the possibility of a son, hard and unsympathizing as that son certainly was, practising such unfeeling oppression on his mother; but the chief obstacle to be overcome is the complete success with which the deceit, if deceit it was, imposed upon the people of Spain, as well as on the other nations of Europe.

M. Bergenroth traces the real or pretended insanity of Juana for above twenty years from the date of the drawing up of Isabella's will in November, 1504. And he writes not merely like a person θέσιν διαφυλάττων, but we may observe that he actually grows stronger in his convictions in the course of composing his introduction. At p. x. we are told that "the correspondence throws grave doubts on the insanity of Queen Juana." At p. xxvii., "the story of Queen Juana's madness must, we are afraid, be abandoned, and replaced by another drawn in strong, hard lines, and coloured with the darkest tints." Further on we are told—and here we entirely follow M. Bergenroth—that, "if we consider her absolute loneliness, and all the other circumstances, we must come to the conclusion that Charles and his abettors were utterly regardless of the consequences of their conduct," and that "it would not be at all surprising if a perfectly sane person put in the position of Juana had gone mad." And we quite agree, therefore, that the unquestionable fact of her having been mad during the latter years of her life is not to be pressed too far in the way of evidence that she was mad before or at the time of her husband's death. At page lx. we advance one step further, and the editor expresses his opinion as follows:—"From what we have stated, we believe it will be tolerably clear that the reasoning faculties of Queen Juana were by no means impaired, and that, whatever opinion we may be inclined to form of her character and her religious convictions, we cannot pronounce her to have been insane." But, with all our experience of M. Bergenroth's jumping at conclusions, we were scarcely prepared for the very decided avowal of opinion contained in the last paragraph of his preface—"That Queen Juana in the year 1507 was incapacitated by insanity for matrimonial life, we think, will hardly any longer be pretended."

The outline of the story, as it may be read in Mariana or any other Spanish history, is that Isabella of Castile, with the consent of the Castilian grandees, without whose concurrence no such step could have been taken with any chance of success, left her husband Ferdinand Governor of her kingdom in the event of her daughter Juana being incapacitated for the management of affairs by her malady, which had already begun to show itself. Philip, the husband of Juana, resented this interference, and, with the assistance of several Castilian nobles who disliked the idea of being governed by a King of Aragon, held his own till a compromise was made by the Treaty of Salamanca, one stipulation of which was that Juana, Ferdinand, and Philip should be joint-Regents of Castile. Philip, however, soon forced his father-in-law to resign, and practically became King. This state of things was interrupted by the timely death of Philip at the early age of twenty-eight, when Ferdinand assumed the Regency, and held it till his death in 1516. In doing this he was materially aided by the illustrious Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, whom at his death he left as Regent in Spain till the arrival of his grandson Charles in that kingdom. Charles immediately determined, in prejudice of his mother's rights, to usurp the title of King of Castile—a proceeding which the Cardinal, with his usual sagacity, saw to be highly impolitic, and the impolicy of which was shown by the subsequent rebellion of the Commons in 1520. Nevertheless, after the Pope had addressed Charles as King of Castile, and when he saw that the Prince was not to be deterred from his attempt, he used all his influence to further the plan, which certainly without his assistance could not have succeeded. After this usurpation the mad Queen of Castile disappears from the page of history, except for the use made of her name when the rebels, in 1520, vainly attempted to procure her signature to an instrument declaring that she had taken the Government into her

* *Supplement to Volume I. and Volume II. of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives at Simancas and elsewhere. I. Queen Katharine. II. Intended Marriage of King Henry VII. with Queen Juana.* Edited by G. A. Bergenroth. Published by the authority of the Lords' Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

hands. Had she done so, the success of the rebellion would have been certain, and, whether mad or not, her subjects would have reinstated her in her lawful rights. Many particulars of this insurrection and of the Queen's conduct at the critical moment, when a stroke of her pen might have secured her release, are for the first time revealed in the documents published in this volume. And the most difficult part of M. Bergenroth's task is to account for her persistently refusing to do what would have instantly secured her liberty. And though he commits himself to the statement that "there is no doubt that only a person of much higher intellectual power than the common average could have behaved as she did under similar circumstances," yet we are told that her aristocratic propensities induced her to look upon the grandees as her friends, and that in her tenderness for her son she was willing to forgive him the cruel injustice which she had suffered at his hands, and seemed to be "more solicitous for his interests than mindful of her own advantages."

This transaction alone proves, almost with the force of demonstration, the madness of the poor Queen of Castile; but it is, after all, only one of several formidable difficulties in the way of M. Bergenroth's hypothesis. We are called upon to believe that her father and her husband combined to represent her as mad when she was perfectly sane; that the father caused the death of the husband by poison, employing as his instrument the person whom he afterwards appointed to be his daughter's keeper; that after his grandfather's death the Queen's son, a boy of sixteen, kept his mother in a confinement which lasted for nearly half a century, knowing that she was perfectly capable of managing her affairs; that the Primate of Spain, the saintly Ximenes, connived at and abetted the proceeding; and that after his death the Cardinal of Tortosa, afterwards Adrian VI.—who, whatever might have been his credulity or incapacity, was a man of unimpeachable integrity—entered into the plot, knowing the real state of the Queen's mind. And lastly, there remains the fact that the Infanta Catalina, the posthumous daughter of the Queen, was allowed to associate with her mother from her birth till her marriage with the King of Portugal, and never gave the slightest hint of the real state of the case either during the time of her residence with her mother, or after she quitted her to become Queen of Portugal.

The most ridiculous part of the supposition is the idea that Queen Juana is a Protestant martyr. This idea is founded on the fact of her refusing to confess. The date 1497 is undoubtedly a little awkward for the Protestant hypothesis; but we are told that the Infanta Juana, if not a Protestant, at least rebelled against "religious doctrines which must either corrupt the soul or provoke opposition," and in consequence was put to the torture by her mother, in order to make her conform. It is worth while to notice that the only evidence of this is the assertion made twenty-five years afterwards by her gaoler, the Marquis of Denia—whom M. Bergenroth must believe to have been a consummate scoundrel—for the purpose of inducing the Emperor to adopt the same method of proselytizing. And now we have said enough to point out the principal source of M. Bergenroth's mistake. It is not the first time that we have had occasion to suspect that M. Bergenroth's prejudices would scarcely allow him to believe any good of Popes or Cardinals or priests.

THE CLARENDON PRESS CORNELIUS NEPOS.*

WE have again before us one of the Clarendon Press Series, and we find ourselves again forced to pass an unfavourable criticism. Mr. Thring's *Principles of Grammar*, which we lately reviewed, seemed to us to stand on an eminence of badness which could scarcely be attained a second time, at least in one series. Mr. Oscar Browning, however, in his edition of *Cornelius Nepos*, has done his best to save his colleague from any sense of loneliness on the serene height which he had reached.

In this edition Mr. Browning has contrived to err in many ways. He is guilty of at least three serious faults. He edits a work that is to be one of a series, but he does not proceed on any uniform method; he chooses a method of his own, but he chooses a bad method; he chooses a bad method, and he works it out with the greatest carelessness. However careful had been his workmanship, however good his method, yet still he would have been liable to the reproach of having in a series of school-books altogether disregarded that uniformity which should constitute its greatest merit. As it is, his work, being part of a series and yet not uniform, being badly conceived and worse executed, can be only consigned to that same doom which has doubtless fallen upon Mr. Thring's Elements.

Mr. Browning says in his preface:—

> Although *Cornelius Nepos* has often been edited as a classic of the Augustan age, the present edition does not pretend to be anything more than a school-book. The notes are intended for two classes of persons—learners and teachers. For the first I have thought it necessary to give such help as would enable them to learn the lesson with the assistance of a grammar and a dictionary. I may seem to some to have translated too many words into English, but experience has convinced me that a boy slowly learns the art of picking the right word out of a number given in a dictionary, and that translation into idiomatic English cannot be too much insisted upon from the first. For the teacher I have done my best to correct the mistakes of Nepos in history, and to notice his departure in language from classical usage. I have constantly referred to two books which are sure to be within the reach of every teacher, Madvig's *Latin Grammar* and Grote's *History of Greece*.

It is only too evident, from Mr. Browning's preface, that we are not to expect from the Clarendon Press that uniform series of school classics which has so long been wanting. Every editor is to do that which is right in his own eyes, and to execute his work in accordance with his own fancy, and not in accordance with any well-conceived uniform plan. The series will, it is true, be printed in the same type, brought out by the same publishers, issued by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, and "bound all in cloth boards"; but with so much of uniformity, and no more, we must rest contented.

One entire and uniform edition of the Latin classics has indeed been brought out. Perhaps, however, the little use the Most Serene Dauphin made of it has acted as a discouragement to all further attempts. And yet we cannot but hope that the Delegates of the Clarendon Press may still supply the want, and fix on some methodical plan of editing the ordinary school authors. Why should they not hold a conference of masters—of masters drawn from the lower as well as the higher forms—and, after full discussion, lay down the general principles on which the editing should be done? They would distinguish carefully between the authors intended for the higher and for the lower forms, and still more carefully between the notes intended for the master and for the boy. They would fix on books of reference—some more elementary grammar for the lower forms, and some more advanced grammar for the higher forms. Not only would they have grammars referred to, but also exercise books; so that a boy might see how in his exercise book he had met with the same construction, on turning English into Latin, that now puzzled him in turning Latin into English. In the easier authors they would have everything done to bridge over that great gulf which is set between a parrot-like knowledge of the grammar and the application of it to construing. But while they build the bridge they would not *carry* the boy over it, but make him trudge across it himself. For the assistance they would render would not consist in translating freely or literally any difficult passage, but in referring the boy to that part of the grammar or exercise book where he could find a clue to the construction that puzzled him. In a word, they would throw as much of the work as they could on the boy, but at the same time would render him such judicious assistance that the master might, in case he did not know his lesson, reasonably punish him for his idleness, and not, as too often happens now, unreasonably punish him for his ignorance. How many followers are there still to be found of Dr. Johnson's old master at Lichfield School, who

> "was very severe, and wrongheadedly severe. He used," said he, "to beat us unmercifully, and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which a boy could not expect to be asked."

Mr. Oscar Browning's edition of *Nepos* meets none of our requirements. Though claiming to be one of a series, it is not really so, as it is not executed on any uniform plan; though intended for beginners, half the notes and all the references are for the teacher; no elementary grammar and no exercise book are referred to; there is none of that assistance where the boy must meet his editor half way, and do half of the work at least; but there is a profusion of free translation, which even a clever lad cannot help using, and which a shirker bolts down. Some of these faults belong not so much to Mr. Browning as to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. It is not his fault that, though writing for a series, he has been left entirely to his own discretion, but he is answerable for the bad method that he has chosen and for the careless workmanship that he has been guilty of.

We notice not a few misprints—misprints unworthy of the usual accuracy of the Clarendon Press:—

> At page 23 we find—dei Delphice responso.
> P. 32—impedentem evitare tempestatem.
> P. 37—Non tulit *hunc* satrapes, where the usual reading is, as the sense evidently requires, "Non tulit hoc satrapes."

Not to multiply instances of errors in the text, though we have marked others, we will now point out much more serious misprints in the notes, which indeed seem to have received but the slightest revision.

In page 167, in a note to Conon's Life, the student learns that he is first heard of as commanding at Naupactus in 413 B.C.;" in the next note he finds that Conon drove out "the Spartan harmosts from the islands after the battle of Cnidus in 324 B.C." It is not, we believe, common in the world's history to find the command of any general extending over 89 years. We may well exclaim with old Cato, "Nihil igitur afferunt qui in re gerenda versari senectutem negant." But lest the young student should think that Athens alone produced such tough old men, in the very next page (p. 168) he learns that "Agesilaus was sent into Asia in 396, and Tissaphernes was ordered to resist him, but, in consequence of his inefficiency and the intrigues of Parysatis, he was beheaded in 295 B.C." What a picture does this interesting piece of chronology present to our eyes! On the one hand, we see painted before us with one dash of the brush, the long duration of primeval life; on the other, the mild nature of the Persian

* *Cornelius Nepos.* By Oscar Browning, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant-Master at Eton College. Clarendon Press Series. 1868.

monarchy, which, in spite of the intrigues of the royal spouse, bears with an inefficient general for 101 years. When the student has sufficiently digested these striking facts, and become accustomed to the prolonged age of the men of old, he is a few pages further on let into a still more interesting fact concerning the youth of those days.

In page 176 he finds this note:—"Adolescentulus, 'a young man;' he was then about forty years old. Adolescentia lasted from 17 to 40 B.C.; but there is no reason here for the diminutive." Oh, wonderful Timotheus! who, though he died in 359 B.C., as we learn from page 176, and again in 354 B.C., as we learn from page 59, still managed to be not only an adolescens, but an adolescentulus, though the period of adolescence lasted only from 17 to 40 B.C. *Non cuivis homini contingit*—it does not fall to the lot of every man to die twice; still less to be a youth after both his deaths, and, least of all, to have his youth begin twenty-three years after it ended, as must have been the case if adolescentia began 17 B.C. and ended 40 B.C.

We find on more than one occasion that the reading explained in the notes is not the same as that given in the text. In page 56, in the Life of Chabrias, this reading is given in the text of certainly a somewhat doubtful passage:—"Namque in eo victoria fidente summo duce Agesilao," &c. Now in the note to this passage (page 174) we find "Agesilaum; there is no verb to govern this accusative. Nepos intended to write 'perterruit,' but changed the form of the sentence; *others* read 'fidente summo duce Agesilao.'" We have scarcely ever met any act of carelessness that can be matched with this. Mr. Browning gives one reading in his text; when he comes to his notes, he imagines he has given a different one, which he proceeds to explain, and then calmly remarks, "others read"—what? why the very reading he has himself taken. We cannot refrain from quoting one more instance of the variance between his text and his notes, as it is an instance not only of carelessness, but also of that prudery which so often suggests the very thought which it aims at avoiding. In page 38 we read that Alcibiades "fuisse apud Thracas, homines vinolentos; hos quoque in his rebus antecessisse"; in the note to this passage (page 165) we find merely "rebus Veneris 'lust.'" The passage as unpruned by Mr. Browning for family use stands:—"Fuisse apud Thracas homines vinolentos rebusque Veneris deditos," &c. The only explanation we can form to ourselves of this curious fact is, that Mr. Browning revised his text later than his notes, and so they escaped the sensitiveness of that spiritual growth which seems to have occurred in the interval. Mr. Browning's pupils at Eton must, we presume, be far above (or below) the average run of schoolboys, if their moral nature can be offended by an expression so harmless (for the classics at all events), as "rebus veneris"; but neither Eton boys nor any other boys are made any the better by having their imagination set working by the suggestiveness of a note which shows that there is something too improper to stand in the text. The old Delphin editors could not have done a greater harm to morality than they did by marking in their parallel translation by asterisks the omission of all improper passages. These asterisks of course serve as so many convenient sign-posts to guide any one pruriently inclined in his search after congenial matter.

To pass from this subject, and from the inaccuracies which abound in Mr. Browning's edition, we cannot but find fault, as we have said before, with the very principle on which the notes are constructed:—

I may seem to some [he says, as quoted above] to have translated too many words into English, but experience has convinced me that a boy slowly learns the art of picking the right word out of a number given in a dictionary, and that translation into idiomatic English cannot be too much insisted upon from the first.

Yes, but it does not follow that because "translation into idiomatic English cannot be too much insisted upon from the first," this idiomatic English is to be supplied to the boy before he has even tried to "pick out the word in the dictionary." Surely the right course is to leave to the teacher the furnishing of the idiomatic English, and to give the boy all the help required for construing, by referring him to grammar and exercise book, by supplying links that are often omitted in the structure of a sentence, or by throwing the words more into the usual order. Mr. Browning may object that the teachers generally are not able to supply idiomatic English. If such is the case, they are hardly fit to be teachers, but at all events their deficiencies must not be remedied in such a way as to injure their pupils. In the more difficult authors these occasional renderings into idiomatic English no doubt are good, as the student already knows the construction of the sentence, and does not bolt down a certain number of English words as an equivalent for a certain number of Latin words without knowing how the several words are rendered. But this is not the case with those younger boys into whose hands Mr. Browning's *Nepos* will no doubt come as a wind-fall. There is nothing your lazy boy likes better than a free rendering of half-a-dozen words; the amount of dictionary and grammar work it saves is wonderful. Such a boy will find complete satisfaction for his wishes in Mr. Browning; but it is a different question whether his master will be equally pleased when he hears him translate from Mr. Browning's notes, "aut se illius fore proprium," "or whom he had devoted to his interests by an oath," p. 159; or, "quam vere," "how false was," p. 160; or, "indicatum," "in his recent acquittal," p. 160.

At times Mr. Browning gets more out of a Latin word or two than we should have thought possible, though Latin is, to be sure, a more concise language than our own. Still, it must be concise indeed, if the following (p. 164) is exact:—"Renuntiat"; "he declares the alliance between the King and the Lacedæmonians to be at an end." Even this is surpassed by a rendering further on (p. 180), "ad eum finem"; "to such an extent that, standing up, he could clasp his antagonist and prove his match." There has been nothing comparable to this since the days of M. Jourdain, and "Son Altesse Turque":—

Cleonte (en turc). Bel-men.
Covielle. Il dit, que vous alliez vite avec lui vous préparer pour la cérémonie, afin de voir ensuite votre fille, et de conclure le mariage.
M. Jourdain. Tant de choses en deux mots!

"Tant de choses en deux mots," we may well exclaim, for be it understood that the passages we have quoted above are not given as explanations merely, but are shown by the inverted commas to be meant for free translations. Free enough are Mr. Browning's translations, in all truth, but we must content ourselves with a few, and only a few, more instances:—

P. 168—scripta, "in waiting" (*sic*).
P. 172—quæ, "because."
P. 178—quibus rex, "by whom the King was chiefly influenced."
P. 179—quo conveniretur, "for the rendezvous."
P. 180—idem, "but at the same time"—ereptum, "by robbery."

With Mr. Oscar Browning we have done. But we must give one word of warning to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. The work they have taken in hand is of no small importance; much that they have already done has been done well, but this is already the second considerable failure that we have had to notice. We can no more understand how they allowed Mr. Browning's work to appear than we can understand how they passed Mr. Thring's *Principles of Grammar*. Surely the editors of the series should exercise a real and strong, and not merely a nominal, control over whatever works they publish. No intelligent man who had read the first few pages of Mr. Thring's Grammar could have helped seeing that they contained a great deal of utter nonsense, just as no one who had glanced through Mr. Browning's notes could have helped at once discovering that they were full of the grossest mistakes. The managers of an important series ought not to look upon each work as entirely independent of the others, and upon each editor as altogether free from control. On the contrary, they should, as we have said before, after most careful deliberation, lay down the principles on which the various classes of works are to be edited, and then see that these principles are strictly adhered to. It is only thus that we can hope to see a progressive and harmonious series of school-books, in every respect worthy of the Clarendon Press.

THE DIALECTS OF CUMBERLAND.*

EVERY day destroys something of the peculiarities of our remote country places. A generation ago the speech and manners of the Northern counties were as different from the speech and manners of the South as if they had been countries absolutely foreign to each other. A Borrowdale "statesman" would have been as unintelligible to a Sussex yokel as a Frenchman fresh from Paris, and the rude pastimes of the dales had no more likeness to the homely merriment of the downs than if they had been Breton sports or Tyrolese amusements. But railways, and the penny post, and the incessant influx of travellers of all nations, and the increased circulation of the country folk themselves, and the bit by bit transfer of land from the old holders to new men, are breaking down all this rugged growth of isolation; and soon Cumberland and Westmoreland will be just like the rest of England, and as smooth and conventional as any part of the Home Circuit. The whole character of society there is rapidly changing. Moneyed men—foreigners or strangers, in the clannish speech of the autochthones—are buying up every rood of ground they can get, barren fell, fertile garth, redeemed intake—they secure whatever comes into the market; and the statesman, or peasant proprietor, hitherto the distinctive social feature of the dales, is passing away under the pressure of the cotton lords and successful speculators who tempt with long prices the poorer holders of the land. There is something sad in this, and yet doubtless it will be for the best in the end; but we cannot help feeling a certain regret at this absorption of so fine and marked a class as the Cumberland and Westmoreland statesmen, and the destruction of so many quaint and picturesque customs.

This little book of folk speech comes opportunely; for though it does not touch on many local customs, nor give any special account of manners or traditions, it has caught the exact spirit of the dialect, the run of thought and common talk of the people, and so far is invaluable as a faithful transcript of what it assumes to give. Few people are more competent to write on the subject than the present author. As a medical man, riding about the country far and wide, called into the remotest and most lonesome districts, and admitted into the very heart of the dalesman's life as no other stranger or educated man could be, he has had oppor-

* *The Folk Speech of Cumberland, and some Districts adjacent: being short Stories and Rhymes in the Dialects of the West Border Countries.* By Alexander Craig Gibson, F.S.A. London: John Russell Smith. Carlisle: George Coward.

tunities for studying the peculiarities of the people which only a country practitioner can have. Even a country clergyman does not get so thoroughly to the back of local life as a doctor does. Folks are shy of the priest, as they call him; they put on their best manners when he comes among them; and all the wilder and coarser part of the fun in which lies so much character, and which includes so many local customs, is hidden beneath a "menseful" bearing till he retires. He goes to a christening or "cursenin" say, and he has his sup of gin and his "Harry-lad-shive" of wheaten bread spread with rum-butter like the rest; or he goes to a funeral and carries away his "arval bread" like a gentleman born to the customs of the place, and does not eat it on the spot like an unmannerly churl; or he attends the "bidden wedding," and has his portion of currant cake, and offers his contribution as he is expected to do; but he sees merely the outsides of things after all; and it is only when he has gone that the real business of the gathering begins. He cannot go to a "murry neet" (merry night, or dance) as the doctor can; or stand by while the mysteries of the "cushion" take place; and when he hears that any of the female lambs of his flock have been guilty of a "sitten oop" with their sweethearts, he must frown down a custom which is like the Welsh bundling in form, and with the same result. But the doctor is not bound to be strait-laced; and a genial man, fond of studying human nature in all its phases, and not afraid of a little more "colour" than is to be found in the ordinary conventional drawing-room, has ample opportunities for carrying out his investigations. He is welcome everywhere, and sees "t' reugh side o' t claith" as well as the smooth. Winter and summer the ring of his galloway's hoofs may be heard in the solitary dales and over the bleak wild fell; when the little valley is choked with snow, which the wind has heaped up into high and dangerous drifts, he must still be at the call of every old wife who has a twinge of the rheumatics, and of every young one whose "bairn time" has come. Let what will be the peril and discomfort of travelling, he must go his ten or a dozen miles to the lone holding where perhaps his is the only face that has been seen for three weeks or more from the world outside the dreary and close-set fells. Indeed, many of the narrower gorges are almost impassable in the winter, and to be snowed up is no uncommon experience among the mountain valleys. We can imagine, then, how welcome the doctor is where his visits are paid, and how entirely the artificial barriers raised by society are broken down by this communion in the midst of pain and solitude. But the country doctor has one supreme temptation, one deadly enemy to resist and fight against, and that is the habit of drink which has ruined scores of our North-country practitioners. When he comes into the farmhouse, wet and dripping, or may be half frozen with the cold, we cannot wonder that the "lile soop o' gin" always offered is accepted as a needful restorative. This would be all very well if it came only once or twice in the day; but it comes as often as there are farmhouses on his list. Wherever he goes he is pressed to take just this one "lile soop"; and if he refuses his host is hurt, and he is regarded as a proud, menseless body, and a "danged seet owre stook oop for t' pleace-on him." The consequence of which is, that very few North-country practitioners who have a wide practice and a rough district keep sober, and that one after another fall away into drunkenness and destruction, slower or swifter according to individual constitution, but for the most part terribly sure. This, too, will be a phase of manners which will pass away when the dales are more thickly populated than they are at present; and one that can be very well spared.

Mr. Gibson has made an acute and accurate distinction between the dialect of the Southern side of the West Border, in which Miss Blamire, Stagg, Anderson, and others wrote, and which contains a large number of pure Scottish words, and those of High Furness, Westmoreland, and the centre of Cumberland. A glance at his glossary will show how many words he assigns absolutely to Scotland, and one or two anecdotes give the differences. Thus, under the head of *ya*, *yan*, Cumberland, and *ae*, *yin*, Dumfriesshire, we have the following illustrations:—

Ya is used when the noun indicated is named, *yan* when it is understood; thus: "How mony fwoke was theer?" "*Yan!*" "No' but *yan?*" "No' but *ya* man!" *Ae* and *yin* are used in the same way. The use of the first is illustrated in the conversation without consonants, which is said to have come off in a shop in Dumfries. Customer, referring to some cloth, asks, "A' 'oo?" Shopman assents: "Ou aye a' 'oo!" Customer again: "A' *ae* 'oo?" Shopman: "Ou aye a' ae 'oo!" That is, "All wool?" "O yes, all wool." "All one (or the same) wool?" "O yes, all one wool!"

By the by, why does he describe *wudde*, or mad, as Scottish only? It is a good Cumberland word as well; and though it may have been incorporated originally, still its length of adoption has naturalized it by this time. So with *scrimp*, which he makes only

Shinburness." But *scrow* means more than this. "There's siccan a scrow on at oor hame," means a house-cleaning, or a domestic turn-out of some kind, not to be confounded with *thrang*, which is used for orderly purposeful work; as when "men are *thrang* at clipping-time amang 't hogs (sheep)," or at "shearing-time," which the south calls reaping or harvest-time. But the glossary does not assume to be exhaustive. It only deals with such words as are used in the tales and rhymes of the book itself; so that, though it is not in all respects quite correct, and though it does not give anything like the full number of provincial words in use, we may accept it without too much criticism. The illustrations of the words are often full of humour. Thus, under "Hantle, a considerable number or quantity," we have part of the Rev. Walter Dunlop's sermon to his Dumfries congregation, some of whom had joined the Baptists. "I thocht till ha'e gethered (ye?) under my wings, as a hen gethereth her chickens, but a *hantle* o' ye ha'e turn't oot to be deuks an' ta'en to the water." Miss Martineau's celebrated quotation is here repeated, but the venue is changed. She, if we remember rightly, made her informant a shepherd and the place the top of High Street. Mr. Gibson gives him as a boatman discoursing on the Ullswater weather generally: "It donks an' dozzles an' does, but niver cūms iv any girt pell." Many of the illustrations to the words in the glossary are evidently original—sayings that the author has heard in the course of his professional career, though he does not quote himself as the authority. Thus under *iverly*, everly or continuously, we find: "'How often do you take your ale?' 'Yall? I tak it *iverly!*' '*Iverly?*' 'Ey, ebben endways away'"—as "part of a professional conversation." And under *geàl*, split, rend, ache with cold, is: "I've (it should be *I'se*) an oold teuth, when t' coald gits tull't it maks o' geàl ageàn," as "said to a Doctor"; with more than we can quote of the same kind.

The stories, or prose pieces, are the best in the collection. *Joe and the Geologist*, *Bobby Banks's Bodderment*, and *Wise Wiff*, are wonderfully clever and well done. The death-bed scene in *Wise Wiff*, when his father, forgetting the solemn tenderness of the hour, as well as roused out of a dying man's natural weakness, by his son's excessive grief, turns round and rates him as at any other time, is about as funny as anything we know of:—

"Wiffy, my lad," says he, as his son com in, leùken, as he thowte, mair sackless nor ivir, "Wiffy, my pooar lad, thy oald fadder's ga'n to leave thee. Whey, whey, gūd lad! it's reet aneuf thou' sūd be sworry to lwoase see a fadder, but divn't gowl i' that way," for Wiff hed brassen oot wid a meàst terrable rooar. "I say I hev to leave thee, an' that afooar lang. *Hod* thy noise, thoo bellerin' coaf, an' hear what I've *to say*," says t' *fadder*, as he got oot o' patience at Wiff's gowlin, an' went back till his oald hard way o' speakin til him. "Stop thy beelin, I say, an' lissen to me. I've had Jobby here browte ower, ebben o' pùrpose, to mack him promish 'at he 'll leùk efter thee when I'se away. Hod t' noise on the', wil' té! I'se leavin the' weel providit for, an' o' t' land mūn be let but t' Booin-eyes; thoo mūn keep them i' thy oan hand, thūrty yacre o' gûd grūnd. Fy' seys he hoaf till hissel' 't' best land 'at iver laid oot o' dooars. Whativer way ye gang fray 't ye warsen! Thoo 'll hod them i' thy oan hand, for t' seàk o' hevin sūm 'at to deù. Thoo'll hev to leùk efter t' fences, an' t' yatts, an' t' water-coorses. Keep *them* i' order; an' keep t' plew oot o' t' land; it 'll give t' meast liggin t' green side ūp. Jobby 'll deù thy tradin' for the'. Dūnnot thee mell wid buyin or sellin. Leave o' that to Jobby, an' pay him whativer he charges for his truble. He 'll deù what's reet, will Jobby. An' noo I's aboot deùn. Gi' me yer hands, beàth on yé, an 'say ye'll deù what I till yè. Wilfrid! thoo'll be advised by Jobby. Jobby! thoo'll be true friend to my pooar lad, as if I was theear to see. Promish!" This was a langish noration for a body wid t' breath leavin' him, an' when it was done he laid back on his pilliver, an' leùk't at them varra wistful-like, till they promish't, an' it was a bit afooar they cūd, for by this time they war beàth on them yewlin, t' yan ower t'ùdder whedder to yewl t' hardest.

Any one who knows the Cumberland dialect and character can entirely realize that scene; it is the true touch of nature that always tells. In *Bobby Banks's Boddermment* the humour is broader, but very faithful in small details, though it seems impossible even for such a "gowk" as Bobby to forget his horse and cart, and walk all the slattery way from Keswick to Wythop, unable to remember what he had left behind him. But the anecdote passes for true, and "gowks," or fools, are not peculiar to the dales. The misfortune in all this local humour is that it is so entirely local, and consequently unintelligible out of the district. Very few people will dare to attack this odd-looking book, with its unusual accents, and its rude phonetic spelling; and if they do, they will not understand it if they have not had some previous education. But to those who can read it it is full of racy jokes and rich humour, and will afford infinite amusement when intelligently undertaken.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 698, MARCH 13, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—LAST CONCERT but ONE, for the BENEFIT of Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, on Monday Evening next, March 15, on which occasion the Programme will include Schubert's Quartet in A minor, for Strings; Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, for Piano alone; Marcello's Sonata, for Violoncello; and Beethoven's Kreutzer's Sonata, for Violin and Pianoforte. Executants: Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti. Vocalist: Miss Annie Edmonds. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—The LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE of the Season takes place in St. James's Hall, on Saturday next, March 20, at Three o'clock, on which occasion the whole of the Programme will be selected from the Works of Beethoven. Executants: Madame Schumann, MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti. Vocalist: Miss Edith Wynne. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

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WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 699, Vol. 27. March 20, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE DEBATE ON THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE difficulties under which Mr. DISRAELI rose to move the rejection of Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill were undoubtedly great, but, after every possible allowance for his difficulties is made, his speech may be pronounced one of the worst ever made on a great occasion in Parliament. To say that it was paradoxical is to say nothing. Of course it was paradoxical, or it could not have come from Mr. DISRAELI; but it might have been sensible in the main, witty, or to the point. It might have given his party some clue to the principles on which he invites them to throw the Bill out. It might have put once for all in plain language such arguments as there are against the Bill, for the country to weigh and consider, supposing the country would take the trouble to consider any arguments at all on a matter which every one knows is now decided. But Mr. DISRAELI, either from design so that he should not be committed hereafter or from carelessness, or more probably because he was dumbfounded by the inherent badness of his cause, and haunted with the torturing thought that, after all, his political success had ended in making him the apologist at the eleventh hour of such an institution as the Irish Church, was beyond measure weak, vague, and almost maundering through his whole speech. A large portion of his time was spent in spinning periods of what, for courtesy, may be called rhetorical philosophy, which had no more to do with the Irish Church than a statement of the distance of the moon from the earth would have had. What possible light could any human being gather, on the question whether Protestant ascendency is to be kept up in Ireland, from a statement that Mr. DISRAELI has been assured by several eminent philosophers that the intellect of man is not of unlimited power, and that, in the opinion of Mr. DISRAELI, where the intellect ends religion begins? This is not saying much for religion, even if it is true, but it can have no bearing on the discussion whether it is wise for this particular generation to let the Church of a small minority arrogate to itself the position of a national Church. As to the historical assertions with which Mr. DISRAELI thought fit to ornament his philosophy every now and then, they are beyond discussion. If the leader of a great party likes to stand up and say that no political party benefited by the Revolution of 1688, that almost every gentleman holds his land under the Act of Settlement, and that the state of Ireland is no better than it was thirty years ago, there is no help for it—he must say these things, and as many more like them as he pleases. The last of these statements may, however, have caused some surprise to those of his supporters who imagined, from their recollections of Mr. DISRAELI's speeches last Session, that it was part of the Conservative case to argue that, as the state of Ireland was so very much improved lately, no violent remedies for Irish grievances could be necessary. There was, however, something darker in his speech even than its philosophy, and more random than its history, and that was its prophecy. To frighten everybody with terrible consequences if they take a decisive step is part of the legitimate Conservative policy in every department of life, and we have had a good many dismal prophecies of what will happen if we deal as is proposed with the Irish Church. But these prophecies, if dismal, are intelligible. Any one can understand what is meant when it is said that Irish Episcopalians will begin to agitate for a Repeal of the Union, out of spite to England, if their Church is robbed. This is intelligible to every one, and possibly credible to some few. But Mr. DISRAELI was not content with any commonplace terrors such as [illegible] people like Irish Conservatives could think of. He was determined to invent a grand bogie all of his own making, and the best bogie to intimidate the House of Commons which he could think of was this. If this Bill passes, he said, the clergy of the Established Church, who are to lose so much by it, will be very sore; and the Catholic and Presbyterian clergy—who under its provisions will in ten years, as he boldly assured his hearers, be a thriving, well-endowed body of men—will also be very sore, and the clergy of all the three denominations will join in asking for the property of the Irish Church back from the lunatic asylums; and they will be joined in this demand by the Irish landlords, who will have made, Mr. DISRAELI anticipates, a very nice thing out of the whole arrangement, for they will borrow the money to pay off the tithe-rent charge, and then decline to pay it back on the general Irish plea that money lent by the English Treasury to Irishmen is in its nature not repayable. But this is not all. As the lunatic asylums will not much fancy giving back the money, and as perhaps the Irish landlords will not press very hard to be restored to the privilege of paying the present rent-charge in perpetuity, they and the representatives of the different Irish sects will possibly, Mr. DISRAELI thinks, come to a handsome compromise with England; and, in compensation for not taking away the funds of Irish lunatic asylums, will accept the disestablishment of the Church in England. A more comic feature of the future of Ireland could scarcely have been drawn.

It is said that the debate is to last four nights, not that there is the slightest use in the discussion, but because so many members wish to speak, in order that their constituents may be gratified by thinking that they have got a member who has spoken on this great occasion. It is a great nuisance that the course of public business should be interrupted, and that the patience of Parliament and of all the readers of newspapers should be tried, by these declamations addressed to the absent editors of country newspapers; but we suppose it is an inevitable nuisance. There really is nothing to say on the Bill which can be worth hearing; and in order even to seem to have something to say that might not be seen on the instant to be worthless, Mr. DISRAELI was obliged to have recourse to all the strange arts by which he tried to create a suspicion that he in his wisdom saw evils and dangers which were not apparent to any one else. The principle of the Bill is what is to be accepted or rejected at the close of the debate, and all that can be said for or against the principle of the Bill has been said a hundred times already. The whole subject has been discussed for nearly a year, the nation has been asked to decide the discussion one way or the other, and has done so in a very unmistakeable way. It is voting, not talking, that is now wanted. When the time comes for the discussion of details, there will be ample room for discussion. There will be the question to decide whether the glebe-houses are given to the Church on the right terms. There will be the question whether the fourteen years' purchase given to Maynooth is a proper or an improper mean between the thirteen years' purchase given to the Protestant incumbent, and the seventeen years' purchase given to the Protestant curate. There will be the question whether such compensation as is to be given to [illegible] by the Irish county rate-payer [illegible] points [illegible] debating, and on some the Government proposal perhaps needs, and probably will receive, some modification. But as to the principle of the Bill, there is no room for more discussion. One side says, We wish to do justice to Ireland by applying to purposes that will raise no religious strife funds now applied to maintain an institution symbolic of the hatred felt by the conquerors for the religion of the conquered. The other side says, This is wrong, for it involves robbing a Church; and it is foolish, for it will do nothing to pacify Ireland, and will lead to a general spoliation of all property. If members went

on talking for forty nights instead of four, for the benefit of local newspapers, they could not get beyond these elementary arguments. The debate, therefore, has no interest, because nothing new can be said in it unless it is also as untrue as Mr. DISRAELI's new things were, and the result of the division can be perfectly well anticipated. The only point of any importance that has been established in the debate is that the Opposition have been obliged to own, not only that they entirely miscalculated the feelings of the country, but that they were wrong in their confident anticipations that it would be found practically impossible to frame a measure for carrying out the Resolutions of last year. There has been none of the quarrelling over the spoils which Mr. DISRAELI said was inevitable. The Bill, in principle, is acceptable to the whole Liberal party and to the country at large, and if it is not perfect in all its details, it provides in a definite mode for almost every conceivable contingency, and effects its object in an intelligible and consistent manner.

Rumour says that the Conservatives may possibly cave in and that they will not venture to divide against the second reading. They may naturally feel gloomy about the Bill; for they can get no support, in the House or out of it, and they cannot contend against the wish of the nation and a crushing majority in the Commons. Plain men, too, must feel that it is no good fighting for a cause which their leader, in order to be able to defend at all, had to defend in such a speech as that of Mr. DISRAELI. Even in the Conservative party there are some who would vote against the principle of the Bill with much reluctance; and Lord STANLEY especially can scarcely like to show himself as the one educated man in a hundred who thinks the Irish Church can be kept up as the national Church of Ireland. The whole party may also concur in thinking that the sooner the Bill, if it is to pass, is got out of the way, and the Irish Church is forgotten, the better. So long as the question is before Parliament the Liberal majority is not assailable; but Mr. DISRAELI may calculate that there would be some prospect of the majority breaking up if other questions on which the country and the party had not so thoroughly made up its mind were brought into prominence. The day will probably come, for example, when Mr. GLADSTONE will try his hand at a scheme for settling the chronic disputes as to Irish land; and to deal with the land is more dangerous to him as the leader of a party than to deal with the Church, because his followers have not arrived at the stage of taking it as settled that to introduce exceptional measures with regard to land in Ireland is safe for Englishmen. There are then plenty of reasons to be found, without seeking very far, why the Conservatives should be inclined to let the second reading pass, and to avoid having it recorded by how great a majority the principles of the Bill are supported. But, on the other hand, the Conservative party would feel itself almost hustled out of existence if it did not divide against a Bill which it has opposed as it has opposed this Bill—which it has denounced as a scheme for sacrilegious robbery, dangerous to the Church and to religion, and to the security of private property. It is difficult to believe that Conservative members will decide to stultify themselves so far as not to protest by a vote, even though it be the vote of a minority, against a measure they think so wicked and so dangerous. The party too would be greatly disappointed throughout the country if their leaders were timid and easily beaten on so momentous an occasion. What would all the Lancashire and Shropshire clergy, who worked themselves up into assuring their parishioners that if Mr. GLADSTONE had a majority Protestants would again be burned at Smithfield, think when they saw the men whom they had worked so hard to return adopting in silence the principles of a Bill which would be the beginning of a new Martyrology? There is apparently no help for it. The Conservatives must divide and get beaten, and then they need offer no further opposition to the Bill, except such as is warranted and necessitated by the discussion of its details.

SPAIN.

THE troubles which have once more broken out in Andalusia will undoubtedly be suppressed, as the Government has irresistible forces at its disposal, while it possesses the support of even the Republican minority in the Cortes. The occasion of the disturbance appears to be the enforcement of that system of conscription which, in a heavier form, is patiently borne by nearly every other Continental country. The quota for the present year only amounts to twenty-five thousand men out of sixteen millions of inhabitants; but it seems that the liability to serve is generally unpopular; and perhaps resistance may have been encouraged by the violent speeches of some members of the Parliamentary Opposition. In France, although the phrase of "a bad number" drawn by a conscript perhaps indicates the real opinion of the people, the conscription, like every other institution connected with the army, has been surrounded by a halo of conventional enthusiasm. It is said that popular feeling on the subject has latterly undergone a change, but hitherto journalists, romance writers, and orators have habitually represented the army as the chief instrument of national glory, and have assumed that the domestic regrets of the conscript are swallowed up in his patriotic ardour. The still more comprehensive military system of Northern Germany is apparently sanctioned by public opinion. In Italy it is difficult to distinguish between spontaneous aversion to compulsory service and the results of the intrigues of the clerical and reactionary party for the purpose of exciting discontent against the Government. There can be no doubt that in Spain also the priests will cultivate, to the utmost of their power, any discontent which may be produced by the conscription. A year ago they were cordially allied with the chiefs of the army; but clerical influence over the Government disappeared with the flight of ISABELLA, while the military leaders of the day acquired additional predominance in the State. It is possible that the early prospect of active service in Cuba may increase the popular disinclination to serve in the army. It has been thought, not without reason, that the large share of colonial duty which falls to the lot of English soldiers would place an additional impediment in the way of any project of conscription. Spain comes next to England in the proportionate amount of colonial service; and the garrison of Cuba, which is large even in time of peace, has now attained the dimensions of a considerable army. Whatever may be the chief causes of the Andalusian disturbances, they are not unlikely to be repeated in other parts of the kingdom, especially as every town and country district contains the elements of disaffection among the clergy, the friends of the fallen dynasty, the extreme Republicans, and, in some of the Northern Provinces, the Carlists.

Before the beginning of the troubles at Xeres, the ordinary vote for the annual conscription had provoked angry debates in the Cortes. The Republicans, not content with declaiming against the conscription, or "tribute of blood," have invented the paradoxical theory that a standing army is unnecessary in Spain. It is indeed impossible to deny that some armed force is required, both to preserve order and to defend national independence, but the Republicans demand that the public safety shall be entrusted to the militia, and to the Volunteers of Liberty, who consist largely of the armed rabble of the towns. For similar reasons the French Republicans of 1848 insisted on the removal of the regular garrison of Paris, and on the enrolment of the population in the National Guard. In compliance with the demand of their supporters, the Provisional Government quartered the army in distant departments, and armed 400,000 National Guards in Paris and the neighbouring districts. The terrible insurrection of June was the natural result of the armament of a disaffected populace; and similar results would ensue on the withdrawal of all check from the Spanish Volunteers of Liberty. The Republicans are not mistaken in their belief that the power of the present Government rests principally on the army, nor are revolutions and administrations conducted by general officers consistent with genuine freedom; but at the present time no party is strong enough in the confidence of the nation to govern otherwise than by armed force, and disciplined regiments are in every way preferable to disorderly levies. If the Volunteers were properly organized, and paid at a rate sufficient to secure their services, they would merely constitute a new and more costly army, of which the chiefs would soon rise to the power which is now exercised by PRIM and SERRANO. The Ministers readily admit that it would be desirable to dispense with the conscription, if the state of the finances enabled them to attract voluntary recruits by the offer of adequate pay. For the present the Revolution, like all events of the same kind, has largely diminished the public revenue, both by the disturbance of trade and in consequence of the irregular abolition of some indirect taxes. The ranks of the army must therefore be filled by conscription, or the establishment must be largely reduced. In proportion to the population the Spanish army is perhaps the smallest in Europe, and the Government is fully justified in opposing at the present time any attempt to diminish its strength.

Señor GARRIDO, one of the Republican leaders, shocked the patriotic feeling of the Cortes by describing certain rebels who had been executed in Cuba as brethren who died in combating

for their liberty. It would be difficult to carry factious perversity further, for the whole Spanish nation is united in the determination to retain the sovereignty of Cuba; and the friends of the Revolution more especially resent the occasion which was selected for the insurrectionary movement. It is obvious that if the army were crippled by the immediate abolition of the conscription, the rebellion, which, according to recent accounts, had been nearly suppressed, would become irresistible. Señor GARRIDO, indeed, asserted that the Volunteers of Liberty would, if necessary, go to Cuba; but there would be neither economy nor advantage in trusting to their questionable devotion. It is of the utmost importance to Spain that tranquillity should be restored in Cuba without delay, for American cupidity is bent on the acquisition of the island; and the most active politicians, encouraged by a unanimous vote of the House of Representatives, are urging on the PRESIDENT the recognition of the insurgent Government. The pertinacious clamour which has been directed against England for acknowledging that a great war could only be conducted by belligerents, will offer little obstacle to a repetition of the flagitious spoliation of Mexico. Like Cuba, Texas furnished by an insurrection a pretext for recognising the province as an independent Republic; the scheme was completed by the annexation of the territory to the Union, and the dissatisfaction of Mexico was punished by an invasion which ended in the conquest of California. The party which is now called Republican disapproved of the seizure of Texas, and of the Mexican war; but since its accession to power it has adopted the aggressive policy of its predecessors. Thirteen or fourteen years ago, Mr. BUCHANAN proposed to obtain possession of Cuba for the purpose of protecting slavery, and the opportunity of liberating the Cuban negroes is a still more plausible pretext for aggrandizement. It would be impossible for Spain to contest the possession of Cuba with the United States; but there may still perhaps be time to terminate the civil war before the American Government is prepared to interfere. The Cortes loudly applauded PRIM when he declared that the language of GARRIDO was offensive to the national honour. In principle PRIM accepted the condemnation of the system of compulsory service, but he declared that the army was for the time indispensable for the protection of the public interests abroad and at home. The disturbances of Malaga, of Cadiz, and of Xeres prove that the services of the army are indispensable for the maintenance of order. Many years have passed since the military force was employed in its present task of maintaining the constitutional authority of the Cortes.

The preponderance of the moderate party is every day more thoroughly established. The power of the Republicans is still further diminished by the adoption of an arrangement which, although it may perhaps be necessary, seems inconsistent with free Parliamentary discussion. All questions are to be considered by one of four standing Committees, appointed for the purpose, before they are submitted to the Cortes; and as the Committees will be controlled by the dominant party, the minority will be prevented from originating any measures. Some of the Republican leaders threatened to withdraw from the Cortes if the motion was carried, but the actual secession of the minority, which would greatly embarrass the Government, has not been hitherto reported. It is highly desirable that all opinions should be fully represented in the impending discussion on the form of government and on the choice of a King. The Ministers have at last made the important communication of their intention to propose a candidate for the Crown as soon as the principle of a monarchical government is adopted. It is possible that they may have taken some of their principal adherents into their confidence; but thus far their secret has been kept from the outer world. In a recent debate one of the Republican speakers insisted on the dismissal from the army of the Duke of MONTPENSIER, whom he described, in Spanish form, as Don ANTONIO of Bourbon and Bourbon. Admiral TOPETE boldly, or rashly, declared himself a supporter of the Duke, who was, as he said, properly called Don ANTONIO of Orleans and Bourbon. The Admiral informed the Cortes that it was only in deference to his own objections that the Duke had been persuaded not to embark in TOPETE's flagship when he was about to commence the Revolution. It had not been previously known that the Duke of MONTPENSIER avowed his share in the movement which precipitated his sister-in-law from the throne. His complicity may perhaps secure favour to his candidature, and it is known that SERRANO, notwithstanding his more politic reserve, shares the wishes of TOPETE. General PRIM, who endeavoured to correct the frankness of his colleague, was careful to assure the Cortes that the Admiral expressed only his own private opinion. The choice seems, since the name of the Duke of AOSTA has unaccountably disappeared from the list, to lie between the Duke of MONTPENSIER and King FERDINAND, if, indeed, there is any Portuguese candidate. The son of LOUIS PHILIPPE and the son-in-law of FERDINAND VII. will have to contend with much unpopularity, although he is personally well qualified to reign.

THE INCOME-TAX.

IT may be hoped, for the sake of Mr. LOWE's financial reputation, as well as on more serious grounds, that the report of an intention to increase the Income-tax is unfounded. The gravest error committed by Mr. GLADSTONE during his long and brilliant administration of finance consisted in his numerous and rapid alterations in the rate of Income-tax. It has been over and over again demonstrated, that a uniform charge continuing over a long series of years corrects the inequalities which arise from the varying relations of income and property; and it may be added that a low rate, by reconciling popular opinion to the tax, reduces to the smallest amount the fraudulent misrepresentations of traders. Sir ROBERT PEEL's rate of sevenpence in the pound remained for twelve years without alteration; but the high amount of charge produced a formidable clamour against the principle of the tax. During the Crimean war, partly under the pressure of necessity, and in some degree from a desire to avenge on the patriotic taxpayer the popularity of the war, Mr. GLADSTONE raised the tax to sixteenpence, which on the conclusion of peace Lord PALMERSTON and Sir GEORGE LEWIS were forced to reduce to sevenpence. On his return to office Mr. GLADSTONE raised the rate successively to eightpence and to ninepence, to cover the deficits of his Budgets in 1860 and 1861; and as the prosperity of the revenue revived he gradually lowered the rate until it was fixed at fourpence. It may be doubted whether the authority of any other Chancellor of the Exchequer would have induced the House of Commons and the country to submit to the inconvenience of constant changes; but the confidence which Mr. GLADSTONE had earned by his services was well-deserved. The fourpenny tax was cheerfully borne, and it seemed likely to become permanent, when the unlucky Abyssinian war compelled the Government once more to look round for a victim. The same considerations which suggested the rude beginnings of taxation still influence the policy of financiers. The Income-tax payer, unfortunately for himself, is in the position of a mediæval trader travelling along the valley of the Rhine, or entering or leaving the ports of the Channel. The robber barons levied tolls, not on those who could best afford to pay them, but on the owners of goods which traversed the river or the road within reach of their castles; and more regular duties were imposed on exports and imports where they passed, on landing or shipment, through the neck of the bottle. In modern times incomes are still more easily reached than goods, and therefore Governments prefer to dip their hands in the bag which is most insecurely fastened.

The late Ministry would probably under any circumstances have preferred the ready resource of an additional twopence in the pound to a laborious study of the plan which would have been most equitable and least oppressive. It also happened that, although Mr. DISRAELI was in office, Mr. GLADSTONE was in power, having a majority which, on financial questions, would have followed him with perfect unanimity. The nominal Minister was compelled to earn the approval of his rival by anticipating his decision, and it was well known that Mr. GLADSTONE's aversion to war always induced him to make the payment of military charges as burdensome as possible to the tax-payer. Accordingly, Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HUNT proposed to pay the Abyssinian expenses out of revenue, and Mr. GLADSTONE justified their foresight by an affable support of their proposal. If the choice had been only between the additional twopence and an increase of Customs or Excise duties, it might have been reasonably contended that the proceeds of indirect taxation would not compensate for the derangement of trade; nor could it be expected that, in his precarious position, Mr. DISRAELI would incur the risk of a popular agitation. But for the fear of Mr. GLADSTONE, he might perhaps have resorted to the reasonable and convenient course of distributing the payment over five or six years by means of a temporary loan. In this way the outlay, though originally charged to capital, would have been ultimately borne by revenue, and in the meantime a troublesome disturbance of taxation would have been avoided. In a great war extending over several years it is proper, although loans may be unavoidable, to provide for a large portion of the expenditure by taxation; but the Abyssinian misfortune,

though it has proved a dark and heavy cloud, had from the first the light behind it which showed that it was a passing evil. It was peculiarly undesirable to establish a precedent for throwing all extraordinary outlay on the payer of Income-tax, when Mr. DISRAELI had just before handed over the control of policy and finance to a class which pays not a shilling of Income-tax. Mr. GLADSTONE's benevolent desire to prevent war by making it disagreeable will but rarely attain its object if taxation and representation are permanently dissevered. Mr. BRIGHT's cheap breakfast-table, which means the addition of tenpence or a shilling to the Income-tax, affords a sufficient warning to indolent financiers. If articles of general consumption were relieved from duty, the working-classes would not be intimidated by the menace of taxes to be imposed on landowners and capitalists.

Three members at least of the present Government—Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CARDWELL, and Mr. LOWE—understand the theory of taxation on incomes, but Mr. GLADSTONE is perhaps too exclusively impressed with the belief that the income of the year is identical with the available wealth of the nation. It is true that local rates rise and fall with the demand for expenditure; but a tax levied exclusively on real property differs widely from a percentage upon income. A freeholder or permanent tenant, although he may be exposed to inconvenience, suffers no loss from the variation of the annual rates, but a temporary increase of the Income-tax falls with undue severity on the professional or industrial tax-payer whose income may perhaps be worth only two or three years' purchase. There may be persons who, having within the last two years earned large incomes for the first time, will relapse into their former condition through commercial changes, may be disabled by sickness, or may die. If the fulfilment of Mr. DISRAELI's anticipations had enabled Mr. LOWE to repeal the Abyssinian twopence in the present year, the recipients of incomes lasting only for two years would have contributed fifteen or sixteen times their due proportion to the expenses of the war; and the injustice would be owing wholly to the short duration of the tax, and in no degree to its amount. It is undesirable to provide taxpayers who have the secret of their own incomes with new and plausible pretexts for making inadequate returns. If Schedule D could once make a plausible case for total or partial exemption, the distinction between permanent and temporary taxes would soon be forgotten. A provident financier ought to approach as nearly as possible to absolute justice, if only because any inequality of treatment on his part will inevitably produce an exaggerated reaction. Mr. LOWE is not so enthusiastic a democrat as to anticipate with pleasure the transfer of political power to one class, and the unlimited liability of another to taxation. It is no part of the duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to alter the relative position of rich or poor by special charges or by exemptions; but Mr. LOWE can scarcely fail to foresee the attempts which will be shortly made to accumulate burdens on realized property, and especially on land. The proposal, which was merely ridiculous when it proceeded from Mr. WHALLEY, has been more seriously made in former times, and it will be renewed hereafter. As Mr. LOWE truly remarked, a WHALLEY Income-tax would be a bungling tax on property; and such a tax, whether bungling or the reverse, has long been imposed for State and township purposes in America. The possibility that it may be hereafter adopted in England furnishes an additional argument against the readiness of Governments to throw all occasional burdens on the payer of direct taxes.

As the minimum rate of sixpence in the pound is unluckily fixed, the controversy relates exclusively to the threatened addition of a penny; and it cannot be necessary to create disturbance and to perpetrate injustice for the sake of raising twelve or thirteen hundred thousand pounds. Even Mr. GLADSTONE's aversion to impose burdens on posterity would scarcely apply to the repayment of an Exchequer Bond in 1871. That year will belong rather to the present generation, who will greatly prefer a small loan, than to posterity; and, in default of some fresh war or grave misfortune, the country will two years hence be well able to pay off the amount. The Estimates of the ensuing year will have been reduced by two millions and a half; and it is almost certain that, after a long stagnation, the revenue will improve with the revival of trade. There is no reason for paying off an extraordinary liability in an unfavourable year of large expenditure and of diminished revenue. In former times demagogues contended for the taxation of the wealthier classes on the imaginary ground that they were in the habit of waging unnecessary wars for the purpose of providing their sons and brothers with promotion. It can hardly be alleged that such motives had anything to do with the Abyssinian enterprise, or with the extravagant outlay which it involved. There was but one opinion as to the obligations of national honour, and as to the total absence of any material advantage to be obtained. Mr. LOWE indeed is not likely to impose a fine of a penny in the pound as a penalty for imprudent patriotism; but he may perhaps, like his predecessor, be tempted by the fatal facility of drawing on the fund which comes readiest to hand. As an incidental consideration, he will do well to observe that each rate of percentage on income is productive in an inverse ratio to the amount. A fraud on the State to the extent of sevenpence is more tempting than an embezzlement of fourpence.

BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE AND ENGLISH MEDIATION.

THE contradictory rumours as to the relations between France and Belgium which have been in circulation during the week seem to leave two things pretty firmly established. In spite of the consoling assurances so obligingly offered by Imperialist sympathizers in this country, the subject has not been allowed to remain a mere piece of newspaper scandal. It has been deliberately converted into an occasion for the exchange of diplomatic correspondence and diplomatic interviews. The precise tenor and result of these communications are not yet known, but an attempt has certainly been made, and to all appearance made with success, to find a common point upon which the two Governments may agree. Whether this point is the rescinding, or merely the revision, of the draft contract for the cession of the Great Luxemburg Railway to the Eastern of France, is uncertain. It is announced, however, that negotiations have been entered into, and that the differences between the two countries are in a fair way of being settled. The second point on which accounts seem to coincide is that this settlement, whatever it be, has been furthered by some intervention on the part of England. Whether this intervention has been reduced to a direct proposal, or has been confined to mere advice, and, if the latter, whether this advice has been offered at Paris or Brussels, or has taken the shape of unsolicited counsel all round, does not appear; but Lord CLARENDON is universally credited with having had some share in putting matters in train for arrangement.

At the risk of being set down as alarmists, we are forced to say that the present aspect of this business strikes us as in some respects more threatening than it has been at all. Improbable as it undoubtedly was that the French semi-official organs should go on writing upon such a subject without having taken care to ascertain beforehand how their menacing articles would square with the EMPEROR's wishes, there was some small room for hope as long as this theory had not been contradicted by the event. Even if it had been false in fact, it might at least have been adopted by the Government as a concession to public opinion. Although the semi-official journals had been permitted for a whole month to assail the independence of a country with which their master and guide was on terms of nominal friendship, it was still possible that the EMPEROR might at the last moment see cause to disavow his agents. The really alarming feature in the transaction all along has not been the possibility of an immediate rupture between France and Belgium. The danger has lain in the precedent which will be established if the domestic legislation of the weaker country should come to be recognised as a possible ground for remonstrance on the part of the stronger. The settlement of the Belgian question may be as "pacific" or as "satisfactory" as possible without in the least affecting this view of the subject. There has been a Belgian question, and that is enough. It has been publicly proclaimed that, in managing her internal concerns, Belgium is not to act without consulting the wishes of her great neighbour, even when the military character of these wishes is only covered by a transparent veil. If the Belgian Legislature should hereafter presume to disregard the obligation, it will know that the laws it enacts will be virtually submitted to French supervision, and that they will not be ratified until the offending provisions have been modified, or some solid compensation has been given. This description of the future is nothing more than a reproduction of what has actually happened. Three months back a French Company proposed to buy a Belgian railway, and when the Government raised a very reasonable objection, the contract was pushed on with an insolence which would never have been shown if the purchasers had not been conscious that a greater than they was behind them. To meet this state of things, a law was passed enabling the Belgian Government to veto such transactions for the future, without

unnecessary hardship on the shareholders of the line the sale of which might be forbidden. Thereupon the French Government takes up the cause of its own Company, and insists that a compromise shall be devised, and that, with this object, a Commission of some sort shall investigate the question in Paris. If Belgium will be content with the enactment of a general provision, without caring to enforce it in the particular case in view of which the law was passed, France may, perhaps, be satisfied. If the sacrifice is too much for Belgian feeling, France will make allowance for this misplaced sensitiveness, and will be content with some alternative concession to French susceptibility. This, so far as can be seen at present, has been the history of the last week or two, and if there is any distinction between such a transaction and a reserved right on the part of France to amend or cancel such acts of the Belgian Chambers as it chooses to call inconsistent with French interests, it has altogether escaped our notice. It is quite possible that the Emperor of the FRENCH, now that he has carried his point so far, will not show himself over-exacting during the course of the negotiations. A man who wants to establish a right of way over his neighbour's land may be quite willing to consult his wishes as to the precise course the path should take. His real object will have been gained when he has once been allowed to survey the ground. The pretensions now set up by the French Government are absolutely imaginary, and no moderation in urging them can alter this initial fault.

Those who look at the affair in this light will see only matter for regret in the fact, if it be a fact, that the English Government has had a share in bringing about so unhappy a consummation. We must not, indeed, in the absence of information, assume too hastily that such is the case. After all, a foreign newspaper is not always the best quarter in which to look for the truth about England, and the part which has been assigned to Lord CLARENDON may not have been really played by him. But it must be acknowledged that there are some features in his character which makes his assumption of it less improbable than it might otherwise have been. Lord CLARENDON is too much given to making the most of the points which two disputants have in common, and with that view he naturally singles out, as the recipient of his advice, the one whom he thinks most likely to listen to his ingenious demonstrations. A faculty of this kind may often be of extreme value. That large class of quarrels in which the blame is pretty equally distributed is exactly suited for such a mode of treatment. It often happens that a man will waive a great portion of his claims provided he can get a few of them conceded, and as diplomatists are human, a Foreign Minister like Lord CLARENDON has sometimes the opportunity of smoothing down a serious difficulty merely by showing himself an attentive and sympathizing listener. But to ensure this policy being a success there must be faults on both sides. Otherwise Lord CLARENDON's method will fail of effect. To the disputant, be he Government or individual, who has been wrong from first to last, he is the most dangerous of advisers. His unwillingness to range himself irretrievably with either side, and his disposition to assent to every proposition to which assent is possible, without much consideration of the consequences which may flow from his acquiescence, are just the features which may do mischief. The line he took about the Belgian Press in 1856 was an instance of this. His attitude in view of Count WALEWSKI's remarks on this point gave great and just offence to all who set any store by the liberty of the Continental press. The English Minister appeared as the humble follower of the Imperial censor, unable or unwilling to utter a word on behalf of free speech. And yet no exception could be taken to anything that Lord CLARENDON actually said. He agreed with Count WALEWSKI that newspapers which preach assassination are beyond the pale of journalistic impunity, and so far no honest man would care to quarrel with him. But, unfortunately, all the world knew that it was the independence, not the violence, of the Belgian Press which was so distasteful to the Imperial Government; that the true source of its irritation was the fact that Frenchmen might say in Brussels what they dared not say in Paris. Lord CLARENDON could accept the letter of Count WALEWSKI's remonstrance, and consequently, as the spirit of it was not visible on the surface, he could see no harm in going along with it. We are not without apprehension that his diplomacy may have taken a somewhat similar course on this occasion. No doubt the French Minister has put the grievance against Belgium in as specious a form as possible. In skilful hands even the grossest injustice can be made presentable, and we may be sure that the despatches of the EMPEROR's Foreign Minister have been filled with the finest sentiments and the most approved commonplaces. By assenting to truisms about commercial intercourse and neighbourly confidence, Lord CLARENDON may easily have impressed the Belgian Government with the belief that, in the event of a rupture with France, it must not look to Great Britain for aid. We do not suspect Lord CLARENDON of any radical unsoundness upon the question of Belgian independence. It has been left to a Conservative Foreign Secretary to devise the theory that guarantees cease to be binding the moment they become necessary; and if a French army were to occupy Brussels this spring, we do not doubt that the honour of England would be safe in Lord CLARENDON's hands. But if what is rumoured should prove to be true, we may be driven to the conclusion that, in his desire to prevent such a catastrophe, he has exerted pressure where he ought to have offered support, and spent his strength in persuading the Brussels Cabinet to give way, when he would have been better employed in reminding France that, if she has forgotten her obligation to respect the neutrality of Belgium, England has not faltered in her determination to defend it. We are no lovers of open diplomacy, but we believe that a judicious and incidental reference in the House of Lords to the binding character of the Treaty of 1831 would have done more to clear the air than any number of conciliatory counsels addressed to the wrong quarter.

MR. CARDWELL CAPITULATES.

MR. CARDWELL has capitulated—not in a very handsome or graceful way perhaps—but still he has capitulated. After a fortnight's worrying he has consented to produce the charter of the dual government of the Army, which he had struggled so hard to represent as a myth. It was scarcely to be expected that, after all he had said, Mr. CARDWELL would be willing to admit in words the existence of the warrant which he had so studiously suppressed; but to hold out to the last in ignoring the fact, while the Queen's Printers were at work by his orders in setting up the type for the information of the House of Commons, was a policy which we scarcely know whether to characterize as timorous or bold. Certainly it was not wise.

But leaving poor Mr. CARDWELL to enjoy the position in which he has placed himself, it is due to another member of the House to explain how this startling capitulation was brought about. In an article of last week we expressed a natural surprise that Mr. O'REILLY had (as we thought accidentally) omitted to ask the very pertinent question of which he had given notice, and we have received a letter from Mr. O'REILLY, who is anxious that we should withdraw any imputation of neglect. This we are most happy to do. The real history of the transaction entirely exonerates Mr. O'REILLY, and throws a curious light upon the tactics of the Minister. It seems that, when Mr. O'REILLY threatened to ask questions about the suppressed document, Mr. CARDWELL felt that it would be very embarrassing to confess *vivâ voce* to the House the existence of the dual government which he and his backers had so obstinately denied. To avoid this unpleasant position the Minister did the sort of thing which people generally do when they are driven into a corner. He offered to yield at discretion, and to give all the information that Mr. O'REILLY desired, by printing the authentic document itself. Only save him from a verbal confession of facts that no ingenuity could reconcile with what he had said again and again for the last week or two, and he was ready to capitulate. Under these circumstances it was impossible for Mr. O'REILLY to do anything but accept the offer of the Minister, and having thus obtained the production of the paper he sought for, it was no longer in his power to put the question of which he had given notice. Mr. O'REILLY, however, wishes it to be known that he intends on a suitable occasion to call attention to the remarkable paper which Mr. CARDWELL has at length, under compulsion, produced. And the paper is well worth a great deal of attention. It runs in the following terms:—

"Whereas We deem it expedient, in order to prevent any 'doubts as to the powers and duties of the Commander-in-'Chief with respect to the government of Our Army and the 'administration of Military Affairs, to express Our Will and 'Pleasure thereon. Now Our Will and Pleasure is, that the 'Military Command and Discipline of Our Army and Land 'Forces, as likewise the Appointments to and Promotions in 'the same, together with all powers relating to the Military 'Command and Discipline of Our Army, which under and by 'any Patent or Commission from us shall have been, or shall 'from time to time be, committed to, vested in, or regulated by 'the Commander-in-Chief of Our Forces, or the General 'Commanding Our Forces for the time being, shall be ex-

"cepted from the Department of the Secretary of State for "War.

"And We are further pleased to declare Our Will and "Pleasure to be, that all powers relating to the matters above "enumerated shall be exercised, and all business relating "thereto shall be transacted, by the Commander-in-Chief of "Our Forces for the time being, and shall be deemed to belong "to his Office, subject always to Our General Control over "the Government of the Army, and to the responsibility "of the Secretary of State for the exercise of Our Royal "Prerogative in that behalf, and subject to any powers "formerly exercised by the Secretary at War.

"Given at Our Court at Balmoral this 11th day of October, "1861, in the 25th year of Our Reign.

"By Her Majesty's Command."

There is the document at full length. Now what does it mean? But before closely criticizing its terms, let us point out what it clearly does not mean.

In the first place, it is obvious that, on any interpretation of the language, the powers of a General or Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief are not less "excepted from the jurisdiction "of the Secretary for War" than those of an officer enjoying the full title of Commander-in-Chief. It will not be forgotten that Mr. CARDWELL, in his answer to Lord ELCHO, affected to make a great point of this imaginary distinction.

Next, it is equally clear that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE—serving, as he does serve, under the terms of this Royal Warrant—cannot be honestly or truly described as an officer not appointed by a Royal Warrant, but acting simply under a letter of service. And yet this was what Mr. CARDWELL tried to make the House believe, and actually did make the *Times* believe. We need scarcely say that when he took this line the Minister did not know that he would be compelled, after a fortnight's fencing, to produce the evidence which would annihilate his statements.

We have a great deal of compassion for Mr. CARDWELL's miserable position. He seems to have been put into the War Office for the express purpose of preserving intact the dual government, which very few of his colleagues were disposed to tolerate. With this burdensome task imposed upon him, he thought the safest tactics were to deny, as far and as long as he decently could deny, that any dual government existed. By this policy he has tided over just one fortnight, but he has paid dear for the reprieve; for he has now to face the question encumbered with the reproach of all his previous statements, and to make the best fight he can whenever the subject is seriously considered, as sooner or later it will be. Of course he is safe to get a majority; for it is clear that Mr. GLADSTONE has taken the courtier's view of the subject, and is determined, at whatever risk to his reputation, to force that view upon the House. But the little skirmishing campaign of the last week or two will bear its fruits. It has not destroyed the dual government, but it has forced the Government to acknowledge its existence. This is no small gain. JACK the Giant Killer lost half his vantage when he fought without his coat of invisibility. The issue of fact is disposed of, and the issue of policy will follow in due time.

We do not lose sight of the circumstance that the warrant of 1861 is as ambiguous and contradictory in terms as we have always said that it was, and it is quite possible that Mr. CARDWELL, being no longer able to deny its existence, may fall back on the not more ingenuous device of suggesting that it means nothing, and that it has been wholly inoperative. This will be a dangerous point to make. If the warrant really means nothing, why was it ever framed? If it is wholly innocuous, why was it so studiously concealed? If it amounts to no more than the letter of service, why did Mr. CARDWELL attempt to make the one document do duty for the other? Men do not do and say questionable things for the mere pleasure of exposing themselves to observation. But the warrant, absurd as its phraseology may be, is in reality the charter of the dual government. Nothing could be further from the truth than to describe it as nugatory. Like all compromise documents, it has one clause which points one way and another clause which points the other way. But the two do not, on the face of the document, neutralize each other in principle; and, as a matter of practice, we know that the excepted authority of the Commander-in-Chief has ever since existed as a distinct power, wholly unaffected by the singular reservation of the prerogative in the second clause, except perhaps on one or two extraordinary emergencies in the course of the last seven or eight years. Neither Mr. CARDWELL nor Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, nor any other War Minister, will deny this, except possibly in the same Parliamentary sense in which Mr. CARDWELL seemed to deny the existence of the document which he has since produced.

The meaning of the warrant, notwithstanding its apparent contradictions, is, after all, not very difficult to make out. The first clause says absolutely that a large, and indeed the most important, branch of army administration is to be "ex-"cepted out of" the department of the Secretary of State for War. Taken by itself, this establishes dual government in the most absolute form—one of the two departments being responsible to Parliament, the other only to the Crown. Then, how does the second clause modify the result? It reserves to the Crown a prerogative right of interposition, to be exercised as all prerogative must be exercised, under Ministerial advice and responsibility, and it reserves the powers formerly exercised by the Secretary at War. These last were powers which no one ever could define, which were the subject of constant disputes between the Minister and the Commander-in-Chief for the time being, which were considerable when men like Lord PALMERSTON held the office, and insignificant under all other circumstances. The upshot, therefore, is that, subject to occasional prerogative interference, the office of Commander-in-Chief carries with it the undisputed control over all matters of command and discipline, appointments and promotions, besides such other cognate matters as may from time to time be added by the terms of any patent or commission. Probably, with this document before him, not even a Cabinet Minister will have the courage to deny again that the dual government exists in principle.

But what has been the practice? May not Mr. CARDWELL say that, in the actual working, the second clause of the warrant has been made to override and nullify the first—that in substance the duality recognised and established by HER MAJESTY has been destroyed by the vigorous exercise of the prerogative power which was prudently reserved to control it? After what Mr. CARDWELL has said, we do not know what Mr. CARDWELL may say; but we do know what the facts are, and we will state them as fully as they can be stated without going into petty details.

The whole organization of the Horse Guards is based upon the first clause (what we may call the duality clause) of the warrant. Salaries, of course, have to be voted by the House of Commons, like all other monies; but the Minister, as a rule, does not meddle with the establishment as it exists. In the exercise of the powers divided between the Secretary for War and the Commander-in-Chief, each of these functionaries is in the constant habit, by a sort of comity, of communicating his proceedings to the other in all matters which trench on the border line of jurisdiction; but there is no more an appeal from the Horse Guards to the War Office than there is from the War Office to the Horse Guards. Treating as two coequal powers, each extends to the other a certain amount of consideration, intermingled with occasional wrangling. In this way it is found possible to work, after a fashion, under a system which would break down utterly as soon as any strain came upon it. But this sort of comity and complaisance means the sacrifice of every administrative reform which may be unacceptable to the Commander-in-Chief, or, what is often much more serious, to the officials who surround him; and accordingly, whenever the Minister for War is desirous of improving his department, he finds himself constrained to omit from his interposition the whole organization over which his so-called "subordinate," the Commander-in-Chief, presides. A curious illustration of this occurs at the present moment. The War Department, and especially the Supply Service, is being overhauled and remodelled by Sir HENRY STORKS and General BALFOUR. A Report is promised, if not made, by which an entirely new organization is to be created, and all this activity has hitherto been restricted absolutely to the department of the Secretary of State, as distinguished from that of the Commander-in-Chief. It does not yet appear that a single alteration is allowed to be made, or a single suggestion to be breathed, as to the overgrown and overpaid establishment in Whitehall, which to a great extent is occupied, sometimes in obstructing, at other times in doing over again, or pretending to do over again, the work which is, or ought to be, done once for all in Pall Mall. And probably Mr. CARDWELL will tell us that this is not dual administration in practice, just as he has told us that to except command and discipline out of the Minister's functions is not dual government in principle. But then Mr. CARDWELL has such a remarkable power of statement.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

ALMOST at the moment of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE'S return to England the Government has introduced a Bill for altering and enlarging the powers of the Indian Viceroy, and attention is therefore naturally directed to the position which the Governor-General holds, and is hereafter to hold, in the scheme of English administration. Every year we make some change in this position, and the change is always in the same direction. The Governor-General is to have more power in India, but the Secretary of State is to have more power in England. Instead of a Board checking a Board, we shall soon have nothing but two men, each supreme in his own sphere, but with the man in India entirely subordinate to the man in England, where the two spheres are the same. No better system of Indian government can be devised if the two men in office are the right men; and experience shows that it is better to give a good official a chance of doing good, even at the risk of letting a bad official do harm, rather than cripple the energies of able and wise men by subjecting them to a control which keeps foolish or mediocre men in check. We certainly run most extraordinary risks under the system which is daily gaining ground. It is only by a sort of hazard that at the present moment India is not governed by Mr. BRIGHT here and Lord MAYO over there, who would have seemed beforehand two of the least likely and least suited of successful English politicians for the work. On the other hand, a short time ago there was first Lord SALISBURY and then Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in England, and Sir JOHN LAWRENCE in India, and then the system was seen at its best. But even at its worst it is better than the opposite system of getting a Board here, with a dummy President, to rule another Board out there with another dummy President. Lord MAYO seems to have been stimulated at the outset of his career by the vastness of the power confided to him, and the new Bill brought into the House of Lords last week by the Duke of ARGYLL increases this power in a slight but incontestable degree. It makes the Governor-General independent of his Council on any occasion when he thinks that the question at issue will justify him in acting solely on his own responsibility; and all that is left to his Council to do is to place a record of the reasons of their dissent before the Secretary of State; and it simplifies the machinery by which the Governor-General can made regulations in the Punjaub and in territories under his immediate administration. Every one who spoke in the Lords approved this, and it is evident that the powers of the Governor-General will be from time to time increased, so far as any increase may be necessary to give him an opportunity of acting with vigour and efficiency in what may be termed the extraordinary business of Indian administration. Lord SALISBURY drew attention, at he has often done before, to the expediency of making a similar change in the English half of the Indian Government. The Secretary of State ought, he urged, to be advised, not controlled, by his Council. The Duke of ARGYLL combated this notion, but his reasons appear to us insufficient. There is of course immense weight, to every assembly of Englishmen, in the argument that the present arrangement has done no practical harm. The Secretary of State either has not been overruled by his Council, or, if he has been overruled, he has, like Lord HALIFAX, successfully vindicated his authority by proposing and carrying, as a member of the Cabinet and of the Legislative body, the very measure to which his Council objected. But the Council might not always be so reasonable. They might have a political feeling against such a man as Mr. BRIGHT, or a feeling of legitimate jealousy at being dictated to by such a man as Lord DE GREY. If they chose to make themselves disagreeable, they could hamper and thwart the Secretary of State in a hundred matters which he could not bring before Parliament, because he would not wish to use the extreme remedy of getting an Act of Parliament passed to override his Council in matters that to the outside world would seem of slight importance. Lord SALISBURY, during his tenure of office, met with support from the Council, even when he inclined to novelties which they did not much like, because, being men of honourable feeling, and capable of recognising the high qualities of their chief, they saw that it would be really for the welfare of India that a capable Secretary of State should have the opportunity of showing how he could govern. But a very little bad feeling, a tinge of mediocrity on either side, would have sent them into an opposition to their chief which must have been successful. Lord SALISBURY, it seems to us, is quite justified in saying that this is wrong in principle. The Council ought not to have this power, even if hitherto they have exercised it well. And it may be considered as quite certain that they will lose this power as soon as they cease to exercise it well, and probably as soon as they exercise it at all. If the Governor-General is to be independent of his Council on all questions which he considers important, the Secretary of State will claim most reasonably to stand in the same position.

The Bill also provides that the Governor-General may admit natives into the Civil Service when he thinks fit to do so, and may admit them without requiring that they shall go through the competitive examination by which Englishmen find their way into it. This is the best and simplest way of settling a question which has lately occupied the attention of Indian authorities. It seems only bare justice that natives qualified to enter the only profession in India which gives men of high ability and character an adequate career, should not be shut out of it. And to subject them to a competitive examination is to shut them out from it. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE conceived the idea of founding scholarships which should enable promising native youths to come to England and study here with a view to competing for places in the Civil Service. But although there is much to recommend this proposal, it has not nearly the same advantages as permitting the Governor-General to place such natives as he may think eminently fit in the posts which he thinks they will hold satisfactorily. The class of native who will send his son to a foreign country to receive an education among infidels cannot be the class that is most worth conciliating and rewarding by high appointments; and the sort of young native who would get into the Civil Service by competition would seldom be the sort of man we should really wish to get hold of. It will be a very rare thing, probably, for the Governor-General to put natives into any considerable post, but a few examples will encourage the natives, just as French soldiers are said to be encouraged by the poetical statement that every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack. But if it is desirable to encourage the natives, it is also most desirable not to discourage Englishmen, and it would discourage them if natives were admitted to the Civil Service who were not up to that high standard the existence of which gives its greatest charm to the career of an Indian civilian. The life of an Indian civilian is one of the most useful, honourable, and happy that can be led under the sun; and, as a body, these civilians are unrivalled for a high and conscientious love of duty, and an unremitting zeal for the interests both of the conquerors and of the conquered. It is much more important to keep up the standard that has been now attained than even to please and reward the natives of India; and the standard will be in danger of being lowered unless natives are selected, not only who are clever — for cleverness is a small thing, and thousands of natives are clever enough to do any kind of administrative work—but who are honourable men, and will not degrade the service by petty acts and intrigues and efforts to seek promotion by flattery, fawning, and calumnies.

The most eminent of Indian civilians has now come back to England, after having lived not only to attain the office of Governor-General, but to hold it for the full term, and to have discharged his arduous duties without any interruption from sickness. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has concluded an Indian career complete and perfect in itself. He has gone on in a gradual succession of advancement, from the days when he was a promising youth at Haileybury to the moment when he is now on the eve of taking his seat in the House of Lords after five years of Viceroyalty; and throughout he has won his way by the same means—by indomitable perseverance, by self-reliance and courage, by indifference to giving offence, by simplicity of feeling and life, and by a great warmth and generosity in friendship. His Viceroyalty has not been marked by any striking events, nor has he been called on to decide any questions which have interested the English public. Every one knows that his administration has been successful so far that it has been absolutely unmarked by any want of success, but few know in what its merits have consisted. Put briefly, these merits have been mainly an avoidance of war and a care for the poor. He has resisted every attempt to plunge us into a war for the sake of guarding prematurely against dangers in Central Asia, and luck befriended him by getting him out of the only war in which he engaged—that in Bhootan—with more ease and rapidity than might have been expected. His genuine zeal for the interests of the poor has been shown in the efforts he has made to reform the gaols, to provide proper barracks and hospitals for the common soldiers, to make the railways accessible to the most indigent travellers, and to protect the cultivators against oppression by the upper classes in the settlement of land questions. It is quite true that neither a policy of peace nor a zeal for the poor is to be blindly praised. It is still a matter of grave consideration whether there are not

points beyond our frontier which we cannot allow a hostile Power to seize, and it is quite as unjust to deprive an aristocrat as a pauper of his rights. All government is a question of time, of opportunity, of the balance between less and greater evil and less and greater good. All that is necessary or fair to say is that, during the particular five years of his Viceroyalty, the policy of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE was in the main just and wise. Not to be easily alarmed by distant dangers, but to increase the tenacity and force with which we hold our own frontier territories, was, it may be safely said, the right policy for the time. To set the example of an assiduous care for the humbler classes, both of Europeans and natives, was the best example that a Governor-General, at this crisis of English Government, could have set. Few will forget the coarse contempt and vulgar hatred with which many Englishmen, especially in military circles, used to speak of the Indian "niggers" in the years immediately following the mutiny. The feeling which prompted such language has in a great degree died away now, and no one has done more to discountenance it than Sir JOHN LAWRENCE. India has gone forward under his Government, and it has gone forward in the right path; and that this should be said of him is, of all things that could be said of him, the most likely to be acceptable to a man in whom the love of duty is much stronger than the love of notoriety or praise.

UNIVERSITY TESTS.

IT is difficult to understand the extraordinary, and as it seems to us the exaggerated, enthusiasm which the University Tests Bill excites in certain minds. That the subject which had precedence of it on Wednesday week should be discussed with passion is natural enough. A Cattle Bill affects the material and immediate interests of large classes of the community, and by a curious inconsistency marshals in opposite camps the advocates of cheap meat and the advocates of healthy bullocks But the changes introduced by Sir JOHN COLERIDGE'S Bill are, it might have been thought, of too moderate a kind to arouse much feeling in its behalf. That the opponents of the measure should be hot against it is intelligible enough. It has always been a distinguishing feature of Conservative Oppositions that they will defend an outpost as vigorously, after the citadel has been surrendered, as they did while it was still in their hands. To Liberals the identification of the State with a definite religious belief seems past praying for. They may regret or rejoice in the change according as their own convictions happen or not to coincide with the particular creed which has been dethroned; but they accept the fact. To Conservatives of the type of Mr. MOWBRAY the principle of an Established Church is as green and vigorous as in the days when it was supposed to be bound up with making men receive the Sacrament as a qualification for municipal offices, or with the exclusion of Roman Catholics from Parliament; and they maintain it in happy forgetfulness of the number of times when, on their own showing, it has been finally abandoned. But from the stand-point of the supporters of the Bill the change is a very small one. It admits Nonconformists to the governing body in the two Universities, and it removes one of the restrictions which now prevent them from getting their share of College Fellowships. As to the first change, it is extremely unlikely that it will, at least for a long time to come, produce any considerable effect. Both at Oxford and Cambridge the ordinary administration is very properly left to those actually resident—we wish we could say, to those actually working—within the local limits of each University. A mere admission to Convocation or the Senate will confer little more than a nominal right to cancel the decisions arrived at by this smaller body, and, even in regard to this right, the new comers will only constitute a very small minority amongst a mass of Conservatism which altogether defies leavening. As to the second change, the possession of a Fellowship is no doubt a tangible advantage to the young barrister waiting for business, or to the high-classman whom it enables to substitute the comparative repose of college lecturing for the greater intellectual strain of private tuition. But not to mention that the disposal of a certain number of prizes—which, so far as they can be enjoyed by non-residents, do not call for very tender handling—is hardly matter for thankful exultation, we are not aware that the existing tests have been found to give rise to any hardship worth speaking of. Without presuming to impugn the orthodoxy of a single Fellow in a single college, we may still say that in more than one of those societies the interpretation of the Anglican standards has not been so rigid as to exclude some diversity of opinion, at all events on minor points. Has any one yet complained of being rejected at Merton or Balliol on the score of doctrinal unsoundness? If so unique a specimen of theological eccentricity now walks this earth, he ought, as a concession to legitimate curiosity, to present himself for public inspection.

Besides, however, the ordinary assailants and the ordinary defenders of tests, there is a third class of persons with whom, though we regret their conclusions, we own to being more in sympathy. They do not declare themselves satisfied with a mere formal signature of a document which can hardly be said to express the opinions of a single member of the Church of England, and yet they feel a natural alarm at the surrender of the solitary hold which denominationalism now has upon Oxford and Cambridge. They rightly hold that a really undenominational education is, in many of the higher studies, a practical impossibility. In history or moral philosophy, for example, however careful a professor may be to state facts fairly, the conclusions he has himself drawn from them will necessarily colour his teaching. Whatever may be the professed character of the institution in which he lectures, his own influence on his class will be distinctly denominational—using the term, of course, in that wide sense which includes the positive side of negative convictions. Mr. BEESLY, for example, is Professor of History in an undenominational College, but no one can read the extremely original views of his subject occasionally put forth by him without drawing a very definite inference as to the nature of his religious opinions. Mr. BEESLY is not a man to whom creeds are a matter of indifference; on the contrary, he is, in a certain sense, a profoundly theological writer, and, if the students who come under his influence are unconscious of the fact, they must be quite incapable of appreciating the very striking lessons presented to them. Similar instances might easily be multiplied, and the enemies of denominational education have, so far as we can see, no real answer to the argument these instances suggest. When Dr. PUSEY and Mr. LIDDON proclaim their alarm at the action of Sir JOHN COLERIDGE'S Bill upon the Universities, they mean, not that they are afraid of a colourless education, but that they are afraid of an education tinged with a distinctly hostile hue. You may prohibit the exclusive teaching of Anglicanism, but how are you to prohibit the accidental teaching of Comtism? They are themselves ready with a proposal which will shut the door, they think, against this danger. The University they are willing to abandon. The feeling against any restriction on the choice of Professors is too strong to be resisted. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S proposed test is so sure to be rejected, that it is scarcely necessary to express any opinion on its merits. But some at least of the Colleges might be retained by the sacrifice of a part of the endowments. The highest ideal Dr. PUSEY now hopes to see attained is a mixed University with denominational Colleges, and to secure this he would give up a fair proportion of the existing foundations to Dissenters, to Roman Catholics, and even to Secularists; or, if it seemed more practicable, he would found new Colleges for their use out of the revenues of which the Anglican Church has now the exclusive enjoyment. In this way he considers that the principle of definite religious teaching would be secured without the reservation of any exceptional privilege to the Established Church.

As regards the end to be kept in view we believe that this scheme is substantially right. A mixed University with denominational Colleges not only suggests itself as an obvious compromise between the conflicting theories on the subject, but is in itself the best solution of a real difficulty. A denominational University becomes more and more of an impossibility every day. It simply means an indefinite multiplication of Universities, and in the long run this is almost certain to involve a mutual competition for students which would tend directly to the lowering of the standard of education. Denominational Colleges are not open to this objection, because the standard is fixed by the University to which they are affiliated, and denominational zeal would only render the respective Colleges more careful to make and keep their place in the common examinations. The real question, however, is whether this end can be attained. By the method suggested by Dr. PUSEY we are quite sure that it cannot. In the first place, such a settlement would meet with scarcely any effective support. Even of the High Church party only a fraction would accept it, while the larger part would insist upon following Mr. MOWBRAY in a blind adherence to the existing system. The Liberal party within the Universities would be opposed to it, since its members, with scarcely an exception, belong to that school of Liberalism which regards denominationalism as the one heresy to which no toleration should be accorded. The Dissenters, who would in some respects be the chief gainers by it, met it, when it was proposed last autumn, with a scarcely

qualified hostility. If the persons specially interested in the matter are all antagonistic, is there any chance of the public generally being better disposed towards the scheme? Surely the whole lesson of the recent elections is that the day of State endowments for religious purposes is past, and that educational foundations, unless of very modern date, will all be counted among State endowments. It will be seen that our objection to Dr. PUSEY's proposal is of a quite different kind from that entertained by Sir ROUNDELL PALMER. In the sense in which he applied the quotation, we have no expectation that

> The darkest day,
> Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

"I want," he said, on Monday, "to keep all the Colleges for "the Church of England in the sense in which that Church has "a legitimate right to them." He hopes to do this by virtue of "the moral obligation of the permanent regulations of the "Colleges which form the basis of the agreement which a man "has entered into with the society of which he is a member." Such an expectation, however fair and right in itself, leaves out of sight the immense probability that some of the leading Colleges will at once abrogate or modify these "permanent re-"gulations," so far as they bear upon the nominal necessary Anglicanism of their fellows. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's "moral "obligations" have already ceased to bind in the spirit and will soon cease to bind in the letter.

Our own conviction is, however, that the very measure to counteract which the idea of denominational Colleges was started may be made a means of carrying it out. The University Tests Bill does not propose to interfere with the liberty of the several corporations; it simply removes a particular restriction imposed by Act of Parliament. As Sir JOHN COLERIDGE said, in moving the second reading, "it leaves the "Colleges controlled by their statutes, by the feelings of their "members, and by all the associations which gather round "them." In the freedom of action thus secured to each separate society there may be the germ of a practical settlement of the whole question, on a basis not radically different from that devised by Dr. PUSEY and Mr. LIDDON. Supposing that upon the passing of the Bill several, or even a majority, of the Colleges proceed to revise their statutes and throw open their fellowships to persons of all religions. It is possible that in some cases this may be done without removing the present tests in the case of tutorships, and as long as non-resident fellowships are suffered to exist, the educational character of a College will be little affected by such an amount of relaxation. Probably, however, the change will be more sweeping, and a College modifying its statutes may virtually cease to be in any sense a place of religious education. But, as a consequence of this, the doctrinal tests in those Colleges where they are maintained will gradually assume a new character. As things are now, they are practically valueless. The public opinion of the University does not censure a man who, disbelieving in a personal God, and thinking the immortality of the soul at most an open question, presents himself as a candidate for a fellowship, and is prepared to sign the articles in the event of his election. The whole value of a test of this sort depends upon the extent to which it binds individual consciences. No College can reject a man, otherwise qualified, on account of his religious opinions, so long as he is willing to make the required subscriptions; so that now these have lost their efficacy, the lay fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge are, in practice, open to all except Roman Catholics, or Dissenters of exceptional strictness. But the fact that tests are abolished in some Colleges and kept on foot in others will at once restore their meaning. Public opinion may be trusted no longer to sanction a disregard of them when the Colleges which impose them are known to do so as a matter of principle, not because the Act of Uniformity leaves them no choice in the matter. No man, for example, would dream of presenting himself for election at the Keble College who was not genuinely a member of the Church of England, and when each society is left free to frame its constitution for itself, a similar feeling will grow up in reference to those which assume an equally defined position.

THE REFORM LEAGUE.

MR. BEALES and the Reform League have at last had the good sense to see that their time is gone by. Their importance culminated with the Hyde Park riot; and, as the London mob became less and less inclined to disturbance, their function dwindled and died. Government by Clubs has never thriven permanently in England, because the House of Commons has always represented the nation by general consent or acquiescence, as well as by constitutional right. The power which is from time to time assumed by self-elected agitators is derived exclusively from their real or supposed ability to promote seditious movements. The debates in the Council of the Reform League were below contempt, and no moral authority attached to its expressions of opinion; but for a year or two it was doubtful whether Mr. BEALES and his associates might not successfully abuse the exceptional liberality of English law. In any other country in Europe their street assemblages would have been prohibited, or, if necessary, dispersed by force; but English history justifies the assumption of voluntary deference to law, although demagogues may now and then succeed in defying a society which has provided insufficient securities for the maintenance of order. When the short period of anarchy had elapsed, the Reform League, misapprehending its own resources, endeavoured to assert for itself the position which the Jacobins and Cordeliers occupied by the side of the French Assembly and Convention; but agitation languishes in times of political tranquillity, and the general election proved that the Council could exercise no influence over a single constituency. As it was found impossible to meet the modest expenses of the organization, some hasty Reformers candidly proposed an alliance with the Tories which might bring stingy Liberals to their senses. Mr. BEALES, although he may possibly have had personal reasons for retirement, was the first to desert the sinking ship; and his colleagues were all but simultaneously convinced that it was no longer possible to continue their organization. After devolving on a surviving Committee the duty of beginning a new agitation whenever circumstances may favour the attempt, the Council, in the name of its real or imaginary constituents, has dissolved itself with a final flourish to the effect that the necessity for its existence has ended with the accomplishment of its objects. Although the League has not succeeded in establishing the universal suffrage which formed its principal purpose, there is a certain colour of truth for its dying professions of satisfaction. One of the many conditions which rendered Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill possible was the downfall of the Hyde Park railings.

The League and its President had for some time vegetated in obscurity when the opportunity arose which made them famous. In the debates on the Reform Bill of 1866 Mr. LOWE had imprudently taunted the working-classes with their indifference to Reform; and Mr. BRIGHT had suggested that the population of London should assemble in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament, to contradict the imputation, and perhaps to show their numbers. Mr. BEALES and his club, with creditable adroitness, undertook to provide the machinery for a popular exhibition of force, and, after two or three tentative obstructions of the streets, they determined to exhibit their numbers on the spot where they would cause the greatest alarm to the peaceable community. It may be confidently asserted that open-air political meetings in a city with three millions of inhabitants are incompatible with order and with liberty, for even if the promoters of the movement desired to conform to the law, they could exercise no control over the promiscuous rabble. Although Mr. BEALES may have wished to intimidate the Government, he would certainly have deprecated the breaking of windows, and yet at some of his meetings windows were broken. The selection of Hyde Park was ingeniously mischievous, for, although the mob were trespassers, there is in England no effective law of trespass, so that there was a zest of illegality about the proceeding, without any serious risk of penal consequences. The head of the police was in some degree responsible for the disgraceful riot which ensued, inasmuch as he caused reasonable irritation by admitting carriages and horses into the Park when the gates were closed to the multitude; and also because he undertook to defend with an insufficient force an utterly indefensible position. There is no reason to suppose that the ringleaders had foreseen the damage which was done; but their noisy exultation in their supposed triumph renders them justly responsible for the misdeeds of their followers. Having baffled the guardians of public order, they announced their intention to assemble the mob once more in Hyde Park; and through the weakness of an amiable Minister Mr. BEALES was enabled to undertake, with condescending moderation, the maintenance of the public peace. The Reform League had discovered the not very recondite secret of State that, when custom and public opinion discourage the employment of military force, any demagogue who can muster a rabble at his heels may for a time defy the Government. Mr. BEALES has frequently boasted that, if Mr. WALPOLE had not yielded, the streets of London would have run with blood; and he has

never seemed to understand that the hypothetical crime which he attributes to himself would have been unpardonable, if only it had been committed.

The unexpected success of the Hyde Park disturbance induced local agitators to hold large meetings in many of the great towns during the following autumn; but the multitudes which assembled at Birmingham, at Glasgow, or at Leeds laboured under the disadvantage of having neither a Government nor a Parliament at hand to be frightened. It was felt that the London Reform League enjoyed a great advantage in its central position; and at one of the provincial meetings Mr. BRIGHT announced that on a certain day in November five hundred thousand men would prove by their presence in the streets of London that the people were determined on a reform of Parliament. Although the greatest efforts were made to render the so-called demonstration formidable, only a few thousands of men passed in a harmless procession from the East of London through Piccadilly to Chelsea. In the spring of 1867 a meeting held in Hyde Park without opposition from the police attracted so little attention, that the League ceased from that time to rely upon its power of collecting mobs. About the same time a rival club, under the title of the National Reform Union, was formed to represent a milder shade of Radicalism; but the League, appealing more strongly to revolutionary sympathies, has survived its Girondist competitor. As neither association exercised any influence over public opinion by argument, by eloquence, or by authority, the body which had once alarmed respectable people by exhibiting the physical force of the London rabble was justly entitled to preference over a mere debating society.

Although Mr. BEALES, as the principal leader of the defunct Reform League, has done some mischief and attempted more, he is probably entitled to the humble credit of honesty and good intentions. An enthusiast, not for liberty, but for nominal democracy, he has repeatedly contended with apparent sincerity that France, with its universal suffrage, was more truly free than England. Provided that all men vote, it seems to matter little whether those for whom they vote are elected to legislate on minor matters, or to govern the policy of the country at home and abroad. When the Spanish Revolution had been effected by the army, Mr. BEALES and his League once more jumped to the conclusion that England was left behind in the career of liberty, by a community which had scarcely emerged from a military and superstitious despotism. The good faith of Mr. BEALES's admiration for all forms of revolution was illustrated by his simultaneous sympathy with GARIBALDI and with the disaffected Irish. Until his proposals to extend the organization of the League to Ireland were contumeliously rejected, he had probably never discovered that Roman Catholic agitators hold no intercourse with the enemies of the POPE. Although the occupation of a demagogue is culpable and disreputable in proportion to the freedom of the Constitution which he endangers, it is satisfactory to observe the comparatively inoffensive nature of the dwarfed and stinted variety which represents the species in England.

> Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto
> Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.

Belgian students cannot hold a meeting without resolving to abolish all forms of religion. French agitators, tolerated for a time in the hope that the middle classes may be frightened into Imperialism, denounce marriage and property, and threaten the decent part of the population with massacre. Spanish Municipal Juntas distribute private estates among the poor, beginning with the property of foreign residents. Geneva Peace Congresses, under the auspices of GARIBALDI, proclaim universal war against existing Governments; and societies of workmen in all parts of Europe demand the spoliation and destruction of capitalists. By the side of Continental anarchists, the Reform League almost assumes the character of a Conservative Association. Mr. BEALES and his colleagues never coiled themselves up for a spring against all law, all religion, and all Government. They only clamoured for the Ballot, which now finds favour in the Cabinet and the House of Commons, and for universal suffrage, which is, with all its numerous demerits, a legitimate subject of political discussion. Their error consisted in their attempt to substitute force or terror for constitutional modes of action. The malignant brawlers of the Paris *Redoute* are for the present allowed to prattle, because the Government is prepared to crush them if they attempt to put their theories in operation. The wildest declamations of the Reform League would have been thought absurdly tame at a meeting of French democrats; but the demolition of a yard of park-railings would have been followed in Paris by a charge of cavalry, and by sentences of penal servitude or transportation. Freedom, with the mildness or laxity which attends it, rests on the loyalty of all classes to the law. The ungenerous misuse of liberty is in the first instance almost always successful, as a player may often win an inglorious victory by disregarding the rules of the game. The English Constitution received a perceptible though transient shock from the proof that it included no practical safeguard against the paltry riot in Hyde Park.

THE POWER OF THE MIND TO RESIST KNOWLEDGE.

IGNORANCE is a very favourite topic; we charge ourselves, our friends, our enemies with it, as a ready and stereotyped accusation; but it may be doubted whether it is attributed as often as it ought to be to the mind's active energies. Not only should all of us know more if we learnt more—if we applied our minds more sedulously, if we conquered our indolence, if we roused our dormant powers—but we should know indefinitely more if we did not treat knowledge as an enemy, if we did not sedulously resist its inroads. The power of the human mind to resist knowledge is not duly considered in treating the subject. We are so used to the result that we do not sufficiently note the cause. As regards a good deal of the ignorance that is in and about us, the difficulty is to discover how men contrive not to know; and we observe that a very resolute will must have been at work. We do not see that any effort whatever would have been needed to take in certain ideas. An ordinarily intelligent mind that was not preoccupied could not help receiving them—as, for instance, the forms and qualities of objects continually before our eyes, or simple facts stated within our hearing; rather, the effort must have been applied to shut them out, to prevent thought and reason exercising themselves upon them. We often fail to do justice to our own cleverness. In fact, men and women can always learn what they honestly want to know—what they want to know in preference to other indulgences.

All people receive willingly congenial knowledge; what they reject is either that which finds no place for its reception, or that which is unwelcome at the time from the mind's being otherwise occupied, whether by another train of thought or in the agreeable pursuit of fancy. We do not of course mean imagination at work in any laborious sense, but a devious, aimless self-abandonment to every suggestion that comes uppermost. Minds given to reverie are not passively, but actively, averse to knowledge; anything that interferes with the promptings of the moment, that arrests thought, that lays some force upon inclination, is repulsed instinctively as an enemy. It is astonishing how this enmity to ideas grows with indulgence, till it is next to impossible to find a place for facts, opinions, thoughts, or speculation in any sense that demands the faintest effort—in a word, for whatever threatens to arrest the trumpery procession of vague images. In such a state of the faculties nothing interests a man that has not some personal relation; nothing can be received that is new or so far abstract that it cannot be turned on the spot into a question of self. Of course an all-absorbing pursuit may possess the mind like reverie. No one can do great things in science or art without his mind being occupied to the forcible exclusion of uncongenial knowledge. But laziness and folly have more abstractions than thought and genius, and hug their lucubrations with a more resolute clutch. The man who is pleasantly engaged on the oft-conned problem of how to keep a horse, or when and where he is to make his first speech, or otherwise show himself a fine fellow, or in planning schemes of amusement, or reckoning up his expenses and means of defraying them, or his chances of an inheritance, is quite as steadily opposed to a bit of information that has no relation to any of these questions as if it sought to thrust itself into the midst of profounder speculations.

It is easy to perceive that to some young people the whole world of thought is a blank, that it excites in them feelings of positive repulsion and abhorrence; and if this be so in youth, there is little chance that mere growth in years will bring about any change that shall effect a reconciliation. If men are to think to any purpose, they must learn to think when young. But, we repeat, it is not native power that is wanting. Take the girl whose head is full of dress, and who is always contriving how to set herself off to what she thinks the best advantage. So long as this taste is ministered to, her attention is alive, her apprehension is quick, her fancy suggestive. She is clever, receptive, laborious. She can take in the most complex description, she can picture to herself the most elaborate effects. She is imbibing new ideas every moment; she is apt, open, liberal, industrious; she is in the state to learn a science or a language, chronology or chemistry. What she is doing is only less difficult than graver studies because it is more congenial. To detect real from false, to appraise a fabric to a nicety, to take in at a glance a thousand details, are feats of the intellect not less remarkable in their nature than those of the naturalist who knows the note and flight of birds, and the habits of insects. Set him upon the young girl's pursuits which are her pastime, and he will be as unteachable and reluctant as she will probably show herself towards his studies; and for the same reason—unteachable because reluctant. It is the wish to know, not the power to learn, which is the desideratum.

There can be no more irksome task to many minds than to address themselves to subjects which require from them

accuracy of information. This is one of the reasons why questions are often so intolerable. They awaken people to the fact that they know nothing; which matters little so long as they themselves are the only losers, for if they know nothing it is because they preferred to know nothing; but it is a bore to be expected to know, and exposure is always a nuisance. Many persons who travel guard themselves jealously against the acquisition of new ideas; they are so tiring; they seem to stretch the mind hither and thither out of all its bearings. "Oh for a shop window!" they seem to cry, in the midst of museums and galleries, "for something familiar, some link between myself and what I see." Everybody knows this feeling more or less; it is a revolt against new knowledge, a taking refuge in our weaker selves, which is perfectly justifiable in its degree. Certainly inquiring minds are apt to be bores; people that will pursue and get to the bottom of subjects are great disturbers of the peace, unless this curiosity on their part is qualified by more sympathy than commonly belongs to it. It is well to tell children, "Never submit to be ignorant when you have knowledge at your elbow"; but it an axiom which requires modification in general society, where as we have said, few persons are ignorant in an exceptional degree unless because they like it. These probers ought to know that most people like to think as little as they are compelled to think; that to fix or nail the mind on a subject is utterly alien to many an intelligence which is bright and active enough in its own groove; and they should be tender in obtruding their useful, instructive, and important topics upon reluctant yet ashamed ears. As zealous, restless inquirers after truth, they may, with Locke, consider it a fair question how far these enemies of learning are, in knowledge and intellectual faculties, superior to a cockle or an oyster; but they should spare the feelings of their weaker fellow-creatures. The reception which we are all too prone to give to knowledge thrust upon us is that which a party of gossips might give to the invasion of a charitable or literary deputation. The people may be worthy folks in their way, their talk full of information or of utility to their neighbours; but what an interruption! and how willingly do the invaded see them depart, that they may relapse and unbend on the instant into the familiar trivialities!

It is a sufficient reason to a great many people not to acquire new ideas, that they are new. "I know nothing about that" means, "I am steadfastly resolved never to know anything about it." Even where their interests are involved, the strangeness and horror of novelty carries the day. A mother, for example, has a son at school or college, yet the whole phraseology of school and college life remains to the end mere Greek to her. Little-go, moderations, class lists and what not, her mind is a chaos to them all; and because women do not play cricket, just as they do not yet go to college, the rules and machinery of that game are in like manner unattainable by the female mind. As an instance of feminine power to resist knowledge, we were struck the other day by a description of a High-Church parson in *Good Words*, betraying an ignorance which we must regard as the more signal and remarkable considering the amount of dignified clerical teaching brought to bear on that favoured periodical. The lady draws the portrait of the Rev. Tobias Choake, who fasted on Fridays and *Saints' days*, advocated auricular confession, and was suspected of wearing a hair-shirt. This lady has lived through Oxford, Anglican, and Ritualistic movements to no better purpose than actually to suppose that the leaders of these parties regard Saints' days not as *feasts*, but *fasts*—a case of scarcely less singular deadness to importunate knowledge in one line than was that quoted by Southey of the Liverpool merchant in another, who wrote to his bookseller for Milton's, Shakspeare's, and Dryden's works, and if any of those fellows wrote anything new, he was to send it as it came out. In both cases alike it is impossible that the truth should not have often enough sued for admission at eye and ear, only it was let slip at the time as being without interest to the non-recipient.

Many persons have the faculty of refusing and rejecting all knowledge that goes against their prejudices or inclinations. It is perfectly useless to enlighten them; they prefer a fog, and have a chemical faculty which reproduces it after every attempt to clear it away. Thus Dr. Manning has asserted that the Church of England cannot be what she claims to be, because there is so much infidelity among the English laity—an argument that requires him to ignore the fact of infidelity in France, Spain, and Italy. The policy of non-admissions generally which belongs to his school is based upon this chosen and wilful ignorance. We may perceive indeed how very valuable this power of rejecting knowledge must be to all who have a strong line to take, and a theory to inculcate. Lacordaire, advocating the restoration of the monastic orders, quotes a saying of Napoleon that he did not fear the Spaniards because "It is a nation fashioned by monks; and all monks are cowards." "And at the foot of the Pyrenees," cries the preacher, "he found Christians formed by monks; and his warriors, who used to say that from the Pyrenees to the Baltic they had met nothing but children, confessed, in language both military and energetic, that they were more than men, that it was a war of giants. Spain had the signal honour of being the primary cause of that man's ruin." It suited the orator not to know that, in so far as Spain caused Napoleon's ruin, it was by bringing him in contact with a nation *not* formed by monks; and Lacordaire was no doubt able really to exclude this fact from his consciousness. And even where no principle is involved, that inobservance which is the reproach of commonplace ordinary sinners is the glory of some saints, of one of whom we are told that, after living in his cell some forty years, he was found in entire ignorance of its form, colour, and furnishing.

There are, we suspect, in all minds desert places not capable of cultivation, where knowledge, fact, and inference will not grow. Certainly, in spite of all we have said, there is a respect felt for persons possessing any accurate knowledge which would be disproportioned but for this admission. But, allowing this, the marvel remains that so much of what it would seem easier to receive than to reject remains unknown. Perhaps a good time is coming when accuracy—without which knowledge does not deserve the name—will be a more common virtue than it is now. In the meanwhile it must be confessed that our preference for the society of one fellow-creature over another is not ruled by this scale, and that we have passed some of our liveliest hours with persons whom we would no more subject to any critical examination whatever—even on those subjects which are so familiar and within reach that it would seem an effort of ingenuity to be ignorant of them—than we would covet such an investigation for ourselves.

CHARMING WOMEN.

THERE are certain women who are invariably spoken of as charming. We never hear any other epithet applied to them. They are not said to be pretty, nor amiable, nor clever, though they may be all three, but simply *charming*; which we may take as a kind of verbal amalgam, the concentration and concretion of all praise. The main feature about these charming women is their intense feminality. There is no blurring of the outlines here; no confusion of qualities admirable enough in themselves but slightly out of place considering the sex; no Amazonian virtues which leave one in doubt as to whether we have not before us a youth in petticoats rather than a soft and tender woman. A charming woman is woman all over, one who places her glory in being a woman, and has no desire to be anything else. She is a woman rather than a human being, and a lady rather than a woman. One of her characteristics is the softness and exquisite grace of her manner, which so sweetly represents the tender nature within. She has not an angle anywhere. If she were to be expressed geometrically, Hogarth's Line of Beauty is the sole figure that could be used for her. She is flowing, graceful, bending in mind as in body; she is neither self-asserting nor aggressive, neither rigid nor narrow; she is a creature who glides gracefully through life, and adjusts herself to her company and her circumstances in a manner little less than marvellous; working her own way without tumult or sharpness, creeping round insuperable obstacles, and quietly wearing down more friable opposition with that gentle persistency which does so much more than turmoil and disturbance. Even if enthusiastic—which she is for art, either as music, as painting, or as poetry—she is enthusiastic in such a sweet and graceful way that no one can be offended by a fire which shines and does not burn. There is no touch of scorn about her, and no assumption of superior knowledge. She speaks to you, poor ignorant Philistine, with the most flattering conviction that you follow her in all her flights; and when she comes out, quite naturally, with her pretty little bits of recondite lore or professional technicalities, you cannot be so boorish as to ask for an explanation of these everyday matters, which she makes so sure you must understand. Are you not an educated person with a soul to be saved, and can you then be ignorant of things with which every one of culture is familiar? She discourses confidentially of musicians and painters unknown to fame, and speaks as if she knew the secret doings of the Conservatoire and the R. A. council-chamber alike. The models and the methods, the loves and the hates, of the whole artistic world are to her things of everyday life, and you cannot tell her that she is shooting her delicate shafts wide of the mark, and that you know no more of what she means than if she were talking in the choicest Arabic. If she has been abroad—and she generally has been more or less—she will pour out her tender little rhapsodies about palazzi and ville of which you have never heard, but every room of which she assumes you know by heart; and she will speak of out-of-the-way churches, and grim old castles perched upon vine-clad mounts, as if you were as well acquainted with them as with your native hamlet; and she will bring into her discourse all manner of Italian technicalities, as if you understood the subject as well as she herself understands it; though your learning is limited to a knowledge of how much was done in jute and tallow, or how many pockets of hops went off in the market last week. If she has a liking for high life and titles—and what charming woman has not?—she will mention the names of all manner of counts and dukes and monsignori unknown to English society, as though they were her brothers; but if you were to interrupt the gentle ripple of her speech with such rude breakwaters as "who?" and "what?" the charming woman would think you a horrid bore, and no man would willingly face that. One may be a rhinoceros in one's own haunts, but, as the fable tells us, even rhinoceroses are ashamed of their parentage when among gazelles. Never self-asserting, never contradictory, only sweetly and tenderly putting you right when you blunder, the charming woman nevertheless always makes you feel her superiority. True, she lays herself as it were at your feet, and gives you a thousand delicate flatteries—indeed among her specialities is that of being able to set you on good terms with

yourself, and her art of subtle flattery; but despite her own self-abasement and your exaltation you cannot but feel that she is your superior, and that although she is too charming to acknowledge what would wound your pride, yet she feels it too, and tries to hide it. All which has the effect of making you admire her still more for the grace and tact she has displayed.

The charming woman is generally notoriously in love with her husband, who is almost always inferior to her in birth, acquirements, manner, or appearance. This affection of hers only shows her feminine qualities of sacrifice and wifely devotion to greater advantage, and makes other men envy more ferociously the lucky fellow who has drawn such a prize. The husband of a charming woman is indeed lucky in the world's esteem; no man more so. Though he may be one of the most ordinary, perhaps unpleasant, fellows you know, with a sour face, an underbred air, and by no means famous in his special sphere, his wife speaks of him enthusiastically as so good, so clever, so delightful; no one knows how good he is, she says, though of course he has his little peculiarities of temper, and the rest of it, and perhaps every one would not bear with them as she does. But then she knows him, and knows his wonderful worth and value! If they are not seen much together that comes from causes over which they have no control, not from anything like disinclination to each other's society. Certainly, for so happy a marriage, it is a little surprising how very seldom they are together; and how all her friends are hers only and not his, and how much she goes into society without him. On the whole, counting hours, they live very much more apart than united; but that is the misfortune of his career, of his health, or of hers—a misfortune due to any cause but that of diversity of tastes and inharmoniousness of pursuits. Full of home affection and the tenderest sentiment as she is, the charming woman does sometimes the oddest-looking things, which a rough little domestic creature without graceful pretensions would not dream of doing. Her child is lying dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and she appears at the grand ball of the season, subdued certainly—how well that sweet melancholy becomes her!—but always graceful, always thoughtful for others, and attentive; and though indeed, she will tell you, she does not know how she got dressed at all, she is in such a state of cruel anxiety, yet she is undeniably the best dressed woman in the room, and the most carefully appointed. It is against her own will that she is there, you may be sure, but she has been forced to sacrifice herself, and tear herself away for an hour. The exigencies of society are so merciless—the world is such a terrible Juggernaut, she says, raising her eyes with plaintive earnestness to yours in the breathing times of the waltz. She has another trial if her husband is ordered out to Canada or the West Indies. Dearly as she loves him, and though she is heartbroken at the idea of the separation, yet her health cannot stand the climate, and she must obey her doctor's orders. She is so delicate, you know—all charming women are delicate—and the doctor tells her she could not live six months either in Toronto or Port Royal. If he had to go on diplomatic service to St. Petersburg or Madrid, she might be able to stand the climate then; but that is different. A dull station, without any of her favourite pleasures, would be more than she could bear; so she remains behind, goes out greatly into society, and writes her husband tender and amusing letters once a month.

The charming woman is the gentlest of her sex. She would not do a cruel thing nor say an unkind word for the world. When she tells you the unpleasant things which ill-natured people have said of your friends or hers, she tells them in the sweetest and dearest way imaginable. She is so sure there is not a syllable of truth in it all: and what a shame it is that people should be so ill-natured! In the gentle tone of sympathy and deprecation peculiar to her, she gives you all the ugly and uncomfortable reports that have come to her, of which you have never heard a breath until this moment; yet it is you who are stupid, for she tells them to you as if they were of patent notoriety to the whole world; only she does not believe them, remember! She takes the most scrupulous care to deny and defend as she retails, and you cannot class her with the tribe of the ill-natured whom she censures, setting, as she does, the whole strength of her gentle words and generous disbelief to oppose these ugly rumours. Yet you wish she had not told you. Her disclaimers spring so evidently from the affectionate amiability of her own mind, which cannot bear to think evil, that they have not much effect upon you. The excuse dies away from your memory, but the ill-savoured report roots, and you feel that you have lost your respect for your former friends for ever; or, if they were only hers, that nothing should tempt you to know them. There is no smoke without some fire, you think; and the charming woman cannot possibly have kindled the flame herself out of sticks and leaves and rubbish of her own collecting. But how sweet and charitable she was when she told you! how much you love her for her tenderness of nature! what a guileless and delightful creature she is!

The charming woman is kind and graceful, but she does not command the stronger virtues. She flatters sweetly, but, it must be confessed, she fibs as sweetly. She sometimes owns to this, but only to fibs that do more good than harm—fibs into which she is forced for the sake of peace, and to avoid mischief. It is a feminine privilege, she says; and men agree with her. Truth at all times, bold, uncompromising, stern-faced truth, is coarse and indelicate, she says: a masculine quality as little fitted for women as courage or great bodily strength. Her husband knows that she fibs; her friends at times find her out too; but though the women throw it at her as an accusation, the men accept it as a quality without which she would be less the charming woman that she is; and not only forgive it, but like her the better for the grace and tact and suppleness she displays in the process of manufacture. Hers are not the severer virtues, but the gentler, the more insinuating; and absolute truth—truth at any price and on all occasions—does not come into the list. Charming women, with their plastic manners and non-aggressive force, always have their own way in the end. They are the women who influence by unseen methods, and who shrink from any open display of power. They know that their *métier* is to soothe men, to put them on good terms with themselves, and so to get the benefit of the good humour they induce; and they dread nothing so much as a contest of wills. They coax and flatter for their rights, and consequently they are given privileges in excess of their rights; whereas the women who take their rights, as things to which they are entitled without favour, lose them and their privileges together. This art of self-abasement for future exaltation is one which it is given only to few to carry to perfection, but no woman is really charming without it. In fact it is part of her power; and she knows it. Though charming women are decidedly the favourites with men, they are careful to keep on good terms with their own sex; and in society you may often see them almost ostentatiously surrounded by women only, whom they take pains to please, or exert themselves to amuse, but whom they throw into the shade in the most astonishing way. Whatever these really charming women are, or do, or wear, is exactly the right thing; and every other woman fails in proportion to the distance she is removed from this model. If a charming woman is dressed richly, the simpler costumes of her friends look poor and mean; if she is *à la bergère*, the Court dresses about her are vulgar; if she is gay, quietness is dulness; if she is quiet, laughter is coarse. And there is no use in imitating her. She is the very Will-o'-the-Wisp of her circle, and no sooner shows her light here than she flits away there; she has no sooner set one fashion, which her admiring friends have adopted with infinite pains and trouble, than she has struck out a new one, which renders all the previous labour in vain. This is part of her very essence; and the originality which is simply perfection that cannot be repeated, and not eccentricity that no one will imitate, comes in as one of the finest and most potent of her charms. When she lends her patterns to her friends, or tells them this or that little secret, she laughs in her heart, knowing that she has shown them a path they cannot possibly follow, and raised up a standard to which they cannot attain. And even should they do either, then she knows that, by the time they have begun to get up to her, she will be miles away, and that no art whatever can approximate them to her as she is. What she was she tosses among them as a worn-out garment; and remains still the unapproachable, the inimitable, the charming woman *par excellence* of her set, whom none can rival.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

We have heard a great deal about education of late, and we are likely to hear a great deal more. We have had, and shall continue to have, speeches bristling with statistics, and pointing with horrific precision to the thousands and tens of thousands of ragged boys and girls whom that ungenerous entity the State allows to grow up as devoid of mental as of corporeal clothing. Then we have statistics of crime, and the stereotyped deduction that so many men committed murder because they did not know the alphabet; so many others burglary, because they could only read and could not write; and so many others arson, because they could only read imperfectly. And then we have some blustering missionary of the cause rushing about the country, and haranguing patient crowds on the iniquity of the national neglect, and the duty of its immediate reparation. What is this education? How would it be defined by its warmest advocates? In what does it consist? And what are its objects? It seems strange that at this time of day we should be asking these questions. Yet it is equally strange that, while we have had an infinite quantity of words on the subject, we have had no satisfactory definition. Ask the first man or woman you meet, who takes an interest in the subject, and you will get a volume of fine phrases, with stock quotations about the beauty of knowledge and the ugliness of ignorance, about the effects of the one in raising and refining, of the other in degrading and brutalizing, mankind. But from hardly any one can you get a distinct and precise statement as to what the process of education really is, how it is carried on, what is its *modus operandi*, and what it really does effect.

All its advocates agree in certain things. They say that it improves men's understandings and morals; that most men sin through ignorance, and that, by removing ignorance, education removes the most potent cause of misconduct. Others seem to think that ignorance lies at the bottom not only of sin and crime, but of poverty, vagrancy, and mendicity; and that, if we sowed education broadcast, we should not be shocked by the spectacle of haggard women dragging half-naked children after them on a cold March day, or frightened by the mingled whine and threat of sturdy vagrants in Belgravian streets. When these people thus speak of education, they mean by it schools, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. So many schools, teachers, books, slates, ink, pen and pencils, at the national or municipal expense, and the thing is done. The ragged urchins of both sexes under

this treatment will grow up into respected citizens, of whom all the men will be honest and true, all the women virtuous and industrious. We believe that this is the real, though unexpressed, creed of several thousands of respectable and benevolent people in the United Kingdom.

Now, anybody who has ever reflected on what education is will see that, though this is a kind of education, it is not that kind which he would care to see provided at the public expense. If it is capable of being defined at all, education must mean the formation of the intellect and of the character of the educated. Now, all circumstances of life tend to form the character in some way or other; and also, in some degree, the intelligence. The tiny crossing-sweeper who wields the ancestral broom in suburban districts cultivates his intellect and forms his character by what he daily sees and hears about him. He gets to learn the physiognomies of the persons who are likely to give or to refuse him money, and the expediency of being civil and good-tempered. He becomes familiar with great varieties of costume, differences of condition, and diversities of language; and he may also attain proficiency in other kinds of learning neither useful to himself nor to the public. The maid of all work in a small genteel family also educates herself in a way, till she has acquired a wonderful aptitude for discerning the signs of the times in the look or tones of her mistress. These and other stations of life are educational schools of a certain kind. They are all the schools that certain classes ever go to, and they have a decided result in forming the minds and manners of the scholars. They do one thing which professed schools do, and leave another thing undone. They teach no book lore, no writing, no ciphering. But they present many objects for observation, and enforce a certain sort of habitual discipline. What would the schools, as schools are, do more? Suppose the tiny crossing-sweeper sent to school, and the embryo housemaid snatched from the premature duties of a general "help" in poor families, and put under a National School mistress, what then happens? They each learn to read and write, get the catechism by rote, have a confused notion of some stories from the Old Testament, and some moral doctrines from the New; but what is the effect upon their minds and characters? They are sharper than they were. They can read play-bills, advertisements, and placards, can read and compose valentines. But do they give any indication of becoming better citizens than they were? Have they a higher principle, a stronger sense of duty, any sense of religion? This will be found to depend, nine times out of ten, not on the master or mistress of the school, but on the parents, the homes, and the associations of the pupils. Now and then there does occur a singular case of a boy, born of bad and vicious parents, yet fortunate in possessing an exceptionally good disposition and an exceptionally good teacher, who, despite adverse circumstances, succeeds in implanting in his pupil the seeds of a nobler morality than he has known at home. But the average teacher of a charity school leaves the majority of his pupils much as he found them. He may succeed—though it is not a certain and necessary result that he will succeed—in maintaining the forms of discipline. He may compel a sort of languid attention, at least he may suppress noisy chattering during school hours; and he may even sometimes succeed in extorting some slight show of deference to himself. But he does not succeed in implanting any genuine attention or genuine respect in the school. What the boys are at home, that they are in the school. What the homes of the majority of the boys are, that is the school also on a larger scale. What their talk and habits are at home, that they also are at school. If they come from sordid and slatternly homes, inhabited by dirty and idle parents, they themselves will be idle, slatternly, and dirty. If their parents talk blasphemy and obscenity, they will talk in the same way also. If their fathers prefer begging to working, and thieving to begging, no amount of copybook morality, or texts recited from memory, will make the boys anything better than beggars and thieves. They may fill reams with magniloquent platitudes about the cardinal virtues, and repeat the catechism with mechanical precision, but the only fruit which this proficiency will produce will be a sniggering consciousness of successful hypocrisy. They will have added to their ingrained viciousness the talents of vulgar parody and indecent *persiflage*. We speak now of schools in which the bulk of the boys come from low and disreputable homes. In schools where the majority of the scholars belong to decent families, the example of the good may leaven the whole school, and the bad minority will perhaps imitate the external bearing of the majority.

Our position is that schools less frequently change than develop the characters of children. When people talk of Eton and Harrow and Westminster and other public schools as giving a high and gentlemanly tone to the boys, they hardly mean that these schools communicate to the pupils some quality which they did not possess before. It would be more true to say that the high and gentlemanly feeling which previously animated the boys is encouraged and kept alive by the school. A boy goes to one of these schools from a gentleman's house. Since his birth he has been familiar with a certain tone of manners, sentiment, and habits. He has lived in an atmosphere of dignity, courtesy, politeness, and refinement. He has rarely witnessed anything but suavity and good-breeding on the part of his father's and mother's friends. He has seen authority exercised with a mild firmness and obeyed with a complacent submission; he has heard a certain line of conduct always designated proper, honourable, and gentlemanly—an opposite line stigmatized as base, mean, cowardly, dishonourable. He goes to the great school, where he finds five or six hundred other boys educated under similar influences in similar homes. They form among themselves one society, inspired by the same associations and recognising the same unwritten code; actuated by the same motives and addicted to the same tastes. Reading the same books, hearing the same comments, and discussing the same questions, these boys naturally educate each other. They confirm in each other the tastes, predilections, and sympathies which they brought from their respective homes. They have a liking rather than an enthusiasm for literature, for history, and for the arts. They have a disposition to the gentle exercise rather than to the severe exertion of their minds, and perhaps they also have too marked a tendency to ease and self-enjoyment. But they form a strong and healthy public opinion among themselves as to the degradation and turpitude of all mean and paltry actions. If they cannot be diligent students and finished scholars, they will at least be gentlemen. Take another class of school, only dissimilar from the former in respect of the inferior wealth of the scholars. These come from homes less opulent, less luxurious, and less refined than those of which we have just spoken. They are the sons, not of peers or wealthy commoners, but of professional men, lawyers and clergymen, who have worked a toilsome path to competence, and have secured nothing better than competence. They have been as strictly brought up to admire truth and manliness as *their* richer compeers, but they have been also brought up in the love and practice of hard work. Hard Greek and harder Analysis have tried their youthful intellects. They have to make their way in the world by the sweat of their brains, and they acknowledge this without disguise. In the schools in which they meet they reproduce and confirm the associations of their own homes. Hard work in school and hardy play out of school are the natural sequence of the early training at home. Their intellects and their limbs are both braced for the struggle of life by an education which in reality was begun under their fathers' guidance and in their fathers' study.

But send to Eton and Harrow, or to Repton and Rugby, in lieu of the boys we have described, an entirely different kind of youngsters—the young Arabs of Birmingham or Liverpool, or the sons of Bengal Baboos—and will any amount of Horace and Virgil, longs and shorts, or Alcaic odes, Greek odes, and Greek iambics, make these latter boys what the former were? No one with the slightest knowledge of practical education or of human nature can hesitate as to the answer.

Take other cases. Take the grammar-school of a small country town uncorrupted by mercantile opulence, and untarnished by manufacturing smoke. It has a large and respectable middle-class population whose condition approaches poverty rather than ease. The habits of their families are primitive, austere, perhaps Puritanical. The boys have been brought up hardly, and without luxury. They know they have to make their way in the world. Send them to a grammar-school conducted by a strict and conscientious master. What will the boys grow up? The counterparts of their fathers, with the addition of a lore which their fathers did not possess. They will be hard students at the University, will get fellowships, and will become strict and severe tutors; or else hardworking attorneys and men of business in their own town. In any branch of life the fruits of their domestic training and the traits of their ancestral character will re-appear. Contrast them with the scholars of some pretentious "Institution," or so-called "College," kept by a charlatan who has conferred his own diploma, and who angles in metropolitan suburbs for the sons of "shoddy" wealth. The instruction given here will be a sham, the moral training will be worse than *nil*, the whole tone of the school flabby, vapid, and unmanly. The lads will develop into wretched hybrids, half coxcombs and half cheats, the flaunting scandals of the Stock Exchange, the unconscious caricatures of modern City youth. Why? Not because the master is an impostor and a fool, but because they themselves have been nursed and reared in an atmosphere of folly, falsehood, and display.

So with these street Arabs. It is not because they are not at school that they are half-naked, wholly thievish, and blaspheming little blackguards. They are what they are, because they were born under influences which did not allow them to become anything else; because their parents swore and thieved, swear and thieve; because they prefer idleness to work, and beer to wages. Send these boys in a body to a school where there are no others, or only a few others; and you will have a miniature reproduction of their fathers' boozing ken. You may save five per cent. perhaps for a cleaner and better life, but the majority will be what they are now; the same half-naked, half-savage, dirty little rascals. If you want to change the class radically, take them as soon as weaned, exile them for ever from the wretched hovels of their birth, clothe them, feed them, and then send them to school. But what beneficent patron, what paternal State, is going to adopt 10,000 infant children in one town, appropriate them, feed, clothe, and teach them up to the standard of the teaching given to rich men's children—and then turn them out upon the world? And, if so trained, how would they support themselves?

When will people learn that education is a composite process, not confined to books and teachers, but made up of the varied influences of home, fortune, and early association?

MURDERERS IN COUNCIL.

AMERICA may be described as the country where principles are tested by application to the most extreme cases. In Europe we are timid, and shrink from sweeping statements; we fence round the simplest truths with innumerable qualifications and safeguards before we apply them to facts. In America, on the contrary, they lay down political axioms as confidently as if they were self-evident propositions in geometry, and proceed to act upon them, regardless of any little discord between fact and theory. The system has its interest for political observers, as it enables them to observe the working of social forces free from the perplexing influences which mask their action elsewhere. The vessel of State, to use a most respectable old metaphor, is propelled by a steady democratic trade-wind, instead of being driven hither and thither by local gusts and gales, whose intricacy is so great as to baffle any attempt to discover their law. Yet, with a full appreciation of the logical gallantry of Americans, of the audacity with which they accept as natural conclusions results which in England we should fancy to be a *reductio ad absurdum*, we confess to have been ever so little startled by the last illustration of this tendency. The criminals in Thomaston State prison—unless, as we half suspect, we are the victims of an ingenious practical joke—have held a public meeting, and passed some pathetic resolutions on the subject of capital punishment. In France the right of public meeting is only conceded grudgingly to the most respectable people, and with all kinds of provisions to obviate the possible danger. In America the inherent and indefeasible rights of man extend even beyond the prison walls and to the foot of the gallows. The last few days which a criminal passes before his execution are in most countries supposed to be devoted to weaning himself from the affairs of this world, or possibly to humble petitions for reprieve. In America a gentleman who has unluckily committed a murder solaces the close of his life by taking the chair at a public meeting, and, instead of petitioning, signifies his opinion to his countrymen as if he were president of a constitutional convention. It is, on the whole, one of the most pathetic examples ever given of the ruling passion strong in death. Pope, indeed, would have found in this case as good an illustration of his principle as any of those he has noticed. The dying actress, according to him, remarked—

> Betty, give this cheek a little red,
> One would not sure be frightful when one's dead.

The American convict, accustomed from his infancy to public speaking, ends his career by proposing resolutions about the duties of society to the individual, and indulges in the epigram, which would almost be worthy of a place in one of Mr. Bright's perorations, that "it is not so much Harris he would save from ignominy as the State."

The opinion of these gentlemen, not perhaps very remarkable in itself, gains a certain importance from its circumstances. No persons are more qualified to throw light upon the question of capital punishment, as seen from one point of view, than a meeting of criminals under the distinguished presidency of Mr. George Knight, who, it seems, owed his pre-eminence to the atrocity of the crime for which he was convicted. All the officers of the meeting, we are told, were murderers, and the committee of two who were commissioned to lay the resolutions before the Legislature of Maine were both convicted of capital crimes. They have certainly done a good deal to clear up the subject; for if the reasons which they allege are not very novel or conclusive, the conclusion to which they come is well worth notice. It is a favourite argument of those who advocate the abolition of capital punishments, that they do not tend to diminish crime. The criminal, it is said, becomes brutalized, and the chief effect of the punishment is to diminish the reverence for life. It is impossible to argue this on purely abstract grounds. We may perhaps imagine a state of society in which people would dread imprisonment for life worse than speedy death, and, in that case, it may be that the gallows would be a comparatively ineffectual penalty, and tend to make men more careless of their own and other people's existence. Here, however, we have the highest possible authority to the fact—not, it is true, a very surprising one—that there is nothing to which criminals entertain a more decided objection than to being hanged. The inconveniences which attend such a catastrophe were admirably pointed out in a tolerably conclusive paper by Charles Lamb. We do not know whether his remarks were quoted at the meeting, but the criminals obviously sympathized with his conclusions. They have placed upon record, in unmistakeable terms, that, on the whole, murderers—agreeing in this respect with other classes of the population—would rather submit to any suffering which we could propose to inflict upon them than to capital punishment. And it would be very difficult to discover a more conclusive reason for continuing capital punishment. There is a *naïveté* about the supposition that their dislike to the practice is a reason for discontinuing it, which implies that the education in the United States can scarcely be so effectual in this class of the community as we should have been glad to believe. Not only do they cut their neighbours' throats, but their logical faculties are decidedly weak. Of course our murderous friends do not state this excusable prejudice straightforwardly as their reason for advocating the abolition of capital punishments. They put forward more commonplace arguments on the subject; they appeal, not on their own account, but "on behalf of society itself; society which is brutalized, and made a breeder of criminals, by its infliction of punishments which are vindictive"; they delicately hint at the danger of hanging the innocent, and they make the usual vague appeal to "statistics" which "show that hanging induces crime and diminishes the security of society." It is pleasant to see this unselfish zeal for the welfare of society, though, to free it from all suspicion, they should have put their personal interests out of the question, as might easily have been done if they had agreed to be hanged themselves, and confined their remarks to the future. Society, it may be, has been very guilty, and certainly seems to have bred some remarkable criminals in the State of Maine; but, having done so, the best thing it can do is to get rid of them, and start clear for the future. If society owes a duty to itself, and is bound to get rid of all the pests which make life and property insecure, it is hard to see how that duty could be more effectually discharged than by extinguishing all the pests by the most summary and decisive mode, and taking such precautions as may be suggested for preventing their growth in future. If it owes something to the criminal, which we do not deny, it certainly owes a good deal more to the innocent, who have grown up to be non-murderers in spite of the evil influences by which they were surrounded; and it could pay its debts finally and satisfactorily by making a clean sweep of all the existing sources of evil. Nothing is more propitious to the growth of murderous instincts in the future than the existence of a large mass of murderous instincts in the present; and if we could only stamp them out summarily, there would be a fair prospect of cutting off the contagion. Meanwhile, we should have been glad to know, if these interesting persons had been kind enough to go into details, how far any of them are able to trace their moral ruin to the gallows. The State of which they are unworthy members has tried to quench certain causes of demoralization by its celebrated laws upon the liquor traffic. It does not seem to have been thoroughly successful; but it would have been curious to know by what process the fact that criminals are subject to a process which they specially dislike is connected with the growth of a criminal population, and the beneficent action of a law repressing drunkenness is neutralized by the unfortunate habit of hanging murderers.

Here we can only regret the absence of any report of the debate. The anecdotes by which the speakers must have illustrated their remarks might have filled up the apparent gaps in the argument. It would have been interesting to hear the speech in which some distinguished criminal proposed two gentlemen as admirably qualified to serve upon the committee, whose claims no one present would be inclined for a moment to dispute, inasmuch as they were both under sentence of death. It would be curious to observe the etiquette which prevailed in the meeting—to watch the modesty with which a simple pickpocket would venture to suggest a few remarks, and the universal respect which would be paid to one convicted of a diabolical murder. As, however, reporters do not appear to have been present, we must endeavour to compose the murderer's oration for ourselves; and on the hypothesis that criminals in the State of Maine resemble their brethren on this side of the water, we may imagine that the supposed argument on the demoralizing effects of hanging would have been something to the following effect. Society, he would perhaps say, society, my friends, has on the whole treated us, if not with all the indulgence that we might expect, yet with a fair approximation to justice, in every respect but one. It allows us to bring up our children in the way they should go, free from the cramping influences of the parson or the schoolmaster. When we have passed a certain apprenticeship to our art, it treats us with an amount of respectful consideration to which in former times we were little accustomed. With a jealous regard for our rights of personal liberty, it allows us the fullest conveniences for exercising our profession; if it does not give us any exceptional protection, which is scarcely in accordance with the spirit of the age, it grants to us what it grants to our rivals, a perfectly free trade, and allows us to form depôts for the purpose of our commerce, in the most convenient parts of our cities. If the board and lodging provided for us are hampered with a few rather awkward restrictions, we are at any rate permitted to withdraw our custom with reasonable rapidity; and as soon as we have again set up in business no one is allowed to ask unpleasant questions. We enjoy all the rights of other citizens, and can on the whole carry on our trade with as little interruption as the prejudices of individuals will permit. But there is one damning blot on the system. We are still occasionally hanged. The brutalizing influence of the practice considered in this connexion is only too plain. We, for our part, should be delighted to perform our necessary duties as civilly as may be. When we have taken a gentleman's watch, we have no special interest in cutting his throat; and except at moments of occasional excitement—from which no man can in any profession be free—we would abstain from murder as much as possible; for, in truth, murder would, under such circumstances, be a blunder. It would spoil the artistic beauty of the performance. It would be a coarse expedient worthy only of a savage tribe—not of the delicate-handed pickpockets, the dexterous burglars, the truly accomplished forgers whom I see before me. But, if you hang us, the question is altered. When Jack Ketch brutally interferes, we must retaliate with equal brutality. We must let society know that we are not men to be trifled with. We must mark in indelible characters our sense of the profound injustice with which we are treated. My friends, if they will permit me to call them so, the distinguished murderers on the front benches, are the martyrs of

our profession; men who have risked their lives to preserve our dignity, but whose lives shall not be sacrificed if the unanimous protest of every one present, from the murderer down to the humblest novice accused of petty larceny, can avail to bring society to its senses. Brutal! We may be brutal, as every oppressed race is brutal in self-defence, but it is the oppressors who must take the first step to remedy the evil by confessing their error.

If this was not the actual course of argument, it would at least possess a certain plausibility, and we shall not be able to give a conclusive answer until we have made our criminal population understand that we seriously disapprove of their conduct, and are prepared to bring the rest of our system into harmony with its crowning point. We are at present quite as anxious to respect their rights as citizens, with scrupulous delicacy, as to punish them at the end of the career; and we admit that there is a certain incompatibility in the two departments of our conduct which distinctly requires a remedy.

IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS.

IT has been customary to sneer at the alleged grievance to Ireland involved in the existence of the Established Protestant Church as being only a sentimental grievance. Now this cry is one of the cries which, like the cry of "confiscation," are verbally true. The grievance of the Irish Church is a sentimental grievance. The fallacy lies in the supposed inference—the inference that a sentimental grievance is an unreal grievance, a trumpery grievance, a grievance not worth taking any notice of. In a commonwealth of philosophers it is quite possible that sentimental grievances might go for very little. But the mass of mankind are not philosophers, and in this every-day world sentimental grievances do count for a great deal. We suspect that, in the long run, they count for more than practical grievances. We suspect that, if we had statistics of all the discontents, all the murmurings, all the revolts, that have happened since the beginning of the world, we should find that sentimental grievances have had a good deal to do with most of them. The proverbial saying about adding insult to injury has a great deal of truth in it. Men will commonly endure a real damage much more calmly than they will endure an insulting word. A nation will endure much of practical oppression and misgovernment which weighs equally on all classes far more calmly than it will endure anything which savours of insult, anything which wounds the national feelings or galls the national pride. The memory of a wrong, the outward badge of a wrong, often cuts more keenly than the wrong itself. No policy can be more senseless than, after a wrong has been redressed, to keep up forms, names, institutions, by which the memory of that wrong is kept alive. Those forms, names, institutions, are each of them so many sentimental grievances, and so long as the sentimental grievances exist, so long will the nation be slow to remember that the practical grievances have vanished.

The existence then of the Protestant Church of Ireland is mainly a sentimental grievance, but, as being a sentimental grievance, it is all the more a crying grievance, a grievance which justice and policy alike call on us to redress. And the most sentimental part of this sentimental grievance is one to which we ourselves called attention about a year back; we hope that we are not overrating our own merits in believing that we were the first to call attention to it. This is the case of the ancient churches and burial-grounds of Ireland. When men see the graves of their fathers, the holy places where their fathers worshipped, the places to which they themselves still resort for devotion and pilgrimage, held as a possession by those whom they still look on as a race of alien intruders—when they see the ancient temples of the land, every one of which has its own tale recorded in the national annals, neglected, forsaken, crumbling away, because those who own them cannot use them, and those who would have used them are not allowed to use them—the grievance is no doubt a sentimental grievance, but it is a real grievance and a crying grievance all the same. It is undoubtedly a grievance which speaks with a very different voice in different ears. We have found people who could not understand that it was a grievance at all. It is not a matter of life or limb, it is not a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, and therefore to some minds it seems to be a matter of not the least consequence. It is at least some comfort that Her Majesty's Government are not of this earthy and prosaic way of thinking. It marks the thoughtful and diligent care with which the Irish Church Bill has been drawn up, the honest anxiety to deal with every aspect of the question, to give satisfaction to every reasonable cry of complaint, that this subject also, which we can fancy that many statesmen would have pooh-poohed as wholly beneath their notice, has been carefully thought of and satisfactorily provided for. English readers may at first sight fail to take in the full force of the first clause of the twenty-fifth section; those who have not seen Ireland for themselves will hardly realize how wide is the scope and grasp of the following words, "Where any church or ecclesiastical building appears to the Commissioners to be ruinous, or, if a church, to be wholly disused as a place of public worship, and not suitable for restoration as a place of public worship, and yet to be deserving of being retained as a national monument by reason of its architectural character or antiquity." The number of buildings in England which would answer this description would be very small. Churches in the state described would be, with only a few exceptions, monastic churches which have long since passed into private hands, and with these of course the Act does not deal in Ireland any more than in England. It may sound strange in some English ears to be told that in Ireland these words apply to nearly all the ancient parochial churches, and to a large proportion of the cathedral churches to boot. These buildings could hardly have been better described than they are in the Act. An ancient Irish church is, as a rule, "ruinous," "wholly disused as a place of public worship," and "not suitable for restoration as a place of public worship." Yet Dr. Petrie, or any follower of Dr. Petrie, would assuredly say that it is "deserving of being maintained as a national monument by reason of its architectural character or antiquity." This provision in the Act, coming just after the publication of Petrie's *Life*, reads like an apotheosis of him and his labours. The Round Towers and ancient churches of Ireland are declared to be national monuments, worthy to be preserved as such. Such a declaration in an Act of Parliament is in itself comforting. It marks the steady growth of a genuine appreciation and love of the ancient monuments of the country, when we find this distinct recognition of the value of national antiquities in the regions which are generally the last to be reached by such "sentimental" feelings. It is too bad when, after reading the words of the Bill, one turns to the unlucky pages of *Punch*, and finds it there affirmed, seemingly in all seriousness, that the intention of the Government is to pull down all the ruined churches and sell the sites and materials. On the contrary, the Act distinctly says that these ancient remains are to be preserved and maintained as national monuments, and a fund is expressly provided for their maintenance. Happily such a fund need be of the very smallest amount. A ruin does not stand in need of "restoration." It wants to be cleared out and kept decent, and, if its walls are tottering, they should be propped. The ancient parish churches of Ireland are for the most part ruined beyond all hope, besides that they are commonly so small as to be unfit for modern ecclesiastical use according to either rite. As the property of a religious body which does not and cannot use them, each of these ancient buildings is a badge of national humiliation. Preserved as national monuments, carefully sheltered from further damage, they will form a precious heritage of former days, of which Ireland may well be proud.

With regard to churches in actual use, the present Established Church, in its future disestablished state, will be able to choose and retain such as it thinks good. We must again remind our readers that the churches in actual use in Ireland are very seldom, in country parishes perhaps never, buildings of any architectural or historical value. Here and there in a town a cathedral or large parochial church survives, and that is all. The present Established Church will therefore be able to retain, if it pleases, buildings like the two Dublin cathedrals, the cathedrals of Kilkenny, Limerick, and Killaloe, the collegiate church of Galway, the parish church of Clonmel. Here again the principle of national monuments is most properly recognised. Whatever religious body possesses buildings like Saint Patrick's and Saint Canice, it would be a disgrace to Ireland to allow them to fall into ruin. A portion of the funds of the disestablished Church is to be allotted to the maintenance of these churches as national monuments. The number so to be endowed is limited to twelve. Now the ruin of ecclesiastical buildings in Ireland has been so general, that we suspect that twelve will cover all the churches which have any claim to come under this head. It must be remembered that there is not, in Ireland as in England, a mediæval cathedral church still in use in every diocese but one. Of the Irish cathedrals several are modern, several are ruinous. Of course neither the modern nor the ruined cathedrals have any claim to admission among the twelve. The unhappy thing is that, of those churches which have a fair right to count among the twelve, several have been so damaged by tasteless repairs that an antiquary would be almost better pleased to see them in ruins.

Churches in actual use which shall not be thus applied for by the disestablished Church will remain at the disposal of the Commissioners. And we suppose that they will have the disposal of any churches which, though not in actual use, are still capable of being used. Through the operation of these clauses, it is quite possible that some ancient churches may be actually again used for the worship to which the people of Ireland have ever stuck with such desperate fidelity. It is possible that, by the operation of this Act, the people of Ireland may recover to religious uses some of those monuments of the piety of their forefathers of which alien invaders have so long deprived them. Mass may perhaps again be said on the Rock of Cashel, at least in the venerable church of Cormac, if not in the greater but less ancient choir by its side. At all events, that wonderful spot will no longer remain a badge of conquest and mockery, the property of a Bishop or Chapter whose right in it is simply the right of the dog in the manger. If it does not again become the property of the Irish people as a group of religious buildings, it will at least become their property as a national monument, preserved from further damage out of the funds which now maintain its intruding owners and nominal occupants. So at Glendalough, so at Clonmacnoise, so at Monasterboice; an Irishman will no longer feel himself a stranger among the dwellings of his saints and among the graves of his fathers. A "sentimental grievance" will be redressed, but the redress of that sentimental grievance will be nothing short of putting the crown to the emancipation of a people. The Irish patriot and the Irish antiquary, the lover of ancient art and history in any part of the world, may join in returning thanks for the

enlightened care with which the framers of this Act have ..., with a subject which is one of no small difficulty, and which, important as it really is, there must have been a constant temptation to cast aside as unworthy of the attention of statesmen.

THE POPE AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

A CURIOUS document has just come to light in the third edition of a work by M. Ollivier, from which it has been copied into the French journals. The *International* of last Saturday, which is lying before us, gives the text in full; and though the date is October, 1865, it has too direct a bearing on questions of present interest to be passed over in silence on its first appearance in print. Our readers will recollect the recent skirmishing between the French and Roman Courts about the proposed elevation of the Archbishop of Paris to the Cardinalate, which has as yet been persistently refused or evaded by the Holy See. It was known well enough in a general way that his Grace's "Gallicanism" was the real objection, however ingeniously it might be disguised in the diplomatic terminology of the Vatican. But the letter addressed by the Pope to his "venerable brother, George," two years after his appointment to the See of Paris—which is not very fraternal except in the superscription, and evidently was not intended for the public eye—reveals with a quite engaging frankness the grounds of complaint against him. And in doing so it betrays a simple confidence in the divine and eternal truth of the extremest theories of Ultramontanism which is no doubt sincerely entertained by Pius IX. himself, though the compilers of the document, unless they are singularly impassive or still more singularly ignorant, can hardly have penned it without laughing in their sleeve. At all events it is well to know, on the highest authority, what is the current estimate of Church history and Church policy at the Vatican. We may be very sure that, had the matter depended on Papal appointment, Mgr. Darboy, who, however, is one of the ablest and most high-principled of the French Episcopate, would never have been primate of France; and unless very strong pressure is brought to bear on the *Curia*, he is not likely to obtain his Hat under the present *régime*. Nor will his chances be improved if there is any truth in the apparently well-authenticated rumour that the Jesuits have abandoned their design of attempting to extract a decree on Papal infallibility from the approaching Council, in view of the determined attitude of the French bishops. Our concern, however, here, is not so much with the Archbishop as with the principles enunciated, and intended to be proved, in the remarkable missive addressed to him from Rome. And to this we must now direct the attention of our readers.

After referring to his hope that the Archbishop on his appointment would have written to him to confess his "very high respect for our person and this Apostolic See, and his most perfect regard for the same," the Pope proceeds to criticize the letter which Mgr. Darboy had actually written to him concerning his diocese, and which was "no light subject of grief and astonishment" to him. In short, it contained opinions "entirely contrary to the divine primacy of the Roman Pontiff over the universal Church." And these opinions are accordingly enumerated and commented upon. In the first place, the Archbishop maintains that the Pope has no "ordinary or immediate power" over dioceses other than his own, and can only interfere in extreme cases, when a sort of *deus ex machinâ* is necessary "to save souls and remedy the negligence of pastors." The Archbishop accordingly regards appeals to the Holy See in ordinary cases as an "abuse," which makes the due government of the diocese impossible, and denounces the interference of regulars, nuncios, and Roman congregations in the diocesan administration as an encroachment on his just rights which ought to be resisted. This, according to the Papal letter, is to maintain the "false, erroneous, and condemned doctrines of Febronius"; and their falsehood is then proved by the following not very intelligible chain of reasoning. Every bishop, the Pope assures his venerable brother, "*who has a generous soul*"—we fear the "venerable brother" is not to be reckoned one of them—finds in this immediate jurisdiction and constant intermeddling of the Roman See with his diocesan government "a very great sweetness and consolation in his pains, before God, the Church, and the Church's enemies." The first two points are too obvious to require any proof, but as regards the third, we are informed that it is "a fact of experience and perfectly demonstrated," that every bishop who does not act on this principle comes to grief—if the expression may be pardoned—with his enemies. There are certainly a good many ways of reading history, but it would require, we suspect, the very adroitest of Ultramontane special pleaders to extract this particular "demonstration" from its pages. Thomas à-Becket, for instance, is a canonized saint, but any one who will take the trouble to wade through the late Mr. Froude's Life of him, with its copious supplement of his correspondence, or indeed any tolerably impartial compendium of it, may easily satisfy himself that the martyr, though zealously fighting the battles of the Holy See, had quite as much difficulty in holding his ground against his ecclesiastical superior—who was always on the eve of betraying his cause—as against his temporal sovereign. It was only when his death had settled the contest that the Roman *Curia*, which had feebly supported and frequently snubbed him, was eager to make capital out of sufferings endured in its interest, but in which it had no share. Or, if a later example be wanted, the Life of Nicolas Pavillon, reviewed the other day in our columns, supplies it. He was engaged, through a long episcopate, in a hand-to-hand struggle both with royal despotism and clerical insubordination and immorality; but until the very end of his life, when Innocent XI. mounted the Pontifical throne, the influence of Rome was always at the command of his enemies; and of its "very great sweetness and consolation" he experienced less than none.

But before going into the next point of the indictment against the Archbishop, let us examine a little more closely into the gist of the first and main charge objected to him. He is severely censured, as we have seen, for denying the immediate and ordinary jurisdiction of the Pope over every diocese, and the right of appeal to the Holy See in any and every case; and he is told that, in resisting these claims, he "grossly offends the Divine Author of the constitution of the Church," which must mean, if it mean anything, that Christ was the author of the False Decretals. For every tyro in ecclesiastical history knows by this time what is the real origin of the Pope's claim of immediate jurisdiction and right of appeal. It must be perfectly well known at Rome. To quote the words of a recent Roman Catholic writer, who has few equals in knowledge of the subject:—"History deposes unhesitatingly that Rome rose to the eminence which she occupied in the thirteenth century, when at her zenith, by fraud and force; by the weapon of the weak and the weapon of the strong, alternately put into her hand and employed by her as legitimate, for the spread of her own power, to the dismemberment and destruction of the Church at large; the most striking specimens of each kind being the Pseudo-Decretals and the Crusades. By these means her bishop aspired to become *Patriarch of the whole Church as well as Pope*," which is exactly what the Archbishop of Paris is condemned for opposing. As to that right of appeal to Rome which, according to the Papal letter, belongs to all the faithful in every case by the divine constitution of the Church, the first faint hint of any appeal to Rome occurs in the middle of the fourth century, when, not Christ, but the Council of Sardica (in 347), gave a right of appeal in certain extreme cases to bishops, and to them alone. A century later, indeed, St. Augustine and the African bishops solemnly affirmed that "the Nicene decrees plainly committed both clergy and bishops to their own metropolitans, having wisely and justly provided that all questions should be determined in the very places where they arise," reserving an extreme right of appeal, not to the Pope, but to a Provincial, or if necessary, a General Council. It is a spurious encyclical, incorporated in the False Decretals, which first asserts—in the middle of the ninth century—with an effrontery only possible in an age of the densest ignorance, that "the Apostles appointed, by *command of our Lord*, that all greater and more difficult questions should be brought before the Apostolic See, which is the head and judge of all the Churches." Even a Jesuit writer spoke the other day, in a magazine which is the organ of his order in France, of "the pseudo-Isidorian reform" as not only quite unnecessary, but "having produced nothing but evil," adding pointedly, "*Le mensonge demeure toujours un mal, même lorsque celui qui en use se propose un bien.*" So much for the Archbishop's sins against "the Divine Author of the constitution of the Church," which have filled the heart of Pius IX. with "astonishment, affliction, and anguish."

The rest of the letter deals chiefly with matters of detail. It appears that the Archbishop had refused to recognise the exemption from his authority claimed by religious orders in his diocese, on the ground that they had never been canonically established, partly from the absence of any legal sanction, partly because the consent of the bishop, required by the canons of Trent, had never been obtained. To this sound plea, which one would have thought would be alone conclusive if the canons are rightly quoted, the Pope makes no reply, probably because there is none to make. On the absence of civil authorization the letter is copious and eloquent, not to say rather abusive. The bare notion of the civil law interfering in any way with monastic arrangements is too shocking for discussion; it is only a topic for declamations, interjections, and something as near swearing as the epistolary usages of the Vatican admit of. On this we will merely observe here, that the recent appeal of a nun to the verdict of an English jury against the tyranny and the calumnies of her religious sisters is an odd comment, to say the least, on this lofty rejection of all interposition of the law. We need not follow the Pope into the discourse on Freemasonry which concludes his letter, especially as the same sentiments, couched in very much the same language, may be read two or three times a year in the pastorals of Cardinal Cullen which are published in the newspapers. The real interest of the document lies in its round and indiscriminate assertions of the extremest and most mythical of Ultramontane theories of the Church, which are put forward with a simplicity truly amazing, if any other end than the relief of wounded feelings was expected to be served by its transmission. Historical inquiry during the last fifty, nay the last twenty, years has made gigantic strides, but the oracles of the Vatican have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. They have not even learnt to distrust the Divine authority of one syllable of the Isidorian forgeries, though they no longer affect to regard them as genuine. In view of the approaching Council it becomes a question of some interest and considerable curiosity how far this strange attitude will be maintained. To talk, as the Pope has been made to talk in his recent addresses to Greek and Protestant Christians, of a desire for restoring unity, so long as this attitude is maintained, is to talk nonsense, as they who guide his pen must be well aware. But what line will be taken by such pre-

lates, for instance, as the Bishop of Orleans, who may fairly be credited with honestly cherishing the aspirations which at Rome are a conventional formula? How many of His Holiness's "venerable brethren" will be found to share, or will have the moral courage to avow, the sentiments of their brother of Paris? There must be many among the eight or nine hundred Bishops in communion with Rome who know at least as much as is familiar to all students of Church history, and it would be as little reasonable as respectful to assume that none of them are honest enough to adhere to their conviction of what they know to be the facts. Yet for doing so the Primate of France receives from the Pope what one of our contemporaries not inaccurately describes as "a tremendous wigging." A General Council, conducted on the principles stated or implied throughout this letter of his Holiness, would be something more than an anachronism. It would be—according to the point from which men choose to regard it, seriously or the reverse—either an outrage or a farce.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

THE task imposed on the War Minister was similar to that which the First Lord of the Admiralty had to discharge. The army, like the navy, had to do with 1,000,000*l.* less than usual. Mr. Cardwell has acquitted himself of his duty somewhat in the same fashion as Mr. Childers, though with considerably less skill and success. Just as Mr. Childers lopped off the foreign squadrons, so has Mr. Cardwell cut down the colonial garrisons. Both measures are right, but while the First Lord contrived to introduce some principle into his other reductions, the Secretary for War has simply made the expenditure less by diminishing the effective force of the country, and by postponing to the future part of the outlay upon stores which would otherwise fall on the present year. Mr. Cardwell was at some pains to explain that, if the non-effective charges are put out of consideration, his savings amount to about ten per cent. on the outlay of last year. That is true, but it is also true that the diminution in the aggregate strength of the army reaches nearly nine per cent. and that the reduction in the ordinary annual supply of stores is considerably more than twenty per cent. The broad result therefore is, that we pay ten per cent. less, and what we get for our money is reduced in a still larger proportion. This of course is stinting, as distinguished from saving, but it equally answers the purpose of a Ministry pledged to reduce in some way or other the aggregate amount of military expenditure. Under certain circumstances it may be safe and wise to stint in those matters, but it is important that money saved by this means should not be confounded with the legitimate economy effected by improved organization without any equivalent sacrifice of efficiency. We may be able to get on with less military power than has hitherto been thought necessary, but it would have been much more satisfactory if the Minister could have given us the usual measure of protection, and still have saved the indispensable million. Perhaps this was an impossible achievement, at any rate for Mr. Cardwell, and we are not disappointed at finding that he has not been able to compass it. It is certain that much of the apparent economy of this year only means additional expenditure in years to come. Still it may be quite right to postpone everything that can be postponed, provided that credit is not claimed for savings which are more imaginary than real. Mr. Cardwell had a plausible excuse for deferring the large outlay which will be necessary to supply the army with the Henry-Martini breech-loader, which has just been selected by the very efficient and laborious Committee to which the inquiry was delegated. As the new gun will shoot about twice as fast and more than twice as well as the Snider, there can be no doubt of the necessity of adopting it; but it is prudent, before manufacturing on a large scale, to try a few thousands in the hands of the troops, and the time which this will occupy gives Mr. Cardwell an excellent opportunity for throwing the expenditure on the next year instead of this. While upon this subject it may not be amiss to remind the authorities, that by serving out a few thousands of the new arm to picked men among the Volunteers, who would shoot with it daily, any defects which may remain, and any improvements of which the weapon may admit, will be discovered much more speedily than by the more orthodox practice of testing it in the hands of the Line. Volunteers have taken a leading part in selecting the weapon, and Volunteers would be the best men to test it. However inferior they may be in solidity and other qualities to professional soldiers, there is no doubt that the better sort of them know a great deal more about rifle-shooting than any other body of men in the world. What we suggest, however, would be one of those judicious irregularities that are not to be expected from men in office, and we do not expect it from Mr. Cardwell.

At the present moment a good deal of attention has been concentrated on the reform of army administration, but the Estimates show little of the saving which we are taught to look for hereafter from this source. It is impossible that the consolidation of the supply services should not result in a real economy. The division was absurd in the extreme, and though the reform is partial, and does not extend to the high officers of the Horse Guards who deal with such matters, it cannot fail to be beneficial. Since the appointment of Sir Henry Storks and General Balfour to carry out a plan which Lord Strathnairn's Committee borrowed from the suggestions of War Office civilians, we have never ceased to urge the importance of keeping these new functionaries to their allotted task. For a long time they seemed to direct their chief efforts to the endeavour to absorb the financial control which had been wisely separated from the duties of supply; and we are by no means sure that they have yet abandoned a pursuit in which they have met with many checks. But if, as Mr. Cardwell intimates, they are really devoting themselves to their own duties, instead of struggling to supplant civilian by military authority, they have yet a great career of possible usefulness before them. All this, however, rests in hope. Up to this time the achievements of the reformers make little mark upon the Estimates. The details of the proposed expenditure on the higher staff are given, and they show no real reduction.

The Horse Guards of course remains substantially untouched, but in the War Office, which really is under the control of the Minister, an apparent saving of about 4,500*l.* is shown. This is quite imaginary. The greater part of it is effected by transferring figures to other votes, and, in the case of Admiral Caffin, by paying that able officer 1,000*l.* a year for retiring, instead of 1,200*l.* a year for doing most effective work. The rest of the supposed saving is easily accounted for. A year ago the salaries of the War Office staff were increased by more than 6,000*l.*, mainly by the appointment of the new controlling officers, who were intended to supersede other officials. For the first year the double staff was retained, and now some of these have been reduced, leaving, however, a net increase, instead of a decrease, of expenditure, as compared with 1867, amounting to several thousands of pounds. There is, therefore, the reverse of economy in the higher ranks, the principal change being that salaries formerly paid to civilian officials have been transferred with additions to military officers.

Perhaps the weakest part of Mr. Cardwell's programme was that which related to the reserve forces. The Militia Reserve scheme has proved a contemptible failure, the force being represented by less than 3,000 men, and no steps are proposed to be taken to improve it. Militia officers are to be paid a little more, but beyond this nothing is proposed to make this force either more effective or more available as a nursery for the army. On the Volunteers Mr. Cardwell had one or two wise and one or two foolish things to say. He said that before granting them more money he should like to make their organization more efficient. This is just what the Volunteers have been always praying for, but they have been properly enough forbidden to organize themselves, and it seems odd that if money is really wanted to meet their necessary expenses, the grant should be delayed because the Government has steadily refused to give them a more comprehensive organization. Then Mr. Cardwell laid down another rule—that all Volunteer officers should be efficient, and that neither social position nor any other recommendation should be accepted as a substitute for efficiency. This is admirable, and is just what the Volunteers themselves mean when they ask for more liberal assistance in meeting their expenses. At present social position and the like, including the possession of wealth and the willingness to spend it, are primary considerations in the selection of officers, and efficiency alone is wholly unavailing. But why is this? Simply because the Government have left upon the shoulders of the officers the burden of supplementing a grant which is insufficient to cover the necessary expenses of the most economical corps. And Mr. Cardwell solemnly pronounces that while the Volunteers are driven to get rich officers, whether they may be efficient or not, the necessity of continuing this objectionable system of selection shall never be removed. If it is really desired to exclude all inefficient men from Volunteer commands, it must first be made possible for efficient men to accept them, even though they may not be wealthy, and to refuse an increased grant until a defect is removed which the scantiness of the grant itself occasions, is one of those inverted proceedings which no one can be expected to understand. There is the same lack of purpose and suggestiveness about every other part of Mr. Cardwell's proposals. He says that he has concurred in the abolition of the Ordnance Committee, whose work was mainly to test new inventions and incidentally to advise upon the claims of inventors. The Ordnance Committee was not all that could be desired, but still it had a scientific element in it, and has contributed largely to the introduction of vast improvements into the armament of our troops and forts. It may be asked how Mr. Cardwell proposes that their work is to be done in future. Mr. Cardwell has no proposition on the subject. The Ordnance Committee led, he says, to difficulties with inventors, and so it is proposed to have no one to test inventions at all, and, instead of it, to constitute all the leading officials of the War Office into a Council, whose duties will be to act as standing counsel against inventors. As a rule, we believe inventors are a troublesome race, and (barring its occasional injustice) the device of a Council to sit upon them may be very good. But inventions like Armstrong guns and Moncrieff carriages are sometimes worth having, and how Mr. Cardwell is to secure the wheat and reject the chaff, without any competent body to make the necessary investigations, he did not think it necessary to explain.

SURPLICES AT THE WASH.

THE learned author of the *Art of Pluck*, in his chapter "Concerning Logic," has given as "a good example of logical conversion," as understood at Oxford in his time, "'I saw two cats fighting on the leads' converted to 'I saw two dogs fighting in the street.'" The two propositions were formally equiva-

lent in meaning, because as to their matter they were exactly equivalent in interest, and as a social nuisance there was nothing to choose between them. *Mutato nomine*, it would seem that the "great Convent case"—if it be not a weariness to refer again to Saurin *v.* Star—"converted" to Protestantism, and expressed in terms of the secular clergy and the Anglican Establishment, has been exactly reproduced in the Thames Police Court, the principal parts being sustained respectively by the Curate and the Rector of Stepney, the mother parish of the East-end of London. In each case the facts are of the most insignificant and contemptible kind, and in themselves unworthy of a moment's serious notice; but in each they have the same significance as indicating the weak points of a system upon which adversaries will be led to concentrate their attack, and which friends will seek to strengthen and protect. If the weak side of Roman Catholic religious houses has been exposed in Saurin *v.* Star, the weak side of English parish churches has been no less signally, though less publicly, exhibited in the melancholy and ludicrous squabble of Ball *v.* Lee. We may presume that, as a criminal procedure, the case is now at an end. The twin Gallios of the Thames Police Court, Mr. Paget and Mr. Benson, have driven the Rector and the Curate from the judgment seat—the former, after two hearings, choosing to leave the case over to a day when his colleague would be sitting; and the latter, when his turn came, first listening to what each side had to say, and then telling them to go and wash their dirty linen somewhere else. Mr. Benson, indeed, is very precise in his directions, and has evidently "views" of his own on the subject of final appeal in ecclesiastical litigation, as he desires the clergy concerned to "go to a Civil Court," and the laity interested—"the Churchwardens and leading parishioners of Stepney"—to "go to the Bishop of London," that is, to an Ecclesiastical Court. *Tros Tyriusve*, it is all one to Mr. Benson, so that he himself sees and hears no more of Stepney and its pastoral amenities.

The ancient parish church of St. Dunstan Stebonheath is the only ecclesiastical building east of the Tower, since the destruction forty years ago of the Collegiate Church of St. Katharine, which can lay claim to anything like a history. Half a million souls are gathered within the limits of its ancient cure. It is the one single spot in the wilderness of East London in which old religious sentiment can rest; its Rector is the one sole link connecting the ecclesiastical present of the East End with the venerable past. In the vestry of St. Dunstan's Church, on Tuesday, February 23, the Rector of the parish was seated at a table, as his predecessors may have been seated any day these thousand years, to distribute the alms of the faithful to the poor. With him was the priest, his old historic associate in the cure of souls in the parish and in the ministrations of the church—the Vicar of Stepney in the nomenclature of earlier times, the Curate of Stepney in that of our own. Outside, waiting in the church to receive and guide the applicants for admission to the pastoral presence, was the deacon, or, in modern language, the parish clerk. Within, and in the presence of the clergy, was a poor woman, worn and sad, "asking an alms." Nothing could be more in keeping with the traditions of mediæval or primitive times. The Rector's hand was already in his pocket; but the conditions of modern London, with its pauperism and its imposture, intervened to call for inquiry, and to stay the Church's alms. Was the poor woman "in the district"? The Rector thought she was not. The Curate, with the fuller information which it was in his province to supply, gently interposed, and said that she was. The alms—twelve pence—were forthwith bestowed, and the poor woman retired with a joyful heart and blessings on the Church's bounty. It was a touching scene, and one which beautifully illustrated the relation of the English Church, in her poorest and most squalid corners, with the great ones of the State. For the Rector of Stepney, the Rev. Richard Lee, "a man far advanced in years," had but a few weeks previously been selected by a great noble, on his elevation to a dukedom, to fill one of the additional domestic chaplaincies which his ducal rank entitled him to maintain; while the Curate, who was so far from being "a novice" that he had been twenty-six years in orders, though a curate still—the Rev. Hanley Ball—had held for many years a position of similar honour as domestic chaplain to a Conservative earl. It had chanced that the Rector, in drawing from his pocket the shilling which had relieved the temporal needs of his poor parishioner, had brought out with it "a clasp-knife, such as is generally used for pruning fruit-trees"; for even in Stepney the advent of earliest spring is heralded by the pink blossom, here and there, of an almond, and a little later by the snowy brightness of many a lingering pear-tree. "I will stab you; I will drive it into you," said the Rector to the astonished Curate; "and this more than once." Never was transformation scene in a pantomime more startling or more complete. The Curate was equal to the occasion. "I never moved a muscle, but stared him steadily in the face, as that is the best way to curb animals." Mr. Hanley Ball's presence of mind may be accepted as offering some excuse for a slight theological confusion of terms. He had just before stated that the Rector "crossed over to me, and put his face close to mine, grinning satanically, as he often does." The "animal" and the "satanic" natures are not, we believe, commonly taken as being theologically the same. The clasp-knife, with its peaceful associations, under the Curate's steady stare grew in its dimensions. "I will not swear it was not a dagger. It had a blade four or five inches in length." Under these alarming circumstances the Curate prudently turned and retreated from the vestry, the Rector "following him," and, having come apparently to a "milder mood," only "pushing him down the steps." Upon this Mr. Ball retired for a meditative walk in the churchyard, where he "met the inspector of police," and "in half an hour's time I came down, and took out a summons at the police court," with the result which we have already described. The evidence of Mr. Price, the parish clerk, would lead to the conclusion that the Rector and Curate of Stepney, like the Eton boys of the period, "funk each other." Mr. Ball swears that he "stands in bodily fear" of Mr. Lee, at least that he did so on the 23rd of February last, and should again if the terrible clasp-knife again grew into a dagger before his eyes. Mr. Price swears that the Rector "had asked him many times not to leave him alone with Mr. Ball, but to protect him." At the same time the parish clerk's evidence shows that the Rector could at times "protect" himself against the Curate after the fashion of the cuttle-fish. "He knew there had been serious quarrels between the Rector and the Curate in the vestry of the church, and that Mr. Ball came out of the vestry one day with ink on his face, and there had been previously high words between the Rector and Curate."

The pastoral amœbæans of Stepney had certainly, as the parish clerk puts it, been somewhat "high" in their musical, or unmusical, pitch; or, to speak more ecclesiastically, the antiphonal chanting from the "decani" and "cantoris" sides of St. Dunstan's had been a good deal more shrill than edifying. First it appeared that the Rector's living had been sequestrated, and that Mr. Ball, in June of last year, had been appointed, by the then Bishop of London, curate under the sequestration. Previously to this appointment Mr. Ball states, "I was acquainted with Stepney Church, voluntarily giving my services there, with the Rector's sanction." The evidence of the *Clergy List* would lead to the conclusion that Mr. Ball's "services" in Stepney were at the time those of a London Diocesan Home Missionary, which are not usually "voluntary," and that he exchanged this position for that of Curate of Stepney Church at a considerably reduced stipend; but at any rate he became Curate by the Bishop's appointment independently of the Rector, and shortly after "I preached a sermon which circumstances led me to preach." Whether or not this "sermon was pointed directly at the Rector, condemning him in the strongest terms," Mr. Ball declined to say. He "condemned scandal"; and then, "in order to stop scandal," he first "gave a promissory note to pay the expenses to stop the proceedings," and afterwards "preached" another "sermon, written by me, and corrected by the Rector," "a portion of which the Rector took, and published it under the head 'Reparation.'" Whether the promissory note, or the sermon, or both together, succeeded in stopping the "proceedings," appears to be uncertain; for simultaneously with the police-court summons for assault in Ball *v.* Lee, the newspapers have reported a process in the Sheriff's Court for assessment of damages in an action for slander, Lee *v.* Ball, in which the plaintiff's wrongs were assessed at a farthing. An agreeable private correspondence meanwhile between the Rector and Curate lightened and diversified the tedium of these various legal formalities. In one letter Mr. Ball explained to the Rector that he had been on previous occasions advised to prosecute him, but "forbore, as I neither wished you should be again on your defence in a criminal court, nor the parish of Stepney be rendered more notorious by you than it unfortunately is. . . . I pray God to overrule everything to the spiritual welfare of the people committed to our charge." This "holding out the olive-branch," as Mr. Ball's counsel aptly described it, was met by the Rector in an equally pacific and gentle spirit. He sent to Mr. Ball "a notice in which he demanded to be informed of the number of judgment summonses for debt that had been served on Mr. Ball during the year, and also to see his banker's pass-book." The magistrate very sensibly declined to allow all this private correspondence to be put in as evidence on a "peace summons," and, remarking that Mr. Ball could not pretend to be "in bodily fear of a weak old man like the Rector," summarily, as we have said, dismissed the case to the Civil Courts as it concerned the plaintiff and defendant, and to the Bishop as it affected the parishioners. The decision of the Civil Courts had been, in one aspect of the question, anticipated, and it is hardly probable that it will be challenged in another; but a statement has appeared in some of the daily papers that the churchwardens and parishioners, acting on the magistrate's advice, have resolved to appeal to the Bishop. "The parties," said Mr. Benson, "above all, ought to be separated and removed to different spheres"; and the Bishop of London, we may presume, is to carry out the magisterial award, and to "remove" Mr. Lee and Mr. Ball "to different spheres," whatever that may mean. How he is to do so is by no means so obvious. He may revoke the license of the Curate, or countersign the Rector's notice to that effect, which comes to the same thing. But in doing this he would give an absolute victory to the Rector, whose object has been all through to get rid of Mr. Ball, as Mrs. Star's object was said to have been to get rid of Miss Saurin. On the other hand, to "remove" a rector "to a different sphere" is a process, in the present state of ecclesiastical law, more easy for a police magistrate to talk about than for a bishop to perform. And when the question is complicated by the claims of creditors under a sequestration, it is not altogether clear that the spiritual interests of churchwardens and parishioners would be the only interests recognised and protected by the law. On the whole, we think that the spiritual pastors and masters of the mother parish of East London have raised between them as troublesome a problem in the administration of an Established Church as is likely to arise within our experience; while, if it should succeed

only in checking the vulgar sneers of a so-called "Protestant public" at the exposure of defects in a portion of the Roman Catholic system, it may produce some grain of benefit to counterbalance its extraordinary scandal and disgrace.

INFANTICIDE IN FRANCE.

WE shall not disgust our readers with a minute analysis of the horrible details of a recent trial in Montauban, in the course of which it was proved that no fewer than eight wretched women had been concerned through a long series of years with some of the worst crimes which disgrace humanity. They were tried and convicted of the crimes of infanticide and of procuring abortion; in the latter case, some as agents, some as patients. One woman, the central figure of the group, Delpech, was proved to have murdered no less than nine infants, one her own daughter's illegitimate child, and all under circumstances of the most inconceivable and fiendish brutality. She seems to have commenced her career of infanticide with this murder of her grandchild, to which the mother was privy, by administering vitriol; and in the other cases she had recourse to the simpler process of holding the victims' heads under water—the *Times'* Correspondent says boiling water, but this does not appear in the French report in the *Constitutionnel* which has reached us. These infanticides were connected with the familiar system of baby-farming, as we call it, or, as in their pretty way the French wits style it, the manufacture of angels. In every case the mothers, and in one the alleged father, entrusted illegitimate children to the tender care of the woman Delpech, who, in consideration of money paid down, ranging in different cases from 100 to 500 francs, undertook to place the poor little wretches in various nursing institutions, which duty she discharged by murdering them off-hand, and occasionally cutting them in pieces and hiding them in various parts of her house. Generally the mothers exhibited a significant lack of interest in their miserable offspring; and in one instance no inquiries were made for five years. The whole matter reads its own horrible lesson, which it would be impertinent to enlarge upon or to exaggerate; and doubtless its lesson will not be lost upon our eloquent contemporary of the daily press, who has been especially minute and especially impressive in expressing his horror of this social depravity, and who at the same time regularly inserts the advertisements of baby-farming establishments among ourselves which, if they have not much the same results, are sadly suspected of sometimes carrying on a trade little better than that of the woman Delpech.

Apart from these considerations, which are on the surface of the case, we propose to examine it as a typical instance of what seem to be the very strange results of French criminal proceedings. And, first, the details of the trial do not reflect much credit on the vaunted superiority of the French police. The history of the woman Delpech—at least her criminal history—runs as far back as the year 1857. The stages of her guilt are successive, and increase in infamy and crime. Commencing with what the Act of Accusation in sonorous French tongue calls the trade of "*proxénétisme*," Delpech took naturally to baby-farming and consequent infanticide, and at last to the more lucrative trade of abortion. It was only in consequence of some unlucky failure in this last branch of her profession, which ended in the death of her two victims, that Delpech was brought to justice. That is to say, for twelve years she had been suspected by the police, who were indeed active enough to convict her more than once during this time for some small robberies. But her greater crimes were not detected, or, if suspected, they were not gone into. At any moment she might have been caught almost in the act, for the skeletons and scattered bones of at least seven of her victims were discovered when—that is, after some ten years—the suspicions of the police were at last roused into action. But, unsatisfactory as this specimen of the detective powers of the French police seems to be, this preliminary consideration is insignificant when compared with the result of the criminal proceedings at the assizes of Montauban. The Judge, *more Francorum*, had it all his own way. In the course of his examination of the principal prisoner, Delpech, she confessed everything; and the very leading questions as to her guilt put from the Bench were met with instantaneous alacrity of assent and explosions of laughter on the part of the accused which had to be accounted for, and on these jovialities in the dock, planned and pre-arranged for the purpose, her counsel framed a very pretty defence. True that the accused confessed everything; but then she was mad. She had on some occasions gone to the cemetery and had invoked the ghosts of her parents, who, according to her own account, dictated to her the confession of these crimes. The ingenious advocate passed over the fact that the prisoner's guilt was sufficiently proved by extraneous testimony apart from her confession. But he went on to argue—Look at the woman; observe her demeanour in Court; watch her convulsed by alternate fits of laughter and tears; take note of these unquestionable signs of madness. And so he went on, and at last moved the Court with a formal appeal. "Whereas the fact of insanity at the moment of the commission of crime excludes all culpability, and therefore all penalties; whereas the existence of insanity after the commission of crime is a bar to judgment; whereas in this case the evidence of experts will probably prove such insanity in the prisoner," &c. &c., the Court was moved to suspend all proceedings, as against Delpech, till these subjects were investigated. This hint will perhaps not be lost upon our legal practitioners; but the dodge met with little countenance from the French Judge, who immediately took the opinion of the prison doctor, who replied very distinctly that Delpech's madness was all simulated, and her grinning and laughter only got up for the occasion. As far as the Court went, the Ogress—for this is the nickname which Delpech has acquired—overdid her fictitious madness. But, as regards the jury, she partly succeeded. Knowing the nature of French folks, so susceptible of theatrical impressions, she had recourse to all the advantages which art and nature gave her. She appears to be a preternaturally hideous woman, and she is depicted in the report with remarkable powers of personal description, which lead us to suspect that the artists of the *Daily Telegraph* were subsidized for the occasion. In picturesque but not engaging language we are told of her tremendous black eyebrows, and her head turbaned with a yellow handkerchief; her huge prominent nose, *fort et un peu plongeant*; the hideous space between her broad nostrils and frightful mouth, traversed by cavernous wrinkles; and her charms are accentuated by long, sharp, bestial teeth, and a huge chin, which completes a savage and animal jaw. To the value of these personal advantages for playing the maniac our agreeable Delpech was not insensible; throughout the trial she grinned, she growled, she laughed demoniac laughter, and alternated with copious floods of tears; and for the two operations she kept two separate handkerchiefs, one to muffle her sobs of grief, and one to stifle her hilarity. Now and then she seems to have forgot her *rôle*, and interchanged the characters and handkerchiefs of this new version of *Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit*. But even this mistake might be a stretch of artistic power, and though it had little effect on the unsympathetic Judge, it told—at least we suppose it told—on the jury; for though they found her guilty, it was under those convenient "extenuating circumstances" which have relieved the greatest criminal of the day from the extreme punishment of death.

Anyhow Delpech, though convicted, has only been punished with imprisonment and hard labour for life. What the extenuating circumstances may be which weighed with the Montauban jury we are only left to conjecture. Perhaps they were impressed with the feelings of one of the witnesses, who observed, with some plaintiveness, "What are poor folks to do who have many mouths to feed and no bread to give them?" an observation which the Judge characterized as "full of interest, but scarcely proper." Perhaps the jury thought, as has been suggested, that it was an extenuating circumstance that the Ogress murdered a round dozen of her fellow-creatures, and that she ought to have been guillotined if she had murdered only a single baby. Or, what is much more likely, they really were influenced by the plea of insanity. The influence which this plea exercises on stupid people like jurymen is subtle. It is not in this case that they really believed that Delpech was mad; but it had been alleged that she was mad. Whether this was so or not, the plea had at least this effect, that she might have been mad. Therefore the extenuating circumstances consisted, not in the fact of madness, but in the possibility of madness, and the allegation of madness. The confusion between a fact and a possibility raises what puzzle-headed people call a doubt, and they give the accused the benefit of this fiction which they dignify with the importance of a doubt, but which is in truth only mere stupid incapacity to distinguish between facts proved and possibilities suggested—a stupidity which is not confined to French jury-boxes.

On the whole, the results of this trial tend to reconcile us to what are undoubtedly defects in our own criminal proceedings. At Montauban we must admit that justice has failed, although the guilt of the accused was established with a certainty which is very seldom possible in our own Courts. It seems that in aiming at too much, and in endeavouring to invest human justice with the awful attributes of a Divine retribution, the main object of the French system runs the risk of defeating itself. Human passion, prejudice, caprice, pigheadedness, or what not, will have its say, and will interpose between what the advocate for the prosecution —in this case, the Procureur-Impérial—called the supreme and necessary expiation of crime. To what else are we to attribute the success of a remarkable and sensational dodge tried, and tried successfully, on behalf of one of these miserable culprits, a woman named Boyer? She, the only one of the eight prisoners, was acquitted absolutely, although the evidence against her, that of being a consenting party to abortion practised on her own person, was precisely the same as that which convicted others of the accused. Why was Boyer acquitted? Because of a *coup de théâtre* executed in open court, to which we should fail to do justice unless we produced it as reported in the French papers:—

> En me rappelant, ajoute le défenseur, le chiffre des victimes de la femme Delpech, je trouve un singulier contraste. La justice demande compte de neuf victimes, je défends une femme qui a donné neuf enfans à la société. Je ne puis pas vous les produire tous ici: trois sont morts. Mais les six autres sont ici.
>
> Les voilà: levez-vous, enfans de la femme Boyer, venez demander votre mère à messieurs les jurés (les enfans de l'accusée se tiennent un moment debout en poussant des sanglots), prouvez-leur que vous la regardez comme une bonne mère; dites combien vous l'aimez. (Agitation dans la salle.)
>
> M. LE PRÉSIDENT.—L'audience est suspendue pour quelques instans.

Before the jury retired, on being in the usual form asked whether she had anything to add to her defence, *la femme Boyer* neatly replied, "Je demande, messieurs, que vous me rendiez mes enfans." The jury were too polite and gallant not to accede to this amiable

criminal's request, and this excellent parent of six living children, the mother of the Montauban Gracchuses who are to be, *la femme Boyer, est acquittée.*

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

ALL the remarks which it is necessary to make on the University boat-race from a professional point of view may be compressed into a very small space. The Cambridge crew were beaten, after a very gallant race, for two reasons. The first and most important was that they were decidedly weaker than their opponents; the difference in aggregate weight was only a stone and a half, but the Oxford men had undoubtedly greater propelling power, especially where it could be most effectually applied—namely, in the middle of the boat. The second reason was that Cambridge suffered the calamity of losing a man in the place which, of all the places in the boat except stroke, is least easily to be filled up at a moment's notice. To alter seven is to corrupt the purity of the stroke at its source; and in the race it was only too obvious that, although Mr. Still rowed with admirable pluck and steadiness, the time on the bow-side was distinctly uncertain after the first mile or so. This was enough to destroy any chance which Cambridge might have possessed. Considering that with these disadvantages Cambridge led at Hammersmith Bridge, and was finally beaten by not more than two or three lengths in a course of four miles and a half, one result seems to be obvious—namely, that in spite of a good many criticisms by various dogmatic writers, the Cambridge stylo must have been as good as that of their opponents. With two such serious drawbacks, they were able to hold their antagonists for two miles, and were finally beaten by a distance for which the want of strength and the want of training at, with one exception, the most important place in the boat, will more than sufficiently account. Hence it is no longer to be said, as was said for some years, that Cambridge knew so little about rowing that it mattered little how strong or well trained they might be. With Mr. Morrison's assistance they have surmounted that difficulty, at least for the time, and as they have at least an equal chance with their opponents of getting good raw material for another race, and now possess the art of putting on the required polish to an equal degree with their antagonists, there can be no reason why they should not win on the next occasion. The search into the causes of past failures is therefore unnecessary, though we must, in passing, protest against the theory that they have been due to any want of public spirit. There are more rowing men at Cambridge than at Oxford, and they are at least eager enough to distinguish themselves on the river. With so capable a trainer as Mr. Morrison, they ought to begin the next campaign with sufficient hopes of success.

There is another point of view from which the race will be regarded by the older spectators, and to which we will now proceed. The extraordinary interest which the race now excites in every class of the population is a really curious phenomenon. It is not singular that old oarsmen should look on with an emotion sometimes rising to the painful. No contest can be named which approaches it in dramatic interest. Youthful enthusiasm raised to boiling point has something very contagious about it, even for wheezy elders whose too solid flesh would melt under a tenth part of the strain. The visible display of stern determination to fight to the last gasp, manifested in a contest where no one has ever ventured to hint a suspicion of anything but scrupulous fairplay, is in its way very impressive. The boat-race is as superior to a horse-race in every element of interest except the vulgar element of money, as is our respect for a spirited lad to that which we feel for a horse owned by a tricky gambler. A struggle for pure honour between some of the finest specimens of youthful vigour in England is intrinsically a far more stirring spectacle than a contest in which horses merely supply the place of dice, with occasionally an awkward suspicion that they are loaded. We may easily account for the interest which leads even cabmen to adorn their whips with scraps of blue, and makes every little dirty boy on a London crossing chaff the wearers of the unfortunate colour. But there is the further and more difficult problem as to the advantage of such a national custom. When we have gone home and taken off our blue ribands, and sit down to justify the proceeding in cold blood, we begin to be sensible that a devil's advocate might find one or two awkward topics upon which to enlarge. The *Times* the other day took occasion to express a scepticism as to the value of our athletic sports in which most people are beginning to share, and, in so doing, suggested an argument which leads to some considerations worth noting. What, it said, is the value of all that cricket and rowing and running? Does it really even accomplish the purpose which is supposed to be its justification, of raising a breed of athletes superior to those of foreign countries? In attempting to answer this question, it noticed the alleged inferiority of the English army in marching, and said that whereas our students were far more athletic in their tastes than young Americans or Germans, the English soldier would have been unable to perform the feats of the Prussian army in 1866, or of Sherman's expedition across Georgia. The argument put in this way is obviously inconclusive. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the British army is really worse at marching than its rivals, that fact depends on totally different circumstances. No one who knows anything of our pedestrians can doubt that they could perform much greater feats than those of the Prussian or American armies without the slightest difficulty. Sherman, for example, in his great march, advanced from ten to twenty miles a day, exclusive of halts, and thus moved 255 miles in six weeks, in an easy country. Any Alpine tourist, even if loaded with a rifle and a military knapsack, would laugh at such a task. But the difficulty of effecting marching feats with an army depends upon the obvious fact that the speed of the army must be limited by the marching powers of the average, or, if no stragglers are to be left, of the weakest part of its rank and file. If an English army is bad at marching, it may be owing to the want of training, or to the absurd system of dressing and weighting the private soldier; or, if these causes are not sufficient, to some radical incapacity in the classes from which the army is recruited. But the athletic exercises on which we pride ourselves are almost entirely confined to the upper classes. Our privates do not come from Eton or Harrow, and ploughmen or manufacturing artisans have generally as little chance of indulging in athletic exercises as in the Latin grammar. Certain games, and especially cricket, still flourish in the rural districts, and it is much to be wished that the labouring classes could be in such circumstances as to enjoy a little labour in sport as well as in earnest. In parts of the North, where wrestling and other manly games are still popular, there is a population of far greater physical vigour than that of the Southern counties. But it is plain that our present passion for athletic excellence is as little likely to affect the lower stratum of the population as the habit of drinking champagne, and for identical reasons. We might as well argue, in a parallel case, that the English race-horse is deteriorating because the horses in our omnibuses do less work than those in some foreign countries. There is, of course, a certain influence in proportion to the degree in which classes are intermixed, but within any limited time the influence amounts to nothing.

If, however, we reject this summary solution of the question, it suggests certain reflections as to the real value of a system whose effects are so closely restricted. Not only does the passion for athletic excellence influence only the highest class, but it influences only a part of the class, and its influence even upon them is of doubtful utility. This is merely one illustration of our characteristic mode of leaving everything to individual competition. Great energy is produced, but it acts in a very irregular and uncertain fashion. Thus no one can doubt that athletic exercise under certain conditions is a great want of our time. A Londoner of the middle or upper classes probably over-eats and over-drinks himself; he passes his whole life in sedentary occupations, and very likely moves to and from his business through a tunnel full of unsavoury gases. A few occasional gasps of fresh air and a little regular exercise to his muscles would be of the greatest service to him, and he is only able to get along as well as he does because he takes in supplies of those essentials of life in a summer holiday. As we are every day crowding more and more into great cities, our requirements of this kind are steadily increased; and it would doubtless be an excellent thing if in early life we acquired a taste for some beneficial exercise which would enable us every now and then to stretch our limbs and often our lungs. In this direction, so far is athletic exercise from being too popular, that it is neglected to a lamentable extent. The great majority of men are very far from making the best possible use of their physical capacities. Even if they have been active in youth, they soon grow fat, flabby, and pursy. By way, then, of remedying this evil, we encourage our finest young men to throw themselves into violent exercises with an exaggerated enthusiasm. If a lad of twenty is six feet high, and weighs thirteen stone, we exhort him to devote his whole time to cultivate the art of rowing; we gather in enormous crowds to applaud him if he is successful, and we make him a popular hero with a certain class of like-minded persons, until he is forced by other duties to abandon the river. If, on the other hand, he is nearer five feet in height, and weighs four or five stone less, he has no encouragement to develop the small amount of muscle which providence has bestowed upon him, and he abandons himself in sheer disgust to idleness, or even to intellectual pursuits. Our system of teaching is precisely analogous. A clever lad at English schools and colleges is encouraged to work hard at every stage of his career by prizes, exhibitions, and fellowships, or public employment. The stupid lad is left to his stupidity. Our schools advertise themselves, not by the high level to which they have succeeded in raising their inferior scholars, but by the few clever scholars whom they have been able to stimulate into special activity; and, as a natural result, it is the worst fault of English schools, as has been remarked by all qualified observers, that whilst the best boys are equal to those in any country, the ordinary level is disgracefully low. It is the essential weakness of any purely competitive system that it puts a few persons under an artificial system of forcing, and leaves the great mass to follow their own devices. There are some cases in which it may be fairly doubted which class is most likely to be injured.

We have strayed rather far from our immediate text; but, to return to the University boat-race, we may confess that, with all its faults, we cannot conceal a sneaking affection for it. It gives so much pleasure to so many people, including, after a day or two, the defeated crew, and is in many respects so impressive a spectacle, that we should be sorry to see its charm decay. We have said enough to prove that we are not insensible to some of its evils, though it is hard to say how they should be remedied. Perhaps the only moral is the very obvious one, that athletic sports have reached a point at which the object of school and college authorities should be to regulate rather than to encourage them. They

are coming, we believe, to be sensible of this necessity, and we hope that the undue stimulus which has succeeded to undue repression will in time be replaced by a more sensible and moderate system. There is, however, one more evil which may be directly noticed. It is with sincere regret that every lover of honourable sport must see that the state of the odds on the University race is gradually creeping into the regular quotations of betting. If ever the races should become a subject of gambling speculation, we may be quite certain that they will be thoroughly demoralizing and degrading. Rowing is probably freer from this dangerous influence than any other sport; but if it should make its way into any department of amateur competition, it will probably end by affecting all. Nothing is of greater importance than that every tendency in that direction should be carefully watched, and, if possible, arrested with all possible energy. The evil is still insignificant, which gives the better hope for putting it down at the very outset. The first time that a University or College boat-race is even suspected of being affected by the malign influence of betting men, the institution may be looked upon as doomed to destruction.

ALLEGED INCREASE OF LUNACY

WE often hear people assuming that lunacy is more common than it used to be, and speculating upon the causes of the supposed increase. Sometimes it is ascribed to education, sometimes to religion, and more frequently to the railways or the telegraph. The conception of proper treatment for lunatics is modern, and provision for giving practical effect to it belongs to the present century; and perhaps Providence has ordained that the number of subjects for treatment should increase in order to prevent so much good philanthropy from being wasted. It is probably correct to say that the middle and upper classes of Englishmen are more temperate than they were a century ago, and it would be disappointing to conclude that those who used only to get drunk now go mad. We are told that politics and statesmanship do not produce many lunatics, neither does law, literature, or the fine arts. We know that clergymen sometimes make their hearers mad, but we do not know that they go mad themselves. The army and navy send few patients to asylums; and, on the whole, it is concluded that intense devotion to business is the chief cause of madness. The speed at which we live is said to be too high, and if a man comes up to business by express train in the morning, receives and answers telegrams all day, and returns home by express train in the evening, it is supposed that his brain must be in process of deterioration. Another conjecture is that people have too much pleasure or too much variety in life, and that the best preservative of a sound mind was the dulness of a country town of the last century.

The statement that lunacy is increasing would be highly important if true, but we have some reason to think that it is not true. It is matter of common knowledge that lunatics have been very much looked up during the last twenty or thirty years, and it may be that the supposed increase in their numbers is merely the result of greater accuracy in registration. A considerable degree of accuracy has now been attained, and inaccuracy, even if it exists, does not affect the present question, because the belief in the supposed increase of lunacy, unless it is mere vague conjecture, must be founded upon such statistics as can be procured; and these statistics, as we shall proceed to show, do not support this belief, but disprove it. In short, it is a popular delusion to suppose that the spread of intelligence and progress in the arts of life renders this generation more liable than its predecessors to brain disease. This subject was discussed at a recent meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association, and a paper read before that meeting by Dr. C. Lockhart Robertson exhibited the results of examination of the returns, upon which alone a trustworthy opinion can be formed. This paper admitted that a general belief in the increase of lunacy existed, and had some apparent justification. The grand total of the insane of all classes, detained in asylums, in workhouses, and in private dwellings, was, in 1844, 20,611, and, in 1868, 50,118. Thus in twenty-five years the number of registered lunatics has more than doubled. And if we compare the number of lunatics with the total population of the country, we shall find that in 1844 the ratio was 1 in 802, while in 1868 it was 1 in 432. The statistics of France exhibit a similar result. The total number of the insane in that country increased, from 1 in 796 in 1851, to 1 in 444 in 1861. It is remarkable that the proportion of registered lunatics to population in England and France should be almost exactly the same, being in the former country 1 in 432, and in the latter 1 in 444. In explanation of the apparent increase of lunacy in England, it is to be observed that, previously to 1844, no statistical record existed of the number of the insane in England. The returns made in that year were considered by the Commissioners in Lunacy "plainly insufficient for general deductions." Again, the returns for 1847 were stated by the Commissioners to be "notoriously imperfect, falling far short of the actual amount." As regards pauper lunatics, there was until recently no official system of registration. County asylums have only been established since 1845, and the greater care bestowed on the insane poor since that time has produced a more accurate knowledge of their numbers, as well as of their condition. But as regards private patients in asylums belonging to the middle and upper classes, an accurate registration has been enforced for a longer time, and the number of these patients in proportion to population has not increased. In 1858 the number was 4,612, and the proportion was 1 in 4,164; in 1868 the number was 5,244, and the proportion was 1 in 4,065. These figures ought to make an end of all theories which ascribe the supposed increase of mental disease to particular habits or tendencies of our age. It cannot be education, nor business, nor politics, nor awakening sermons, nor express trains, nor telegrams, because the classes of society which enjoy or suffer these things do not, in fact, go mad more frequently than they used to do. The increase of lunacy has taken place, if it has taken place at all, among the poorer classes, who live now nearly as they lived a hundred years ago. But the increase among these classes has been apparent and not real. If Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill passes as he has brought it in, there is likely to be an apparent increase in the number of pauper lunatics in Ireland, but we do not suppose there will be a real increase. And the apparent increase of pauper lunatics in England is an increase in a decreasing ratio. Thus, in the period 1844–9 the increase in the number of inmates of asylums in England—which increase, as we have seen, belonged to the pauper element—was in the ratio of 5.64 per cent. But in the period 1864–8 the ratio of increase was 3.82 per cent. In France also the increase in the number of inmates of asylums has been, on a comparison of the same periods, in nearly the same decreasing ratio. Thus, as Dr. Robertson says, "if mental disease be on the increase, it is at least satisfactory to find that the annual increase, both in England and in France, is in a decreasing ratio." A similar conclusion may be obtained by examining the numbers of admissions to asylums both in England and France. The result of the French returns is clearly stated by an official writer, quoted by Dr. Robertson:—

> Ainsi la proportion d'accroissement, après s'être élevée à 7.94 p. 100 vers 1838, date de la loi relative au traitement des aliénés indigents, est successivement descendue à 3.83 et à 2 p. 100. On trouve dans cette diminution graduelle la preuve bien manifeste que l'accroissement si considérable des admissions est un fait tout à fait temporaire, et qui tient, en grande partie, à l'action bienfaisante de la loi précitée. Pour satisfaire aux prescriptions de cette loi, qui a obligé chaque département à faire traiter ses aliénés indigents, les asiles ont été agrandis, multipliés, améliorés, et le nombre des admis s'y est naturellement accru.

The number of admissions to English asylums was largely affected by the passing of the Act of Parliament of 1861, rendering pauper lunatics chargeable upon the common fund of the union, instead of upon their parishes. The fear of burdening the parish rates now ceased to influence the action of parochial authorities, and accordingly we find that in the years 1863–5 there was an increase of nearly 10 per cent. in the admissions to asylums. But in late years the rate of increase has been considerably reduced. It must be remembered, too, that this increase of admission is a mere transfer from workhouses and private dwellings to asylums. The management of pauper lunatic asylums is most creditable to the humanity and scientific skill of their medical superintendents, and the experience gained in them has contributed to the amelioration of the treatment of the insane of the upper and middle classes. These satisfactory results cannot of course be obtained without paying for them, and the cry which is going up for a diminution of the burden of county rates may possibly produce some interference with the views which enlightened philanthropy entertains as to the proper mode of treating pauper lunatics. It seems probable that financial boards will be constituted in counties, and that ratepayers will have a voice in deciding questions which have hitherto been settled by a committee of magistrates. We doubt whether the representative vestryman is likely to act in harmony with the medical superintendent of a pauper lunatic asylum. It is a mistake to assume that expenditure upon these asylums is not true economy; but it is a mistake which uninstructed minds are very likely to fall into. But whatever conflicts may be in store for medical officers of lunatic asylums in England, we foresee that in Ireland, under Mr. Gladstone's Bill, they will find a paradise. They are to be invited to help to spend the surplus property of the disendowed Church, and we venture to believe that they will be found equal to the occasion. The pauper lunatic asylums of Ireland are likely to become models of complete arrangement and scientific management, and although we do not suppose that people will pretend madness to gain admission to them, we do suppose that pauperism will be assumed in order to obtain gratuitous maintenance and medical treatment for persons who ought to pay for it. In any asylum in England now the condition of a pauper lunatic is incomparably preferable to that of the most wealthy lunatics in any asylum of the last century. Indeed, the most wealthy lunatics were frequently the worst treated. Perhaps lunatics and idiots who remained in their own homes were treated better than those who were placed in asylums. The feelings of humanity would assert themselves in uninstructed bosoms, and it was only a pretended science that applied systematic cruelty to that portion of mankind which most deserved the pity of its fellows. There has been no more remarkable change of ideas than that which has almost banished from lunatic asylums the whole apparatus of restraint. It would be melancholy to think that, along with so great improvement in the treatment of mental disease, there is a tendency in advancing civilization to multiply the subjects of it. But Dr. Robertson has shown that this opinion, although not destitute of apparent foundation, is erroneous.

REVIEWS.

THE GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT.*

THE author of *The Gladstone Government* may be entirely acquitted of the indelicacy or intrusiveness which too often affects biographical notices of contemporary statesmen. He evidently knows nothing of the members of the Cabinet which is not equally familiar to newspaper readers who may be curious enough to study any Parliamentary Companion or Compendium. His dates and statements appear to be generally accurate, although he has not mentioned Mr. Gladstone's opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, his bitter hostility to Lord Palmerston's first Administration, or his support of Lord Derby in the decisive division which restored Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone himself to office in 1859. The style of the writer, who is probably a newspaper reporter, would seem to indicate the inexperience of youth, if his own statement that he has for three-and-twenty years been an advocate of the Ballot had not shown that he must have attained middle age. When the judicious reader is informed that on a change of Government "telegraphs flashed, express trains conveyed candidates for office to the announced rendezvous in the metropolis," "the private residence of the member for Greenwich, 11 Carlton Terrace, became the cynosure of," &c., an immediate and just suspicion arises that the author has nothing more important to communicate. Telegraphs "flash" the message that a man has forgotten his railway rug, or that he will not be in time for dinner, not less rapidly than an invitation to take office in a new Government. Express trains run every day at the same hour, with the same speed; and the interest which is felt in Mr. Gladstone's proceedings is entirely unconnected with the street where he lives, or the number of his house. The book, if it is neither profound nor instructive, may be recommended as perfectly harmless, and probably it may be found entertaining by the numerous persons who appreciate a reproduction of their own knowledge and opinions. The writer is neither illiterate nor violent, and he believes in the fashionable doctrines of Liberalism, though he has some personal leaning to Mr. Disraeli. The most original or the oddest passage in the book contains a censure on Mr. Gladstone's Neapolitan pamphlet, and an implied apology for the almost forgotten atrocities of the detestable Ferdinand. A paradox, suggested perhaps by some accidental circumstances of commercial or family tradition, forms a pleasant interruption to the stream of commonplace. Sometimes, indeed, platitudes excite a momentary interest from some special ineptitude. It seems that "it was in more ways than one, as it happened, an exceedingly odd, if it were not even a wholly unparalleled distinction, his (Lord De Grey's) having been born thus during the period of his father's Premiership." Being born "thus" means being born in 1827, a year in which many others besides Lord De Grey, including one or two of his colleagues, were also born. The odds are indeed against the birth of any man during his father's Premiership, because Prime Ministers are rare, even if they were not in most cases elderly men. If Pitt had had children, some of them would probably have been born when he was Prime Minister from the age of twenty-four to forty-two. Addington or Perceval might possibly have anticipated the achievement of Lord Goderich; Lord Grenville and Lord Liverpool were childless; the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, and Sir Robert Peel became Prime Ministers many years after their respective marriages. Lord Kimberley's mission to Copenhagen in 1863 is expanded into an attempt to adjust "those extraordinary dynastic and international complications known as the Schleswig-Holstein question—a gordian knot impossible to be unravelled as the event proved, and only to be snapped asunder at last, and shattered to atoms, by the blinding fusillade of the Prussian needle-guns on the field of Sadowa." The blinding quality of the musketry at Sadowa would be as little to the purpose as the flashing of telegraphic messages from Carlton Terrace, even if the gordian knot of Schleswig-Holstein had not been cut by the Danish war, while Prussia and Austria were still allies. A tendency to turn off on every siding, with a loud whistle and discharge of steam, is one of the commonest defects of unskilful writers. If it was worth while to discuss Lord Kimberley's career, it must have been desirable to keep to the subject, instead of digressing into flourishes about gordian knots and needle-guns.

If any of the members of the Cabinet have time to look at *The Gladstone Government*, they may derive from it a tolerably just representation of the current estimate of their several characters. The space devoted to Mr. Gladstone, consisting of more than one third of the volume, fully corresponds to his preponderance over his colleagues in general popularity. It would be difficult to attract public attention by an elaborate analysis of the intellectual or moral peculiarities of Mr. Bruce, Lord Hartington, or Mr. Goschen; but Englishmen in general are never tired of discussing Mr. Gladstone. His present critic, as a Londoner, and probably a frequenter of the gallery of the House of Commons, is not contented with the vague and indiscriminate admiration which may be entertained for Mr. Gladstone in remoter districts. He is fully aware that the Prime Minister is sensitive and impulsive, and he ventures to hint that his speeches are sometimes wordy. He has even had the enterprise to read Mr. Gladstone's political and literary writings, including his "inflammatory pamphlet" on Naples. In future times Mr. Gladstone's written compositions will be forgotten, unless they are preserved as curiosities. The author of *The Gladstone Government* prefers to the singular book on Homer the criticism which, amongst its other merits, proves that Mr. Gladstone has never discovered that the author of *Ecce Homo* belongs to the theological school of Renan. The Cabinet includes only two avowed authors, although Mr. Lowe is believed to have been one of the most vigorous and voluminous of political writers. The Duke of Argyll has made a more ambitious use of his scientific acquirements, and of his considerable intellectual power. Following in the track of Cicero and of the teachers of Cicero, of Paley, and of the authors of the Bridgwater Treatises, he has satisfactorily demonstrated that the mechanism of a bird's wing is adapted to the purpose of flying. If this contribution to human knowledge is not extraordinarily valuable, it is nevertheless satisfactory to be assured that the Secretary of State for India combines the faculty of generalization with the industry which masters details.

The indirect process of selection by which men rise to the rank of Cabinet Ministers is one of the soundest parts of the English Constitution. It often happens that a capable candidate for office is for a time disappointed; and it is impossible, and perhaps not uniformly desirable, to exclude occasional mediocrity; but, on the whole, every party is represented by members whose general superiority is universally acknowledged. The result can be attained only by the competition of responsible Parliamentary government. In America Ministers and Presidents are appointed almost at random; and in France every ambitious politician thinks himself the equal of the fortunate objects of Imperial favour. In England, for many years past, the front benches on either side of the Speaker, or of the woolsack, or the seats below the gangway, which have now and then been selected by a third party of candidates for power, have been occupied by the real and acknowledged leaders of the community, as well as of the Parliament. With the exception of Mr. Cobden, who more than once declined office, every considerable politician has made his way to the Cabinet. Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, and Lord Palmerston would at different times have been raised to power by general acclamation, if they had not been placed in high office by the operation of a more refined machinery. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone are allowed, even by their detractors, to be the undoubted chiefs of their respective parties. The discretion exercised by a Prime Minister in the choice of his colleagues, though it is confined within narrow limits, affords an additional security for personal competence. His sagacity is more fully tested by the selection of subordinates, to whom he gives the opportunity of proving, during their apprenticeship, their fitness for future promotion. All the younger members of the small and powerful party which once was known as Peelite had been picked out from the ranks of Parliament by Sir Robert Peel. Three years after the death of their master, although they had in the meantime incurred unbounded popular odium by their resistance to the Papal Aggression mania, they were strong enough in ability and character to claim half the seats in a Cabinet representing a coalition with the dominant Whigs. It is true that young men of rank are, in the words of Burke, sometimes rocked and dandled into statesmanship, but in many instances their early advantages of political education give them in after years a real superiority over less fortunate contemporaries; and, as English society has been hitherto constituted, rank and wealth and connexion contribute additional strength to a party or to a Government. There were many men in England more brilliant and more vigorous than Lord Lansdowne during the half-century which intervened between his first entrance into the Cabinet and his death; but long experience gave him a large knowledge of and his genial temper and perfect manner enabled him to influence political allies, and often to conciliate opponents. It is not desirable that a courtly magnate should be Prime Minister, unless he possesses more solid qualities; but it may often happen that he is one of the most useful members of a Cabinet, especially as the majority of his colleagues will have been appointed for entirely different reasons.

If it were possible to combine good taste with minute personal criticism, some of the members of the present Government would furnish materials for a study which has not been attempted by the author of *The Gladstone Government*. The interest of Mr. Gladstone's complex and peculiar character is proved to be inexhaustible by the constant psychological disquisitions on his merits and defects which form no inconsiderable part of general conversation; but a sacred rule of morals and good breeding prohibits the utterance, before the faces of men, of many criticisms which may be legitimately pronounced behind their backs. It is not permissible to discuss in public the more subtle judgment of a statesman's character which may have been deduced from his public acts. The conjectural investigation of motives and tendencies may be erroneous, and, unless it results in unmixed eulogy, it can scarcely fail to be offensive. Nothing but good should be said of the living in their actual or possible hearing. To an eminent man of a sensitive disposition it must be sufficiently disagreeable to know that every day a thousand formal parties and casual assemblages are enlivened by amateur lectures on his moral and spiritual physiology. Hereafter Mr. Gladstone's survivors will have the opportunity of repeating to the world at large the numerous observations which have been collected by industrious inquirers; but posterity will forget the alleged weaknesses and oddities of a statesman who will by universal consent receive the credit of extraordinary faculties,

* *The Gladstone Government: being Cabinet Pictures.* By A Templar. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

of vast attainments, and of a constant desire to promote the good of mankind.

After the Prime Minister, the most attractive topic for an andrologist or student of men would be undoubtedly the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The author of *The Gladstone Government* condescendingly prophesies that Mr. Lowe, from being a brilliant orator, will become a successful administrator. There is every reason to hope that one of the shrewdest and soundest of intellects will be suitably employed in the management of the finances. Some statesmen are conspicuous for their ability in dealing with men, while purely logical intellects apply themselves by preference to principles and to practical business. Mr. Lowe's gifts are administrative or legislative, rather than diplomatic. It is his tendency to arrive at definite conclusions which may be supported by forcible arguments, and not to win over obstinate adversaries or dull adherents by persuasion or compromise. No man has been more consistently Liberal, if Liberalism consists in exemption from political superstition. His antipathy to cant was conspicuously exhibited in his opposition to a Reform Bill which three-fourths of the House of Commons regarded with open or concealed aversion. A calmer appreciation of human nature might perhaps have suggested that, when large bodies of men conceal their thoughts, there are motives or reasons for what they say, as well as for what they think. The world is not exclusively governed by sound propositions, or by conclusive demonstrations; but the keenness of Mr. Lowe's intellectual vision, and the logical accuracy of his mind, may be counted among the most effective forces at the disposal of the Government. *The Gladstone Government* will at least remind its readers of the names, the ages, and the public experience of an unusually able body of Ministers.

COLERIDGE'S MEMOIR OF KEBLE.*

MR. KEBLE has been fortunate in his biographer. There have been since his death various attempts to appreciate a character manifestly of such depth and interest, yet about which outsiders could find so little to say. Professor Shairp, of St. Andrews, two or three years ago gave a charming little sketch, full of heart and insight, and full too of noble modesty and reverence, which deserves to be rescued from the danger of being forgotten into which sketches are apt to fall, both on account of its direct subject, and also for the contemporary evidence which it contains of the impressions made on a perfectly impartial and intelligent observer by the early events of the Oxford movement. The brilliant Dean of Westminster, in *Macmillan*, has attempted, with his usual grace and kindliness, to do justice to Keble's character, and has shown how hard he found the task. The paper on Keble forms a pendant to a recent paper on Dean Milman. The two papers show conspicuously the measure and range of Dr. Stanley's power; what he can comprehend and appreciate in religious earnestness and height, and what he cannot; in what shapes, as in Dean Milman, he can thoroughly sympathize with it and grasp it, and where its phenomena, as in Mr. Keble, simply perplex and baffle him, and carry him out of his depth. Sir John Coleridge knew Keble probably as long and as intimately as any one; and on the whole, he had the most entire sympathy with his friend's spirit, even where he disagreed with his opinions. He thoroughly understood and valued the real and living unity of a character which mostly revealed itself to the outer world by what seemed jerks and discordant traits. From early youth, through manhood to old age, he had watched and tested and loved that varied play and harmony of soul and mind, which was sometimes tender, sometimes stern, sometimes playful, sometimes eager; abounding with flashes of real genius, and yet always inclining by instinctive preference to things homely and humble; but which was always sound and unselfish and thorough, endeavouring to subject itself to the truth and will of God. To Sir John Coleridge all this was before him habitually as a whole; he could take it in, not by putting piece by piece together, but because he saw it. And besides being an old and affectionate and intelligent friend, he was also a discriminating one. In his circumstances he was as opposite to Keble as any one could be; he was a lawyer and a man of the world, whose busy life at Westminster had little in common with the studies or pursuits of the divine and the country parson.

Such an informant presents a picture entirely different in kind from the comments and criticisms of those who can judge only from Mr. Keble's writings and religious line, or from the rare occasions in which he took a public part. These appearances, to many who willingly acknowledge the charm which has drawn to him the admiration and affection of numbers externally most widely at variance with him, do not always agree together. People delight in his poetry who hate his theology. They cannot say too much of the tenderness, the depth, the truth, the quick and delicate spirit of love and purity, which have made his verses the best interpreters and soothers of modern religious feeling; yet, in the religious system from which his poetry springs, they find nothing but what seems to them dry, harsh, narrow, and antiquated. He attracts and he repels; and the attraction and repulsion are equally strong. They see one side, and he is irresistible in his simplicity, humbleness, unworldliness, and ever considerate charity, combined with so much keenness and freshness of thought, and such sure and unfailing truth of feeling. They see another, and he seems to them full of strange unreality, strained, exaggerated, morbid, bristling with a forced yet inflexible intolerance. At one moment he seems the very ideal of a Christian teacher, made to win the sympathy of all hearts; the next moment a barrier rises in the shape of some unpopular doctrine or some display of zealous severity, seeming to be a strange contrast to all that was before, which utterly astonishes and disappoints. Mr. Keble was very little known to the public in general, less so even than others whose names are associated with his; and it is evident that to the public in general he presented a strange assemblage of incoherent and seemingly irreconcilable qualities. His mind seemed to work and act in different directions; and the results at the end seemed to be with wide breaks and interruptions between them. But a book like this enables us to trace back these diverging lines to the centre from which they spring. What seemed to be in such sharp contradiction at the outside is seen to flow naturally from the perfectly homogeneous and consistent character within. Many people will of course except to the character. It is not the type likely to find favour in an age of activity, doubt, and change. But, as it was realized in Mr. Keble, there it is in Sir John Coleridge's pages, perfectly real, perfectly natural, perfectly whole and uniform, with nothing double or incongruous in it, though it unfolded itself in various and opposite ways. And its ideal was simply that which has been consecrated as the saintly character in the Christian Church since the days of St. John—the deepest and most genuine love of all that was good; the deepest and most genuine hatred of all that was believed to be evil.

The picture which Sir John Coleridge puts before us, though deficient in what is striking and brilliant, is a sufficiently remarkable and uncommon one. It is the picture of a man of high cultivation and intellect, in whom religion was not merely something flavouring and elevating life, not merely a great element and object of spiritual activity, but really and unaffectedly the one absorbing interest, and the spring of every thought and purpose. Whether people like such a character or not, and whether or not they may think the religion wrong or distorted and imperfect, if they would fairly understand the writer of the *Christian Year* they must start from this point. He was a man who, without a particle of the religious cant of any school, without any self-consciousness or pretension or unnatural strain, literally passed his days under the quick and pervading influence, for restraint and for stimulus, of the will and presence of God. With this his whole soul was possessed; its power over him had not to be invoked and stirred up; it acted spontaneously and unnoticed in him; it was dominant in all his activity; it quenched in him aims, and even, it may be, faculties; it continually hampered the free play of his powers and gifts, and made him often seem, to those who had not the key, awkward, unequal, and unintelligible But for this awful sense of truth and reality unseen which dwarfed to him all personal thoughts and all present things, he might have been a more finished writer, a more attractive preacher, a less indifferent foster-father to his own works. But it seemed to him a shame, in the presence of all that his thoughts habitually dwelt with, to think of the ordinary objects of authorship, of studying anything of this world for its own sake, of perfecting works of art, of cultivating the subtle forces and spells of language to give attractiveness to his writings. Abruptness, inadequacy, and obscurity of expression were light matters, and gave him little concern, compared with the haunting fear of unreal words. This "seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," as he understood it, was the basis of all that he was; it was really and unaffectedly his governing principle, the root of his affections and his antipathies, just as to other men is the passion for scientific discovery or political life. But within these limits, and jealously restrained by these conditions, a strongly marked character exuberant with power and life, and the play of individual qualities, displayed itself. There were two intellectual sides to his mind—one which made him a poet, quickness and delicacy of observation and sympathetic interpretation, the realizing and anticipating power of deep feeling and penetrative imagination; the other, at first sight, little related to poetry, a hardheaded, ingenious, prosaic, shrewdness and directness of common sense, dealing practically with things as they are and on the whole, very little curious about scientific questions and precision, argumentative in a fashion modelled on Bishop Butler, and full of logical resource, good and, often it must be owned, bad. It was a mind which unfolded first under the plain, manly discipline of an old-fashioned English country parsonage, where the unshowy piety and strong morality and modest theology of the middle age of Anglicanism, the school of Pearson, Bull, and Wilson, were supreme. And from this it came under the new influences of bold and independent thought which were beginning to stir at Oxford; influences which were at first represented by such men as Davison, Copleston, and, above all, Whately; influences which repelled Keble by what he saw of hardness, shallowness, and arrogance, and still more of self-sufficiency and intellectual display and conceit in the prevailing tone of speculation, but which nevertheless powerfully affected him, and of which he showed the traces to the last. Sir John Coleridge is disappointing as to the amount of light which he throws on the process which was going on in Keble's mind during the fifteen years or so between his degree and the *Christian Year;* but there is one touch which refers to this period. Speaking in 1838 of Alexander Knox, and expressing dislike of his position, "as on the top of a high hill, seeing

* *A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble.* By the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge. London and Oxford: Parker. 1869.

which way different schools tend," and "exercising a royal right of eclecticism over all," he adds:—

I speak the more feelingly because I know I was myself inclined to eclecticism at one time; and if it had not been for my father and my brother, where I should have been now, who can say?

But he was a man who, with a very vigorous and keen intellect, capable of making him a formidable disputant if he had been so minded, may be said not to have cared for his intellect. He used it at need, but he distrusted and undervalued it as an instrument and help. Goodness was to him the one object of desire and reverence; it was really his own measure of what he respected and valued; and where he recognised it, and in whatever shape, grave or gay, he cared not about seeming consistent in somehow or other paying it homage. People who knew him remember how, in this austere judge of heresy, burdened by the ever-pressing conviction of the "decay" of the Church and the distress of a time of change, tenderness, playfulness, considerateness, the restraint of a modesty which could not but judge, yet mistrusted its fitness, marked his ordinary intercourse. Overflowing with affection to his friends, and showing it in all kinds of unconventional and unexpected instances, keeping to the last a kind of youthful freshness as if he had never yet realized that he was not a boy, and shrunk from the formality and donnishness of grown-up life, he was the most refined and thoughtful of gentlemen, and in the midst of the fierce party battles of his day, with all his strong feeling of the tremendous significance of the strife, always a courteous and considerate opponent. Strong words he used, and used deliberately. But those were the days when the weapons of sarcasm and personal attack were freely handled. The leaders of the High Church movement were held up to detestation as the Oxford Malignants, and they certainly showed themselves fully able to give their assailants as good as they brought; yet Mr. Keble, involved in more than one trying personal controversy, feeling as sternly and keenly as any one about public questions, and tried by disappointment and the break up of the strongest ties, never lost his evenness of temper, never appeared in the arena of personal recrimination. In all the prominent part which he took, and in the resolute and sometimes wrathful tone in which he defended what seemed harsh measures, he may have dropped words which to opponents seemed severe ones, but never any which even they could call a scornful one or a sneer.

It was in keeping with all that he was—a mark of imperfection it may be, yet part of his nobleness and love of reality in a man who felt so deeply the weakness and ignorance of man—that he cared so little about the appearances of consistency. Thus, bound as he was by principle to show condemnation when he thought that a sacred cause was invaded, he was always inclining to conciliate his wrath with his affectionateness, and his severity with his consideration of circumstances and his own mistrust of himself. He was, of all men holding strong opinions, one of the most curiously and unexpectedly tolerant, wherever he could contrive to invent an excuse for tolerance, or where long habitual confidence was weighed against disturbing appearances. Sir John Coleridge touches this in the following extract, which is characteristic:—

On questions of this kind especially [University Reform], his principles were uncompromising; if a measure offended against what he thought honest, or violated what he thought sacred, good motives in the framers he would not admit as palliation, nor would he be comforted by an opinion of mine that measures mischievous in their logical consequences were never in the result so mischievous, or beneficial measures so beneficial, as had been foretold. So he writes playfully to me at an earlier time:—

"Hurrell Froude and I took into consideration your opinion that 'there are good men of all parties,' and agreed that it is a bad doctrine for these days; the time being come in which, according to John Miller, 'scoundrels must be called scoundrels'; and, moreover, we have stigmatized the said opinion by the name of the Coleridge Heresy. So hold it any longer at your peril."

I think it fair to set down these which were, in truth, formed opinions, and not random sayings; but it would be most unfair if one concluded from them, written and spoken in the freedom of friendly intercourse, that there was anything sour in his spirit, or harsh and narrow in his practice; when you discussed any of these things with him, the discussion was pretty sure to end, not indeed with any insincere concession of what he thought right and true, but in consideration for individuals and depreciation of himself.

And the same thing comes out in the interesting letter in which the Solicitor-General describes his last recollections of Keble:—

There was, I am sure, no trace of failing then to be discerned in his apprehension, or judgment, or discourse. He was an old man who had been very ill, who was still physically weak, and who needed care; but he was the same Mr. Keble I had always known, and whom, for aught that appeared, I might hope still to know for many years to come. Little bits of his tenderness, flashes of his fun, glimpses of his austerer side, I seem to recall, but I cannot put them upon paper. . . . . Once I remember walking with him just the same short walk, from his house to Sir William's, and our conversation fell upon Charles I., with regard to whose truth and honour I had used some expressions in a review, which had, as I heard, displeased him. I referred to this, and he said it was true. I replied that I was very sorry to displease him by anything I said or thought; but that if the Naseby letters were genuine, I could not think that what I said was at all too strong, and that a man could but do his best to form an honest opinion upon historical evidence, and, if he had to speak, to express that opinion. On this he said, with a tenderness and humility not only most touching, but to me most embarrassing, that "It might be so; what was he to judge of other men; he was old, and things were now looked at very differently; that he knew he had many things to unlearn and learn afresh; and that I must not mind what he had said, for that in truth belief in the heroes of his youth had become part of him." I am afraid these are my words, and not his; and I cannot give his way of speaking, which to any one with a heart, I think, would have been as overcoming as it was to me.

This same carelessness about appearances seems to us to be shown in Keble's theological position in his later years. A more logical, or a more plausible, but a less thoroughly real man might easily have drifted into Romanism. There was much in the circumstances round him, in the admissions which he had made, to lead that way; and his chivalrous readiness to take the beaten or unpopular side would help the tendency. But he was a man who gave great weight to his instinctive perception of what was right and wrong; and he was also a man who, when he felt sure of his duty, did not care a straw about what the world thought of appearances, or required as a satisfaction of seeming consistency. In him was eminently illustrated the characteristic strength and weakness of English religion, which naturally comes out in that form of it which is called Anglicanism; that poor Anglicanism, the butt and laughing-stock of all the clever and high-flying converts to Rome, of all the clever and high-flying Liberals, and of all those poor copyists of the first, far from clever, though very high-flying, who now give themselves out as exclusive heirs of the great name of Catholic; sneered at on all sides as narrow, meagre, shattered, barren; which certainly does not go to the bottom of questions, and is too much given to "hunting-up" passages for *catenas* of precedents and authorities; but which yet has a strange, obstinate, tenacious moral force in it; which without being successful in formulating theories or in solving fallacies can pierce through pretences and shams; and which in England seems the only shape in which intense religious faith can unfold itself and connect itself with morality and duty, without seeming to wear a peculiar dress of its own, and putting a barrier of self-chosen watchwords and singularities between itself and the rest of the nation.

It seems to us a great advantage to truth to have a character thus exhibited in its unstudied and living completeness, and exhibited directly, as the impression from life was produced on those before whose eyes it drew itself out day by day in word and act, as the occasion presented itself. There is, no doubt, a more vivid and effective way; one in which the Dean of Westminster is a great master, though it is not the method which he followed in what is probably his most perfect work, the *Life of Dr. Arnold*—the method of singling out points, and placing them, if possible, under a concentrated light, and in strong contrast and relief. Thus in Keble's case it is easy, and doubtless to many observers natural and tempting, to put side by side, with a strange mixture of perplexity and repulsion, the *Christian Year*, and the treatise on Eucharistical Adoration; to compare even in Keble's poetry, his tone on nature and human life, on the ways of children and the thoughts of death, with that on religious error and ecclesiastical divergences from the Anglican type; and to dwell on the contrast between Keble bearing his great gifts with such sweetness and modesty, and touching with such tenderness and depth the most delicate and the purest of human feelings, and Keble as the editor of Froude's *Remains*, forward against Dr. Hampden, breaking off a friendship of years with Dr. Arnold, stiff against Liberal change and indulgent to ancient folly and error, the eulogist of patristic mysticism and Bishop Wilson's "discipline," and busy in the ecclesiastical agitations and legal wranglings of our later days, about Jerusalem Bishoprics and Courts of Final Appeal and ritual details, about Gorham judgments, *Essays and Reviews* prosecutions, and Colenso scandals. The objection to this method of contrast is that it does not give the whole truth. It does not take notice that, in appreciating a man like Keble, the thing to start from is that his ideal and model and rule of character was neither more nor less than the old Christian one. It was simply what was accepted as right and obvious and indisputable, not by Churchmen only, but by all earnest believers up to our own days. Given certain conditions of Christian faith and duty which he took for granted as much as the ordinary laws of morality, then the man's own individual gifts or temper or leanings displayed themselves. But when people talk of Keble being narrow and rigid and harsh and intolerant, they ought first to recollect that he had been brought up with the ideas common to all whom he ever heard of or knew as religious people. All earnest religious conviction must seem narrow to those who do not share it. It was nothing individual or peculiar, either to him or his friends, to have strong notions about defending what they believed that they had received as the truth; and they were people who knew what they were about, too, and did not take things up at random. In this he was not different from Hooker, or Jeremy Taylor, or Bishop Butler, or Baxter, or Wesley, or Dr. Chalmers; it may be added, that he was not different from Dr. Arnold or Archbishop Whately. It must not be forgotten that till of late years there was always supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be such a thing as false doctrine, and that intolerance of it, within the limits of common justice, was always held as much part of the Christian character as devotion and charity. Men differed widely as to what was false doctrine, but they did not differ much as to there being such a thing, and as to what was to be thought of it. Keble, like other people of his time, took up his system, and really, considering that the ideal which he honestly and earnestly aimed at was the complete system of the Catholic Church, it is an abuse of words to call it, whatever else it may be called, a narrow system. There may be a wider system still, in the future; but it is at least premature to say that a man is narrow because he accepts in good faith the great traditional ideas and doctrines of the Christian Church; for of everything that can yet be called a religious system, in the sense commonly understood, as an embodiment of definite historical revelation, it is not easy to conceive a less narrow one. And, accepting it as the truth, it was dearer to him than life. That he was sensitively alive to what-

ever threatened or opposed it, and was ready to start up like a soldier, ready to do battle against any odds and to risk any unpopularity or misconstruction, was only the sure and natural result of that deep love and loyalty and thorough soundness of heart with which he loved his friends, but what he believed to be truth and God's will better than his friends. But it is idle and shallow to confuse the real narrowness which springs from a harsh temper or a cramped and self-sufficient intellect, and which is quite compatible with the widest theoretical latitude, and the inevitable appearance of narrowness and severity which must always be one side which a man of strong convictions and earnest purpose turns to those whose strong convictions and earnest purpose are opposite to his.

Mr. Keble, saintly as was his character, if ever there was such a character, belonged, as we all do, to his day and generation. The aspect of things and the thoughts of men change; enlarging, we are always apt to think, but perhaps really also contracting in some directions where they once were larger. In Mr. Keble, the service which he rendered to his time consisted, not merely, as it is sometimes thought, in soothing and refining it, but in bracing it. He was the preacher and example of manly hardness, simplicity, purpose in the religious character. It may be that his hatred of evil—of hollowness, impurity, self-will, conceit, ostentation—was greater than was always his perception of various and mingled good, or his comprehension of those middle things and states which are so much before us now. But the service cannot be overrated, to all parties, of the protest which his life and all his words were against dangers which were threatening all parties, and not least the Liberal party—the danger of shallowness and superficial flippancy; the danger of showy sentiment and insincerity, of worldly indifference to high duties and calls. With one great exception—Keble's once sympathetic friend, though afterwards parted from him—the religious Liberals of our time have little reason to look back with satisfaction to the leaders, able and vigorous as some of them were, who represented their cause then. They owe to Keble, as much as do those who are more identified with his theology, the inestimable service of having interpreted religion by a genuine life, corresponding in its thoroughness and unsparing, unpretending devotedness, as well as in its subtle vividness of feeling, to the great object which religion professes to contemplate.

MOON'S BAD ENGLISH.*

MR. WASHINGTON MOON may perhaps be remembered by some of our readers as the writer who some years back had a somewhat wearisome controversy with Dean Alford. The Dean wrote a book with the not particularly wise title of the *Queen's English*, and Mr. Moon wrote a book with the not particularly civil title of the *Dean's English*. We took the measure of the disputants in two articles when the dispute was fresh.† Dean Alford showed plenty of weaknesses, but he wrote a great deal that was useful and to the purpose. Mr. Moon could not see any of the real faults in the Dean's book, but he could and did write a snappish and ill-natured attack upon it, which the Dean certainly treated with the most truly Christian forbearance. Since that time we had not thought much about Mr. Washington Moon, but it seems that he has been far from idle. From the latter pages of the present book we gather that he has written a poem upon the Prophet Elijah, which has been highly praised by the *British Standard*, the *Christian News*, and the *Orb*. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico"; we doubt not that these journals, with the *Christian Examiner* and the *Church and School Gazette* to boot, are all high authorities in the matter of sacred poetry. Still it strikes us as a little unusual to put laudatory extracts from these or any other periodicals, not only within the cover of a book, but on the same paging as its text. Of the 248 pages of this volume 229 only belong to the book called *Bad English*; the other nineteen contain only praise of the *Dean's English*, and the poem on Elijah. The poem, it seems, is in its third edition, and "Her Majesty has graciously been pleased to accept a copy of it." Her subjects are invited to buy it at the price of 3*s.* 6*d.*, and the attraction is held out that, besides the poem itself, they will get an "engraved frontispiece, from an original drawing, of the Translation of Elijah." One is almost tempted to think that the original drawing was made on the spot by Elisha himself. If Mr. Moon can assure us that this is the case, we will at once risk our 3*s.* 6*d.* on the third edition of *Elijah*.

The other 229 pages are devoted to pointing out the "bad English" of Lindley Murray, Mr. G. P. Marsh, and another American critic, Mr. Gould, who has, it seems, written a book called *Good English*. Unluckily we know Mr. Gould's "Good" only through Mr. Moon's "Bad." At any rate Mr. Gould, when kicked by Mr. Moon, seems to have kicked back again pretty freely, and a good deal of bad language, in one sense or another, seems to have passed between them. As for Mr. Marsh, he finds a champion in one Mr. S., of Trinity College—we know not what Trinity College, English, Irish, or American; but Mr. Moon is so amused at the fact of Mr. S. belonging to any College, that it is plain that he himself belongs to no College at all. As for poor Lindley Murray, he has nobody to speak for him, and Mr. Moon kicks him in safety. We are wholly at a loss to guess why any man should have taken the trouble, first to write a series of papers, and then to gather them together into a book, the object of which is to point out minute faults of style in these three writers. The process is such a very easy one that we cannot help asking why Mr. Moon, while he was about it, did not fly at higher game. The very best writers of English, or of any other language, could not escape scot free from the kind of microscopic examination to which human speech is subjected by Mr. Moon. Mr. Moon's delight is to point out, not when a barbarous or vulgar word is used, not when a lawful word is used with an incorrect meaning, not to point out real inaccuracy or real affectation, but to show that the sentence would be ideally better if such and such words were transposed. And no doubt it very often would be. Any man who has corrected many proof-sheets of his own writings must, if he has done his work at all carefully, have improved many of his own sentences in the way in which Mr. Moon would improve the sentences of his three victims. We do not mean that all Mr. Moon's criticisms are as paltry as this. Many of them are much to the purpose; he points out many real inaccuracies of language, some of them serious blemishes of style, in the three writers whom he picks to pieces. And had he taken any real masterpiece of English, he could probably have done the same. No book was ever more clearly and forcibly written than Milman's *Latin Christianity*; but it could endure Mr. Moon's style of criticism just as little as Thucydides could. No wonder then, when he takes these writers, none of whom is of first-rate rank, and of whom one only is of the least mark, that he can fill a little book with their inaccuracies of style. We know Mr. Gould, as we have said, only through Mr. Moon. If it be true that Mr. Gould confesses that he reads his proof-sheets "superficially," and thinks it a defence for inaccuracy that it is only the first edition of his book, then Mr. Gould certainly deserves the drubbing which Mr. Moon gives him. We are certainly not inclined to stand up for a writer who, according to Mr. Moon, has been guilty of the following sentence:—

> His word was spurious originally, and he cannot remove its taint, nor can any subsequent endorsement purify it.

But the question still remains whether it was worth while to give him the drubbing, and still more whether it was worth while to get so very savage about it as Mr. Moon gets. As for Lindley Murray, the fact that Mr. Moon thinks him worth examining in detail opens a new vein of thought to us. It implies that some people look, at any rate that Mr. Moon looks, on Lindley Murray as something or somebody. We remember the book as a school-book some forty years ago, but till Mr. Moon told us as much, we really did not know that anybody ever thought of looking at it now. But we suppose that Lindley Murray still goes on, along with Butter and Mangnall and Maunder and all the rest of them. We even took the trouble to look at the book for ourselves, and the first thing that strikes us is the singular likeness between Lindley Murray and Mr. Moon. To be sure Lindley Murray is not so snappish as Mr. Moon: in writing a grammar he hardly had the chance of being so, but, to judge from the sermon or exhortation with which he winds up his book, we should think that he would not have had the wish. But Lindley Murray and Mr. Moon are singularly alike in the way in which they look at the English language, as something quite isolated, without any reference either to kindred tongues or to the earlier forms of the language itself. We conceive that they both represent what is understood by English Grammar in ladies' schools.

Now, out of the mass of Mr. Moon's small criticisms, some are just and some are unjust. We are inclined to think that a numerical majority might be found to be just, especially in the part devoted to Mr. Gould. But, just and unjust alike, they are all small, and a book full of small criticisms from beginning to end is very wearisome and very dreary. It is specially dreary when Mr. Moon tries to be funny. Here is a specimen of Mr. Moon in his lighter moments:—

> One more question:—On what do Flemish painters live—what is their food? Mr. Marsh is surely joking when he speaks of;—
>
> "The battered copper vessels, old brooms, cobwebs, appleparings, and the like, which the Flemish painters scatter so freely about *their interiors*."

Here again is a specimen of Mr. Moon half funny, half indignant. His American opponent very properly objected to the barbarous form "cotemporary." On this Mr. Moon is very great indeed:—

> As for the word "*co*temporaries," which Mr. S. hopes may not take root, and which, he says, Dr. Bentley called "a down-right barbarism," Dr. Ogilvie, one of our best lexicographers, says, in his dictionary:—
>
> "Contemporary, see *Co*temporary, the preferable word."
>
> Mr. S. appears to think that
>
> "The general use in words compounded with the inseparable preposition *con* is to retain the *n* before a consonant and to expunge it before a vowel or an *h* mute."
>
> Indeed? How happens it, then, that we say;—*co*-bishop, *co*-herald, *co*-guardian, *co*-partner, *co*-worker, *co*-surety, *co*-defendant, *co*-lessee, *co*-trustee, *co*-tenant, *co*-regent, etc. etc.? Why do we say *co*habit, and not *con*habit? Why do we say *co*vet, and not *con*vet? Why do we say *co*venant, and not *con*venant? The first syllable of each of these words is from the Latin *con*, and the second syllable begins with a consonant. If Mr. S. should ever be on a jury, he would, doubtless, make his *co*-jurors *conjurors*; and, in speaking of the *co*-founders of the great American Republic, would call them *confounders*!

* *The Bad English of Lindley Murray and other Writers of the English Language, a Series of Criticisms.* By G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L. London: Hatchard & Co. 1868.

† See *Saturday Review*, August 23, 1863, and January 9, 1864.

We cannot boast of any acquaintance with Dr. Ogilvie, but Mr. Moon seems to attach no meaning to the great name of Bentley. We quote from memory, but were not Bentley's words something like this? "The Examiner's *cotemporary* is a word of his own *coposition*, for which the learned world will *cogratulate* him." Mr. S. is perfectly right in his rule, and Mr. Moon simply shows his ignorance of several tongues at once. "Co-bishop," &c. &c., are not fully formed words. Many of Mr. Moon's examples we never saw before and hope never to see again. In none of them has the preposition been really worked into the noun, so as to make a real compound word. Take "co-founder," which has really got into use. "Confounder" comes from the verb to "confound"; "co-founder" comes from the noun "founder," and from the noun founder used in a special sense. The imperfect union between the component parts of all these words is shown by their being always written with a hyphen. And we do not hesitate to say that all these words are wrongly formed, and that most of them are quite needless. Then as to Mr. Moon's questions, a good answer can be given to each of them. We say "cohabit," and not "conhabit," because *h* in Latin is not treated as a consonant; "cohabitare" therefore is the correct Latin form. We say "covenant," because the word does not come direct from the Latin but through the French, in which language the *n* had already been lost. So we used to say "Covent," and we still say "Covent Garden"; for "conventus" came to us through the French "couvent." It is the same process by which the Northern Constantia became Coutance. As for "covet" it is a word of uncertain origin, and most likely it has nothing to do with "co" or "con" at all. After all, to the question why we say "contemporary" rather than "cotemporary," the best answer must be that we say "contemporary," or rather "contemporaneous" which is the better form, because they come straight from the Latin "contemporaneus" and "contemporalis," both of them Latin words and properly formed, though words of not Ciceronian or Augustan date.

Mr. Moon is very great on the indefinite article, and for once gives us a bit of history. "Lindley Murray," he says, "and many other grammarians tell us that '*a*' becomes '*an*' before a vowel and before a silent '*h*'; but the converse of that is what is really the fact." This sentence of Mr. Moon's does not strike us as a model of elegance, but we are bound to say that he does not libel Lindley Murray. The poor man, whoever he was, seriously believed that in "an" an *n* was stuck on, just like the ν at the end of so many Greek words in and ι where a vowel follows. But Mr. Moon knows better:—

> "*An*" becomes "*a*" before a consonant sound; for "*an*" is the original word, and was formerly used both before consonants and before vowels, and was not abbreviated to "*a*" until long after the Conquest. Dr. Webster says that in *Saxon Chronicles*, p. 82, we read;—"And thæs geares wærun ofslegene IX eorlas and *an* cyning"; *i.e.*—And this year was slain nine earls and *one* king.

Mr. Moon seemingly knows "*Saxon Chronicles*, p. 82," only through Dr. Webster, but it is something to put "Chronicles" in the plural, something to imply that the language of "*Saxon Chronicles*, page 82," is our own language. And though it is more usual to quote the Chronicles by the year, we are bound to say that the reference is quite correctly given to the old edition of Gibson. We congratulate—perhaps it will please him better if we say, *cogratulate*—Mr. Moon on his piece of knowledge, and as it has clearly been gained very lately, we do not blame him for being a little proud of it. But we do not understand when Mr. Moon tells us in the next page:—

> It is a curious fact, mentioned in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, that we English alone of all nations, ancient or modern, have a *bonâ fide* article which is distinct from "*one*," though contracted from "*one*" and meaning "*one*."

We cannot understand, even on the authority of "a recent number of the *Athenæum*," how *an*, or *a* either, can be said to be "contracted for *one*." The odd thing is that *an* has survived at all. *One* is the regular form which *an* would take in modern English, just like *stone* for *stán*.

It is odd after reading this to turn back to p. 30, where we find:—

> On p. 320 he [Lindley Murray] tells us that it is incorrect to say;—"A house and orchard"; and so it is; because as there is, in the sentence, but one article, it is understood as referring to both nouns; and though we may say;—"*A* house," we may not say;—"*A* orchard." The sentence then, should be;—"A house and *an* orchard."

The reason is the oddest we ever saw. But we maintain that to say "a house and orchard" is right or wrong according to the meaning. "Smith has a house and orchard to sell" implies that the house and orchard are close together, and will be sold in one lot; "Smith has a house and an orchard to sell" would perhaps imply that they are to be sold in two lots, and would certainly imply that they are not close together. Mr. Moon himself allows us to say "a black and white horse," and he admits that the meaning is quite different from that of "a black and a white horse." He is very hard on the few who still cleave to the custom of their forefathers in writing "such *an* one," "*an* University," and the like. It is indeed difficult to struggle against usage, but Mr. Moon in one place recommends the study of the English Bible, and it certainly is a great comfort in these cases.

In one place Mr. Moon is very great about what he calls "the sign of the possessive case." By this we conceive him to that useless comma, apostrophe, mark of elision, whatever it is, which printers always stick into every genitive singular. Now there is no more reason for writing "smith's" in the genitive singular than there is for writing "smith's" in the nominative plural. Each form is a lawful contraction, the one of "smiðes," the other of "smiðas," and if one should have a mark of elision, the other should also. But printers print "smith's" because they fancy that it is a contraction of "smith his," and we should not be surprised if Mr. Moon thinks so too. The usage, like most usages of the kind, is quite modern. It came in in the course of the seventeenth century. In Godw

Father's," but in Knolles's *History of the Turks*, printed in 1687, we find "Fathers" again. We once saw a very pleasant little story-book, called *Ivo and Verena*, printed perhaps thirty years back, in which the form was "Fathers" throughout. The author must have had great struggles with his printers. This is of course one of the points on which the printer is sure to have his own way, but it is funny when professed writers on grammar talk as if this intruding comma was a necessary part of the word.

We have done with Mr. Moon. If he likes to find fault with Mr. Gould, we dare say the fault-finding will be to a great extent just. But both writers had better wash their dirty linen at home.

GREEK ART BEFORE PERICLES.*

M. BEULÉ combines the learning of the antiquary with the eloquence of the rhetorician. The materials at his command are full. His treatment has the recommendation of being strictly logical, yet highly imaginative. His literary style is marked by the rapid dash and the proverbial brilliance of the French; and thus, as in Madame de Staël's rhapsodies upon Rome, history reads in the pages of this volume like a romance, and antiquarian dissertations glow with the colour of a picture. M. Beulé has worked hard under rare advantages; he has been a sojourner under the shadow of the Acropolis in Athens; the Greek temples which he describes he has seen. *L'Acropole d'Athènes*, "published under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction," is among the fruits of those original researches in Greece which, conducted under the auspices of the French Government, helped the writer to celebrity. M. Beulé, "Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts, Président de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres," and one of the writers in *Le Journal des Savans*, may be traced through some half-dozen volumes which treat of divers themes in the classic, middle-age, and modern arts, till lastly we come upon the volume before us, which certainly is calculated to sustain if not to augment the writer's well-earned reputation.

M. Beulé naturally commences by an inquiry into the origin of Greek art. He believes, in common with the best authorities, that it took its historic rise in the East, and yet, though thus in its first rudiments borrowed, he holds that it was essentially self-originated. European art at any rate commences with the Greeks. The monuments of India and of China are fantastic, the palaces of Assyria vast and astounding, the temples and tombs of Egypt grandly immobile as its theocracy. These national arts, as the civilizations whence they sprang, became dead letters, and desolate tracts of grand sterility. The Greeks seized upon what they found among other nations to be most artistic and enduring. And thus, in creating or perfecting the Doric and Ionic orders, they set their seal of beauty upon the common patrimony of antiquity. Yet perhaps it will never be possible to solve completely the phenomenon of perfection which Greek art presents:—"Ni la question de race, ni la question de climat, ni la raison politique, ne peuvent expliquer par quel divin privilége les Grecs ont eu cet esprit de clarté," &c. "Les grands peuples," adds M. Beulé, "ne s'expliquent pas plus que les grands hommes."

Architecture is the mother and instructress of the arts, she comes first in order of time, she inspires and she directs. This is the universal law which presides over all great epochs. Hence in Greece, where all the products of the human mind have observed a natural and logical sequence in development, architecture as the parent art gives birth, and affords shelter and sustenance, to her younger scions, sculpture and painting. Thus each art came upon the scene in its appointed century. By the age of Pisistratus architecture had well-nigh attained perfection; in the age of Pericles sculpture advanced to take a station by her side; but not till the reign of Alexander did painting, the latest born and long under tutelage to the Doric and Ionic orders, assert an independent life. Yet construction was nothing higher than a mechanical process while it provided merely for the necessities of the body; it became an art only when it ministered to the desires of the mind. And just in proportion as the arts are removed from service to bodily necessities, into the region of ideas and of the imagination, do they cease to be purely naturalistic or imitative. Sculpture and painting are usually accounted imitative arts; but architecture, like music, is less imitative than creative; and each seems essentially to rest in numeric ratios and geometric proportions. Such ratios and proportions at all events lie apparently at the basis of Greek architecture, and of its associated arts of sculpture, bas relief, and mural painting.

* *Histoire de l'Art grec avant Périclès.* Par M. Beulé, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts. Paris: Librairie académique. Didier et Cie. 1868.

[It] is this subjection to law which makes Greek art [illegible] [simp]le and beautiful; it is growth permitted only within the [illegible] of law, which secures to Greek art a progression unbroken by lawless overthrow. Absolute truth led to perfect beauty—a truth so abstract as to be without accident, a beauty so ideal as to be without blemish. Truth absolute implies breadth, simplicity, repose; accordingly, in Greek art resides such repose that even in motion there is rest, such serenity that not even passion is permitted to mar supreme beauty. Yet we must not forget that the sculpture galleries of Europe, including the British Museum, the Vatican, the Museums of Naples, Munich, &c., prove that Greek art was many-sided, and that the architects and sculptors of Athens, Ægina, Asia Minor, &c., could do anything and everything, and actually did what pleased them best. Thus of painting it was said there existed three styles—that Dionysius painted men as they were, that Pauson painted them worse than they were, and that Polygnotus painted them better than they were. The first would correspond to a naturalistic, the second to a comic or satirical, the third to an ideal manner, and it is certain that all three are to be found in Greek plastic and fictile art. In the Museo Gregoriano of the Vatican we recall vases with comic incidents painted thereon. In the British Museum we have within more immediate reach the marbles of the Parthenon, as the most perfect examples of the union of a naturalism which was noble with an idealism which was vigorous. Within the limits of our observation, Greek art tends to infinite variety, yet preserves absolute unity.

Greek art maintained a happy mean and enjoyed a wholesome moderation; tradition preserved it in an obedience without servility, and made liberty safe in protection against license. M. Beulé seeks to consolidate tradition into a law—the law of a sure and steadfast progression. The Greeks "took possession of all the patrimony of the past, and profited by the experience of the generations by which they were preceded." Tradition was for them accumulated wisdom and aggregated beauty; it was as an ample river which augments in volume as it flows, and which traverses lands the most diverse without break in its course or change in its identity. It is the want of this wise tradition which leaves modern art in anarchy; modern artists restlessly seek for something new—the last and hopeless state of a mind frivolous and unstable in all its ways. The aim of the Greek artist, on the contrary, was to make his work perfect; he did not strive even at originality; he laboured according to the knowledge gained and the ability given, and if perchance he did better than his predecessors, those who came after profited by his example. Thus art, while always following in the same track, made a step forward, and tradition became, not a law of finality, but a condition of progress. Neither in nature nor in art are there abrupt transitions. The Doric order was not at a single stroke fixed in its symmetry and unity by the effort of any one man; under the law of tradition it had a gradual growth. M. Beulé's teachings hereon, as indicated in the following extract, if not always free from contradiction, have sufficiently sure historic foundation:—

> Grâce à la fermeté de la tradition dans l'architecture grecque, nous pouvons aujourd'hui reconstruire son histoire, malgré le silence des auteurs, malgré la nuit profonde qui environne la plupart des monuments encore debout. L'ordre dorique, en particulier, qui est le type constitutif et dont les autres ordres ne sont qu'une dérivation, l'ordre dorique se raconte lui-même avec une suite qui n'étonnera personne. Pesant d'abord, court de proportions, décoré sobrement et peint de tons austères, il passe, par une progression lente, à sa perfection juste, à une grandeur pleine de fermeté, à une richesse pleine de mesure, à des couleurs éclatantes à la fois et harmonieuses; puis franchissant cette limite, il atteint des proportions plus élancées, recherche la délicatesse, change sa force en élégance et s'achemine vers la décadence. Non-seulement le dorique du siècle de Pisistrate se distingue du dorique du siècle de Périclès et du siècle d'Alexandre, mais dans chaque époque il y a des nuances et comme une transition continue: c'est par là que s'établit l'enchaînement historique, si rares que soient les ruines que nous a léguées l'antiquité.

Concerning polychrome M. Beulé truly states that there have been three distinct theories. The first denies to Greek architecture and sculpture colour altogether; the second accords colour without stint; while the third, as a happy mean between the two extremes, suggests that colour may have been modified and mitigated according to the exigencies of material, climate, and use. We think it can be affirmed that the first and the second of these propositions must be surrendered as untenable. Thus the much debated practice of polychrome is reduced to a question of degree, relation, and circumstance. M. Beulé believes that Greek systems passed through successive stages and were under continuous transformation. Thus he refers the historic origin of polychrome back to primal wood structures. Marble temples took their first types from prior wooden fabrics, and the copying of the form naturally involved the adoption of the colour. Thus the earliest practice of polychrome arose in the obvious utility of preserving a perishable material, and disguising a surface not in itself necessarily ornamental. From this probable conjecture we gladly draw the broad conclusion that this earliest polychrome, transcribed servilely from rude wooden structures, was somewhat crude and barbarous; while in more advanced epochs the tones became refined, delicate, and transparent. One reason, at all events, held equally good for the painting of wood and stone; when the stone was poor and perishable, it needed, no less than wood, protection or decoration. Greek architects, indeed, seem to have done pretty much as the middle-age builders; when the masonry was rotten, they disguised blemishes by a coating of stucco or plaster. The reasoning, of course, tells entirely the other way when the material is in itself lovely, and the lines of construction and masonry good in art; then the more seen the better. It certainly would strike us as as barbarous in taste, and altogether suicidal in art, to hide or disfigure with plaster or opaque paint the clear crystal and the translucent texture of Pentelicus marble. As soon could we believe that a lady of a complexion bright in the bloom of youth would betake herself to Rachel enamel. M. Beulé, however, is evidently of opinion that a suspicion of rouge may heighten the charm of nature. It appears clear that colour was applied in various ways; sometimes on a coat of plaster, and sometimes directly on the surface of the marble. And a distinction must be drawn between a coat of stucco and a thin wash of transparent paint. Thus does M. Beulé with reason conjecture that marble prized for its own sake might be preserved in its beauty by the use of "an encaustic preparation, pale and transparent, which should soften crudity without destroying the loveliness and lustre of the material." Indeed there would seem to be ground for believing that Greek polychromy conformed to the fundamental law of all true decoration—that of ornament of construction, not of construction of ornament; that of adorning material, not destroying it. The system evidently was vital; it had power of adaptation. Thus when, as in the Doric order, the forms were massive, the colour preserved consonant gravity; but when the proportions became, as in the Ionic, elegant, the tones assumed more lightness and cheerfulness. The colour of sculpture we have always deemed to follow as a logical and inevitable necessity on the colour of its surrounding architectural structure. John Gibson was accustomed to talk much on this the favourite topic of his closing years; but though an uncompromising polychromist, we have heard him pronounce as a mistake the colour applied by Mr. Owen Jones to the Elgin Friezes. In the notorious painted Venus, as seen in the International Exhibition of 1862, Gibson gave what he believed to be an accurate reproduction of Greek polychromy. On this not wholly unsuccessful experiment it may be observed in elucidation of preceding principles—1st. That a semi-transparent pigment was so applied as to preserve in some degree the quality of the underlying marble; 2nd. That the colour was intentionally non-naturalistic, the tone being that of ivory, not of flesh; 3rd. That the figure held harmonious relation with the coloured architectural background. Mr. Gibson, when he came to London, expressed his complete satisfaction with the result. Doubtless it was the misfortune of his art to start with the assumption that the Greeks could do no wrong; such assumption not only involves servility, but stands in opposition to the universal experience that error is inseparable from all human work. M. Beulé, like Mr. Gibson, believes in the infallibility of the Greeks. The argument, stripped of circumlocution, reads thus:—All that the Greeks did was right; they coloured architecture and sculpture; therefore to colour architecture and sculpture is right.

We confess that we have become converts to "Greek polychrome" almost against our will. We cannot but feel how unapproachable for beauty is marble fresh from the chisel, and we know in what loveliness the elements have clothed temples in Athens, on the headland of Sunium, and on the plain of Pæstum. We cannot but say that on the spot any proposition for polychrome would have sounded as profanation. Still the historic evidence seems conclusive, and abstract reasoning is certainly not entirely on the side of colourless light and shade. Doubtless it is possible to conceive that a bran-new, brightly painted temple might assume an aspect poetic and imposing when backed by the brilliant sky of Attica or the deep blue of the Ægean Sea. M. Semper, an enthusiast and partisan, presents the imagination with the following picture:—

> The prevailing colour of the temple burned with all the glowing beauty of the setting sun. The colour may be defined of a yellow red, very vapoury, resembling that of the finest terra cottas. In fact, the general appearance of the temple would precisely resemble the appearance of a fine day in an Eastern climate.

This relation between sky and colour, climate and material, involves the true principle for the application of polychrome. And yet the reasoning sometimes cuts both ways. Thus it may be urged that our northern atmosphere, dark, dull, and dense, needs lighting up. On the whole, however, the weight of argument lies on the other side. In our cold and rainy clime the eye, shadowed in grey, is startled and pained by bright positive colour; nature herself puts on sombre drapery, the rain-cloud shadows the mountain. A Greek temple, radiant as a rainbow, would in the hills of Cumberland need, like the cactus or the lotus, acclimatization. But on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, or beneath the clear cloudless skies of Ionia, the Greek pediment, glittering in gold, and glowing with red fire, reflects with ardour the rising and the setting sun. Nature in these climes exults in exuberant life, and the peoples themselves are fiery in impulse and florid in costume. Behold, then, crowning the height of the Acropolis, and looking down upon the gay life of the city beneath, "ces temples brillants de couleurs, toujours jeunes, parce qu'ils sont toujours rajeunis." "Les Grecs voulaient que toutes les branches de l'art, peinture, sculpture, architecture, contribuassent à former les temples des dieux. Dédaigner la polychromie, c'est paraître ne l'avoir ni étudiée ni comprise."

M. Beulé's treatise is far from exhaustive; though a fair record of antiquarian labours in France, it takes little or no account of important researches in England. Thus no mention is made of [the] seated statues from the Sacred Way of Branchidæ, now [in] the British Museum. These archaic works, which probably belong to the sixth century B.C., "are executed," says Mr. C. Newton, "in a style presenting so strong a resemblance to the

..ptian as to suggest the idea that they were the work of Greek artists who had been educated in Egypt." We need not point out how important is the bearing of works which stand on boundary lines in the schools of Egypt and Asia Minor upon the long-mooted question of the historic origin of Greek art. It may further be objected that no critical account is given of the famous Harpy's Tomb (B.C. 500), acquired, with other Lycian remains, for our country, by Sir Charles Fellows. Again, any history of "L'Art grec avant Périclès" must be but fragmentary if it exclude all fictile art that has of late years seen the light. The vases found at Camirus, Rhodes, Athens, Corinth, Sicily, and the islands of the Archipelago, now in process of strict chronologic arrangement in the British Museum, offer to the student a rare opportunity of acquiring a mastery over historic developments in the ceramic and plastic arts. Neither should coins or gems be forgotten in any treatise professing to produce a vivid picture of arts which adorned the early eras of Grecian civilization. We thank M. Beulé for his valuable contribution to a subject which extends far beyond the limits of a single volume. Fortunately the labourers in the field are no longer few, and we gladly remember that each year adds to the store and to the critical accuracy of our knowledge.

MISS MARTINEAU'S BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.*

THE difficulty of measuring the flight of time and the continuous passing away of generations is one of the best known and perhaps one of the most mournful facts of life. After the first burst of a career is over, and a man is once fairly in the swift current of things, he feels as if he would give almost anything he has got if only he could stand aside for a single day and survey from without the space through which he has passed. In our hurry we almost forget about eminent men, for example, who is alive and who is gone. Absorbed with the people who are conspicuous for the hour, we allow the memories of those who were our heroes a few years since to fall into a background of haze, and by the time that a man is well on in middle life he is more likely than not to have forgotten who, of the names that come before him in books, papers, or speech, have been contemporary with him and who have not. Miss Martineau's biographical sketches, republished from a daily newspaper, of eminent persons in all walks of life who have passed away since 1852, may serve both to remind us with some point and precision of the too many men who have been lost to us within the last sixteen years, and also to give us a moment's vantage ground whence we may each of us measure the length of our own journey. The general and extremely vague truths about the swift lapse of years, the ceaseless and silent industry with which old Time plies his scythe, and so forth, assume a forcible particularity when the names of the illustrious or well-known dead in a specific period are arranged before us as they are in the present volume. It is such a survey which makes us conscious of living in a new time. Practically there is never any instantaneous solution of continuity. The break spreads over years, and it is only when the transforming process is complete that we know what has been going on, and where it has landed us. The death of Lord Palmerston was perhaps the most widebearing landmark of these times. A man who sits for half a century in the House of Commons, playing a more or less conspicuous part all the time, seems to stand still long enough, and to stand out high enough, for us to make him the measure of the pace of events. Miss Martineau's book fills something of the same office.

Apart, however, from this, which is not wholly a sentimental view, it has other recommendations which make us glad that Miss Martineau has thought it worth while to publish what were something much more than mere transitory journalistic sketches, meant to be read in the morning and forgotten by the afternoon. They are, for one thing, little repertories of that sort of fact which it is often most difficult to lay one's hand upon—the fact which is not exactly contemporary, and yet has not come to be exactly historical. People disappear from the pages of *Men of the Time*, and their names are still without a place in the volumes of a Biographical Dictionary or a History. And yet they are just the kind of people about whom one most constantly wants to know something. Take Lord Palmerston himself, for instance, or Lord Brougham, or Lord Carlisle, or Lyndhurst or Campbell, in the political order; Robert Owen, Humboldt, George Combe, in another order; Macaulay, Hallam, De Quincey, Rogers, Landor, Croker, Lockhart, "Christopher North," in literature. These are all people to whom allusions are constantly being made as if we knew all about them, while in truth we hardly know where to find out anything about them, and a generation is ever growing up without even that vague sort of information which comes to us who have been contemporary with them. The worst of it is that Miss Martineau's list is incomplete. We have only such sketches as she chanced to write, and among statesmen, for instance, we miss at once two of the most conspicuous of our losses within the last seven years—Cobden, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis. Very likely there are others of the same magnitude, if it were worth while to think about them. Still this is no reason why we should not be thankful for the good work that there is in the sketches we have. They are very short—too short, probably, to be effective in the highest degree or in the highest sense; but, though short, they are marked throughout by a fine suggestiveness which does much to compensate for want of greater elaborateness of presentation. After all, a string of dates and so-called facts about a man is not what wise people most wish to have, nor is it in the majority of cases in any sense instructive. Miss Martineau tells us generally when a man was born and when he died, what sort of things he was good at, and what public fortune, if any, befell him; and the rest of her sketch is made up of little strokes that suggest, often with singular felicity, what manner of character he had. Her hero for the hour is really a central sort of figure, and he has substance and colour and humanity, instead of being, as is so often the case in biographical sketches, a mere name in a crowd of dates. There is thus a certain quality of M. Sainte-Beuve about these sketches. They are of the nature of studies, and even men and women who hardly deserved to be studied in this sense come in for more than their share of this intellectual analysis. George Combe, for example, albeit his book on the *Constitution of Man* is said to come next in circulation after the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, was scarcely worthy of a very thoughtful account, unless indeed it may be said that any text is good enough to preach a sound sermon upon. And Miss Martineau says some excellent things about a great defect which unfortunately is not by any means gone out of the world with George Combe. He went to work in religion and morals, says Miss Martineau, as Huskisson more justifiably professed to do in fiscal things—"opening his hand by one finger at a time, because the people could not receive a whole handful of the truth about Free Trade." Combe was guilty in Miss Martineau's eyes, and this after all is only a statement of fact, "of conforming to established notions and forms of expression which, it came out at last, were in his opinion false. A collocation of the evidence afforded by himself in a course of years shows that he accommodated himself to the popular view and language in theological subjects where there was no real sympathy of opinion." Miss Martineau does not deny, at least not expressly, that there may be a justification, under certain circumstances, for dividing doctrine into esoteric and exoteric. She only denies Combe's right to take such a license in his place and time. That he should have preferred temporizing courses was due to a mental temperament which was such that "no romance of duty dazzled him, no idolatry of the ideal intoxicated him, no sympathy with human passion or devout aspiration put him off his guard." He was "above the perils of gross selfishness and dishonesty, and below those which attend high intellectual and spiritual gifts." Finally, there is effective analysis in saying of a man that "his remarkable self-esteem, his self-consciousness rendering him very faintly impressionable, his good nature and real benevolence, his shrewdness and caution, the absence of all keen sensibility, and the presence of a constant sense of justice—all fitted him to hold any given ground well against unscrupulous and passionate adversaries." Our only complaint, we repeat, is that the character was barely worthy of so careful and skilful a scrutiny.

Miss Martineau's analysis has the excellent quality of ease. Anybody can spin out and elaborate analyses, redolent of strain and endeavour and artifice. Not everybody can do this sort of work successfully, without an air of deliberateness, and without brandishing the scalpel, like a carver of meat among the ancient Romans. Miss Martineau's analysis comes in bits, and is none the less telling or finished because it does not sprawl over two or three pages at a time. It is set off, too, by a pleasant masculine irony in the case of people whom she does not much like, and by a fine moral sympathy with people whose career or character pleased her. A well-known and most successful lawyer of our times is parted with on mixed terms of good humour and reprobation, in the words that "Such welfare as he had need not be grudged to him. Much of it he earned for himself, and some of it was a poor substitute for blessings and enjoyments relished with even a greater keenness than his by poorer, more modest, refined, and honoured men." There is something of Mr. Kinglake's neat incisiveness in this, only it is rather more human than that famous *sabreur* usually is; in other words, there is a desire to speak the truth, and yet to avoid hurting, as much as might be. Twice perhaps the author of these sketches hits thoroughly hard; when she is writing about Rogers's causticity and Croker's malignity. We cannot conceive of anything worse to be said of a man than that some of his sayings "could not possibly have had any other origin than the love of giving pain; some were so atrocious as to suggest the idea that he had a sort of psychological curiosity to see how people could bear such inflictions." "Except the worship paid to the Railway King for his wealth, we know nothing in modern society so extraordinary and humiliating as the deference paid to Rogers for his ill-nature."

Whether it was mere want of space, or, as we are ready to believe, a disciplined inclination to balanced and many-sided views of character, that prevented the writer from harping on single strings, either of eulogy or dispraise, the absence of excess in either direction, combined with perfect fulness of colour and perfect distinctness of moral judgment, is especially remarkable, and we may add that it is especially delightful. It is a good thing in judging the character of people who are gone, and perhaps also of people who are yet with us, to raise the standard of measurement, and to make it the point of first moment and highest resolve to see all round it, with an eye for proportion and for the quantities in which the various elements and attributes are intermixed. Even in the case of Croker, Miss Martineau would fain take leave of him with words of sufficiently good omen to

* *Biographical Sketches.* By Harriet Martineau. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

of an old Greek. If ever there was a man of whom one would insist on saying nothing, it was Croker. The journalist who left Peel's hospitality to go and write a rancorous attack on him and all belonging to him is a creature to whom it is a sin and a waste to give a thought. Miss Martineau does not spare him, yet she will not leave "the unhappy old man," as she calls him—unhappy in his own terrible disposition—without commemorating the active assistance which he always gave to the work of Polar Discovery. "Long after political unscrupulousness and rancour are forgotten, those higher landmarks of his voyage of life will remain," and so we leave him. This is the right mood after all—to keep a man's solitary virtue or claim to the very last, that so we may bid him farewell pleasantly, if such a thing be possible on the strength of a single virtue. Perhaps Brougham and Macaulay fare most hardly at Miss Martineau's hands. The vanity of the one, and the backslidings into which it dragged him, and the "shallow and insolent Whiggery" of the other, seem to have got such hold of the writer as to make her what she usually is not—a trifle scornful in her condemnation of what she thinks the universal failure of Macaulay, and what certainly was the mixture of shiftiness and recklessness in Brougham. On the whole, we are inclined to relish most the writer's account of Sir Francis Beaufort; it is so intelligent and appreciative of work done, and so lighted up with warm moral enthusiasm for a man who always did his duty to the uttermost point, and without either stint or Pharisaism. In this sketch we see at its height what is more or less visible in them all, and what is the most delightful feature of them all, a predominance of the moral standard over every other, only it is morality on its least didactic and most widely sympathetic side. The writing of these sketches, to conclude, is as good as their form and size would permit; they are thoroughly readable, instructive, and even elevating, as their tone constantly tends to stimulate sympathy with many sorts of people, without relaxing the right consciousness of the duty of a moral judgment of the men who come before us.

MR. A. H. STEPHENS ON STATE SOVEREIGNTY.*

MR. ALEXANDER STEPHENS, the Vice-President of the ill-fated Southern Confederacy, is perhaps of all American public men the best qualified fairly to represent and discuss the conflicting theories of State rights and Federal authority which, after a political struggle of more than a quarter of a century, were at last brought to a decisive issue on the field of battle. It is true that there must always be a deficiency of practical interest in the re-opening on paper of a controversy so decided; for there is a feeling, in both the reader's and the writer's mind, that it is useless yet again to dispute with the pen the verdict once recorded by the sword. Nevertheless, in justice to a brave, high-minded, and most unfortunate people, and in due regard to historical truth and to the interests of political science, it is even now worth while to hear what a scholar, a man of deep political learning, of profound knowledge of constitutional history, of moderate opinions and temperate spirit, has to say in defence of principles which, however generally repudiated in 1869, were as generally entertained ten years ago, and which the South deemed worth upholding with her whole wealth and her best blood. Mr. Stephens, if any one, may be expected to think and speak fairly and impartially on the subject. He was more consistent than any Northern opponent of secession—nearly all of whom had, at one time or another, declared in favour of it; he is less embittered and exasperated than any Southern secessionist. He opposed secession from the first on Southern grounds; he upheld, on the same grounds, the right and duty of every Southern citizen to abide by the decision of his State; he was true to his cause to the last, yet the only part he took in the war was that of a negotiator and peacemaker; he is neither unpopular with the North, nor distrusted by his own people. The opinions and arguments of such a man are entitled, *à priori*, to respectful attention; when they are so just, so clear, so well-reasoned, so amply supported by authorities of the highest character and of every class as we find them in the volume before us, they cannot but assist us greatly in forming a true judgment upon the nature and merits of the controversy.

The plan of Mr. Stephens' work is simple and somewhat trite, but convenient for his purpose. It is written in the form of conversations with Northern visitors at his Georgia residence; each of the three interlocutors representing and stating, with great distinctness, and we believe with perfect fairness, the ideas of one of the principal Northern parties, and defending them by authority and reasoning, while the chief part of course is played by Mr. Stephens himself, as the assertor of the defeated doctrine of State sovereignty, to which subject exclusively the present volume is devoted. The argument is well arranged, with a regard both to historical order and logical sequence, and the propositions which the author undertakes to maintain are as well and as conclusively supported as any propositions admitting of controversy well can be. Mr. Stephens is superior to the common artifices of advocacy, or is too confident in his cause to need them. He never stoops to weaken or misstate the opposite view; he takes the strongest points of his antagonist's case, as stated by its most eminent advocates, and meets them with arguments and facts about whose relevancy there can seldom be the shadow of a doubt.

The Northern theory of Federal sovereignty, as stated by Motley, and reinforced by quotations from Story and Webster, divides itself into two alternative propositions. The first is that the States never were sovereign, but derived their very existence and origin from the Union. The second is that, granting them to have been sovereign under the first Confederation, their sovereignty was resigned or taken from them by the Federal Constitution of 1787. Mr. Stephens meets these assertions by undertaking to prove:—

That the Declaration of Independence proceeded from the colonies individually and severally, and asserted their several independence and sovereignty; and that their sovereign character was constantly recognised during the Confederacy, 1776-1787.

That they did not part with it in 1787; that some of them expressly reserved it; and that it was acknowledged by the framers of the Constitution, and had been recognised by the highest authorities down to 1860.

That secession was legally competent to the Southern States, and was morally justified by the conduct of their Northern confederates.

The Declaration of Independence was a joint act; but an act for which the authority of each colony was sought and received by its delegates to Congress, and which was done by them in its name and by its authority. The Declaration pronounced the colonies to be "free and independent *States*." The Articles of Confederation declared that each "retained its sovereignty, freedom, and independence." The recognition of Great Britain was given not to the Union or Confederacy, but to the States; and King George III. acknowledged "the United States—namely, New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay . . . . N. Carolina, S. Carolina, and Georgia—to be free sovereign and independent *States*." And Congress declared that every inhabitant of any of the colonies owed *allegiance* thereto. To assert, then, that the States were not sovereign under the Confederacy is to contradict not only the plain facts of history, but the Articles of Confederation themselves.

The second argument, then, is the more plausible—to wit, that by the closer Union of 1787 the States surrendered their sovereign character. The fact which has given plausibility to this theory is that there was a party in the Convention, of which Hamilton was the leader, which desired to substitute a National Sovereignty for a Federal Union of Sovereign States; and that, the Constitution being the result of a compromise between the two parties, some of the favourite phrases of the Nationalists were retained. But Mr. Stephens is surely right in saying that sovereignty cannot be resigned by implication. And further, while some phrases that might bear such a meaning were retained, others, which distinctly expressed it, were carefully struck out. Thus a resolution in favour of "national government," passed before the purpose of Hamilton and his friends was understood, was afterwards rescinded; and throughout the Constitution the word "National" was systematically struck out wherever it occurred in the first draft, and "United States" substituted. The Preamble is the great reliance of the Federalists of to-day. On the strength of the words "We, the people of the United States," they assert that the Constitution was established, not by the States severally, but by the people of the Union over the States. But the history of the phrase breaks down this argument. It stood at first, "We, the people of New Hampshire, Massachusetts . . . . and Georgia." But it was expected that some of these States might (as for a while they did) refuse to ratify the Constitution; and it was accordingly provided by Article VII. "that, on being ratified by nine States, it should come into force as between the States so ratifying." It would be absurd to say, "We, the people of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York . . . and Georgia do establish," if Rhode Island and New York should happen to reject the Constitution, and stand out of the Union. And for this reason only "the United States" was substituted for an enumeration of the States which would have expressly excluded the present Federalist theory. But in fact how was the Constitution enacted? As it came from the Convention, it was nothing more than a proposal, or draft of a Bill. What gave it force or made it law? The ratification "by the *States*," which Mr. Motley declares it never received, but which the Constitution itself, in Article VII., declares that it must receive. How was it ratified? By the sovereign power and authority of each State, exercised by the sovereign people of the State, in the manner by State law provided as the only mode in which such supreme act of sovereignty could be done—namely, through a Convention called *ad hoc* under the direction of the State Government. In what character was it ratified? It speaks for itself. As a compact "*between* the States," not as a superior law *over* them. And Virginia and New York, in ratifying, expressly reserved the right of withdrawing, in case of need, the powers they had delegated to the Federal Government and Legislature; in short, the right of secession.

In all the State Conventions the Federalists were careful to repudiate the construction which is now put upon the Constitution. Hamilton himself was anxious to explain that the phrase which termed the Constitution "the supreme law of the land" meant nothing whatever save that it was to be obeyed, and in no way

* *A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States, its Causes, Character, Conduct, and Results; presented in a Series of Colloquies at Liberty Hall.* By Alexander H. Stephens. 2 vols. Vol. I. Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Atlanta: National Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

conferred any power or authority on the Federal Government beyond the express limits of the Constitution.

Mr. Stephens' interlocutors here quote a speech of Webster's, in which that great party leader, for the purposes of a particular occasion, repudiated and denounced the term "compact" employed by Calhoun to designate the Constitution. The dispute was not merely verbal, the matter really in controversy being nothing less than the great issue between Federal and State sovereignty. Mr. Stephens retorts by reading Calhoun's reply, in which his opponent is overwhelmed by quotations from every great authority, judicial and political, in which the word "compact" is used as Calhoun had used it, and with the same idea involved in its use, finishing with several such citations from Webster himself. After this—the only attempt at a rhetorical advantage or mere controversial victory in the volume—Mr. Stephens proceeds to cite a variety of authorities asserting the sovereign character of the States under the Constitution of 1787. Thus Judge Washington, of the Supreme Court, says:—"They are, in their separate political capacities, sovereign and independent, except so far as they have united for their common defence and for national purposes. They have each a Constitution and form of government, *with all the attributes of sovereignty.*" Webster, writing to the Barings, and speaking as a lawyer in answer to a legal question, says the same thing in words as strong or stronger. The Senate, in 1837 and in 1860, formally resolved "that in adopting the Constitution the States acted severally as free, sovereign, and independent States." Livingston exposes and ridicules the false inference drawn from "We, the people," and asserts the prior existence and independence of the States, antecedent to and capable of surviving the "Federal Compact." And General Jackson, in explaining the famous Proclamation in which he had denounced Nullification, and in which certain expressions had given great alarm by their apparently Federalist tendency, carefully ascribes the Constitution to "a compact among the several States" as "independent communities." Again, he spoke of them as "sovereign members of our Union," and in his farewell address solemnly adjures the people to maintain "the rights and sovereignty of the States."

A Sovereign can have no judge; and the Federal Constitution provided no means by which one State could bring another to justice for wrongdoing or nonfulfilment of engagements. In like manner there existed no legal mode by which the Federal Government could coerce a State which should exercise the right of sovereignty to redress its wrongs under the compact by denouncing the compact itself. A sovereign Power is the judge of its own rights. Its subjects must obey it, and defend it, right or wrong. It follows, therefore, from the sovereignty of the States, that they were entitled legally to secede if they chose, and that their citizens were bound to follow and to fight for the choice of the State. This was the view on which Mr. Stephens acted; and in its support he quotes the authority of such eminent lawyers as Tucker and Rawle, and the conditional admission of Story himself. He shows that Massachusetts and the other New England States had more than once asserted the right of secession, and threatened to exercise it; that Mr. Lincoln himself asserted, in general terms, the right of any people or portion of a people, locally distinct, to choose its own government; and that Horace Greeley, up to the very last, insisted that, if the South chose, she had a right to go in peace. He himself disapproved the policy of secession, but asserted to the fullest degree the absolute nature of the right, and the sufficiency of the provocation; and he calls Webster to testify, in very distinct terms, that the systematic violation of the Constitution in the case of fugitive slaves was alone a sufficient vindication of the total repudiation, by the South, of a compact which the North observed only as far as she pleased.

It is impossible, within our limits, to give a fair idea even of the outlines of such an argument; much more to convey a just impression of the lucidity, power of thought, vast and appropriate reading, and vigorous reasoning by which it is sustained. It would be difficult to name a more perfect masterpiece of constitutional reasoning and political disquisition; a work which might with greater advantage be placed in the hands of the young lawyer who desired to see how those high questions which are the common ground of the lawyer, the historian, and the statesman, can be treated by one who combines the qualifications of all three. The book is perhaps hardly suited to the general reader, but it may be confidently recommended as indispensable to every one who wishes really to understand either the Federal Constitution or the Civil War; and it will be ranked among the most valuable of those materials which the writers of this age are accumulating for the future historian of America.

MAD.*

If the name of a novel is intended as a clue to its style, we should say the author of *Mad* has been rather happy in his choice. At least, were we to soften "mad" into "very eccentric," we should give a fair impression of our estimate of the book. Mr. Fenn jerks at us a curt title which he thinks will tell, and then proceeds to fix the attention he has arrested, and to gratify the curiosity he has excited, by a reckless defiance of all the unities of time and place. He hurries us from generation to generation, and from scene to scene, presenting to us an endless variety of characters, while he gives us scant time to take stock of each so that we may recognise them when we meet them again. He enmeshes us in long involved sentences, and then, extricating himself while we are yet entangled in them, seeks startling effects in violent contrast, and mercilessly retrenches his words, leaving us to grope for his meaning. The reader must piece together the plot, as he best can, out of spasmodic utterances and fragmentary scenes. In the first half of the first volume your mind is continually on the stretch, striving to grasp the ends of a number of threads, in the hope that they may twist themselves together later, and spare you further trouble. But you are oppressed with a sense of injury, considering that people are supposed to read novels for amusement. You have an uneasy consciousness, too, that the author is trying to trick you into an exhibition of interest by arts that are beneath even the dignity of fiction, and you are constantly on the point of throwing his novel down in disgust. Yet with all this there is something that tempts you to read on, and as you read the style gets less unpleasant, the book grows upon you, and your opinion of the author grows too. There are traces of real power here and there that are not to be mistaken for its shadows, and these multiply as you proceed, and engage your interest in spite of radical defects. The construction of the plot is the reverse of artistic; its framework is the very ordinary one of a disputed inheritance and missing deeds, and it works itself out, and things right themselves, by a series of marvellous coincidences that tax the reader's credulity beyond its utmost strength. The characters crowd upon you, and your despairing cry is "still they come," as one after another they force themselves to the front, take the lead and keep it for the time, all insisting on placing themselves on a footing of the most republican equality. When you are at the end of the story, you find that those who were evidently intended to stick to subordinate parts are the people whom you know much the best; and very graphically drawn some of those minor characters are. And although an author must be permitted to pick his personages where he pleases, yet he cannot hope to leave a pleasant impression on his readers' minds if he dwells too exclusively on the least attractive side of human nature. All the people Mr. Fenn presents us to are more or less weak or wicked, with the sole exception of an exemplary daughter and a hardworking curate, and they, with their unpretending loves, are hustled systematically into the background. But above all, the fatal blot in the story—and it is a blot which stains many of its pages—is the author's morbid taste for the revolting. There he out-Ainsworths Harrison Ainsworth. He goes out of his way to gloat over horrible scenes a mere hint at which would be quite sufficiently suggestive for most people, and he works them out with a disgusting fidelity of detail. We do not say that this labour of love is not so well performed as fairly to merit the approval of those who care to sup full of horrors; but then, with the generality of readers, the very success of work of this sort is a blemish. Mr. Fenn likes monosyllabic titles, and we may submit that "Rats" would have been at least as truthfully suggestive a title as "Mad." The rats are as much the heroes of his story as any one else, and they are continually reappearing to play leading parts as the ministers of poetical justice. We might tolerate and even welcome them once in a way—when, for example, in a gloomily dramatic scene they force a combat on a felon skulking in the sewers, and compel him to dive for safety under the fetid stream, and swim up the drain beyond their reach. But if Mr. Fenn chooses to let his rats loose on the living, he might have spared us their frequent visits to the dead, and we object to follow him and them into the chambers of horrors to which he invites us. Moreover, talking of the battle of the sewers, we must observe that he is by no means original in the selection of his sensational incidents. Jarker's flight through subterranean London is taken from *Les Misérables*; and his escape on the roofs, from *Oliver Twist*. But we confess that Mr. Fenn does not mar his ideas in the borrowing, for his elaboration of them is decidedly forcible and clever.

We have dwelt more upon its blemishes than we should have done did not the book, as we have said, show marks of no slight power, with evidences of a style and tone that only want to be chastened down to become effective. It seems to us that Mr. Fenn's faults may mostly be referred to a single one—the want of self-reliance. Affectedly pretentious as his mannerisms often appear, he wants confidence in himself in the best sense. He leans on others when he could walk very well alone, and he draws on the impossible and the worst form of the sensational while he has quite ability enough to do justice to a plot that limited itself to the probable and natural. He forgets that sins against good taste are seldom condoned even by those who find an unwholesome stimulant in them. If he had taken the measure of his capabilities better, he would jumble his characters less, bestow more care on individual ones, dispense with the grotesque and extravagant machinery of melodrama, and thus, we have no doubt, he might write an excellent novel. Scattered everywhere through the book are touches of real pathos. Some of its episodes are very touching in their simple force and truth to nature, although none are altogether free from the mark of the beast—a needless lingering on unpleasant details, or the introduction of some disagreeable metaphor. One of them struck us especially. Jarker, the Bill Sikes of the story—bird-fancier, ruffian, housebreaker, and murderer—is married to a woman much his superior in character and station.

* *Mad: a Story of Dust and Ashes.* By George Manville Fenn, Author of "Bent, not Broken," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

She is repenting every hour of her life the folly into which a caprice for Mr. Jarker had betrayed her, but she attempts to do her duty, to preserve her self-respect, and even her illusions in the home which her brutal husband makes a hell to her. She is lying powerless on her sick bed, and even Jarker's threats and the dread of his violence cannot give her strength to rise to save him the trouble of making up the fire. Jarker, accordingly, is in a more savage temper than usual, swearing horribly at her and everything else, until at last, wearied out and half-intoxicated, he throws himself half-dressed on the bed by her side:—

> The rushlight danced and flickered, and a few drops of rain pattered against the window as the night breeze sighed mournfully down the court first one and then another bird scraped at its perch, roused as it had been by the noise and light, so that it sounded again and again like the earth upon the coffin-lid; some loose wood work among the pigeon traps upon the roof swung in the wind, and beat against the tiles, and then all was very quiet and still in the wretched attic.
>
> "Bill—Bill dear," murmured a voice after a while—a strange harsh-sounding voice, as if it came from a parched and fevered throat—"Bill."
>
> No answer, only the heavy breathing of the ruffian, and the pattering as if of earth on the coffin-lid.
>
> "Bill—Bill dear, water!" whispered the voice once more; but there was no answer, only the restless pattering noise of the birds. Then again silence, so still and profound, that it seemed scarcely to be London. But the silence was broken by a little liquid, trilling laugh, the laugh of the child as some bright-hued happy dream passed over its imagination; though there was silence again the next moment, to be broken once more by the strange husky voice, a voice that seemed new to the place, as in almost agonizing tones it whispered,
>
> "Kiss me, Bill!"
>
> But there was for response only the sound as of the earth pattering upon the coffin-lid more fitfully and hollow. While now, slowly and timidly, a thin white arm was raised, and seen then in the dim light, it was as though it was waved threateningly above the drunken ruffian's head; but no, there was no threat in the act—no calling down of judgment from on high; for the arm was passed, lovingly, tenderly, round the coarse bull neck, and still there was no response to the appeal.
>
> "Kiss me, Bill!" was once more whispered; but a long, deep-drawn stertorous breath told that William Jarker slept heavily, as the arm lay motionless clasping his neck; and then came a sigh, as piteous and heart rending as ever rose from suffering breast.

Next morning, Jarker wakes out of his drunken sleep to find his neck encircled by the cold arm of his dead wife, while the child nestles up to her, terrified at the living, not at the dead, and the ruffian's oaths die away on his pale lips as he flies from the room in abject terror.

The best character in the story is Matt Space, the old compositor, who becomes the dingy guardian angel of the helpless hero and his family. Drunken and slightly crack-brained as he is, the strange acquaintanceship is mutually beneficial. Matt reforms his habits as he finds an object in life. His visits to the struggling family are like those of the ravens to the prophet, and he unselfishly feeds them from his own precarious wages. He brims over with dry humour of a very fair quality, and has a quaint philosophy of his own that is both instructive and entertaining. The poor old fellow has to draw on it largely for his own use, for he has his share of troubles. Mr. Fenn lands Matt in the hospital, as a congenial sphere for his own peculiar talent to disport itself in. He makes the old man's treatment a text from which to preach a violent sermon against hospital nurses, with what amount of truth we are not prepared to say; but their atrocities and negligencies are so circumstantially insisted on as fairly to entitle *Mad* to be called a novel with a purpose. And of course he takes the opportunity of subjecting Matt to some horrible surgical operations, making us accompany him to the performance, and not sparing us a single one of the details. Yet while we object to Mr. Fenn's depraved taste for analysing the horrible, instead of merely indicating it, we must say that some of his studies—especially in the courts of London, and among the dwellings of the poor—give us a sense of their being photographs from nature which it would be presumptuous to criticize. The warrens and rookeries of the poor are not nice places to find oneself in, either in spirit or in body; but, taking Mr. Fenn for a guide, it may be instructive, if not pleasant, to visit them. He is evidently thoroughly at home there, and feels that he may let his fancy lie fallow while he paints actualities from the life. He is not a man to sacrifice stage properties so valuable, and so capable of being employed with effect, as rags and misery, filth, starvation, and vice. Yet he shows that poetry may be found lurking in the foulest dens, and that people may handle pitch all their lives and be much stained by it, and yet not be blackened all over. Whether, as we are inclined to believe, the book has been thrown off as the fruit of a long experience of the subjects it deals with, or whether the author has carefully got up those subjects that he might write his book, there can be no doubt that he has versed himself in them somehow. An expurgated edition of *Mad* we should recommend to our readers as far better worth perusal than nine-tenths of the novels of the day. But then there is that fatal fault on which we have felt bound to insist so strongly, and we must repeat that some of the descriptions are little less than loathsome. We cannot better express our meaning than by saying that those who enjoy a morning at the Morgue, or an afternoon at the Campo Santo Vecchio of Naples, had better read it; and that those who do not had better refrain. But we are convinced that Mr. Fenn is capable of writing a book that any one might enjoy.

MISS SMEDLEY'S POEMS.*

To those who have enjoyed the rich humour of Miss Smedley's novels (the last and not the least characteristic of them was *Linnet's Trials*), as well as to those who are cognizant of the dramatic force which she throws alike into her prose and her poetry, it will be matter neither of surprise nor regret that she does not rest content with gathered laurels. In her new volume she has this special title to success, that she concentrates in it powers which have hitherto, for the most part, been manifested separately. Its *pièce de resistance*, "Lady Grace," might have been wrought into the shape of a very effective novel; and as it is, thrown into the form and proportions of a five-act drama in blank verse, it serves to bring out the talents of its author with additional force. An impression, indeed, of her versatility will be produced in many readers on observing that she adds in this volume a new feature to those which characterize her former works. Several of the poems which fill its earlier pages are seemingly written to satisfy that taste for the mystical which is having its day with our poets and poetry-readers. In this path, however, she only follows one or two leaders of the poetic fashion of the hour, and, catching the infection of an undoubtedly attractive vein of thought and expression, is content to play second, and to win whatever credit may attach to skilful and by no means unsuccessful echoes. In her, to our thinking, more proper walk, of which her dramatic poem, "Odin's Sacrifice," and several smaller pieces, are the representative types, Miss Smedley may claim an originality of fancy, manner, and character sufficient to give her a high rank among female writers of poetry. As we are not disposed to conceal our preference for that class of poems where Miss Smedley is most herself, clear, earnest, lucid, and outright—so that a fire is kindled, or a laugh is provoked, as the reader cons the productions of a mind that is singularly earnest and enthusiastic, at the same time that it has a keen relish for good-humoured satire—we shall touch but lightly on the samples of her more dreamy and mystical style, and thus allow ourselves wider room for examining the excellent comedy of fashionable life which fills a good half of her volume. Passing over the first poem—"A Character"—for another of the same vein and with the same ring of Tennyson about it, yet withal less dreamy and more real in its drift and purpose, we pause for a moment on the pages which Miss Smedley has devoted to "A Contrast." Possessed of a woman's heart, and something more than an ordinary woman's share of observation and reflection, she has been constrained to dwell upon some "problems of the time" on which it may be a question how far it is good to speak with the tongue, even though the fire may be hot within one. It is unquestionably a "contrast of contrasts" when a simple maiden casts in her lot with a man who, though no worse than his fellows, has lived in the world, and eaten of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge. But this strange contact of pure with impure, of a high and guileless standard with a lower, baser ideal, is better left to work out its lesson in silence. We are disposed (Jesuitical though it may seem) to acquiesce in the pretext against which Miss Smedley inveighs in p. 11, that "women should not see," and to trust to the daily contact of a purer exemplar to call forth in the stronger and less sensitive partner efforts at atonement, and strivings towards a less selfish standard. We do not deny the fine touches which grace the close of this poem—the description of how the wife's revelation of a single "wavering in her thought" before marriage, and her severe judgment upon herself for this fault, sets her husband comparing his standard with hers, to the gradual improvement and elevation of the former. The ending is very pretty and natural:—

> So for a year he holds his peace,
> And meditates on noble things,
> And listens while a seraph sings,
> And all the meaner voices cease;
>
> Till, laughing once, she says with pride,
> "See, love, how sage your wife has grown!
> You never check her with that tone
> Of fond contempt you gave your bride."
>
> He looks at her with reverent eyes,
> He clasps her with a generous shame,
> "There was a revelation came
> From your angelic fault!" he cries.

Thus it is, no doubt, that, in the modern problem of wedlock's lottery, the good in the woman frequently leavens the man, and even imparts value and virtue to what might have turned out a blank. Nevertheless we believe that these matters are usually better dealt with by plain words and illustrations than by parables. Nor are we sure that, in its measure, the next poem, "Hero Harold," is not a more wholesome and fruitful lesson in its very simplicity than the dark sayings of "A Contrast." No illustration of woman's power to refine and purify her harder and more coarse-grained mate can surpass the picture of Harold, a better sort of Samson, going through his feats of strength without even a flush, and only subject to a flutter of the heart,

> When it bounded, not for fame,
> Not for shouts along the air,
> But for one soft touch that came
> For a moment on his hair—

as he rested from his triumphs at his loved-one's feet. This poem ... a word of praise for its conception and execution. These

* *Poems.* By Menella Bute Smedley, Author of "Twice Lost," &c. London: Strahan & Co. 1869.

is a fine study in the glimpse of Harold cast out upon the waste of waters, and "drifting to his rest"

> With the sunset on his face:
> Till where purple curves are high
> On the last faint fading line,
> Into that unfathom'd sky
> Down he drops without a sign.

And very real is the picture of the hero lapsing into a dream of past prowess, that would have preluded a castaway's death but for the tender offices of a more refined "Nausicaa," who breathes a new life into the waif and stray of pitying ocean. Another poem, written earlier, though it is placed latest in the volume, and published first, we fancy, in the *Fireside Library*, is very much akin to this in its spirit and dramatic force. We mean "Odin's Sacrifice," a fine piece and one which deserves study, because it shows Miss Smedley in her best and truest vein of poetry, and offers the opportunity for a contrast worth thinking out between her treatment of the subject and that which it has met at the hands of the Laureate in his much more recent poem, the "Victim." The description of the plague in her poem may remind of the beginning of the Iliad. The long-delayed denouncing of the victim that the god will accept has much akin to part of Sinon's tale in the Second Book of the Æneid; but the mother's devotion of herself to save her child, and the reserve of the king, thinking to save his best-beloved, and cheat the god by the sacrifice of his heir rather than the wife of his bosom, are touches of nature too deep and subtle for pagan parallel. Among the best short poems of this charming volume we may name "The Fisherman," a brief tale of touching pathos, and an impatient outburst on behalf of Poland, with the heading, "In the meantime," the fire and vehemence of which is characteristic of its generous and enthusiastic author. Of the parables and mysteries to be found in the volume none charms us equally with the last, "Eremos and Endæmon," a fine-wrought fancy of the mutual attraction one sometimes sees of the recluse to the liver in the world, and *vice versâ*.

But we must give our remaining space to "Lady Grace," as that which in the present volume has most in it to win Miss Smedley even higher consideration as a poetic worker, and clever analyst of the modern mind and manners, than she has hitherto attained. The time of this drama is the present day, with its "girls of the period," its mildly fast young men, its selfish worldlings, and its Belgravian mothers. The scene is laid in the drawing-rooms, club-rooms, bachelor lodgings, and croquet-grounds of London life. Lady Grace, a rich widow in the flower of life, has generous impulses which prompt her to devote herself to making others happy, and she cannot at first brook the deprecatory counsels of Cranston, her lawyer, a high-spirited and upright man, who suppresses any reference to his boyish intimacy with his fair client, and, believing her to have forgotten the past, because she plainly has no recollection of him, struggles with a growing passion for her, and sets himself to do her hests—as "her lawyer, nothing more!" He and Lady Grace are the only noble natures individualized in the drama. Around them swarm "golden lads and lasses" of various shades of selfishness and worldly wisdom. Chief amidst these are Captain de Courcy and Rosa Wilmot, Lady Grace's nephew and niece, to whom she and the reader are first introduced as the male cousin is teaching the female to "smoke a weed" in the lawyer's office. De Courcy is, of the two, the more utterly unrelieved piece of selfishness and silliness, and his sayings and doings deserve to be read and quoted as hitting off this special representative of a class too often to be met with. Rosa, though she disclaims it, has some little heart—too much to accept Aunt Grace's favours while reserving, as De Courcy does, the right to deceive her, but not enough to keep her from allowing her aunt to endanger her fair fame by taking upon herself the blame of an entanglement which is really the niece's affair. But both are types of a more or less normal selfishness, and so are most of the surrounding characters of the drama. How Lady Grace bestows her money on a thankless nephew, and hazards her reputation for a thoughtless niece; how, from a high pedestal, up to which the marrying men hardly dare to look, she falls, through no default of her own, to a position of suspicion and questionableness—given up by her suitor, Lord Lynton, shunned, if not cut, at Mrs. Vane's ball, lectured by her precious nephew, and left alone by her half-ashamed niece; and how, when she is in a mood to quit the world for a "sisterhood of mercy," she comes to learn that there is one heart which is still true to her, even when she has signed away all her worldly goods, and is worth nothing save for herself—that heart, "her lawyer's, nothing more!"—we should be more disposed to tell at length but that we must not spoil the reader's enjoyment of a capital plot, which is as well carried out as it is conceived. The dialogue is wonderfully racy, and full of keen observation and satire. We need but refer to De Courcy's exposition to his fair cousin of the deliciousness of a weed, and his special pleading when pressed by Rosa to answer the question, why a wife may not smoke if a lady cousin may; his professions to Mrs. Vane of readiness to do anything in reason, but not

> To valse with one of those determined matrons
> Who think we cannot tell how old they are,
> Because they never tell us;

his strongly-expressed objection to mothers, especially self-elected ("Regulars are oppressive—volunteers intolerable"); and his complacent encouragement to his aunt, when she cannot measure the height of his temptations:—

> There it is,
> You cannot know how life besets a fellow.
> You women have no wants:—at least I mean
> You women do so happily without
> The things you want. We who are men must have them;
> And therefore, meaning well, we spend too much
> Against our will, because we cannot help it.
> But I'll be careful now.

These and divers other dicta of this sample of the "young man of the present day" deserve to pass into bywords to be launched at the whole genus, if haply they may tend to improve it. An equally typical character is Sir George Sandys, the lady's man who boasts his conquests to his friends at the Club, and, in reply to an expression of "wonder what the ladies say of us in their seclusions," undertakes to narrate his experience:—

> Did you never hear?
> I had the chance once; in a country house,
> Stalled by good hap next to a gathering-place,
> *Where a whole bevy groomed their golden manes*
> Just before sleep—air sultry—windows wide—
> I in the balcony—a mist of words
> Whirling against the moonlight.

This is very good; and so are the minor sketches of Mrs. Vane and Lady Melville, playing Captain De Courcy against Lord Lynton, and bent on retaining for Emma the "two strings to her bow" which seems to be an article of the Belgravian creed. There are, of course, passages of graver meaning and deeper reflection in the dialogues between Cranston and Lady Grace. Here is a protest of the former against the worldling's standard of conduct and propriety. Lord Lynton has given up Lady Grace. Fitzerse asks, What could he do? Cranston answers,

> Unanswerable question!
> Limit your risks by their foreseen results,
> And so be safe. But never walk by faith
> Into the danger of the vast unknown.
> A man who did so once found a new world,
> And was, not safe, but famous for all time.
> 'Tis hardly worth the pains.

And there are many fine expressions of noble thought and observation of life in the graver scenes of the drama, to which quotation cannot do justice.

It remains for us to say that the groupings at the end of each scene and act are extremely cleverly managed. There is something in them and in the dialogue itself which reminds us of the *Love Chase* and the *Hunchback*. "Lady Grace" is not, like them, written for the stage; but it abounds not the less in many of those elements of attractiveness which have given these dramas a never-failing popularity. We hope that the Mrs. Vanes and the De Courcys of society will read "Lady Grace" with a measure of profit equivalent to the pleasure which its perusal has afforded us.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A TREATISE on geography hardly suggests at first sight any other idea than that of a school-book. Neither does a treatise on grammar, and yet, although the grammatical study of any particular language may be the least inviting of tasks, no study is more interesting than that of comparative philology. To exhibit several languages together in their mutual relations is to vivify a mass of inanimate detail; we become conscious of change in the structure of human speech, and change implies life. In a work published a quarter of a century since, and now materially modified, Herr Ernst Kapp* has attempted to accomplish for geography what Bopp and his fellow-labourers have accomplished for grammar. Geography is in his hands no dead thing—no mere list of places, no mere table of the length of rivers and heights of mountains; but is regarded philosophically as the most important factor of history, as the main agent in determining the character, which involves the destiny, of the various inhabitants of the earth. It must be said that he has produced a most interesting and suggestive volume, as calculated to provoke thought as any that can well be mentioned. The besetting sin of such a work is likely to be fancifulness. Once allow that the characteristics of man are but, as it were, the translation of the characteristics of the earth herself into a more spiritual language, and the door is at once opened for interpretations and analogies limited only by the fertility of the writer's imagination. Many of these may be, and indeed are, highly ingenious, poetical, and suggestive of profound truth, but certainly they lie outside the domain of legitimate science. The author frequently traces out the connexion between the physical characteristics and the history of various regions with extreme ingenuity, but is generally exposed to the observation that, instead of accounting for facts by his theory, he is fashioning his theory to square with his facts. We may consider that he is commonly in the right, but, in the nature of things, the correctness of his views cannot be demonstrated. He evidently writes under strong influences from Schelling, Carus, and Oken, and may have some difficulty in procuring a hearing from the more hard-headed and matter-of-fact school now predominant in Germany.

* *Vergleichende allgemeine Erdkunde in wissenschaftlicher Darstellung.* Von Ernst Kapp. Braunschweig: Westermann. London: Nutt.

The current number of Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen* * contains two papers of peculiar interest—one a description of the interior of Vancouver's Island, by the English Governor, Robert Brown; the other an account of the latest Arctic discovery, "Wrangel Land," discovered by Captain Long in 1867. Both are illustrated by maps. There is also a curious essay, by J. G. Kohl, on the first Polar expedition undertaken from Germany, the date of which was about 1040.

Professor Kutzen † performs for Germany what Kapp has attempted for the whole earth. This book is a description of his native country, considered with reference to the influence which its varieties of soil and physical configuration have exercised upon the character of the inhabitants and the history of the State. The immense extent and picturesque diversity of Germany afford materials in abundance; and the alliance of geography, ethnology, and history, necessary for the execution of his plan, has produced a highly interesting work.

J. J. Von Tschudi ‡ is one of the most entertaining and instructive of travellers, whose writings will for generations to come constitute one of our chief sources of information respecting South America. The fifth and concluding volume of his second great work labours under one disadvantage—the want of human interest. The journey described in it has lain principally through "antres vast and deserts wild"; first through the rugged passes of the Andes, afterwards along the yet more barren wilderness of the Bolivian coast, perhaps the most inhospitable tract on the face of the earth. Most striking is his description of the utter sterility of this region, and of its only town, the wretched Cobija, founded by shipwrecked mariners whose only choice lay between it and the ocean, subsisting on provisions brought from distances of hundreds of miles, but maintained for its proximity to copper mines, and as the only seaport of the immense Republic of Bolivia. He makes, by the way, a singular mistake respecting the date of the foundation of Cobija, which was 1679, not 1619. An excursion to Chili affords a more cheerful picture. The traveller found the population of Valparaiso doubled since his former visit in 1838. He also speaks well of the capital, Santiago, and bears emphatic testimony to the merits of its University, which is distinguished in many branches of science, and is the only institution of the kind in South America that boasts a chair of Greek. The extraordinary fanaticism of the women of Santiago, the cause of so terrible a catastrophe a few years since, is a gloomy trait in a bright picture. Von Tschudi is inclined to ascribe it to physical causes. Some of his observations on the effects of acclimatization in Chili have an important bearing on the scientific controversies of the day. He finds, for example, that the Chilians suffer from heart disease to an extent unknown in any other country. A great mortality has lately been observed among the birds of the country, apparently occasioned by enlargement of the heart and liver. Dogs assume a peculiar type, approaching that of the hyæna. Acclimatized bees lose much of the virulence of their sting. On the other hand, the soporific principle of imported narcotic plants is highly intensified. The imported flora is beginning to displace the indigenous, as in Australia. Our traveller also visited Bolivia, where he made the acquaintance of the late President Linares, a man too wise and just for his distracted country. His tour in Peru is likewise highly interesting, and is enriched with numerous illustrations of Peruvian antiquities, and a very curious specimen of a hieroglyphical method of writing invented by an Indian in the present century.

General von Brandt § served with the French army in the Spanish war and the Russian expedition. His reminiscences constitute the first volume of his memoirs. They are highly entertaining, and afford a lively picture of the vicissitudes of campaigning in a hostile country. Some personal recollections of Napoleon are very graphic.

Sebastian Franck || was one of those restless spirits, cast up in periods of great popular commotion, who have too much originality and independence to identify themselves heartily with any party, and who consequently incur the enmity of all. He was a contemporary of Luther, and would generally be classed among the Reformers, but was too much of an innovator and too little of a sectarian to find himself at home with them. Luther styled him an enthusiast, but Franck's biographer, in adopting the designation, is careful to state that he employs it in the most honourable sense of which it is susceptible. His paradoxes were confined to religious subjects; he did not participate in the revolutionary and communistic movements which brought discredit on so many of the Reformers. In some respects he seems to have been a precursor of Quakerism. He was an historian as well as a theologian, and a most diligent translator and compiler. Hunted from city to city, equally obnoxious to Protestants and Romanists, he led a wandering life, and died in obscurity.

Anno*, Archbishop of Cologne from 1056 to 1075, appears to have been canonized, but fills a much more conspicuous place in the history of his country than in the calendar of his Church. He seems, indeed, to have been a zealous ecclesiastic, but chiefly appears in his biography as the hero of a succession of feuds in his capacity as a Prince of the Empire.

Diestel's "History of the Old Testament in the Christian Church" † comprises an account of all the commentaries composed upon it from the earliest ages of criticism down to our own. The stupendous industry required for the achievement of such a labour is no less apparent than the utility of the labour itself, if satisfactorily executed. We cannot pretend to say how far Dr. Diestel may be a faithful exponent of the authors he cites, but there can be no question as to the conciseness and lucidity of his analysis of their writings.

Dr. Redslob contends for an inner mystical sense in the New Testament ‡, something in the manner of Swedenborg, only that Swedenborg allowed the literal sense to subsist alongside of the allegorical, while Dr. Redslob, if we understand him rightly, would abolish it entirely in favour of the latter. He thinks that the narratives of the New Testament were invented as a veil for occult dogmas, and that the perception of this fact, and the intelligence of the dogmas in question, is denoted by the apostolic endowment of "speaking with tongues." This example of his system will probably be found sufficient.

Dr. Lehmann's analysis of the pseudo-Clementine writings § is an interesting and readable as well as a learned work. He arrives at the conclusion that these "Recognitions" fall into two great sections, respectively comprising the first three and the last seven books, the latter of which he considers to be modelled upon the other chief pseudo-Clementine production, the "Homilies."

Dr. Schmidt investigates the relation of Schleiermacher to the philosophy of Spinoza || in the spirit of a disciple of the former. He is determined that Schleiermacher shall retain all the credit which his patronage of Spinoza secured for him among philosophers, and is at the same time hardly less concerned to dissipate the suspicions which it naturally excited among theologians. It may be questioned whether these objects are wholly compatible with each other. Before determining the point, however, it is necessary to arrive at some clear understanding as to what Spinoza's system is. A slight examination is sufficient to establish the impenetrability either of the philosopher's works or of his commentator's heads. The most valuable part of Dr. Schmidt's book is his account of the numerous expositors who have severally, each to his own entire satisfaction, demonstrated the atheistic, the pantheistic, or the theistic character of the system of Spinoza.

The first volume of Lotze's *Mikrokosmus* ¶ has reached a second edition. It is a treatise against the materialism of the Vogt school, rather constructive, however, than polemical in its course of argument. It is written in a clear style, and with considerable ability, but the reasonings resorted to are such as materialists will hardly consent even to discuss.

Two recent productions of the German press are too important to be omitted from any survey of its contemporary condition, while at the same time their highly technical character precludes any satisfactory discussion of their merits in this place. They are Westphal's** philosophical German Grammar, and Bethmann-Hollweg's†† work on the Germano-Roman law of the middle ages. Each is by a writer of first-rate eminence in his department. Still more abstruse but less important is Dr. Baumann's ‡‡ volume (the first of a set) on "time, space, and mathematics in modern philosophy."

The first volume of a series of works on Roman history and archæology treats on the least inviting of all Roman subjects, the Calendar.§§ The work is, however, very erudite and valuable, and promises well for the success of the series which it commences.

Wilhelm Ludwig Wekhrlin||||, a political, philosophical, and

* *Mittheilungen aus Justus Perthes' geographischen Anstalt über wichtige neue Erforschungen auf dem Gesammtgebiete der Geographie.* Von Dr. A. Petermann. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate. 1869.

† *Das deutsche Land in seinen charakteristischen Zügen und seiner Beziehungen zu Geschichte und Leben der Menschen.* Von Dr. J. Kutzen. 2 Bde. Breslau: Hirt. London: Nutt.

‡ *Reisen durch Südamerika.* Von J. J. Von Tschudi. Bd. 5. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Aus dem Leben des Generals von Infanterie H. von Brandt.* Th. 1. Berlin: Mittler. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Sebastian Franck von Wörd, der Schwärmgeist. Ein Beitrag zur Reformationsgeschichte.* Von Dr. C. A. Hase. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Anno II. der Heilige, Erzbischof von Köln.* Von Dr. T. Lindner. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte des Alten Testaments in der christlichen Kirche.* Von L. Diestel. Jena: Manks. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die kanonischen Evangelien als geheime kanonische Gesetzgebung in Form von Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben Jesu.* Von Dr. G. M. Redslob. Leipzig: Brockaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Clementinischen Schriften, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf ihr literarisches Verhältniss.* Von Dr. J. Lehmann. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Spinoza und Schleiermacher. Die Geschichte ihrer Systeme und ihr gegenseitiges Verhältniss.* Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Mikrokosmus. Versuch einer Anthropologie.* Von Hermann Lotze. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Philosophisch-historische Grammatik der deutschen Sprache.* Von R. Westphal. Jena: Mauke. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Der germanisch-romanische Civilprozess im Mittelalter.* Von M. A. von Bethmann-Hollweg. Bd. 1. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Die Lehren von Raum, Zeit und Mathematik in der neueren Philosophie.* Von Dr. J. J. Baumann. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Römische Studien.* Th. 1. Das alte römische Jahr und seine Tage. Von P. E. Huschke. Breslau: Hirt. London: Nutt.

|||| *Wilhelm Ludwig Wekhrlin. Leben und Auswahl seiner Schriften. Zur Culturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. F. W. Ebeling. Berlin: Köppen. London: Nutt.

satirical writer of the latter half of the last century, deserves to be held in honour by his countrymen for his persevering efforts to break up the torpor and stagnation of public life in Germany. His writings were seasonable and effective in their day, but have only an historical interest in ours; nor can we consider that the author, acute and lively pamphleteer as he was, deserves the eminent position to which the zeal of his biographer and editor, Dr. Ebeling, would exalt him. His chief merit is to have contributed to popularize French ideas in Germany, which by no means sets him on a level with the originators of those ideas in France. Dr. Ebeling's work is too ambitious for the subject.

A new edition of Wasielewski's Life of Schumann * is enriched with some letters not previously published. The work in its present form is hardly adapted for the English public, but now that Schumann's music is beginning to be known among us, we apprehend that an abridgment of it might be attempted with success. It is a far more interesting book than Von Hellborn's Life of Schubert, which has been translated twice over. Schubert's existence was so retired, and his intimacies were of so commonplace a nature, that his biography hardly discloses a trace of the opulence of fancy and feeling which he must certainly have possessed. Schumann was himself the most reserved of men, but his circle of acquaintance was wide, his biography has been undertaken while his memory is still fresh, an extensive correspondence has been preserved, many incidents in his life were peculiarly adapted to elicit traits of character, and from all these circumstances combined we obtain a vivid and a tolerably complete portrait. As a psychological study, his unostentatious figure is more interesting than the fascinating personality of Mendelssohn, or the adventurous career of Weber. There is not in the whole range of biography an instance of an artist's life more purely and simply consecrated to Art.

Herr C. H. Bitter has supplemented his valuable biography of Sebastian Bach by an account of that great musician's hardly less famous son Emanuel, and the brothers of the latter.† The work is partly biographical, partly musical, but technical details preponderate, and it is not likely to be much referred to except by musical readers. The penury of biographical details is the sufficient apology for this method of treatment. Emanuel Bach's life was tranquil and uneventful; the nature of the compositions to which he devoted himself precluded his becoming a conspicuous public character like Gluck, or a popular idol like Weber or Rossini; and although his contemporaries rendered the fullest homage to his genius, they have preserved hardly any particulars of his life. His reputation has considerably declined since his death, and Herr Bitter appears to a certain extent in the character of a vindicator and apologist. At the same time he does not spare what he regards as the shortcomings of his hero, whose great service, according to him, is to have adapted his father's style of composition to the technical improvements effected in his own days. The elder brother, Friedemann Bach, adhered obstinately to the manner of his father, whose genius he was unable to rival. He thus fell behind the world in every sense, and died in distress, partly occasioned by his own impracticable temper and dissipated habits. Johann Christian, the younger brother, followed an opposite course. Greedy of gain and careless of renown, he devoted his fine talents to the gratification of the frivolous taste of his day, and has been requited by the total oblivion of posterity. The wide diffusion and long persistence of musical talent in the race of Bach is a most curious phenomenon, and justifies the elaborate research which Herr Bitter has bestowed upon the family genealogy.

"Musical Character-Portraits," ‡ by Otto Gumprecht, are a series of essays on Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer. They are very pleasant reading, and the criticism is genial and liberal, but seems to embody the floating mass of popular opinion with little pretension to originality.

Vilmar's manual of German popular poetry § is an excellent little work, very clear in its delineation of this interesting subject, and illustrated by some well-selected specimens.

Anson, by R. Avé-Lallemant‖, is a curiosity in its way. It is the story of Anson's famous voyage, recounted with great exactness in very musical octave stanzas. The writer's poetical powers are not inconsiderable, and he has produced a very pleasing narrative poem. A little volume of fables ¶ has all the point, and only the point, that can be conferred by a liberal exhibition of spaced printing—the German substitute for italics.

Friedrich Spielhagen ** is one of the best of modern German novelists, but resembles all other German novelists, good and bad, in succeeding better in short tales than in three-volume novels. His "Village Coquette" is a very charming story, simple in plot, animated in style, and perfectly true to nature: not devoid of tragic interest, but ending happily, as a novel should to be entirely satisfactory. Three short novels *, the most recent issues from well-known libraries of cheap fiction, put forth no great pretensions on their own account, but may be recommended as good light reading for students of the language.

The most important article in the last number of the *Jahrbücher für Kunstwissenschaft* † is a description of the churches and monuments of Ravenna, by J. R. Rahn. It is very elaborate, and copiously illustrated. *Unsere Zeit* ‡ has its usual able digests of information on subjects of contemporary interest. Russia, Abyssinia, Mexico, Japan, and the German tariff are treated of with peculiar exhaustiveness.

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* *Robert Schumann. Eine Biographie.* Von J. W. von Wasielewski. Zweite verbesserte Auflage. Dresden: Kuntze. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Carl Philipp Emanuel und Wilhelm Friedemann Bach und deren Brüder.* Von C. H. Bitter. 2 Bde. Berlin: Müller. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Musikalische Charakterbilder.* Von Otto Gumprecht. Leipzig: Gumprecht. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Handbüchlein für Freunde des deutschen Volksliedes.* Von A. F. J. Vilmar. Marburg: Koch. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Anson.* Von R. Avé-Lallemant. Altona: Mentzel. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *Spaziergänge im Fabelkleide.* Hamburg: Richter. London: Nutt.

** *Die Dorfcoquette. Eine Erzählung.* Von F. Spielhagen. Schwerin: Hildebrand. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Entfesselte Furien. Culturhistorischer Roman.* Von M. A. Niendorf. Berlin: Lesser. London: Nutt.

Die Freier der Markgräfin. Historische Novelle. Von George Hiltl. Berlin: Lesser. London: Nutt.

Es regnet. Eine Münchener Geschichte. Von K. A. Heigel. Berlin; Lesser. London: Nutt.

† *Jahrbücher für Kunstwissenschaft.* Herausgegeben von Dr. A. von Zahn. Jahrg. 1, Hft. 4. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Nutt.

‡ *Unsere Zeit. Deutsche Revue der Gegenwart.* Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 699, MARCH 20, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 700, Vol. 27. March 27, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE DIVISION.

EVERY one knew that the second reading of the Irish Church Bill would be carried by a very large majority; and so easy was it to calculate the result of the division, that opinions only differed as to how nearly the majority would approach to a hundred and twenty, and how much it would exceed a hundred and ten. There were not half a dozen men whose votes were at all doubtful. The constituencies have taken very good care to let their representatives know without any mistake what on this stirring subject are the views of those whom they represent. That the second reading has been carried by a majority of one hundred and eighteen is, therefore, not at all a startling or unexpected event. But it is an exceedingly important one. It is satisfactory that a question raising such large issues, heralding as it inevitably will so many great changes, and affecting so deeply persons of all classes and creeds, should have been settled once for all by the largest majority known in the House of Commons for more than thirty years. Never was an issue more fairly, seriously, or solemnly taken. It is just a year ago that Mr. DISRAELI wrote his Maundy Thursday letter, and warned the country of the dreadful plot being got up against the Crown by Romanists and Ritualists; and now the designs of these terrible people, designs at that period described as involving an evil worse than that of a foreign conquest, have been approved, after an election which turned Mr. DISRAELI out on this very point. If England has gone wrong in the matter, it has gone wrong very deliberately, and with full warning. A great step in national history has been taken, from which there is no receding; and although the measure is, we believe, not only just and wise, but indispensable, yet we do not think that any one ought to shut his eyes to the serious consequences it may entail. With many of the prophecies of woe which have been uttered during the debate we have no kind of sympathy. The Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland is sure to get on well enough if any one really wants it there, and sure to fade away if it is not wanted. In half a century it will have used or neglected the great opportunity now given it of showing what amount of stuff and life there is really in it. The Irish Protestants will be just as loyal and industrious and energetic in two years' time as they are now. The clergy of all denominations may be less sore, and can scarcely be more sore, than they are now. But on two points the alarmists seem to us to be quite right. The disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church cannot fail to affect the English Church. The minds of men have been turned in the direction of leaving all religious bodies to themselves. The argument that the State can do perfectly well without a national religion will tell on both sides of the Channel, and how serious will be the discussion when it is raised as to the English Church may easily be learnt by any one who cares to weigh what Mr. LOWE meant when he said that he objected to a disestablished Church retaining great endowments, as that would be to set up a theocracy in the middle of a nation. Then, again, it is impossible to believe that this division will not inspire the Irish with hopes which must some day be disappointed. Mr. BRIGHT openly and courageously avowed that Fenianism had been one of the most immediate causes of the proposal to treat the Established Church as the majority of Irishmen would wish it to be treated. Irishmen will certainly think that a resettlement of the land, and probably will think that a Repeal of the Union, may be obtained, if enough noise is made, and England is sufficiently terrified. Sooner or later they will have to find out their mistake, and we are not sure whether the disenchantment may not come as soon as they wake to the fact that the proposals of the Ministry that has done so much to please them about the Church are, as to the land, to be confined within the miserable limits of political economy. These are very considerable risks to run, and the division of the week may be taken as a sign that England, having counted the cost, is still determined to run them. In politics the risk of standing still is sometimes greater than the risk of moving on, and now the determination to move on, as the less dangerous course of the two, has been taken. It is an immense advantage that this determination has been taken and manifested with a decisiveness which will spare us further wavering, and prevent us from losing through irresolution the advantages that moving on promises to ensure us.

The debate and the division must be taken together. The Ministry has not only been supported by a compact and overwhelming majority; it has not only carried the second reading of the Bill; it has established conclusively, to the mind of Parliament and of the country, three most important points—that the Irish Church must be dealt with, that there is no alternative plan or scheme of dealing with it, and that the Government plan of dealing with it is not susceptible of much improvement, or open to much alteration. Even Mr. HARDY must admit that some sort of Irish Church Bill is now inevitable. But neither he nor any one else has a rival scheme to offer. Mr. GLADSTONE commented with excusable exultation on the complete manner in which the labours and reports of the unfortunate Irish Church Commission have been snuffed out. No one had a single word to say for them and their proposals. Mr. HARDY said that he was not bound to stick up for them, and he certainly did not stick up for them. Dr. BALL, who was supposed to be the guiding spirit of the Commission, had no faith in the suggestions which he once took so much trouble to frame, and was occupied with a novel anxiety and distress in his fear lest Maynooth should not be treated as well as it deserves. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's plan of disestablishing the Church, and taking away half its property, was a plan that has cost its honest author the Chancellorship, but which has never occurred to more than one mind in the country; and its own supporter promised to abandon it directly the House pronounced, as it has done, in favour of the Government. Nor were any important objections to the details of the Bill suggested. The division must be taken to have decided that disestablishment and disendowment shall both be entire. All objections therefore to details in the Bill which rested on objections to entire disestablishment or entire disendowment must be considered as disposed of. Many Opposition speakers complained that there was nothing generous in the treatment of the Irish clergy. Supposing there is not, what generosity, it may be asked, is compatible with entire disendowment? Dr. BALL again thought that the landlords were not treated nearly well enough, thus differing from Mr. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who thought that they had been openly and coarsely bribed. We should certainly not have expected a speaker of the ability of Dr. BALL to urge the argument that they are especially aggrieved by having to support their clergy, because they will at the same time have to pay the tithe rent-charge. How are they worse off than their neighbours? The tithe rent-charge is a bit of the produce of the land which never belonged to them, which was no more theirs, and which no more came into their income or was deducted from it, than the produce of a field outside their boundary. At the end of forty-five years the State is going to make them a present of those fields just outside their boundaries. Meantime, if they give out of their incomes to their clergy they will do exactly what the Protestant bootmaker or grocer of the nearest town will do, and we can only hope they will do as much. Dr. BALL will have been doing a very bad turn to his Church if he has encouraged Irish landlords to excuse the meanness so natural to rich people by alleging that, with their heavy payments for the tithe rent-

charge, they cannot be expected to do much more for the parsons. All the objections to the details of the Bill that will bear examination are easy to deal with. Possibly 1660 is not the right date at which to draw the line as to private endowments. It may turn out that argument may show that the year 1634 is theoretically the more defensible point as a beginning of the calculations; but if Dr. BALL is right in saying that no means exist of proving any private endowment antecedent to the reign of Queen ANNE, the House of Commons need not waste time on a purely imaginary speculation. It is said to be hard for incumbents and curates not to be able to change the scene of their service; but then, as Mr. GLADSTONE replies, let them change, if they like, with the assent of the new ecclesiastical body which will regulate the affairs of the Church. The amount to be paid to Maynooth is said by Mr. HARDY to be far too much, and by Dr. BALL to be far too little; the Government wishes earnestly to give the right sum, and will be glad to listen to conflicting arguments from the Opposition in order to guide its decision. The compensation to Maynooth is said to be given from the wrong source; and it is urged that the Consolidated Fund should supply it, so that more money may be available for lunatic asylums in Ireland. The Government is of a contrary opinion, and thinks that the claims of the British taxpayer to relief ought to prevail over those of the Irish payers of county-cess. But if Parliament, as representing the British taxpayer, likes to put this additional bonus in the pockets of the fortunate Irish owner or occupier of land, the Government need feel no shame or scruple in yielding to the wishes of Parliament on such a matter.

There is also another sense in which the division must be taken in connexion with the debate. No vote of any of those present was, we may be sure, affected by any speech or any argument, but the country is influenced by the general tone and character of a debate; and the Government has triumphed, not only because it had a majority of a hundred and eighteen, but also because the division closed a debate in which it had carried off almost all the laurels. No new speaker, indeed, made any great mark on the Ministerial side, unless the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland is to be called a new speaker, which to nine Englishmen out of ten he practically is. We believe that few persons in this country had ever heard his name until they found with what vigour and effect he had answered Dr. BALL. The speech of the English SOLICITOR-GENERAL was disappointing. It was wordy and without force, and seemed poor and ineffective after Sir ROUNDELL PALMER. Probably Sir JOHN COLERIDGE was taken by surprise, as he well might be, and was not prepared to answer offhand a person who was supposed to be an opponent, and who was discovered to be for entire disestablishment, and for taking away half the property of the Church. But Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. LOWE, and Mr. GLADSTONE never spoke better than in this debate. It is as useful as it is elevating to have a Government speaker who supports what clergymen and squires think the naughty side of a question, in a high stream of fervent and unaffected piety. Mr. BRIGHT is the only man in Parliament who could say the things he does, and encourage his hearers to look on following him as a religious duty, without shocking the taste and grating against the feelings of an assembly that hates above all things theological rhetoric. But there can be no doubt that when it seems natural to a speaker to give his oratory a religious turn, the effect that is produced is very great; and Mr. BRIGHT is never for a moment troubled with the thought that, if he may assume that the Supreme Being will be pleased at seeing the Irish Church destroyed, Mr. HARDY may also assume that the Supreme Being will be pleased at seeing the Irish Church upheld. Mr. LOWE did not, apparently, produce as much immediate effect upon the House as the intrinsic merits of his speech justified. Nothing could have been more terse, pointed, and suggestive than the bulk of his remarks. What he said was lively and epigrammatic, and sometimes a little hard and overbearing, but it was pregnant with material for the most serious thought. It showed that there was no part of the great Irish question as to which he had not formed a clear opinion, based on grounds that he had reasoned out. Whether his opinions were right or wrong is another matter. Mr. LOWE is not a man whose opinions are to be disposed of in a hasty paragraph. But at any rate he had got a theory about corporations, and not, like most people about him, a half theory, and he showed that he had followed the problem of what limits a State should impose on religious bodies far beyond the limits suggested by the one instance of the Irish Church. Mr. GLADSTONE's reply just before the division was so happy, so vigorous, and so full of buoyancy and the delight of victory, that it greatly enhanced to his followers the pleasure of taking part in the triumph of so conspicuous an orator. Almost all oratory is full of art, if not of tricks, and the turn of associating the waning hours of the night with the lapse of the last brief period of the existence of the Irish Church, making men feel as if the hands of the clock would record the decisiveness of the blow they were dealing, was, to say the least, in the best style of that oratory that does not disdain to be artificial. Against all this the Conservatives had only to set the speech of Mr. HARDY; for Dr. BALL, like Mr. DISRAELI, departed altogether from the true standing-point of Conservatism, and ended by suggesting that the religion of the Church selected as the only true lamp of Protestantism should be supplemented by a higher position and greater wealth being given to the Church whose delusive glare she was established to extinguish. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER made one of the best speeches in the debate, but his speech only redounded to his own credit, and separated him much more from the Opposition than from the Government. Easter, therefore, finds the Government with a compact and firm majority, with a policy towards Ireland recognised as inevitable and almost unassailable, and with the palm of oratory to give glory to its success. No Government could occupy a better position, and it is only to be hoped that the advantage may be so used that the Bill may be got through the Commons without delay and without renewal of bitterness.

THE BELGIAN SURRENDER.

THE Belgian Government has lacked either the courage or the ability to stand on its clear rights. The identical Note published by the *Moniteur Belge* and the *Journal Officiel* is expressed with more than Imperial obscurity, but the gist of it comes to this, that the French Government has willed there shall be a Belgian question, and a Belgian question there is. The concession is decently draped, but there is real flesh and blood underneath it. "The introduction by the "Government of, and the vote by the Chamber on, the Rail-"way Bill has given rise to animadversions in France;" and the Belgian Government has consequently thought it right "to forward to Paris thoroughly frank and loyal explanations." A mixed Commission will "examine the divers industrial "questions arising from the existing relations and from the "treaties recently proposed for the cession and working of the "Belgian railways." The object of this Commission is "to "give mutual proof of friendship and confidence," and its result will be "to develop the commercial and industrial "relations of the two countries." Every one of these statements suggests matter for grave reflection. It is true that the Railway Bill has given rise to "animadversions "in France." This is decidedly a mild way of putting the facts. Ever since the Belgian Legislature, acting in entire accordance with the Belgian Government, displayed the wicked desire to do what it would with its own, the French semi-official press has kept up an intermittent chorus of execration and remonstrance. At one time it talked of commercial reprisals, at another it hinted at immediate annexation. Now it whined about distrust, and now it blustered about defiance. The dignity of an independent State allowed of one treatment of this challenge. Silence absolute and contemptuous was the only attitude the KING's Ministers ought to have assumed in the face of so unprovoked and inexcusable an insult. To notice it in any way whatever was to concede the point in dispute. If it be once granted that Belgium is accountable to France for an act of municipal legislation, her whole position in the European system is altered. She becomes a dependency of France. There are degrees of dependence, no doubt, and some of them are compatible with all the externals of free action. But a State whose nominal sovereignty has never been impugned may be wholly wanting in the essential characteristics of that condition. England under CHARLES II. was united by no open bond to France under LOUIS XIV., but she was not the less a satellite of her mighty neighbour. And so Belgium, without any formal surrender of her immunities as a neutralized State, may yet be reduced to a similar state of submission to the France of NAPOLEON III. In recognising these "animadversions" as a fact which called for explanations on their part, the Belgian Ministers have, as we cannot but fear, taken the first step in this direction. We have no wish to exaggerate the importance of the act, or to represent it as either decisive or irretrievable. But, so far as it goes, it is of the character described. If there were to be any "frank and loyal explanations" in the business, they should have been forwarded from Paris to Brussels, not from Brussels to Paris. Belgium had acted strictly within her right; it was France that had given the provocation, and it

is consequently France that ought to have been ready with the explanations. As coming from the Belgian Government they can have but one meaning. They imply that the "ani-"madversions" had some foundation in reason; that, however exaggerated may have been the language of her assailants, Belgium has not been wholly guiltless. To admit this is to recognise a right on the part of France to dictate what shall be the domestic legislation of another country; and we repeat, that to do this is to concede the whole point in dispute.

The reason assigned for the appointment of the Commission seems as nearly as possible the direct contrary of the truth. Instead of being a proof of "friendship and confidence," it is rather a proof of enmity and alarm. If the dispositions of the French Government towards Belgium were what they profess to be, it would not make the "animadversions" of which it is itself the author a ground for demanding material concessions under the guise of commercial "developments." If the Belgian Government were not inclined to suspect the designs of France, it would have no object in buying off the hostility it fears. What are the precise apprehensions entertained by M. Frère Orban and his colleagues it is not so easy to say, but that their assent to the French proposal implies uneasiness of some kind is obvious on the face of things. A strong Power may sometimes make concessions to a weak one out of pure good nature, or from a desire not to appear overbearing. But the converse process is seldom, if ever, met with. A small State is forced to stand more doggedly on its dignity than a great one, and for this reason its concessions count for so much the more. Belgium would never have abandoned her impregnable position on the railway question unless the cost of maintaining it had seemed too great to be incurred willingly. Up to this point we are on firm ground; beyond this point we enter at once into a region of pure speculation. Whether M. Frère Orban saw cause for thinking that, without such a surrender on his part, the French Government might be tempted to make good the threats of its own inspired journals, whether he feared that Napoleon III. and Count Bismark would make friends over a prostrate Belgium, whether in such an event he distrusted the efficacious interference of the other guaranteeing Powers—are points upon which no satisfactory answer is at present attainable. M. Frère Orban may have been influenced by one and all of these possibilities. The language of the French semi-official press was certainly alarming, and though the Emperor of the French has often proved himself ready to eat his own words, it is never safe to reckon upon his indefinite persistence in so distasteful a diet. Count Bismark has not of late shown any inclination to make things pleasant for France, but on the other hand he has no special affection for small States, and might be content to let Belgium go, if by so doing he could cross the Main without having a war with France on his hands. Of the other guaranteeing Powers, Austria is too weak, and Russia is too remote, to make their support of much practical value. And England might not be disposed to bring on a European war by defending Belgium when peace might be secured by leaving her to her fate. The correctness of these calculations is a different matter. So far as England is concerned, we believe that they are entirely erroneous; but if anything of the sort has been occupying the minds of King Leopold's advisers, we can hardly feel much surprise at the course they have taken.

But what, it may be asked, can be the value to the French Government of such a Commission as that now agreed on? In answering this question, it is well to bear in mind that the motives of Napoleon III. are not always to be judged from the circumstances under which the steps prompted by them are actually taken. The Emperor likes to have several irons in the fire at once, and he may be demanding a concession from Belgium simply as a colourable pretext for abandoning a design which he cherished a month ago and now no longer entertains. Supposing him to have meant mischief in the first instance, it was clearly necessary to prepare the minds of his subjects by a course of semi-official invective, and if he has since seen reason to change his plans, it is necessary to put forward some plea in order to account for his change of attitude. Besides this object, however, there are two alternative results of the Commission, one or other of which the Emperor may reasonably regard as worth having. The proposals with reference to "the "industrial and commercial relations of the two countries" which are to be the crown of its labours may be to the advantage of France, and thus Belgium will have had to pay in solid value for her self-assertion in the matter of the Great Luxemburg Railway. Or they may be to the advantage of Belgium, and then it may be safely predicted that the Emperor will only carry them out in return for the ratification of the contract with the Eastern of France to which, rightly or wrongly, he attaches so much military importance. In whatever light we regard it, the appointment of the Commission does not bode well for the permanent tranquillity of Europe.

THE DEBATE.

If the Opposition has been defeated by a crushing majority, it is not from any want of having argued ably against the Irish Church Bill. The leader of the Conservative party was, indeed, powerless. He could not do more than invent some kind of theory that would show intellectual dexterity and keep together his party. For him to defend the Irish Church with anything like ardour and efficiency was impossible. He was, as Mr. Lowe truly said of him, obliged to advocate it on grounds which would have been equally applicable whether the Irish Church was the worst or the best of human institutions. But the Bill found three opponents who, each in his way, made out as strong a case against it as could be made from the point of view he adopted. But then these three opponents took lines, not only divergent, but totally opposed to each other. It is the advantage of an opposing minority that it can do this safely and at ease. It can attack a Bill from any side, and its members can agree to reject a measure, although the reasons on which they reject it would immediately separate them if they had to act. On the other hand, the majority is only fortified in its resolution to carry a measure when it finds itself opposed on irreconcileable grounds. Mr. Hardy's case was that there is no Irish difficulty at all. The Irish have no wrongs or grievances. The Irish Church is a successful thriving institution, daily extending its just influence, making converts, spreading the true religion, deserving thoroughly well of the State, needing no reform. Dr. Ball's case is that there is an Irish difficulty, and that the Irish Church is not sufficient for the needs of the Irish nation. But all voluntaryism fails, and must fail. The proper thing therefore is to make the religion of the Irish people efficient, and the true remedy for Irish discontent is that the State should handsomely endow the Roman Catholic clergy. Sir Roundell Palmer's case is that there is much discontent in Ireland, and that a large portion of this discontent arises from the position of the Irish Church. As this position has only been created, and is only maintained, for the public good, it must be changed so far as the public good demands. It is entirely a question of how far to go. For disestablishment Sir Roundell Palmer pronounces absolutely, and he thinks one-half of the property of the Irish Church should be taken away from it. But he sees no reason why the other half should be taken. The public good may receive all the consideration it needs without taking away this half; and, if so, those who have got ought to be allowed to keep it.

The arguments of Mr. Hardy and of Dr. Ball are easily stated, and from the Liberal point of view easily answered. But the speeches in which those arguments were conveyed were both excellent. That of Dr. Ball produced perhaps a greater effect when heard than it is likely to do when read. As reported, it seems able and ingenious, but not much more. Mr. Hardy's speech, on the other hand, reads as the very best exposition of the true Conservative theory on the Irish Church that could have been given. He is a Tory after the heart of Tories, troubled with no misgivings, descending into no subtleties, escaping from difficulties by no side-paths, and yet able to state a case in a bold, intelligent, and masterly way. The Conservative party have not had such a leader for many years. Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Disraeli have always been somewhat alienated from their party, because their minds were shot with streaks of Liberalism; they could not be quite comfortable in ignoring obvious facts, and could not be quite satisfied with a theory of politics coherent in itself and by no means ignoble, but weak because out of harmony with the thoughts, the tendencies, and the events of the modern world. But Mr. Hardy is quite sublime as a Tory. At this time of day he honestly thinks that there is no Irish question. The Irish are, it is true, a little excited; but that is because their rulers foolishly stimulate their weak and barbarous minds with hopes of change. All that Ireland wants, Mr. Hardy said, with what may be termed heroic innocence, is a few years of peaceful industry; and the way he thinks to make them peaceful and industrious is to convince them that their lot is fixed, that the Irish Church shall be for ever established in their midst, that the land shall remain for ever in the hands that now hold it, and that the law shall always be triumphantly upheld. We quite believe that Mr. Hardy spoke with the utmost sincerity when he said that, if this policy were resolutely upheld, he saw no reason why Cork and Limerick should not

in a few years become great manufacturing towns. The Conservatives must be really delighted with a man who, with the ability and vigour of Mr. HARDY, assures them, without any idea of educating or instructing them, but in simple language, and from the bottom of his heart, that he believes that the people of Cork, if they can but be made to understand once for all that England will attend to none of their complaints, will at once set up a great number of prosperous factories. Mr. HARDY carries the same heartiness of statement into the exposition of his views on the Church. He thinks it is quite wrong to count only Protestant Episcopalians as served by the clergy of the Irish Church. The whole population of an English parish is counted among the parishioners of an English clergyman, and so it ought to be in Ireland. The Roman Catholics as well as the Protestants are the parishioners of an Irish clergyman, and he ministers to the wants of all. Some of his parishioners will only accept secular aid from him, just as is the case in England, but he gives them all secular aid impartially, and would be most glad to give them religious aid if they would let him. And as a matter of fact he does give them religious aid of a most valuable though peculiar kind. He fills them with the seeds of Protestantism. While the Irish stay in Ireland these seeds come to nothing. They are like the ears of wheat boxed up with Egyptian mummies. But only let the Irish cross the Atlantic, and then these seeds show their latent energy, and sprout into Protestant convictions, as the mummy-wheat grows and fructifies if brought over the sea and potted in England. Mr. HARDY is a real thoroughgoing Tory, not a half-hearted one like Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who says that it is not the business of the Irish Church to make converts. Mr. HARDY takes the high tone. It is the task of the Irish Church to proselytize, and it fulfils its task successfully. That the Roman Catholic priests hate the Irish Church is of course true. But why do they hate it? Not for any good reason; not because they and their religion are not well treated; not because they have not the highest consideration always shown them, but simply because they are like HAMAN, and are dissatisfied in the midst of their own prosperity by the thought that MORDECAI is sitting in the gate. It would be equally useless and in bad taste to criticize these views. The true way to enjoy and appreciate Mr. HARDY is to take him just at he is. It would be like making a fine old Eastern patriarch wash himself and dress in an evening black suit, if we pared down to the Liberal standard the mind of a man who believes that nothing is needed at Cork but utter political despondency for the establishment of cotton-mills, who considers that the Irish clergyman is successful in converting his Catholic parishioners, and who thinks that the priests and their clique are like the naughty HAMAN, jealous of the good MORDECAI, whom ESTHER and all right-minded Jews love so dearly.

Dr. BALL'S Toryism is of a very different kind. It is the Toryism of a man who has been a Liberal almost all his life, and now separates from his old party on a great question. His speech contained many criticisms on the details of the Bill; but it also contained one leading expression of opinion against its whole principle. What Dr. BALL rested his hostility to the Bill on was the impossibility of a voluntary Church succeeding. There must be endowments if a Church is to be what it ought to be; and if the Church of the minority is to be endowed, so ought the Church of the majority to be. This is totally opposed to the views of Mr. HARDY. It gives up establishment; it gives up any notion of keeping alight the lamp of Protestantism; it gives up the whole idea of a national religion. The duty of the State, according to those who agree with Dr. BALL, is not to decide between one religion and another, but to get every sort of religion as good of its kind as possible. Mr. BRIGHT answered Dr. BALL by saying that the voluntary system had been tried in Ireland itself with the greatest success, for Roman Catholicism is only a voluntary system there. But this is not an answer to Dr. BALL, if Dr. BALL is to be met on his own ground. Few Englishmen would be prepared to say that Irish Roman Catholicism is a good kind of Catholicism. On the contrary, it seems an exceptionally bad kind. If the true policy is for the State to give every kind of religious body money, in order to persuade it to be the best thing it can be after its own type, the present character of Roman Catholicism in Ireland is a reason for endowing the Roman clergy there rather than for not endowing them. No one can doubt that State endowments produce in religious bodies, or at least have a strong tendency to produce, these results—learning in the clergy, dislike of violent religious change, and submissiveness to the secular authorities. Are these good things? If so, are they worth paying highly for? and if so, is it the business or duty of the State to pay for them? Dr. BALL answers all these questions in the affirmative, and it would carry us into far too wide a field of discussion to attempt to show that he is not right. But whether he is right or not, we may remark that, in the first place, his view is not at all the view of the party with which he now acts; in the next place, if this is the duty of a State, England has a frightful burden of duty imposed on her, for we ought to pay the Hindoos in India to give us the best kind of Brahminism, and the Mahometans to give us the best kind of Mahometanism; and, lastly, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, the proposal is wholly impossible. If this is the best remedy for Ireland, we must give up the best remedy and take the second best, which, for anything Dr. BALL saw, may be the plan of the Government. There is a fraction of the Conservative party, and perhaps a fraction of the Liberal party, that agrees with Dr. BALL; but no candidate ventured even so much as to name such a project to his constituents; and a scheme for the endowment of all creeds, out of new funds to be provided by the British taxpayer, is not really within the sphere of practical politics at all.

Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S arguments are not easy to state, and are very difficult to answer. His general attitude towards the question of the Irish Church is that of Mr. GLADSTONE, not of Mr. HARDY—of a Liberal, not of a Conservative. He thinks there is a very pressing Irish question; he wants the policy of England towards Ireland to be altered. He is for total disestablishment. He thinks a great portion—no less than one-half—of the property of the Church should be taken away from it, and he approves of the proposed destination of the surplus. There is hardly a shred of agreement between him and the bulk of the Conservative party. He acknowledges that the State is quite justified in getting rid of a State religion. He does not think it any part of the necessary duty of a State to control or improve a Church; he does not think that a State needs such sanctification as it gets from keeping up an institution like the Irish Church. He thinks that, if the public good demands it, the State may apply to such purposes as it thinks fit the property of religious corporations. But he meets the Government by saying—The considerations of the public good which you suggest convince me that it would be advisable to take away a part of the property of the Church, but not all. When the funds now in the hands of religious corporations are applied to purposes which we now consider detrimental to the public good, such as the maintenance of the splendour of our Established Church, or where those funds, as in parishes with very small Protestant congregations, are applied to what experience shows is the unattainable object of spreading the religion of the conquerors, by all means take away these funds and apply them as you like. We confess we are not able to see on what grounds Sir ROUNDELL PALMER thinks that the State ought to appropriate all the funds in the hands of the Church Commissioners for the repair of churches, for that is a minor matter. But he goes on to urge that, where there is a religious corporation—that is, an incumbent enjoying a local revenue having no connexion with the Church merely as an Established Church and its consequent splendour—and when the object of that corporation, which object is the ministering to the spiritual wants of a Protestant congregation, is being fulfilled—where, that is, there is a good-sized Protestant congregation with an endowed Protestant clergyman to minister to them—there is no reason why the endowment should be taken away. The object to which the endowment is applied is a good one, it is practically attained, and it is in no way bound up with establishment or disestablishment. Why should not such a corporation retain its endowment? Corporations may be, as Mr. LOWE said, the creatures of the State, and can be made or unmade; but it certainly is for the interest of the community that, when a corporation is dissolved or its property taken from it, the change should be made on some intelligible principles. A corporation holding property should be permitted to hold it until the public good demands that it shall not be allowed to hold it any longer. The monasteries, for example, were dissolved, and their property taken from them, because England thought that it was a bad thing to have monasteries; but no one can say that England thinks it a bad thing to have Protestant congregations served by clergymen living on endowments instead of subscriptions. Mr. GLADSTONE objected that Sir ROUNDELL PALMER would take endowments from the poor, and leave them to the rich; and Mr. LOWE said Sir ROUNDELL PALMER was like SAUL, who destroyed all the lean cattle, but kept alive all the fat ones. But this does not seem to us conclusive. It may be quite right, for example, to take the endowments away from a poor little grammar-school which no one attends, and yet to leave them to Eton or

Rugby. Why do we do this? Because we look to see whether the corporation has or has not fulfilled its object. Precedents, so far as they are worth anything, are against the Government. In Canada the clergy were not stripped of all endowments derived from the State, but only of so much as public policy seemed to demand. In New York the Protestant Episcopalian Church was allowed to hold the land with which it had been endowed in the days of English government. The real answer to Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is that all these local funds must be looked on as parts of a whole, destined to promote the common end of imposing on a conquered people the religion of the conquerors. The general destruction of these funds has given rise to a discontent which we recognise as legitimate, because we do not hold it to be just to take the religious funds of the conquered for the purpose of maintaining the religion of the conquerors. As between Ireland and England all the funds of the Irish Church are devoted to a wrong purpose. It is decided that it is for the public good to take them all away, and apply them all to a good purpose, and the first criterion of a good purpose is that it shall not excite discontent in that portion of the Irish people which has hitherto been prejudiced by the malappropriation of these funds. If this is the true test, then the endowment of the clergy of thriving Protestant congregations is not a good purpose. It would continue the existing discontent, for these Protestant congregations would be perpetually benefited by the inheritance of that which originally accrued to them from a wrongful source. We get to a point in such matters where legal reasoning can carry us no further. Somebody must decide whether the discontent of Ireland, if any part of the spoils of the conquered Church were left in the hands of Protestant congregations, would be deep, permanent, and legitimate enough to be a national evil, and a Government backed by a majority of 118 has come to the decision that this would be the case.

MR ROEBUCK'S POLITICAL LEGACY.

MR. ROEBUCK'S Sheffield friends are quite right in paying him a compliment, and it may be hoped that they appreciate the lecture which they have received in return. A man of considerable ability cannot have been an active member of Parliament for nearly forty years without learning something of public affairs; yet Mr. ROEBUCK'S repeated assertions that he has mastered a special art or mystery excite a certain amount of puzzled curiosity. To ordinary observers his judgments appear to be remarkable rather for passionate emphasis than for recondite originality; and although he is perfectly sincere in his belief that he has been a consistent supporter of Liberal opinions, it is evident that the lapse of years has produced in him its frequent effect of an instinctive aversion to change and to popular doctrines. Five-and-thirty years ago the present supporter of the Irish Church was vehemently denouncing the House of Lords. There is, indeed, no necessary connexion between the two institutions; but the assailant of aristocratic privilege was certainly not at the time deeply attached to ecclesiastical establishments. Mr. ROEBUCK would perhaps even now disclaim any sympathy with the Irish Church; but at the present moment loud protests against Roman Catholic domination are practically equivalent to apologies for Protestant ascendency. When it is said that if Mr. GLADSTONE were inclined to Catholicism he would do exactly what he is doing, the appeal to religious prejudice implies a condemnation of the Government measure. A zealous Reformer has a perfect right to sober down, with advancing years, into a No-Popery alarmist; but it is difficult to trace in the change a gradual development of political wisdom. At the end, as at the beginning, of Mr. ROEBUCK'S political life, a restless spirit of antagonism has assumed the successive forms of almost revolutionary impatience and of reactionary indignation. In the meantime his career has been almost brilliant, and occasionally useful. From the first he succeeded in the House as a speaker, and he gradually acquired a peculiar position as the recognised expounder of opinions which more timid members hesitated to express. In public or in private it is difficult to draw the line between outspoken boldness and eccentricity. Mr. ROEBUCK gave utterance indifferently to thoughts and feelings which were half consciously stirring in the minds of others, and to crotchets of his own. An egotism which was naturally associated with his independent position received a fresh impulse from the relation which he bore to his constituents. The electors of Sheffield were tolerant of breaches of party discipline, until their favourite at last came into collision with their own interests and prejudices. Mr. ROEBUCK'S opposition to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Reform Bill would scarcely have been condoned, even if he had not forfeited his local popularity by attacking Trades' Unions. The minority which stood by him to the last either sympathizes with his present opinions, or makes due allowance for a not ungenerous indiscretion. Mr. ROEBUCK'S friends will perhaps be reconciled to the interruption or close of a Parliamentary life which would have been guided by the principles of his political testament.

There is a certain merit in every protest against popular commonplace, and a fastidious taste may derive a momentary pleasure from an unwonted expression of antipathy in place of conventional expressions of good will; but a solemn warning against three well-known sources of danger conveys no practical lesson. "Beware of Trades' Unions," says Mr. ROEBUCK, "beware of Ireland, beware of America." But no intimation is given of the nature of the necessary precautions. However much Sheffield or England may beware, Ireland lies on one side of the Atlantic, and America on the other; and it is abundantly proved that Trades' Unions are not to be suppressed by legislation. It would have been as profitable to say, "Beware of east winds in March; beware of bad harvests; "beware of the potato disease." March winds and American spite must be endured, and if possible survived, with the equanimity which recognises an unavoidable nuisance. There might be some advantage in recommending Sheffield grinders to abstain from the abuses connected with Trades' Unions, if only they were disposed to listen to the advice. The company at the Sheffield dinner, consisting principally of those against whom trade combinations are directed, would gladly adopt Mr ROEBUCK'S counsels, but that they know that it is useless to beware. Masters are perfectly ready to tell delegates, in Mr. ROEBUCK'S words, that nobody shall come between labourer and employer; but if the labourers unanimously obey the directions of delegates and councils, the only choice lies between negotiation with the Unions and the discontinuance of business. "Let the labourer not ask beyond what he ought to "have. Let the capitalist not refuse what he ought to give." Let the lion lie down with the lamb; let the desert blossom like a rose; and let the golden age return. Between the labourer's estimate of what he ought to have, and the capitalist's judgment of what he ought to give, lies the whole region of conflict and of mutually hostile organizations. The workmen will be the less inclined to listen to Mr. ROEBUCK because he is evidently opposed to their demands. In warning the capitalists that if they yield they are ruined for ever, he proclaims himself a partisan, perhaps of the right side, but certainly of one side in the dispute. The Commission of which Mr. ROEBUCK was a member has unanimously recommended the legal acknowledgment of Trades' Unions, although it may be true that they create or indicate a serious social danger.

A grave political philosopher, summing up in prophetic strain the results of old experience, might have been expected to suggest some plausible method of averting or diminishing the threatened Irish peril. Mr. ROEBUCK can only say that the real difficulty of Ireland is the priesthood, and that the priests encourage the Fenian conspiracy. There can be no more forcible illustration of the mischief which arises from habitual disregard of prudent reticence. Because it has sometimes been Mr. ROEBUCK'S fortune to express at the right moment opinions which required utterance, he has persuaded himself that the side of truth which he sees ought at all times to be publicly exhibited. Of course the priesthood constitutes one great Irish difficulty; but, in default of a practicable scheme for getting rid of the priests, it is as well to make the best of their existence. When some of their chief dignitaries denounce Fenianism, even though they may include the harmless Freemasons in their condemnation, a judicious statesman will take them at their word. The priests are troublesome, because they exercise independent power, not unfrequently in a spirit of hostility to the English Government. Mr. ROEBUCK would confirm and justify their ill-will, without depriving them of any opportunity of gratifying unfriendly feelings. Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to disarm them by abolishing the principal grievance of which they complain; and Mr. ROEBUCK is prepared with no juster criticism of his policy than an insinuation that Mr. GLADSTONE himself is inclined to Catholicism. If the priests favoured the Fenians, the first object of the English Government should be to dissolve the alliance. It is idle to urge Englishmen to be firm towards Ireland, if firmness means the refusal of all popular demands. When the time which Mr. ROEBUCK anticipates has arrived, it may be proper to assure Mr. GLADSTONE that the English people mean to be Protestants; but their profession of faith will be premature as long as the PRIME MINISTER has not perverted the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER or the PRESI-

DENT of the BOARD of TRADE. It is possible and probable that, notwithstanding all measures of conciliation, Ireland will still present insuperable difficulties; but Mr. ROEBUCK's system would at once destroy all chance of improvement.

Although it is as useless to beware of America as of Ireland, Mr. ROEBUCK may boast that he formerly proposed a definite plan for reducing the power of the United States. In the House of Commons, and in private conversation with Lord PALMERSTON, he advised the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, at a time when the intervention of England, and probably of France, would have decided the fate of the civil war. The scheme, though it had the merit of aptitude for its object, would have been at the same time unjust and impolitic. The Confederacy had never established its independence, and the Northern armies were operating at the time on several portions of its territory. A recognition of the Government of Richmond could only have been justified by some cause of quarrel with the United States, and, like the similar procedure of France in the middle of the first American rebellion, it would have been immediately followed up by war. It is for Mr. ROEBUCK to explain why the English people should have spent two or three hundred millions, and perhaps have lost Canada, for the benefit of the Southern States, or for the injury of the North. Even if there had been any excuse for war, the feeling of a large class of the population in favour of the stronger party in America would have caused a wise Government to hesitate in causing a rupture which would have involved serious domestic dissension. It is true that the American feeling of hatred has never been mitigated by the scrupulous neutrality of England, and that American journalists and orators are not ashamed to resent Mr. ROEBUCK's solitary protests, while they forget the refusal of the Government or of Parliament even to listen to his proposals. There is every reason to fear that, in act as in word, the people of the United States will be unjust and hostile to the people of England; but unless Mr. ROEBUCK can correct the historical and political education of America, unless he can inspire some one man among so many millions with the originality and the courage to correct popular delusions, it is a waste of words to repeat that it is necessary to beware of America. The national deference to the supposed opinions of the majority is highly favourable to the prejudiced malignity which astonishes those who are accustomed to difference of opinion and freedom of discussion. Causeless and chronic ill-will cherished by a great community may cause a mixture of irritation and contempt, but it is idle to utter cautions against an evil with which it is impossible to deal.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

MR. BUXTON and Mr. HUGHES, who have again introduced the London Municipal Bills, probably desire rather to prepare the way for future legislation than to carry a measure which is too comprehensive to be entrusted to any private member. One of the Bills divides London outside the City into nine boroughs, which are to be organized under the provisions of the Municipal Corporations Act. The second and more ambitious Bill purports to erect a Corporation of London under a governing body selected from the Corporations of the City and of the municipal boroughs. The present Corporation of London is to be virtually superseded, although it will still be retained for local purposes, to regret, as a skeleton or a shadow, its former grandeur. Both Bills are drawn in an abstruse style which renders it difficult to understand some of their provisions. The third clause of the Corporation of London Bill, which is probably the longest and most unintelligible sentence in the English language, may be placed on a level with the masterpieces of the obscurest German metaphysicians; but, in a Bill which is not destined to pass, the marginal notes indicate sufficiently the general tendency of the clauses to which they refer. When the measure was formerly brought forward, its most zealous promoter persuaded himself that it had been accepted by the authorities of the City, who afterwards indignantly repudiated the imputation. The magnanimity of Aldermen and Common Councilmen will never be equal to municipal suicide, although the framers of the Bill have baited their hook with a proposal to let the Lord Mayor for the time being extend his reign, for the remainder of his term, over the whole of London. Future Lord Mayors are, unlike similar functionaries elsewhere, to be elected by the Common Council. A careful study of the clauses of the Bill suggests the probable conclusion that the City Council is to elect five City Aldermen to be Aldermen of London, and that the several boroughs are to be represented in the Court of Aldermen by their respective Mayors, and two Aldermen of each borough; but the unparalleled ingenuity of the draftsman renders any confident interpretation of the provisions of his Bill presumptuous and uncertain. A Common Council of a hundred and thirty-one members, appointed by a similar process, completes the proposed Corporation. The vested interests of the Board of Works and of Sir JOHN THWAITES are reserved with a solicitude worthy of Mr. GLADSTONE; but neither institution is to be replaced when by lapse of time it disappears. The Corporation of London, inheriting the powers of the Board of Works, will absorb the greater part of the functions which would otherwise belong to the municipalities of the several boroughs. The estates of the City are also to be transferred to the new Corporation, while a saving clause reserves to the freemen, liverymen, and citizens all their existing privileges, with the exception of the possession of their property and the exercise of their present rights.

The task of creating a complex municipal government for the metropolis is so novel and so arduous as to entitle any elaborate contrivance for accomplishing the object to indulgent consideration. Popular opinion inclines to the substitution of a simpler organization for the co-ordinate or conflicting bodies which divide among themselves the local administration of London, and it is only by the examination of detailed schemes that the expediency of establishing municipal institutions can be duly estimated. The fundamental difficulty consists in the inseparable connexion between municipal government and household suffrage. Whatever may be the plan devised, the ultimate authority must rest with the majority of ratepayers, although in Mr. BUXTON's proposed federation of boroughs, as in the present Metropolitan Board, the power of members is in some degree weakened by a secondary or indirect mode of election. It would be possible to divide the metropolis into municipal boroughs, without providing any ulterior system to comprehend the whole of London. Marylebone, Finsbury, and the rest might be incorporated for municipal as for Parliamentary purposes, and subjected to the provisions of the Municipal Corporations Act. In a Bill formerly introduced by Mr. MILL there was an attempt to represent property by vesting certain administrative powers in justices to be appointed by the Crown; but the owners of freeholds form but a small minority of the wealthy class, and it would perhaps be invidious to depart from the ordinary municipal precedents. It would scarcely be necessary to establish a Court of Quarter Sessions, with a Recorder, for each of the nine boroughs; but in other respects the general Act would be applicable. The chief objection to the plan is that it would be unpalatable to the better class of inhabitants, as they place little confidence in the vestrymen who would be transformed into Common Councillors and Aldermen. In provincial boroughs there are some interests common to the whole population, and the principal traders or manufacturers are generally preferred for the highest municipal offices. Londoners live side by side without mutual intercourse, nor has the feeling which is called by Frenchmen church-steeple patriotism the smallest influence over a resident of Chelsea or of Paddington. If the Metropolitan Board of Works continued to exercise its present functions, the Corporations would be little more than vestries; and, on the other hand, the abolition of the Board would be the destruction of the only common organization which has yet been established in London. The jealousy which naturally exists between the Central and the District Boards would become more inconvenient if Corporations were created, and at the same time deprived of ordinary municipal attributes.

The power of the metropolitan boroughs will be still further reduced if they are overshadowed by a Corporation of London; nor is it easy to discover what purpose the smaller Corporations will serve, except to provide constituencies for the governing body. The police will still be administered by the Government, while the management of streets, of buildings, and generally of important affairs, will be vested in the central Corporation. The Metropolitan Board of Works has no means of providing for the expenses of administration, except by levying rates; but the Corporation of London will, according to the scheme, possess the estates which now belong to the City, to the great increase of its influence and independence; yet the advantage which it will thus possess over the Board of Works will perhaps be counterbalanced by the abolition of the permanent Presidency. There will be no security for the administrative ability of annual Lord Mayors, and the conduct of business will practically devolve on some subordinate officer. It may be doubted whether functionaries elected without reference to their general ability or special qualifica-

tions will be competent to govern, for local purposes, a community as large as one of the great American States, or as a minor European kingdom. When the powerlessness of the several boroughs is discovered, an agitation will inevitably arise for the direct election of the Lord Mayor and the Common Council. A secondary election in some degree increases the chance of regard to merit, but, by diminishing popular confidence, it tends to weaken authority. The members of the Metropolitan Board of Works are personally superior to ordinary vestrymen, but, perhaps for that reason, they are not popular in their official capacity. Their own immediate constituents gratify their jealousy by reminding their chosen representatives that the District Boards alone derive their power directly from the people.

Some of the criticisms on Mr. BUXTON'S Bills will apply to any plan which may be devised for constituting a metropolitan municipality, and the practical difficulty of carrying any measure of the kind will be more formidable than any theoretical objection. It will be impossible to reconcile the City, by any affectation of deference, to the surrender of its estates and of its ancient privileges; nor will the outlying districts be in all cases eager to be enclosed within the municipal pale. Although vestrymen would probably be glad to assume the rank of councillors and aldermen, it may be doubted whether they would be content to purchase titular dignity at the cost of parochial independence. The necessity of a central Government for the metropolis would increase with the development of local organization; and federal institutions have a tendency to encroach on the functions of their component parts. Notwithstanding the frequent expression of a desire for greater unity of municipal administration, a Corporation presiding over a population of three or four millions would perhaps excite a certain feeling of uneasiness. No similar body has ever been placed by the side of a national Government; nor is it easy to calculate the consequences of possible rivalry and collision. The Municipality of Paris has never been allowed to resume an independent position since under HÉBERT and CHAUMETTE it bearded the Convention, although during the short-lived Republic of 1848 a member of the Provisional Government bore the title of Mayor of Paris. The largest Corporation now existing has acquired, in its administration of the city of New York, a deserved reputation as the most corrupt body in the civilized world. A large portion of the municipal taxes, which amount to five or six millions sterling, is notoriously appropriated by the members of the Corporation, while the performance of the corresponding duties is scandalously neglected. A London Corporation would be incomparably more respectable; but in some respects it might be too strong for legislative control. The City has repeatedly succeeded in baffling Parliament, although its dominions form but a fraction of the metropolitan area. A Corporation representing the whole of London would be more ambitious and more powerful, and in times of excitement it might fall under the control of demagogues, after the precedent of WILKES who was Lord Mayor of London, and of O'CONNELL who was Lord Mayor of Dublin. Apprehensions of this kind may, even if they are chimerical, impede the establishment of a Corporation of London; but the controversy will be simplified and facilitated by the discussion of a definite project of legislation.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

ONE more Attorney-General has tried his hand at Bankruptcy Reform, and we may congratulate Sir ROBERT COLLIER on having produced by far the most promising Bill which has yet been brought forward. It has the merits of being a Consolidation Bill, and of being comparatively brief. And without entering now into details, many of which will require much discussion, we must record our conviction that it is almost as important that the Bankruptcy Law should be consolidated in one clear and terse statute, as that it should be based upon sounder principles than have hitherto prevailed. At this stage, however, we confine ourselves to a consideration of the principles on which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has based his measure of reform, and we should have little but praise to accord in this respect if the principles laid down were acted upon, as perhaps they ultimately will be, somewhat more fully and more boldly than is done by the clauses of the Bill as they at present stand.

Hitherto Bankruptcy legislation has professed three distinct objects—first, to distribute the bankrupt's estate equitably among his creditors; secondly, as a sort of counterpoise to the cruel but not ineffective policy of imprisonment for debt, to give an insolvent debtor a discharge from his liabilities; and thirdly, to punish criminal and quasi-criminal offences against commercial morality. Of these three functions of Bankruptcy Law, which we may call respectively the administrative jurisdiction, the whitewashing jurisdiction, and the penal jurisdiction, it has been growing clearer every year that the first is the primary if not the sole legitimate object, and that the others, if touched at all, should only be dealt with as incidental to good administration. Sir ROBERT COLLIER stated this even more strongly than we have done. He said, in his speech on the introduction of the Bill, that the sole object of a Bankruptcy Law was to collect the bankrupt's estate, and distribute it among the creditors as fairly, cheaply, and speedily as possible. We are not at all sure that this is not strictly right, but the Bill, as printed, does not quite come up to this statement of its principle. It contains provisions for the discharge of the bankrupt, though it is intended to be accompanied by a Bill for the abolition of imprisonment for debt. It does, however, abolish the existing penal jurisdiction, leaving criminal bankrupts to be dealt with by the ordinary law. As to the propriety of this last arrangement there could be no doubt, if only the ordinary law were made capable of dealing effectually with the gross commercial swindles which lie at the foundation of so many bankruptcies. Sir ROBERT COLLIER admits that it is not so, and in his reply to the criticism offered on the introduction of his Bill, said, truly enough, that the matter was part of the great question of the appointment of a public prosecutor. That is undeniable, but at present we have, in a very unsatisfactory shape, something like a public prosecution of fraudulent bankrupts. It is conducted by the wrong persons, and improperly mixed up with administrative functions; but it is a grave question whether even an anomalous, imperfect, and objectionable method of checking the besetting evil of the day—commercial dishonesty—ought to be abandoned until an effectual substitute is found. Only let the ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduce a Bill for the appointment of a public prosecutor, if possible, for all crimes—but if not, then in all cases of commercial fraud—and no one can object to the withdrawal of all penal jurisdiction from the Court of Bankruptcy.

The whitewashing clauses are open to more question. Was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL right, in his speech, in excluding relief of this kind from the legitimate functions of Bankruptcy Law, or is his Bill right in retaining the jurisdiction in a modified form? In a sense perhaps both are right. On principle it may be that, when imprisonment for debt is gone, a debtor has no right to claim a release until he has paid in full. In fact, however, society and trade are not yet ripe for so severe a rule, and some provisions for the relief of debtors must inevitably find their way into any Bankruptcy Bill. What these provisions should be has long been a moot question, and we are bound to say that Sir R. COLLIER'S clauses are preferable to any that have yet been enacted or proposed, though we think them to some extent unsound in principle, and not unlikely to break down in practice.

The true principle has never seemed to us doubtful, and, as will be seen, the present Bill does make some approach to it. When a man owes more than he can pay, it is his clear duty to do his utmost to satisfy his creditors. On the other hand, it is at least a moral obligation on the creditors to enable the debtor to meet their claims in the manner least destructive to his future career. In the case of a single debtor and a single creditor, what the debtor ordinarily asks, and what the creditor is generally disposed to concede, is time, and nothing else. "Pay me what you can now, and let the rest stand over "till you are in a position to pay that also," is the language of a fair and liberal creditor, and no debtor would think himself ill-used by a friend who was willing to give time, though he was not inclined absolutely to remit any portion of his claim. What is fair in the case of a single debt is no less fair when a multitude of creditors are concerned. If it can be so arranged, the just and merciful thing must be to give a bankrupt time, and time only, for payment of his debts. Even where bankruptcy is the result, not of fraud or recklessness almost equivalent to fraud, but of imprudence only, we do not see that the insolvent debtor has any right to prefer any higher petition than this; "Give me time and I "will pay thee all."

Now, if this is the right principle, what difficulty is there in applying it? When a man becomes bankrupt, his available property must be divided in satisfaction *pro tanto* of his creditors. For all that remains of debt, let him have time to turn himself round and accumulate a second fortune if he can. If he succeeds, let his obligations revive; for why should a bankrupt be living in wealth while the creditors whose money he has spent are left without their own?

To some extent, as we have said, the Bill adopts these

principles. It provides that, after a bankrupt's available property shall have been distributed, no portion of a debt proveable under the bankruptcy shall be enforced for five years; and on principle we should like to see this extended, according to Mr. JESSEL's suggestion, so as to suspend proceedings equally in respect of proveable and non-proveable debts. There is no distinction between the two, except that the one class of liabilities is capable of estimation, and the other is not; and the reason for giving time to the bankrupt is just as cogent in the one case as in the other. If the provisions in favour of the bankrupt stopped there (care of course being taken to stay the running of the Statute of Limitations, if indeed the law does not already do that by anticipation), we think that enough would be done. At the end of the five years, a bankrupt who had been prosperous would pay the balance of his debts. If still unable to do so, his estate would again be put in course of liquidation, and in all probability the milder form of a creditor's deed would almost invariably be adopted; but if not, the bankrupt would pay so far as he could, and would gain afresh respite of five years to work for his creditors and for himself. This may be thought to be severe on the bankrupt, but, after all is said, it is fairer to be severe on the defaulting debtor than on the unpaid creditor; and any law which compels a creditor not only to give time, but to give up a large percentage of his debt, is not only severe but unjust to those who are denied their rights and deprived of their property. The Bill, however, does not stop where we should like to see it stop. It gives an absolute discharge to every bankrupt who, either out of his estate or by means of his earnings in the five years after his bankruptcy, pays ten shillings in the pound, and this, although at the end of the reprieve he may be ten times as rich as the creditors one-half of whose debts he is allowed to wipe out. It is not suggested, and obviously cannot be suggested, that there is any principle in this hard and fast line of a ten-shilling dividend. The amount of dividend is by no means a test of the honesty of the bankrupt, though it may be a criterion of his cleverness; and the proposed arrangement directly encourages the very common fraud of obtaining goods on credit on the eve of bankruptcy, so as to divide perhaps 51,000*l*. among creditors for 100,000*l*. instead of dividing 1,000*l*. among creditors for 50,000*l*. The clever bankrupt who did this would get off scot free, while the man who abstained from adding to his follies or his frauds this last aggravation would remain liable for half, at any rate, of his unpaid debts. All Sir ROBERT COLLIER's arguments pointed to the conclusion which we have advocated, but he said that if a bankrupt were made liable for twenty, instead of ten shillings, in the pound, it would crush and paralyse the man and prevent him perhaps from ever succeeding in life. Considering how much any merely unfortunate bankrupt might make of a respite of five years, there does not seem much ground for this apprehension; but even if it were true in all cases that such a result would follow, the Bill would be utterly indefensible. It would be equivalent to an enactment that every bankrupt who paid ten shillings in the pound, no matter by what fraudulent devices on the eve of insolvency, should escape altogether, but that every other bankrupt should be "crushed and paralysed and made in-"capable of succeeding in life."

There are other provisions in the Bill—a few bad, some doubtful, and many more good—on which we may hereafter have to comment; but the one matter of paramount importance is to rest the indulgence given to a bankrupt on a sound basis, and for this end nothing is needed except to carry to their legitimate length the principles which for the first time are indicated by Sir R. COLLIER's Bill.

MR. LOWE AND THE METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MR. LOWE'S answer to a Deputation of the Scottish Meteorological Society involved some characteristic fallacies. There is much to be said for the good old official custom of giving conventional reasons for practical decisions. A commonplace Chancellor of the Exchequer might have told the meteorologists that he regretted that he had no funds at his disposal, or that the House of Commons would be disinclined to vote money for scientific observations, or that no fraction of the grant could be withdrawn from the Royal Society. As a general rule it is inconvenient to state, as a reason for action, any proposition larger than the particular case. Statesmen, like judges, have enough to do in determining the issues immediately before them, without anticipating future applications of general principles. Mr. LOWE's active intellect fits every special case into its proper place in a theoretical system, and he is at all times willing to communicate to the world at large the process by which he has arrived at any particular conclusion. The Meteorological Deputation not only failed to obtain a grant of money, but were also required to listen to a lecture on the proper relations of Government to science. Mr. LOWE informed them that he entirely disapproved of official interference in aid of scientific exertion, and of expending public money for any object which could be accomplished without it. It seemed to him improper that voluntary societies should incur a certain amount of labour and expense, and that, unable or unwilling to extend their sacrifices of time and money, they should at last apply to the Government for assistance in the accomplishment of their objects. The anomaly was especially irritating because the Minister of the day would probably possess far less knowledge than the applicants of the subject-matter in question. Astronomers, chemists, and meteorologists must be regarded in their respective departments as exclusively competent, whereas the public bounty administered by laymen might possibly be misdirected; yet it may be collected from Mr. LOWE's general argument that the fear of misappropriation furnished but a secondary reason for his refusal. In general he held that it was not proper for the trustees of the public purse to contribute to any object beyond the province of administrative government. As the meteorologists had not succeeded in their attempt they were treated with due courtesy; but if their Society had been already in enjoyment of a grant, they would have fared no better than the school-managers whom Mr. LOWE, when he held his former office, invariably treated as a dangerous class, cultivating piratical projects for the plunder of the Treasury. At that time it was useless to argue that the managers had subscribed their own money for the benefit of others, and that they could by no possibility derive any personal advantage from the grants of the Privy Council. In the eyes of the VICE-PRESIDENT they were sturdy beggars, only the more contemptible because their objects were philanthropic; and Mr. LOWE's invariable candour prevented him from concealing in the smallest degree his uncomplimentary opinions. Meteorology is, like reading and writing, a branch of useful knowledge which ought, in the judgment of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, to maintain and propagate itself.

A consistent doctrine perspicuously stated is not necessarily true. Mr. LOWE assumes that the objects of private persons must be certainly private, and probably selfish; and he logically infers that they have no right to diminish their self-imposed burdens by demanding a contribution from the taxpayer. It might be asserted with more plausibility that voluntary subscriptions for public purposes are essentially inexpedient and unjust. If it is right that poor children should be taught the rudiments of learning when their parents are unable or unwilling to pay for their instruction, it would seem, as it probably appears to Mr. LOWE himself, that the cost ought to be borne by the general community. There is no theoretical justice in imposing an exceptional tax on benevolent or pious persons who build and maintain schools because the only alternative would be the non-existence of popular education. As those who provide the money naturally influence its application, prejudices and personal feelings become mixed up with the original motive of benevolence; and Mr. LOWE devotes his acuteness to testing the amount of alloy rather than to appreciating the value of the sterling metal. In practice a sweeping condemnation of voluntary effort would be as erroneous as an indiscriminate refusal of public aid. A wise Legislature and Government will watch the tendency of public benevolence, distinguishing between mere expressions of sentiment and institutions which meet an undoubted public want. Within certain limits the voluntary assumption of exceptional burdens may be properly encouraged. When private enterprise is insufficient, the expediency of supplying the want at the public expense can only be estimated by examination of each particular case. Subscribers to a charitable or useful association are witnesses as well as advocates, having given earnest of their faith in the principles which they promote. A man who gives an annual sum of money, and perhaps a portion of his time, to a Meteorological Society, proves his belief that it is possible and desirable to make discoveries in relation to wind, weather, and climate.

It would be obviously inexpedient to subsidize all scientific societies; and it is unnecessary to inquire whether Mr. LOWE judged rightly in refusing a grant to the Scottish Meteorological Society. In all such cases the head of the proper department must exercise his own judgment, and his decision is for the most part exempt from appeal, unless it is professedly based on questionable principles. The objection which was founded on the alleged ignorance of the Government with respect to scientific subjects is entirely unfounded. It is because the

Government has no special facility for pursuing scientific investigation that it may fairly be expected to assist with money associations which supply the official want of knowledge. At all events, and more especially in the present day, science has a practical side, tending, in the words of the great rhetorical promoter of natural philosophy, to the "relief of man's estate." Some sciences, such as chemistry, admit of so many profitable applications that the prosecution of discovery may perhaps be properly entrusted to private enterprise. Astronomy, on the other hand, though it bears practically on navigation, and on some other pursuits, is barren of gain to students of the science; for no man has for his own profit "bound the sweet influences of "the Pleiades, or loosed the bands of ORION." Civilized nations have in general so far differed from Mr. LOWE, that they have provided means for the cultivation of a science which must otherwise be left to enthusiasts or to men of wealth, or be supported by the uncertain liberality of voluntary subscribers. It is said that the ASTRONOMER ROYAL, who is one of the most efficient and most cheaply paid of public servants, considers that his duties are strictly confined to observations and inquiries which may have a practical bearing; but an equally eminent astronomer, occupying himself with the other branches of the science, might be not less advantageously employed. According to Mr. LOWE's doctrine, the Government ought not to contribute to astronomical investigations, because the Minister for the time being may not know a comet from a planet.

The less certain and more imperfect science of meteorology at least aims at apparently useful objects. The seafaring population has remonstrated against the discontinuance of storm-warnings; and the simultaneous observations of temperature and of other particulars, which are now regularly published, are both immediately useful and valuable as materials for future generalization. There is little doubt that the laws which regulate wind and weather, even in the most variable climates, will be sooner or later as fully known as the principles of chemistry; and the benefit of fuller knowledge on these subjects will extend to classes so large and important that it may properly be regarded as public. If the labours of the Meteorological Society are likely to be fruitful, it might be worth the while of the nation to bear a portion of the expense; but the argument against Mr. LOWE is entirely independent of the merits of any single association. A Chancellor of the Exchequer may perhaps be allowed to watch with exaggerated vigilance all proposals which involve a charge upon the revenue; but it is as much his duty to know how to spend as to guard against extravagance. If a thing is to be done, there is nothing saved by charging it on one fund rather than another; and something is lost when the cost is provided for by unequal demands on a part of the community. Mr. LOWE, as might be expected, approves generally of the objects of scientific societies, and it may be supposed that he does not consider that their expenditure is wasted. The extension of the domain of knowledge concerns the whole community, if any object can be thought to be of universal interest, and at first sight it might seem to be entitled to public support. There is no harm in profiting by the willingness of volunteers to bear more than their share of the burden; but sometimes their efforts are practically wasted, because they are insufficient. It is difficult to explain the objection to pay a scientific society for discharging the duties of a public department, except on the assumption that Mr. LOWE's repugnance to cant has exaggerated itself into an intellectual mannerism or prejudice. If the commonplaces of the vulgar are often partially false, the reaction which takes the form of ingenious paradox is not a certain guide to truth. If the subsidies of the State to scientific societies were doubled, the amount involved in the controversy would still be trifling; and science is more likely to suffer by undue parsimony than the Treasury to be depleted by excessive liberality.

THE MINISTRY AND THE FENIANS.

THE questions which were asked in the House on Tuesday last had been asked, at different times and with different degrees of impatience, out of the House. What was the Government thinking of when it remitted the imprisonment of half a score Fenians? What was its inducement? what its hope? And was it true that the liberated prisoners evinced their gratitude for the leniency of the Government by taking the first opportunity to denounce and revile it? These questions have now been answered, and the country can form its own opinion of the wisdom or folly of the policy pursued. A batch of Fenian convicts has been let out of prison unconditionally, because the men were deemed too insignificant to require to be subjected to conditions. And as soon as they were let out they resumed their habit of seditious and treasonable scurrility. Mr. AUGUSTINE COSTELLOE honoured the town of Ballinasloe with his presence on his return from prison, and there informed a sympathetic audience that he still was, as he always had been, a Fenian, and that "so long as he had "breath he would conspire and plot to overthrow the British "Government." Another ex-convict, at a dinner in Cork, where the Mayor presided, exhorted his enthusiastic audience to trust to the sabre, not to the Government, for the vindication of their rights. The only rebuke which this insane rodomontade received from the august municipal authority in whose hearing it was uttered, was an expression of confidence that Mr. GLADSTONE would give them what they wanted as soon as their swords could. Mr. GLADSTONE will feel proud of this Mayor's confidence.

It is indeed difficult to acquit the Government of very grave misconduct in this affair. We do not impute to Mr. GLADSTONE a political Jesuitism like the religious Jesuitism which Mr. ROEBUCK half ascribes to him. We, for our part, do not regard him as a Fenian in disguise. We do not suspect him of angling for the votes of the Brotherhood against the prospective election of the Fenian President. We do not believe that he carries about in his pocket a cut and dried Declaration of Irish Independence. But we shall not be surprised to hear that this is said of him, and believed by many. Certainly it is difficult to reconcile this strange extravagance of lenity with the ordinary principles which inspire statesmen. It is open to the obvious criticism that it exposes the Cabinet to suspicion of a connivance with sedition of which its friends know it to be entirely guiltless. But, if Ministers are guiltless of this, what was their real object? There are three well-known and well-founded reasons for the condonation of political offences. The first is, when the punishment has effected its end, and the offenders are both discomfited and penitent; the second, when the severity of the punishment has been immeasurably disproportionate to the offence committed; the third, when the party of the culprits is likely to gain the ascendant, and it is expedient to conciliate them before the day of reprisals comes. Each of these contingencies may justify a recourse to sudden and extraordinary clemency. But none of them can be urged in justification of the act of Ministerial clemency now under consideration. We have just seen how little is the regret or the penitence of the pardoned. No one will pretend that the punishment inflicted was too severe for the crime committed. This was about as serious as any crime could be. It is childish to speak of it as a mere political offence, which ought to go scot-free. Doubtless it suits both the taste and the policy of the gentry who compose the Amnesty Committee, to fritter away the guilt of sedition to something less important than petty larceny. Many of the Committeemen are no doubt keenly alive to the probability of their figuring in the same dock as those with whom they so warmly sympathize, and the kindness which they feel proceeds as much from motives of obvious self-interest as from compassion. But Mr. GLADSTONE might be expected to remember that other persons besides the patrons or abettors of sedition are concerned in the administration of the criminal law. The people of England, and all people in Ireland who have anything to lose, will not complacently submit to a commiseration which limits its regard exclusively to the disturbers of the public peace. They will bear in mind the events of two years ago, and ask why the Minister of the Crown intervenes to arrest the course of public justice. They remember only too well that for months together the sister island was convulsed by the machinations of mock patriots who proved their love of country by terrorism and assassination; who kept some counties in a state as bad as that of civil war; who murdered policemen, attacked private houses, stopped the ordinary trade of the country, frightened away capital, and brought upon a whole people the degrading suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*. They cannot forget the expense and the terror—the cost of a large army and numerous constabulary, of extraordinary assizes and prosecutions—which the insane defiance of the Government brought upon the country. They cannot forget the sacrifice of ease, comfort, and security bravely volunteered by loyal subjects to crush the conspiracy of mouthing madmen. They cannot forget the high sense of duty and the noble contempt of danger displayed by those juries who gave a true and just verdict in spite of the secret and avowed sedition-mongers by whom they were threatened. They cannot forget the interruption, not only to trade and commerce, but to the daily intercourse of social life, with which these wretched malefactors cursed the land; the mutual distrust of friends and neighbours, masters and servants. Neither can they forget—for its signs are, unhappily, still be-

fore their eyes—the painful sense of general insecurity which long survived the frustration of this parody of treason. They remember, too, the comparative relief which was felt by every decent man when the ordinary vindication of the civil law gave something like a return to the normal repose of tranquil times. Ireland had only just begun to breathe afresh after the unhappy excitement of two years ago. The impatient and hurried sale of property, which was provoked by the threat of a civil conflict, had ceased. Not only had men of wealth and position begun to resume their residence amidst their tenants with confidence, but the poorer occupiers themselves had recovered from the apprehensions of stealthy and nocturnal visits from the emissaries of Fenianism. There is a large section of middle-class agriculturists in Ireland who, by ties of friendship and kinship, are eminently exposed to the solicitations of plotters and conspirators. So long as a conspiracy is hatching, the lives of these poor men are a worry and vexation to them. They find themselves made the involuntary members of secret societies, and the involuntary agents of treasonable plots. In the mere agony of doubt and fear, they are forced to sympathize with treasons and plots. The discovery of the plot and the punishment of its authors leave them free from fear and anxiety. This was the state which had been attained by many Irishmen, too happy to be left to the quiet prosecution of their respective callings. Just as they were settling to their work, the Government undoes all that it had done, and lets loose upon the world a parcel of crackbrained and ranting enthusiasm. While capital is recovering its confidence, and industry its habits, these parodists of patriotism are making a tour of sedition, disquieting the loyal, and re-animating the spirits of the disaffected. The result is obvious. The first and intuitive inference of the Irish mind is that the Fenians are released because the Government is afraid of them and of their numerous auxiliaries. It is not the beneficent Government which is thanked for its clemency, but the "cowardly" Government which is despised for its weakness. As a weak Government is a thing to be ashamed of, THADY and TERENCE don't mince their words in giving expression to their contempt, and when men who have experienced the worst that a Government can inflict on them vent their contempt upon it, there is no wonder that others should not respect it. Mr. GLADSTONE may be excused for not having foreseen the consequences of this lenity. But how came Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE not to warn his chief of them? He at least must have known the effect which was sure to be produced on the minds of his countrymen. If Mr. GLADSTONE thought by such means to enhance the popularity of his Irish policy, he entirely mistook the people with whom he had to deal. They would not one whit less have appreciated his sympathy in changing one law constitutionally because he punished the unconstitutional infraction of another. As it is, he has combined a most momentous change in one institution of the country with a signal concession in favour of those who vaunt their hatred of all its institutions. It is not wonderful then that he has excited a double suspicion against himself—that of timidly conniving at schemes which he must view with abhorrence, and that of bidding for an unworthy and undignified popularity by pardoning their authors.

Certainly the terror inspired by the punishment of the Fenian convicts is of the slightest kind possible. At this moment the members of the twin associations—the Fenian Brotherhood and the Irish Republican Brotherhood are planning the movements of the ensuing campaign which, according to their programme in the *Irishman*, they have resolved to carry on in the United Kingdom. By this we suppose they mean that it is not to be restricted to Ireland, but extended to England and Scotland. Though an open war would not thus be announced beforehand, it is not impossible that the tactics to which they have heretofore had recourse may be repeated in the towns of Great Britain. We may perhaps hear of houses fired in great cities, policemen assassinated, a few stands of arms taken here and there from old pensioners or abandoned forts. It is too late in the year to begin this sort of campaign with effect now, but it will keep for the dark and short days of autumn. Possibly it may cause us a good deal of trouble and some cost. Both the cost and the trouble might have been saved had Mr. GLADSTONE's temperament allowed him to prolong the imprisonment of the liberated felons. But we shall only have to capture and imprison them again. When next they are confined, we hope that their present conduct will act as a warning against their second liberation. The English people have a right to be exempted from the annoyance and worry of constantly hunting down dirty and disaffected Hiberno-Americans. One good result of their present vagaries is, that the chief leaders of the last abortive rising still remain, and will continue to remain, in prison, notwithstanding the earnest and indignant protest of the Amnesty Committee. It is satisfactory, too, to learn that the gaolers are not soon to lose the personal acquaintance of Messrs. LUBY and O'DONOVAN ROSSA, who were at one time supposed to be among the objects of Mr. GLADSTONE's unseasonable compassion. The severity which he has wisely exhibited to these men, if it had also been exhibited to their followers, would have saved some trouble in England, and no small trouble and disquiet in Ireland.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL OF 1833

IT is impossible to follow the course of the present measure by which the Irish Church is to be swept away as a State Church, and to be stripped of property given it by the State, without feeling an interest revived in the history of its predecessor six-and-thirty years ago. The Irish Church Temporalities Act of 1833 was a very small piece of legislation as compared with Mr. Gladstone's Bill, but it paved the way for what has now come to pass, and many of the passions it excited, and of the arguments by which it was attacked and defended, are being resuscitated and repeated at the present moment. A sketch, therefore, of its nature and history may not be without interest; and if it is safe to assume anything as to the general knowledge of the past, it is safe to assume that no portion of history is so little known as that which lies just beyond the memory of each generation. The day will come when examination papers will be set in the history of William IV.'s reign, but until that day comes probably no part of English history will be so universally unknown.

Then, as now, it was at the outset of the proceedings of a newly-reformed Parliament, when there was in power a Liberal Ministry with a large majority in the Commons, that the Irish Church Bill was brought in. Parliament was opened on the 29th of January, 1833, and on the 5th of February the King made his Speech, in which, after stating that the attention of Parliament would be directed to the better distribution of the property of the Church, the King went on to say that, "although the Established Church of Ireland is by law permanently united with that of England, the peculiarities of their respective circumstances will require a separate consideration." He also referred to the disturbances then going on in Ireland, which had greatly increased since the end of the preceding Session:—"A spirit of insubordination and violence has risen to the most fearful height, rendering life and property insecure, defying the authority of the law, and threatening the most fatal consequences if not promptly and effectually repressed." So closely does history sometimes repeat itself; and we might almost think it was the present Queen describing the brutal outrages of the last few weeks, and the appeals of released rebels at a Mayor's dinner-table to the "logic of the sabre." The Address of course echoed the Speech, and elicited a warm discussion. Mr. O'Connell at once characterized it as a bloody and brutal Address in answer to a brutal and bloody Speech. This was, in fact, the beginning of O'Connell's long and violent hatred of the Whigs, and he was at once answered by his own special antagonist, Mr. Stanley (Lord Derby), who laid down the proposition that "a Government, to be loved, must first be feared." On the 12th of February the Bill for the Reform of the Church of Ireland was introduced by Lord Althorp, who began by explaining that it was because the Bill was one to which the Government attached great importance that he, as leader of the House, and not Mr. Stanley the Irish Secretary, had been charged with its introduction. Lord Althorp said that although, looking at the proportion of the population attached to the Protestant Church, the people certainly had occasion to complain of the greatness of the revenues of the Established Church in Ireland, yet the amount of those revenues had been greatly exaggerated. The House, he thought, would be surprised to hear that the net revenue of the Irish Bishops was only 130,000*l.* a year; for, although vast tracts of lands belonged to the Bishops, five-sixths of the yearly value went to the tenants. The whole annual income of the Church did not exceed 800,000*l.* The first proposal of the Government was to do away with the whole system of First-Fruits, and, in lieu of it, to tax benefices on a scale which, starting with an exemption of all benefices of 200*l.* a year or under, rose in an increasing ratio according to the value of the benefices, and was estimated to produce, on the whole, an income of 42,000*l.* The Bishops were to be taxed on a scale something similar, and this new taxation was to begin at once, without regard to vested interests. A Board of Commissioners was to be appointed to administer the fund, and as Church-rates were to be forthwith abolished entirely, the fund was to be applied to those purposes to which Church-rates were applicable. Further, by reducing the incomes of some Archbishops and Bishops, by abolishing all sinecure seats in cathedrals, additional funds were to be placed at the disposal of the Commissioners. Out of twenty-two bishoprics, ten were to be swept away, and two archbishoprics out of four; so that, out of the 130,000*l.* a year previously belonging to the Irish Episcopate, 60,000*l.* a year would be at the disposal of Parliament in the sense that Parliament was to hand this sum over to the Commissioners, for Church purposes, and especially for the augmentation of small livings. But the next proposal stood on a very different footing. The Bishops had

large landed estates, but they could only grant leases for twenty-one years; yet the leases were in practice annually renewed, and the fine, together with the rent, formed the revenue of the Bishop. The value of such leases, lessened as it was by the uncertainty whether the Bishop would renew the lease, and by the chance of the fine being augmented if the tenant made the property more valuable by improvements, was only twelve and a-half years' purchase. The Government proposed that any tenant who chose to tender a sum equal to six years' purchase might have a lease in perpetuity at a fixed corn rent. The sum thus gained was, it was said, a mere creation of the Legislature, and therefore belonged to the State. By passing an Act of Parliament the State instantly gave a value of six years' purchase to the land, and the State, which created this value, might reasonably keep it for itself.

This was the essence of the Ministerial measure of 1833. It did not profess to apply any of the revenues of the Church to secular purposes. The Government most carefully guarded itself against doing anything of the sort. It left to the disposal of Parliament, for any purposes that Parliament might think fit, no Church property at all. The theory of the Ministry was that by a clever stroke of legislation the State invented a new piece of property, which did not belong to the Church in any sense, for it did not exist, and it was only the State that could make it exist. It was a sort of treasure-trove, a fortuitous accession of wealth, which Parliament might, it was supposed, apply to secular purposes because it never had belonged to the Church. It was, as it were, a new thing belonging by right of occupancy to its maker and inventor, the State. Thus the whole character of the Bill of 1833 was different from that of the Bill of 1869. It rearranged the revenues of the Church so as to admit of the abolition of church-rates, and to augment the incomes of the poorer incumbents. It suppressed ten bishoprics without in any way consulting the Church as to its wish to dispense with this amount of spiritual supervision, and it proposed to leave Parliament to apply to any purposes, secular or not, but in no way specified, a fund which was not, and never had been, ecclesiastical property. The Bill of the present year is totally different. It allows the Church to regulate its own spiritual affairs, but it takes away a vast amount of ecclesiastical property and applies it to secular purposes—to purposes that have indeed a sort of tinge or halo of religiousness about them, but the effect of which is to reduce the amount of county-rates paid by Irish tenants.

Mr. O'Connell followed Lord Althorp, and expressed his warm approval of the Bill, which he considered "contained within itself the seeds of future amelioration." The Bill, though not going so far as he could wish, was founded on a valuable principle, since it recognised the right of Government to look into the state of ecclesiastical property hereafter. "They had in Ireland fever hospitals, receptacles for the insane, and institutions where individuals afflicted with various maladies were received. These institutions might be supported by a portion of that ecclesiastical property." It would, he thought, be found hereafter that, by a due appropriation of part of those Church revenues, the country might be relieved from the Grand Jury Cess. It thus appears that the destination of the ultimate surplus of the Irish Church was anticipated by O'Connell. Mr. Gladstone is adopting word for word the suggestion which O'Connell then made; but in so far as O'Connell spoke broadly of applying ecclesiastical property to the purposes he recommended, he was departing from the proposal of the Ministry of the day. He might choose to think that their Bill would afterwards lead to applying ecclesiastical property to secular purposes, but this was something different from what they proposed. They were secular funds, secular because invented and called into existence by the State, that the Government of Earl Grey proposed that Parliament should, if it thought fit, apply to secular purposes. At a later period of the evening Mr. Stanley owned that the Cabinet were, as had been hinted by a previous speaker, not agreed on the abstract point whether the State had a right to touch Church property, but he said that the proposal submitted to the House did not raise this question, because the Church had no claim to a property which it had never possessed; and although Mr. Stanley did not in the course of his speech refer to the particular suggestions of O'Connell, or express approval or disapproval of them, he contended that the difference between the former value and the increased value of the episcopal lands might be applied to secular purposes, or to any purposes that the State might direct. On the other hand, as Mr. Stanley is now the Earl of Derby, it ought to be recorded that he at the same time stated that he never would consent to any measure which he thought in his conscience and judgment would destroy or injure the Protestant Church in Ireland, or would interfere with the extension of the Protestant religion.

The Opposition was led by Sir Robert Inglis and Sir Robert Peel. The former urged that, if the King were to pass the Bill, he would violate his coronation oath, and that the members of the Legislature were equally bound by the oath they had taken not to support it. He also thought the Bill an infraction of the Act of Union, and contrary to the preamble of the Catholic Emancipation Act. He also thought that, when Lord Althorp said that the revenues of the Irish Church were excessive, he forgot the "expansive force of Protestantism." Further, if so many Irish bishops were suppressed, how would there be enough to attend in the House of Lords? And he ended by dwelling on the merits of the Irish clergy, and the danger to the Church of England if the Church of Ireland were injured. Nothing could be more different, or more curiously mark the difference, between the habits of thought and the intellectual capacity of the two men than the objections of Sir Robert Peel. His first objection was, that a proposition of this sort, as relating to matters of religion, ought to have been brought forward in a Committee of the whole House. He admitted that the time was come when the whole state of the Church of Ireland must undergo an enlarged and comprehensive consideration. He approved of redistributing the revenues of the Church so as to make it better able to propagate and extend the blessings of the Protestant faith, and he thought that Church-rates ought in some way to be abolished. He could not say whether twenty-two bishops were or were not too many for Ireland, but Sir Robert Peel in no way questioned the perfect right of Parliament to suppress bishoprics, if it could be shown that there were too many. He had no scruple in interfering with the spiritual organization of the Church. With regard to the proposed application of the improved value of the land, Sir Robert Peel acknowledged that the Government had offered their proposal as one that did not raise the question whether ecclesiastical property could properly be applied to secular uses; but he urged that it was calculated to mislead, and that, as a matter of fact, it had misled the House, and had been taken, and would be taken, as a declaration that the Government were prepared to secularize Church property. There can be no doubt that Sir Robert Peel was right. The House welcomed the measure for this reason, which was very popular in the House. It was thought to be, and it was immediately treated by O'Connell as being, an indication of the determination of the Government to establish this principle. Lord Althorp and Mr. Stanley did what they could to make this misunderstanding impossible; but they were misunderstood, and much of the disappointment and irritation caused by the Bill was owing to this misunderstanding. Even to this day traces of this misunderstanding remain; and there are persons who confidently assert that Lord Derby in 1833 himself proposed that the property of the Church should be applied to such secular purposes as were then suggested by O'Connell, and are now suggested by Mr. Gladstone.

The progress of the measure was delayed by the passing of the Bill, introduced in accordance with the King's Speech, for the suppression of disturbances in Ireland. This Bill was commenced in the Lords, and was read for a third time there on February 22. The first reading of the Bill was moved in the Commons on February 27, and the third reading was carried on March 29. Thus a whole month was consumed in discussing this Bill, and nothing could exceed the fierceness and animosity with which it was opposed. On March 12, however, a motion had been made for the second reading of the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, and then objections were taken, under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel, to the effect that it was a tax Bill, for it taxed the incomes of incumbents, and therefore ought to be brought forward in a Committee of the whole House. A Committee was appointed to search for precedents, and the Committee supported the objection. Accordingly, on April 1, the House went into Committee, and resolutions were passed for the regulation of the temporalities of the Church. The next day the House agreed to all the resolutions passed. Nothing more, however, was done that month, but the Bill, which was now founded on the resolutions, was read for the second time on May 6, the Ayes being 317, and the Noes 78. In the little band of dissentients is recorded the name of W. E. Gladstone, the member for Newark. Sir Robert Peel of course led the Opposition, and his arguments against the Ministerial scheme of treating the improved value of the episcopal lands as secular property because created by the State appear quite unanswerable. The Bishops, he pointed out, had an unlimited power of leasing, until their powers were restrained by the State, to the limit of 21 years, and the restraint, as stated in the preamble of the Act creating it, was expressly devised in the interest of the Church, that the property of the Church might not be wasted. That the State should relax these restraints, and then claim the benefit accruing from this relaxation for itself, was neither logical nor just. To all which Lord Althorp replied, as might have been done this very week by his then silent opponent, the member for Newark, that "he could not admit that there was any analogy between Church property and that of corporations, and still less was there any between it and the property of individuals which came to them by inheritance."

On May 13th the House went into Committee on the Bill, and Lord Althorp then formally signified that the King had placed his interest in the temporalities at the disposal of Parliament. Sir Robert Bateson, who was supposed to be a good authority on the subject, informed the Government that this measure must lead to the destruction of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and had alienated from the Ministry the affections of the Protestants of Ireland. Mr. Stanley, who was by this time Secretary for the Colonies, did not contribute much to the debate, except by informing the House that, whereas he had on a former occasion stated that he had discussed the Bill with the Primate, who had said that the least objectionable mode of obtaining Reform was to reduce the number of Bishops, he now wished to let the House know that it was he himself, and not the Primate, who had made that dashing remark. On the 20th May a Mr. Dillon proposed an amendment which anticipated the Bill of 1869. It was that the revenues of the Irish Church should be applied to purposes of general utility after the demise of the present incumbents. Only sixteen members, and of these only six

English members, voted for the amendment, among whom was Mr. Roebuck, whose political testament, if he had tried to make it then, would have been very different probably from what it was when he made it last week. The Bill for some time made little progress, because the House was busy with the Ministerial proposition for the abolition of slavery, but it was taken up in a desultory way on June 17, when Mr. Lefroy defended the large number of Irish bishops, on the curious ground that Irish bishops were really only like archdeacons, so that their number might be expected to be large. The mouths of English archdeacons must have watered when they heard that in Ireland archdeacons were of so glorified a nature that the Ministry held it a great credit to themselves that they ventured to propose to reduce the income of one of them—the Bishop of Derry—to 8,000*l.* a year. On the 11th an amendment was proposed, but had to be withdrawn without a division, to the effect that Irish bishops should, after a certain date, cease to sit in the House of Lords; but, oddly enough, the ardent reformer who proposed this was willing that Irish archbishops should continue to sit for ever. On June 19 the Committee got so far as the 108th clause, and then, two days later, came a memorable day, the day that finally separated O'Connell from his party, and in the end separated Lord Derby from the Whigs. Mr. Stanley announced that the Government proposed to withdraw the 147th clause, by which the surplus was to be appropriated to such purposes as Parliament might think fit. He yielded to the strong feeling that prevailed in the House and in the country against any alienation of Church property, and he candidly owned that, although the Ministers had been able to convince themselves and their own circle, they had been unable to convince any one else that the surplus created by the State was secular in its inception. It is worth remarking that Scotland and the Scottish members were violently opposed to anything like disestablishment or disendowment; and this may warrant the belief that the success of Mr. Gladstone's present Bill will be due to the Free Church movement in Scotland more than to any other single cause. The necessity or wisdom of modifying the Bill to get it through the Lords also weighed of course very strongly with the Government, although they could scarcely aver that they were guided by this consideration. But, directly Mr. Stanley sat down, he and his colleagues were bitterly taunted with their base fear of the Upper House; member after member declared that he had been deceived, and had been induced to vote for the Irish Coercion Bill on the false pretence that he was to have an opportunity of conciliating Ireland by voting for the 147th clause; and O'Connell not only denounced the Ministry as faithless to Ireland, but declared, and carried out his threat, that he would vote against the Bill going any further. Nevertheless, the Ministry had a majority of 131, and the Bill passed through the Commons in the shape which the Ministry recommended. It must be observed that the effect of the Government proposal was, that no declaration should be made as to the appropriation of the surplus, and it was left as an apple of discord for future Sessions to say what this appropriation should be. All that was done was to leave out any express statement that Parliament should decide how the surplus should be applied.

The Bill was read for the third time and passed on July 8, after Mr. Sheil had ineffectually proposed to insert in the preamble an express declaration of the right of the Legislature to make such appropriation of the property of the Church as should most conduce to public utility. To us in this day the only feature of interest in the last debate of the Commons on the Third Reading is that Mr. Gladstone took that opportunity of uttering his sentiments on the subject. He was prepared to defend the Irish Church, although he admitted it had slumbered. But what Protestant Church had not slumbered? As for the future, it was of the utmost importance to have a body capable of spreading and extending the Protestant doctrines. The theory now upheld by Sir Stafford Northcote, it may be observed, was not invented then; a perfectly stationary Church still seemed rather ignoble, and the defenders of the Irish Church believed that it had an "expansive force," and that the business of the Irish clergy was to extend Protestantism. On July 9 the Bill was read for the first time in the Lords, the Duke of Newcastle entreating the Bishops to vote against it on principle, regardless of consequences, and the Bishop of London replying that he thought it was always unwise to be indifferent to the consequences of a vote. The debate on the Second Reading took place on July 17, and no speech made on that occasion is more pleasing to read now than that of the Marquis of Westmeath, who said that he objected to the amalgamation of the diocese of Kilmore with that of Elphin, because the then Bishop of Kilmore was a very old man, and if the Bishop of Elphin died first this old Bishop of Kilmore would have, in taking charge of the two dioceses, to go thirty Irish miles and then cross the Shannon. And how could the Bishop cross the Shannon, and where, he would ask, could the Bishop put up at night? These pertinent questions, he thought, quite disposed of this great measure of national justice. The debate was adjourned, and the next night, the 18th, the Bishop of Exeter made a great demonstration against the Bill. On the 20th, he was followed by Lord Eldon, who said that, if the Bill passed, the House of Lords would not last twenty years; and he reached the loftiest flight of Eldonian humbug—the completest type of humbug perhaps ever attained in England—by declaring that "the Archbishops, Bishops, and clergy might undergo much persecution, but he hoped that they would allow him—if they would allow a layman to go along with them—to take a full share of the evils of the Church." Let it be fully remembered that one of the most audacious parts of the Bill was to cut down the income of that sweet martyr, the Bishop of Derry, to 8,000*l.* a year. With no inconsiderable courage, the Bishop of London (Bishop Blomfield) followed Lord Eldon, and announced his intention to support the Bill. The Archbishop of Dublin supported him; but the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) took the other side, arguing against so sweeping a reduction, "more especially as the Bishops must be useful in the capacity of resident gentlemen." Two Royal Dukes took part in the debate, the Duke of Sussex being as much for the Bill as his brother of Cumberland was against it. The division showed that Ministers had a majority of fifty-nine. A few amendments were made in Committee, but of so slight a nature that the Government advised the Commons to agree to them, and on the 2nd of August all discussion on the Bill was at an end, and it received the assent of both Houses.

NAPOLEON *LE BIEN-INTENTIONNÉ.*

MACHIAVELLI has a remark upon Pope Julius II. to the effect that the successful reign of that warlike ecclesiastic was owing, not simply to his own character, but to the extent to which his character suited and harmonized with the age in which he lived. If, he says, Julius had lived in an age averse to bold enterprise, he would have proved, not a successful, but a very unsuccessful, ruler. The truth of such a remark as this has its limits; for there can be no doubt that capacity and strength of character are in a great measure tested by the very fact of a man being able to adapt himself to the age in which he lives. A fool stands fast, concentred in himself; a wise man discerns the signs of the times, and knows how far he must give way to them before he can effect anything by his own influence. Still, for all that, a man's success and reputation must greatly depend on circumstances that lie purely outside his control; and the same temper, guided by an equal amount of insight, may subject one man to blame, and gain for another, under altered circumstances, boundless praise. And when circumstances change quickly, the same man may in a short time appear under marvellously different aspects. Thus it was that the profound sagacity, as it was once thought, of Louis-Philippe did, after his abdication, entirely vanish from the minds of men, and, instead of it, there appeared in him marvellous blindness and misguided folly.

We have been led into these remarks by the tone which is held towards the Emperor of the French in the very able letters from a Parisian correspondent, a Frenchman, which the *Times* has now been publishing for some weeks past. The Emperor is spoken of in these letters with undisguised hostility, but hostility of a kind wholly different from, and even opposite to, the vehement denunciations that were employed against him by his political opponents some years ago. He is nicknamed "Napoleon the Well-intentioned"; he is spoken of as a man who invariably desires to do the right thing, but who as invariably fails from confusedness of mind and a stupid habit of bungling. Such a representation of him has, no doubt, a measure of truth and a measure of prejudiced caricature. But what first occurs to one is, what an inversion this is of the view generally entertained in Europe at the time of Magenta and Solferino, and for some years later! Then he was looked upon as an unscrupulous, and on occasions cruel, but subtle and deep-counselling, ruler; as the man without whose implied assent no great change in European politics could be effected; as one who had never any but selfish aims, but whose aims were prudently conceived and surely carried out. And if we go further back in his history, we shall see him in a third guise, widely differing from either of these two—as a harebrained enthusiast, whose visionary schemes were rather topics of mirth to sensible men than susceptible of serious consideration. Can three portraits of character differ more from each other than these three do? And yet it is quite certain that the Emperor cannot be described rightly without an admixture of all three of these delineations.

The surest way of understanding what a man is, is to see what he admires. Now Louis Napoleon has never left the world in doubt as to the kind of character towards which he invariably looks with special admiration. "To understand the epoch in which one lives" is with him the keynote of all praise; to misunderstand it is the keynote of all blame. The Emperor, then, has chosen as his motto, "to understand his epoch"; he has tried, more than anything else, to assimilate himself to the men of his time, and to be the propagator and champion of modern ideas. It is this effort which has introduced into his character that extreme complication of which we have spoken. For "to understand the epoch in which one lives" is rather the motto of a speculative than of a practical mind. Practical men may, if they can and if they will, consider the thoughts of the age as a whole; it is better that they should do so, but their not doing so will not entail on them immediate ruin. But to practical men, and most of all to the rulers of countries, it is destruction not to have a quick eye to their immediate environment, to have ready expedients for emergencies, to be alive to superficial changes of feeling and the variable workings of the machinery of States. Thus the necessities of a practical man differ wholly from that "understanding of his epoch" which is the prime necessity of a speculatist. And in history or fiction the characters which are the most inexplicable problems are those in which the speculative and practical efforts, the "desire to understand" and the "necessity to act,"

have co-existed side by side, but yet have not sufficiently amalgamated with or influenced each other. Such a character was Cromwell, and such a character was Hamlet.

Of all practical men, the despot has need to be most practical. If he fails in this, his downfall is at once certain, and far greater than any that can befall men in a meaner station. It may be his wish to understand; but to employ hard physical force is his necessity. Now the First Napoleon was the model despot. "To govern" was his watchword; none could look with such scorn as he did on the "idealists," on the men who tried to look a little deeper than their neighbours. To understand the manœuvring of battalions, the friendly or inimical dispositions of his neighbours, the means of keeping down obstinate, refractory people, was all very well; but to understand anything further, of what practical use was it? Thus his figure was at once colossal and simple; if he fell, it was because Europe was too great to be dominated over even by his imperial capacity. He had no secret enemy of conflicting impulses in his own mind.

We should be doing the present Emperor injustice if we did not say that his singularly complex character appears to us to contain nobler elements than any which were exhibited by the First Napoleon. He certainly has no contempt for idealists; he has in himself much of the idealist. His desire to understand his epoch is even noble; and he has always endeavoured, as far as was consistent with the maintenance of his power, to further the good of his generation. But, then, "as far as is consistent with the maintenance of his power"—this qualification is so vast that few can believe that posterity will look back upon Louis Napoleon as, on the whole, a benefactor of mankind. A Greek tragedian would have represented him as a man afflicted by an Atè—by an inexplicable curse, arising out of some action of his own which turns all his good endeavours and struggles into mischief and calamity. It is easy to see that at the outset these two impulses co-existed in him—the fresh and honourable desire for the good of mankind, the enthusiasm for liberty, for national life and vigour; but, alongside of this, the desire to be himself the chief agent in human affairs. It is easy to see, likewise, that whenever these two impulses have come into collision, the latter has always gained the mastery over the former. Nor can the moral verdict of reprobation on such a career be doubtfully delivered; though there is much to mitigate our hatred of the man.

It is, however, the ability and not the character—the intellectual and not the moral nature—of Louis Napoleon that is the most interesting subject of discussion, and that on which the greatest variety of opinion exists. Certainly we do not agree with those who disparage or think slightingly of it. To underrate the tension of brain, the constant vigilance, required in the management of a great empire by a single person for a number of years—not to speak of the skill with which the opportunity gaining such an empire was seized—is only possible for those who have been blinded by a, doubtless just, animosity against the oppressor of their and his country. And yet it is perfectly true that the ability of Louis Napoleon has by no means displayed itself with any very striking brilliancy; it has subjected itself to disparagement; and it is clear also how this has happened. No intellect can produce an effective or splendid result which does not work on a single and simple design. The design may be good or bad; this does not matter, as far as the splendour of the result is concerned, though it matters much to its excellence; but it is a first necessity that it should be simple, and not ambiguous or confused. Such a design the First Napoleon had: it consisted simply in this, to make as many people as he could subservient to his will and submissive to his power. But the present Napoleon has had a double mind, an ambiguous design; his enterprises have been prompted half by chivalrous feeling and half by selfish interest. If he has desired to promote the noble aspirations of humanity, he has also, and at least equally, desired to be the founder of a dynasty. With such duplicity of purpose, what grand result could be attained? It is possible to be grand in virtue; it is possible to be grand even in wickedness. But to the man who hangs between good and evil, to the Laodicean, to him who is unstable in all his ways, what grandeur is possible? With the right hand to lay the foundation-stone of a united Italy, with the left hand to obstruct and harass the builders; to give Lombardy, and filch Savoy and Nice; to send the troops of Victor Emmanuel against Naples, and to keep his fleet from off Gaeta; to be desirous to propagate ideas, and to be able only to propagate bullets; above all, to wish ardently and promise perpetually to give to France that self-government which is the greatest gift a ruler can give to his people, and which, if he could give it, would reflect eternal honour on his name, and yet to be obliged, not only to refrain from giving this gift, but to spend all his energy in preventing the French people from wresting it from him—surely no ruler was ever placed in a position so little calculated to display his ability to advantage. If, indeed, the French Emperor could have had an uninterrupted course of material success, there would have been much to soothe his failure in a nobler ambition. He has a preference for the higher standard; he would like to be the benefactor of France and of Europe in respect of great thoughts and aspirations, to found institutions that should live, and be the reliever of the wants of mankind; but failing this, he would have not disliked carrying his arms over conquered provinces, and winning a name among the great military monarchs of the world. But this has been denied him; he has seen neighbours overtop him and win brilliant success, while he has been defeated; he has lost material no less than spiritual triumphs; partly through the force of circumstances, and partly from the thwarting influence of the less selfish elements of his own mind. And yet, when we speak of the less selfish elements, it is singular how much of petty desire has mixed itself even with these. In that inimitable letter to M. Ollivier, published the other day—than which surely no man ever wrote a more stinging satire on himself—the predominance of his wish to be famous over his wish to do good is manifested with the greatest *naïveté*. "He desires," he says, "to do something striking"; not to potter in a weak vacillating manner, not to make some small concession here and withhold some small concession there, but to blaze out before the eyes of the world; not to do what he has persistently done, but to do what he has never done. There can be no doubt where Dante would have placed Louis Napoleon—among the angels who were rejected alike by heaven and hell:—

> quel cattivo coro
> Degli angeli che non furon ribelli,
> Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per sè foro.
> Cacciarli i ciel per non esser men belli,
> Nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve,
> Ch' alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d' elli.

We have said that we do not agree with those who think meanly of the ability of Louis Napoleon. But we agree with them decidedly so far, that that mysterious subtlety for which he used to be so famous is not the subtlety of a man who is all-penetrative himself and shrouds himself up from the eyes of others, but the subtlety of a man whose thoughts are as mysterious, as much without a clue, to himself as to any one else. It is the subtlety of a Hamlet, not that of a Talleyrand. Such men as he is can win the remembrance, only by winning the love, of mankind. It is a coarser nature, a nature of stronger fibre, a Cæsar or a First Napoleon, that concentrates and rivets men's attention by the display of tremendous force. This kind of success Louis Napoleon has not been able to attain; the nobler success that is won by a consistent course of just and beneficent acts he has chosen not to win. He cannot expect to found a dynasty; and, when he dies, what motive will any man have for remembering him one moment longer?

ATHLETICS.

ENGLISHMEN may be slow to entertain novelties, but when the first disinclination is overcome, they usually go to the opposite extreme, and prosecute them with extraordinary ardour and persistency. A dozen years ago athletic sports were almost unknown in this country; now they are celebrated over the length and breadth of the land. A dozen years ago there was here and there a gymnasium; but the youth of England rather pooh-poohed parallel bars and exercises on the *trapèze*. They were voted slow; there was a suspicion that they were too nearly akin to calisthenics, an accomplishment that figured side by side with music and the use of the globes in the prospectuses of young ladies' schools; very few people went to see them, and but little *kudos* attached to the performer. He might be a star of the first magnitude, but his light was obscured; and altogether there was something unbusiness-like and unpractical about the whole affair that debarred all but a select few from taking part in it. But, during the interval between that time and the present, the gospel of Muscular Christianity has been more fully preached and expounded. It has been shown that a man who can run, jump, box, and ride is a much more agreeable fellow, and much more likely to get on in the world, than another who can only shut himself up in his study and read dull books; that, if a large amount of brains is a good thing, a large biceps is a better; and that, though it may be a fine thing to understand the Differential Calculus, or to be able to elucidate obscure—and usually improper—puns in Aristophanes, it is far more profitable to comprehend the full use of your arms and legs, and to avail yourself of them with ease and dexterity. Pattern heroes were created who at college vexed the souls of tutors and of deans by their total neglect of rules and ordinances, but for whom were reserved, in the third volume, the highest prizes that the novelist can award—the rich heiress, the lordly estate, the agreeable remembrance in the millionaire's will. And, in contrast, the fate of the immaculate student was exhibited, retiring, after every statute has been religiously observed and every ordeal successfully passed, pale, prematurely bald, with a permanent stoop and diminished clearness of vision, and, for his reward, the spiritual charge of a remote parish seldom free from fever, the society of an insipid wife, and the undisputed parentage of a small army of children.

It is no wonder that the youth of England studied the two pictures thus set before it, hasted to model itself after the man of muscle instead of the man of mind, and enrolled itself under the banners of the new religion that enjoins its disciples above all things to fear God, and run a mile in four minutes and a half. All over the country athletics became the rage. Boys of fourteen began to train, to get into condition, to t[illegible]athers, to examine the development of their muscles, to measure the circumference of their arms. They regulated their diet; even the accustomed pudding was abandoned, if necessary, and the sweet-shop left unvisited; they got to know what was meant by being drawn too fine, or being a bit above themselves; they studied times to a fraction of a second; they compared their own performances with those accomplished at other schools, and acquired a shrewd notion of handicapping; and there arose a demand in the land for thin jerseys and racing-drawers that quite revolutionized that branch

of trade. Even at schools athletics soon became a business; but at the Universities they were speedily exalted almost into a profession. If the intelligent foreigners who recently visited our public schools, and were astonished at the amount of time devoted to cricket, had extended their travels to Oxford and Cambridge, they would have found matter for increased wonderment. They would have discovered that the academical year is conveniently divided into terms named according to the particular pursuits to which they are principally devoted. They would have suggested that perhaps there was a classical term, and a mathematical term, and a philosophical or historical term; and they would have been told that such was by no means the case, but that rather there was a cricket term, and a rowing term, and an athletic term. If some slight signs of incredulity were manifested they would have been taken, if the occasion were favourable, to the running ground. They would have seen a large gathering of persons actively engaged, and of others looking on, criticizing, comparing, but all alike, whether actors or spectators, displaying that gravity and serious earnestness which show the workman to have his heart in his work. They would have seen one young gentleman careering with bewildering rapidity round the running path, and another travelling with a very similar action, but with less velocity; and the difference between running and walking would have been pointed out to them, and they would have failed to comprehend it. They would have seen another young gentleman apparently leaping wildly into infinite space, and another hopping playfully over a series of hurdles, and another holding a chronometer, and another making notes for future guidance, and yet another whirling a fearful and wonderful instrument called a hammer round his head, and finally letting it fly in any and every direction except that originally contemplated. And, moved by the perils of this last exercise to a sense of the duty of providing for their own safety, they would have moved off and would have heard that this was a facsimile of what went on day after day, until every college had tried its own men, and then the picked men of each college had contended among themselves; and lastly, that, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, the picked men of the University had made a solemn expedition to London and done battle against similarly selected representatives of the other University. And on returning into the town it would have been pointed out that the prizes for which these athletes strove were by no means crowns of parsley, but tankards and goblets and medals of silver, a goodly array of which could be seen glittering in the shop-windows of the chief silversmiths, or on the sideboards of the most successful competitors; nay, that it was not an unheard-of thing for prizes more valuable still, say a mastership at a public school, to be given solely on account of proficiency in manly sports. And we think that the intelligent foreigners would have gone away much humbled at having been so ignorant of the aims and ends of English University education.

But in truth athletics are only one sport, or occupation, or business, whichever any one pleases to call them, out of many that are cultivated in a spirit of rivalry and competition, each University striving to outdo the other. Besides the boat-race and the cricket match and the athletics, there are inter-University billiard matches, tennis matches, racket matches, steeple-chases; and in a year or two, we suppose, if the velocipede mania spreads much in England, there will be inter-University bicycle matches also. For some one or other of these pastimes nearly every man has more or less aptitude. That aptitude is soon found out after his arrival at the University; and then he is so plagued and pestered to cultivate it—for the sake of your University, you know—that he is dragged *nolens volens* into the routine of training and practising. And it is astonishing how much time must be devoted to training and practising before a man can become a University champion in any branch of sport. Athletics offer temptations to an unusually large number of men. The new men who are likely to distinguish themselves in cricket or rowing can be generally counted on one's fingers; but in athletics there is a chance for every one. If a man cannot run, he can perhaps jump; or, if he can do neither, he may very probably be a good walker; while the more solid athletes, who generally possess strength without agility, can go through their ponderous exercises with the shot and the hammer. Again, if a man is not good enough for the University Sports, every college holds its own, and there is besides an open event at most college sports, and in addition the introduction of handicapping has given renewed chances to the most indifferent performers. So that on the whole—even apart from the substantial character of the prizes—there are more inducements to men to devote themselves to athletics than to any other sport. They are purposely arranged and organized so as to attract, not the best men, but the largest number of men. We are therefore justified in speaking of them as a business, which is so worked that as many shareholders as possible may be drawn into it. And the result is that the Universities are becoming more and more schools for the systematic education of the human muscles—a fact of which parents may take note if they please.

It is not to be understood that we are hostile to athletic sports. Far otherwise; but we believe that their least valuable parts are the most brought forward, that they are supported by objectionable and adventitious aids, and that they are being pushed to undue extremes. First, the least valuable parts of an athletic education are those which are connected with flat racing. Naturally, they are held in the most estimation. The best athletic exercise is undoubtedly boxing. It is invigorating, not a tax on the constitution, and has also the merit of being of great use; for a man who can defend himself and use his fists is a man ready armed. Naturally, this is the exercise that is most neglected; so much so, that at the recent meeting of the Amateur Athletic Club, not a single contest could be got up either for the light or the heavy weight prizes. Running is the least valuable athletic exercise, for Englishmen are not in the habit of running away from their enemies, and their friends are not worth the trouble of racing at the rate of ten miles an hour to catch them. It is also the most injurious exercise, as is proved by the sad tales of heart-aches—real, not imaginary—with which the young men of the day trouble their physicians. It is the running, say the physicians, that does the mischief; but still they run on at an unnatural pace, and struggle against nature, and finish "very much distressed," as the papers express it—in other words, staggering along, and very often falling just after the finish from sheer exhaustion. It is curious, too, that men destined for the most part to pass a dull, sober, sedentary life, should prepare for it by exercises more suitable to a hunter in the backwoods; but perhaps it is natural. We all remember the King of Bohemia, whose only passion in life was for navigation, though geographical circumstances prevented him from organizing a national navy. Secondly, we object to athletic sports being backed up by such an objectionable practice as that of rewarding the winners with silver cups and medals. Gentlemen do not expect such solid compliments when they get fifty or a hundred runs at a cricket-match, and the introduction of the custom into any University contest is a vulgar innovation. And lastly, we will support our assertion that athletics are being pushed to undue extremes by a narration of facts. A week or two ago the Thames Rowing Club held their sports, the proceedings at which were duly reported in the leading sporting papers. At the close of the day, after the customary events had been brought off, there was a two-mile steeple-chase. The competitors had to clear twenty hurdles, and also to get in, through, or over a water jump, thirteen feet wide, with four feet of water, and a hedge of hurdles placed in front at the take off. Thirteen started, and the majority quietly jumped into the ditch, and scrambled out—no great athletic feat, but rather calculated to induce rheumatics. This had to be repeated six times, and we believe only two or three of the competitors attempted to clear the ditch at all. So far the steeple-chase was a failure, except that there are always spectators who like to see people looking damp and miserable, and on this occasion they must have been abundantly gratified. But the Thames Rowing Club, which must include in its committee some person of great powers of invention, had yet another surprise in store. An event had been reserved for the last, called an "Obstacle Race." The unhappy competitors were to swim across a lake (which, by the way, was covered with ice a few hours earlier), then run 150 yards over five flights of wattled hurdles, then surmount "an obstacle," and then race home. There was a great deal of mystery about this obstacle. One paper said it would be an extraordinary obstacle; another said it would be an obstacle simply; another that no conception whatever could be formed about it. When made manifest to the eye, it turned out to be a barrier made up of "three perpendicular scaffold-poles, crossed at three-feet intervals by three others." It was nearly dark when the start was effected. The lake was crossed, the hurdles were cleared, and two dripping athletes got over the obstacle and secured first and second prizes. But the candidates for third honours were not so fortunate. Two gentlemen reached the top of the obstacle, and there they remained. They could not get down. Perched on the summit of three perpendicular scaffold poles, sitting there exalted, "by merit raised to that bad eminence," on a bleak evening in March, in the dark, numbed with cold and saturated with muddy water, their position cannot have been very comfortable. But soon a friend arrived to keep them company. A third gentleman equally eager to be placed in the race appeared on the summit of the obstacle. He also could not get down. He looked at the pair beside him, sitting fixed and motionless. *Sedent, æternumque sedebunt.* Should he also abide on a perpendicular pole, crossed by a horizontal one? No. How then should he get down. Happy thought; tumble down. Accordingly he tumbled down, and the shock of the fall preventing him from reassuming the erect posture, crawled the remainder of the distance and won the third prize. Thus we gather that if you are willing to swim, run, jump, climb up an obstacle, sit on a pole, tumble off it, run the risk of vertebral paralysis, and finally crawl on all fours, and will do all this in the dark, on a wintry night, you may get the third prize, and have the reputation of being a rather indifferent athlete. We shall look with curiosity for future specimens of ingenuity in the developments of athletic science. If there is any truth in the converse of the proverb, we ought to be not far off the sublime of athletics, for the ridiculous has been attained already.

GEMS OF THE DEBATE.

We had our say last week in due form about the wonderful speech which Mr. Disraeli, we are bound to believe, looked on as having some mysterious connexion with the proposals of the Government with regard to the Irish Church. But there are points, both in his speech and in some of the speeches which followed his, which are well worthy of a week's life, or even of a longer life still. Some things indeed were said which are worthy of being

something when they have nothing to say. No one, we have long known, is a greater master than Mr. Disraeli of the great art of throwing dust in people's eyes, of uttering sentences which sound very well, and which, till you deliberately try to think what they mean, may easily be fancied to have a meaning. But on Thursday week Mr. Disraeli surely overdid it. There is such a thing as being too clever by half. We wonder whether Mr. Disraeli ever read in the old *Spectator* about the boy who managed the thunder and lightning at a certain play which Addison or Steele or both went to see. His lightnings were sent out so thoroughly at the right time and in the right proportion that the *Spectator* felt sure that he would some day be a master of his art. But for the present he had two faults to correct; he had to learn to hold his head a little lower and to hide his candle. So it is with the Conservative leader; the lightning of tropes and distinctions and hard words is very fine lightning, but we somehow see the candle. The thing is this time too plainly artificial. The followers of Mr. Disraeli are no doubt like the old woman under the sermon; they don't presume to understand. As long as Mr. Disraeli talks about Mesopotamia, it is all very well; we don't see the candle. But when he gets nearer home, it is another thing. Even in the ranks of Mr. Mill's Stupid Party, there are men who have some mother wit;

> Nec cuncti provinciæ sic sunt idiotæ.

Of course they must not say so, but there must have been some, even among county members, who could see that, in the fine words about guardians and trustees, their leader was simply bamboozling them. They must have picked up enough at Quarter Sessions to know that he was not talking law, and it needs no mastery of any subject to see that he was not talking sense. Surely this time the joke has gone a little too far. Language, we know, was given us to conceal our thoughts; but it is a mistake to make it too palpable that we have no thoughts to conceal.

Mr. Disraeli tells us, in terms which drew forth a cry of "hear, hear," that all philosophers agree that "in their investigations there is an inevitable term when they meet the insoluble, when all the most transcendent powers of intellect dissipate and disappear." We are sure that it is the printer's fault, and not Mr. Disraeli's, that the Insoluble is shorn of that mark of personal respect which it—or he—would certainly have received in a novel of Lord Lytton's. We have all heard of the orator who protested that he did not speak in Italics, but we feel sure that Mr. Disraeli would not deny that he spoke in initial capitals. The notion of meeting the Insoluble is one of the very vaguest, and therefore one of the very grandest, notions that we ever came across. It makes one's flesh creep and one's teeth chatter. We feel that it would be unpleasant indeed to meet the Insoluble if we were walking across a churchyard as the clock was striking one in the morning. When we meet the Insoluble our intellects are to dissipate and disappear. But at some inevitable term we shall all meet the Insoluble, so that we all have to look forward to a day when our intellects, transcendent as they may be, will dissipate and disappear. Somehow this is not altogether a cheerful prospect. And when our intellects have dissipated and disappeared, then, and seemingly not till then, "commences the religious principle." According therefore to Mr. Disraeli, true piety cannot be found except among those whose intellects have dissipated and disappeared at the shock of meeting the Insoluble. The godly, in short, are to be looked for only within the walls of our lunatic asylums; and yet Mr. Disraeli pronounces it to be sacrilege, confiscation, what not, to apply ecclesiastical revenues to the support of the only class among whom "the religious principle" has even "commenced."

For our own part we are in no small fear of the speedy dissipation and disappearance of our intellects. For we have truly met the Insoluble. We have met the Insoluble in more than one passage of Mr. Disraeli's speech. Where, for instance, does the Insoluble reign more thoroughly undisturbed than in such a passage as the following?—

> Church property is to a great extent an intellectual, a moral, and religious tenure. It is the patrimony of the great body of the people, and in our much developed civilization constitutes a mode by which the middle and the working classes become landed proprietors and resident landed proprietors.

A plain man might ask, as a simple matter of fact, how Church property helps the working-classes to become resident landed proprietors. Does it mean that a working-man's son may become a beneficed clergyman or even an Archbishop? Undoubtedly he may, as he may become Lord Chancellor or anything else; but, if this be the meaning, it is, to say the least, a little dark. Then about the Tenure. We can understand an allodial tenure or a feudal tenure, a tenure by knight-service or a tenure in frank-almoigne. But what on earth is an intellectual, a moral, and a religious tenure? And, seeing that the religious principle does not commence till the intellect has dissipated and disappeared, how can a tenure be intellectual and religious at the same time? Then again, it is only to a great extent that Church property is an intellectual, a moral, and a religious tenure. It may be to some extent a tenure unintellectual, immoral, and irreligious. It is undoubtedly a sad truth that some holders of ecclesiastical property are both stupid and wicked. But, if this is what Mr. Disraeli means, it is a very dark way of putting it.

We meet the Insoluble again in Mr. Disraeli's lecture on Disraeli. The definition is a purely arbitrary one of Mr. Disraeli's own invention, but it is something to have a definition at all. And, whether he means it or not, his definition of "confiscation" implies that confiscation may be just:—

> I consider that if the State seizes the property of a corporation without alleging any cause it is spoliation. But if the State alleges some penal cause for its violence, though it may be an unfounded, tyrannical, and oppressive one, then I understand the act of the State to be confiscation. I make that distinction between the two processes.

Mr. Disraeli may truly say "I make that distinction"; for it is a distinction purely of his own making, and one of which nobody ever heard before. Confiscation, it seems, is the act of the State when it seizes the property of a corporation, and assigns a penal cause for so doing. We should like to know exactly what is meant by "a penal cause," but perhaps that is too much to ask. We gather that every case of confiscation is a case of "violence," which sounds odd. For if "the penal cause" which the State alleges, instead of being "unfounded, tyrannical, and oppressive," should be perfectly just, we hold that in such a case the act is confiscation, but that the confiscation is just. Mr. Disraeli surely does not mean that the State can never confiscate the property of a corporation, that it can never dissolve the corporation itself. If so, our Kings and Parliaments, for at least eight hundred years past, have sinned not a little. People talk as if nobody but Henry the Eighth ever dissolved an ecclesiastical corporation. In truth, the thing has been done, almost in every reign, certainly in every century, from Edward the Confessor to Victoria. Was it confiscation, or spoliation, or violence, or what, when the Parliament of Henry the Fifth, alleging a very good "penal cause," suppressed the Alien Priories and confiscated the revenues? What says Mr Disraeli to the endless suppressions and confiscations which are still going on under our own eyes by the authority of the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill? For it is undoubted suppression and confiscation every time that the estates of a prebend fall into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission. Will Mr. Disraeli tell us whether every such transfer is an act of spoliation and violence? The truth is that, under pretence of distinguishing between spoliation and confiscation, what Mr. Disraeli really meant to do was to hurl two long words ending in -ation at the heads of his enemies instead of one. The intellects of his followers, already beginning to dissipate and disappear at the meeting of the Insoluble, with the religious principle already beginning to act upon them, would most likely go away with the notion that Mr. Disraeli had been talking about spoliation and confiscation, that spoliation and confiscation were very dreadful things, that the Government Bill was either spoliation or confiscation or both, and that Mr. Disraeli was a speaker a little above the bucolic understanding.

The Insoluble again stares us in the face when we come to Mr. Disraeli's doctrines about guardians, trustees, and fiduciaries:—

> I acknowledge frankly that the State has relations with all kinds of property, but those relations are of a different character in respect to private and corporate property. The relations of the State to private property are the relations of a guardian, and its relations to private property are those of a trustee. The duty of a guardian to his ward is mainly to protect his ward. The duties of a trustee are of a more complicated character. Undoubtedly his first duty is to see that the intentions of the founder are fulfilled, as far as the varying circumstances of generations will permit. Unquestionably, if he finds that the resources to attain the desired object are extravagantly beyond the amount necessary for the purpose of the trust, it becomes his duty to consider by what means of redistribution of the funds and property the object may be safely accomplished; but this I do maintain, that under no circumstances whatever can a trustee appropriate to himself the property of which he is the fiduciary.

Now it is plain that in the second sentence of this extract the word "private" occurs twice, where it ought only to occur once; the printer has clearly printed in one place "private" where Mr. Disraeli said "public" or "corporate." This we see at a glance. But in a sentence which had a meaning, we should have known in which of the clauses we ought to read "private," and in which "public" or "corporate." But here we had nothing to guide us; there was no reason in law, history, or common sense, why the State should be called "guardian" or "trustee" of one sort of property more than the other. The context seems to show that Mr. Disraeli means that the State is guardian of private property, and trustee of corporate property. But this is a distinction purely of his own making. The State is not, in any legal sense, a trustee of corporate property any more than of private property. Mr. Disraeli then goes on with a fallacy which is very common in speakers of his class. He first gives certain words a certain purely arbitrary meaning of his own invention, and then he goes on to use that purely arbitrary meaning as an argument. He chooses to say that the State is a trustee of corporate property, and then argues that because a man may not take to himself the property of which he is trustee, therefore the State, as trustee of all corporate property, may never confiscate any corporate property. If Mr. Disraeli meant anything, he meant this. But it is much more likely that he meant nothing at all; that he only intended to utter a sentence which sounded as if it was very deep, and to wind up with a good rolling word. The ending of the sentence with the word "fiduciary" is a masterpiece, and richly deserved the cheer which it drew forth. "Fiduciary" is a word only one syllable shorter than Mesopotamia itself, and to Mr. Disraeli's admirers it must have been just as unintelligible.

We had designed to cull some more flowers both from the speech of Mr. Disraeli and from some other speeches. But space constrains us to pluck a very few only. Sir George Jenkinson's appeal to the Coronation Oath, as if it were quite a new idea, was very charming; but on the whole Lord Crichton undoubtedly bears away the bell. One passage in his speech really kindled in us a hope that we were at last going to learn the date of the Reformation. "There is," says Lord Crichton, "a great difference of opinion as to the precise date of the extension of the Reformation to Ireland." There was, then, a precise date, and we had trusted that Lord Crichton was going to give us the precise date. Some, we are told, put the "extension to Ireland so late as 1560, when all but two bishops" &c. &c. Every one knows that all but two bishops at this time "accepted the Reformation." We should like to see the exact Parliamentary language of this remarkable process. Other authors give the date of 1551 as the date of "the employment of the Liturgy instead of the Mass"—as if the Mass was not the Liturgy of Saint Peter. But, more cruel still, "some fix it a few years later than the English Reformation." But when the English Reformation happened Lord Crichton still does not tell us. We can only guess that the English Reformation took place a few years earlier than some year which is neither 1551 nor 1560. This is poor food for an ingenuous seeker after chronological truth.

But Lord Crichton has something to tell us more amazing still. He fears—and the fear drew forth a cheer—that "the supremacy of the Pope would be substituted for the mild and beneficent supremacy of the Queen." We do not wonder at the cheers. The saying of Lord Crichton is just the sort of saying which calls forth an instinctive "hoo-ray." But will Lord Crichton tell us something about the "machinery" which he informs us is ready? Part of the "machinery" consists, so Lord Crichton says, of "a Cardinal Prince of the Holy Roman Empire." Is there then a Holy Roman Empire? Is the Act of 1806 recalled? Are the two swords grasped by one hand? Have Guelf and Ghibelin made up their differences, and are the forces of both coming against us? A Cardinal Prince of the Holy Roman Empire! From Pope and Cæsar defend us both! We shall have to put out a new article, and to declare that not only the Bishop of Rome, but the Emperor of Rome too, if Lord Crichton will only tell us who he is, hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England.

Lastly, that we may not pick our gems from one side of the House only, let us take Mr. Dillwyn, as, for knowledge of ecclesiastical history, a worthy compeer of Lord Crichton. Mr. Dillwyn "could not agree with those who held that the Church in this country had never undergone a revolution, but that it was the Church of Saint Augustine still. In his opinion, that was mere special pleading. The Church was a new Church." If the commonest facts of law and history are special pleading in the opinion of Mr. Dillwyn, it only shows how little Mr. Dillwyn's opinion is worth. Perhaps Mr. Dillwyn will kindly show us the Act of Parliament which abolished one Church and substituted another. Perhaps he will, at least more kindly than Lord Crichton, give us the date when so great an event happened. Also, what does Mr. Dillwyn mean by implying that those who say that the Church is still the Church of Saint Augustine, say that the Church has never undergone a revolution? The Church has undergone plenty of revolutions; so has the State; but the personality, so to speak, of either body is not in the least affected. This sort of talk is not only grossly ignorant, but it is utterly off the question. That the present Church of England is the Church founded by Augustine, and not some new Church, founded nobody knows when, is a plain fact of law and history. But it has nothing to do with the question. Once grasp, which people seem to have so strange a difficulty in grasping, the great principle of the omnipotence of the nation assembled in Parliament, and all this sort of talk comes to an end. Whether a society was founded and endowed under Æthelberht or under Victoria, Parliament may equally deal with the society and with its property, because Parliament may equally deal with everything. Its own sense of what is just and expedient is, in the nature of things, the only limit which can be put on the will of a supreme governing power.

CANADA AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

THE Hudson's Bay Company is the last of the great territorial monopolies which were so lavishly created at an early stage of our colonial history. It has become a monstrous anachronism, and must as certainly be improved, if not off the face of the earth, at any rate off the face of all reclaimable land, as the native tribes whose hunting-grounds it has appropriated. But it has done good service in its day, and every one must desire that when it retires, as it must retire, from land which is fit for colonization, it should do so on equitable terms. That the proposal made by the Government for the settlement of the protracted negotiations between Canada and the Company is quite as favourable as the Company have any right to expect, or are ever likely to get, will be the conclusion arrived at by every impartial inquirer; and we trust that, after another fortnight's consideration, the shareholders will see the wisdom of accepting a not illiberal offer in preference to embarking in a litigation by which they may very probably lose all that they are now in a position to claim.

That a fur-trading Company should be allowed to keep about a third of the territories of the Crown in North America a perpetual wilderness, for the breeding of wild animals, is too preposterous a demand for even the Hudson's Bay shareholders themselves to make. They are ripe for disendowment, and the only question is as to the amount of compensation which ought to be awarded them. The Dominion of Canada (together with the outlying colonies of Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, and Columbia, which it must shortly absorb) includes nearly, though not quite, the whole of the settled and a great deal of the unsettled area of British North America. Beyond this lie two great districts—Rupert's Land, which is, or is claimed to be, the property of the Hudson's Bay Company, and is about as large as Europe, and the undefined North-West territory which stretches to the Arctic Ocean. This last is at present a barren waste, and the greater part of Rupert's Land is still of no value except as a hunting-ground. But in the very line across which the Dominion Road must ultimately pass from Canada to Columbia lies the so-called Fertile Belt, including the Red River Settlement, which, if not soon connected with the Dominion, will assuredly be absorbed by intruders from the States. Whether this Fertile Belt belongs to Canada or the Company has long been matter of dispute. The Canadians contend that, even if the original charter is not forfeited by breach of an implied duty to promote colonization, this region was never included in its terms; and they insist that it always was part of Canada, that it did not belong to the Crown when the charter of the Company was granted, that it was excluded from the grant under the exception of land "possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince," and that it only became English territory by cession from France long after the rights of the Company, whatever they were, had been acquired. Against this contention the Hudson's Bay Company have little to say, except that they have established five trading posts at various points in the disputed territory, and that they are prepared to defend their title whenever it may be assailed in a court of law. That they would succeed in maintaining the validity of a charter which, however improvident, has been recognised again and again by the Government of this country, we have little doubt; but their prospects of proving that the Fertile Belt is included within their boundaries seem to us extremely small. If it is not comprised in the terms of the charter, it would be absurd to suppose that the sort of possession implied from its user as a hunting-ground could be of any avail against the Crown, even if it were worth anything against a private owner. However, if the Company and the Canadians are wise enough to accept the terms of compromise now proposed, this question will never be raised. If they decline, we may expect soon to see the commencement of the most gigantic ejectment suit ever tried in any country.

Like many other charters of the same period, that of the Hudson's Bay Company granted, not only territory, but a certain measure of sovereignty, which has been exercised with judgment in preserving peaceable relations with the native tribes, and maintaining order in the hunting and fur-trading settlements. But for all other purposes the government of the Company has been a blank. Though they have constantly professed a desire to yield up any land which was suited for colonization, and have invited the Government to resume the direct administration of such districts, it was impossible for a fur-trading Company really to promote the colonization which must, in the end, destroy their traffic. Neither would it be possible or fair to expect the Government, either of this country or of Canada, to undertake the duties of administration without having the waste lands, or at least the bulk of them, at their own disposal; and the suggestions of this kind which from time to time have been offered by the Company may be dismissed as little more than rhetorical artifices for supporting a case which they, like every one else, knew to be one for compensation only.

A similar and equally plausible artifice was tried by the Canadian Government. The Dominion Act authorized the Crown to consent to the incorporation of Rupert's Land with the Dominion on suitable terms and conditions. The Ottawa Parliament accordingly requested that this might be done, on condition that the legal rights of any corporation or individual within the territory should be respected, and in terms this is of course all that the Hudson's Bay or any other Company could insist upon. But the working of such a condition would be to leave the Company practically helpless. The Canadian Government would at once appropriate the debateable Fertile Belt, and deny the right of the Company to compensation, and nothing would be left to the shareholders but a litigation in Canadian Courts against a Government already in possession and strongly committed to an adverse view.

The Imperial Government rightly rejected both of these counter proposals, until a settlement by negotiation should have been tried, and, failing that, a legal decision obtained fixing the boundaries of the Hudson's Bay territory. If the first of these methods fails (and we cannot believe that it will), it is plainly intimated that the great trial must come off, and whether this is to be the result or not mainly depends on the wisdom of the 1,700 shareholders in the Company. And they may well pause before they decide to reject the offer which is made to them. In substance it amounts to this. First, a payment in cash of 300,000*l.*; secondly, a reservation of one-twentieth of the land which may be brought into colonization; and, lastly, immunity from exceptional taxation, and liberty to continue their operations as a trading body. It is obvious that one-twentieth of a tract of land made available for colonization at the cost of other persons must be worth much more than the whole area without the communications and appliances of modern civilization, and the settled institutions which only a regular government can give. If there were no other clause in the proposed agree-

ment than this, the Company would be giving nineteen-twentieths of their fertile land (assuming it to be theirs) as payment to Canada for undertaking the government of the whole. It is conceded that if this bargain is not made, the Company are bound to establish a Government themselves, and as Sir Stafford Northcote reminded them, they could scarcely expect to do it much cheaper. If this is so, the cash payment of 300,000*l.* is so much clear gain to the Company, and though it is less in apparent amount than what they have claimed before, it is not really so when the difference is considered between money paid down and a larger sum spread over an indefinite period, and payable only as land is gradually disposed of.

It is obviously the interest of the Company to close with these terms; it is not less that of the Canadian Government, or we should rather say, the Canadian people. It is probable that in mere money the land will never bring back to them the price they will pay for it when all the expenses of administration are provided for. It is now the accepted policy to give away, or almost give away, wild lands to any one who will reclaim them, and no surplus revenue of any account can be looked for from land-sales. But, on the other hand, it is of vital importance that the incorporation of the Red River Settlement should not be delayed by a tedious lawsuit. A few years more of suspense would Americanize the whole colony, and the grand prospect of a continuous line of colonized territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific would disappear for ever. Whether the leading communications of this district are to be with Canada and the St. Lawrence, or with the United States, depends mainly upon prompt action, and if the 300,000*l.* were regarded merely as a bonus to gain time, it would be wisely spent by those whose immediate interest is in the development of the trade and prosperity of the Dominion. Lord Granville, in suggesting his terms of compromise, did not disguise his expectation that they would fail to meet the extreme views of either party, but he would not have misdescribed the arrangement he proposed if he had said that it would give to each side larger benefits than either could hope from the most complete success in the litigation which is the only alternative. If the compromise is not accepted, those from whom the refusal comes will forfeit all claim to sympathy, whatever fate may ultimately attend them. And, in the case of an anomalous society like the Hudson's Bay Company, to lose the sympathy of the country is simply to lose everything they possess.

CRIMINOUS CLERKS.

LORD SALISBURY doubtless remembered his Dr. Watts when he drew attention to the little amount of work which the House of Lords has to do. His lordship has not, or at any rate we have not, forgotten who it is who is always said to be so ready to provide work for idle hands. Whether the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Archbishop of Canterbury have forestalled, or been prompted by, the suggestion from this awkward quarter of activity to the idle, it would be idle, and certainly very scandalous, to inquire. But there is work, from whatever source their inspiration is drawn, before the Peers in the rival Ecclesiastical Courts Bills which are backed respectively by the great Protestant Earl and by the Primate. They are, we suppose, rival measures, but they have a family likeness; their face is different but not discordant, *qualis decet esse sororum.* And in one respect the clerical measure has the advantage of the lay Bill. Lord Shaftesbury's Bill weighs eight ounces, while the Archbishop's pulls down the scale at four; and though the chief victim, the criminous clerk, may think that a cat-o'-nine-tails is worse than a whip with four thongs and a-half, his anticipation of a milder castigation from his spiritual fathers must be modified when he learns, as he will learn, that the punishment comes to much the same thing if, as is the case, the penal provisions of the longer measure are all embodied in the shorter one. As mere measures of reforming the practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and substituting one set of officials for another, and of simplifying and condensing details, there may be distinctions between the Tweedledum of the Spiritual and the Tweedledee of the Temporal reformer. But the House of Lords, after the experience of many failures in such attempts to get a good Church Discipline Bill, may well be trusted to leave this matter as they find it.

Paulo majora. There must be a reason for Lord Shaftesbury's measure; it cannot be for nothing that a fervid advertisement appears every day from the Protestant Institute, urging signatures in its favour. The clients and customers of Low-Church booksellers such as Messrs. Nisbet and Seeley must have some warmer inducement than the wrongs which they suffer from provincial Chancellors to feel any interest in this Bill. A glance at it reveals the secret. The object of the Bill, though it is not announced on the back, is to simplify proceedings against criminous clerks. It provides a short and easy method with the parson; and it gives a very substantial existence to the aggrieved parishioner. When we say *it*, we must not confine ourselves to Lord Shaftesbury's Bill, for the Bishops' Bill is, as might be expected when bishops legislate against the inferior clergy, much the same. We extract from the two measures what we conceive to be their essence:—

> Any three members of the Church who are inhabitant householders of the diocese within which the offence is alleged to have been committed can institute proceedings against a clerk for having offended against the laws ecclesiastical, *i.e.* against any of them.

This clause covers, and indeed names, offences moral, doctrinal, and ceremonial. If any three old women think that the parson swears or drinks, or choose to dislike his sermons, or object to his bowings and crossings on the one hand, or to his omission of the Saints' days on the other, said three old women, being inhabitant householders, but not being required to be even in name or by profession members of the Church, may, if they please, bring any beneficed clergyman to certain ruin. This is the Rehoboam form of the tender mercies extended by Lord Shaftesbury to the Rationalists and Ritualists.

Solomon is of course milder; the Church, in the person of the bishops, is of course more tender to her erring priests:—

> If a written information be given to a Bishop that a clerk has been guilty of teaching or maintaining unsound doctrine, or of any offence against the worship, doctrine, discipline, or government of the Church, and such information be signed by five beneficed clergymen of the Church, the Bishop shall authorize a suit to be instituted in his court by such five beneficed clergymen against such accused clerk.

But—

> All suits involving any question concerning the due administration of the Sacraments, or other rules and ceremonies, or involving any question concerning the ornaments of the Church, &c., may be instituted by three members of the Church who are inhabitant householders of the parish within which the offence is alleged to have been committed.

These, then, are the simplifications proposed by the rival Bills—and the distinction is not very important. Lord Shaftesbury proposes to allow any three resident householders residing within the diocese, but without any other qualification either of sex, churchmanship, or interest in the matter, to institute, of course at their own expense, any suit they may please, on any charge they may invent, for any breach, which they may conjecture, of any law of the existence of which they may persuade themselves, against any clergyman of whom they may have never heard, but who may have been denounced to them by any drunken or profligate person in his parish. The Bishops' Bill draws a line; doctrinal charges are only to be preferred by five clergymen. But these five clergymen may be any five clergymen. Suits involving questions on ceremony and ritual may be brought by three householders, but they must be aggrieved parishioners; while Lord Shaftesbury extends the privilege of prosecuting the priesthood to the whole diocese. The *raison d'être* of these facilities accorded to the prosecution, or persecution, of criminous clerks by the proposed Bills is plain. In either case it is sought to increase the facilities of such persecution by diminishing the present securities against frivolous, vexatious, and unjust suits. At present the law entrusts the bishop, not only with the discretion of instituting the suit, or at least with the opportunity of choosing whether he will sign letters of request authorizing others to prosecute, but also entrusts the bishop with the still more disagreeable duty of paying the costs of the suit.

The Bills now before the Lords—both the Bishops' and Lord Shaftesbury's—relieve the bishop of the diocese both from the responsibility of commencing (or authorizing) proceedings, and also from the privilege of paying for such proceedings. It is no great wonder, therefore, that this relief accorded to their pockets should influence the bishops in accepting this remarkable reform. The other side of the question—that the bishop of the diocese is, if in one sense the natural enemy of the inferior clergy, on the other their natural protector—scarcely seems to have presented itself to the episcopal mind. A criminous clerk is a being no doubt to be hunted down without mercy or law; and a clerk unjustly accused, unfairly delated, and exposed to the vengeance of a joint-stock subscription company, which has subscribed 50,000*l.* for the express and avowed purpose of prosecuting to the bitter end any doctrine or practice which Lord Shaftesbury dislikes, is an animal not worth a moment's thought, that is, not a moment of a bishop's thoughts. For this is the end sought, and these are the means for purifying the Church and securing uniformity in doctrine and discipline which both the Bills now before the Lords seek and ensue. Simplify legal processes, and by simplifying invite them. Let there be simultaneously a hundred suits instituted against the leaders of free thought, or the leaders of advanced ritual. Let any three inhabitant householders of Saffron Hill, backed by the 50,000*l.* of the Church Protestant Defence Institution, or whatever the society expressly organized to prosecute Ritualists is, bring their suit against Mr. Mackonochie. Let any five beneficed clergymen, Simeon Trustees, or Disraelitish Deans, sign a written information certifying that the Dean of Westminster, or Mr. Bennett, or Dr. Pusey, or Dr. Mansel, or Dr. Temple, has been guilty of maintaining unsound or erroneous doctrine, and as the bishops have neither to pay for the suit, nor to decide whether the suit should be brought, let it be brought. The bishops do not pay, so they do not care. The peace of the Church, the justice of the case, the duty of preventing scandal, oppression, or wrong—this is not the bishops' affair. It is nobody's affair. It is, to be sure, in other social departments a matter of public policy not to allow people to subscribe private funds in order to carry on vexatious suits against a man's estate and property. But ecclesiastical champerty is rather a thing to be encouraged. Ecclesiastical prosecutions can work under the accepted commercial principle of limited liability, and the especial excellence of the proposed facilities for prosecuting criminous clerks consists in this, that for the future the expenses of the prosecutions are brought down to the minimum, while those of the accused are certain to be raised to the proper pitch of ruin. On the one hand are the three inhabitant householders, or the five

beneficed clergymen, backed by the 50,000*l.* fund; on the other is the perpetual curate backed by his pew-rents. It is quite true that the prosecutors may be called upon to give security for costs; and in the highly doubtful event of a judgment in favour of the accused, the three or five excellent people who have acted on account of the brethren may have to pay costs "as between attorney and client." But what of the criminous clerk in the meantime—the unfortunate who has preached doubtful doctrine on the exact size of the ark, or who is thought to have bowed once and again when mentioning the name of St. Bartholomew? First, he has been suspended from all office and function as soon as the suit was commenced, and the spiritual duties of the parish have been performed by a clerk nominated by the bishop and paid by the accused incumbent. With pockets thus sweated at starting, he stands very little chance against the unlimited credit and all but unlimited resources of the prosecutors. The aggrieved parishioner has certainly managed to turn the tables; and if either of these measures passes, to harry a parson out of his living and his last shilling, under the pleasant fiction of seeking the peace and purity of the Church, will be a sport superior in interest to duck-hunting, and nearly equal in fun and dignity to a bull-baiting, where the danger is all on one side. The worst of such Church reforms is that the sport will only last for a generation. No doubt the three inhabitant householders and the five beneficed clergymen will be able to worry and ruin a good many rectors and vicars of the existing generation. But the supply of this sort of game will soon be exhausted. No man, either of fortune, or education, or self-respect, or common prudence, will ever enter into a religious system of which this, or anything like this, is to be the disciplinary code.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Suez Canal will probably be completed and opened for traffic by the end of the present year, and a Frenchman will have the honour of having conceived and carried out an undertaking which at least one Englishman declared to be impracticable. We should have thought that the engineer's principle that any work can be done for which money can be found was eminently applicable in this case; for the cutting of a canal through about a hundred miles of tolerably easy country is not to be compared to schemes which are certain to be brought forward whenever the public finds itself in a speculative mood. It is true that the cost of the works will greatly exceed the original estimate, although their dimensions are much less than was originally proposed, but that is an ordinary feature of joint-stock enterprise. The shareholders have the hope of a dividend, and the certainty that they have enhanced the glory of France. If the undertaking is commercially successful, its prosperity will be largely due to the passing of English trade along the canal, and we shall certainly not send our ships that way unless we find the route convenient.

The difficulty of keeping open this canal will perhaps be greater than the difficulty of making it. The work has been lately inspected by Mr. Fowler, the eminent engineer, and his report has been published in the *Times*. The first difficulty to be encountered was the formation and maintenance of the harbour of Port Said, where vessels will enter the canal from the Mediterranean. This harbour has been formed in the usual way, by carrying out into the sea lines of breakwater made of blocks of concrete. The liability of the harbour to silting up is unusually great, because a branch of the Nile, reaching the sea westward of this harbour, brings down large quantities of fine alluvium, which are carried along the shore and towards the western breakwater, and penetrate through that breakwater in its present imperfect state. Supposing the breakwater to be made impermeable, a bank of sand will then begin to be formed outside of it, and as this extends it may possibly become necessary to carry the breakwater further out to sea. But if the breakwater be rendered solid, and perhaps lengthened, and if the harbour be diligently dredged, there is no reason to apprehend that the mouth of the canal will not remain accessible from the Mediterranean. The danger from moving sand, however, threatens the canal as well as its port, although the cause of motion would, as regards the former, be not water, but wind. It has been assumed, on insufficient knowledge of the locality, that the sand of the desert would be blown into the canal in quantities utterly unmanageable. If the whole distance of the canal from sea to sea had been carried through a desert composed of fine drifting sand, it would have been hopeless to attempt to keep the canal open. But the only portions of the canal that are liable to be thus affected to any extent worthy of consideration are of a total length of only seventeen miles. It is hoped that, as regards these portions, the drift will be in some degree controlled by the planting of trees and shrubs on the sides of the canal. But it will be necessary to use powerful dredges to keep these portions of the canal clear from sand.

The width of the canal at the surface is in some portions 196 feet and in others 327 feet. The width at the bottom is throughout 72 feet. The depth is 26 feet. The narrower width of surface and steeper slope have been adopted in deep cuttings to effect the greatest possible saving in quantity of excavation. The length of canal thus constructed is only 22 miles. The remaining 77 miles are constructed with greater width and gentler slope. The canal passes for 5½ miles of its course through Lake Timsah, and for 23½ miles through the Bitter Lakes. In these sections only a portion of the work of excavation has to be done in consequence of the low level of the ground. The distance of the Bitter Lakes from Suez is 22 miles. The superficial area of these lakes is 100,000 acres. In the summer months, when evaporation is greatest in these lakes, their connexion with the tidal Red Sea will produce peculiar currents and hydraulic phenomena. Mr. Fowler thinks that the current caused by evaporation and tide will approach or exceed two miles per hour. He also thinks that, in order to supply evaporation and other waste of water in the Bitter Lakes, the canal should have been constructed of enlarged dimensions between these lakes and Suez "if the resources of the Company permitted." He thinks, again, that the slopes of the canal should be protected throughout its length against the wash of passing vessels, wind, or current, by stone-pitching. It is to be observed, moreover, that large vessels cannot pass one another with the present dimensions of the canal, which are, as has been stated, 26 feet of depth to a width at bottom of 72 feet; and thus it will be necessary, on any considerable development of traffic, to provide passing places or to widen the whole canal. It seems that the absorption of water by the soil is typical of the process which is likely to be undergone by the money of the shareholders. Yet there is reasonable prospect of large traffic, provided that the canal can be maintained in full depth and efficiency, and that the charges made to ships using it are moderate. Under these conditions the steam passenger and mail traffic between Europe and India will be likely to pass along this route. Sailing vessels which would require steam-tugs, not only through the canal but also down the Red Sea, would not find advantage in using it. It is possible that enterprising firms or companies may construct sailing vessels with auxiliary steam power specially adapted to the canal and the Red Sea, and that thus the large traffic round the Cape of Good Hope may be diverted for the profit of the shareholders in the undertaking. It seems on the whole that expense is certain and profit doubtful; but the operation, like that of the French surgeon, if not advantageous, has been very brilliant. Not the least of the difficulties of the work has been to secure a supply of fresh water both for those who made the canal and for those who will hereafter use it. With this object, a fresh-water canal has been made from the Nile at Cairo to Suez, a distance of about 70 miles, and iron pipes have been laid along the navigable canal.

The engineering interest of this work, great as it is, is surpassed by the interest which attaches to it commercially and politically. Before the famous voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1498, the trade between Europe and the East passed from the ports of the Mediterranean across the desert to the ports of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. When Da Gama, after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, sailed across the Indian Ocean and reached Calicut, the Arab merchants whom he found there cursed him as the destroyer of their trade. From that day to the present the trade of Europe with the East has passed by the route which Da Gama traced. Now it seems likely to return into its ancient course, provided that the canal can be kept open and in working order without disproportionate expense. The political questions which the completion of this enterprise suggests are so embarrassing, that it is perhaps as well to leave them undiscussed. Whether the road across Egypt to India passes by land or water, it is equally important to this country to secure it, if possible, in the event of war. The proposals which we hear for making the canal and its ports neutral territory are open to the objection that such an arrangement is likely to be respected only until a strong Power feels adequate inducement to its violation. The control of the Mediterranean mouth of the canal would rest with that European nation which found itself able to hold superiority on the sea. The control of the Red Sea mouth would, unless we managed our affairs very badly, rest with us. We could prevent other nations using the canal, and perhaps they could prevent us. The peaceful triumph which M. de Lesseps has gained over some English engineers who declared his scheme impracticable may remind us that the country in which he has worked has been the scene of warfare waged between France and England with earnestness proportioned to the value of the prize contended for. The importance of the expedition of the First Napoleon to Egypt was understood by our Government, which bent all its efforts to oppose him. The command of the Mediterranean was necessary to enable Napoleon's army to be properly supported from France, and all hope of gaining that command vanished when Nelson destroyed the French fleet in Aboukir Bay. Yet this stunning blow received at the outset of the enterprise did not prevent the French from maintaining themselves for the next three years in Egypt. Napoleon, as we know, returned to France, which in his absence hardly maintained herself against the attacks of combined Europe. Dessaix followed Napoleon home, and bought for his general with his own life the victory of Marengo. Kleber perished in Cairo by an assassin's hand. Thus the French army in Egypt was left without a leader, while one English army landed at Alexandria, and another came from India and landed at Suez, and both besieged the French in Cairo. When the French garrison surrendered, it marched under escort of English troops to the coast for embarkation, while among the boats which bore its baggage down the Nile was one laden with the body of the murdered Kleber. That procession perhaps might have competed in picturesque effect with some of those of which we have lately read elaborate descriptions. The English nation did its utmost in its cumbrous way to effect the expulsion of the French from Egypt, and it succeeded. The generals employed in the campaign were applauded and rewarded, and they deserved the honours and emoluments which they received, not the less be-

cause the campaign was totally unnecessary. The French general had entered into a convention for the evacuation of Egypt, which the English admiral refused to ratify. The war accordingly proceeded. The English nation gained a great deal of honour, and, no doubt, spent a vast sum of money; and this perhaps is what M. de Lesseps and his co-adventurers are doing upon nearly the same ground.

It is interesting to refer to these fierce conflicts of bygone times, for the sake of the contrast they afford to the harmony which now happily subsists between Frenchmen and Englishmen in Egypt. The skill, energy, and perseverance of M. de Lesseps are applauded as heartily in this country as abroad. If we speak dubiously of his commercial prospect, it is only because we have grown thoroughly accustomed among ourselves to associate grand and beneficent undertakings with poor returns to shareholders. As regards political difficulties, we prefer on this occasion to say nothing, except that they are certain to be surmounted if France and England take the same side in reference to them.

THE LORDS ON THE SCOTCH SCHOOLS BILL.

THE Scotch Schools Bill has got safely through the second reading. It may be presumed therefore that the principle of the Bill has been accepted, and that in some shape or other it will become law during this Session. Judging, however, by the criticisms to which it was subjected on Friday night, it would appear that just at present the Lords do not mean to let it leave them peaceably. But they have little else to do just now. Before the 12th of April, when it comes to be considered in Committee, the spirit of discontent may have passed away. Other channels will have been opened up for the surplus energies of the peers, and they will probably be less eager in spying out faults in a Bill about Scotch Parish Schools. Scotland affords but poor Parliamentary sport compared with England or Ireland. A round or two on the Irish Church, or a day with the University Tests, will be much better fun as the season draws on. Life Peerages will be started shortly after Easter, and a single shot at such an object will be worth any amount of practice at a trifling matter concerning the teaching of half a million Presbyterian children. It is all the difference between deer-stalking and rabbit-shooting, and it is only natural that the peers—and especially Lord Airlie—should prefer the nobler pastime. If this be so, it is more than likely that the Bill may slip through Committee comparatively unmolested. The steam, we imagine, has been blown off on the second reading, and the future progress of the measure will be easier and less noisy in consequence.

At the same time, the process of blowing off the steam was not altogether satisfactory. It seldom is. The debate was remarkable for nothing except the strong "anti Scotch" character which it developed. It is clear from the tone of the discussion that, whatever may happen in the Commons, the Lords are determined to look upon the matter from an English, or rather a Pall Mall and Privy Council, point of view. Lord Abinger struck the keynote in his diatribe against a most deserving class of men, the Scotch schoolmasters. He "particularly objected to the associated schoolmasters, who are nothing more nor less than a trades' union," being represented on the Board. He objected to the Universities being represented, and wished, with true Tory generosity, to pay everybody connected with the Board, and make it comfortable all round. The Scotch people probably would not object to this proposal, but, being a frugal folk, they prefer to do it in their own way, as efficiently, and at a third of the money. Lord Airlie followed suit, and combined a lofty disregard of Scotch feeling on this matter with utter ignorance of what he was talking about. It would be a curious and not uninteresting matter of speculation whether Lord Airlie prepared his own speech or got some Englishman to do it for him. It is hardly possible that an intelligent young nobleman, who is always in Scotland from the 12th of August till October recalls him from the forests of the North to the coverts of the South, should know so little of the state of education in the former country as to say that "prior to the introduction of the Revised Code the acquaintance of the scholars with the 'Three R's' was much inferior to that of English children of the same age." We should like to know where he got this piece of information. The Revised Code, we always understood, has never been introduced into Scotland in full. Payment by results has not yet crossed the Tweed, and the Scotch certificated teacher is still paid according to the value of his certificate, as the English teacher used to be before Mr. Lowe was in the Council Office. The current of popular feeling in Scotland is so strong against the Code that the whole bureaucratic force of the Council Office has hitherto been unable to stem it. The Commissioners report against it, and show in an elaborate argument that some of its leading provisions are destructive of all the traditions of Scotch education. We shall have more to say on this presently. Meantime, however fondly Lord Airlie, or his English adviser, loves the Code, he may rest assured that, so long as Scotland sends up Liberal members to the House of Commons in anything like the present ratio of fifty-three to seven, it will never be introduced into Scotland in its entirety. The Duke of Argyll took the trouble of putting Lord Airlie right in this matter of the "three R's." It was hardly necessary, because in the early part of his speech the noble lord had put himself right. In a carefully-prepared contrast between the ignorance and improvidence of the English labourer and the intelligence and prudence of the Scotch, he drew a graphic picture of the latter. He described him as a man who "reads the newspapers, corresponds with his own class, knows the rate of wages elsewhere as well as the farmers do, and if he finds that he can obtain in another part of the country 1s. 6d. or 2s. a day more than he has where he is located, he emigrates to that district. So much for the influence of education in Scotland." In other words, the Scotch labourer, according to Lord Airlie, reads, writes, and casts up accounts, and the English labourer can do none of the three. Yet the knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic is superior in England to what it is in Scotland, and more general! Lord Airlie is Scotch by birth, and the Scotch are proverbially logical; but surely such logic as this has more of Ireland in it than of Scotland. England, however, is more to his lordship's taste than either Scotland or Ireland. He, or at least his speech, is wedded to the Privy Council and the Revised Code. He little knows how unpopular these two institutions are in Scotland, or how unpopular he makes himself in that country when he says, as he is reported to have said, that he would prefer to see Scotch education placed under the immediate control of the Privy Council than under a Scotch Board; and when he wishes to know why a different principle is to be applied to the people of Scotland from that applied to the people of England. Such expressions of opinion might have been expected from the Opposition leaders. But to do Lord Cairns and the Duke of Marlborough justice, they know their subject and the Scotch people better. They admitted that the proposal for a Scotch Board was acceptable in Scotland, and indeed indispensable; and if they spoke through the mist raised by the more dogmatic section of the Established Church, and complained about the secular character of the Bill, they only obeyed their brief. This was to be expected. But how came it that the Duke of Argyll, who was so eminently Scotch on the first reading, was so Laodicean on the second? He blew neither hot nor cold, and seemed almost ready to surrender to Pall Mall. He gave up the appointment of University representatives on the Board; he gave up the schoolmasters, and seemed willing to nominate a Council of Education for Scotland, consisting of country gentlemen and municipal dignitaries, neither of whom know anything about the subject. Lord Abinger's three salaried officials would be better than that. Both the Duke, however, and the President of the Council, who seems to have very fairly mastered the subject, stood up staunchly for a Board of some sort in Scotland. And in so doing they merely re-echoed the opinions that have been expressed from one end of Scotland to the other.

The inhabitants of that peculiar country are apt to form prejudices, some of which are reasonable—if we can speak of a reasonable prejudice—and some are not. But among the first class none is more deeply rooted than this—that they decline to have their education managed in England. Such a proposal, they say, implies one of two things; either that they are identical with the English, or inferior to them. But they will not admit either alternative. Their Church—so they consider their law, their education, their traditions, the physical condition of their country, the influence of their resident gentry, the relations of their squires to their parsons, and of both to the people, and, in short, the various causes which tend to mould the character of a nation, are all different from those which are at work in England. And identity, they say, is not produced by such a catalogue of differences. Are they then inferior? In the matter of education they will not admit their inferiority. They say, and not without some show of reason, that they have had a national system of education since 1696, and even before it, and have reaped the benefits of this system for more than two centuries, while England has only awakened to the knowledge of the widespread ignorance of its inhabitants within the last half-dozen years, or indeed within the last half-dozen months. "The distinguishing character of this system of education," to quote the words of the Home Secretary, in a recent speech made by him in Scotland, "is this—that the means of obtaining the best education in the country should be given to the child of even the humblest peasant in the country. From the humblest national school boys issue who go at once to the University, and who obtain the benefit of the University, and are therefore able to compete for the greatest honours and the most profitable employments in the State and country. This is the honourable distinction of Scotland." The Scotch people endorse this statement, but the Committee of Council does not. Hence it is that the Committee of Council is abhorrent to the people of Scotland. And if the inhabitants were polled to-morrow as to their preference for Scotch or English management of their schools, not a dozen votes, including Lord Airlie's, would be given for the latter. It would be no difficult matter to bring forward proof of this feeling. The Scotch papers are full of it; the laity and the schoolmasters ring the changes on it at every public meeting; and even the Churches, which agree on nothing else under the sun, are at one upon this point. The following sentences from the speech of an influential man, delivered no longer ago than last week, may be taken as conclusive:—

> I have the strongest possible objection to a London management. I would accept almost any Board, however constituted, rather than have our education in Scotland left to the tender mercies of the Privy Council. All the time I had anything to do with the management of the education in our Church, we had to fight every inch of ground in getting the members of the Privy Council to comprehend that there was anything in Scotch education that was peculiar. They had the idea, and would force it upon us, that our elementary schools in Scotland should be like the elementary schools in England—merely to teach "the three R's," and nothing more. They could

not be brought to take in the necessity of our elementary schools teaching the elements of a classical education, with a view to prepare promising students for our colleges. They could not be brought to take in that. We had to fight every inch of ground on that point; and on various others we had the same difficulty. For example, look to the Revised Code. It has proved unworkable in our schools. And then the Duke of Argyll's Bill is overridden in this particular—they imagine that our elementary schools are just schools for those who cannot pay for the education of their children, and insist in making a distinction of classes in our schools. That is the very thing the Scotch system has repudiated from the beginning—the idea of classifying the children in our schools according to their means of payment. These are circumstances that make me very jealous of a London management.

These are the words of Dr Candlish in the Free Church Commission, and he, as perhaps the ablest and most liberal-minded man in that powerful body, may be considered as a fair exponent of the views of about a million of Scotch people. The leading members of the Established Church, who represent about another million and a half of the population, expressed opinions almost identical. Yet, in the face of such representations from two millions and a half of his countrymen, a Scotch peer rises in the House of Lords to ask why there should be any distinction between English and Scotch elementary education. Is it too much to say that Lord Airlie combined a lofty disregard of Scotch feeling with utter ignorance of his subject?

What, however, is the practical result of this discussion on the second reading? Nothing, except that it shows the want of sympathy between the Scotch peers and the Scotch people, and it raises grave doubts as to the propriety of introducing in the House of Lords a Bill which concerns the welfare of so many Scotchmen. The genius of the place is not friendly to Scotland. True, the discussion did not openly attack the principle of the Bill, which is the establishment of national unsectarian education. But it gave cause to fear that this principle will not be fairly carried out. The Scotch, if left to themselves, will carry it out thoroughly. And English, or still worse, ignorant Scotch, peers should not be permitted to weaken it by contact with English prejudice, or to embarrass its working by the application of English machinery.

SPEECHES MADE EASY.

WE confess to have been afflicted with a profound sense of melancholy by a discovery which we have recently made, and which has given a shock to our faith in human nature. We have frequently listened (as who has not?) to those dismal utterances which are forced from some wretched human being for the entertainment of heartless fellow-creatures at moments which should be specially favourable to general benevolence. After dinner, the affections of mankind are generally supposed to be at their warmest; and yet that sacred period is still sometimes selected, in compliance with an ancient superstition, for forcing dumb animals to speak. There are persons, it is true, endowed with the rare faculty of making speeches on such occasions which are agreeable and even eloquent. But the general herd are unable to do more than stutter through a few commonplaces; and the amusement derived from their sufferings seems to be as uncivilized as the mediæval enjoyment of professional fools. Yet we have hitherto clung fondly to one belief; we have held that the victims were genuine sufferers; not indeed in the sense of being really unwilling to speak, for the reluctance habitually expressed is too palpably of the *nolo episcopari* order, but we supposed them to be so far genuine that their nonsense was their own. We imagined that they were under the strange delusion that they could really make good speeches, and were only undeceived when they could scarcely restrain a yawn at their own portentous dulness. Our eyes have been opened. Ladies' hair, as we know, is not to be depended upon; sermons are not always the production of the preacher, but have been bought for 1*s*. 6*d* apiece; and now it appears from a little manual which we have received, that even after-dinner speeches are occasionally crammed by rote from a printed book. When a man says that he never expected to be wanted to speak, we know that he is indulging in an excusable fiction; for after-dinner speeches, like all other speeches, are best when they are only in part extempore, and we may forgive a man for providing himself with a few hints beforehand; but that a person should deliberately buy a shilling book and of malice prepense get up a string of appropriate platitudes for any given occasion certainly throws a melancholy light upon the degree to which art has supplanted nature. A cursory examination of the pages of a manual published for this purpose is enough to show us what wretched humbugs must be some of the orators who appeal to our mercy.

Suppose, for example, that a gentleman rises to propose the health of the Queen. He professes to be bursting with loyalty, and declares, to show his artlessness, that he "will not give the toast in a formal manner." Immediately afterwards he dashes into the most splendid series of metaphors, and finally declares, as he warms to his subject, that when a Queen is "the model of all that woman should be, then her influence, like the sap, rising within the trunk and from the core of the oak, permeates the whole tree and circulates to the utmost extremities, and the influence of the Queen sitting upon the throne is felt, I may say, by every mother in every cottage throughout her dominions." It is a terrible shock to our sympathies to know that this magnificent burst of impromptu eloquence comes straight out of a printed book. Presently the eloquent chairman proposes the army, and remarks that "that extraordinary expedition to ——, extraordinary in its details, extraordinary in its success, has been remarkable for many things; but signally, and above all else, it has been remarkable for the wisdom, the foresight, and soldier-like ability with which our troops were conducted." Could we really believe that the oratorical impostor was merely filling a blank form, with as much calmness as though it had been a post-office order, in this glowing burst of rhetoric? This example illustrates one difficulty which cruelly besets the compiler of the manual. If he keeps to safe generalities, he will scarcely suit the more ambitious orators; if he goes too much into detail, the use of his book becomes necessarily limited. We find many specimens of both causes of perplexity. Here, for example, is a fragment of an electioneering oration:—

> Those gentlemen who call themselves —— are simply theoretical —— sham ——, as I call them. To whom we are indebted for —— and ——? To —— and the ——. These men were called bigoted ——, but they are no such thing. To whom are we indebted for ——? Not to quasi and theoretical ——, but to ——, who, after due consideration, consented to give it. We are not indebted to the —— of the present day for the ——, but to the ——; the —— is in nearly every man's hand.

There would be a certain difficulty in filling up these forms; perhaps on the hustings it would generally be enough to make an inarticulate sound and leave them to the discretion of the reporters. In that case the speech is tolerably ingenious: the opposite fault would certainly be more perplexing. An unfortunate man who has to return thanks on being made mayor—certainly an embarrassing position—is told to begin with a story, "Once when I was travelling in Spain." This would be a dangerous pitfall for an unwary orator who had never been abroad; but it would be worse for a man to find himself accidentally impelled into the declaration, after some safe platitudes about generosity and justice, that "when I last saw the heir of the ——, he was standing beside his grandfather in the ball-room; and I thought, as they stood side by side—bald age and sturdy, hopeful youth—I thought there stood the last representative of those knightly ——s who for the last —— hundred years had their home upon these hills." The sentence is so beautiful and pathetic that we fear a simple-minded farmer might be irresistibly tempted to apply it to some —— who wasn't at all knightly, and had not a grandson, and had only just come to these hills, if there were any hills. Such speeches, we presume, are meant for imitation rather than appropriation; but the persons most likely to use the manual would hardly be grateful for forms which save them so little trouble.

It is, of course, in regard to weddings that our manual comes out strongest, for in such cases a man does well enough with platitude pure and simple; but the light thrown upon the manners of a certain class is truly melancholy. The first speaker has in cold blood to prepare the following imitation of rollicking joviality:—

> I love a wedding, and during the now somewhat lengthened progress of this pilgrim—and I've had my fair share of bunions, I can tell you;—ah! you may laugh, of course you may—everybody may and ought to laugh on a wedding-day; but, as I have just observed, I love a wedding, and I have been to many, and hope to go to many more.

After which he is directed to indulge in some hideous jocosity about what he calls "popping the question." We can hardly conceive any human being laughing at the remark about bunions, but there is even worse behind. We say nothing of the wretched bridegroom who has to quote a stanza about "Hymen's gentle bowers," but it seems to be an existing custom in these islands for a spinster aunt to stand up and make a speech, with a ghastly affectation of playfulness about telling her age. She makes fun of Mr. ——, who is presumed to have said something—we don't know whether he has to be taken into the plot—about a wedding breakfast being a "fine matrimonial field." She chaffs him accordingly in these graceful terms:—

> Why has not Mr. —— taken his partner? I am afraid he is —— or he would before this have proved to one of the many bridesmaids he has met with of late, that to act as a bridesmaid was a stepping-stone to marriage. I am sure I have met him at —— weddings during the last —— months, and he has never proposed to me or "any other lady." I am afraid he is a little gay deceiver, one of the men that "won't propose."

And after a good deal more badinage of similar elegance, she concludes with the sentiment, for the manual is much given to poetry—

> Ah me! when shall I marry me?
> Lovers are plenty but fail to relieve me.

The spinster aunt is the kind of lady whom Mr. Dickens might have introduced at Miss Pecksniff's marriage, though we confess that we could scarcely have believed in her existence in real life. What sort of person would learn the spinster aunt's speech by heart, with the view of repeating it afterwards, is a question which we would suggest to the next Commission on female education.

A curious feature of this manual is a series of pious ejaculations which are thrown in at the end of the speeches, and which we imagine represent the sentiments which people were supposed to bring out after dinner at some period of the dark ages. Thus, for example, after a speech on the navy, a man may add, "The British navy—the world's checkstring"; or he may exclaim, "Our foes well tarred and our tars well feathered." After some eloquence about the Church, he may add, though we doubt whether the observation would be considered generally as well-timed—

> Some to the church repair,
> Not for the doctrine, but the music there;

or he may observe sententiously that the "union of Church and State is not to make the Church political, but the State religious,"

an aphorism which may be commended to Mr. Disraeli's attention. He may on other occasions utter the thrilling prayer, "Our altars and our hearths, may we die to preserve them"; on sporting occasions he will indulge in the aspiration, "May the horns of the buck never disgrace the sportsman's brow"; or if, like Sam Weller, he has a turn for poetry, he may exclaim

May strength the sportsman's nerves in vigour brace;
May cruelty ne'er stain with foul disgrace
The well-earn'd pleasures of the chase.

These verses throw some light upon the mysterious problem as to the authorship of the verses generally enclosed in Christmas bonbons. We may remark, however, that the sporting speeches are decidedly the best, for the compiler has there taken the comparatively safe line of quoting from some commonplace book. The orator of a pigeon club, for example, begins by proving from Isaiah that blue rock pigeons were domesticated in Palestine, and proceeds to observe that "before Pompey's civil war, L. Ascius, a Roman knight, used to sell a pair of pigeons for four hundred denarii, 12*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*" This is a safe and unexciting kind of oratory, though it has the disadvantage that it can hardly be said twice. A gentleman who had once made that remark about L. Ascius would be hard up at the next meeting.

The manual is perhaps interesting in one respect to the philosophical inquirer. It shows how long customs may linger in certain social strata, which have long been pronounced intolerable by civilized beings. There are occasions on which a man has still to make speeches to fishmongers' guilds and on other solemn occasions; but we have succeeded in banishing this distressing practice from our ordinary life. If we are forced by unavoidable circumstances into oratorical display, we do not torment our neighbours by an ambitious attempt to diverge from the humblest commonplaces. Yet amidst our boasted civilization there lurk dark places where the practice is still maintained, and, if pagan superstitions are tolerably extinct, people still sacrifice to certain gloomy deities supposed to preside over the "festive celebrations" of the penny-a-liner. Indeed the bondage is so severe that it becomes necessary for the performers deliberately to rehearse their parts and to cram themselves beforehand with these grotesque imitations of eloquent addresses. We would fain hope that the increasing lights of education may gradually dispel this dreary superstition, and that the spinster aunt, if she really has an existence outside the imagination of the compiler, may speedily become a thing of the past.

THE NEW RIFLE.

THE last Report of the Select Committee on Breech-loading Rifles must be considered as satisfactory to all but the disappointed competitors. It will be recollected that the subject was taken out of the hands of the Ordnance Select Committee at the request of several inventors, and handed over to a Committee, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards, President; and four members—Captain J. Rawlins, 48th Regiment, Captain W. C. Mackinnon, 3rd Regiment, Earl Spencer, K.G., and Mr. Edward Ross. The Secretary was Captain R. W. Haig, R.A., an officer whose special scientific abilities rendered him well qualified for a task which he subsequently had to relinquish on account of a severe and dangerous illness. The Committee was originally appointed to award prizes for the best military arm and the best ammunition. The conditions laid down by the War Office were too narrow in their scope, and excluded from the competition many promising arms. This was an unfortunate proceeding, and on December 10, 1867, the War Office decided that the Committee's inquiries should be extended so as to include many of the rejected weapons. The experience already gained showed that accurate shooting had not been sufficiently considered in the arms sent in for competition. None had reached the standard laid down by the War Office, and it was known that muzzle-loaders had done so without difficulty. It was, however, clear that the different systems of closing the breech could not affect the shooting where metal cartridges were used. So it was determined to separate the problem into its component parts—to find a barrel that would shoot well, a breech apparatus that would be simple while it worked well and quickly —and then to put barrel and breech apparatus together to make the new arm. A few isolated attempts have been made to throw doubts upon the wisdom of the Committee in adopting this plan of action; indeed some manufacturers seem to think that new arms are adopted solely for the benefit of the trade. The best proof that the Committee were right is to be found in the fact that the British Service is now in a position to obtain a rifle of extraordinary simplicity, strength to stand use and abuse, accuracy, speed in firing, and destructive effect of bullet, besides giving one of the best effects in a military arm, a low trajectory to its bullet.

The barrel found to fulfil best all the conditions demanded was that of Mr. Henry, whose breech action was also very good, second only to the Martini, which has been adopted. Mr. Henry's rifles have long been well known, and perhaps nothing can show the fairness of the Committee in a more favourable light than their going out of the country for a breech action, at the risk of offending inventors and suffering from the criticism of the English press. Mr. Martini is, we believe, a Hungarian by birth, though his factory is in Switzerland. If our English gunmakers were to be surpassed in any part of their trade, we are glad that the victor comes of the nation which has so long received the sympathies of this country in its struggles for liberty and constitutional government.

The experiments to determine the best kind of barrel would have been endless had not the Committee started with certain fixed data drawn from the results of previous trials. Those data were—a length of 35 inches, as laid down by the War Office, which had fixed the total length of the arm at 51 inches. The weight was to be 4 lbs. 6 oz., and the calibre ·45 of an inch, because previous experiments had shown this to be the best for most purposes. Colonel Dixon, R.A., and Colonel Boxer, R.A., supported the claims of a ·5-inch bore, and the Committee tried a barrel of this size made at Enfield, but were only confirmed in their previous opinion. The cartridge case was also decided to be upon Colonel Boxer's pattern, for none other had shown itself to be possessed of so many advantages. The weight of the bullet was fixed at 480 grains, that of the powder at 85 grains. All the barrels except two were fitted with Mr. Henry's breech action. The exceptions were the Enfield ·5-inch barrel, which had the Snider action, and one supplied by Mr. Westley Richards, with his own mechanism attached.

As the various barrels came in they were put through a long series of tests for accuracy, penetration, flatness of trajectory, and to a further one not laid down in the programme, and only applied to the most successful in other respects. A rifle, fired very frequently and rapidly, becomes too hot to touch, and when we say that the Committee were in the habit of dipping the Henry barrel into water to cool it, no one can doubt that an additional and severe test was applied. The series of shooting included practice at 300, 500, 800, 1,000, and even at last 1,200 yards, in rounds of 20 shots each. During the old competition reported upon February 12, 1848, the Henry rifle had shown excellent qualities, marred only by occasional strip shots. Since then the inventor had improved his ammunition by the use of hardened bullets, and a small beeswax wad at the base of the bullet enclosed between two jute card wads. Much credit is due to Mr. Henry for the ammunition as well as the barrel, and his name will be connected with both the one and the other. The barrels of seven different competitors, besides one from the Royal Factory at Enfield, were brought forward. Mr. Lancaster submitted two descriptions of barrel and four of ammunition. The Committee only publish the result of one, "the other combinations not being sufficiently satisfactory to warrant a continuation of the trial." For comparison, then, the Committee give tables of practice with the ·45-inch Enfield and ·5-inch Snider Enfield, the Henry, Lancaster, Rigby, Westley Richards, and Whitworth. Of these, the Rigby, Westley Richards, and Whitworth were rejected before arriving at the 1,000 yards' range; and the Henry surpassed all other competitors—the average mean deviation of two barrels, each making five targets of twenty rounds each, and being cleaned after each target, was only 2·62 feet. It was fired at iron plates, gabions, sap rollers, and even at the warm carcase of a horse. The penetration was remarkable, the wounds inflicted extremely severe. Long hardened bullets fired with plenty of powder smash bones and tear flesh to a degree hitherto unequalled. Though the hole made by the bullet on entering the body of an animal is small, it is enough to let life out at; and the wound made on its exit is terrible. All these excellences, combined with resistance to wear and tear, both inside and outside, amply justified the Committee in adopting the Henry barrel with the Boxer-Henry ammunition.

If the trials of the barrels were severe, the breech mechanism was not allowed to escape on easier terms. Two dangerous accidents having occurred with bolt guns, the Committee feel themselves justified in rejecting all arms on this system. "The rifles were so much damaged by the explosions that it was impossible to determine exactly the causes of these accidents." In one case "the bolt only escaped being driven back in the firer's face through its being bent upwards by the explosion, and so becoming jammed in the shoe of the breechblock." The Committee carefully examined the different systems, rejected some of them at once, and fired twenty rounds a-piece out of the others. Then sand was thrown over them, to represent the effect of sand-storms in India, and, we might add, the dust of the Long Valley at Aldershot. Cartridges purposely damaged were next fired, to test the escape of gas. Though the well-trained soldier always protects his rifle from rain, it may sometimes be exposed, so the Committee put the arms through a long course of firing, leaving them to rust between whiles, and even accelerated the oxidation by putting them in rain or in water. Some of them failed under these tests. The Martini worked as well as ever; the whole apparatus was apparently as good after firing a large number of rounds as when it was first newly tried. Indeed, nothing could upset the imperturbability of this breech action, which has no hammer, and is thoroughly protected against wet. It went through tests with purposely defective cartridges, and showed that nothing could burst open the mechanism. Furthermore, the apparatus is wonderfully rapid in its action. Twenty rounds have been fired in forty-eight seconds with the Martini action, and if the men do but shoot straight and low enough, neither cavalry nor infantry could approach near enough for the delivery of a successful charge. One by one defects developed themselves in all the breech actions except those of the Henry and Martini, and henceforth it was a neck and neck race between the two. Improvements, suggested either by the Committee or the inventors, were made in both, and the Martini was found to be the better of the two. Both systems showed themselves equally safe. They were equal in strength.

In number and simplicity of parts the Martini had the advantage. It contained only thirty parts, while the Henry had forty-nine. The Martini, which has no apparent lock, but acts without hammer or cocking, was, as a natural consequence, superior in speed of firing, though not much so. It is also cheap to manufacture. After balancing all that was to be said on either side, the Committee decided on adopting the Martini breech action, and nothing now remained but to fit Henry barrel to Martini breech, and try whether the compound system would fulfil all expectations. The arms were made, the trials with them proceeded, and ended in satisfying the Committee and the numerous visitors that the new rifle was all that could be desired. They therefore recommended its adoption, under the name of the "Martini-Henry" rifle. The ammunition was to be called the "Boxer-Henry." Even at the last moment objections were made to the size of the chamber. Parts of the interior of the breech action were said to be exposed to a severe strain. The Committee substituted lead for the stronger metals, yet the parts stood, and showed no signs of being damaged. At last they were told that the chamber was too small, so they enlarged it, and found that no deterioration in shooting was apparent.

Thus, then, it is clear that every conceivable test has been applied to the arm, every objection met and proved to be without foundation. What remains but to manufacture an ample supply, and put 30,000 or 40,000 into the hands of the troops as soon as possible? It will hardly be believed that Mr. Cardwell has ordered 40,000 new Snider-Enfields to be made, and, we believe, 100 Martini-Henrys of the old large bore. Not old arms to be converted, be it understood, but everything new—stock, lock, and barrel. So we are practically ignoring for the present the labours of the Committee, and increasing the number of obsolete arms. There seems to be a positive fatality about these matters. It is pretty well known that the officers of the Committee wished to have a shorter barrel, and therefore a more convenient and, they believe, better shooting arm. Their wish has been overruled in order that the prodding power of the bayonet may not be lessened. They have spent many months in experiments, and selected an arm tested in every possible way. What must be their chagrin when they see a large order given for rifles that were nowhere in the competition, while the weapon of their choice is to be brought before a new tribunal of ignorant and prejudiced privates.

REVIEWS.

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON EDUCATION.*

THIS is really a charming as well as a very sensible little book. The Bishop writes with a hearty interest in his subject, based, as he informs us, and as is abundantly evident from his treatment, on a large experience of his own. And he writes without pretence or affectation of any kind. To say that there is no superfluous verbiage, or that the style would not have been improved to our English taste by some exercise of the art of compression, would be to say that the author had forgotten he was a Frenchman; and this Mgr. Dupanloup never does forget. Neither, again, can it be exactly said that there is much in the volume which is altogether new. On so hackneyed a theme as the education of children it would be difficult to be very original without, like Rousseau, starting a paradox. But inasmuch as there are few subjects on which so much nonsense is talked, or on which people are so fatally prone to ignore in practice what their common sense constrains them to admit in theory to be true, we may well be grateful to a writer who can clothe old truths in a new form, and whose eloquence, as well as his position, is sure to win attention for what he has to say. It may perhaps be a satisfaction to some of our readers if we add at the outset that, while the Bishop, as is natural, regards education throughout from a religious point of view, there is hardly a word that the most rigid Protestant, as such, could object to. There is, so far as we have observed, only one allusion to the confessional from the beginning to the end of the book, though the sins and temptations of childhood and youth, and the method of combating them, are elaborately discussed. In making the moral and religious significance of the early years of life his point of departure, and insisting that all education which deserves the name must be based on the principle that "the boy is father to the man," Mgr. Dupanloup has no doubt given the true and only adequate explanation of the high importance he attaches to the training of youth. It was precisely from their failing to discern this that education, in any such sense of the word, was for the most part so utterly neglected among the ancients. Their conception of morality as distinguished from political obligation, and indeed of personality, was so faint and uncertain, as compared with that of Christian society, that the years before the *toga virilis* was assumed had little of grace or interest in their eyes. They wished indeed to train good citizens, but the notion of training good men was foreign to their idea of life, and it was time enough for the boy to learn his civic duties when he had done with school. The opposite and modern view is expressed forcibly, if somewhat rhetorically, in the following passage, where our author lays down the leading principle of his treatise:—

De quoi est-il, en effet, question? Il importe tout d'abord de le bien comprendre. Voilà un enfant il faut l'élever; mais qu'est-ce à dire et quel est cet enfant? Cet enfant, c'est le genre humain; c'est l'humanité tout entière; c'est l'homme: rien de plus, rien de moins. Il a droit à la sollicitude de toutes les autorités, à l'action et aux bienfaits de tous les pouvoirs sur la terre. Il a droit à tous les respects et il les doit à son tour. Toutes les autorités divines et humaines: le Prince, le Prêtre, le Père, l'Instituteur, le Magistrat, la Famille, la Société, l'Église, sont institués pour lui. La Discipline morale, l'Enseignement, les Lettres, les Sciences, la Religion, tous les prix du travail et de la vertu, la Providence enfin, tout est ici-bas pour lui: parce qu'il est lui-même ici-bas de Dieu et pour Dieu! Voilà pourquoi tout en ce monde doit travailler à son Éducation, tout doit concourir à l'élever, tout doit faire ou favoriser cette grande œuvre.

As he elsewhere defines it, "to cultivate, exercise, develop, strengthen, and refine all the physical, intellectual, moral and religious faculties of the child" is the proper work of education.

There is one obvious, but often unheeded fact, which cannot be too emphatically insisted upon, and which Mgr. Dupanloup is careful to urge from the first, that no system of training can be really successful which is not conducted by those who like both their pupils and their work. He tells us again and again of the "affection and respect" he has always felt for the boys entrusted to his charge, and that the long years devoted to their care have been the pleasantest, though the most laborious, of his life. That "one must be interested in their welfare, one must love them and win their love," to be able to do them any good, is the verdict of all experience, and their various characters cannot be moulded without the action of genuine sympathy. "C'est précisément l'inexpérience, la faiblesse, les innombrables périls *et surtout les défauts* de ce premier âge qui intéressaient mon cœur." And there is sound good sense in the remark that no children are more hopeless to bring up than those without passions and without faults. You cannot educate a child without or against his will, for it is the business of education, as of medicine, to follow and aid the processes of nature, not to thwart them. "What children do by force, and without any taste or will of their own, profits them nothing." And the Bishop avows that with all his horror of "spoilt children"— to whose mismanagement by foolish mammas, who say "*je m'occupe à gâter mes enfants,*" he has devoted a sensible and very amusing chapter—he cannot feel quite satisfied with children "who have never used their liberty against" him. We suspect he is right enough there. It has often been observed that fondness for children is a very common characteristic of the higher minds among a celibate clergy, and the Bishop is a conspicuous instance of it. He even goes so far as to apply to the age of childhood St. Paul's famous description of charity, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. But it must not be inferred from this that he advocates any mere weak and maudlin method of treating them, or that he shares the Palmerston heresy of their being all born good. On the contrary, a considerable part of the volume is occupied with examining the three leading manifestations of "original sin" in the nascent mind, according to the Scriptural classification of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. His suggestions as to the regulation of their various tendencies, and the different treatment which different characters require, are marked by moderation and good sense. The strong recommendation of athletic exercise for boys as a healthy check to moral as well as physical diseases, may seem superfluous to an English reader, or rather he might, under present circumstances, desire a caution against excess in this matter. But all that we know of French schools points to the importance and urgency of the requirement the Bishop dwells upon. Whether he has sufficient grounds for his severe censure of the moral condition of several of the public schools, against which he earnestly warns parents, we are hardly in a position to judge. "*Les écoles publiques qu'on connait, je devrais dire ces gouffres,*" is strong language, but it may be justified by facts, and he appears to speak from personal knowledge.

The author does not, however, confine himself to the moral aspects of education. He seems to have given equal attention to its intellectual side, and on this point he has a good deal of fault to find with the course ordinarily pursued in schools. What he says about it will apply in the main to English as well as French systems of mental discipline, and there are certainly many educational reformers among ourselves whose conclusions tally pretty closely with his own. There is a pretty general agreement with him in condemning the foolish plan of oppressing the minds of very young children with a ponderous *memoria technica* of names and dates and rules, which can suggest no corresponding ideas; but even now practice still lags far behind theory. What Mgr. Dupanloup calls "the liberty due to the intelligence of children" is as yet very imperfectly apprehended. One point which he repeatedly dwells upon is so little noticed, that our common practice implies an entire ignorance, if not a persistent denial, of its truth. Yet it surely is true that to overwork the brain during the early years of boyhood, say before twelve years old, often results in paralysing, or seriously enfeebling, the intellectual faculties for life. We quite share the Bishop's disgust at the way in which many schoolmasters force on a few "prize boys"—generally to the partial or entire neglect of the rest—"by incessant labour for many months all day, and part of the night, for those brilliant examinations" which gain *éclat* for the tutor, and too often permanently damage the successful candidate. It is another phase of the same vicious system, which he rightly protests against, to crowd fifty, sixty, or even a hundred boys into the same class; and here at least some of our English public schools are, or very recently were, in some way much implicated in the charge. The rule introduced by the present Head-master of Uppingham, of never placing more than twenty-five boys in one form, is said to

* *L'Enfant.* Par Mgr. L'Evêque d'Orleans. Paris: 1869.

have had a good deal to do with the position his school has won for itself at the Universities. In giving us the result of his experience on classical studies, the Bishop is again in substantial harmony with many among ourselves. He is far from seeking to depreciate the value of the classics, but he thinks the study would be pursued more effectively, as well as more rapidly, if it were not commenced so early; and especially he protests against "the simultaneous study by very young children of two difficult grammars, the Latin and the French." That particular fault is indeed avoided in our schools, because the Latin grammar is supposed to supersede the necessity for learning the English, but it may be questioned if Latin and Greek are not generally begun too soon. According to Madame de Maintenon, the Dauphin "at five or six years old knew a thousand Latin words, and when he came of age, not one." That is an extreme case no doubt, but there is much force in the Bishop's warning against making young boys study the learned tongues and mathematics without any taste or aptitude or preparation for the work, and before the right time. His own scheme is that from eight to ten or eleven they should receive "a sound primary instruction," and then till sixteen or seventeen go through their "course of humanities," to be followed by the study of philosophy and science. So very much in matters of education must always depend on circumstances, national, social, or personal, over which the educator has no control, that it is impossible to lay down any universal law on the subject. We are disposed, however, to agree with Mgr. Dupanloup as to the advisableness of deferring the commencement of classical instruction till a later period than has been hitherto the ordinary usage, and that both because the same amount of knowledge may thus be acquired in less time, and because it will be more readily and intelligently acquired from not being, as the first two or three years of school-work very generally are now, mere forced labour against the grain. The present custom of admitting boys to scholarships at many of our public schools by competitive examination would of course be materially affected by such a change. And we must confess ourselves more than doubtful whether any system of competitive examination at so early an age is not a serious evil. Cramming is bad enough at any time, but overloading the brain at nine or ten years old is more than an intellectual mistake. It often, as we said before, injures both the bodily and mental faculties for life. Rousseau's paradoxical notion that boys should learn nothing till they are thirteen has been justly ridiculed, but it was, after all, only a recoil from a hardly less vicious theory which he saw in full operation round him. We may easily correct the latter without adopting the absurdities of *Emile*.

Mgr. Dupanloup's book is written in a pleasing and popular style, and is intended, if we may judge from the highly ornamental "get up," to lie on drawing-room tables. The constant quotations from Scripture, and from various authors ancient and modern, especially Fénélon, are perhaps also multiplied—rather too freely we are inclined to think—with a view to arresting the attention of lady-readers. But others besides French mothers may examine it with interest and profit. We give one passage from the chapter on the "classification of defects," both as a fair specimen of the general tone of the volume, and as indicating the nicer discrimination of shades of character which is one of its distinctive features:—

> On rencontrera par exemple dans un jeune homme un inexplicable mélange de frivolité et de sérieux, de vanité et de raison, de douceur et de dureté, de lumière et d'aveuglement sur lui-même, de noblesse d'âme et de misère morale: la fermeté de l'esprit et la faiblesse du caractère; la rectitude du jugement, la droiture et la bonté du cœur, avec la mollesse de la volonté et l'insensibilité de la conscience: natures, dont les contrastes stupéfient l'observateur attentif tant elles sont extraordinairement fortes et extraordinairement faibles; profondes et légères; tendres, et tout à coup sèches et dures; d'une franchise quelquefois admirable, et capables néanmoins d'une telle dissimulation, qu'elle semble avoir la simplicité et le sang-froid de la candeur; d'une intelligence vive et claire, et d'une conscience si obscure qu'elle semble éteinte; d'une reconnaissance dont la sensibilité et le bel esprit se partagent l'expression, et qui peut tout à coup faire place à l'apparence la plus ingrate; ou bien encore, pas de caractère plus ferme, qui affecte plus de prétentions au courage, et qui ait plus renoncé en même temps à la force morale.
>
> Oui: j'ai vu cela souvent dans ma vie: le défaut d'harmonie, et j'allais dire, le divorce entre les diverses puissances de l'âme, l'intelligence, le cœur, la volonté, la conscience; et cela dans des âmes, dans des natures d'élite. Oui, j'ai vu des âmes avec l'intelligence la plus rare, la plus pénétrante, la plus spontanée, avec un cœur même sensible et noble, et capable des plus tristes défaillances et des plus douloureux égarements: la raison n'éclairant ni le cœur ni la conscience; le sens moral faisant totalement défaut: une grande droiture, une simplicité vive faite pour la vérité, une candeur faite pour la lumière, et tout cela tournant tout à coup au mensonge: un cœur d'une tendresse profonde, mais ce cœur, sans lumière et sans force, fléchissant dans les ténèbres, et cette profondeur de sensibilité devenant un abîme de misère.

FERGUSSON'S TREE AND SERPENT WORSHIP.*

(Second Notice.)

THE subject of nature worship requires to be treated as a whole, as well as in a broad and philosophical spirit. It is of little use to pick out this or that isolated feature in the general veneration paid to lower forms of life, and to hunt up empirical proofs of its recurrence ever and anon among the monuments or the literature of race after race. What we want is some light to be thrown on the dawning of these mythological ideas upon the rude consciousness of mankind. What was their bearing, for instance, upon the primary idea of life in its creative or reproductive processes? what their relation to the more abstract and more spiritualized modes of faith and worship prevalent in later or recent times? Are these proofs sufficient to raise up the fabric of a real and distinctive worship at all? In selecting for exclusive comment and illustration the traces of "tree and serpent worship" as exhibited by these Indian monuments, Mr. Fergusson only breaks ground upon what is a vast and fertile field of inquiry. To the most casual student of the emblematical enrichments of these topes one prominent feature is the copiousness and the variety wherewith the mind of the artist has revelled amongst natural types. Conspicuous amongst the animal forms which uphold or decorate the structural masses at Sanchi and Amravati are the elephant, the horse, the tiger, even the lion—who can hardly have been indigenous to the place, but who in his very treatment bespeaks an alien, probably an early Greek or Assyrian, origin. In the superb gateways of Sanchi the elephant forms the capital, and among the rest, though far from most prominently, the serpent's folds seem to be represented in the convolutions of the end of the lintel, or cross rail, though these spiral forms might be otherwise viewed as the mere conventional finial to the moulding of the cross-beam. In sundry of the bas-reliefs the well-known *naga* or snake appears, sometimes with five heads, a kind of tutelar genius over the king or mythic personage of the scene, sometimes as the central figure in a small shrine or temple. Meaner personages have only one-headed guardians.

Along with this serpent symbolism that of the sacred tree enters largely into the general series of representations. Sometimes the tree is honoured with the *chatta*, or umbrella, the privilege of divine or royal rank. In its general form this tree resembles the mysterious *conifer*, so familiar to us in the sculptures of Nineveh and Babylon. In some cases it seems to be no other than the *pipal* or sacred fig. We are, after all, however, a long way from any evidence that would justify the theory of a distinctive worship of the tree and serpent as a mode of formal belief or *cultus*. Both tree and serpent may, it is easy to conceive, have been amongst the earliest agents in the genesis of faith in the rude intelligence. Each may have become, concurrently with other forms of life, media of power in raising the mind from the mere fetish to more abstract conceptions of the supernatural. The produce—and still more, in tropical lands, the shade—of the tree would kindle ideas of gratitude and reverence. The mystery and the beauty of form and action in the serpent, its supposed length of days, and the general fascination of its aspect would make it a type of what is occult, infinite, and eternal in nature. In its harmless varieties the snake connected itself with ideas of the Agathodæmon, the life-giving, healing, beneficent agency; while its deadly powers symbolized all that was malignant, subtle, infernal in the spiritual forces of the universe. These elementary principles may be traced underlying every early variety of religious development. Men of special learning have made it their task to accumulate proofs of their recurrence, and to analyse in some degree their variety and their import. The *Baumcultus* of Professor Bötticher, and the painstaking though ludicrously uncritical *Worship of the Serpent* of Mr. Deane, supplied Mr. Fergusson with abundant matter ready to hand in support of both branches of his hypothesis. His own industry, seconded by the hints or the suggestions of Indian officials or friends, has added a quantity of curious and often interesting lore bearing upon modern times and native usages. Yet what, after all, do we get from heaping up these desultory odds and ends of erudition? It would be as easy to multiply instances of local superstition and folk lore on behalf of many another object in nature than trees and serpents. A thousand things may be held sacred in popular observance, and yet not be divine. Mr. Fergusson rushes with undue haste into the theory of deification. Even at this day the Brahmin reveres his fig-tree or his cow. Does he therefore worship them? The Druids had of old their sacred oaks and mistletoe. Yet all we know about them points to their worship being addressed to deities of so strictly personal a form as to suggest to Diodorus and Strabo a comparison with the Roman Pantheon.

On the subject of the Druids Mr. Fergusson set himself strongly against the current of general opinion, and thus casts away the support which his theory might otherwise have derived from popular tradition or prejudice. He is an entire disbeliever in the Druids. It is a settled principle with him that the Druids had no traceable footing in this country, save perhaps in some detached spots upon the borders of Wales, and that none of the great stone structures of early Britain, like Avebury or Stonehenge, had the slightest connexion with their religion or race. On this point we can do no more at present than refer the reader to Colonel Forbes Leslie's *Early Races of Scotland*, where he will find not only the ethnological argument treated far more fully and dispassionately, but the megalithic monuments both of India and Europe viewed in a large and critical spirit wholly beyond that of the author of *Tree and Serpent Worship*. Mr. Stuart's *Sculptured Monuments of Scotland* will be found to bring much thought and learning to bear upon a question which we are not content to see dismissed after so crude and hasty a fashion as this. Mr. Fergusson has a golden chance in the obvious juxtaposition of serpent and tree in the

* *Tree and Serpent Worship; or, Illustrations of Mythology and Art in India in the First and Fourth Centuries after Christ, from the Sculptures of the Buddhist Topes at Sanchi and Amravati.* With Introductory Essay and Descriptions of the Plates. Prepared under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council. By James Fergusson, Esq., F.R.S. Folio. London: East India Museum, and Allen & Co. 1868.

second chapter of Genesis, and he, *more suo*, has a theory cut and dry for the occasion, though we hardly see how he makes out so straight and early a cut for his favourite worship from the "mud of the Lower Euphrates" to the garden of Eden. "The curse was not upon the reptile as such, but upon a form of worship which the authors of the Pentateuch must have regarded with horror, and which they thought it necessary to denounce in the strongest terms, and in the form they believed would be most intelligible to those to whom it was addressed." We doubt whether it will appear as intelligible in our day to any persons who have no foregone conviction upon the matter. Whatever impress of sanctity may attach to the "tree of life" can hardly be taken to denote a tree-worship in the proper sense. Certainly, least of all does the serpent appear in any relation indicative of an object of reverence. Anything like a duality or hostility of faiths is totally opposed to the whole spirit of the story. The literature of other nations has made us familiar with the wor king of the dualistic principle in the Oriental mind. In the Zend Avesta the principle of evil is even known as *azhi dahâka*, the "serpent." But in the part of the serpent of Paradise there is nothing in keeping with the relation of Vritra to Indra, or to the dualism of Ahriman and Ormuzd, who face each other almost as equals. The serpent who beguiled Eve, as Professor Max Müller has pointed out, is far from inviting comparison with the much grander conception of the terrible power of Vritra or of Ahriman. Nor is there the slightest sign, that we can see, in the text of the narrative that the curse is aimed at the worship or worshippers of the serpent. What do we really see but the embodiment of the evil will crushed under the supreme will of Jehovistic monotheism? We forbear to enter into the question of the date of this portion of the Pentateuch. Whether we take it to emanate literally from the Mosaic pen, and to reflect the exact state of theosophic development at the earliest period of distinct Jewish nationality, or to have undergone modification at the later recension of Ezra or others, the tendency of the passage is but to one effect. Can any one say that a pre-existent serpent worship is on either view indicated here, still more reprobated, "in the strongest terms"? It requires a singular critic to detect, on the first view, that same Moses denouncing here serpent worship "in the strongest terms, and in the way most intelligible to those whom he was addressing," who is found recording in Numbers his own authorized lifting up of the brazen serpent in the wilderness. On the other view, it is still more strange to find at so late a date no stronger or more intelligible denunciation of a mode of idol-worship which is so emphatically stigmatized in the case of Hezekiah. Again, why is no curse pronounced upon the worship of the tree in conjunction with the serpent?

But who built these remarkable Indian monuments, which we are to look upon as the high places of tree and serpent worship? The answer, with Mr. Fergusson, is very simple. It affords him an opportunity of trotting out the ethnological hobby which has served to carry so large a portion of the *History of Architecture*. Show me a building, he proclaims in effect, and I will show you a Turanian. There is no question with him of blood or speech. Philological tests, whereby Schlegel or Bopp might seek to solve the distinctions of Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian, are things of naught. "The Aryan races are not builders." Now let us look this paradox in the face, with the monuments in question to enlighten us. In the particular case of Sanchi and Amravati we have no wish to dispute the fact of a (in the main) Turanian origin. It may well be that the great wave of Aryan conquest and civilization which spread so broadly its blood and speech and arts, not only over the Indian peninsula, but through the length and breadth of Europe, left here and there, as in this instance, a gap to be filled by a Turanian or Tamul-speaking race. But even here, on Mr. Fergusson's own showing, whatever of free and noble art pervades the handiwork of those Turanian Buddhists must be traced to the infiltration of Greek taste and skill, probably through the medium of the Greek kingdom of Bactria. With Athens and Corinth, Ephesus and Halicarnassus, before our eyes, are we to be told that the Aryans, though gifted in speech and letters, could never build? It is of no avail, it seems, for us to point to the unbroken stream of art pouring over Europe, with the Parthenon standing as its highest tidal mark, bearing down through the later classic and the middle ages what has been fondly deemed the glory of Aryan genius. The identity, if not the very existence, of the Aryan is swept away in a breath. Ethnologists and philologists alike are put to the rout. The fashionable and in part doubtless highly cultivated company who flocked to a recent lecture upon tree and serpent worship at the Royal Institution were treated to a solution of the whole problem, which we would fain hope seemed more lucid to them than it does to our own poor understanding. "The early Greeks were Turanians." From the report we do not gather what the later Greeks were, or what were the Greeks whom Pericles ruled, and for whom Thucydides wrote. Were Homer and Hesiod Turanians, or are we wrong in calling them early Greeks? From early times was there a building caste, and a talking and writing caste, and did the Aryan half, whose speech and writings show their intense appreciation of the glories of art, merely look on at the special handiwork of their Turanian brothers? Do we anywhere else meet with masterpieces of any art where the idea of that art is foreign to the genius of the race? Were Phidias and Ictinus Turanians? And what were the citizens who commissioned, impelled, and idolized the result of their architectural genius? Were they Turanians too? At what time and from what source did the Turanian element get so transfused into the veins of other nations of Aryan blood and speech as to rear the fanes of Canterbury and Cologne, Westminster or Amiens?

It is amongst ourselves, after all, that we are to look for the clearest traces of the irrepressible Turanian. The mystery which hangs over the date and origin of our megalithic monuments is summarily dispelled. One of Mr. Fergusson's strong points has always been the post-Roman date of all these structures, and he is now prepared to put his finger upon the primary model and wellnigh upon the very year to which the most typical of them may be referred. The circle of Stonehenge is a reproduction, by artists of the same race and at the same period, of the great tope of Amravati! What seems to Mr. Fergusson beyond all doubt is that the western and the eastern monuments were "being erected simultaneously, the western one to commemorate a martyrdom, the eastern to perpetuate the memory of the visit or enshrinement of a relic." In or about the year 400 A.D. he sees a Buddhist colony, with the plan of Amravati in their hands, uprearing the trilithons of Salisbury Plain. One point is specially adduced as "a curious coincidence." The inner diameter of the outer rail of Amravati is 195 feet, "precisely double that of the inner diameter of the outer circle of Stonehenge; exactly 100 Roman feet, or 97·6 English feet." It certainly is a curious coincidence with the measurements of Stukeley, whose eyes were wonderfully open to anything that might make for his pre-established hypothesis. But, in the first place, assuming the restored plan of the ruined Indian tope to be true to a few inches, our Wiltshire circle is, and probably was originally, far too rude and irregular for a diameter to be struck to any such nicety otherwise than by the most complex and precarious method of averages. If too we have recourse, with this end, to the official and unbiassed figures of the Ordnance Survey, we find the inner diameter in Sir Henry James's restored plan brought up by the scale to fully 100 English feet. There is not, then, much nearness in the supposed "coincidence." Conceiving, moreover, the space comprised within the circle of Stonehenge to have been filled with a lofty mound or cone of earth or masonry, how are we to account for the fact that no vestige of the mass remains; whilst the artificial mound known as Silbury Hill, and universally held to be of far higher antiquity, remains little impaired by time to this day? What, again, can we imagine to have been the purpose of the huge centre trilithons, or of what is called the "altar," which must have been buried within the bulk of the tope? Neither is anything here at all corresponding with the triple horizontal rails which at Sanchi and Amravati were dovetailed in from post to post between the ground and the upper course or cornice. The circle of Stonehenge, like all the British monuments of that class, exhibits a simple arcade of uprights and cross-beams of the rudest kind, and nothing more. As a plain question of art, again, who but a determined theorist, θέσιν διαφυλάττων, could conceive the rude, unwrought architecture of Stonehenge proceeding from the same hands, and indicating the same date as the refined and exquisite workmanship of Amravati? Who, save for the exigencies of his theory, would picture to himself a colony of "Turanian Buddhists" dropping down as from the clouds upon the downs of Wiltshire in the fourth or fifth century of Roman occupation, in the midst of a population accustomed to the arts, the usages, and the refinements of the conquering race? In a district so rich in noble architectural works as the relics thickly strewn over the soil of Wilts testify the West of Britain to have been, can we fancy recourse being had to the primitive carpentry of which Stonehenge is an example? Does it come, as Dr. Guest forcibly puts it, within the limits of probability that men who had for centuries been familiarized with the forms of Roman architecture could have built Stonehenge? If, moreover, we are to look to Amravati for the date of the model of the Wiltshire circle, where are we to find the prototype or correlative of Avebury, or Stenhouse, or Turnsachun, to which antiquaries with one accord assign a period older by many centuries, not to speak of the countless circles and cromlechs of Scandinavian and other lands? Nor is the mere bringing of his Buddhist artificers to our shores, or the dispersing them on the peculiar mission of their race, the only difficulty in the way of Mr. Fergusson. These mysterious settlers or voyagers, when their task is done, have to be accounted for, and that in the growing light which letters and civilization cast over an age midway between the Roman and the Norman invasions. If the Turanian tree and serpent worshippers who bequeathed to us these architectural puzzles came to us from the mouth of the Kistna, or fresh from the "mud of the Lower Euphrates," did they find their way back to their native haunts? They have, we may well complain, left far too much of their aboriginal mud sticking about all that concerns their memory. It may make Young India mightily hug himself to be told, by the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council, that the cherished primeval monuments of the land of his lords and masters are but poor reproductions, by a knot of his own Buddhist ancestors, of masterpieces of their native art upon the banks of the Kistna. Nor should we perhaps grudge him this enjoyment of the tune of triumph for which he has been called upon to pay the piper. It is not much else that he will get for his money, for we doubt whether the appreciation of fine toned paper, splendid type, and brilliant photographs has achieved much hold upon the native mind. The native taxpayer is, however, too far off, as well as too rich, for his consent to be taken into the account. Having swallowed the camel in the shape of ten thousand pounds laid out upon the Sultan's ball, it is hardly worth his straining at the gnat of a single thousand risked in giving us

one of the most gorgeous books of an exceptionally magnificent season. We would not, for our part, look our gift-horse too grudgingly or critically in the mouth. *Tree and Serpent Worship* is a handsome ornament for the drawing-room, though it will hardly take a place of much prominence or value in the library of a scholar.

HENRY THE THIRD'S ENGLISH PROCLAMATION.*

ONE puts this pamphlet down with a heavy heart—with a feeling that there is nothing in the world that can be trusted. We do not mean that we cannot trust Mr. Ellis, for we believe that we can trust him; but then Mr. Ellis shows that, if he can be trusted, he must belong to a very small class indeed. It will be hard upon scholars if they are to come to the conclusion that not only translators and editors, but transcribers, makers of facsimiles, photozincographers, everybody in short, public and private, from old Somner and his brethren to the Record Commissioners and the Ordnance Surveyors, are all to be thrown into one common heap as untrustworthy. The consequences will be rather frightful, if we once understand that we cannot safely study any matter unless we have before us the actual original documents in their native parchment and ink; for to lay down such a rule would be, to most of us, much the same as forbidding all study at all. But really Mr. Ellis's researches lead us to conclusions not very different from what we have just said. Here is the famous Proclamation of 1258, familiar to every one who studies the history either of the English Constitution or of the English language, our one English Proclamation for so long a time before and after, our one native oasis in a howling wilderness of French and Latin, a philological and constitutional ewe-lamb to be tended with the most religious care—and see how many things it has suffered at the hands of many editors. As for translators, we have long done with them; in most cases it is not so much that they cannot translate as that they will not. But to transcribers and editors we are all driven more or less to trust, and one might expect that it would not be wholly impossible for a man to copy out and to print certain words, letters, and figures as he finds them before him. Yet here, as Mr. Ellis shows us, is our choice and precious document, edited as it has been over and over again, and always edited wrong. The only chance of accuracy seems to have been when German scholars have corrected English editors by the light of nature—when, without seeing the original, they have divined what the text must be, when those who had the text before them could not make it out. We respect them accordingly, and we thank them accordingly; but, as Mr. Ellis says, this is not a wholesome state of things. We ought to be able to read and transcribe and print our own things, and not to have to trust to the happy guesses of Dr. Pauli. Mr. Ellis goes, with a patience at which one stands aghast, through all the blunders of all who have gone before him, in editing this one short Proclamation. And the sum total is not small. And we are specially sorry to find that the last mistake is one of the worst. We did think that we might trust the grand series called *National Manuscripts*—that we might trust not only the photozincographs themselves, but the transcripts which were placed alongside of them. Sir Henry James and his works do indeed come off with very little damage; the reader is indeed reminded that the process of photozincography is not absolutely perfect and infallible; and that is all. But Mr. William Basevi Saunders, who "revised the proofs of every sheet of the facsimiles before they were printed," is by no means so lucky. Besides divers other mistakes, Mr. Saunders is convicted of this killing one. In the titles in the Proclamation "on" (= "in") is constantly used where we should use "of." "Henr' King on Engleneloande, Lhoauerd on Yrloand," &c. "Sim' of Muntfort, Eorl on Leirchestr" &c. Now whenever this "on" is found, Mr. Saunders reads "ov," seemingly meaning this for some otherwise unknown form of "of." This blunder Mr. Ellis exposes with some little glee. We remember very well, when the *National Manuscripts* appeared, being a good deal amazed at this same "ov." But we thought the photozincography must be right, and so we held our peace. And, moreover, we were not inclined to find fault. We were just then in the extreme of delight at finding from the *National Manuscripts* that we were right in maintaining *nostro periculo* against Mr. Froude that no Frenchman had ever pretended to hold "les estoilles," though many French kings had pretended to heal "les escrouelles."

But to return to our Proclamation. It was put forth by the famous Council of twenty-four, who drew up the Provisions of Oxford, and there can be little doubt that the idea of publishing it in English, the language of the people, as well as in the learned Latin and the polite French, was due to the enlightened mind of the great Simon. His own praises were sung in all three languages, and, whether he could himself speak English or not, he knew thoroughly well how important an instrument the tongue of the people was. In this respect the document stands quite by itself. It has no fellow for a long way on either side. We have seen it called the last English document—the last of that series which starts from the beginning of things and goes on to William's charters to London and to Deorman. We have also seen it called the first English document, the first of the series which is multiplying daily. It is neither the one nor the other. The one English Proclamation of Henry the Third is absolutely isolated, and belongs to no series either way. It stands quite by itself, a solitary witness of the exceptional wisdom of a solitary great man.

There is something wonderful, and certainly, in its kind, praiseworthy beyond all measure, in the way in which Mr. Ellis goes through the Proclamation and everything that has anything to do with it, not only through every detail of its grammar and spelling, but through the slightest appearances of the manuscript, and—by no means the lightest part of Mr. Ellis's labours—through the endless mistakes which have been made in copying, translating, and editing it. And, as far as we are entitled to judge, there is little or nothing in which we are not inclined to follow Mr. Ellis, unless it be in his scheme of pronunciation. Like all attempts at what we believe is called orthoëpy, the letters which are to teach us how to pronounce look much more frightful and much harder to pronounce than any real spelling, ancient or modern. Pronunciation is always more ticklish work than spelling, because we can see with our eyes what a thirteenth-century man wrote, wh[illegible] we cannot hear with our ears how he uttered it. Therefore [illegible] is that cautious men, who do not like to commit themselves, always like, whenever they can, to use the spelling of the period of which they write, and to leave each reader to pronounce according to his own theory. Still, as far as we dare venture to say anything, we should say that "Eorl" was not pronounced "Eerl." We think we can see signs that the initial "E" in Old-English really had the sound of the modern initial *Y*. "Eadward Eorl" is in Danish "Jatvard Jarl;" and such little signs as Shakspeare's "Yedward" and the Scotch pronunciation of "Yerl," look the same way. Then if "Eofesham" has become "Evesham," "Eoferic" is "York," and we need not say that one case in which a fuller form has been retained proves more than a hundred cases in which it has been lost.

English, we must remember, for this is the very point of the whole thing, was, when this Proclamation was put forth, purely a popular language, which the learned and polite might just know enough of to use for practical purposes, but which they would have disdained for any purposes of learning or politeness. We see the effects of this state of things in the very look of the document, as contrasted with either earlier or later English. "Hlaford" and "Lord" are both plain enough, and the modern form differs from the elder simply in dropping the letters which have ceased to be sounded. How comes the word to assume at an intermediate stage a form so uncouth as "Lhoauerd?" But we mark here the same odd change which makes us write "what" and "while" for the ancient "hwat" and "hwile," though we still sound the *h* in its old place. "Hl" has just in the same way got changed into "Lh." But this still seems to show that the aspirate, which so many Englishmen now find it hard to pronounce, was still sounded in 1258. Then again "Englaland" seems to slide gently enough into "England," but here we have the uncouth-looking "Engleneloand." Here however we really have a bit of philology, in the use of the Southern genitive plural.

Let us mark how thoroughly English our Proclamation is in its rendering of foreign names and titles. Any one who has any regard for the purity of any language is daily offended by the inconsistent vulgarisms into which the titles of foreign princes and nobles are changed. Nobody seems certain whether he is to say "Duke of" or "Duke de" or "Duc de"—we do not remember "Duc of," but we dare say it may be found in the *Court Circular* somewhere or other. But our Proclamation-makers, like Lord Macaulay, write English, and we get "Simon of Muntfort" and "Richard of Clare" and "Joh' Geffrees sune." The name which afterwards became Audley is here "Aldithel," which Mr. Ellis does not mark with an apostrophe, but which seems to want one, as the last syllable of "Ealdgythelege" is retained even in the modern form.

Mr. Ellis, as we have said, is great in pointing out the mistakes of those who went before him. When he gets to one Samuel Henshall, Fellow of Brasenose, who wrote *The Saxon and English Languages reciprocally illustrative of each other* (a book which we might have expected to find published *Julio et Cæsare Consulibus*, but which did appear in 1798), the fun of the thing becomes charming. The first few words of the document run thus:—

> Henr' þurz godes fultume King on Engleneloande. Lhoauerd on Yrloand,' Duk on Norm' on Aquitain' and eorl on An'iow Send igretinge to alle hise holde ilærde and ileawede on Huntendon' schir'.

Here there are some of Henshall's comments. "Fultume, or Fulture, from Fultura, Support." On "Lhoauerd" he tells "Lif-erth—Life-earth—Source of Life, or of Bread, *Loaf*, hence *Bread* is the *Stuff*, or *Staff*, of *Life*." One would hardly have thought it necessary to explain that "Holde" meant simply faithful men, lieges, but Henshall mistook it for *whole*, and he goes on to make the proclamation address itself to "all his whole servants of the Lord and allowed." Now, though the forms are a little odd, one would have thought that any one would have recognised in "ilærde and ileawede" the plain words "learned and lewd," that is, clerical and lay; but Henshall reads "not theilaerde and ilewede," and thus comments. On his "theilaerde," he tells us that it is "from theow, servants, hence modern thief, and the Provincialism, 'Do you *thou* me, *i.e.* call me a slave?'—in Lancashire dialect still theow." On the "ileawede" his comment is, "Allowed, lawful, Pacem Regis Habentes in the Law—neither Villains, or Thiefs—hence 'Alloy or 'Allay'—lawful

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* *The only English Proclamation of Henry III., 18 October 1258, and its Treatment by former Editors and Translators considered and illustrated, &c.* By Alexander T. Ellis, F.R.S. London: Asher & Co

money with a proportion of lawful base metal." Presently "rædes-men" is expounded to be "Read-men," which is interpreted "Men of Letters—Reading—Witens—or Wisemen." Lastly, *kunericha*, a word which is perhaps hardly extinct in Scotland, is translated "our King's Reach." All these things are very charming, and we are much obliged to Mr. Ellis for revealing to us the existence of Henshall and his works. It was certainly a masterpiece of ingenious blundering to see "servants of the Lord" in the "Holde ilærde," to get the word "Theow" out of the letters, and lastly, to identify "theow" at once with "thief," and with the pronoun "thou."

HIATUS.*

It is necessary to explain, what the title of this volume seems contrived to conceal, that it is a pleading for the introduction of art-teaching into education. It is a pity that a sensational title, and an affectation of the anonymous, should have been interposed between the reader and a writer who has so excellent and practical an object. It is a still greater misfortune that "Outis" should have clothed his pleading in an envelope which must confine the perusal of his argument to those who have a great deal of time, and very little taste. His argument is excellent. But the reasoning, which is here swelled out to a volume of 250 pages, would, if translated into English, form a pamphlet of 50. All beyond this is superfluous verbiage; not feathers which help the arrow to fly to its mark, but mere gaseous inflation which floats the idea out of sight, we know not whither. Mere diffuseness, a weak and watery style, is too common a case in this day of hasty writing to be charged upon one writer in particular. "Outis" is not diffuse from not having taken time. His laboured turgidity of language, overlaying, instead of expressing, the thought, seems to be the result of a deliberately adopted theory of style. The style would be a mistake even where the subject in hand was one of literary amusement. But the error makes itself perniciously felt as an impediment to success where the writer is the advocate of a practical proposal. That "Outis" should be guilty of such a violation of taste is indeed surprising, as he is earnest and enthusiastic in pleading for artistic culture. He is aware, too, that reverence is the moral quality developed by such culture, and that true wisdom is compounded of intellect and emotion. "The wise man," he says, "is beneficent and reverent because he reasons not alone from intellect and science, but likewise from the feeling of beauty and the emotion of love and faith." The man who can feel and speak thus has entered into the sanctuary, and should be preserved from parading himself in a style the windy conceitedness of which inevitably reminds the reader of the pompous strut of a Highland piper, or the self-complacent dictation of a Scotch professor. The defect of taste in the advocate will, it must be feared, materially damage the effect of his pleading.

It would be easy to make a quotation or two from "Outis'" pages of such rant that few sane persons would give the book a second thought. But such a proceeding would be as unfair as to describe a Greek play by giving extracts only from the choruses. Suppressing the inspired passages, and sinking the affectation of the general style, it will be found that the writer's ideas, as well on the particular aim of his argument as on education generally, are excellent. The practical result of his argument would be the universal introduction of "drawing" into every stage of education—schools and colleges alike—from the National School to the University. "Drawing" must be understood to stand very widely for the exact study and imitation of visible form—"form," be it observed, not "form and colour." For though colour addresses and stimulates the perception of beauty even more directly than form, the study of natural colours cannot be prosecuted critically as a part of general education. The melodies and harmonies of chromatic arrangement are, indeed, in themselves capable of being analysed by the intellect. They form a study which is capable of being made a fine discipline, not only for the eye, but for the mind and feeling. But there is not time or room within the ordinary curriculum for the introduction of a subject-matter which requires a long experience. We have too little time for satisfying the claims of form. Be this as it may, whether or not the intellectual cognizance of chromatic laws should be made a part of necessary education, there can be no doubt that drawing-masters' colouring as now taught in schools is simply mischievous. It is a dishonest pretension, not imitative of anything in nature. Pigments are laid on by recipe, without intelligent observance of the ever-varying aspect of natural colour under varying conditions. One wash is ordered for "distance," another for "middle distance," and a third for "foreground," while all the while the pupil cannot delineate one of those natural forms the colour of which depends upon the form. And his eye is debauched by the assumption that a few conventional colour-mixtures are the likeness of nature's colour.

Form, then, or beauty, as analysable into form, is the new study which should be introduced into education. *New* it is. For though it is true that very large sums are now spent upon the drawing-master, and that every "Academy" has its teacher of "drawing," yet the system is worthless, or rather worse. The art is discredited by making the study of it optional, to be prosecuted on half-holidays when nothing better can be done. We allow it to be taught by a class of men whose position in the school is invidiously below that of the tutors and other masters, even where they do not sink to the level of Thackeray's Gandish's Academy, with its misplaced aspirates, false accents, and contumelious indiscipline. The "drawing" thus taught is an imposture. Trees and skies and landscapes are put upon paper by boys who are incapable of delineating accurately the figure of a single leaf.

> What drawing-masters' teaching is in its plenitude and perfection it is difficult to define; but a few salient points may afford a general idea. First, it is strictly demagogic, relying on popular credulity. Second, it addresses two popular weaknesses; that of showing-off our children, and setting-off our rooms by (Third) producing brilliant pictures to be mounted, framed, and hung-up. Fourth, it utterly ignores proportion. I have seen and compared with the originals finished shaded copies where one dimension has been doubled, another trebled, and a third halved, and this under the direction of an eminent professor. Fifth, its perspective always abounds in supernumerary vanishing and measuring points; possesses independent horizons, a roving centre of vision, and a free unconstrained station-point. Sixth, it is not responsible to optics for the projection of shadows, and sometimes insists on objects showing a shaded face to the public, and standing on the ground without a shadow. . . . Its constant characteristic is an aspiration and resolution to colour, at any cost. It is true that University College and a few large schools have made drawing a dangerous reality by sincerely believing, with the old masters and the Royal Academy, that drawing is the grammatical basis of art, and by excluding colour altogether. Yet, seeing that the majority, whom the other kind of teaching addresses, know nothing about the old masters, the amateur colour-shops and small frame-makers are not as yet possessed with panic, nor in imminent danger of dissolution.

And the moral effects of the existing system upon the pupil are as unwholesome as the artistic. The boy who finds himself lauded and rewarded for what is often not his own work, and is always the most heedless and easy of his tasks, detects an advantage in idleness and deceit—idleness and deceit in which he has the teacher's complicity. What little he himself may have done towards his prize picture was done without any clear conception of what it was he was labouring to accomplish. He never can tell whether he may be lucky enough to achieve such a feat a second time. The intelligible criterion of an accurate imitation of nature has not been inculcated on his mind. He sees, indeed, for himself that the trees, plants, and rocks in his highly-praised prize-drawing bear no resemblance to the objects as he knows them in his botany or geology classes. But Gandish has explained the dissimilarity by instructing him that his production is "artistic rendering." And those mystic words grow up in the pupil's mind into a theory of art, which places it for ever among the hypocrisies and the make-believes.

But we should be conveying a very imperfect idea of "Outis'" argument if we left it to be supposed that he only urges the introduction of an art of drawing into education, as an accomplishment of a truer kind than the drawing-master's drawing now prevalent. It is true that drawing, as an accomplishment or faculty, has such obvious utilities that it is able to hold its own in our schools, even on the ground of these practical applications alone. That it is indispensable in civil and military engineering; in all branches of natural history; in manufacturing establishments; in upholstery, cabinet-making, cutlery; in the various requirements of the silversmith, jeweller, potter, glass maker, turner, carver, mason, and every manufacturing tradesman—these demands are sufficient to secure the art attention in every grade of school. The educational reformer who does no more than insist that Gandish's "landscape with figures" shall be replaced by a true delineation of natural objects, has a field of useful work before him. And a work no less difficult than useful. For the true and healthy view of art-teaching is even yet very far from having established itself among educated parents. And as for the hard-worked professional and commercial classes, with neither time nor interest for investigating the matter, we cannot expect that they should stoically withstand the temptation of the showy and specious, when the parents of collegiate schoolboys still continue under the same delusion. The Government schools have done, and are doing, excellent work, but "Outis" complains that in their eagerness to have the scheme pay, they are not above offering the false along with the true, and taking money for both.

But "Outis'" aim is at something much more comprehensive than even to oust the impostor, and to substitute for his accomplishment a true and useful art. He goes back to the first principles of all education. He is not content to show that drawing is a useful art; that it can minister to all the other arts in their turn; and that an early deficiency of eye and hand training cannot be supplied by any after teaching. He shows that art is not a mere accomplishment, which we may do without, but which it is better to acquire. It is not true to say that an education which omits art is good as far as it goes, but that if you would be perfect, you must superadd art. "Outis" takes his stand upon the broadest, and only tenable, ground—that of integral training. A one-sided training is not merely an incomplete training; it is dangerous. Leave savage nature alone, and her operations will be harmoniously consistent; but develop in her one element exclusively, and you make her a discordant organism, and, as such, less developed than before. The human mind may be described, speaking roughly, as having two elements—understanding and emotion. We must observe by the way that "Outis'" metaphysics are not so good as his mathematics. He boasts (p. 118) of his emancipation from metaphysical terminology—an inconsistency in one who has so severely censured Mr. Burchett for errors which appear to arise from the attempt to explain perspective without strictly mathematical language. Yet "Outis" talks (p. 96) of wonder and astonishment as "faculties midway between mental and emotional faculties, and common to both"! However, taking his division into "emotional" and "rational" as

* *Hiatus: the Void in Modern Education, its Cause, and Antidote.* By "Outis." London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

sufficient for the purpose, we may state his reasoning as being, that all our education goes upon an attempt to train and develop the rational, and that the emotional is left entirely uncared for. Hence an unregulated and insubordinate self-assertion on the part of the emotions. A prurient sensationalism, an itch for novelty, is characteristic of the modern mind. This mere energy without an aim is a restless appetite provoked by the absence of noble and sustained occupation for the emotions. The emotional side of our English character, neglected and untrained in the direction of nature, breaks out in monstrous and unexpected growths. It is not merely that all wholesome enjoyment of beauty is absent; it is that there is a greedy rush after excitement in all directions—in literature, in poetry, in sensational fiction, even in the exaggerative tone of conversation. Even about modern science there is a startling atmosphere unfriendly to philosophy and truth. "Outis" traces this characteristic passion in more than one unlooked-for corner, *e.g.*, in the now favourite game of rehabilitating historical characters. Chemistry is in the same category of public favour as mesmerism, and for the same reason. The rationally consistent relations of chemistry—what makes it a science—are wanting in mesmerism; but the sensational excitement inseparable from the surprises of quick transformations is common to both. We must not pass over, inasmuch as it is illustrative of the completeness of this anonymous author's view, that he traces to the same morbid passion the rapid changeableness of the fashions of female clothing. It is because we have been brought up in insensibility to the beauty and expressiveness of the human form, that we contrive our dress without regard to this beauty, misrepresenting the machinery of motion, hinting joints where no joints are, concealing and cancelling what ought to be expressed. The fashion of dress is arbitrarily decreed; a uniform fashion alike for all. And the rapid changes which are inexorably exacted of all women who would avoid being pointed at for singularity, make dress no less than literature minister to the gratification of the passion for novelty, instead of the taste for beauty and truth to nature. In venturing this extension of his principle, "Outis" judiciously apologizes for his temerity. He is aware that it is safer to assail a nation's religion and politics than its fashions, and that he risks influence by venturing to carry principle into a region where reason is the most jealously excluded. However, he does not dwell, or lay any unnecessary emphasis, upon this exemplification of his argument. He is content to remind us how this want of æsthetic perception in the woman damages her influence for good. If the man is paramount in intellect on the plea of natural endowment, the woman, by the same plea, is paramount in the sphere of the emotions. Here she should lead, and he follow; as indeed she endeavours to do in the article of dress, but on the mistaken tack of a perpetual strain after the *new*, without any basis in the *true*.

Leaving the more striking manifestations of this indiscipline of the emotions, in the morbid forms of desire for the unnatural, the supernatural, and the pseudo-miraculous, we may observe the traces of the same cause in the more ordinary conditions of daily life. Commerce, machinery, the daily-enacted history of the globe, which is brought home to our doors at eight o'clock every morning, are constantly presenting a succession of fresh phases to the mind of the modern citizen of the world. His intellectual estimate of this flux of phenomena is as fluid as the series of the phenomena themselves. His conception is the Heraclitean one, of all things as in a constant state of flux and transition. His ever-roving intellectual faculties have no basis, no bond of union; they do not register themselves in emotions. For this intellectual weakness of the age, the remedy is to be found in the early training of the emotions to vent themselves upon their proper objects. The studious contemplation of nature, accompanied by exercise of eye and hand in faithfully delineating her structures, not only with a view to their functions, but with a view to their beauty of form and rhythmic motion, seems precisely to fulfil the conditions of the discipline required. An emotional susceptibility to this eternal result of all—beauty—would give a conviction of one abiding truth. The appetite for novelty would be replaced by the detaining solace of the beauty of truth, and our roving apprehensiveness would grow into close and deep converse with its objects. The dearth of enjoyment that the wealthy feel in the midst of their unceasing chase after the "something still that prompts the eternal sigh," would be supplanted by a perception of how much more there is around us than our intellect and emotions are prepared to entertain.

Nor is art-culture, as is often thought, a culture for the rich alone. While science and literature demand time and leisure, the sense of beauty, and the enjoyments arising from it, may be cultivated alike by all. Thus, while intellectual culture separates classes, æsthetic culture may become a bond of union, a common source of enjoyment which will do more to associate the human family than all the hypocritical flattery from the hustings which insults the working man with transparent falsehoods that he smiles at and despises. Nature has furnished an antidote to the inevitable necessity of hard labour and poverty, in the fields and forests, in the very gardens and parks which the rich cannot create without building up a beauteous landscape for the enjoyment of the poor man:—

When Gilbert White withdrew from literary bustle to his home under Selborne Hanger, he was not contracting, but enlarging his domain of thought and feeling. Here commenced the infinite supply of pabulum for his mental and emotional activities. Here was his deep mine of wealth. But the poorest Selborne peasant, with heart and head awake, had access to the self-same store. Burns, in his poverty, found out that he and his class had in possession "Joys that riches ne'er could buy, and joys the very best." He found also that Edinburgh gentry, for all their public recognition, frank, affable, familiar, as our own public talk to our working class, had no more, but much less, sympathy with him and his pursuits than had the pet ewe he had left at home in Ayrshire.

I met in a lane once, near Warwick, a man who was a letter-carrier, no scholar, but who had been for years in the habit of collecting wild-flowers and plants, plucked hastily in his daily journeys, and duly sorted and arranged every evening. They were not classed scientifically, but they were clearly distinguished nevertheless, and left each its own impression on the mind of the collector. He told me his work was not finished, nor was likely to be for what he saw, that he never wanted amusement, nor cared to frequent public-houses.

We may say he was a man of calm passions, satisfied with gentle excitements. We may say, but we do not know this. Were Buonarroti or Cellini men of calm passions, that they were satisfied with the gentler excitement of fine art? . . . . . Holbein was a man of a full habit, with strong passions, and a neck like a bull, but the pleasure he found in painting could restrain him.

Give the strong passions of these workmen of ours a chance of finding solacing exercise in the pursuit and contemplation of the exhaustless stores of beauty they and we all have access to, awaken and cultivate their emotions as well as their intellects, and do this when they are boys; the beer-house and card-table will decline.

If in the pursuit of his argument "Outis" is chargeable with a dash of quackery in exaggerating the curative virtues of his nostrum, his fault is, after all, a fault on the right side. There is a tendency in the arguments in favour of art-training to narrow the ground, and to plead for it as a useful or even necessary accomplishment. The educational reformer must learn to demand its admission into the curriculum on the much broader ground that training which omits it is imperfect, unwholesome, and sure to issue in morbid conditions of mind, just in proportion to the degree of impulse which it succeeds in giving to the faculties. "Outis'" pleading has this great merit, that it pleads the cause on this broad ground. The introduction of science into schools and universities is far from being yet accomplished, but it is on the way to be accomplished. As science advances towards its establishment in our educational course, the need of an accompanying æsthetic training will become more urgent. The introduction of art as an inferior and subsidiary branch will by no means satisfy its claims. Above all, the Universities must not be let off with the establishment of a stray Professorship of Art as an ornamental appendage, to discourse to young gentlemen on Continental picture-galleries just before the Long Vacation. Art must take its place beside the sciences—a co-ordinate, not a subordinate, place in education and in professional pursuit—as it did in Greece, as it did in imperial Rome, as it did in Italy in the sixteenth century, as it must wherever a certain grade of civilization is reached by a wealthy and flourishing community.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.*

No persons can write more charming books of travel than naturalists who unite to knowledge of their special subject great general powers of observation, and a fair share of literary skill. Mr. Darwin's voyage in the *Beagle* is a model of what such a book should be; and Mr Wallace, whose share in supporting Mr Darwin's theory is well known, has written an account of his journeys in the Malay Archipelago which may be fairly put beside it. One circumstance about it is sufficiently significant. Mr. Wallace's journeys were spread over eight years, and more than six years have elapsed since his return, owing to ill-health and to the difficulties of arranging his large collections, amounting to over 125,000 specimens. Now it is obvious that had Mr. Wallace followed the example of book-making travellers, and tumbled out upon us voluminous masses of undigested diary and scientific disquisition, he might have composed a work from which the boldest reader would have shrunk in undisguised dismay. On the scale which some recent travellers have adopted, he would have filled a good-sized bookshelf. As it is, he has contented himself with two volumes of moderate size, of which he modestly says that they are "far too small for the extent of the subjects" treated. Certainly, if it had been his purpose to give us a handbook to the Archipelago, or an exhaustive disquisition upon its natural products, or even a full account of all his own adventures, the space would have been ridiculously small. But all general readers may congratulate themselves on his having aimed at a different mark, and sifted away the chaff before giving us the fine grain of his observations. The result is a vivid picture of tropical life, which may be read with unflagging interest, and a sufficient account of his scientific conclusions to stimulate our appetite without wearying us by detail. In short, we may safely say that we have seldom read a more agreeable book of its kind than Mr. Wallace's account of the Malay Archipelago.

The country is one which in many ways excites and rewards the curiosity of the naturalist. Strange birds and beasts haunt its forests, and innumerable insects creep and fly and buzz and bite the enthusiastic traveller. There, for example, are butterflies the very sight of which caused Mr. Wallace tortures of delight. When he first saw the *Ornithoptera Crœsus*, his heart began to beat violently, the blood rushed to his head, "and he felt much more like fainting than he has done when in apprehension of immediate death." The excitement produced a headache for the rest of the day. Still more affecting is his

* *The Malay Archipelago.* By A. R. Wallace. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

account of his first interview with another species, the great bird-winged butterfly, *Ornithoptera Poseidon*. He speaks with rapture of its golden body, crimson breast, and the velvet black and green of its wings, seven inches across. It is one thing, he says, to see such a beauty in a cabinet, and quite another "to feel it struggling between one's fingers, and to gaze upon its fresh and living beauty, a bright gem shining out amid the silent gloom of a dark and tangled forest. The village of Dobbo held that evening at least one contented man." One half forgets that the *Ornithoptera Poseidon* would not exactly respond to this almost voluptuous expression of delight. The larger animals are perhaps more adapted to astonish the general public, and to stare it in the Zoological Gardens. There is, for example, the cuscus, an animal which from its portrait seems to resemble a very large and bloated puppy fitted with a prehensile tail of portentous length. There is, on the other hand, a kangaroo whose tail is of degenerate size, the animal, like some would-be athlete, having taken to climbing trees—a calling for which one would have thought it singularly ill adapted—and having consequently fallen off in point of tail without gaining proportionately in claws. Elsewhere there is a frog of unusual liveliness, which is fitted out with enormous webs to its feet, and, on the strength of them, has taken to what it considers to be flying. There are pigs provided with tusks, which, as Mr. Wallace supposes, were once of some use to them, but, owing to the departure of their owners from that line of life in which Providence originally placed them, have grown into ridiculous spirals at the tops of their heads. Then we have the two great ornaments of animal society in these regions, though each of them is confined to a very narrow district. These are the Mias or Orang-utan, who in Mr. Wallace's pictures looks like a heartless caricature of an Irishman, with a railway rug in place of a skin, and whose legs and arms seem to have changed places; and the beautiful birds of paradise, whom Mr. Wallace alone of all Europeans has seen in their native wilds. Of the eighteen different species known he only succeeded in collecting five; but he can hardly speak without ecstacy of the marvellous beauty of these wonderful birds. The capture of the first, he says, repaid him for months of expectation and delay. "I thought," he says, "of the long ages of the past, during which the successive generations of this little creature had run their course—year by year being born, and living and dying amid these dark and gloomy woods, with no intelligent eye to gaze upon their loveliness; to all appearance such a wanton waste of beauty." And he anticipates with sadness the day when civilized man will disturb the nicely-balanced relations upon which the preservation of the species depends, and so cause "the extinction of those very beings whose wonderful structure and beauty he alone is fitted to enjoy." This alone, he argues, is enough to tell us that all living things were not made exclusively for man.

We confess to feeling a little more sympathy with our poor cousins, the Orang-utans. There is a most pathetic account of the childhood of one of Mr. Wallace's pets, whose mother fell a victim to his scientific zeal. The poor little Mias was still unable to feed itself, and though Mr. Wallace gave it rice-water from a bottle with a quill in the cork, and added sugar and cocoa-nut milk, the diet was scarcely nourishing enough for its needs. He nursed it, however, with never-failing patience. He let it play with his beard. He washed its poor little face, and though it made wry faces, it appeared to be grateful. He made it a ladder to play upon, and even rigged up an artificial mother with a buffalo skin, till it nearly choked itself with hair in trying to suck. He got a little monkey to play with it, to its considerable satisfaction, but at last the poor Mias baby was seized with diarrhœa, and after a temporary cure by means of castor oil, fell into an intermittent fever and died, regretted by all who knew it. Mr. Wallace's acquaintance with the rest of its family was unfortunately confined to qualifying them for *post-mortem* examinations. He obtained nearly twenty specimens—if specimen is not an offensive word to apply to so human a creature—the finest of which was 4 feet 2 inches in height, and 7 feet 8 inches across the extended arms. They seem to be singularly amiable and inoffensive creatures, rather awkward in personal appearance, but quarrelling only with such obnoxious monsters as crocodiles and pythons. According to native accounts, the Mias always gets the best of it on these occasions; and perhaps we may regret that so interesting a creature is likely to be extirpated as soon as the lovely birds of paradise.

In hunting down these and the many other specimens which rewarded his labours, Mr. Wallace was exposed to numerous hardships, and not a little danger. In the island of Aru, the chief home of the birds of paradise, he spent six months. For about six weeks he lived in a remote corner of the island, alone with two or three servants, and a primitive race of good-natured savages. The mosquitoes attacked his feet with peculiar appetite, and he was soon laid up with numerous inflamed ulcers upon those useful members. He was just able to crawl down to the river to bathe. The most gorgeous butterflies looked him in the face with impunity, and fluttered away from his grasp. Birds of paradise held their peculiar "dancing parties" in the trees, elevated their lovely wings, and vibrated their exquisite plumes. His servants shot some specimens for him; but some of these were devoured by the lean and hungry dogs of the natives, which would occasionally make a grab at the gorgeous plumage as soon as the operation of skinning was performed, and tear it to tatters before his eyes. Little marsupial animals, which correspond to rats and mice, ran about all night nibbling whatever appeared to them to be eatable. Four or five species of ants were ready to attack everything that was not defended by a moat of water, and one of them had the faculty of swimming. Huge spiders lurked in boxes and baskets and in the folds of his mosquito curtains, whilst centipedes and multipedes and scorpions were omnipresent. In short, he was constantly on the defensive to protect his various collections against the depredations of all the pests that swarm in the tropics. The natives gathered every evening and held long discussions about him at the tops of their voices. They easily settled that he was a magician, as he had provided fine weather immediately upon his arrival. But the question who he was and what he was doing was more insoluble. The general opinion was, that he would bring to life again all the animals which he had killed and preserved, as soon as he had returned home. It was well known that this had been done by certain mysterious invaders who had killed and carried off some of their ancestors, who were known to be now living in the land beyond the sea. Mr. Wallace was regarded with some suspicion for not having met them, and the more so as he professed to come from a country with so absurd a name as N-Gluug. "My country," said his leading examiner, "is Wanumbai—anybody can say Wanumbai, but N-Glung, who ever heard of such a name?"

The birds of paradise were doubtless an ample reward for the inconveniences of life amongst such primitive people and for the tortures of insects and ulcers. A more serious evil was the real danger of travelling amongst the treacherous currents and reefs of the Archipelago. In one voyage in a native prau his first crew ran away; he lost two more for a month on a desert island; rats ate his sails; his small boat was lost; he was constantly short of food and water, and was several times in danger of being driven out to sea without provisions, owing to the incapacity of his ship to get within less than eight points of the wind; he was thirty-eight days instead of twelve, the ordinary allowance, on his voyage home; and for seventy-eight days he had not a single one of fair wind. Similar troubles to these beset him on various occasions, and he suffered many disappointments from having to discover for himself the best centres for collection, and from frequently reaching them when droughts or bad weather made collection impossible. In spite of these varying troubles, he met on the whole with considerable success, and not the least charm of his book is the general impression which it produces that he was in thoroughly good temper throughout, and always disposed to take the pleasantest view of the men and things with which he was brought in contact.

(To be continued.)

IDYLS AND EPIGRAMS.*

A SINGULAR proof of the rich variety of treasure preserved to us in the Greek Anthology is to be found in the ease with which, at the appeal of apt translators, it yields itself to the composition of lesser garlands. It was a great feat which Major Macgregor achieved some years since in publishing his complete version of all the Greek Epigrams; but to disguise the fact that his present to the reading public was an *embarras de richesses*, likely to frighten it by its bulk and completeness, was a harder task, and one that needed all his taste, versatility, and fondness for his subject. Indeed, we suspect that to the smaller and choicer collections by Bland and Merivale, Booth, Burges, and the band of contributors to the *Anthologia Polyglotta*, must be attributed whatever hold the Greek Anthology has on the estimation of the general reader, or in fact of any reader who cares to see it in other than the original language. They admit of more variety, and of exercise of skill in arrangement. Just as fair hands exercise a seemingly capricious but never unsuccessful choice in making up bouquets from the undigested mass of flowers in the gardener's basket, so a poetic scholar, cognizant of the wealth and variety of blossom he has to cull from, contrives to make up new garlands from the original Anthology, without being indebted to or clashing with any rival or predecessor either as to plan or details. This is eminently true of Mr. Garnett, whose little volume, just published, deserves to have ὀλίγη τε φίλη τε inscribed as its second motto, so entirely does its quality represent the inverse ratio of its quantity. It is composed of some six score epigrams from the Greek, four or five idyls from Moschus and Bion, as many epigrams from Martial, and a score or more of Mr. Garnett's own composition, which last are either entirely original, or suggested by some line or couplet in the Greek Anthology. And of these materials is made up a delightful volume, in which we hesitate which most to admire—the bright, clear perception which has caught and transferred the pith and marrow of the Greek, or the refinement which has been employed in the twofold process of extracting the honey of the Greek, and leaving where it was the impure matter that clung to it, but was unmeet for the purged ears of modern readers.

With sufficient scholarship Mr. Garnett manifestly unites even greater poetic instincts. His imitations and paraphrases display a poet's sympathy with each airy conceit or bright idea of the original, which is a great security for his not erring from its spirit in his process of expansion; and even in his closer translations, while he often breaks up the Greek and re-forms it after his own fashion, he scrupulously renders an account of every point of his model.

* *Idylls and Epigrams; chiefly from the Greek Anthology.* By Richard Garnett. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

But he is not in bondage to the letter. Formal literality, less essential in this field than elsewhere, is held secondary by him to lively presentment of the general sentiment of the Greek. And hence his volume is as well adapted for the English reader, unversed in, but curious about Greek epigrammatic poetry, as for the scholar who, comparing copy with model, can test the faithfulness of spirit with which gems of Greek workmanship have been adapted for English use. Both will be struck, on its perusal, with a conviction that many fine thoughts and bright fancies in our Elizabethan poetry have been borrowed—as, if we continue to cherish the Classics, they will be borrowed again and again—from the ample stores of the Anthologia Græca.

For an excellent sample of Mr. Garnett's skill in recasting the Greek, so as to vary its idiom without losing a particle of its essence, we should cite, but for its length, Meleager's epigram "On a pet Leveret" (cxxvi., compare Jacobs. 120). We commend to those interested in such matters a comparison of the Greek and the English, and turn to a shorter epigram translated from Paulus Silentiarius, as equally suitable to our purpose. The Greek runs:—

> *δηθύνει Κλεοφάντις· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἄρχεται ἤδη*
> *λύχνος ἀποκλάζειν, ἦκα μαραινόμενος·*
> *αἴθε δὲ καὶ κραδίης πυρσὸς συναπέσβετο λύχνῳ,*
> *μηδέ μ' ὑπ' ἀγρύπνοις δηρὸν ἔκαιε πόθοις·*
> *ἆ, πόσα τὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐπώμοσεν ἕσπερος ἥξειν·*
> *ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἀνθρώπων φείδεται οὔτε Θεῶν.* (Jacobs. xxviii.)

It is surprising how much force and neatness is imparted to the point of this epigram by Mr. Garnett's happy transposition of the second and third couplets, as well as by other slight deflections from the letter of the Greek:—

> The light I thrice have lit with amorous pains,
> So late she lingers, to the socket wanes:
> Another night to fruitless watch is given;
> Another perjury has scoffed at Heaven.
> Expiring flame, how happy would it be,
> Could my fond passion disappear with thee.

In the version, too, of a four-lined epigram by Agathias (lxxviii. Jacobs. 32), it is scarcely too much to affirm that the copy is more pointed than the original, although the sole liberty taken by the translator consists in rearrangement and concentration. The Greek is found in most selections. The English of Mr. Garnett is:—

> My wreath, my hair, my girdle gratefully
> To Venus, Pallas, Dian offered be:
> By whose concurrent favour I enjoy
> My wedded bliss, my chastity, my boy.

But these are not paraphrases; and Mr. Garnett leaves us in no doubt as to which he regards as his paraphrastic efforts, by marking such with an asterisk in his table of contents. Some of these are singularly lively and real, and introduce a point which none but an ancient Greek would detect on the surface of the Greek, although really it is there. We would instance an epigram by Philip of Thessalonica in which a rheumatic or palsied fisherman dedicates his tackle to his patron-god. This epigram is number xcv. in Mr. Garnett's collection (Jacobs. 22); and we quote the conclusion, in which the offering is summed up with a hint, which the paraphrase converts into an admission, that Peison offers what he can no longer use. These implements, says the Greek verse,

> *Πείσων ὁ γριπεὺς Ἑρμῇ πόρεν, ἔντρομος ἤδη,*
> *δεξιτερὴν, πολλοῖς βριθόμενος καμάτοις.*

but the English imparts to the sentence a quaint, unexpected ending, known to scholars as a case of *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*.

> In fine
> All wiles I used unwary fish to hem,
> And *all the colds I caught* in catching them.

As we have already hinted, this liberty of paraphrase facilitates the realization in English of the bright points of a Greek epigram, without the impurity which often beclouded them. A comparison of the Greek of an epigram of much beauty, by Paulus Silentiarius (G. xlv. Jacobs. ix.), with Mr. Garnett's graceful paraphrase of it, would illustrate this contrast. In the English, as will be seen, there is no want of epigrammatic force; and all that is done is to substitute reticence and delicate allusion for the outspoken language which in the Greek repels, instead of attracting:—

> Thine eyes are dull as though released they were
> But late by Sleep, the mild imprisoner;
> Thy cheeks their hue, their comeliness thy tost
> Tresses, thy limbs their buoyancy have lost:
> The languors or the longings thou dost prove
> Of satisfied or of expectant Love.
> If those depress, a happy man was he.
> If these enkindle, happy will he be.

In fact, nothing strikes us so much, in the perusal of these versions from the Anthology, as the rare tact and skill with which their author brings out the charms, and suppresses the offences, of the Greek. We do not know his equal in throwing into a single line a neat and epigrammatic substitute for an unpresentable allusion. But, whether close or periphrastic, his translations are always animated by a kindred wit, alert to catch the spirit and realize the gist of the original. Witness this graceful and close rendering of an epigram by Marcus Argentarius, which has an interest, beyond its graceful expression, in its noting so early the predilection of the thrush tribe for grape juice, which has given rise to a French proverb:—

> Warble no more thy mellow melody,
> Sweet blackbird, from that knotty oaken tree.
> But where the clambering vine her tendril weaves,
> Come winging to the hospitable eaves;
> And chaunt uncaged, for that, thy race's foe,
> Fosters the bird-lime-bearing mistletoe.
> But this the purple grape, so duly thine,
> For minstrelsy should ne'er be scant of wine.

This one, too, from Antipater of Sidon, is in Mr. Garnett's neatest and happiest style. It is on the classical joke as to the voracity of Hercules:—

> Honey and milk are sacrifice for thee,
> Kind Hermes, inexpensive deity.
> But Hercules demands a sheep a day
> For keeping—as he says—the wolf at bay.
> Imports it much, meek browsers of the sod,
> Whether the beast devours you or the god?

The former of these epigrams, by its very idyllic character, reminds us to refer to the translations from Moschus and Bion, in the beginning of the volume, though it be but to notice that they nicely represent the grace and fine word-painting of those charming artists.

For the most part Mr. Garnett's work is characterized by careful study of the interpretation of his originals. In some cases—*e.g.*, in the meaning of a passage in Antiphilus—we believe he is more to be followed than Major Macgregor, whose version is found in his Fifth Book, epigram 225. It is *à propos* of a superstitious old crone's resort to a mode of ascertaining the will of heaven which Major Macgregor apparently identifies with the "rocking-stone." Antiphilus describes her as "lifting the prophetic stone, trying it with her hands" (*μάντιν ἄειρε λίθον χείρεσι πειράζουσα*). Major Macgregor translates

> The stone
> Which at her feet, as Phœbus priestess lay,
> Tried with her hands—first one, then both—to sway.

This force can hardly be in *ἄειρε*, for which reason we prefer Mr. Garnett's version—

> Eubule, craving Heaven's will to know,
> Would poise a pebble—

which indeed the whole of the context supports. On the other hand, Major Macgregor has hit off the pun or play on the words *κόσμος, εὔκοσμον* in the twenty-third epigram of Marcus Argentarius more thoroughly than Mr. Garnett in his epigram (No. xxiv.). One or two other minor points of interprotation we would suggest for reconsideration. In the hundredth epigram, one by Mnasalcas, the force of *λυγρὰ ξείνια* in the fourth verse seems unrepresented. The epigram, in this version, runs—

> The crooked bow and arrow-spending case
> Promachus hangs up in this holy place,
> Phœbus, to thee. The shafts remain apart,
> *For each is buried in a foeman's heart.*

Might not the last verse run?—

> *Dire guest-gifts*, lodging in the foeman's heart.

In the same page, doubting whether *ταῖς λιβάσιν καύσαις* can refer to "rain," we should prefer "joying in the fountain's spray" to "leaping lover of the rain," although the latter, *per se*, would be applicable enough to the frog. And, again, at the close of a very prettily turned epigram of Paulus Silentiarius (xlvii.), Mr. Garnett, unless he reads in the last line *ἐστὶ γὰρ ὁρκαπάτης*, whereas all the texts we have seen have *ἐστὶ γὰρ ὁρκαπάται*, is wrong in attributing the last line to the male lover rather than the female. His version runs—

> Why dost thou weep? Lest thou shouldst leave me, dear.
> *It was a lie, but one I loved to hear.*

We submit that it should be so altered as to continue Eumenis or Lais's speech to the end of the epigram; as thus, perhaps, for want of aught better:—

> Why dost thus weep? Lest thou shouldst leave me, dear;
> For men deceivers ever were, I fear.

It is but just, however, after venturing these emendations, to express our sense of the remarkable accuracy of interpretation which characterizes the great mass of these translations, an accuracy often as much proved by a paraphrase that recognises some nicety of sense as if resort had been had to the strictest literality.

It is not surprising that one whose mind is so imbued with the spirit of the Greek epigrams should transfer some flavour of them, as well as something of their outward form, to his own experiments in the same vein. And it might occur to some, on reading the neat and graceful translation of Sannazaro's charming epigram, "Quæritat huc illuc raptum," &c. (given in p. 13), by the author's father (more famous as a philologist than an epigrammatist), that there is hereditary predisposition in this case, suggesting topics which familiarity with the Anthology renders it easy to mould into shape. At any rate Mr. Garnett's own epigrams, whether original, or suggested (as in the case of Nos. xiii. xliv. xlix. lxxi. and one or two others) by some lines or couplets in the Anthology, have very much the ring of the Greek, and in point of shape and fashion "favour" the fountain of all epigrams. In the translations it is not easy to decide how far their author is a humourist because he happens to turn in a lively style, such as is adopted in Ep. cxxxv. a *jeu d'esprit*, the credit of which belongs chiefly to Leonidas of Alexandria. But in the "Dresden Venuses," p. 23, we discover the discipline of long converse with the Greek Anthology influencing the graceful treatment of a comparison purely original; and in one or two others—*e.g.*, xli., "Simplicity is best": lvii., a sort of Divorce Court epigram; and cxliv., "Time and the poet"—traces of a humour capable of as

good things in this line as the best of contemporary wit. Here is another of these, "the Traveller and the Gorilla":—

> The gift by Nature boon supplied
> This pair unequally divide;
> The traveller's tale is far from small,
> The monkey has no tail at all;

an epigram in form and point as worthy of the name as that of Leonidas just referred to:—

> Menodotis's portrait here is kept;
> Most odd it is
> How very like to all the world, except
> Menodotis.

Our favourite among the "suggested" epigrams is "A Cupid carved on a Shell," for which an anonymous epigram in the Ninth Book of the *Anthologia Palatina* gave the cue. It is in the same delightful vein as what may be called the "gem" epigrams lxix. lxx., and has a very Greek-ish manner and finish. Another amusing epigram, with the author's name, R. Garnett, attached to it, forms what we count as his second "proem"—an invocation to all the gods to smile on the epigrammatist, and give him, as the fairies are wont to do at the christenings they honour, each their own special boon. This epigram, an excellent substitute for an introduction, ends:—

> And last, without which all were not enough,
> Vouchsafe, most potent Æolus, a puff.

We must end our remarks on his pleasant book with a reference to this introductory couplet, and assure him that, if he will but in his next edition append a table of references to the Greek, and so remove the only retarding influence to a prosperous voyage, his path will be so clear to success as to render the invocation of any number of Æoluses supererogatory.

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE'S LECTURES.*

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE has done well to republish his Inaugural Lecture as one of his Six Lectures on Currency. It contains a protest against a prevalent misconception as to the province of political economy, which cannot be repeated too often. This misconception is rarely expressed in words, but it maintains a tight and persistent grasp on the thoughts of writers and speakers on economical subjects. "They never seem quite able to escape the impression that political economy is a branch of politics." They assume that the political economist is simply the politician dealing with economy, and, in consequence of this, they assume further that whenever the politician has arrived at a definite economical conclusion, he has nothing to do but to carry it out in practice as soon as opportunity offers. It is only by the prevalence of this assumption that we can explain the amount of passion which often finds its way into economical controversies. Its presence there is not attributable to the mere heat of debate or to that desire of victory for victory's sake from which scientific writers are no more exempt than their neighbours. This will not explain the diffusion of the excitement beyond the professors of the science. Agricultural chemists may grow warm over the comparative merits of this or that manure, but the agricultural public feels no interest in the dispute beyond a placid desire to ascertain which will best suit particular classes of soil. Compare this attitude of mind with that which the public—agricultural and non-agricultural alike—consistently maintains on the subject of large or small farming. Observe the triumph with which writers of one school claim to have demonstrated that the gross production of the country is increased by one or the other system, and the despairing energy with which their opponents set themselves to disprove the alleged result. To what is this due but to the unconscious belief that when once the politician has ascertained what political economy has to tell him as to the fact, the question is finally decided. If it were equally taken for granted that the adoption of a particular manure would follow inevitably upon its being proved to make the soil more fertile than any other, those persons who believed that its use would be injurious to health would be equally anxious to disprove its fertilizing efficacy. They are not thus anxious because they know that in this case the increase of production will not be the only element taken into account. If the limits of political economy were defined with as much clearness as those of agricultural chemistry, this confusion would be at once removed. It would then be seen that, in the words of Professor Price, the suggestions of political economy are the suggestions "of a single department only. Its conclusions are not final, nor supreme. They may be over-ridden, modified, or rejected at the dictation of a yet more universal science, by the order of still wider and higher knowledge." It would be, for example, the proper function of an economist to estimate the effects of the law which enjoins the equal division of his land amongst the children of a deceased father on the cultivation of the land, and on the productiveness of agricultural industry in France—

> It might be his office to submit to the legislator that such a law of inheritance sentences France to small properties, to their frequent sale and re-sale, to insufficiency of capital for successful cultivation, to great difficulties of drainage and manuring, and the like; and on economical grounds, as an expert called in to communicate his professional knowledge, he would be entitled to propose the substitution of the free liberty of testation for the iron rule of equal division which governs inheritance in France. But what answer would he, as an economist, have for the Frenchman who replied that the law of equal division amongst children was implanted in the human heart by the Creator, and that it was a thousand times better not to offend against a moral feeling than to grow richer by its violation? He would be silenced, and he would have no ground for complaint; for his authority does not extend over the whole of human life. The teachings of his science have to be combined with the injunctions of other sciences, and it is the political man alone, the statesman, who is authorized to measure and compare the diverse recommendations of the several departments of knowledge. It rests with him to say what is the final resultant which comes out from the combination of all the considerations involved. And if the Frenchman's feeling about the law of nature to bequeath property equally among children is to be refuted, the refutation must be made by the philosophical politician.

It is not necessary that the politician and the political economist should never be united in the same man. All that is required is that the two characters should be kept distinct. As it is, the influence derived from the one is too often used to promote the objects of the other. Political feeling is found

> intruding itself into the study of economical facts, imparting to them a bias from without, colouring the lessons which they teach, and applying them to political ends, to objects quite distinct from the purposes of political economy; and what is the inevitable effect of such a spectacle on the public mind? The political feeling is plainly discerned, even when the economist himself is unconscious of its influence. It is inferred that political economy is brought in to promote politics. The arrangements of the facts, the emphasis given to their several elements, the conclusions they are described as yielding, are suspected, and the final result is the feeling, which meets us on every side, of half respect for, half distrust of, political economy. The public does not bow down to the assertions of the economist as it submits to the utterances of a physician or a barrister. The true dignity of the science is defaced.

The remainder of the Inaugural Lecture deals with a second obstacle to which political economy is exposed. "In other sciences a truth once won is won for ever"; in political economy positions which "attain the quality of demonstration" are "denied or ignored as readily as if they were the hypothesis of an empiric." . . . "The error they were supposed to have dispelled resumes its possession of the public mind, just as if it were the infallible suggestion of instinct." The revived advocacy of protection and of an inconvertible currency in the United States are obvious instances of this truth, but Professor Price finds an equally pertinent illustration in the history of the "Mercantile Theory." The doctrine that wealth consists solely of money, or of the precious metals which are the raw material of money, "has taken its place among the barbarous ideas of the ages of darkness." "Tell a great merchant or banker of the City that he believes in the mercantile theory, and he will resent the imputation as an affront to his understanding." This statement forms a natural introduction to the special subject of Professor Price's remaining lectures. He asserts that the popular doctrine of currency is nothing more than the mercantile theory under a fresh disguise. "It may be consigned by philosophers to the limbo of nursery toys, but it lives on all the same, and is master of the mind of the City":—

> The doctrine that gold is wealth—the doctrine which Mr. Mill paints as an absurdity so palpable that the present age regards it as incredible, as a crude fancy of childhood—breathes in every line of the City articles of all our daily newspapers. Traders are exhorted to carry on their operations with confidence, and to send their orders boldly to China and Japan, for gold is coming in, and discount is sure to be low. But if Englishmen are found to be buying food and clothing and raw materials from abroad, and are paying for them in gold, the merchants are warned to prepare for a coming storm: panic is at hand, and a crisis imminent, for the foreigner is getting hold of the staff of life, and England is losing it. It is not one paper or two which is saying all this, it is all. Every City article is penetrated through and through with the belief that the importation of gold is a good thing, and its exportation a bad thing. The same thought, the same language, pervades every counting-house, and is heard on every exchange. The unhappy man who should say aloud that he was glad to see gold leaving England, would be gazed upon as a Rip Van Winkle, who had reappeared from the dead.

Professor Price proceeds, in the following lectures, to subject the phenomena of currency to an analysis of remarkable stringency. Whether his readers agree or disagree with his conclusions, they must one and all be struck with the luminous completeness of his exposition. There is never any uncertainty as to his meaning, nor any room for suspicion that he has consciously shrunk from testing a weak place in his system. In his hands currency loses all the obscurity which has hitherto surrounded it, and becomes intelligible, and even attractive. The secret of this agreeable revolution is told in a sentence. "The perplexity, the confusion, the inextricable tangle which have so long and so cruelly beset currency have sprung up from one great tap-root, the perverse importance attached to the quantities used of coin and bank-notes." There is the key-note of Professor Price's symphony, and it recurs again and again in every combination. The importance attached to the quantities used of coin and bank-notes is a "perverse importance." Substitute, he says, for this idea the true one—that for the sovereign and the bank-note, "as for all goods," the sole point of importance is the goodness of their quality —and the complications of currency flee away. Whether the amount of gold in the Bank cellar be small or large, whether the notes in circulation be few or many, is a matter of infinitely little moment, provided "that the sovereign is made of pure metal and has full weight, and that the bank-note will be paid on demand." Take care of the quality, says Professor Price, and the quantity will take care of itself. The public, he argues, has never any difficulty in getting as many of these tools as it wants and can pay for, and no legislation will make it use more of them than it wants. Anything that the State can do in the way of regulating the quantity of gold or paper in circulation is therefore, in his view, merely a work of supererogation. The only sphere in which the

* *The Principles of Currency.* Six Lectures. By Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. Oxford & London: James Parker & Co.

State can do either good or harm is that which concerns their qualities. It can take care that the sovereign shall be worth twenty shillings, and that the bank-note shall be convertible at par, and that is all. Up to that point its intervention is useful, and, in most cases, necessary; beyond that point it is needless, and at the same time innocuous. Thus, according to Professor Price's own conception, his main work is the demolition of all the legendary superstructure which has grown up round these simple instruments of exchange. He is the Cornewall Lewis of currency, and his book might almost be called "An Inquiry into the Credibility of City Articles."

In the lecture on "Metallic Currency" Professor Price puts the question, Can a country have too much gold? Yes, he answers, very easily. Gold is a tool, and, like other tools, it has to be paid for. It follows that needlessly to multiply tools is simply to lock up so much capital. A gardener must have a spade, or he will not be able to do his work; but, if he buys a dozen spades at once, he will have no return for the greater portion of his money until such time as the spades first taken into use come to wear out. It is so in principle with sovereigns. Gold-mining "is a very expensive affair; a great deal of timber and tools and gunpowder and wages is consumed in the business, and the country which gets the gold has to pay for all these things." Therefore, he contends, the question about the quantity of gold resolves itself into this—"How much gold does a country require, so as to make it worth its while to buy and pay for it with other commodities?" This depends on the number and amount of sales in which gold is employed. In other words, "the question of the distribution of the precious metals is, at bottom, a question of the commercial habits of different countries":—

A nation is not the poorer for possessing little gold, nor the richer for having much; and I earnestly beg of you to keep this truth in mind. The precious metals flow to countries of low civilization, of great political insecurity, which hoard money, and trade for cash; whilst they find small resting-place in lands of high commercial development, where property is safe, and the recovery of debts easy, and the owners of goods are willing to part with them for cheques and bills and other processes of deferred payment. There is probably no country in the world which, in comparison of the extent of its business, wants and uses so little of the precious metals as England.

In England, as Professor Price puts it in another place, gold is mainly wanted for "change"; and, when there is more gold than can be used for this purpose, it has to be idle, or to be exported to countries in which it is in more request. The number of bank-notes in circulation is determined by similar considerations. Paper is for many purposes a more convenient instrument than gold, and in so far as it is so bank-notes will find a public willing to use them. They must be of the right quality, of course—that is, they must be really convertible—because, if this condition is wanting, they will no more do their proper work than a bag of copper-gilt sovereigns would do the work of gold. But, given this, they will pass from hand to hand in numbers exactly proportionate to the transactions in which they are used. If more are issued than are wanted, they immediately find their way to the bank again. For a bank-note is nothing more than a banker's acknowledgment of a debt due by him to the public. Custom and convenience have created a special use for these acknowledgments. In Scotland, where one-pound notes are issued, they largely take the place of sovereigns; in England they occupy an intermediate position of their own. But in both countries they are merely another form of change; consequently the demand for them is regulated, as in the case of gold, by the number of purchases in which change is required. Thus a man living in London will use fewer notes than a man living in the country, and coming up to London for a month in the season. Why? Because the former pays his bills by cheques, while the latter, having only a country banker, brings up with him a store of bank-notes to pay for his London purchases. But, supposing the journey to London is put off at the last moment, the notes drawn out for the purpose are sent back to the country banker. Nothing that the Bank of England can do in the way of inflation will induce the man who pays his country bills by cheques to keep any stock of them in his house.

We have only touched on the cardinal features of Professor Price's theory, but the collateral discussions introduced into these lectures will be found equally interesting. In particular, the lecture entitled "What is a Bank?" is really a remarkable piece of exposition. The complicated system of English banking is reduced to first principles, and drawn out like a map before the reader.

PHINEAS FINN.*

REFLECTING on Mr. Disraeli's career, it would be rash to affirm that the professions of novelist and politician are incompatible. Mr. Disraeli, it is true, is like Juvenal's Greek. No trade comes amiss to him; no *tour de force* is too perilous or too extravagant for his courage and ingenuity. But Mr. Trollope is a steady-going, prosaic Englishman, and with the virtues possesses something of the ponderosity of that typically immobile character. On those who read to be startled, his performances will fall rather flat after those of the older novelist. He can go through a certain number of time-honoured tricks with variations, in the most unexceptionable manner; but he is not versatile and he is not brilliant, at least with the brilliancy and versatility of Mr. Disraeli. Nobody can draw a clergyman better, and he is perhaps the most trustworthy male lecturer living on the mental anatomy of young ladies. For these are subjects that seem to suit him exactly. For walking in dangerous places caution is more serviceable than agility. In dealing with women and with the Church an over-lively fancy is likely to become a snare. In either case a little wickedness and a little cynicism are expected of the novelist, but both must be duly watered with veneration and sentiment. If the infusion is too strong, he loses caste; if it is too weak, he loses readers. The proprieties must be observed, *rust cælum*; and yet the most rigid sticklers for them do so love a little naughtiness. It is a great triumph to be able to gratify their tastes without incurring their displeasure; and that triumph has certainly been won by Mr. Trollope. From time to time his men have been wicked, but the wickedness has never been very unseemly. Once or twice a lady has been on the point of transgression, but something has always intervened to prevent the catastrophe; and though he has been quietly laughing at the parson for any number of years, he has never yet laughed at him in a manner unworthy of the most exemplary church-goer.

* *Phineas Finn; or the Irish Member.* By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: Virtue & Co. 1869.

But the light castigation, coupled with an implied reverence for their order, which is so admirably in place where women or the clergy are concerned, is not the style of treatment of all others calculated to create an impression when applied to a contemporary statesman. Epigrams levelled at the sex or the cloth cannot be too carefully toned down. It is dangerous to laugh outright at the imbecility of a bishop, the follies of a fashionable woman, or the pretentious silliness of a young curate. In the one case the writer is set down by a great many good people as an unbeliever; in the other, as a misogynist. His book is damned if he does not contrive to get some fun out of his subject; but it will be excluded from every decent household if he does not keep his fun under proper control. With regard to our statesmen it is different. From time immemorial a very considerable latitude has been permitted in this direction. Junius and Swift have been the most popular of our political writers. You may caricature to your heart's content; you may misrepresent, abuse, and insinuate, and the respectable will listen to you as eagerly as the ill-regulated. You are not generally supposed to be a person of peculiarly diabolical tendencies if you indulge in the wildest invective against Mr. Gladstone. You may call Mr. Bright Cleon, and Mr. Disraeli Zamiel, and you need add no qualifying clause whatsoever. In point of fact, if you throw mud at them at all, you had better throw it vigorously, or nobody will notice you. And if you can manage to bring a little personality in, you will show that you know your business as well as Artemus Ward's American journalist did, who wrote a series of letters in his paper ridiculing the appearance of a rival editor's sister, who had a cast in her eye. In one instance Mr. Trollope has availed himself pretty freely of the privileges accorded to a novelist in this direction, but for the most part he discourses of his political puppets with the same subdued chivalry and reverence with which he has for years recorded the sayings and doings of Church dignitaries and young ladies afflicted with the tender passion. Possibly the reason why he has allowed himself more freedom of speech than usual in his attack upon the Right Honourable President of the Board of Trade is to be found in the estimate—in some particulars the curiously inaccurate estimate—which he has formed of that gentleman's character. "He was gifted," says Mr Trollope, in introducing his victim to us at a private dinner-party, "with a moral skin of great thickness. Nothing said against him pained him; no attacks wounded him; no raillery touched him in the least. There was not a sore spot about him, and probably his first thought, on waking every morning, told him that he at least was *totus teres atque rotundus*." If this is the case, though the fact is certainly new to us, he is not likely to be very angry with Mr. Trollope for the liberties taken with him. If his skin is really that of a rhinoceros, Mr. Trollope may of course belabour him till Doomsday, and never raise a wheal. Otherwise Mr. Bright might have taken it in bad part that his after-dinner conversations and habits should be sketched, whether from life or from imagination, for the amusement of the readers of the *St. Paul's Magazine*. For Mr. Trollope is cruelly careful that the veriest child shall not fail to recognise his pet aversion under the *alias* he has given him. With historical and needlessly elaborate minuteness he describes his robustness, age, hair, height, gait, complexion, eyes, nose, lips, coat, trowsers, and waistcoat. "He always wore a black swallow-tail coat, black trowsers, and black silk waistcoat. In the house at least he was always so dressed, and at dinner-tables. What difference there might be in his costume, when at home at Staleybridge, few of those who saw him in London had the means of knowing." Our sympathies are artfully alienated from him by the assertion that he is slow to perceive a joke. His heaviness is portentous, and his rudeness incredible. He is dictatorial to his host, quarrelsome and overbearing to his brother guests, and sermonizes persistently after dinner. When he is gone, a Cabinet Minister hazards the reflection that in the bosom of his family he is likely to be oppressive, and the hero of the story fully concurs in it:—

His fault is not arrogance, so much as ignorance that there is, or should be, a difference between public and private life. In the House of Commons a man in Mr. Turnbull's position must speak with dictatorial assurance. He is always addressing, not the House only, but the country at large, and the country will not believe in him unless he believe in himself. But he forgets that he is not always addressing the country at large. I wonder what sort of a time Mrs. Turnbull and the little Turnbulls have of it?

Phineas, as he went home, made up his mind that Mrs. Turnbull and the little Turnbulls must probably have a bad time of it.

By the side of this bold effort of a master's hand the portraits of the other Parliamentary leaders are inoffensive and colourless. Very little of this peculiar kind of banter is expended upon any of them. They speak and act for the most part like the great vague divinities that they are to most of us, and, if once and again we are favoured with any of their tricks of speech or personal foibles, it is manifest that their chronicler is not sneering, but merely detailing eccentricities which he thinks it may be interesting to his readers to be made acquainted with. It is only the contemplation of Mr. Bright that acts upon Mr. Trollope as a red rag upon a bull. He fights neither with small nor great, but only with Mr. Bright. He puts dull speeches in his mouth—surely an unpardonable solecism; he represents him invariably as solemnly arrogant and devilishly cunning, and introduces an amiable lady sighing for his death:—

"My own impression is that nothing would save the country so effectually at the present moment as the removal of Mr. Turnbull to a higher and a better sphere."
"Let us say the House of Lords," said Phineas.
"God forbid!" said Lady Laura.

Mr. Bright and his brother statesmen are, of course, only the accessories to the story. *Phineas Finn*, unlike most of Mr. Trollope's works, is a novel with a hero, the impecunious son of a country doctor, who gets into Parliament at five-and-twenty, is in the Ministry a year or two afterwards, fights a duel, rides an unmanageable horse, is fallen in love with three or four times by ladies of rank, saves a Cabinet Minister from the hands of garotters, is as strong as a coal-heaver, and as handsome as Apollo. Besides all this, he gives up a place of two thousand a year, and blights his prospects for ever, by a punctilious conscientiousness. He falls in love with the most charming facility, and is proposed to by a lady of great beauty and enormous fortune, who has lately refused the Duke of Omnium. Though ambitious, and with the certainty of a brilliant career before him in the profession which he prefers to all others, he leaves London at the call of duty, at the end of the novel, to settle down in contented obscurity at Cork with a poor Irish girl whose only merit is that she is more deeply in love with him than the rest of her sex. His personal adventures are in many respects entertaining, and his love complications, like most love complications invented by Mr. Trollope, are rather above than below the average, being narrated with that soberness of fancy, coupled with a copious variety of detail, which so often gives an air of reality to the most ordinary creations. Nobody has relied more persistently upon these two sources of attraction than Mr. Trollope has done, and it may be questioned whether any writer in any age has known how to make a more effective use of them. Put a character in plenty of situations, and it will be very strange if he is not likeable in one or two of them. Mr. Trollope thoroughly understands the art of putting his characters through their paces. If you don't care much for any of his men or women for a time, you may generally hurry on with the conviction that you will see something or other to like in them directly. Unfortunately the converse is too often true. Approval fades into dislike, and interest into tedium. If the highest aim of the novelist were to report of men and things as seen through the medium of a colourless imagination, it would be the highest praise that could be given to a writer to say that his characters seldom pleased or repelled you very much, but that they were not the kind of people it would be very desirable to be acquainted with; for the same reflection would apply to a vast majority of the people you meet in real life. Only, unfortunately, we read a novel simply to be amused, while we associate with our fellows for a variety of other purposes. From a man of Mr. Trollope's powers we expect something more than the dexterous catching of a likeness. The periodic photographic school of novel-writing has its advantages. When once a tolerable proficiency is acquired, stories may be multiplied with amazing rapidity, none of them much better or worse than its predecessors. Provided each creature is tolerably like a human being, and has a different set of features from its companions, very little seems to be cared for grouping or the effects of light and shade. The last thing in the world apparently that is aimed at is the working out of a simple and harmonious whole. The multiplication of figures is the chief thing, and the system of continuing the story indefinitely to a certain extent baffles criticism. You can never say that the whole displeases you, because you can never be sure that you have got the whole. If the plan is pushed much further, clever novels bid fair to become as ephemeral as the daily papers. Several of Mr. Trollope's novels have risen beyond the level of *Phineas Finn*, especially one or two in which the clergymen and young ladies predominate. But, as regards the great mass of his stories, few of his admirers have any definite recollection of any number of them. If *Phineas Finn* is remembered a few years hence, distinctly from the other tales in which many of its characters appear, it will owe its vitality to its political sketches, which are now comparatively devoid of interest, while the recollection of the events recorded is fresh and the excitement gone. The future historian may refer to it to discover what was the material of which Mr. Bright's waistcoats were made, and what was the bearing of the other Liberal leaders of the time in society; but the deplorable fact that it does not contain a single specimen of the parson of the period will very likely prevent its being read by the unprofessional dabblers in antiquities, who will betake themselves to Mr. Trollope's novels principally for the purpose of unearthing that extinct and interesting national curiosity.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMONG the most interesting American publications are the periodical Reports of the officers at the head of the great Financial Departments, which differ in many important respects from similar documents in this country, and owe their principal value to these peculiar characteristics. The exclusion of the Executive Departments from that direct relation with the Legislature which exists universally in the constitutional Governments of Europe obliges the administration to adopt a different mode of communicating its views and enforcing the results of its experience; and the Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury and his chief subordinates generally contain, not merely the dry statistics and detailed practical information to be found in our own departmental blue-books, but also an exposition of the views and policy of the department which fulfils, more or less imperfectly, the purpose of the annual Budget speech under a Parliamentary Government. It is worthy of remark that the officials, almost without exception, take a position perfectly independent, not only of the Legislature, but even of the President; and that their Reports are not less distinctly opposed to the recent Message in favour of virtual repudiation than to the extreme protective policy and erratic financial legislation of Congress. This fact is probably ascribable, not to the original selection of men of sound economical views for these situations, but to that practical good sense and correct judgment which office seems generally to develop in American statesmen, even when their language, while filling what we should consider positions of almost equally grave responsibility in the Senate or the House, has been most extreme and unwise. And indeed the practical consequences of the economic system lately pursued in America, as they force themselves upon the attention of the chiefs of the Revenue Departments, can hardly fail to bring home to the mind of an able and intelligent administrator a strong conviction of its unsoundness and impolicy. Two Reports are now before us—that of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue * and that of the Comptroller of the Currency.† Both take a sound economical view of the situation of the country; neither appears to be the work of a trained and scientific economist. Facts, not principles, have satisfied them of the importance of those economic laws which Congress persistently ignores and defies. The Commissioner of the Revenue considers in detail the influence of the legislation of the last six years on the condition of the people, and brings out a series of practical results sufficient, one would think, to confute the subtlest advocate of Protection, and to surprise even the staunchest believer in Free Trade. The direct and immediate injuries inflicted on the consumer and on the producer, on the people individually and on the State, by the ultra-protective tariff of the Radical party, are greater and more obvious than we should have ventured to anticipate. It is proved beyond doubt that since the war, despite a large increase in particular classes of manufactures, despite the exorbitant bounties granted to "native industry," industry is worse off than it was in 1860 or before. The rate of wages has risen by 60 per cent., the chief part of which of course represents the depreciation of the currency; but all the commodities which the labourer has to purchase having risen in a greater ratio, the increase in his nominal earnings covers a real decrease in his practical remuneration. The man whose week's earnings used to purchase a barrel of flour now receives a dollar where he formerly got sixty cents; but at the end of the week he finds himself only able to purchase five-sixths of a barrel. The comparison is carried out through a long series of articles of large consumption. House-rent has risen as much as wages. The cost of a single man's board, in working-class boarding-houses, has risen more. A table comparing the earnings of families of various sizes with their expenditure on rent and daily necessaries shows, as might have been expected, that married men and fathers of families are the chief sufferers. The Report concludes that, on the whole, the unmarried skilled artisan is not much worse off than he was ten years ago. But a small family which in 1859 would have had a surplus of six or seven dollars weekly to pay for clothing, schooling, and luxuries, has now but half a dollar or a dollar, and the price of clothing and everything else has so increased that a surplus of ten or twelve dollars would not purchase more than the six or seven used to do. From the particular influence of recent financial policy on the working class, the Report proceeds to consider its general influence on production and commerce; and establishes, by crucial and various examples, two unquestionable facts, absolutely condemnatory of the measures that have brought them about. In the first place, the indiscriminate protection of all manufactures involves the taxation of all; for the finished product of one is the material of the other. The protection given to the lumberer has raised the price of timber to a degree which causes all the trades dependent on timber—ship-building, for example—to languish, and drives them to other countries where no such tax is levied on their raw material. The same result is traced in other cases. The second fact is, that American prices have been so enhanced as to drive the foreign customer to other markets, to curtail most seriously the export trade of the States, and to oblige them

* *Report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue for the Year* 1868. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *Report of the Comptroller of the Currency to the Third Session of the Fortieth Congress of the United States.* December 7, 1868. Washington Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

to pay for their foreign luxuries either in specie or in depreciated bonds. And finally it is shown that the very extravagance of the tariff defeats its own object, both as regards revenue and protection, by encouraging an enormous amount of smuggling. The quantity of cigars entered at the Custom-house has fallen in eight years from 800,000,000 to 30,000,000, under the influence of a duty of 150 per cent.; yet foreign cigars are used as largely as ever. The inevitable conclusion is, that some 700,000,000 must be smuggled in one way or another. Opium is taxed 100 per cent.; and opium, we are told, is sold at a lower price *in currency* than its market price, duty paid, in gold. That is, opium worth 100 dollars in gold, and paying a duty of 100 dollars also in gold, is sold for less than 200 dollars in currency, or 144 dollars in gold. Information like this, constantly repeated, can hardly fail at last to impress an American public. The sound advice of the Commissioner will not be the less acceptable to his countrymen because it is seasoned with a curious sneer at England, whose Free-trade policy he ascribes, "not to philosophic theory, but to enlightened selfishness." Why, who ever ascribed it to anything else? We adopted Free-trade because we believed it best for our own interest in particular, and for that of every nation in general; and we recommend it to others on the ground that it would advance their interests also—a doctrine which the Report appears distinctly to endorse. The Comptroller of the Currency has to deal with a more limited and less generally interesting topic, but the light thrown by his Report upon the working of an inconvertible paper money, and particularly on its incidental tendency to discourage and embarrass regular and legitimate trade, and foster an irregular and nationally unprofitable speculation, is in its way almost equally valuable. It also affords, indirectly, some curious hints regarding the peculiarities of the American banking system. Both Reports might be used with great effect as texts for a series of lectures on the various economical questions involved, and would serve as a mine of effective practical illustrations for the writers of Treatises on Political Economy.

A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America * relates the experiences of a young American gentleman who, with forty-five dollars in his pocket, a vigorous frame, and an ardent love of travel, set out from Massachusetts to travel in the Argentine territory and across the Andes. He shared of course the life and hardships of the rude races among whom he was thrown; travelled across the pampas with a Guacho caravan, faring as his comrades fared, or somewhat worse than they, and enduring not a little harsh treatment and some actual danger at their hands; and, finally, having landed at Buenos Ayres, re-embarked at Valparaiso, after crossing the entire continent of South America. He tells his story in a lively style, and, without concealing his toils and sufferings, or his honest pride in his achievement, is equally free from the boastful and the whining tone into one or both of which too many travellers, in describing their hardships, are prone to fall. It is characteristic in more than one respect of American manners and life that the adventurer, when he started on his perilous journey, was only seventeen years of age. Many English lads of seventeen might be found to attempt such an adventure, if any English parent or guardian could be induced or compelled to permit it.

Mexico and the United States †, though published in 1869, was evidently written during the continuance of the war between the Imperial Government, supported by the French troops, and the Republicans who adhered to Juarez. The direct story of the struggle, which is at best very imperfectly and incoherently given, and overlaid with exaggerated epithet and pointless comment, is brought down only to the period when the self-styled President was a fugitive, and his "army" consisted of a few scattered gangs of banditti. The tone and manner of the work, and the disproportionate space devoted to personal matters, irresistibly suggest the belief that it has been written at the instigation and in the interests of the two men on whose history and virtues it dilates at monstrous length—the Republican leader, and his representative at Washington, Señor Romero. Nearly half the volume is occupied with a biographical panegyric of these two persons, one of whom is known to the world only by the persistency with which he kept his name before the American public in connexion with proposals for loans to a fugitive "Government"; while the other has secured to himself, among scores of similar personages distinguished in the bloody annals of Central American revolution, an exceptional immortality of infamy by his share in the cruel fate of a prince whose chivalrous character had won the admiration and sympathy of Christendom. No part of the work bears the stamp of independent opinion or impartial judgment; from the first page to the last it breathes the "inspiration" of the Mexican Embassy at Washington.

The *Story of a Trooper* ‡ relates the experiences of a cavalry soldier in the army of the Potomac under the command of M'Clellan, and bears emphatic testimony to the corruption, rottenness, and mismanagement which pervaded the organization of that branch of the service. The North was at the outset subject to great disadvantage in regard to this arm, from the fact that the youth of the North-eastern States are altogether unaccustomed to horseback exercise, while nearly every Southerner is an accomplished horseman. But for Germans and Irishmen, the material for cavalry would hardly have existed. It required all that strict discipline, good officers, and conscientious organization could do to provide a cavalry capable of meeting the Southerners in the field. Yet, while the horsemen of the Virginian army were led by one of the most distinguished cavalry officers in history, supported by some of the best men in the South, the Federal Government is alleged to have given commissions to colonels who had never mounted on horseback, and to captains who had never held a sabre, and to have winked at the grossest waste, disorganization, and peculation in this branch of the service. It is not strange that such troops were utterly unable to check the daring raids of Stuart, or the dashing guerilla exploits of Mosby; or that, as the author avers, M'Clellan should have been afraid to trust his cavalry in action, lest it should be "gobbled up" by the regiments of Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee. The Trooper does not bring his narrative further down than the final defeat of M'Clellan on the Chickahominy; and fails, therefore, to do full justice to a force which, under Sheridan, distinguished itself by the terrible havoc it inflicted on the enemy, and came off not discreditably in more than one actual engagement.

The *Shakspeare Treasury* * is another of the many volumes of extracts from the works of the great dramatist which it gives enthusiastic authors pleasure to write, and which no one who has the opportunity to read and the capacity to appreciate an entire drama will ever dream of perusing. The extracts are arranged under a variety of headings, and profess to illustrate the genius and knowledge of Shakspeare in every department of human thought, except only in his own especial art; to exhibit him as the philosopher, the preacher, the advocate of woman's rights, the strategist—anything and everything but the dramatic poet.

Recollections of the West † is the title of a not uninteresting collection of personal experiences in the Valley of the Mississippi and elsewhere some twenty years ago—a misnomer in part, as several chapters relate to the writer's adventures in Maryland, where he practised as a village lawyer. Like many other Americans, he appears to have sought his fortune in various directions and in all parts of the Union; now in Florida, now in Louisiana, now in Baltimore, as advocate, author, judge, and politician. Such a life must necessarily bring a man in contact with strange characters and expose him to various adventures, and its record, if not too prolix, can scarcely fail to be amusing.

Mr. Townsend's *Analysis of Civil Government* ‡ is in fact no more than an explanation of the constitutional system and fundamental laws of the United States, not unsuited for its limited purpose as a text-book for American schools, but hardly of a calibre to recommend it to English students, who would seek a fuller exposition of principles, and a much larger use of authorities and facts, to illustrate alike the history of the growth and development of the Federal Constitution, and the interpretation placed upon its more ambiguous provisions by the principal American jurists and statesmen. Mr. Townsend's work meets none of these requisitions. It gives neither illustrations nor authorities; it lays down in a very peremptory manner the constitutional doctrines now in favour with the ruling party, and lets fall not a hint of their extreme novelty, or even of the fact that they were ever questioned. Going far beyond Hamilton and Story in the assertion of Federalist principles, he never drops a word which could suggest to the reader that views directly opposite were held by men of fully equal authority—by Jefferson, and Calhoun, and Taney, as well as by the entire Democratic party both South and North. He even goes so far as to repeat the party gloss put by the Republicans upon the preamble of the Constitution, without a word that might send the reader to quarters whence he might learn for himself by what accident the phrase, "We, the people of the United States," found its way into its present context. The book, therefore, is calculated rather to mislead than to instruct an English inquirer.

Dr. Baird's *History of the New School* § is not without its value as an illustration of the working of the religious institutions of America, to which so much attention has been directed of late, and upon which so little real knowledge exists in this country. The book is in itself as tedious as an account of a somewhat minute and technical theological controversy, written by a bitter partisan, may be expected to prove. A dispute on the doctrine of Original Sin, in which the minority took a quasi-Pelagian, the majority an extreme Calvinistic view, led to the disruption of the Presbyterian Church in 1838; and it is apparently in opposition

* *The Pampas and Andes: a Thousand Miles' Walk across South America.* By Nathaniel H. Bishop. With an Introduction by Edward A. Samuels, Esq., Author of "Ornithology and Oölogy of New England," &c. &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Mexico and the United States; their Mutual Relations and Common Interests.* By Gorham D. Abbot, LL.D. With Portraits on Steel of Juarez and Romero, and Coloured Maps. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *The Story of a Trooper. With much of Interest concerning the Campaign on the Peninsula, not before written.* By F. Cobburn Adams, Author of "Chronicles of the Bastile," "Our World," "The Outcast," "Adventures of Major Roger Sherman Potter," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1869.

* *The Shakspeare Treasury of Wisdom and Knowledge.* By Charles W. Stearns, M.D. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Recollections of Persons and Places in the West.* By H. M. Brackenridge, a Native of the West; Traveller, Author, Jurist. Second Edition, enlarged. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

‡ *Analysis of Civil Government, including a Topical and Tabular Arrangement of the Constitution of the United States.* Designed as a Classbook for the use of Grammar, High, and Normal Schools, Academies, and other Institutions of Learning. By Captain Townsend, Counsellor-at-Law. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

§ *A History of the New School, and of the Questions involved in the Disruption of the Presbyterian Church in 1838.* By Samuel T. Baird, D.D. Philadelphia: Claxton, Runsen, & Haffelfinager. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

to a project of compromise and reunion that Dr. Baird puts forth this bitterly hostile *History of the New School*. Its interest for the general reader lies in the evidence it affords of the tendency of voluntary Churches to quarrel and split up into sections upon comparatively minute points of difference—a tendency not to be overlooked when attention is called to the comparatively friendly terms and courteous interchange of good offices which sometimes obtain between distinct sects under the same system.

The *Law of Love** is the somewhat curious title of a treatise on Moral Philosophy, written, of course, from a distinctly religious point of view, by Dr. Mark Hopkins. The *Gospel in Enoch*† may be called a continuous sermon on the two passages in Genesis and in the Epistle of St. Jude which relate to that patriarch; and credit must at least be given to the writer for considerable originality of ideas on a somewhat meagre basis of actual information.

The Reports of the Pennsylvania Hospital ‡—a series of medical and surgical papers on various forms of disease and treatment, on peculiar cases and operations—will no doubt have interest for professional readers; and the same, perhaps, may be said of the History of the Medical Department in the University of the same State.§

We have, as usual, two or three native and some translated fictions on our list. *Casella, or the Children of the Valleys* ‖ is a tale of the Vaudois persecutions; *Seabury Castle* ¶ is a species of novelette, with a religious moral, of which the scene is laid in English aristocratic life; and *Too True*** is an American "story of to-day." The names of none of the authors are as yet familiar to readers on this side of the Atlantic, nor do we know that these works are likely to assure their reputation.

* *The Law of Love, and Love as a Law; or, Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical.* By Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., President of Williams College. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *The Gospel in Enoch; or, Truth in the Concrete: a Doctrinal and Biographical Sketch.* By Henry H. Tucker. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

‡ *Pennsylvania Hospital Reports.* Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

§ *A History of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, from its Foundation in 1765. With Sketches of the Lives of Deceased Professors.* By Joseph Carson, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy in the University of Pennsylvania, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

‖ *Casella; or, the Children of the Valleys.* By Martha Farquharson. Author of "Marion Harvie," "Annandale," "The Shannons," &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

¶ *Seabury Castle.* By Cecil Hope. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

** *Too True.* A Story of To-day. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
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Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 700, MARCH 27, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MADAME SCHUMANN begs to announce that she will give a MATINEE, on Wednesday, April 7, at 14 Hyde Park Gate (by kind Permission of Arthur Burnand, Esq.), on which occasion she will be assisted by Signor Piatti and Mdlle. Anna Regan. At Three o'clock.—Tickets, One Guinea each, may be obtained at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MUSICAL UNION, 1869.—Tickets and Records have been sent to Members. Any Omissions will be rectified by a Letter addressed to J. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S FAREWELL READINGS, in St. James's Hall.—The Second of the Last Course of Six Readings prior to the Final Course of only Four, and those to be comprised within a Single Week.—On Tuesday next, March 30, the STORY of LITTLE DOMBEY and Mr. BOB SAWYER'S PARTY (from "Pickwick"). The Readings will commence at Eight o'clock, and be comprised within Two Hours. Prices of Admission—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S FAREWELL READINGS.—Last Evening's Reading but Eight, Tuesday next, March 30.

THE STORY of LITTLE DOMBEY, and Mr. BOB SAWYER'S PARTY, on Tuesday, March 30.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S FAREWELL MORNING READINGS, May 1, 8, and 22.—In compliance with a generally expressed wish, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS will read in St. James's Hall on Saturday Afternoons, May 1, 8, and 22, at Three o'clock exactly. Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

ELIJAH WALTON'S NEW DRAWINGS.—Sinai, Egypt, the Alps.—An EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS by ELIJAH WALTON.—PALL MALL GALLERY, 48 Pall Mall, from Ten till Dusk. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 701, Vol. 27. April 3, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE POSITION OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

THE Conservatives are at the present moment much in the position of people who are taking a well-deserved holiday. They have been hard-worked—perhaps a little over-worked—and now they can enjoy their ease. They have been undergoing a strain on their powers, trying to govern a country with the sympathies and opinions of which they know they are not quite in harmony, striving to make up by plodding, by profuse expenditure, and by general civility and amiability, for the want of a real command over affairs and a power to determine the current of political action. They have had but a weary time of it. It is very pleasant and very creditable to have a Conservative Government really in office, to give good things to Conservative bishops and Conservative lawyers, and to go down in state to grand dinners and puff off each other as wonders. But governing with a minority in the House of Commons is very laborious and disheartening, and place without power is not quite so great a treasure to its possessors as they hope beforehand it will be. And then the Conservatives had to undergo the great nuisance and tedium of being perpetually educated. They never knew what the Ministry of Lord DERBY or of Mr. DISRAELI wanted, what they thought or believed, or were to stick to or not to stick to. No Conservative could lay down his head on his pillow and feel sure that the next night would see him maintaining the same principles or the same opinions. There was much that was exciting, flattering, violently interesting in the appeals made to the party to show itself capable of everything, and determined to hold on and win in the race at every cost. But it was a great pull upon their strength and nerves and pluck. They bore up manfully, but they had much to endure. Now all is ease and pleasure with them. They have no difficult task to perform; they need not force their intellects to try to guess what on earth their leaders and they are after. They may sink back into a happy, dignified, sweet repose. Not only need not they let their minds grow, but they may let their minds go backwards as much as they like. They naturally enjoy themselves to the utmost, and make the best of their liberty. It was objected rather unfairly to Mr. HARDY, that he would never have made such a speech as he did on the Irish Church Bill if he had been in office. Certainly he would not; but what does that show, except that he took advantage of being free from the trammels of office to speak his real mind? He spoke as he thought when it was open to him to do so. He uttered the genuine convictions of a Conservative, not the compulsory sentiments of a Minister having to consult colleagues aware that office would be impossible to Conservatives if they did not make some overtures to Liberalism. If Mr. HARDY had been in office, he would have had to listen to the practical opinion of persons to whom he could not refuse to pay heed that not only is there an Irish question, but that this question is a very serious one. But directly he gets into Opposition, he can attend only to his own views and beliefs. He can blot out the Irish question altogether. He can tell himself and his admiring Tory friends that the whole story of Irish grievances is a piece of nonsense, and that if the priests were well snubbed and disorder sternly repressed, and the Irish given to understand once for all that they might howl as much as they liked but England would never pay them the slightest attention, everything would go on perfectly well, commerce would flourish, and the Protestant clergy would pursue with perfect success their work of latent proselytizing. It is difficult to conceive anything in public life more delightful than for a man who thinks such things, and has had to repress them, to be able at last to say them out; and for men who have been going through a weary process of education to be free to cheer to their hearts' content opinions so eminently belonging to the natural uninstructed state of the Conservative intellect. In the same way it must be like shade and a cool stream to a traveller in the heat when Lord JOHN MANNERS gets away from the position which his eminent friend created for him, and finds refuge in the humble sphere of a local Conservative dinner, which he can attend as a member of the Opposition. When at Edinburgh, Mr. DISRAELI must have astonished him, perhaps, more than any one else, by uttering the bold paradox that almost every great measure of recent years was due to him. It was very complimentary, but to act the part so strangely thrust on him was the difficulty. But he is himself again now. He can go in peace and comfort to gatherings of his party, can shout "No Surrender" as loud as any one, and feel at home with the sort of honest people who agree with him in thinking that a dinner to celebrate a Derbyshire election shows that the long-delayed tide of Conservative reaction is really setting in.

Some of the foremost men of the party declare that they are very glad, not only that they are out of office, but that they are succeeded by a Ministry with a strong command over the House of Commons. They know enough of the bitterness of having to work the Parliamentary system with a minority; and, in a patriotic spirit which is much to their credit, they are pleased to see that important measures are now to be taken up by men who have a fair chance of carrying them. They cannot, of course, go so far as to affect pleasure at seeing the Irish Church Bill so strongly supported; but there are many questions on the leading principles of which moderate and sensible men of all parties are either agreed or are ready to come to an agreement; and some of the Conservatives, of whom Sir JOHN PAKINGTON is the most conspicuous, avow that they think it very beneficial to have the settlement of those questions entrusted to men who have a good chance of settling them. Education, the treatment of criminals, bankruptcy, the institution of a public prosecutor, are among the many subjects as to which public opinion is ripe for action, and which excite no serious differences of opinion, but which can only be handled satisfactorily by a strong Ministry, because there is just enough doubt about them to paralyse the action of a Ministry which it would cost no trouble or regret to defeat. It may even be surmised that a very large portion of the Conservative party is secretly glad that even the Irish Church Bill has been supported by so clear and overwhelming a majority. There must be a sort of relief in finding that they have no duty cast on them of protracting a struggle which they now know to be useless. It is equally wrong, if it is wrong at all, to disestablish and disendow the Irish Church whether the process is sanctioned by a large or a small majority. But there is much comfort in thinking that those who do the wrong thing are solely to blame for it, because the strength with which they acted was irresistible. So far as can be judged at present, the temper of the Conservative party is that of something very like a cheerful acquiescence in their defeat. They only wanted to have the credit of making a good fight once for all. They once had a theory that the real feeling of the people of England was with them on the Irish matter, and that the great constituencies especially were deeply moved with Conservative sentiments on the subject. But the people of England, if they regret Mr. GLADSTONE's majority, conceal their feelings with admirable completeness, and the large constituencies seem perfectly indifferent to the fate of the Irish Establishment. Even the pulpits are as quiet as possible, and the English clergy behave as if they had other things to think of. There is no resistance of the kind which we may be sure Englishmen would offer to a measure if they really disliked it. There was a fight about it at election time, and then the matter was settled, and although many people regretted the settlement at

which the constituencies arrived, they are not sorry it was settled one way or the other. Undoubtedly there is a great deal of Conservative feeling in the country, and in many classes it is a growing feeling; but even these classes are not heartily with the Conservative Parliamentary party as against the Liberal Government. There are thousands of people who, partly from timidity, and partly from an intense desire to be respectable, feel drawn to the Conservatives, and would vote for them, and who yet are perfectly aware that it is totally impossible to govern Ireland as Mr. HARDY, when out of office thinks it ought to be governed. They feel that a crisis has come, whether artificially created by Mr. GLADSTONE or not, when something must be done for Ireland, and they are powerless to conceive how in real life, with a Liberal majority of hundred and eighteen, anything but what Mr. GLADSTONE proposes can be done for Ireland. They are therefore inclined to take things very quietly, merely congratulating themselves on their entire exemption from responsibility, let the consequences of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy be what they may.

But although the situation is very easy and pleasant for the bulk of the Conservative party, and for those of their leaders who take advantage of the absence of restraint to talk unalloyed Conservatism, it is by no means easy or pleasant for one or two of the most eminent among them. Mr. DISRAELI and Lord STANLEY, more especially, are passing through season of considerable trial and difficulty. They cannot take their holiday, and rollick in the untutored liberty of unofficial Toryism. Mr. DISRAELI is out of office, but it is his business to make office some day possible again for himself and his party. He has to think how he may contrive to stand well with his followers, and not run athwart them in their present humour, and yet to pave the way for leading them into courses of which as yet they have no notion. If there is anything certain about Mr. DISRAELI, it is that he holds a Conservative Ministry, standing on the pure principles of Conservatism, to be an impossibility. He is obliged to look forward and to picture himself responsible for the government of Ireland, and when he does this he cannot for a moment suppose it possible that he should really govern Ireland as Mr. HARDY would have it governed. At the same time, he must have Mr. HARDY as a colleague, and he could not out of office separate himself from one who has so completely the confidence of the Conservatives when in their uninstructed and natural state. He consequently has to speak so that he may always leave open a door of retreat for himself, and yet may make his party think that he is leading them properly and doing justice to their views. It is as unsatisfactory a position as could be imagined for any one who wished to bear the name and run the career of a great statesman, but it is well adapted to show off to advantage Mr. DISRAELI's tact, ingenuity, and audacity, as well as fertility of invention. Lord STANLEY is in a still more embarrassing position. Some curiosity was felt to know what he would do with regard to the Irish Church Bill, but it is not surprising to find that he did as little as possible, that he kept away almost entirely from the debate, and voted without having spoken. Of course no one can believe for a moment that Lord STANLEY thinks that the Irish Church can be kept up or ought to be kept up. He may be taken to hold the ordinary Liberal opinions on the matter; and if the comparison could be pursued thoroughly, there are, we imagine, very few points on which the opinions of Lord STANLEY and of Mr. LOWE are not substantially the same. Both objected to Reform on the ground that measures equally liberal, and perhaps more liberal, might be carried without it than with it. Both discuss public affairs with a sort of cynical candour, and both take the view of what may be regarded as extreme common sense on all questions such as education, colonies, endowments, and State interference. But then Lord STANLEY is not free as Mr. LOWE is. Lord STANLEY is attached to the Conservative party, and must take the consequences. He cannot think, act, or say anything. He must hold his tongue, and try to administer as well as possible whenever he gets a chance. He might, of course, leave his party; but he is bound to it by much more than ordinary ties, and there are innumerable doubts and scruples which rise up in the way of taking so decisive a step when a man begins to calculate all the consequences, and to ask whether he is bound, or would be wise, to sacrifice a position generally satisfactory in order to declare his views on a particular question. Men of the mould and cast of Lord STANLEY are not to be blamed because they do not take so great and heroic a line. If Lord STANLEY was a great man, or had a sympathy with the higher thoughts and interests of the nation, or wished to mould the condition and determine the prospects of the generation in which he lives, he would not be content to stand wholly aloof while such subjects as the Reform Bill and the Irish Church Bill are discussed. But Lord STANLEY is a man of a different stamp; and a cold, judicious, uni[illegible] native Liberal, who was bred and lives among Conservatives, may perhaps be right in thinking that he is not sacrificing too much for his party when he gives a silent vote in its favour on such a question as that of the Irish Church.

SPAIN.

THE present condition of Spain has a precedent, or an analogy, in the history of the French Republic during the earlier part of the interval between the Revolution of 1848 and the assumption of supreme power by the PRESIDENT. Then, as now, the country in its first alarm had returned Conservative majorities which would at almost any time have gladly established a constitutional monarchy if they could have discovered a presentable King. The genuine Republicans were as little disposed in France as they are now in Spain to acquiesce in the decision of the constituencies; and they had some excuse for disaffection in the knowledge that two successive Assemblies were, under the guidance of reactionary leaders, virtually plotting against the Republic. The resolution of the Cortes gives the Spanish supporters of monarchy a legal right which was wanting to their predecessors in France; but the most striking similarity between the two revolutionary epochs is to be found in the prevailing belief that the future belongs to the extreme Democratic party. The chief politicians of the French Assembly were firmly convinced that a third or fourth election would bring the Jacobins into power; and it may be conjectured that the adherents of PRIM and SERRANO are haunted with a similar dread. There is much significance in the eagerness with which all local disturbances are officially referred to Carlist plots or to the intrigues of the partisans of ISABELLA; yet it was only through the fear of Republican insurrection that the Government hesitated to weaken the garrisons of Seville and Cadiz when troops were required to suppress the troubles at Xeres. If the difference between a King and a President were merely one of political form, all parties might probably be willing to submit to the decision of the Cortes; but on the Continent in modern times a Republic means, both to its supporters and to its opponents, the accomplishment of a social revolution. In some parts of Spain attempts have already been made to redress by violent methods the inequalities of fortune; and it unfortunately happens that in some districts the wasteful tenure of landed property furnishes a pretext for spoliation. It is easy to persuade an unsettled multitude that great and half-tilled estates might be advantageously transferred from non-resident nobles to freehold occupiers. When the inviolability of property is once disturbed, other kinds of wealth will share the fate of the land, and economic anarchy will almost inevitably lead to armed repression. It is not surprising that the upper and middle classes in Spain regard with terror the approach of a Republic.

The project of Constitution which has been produced by the Committee of the Cortes would appear, from the brief telegraphic summary, to correspond with sufficient accuracy to commonplace theories of representative government. There is no confirmation of the strange rumour that the plan of the Committee included a suggestion that a King should be elected for eighteen years, nor is it difficult to see that any such arrangement would have been incompatible with settled and orderly government. The term would be far too long for a President, and too short for a King. It is said that there was some mistake in the telegram, and that the specified eighteen years referred to the minimum age of the proposed King, and not to any limit of his reign. But as it is impossible to be certain about these things of Spain, and since the wild improbability of the original story is not necessarily fatal to it, a few words on the subject may not be out of place. Although the necessary association of hereditary succession with monarchy is comparatively modern, even in the most troubled times a Roman Emperor was always supposed to reign to the end of his life. In the middle ages almost every European country established a permanent dynasty, retaining at the same time a certain freedom of selection among the principal members of the Royal Family. Later generations found it convenient to regulate the descent of the Crown by the same rigid laws which determine the inheritance of private property. An Assembly, or more often a Minister, exercised real power in the name of a King who at least possessed the negative merit of an uncontested and unquestionable title. In the United States universal

recognition of the supreme right of the majority renders a disputed claim to the Presidency as improbable as if the Chief Magistrate were designated for office by birth. The less civilized Republics of South America have for fifty years been accustomed to civil wars promoted by military competitors for the possession of power. The partially similar experience of Spain, where Ministers have habitually been raised to office by successful mutinies, seemed to have impressed all moderate politicians with the expediency of maintaining or restoring hereditary royalty. Such an impracticable scheme as that of an eighteen-year enjoyment of the throne would be a compromise between a monarchy and a republic which would exclude the advantages of both forms of government. No member of the reigning families of Europe would accept such a position, except with the deliberate purpose of conspiring against the newfangled Constitution for the benefit of himself or of his descendants; and if it is intended to prefer a general or statesman to a prince, his pre-eminence would excite intolerable jealousy, while his limited tenure of power would deprive him of all opportunity of imposing on the general imagination. The divinity which still theoretically hedges a King would, even if it had not been grievously impaired by modern habits of thought, be effectually destroyed by the absence of the element of indefinite duration. A farming-lease for a term of years has a tendency, in spite of the strictest covenants, to exhaust towards its close the productive powers of the land. The latter part of a reign limited to eighteen years would be occupied with multifarious intrigues in the palace, in the army, and in the country. But it is superfluous to say more of a scheme which, if it has ever been contemplated—which seems doubtful—would have reduced the process of inventing Constitutions to an absurdity.

The acknowledgment of the Roman Catholic religion as the creed of the State, with liberty to practise other forms of worship, may probably be found the most judicious solution of the ecclesiastical question. The Spaniards are Roman Catholics, as far as they cultivate any religious faith, although it is reported that fifty persons have been found to proclaim their independence by celebrating a communion according to some undescribed Protestant rite. The disestablishment or disendowment of the dominant Church would, amongst other inconvenient consequences, perpetuate the embarrassing feud between the priesthood and the Government. No wise statesman would, in a country situated like Spain, disregard the power of the clergy, which might perhaps become more formidable when it was dissociated from secular and legal authority. Even in France, where the middle classes have long thrown off all pretence of orthodoxy, the Roman Catholic clergy are strong enough to extort the deference of the Government, especially on the eve of a general election. The French occupation of Rome, which has now lasted for twenty years, is dictated by the hierarchy, which derives its political weight almost exclusively from its influence on the peasantry. The less advanced civilization of Spain renders it probable that the Government will be forced to secure either the support or the neutrality of the priests. For the moment the Republicans are the bitter enemies of the clergy; but the Roman Catholic Church is not inseparably wedded to any temporal alliance. When it has once become certain that neither branch of the Spanish BOURBONS will be restored, the clergy, who had no difficulty in transferring their support from the male line to the intrusive QUEEN, will offer their aid to the Republic, to the monarchy, or to the military leaders of the day, as they may think that the interests of the Church will be most effectually promoted. The real or nominal toleration of nonconformity will perhaps satisfy the artificial demand for religious freedom. The foolish fine ladies who, at the instigation of their confessors, lately presented to Marshal SERRANO a protest against liberty of worship, were prematurely frightened. The soil of Spain is not fertile in heresy, although it may probably produce much indifference to religion. The more intelligent part of the population, caring little for psalms or sermons, resents the anomaly of legal persecution for religious opinions in an age which has witnessed throughout Europe the abolition for civil purposes of religious distinctions. In Italy, in all parts of Germany and of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, in France, and in the Low Countries, a Protestant is eligible for every secular office, and he may attend the worship of his sect. An educated Spaniard might tolerate unjust laws, but he objects to a policy which makes his country ridiculous.

It is not improbable that the priests and the Catholic party may ultimately think it expedient to favour the candidature of the Duke of MONTPENSIER. The Princess through whom he is connected with Spain is, like the great majority of women in Roman Catholic countries, devoted to religious observances; and the Duke, like the rest of his family, combines a decorous conformity with a general profession of sympathy with Liberal opinions. When the throne is once re-established, its occupant will almost necessarily incline to the cause of respectability and order; and if the Republicans continue to profess hostility to the priesthood, the Crown and the Church will find a bond of union in resistance to a common enemy. It would be rash to express any confident anticipation of the conduct of any party in Spain. After an interval of more than six months from the beginning of the Revolution, nothing is settled as to principles or persons. If the Cortes are not in a hurry to complete the Constitution, the Provisional Government may still administer affairs for months, or even for years. PRIM and SERRANO perhaps inspire no sentiment of loyalty, but they have not yet been supplanted by any more popular rival.

THE IRISH CHURCH CONFERENCES.

SEVERAL preliminary meetings have been held this week in different Irish dioceses, for the purpose of electing delegates to attend a General Synod of the Church. The object of this Synod is to create a body which shall offer an organized and authoritative resistance to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill. The clergy are to elect members to the amount of one-tenth of the clerical delegates, and the lay delegates are to elect an equal number of lay delegates. The arrangement is admitted on all hands to be satisfactory, and the credit of having carried it to a successful issue is attributed to the Irish Bishops, and especially to the Archbishop of DUBLIN. The laity and clergy of the Established Church will have the advantage of being represented by a body which they will recognise as adequate to plead their cause in the best possible manner before Parliament and the nation. The Dublin Conference was naturally regarded as the most important, and the rest will probably take their tone from its proceedings. The speeches made at this Conference may therefore be fairly taken as embodying the views of the general body of Irish Churchmen on the Government Bill. The drift of these speeches was first that the Bill should be opposed altogether, without any idea of compromise, as a monstrous piece of robbery and sacrilege. Secondly, that the Government measure was full of injustice in detail; and, lastly, that the Synod should not be considered as in any way preparatory to the establishment of that new Church body which the Government contemplates as coming into existence when the Act is passed. It seems to us perfectly fair and right that men whose dearest interests are, as they think, to be prejudicially affected should combine in this way, and offer what they conceive will be the most effectual kind of opposition. From the Irish Protestant point of view the decisions to which the members of the Dublin Conference came appear to us wholly unobjectionable. If the Bill is a measure of grievous wrong, if it involves robbery and sacrilege, and a flagrant breach of faith with Ireland, it ought to be resisted altogether. The action of the Irish Protestants would have been paralyzed if they had accepted the division on the Second Reading as final and conclusive, and had considered themselves bound to confine themselves to the mere discussion of details. If they could make their case out, it would be a case that ought even now to arrest the action of Parliament. It is needless to say that we think it entirely impossible to govern the British Empire on the principles of Protestant ascendency. We start from a different set of political axioms from those on which the members of the Dublin Conference rest their case. The system of government which they wish to perpetuate in Ireland seems to us a total failure in practice, and indefensible in theory. But they are people who thoroughly believe that it is wise and good and part of the necessary order of things if anarchy and civil war are to be avoided. The great majority of the constituencies are against them; the Irish members who are against them are as two to one; their opposition will, as we believe and hope, be totally ineffectual. But political opponents are not to be judged by our standard, but by their own; and no one can deny that the Irish Protestants have a right to be heard, and that whatever they may have to say ought to be said in the fullest and most authoritative manner. They honestly believe that, if the truth were known about the Irish Church, Englishmen would shrink from injuring it, and it is most desirable that they should have an opportunity of testing once for all whether they are right or not in this belief. Nor was there wanting in the Dublin Conference a sincere desire to be calm and moderate, and to restrain the excitement under which all

present were labouring. Irish Protestants are fiery people, proud with the memories of centuries of conquest, and gifted with their proper share of the national turn for florid and abusive eloquence. But at Dublin they tried hard to contain themselves, and not without success. There were passages in most of the speeches which were extravagant or in bad taste. Even the mild Archbishop of DUBLIN, whose Irish nature has been tamed by long residence in England, went so far as to say that the Government in refusing to let the Irish Convocation meet, acted like garotters, who silenced their victim by pressing his windpipe, while with the other hand they emptied his pocket; and Dr. SALMON wandered far into the paths of grotesque irreverence when he invited his hearers to observe that the attacks on the Irish Church were always made at Easter, and that counsels were taken against it at the very time of the year when counsels had been taken against its Head. But there was not much language of this sort, and Dr. SALMON was most earnest in discountenancing the silly talk about advocating the Repeal of the Union out of revenge, which has actually been embodied in a resolution by the Protestant Defence Association of Ulster.

The burden of all the speeches made was, that the Irish Church had done nothing to deserve the harsh treatment it was to receive. Was it to be punished because its clergy was selfish and lazy, the doctrine it preached not sound, the education of its poor neglected, its laity cold and indifferent? Now, if these things could not be said—and not even its bitterest enemy pretended that they could be said—against it, why then was it to suffer? No speaker seemed to have a glimpse of the real issue as it appears to those who go with the majority of the House of Commons. All these leading Irish Protestants have been cradled in the traditions of Protestant ascendency, and they cannot escape from the thoughts which have been a part of their being since childhood. They cannot look on Protestant ascendency from without, and discuss whether it is a good or a bad thing in itself. To them this is like asking whether it is a good or a bad thing that Ireland should be a wet country. Ireland is a wet country, and there is the end of it. They can understand being taxed with definite misdeeds, with being bad Christians or bad Protestants. They can enter into the feelings of those who desire that the Irish Church, which is the embodiment of Protestant ascendency, should do its duty; but they cannot comprehend how men should question whether there ought to be any embodiment of Protestant ascendency. They have been all their lives accustomed to look on the Established Church as an instrument of perpetual warfare against the priests, and they feel it to be very unfair that the instrument should be taken away from them, unless it can be shown that they have violated the rules of honourable warfare. Still less are they capable of following to its consequences the determination to do away with a symbol of Protestant ascendency. The English Government, setting out with the proposition that the Established Church in Ireland, as symbolizing Protestant ascendency, must be done away with, goes on until it has effected its object, and it has come to the conclusion that the only means of doing this is to insist on the total disendowment and the total disestablishment of the Church. The Irish Protestants ignore altogether the main purpose of the Government. They do not even discuss whether Protestant ascendency shall continue, for they are so habituated to it that they cannot discuss it. Probably they are scarcely aware that such a thing as Protestant ascendency exists, or ever has existed. They regard themselves in the simple light of people who are being robbed and insulted by a Government which, in total ignorance of the real interests of Ireland, is bent on currying favour with the priests. They therefore reply that the Government shall not get a penny of their money if they can possibly help it, that they will keep screaming out in the hope of attracting attention, and that they will defend to the last every scrap of their property. If the Government garotters, as the Archbishop would say, get hold of their watch, they will try to keep their purse; and if that must go too, they may at least save their studs. They cannot believe but that they will yet succeed in protecting that which is clearly their own. In one diocese, that of Meath, opinions were expressed that the cry of "No Surrender" was now too late, and that some sort of surrender was inevitable. The Irish Church must be stripped of much that belonged to her, but, if a great effort were made, far more might be saved than the Government proposed to leave. But the general feeling of the Irish Protestants is not to go so far as this. They will not hear of any compromise, they will not own they must be robbed; and they are all for trying to convince the world that what is proposed to be done by the Government amounts to nothing less than sheer wholesale indefensible robbery.

Men will hope against hope to the last, and the speakers at Dublin were evidently sincere who said that they saw a change in English opinion ever since the division on the Second Reading. As Sir EDWARD GROGAN poetically expressed it, the rustling of the straw had begun. To us on this side of the Channel it seems that this rustling is so very faint as to be imperceptible. But Irish ears have caught the welcome sound; and so far as there is any basis for the belief that things are changing here, it seems to rest on the discovery that many persons and many organs of public opinion in England that support the Government are quite willing that the Bill should receive modifications in Committee. It is perfectly true that there is a disposition to revise the details of the Bill very carefully, so that those affected may be satisfied so far as possible while the main principles of the Bill are preserved. But it is before all things necessary that these main principles should be preserved, and whether details can or cannot be altered will always depend on the preliminary question whether these main principles are trenched on. The two main principles of the Bill are that the Established Church of Ireland, as a symbol of Protestant ascendency, shall be destroyed, and that the destruction shall be effected by total disestablishment and total disendowment. When a suggested modification of the Bill would militate against these principles, the Government have no choice but to exert themselves to the utmost to reject it as altogether inadmissible. When a suggested modification does not militate against these principles it may be fairly and fully discussed, and its value compared with the value of the proposal of the Government which it is intended to replace. If this distinction is kept steadily in mind, we shall get on better than by trying in a vague way to listen whether the straw is beginning to rustle. Many of the objections to the details of the Bill do not affect its main principle at all, and the Government can have no difficulty in accepting the views of Parliament about them. One of the grievances, for example, dwelt on at Dublin, is that the Bill does not enable an incumbent or a curate to change the scene of his services. Nothing can be easier or more unobjectionable than to provide that so long as he does not alter his pecuniary relations to the State, a curate or incumbent, while he continues to serve at all, may serve where he and the ecclesiastical body over him think best. Then, again, there is the grievance of having to pay off the debt on the glebes and parsonages, and as to this, which is a very small matter, it seems to us quite open to discussion whether the proposal of the Government is quite consistent with the proposal to release Maynooth from the payment of its building debt. So, to take the point most likely to give rise to debate, it does not in the least touch the principles of the Bill whether the compensation to Maynooth and the Presbyterians is paid out of the funds of the Irish Church or by the British taxpayer. In either case the disendowment is complete, and all the available surplus of the Church is taken away. An extra million of money will be applicable to Irish secular purposes, but that will be all. On the other hand, the Archdeacon of DUBLIN instanced as a flagrant example of what were termed the secondary injustices of the Bill that, after 1871, there would be no guarantee for the soundness of doctrine of the clergy, or for their proper supervision by their Bishops. The right mode of meeting an objection of this sort is to assume total disestablishment as accepted, and then to ask whether there is any conceivable mode by which the State could guarantee soundness of doctrine or episcopal supervision in a Church with which the State had no connexion. It is a good argument, so far as it goes, against the Bill altogether to say that disestablishment would disorganize the Church; but if total disestablishment is resolved on, then a modification of the Bill inconsistent with total disestablishment must be rejected. To resolve on the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church is a serious and solemn step, and one that cannot be taken without much pain and anxiety; but when it is once taken, the course of the Government and of Parliament seems sufficiently plain.

AMERICA.

PRESIDENT GRANT has apparently formed, after some preliminary misadventures, a tolerably efficient Cabinet. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY forms an exception to the rule which the PRESIDENT had wished to adopt, of excluding from administrative office political leaders who might be expected to pursue a policy of their own. Mr. BOUTWELL was

an active member of the House of Representatives, a member of the extreme Radical party, and a manager of the Impeachment; but in his present office he will have little opportunity of giving effect to his opinions. It is more important that, in common with the majority of members from the Eastern States, he has steadily opposed repudiation; and that, as one of the principal authors of the Internal Revenue Acts, he has proved his desire for the discharge or reduction of the debt. In England it might be thought strange that a zealous Protectionist should be appointed to the management of the finances, in place of a Free-trader who happened to be disqualified; but an American Secretary of the Treasury exercises little influence on fiscal legislation; nor could Mr. STEWART, if he had retained his office, have offered any serious opposition to the high tariff which is supported by a great majority in Congress. The confidence which Mr. BOUTWELL may claim from the Republican party will tend to facilitate his operations and he is already relieved from a serious difficulty by the reaction which has set in against theories of repudiation. The rise in the price of United States Bonds which has ensued on the recent enactment for the payment of the debt in full will serve as the most forcible argument against a relapse. General GRANT himself has departed from his habitual reticence so far as to declare that no advocate of repudiation ought to be entrusted with public functions; and for the present Mr. BUTLER stands almost alone as the champion of a policy which he adopted when it was highly popular with the Senate the House of Representatives, and the people of the Western States. Since the appointment of Mr. BOUTWELL the premium on gold has fallen to the lowest point which it has touched for three or four years; and it may be inferred that the SECRETARY of the TREASURY, although he is opposed to sudden contraction of the currency, is not expected to encourage an increase of paper circulation. The questions relating to the currency are more complicated than the simple enterprise of reducing the charge on the funded debt by strengthening the national credit. If Mr. BOUTWELL can only prevent for two or three years the revival of the agitation for payment in greenbacks, he will have no difficulty in borrowing large sums at a reduced rate of interest.

The original list of Cabinet nominations severely tested the faith of General GRANT's uncompromising admirers. His ostentatious reserve had stimulated public expectation, and his choice of almost unknown Ministers created natural disappointment. No President has hitherto so openly avowed the principle of selecting his private friends for high office in preference to the prominent members of his party. The country in general would not have disapproved of an exclusive attention to merit, but the new Ministers were not distinguished by conspicuous ability or by great public services. Mr. WASHBURNE, whose general ignorance of international affairs was combined with special hostility to England, was made Secretary of State because, having been acquainted with GRANT at Galena, he had steadily urged on Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. STANTON the claims of his friend. The result has confirmed the soundness of Mr. WASHBURNE's judgment, but the conduct of the foreign affairs of the United States is an excessive reward for an early appreciation of the merits of an officer who has since become Commander-in-Chief and President. On reflection Mr. WASHBURNE seems to have become conscious of his own unfitness for the post of Secretary of State, and he has considered that his services to General GRANT are sufficiently rewarded by a foreign mission. General RAWLINS also was a resident of Galena, and he has since been a faithful and useful follower of GRANT. When the war broke out, RAWLINS was to have been lieutenant in a company of volunteers under GRANT as captain, and he served immediately under him in all his campaigns, until he became Chief of the general Staff. It is natural that a military President should wish to control the War Department through the agency of a trusted officer; but the luck of the little town of Galena in possessing a President and two Cabinet Ministers is regarded as surprising, if not invidious. Mr. STEWART has no connexion with Galena, but, in concert with some of his friends, he presented General GRANT, on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, with a furnished house at Washington, which the same donors have lately re-purchased at the price of 15,000*l.*, for the purpose of giving it to General SHERMAN. No suspicion of corrupt motives attaches to any of the parties to the transaction, but the gift proves the existence of friendly personal relations between the PRESIDENT and his nominee as Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. STEWART, who is a scholar and a political economist, as well as a great capitalist, would probably have been well qualified for the administration of finance; but General GRANT committed a serious mistake in exposing himself to a rebuff through the refusal of the Senate to repeal the law by which Mr. STEWART was disqualified. The maintenance in a modified form of the Tenure of Office Act affords another proof that the jealousy of the Republican leaders has been in some degree aroused; but the PRESIDENT can exercise a certain pressure on the party by declining to disturb Mr. JOHNSON's appointments until he is allowed to employ without control the right of dismissal which belonged to his predecessors.

It is not known whether the Senate will confirm the appointment of General LONGSTREET as Surveyor of Customs at New Orleans. The nomination may be considered a statesmanlike and significant act. The Republicans, after working themselves during a period of several years up to the belief that secession was a crime, logically conclude that their conquered enemies are remitted only to the condition of pardoned rebels. General GRANT, after facing the great Confederate armies in many a hard-fought field, is not likely to confuse a civil war with seditious resistance to the law. Since the conclusion of peace, General LONGSTREET has, like General LEE and the best of their comrades, accepted the decision of arms, with a loyal desire to conform henceforth to the laws of the Union. In appointing him to a responsible office, General GRANT announces to the Southern population, in the most intelligible form, his intention to recognise the equality of all peaceable citizens. At the same time he has indicated in the plainest manner his determination to protect the negroes from oppression, by restoring to Southern commands some of the general officers who had been displaced by his predecessor. In his Inaugural Address he expressed his approval of the Constitutional Amendment, which will, if it is adopted, prohibit all political distinctions on the ground of race, colour, or previous servitude. The appointment of LONGSTREET is a protest against the more obnoxious disqualification which affects the best class of the inhabitants of the South. It remains to be seen whether the Senate will aid in effacing an arbitrary and unjust stigma. General LONGSTREET had already been relieved by an Act of Congress from formal disabilities; but no equally eminent servant of the Confederate Government has yet been allowed to hold an office under the Government of Washington.

The willingness of the Republican party in Congress to support the PRESIDENT will probably depend on the principles which are henceforth to regulate the disposal of patronage. General GRANT had hoped to be independent of political organizations, but he has already found that it is difficult to exclude the customary local influences. The Senators and Representatives belonging to the majority claim the right of distributing the offices in their respective districts, and also among the constituencies which have returned Democratic members. If the PRESIDENT retains all the local patronage to himself and his confidential agents, it will be impossible to comply with the engagements which were made during the recent elections. It is always understood that candidates, or their friends, provide funds for political contests with a contingent right to be repaid by appointment to office when their party is in power. Aspirants to office had reason to hope for an ample harvest of appointments on the dismissal of the functionaries who owe their places to Mr. JOHNSON and his Ministers. It is probable that General GRANT will be backward in effecting changes as long as the Tenure of Office Act is in force; for it is easier to turn a man out of his place than to explain to the Senate the reasons of dismissal. Under the Act as recently amended, the PRESIDENT has a power of suspension limited by the obligation of obtaining the sanction of the Senate to the appointment of a successor; but it is uncertain whether he will be satisfied by any measure short of an entire removal of restrictions. In obedience to his directions, the Commissioner of Inland Revenue has announced to the officers in his department that there will be no sweeping dismissal, except for sufficient cause. The number of dishonest or suspected functionaries is so considerable that the PRESIDENT will perhaps have sufficient patronage at his disposal to satisfy the most unreasonable demands of the Republican party. It is said that several of his Ministers have advised him to concede the claim, on the ground that he cannot prudently dispense with political support. If he follows his original inclination, he will attempt to follow a more independent course.

THE PRESTON STRIKE.

THE strike of the Preston weavers and spinners seems to be so far typical that it thus far includes no anomalous element of violence or intimidation. Both parties are acting within the limits of their right, or, which is the same thing, of their legal powers. The masters cannot be compelled to keep their mills open at the recent rate of wages, and, on the other hand, the workmen may at their choice refuse to exchange their skill and labour for a reduced price. The moral justification of either party depends on accuracy of calculation, and also on the principle or standard to which a tacit reference is made. In default of the special knowledge which is in the exclusive possession of those who are immediately concerned, it may be assumed, for the purposes of the discussion, that the statements of the employers are generally true. According to their assertion, the high price of raw cotton, combined with the slackness of the demand for fabrics, has reduced the rate of profit to a point at which it is not worth their while to pursue the business. They are therefore reduced to the alternative of closing their mills, or of calling on their workmen to share their losses by sacrificing a considerable percentage on their wages. It is, however, remarkable that one cotton manufacturer in Preston continues to pay the former rate of wages, in consequence, it is said, of some peculiarity in the conduct of his business. The workmen not unnaturally infer that his example might be followed by his neighbours; but further information and longer experience are required to test the soundness of their conclusion. It seems to be agreed on all sides that trade is in a depressed condition, for the workmen have offered to make large concessions, extending to one half of the proposed reduction. The proposed diminution of ten per cent. would bring wages below the level of a certain list of prices which appears to be regarded as a minimum rate. The Lancashire Unions in the same trade adopt the cause of the Preston workmen with a unanimity which would furnish strong evidence in favour of their claims if it were necessarily founded on a dispassionate judgment. To outside observers it seems that Trade-Unions always approve of a strike, although they know that it must be in a great measure conducted at their own expense. The truth probably is, that when they object to strong measures their remonstrances are secret and confidential, and that it is only when they countenance resistance that their authority is publicly quoted. The necessity of obtaining the concurrence of a large and scattered body must sometimes operate as a check on local caprice and passion.

The advocates of Trade-Unions and the apologists of occasional strikes rely on a theory which deserves serious consideration. In their opinion, capital ought to be considered in some degree as a reserved fund, properly applicable to the maintenance of a fixed rate of wages in periods of commercial depression. The employers realize fortunes in times of prosperity, without holding that they are bound to allow their workmen any considerable share of their exceptional gains. There is some plausibility in the contention that they ought to suffer the corresponding loss by acting as insurers to relieve wages from the unavoidable variation of profits. In some branches of industry the rule which the economists of the Unions wish to establish habitually prevails. A railway company which returns little or no dividend to its shareholders nevertheless pays guards and engine-drivers at the customary rate; and in the still more important department of agricultural industry, the wages of labour are for the most part uniform throughout each district for long periods of time. Railway wages are maintained by the ordinary process of competition for labour, inasmuch as there are always prosperous Companies by the side of needy or insolvent neighbours; and the nature of the enterprise is such that the working of a railway is seldom discontinued and never temporarily suspended. As long as any revenue is earned, either for shareholders or for creditors, beyond the working expenses, it is worth while to keep the line open; and the managers can only conduct their business by paying the ordinary rate of wages. The circumstances of a farmer are for the most part such that it is his interest to struggle on through adverse seasons rather than to abandon the only occupation which he is competent to follow. In extreme cases he lowers the wages of his labourers, though there is but a narrow margin beyond the lowest amount necessary for subsistence. He has also in his rent a second fund on which in extreme cases he can draw for purposes of retrenchment. A Preston manufacturer can in no manner influence the price of cotton at Liverpool; but a tenant farmer has sometimes the means of placing a strong pressure on his landlord. Factory workmen may be excused for doubting whether they ought to partake in any degree of the liabilities of commercial speculation. Mr. BEESLY, in an eloquent and powerful essay published in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, defends the existence of capitalists in opposition to theories of communism or of universal co-operation, on the express ground that they form the instruments by which fluctuations in the rate of wages may be prevented or diminished in frequency. The Preston workmen probably believe that the present stagnation of trade is temporary, and that their employers would not be ruined if they tided over the interval with reduced profits, or even without actual gain. All parties to the dispute would agree that it is not for the common interest that the capital which has been accumulated in the cotton industry should be seriously impaired; but workmen are prone to exaggerate the wealth of manufacturers, who in their turn perhaps estimate at too high a rate the profit indispensable to their operations.

Millowners, like other men, vary indefinitely in character, but their class includes many public-spirited and benevolent men who would shrink from exposing the workmen in their employment to avoidable hardship. On the whole, it is perhaps well that their proceedings should be in the main governed by their own interests, and that they should decline operations which would involve actual loss. The determination to reduce wages can scarcely be justified on the assumption that it is necessary to secure a certain percentage on capital above the mere rate of interest; but, on the other hand, no man ought to be compelled to prosecute a laborious and hazardous undertaking without a reasonable prospect of due remuneration. It is only in a vague and general way that money which has been made in trade can be saddled with a moral trust for the benefit of the workmen who have aided in producing the amount. The profits to be hereafter gained form the only practical inducement to invest capital in industrial operations. If the Preston manufacturers may be trusted, there is no longer a sufficient motive for making cotton, unless they can reduce the cost of production. In determining to strike against the proposed reduction, the workmen undertake to maintain the contrary proposition by the wager of battle, which is unfortunately established as the ultimate mode of trying similar issues. The resolution appears not to have been taken in any wanton spirit, for the memory of the disastrous strike of seventeen years ago is still freshly preserved. The reserved funds of the Unions are staked against the resources which the masters may be able or willing to employ in the struggle. If the threatened reduction is withdrawn or modified, there will be reason to believe that the workmen have been in the right, for in such an event it will be evident that it was more advantageous to pay full wages than to suspend the working of the mills. In the more probable contingency of a victory on the part of the masters, the question will have been less conclusively determined. The triumph may be due to superior power rather than to better right, although it is highly probable that the representations of the millowners are well founded. The statistics of Trade-Unions still leave it in doubt whether actual and menaced strikes have tended to raise the general rate of wages. The influences which regulate the remuneration of labour are complicated, and neither increase nor diminution of payment can safely be attributed to any single cause. The great body of artisans have no doubts on the subject, and their conduct is of course determined by their own opinions, with little regard to the doctrines of more sceptical economists. In the present struggle the masters have the better chance of success, because there is reason to fear that the decay of the cotton trade may be either permanent or of long duration. Labour in the Southern States of America is scanty and intermittent, and India is, for some reason, incapable of supplying the defect. If the trade falls off, either the number of workmen or the rate of wages will be necessarily reduced, and the Preston weavers are already preparing for the result by organizing plans of emigration. The experiment of their strike will be watched with anxiety even by remote and disinterested observers.

THE COMING ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

IN speculating on the policy of the French Government with regard to the approaching elections, foreigners are apt to forget that the EMPEROR is likely to have better information than any one else as to the real feeling of the country. Of course this anterior probability may be defeated, either by a bad choice of instruments, or by an unwillingness on the part of their employer to hear unpleasant truths. In the one case, his agents will not form a right estimate of the facts; in the other, they will conceal or disguise them in order to make their reports palatable. But, supposing neither of these disturbing causes to come into play, the administrative organiza-

tion of the Empire gives the sovereign who controls it an unapproachable opportunity of ascertaining the sentiments and wishes of the French people. Independent journalists and Liberal politicians may appreciate better the attitude of particular classes, but they cannot compete with the Minister and the Prefect in the number and variety of the data from which they draw their conclusions. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the policy of the Opposition, on counteracting which the whole energy of the Government is bent, is itself capable of modification up to a late period of the struggle. The vantage-ground the EMPEROR occupies is so decided that he can calculate the strength of his adversaries more accurately than their own commanders; and, relying on this superiority, he can determine where he will give battle. But as soon as his intention becomes apparent, the dispositions of the foe may be altered to meet it; and an unexpected display of Opposition strength may thus necessitate at the last moment a fresh combination on the side of the Government. Subject to the allowance which must be made for this element of uncertainty, it may be assumed that the EMPEROR has decided to take his stand next month on the field of home politics. On more than one occasion during the winter the probabilities have rather pointed the other way. The revival from time to time of the standing grievance against Prussia, and the recent introduction of a fictitious grievance against Belgium, have looked as though another attempt was to be made to divert the French people from the choice of representatives at home by the phantom of glory abroad. Now, however, such ideas have, to all appearance, been definitively abandoned. To evoke a thunderstorm in a clear sky requires some amount of preparation, even when the conjuror is NAPOLEON III., and between this and the elections there is hardly time enough for the spell to work.

It is only by looking back to the last general election that we can realize how considerable is the progress which the cause of Parliamentary government has recently made in France. Five years ago men were discussing whether the Opposition could be increased from five to ten, and whether, in view of this amount of success, it was worth while to make any serious fight. Compared with what it was in 1863, the Corps Législatif is a real power in the country. If its divisions exercise little influence on the course of affairs, its debates sometimes count for a good deal. In a Legislature which was then convoked only to give an unregarded sanction to the decrees of an absolute Executive, Opposition speeches not unworthy of the best days of French Parliamentary eloquence are now heard every Session. Though the Ministers whose acts are criticized are still irresponsible, and the policy of the Sovereign is in form amenable to no sanction short of a revolution, the freedom of debate which is now permitted must constantly modify both. If the Corps Législatif is still in many respects only an instrument of the EMPEROR, it is an instrument which needs constant study and occasional humouring. This is not the highest position to which a representative Chamber can aspire, but it is one immeasurably more promising than that occupied by the same body before the last election. The credit of having brought about this improvement belongs pre-eminently to M. THIERS. The gallant fight he has made against the mediocre absolutism of the Second Empire may hereafter be pleaded in extenuation of that severe sentence which history would otherwise pass on the apologist for the crimes of the First. The EMPEROR's conduct shows plainly enough the change which France has undergone. He has no reason, indeed, to fear an actual defeat, but his position might be seriously affected by a redistribution of parties which yet fell far short of a transfer of the majority to the Opposition. Under a true Parliamentary government the Sovereign stands in the same relations to all his subjects, no matter what may be their politics. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. DISRAELI be at the head of affairs, it is equally the QUEEN's Government. But in France the Sovereign is simply the chief of the Imperialist party, and such a position as this can only be maintained with dignity when that party is co-extensive with the great mass of the nation. For the first ten years of the EMPEROR's reign it may be conceded that this was the case. By appealing to the Conservative instincts of the middle class, and by gratifying the popular taste for a spirited foreign policy, he maintained a personal ascendency analogous in some respects to that which Lord PALMERSTON possessed in this country during a portion of the same period. From various causes that ascendency has of late been greatly shaken, and it seems probable that unless he elects to repeat one or other of his old experiments, he must find allies outside the frontier of Imperialism pure and simple. In the present state of French parties he has virtually two courses between which to choose. One is frankly to accept Parliamentary government, with its accompaniment of responsible Ministers. To do this would be to disarm the most dangerous, because the most moderate, of his opponents. The advocates of that policy which is known as the Liberal Union would then have no quarrel except with M. ROUHER. If the Napoleonic dynasty were no longer bound up with the theory of personal government, it would cease to attract the hostility of any but Republican and Legitimist devotees. The special adherents of the "old parties" are daily growing fewer, and a school of politicians with whom the paramount importance of Parliamentary institutions is a principal article of faith is compelled for consistency's sake to rate at a far lower value the issue whether this or that family shall possess the constitutional throne.

It is probably the seeming easiness of this solution that has led to such mistaken explanations being hazarded in this country of the causes which stand in the way of its adoption. To give up the purposeless contest with the rational Liberalism of France seems to many Englishmen so natural a course, that when the EMPEROR rejects it, they are disposed to think that they must have mistaken the character of the party to which he shows such inexplicable hostility. They argue that this readiness to accept the Napoleonic dynasty which they have imputed to the French Liberals may, after all, be merely assumed to cloke an inveterate adherence to Legitimacy, or Orleanism, or Republicanism. If this is so, a certain degree of repression may be really essential to self-preservation, and the parties which compel the EMPEROR to put them down in his own defence have only themselves to thank for the inconveniences they incur in consequence. The fault of this theory is that it goes to the wrong quarter for its materials. There is nothing whatever to show that the French Liberals are playing the underhand game which is attributed to them, while there are reasons enough both in the position and in the character of NAPOLEON III. to account for his unwillingness to take them into his counsels. In the first place, such a step would involve a complete breach with his old friends, and a virtual abandonment of that complicated system of administrative control which he has built up with so much labour. This is not a slight sacrifice to ask of a man in the decline of life, more especially when the advantages offered in exchange for it have in reality no charms for him. The position of a constitutional King is perhaps of all others the one which has least attraction for NAPOLEON III. It would give no scope to his peculiar abilities, and no opportunity for the accomplishment of the ends on which he sets most value. If he cannot both reign and govern, he would no doubt prefer to govern without reigning rather than to reign without governing. We can conceive that amidst the growing difficulties which beset the part of a benevolent despot, he may sometimes yearn to be the first citizen of a great Republic, or the autocratic Minister of a great Monarchy; but in comparison with any one of the three, the life of a Sovereign who possesses neither initiative nor veto must seem altogether distasteful to him. And, after all, supposing him to put up with such a descent in consideration of a peaceable old age and an undisputed succession, what warrant has he for thinking that a reconciliation with the Parliamentary Opposition would give him the security he wants? Have the men whose speeches draw the largest crowds to the Corps Législatif, or whose articles are the most read, a weight in the country at all proportionate to their oratorical and literary reputation? Perhaps the EMPEROR has his doubts upon this point, and it must be confessed that the history of the last eighty years has not been without its share in suggesting them.

There remains, however, another alternative, and from more than one indication it seems possible that the EMPEROR has resolved to make trial of it. The Bill for the abolition of the *Livret*, the speech in which it was commended to the Council of State, and the known relations between the Tuileries and the *Peuple*, all point to an attempt to enlist afresh on his side the Democratic sentiment of the French working-classes. Without me, the EMPEROR may argue, France has only the choice between the Count of PARIS and a Republic. What the former would do for you, you may judge by the Government of July. You will gain nothing by exchanging NAPOLEON and universal suffrage for a citizen King and a *bourgeois* Parliament. The experience of 1848 can teach you what are your chances with a Republic. France needs order as well as liberty, and another Socialist revolution would inevitably be followed by another Conservative reaction, without perhaps

another BONAPARTE to harmonize the two opposing principles. My enemies are yours, and it is my hand alone that can give you adequate protection against them. Only, to enable me to use my power for our common benefit, you must give me your support next month. Whatever else such an appeal might lack, it certainly would not be destitute of a considerable amount of plausibility.

NEWSPAPER REPORTS AND LIBEL.

A BILL is now before Parliament which, at the first glance, is not only calculated to enlist a good deal of popular sympathy, but is certainly contrived to conciliate the assent of the honourable craft to which we belong. The *Saturday Review* is not exactly a newspaper, but we live so close to the rose that we may be very fairly credited with having absorbed something, if not of newspaper perfume, at least of newspaper affinities. Mr. BAINES's Bill for the Amendment of the Law of Libel proposes to extend the immunities, or rather to remove the restrictions, of the newspaper press, especially with regard to reports of speeches made at public meetings. As the law now stands, any person aggrieved by being slandered by a speaker at a public meeting has his remedy against the proprietors of any newspaper which publishes a report of such slanderous speech. A newspaper proprietor incurs no responsibility for publishing reports of defamation and slander uttered in Parliament; and he enjoys equal immunity for any report of proceedings, whatever libel, slander, or defamation they may involve, which take place in a Court of Justice. What is now proposed is to extend this immunity to speeches uttered at a public meeting. The first question therefore which suggests itself to a thoughtful mind, and which probably on that account has not suggested itself to Mr. BAINES's mind, is—What is a public meeting? Mr. BAINES's Bill assumes a certain entity, as though it were well known and ascertained, and capable of legal definition, and describes it as "a meeting lawfully assembled for a lawful "purpose, open to reporters for the public newspapers, and "at which a reporter was present for the purpose of reporting "the proceedings of such meeting for a public newspaper." This description deserves to be investigated. "A meeting "lawfully assembled for a lawful purpose." There are, we venture to say, very few meetings which are not lawfully assembled, because meetings only come to be unlawfully assembled when expressly forbidden and prohibited by authority. There is no tap-room assembly, no convention meeting in the Reform League chambers, or at the Nag's Head in Leather Lane, which is *primâ facie* unlawful. A parish vestry, a meeting of gas and Crédit Foncier shareholders, a dinner given at Greenwich, not being unlawful, must be held to be lawful, and assembled for a lawful purpose. Any dinner or tea-meeting of gossipping and malevolent old women to which the parties choose to invite a reporter for the especial purpose of taking notes, and of publishing any scandal which may be uttered, is a lawful meeting, lawfully assembled. The definition covers any gathering together of two or three dozen, or even of two or three, people who choose to invite the presence of a reporter. Mr. BAINES's Bill does not even use the expression "public meeting" at all, though, if it did, it would be very hard to distinguish between a public and a private meeting. A Freemasons' assembly, the committee meetings of religious societies, any and every instance of two or more gathered together in a tap-room, with the presence of a reporter, all come under the notion of meetings lawfully assembled for a lawful purpose. To those peculiar minds smitten with the sacred desire of abusing their neighbours this Bill must offer peculiar attractions. If one wants to get one's neighbour vehemently suspected of being a rogue, or one's neighbour's wife openly charged with being no better that she should be, all that one has to do is to hire a room at the Pig and Whistle, subsidize a reporter, and get some foul-tongued man of straw to utter the libel, and one's amiable purpose is fulfilled. The meeting was a meeting lawfully assembled for a lawful purpose, nominally and ostensibly for the object of discussing the parish rates, or the state of the parish pump or church clock, and in the course of the discussion an opening was found for uttering the scandal or defamation. Of course the local newspaper, the *Eatanswill Gazette*, publishes the report verbatim. It was interesting; it was a matter of public policy; it was important to the whole community to know that the Mayor had been openly charged, in a meeting lawfully assembled for a lawful purpose, with being probably insolvent, or that the Vicar had been publicly said to have appropriated the offertory money. The report was published "in the ordinary course of business"—to use the words of Mr. BAINES's Bill—and is therefore to be privileged. The scandal helped to sell the particular number of the local journal, and whatever private wrong may have been committed, the public has its sport, and the newspaper proprietor his pence.

Mr. BAINES will answer:—This possible abuse is completely guarded against. The second and third clauses of the Bill provide a remedy. The person aggrieved may require the newspaper to publish a fair reply to, and contradiction of, the libel complained of; and further, the speaker of defamatory matter at such meeting lawfully assembled, even though not amounting to slander, is to be made liable for his spoken libel, so to say, as though it were an actual—that is, a printed—libel. These pretended safeguards are, however, not only absolutely nugatory and illusory, but really aggravate the vice of Mr. BAINES's Bill. The Bill proceeds on the assumption that no man has a right to complain that it has gone forth to the whole world, in print, that he has been publicly charged, with being a rogue, so long as it is open to him to require that his denial and contradiction of the charge of roguery should be made equally public. It is idle to argue against such a sophism, which would be ridiculous were it not mischievous. It assumes that everybody who has read, and further that everybody who has heard of, a piece of published defamation is bound to make himself familiar with the defamed person's defence and vindication. Alas! for poor human nature, but experience proves that it is very much pleasanter and more exhilarating, especially to the readers of the local newspaper, to remember, and to scatter, and to gossip about, the scandalous charge than to be at the trouble of studying, still less of circulating, the poor, dull, matter of fact, stupid contradiction. For a score of newspaper readers of the accusation there will hardly be one reader who will trouble himself with the defence. And as to the remedy which is provided in making the original speaker liable for the defamation, it is nothing more than a sheer mockery. The slanderer may be a man without a shilling, not worth powder and shot, a mere man of straw, hired and subsidized—for this is quite conceivable—for the mere purpose of slandering, by some secret wire-puller who wants his political or sectarian or private malice gratified with no liability on his own part. As the law stands, the newspaper proprietor is not only responsible, but his responsibility is backed by pecuniary means, upon which the aggrieved person can fall back; under Mr. BAINES's Bill there is no security whatever for a person slandered at a public meeting getting damages out of anybody. There is certainly a mistake about the preamble of the Bill. It ought to run thus:—Whereas it is expedient to facilitate the extension of defamation of private character, and to remove all impediments to the general diffusion of evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, and at the same time to increase the circulation and profits of small country newspapers, Be it enacted, &c. &c.

For this is the secret of the Bill. It is in these country newspapers, or in the miserable little local prints which infest the metropolitan suburbs, that attacks on private character made at so-called public meetings are to be found. The great London, and the leading provincial, papers have something better with which to fill their columns. They cannot give their valuable space to the contemptible wrangles and squabbles and vulgarities which attend such meetings lawfully assembled for a lawful purpose as, for example, a St. Pancras Board of Guardians or a Marylebone Vestry. If the curious in newspaper literature want to know what manner of public instructors they are for whose pecuniary interests Mr. BAINES is so anxious, we would recommend a perusal of the East London, or West London, local prints; the Shoreditch or Hackney Reporters, or the like. And, with exceptions which may be counted on one's fingers, there is hardly country newspaper in which he will not find reported some personal scurrilities, or some inuendoes on private character, or some unwarrantable interference with domestic life, and all uttered by the chartered libertines in public oratory, which are quite out of the way of the London press. Small communities deal with small interests and with petty affairs; and the local press, to be popular, must reflect the local mind; and the local mind loves scandal, and attacks on the private character of public men. For, after all, this consideration remains as the root of the whole matter. It is not in the public interest that the hasty and ill-considered gabble—to say nothing of the intentionally malicious talk—uttered at public meetings should attain more publicity than it already secures. We have enough, and more than enough, of newspaper reports and reporters of these *quasi*-public meetings. Scandal, backbiting, and slander are common

enough, and strong language is more than common enough. Our existing opportunities for abusing each other can scarcely be said to be insufficient; and of what are called public meetings few of us will be disposed to complain that their liberty is, as at present, somewhat abridged. The question really is, whether we are called upon to encourage licentiousness in the expression of our judgment of our neighbours, and whether, under the pretence of protecting an important function of the newspaper press, we are not removing some of the safeguards which are at present provided for private character and private happiness.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

THE anticipations entertained of the effect of an unusually early Easter have been fully realized by the Volunteers who went to Dover. What with contrary gales and contradictory orders, they had more than enough of difficulties to contend with; and they owe it to the determination of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE that their field-day did not utterly break down, with the consequence of discouraging similar displays in years to come. The unfortunate destruction of one of HER MAJESTY'S ships by the violence of the wind and the defects of her moorings seems to have struck terror into the hearts of the authorities, and it certainly did prove, what was otherwise sufficiently evident, that the weather was very dirty, and the day anything but what one would desire for the great Volunteer holiday. Still there were other things which were equally proved by the event. One was that, within half an hour of the order by which the review was countermanded and the men dismissed until three o'clock, the weather moderated sufficiently to allow of the whole programme being carried into effect; and as what happened in fact must have have been among the possible contingencies when the unlucky order was given, it is tolerably plain that the order was a mistake. Whether there was any material difference in the weather, when the Duke of CAMBRIDGE arrived, from what it was when the Volunteers were scattered by order over the town, is just one of those questions on which evidence is not likely to be very harmonious; but most people will conclude that the change in the command had more to do with the recall of the first order than the change in the atmosphere. If, as is possible, the wind and rain and sleet and snow, and the general amount of disagreeables, were sufficient (assuming that they would continue without mitigation) to justify the abandonment of a review to which more than 20,000 men had devoted so much effort, and on which some 50,000*l.* must have been spent, it is at any rate certain that the order ought to have provided for the re-assembling of the troops in the event of an improvement of the weather. The chief difficulty in collecting again the scattered units of the force arose from the conviction in the mind of each man that, as he had been ordered to fall in at three o'clock, and not before, the assembly which he heard sounded must be some special summons for other regiments than his own. That so large a proportion of the Volunteers understood and responded to the call in time to take part in the review is most creditable to the intelligence and energy of the men, and we cannot find much cause for complaint even against the small minority who contented themselves with obeying express orders, and never thought of inquiring about the meaning of the din of bugles which resounded through the town.

That the mistake was remedied at last is a subject for congratulation, but it is unfortunate that it ever occurred, and all the more so because General LINDSAY has apparently been dogged by an evil fate on all the great Volunteer occasions since he received his present appointment. The Portsmouth Review last Easter Monday was the first of these, and it will not be forgotten that, for reasons perhaps equally plausible, though very different from those which operated at Dover, that field-day was absolutely countermanded, and a mere march ordered to be substituted, and this only two or three days [before] that appointed for the rendezvous. Well, these orders [were] revoked, and the Review came off in consequence of the vehement outcry in the press, which brought the Railway Company to its senses, and restored the confidence of the inspecting general. But the mischief was not wholly repaired, for some of the Volunteers, who had given up the idea of getting up in the middle of the night and travelling 180 miles to go through the formality of a march past, could not again be assembled when, at the last moment, the *Times* managed to persuade Lord BURY'S Board of Directors and the War Office authorities that what they had pronounced an impossibility not only could, but must, be done. This was a very irregular way of procuring the recall of an obnoxious order, and we are glad that on the present occasion the same result was attained by the appearance on the field of a superior general. The next ill-starred review after Portsmouth was the never-to-be-forgotten Windsor gathering, when it was arranged that no Volunteer corps should be conveyed home except in the precise order of succession which had been put down on paper, and which of course it was impossible to maintain on the march. The lamentable consequence was, that the steady corps (forming the great majority) were kept fasting and wearying through half the night, while a few ill-disciplined companies were provoked into the only piece of insubordination by which the force has been disgraced. The next meeting at Wimbledon was marked by the same persistent ill-luck. After all the arrangements were made, or supposed to be made, one-half of the means of access was suddenly withdrawn by the Railway Company, and the force upon the ground dwindled to some 3,000 men. Dover, it was hoped, would be more auspicious, but at Dover again the elements were adverse, and once more the evil was aggravated by an order countermanding the review. These successive mishaps are much to be regretted, however difficult it may have been to avoid them, and the principle of poetical justice warrants us in indulging the hope that General LINDSAY'S run of ill-luck may have been exhausted, and that he may never again be placed under the necessity of countermanding at the last moment a long-prepared Volunteer Review.

The weather, which was the origin of all the mischief, made it difficult to form any satisfactory judgment of the movements performed, but there seems no reason to doubt that the men acquitted themselves as steadily and well as could fairly be expected under such unusually trying circumstances. Somehow or other the guns were got up and worked, and the men marched past, or approached as near to the execution of that much-lauded ceremony as the slimy condition of the ground permitted; and opposing lines were formed, and skirmishers thrown out, and heavy exchanges of innocuous musketry took place pretty much in the same way as if a bright and cheerful spring day had, as on so many former occasions, shone upon the Volunteer assemblage. And there is good perhaps to be extracted from this misadventure. If it has the effect of impressing upon all concerned the fact that Volunteers are no more proof against rain and cold and snow than other military or civilian human beings, it may do a world of good in improving the ordinary equipment of the force. Very few corps indeed are provided throughout with greatcoats or any equivalent protection from the weather. In some others a small minority only of the men enjoy these luxuries, while the great bulk of the force either face the weather with nothing better than a tunic, or turn out with a most unmilitary display of heterogeneous waterproofs. In future we may perhaps indulge the hope that those at any rate who were at the Dover Review of 1869 will learn to take a little better care of themselves. The really serious risk of exposure to such weather as that of Monday last, without any adequate protection, may very probably have been one of the main considerations which prompted the order countermanding the Review, and, however mistaken that order may have been, it was a severe trial to the constitutions of a body of civilian troops to undergo the pelting of the elements in the half-clad state which is the normal condition of a Volunteer regiment. It is unfortunately true that some corps, which already supply uniforms to their recruits, are too poor to add great coats to the outfit, and it may perhaps be said that they ought to remedy the defects of their equipment before they can be considered of sufficient value to entitle them to further encouragement or assistance. It is, however, equally true that many corps which are not troubled by financial difficulties have hitherto neglected to provide themselves with protection against the weather, which is not always as genial on great occasions as patriotic Volunteers and their friends would desire; and we must say that neglect of practical matters of this kind does indicate a lurking sense of the unreality of the whole organization. Equipment and organization are the two great wants of the force, and as the latter of these must depend entirely, and the former in some degree, upon Government action, there is no very immediate prospect of a complete reformation. This is no reason why the Volunteers should not do what is in their own power, and so perhaps at last succeed in shaming the Government to do their part also.

The position of the Volunteers out in the cold on the Castle Heights is a little typical of the aspect of the political sky at this moment; but even at Dover it was found that weather might moderate, and irresolution might be overruled; and so, too, let us believe that a warmer sunshine from official quarters may again greet the Volunteers, if not under the rule

of Mr. CARDWELL, at any rate under the successor who in the whirligig of politics may some day chance to occupy his place. And in the meantime the best advice we can offer to the Volunteers is, to stick to their work, do their best for themselves without grumbling, and face all adverse influences as cheerfully as they faced the inhospitable gales of Dover.

DUELS.

THERE is nothing which the ordinary British mind contemplates with a greater sense of blank wonder than the continuance of duelling in foreign countries. It is not half a century since our statesmen thought it necessary on occasion to vindicate their honour with pistols; but we have already reached the point of view from which it seems not only wrong, but ridiculous. Cases may doubtless be put where a man might feel that nothing short of bloodshed would give him any real comfort; but it may be doubtful whether he would not, under such circumstances, follow the example of the young Canadian whose exploit appeared in the papers a few days ago, and prefer murder pure and simple. The gratification is much more certain; and, under the intense provocation which alone could make an English duel possible, a murderer would receive our sympathy almost as readily as a duellist. The heroes of novels manage to keep up the practice; and Mr. Trollope has even ventured to introduce one in the midst of his remarkably realistic sketches of modern Parliamentary life; but this is only another proof of the increasing difficulty of getting enough of exciting incidents out of the ordinary life of the period. For practical purposes, duelling has gone out as completely as witchcraft.

We are therefore simply amazed when we hear of French journalists being impelled to stab their antagonists in other than a metaphorical sense; and still more when we hear such stories as have lately come to us from Spain and Italy. Umbrellas are a fruitful source of social annoyance in the best-regulated families, but a difficulty about an umbrella does not with us lead to a promising young man being called out and shot dead; yet the only account vouchsafed to us of a late shocking duel in Spain is that it had something to do with an umbrella; though, to do the unhappy persons justice, it is suggested that some more adequate motive might have been in the background. In Spain, however, duelling does not appear to be common; whereas in Italy it has lately become quite a fashionable amusement. On the last occasion, we are told of a practised duellist going out, insisting upon the use of the deadliest weapons, and upon the shortening of the distance to five paces, and then gloating "with a ghoul-like delight" upon the prospect of one of the antagonists being speedily converted into a corpse. It is some satisfaction to hear that this ghoul-like young person was himself the sufferer. Meanwhile, General Bixio has thought it worth while to protest against the practice in the Chamber; and the Minister seems to have replied that, on the whole, public opinion was so much in favour of it that he did not expect that any repressive measures would be efficient. Upon this point we can of course form no definite opinion; we can only say, on general principles, that hanging and imprisoning have frequently a strong tendency to convince the public that the persons punished must have done something wrong; and perhaps a rigorous administration of the law would serve as well as the obvious arguments which prove that duelling, at the present day, is a brutalizing practice, and tends to exalt the bully more than the man of honour. Mere preaching has not been of very much use in any country; but most men, however brave they may be, have a sufficient dislike to serving as targets for pistol practice to avail themselves with tolerable readiness of any good excuse for an honourable evasion. The business of Government is to supply a man with sufficient motives for declining to fight, without being considered a coward; and we should imagine that, if Italian statesmen looked about them with a real wish to discover such a motive, they might find one nearer at hand than they seem to expect.

We can only wish that they may undertake the task vigorously and successfully; but it would be curious to determine what is the cause of the great difference between English and Continental feeling in this respect. We have given up the custom of accounting for such differences by the pleasant hypothesis that an Englishman is in every respect the most intelligent and moral of human beings. Indeed, it would be rather difficult, even if that hypothesis were generally admitted, to apply it to this particular case. The class from which duellists are raised is at least as numerous and as brainless in England as elsewhere. There are, for example, any number of young men in the army capable of committing any kind of folly and crime that may be fashionable amongst their fellows elsewhere. Lord Cardigan is gone, but we have an abundant supply in hand of the material from which Cardigans are made. There are, we must suppose, a great number of persons in the upper classes who really believe in the *Guy Livingstone* type of hero. It is probable, indeed, that the admirers of that tremendous athlete are not generally of the class which has much personal experience of the models from which he is drawn; we would hope that they belong rather to persons outside the enchanted circle, for whom an audacious portrait of the magnificent "swell" has this strange fascination, which would be dissipated on closer familiarity. Yet we can suppose that there are a good many youths who believe that that queer cross between Don Juan and the muscular Christian is really an admirable example of what a man should be; and who conceive accordingly that the highest graces of an English gentleman are great physical vigour, readiness to pay his bets, and eminence in certain practices which an austere moralist would set down amongst the vices. Amongst the other characteristics of such a hero, duelling would appear as a virtue by force of contrast; it is one of the most innocent of his amusements, and, so far as he is personally concerned, one of the most useful to the world at large. If he would fight with his fellows alone, we should be disposed to encourage the practice. Even admitting that the character does not really exist, and that his admirers do not often translate their creed into practice, there are enough living human beings who approximate to it more or less—though at a long interval—to prevent our explaining the absence of duelling by any excess of virtue. No one can say, for example, that the English heavy dragoon does not fight duels because he is too wise and too good. He is in little danger, to put it moderately, of suffering from over-exertion of his intellectual faculties; and his virtues, to do him justice, do not lie on the side of over-development of prudence. He puts as little value on his life as sensible people in general, and is quite ready to take such risks as come in his way, and to discover new modes of facilitating the loss of his services to the country. He has as little to do as his like in other countries, and we may presume that the same personage is anxious to provide him with work for his idle hands. Yet if we propose to the most thoughtless of English youngsters to fight a duel, he will consider it to be a practical joke; whilst his fellow in a German university is constantly playing, and sometimes more than playing, at duels, and in other countries even deadly duels are regarded with something more than toleration.

The most obvious explanation is in that peculiarity, whatever it may be, of the English character, which leads us to go about under a constant dread that we are making ourselves ridiculous. Whether we have a quicker sense of humour, or a smaller susceptibility to enthusiasm, than other persons, that is a dread from which no Englishman ever shakes himself free, and which never seems to hamper a grown-up man of Continental race. An English orator always keeps his arms glued to his side, and rather cherishes a stammer than otherwise, as affording a safe mode of escape from a difficult sentence. He is so terribly afraid of falling if he attempts too high a flight, that he prefers to keep almost ostentatiously close to the earth. He is utterly unable to understand the buoyant confidence in himself with which a Frenchman dashes into any mode of display, and appeals—frequently with success—to the admiration of his audience. Now it is plain that a duel is always perilously near the ridiculous. The ordinary common-sense view of the matter is so unpleasantly obvious: Two men have a difficulty about an umbrella, and one of them shoots the other dead. There is a certain pleasure in anticipating such a result, if only you can be sure that the general public will take your point of view and admire the gallantry displayed, and all the more because it was displayed about a trifle; but if nine people out of ten are certain to remark that you are a fool for your pains, there is nothing to set against the disagreeable fact of being converted into food for worms. If everybody took Hotspur's view of that catastrophe, and was prepared to plunge into the bosom of the deep and pluck up drowned honour by the locks, we might count upon their sympathy; but when a considerable majority think that there is much to be said for Falstaff's theory that "honour is a mere scutcheon," we are sensible of a decided chill to our enthusiasm. In England, for good and for bad, we have abundance of people who are ready to apply the Falstaffian catechism; to translate the question into pounds, shillings, and pence, and ask how much pudding is worth a given quantity of praise. If our inveterate habit of rather cynical criticism destroys some valuable enthusiasm, it also knocks a good deal of false sentiment on the head. We occasionally blow out our brains because we have lost more money than we can pay; but we very seldom go through that performance with a view to the dramatic interest of the situation to our survivors. The hero of the parody on *Locksley Hall* talks about a pan of burning charcoal underneath his nuptial bed, but we know that he is laughing at his absurdity as totally unworthy of British common sense.

We may perhaps, too, take some credit to that cynical and abusive personage, the English journalist. He is, as we are informed on the best authority, a terrible Philistine, and as such has a lamentable propensity for grovelling and prosaic views of everything that comes within his notice. Yet it is a bare act of justice to a class which is frequently ridiculed, to say that at least he does some service in repressing an absurd custom. No man of any taste or feeling could possibly fight a duel if he would only reflect that one result of his thoughtless performance would be that he would form the text of an article in the *Daily Telegraph*. Whether he was treated to the scathing satire or to the florid morality, the result would be equally depressing, for it would be equally certain to make him intensely ridiculous. It would add a pang to the fatal bullet to think of the glowing paragraphs in which the victim was presently to be held up to the gaze of the intelligent public. The penny-a-liner, with all his little weaknesses, is really the greatest foe to duelling in England. To the prevalence of such a custom it is necessary that there should be a class amongst whom it is regarded with a certain amount of esteem or serious consideration. But when you admit into the ring a whole crowd of persons who introduce an element of totally discordant sentiment, the case is altered. You are playing not

...... to the boxes but to the galleries; and have a profound consciousness that if you bring down applause in one quarter the remainder of the audience will be totally unsympathetic. Duelling is in civilized countries more or less a luxury of the upper classes; it is an exception for the lower strata to sympathize with the performance, though a general love of a fight may, as in Ireland, do something to supply the want of an acute perception of delicate points of honour. In England the press has virtually admitted the non-duelling classes to the representation, and the result is that their want of perception of any but its ridiculous side has quenched the ardour of the performers, and finally put a stop to the practice. It would be a good thing if public opinion was also on the side of intelligent persons with equal decision.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

The University of London has not, we believe, a motto. May we venture to suggest that it would find one quite appropriate in that grand chorus in the *Antigone* in which the universality of man's power is celebrated? As the chorus is one of some fifty lines, even the University of London might find it inconveniently long for a motto; still it would fitly symbolize the vastness of its undertakings, and would at the first glance strike the aspiring student with that sense of awe which must come over him as soon as he looks through the pages of its Calendar, and surveys the examinations through which he has to pass. However, if, after mature reflection, the whole chorus cannot be adopted, why not take the first two lines?—

> πολλὰ τὰ δεινά, κοὐδὲν ἀν-
> θρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.

Or, as Dr. Donaldson gives it:—

> "Many the things that mighty be,
> And nought is mightier than—Man."

Sophocles, indeed, celebrates the wonders of man's intellect—how he crosses the foaming ocean while the stormy south is blowing; how he wearies out the untiring earth as his ploughs are drawn up and down; how he entraps the tribe of flighty-purposed birds, and the kindreds of wild beasts and the ocean brood; how he tames the mountain beast; how he has taught himself speech and social habits, how he has built himself a home against the shafts of comfortless winter and contrived means of escape from sickness. Sophocles celebrated man's intellect as far as he knew of its capabilities; the Matriculation Examination of the London University was not, unhappily, in existence in his time, or to what heights might not his Muse have soared? When at times we try to estimate all that the world has lost in the missing plays of Æschylus or of Sophocles, ought we not also to reflect upon the equally great loss that we sustain from the fact that the nineteenth century comes inevitably later than the fifth century before our era, and that now, when man's great powers are first discovered, the bards to celebrate them are for ever gone by? Many stout heroes lived before Agamemnon, no doubt, and are overwhelmed in obscurity—*carent quia vate sacro*. Yes, but many stout hearts have lived after the *vates sacer*, and have met with the same long night. It matters little whether an age is too early for its great poet or too late for him; it equally misses him. It is, however, pleasant to the mind to picture what might have been if the past were suddenly brought back to view the present, and to imagine how the great men of old would have looked upon our modern world. Would that Sophocles, for instance, with his chorus in praise of man's powers, could suddenly be brought face to face with man as he is seen any January or June in Burlington House, prepared to face the Matriculation Examination of the University of London. To cross the foaming sea may be something, to catch the birds, the fish, the wild beasts, to break in horses, to invent language, to build houses, to overcome sickness; all this may be well enough, but what would have been the language of the great poet when he found not old men, not middle-aged men, but mere youths of seventeen possessing "a competent knowledge" of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, optics, chemistry, the Greek language, Greek history and the geography of Greece, the Latin language, Roman history and the geography of the Roman empire, the English language, the outlines of English history, modern geography, and the French or the German language, at the option of the candidate. Into what strophes and antistrophes would Sophocles have been led as the subject opened itself before him! But would Sophocles have ventured on such a theme? Æschylus alone could have done justice to such high-sounding words as hydrostatics and pneumatics. To descend from the height to which we have been carried, and to come down to this base world, we may perhaps be allowed, after reading the long list of subjects which the young aspirant to the glories of matriculation must take up, to congratulate both ourselves and him that "the use of the globes" is not added. In what exactly the "use of the globes" consists we have never been able to make out; however, as one can matriculate at the London University in ignorance of it, we are inclined to doubt if it is really any distinct branch of learning. It is some comfort too to find that a competent knowledge of the Latin language seems to be commensurate at times with an acquaintance with two books of Cæsar's *Gallic War*, while a competent knowledge of the Greek language is in like manner commensurate with an acquaintance with one book of Homer. However, as Johnson defines "competent" as "adapted to any purpose without defect or superfluity," we ought not perhaps to be over critical, for the Senate of the University of London alone, knowing to what purpose this competent knowledge of Greek and Latin can be put, can alone judge how far it is adapted thereto. If, however, outsiders were to hazard a guess, they might surmise that the purpose for which it is adapted is to carry a student through the Matriculation Examination at the London University; to this purpose it is adapted, certainly without defect and possibly without superfluity.

After surveying with admiration in the Calendar the list of subjects required, we turned over its leaves till we came to the Examination Papers that have been actually set. Is any one of our readers so happy as to know one of those young intellectual giants who matriculated at the London University in January 1868? If he has that happiness, he knows a man who can (or at least a year ago could) satisfy his most ardent pursuit after knowledge, and at once inform him, who were the Ærarii; what is the action and construction of the common pump; how to distinguish between a gerund and a gerundive; how to express 17 lbs. 10 oz. 6 dwts. 15 gr. as a decimal of 1 lb. troy; what is meant by frankpledge, escuage, danelagh, and escheats; how it is that a convex lens of short focal length enables one to see minute objects magnified; what is the Latin for *He sent ambassadors to seek for peace*; how to insert a given number of arithmetical means between two given quantities; what is the difference between the logical and the grammatical division of a proposition; how to decline *bos* in the singular and plural; how (on certain data) to calculate the percentage composition of ammonia; what were the Athenian βουλή and ἐκκλησία; how to inscribe a circle in a given triangle; how to draw a map of Great Britain; what is the first person present indicative active of ἵστημι; how to write the feminine of *bon*; and, finally, how much anhydrous phosphoric acid is formed by the combustion of one gramme of phosphorus (P=31). If any of our readers know such a prodigy as this, might we not fitly apply to them the words of Goldsmith:—

> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

Now that Lord Brougham is dead, can any one man be named who could venture to present himself for matriculation at Burlington House without previous special training. The Editor of *Mangnall's Questions* alone might perhaps have a chance. We feel confident that, of the thirty-eight members of the Senate, there is scarcely one but would feel uncomfortable if he were required to answer all the papers that are set before these unfortunate youths. Could even Lord Stanley, with all his knowledge of common things, satisfy our eager curiosity about the anhydrous phosphoric acid, even though it be granted that P = 31? As for Mr. Grote or Mr. Lowe, we venture to predict that they would be plucked at the very entrance to their University. Who can tell us why it is that a youth of eighteen cannot be allowed to enjoy the educational advantages that the University of London offers unless he be prepared to undergo an examination in at least as many subjects as he has counted years? Let him be the best classic of his age in England, and yet be ignorant of the "general nature of acids, bases and salts;" let him be the best chemist of his age in England, and yet be ignorant of two books of Cæsar, and we may add of Henry's *First Latin Book*; let him be the best mathematician of his age in England, and yet be ignorant of the meaning of danelagh; let him be the best modern linguist of his age in England, and yet be ignorant of the action of the common pump, he may knock and knock in vain at the doors of the University of London. In contradistinction to the miserably narrow local examinations of the elder Universities, may not such an examination, embracing as it does nearly the whole of creation, be rightly called the Universal Examination? Henceforth let the long and inexpressive title of the Matriculation Examination of the University of London be dropped, and let that of the Universal Examination be assumed.

To speak seriously—if it be possible to be serious on such a topic—we would ask the Senate what it is that they propose to themselves to effect by this comprehensive examination? Do they mean to maintain that a young man cannot with advantage pursue his studies at a University unless he has a smattering of some eighteen or twenty subjects? Or do they intend by their examination not so much to exclude from their University those who have not diversities of gifts as to influence generally education throughout the country? It can scarcely be the case that even the Senate of the University of London would put a bar to a young man's continuance of his studies unless he could run the gauntlet of some eighteen examiners; but it is quite conceivable that they should, in their eagerness to stand as a mere examining body, sacrifice the interests of their undergraduates to what they conceive to be the interests of education at large. Arguing from some premisses unknown to us, they have come to the conclusion that a lad, when leaving school, ought to know a little, even if a very little, of a great many subjects. In accordance with this conception they have framed their matriculation examination; not that they can really believe that a lad of seventeen should not be allowed to pass from school to the University unless he know somewhat *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*, but in the full knowledge that a matriculation examination to a great extent shapes the whole course of education given in those schools which specially prepare for it. They know well enough that if a University draws but one boy in twenty from any school, it can influence greatly the education of the other nineteen. The Uni-

versity of London, of course, can only influence directly the education of those who intend to matriculate at it; but indirectly it can influence at least ten times the number. In the first place, the schoolmaster, not knowing in all cases which of his pupils may to the University, tries so to prepare all that each one may, without much special preparation, be fit to enter; and, in the next place, finding himself forced to have some eighteen or twenty subjects taught, and not being able to afford to have special classes for the few, he makes all his pupils join them. Besides this, as we have said before, the London University aims at being to a great extent merely an examining body; its matriculation examination is a mixture between a matriculation proper and the senior middle-class examinations of Oxford and Cambridge. We infer this from the fact that not one in four of its matriculated students proceeds to his B.A. degree. Judging from these facts, and considering that in 1868 more than seven hundred candidates presented themselves for examination, we are not wrong in assuming, that over a large class of schools the University of London must exercise a great influence, considerably moulding the education of no unimportant part of the middle class. How far this influence is a good one we will leave to our readers to judge; at the same time, we cannot forbear speculating on the career for which the successful aspirants at these examinations are best adapted. There are two posts, and two alone, which require such varied attainments. The gentleman who is ready in the *Family Herald* or *London Journal* to give information to his numerous correspondents on every variety of subjects, from the composition of hair-washes to the exact age of the present Emperor of China, is doubtless a matriculated student of the University of London; and the Secretary of the Social Science Association can hardly fail to have attained the same distinction. Still the demand for a "Magnus Apollo" must be extremely limited, and the Social Science Association only requires one Universal Secretary at a time. About the destination of all the others we should feel extremely anxious, did we not remember that the mind has happily a wonderful power of forgetting, and that these prodigies of seventeen may, by the time they are one-and-twenty, have got their minds as free from rubbish as most of their fellow-creatures.

CURIOSITIES OF CANVASSING.

WHO that has had anything to do with an election, except of course a professional canvasser, does not wish to see the day when law or custom, or a happy union of the two, shall have abolished the custom of candidates personally asking electors for their votes? The thing is a nuisance, and a costly nuisance, and it is something worse. It is a practice which puts the relations between the elector and the candidate on an utterly wrong footing. When a man who wishes for a seat in Parliament asks an elector for his vote, when, as the phrase is, he "solicits"—that is, in English, begs—for the vote, he teaches the elector to take a wrong and a low view of the vote which he asks for. Out of Utopia there perhaps never was a commonwealth where every man, of his own free will and as a matter of the highest duty, went and voted for the man whom he conscientiously thought most likely to serve his country. But, if this ideal be unattainable, we should at least get as near to it as we can. We should not wilfully produce an opposite ideal. Now, when a candidate personally begs for a vote, he practically teaches the elector that in voting for him he is doing him a personal favour. And the elector may perhaps not be slow to draw the inference that for doing a personal favour he ought to receive a personal reward. Before we get to ideal purity of election, before we get within a great many parasangs of it, electors must be taught that, in voting for a man to be a member of Parliament, they are doing him the greatest possible honour, they are showing the greatest possible trust in him, but they are not doing him any personal favour. If they think him the best man for the place, it is their duty to vote for him; if they do not think him the best man for the place, it is their duty to vote against him. No doubt this is a hard saying to many people who have their ideas all formed on the present corrupt system. No doubt it will take a great deal of trouble to get it generally acknowledged, and, till the complete regeneration of human nature makes all government, and therefore all elections, needless, it never will be universally acknowledged. Still it is the right ideal, and it may as well be aimed at as far as human weakness allows, and it need not be wilfully departed from.

The practice of canvassing is something like the practice of private war in the middle ages. The peaceably disposed man had to fight just as much as the turbulent man, because the turbulent man was always attacking him. We can even, in such a state of things, conceive two peaceably disposed men going always armed for fear of one another, ever and anon perhaps crossing swords with one another, simply because neither could take in the truth that the other was peaceably disposed. So we can conceive two candidates on opposite sides both sincerely wishing to get rid of canvassing and its attendant evils, and yet each afraid to set the example for fear of the other. And we can conceive two candidates each ready to set the example, and both of them hindered from doing so by men about them whose interest it is that the evil practice should not be given up. Still, if we have any faith in progress, we must trust that the thing will some day die out somehow or other. And meanwhile the ill wind, like other ill winds, blows some little incidental good. To go through a canvass as a candidate or as the companion of a candidate greatly increases a man's knowledge. It opens to him many aspects of human nature, both bad and good, which he would otherwise have very little chance of seeing.

We say both bad and good, for it is quite a mistake to think that an election brings out only the bad side of human nature. It does certainly bring out the bad side very conspicuously, but it brings out much that is good as well. On the whole, the better side of an election comes out on the public stump, and the worse on the private canvass; still good and evil are mingled in both processes. The man who goes through an election will understand as he never understood before the prodigious power of lying with which mankind are gifted; he will come across many instances of cunning and selfishness, many cases of broken promises, many specimens of false brethren who are chiefly bent on their own interest. But he will come across, and we think in at least equal proportion, many instances of honest, high-principled zeal, many instances of genuine devotion to a cause, many specimens of men ready to give wholly unbought service, to sacrifice time, money, and trouble, with no thought but that of helping the side which they honestly believe to be right. And such men are not confined to any particular class. An election brings a man across all classes, and if in all classes he finds men who disappoint him, he also in all classes finds men who act in a single-minded and conscientious way according to the principles which they profess. On the whole, an electioneering campaign does not make a man think the worse of his fellow-creatures.

Still it is not to be denied that the more personal canvass is a very grievous ceremony, and that it brings out much more of the dark side of an election than of the bright. For it is clearly not for the zealous and high-principled elector, who votes as he thinks it his duty to vote, that the process of canvassing is needed. His vote comes of itself to the candidate; it is the votes of electors of a different stamp that the candidate has to go and ask for. And yet, after all, much of the nuisance which a candidate has to go through on a canvass arises from weaknesses of human nature which, though the source of infinite annoyance, are in themselves really very pardonable. The process of canvassing puts the elector, for the time, into a position of superiority to a man who, at other times, is in a position of superiority to him. He must be more than human if he does not enjoy the little scene of a man of whom at other times he has to ask things coming to ask something of him. The candidate is commonly a richer man, a better-known man, than himself; he may be a man to whom he is used to listen as a speaker or writer; he may be a man before whom he has trembled at the bar of justice. It is not wonderful if he likes the feeling of seeing the man to whom he is used to bow down for once bow down to him, and if he likes to prolong the moment so flattering to his own dignity. He means all the time to vote all right, but he likes the tribute of the candidate's personal visit and personal solicitation; he even likes, with a sort of grim pleasantry, to prolong his exercise of superiority by keeping the petitioner for a little while in suspense. If the thing happened only once, it would be amusing; it is only because it happens over and over again, and wastes a vast deal of time, that it becomes a bore. Still it is natural and pardonable; on mature reflection one can even forgive the cruellest form of the torture. This is when a man who fully means to vote for you will not give his promise and let you go till he has made you listen to his views on all matters. The most refined form of this cruelty is when a Dissenting minister keeps you to hear his homily on Church and State. Yet you can forgive him; he has the opportunity, which human nature will not forego, of preaching to a man to whom he never had the opportunity of preaching before, to whom he may never have the opportunity of preaching again, and certainly will not have it very often. And, after all, he is clearly better than his orthodox neighbour, who holds that the end justifies the means, who makes his unlearned flock believe that a candidate, perhaps of special ecclesiastical tastes, is chiefly anxious to pull down the churches, who even teaches that Mr. Gladstone's accession to power involves a return to slavery, and the immediate beginning of *autos-da-fé* in the market-place. What, on the other hand, shall be said of the timid clerical supporter, who calls himself a Liberal, but who is frightened by Mr. Gladstone's attack on the Irish Church? You examine him in detail, and you find that the good man has actually been bamboozled into believing that Mr. Gladstone means to turn every Irish clergyman neck and crop out of his house and land without any compensation. You explain to him that no one means anything of the kind, and he is a little comforted, but the shock to his mind has been so great that he goes and votes for the Tories all the same. Then there is the clerical supporter who approves of Mr. Gladstone's scheme, because Popery is the Beast. The argument is subtle, but it may be followed. It is a sin to encourage the Beast or any of his beastly following. Therefore it is a sin to make a grant to Maynooth. But if the Irish Church is disestablished, the Maynooth grant will stop, while, if the Irish Church goes on, the Maynooth grant will go on too. Therefore let the Irish Church be disestablished. Clerical Liberals are so rare, that such a supporter has to be treated with every sort of deference. At the same time it must be a hard struggle to avoid laughing.

But, with all this, there is many a manly, honest, hearty elector, who acts from principle, who needs no pressing, who knows that the candidate has no time to waste, and who pledges his vote like a man at once. In the balance against such men must be set the

crying grievance of neutrals. An open enemy does more damage at the poll, but you have more sympathy with him than with the man who "won't vote against you"; the man who professes to think you all right and to wish you all success, but who will not do anything towards bringing about that success. The numbers of this class are perfectly wonderful; they would, if they were got to vote, turn many and many an election. Some fear their landlords; and here is the provoking thing, that so many peo fancy intimidation where no intimidation is intended. The not of voting for the landlord, or at least of not voting against him, is so worked into their minds that, even when the landlord is not in the least disposed to coerce his tenants, people will not believe that it is so, but still fancy that they must not vote against him. Others fear their customers. Others fear their neighbours; in some parts the most real danger of the three. Others simply shrink from the trouble, "There'll be plenty without I," and so many an election is lost, not by the votes of enemies, but by the non-votes of professed friends. For the man who is very old and wishes to withdraw from all worldly matters before he dies, one has a certain respect. Still it is easy to answer that to vote according to his conscience is one form of doing his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

Another point which a canvass shows is that Miss Becker and her sisterhood, Lily Maxwell, Mary Boddy, and the rest of them, are beginning at the wrong end. What is really wanted is not so much that widows and old maids should vote as that, when a man declines to vote, his wife or daughter should be allowed to vote for him. Many a small freeholder, whose heart shrinks from voting himself, has a wife or daughter who would come zealously to the poll. Indeed in some parts it is seriously believed that, on the principle of the *annus post mortem*, when an elector dies, his widow may give his vote at any election which happens within twelve months after his death. This, however, is one of the errors which a candidate has to expose, along with the beliefs that a plumper counts two, and that a man can never vote for two candidates of the same colour. But the zeal of the women, as a rule, is great. We have heard of boroughs in which the tactics of Lysistrata are said not to be unknown.

One thing which struck many people at the late election, besides the absurd fear of pulling down churches, lighting the fires of Smithfield, and such rubbish, was the way in which a more rational dread about the Irish Church had affected classes which one would hardly have expected to be touched by it. Not only squires and parsons, but respectable tradesmen in country towns, undoubted Liberals on all other points, refused to vote for Liberal candidates, not on any wild Murphyite ground, but on a sober conscientious objection to the scheme of disendowment. When a cathedral singing-man says plaintively, "The Church has nourished me and I can't vote against the Church," one pities rather than condemns.

Lastly, it is curious to mark, within the same county or division, the strong local character of political parties. As a rule, the Liberals have the majority in market towns and manufacturing villages, the Conservatives in country places. The large farmers, we need hardly say, are commonly Conservative. Not but what there is a considerable Liberal minority, and there is no better Liberal than the Liberal farmer. He is, on the face of it, a man of thought and independence, who has risen above the prejudices of his class. But the smaller freeholders are largely Liberal, and their wives, as we have said, more Liberal still. Again, besides the division according to classes, the e are distinct local divisions. There are Conservative towns and villages, and there are Liberal towns and villages, Conservative or Liberal not according to the influence of landlords, but according to a sort of hereditary point of honour. But a marked difference may be seen between the two. The Conservative village resounds with shouts of "Blue, blue." It gets no further; it has no names of men or of measures; it sometimes does not even know the names of its own candidates. The Liberal village can at least shout "Free Trade," and if to shout Free Trade is not to give a very exhaustive view of all the questions at issue, it is at least right as far as it goes, and it is anyhow more intelligent than shouting the name of a colour, whose meaning is purely arbitrary, and which means different things in different parts of England.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON TRADE-UNIONS.

If the conclusions of this long-expected Report were as satisfactory as its evidence is interesting and its subject-matter is important, it would be one of the most useful and striking documents ever issued by any body of Commissioners in this country. For it is only a truism to say that nothing affects the wealth of the kingdom and the prosperity of the people more than the condition of its trade; and the condition of its trade depends in the main upon the relations which exist between the employers of labour and the employed. No gratitude, no reverence, would be too extravagant a tribute to the merit of those men who should propound a feasible solution of the difficulties which now warp the industrial organisation of the country, and who should put the gear of that composite piece of machinery in sound working order. But the present Report will not earn this gratitude. It contains indeed much valuable matter, many interesting facts, and many ingenious suggestions; but it does not lay down conclusively a principle by which we can bring the energies of the capitalist and the labourer into normally harmonious co-operation. In fact, it is not one Report, but three Reports. Instead of concentrating the rays of combined intelligence into one focus, it gives us scattered and conflicting waves of light, which perplex and darken, instead of illuminating, our minds. We have a Report from seven of the eleven original Commissioners; we have a dissentient Report from two; and we have another Report (more thoroughgoing than the first) from a third. The active mind of Mr. Herman Merivale has indulged itself by a little independent excursion into the regions of abstract theory, and Sir W. Erle has appended a statement respecting the present laws in force on trade combinations, which is perhaps the most valuable portion of the whole Report.

Before we criticize the Reports, we may as well give a brief summary of the substance of each. The principal Report avers that the object of a Trade-Union is not only to fulfil the ordinary purpose of a Friendly or Benefit Society, by raising superannuation allowances for disabled, and providing for the funeral expenses of deceased, members, but also to obtain for the working members the highest amount of wages and the shortest duration of work. This object, it says, is effected by the system of "strikes." Of these strikes we have treated before, in our review of the evidence which was from time to time adduced before this Commission. The Commissioners further point to the many collateral objects involved in the general objects of the Unions; to the monopoly of labour and enhancement of its price caused by the limitation of apprentices, and the disallowance of piece-work and of female labour. Sometimes this monopoly of labour embraces a whole district, as in the case of the Manchester Bricklayers' Union, which will not allow any bricks to be set by its members unless they have been made within the district. The Commissioners touch on the various rules enforced by the Unions, such as those by which a mason is prohibited from working at a brick, a bricklayer from working at a stone, and the man who is leading from proceeding at a rate more rapid than the slowest of his followers; and by which a master resident at Manchester, when engaged on a contract out of that city, is compelled to take half of his men from Manchester, and only half from the place where he works. They quote the words of a member of the Operative Society of Stonemasons, to show how entirely one-sided these rules are. "They are made," this witness acknowledges, "not for men but for masters; we do not take masters into the account; . . . . we merely look on them as men who step in with their capital, and who want to get the greatest profit they can out of their capital, while we want to get the greatest profit we can out of our labour." The Commissioners notice also the associations of the masters which have been formed with the object of obtaining labour on the cheapest terms, and, generally, for purposes of self-defence against the Trade-Unions. With regard to the moral effects of these Unions, the Commissioners report that they have impaired the character of the workmen in their conduct towards the masters, have destroyed the mutual confidence which used to exist between the two parties, and introduced a spirit of antagonism and jealousy. They assert, too, that there is evidence to show that, while this so-called "independence" of the workman towards his master has been developed by the Unions, his real independence, self-reliance, and ambition to distinguish himself by the excellence of his work have been discouraged. The reply of the Unions is, that they have taught the workman no longer to regard himself as an insulated being, subject to oppression and wholly dependent on his master, but as a member of a powerful combination able and ready to protect his rights. The Commissioners hesitate to pronounce on the absolute truth of either statement, but admit that the old tone and character of the relations between master and workman are changed, and that it is hopeless to attempt to revive them. With respect to the effect of the Unions on the trade of the country, the seven Commissioners hesitate to aver positively that the decline of this or that particular trade is due entirely to their action. The masters assert that foreign competition has been enabled, by the agency of the Unions, and the demands which they inspire, to damage the export trade of England; but the seven Commissioners report that this has not been proved to their satisfaction.

Under these circumstances, it becomes a question whether there ought to be any additional right on the part of the workmen to combine, and any additional privileges attached to their combinations. At present, no Trade-Union is entirely legal in its working. All the Unions extend the statutable powers given them to cases to which the permissive powers of the statute are not applicable. Should these powers be extended beyond the limit now allowed by law? The Commissioners' Report is in favour of an extension. They hold that the workmen should be at full liberty to combine for the purpose of enforcing demands to which, if they were not backed by numbers, the master would never accede. But, while they allow this right, they would disallow any contracts involving restraint of trade, and they would retain clauses to prohibit the Unions or their managers from interfering with the freewill of any workmen, whether belonging to the Union or not, who wished to make their own terms with the masters. The weakness of such a proviso is obvious enough. This part of the subject naturally brings the Commissioners to consider the system of "picketing," which they recognise as an unjustifiable interference with the right of the workman to dispose of his own labour on his own terms. They admit the right of workmen to combine in bodies; they admit the right of other workmen to make separate bargains on their own account; and they deplore the abuse of the powers which combination gives to one body of workmen to bully and menace another. For picketing they con-

sider the present law sufficient. The only additional legislative remedy which they propose—or, rather, which the majority of the Commissioners propose—is an enactment that no combined agitation or stipulation shall be illegal merely as "being in restraint of trade"; the rest they would leave to the common law and to the intelligence and good feeling of the workmen. Having thus defined the limits within which Trade-Unions ought to be permitted to act, they proceed to provide the means of giving them a legal status. They propose to register the Unions much in the same way as Friendly Societies are registered, subject to certain conditions, from which some of the Commissioners dissent, and most of the Unionists would be sure to dissent. They further suggest, in a vague way, that Unions for trade purposes might be kept distinct from Unions for benefit purposes, and that such as comply with this and other stated conditions should be registered as First-Class Trade-Union Benefit Societies.

The legislative remedies proposed in this Report are, it will be observed, few. It recognises the evils of the relations at present subsisting between masters and servants, but it can find no remedy beyond the legalization of the Unions on terms to which, as the Commissioners do not unanimously accept them, it is not likely that the Unions will themselves assent. Co-operative partnerships, in the strict sense of the word, the Report shows, have no real existence; and the partnership which is always cited as having the nearest resemblance to them—namely, that of Messrs. Briggs—is shown to be practicable only in certain kinds of business. Finally, of the grand expedient of which Mr. Mundella has proclaimed himself the prime inventor and most zealous exponent, and which is eulogized by the Commissioners—the Board of Conciliation—though it may very often be applicable, too little is known to warrant a confident belief that it is capable of flourishing everywhere and under all circumstances.

It will be seen then that the majority of the Commissioners give a general assent to the assertion of the evils predicated and the remedies proposed; of the mischiefs which the Unions produce, and the difficulty of mitigating them; in fact, they say a word all round, partly in favour and partly in reproval of both sides and the respective conduct of each, and end with recommendations in which they do not appear to have perfect faith themselves. But if the Report of the majority is of a neutral tint, no one can say the same of the Report of the dissentient minority. Messrs. Hughes and Harrison have no doubts. Matters which to the judgments of Sir W. Erle, Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Merivale are doubtful or questionable, are to them clear as the noonday sun. Lord Lichfield appears to adopt some of their conclusions, but not the arguments which lead to them. The other two enter largely and zealously on what may be termed a general defence of Trade-Unions, and the advocacy of their unrestricted and unconditional legalization. Space fails us for any but a very brief summary of the two Commissioners' opinions. A fuller account of their views and a comment on them must be deferred for the present. They begin by pointing out the growth and extent of Unionism. According to a statement made by an interested person, the number of Unionists in the country must now exceed 800,000; and among them are the bulk of the skilled artisans. They appeal to the high character and extensive influence of such Unions as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Amalgamated Carpenters, as a reason for giving a legal recognition to bodies which are both so powerful and so useful. They justify the policy of the Unions in rejecting piecework, limiting apprenticeship, and fixing a *minimum* of wages. They praise these institutions directly for raising the cost of production. They eulogize them for the benefits which they confer, as insurance offices, on the working-classes. They deny that they have injured the trade of the country. Not content with standing on the defensive, they boldly take the line of aggression, and assail the policy of the Masters' Associations. Having satisfied themselves that the employer enters the labour-market with unfair advantages on his side, they contend that the workman can only redress the balance by the agency of the Unions. Unionism appears to them "the exact correlative of competition. The stronger prefer to pursue their ends by means of competition, the weaker by combination." They justly quote the collateral benefits conferred by some of the Unions in aiding workmen during periods of illness or distress, and assisting them to emigrate or to seek new fields of employment. On this score we suspect the two Commissioners could not stand a sifting cross-examination. That the three or four best-managed Unions are of great use simply as Benefit Societies we do not doubt, but that the bulk of them do much for their members, except in cases of strike, we fancy is very doubtful. And we do not believe that any one of them could fulfil the double object of maintaining its disabled members and supplying a superannuation fund for its able-bodied members during a long strike, without the certainty of insolvency. In fact, not more than five of the Unions profess to provide a superannuation fund; and of these the Amalgamated Engineers and the Amalgamated Carpenters are pronounced by actuaries to be virtually insolvent. But we shall revert to this point hereafter.

At considerable length, and with no inconsiderable repetition, the two Commissioners dilate on the beneficial effects of the Unions to the men, their harmlessness to the trade of the country, and the injustice of putting them in a worse position than the Masters' Associations, which are allowed to employ their tactics of combination unchecked. And they conclude their zealous advocacy by proposing that the Unions should be recognised by law, without any restrictions directed against "restraint of trade"; that they should be certified by the Registrar, and should deposit with him annual statements of receipt and expenditure; that they should be on the footing of Friendly Societies, capable of appointing trustees, and entitled to summary remedies against fraud and embezzlement; and that those statutes under which "picketing" is now punishable should be repealed. Of this Report it may fairly be said that it is not, like the Report of the majority, a compromise.

STEEPLE-CHASING.

If we are inclined to define a steeple-chase as an ingenious combination of the maximum of evil with the minimum of sport, we may confess at the same time that a deal of entertainment may be found at it. We except the Grand National, the Grand Military, and other grand meetings, where that redeeming point is very generally wanting. At these the professional element is in the ascendant, and the amateurs so closely imitate their professional models in seat, style, talk, and everything else, that there is little to choose between the one and the other. The whole ceremony wears a grave, business-like air, redolent of allowances calculated to an ounce, and odds shaded away to the fraction of a point. But the provincial and suburban meetings are really amusing. Ambition takes a protean variety of shapes, and it may be a good thing, in the universal progress of the world, that it should be so. Too often, however, ambition the most intelligent and laudable only succeeds in crowning itself with ridicule, and seldom is this more conspicuously the case than with aspirants to the honours of the Turf and the hurdles. Most Englishmen who keep a horse, or are in the way of borrowing one, regard as an item in their inalienable birthright the ability to sit and the skill to guide him. We should be sorry to be so false to our national superstitions as to say they are generally wrong. But there are horsemen and horsemen, and the rough-rider in an English livery-stable might find himself puzzled to break a bare-backed mustang among the guachos, or even to sit an Australian buck-jumper in the bush. A gentleman may show very creditably across a fair sporting country in the ruck of the field, and yet own that his ambition has overleaped itself for once when he sees himself in silk and a light racing-saddle before a crowd of candid and outspoken critics. He might pass muster well enough among brother jockeys, picked even from the first flight of his hunt; as it is, if cursed with any modesty or sense of humour, he recognises that he is there in his bashful awkwardness as a foil to the shrivelled, case-hardened, confident, highly-trained professional who has taken his measure at a glance, and eyes with a contemptuous leer his efforts to get on an understanding with his horse. Before they are warmed to their work, novices in the saddle remind one of nothing so much as the performing monkeys that ride the dogs in steeple-chases at Astley's. The monkey can stick to anything, and will keep his seat so long as his mount keeps his legs; but it pains the right-thinking spectator to see any creature so clearly out of his element, to mark the pitiful expression when he is coming to a hurdle, the obvious self-gratulation when he has placed that danger behind him. Monkeys are the chartered buffoons of the animal kingdom, but you cannot help fancying that in circumstances like these, profoundly conscious of pushing burlesque into tragedy, they deprecate your yielding to your sense of the ridiculous. So it is with the amateur steeple-chase rider when he is fairly out of the weighing scales and on to his horse. As he passes the Stand with the hard-mouthed brute bearing heavily on his wrists, and throwing his head wildly about in his face; as the unaccustomed saddle feels like a sheet of brown paper beneath him, and he scarcely feels at all the reins in his hand; as he realizes that he is the cynosure of sarcastic eyes and the butt of scurrilous tongues, he has a pang of self-contempt at ever having been deluded into accepting the flattering offer of a mount, and the sensation does not tend to restore his self-confidence. He has been in violent and spasmodic training for ten days past, and the result has been to depress his spirits at least as much as to have lowered his weight. His present surroundings are not calculated to exhilarate him. The bitter wind blowing off the bleak fields cuts through his thin jacket like a hundred-bladed penknife, drives the hail and sleet in his face, and pastes his wet sleeves to his arms. When the course is not through a sea of mud, it lies over holding clay. By the time he is with the starter, the strain on his arms has numbed them to the shoulders; it is sight, and not sensation, that tells him his hands are still where they were; and he feels that, once dismissed from the post, he will be as much at the mercy of his steed as Mazeppa or John Gilpin. If riding has anything to do with racing, he is certain to be nowhere. His sole chance is that his horse may be a miracle of speed and staying power, may take the running into his own hands, and land the dead weight upon his back first, should he keep within the flags and not blunder at the fences. This, we venture to say, is not over-coloured sketch of an average performance by one of those bucolic patrons of the Turf who dream of witching the sporting world with their noble horsemanship.

Perhaps it may not be in all cases mere selfish ambition that sends men volunteering in a service where the dangerous and ridiculous blend in about equal proportions. There may be those who concern themselves so warmly in the sport as to be ready to risk neck, ribs, or limbs to promote its interests. It is the danger to the performers that gives it its zest with the onlookers, and a sporting character who has invested in a railway

return-ticket, to say nothing of another to the Stand, feels as disgusted after a bloodless day as the *majo* at a bull-fight when the too cautious *picador* has declined to shorten his lance. It is to the amateurs that the enterprising promoters of the meetings look to furnish materials for the chapter of casualties. Amateurs not only find them exceedingly dangerous to themselves, but make them the cause of dangers to others; and if you left the races under present conditions entirely to professional riders, the number of accidents would dwindle lamentably. Not that we care to lay much stress on this consideration, for danger there must be in one shape or another. Casualties, although not acknowledged to be so, are as essential a part of the programme as anything else; and if the stewards could not tempt muffs to ride, they would be driven to increase the perils of the jumps. That, however, would induce a rise in the tariff of the jockeys, and might consequently exercise a deterrent effect on the entries. On the principle that *volenti non fit injuria*, it is evident that moral arguments are in favour of a system that finds volunteers to risk their necks to make a British holyday, instead of bribing hirelings to do it. So far as accidents to the men are concerned, we take no great exception to steeple-chasing either on moral or utilitarian grounds, not believing that—be the number of mishaps what they may—the country will lose by them more intelligence or virtue than it can easily spare. The charge of cruelty to animals is less easily disposed of, and it is more doubtful how far the Legislature is justified in tolerating a sport where danger to animal life is among the chief attractions. Ride round the course when it is carried away over distant fields, and you see it pass over fair fences and moderate ditches. Supposing tolerable hunters to be decently ridden, in its outlying points it involves no more risks than are inseparable from a pleasant day's hunting. But come to the in-and-out posts and rails, and the water-jump within view of the Stand, and you have evidently the scenery for the sensation scenes of the drama, when you have a right to expect the thrilling *dénouement*. As the afternoon grows old the "takes off" become cut up, and as the bank crumbles away your chances of excitement multiply in a geometrical progression. More especially if the day has been a wet one, it is hard indeed if you have not a broken-backed horse or two, and a crushed rider or so, to enliven your talk in the way home. When anything of the sort does happen, it is delightful to see the brightening up among the faces of the crowd, like a gleam of sunlight falling on them from the wintry sky. You see that something like gratitude lies latent in the roughest specimens of humanity, for when the shattered man is carried past, stretched on the board, after the pistol-shot has told that his horse's last race is run, the bystanders become almost sentimental in their cheery satisfaction at the pleasure he has given them all.

If roughness be, as many Englishmen maintain, synonymous with manliness, there can be no doubt that steeple-chasing is among the most manly of our sports. The philanthropist assisting at any of the suburban field-days must acknowledge they conduce to more than one good end in an old overcrowded country like our own. They are the very carnivals of the criminal, the holydays when the hard-working felon-class gets large draughts of fresh country air and adulterated country beer. They come as near to innocent amusement as anything the law-breaking rough is ever likely to enjoy; for although he does not of course neglect business should it come in his way, and though Providence may chance to send him a "yokel" to be robbed and knocked about as he makes his way in the dusk to the railway station, yet on the whole he restricts himself to swearing, drinking, gambling, obscenity—all comparatively harmless recreations, and in keeping with the purer associations of the country. We should say steeple-chases have a decidedly elevating effect on him, and are so far of course a clear gain to society. But it may be questioned whether this is not outweighed by the influences they exercise on the country population. Hodge sacrifices a day and its wages to the race, gets rid of any loose silver or copper he may have in his pockets, and incapacitates himself for work, for the morrow at the very least. It can scarcely be expected that he should go back in a contented spirit to his toil, after coming in contact with the fascinating sinners from East London, whose pleasant flow of talk has all the charm that can be imparted by a poetic garnish of strange oaths, and a romantic disclosure of unsuspected experiences. If Hodge has the means of standing treat, in the genial familiarity of the ale-cup the graduates of Portland and Milbank will condescend to his innocence, and from a criminal point of view enlighten him as to undreamt-of openings for the labour of the working-classes. Hodge scratches his head, half inclined to despair before the gulf that divides him from the accomplished man of the world whose acquaintance he has made; but the next time he is under pecuniary pressure he modestly tries his hand at pilfering from his master, whose intelligence, as he justly reflects, is relatively on a level with his own. Nor are drinking and good society the only pleasures he enjoys on the course. Ranged along the Stand enclosures are the rows of gaming-tables, where chivalrous capitalists more or less out at elbows hold their banks against all comers. Shabby as these tables look, metaphorically their owners play on velvet. All is fish that comes to their nets, crowns or coppers, and Hodge discovers a fresh pleasure and carries away a new remorse. The farming aristocracy, as well as the peasantry, find the means of present excitement and future embarrassment all ready to their hands. The financiers of the Turf, leviathans, tritons, and minnows, with their little stools and tables, their cards in their hats, their leather bags slung to their persons, must make a good deal of money in one way or other. The gentlemen who ride to the ground in country-cut boots and breeches, and dogskin gloves a couple of sizes too large, ape the sporting magnates of the great meetings, and burn their fingers accordingly. Generally speaking, they feel bound, in honour and parochial patriotism, to stand upon the horse or man they know by sight, although the golden rule on which they ought to go would be to lay against these to their last shilling. The betting men seethe them, so to speak, in their mothers' milk, and fleece them through their amiable weaknesses. We should say the prevailing feelings in a country neighbourhood, the day after a steeple-chase, must much resemble those of the Egyptians when they stared shamefacedly on one another on discovering that they had been generally victimized by the Israelites. But it might be hard on certain vested interests to discourage these games, seeing that those who suffer by them most are the last to complain. To suppress them would be wantonly to interfere with the exercise of private judgment among country fools of all classes, as well as to make a serious inroad on the constitutional rights of the bankrupt publicans who get them up, the blacklegs who pull their horses at them, and the lawless and predatory classes who attend them.

THE NORWICH MURDER.

THE pictorial, and in the worst sense of the word the sensational, character of the recent trial at Norwich is a misfortune. The details of the case unfortunately were such as to invite professional writers of nonsense to outdo themselves in piling up agonies for the benefit of romantic readers. Sober people perhaps may have been repelled from giving to this extraordinary case the attention that it deserves by the extravagant and mischievous writing which has been poured out about it. When the romance of murder is exaggerated, the crime itself, and the important public interests involved in the proof of the crime, are apt to be lost sight of. The newspapers which give themselves up to fine writing on the most horrible incidents of human life and human guilt seem to have taken up the case more as a canvas on which to display the most frenzied and grotesque feats of disagreeable word-painting, than as a serious matter of calm and passionless judicial investigation. In the Norwich tragedy they found an easy illustration of the popular, and convenient, maxim that murder will out. They have been able to show that the conscious earth refused to hide the evidence of crime; that justice, though slow and hesitating, is certain; and that in the last and dreadful alternative a strong and invincible compulsion forces the criminal himself to be his own accuser; and we are assured that the conscience which makes cowards of us all is the instrument of righteous retribution, and that no mystery of murder, however long concealed, can in the long run baffle these impressive vindications of a providential interference to detect great crime. Unfortunately for this excellent talk, we cannot forget that murders very often are not discovered, and that the confession of a murder eighteen years after it has been committed is an occurrence perhaps unprecedented. But to have said this would have cut off the happy chance which the case presented to the writer of an article in one of the London newspapers for the most spasmodic writing of the season, as where he remarked, in speaking of the discovery of the ghastly remains of the murdered woman's body, that "the very heavens were raining on horror's head accumulated horrors," and observed, with more pathos than perspicuity, that the concealment of the crime was "a rank growth of mystery which rotted slowly away on the stalk because it baffled all scrutiny." We should have lost the fine Caravaggio touches of the artist who paints the murderer too fearful to end his long agony by suicide, and yet desirous to condemn himself to death, as irresolute between drowning himself and cutting his throat, in this stupendous burst of eloquence and anti-climax:—"The razor had lain in his pocket unused, for he had lacked the nerve to open it; the dull river had wooed him in vain, for he could not take the fatal plunge; the strange fascination of the street"—where Sheward had first met his murdered wife—"was the impulse he needed; it did not dangle an air-drawn razor to marshal him towards a self-inflicted death; it did not lacquer the dark water with an inviting brilliancy; it led him to the nearest police-station."

Apart from these air-drawn phantasms, and phantoms with the lacquer rubbed off, the case, as far as the facts go, is simple enough. Eighteen years ago many fragments of a human body were found scattered about the suburbs of Norwich. Medical evidence proved distinctly that the remains were those of a murdered woman, conjecturally a young woman, of a recognisable complexion, size, and physical temperament, but with no vestiges of feature capable of recognition. That she was a married woman was inferred from the absence of her ring finger from the otherwise perfect left hand. Here were the sole facts of the case. Rewards for the detection of the murderer were offered, but without any result. No missing woman was heard of by the police; the remains, some of them, were, but not very carefully, preserved, and up to January 1, 1869, from June, 1851, not a single trace of the crime was discovered. On that day a man named Sheward gave himself up to the London police, and accused himself as the murderer, the victim being his wife; his motive for confession being the insupportable weight of guilt, "that he had kept the secret for years, but could keep it no longer." His confession was only in general terms, and he afterwards retracted it. He was on Monday brought to trial, and convicted. The interesting question, then, is—How far do the circumstances of the case justify the verdict? In our judgment completely, and we shall state our reasons.

The thing to be borne in mind is this broad consideration, that on the whole all the facts of the case point conclusively to Sheward's guilt; and that, on the other hand, there is no reasonable ground for an opposite conclusion. Why should he not be considered guilty on the facts proved? is, to say the least of it, quite as pertinent as the question, Why should he be considered guilty? Even if we admit that the case is not in every particular made out, yet the possibility, under the circumstances proved, of Sheward's innocence shrinks into a vanishing quantity when contrasted with the tremendous and cumulative force of the possibilities, mounting up into probabilities, and just touching the verge of certainties, of his guilt. It is quite true that the remains of the murdered woman were not identified as those of Mrs. Sheward—that is, in other words, there was no demonstration that she was dead—and therefore no proof that she was murdered. She may conceivably be alive now. This objection looks imposing; but let us see what is on the other hand. Sheward, it is proved, had married a woman very much his senior. At the time of the (alleged) murder the (alleged) murderer was 39; the wife was 54. It is undeniable that, after the discovery of the remains, no human being has ever seen her. The husband gave most unsatisfactory accounts of her disappearance; he had declined to recover a legacy left to the missing woman; on more than one occasion he showed the strangest agitation in reference to her in certain conversations with her relations. Further, it was proved that he had lived with, and subsequently married, a woman with whom he had been intimate during his wife's life. These were facts proved apart from his own confession. Why should not his confession be true? He had the motive, such as it was, to get rid of her; he had the means and opportunity; and everything of his life during the eighteen years, his concealment of himself, and his manner of existence, were also quite consistent with guilt. Then as to the confession, although it was revoked, the consideration may fairly be urged, that to have invented such a confession—in other words, that the confession was a mere crazy figment and delusion—is infinitely more incredible than that it should be true. The confession tallies with every fact otherwise proved; to suppose it to be false and illusory, a mere wild dream of monomania, is a conclusion which no sound judgment can arrive at. On the hypothesis that the facts implied in the confession are not true, we are bound to satisfy ourselves that at the very moment when Mrs. Sheward disappeared from Norwich, a woman exactly resembling her was murdered; and further, we must have convinced ourselves that Sheward, who lived at Norwich at the time, but who had nothing to do with it, should all of a sudden, eighteen years after the event, have been so wonderfully impressed and staggered with a crime which was no concern of his, and which everybody had forgotten, as to charge himself, an innocent man, with the murder. To believe this would be an exercise of credulity culpable, if not childish. In other words, the whole chain of evidence bears out Sheward's confession; while to be satisfied that Sheward was only playing the fool in accusing himself involves an incredible improbability.

We have said the whole chain of evidence; but when we use this conventional metaphor, we use it in the ordinary practical sense, by which in the common concerns of life we come to a conclusion, and which does not deny that in a chain of judicial proofs some links are stronger than others. And after all what, in this case, is the utmost weakness of the weakest? First, that the medical men in 1851 pronounced the murdered woman to be under thirty, whereas she was in fact more than fifty. To which the answer is easy, that in a physiological question of this sort, while perhaps exact proof is in all cases impossible or highly doubtful, there is no necessary proof that the Norwich doctors were such remarkable experts that their offhand guess on such a point—which at the time was not perhaps considered very important—goes for much. In other words, to make this argument against Sheward's guilt conclusive, we must be satisfied that science can be trusted to pronounce with certainty on the age of a subject from an inspection of *disjecta membra* and scattered pieces of flesh, and also that the Norwich doctors possessed this scientific skill. Next, it is urged, that after all Sheward's confession is very incomplete, and that it tells nothing of the details; and further, that it was retracted and therefore untrustworthy. To which, again, it may fairly be replied, that given the confession, it is much more likely that a person in the agony and tumult of a soul overpowered by the sense of guilt should rather shrink back from the hideous details of the crime than enter into them. There is a nature and truth-likeness in what Sheward said when questioned on these very points of circumstance and detail:—"Oh! it is too horrible to talk about; don't say any more." If, on the other hand, the confession was fictitious, what more natural than that the inventor of a wild story should prepare himself with a circumstantial and minute array of particulars?—which is just what Sheward did not do. The character of Sheward's confession, general, vague, hurried, and agonized, is consistent with its truth, is inconsistent with its falsity. And lastly, as to the argument that the confession is worthless because it was revoked, we should be disposed to urge this very fact as an evidence of its genuineness, Sheward's character being irresolute, inconsistent, and unstable, as his avowed intention to commit suicide, which intention he revoked, proves. In fine, it comes to this, that whatever slight weaknesses there may be in the way of the strict proof of Sheward's guilt, to discredit and disbelieve his own consistent account of the matter is to insult the human understanding and entirely to mistake the nature of proof. Had the Norwich jury refused to convict, they would have fallen into the very error on which we recently commented with reference to the French child-murders, and which in this case comprises the defence—namely, that the suggestion of a possibility that a thing might be so and so is enough to relieve a jury from facing the fact that the chances are almost as infinity to one that this possibility so suggested has no further existence than its infinitely doubtful and unlikely possibility. It comes to this—that no man ought to be found guilty whilst it can be alleged by an advocate that there may be, though there is no evidence of it, some other conceivably possible account of the facts of the case.

GENERAL JOMINI.

AMONG all the soldiers who had seen and shared Napoleon's victories General Jomini had the highest reputation as a theorist, and he had hardly any superior in practical knowledge of the art of war. He was one of the few remaining actors in the great scenes of the first years of the present century. His youth and early manhood were active and eventful. His middle life was laboriously studious. His old age was spent in honourable repose. After surviving by many years the French Emperor and his Marshals, his career, like theirs, has become a portion of that history which has been in great part written by his own industrious and impartial pen. It is true that the name of Jomini hardly appears in the record of any campaign, for it was his part to plan what others executed. But in the most glorious pages of French military history is written the name of Ney, and Ney never performed Napoleon's orders so effectually as when they were interpreted for his guidance by the military intuition of his chief of staff, Jomini.

Like many other soldiers of European reputation, Jomini was by birth a Swiss. He was born in the village of Payerne, in the canton of Vaud, in the year 1779. His desire for a military career would have carried him, according to the custom of his countrymen, into the service of one of the Great Powers, and it happened that he chose what was in those years the winning side. Perhaps his talents would never have been discovered in Germany, and at any rate they were employed and appreciated by France. Yet he was obliged for some years to be content with a commercial situation, and it was not until he had become known as a military writer that he obtained an appointment on the staff of Marshal Ney. The first two volumes of his *Treatise on Grand Military Operations* were published in 1804, and in the five following years he served with Ney in the campaigns of Ulm, Jena, Eylau, and Spain. When Napoleon directed the corps of Soult and Ney against Sir John Moore, it may be supposed that Jomini was with his chief. But Napoleon checked the march of Ney, considering Soult's corps sufficient to drive Moore to his ships; and thus Jomini did not see any actual collision of English and French troops. He had seen almost everything else that war could show. He was sent from Spain, by Ney, to Napoleon, whom he found in occupation of Vienna, and with whom he remained until the war with Austria was finished by the battle of Wagram, in July 1809. For the next three years he was occupied at Paris in writing the history of Napoleon's campaigns. When war broke out with Russia, he did not wish to fight against the Emperor Alexander from whom he had received handsome offers of employment, and therefore he solicited from Napoleon a civil government. But being made Governor of Smolensk, and the French army having begun its disastrous retreat from Moscow, his military capacity was necessarily exercised. At the Beresina he was employed, in conjunction with the Engineer-General Eblé, to select points for the erection of bridges for the passage of the army. Next year he was appointed to his old post as chief of the staff of Marshal Ney; and he gave advice, in anticipation of Napoleon's order, which, if it had been promptly and fully carried out, would have made the battle of Bautzen a victory like that of Friedland. Ney recommended him for the promotion which he had well deserved; but by the jealousy of Berthier, the chief of Napoleon's staff, who had always been his enemy, this promotion was refused, and he was even charged with incapacity and threatened with arrest. Hereupon he quitted the French service for that of Russia, so that he began the campaign of 1813 on one side and finished it on the other. When France was driven within her frontier, his influence with the Emperor Alexander saved Switzerland from absorption by Austria. He was at Paris in 1815, and so warmly opposed the execution of his old leader, Ney, that it was proposed to strike his name from the list of Russian generals. But he continued in the Russian service, and placed his sons in it. One of his daughters married in Russia, and two in France, and he died last week near Paris. Among all the soldiers of fortune, as they used to be called, that his country has produced, he was the most distinguished, and perhaps he was the last; for public opinion now condemns the employment of mere mercenaries, and the hardy youth of Scotland or Switzerland cannot seek, as they used to do, the service of whatever prince or potentate promised the most liberal reward to valour and fidelity.

It might be hastily assumed that Jomini's literary power was greater than his generalship. But if his opportunities of service in the field had not been limited by jealousy of his foreign origin, he might have been himself a marshal, instead of being the head which guided a marshal's hand. Napoleon owed much to Ney, and Ney in turn owed much to Jomini. Ney could and would do anything, if only he knew what was wanted, and this Jomini

could always tell. One of the most brilliant conceptions of Napoleon was the battle of Friedland, but that conception might have been formed in vain if he had not had Ney to execute it. As we read Jomini's description of this battle, we imagine him riding by the side of Ney, and comprehending at a glance the fault of Benningsen's position, and the movements by which Napoleon prepared to profit by it. Before these movements were complete it was five o'clock of a summer afternoon, and in order that Ney's attack might be effective it was necessary that it should be prompt and vigorous. If Napoleon's orders miscarried, Jomini could supply them; if they arrived, he could explain and enforce them. One of the difficulties of Jomini's career was the hostility of the wife of Ney, to whose ears came reports, spread by injudicious friends of Jomini, that her husband's most successful operations were advised by his chief of staff. These reports were probably only too true. We do not know how far Jomini contributed to Ney's success at Friedland, but we can hardly doubt that he was present at the battle which he has so clearly described. We do know that he was present six years afterwards at Bautzen, and he has shown us what Ney did and did not do to make that place another Friedland, although the plan of his work did not permit him to inform us how far his own advice was taken. In the work to which we now refer Napoleon is made by Jomini the narrator of his own exploits. "My manœuvre," says he, "accomplished its object. The allies reinforced Milaradowitsch in the mountains, and Ney concentrated the third and fourth corps behind Klix, ready to strike, the next day, a blow not inferior to either Ratisbon or Friedland in the importance of its results." At break of day the battle was commenced throughout the whole line. Napoleon renewed against the left of the allies in the mountains the demonstration of the previous day. His centre was deployed to impose on the enemy, but not to engage him. Ney crossed the Spree at Klix, pushed his divisions behind the right flank of the Allies, and "these forces afterwards directed their march on the spires of Hochkirch." Although Jomini does not mention his own name here, he has elsewhere told us that the direction of this march was suggested to Ney by him. He read, by what we have called his military intuition, Napoleon's plan of battle. He knew that Napoleon's attack on the left and front of the Allies would dislodge them from their position in the mountains, and he advised Ney to place himself across the roads by which they must have retreated. Here was the opportunity for another Friedland, and there was all the day to use it. "The manœuvre was perfect, and ought to have produced incalculable results; but several unfortunate circumstances marred its success." An order which Napoleon wrote to Ney was delayed in transmission, but Jomini anticipated its tenor. Thus far no harm was done. But, unfortunately, Ney did not appreciate the position he had gained. An attack made upon him by Blucher caused him to forget the direction of Hochkirch, which he had indicated in the morning, and he deviated entirely from the manœuvre by which Napoleon designed to get possession of the enemy's line of retreat. Meanwhile that part of the battle which was under Napoleon's eye was shaped according to his scheme. "At twelve o'clock Ney's cannon announced that the moment had come for striking at the centre." And Napoleon struck as he always did strike for such an object. The attacks which he directed dislodged the Allies as he had calculated, and at the same time, Ney, advancing in the wrong direction which he had chosen, found no enemy to oppose, but saw them defiling by a road to which he had been much nearer than they were two hours before. If Ney had executed precisely the order which was sent to him, and which Jomini, as we have seen, had anticipated, and had shown one half of the energy which he showed at Friedland and many other places, the enemy would have lost the greater part of his army and all his *matériel* of war. The Allies could never have saved their left wing and their cavalry. "The fate of my empire thus depended on the faulty movement of the most valiant of my generals. It is just, however, that I should take my own share of the blame." After the left wing, under Ney, was on the decisive point of the battle, Napoleon should have moved there himself with his guard and cavalry; or at least he should have sent to Ney a more detailed order. With proper support of cavalry, Ney would have captured Blucher's infantry. A great victory over the Allies would have deterred Austria from joining them, and Napoleon might have retained his throne. Thus much depended on Ney's adherence for two hours to Jomini's advice, "to direct his march on the spires of Hochkirch." As it was, Napoleon took no prisoners, and found on the field only a few dismounted cannon. For the second time in that campaign he had sacrificed twenty thousand men without any adequate result.

When Ney was next called upon to execute Napoleon's orders, he had not Jomini by his side to explain their meaning. An armistice followed the battle of Bautzen, and when hostilities were renewed, Jomini was in the camp of the Allies, among whom Austria was now numbered. The plans of the Allies were discussed in an unwieldy council, of which Jomini and also Moreau were members. Moreau was a Frenchman who served against his country's army in the honest belief that the overthrow of Napoleon was necessary to her happiness. Jomini had a well-founded belief that he had been exceedingly ill-treated, and so he changed sides with a facility which was common in the seventeenth century, but has gone out of fashion in the nineteenth. When we remember how the passions of Englishmen were excited by this conflict, and still more with what popular ardour Germany rushed to arms against Napoleon, we cannot but regard with wonder the calmness with which Jomini transferred himself from the side of Napoleon to his enemies. Yet it is hard upon the native of a country too small to go to war on its own account, that his military capacity should be forbidden to display itself at a time when all the Great Powers of Europe are in arms. Napoleon expressed no resentment at Jomini's departure, but acknowledged the greatness of his services and the reality of the grievance of which he complained. It was soon made manifest that Marshal Ney had lost his head. The defeat which he suffered at Dennewitz enabled Jomini to say of him, "Ney's intellect shone only in the midst of a battle when the balls were flying round him. There his discernment, his coolness, and his vigour were incomparable. But he was unable to combine his operations in the silence of the cabinet, while studying his maps." This disaster of Ney, and others which befell Napoleon's lieutenants about the same time, balanced the great victory which Napoleon himself gained over the Allies at Dresden. The causes of Napoleon's reverses in 1812-13 have been excellently explained by Jomini. "He fell from the height of his greatness because he forgot that the mind and strength of man have their limits, and that the more enormous the masses which are set in motion, the more subordinate does individual genius become to the inflexible laws of nature, and the less is the control which it exercises over events." There was, however, for Napoleon the hope that his enemies would blunder more seriously than his own generals. Chaos reigned supreme at the allied head-quarters. Even Napoleon's genius could not command four hundred thousand men, and Schwartzenberg, who was opposed to Napoleon, was a mere ordinary man. It had been proposed to give the chief command to the Archduke Charles of Austria, who alone had shown adequate capacity, but, says Jomini, "private interests defeated this object." So Schwartzenberg was the nominal general of this unwieldy army, and the Emperor Alexander had the "indirect control" of it, and probably consulted Jomini sufficiently to prevent any more such enormous blunders as that which incurred defeat at Dresden. The picture of confusion in the allied councils is the more interesting because England was spending millions to pay and equip troops which seemed destined to useless slaughter. However, by force of numbers and perseverance, the Allies finally prevailed, and Napoleon was driven out of Germany. We cannot know how far this result was attributable to Jomini, because the counsels which were really his went forth as those of the Emperor of Russia.

Next year Jomini entered France with the Russian Emperor, and was then permitted by him to go to Switzerland, which needed an influential protector against Austria. Thus the year 1814 was the last of Jomini's active service. He had seen as many battles as most men of his age, and he enjoyed fifty years of leisure to think and write on war. His death is like the closing of an era, for there can be few men left to speak, as he could speak, from personal recollection, of the fields of Jena, Eylau, Wagram, Bautzen, and Leipsic, and to say, as he might say, of the great events which he recalled, *quorum pars magna fui*. The most remarkable result of his large experience of war is perhaps the declaration which he somewhere makes that he had seen positions carried by troops with shouldered arms, but that in the line of battle he never saw a conflict with the bayonet.

FREE TRADE ECCLESIASTICAL.

DR. ARNOLD, in his History of Rome, remarks that "the extremes of civil society, the highest aristocrats and the lowest populace, have often made common cause with each other against that middle class which both hate equally." The social extremes in which this result has been shown are those measured by rank, education, and refinement, not by luxury or material wealth. Dr. Arnold's aristocracy was not a plutocracy. The chasm which separated "the two nations, the rich and the poor," was not more distinctly recognised by the author of *Sibyl* than it had been by the author of the *Politics*, who had anticipated the great Whig doctrine of the ten-pound householder, and upheld it on the ground that there was no fear in any State that the wealthy and the poor would combine against him, by reason of the rooted distrust which each class feels towards the other. The theory maintained by Mr. Disraeli in the days when he wore the white waistcoat of Young England was sufficiently consistent. The supremacy of the shop, whether it appeared in the form of cotton, petroleum, or shoddy, was only to be controlled and kept under by the union and sympathetic action of the hierarchy, ecclesiastical and social, with the mass of the unwashed. This, too, was the doctrine maintained more or less distinctly by leaders and followers alike in the Oxford religious movement. "Tractarianism," as it was called, appealed to the educated and labouring classes against the middle and commercial ranks of society. The Anglican clergy boasted that they were *tribuni plebis*, and they magnified their office by throwing a poetical halo of glory round their clients. The agricultural labourer was a "peasant." It was not so easy to know how to designate his representative in the towns, whom the young Anglican priest, as an undergraduate, had been in the habit of familiarly describing as a "cad"; but it was tolerably safe to call him a "mechanic" or an "artisan," and to trust to luck or the general ignorance for escaping any need of defining the terms. One thing, at any rate, was clear; the commercial middle-class was a common enemy; trade was a very low thing; and middle-class trading respectability must

be smitten hip and thigh. If the country squires failed to give in their allegiance to the new *régime*, so much the worse for the squires; if they chose to stand by the shopkeepers, they must be content to be tarred impartially with the same Young England stick. Every kind of objectionable "ism" centred in the well-to-do, comfortable, middle-aged householder who, whether he was Whig or Tory, and swore by Lord Melbourne or by the Duke of Wellington, meant to do as his father had done before him, and had no idea of giving in to new-fangled notions which a parcel of lads had taken up at college. This obstructive and irrational being was to be attacked, and made to submit, at all hazards; and it was seen at once that the stronghold and citadel of his respectability was his pew at church. Here he was entrenched and fortified; it was his Sunday castle; and out of it, by fair means or foul, he must be made to come. If he would help to pull it down, so much the better; if not, it must be pulled down about his ears. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the Oxford enthusiasts of the last generation would have been so eager in pulling the castle down, had they not been quite certain that the middle-class British householder was in it. As he was there, however, and made no secret of his presence, the sharpshooters of the force were told off to make his life a continual burden to him; and "very pretty shooting" they found it. He was a fair mark; and the lively, stinging satire of stories like *Milford Malvoisin* and *St. Antholin's* told cruelly upon him, while the heavy ordnance of the *Tracts for the Times* was engaged elsewhere.

This earliest attack on pew-holding respectability was intellectual in its character and, in the main, clerical in its origin. Its ostensible motive was the exaltation of the brother of low degree; its co-ordinate result at least, not to say its real object, was to bring down the rich man from his uppermost seat in the synagogue. The "peasant" already touched his hat to the parson. The "artisan" didn't; but perhaps, with a little management, he might; while rural granges and halls, and country-town High streets and villas, were full of unbending Mordecais, who had forgotten all that the Catechism had taught them about submission to their spiritual pastors, and who must be made to learn it all over again. The war went on vigorously at first, and with varied success. In some places the enemy capitulated; in some the attacking force was compelled to retire in confusion from before the impregnable wooden walls. But by degrees the echoes of the strife died away, and were succeeded by an inglorious peace. The invading hosts of Oxford, the champions of sweetness and light, were settling down among the parochial Philistines, and finding them not such bad neighbours after all. They ate of their dinners, and occasionally, if a contemporary chronicler (*A Paper Lantern for Puseyites*, 1843) may be trusted, "their daughters were a snare unto them," and the fiery glance from the pulpit directed against the Squire's pew became, while much more frequent, far softer in its gleam. Later still, the warriors began to find grey hairs stealing on them as they looked complacently down on the rectory pew, now well filled. Even the keen marksman of *St. Antholin's* had, we believe, subsided into the calm dignities of a Rural Dean, and may have shared some official fellow-feeling with his former antagonist, the popular preacher and "idol of the pew," "the Rev. Lothario Swainham of Cheltenham," who "always took a glass of calves'-foot jelly in the vestry—it made his voice softer, he said." Within the last few years, however, signs have been continually increasing that the old war against the middle-class was about to break out afresh, and that it was to be fought on the old battle-ground, the floor of the parish church. This time the movement has been practical in its character, and democratic in its origin. Its headquarters have, not without significance, been at Manchester instead of Oxford, and its leaders have been laymen of education and position in commercial or social life. Its watchword has been a "Free and Open Church"; and it has declared war against the combined powers of the middle-class and the clergy, whom it denounces as holders and abettors of a monopoly against the natural rights and spiritual interests of the people. The extent of the movement has as yet been inconsiderable, but its promoters have been men of enthusiasm and practical energy, who are well able to appraise the influence of loud assertion upon public opinion, and who are possessed of the valuable gift of never knowing when they are beaten.

The Free and Open Church Association was, as we have said, originally founded in Manchester, and began its active operations in that city and in Liverpool. Its principles were those of the purest ecclesiastical free trade. Under no circumstances whatever was a single sitting in any church to be the subject either of a money payment or of personal appropriation. Pew-renting and pew-holding were its twin abominations, and it constructed a kind of Commination Service, which included all persons and things connected with either institution, and which was to be used at all seasons and in all places indiscriminately, but especially at the season of Easter vestries, and on the occasion of the election of churchwardens. In Liverpool, where the forces of the party have been massed, and the generalship vigorous and active, the Easter elections for some years past have been sharply and closely contested, though never with success; and the members of the party in Liverpool, having thus become the most prominent leaders of the movement in the North, have asserted for themselves the principle of independent ecclesiastical authority, and disowned all allegiance to the Metropolitan throne of Manchester. In pursuance of this line of conduct, an attempt has been made to form centres of independent action in other dioceses, and the members of the party in London, reinforced by a Liverpool contingent, have lately availed themselves of an opportunity offered to them by the President of Sion College for preaching their crusade in the heart of the City, in the very centre and headquarters of the rival power. We believe that the anticipation of "an animated debate," expressed by the *Daily News*, was very far from being realized, and that the assailants found the position undefended, and indeed unoccupied, except by a few indifferent or curious spectators. The discussion had been accidentally fixed for the opening night of the Irish Church debate; and in the presence of a momentous question on the issue of which, in the opinion of a large political party, and of at least a considerable majority among the clergy, the very existence of the English Established Church was supposed to depend, there may have appeared to be a certain incongruity in discussing the value of a proposed panacea for all the spiritual ills of the nation, which may be briefly described as the adaptation to ecclesiastical purposes of the system of the London General Omnibus Company, without the table of fares. Every part of the body of every parish church is claimed as available for the first comers among the parishioners—the provision for defining and distinguishing parishioners being as yet undiscovered or unannounced; and all payment for the accommodation in any shape is emphatically repudiated, the first condition being that the church shall be open, the second that it shall be free. These two conditions are maintained to be fundamental laws belonging to every church by the very fact of its existence, as by a kind of divine right, all canons and customs, and all Church Building Acts, and other Acts of Parliament, to the contrary notwithstanding; and on the neglect or violation of these two unwritten commandments the whole existing or alleged alienation of the poor from the communion and worship of the English Church is declared to rest. The comfortable classes and the clergy are leagued in unholy alliance to maintain a great wrong in the systematic violation of these laws; and the Free and Open Church Associations, Central and Diocesan, have unsheathed the sword and declared that they will give no quarter till they have torn from the last clergyman his pew-rent, and from the last householder his pew.

This is, in effect, the programme of the ecclesiastical democracy of the future, which Manchester proposes to force on a protected and Protectionist Church, as she imposed Free Trade on a compact and recalcitrant squirearchy, with a perfect millennium of Anglicanism for its promised result and reward. The clergy and the middle-class have only to be conquered and reduced to an unconditional surrender; and then we shall see what we shall see. As the first thing we should see would be the whole body, or nearly so, of the West-end clergy, and of the clergy of the suburbs of London, and of every important town in the kingdom, immediately and entirely disendowed, the proceeds of the operation being presented as a bonus or bribe to the comfortable classes, the arrangement is not calculated to strike an ordinary observer as being absolutely perfect. And the financiers of the Liverpool and Manchester Exchanges have accordingly recognised the necessity of producing an ecclesiastical budget which is to work with unvarying and universal success, and under the operation of which everybody is to be better off than ever they were before, and there is always to be a surplus at the end of the year. This result is to be achieved by the substitution, for the omnibus conductor's table of fares, of the cabman's polite intimation that he "leaves that to you." In other words, the bag—we had almost written "the hat"—is to be sent round in every church at the close of every service; and its contents will be found on examination to be as inexhaustible as the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil. Everybody will always put something into the bag, and somebody will decide as to the apportionment of its contents; only nobody will be disappointed or dissatisfied, because there will be plenty for all, clergymen, choristers, societies, organists, pew-openers—we beg pardon, we mean sacristans—church repairs and expenses, and also, as one of the earlier uses of the offertory must not be put entirely out of sight, for the poor. Against so very rose-coloured an estimate it may perhaps be objected that it belongs rather to the higher regions of prophecy than to the terrestrial level of calculation. Not at all. Liverpool and Manchester have their "financial results" to show. The experiment has been tried. At Perivale, in Middlesex, where there are only forty-eight inhabitants, the old system, "under pew-rents or appropriation," produced 6*l.* per annum; the new system, "from offertory, when free and unappropriated," has produced 30*l.* "Kirkheaton, in Northumberland," from "a few pence four times in the year," has risen to 20*l.* "Wrexham Parish Church," a noble specimen of architecture, from "small" to 250*l.*; and as a still more remarkable result, a whole string of churches in Bath, Halifax, Manchester, Scarborough, and London, from absolutely *nil* to amounts ranging downwards from 1,000*l.* or more. The financial case is therefore so clear that it may be taken for granted without requiring a word of proof. A few obstinate sceptics may perhaps be found who may doubt the universality of the conclusion to be drawn from the particular experience of Perivale and Kirkheaton, and who may wish that even in these favoured parishes the clergy may not be entirely dependent for support on their share of the "offertory, when free and unappropriated." A few middle-aged persons, too, more prosaic than enthusiastic, may question whether it would be altogether pleasant for a man of education and refine-

ment to know that his maintenance depended on the casual scraping together of small coins in the very acts of his ministration, according to the discretion or caprice of a not necessarily refined or judicious assembly, who knew that his income was in their power. But one conclusion would be beyond all doubt or questioning. The victory of the democracy of the Church, under its demagogues or favourites of the moment, would be complete. The middle-classes, ejected from the accustomed refuge and stronghold of the family-pew, would at least have the option, if they did not like the new arrangement, of staying away from church altogether; but the clergy would be left absolutely in the hands of the multitude of the hour, to give or to withhold the supplies. This conclusion is unhesitatingly accepted by the Church Reformers of Manchester, who hail it as the introduction, *in divinis*, of an order of things in which the multitude will be always unprejudiced, liberal, and devout, and the clergy invariably models of high principle, of culture, and of solvency.

NEW WINDOWS AND MOSAICS IN ST. PAUL'S.

"THE noblest edifice erected, since the Reformation, to the worship of God" has been "long left cold and cheerless." Sir Christopher Wren, it is well known, intended that the interior of St. Paul's should receive, though not lavish, yet appropriate decoration; he wished that some eminent Italian artist should be called in to adorn the cupola with rich and durable mosaics. His plan, however, was overruled by Commissioners, both ecclesiastical and secular, as too novel to be liked and too costly to be paid for. And instead of such mosaics—"paintings for eternity"—the world has for nearly a century had to endure the empty and pretentious compositions of Sir James Thornhill—works which, happily nearly invisible, may now with advantage be swept away wholly. Yet unfortunately "the barren stateliness" of the general interior has been held to be in keeping with Protestantism, and thus this grim desolation was sustained sacred to the Reformation, in lasting testimony as it were against Rome. Even George III., when he wanted to do something in mitigation of the evil, was opposed by the ecclesiastics; and the Royal Academy, including Reynolds its President, when they offered, in a moment of youthful generous impulse, "to paint at their own expense a series of Scriptural histories for the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral," were thwarted by Bishop and Archbishop, under the plea that the plan "would occasion great noise and clamour as an artful intrusion of Popery." Happily we live in a day when zeal for the Church no longer prescribes hostility to the arts. Thus, when a meeting was convened in the Mansion House to raise funds "for the renovation and decoration of the interior of the cathedral of St. Paul, in accordance with the original designs of Sir Christopher Wren," the first resolution was moved by the Bishop of London, the second by the Bishop of Oxford; while the late Dean, on behalf of himself and the Chapter, expressed gratitude for the wide and influential support given to the great work. Furthermore, in the *Annals of St. Paul's*, Dean Milman speaks to the following effect:—I should wish to see such decorations introduced as might give some splendour, without disturbing the solemnity and simplicity of the edifice, some colour to enliven and gladden the eye. I would see the dome, instead of brooding in dead weight over the area below, expanding and elevating the soul towards heaven. I would see the sullen white of the roof, the arches, the cornices, the capitals, and the walls, broken and enlivened by gilding. I would see the adornments carried out in a rich, but harmonious (and as far as possible from gaudy) style, in unison with our simple form of worship.

Having thus stated the needs of the case, and the general principles of the plan proposed, we will now speak more in detail of the decorations already effected. Of the gilding, upon which the late Dean laid, as we have seen, some stress, we need say nothing more than that it has been so applied as to accentuate the leading lines of construction, and thus to relieve by light and colour an oppressive dreariness. Of the painted windows and mosaics we will speak more at large. In the outset we may remark that the interior of St. Paul's is, by common consent, inferior to the exterior, that the details confess to haste and carelessness, and that, as in St. Peter's, the windows are rather holes knocked through the walls for the admission of light than architectural designs. Altogether it must be admitted that Italian styles are less favourable to painted glass than Gothic. No mullions or traceries having been constructed by Wren, and it being impossible that the figures in glass could stand without support, columns, friezes, pediments, &c., had to be included in the painted compositions of the windows. Thus, at the West-end St. Paul is converted, and in the central East window Christ is crucified, under remarkably handsome structures of the Cinque-cento. It may be observed that, in these two grand East and West windows, which, as first instalments, have come from Munich, there has been a threefold responsibility. First, Mr. Penrose, who, with praiseworthy moderation, seeks simply to do what Wren might have done if entrusted with the decoration of his own structure, provided architectural designs to serve, when executed in glass, as stately surroundings to the figures. Thus the style of the building, which may be designated in general terms as Palladian, imposed the design of the glass; hence these windows, by the inevitable conditions of the case, are removed from early treatments identified with Gothic architecture, and become, almost of necessity, allied to later developments belonging to Cinque-cento, Palladian, and Renaissance styles. Of course the works now presented to the public will be praised or censured accordingly. Then, secondly, Professor Schnorr is responsible for the drawing and composition of the figures. We need scarcely remind our readers that Professor Julius Schnorr von Karolsfeld, known in this country through his Bible prints and otherwise, is a leader in the Munich school of mural painting. Accordingly, his designs for these windows are distinguished by the accuracy in form, the science of composition, and the academic and somewhat artificial treatment which distinguish that school. The cartoons being thus studiously elaborated, the final responsibility was thrown upon Chevalier Ainmiller, the well-known inspector of the Royal Manufactory of Glass Painting in Munich. The windows now set up in St. Paul's, like those in the cathedrals of Cologne and Glasgow, and in the church of Sta. Maria Hilf, Munich, are products from this Royal factory. The finished works may be designated in few words. The general characteristics of the style are those of the Cinque-cento. The compositions aspire to an architectonic pomp worthy of the epoch of Raffaelle. The Mosaic system, at least in its somewhat abrupt brilliance, and its broken piecemeal of tesseræ, is surrendered for a manner which assimilates glass-painting to oil-painting. And, instead of an assemblage or galaxy of colours, each lustrous as a jewel, the composition is delicately modulated in its polychrome, broken into half-tones, till it gently passes through atmospheric distance into a grey blue of sky which dawns as the firmament in at the window. To quote the words of the late Mr. Winston, we may say that the object sought by these windows, in common with other works of the Munich school, is "a union of the severe and excellent drawing of the early Florentine oil-paintings with the colouring and arrangement of the glass-paintings of the latter half of the sixteenth century."

We have neither space nor inclination to resume the interminable controversies which Munich windows have provoked whenever they have presented themselves to the notice of English critics. Within the limits at our command, it seems best to attempt merely such impartial statement as may give to those latest attempts fair consideration. To try to shake the convictions of devout mediævalists were waste of time; moreover, it is scarcely to be expected that reverent Gothicists will put themselves to the pain of entering St. Paul's at all; and, within our experience, the painters in glass are the most intolerant of people. To opponents then it may bring some consolation to be told that the new windows are open to the old objection of being less of the quality of glass than of painted blinds and picture transparencies. It is the misfortune of all the grandiose tableaux which come from Munich, that while the multitude adore, the select few stand aside to criticize, if not to scoff. And certainly these windows have a spell for the sense of vision which it is hard for the critical judgment to withstand. Here two grand compositions meet the eye, one "the Crucifixion," the other "the Conversion of St. Paul," each encompassed by more than accustomed state and ceremony. The drawing is true and powerful as that of the Roman school, the forms swell into grandeur, the composition is intent upon being at no point beneath the dignity and balanced propriety of Raffaelle, while the colour strikes at the not unpleasing concord of eclectic compromise. Of course originative genius is out of the question; who looks for the independence of genius in painted glass? The comparatively recent revival of a lost art has usually been appreciated in proportion to its servility; and our artists in glass, while seeking for the best colour, have too often espoused the most archaic form. Reverence has blinded devout disciples; in windows of the Nativity, for example, we have to admire Three Kings knockkneed through fear and broken down by reverence, ready, as the climax of their worship, to fall to pieces at the Madonna's feet. Rational people find it hard to discover why glass, in order to be lovely, must begin with an outrage upon nature. The difficulties, however, involved are avowedly great, for nature is compelled to submit to conventional treatment and geometric proportion before she can be brought into service to the parent art of architecture, which demands obedience, severity, moderation. Difference of opinion will necessarily arise as to whether these new windows have hit the happy mean between archaicism and modernism, between the hard austerity of the one and the free and easy manner of the other. We incline to think that were Mr. Winston, to whom all parties owe no small debt of gratitude, now living, he would claim in these works a decisive victory for the cause which, especially in later years, he espoused possibly too strongly. "The best picture glass-painting," wrote Mr. Winston, "is that which most fully combines the quality of a good picture with a display of the diaphanous property of glass." Yet, for ourselves, we scarcely see that these, the last and possibly most successful products of the German school, materially change the aspect of the controversy. Diaphanous they are not. We have endeavoured to give full credit for what is gained; but, on the other hand, we are bound to confess that the new windows in St. Paul's, like others of the school, are wanting in that gem-like lustre, that jewel-sparkle in light, which remain the unapproached prerogatives of the choicest mediæval glass. The highest praise that can be awarded to these two sumptuous windows is that, whatever they may be as painted glass, they are, as specimens of appropriate and religious decoration, successful.

Yet the windows in St. Paul's may be accepted as the best of their kind, even though it be objected that the kind is bad.

Much has been done to mitigate the mannerism of the school. The bane of Munich glass has been that it seeks to paint pictures by means of opaque enamel colours. Three methods have been known in the history of the art of glass-painting. First; the mosaic system, of transparent material, and in style identified with Gothic architecture. Second; the enamel system, a later development and decadence, of which the Reynolds windows in New College, Oxford, are the most debased and egregious examples. And third, "the mosaic-enamel method," which seeks to combine transparent "pot-metal" glass with the use of opaque enamel colour. This last has till now been the process employed in the production of the picture-painted glass of Munich; and the result, even when near to perfection, can be best indicated by a somewhat violent comparison; thus, while the best old glass may be said in deep-toned harmony and broken lustre to approach rich Oriental fabrics, modern German windows may be likened to the thin smooth calicos printed in Manchester. But at length the Munich painters have begun to amend the error of their way; thus the mitigation of vicious methods first observable in Glasgow is now in London followed by still further amelioration. We believe that, somewhat through the representations received from England, enamel colours have been all but abandoned in these new windows in favour of transparent glass and the old mosaic method. Certainly we gladly observe a return to the ancient "leading"; though we are not sure that in these windows some lining or pigment has not been applied to the exterior. In the worst decadence of the art leading was discarded; large rectangular sheets of glass were treated as paper or canvas favourable to the reception of pictures; and works thus weak have obtained unbounded applause from the democracies who crowd International Exhibitions. We are glad to find, in the bold use of leading in the windows now set up in St. Paul's, some surety for firm drawing and severe treatment; a curb is thus put on the license of Renaissance styles. Indeed, there seems reason to hope that the distinguishing merits of rival methods may yet be blended, that the superior colour of our English revivalists may be joined to the good drawing of Continental schools. Thus we may, even in the art of glass painting, look for progress in place of finality.

A word must be given to the small and somewhat feeble commencement of the proposed mosaic decorations. The eight spandrels beneath the dome are to be filled by four major Prophets and four Evangelists. These figures, could they but rise on their legs, would stand ten feet high. However, Mr. Stevens's "Isaiah" will never get up; the figure evidently is broken in the back, and the head gropes forward on the shoulders as if the "major Prophet" were purblind. A couple of angels being within call offer what help they can; not being ornamental, they are willing to be useful. These figures belong to that generic class of angels who addict themselves to lie about in fine attitudes among clouds; they seem here to have no very specific vocation—they are servants of all work. We know the species well, though not in mosaic. In the time of Michael Angelo such artistic properties abounded in the purlieus of the Vatican. Mr. Stevens is a genius, and therefore we are all the more disappointed to find his "Isaiah" a failure; the artist evidently lost his way before he got through his composition; his lines, forms, and masses are confused, his colours muddled. Mr. Watts's "St. Matthew" is better, though the masses are scarcely sufficiently pronounced for mural decoration. The composition in the line of its relief against the gold ground—always a matter difficult of treatment—is not well studied. We also incline to think that more of the bas-relief and less of the pictorial method would, considering the material and the position, be desirable. Yet it must be confessed that the figure, as a whole, shares grandeur with Michael Angelo. We trust that the bold experiment may prosper. We have not space to speak of the merits of rival mosaic manufactures, Venetian and British, or of the comparative advantages of glass and ceramic tesseræ. But, at all events, the best authorities seem to be agreed that mosaic is destined to take a most important part in the architectural decoration of the future, and assuredly there can be no field more fitting for the display of this eminently monumental art than Wren's grand interior.

From the good beginning already made we incline to augur well for this truly national enterprise, "the renovation and decoration of St. Paul's." It were almost impossible to commend too highly the zeal shown by several of the City Companies for the honour of the Cathedral, justly the pride of London, and by the late Mr. Brown—of the famous Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown firm—who gave the Great West window. Such timely generosity, we trust, may provoke general emulation. From the art point of view we may add that there seems reasonable ground to believe that the spirit of the architectural design will be preserved. Sir Christopher Wren's compositions, like Handel's choruses, are marked by breadth and grandeur, with a certain state and solemnity in march and bearing; and we earnestly hope that the decoration of this noble interior will not be permitted to degenerate into gaudiness, or descend into prettiness. The purpose should be to preserve the details in due relation to the whole; the ruling motive should be to maintain breadth, simplicity, repose, and above all, if possible, to enhance the idea of space and dimension, and thus to augment grandeur. No such mistake as that unfortunate one which induced Mr. Penrose to tamper with and to ruin Wren's choir will, we trust, be repeated. If the "return stalls" of the dean and the higher dignitaries were returned to their original position, and some choir screen, so often promised, provided, we should have great hopes of the Eastern portion of the interior; especially as it is understood that a handsome baldachino for the altar is in preparation. But the work before the authorities of St. Paul's is enormous; the Western doors, economically grained in imitation of oak, only too painfully remind us of the bronze gates of Italy; and the squalid condition of the façade, with its temporary lamp-posts of painted deal boards, and the dilapidated figure of Queen Anne, are simply a disgrace to the first church of the first city in the world. We trust that the new Dean will not suffer the work so heartily commenced, and to some extent so sufficiently executed, by his lamented predecessor to languish.

REVIEWS.

DESCARTES.*

Considering the very important position held by Descartes in the history of modern philosophy, we scarcely think that he has of late been honoured in this country with the amount of attention which is his due. His name is familiar to all educated persons; proper gratitude is felt when it is remembered that he freed thought from the "trammels of the schools," and those who are rather more erudite than their neighbours are aware that he held very strong opinions as to the fact of his own existence, which he expressed by the formula *Cogito ergo sum*. All this is perfectly true as far as it goes, and it roughly indicates the work done by the great thinker of France, in addition to his advances in mathematical science; but then it goes such a very little way.

The philosophy of Descartes deserves serious study, not only on account of its intrinsic value, about which doubts may be entertained, but because it really does begin the modern epoch of metaphysics. It breaks the chain of thought that had been continued through Pagan and Christian times, from Plato and Aristotle to the scholastic divines and the philosophers of the Renaissance; and though points of contact may be found between the doctrines of Descartes and those of the sages of antiquity, there is no reason to believe that he ever went consciously out of his way to adopt any opinion that did not actually proceed from his own intellectual operations. The names of Plato or Aristotle would have had no more weight with him than with Bacon; perhaps even less, for it is a striking peculiarity of his character that he was totally devoid of a feeling for history. To Bacon the two Greeks might at any rate have been interesting as persons who had made a noise in their day; but to Descartes the past was as nought. A comprehensive table of the sciences, as conceived by Descartes, analogous to the encyclopædical survey taken by Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*, may be found in the work by M. Millet, now before us, and it omits history altogether. The only ancient institution thoroughly revered by the French thinker was the Church of Rome, to which he adhered not merely, as might be supposed, for the sake of keeping up appearances, but in a spirit of mystical devotion which accords somewhat strangely with his character of a man of the world who indulged in the usual licences allowed in the seventeenth century to gentlemen, who "wore a sword," fought his duel on occasion, indulged in a little affair of gallantry, and had no objection to high play. It is possible, perhaps it may be proved, that where Descartes coincides with St. Augustine, the coincidence is not merely accidental, and there is every probability that he learned something of the "ontological proof of the existence of a Deity" (of which more presently) while studying under the Jesuits at La Flèche. But here ceases his connexion with the olden time, and if his intellectual kinsmen are to be sought, we must look to the contemporary men of science, who had, however, no influence on his metaphysics. Where he has been accused, justly or not, of plagiarism, it has been as a man of science, not as a philosopher.

We may observe, moreover, that if the student of modern philosophy is not bound, save when he would understand the intellectual labours of those eccentric thinkers who have no place in the regular pedigree, to go further back than Descartes, so far back he will be compelled to go, if he would begin at the very beginning. Not only the reader of Spinoza and Leibnitz, but even he who has confined himself to Locke and Berkeley, will be surprised to find what light is thrown on his studies when he has made himself tolerably familiar with their great French predecessor. These writers wrote when Cartesian ideas were immediately before them, or at any rate were floating in their intellectual atmosphere, and to his pages can be traced the origin of those doubts and difficulties which long after him troubled heads addicted to speculation. The question is, how is the study to begin? Descartes is a most agreeable writer, whether he chooses French or Latin as the medium for communicating his thoughts; but then he is voluminous, and his views are scattered through a variety of books. There is no one work, not even the *Principia*, which can be put to a use analogous of that which one may make of Locke's Essay, or the Dialogues of Berkeley. A guide is required who will direct attention to the proper places.

Such a guide is not to be discovered in M. Millet, although his history will be found extremely interesting to those who have already taken a comprehensive view of the system of Descartes, and are anxious to know his earlier training; for, ending with the year 1637, in which he published his *Méditations*, the first work of im-

* *Histoire de Descartes, avant 1637.* Par J. Millet. Paris: Didier.

portance which he presented to the world, it not only keeps out of sight the *Principia*, which appeared long afterwards, but leaves untouched the polemics to which the *Méditations* gave rise, and which involved a petty persecution. We have a fascinating picture of a man who, of gentle blood, and always in a state of opulence, chose to study truth for its own sake without any thought of emolument, and who, while he took part in many of the events that attracted the attention of Europe, was a sort of recluse, as far as his intellectual labours were concerned, shrinking with what may almost be termed moral cowardice from a diffusion of the light which he had attained. M. Millet is also entitled to gratitude for his copious description of those earlier productions which, although they are no longer *ouvrages inédits*, are not to be found in the ordinary collections of Descartes' works.

The guide whom we would earnestly recommend to those investigators who would know all about the Cartesian philosophy and the fortunes of the philosopher throughout life, is Dr. Kuno Fischer. In the first part of the first volume of his "History of Modern Philosophy" (*Geschichte der neuern Philosophie*), a work not yet completed, Dr. Fischer presents a carefully digested and thoroughly discussed description of Descartes' philosophical theory, accompanied by an elaborate biography connected throughout with the progress of the system, and comprising an account of the objections made to him by contemporary adversaries, and the answers with which these were encountered. Having read this first, the student may conveniently, if he be so disposed, study the writings of Descartes afterwards, but we doubt whether he will gain much more than he has acquired through the medium of Dr. Fischer. Indeed, so resolved is the German historian to make his work as complete as possible, that although the subsequent volumes of his elaborate history have brought us down to J. G. Fichte, he has just published an appendix to his first volume, comprising translations into German of the *Discours de la Méthode*, the *Méditations*, and the first part of the *Principia*. The fact that he belongs to one of the branches of the school of Hegel does not in the least compromise his character as a generally accessible teacher, for his Hegelism is never obtruded save in the general introduction to his entire work, which in the spirit o the master traces the progress of thought from Thales to the days of the Renaissance, and which may be passed over at pleasure without detriment to what follows. To less earnest investigators the summary view which we now give of the Cartesian philosophy may not be unacceptable.

The "Cogito ergo sum" which is the basis of the philosophy does not begin with Descartes. In his *Soliloquia* St. Augustine thus argues against universal scepticism:—

> Tu, qui vis te nosse, scis esse te? Scio. Unde scis? Nescio. Simplicem te sentis an multiplicem? Nescio. Moveri te scis? Nescio. Cogitare te scis? Scio.

Campanella, too, who flourished not very long before the French philosopher, rested his proof of the existence of a Deity on our certainty that we ourselves exist. However, there is no reason to believe that Descartes was knowingly indebted in this instance to either of his predecessors, or deduced his fundamental proposition otherwise than from his own consciousness. The conviction that, even while we doubt the reality of all things, the very act of doubting implies the existence of the doubter, is too natural not to have had its origin in many minds wholly insulated from each other, although it was expressed with such decisive effect at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Life, in the language of Calderon, may be a dream; but even a dream presupposes the thoughtful existence of the dreamer. We cannot agree with the assertion of M. Millet that "modern psychologists"—whoever they may be—are wrong when they see in the "Cogito ergo sum" a mere apperception of consciousness. The "ergo" indeed makes the proposition look as if it consisted of the minor premiss and conclusion of a syllogism, the major premiss of which is understood, and which, written at length, would read thus:—"*Omne quod cogitat, est—Cogito—Ergo sum.*" But Descartes, who at this starting-point of his progress has not stirred beyond his own inner sphere, cannot as yet claim a right to make a broad assertion with regard to thinkers in general. He is concerned with René Descartes alone, and only with René Descartes, so far as he is a thinking entity. We suggest that the English idiom "I *am* thinking" would more accord with the genius of the system than the quasi-syllogistic form in which its fundamental truth is expressed by the founder.

All objects respecting which even a possible doubt may arise having been for a while eliminated, the body of the doubter, which may be the mere illusion of a dream, of course vanishes with them, and nothing but the pure "Ich" (or Ego), as Fichte would call it, remains. How is the minimum of certain knowledge implied in the act of self-affirmation to be increased? That I myself exist as a thinker is an incontrovertible fact. It is also certain that I find within myself the idea of an Omniscient, Omnipotent, and perfect Being. Now, in the very conception of such a Being existence is as much implied (thus reasons Descartes) as the equality of three angles to two right angles is implied in the very conception of a triangle. A non-existing Being would lack a perfection, and consequently would not correspond to the idea. Again, the Idea of God could not come from myself, imperfect as I am, nor from any other imperfect Being. It must therefore have been communicated by God himself, and is innate. I am not my own cause. I have not even the power to preserve my own existence, now that I already exist; hence there is a cause foreign to myself, and to this belongs that perfection ascribed to it in my idea.

Here are three different arguments. In two of them the reasoning is *à posteriori*, ascending from an effect to a cause. In the other it is *à priori*, based on the conviction that a certain proposition cannot be controverted without a *contradictio in adjecto*. The Idea of God differs in kind from the notion of an imperfect being. We have a tolerably complete notion of the attributes of a mermaid, but the mere fact that in our imagination we can unite the upper half of a woman to the lower half of a fish does not prove that there is any reality, in this world or the next, corresponding to the image. If we have understood the first book of our *Euclid*, we are certain that, wherever a triangle is to be found, the sum of its angles will be equal to two right angles. But Euclid has not taught us the necessary existence of a triangle. All triangles may have been swept from the face of the earth at the moment when this article is before us. Nay, when we reflect on the imperfection of our drawing-instruments, it seems that such a triangle as would completely fulfil the conditions supposed by Euclid never existed at all. But when we say that a thing is perfect and necessary, existence is implied, and consequently proved by the mere fact of our enunciation. This is the famous proof which is now called "ontological," and which, vehemently assailed by Immanuel Kant, is regarded by most modern thinkers as a stupendous sophism. Its origin is commonly ascribed to Anselm of Canterbury, whose words, cited neither by Dr. Fischer nor M. Millet, are as follows:—

> Domine Deus, qui das fidei intellectum, da mihi ut, quantum scis expedire, intelligam quia es, sicut credimus, et hoc es, quod credimus. Et quidem credimus, te esse bonum quo majus bonum cogitari nequit. An ergo non est aliqua talis natura, quia dixit insipiens in corde suo: non est Deus? Sed certe idem ipse insipiens quum audit hoc ipsum, quod dico: bonum quo magis nihil cogitari potest, intelligit utique quod audit, et quod intelligit utique in ejus intellectu est, etiam si non intelligat illud esse. (Aliud est rem esse in intellectu, et aliud intelligere rem esse. Nam quum pictor præcogitat imaginem quam facturus est, habet eam quidem jam in intellectu, sed nondum esse intelligit, quod nondum fecit; quum vero jam pinxit et habet in intellectu et intelligit jam esse quod fecit.) Convincitur ergo insipiens esse vel in intellectu aliquid bonum quo majus cogitari nequit, quia hoc quod audit intelligit, et quicquid intelligitur in intellectu est. At certe id quo majus cogitari nequit non potest esse in intellectu solo. Si enim quo majus cogitari non potest, in solo intellectu foret, utique eo quo majus cogitari non potest majus cogitari potest (sc. id quod tale sit etiam in re), existit ergo procul dubio aliquid, quo majus cogitari non valet, et in intellectu et in re. Hoc ipsum autem sic vere est, ut nec cogitari possit non esse. Nam potest cogitari aliquid esse, quod non possit cogitari non esse, quod majus est utique eo, quod non esse cogitari potest. Quare si id quo majus nequit cogitari, potest cogitari non esse, id ipsum quo majus cogitari nequit, non est id quo majus cogitari nequit, quod convenire non potest. Vere ergo est aliquid quo majus cogitari non potest, ut nec cogitari possit non esse, et hoc es tu, Domine noster.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the ontological proof, as propounded by our admirable Archbishop, must undergo a certain amount of filtration before it is presented in the shape which it has assumed in the *Principia* of Descartes, and which we have endeavoured to render still more clear by familiar illustration.

M. Millet is of opinion that there is little in common between the ontological proof of the French philosopher and that of Anselm, and he seems to ascribe to M. Saisset the reference to "la preuve vide et sophistique de saint Anselme, qui ressemble à la preuve de Descartes comme l'ombre ressemble à la lumière." To the assertion of the superior lucidity of Descartes no objection can be made; but certainly the assignment of the ontological proof to Anselm is much older than M. Saisset. However, the answer of M. Millet to the allegation of Sir W. Hamilton that the notion of the infinite and unconditional is merely negative, is shrewd enough. Sir William, he says, has been misled by the form of the words "Infinite," "Absolute," "Unconditional." This is indeed negative, being produced by the employment of negative prefixes; but what shall we say about the words "perfect," "eternal," and "necessary"?

Descartes was himself a religious man, with every desire to be orthodox in his theology. With him the Deity at which he has arrived by three arguments is not a mere abstraction, but a living fountain of truth. Our own notions proceed in the first instance from God, and though we, as imperfect creatures, are subject to error through a disproportion between the will and the intellect, we are certain that an infinitely good and wise Being would not deceive us. Of truth clearness is the test, and if we have established an evident proposition, and clearly deduce others from it, we may be sure, not only that we are going right, but that "the Lord is on our side."

The two truths of which the philosopher is now in possession are his own existence and the existence of a God, and of these the latter, though not received so early as the former, is the most evident, inasmuch as the recognition of our own imperfection involves the acknowledgment of a perfect being on which we depend. Now for the external world. I have been accustomed to believe that there are such things as bodies. Is this belief illusory or otherwise? That I imagine bodies, that is to say, picture them in my mind, is not to be doubted, and imagination is altogether distinct from pure thought. Intellectually I have as adequate a conception of a chiliogon, that is to say, a figure of a thousand sides, as I have of a triangle; but whereas I can produce a mental image of the triangle without the slightest difficulty, I cannot form a picture of a chiliogon that differs from that of a myriogon, the sides of which are ten times as numerous. Imagination, therefore, is not, like thought, a necessary attribute of my mind, but seems to point to some external source. Hence there is a probability that bodies do exist, and this is confirmed

by the sensations, often painful, which certainly are not produced by my own act. It is clear that the images are not produced by the immediate act of the Deity, as my nature impels me to seek their origin in another direction. We need scarcely remark that this view is exactly opposite to the theory of Berkeley.

Bodies exist, then; but what are they? They are, obviously, what spirit or mind (the terms are here identical) is not. There is nothing in common between them, and the world may be regarded as consisting of two kinds of substances, the spiritual and the corporeal, of which latter nothing is as yet predicated except that they are the negative of the former. That the two kinds are mutually independent is implied in the term "substance"; but this is only used relatively when we refer them to their common origin, the Creator, the only substance in the absolute sense of the word. To those who do not care to pick their way cautiously through the entire works of Descartes, the observations of M. Millet at this stage of the process are well worth attention. They show that Descartes did not always remain convinced of that substantial difference between mind and body here rigorously insisted upon. Let us add that, the more the difference vanishes, the nearer we approach to the doctrine of Spinoza.

It is now necessary to point out the difference between the qualities which distinguish substances of diverse kinds from each other, and in fact constitute the very nature of a substance, and those which are less essential. The former we may call "Attributes," the latter "Modes." Thus the attribute of mind or spirit is thought; imagination is one of its modes. Without the attribute the mode is impossible; but the converse is not the case. Thought is possible without imagination, but imagination is not possible without thought. What, then, is the attribute of body? Space, or extension. Space lies at the basis of all corporeal figuration. I can conceive space apart from every particular form, as, for instance, the triangular; but I cannot conceive the triangle without space. To God, as an invariable Being, we can ascribe attributes only.

We have now two sets of relative substances accurately defined, in addition to the absolute substance, their Creator—namely, mind, with its attribute thought, and consistent modes; and body, with its attribute, extension, and its modes, figure, and mobility. The sensations which we ignorantly ascribe to bodies are only in ourselves, but figure and motion are really inherent in body. Let us here remark, for the benefit of those who regard Berkeley as a dreamer, that the theory thus propounded by Descartes, which seems to save the corporeal world, is just as alien from the common notion as that which ascribes sensation to the immediate action of the Deity. What is this external world, composed of bodies, which are nothing but figured extension in a state of motion? Obviously something very different from the world in which the ordinary representative of common sense eats his bread and cheese.

In the system of Descartes there are no atoms, for space is infinitely divisible, and space and body are really identical. Space, too, is necessarily continuous, therefore there is no void.

Our object being to show Descartes as a metaphysician, we pass over his physical and astronomical theories, which require to be considered by themselves in detail, with the remark, however, that they form parts of his general scheme, which is one organized whole, and the statement that the only admitted motion of bodies is mechanical, communicated in the first instance by the Deity. The theory of the passions, however, comes within our scope. These indicate a union between soul and body which seems scarcely consistent with that mutual independence on which so much stress has been laid, but with respect to which Descartes, as we have already said, sometimes appeared to waver. It is not the soul that vivifies the body; but the blood, the circulation of which had been recently discovered by Harvey, is the fuel to the fire of life, of which the heart is the hearth. The warmth and motion of the blood, by mere mechanical action, cause the various vital functions; the organs of motion being the muscles, and the organs of sensation the nerves. The finest particles of the blood are freed from the rest by a process of distillation that takes place in the heart, and ascend to the brain, whence they are communicated to the nerves, and through these to the muscles. Thus, too, they are brought into contact with the soul, the seat and organ of which is the pineal gland. Without the soul, which is identical with mind and its inherent self-consciousness, the living body would be a mere machine; and such, according to Descartes, is actually the case with brutes. Perhaps it was by this detail of his system that he was best known to the unphilosophical public of his day. The opinion that a lapdog was a machine could be apprehended and disliked by the shallowest dealer in small-talk; and in 1692, more than forty years after the death of Descartes, we find in one of the French comedies, which were acted by Italians, and were addressed to the most frivolous of the fashionable world, a young lady who vows that she would have scratched the face of Philosophy in person if it had dared to maintain that her pet poodle was without sense and reason, and declares that Descartes must have had "l'esprit en écharpe" when he promulgated his monstrous theory.

Into the description and classification of the passions we need not enter. It is enough to state that they palpably invite attention to that relation between soul and body which presents one of the grand difficulties of Descartes' scheme, and gave rise to the theories of his immediate successors.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.*

(Second Notice.)

THE chief interest of Mr. Wallace's book is in the light which it throws upon the theory of natural selection; and we will shortly explain the nature of his argument. Whether it is well or ill founded, it has at least the merit that it brings together certain classes of facts which would otherwise be simply inexplicable. The phenomena of the distribution of species to which he calls attention may of course be due to the fact that the animals were created where we find them; this is as much as to say that we neither know nor ever can know anything more about the matter. The attempt to explain them by means of natural selection may perhaps fail entirely; but meanwhile it gives an interest to the inquiry into what must otherwise remain a detached series of facts. It supplies a thread which, provisionally at least, binds them together for our further consideration.

The principle upon which Mr. Wallace's explanation goes is simply this. If we find that in two neighbouring islands—as, for example, in England and the Isle of Man—the existing species are identical, we may assume that they have been connected within a recent period, that is, within a few million years. If, on the other hand, they are completely distinct, no such connexion can have existed. Finally, if they resemble each other without being identical, we must suppose that the islands have been separated for so long a period as to allow of a certain modification of the species. Thus, if we knew the rate at which species diverged from a common origin, we might obtain a measure of the time which has elapsed since the geographical changes to which their separation was due. Borneo, for example, must have been parted from the mainland long enough for some of its frogs to learn the art of flying; and New Guinea must have been parted from Australia long enough to teach its kangaroos to climb trees very awkwardly. How long a kangaroo requires to fit itself for so new a station in life is of course an insoluble problem.

The Malay Archipelago furnishes all kinds of examples of this supposed process. It consists of a series of islands long enough to stretch from the West of Europe to Central Asia, three of which are as large as Great Britain, three more equal in size to Ireland, eighteen equal to Jamaica, and more than a hundred equal to the Isle of Wight, besides innumerable islets of smaller dimensions. They are divided from each other by straits and arms of the sea of widely varying breadth and depth; and we find that the natural productions are contrasted in the most remarkable way. The most remarkable breach of continuity is between the two islands of Bali and Lombock, which are divided by a strait of only fifteen miles across; yet in Bali the species are distinctly Asiatic, whilst in Lombock we get at once amongst species which are almost as distinctly Australian. A few cockatoos have managed, it seems, to cross the strait to Bali; but they are the only representatives of Australia upon that side. Bali, in short, may be regarded as the furthest outpost to the East of the great continent of Asia, whilst Lombock holds the same position with regard to Australia. Now it is remarkable that this striking division corresponds to no change either in the climate or in the physical characteristics of the country. The great volcanic chain to which the elevation of the islands is apparently due runs through both divisions. Borneo on one side of the dividing line closely resembles New Guinea on the other, in its climate, its geology, and its freedom from volcanoes. In like manner, the Moluccas resemble the Philippines in fertility, in luxuriance of forests, and in volcanic structure; and Bali is as dry and parched as Timor. Yet the groups which resemble each other in every other respect are most strikingly contrasted in their animal productions; whilst the stony desert of Australia, with its dry winds and open plains, produces animals "closely related to those inhabiting the hot, damp, luxuriant forests which everywhere clothe the plains and mountains of New Guinea." These facts, according to Mr. Wallace, are to be explained by supposing that within a recent geological period the Western islands formed part of the Asiatic continent, whilst the Eastern were more or less connected with Australia. They have gradually approached each other towards the islands of Bali and Lombock, whilst they have become separated from the mainland at each end. The varying state of geographical connexion explains the singular resemblances and contrasts between the products of the several islands. These resemblances and contrasts appear to be closely connected with another measure of time. On the principles so ably explained by Sir Charles Lyell, we may naturally infer that the depth of an ocean is a probable indication of the length of time during which depression has been taking place; and, accordingly, it is a general rule that the difference in the fauna of two islands corresponds to the depth of the intervening sea. Thus the islands which resemble Asia in their products are divided from it by a very shallow sea, whilst a comparatively deep sea separates them from the Australian group. Following out the same indication in detail, we find that the distinction between the products of islands within the Archipelago follows the same law; and thus, for example, the range of the birds of paradise is accurately marked out by the hundred-fathom line round New Guinea. Another illustration of the same principles appears when we examine more closely into the degree of resemblance. Thus, for example, in the Timor group of islands, which are on the Australian side of the

* *The Malay Archipelago.* By A. R. Wallace. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

lary, we find a mixture of species, though the proportion of Italian species increases and that of Javan species diminishes as we approach more nearly to Australia. It seems, however, that whilst three-fourths of the Javan species are identical with those existing in Java, one-fourth of the Australian species are identical and the remainder are only closely allied. To account for this, Mr. Wallace supposes that at some former period the strait which divided the Timor group from Australia was very narrow, so as to allow it to be stocked principally from the Australian side. Since that period the division from Australia has been gradually widening, whilst new islands have been rising so as to form a kind of bridge connecting the Timor group with Java. Thus the Australian species have long been divided from their kindred, and have had time to undergo considerable modification, whilst the more recently imported Javanese birds have not only diverged less from their original type, but have been constantly kept up to the mark by fresh arrivals along the chain of communication. By similar arguments Mr. Wallace endeavours to account for the curious divisions and interlacings of species by which the different regions are characterized. Each island presents a new problem, according to its distance from the various regions and the various lines of communication by which we may suppose it to have been connected with the mainland. The pig appears to be the only animal of note which manages to spread itself, to the confusion of philosophers, in spite of geography or geology. A pig, however, is a beast which is singularly well able to take care of itself; and Mr. Wallace, following Sir Charles Lyell, defends it from the unfounded imputation of being unable to swim. Mr. Wallace has himself seen them swimming across the strait which divides Singapore from the peninsula of Malacca, and appears to have unlimited faith in their capacities. Putting aside pigs, Mr. Wallace can generally find a solution for each successive problem, which, if we grant the hypothesis of variation, seems to be plausible and satisfactory as far as it goes.

There are various subsidiary lines of argument which he adduces in favour of the same conclusions. One curious question, for example, concerns the heavy fleshy Nicobar pigeon. This bird is found chiefly on small islands, because it feeds on the ground, and is therefore liable to the attacks of the carnivorous quadrupeds which only inhabit the larger islands. Singularly enough, however, this bird has wings of enormous strength, which is very unusual amongst ground-feeders, and which would, as a rule, be useless to it. The advantage seems to be, that it would occasionally be blown out to sea, and would have to depend on its powers of flight. Now the precisely opposite modification in case of the *apteryx* and other wingless birds has been produced, as it is alleged, by the same causes. Living in an island, they have found flying a dangerous habit. The explanation suggested is the same as that by which Mr. Darwin accounts for the existence in Madeira of two classes of beetles, some wingless, and others with wings of unusual strength. A little flying, it is suggested, is a dangerous thing. You must either stay steadily at home, or be able to take remarkably good care of yourself abroad, and thus obtain the advantage due, on the one hand, to inglorious repose, or, on the other, to special activity. Thus, if London garotters flourished to excess, the population would be ultimately divided into invalids who never left their houses, and athletes who could run 100 yards in ten seconds. A more remarkable set of cases are those of what is called "mimicry," or protective resemblance. Mr. Wallace has already explained, in a remarkable article in the *Westminster Review*, the curious devices by which certain butterflies imitate, not only plants, but other butterflies. They adopt the untradesmanlike practice of passing themselves off as the same concern. Birds, it seems, consider certain butterflies to be nasty to the taste, and other butterflies, which we may presume to be nice, succeed in imitating the nasty ones with marvellous closeness. He mentions a curious case of the same principle in birds, where a feeble-minded and weak-clawed oriole succeeds in exactly mimicking, so far as its appearance at a small distance is concerned, the bold and vigorous honeysucker, and thus obtains a currency not due to its intrinsic merits, as foreigners imitate the trademarks on Sheffield steel. The most singular of these instances is that of the *Papilio Memnon*. The females of this butterfly are of two distinct forms, one of which resembles the male, whilst the other is a close imitation of a different species. The curious fact is that both forms of the female are the offspring of each form. The case is the same, says Mr. Wallace, as if an Englishman had two wives, an Indian and a negress, and as if the boys were all to resemble their father, whilst the girls should resemble, not only their own mother, but the other wife of their father.

Without following Mr. Wallace's researches into natural history any further, we have said enough to show that his book touches upon many subjects of great interest, and is well worth the attention, not only of men of science, but of general readers. We need only add that the interest of the book is by no means confined to these subjects. There is much that is worth attention in his account of the human inhabitants. He can look upon savages without partaking the ordinary English opinion that they are nuisances to be swept as summarily as may be off the face of the earth. Indeed, his opinion will seem to most people unduly favourable to the savage as compared with the European. "We have progressed vastly beyond the savage state," he says, "in intellectual achievements, but we have not advanced equally in morals." If the best savage is very inferior to the best amongst civilized populations, he is far superior to the worst. We support a mass of crime and misery absolutely, if not relat[ively] greater than has ever existed before; we maintain a multit[ude] whose lot is the harder to bear because it is contrasted with the pleasures and comforts of those whom they see everywhere around them, and who are so far worse off than the savage in the midst of his tribe. We cannot enter upon the very wide discussion to which this would lead us; but more practical conclusions may be drawn from his report as to the benefits resulting from Dutch rule. He admits that the Dutch system is despotic and protective, but says that it has, on the whole, been of incalculable benefit to the native population. The ordinary result of civilized intrusion, as exemplified by English and American experience, is to spread drunkenness and demoralization, leading to ultimate extirpation. In the Dutch colonies the people have become industrious, peaceable, and civilized. They are better clothed, housed, fed, and educated than the surrounding tribes, and have made a distinct progress towards a higher social state. Many of them have been converted to Christianity, though it seems that some people consider this a doubtful benefit, and declare that the converts are thievish, lying, drunken, and lazy, as compared with the Mahommedans; but Mr. Wallace says that his experience is different. It is indeed easy to suppose that the worst class of natives may become nominal Christians from selfish and hypocritical motives. However this may be, Mr. Wallace says enough to convince us that much may be learnt from Dutch experience, and that there is still room for any one possessed of the necessary experience to write a very interesting book on the Archipelago, even if he knows nothing of beetles or birds of paradise. Meanwhile we are obliged to Mr. Wallace for what he has told us, and can only hope that his very interesting book may be as popular as it deserves to be.

MR. FROUDE'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT SAINT ANDREW'S.*

TO do at Rome as they do at Rome may be fairly held to imply speaking well of Rome and of the Romans. So, when a Scotch University has paid to an English author the highest compliment that it can pay, we do not at all object to his paying back again the highest compliments that he honestly can pay. The temporary Rector of a Scotch University has, we believe, little or nothing to do but to make a speech. It is only fair, then, that that speech should be civil—that whatever good the new Rector can find to say, either of Scotland in general or of his own University in particular, he should earn his cheer by saying it. But it is one thing to gratify a harmless national vanity; it is another to pander to a low provincial prejudice. It is one thing to say all the good that can be honestly said of one set of institutions; it is another to say all the harm that can be honestly or dishonestly said of another set of institutions. We should have thought that Scotland and the Scotch Universities could have stood upon their own merits without depreciation of England and the English Universities. We should have thought that to treat a Scottish audience to anything of the kind was paying it a much poorer compliment than it deserved. Mr. Froude thinks otherwise. He crosses the Tweed mainly, it would seem, to make a bitter attack upon his own country and his own University. And it is more than a bitter attack; it is an attack which is perfectly unjust. The charges which Mr. Froude brings against the English Universities are charges which either he must know to be groundless or else he must be guilty of that *crassa ignorantia* of the subject he takes in hand which the law looks upon as being in itself a crime.

Before we come to the English Universities, we come to the English boroughs and to the English clergy. Here is the sort of talk which Mr. Froude thinks it decorous and truthful to address to his Scottish audience. He says that Scotland has contributed more to the common stock of Great Britain than England has—an assertion which, knowing that all that has made Scotland famous is strictly English in blood and speech, we care neither to affirm nor to deny. But he then goes on:—

> More than once you saved English Protestantism; you may have to save it again, for all that I know, at the rate at which our English parsons are now running. You gave us the Stuarts, but you helped us to get rid of them. Even now you are teaching us what, unless we saw it before our eyes, no Englishman would believe to be possible, that a member of Parliament can be elected without bribery.

Now why cannot Mr. Froude talk to his Scottish hearers without this needless fling at his own countrymen? Let Mr. Froude, on proper occasions, put forth his theological opinions, whatever they may be, but why should he go out of his way to sneer at matters which are utterly off the subject, but which were likely to draw forth a cheer? And as to the boroughs, the general purity of Scottish constituencies is well known, and all honour to them for it. But what right has Mr. Froude to say or to insinuate that no English member of Parliament can be elected without bribery? No doubt bribery is, to our great shame, frightfully common in English constituencies. But all English boroughs are not like Bridgewater and Beverley. It would be easy to find English boroughs whose purity is placed as high above suspicion as that of any Scottish borough. No man can have a right to throw about accusations of this sort at random merely because they are likely to fall in with the provincial vanity of hearers.

Mr. Froude, having buttered the Scotch boroughs, next goes on to

* *Inaugural Address delivered to the University of St. Andrew's, March 19, 1869.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A., Rector of the University. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

butter the Scotch schools and Universities. Well and good; in the Scotch system of education there is much that deserves praise, and when Mr. Froude picks out as its special merit that it is much cheaper than the English system, we are not disposed to say anything against him. But he need not have gone on to make statements about the actual nature of the English system which he ought to have known to be unfounded. Mr. Froude in Scotland, like Mr. Lowe in Lancashire, is not ashamed to go about with the old cry, false in the days of their own youth and still more false now, that Oxford and Cambridge teach nothing but Latin and Greek. "It is admitted," he tells us, "by every one that we cannot any longer confine ourselves to the learned languages, to the grammar and logic and philosophy which satisfied the seventeenth century." In the place in which these words are found they are patient of a favourable construction; but they are only patient of it, and they must be explained by other passages. From those other passages it is plain that Mr. Froude meant to say that the English Universities confine themselves to "the learned languages, the grammar and logic and philosophy which satisfied the seventeenth century." He cannot back out of this construction of his words, for he tells us afterwards (p. 17) that "a young man going to Oxford learns the same things which were taught there two centuries ago." And again (p. 18) he speaks of "the old Latin and Greek, which the schools must keep to while the Universities confine their honours to these." Then again he says (p. 28):—

> We had a theory at Oxford that our system, however defective in many ways, yet developed in us some especially precious human qualities. Classics and philosophy are called there *literæ humaniores*. They are supposed to have an effect on character, and to be specially adapted for creating ministers of religion. The training of clergymen is, if anything, the special object of Oxford teaching. All arrangements are made with a view to it. The heads of colleges, the resident Fellows, Tutors, Professors are, with rare exceptions, ecclesiastics themselves.

Now it is strange that Mr. Froude could allow himself to make publicly, and to print in a book, statements which so many hundreds of people can at once deny. First of all, the assertion that the Universities confine their honours to "the old Latin and Greek" is simply upset by the history of Cambridge for a hundred years and more. According to Mr. Froude, either there never has been such a thing as a Senior Wrangler, or to be a Senior Wrangler is not looked upon as an honour, or, what Mr. Froude may possibly mean, no Senior Wrangler has any chance of a Fellowship unless he is Senior Classic as well. Then, as for Oxford, every one who knows anything of Oxford knows—Mr. Froude must know, unless he wilfully shuts his eyes—that, so far from a young man who goes to Oxford learning only the same things which he would have learned two hundred years ago, he does not learn the same things which he would have learned twenty years ago. We ask Mr. Froude a plain question. Does he know, or does he not know, that there are at Oxford such things as Schools of Mathematics, of Natural Science, of Law and Modern History? Does he know, or does he not know, that a degree and a class may be got in either of these schools without going into the final classical school at all? Does he know, or does he not know, that there are both University and College scholarships and other endowments, specially devoted to the encouragement of these studies? Does he know or does he not know that, we believe in every college, certainly in most, a large proportion of the Fellowships may be held, and are held, by laymen—that lay Fellows, lay Tutors, lay Professors, lay residents without any official character, now meet the dweller in Oxford at every step? Does Mr. Froude know these obvious facts or not? It is not a question whether the provision for History, or for Natural Science, or for any other study is exactly, in its nature or its degree, what it ought to be. These are points on which there may be, and are, many different opinions. But Mr. Froude's position is that modern Oxford makes no provision for any of these things at all, that nothing is studied but "old Latin and Greek." We give Mr. Froude his alternative. If he did not know these facts, his saying what he did is not very much worse than beginning to write the history of the sixteenth century in total ignorance of all the centuries which went before it. If he did know them—and Mr. Froude and Mr. Lowe must stand nearly alone among educated men in not knowing them—we can only say that Mr. Froude has shown himself no mean proficient in the moral school of Thomas Cromwell and Henry the Eighth.

Let us make another appeal to Mr. Froude. In some of these passages he does in a kind of way allow that besides Greek and Latin, some antiquated logic and philosophy, the logic and philosophy of the seventeenth century, are studied at Oxford. We will not ask whether the Unconditioned and the Absolute, the Objective and the Subjective—words, we believe quite unknown in the seventeenth century—are never heard of in Oxford or in the Oxford schools. We will not ask whether he thinks that Kant and Mill and Sir William Hamilton are names that no Oxford man ever hears of. Most people know these facts; Mr. Froude may not have heard of them. But we will judge him out of his own mouth. He tells us that the only philosophy studied at Oxford is that which satisfied the seventeenth century. Some way on, he talks of the "distilled essence of the thought of Bishop Butler, the greatest prelate that the English Church ever produced." Now, will Mr. Froude tell us whether it was not at Oxford, in the course of his Oxford studies, that he first became acquainted with the distilled essence of the thought of that great prelate? If Mr. Froude did not, most men of his standing did. Things change fast at Oxford, and Butler may perhaps have gone out of fashion, but if he has, we feel sure that he has given way to some writer, not of the seventeenth century but of the nineteenth.

Here again is another passage:—

> Classical philosophy, classical history and literature, taking, as they do, no hold upon the living hearts and imagination of men in this modern age, leave their working intelligence a prey to wild imaginations, and make them incapable of really understanding the world in which they live. If the clergy knew as much of the history of England and Scotland as they know about Greece and Rome, if they had been ever taught to open their eyes and see what is actually round them instead of groping among books to find what men did or thought at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, they would grapple more effectively with the moral pestilence which is poisoning all the air.

In Mr. Froude's view, the classical studies of men like Mr. Grote and Sir George Lewis left their working intelligence a mere prey to wild imaginations. The band of Oxford first-class men who form so large a portion of the present Cabinet are, in Mr. Froude's eyes, men incapable of really understanding the world in which they live. As for the clergy, does Mr. Froude really think that the mass of them know more of the history of Greece and Rome than they do of that of England and Scotland? As for Alexandria and Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, the shot as far as Oxford is concerned is a singularly bad one. The great blot of the Oxford system is that it leaves out "what men did or thought at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago," in its marvellous leap from the sacrifice of Tissaphernes to the legislation of Justinian.

Here is more about the clergy:—

> From the great houses in the City of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is agitating the Church of England is the colour of the ecclesiastical petticoats.

Mr. Froude can hardly be so utterly ignorant of the meaning of the controversies of the day as this really comes to, but the talk about "ecclesiastical petticoats" was likely to bring down the house at Saint Andrew's, and that was enough for Mr. Froude. Will it be believed that he goes on to tell the old story about the Esquire Bedel who, after hearing University sermons for fifty years, still died a Christian, turning it into something about a verger and Bishop Blomfield?

Besides the clergy, Mr. Froude must needs have a rap at the peerage:—

> The furniture of a noble earl's room at an English university at present may cost, including the pictures of opera-dancers and race-horses and such like, perhaps five hundred pounds.

To our idea a "noble earl" is neither better nor worse than another man. He may be good or bad, wise or foolish, idle or industrious. An earl, like another man, may be given to opera-dancers and race-horses, or he may be given to better things. This sneering at whole classes, be the class earls or tinkers, is exquisitely contemptible. And, but for his *crassa ignorantia*, Mr. Froude might know that in one branch of Oxford study—in that in which, if he knew that it existed, he might be supposed to take most interest—noblemen, gentlemen-commoners, and other men of birth and wealth form a remarkable proportion of the most successful candidates.

There are other things in the Address, some wise, some foolish, but its main point is this systematic depreciation of England and English study. Mr. Froude, like Mr. Lowe, sets most store on the things that pay, and learning, according to them, does not pay. "Old Greek and Latin" are positively mischievous; what we are to learn instead of them we are not told. But we cannot help making one remark. Mr. Froude, Mr. Lowe, and other depreciators of learning seem, whether out of ignorance or of set purpose, invariably to put out of sight the greatest of modern discoveries. Greek and Latin are always spoken of as if they were something belonging to another sphere, something which stands in no sort of relation to modern life and modern speech. Of the great science which sets before us the Greek and Englishman as simply kinsmen, speaking different varieties of one common speech, they seem to have no idea whatever.

One quotation more. Mr. Froude tells us a story of what happened "when the competitive examination was first set on foot"—we suppose he means for the Civil Service. He tells us how

> A highly distinguished man, who was to examine in English history, announced that, for himself, he meant to set a paper for which Macaulay might possibly get full marks; and he wished the rest of the examiners to imitate him in the other subjects. I saw the paper which he set. I could myself have answered two questions out of a dozen.

That Mr. Froude could answer only two questions out of a dozen does not surprise us. The distinguished examiner most likely set five questions earlier than the reign of Henry the Eighth, and five later than the reign of Elizabeth.

THE CHURCH AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

M. DE PRESSENSÉ is well known and deservedly respected as one of the leading divines of the Evangelical section of the French Protestant Church. He is a learned theologian, and

* *The Church and the French Revolution: a History of the Relations of Church and State from 1789 to 1802.* By E. De Pressensé, D.D. Translated by John Stroyan. London: Hodder & Houghton. 1869.

a man of cultivated and liberal mind. In the present monograph he comes before us as the historian of a period which he rightly judges to have a more than local and temporary interest in the fortunes of the national Church of France. And, on the whole, he has done his work not only ably but impartially. At the same time it is necessary to bear in mind throughout that the book is distinctly and professedly "written with a purpose." Of this the author makes no secret. He is profoundly convinced that any relations of Church and State other than a complete separation of the two powers involve a grave mistake, if not a great sin; and his object in the work before us is to prove, or at least to illustrate, his thesis from the events of the French Revolution. He does not indeed speak, like Mr. Mackonochie, of the alliance of Church and State being "adultery" or "incest"; but if his language is less vehement, his opinions seem much the same. "At the very time when the second Roman expedition obtained its sad victory at Mentana, opinion was passionately pronounced, not only against the Roman theocracy, *but against all State religions, and all paid and protected worships.* The movement in this direction becomes every day more general and more powerful, and we may hope everything for its invigoration from the approaching Council, which, by raising the temporal power to the height of a dogma, will precipitate its definitive fall." Now we must say at once that this sort of language does not inspire confidence in the writer's judgment. It may be true that the era of established churches is drawing to its close, and it may be for the profit of religion and liberty that it should be so. But it is not true, as M. de Pressensé assumes all along, that the question lies in a nutshell, and that a few commonplaces about persecution and the right of conscience and State interference with religious belief completely settle it. On the contrary, the question is an extremely complicated one, and there is a great deal to be said on both sides as well from the religious as the liberal point of view. Nor is the argument much affected one way or the other by the fact that the Constituent Assembly went entirely beyond its legitimate province in reorganizing the Catholic Church of France on a new basis, and persecuting the ejected clergy who refused to conform to the civil constitution, that public worship was restored with much praiseworthy zeal and success during the brief interval of separation of Church and State, and that the Concordat was an insidious measure sacrificing both freedom and ecclesiastical right to the political exigencies of a grinding despotism. However, we may take our author's statement of the facts, which is both accurate and full, without being obliged to follow his running commentary of deductions. And in this record lies the real interest of his book.

The history of the French Revolution has been written by such numberless pens, both French and English, that it might be supposed a fresh narrative would be a blunder, if not an impertinence. But we are not aware that any previous writer has treated the subject from the purely ecclesiastical point of view. It is a well-known theory of Dean Stanley's, based on the famous dictum of Tertullian, *ubi tres laici, ibi Ecclesia*, that the history of the Church and of the world are the same, only viewed under different aspects. Be it so, but the different point of view makes all the difference in the manner of handling the subject. The twelve years included in the present sketch, ranging from the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 to the signing of Napoleon's Concordat with the Pope in 1801, so literally bristle with events that everything depends on the selection and manner of grouping them. It would be impossible to do justice to the whole evolution of the drama in all its varied bearings, civil, social, and religious, in one continuous narrative. Even many crucial incidents, such as the execution of Robespierre, or the feat of Charlotte Corday, and the judicial murder of the King and Queen, are passed over here with the barest mention. But the ecclesiastical policy of the successive revolutionary Governments, and the fortunes of the Church both Constitutional and Nonjuring, are presented with great clearness, and in a spirit of religious appreciation and candour, eminently creditable to the author in dealing with a system to which theologically he is so strongly opposed. Nor do we at all wish to imply that no hints may be gathered from his lifelike record as to the questions which are every day assuming a more practical shape on the future attitude of Church and State to each other; only we must protest against his rough and ready method by disposing of the whole matter *currente calamo*, without apparently any shadow of misgiving that there may be two sides to the controversy. The first religious questions discussed in the Constituent Assembly concerned freedom of conversion, and the reorganization and partial alienation of Church property. The clergy, as was to be expected, offered a strenuous opposition on both points, but appear on the whole to have acquiesced with moderation and dignity in the surrender of their doubtless enormous revenues. To say the least, they behaved quite as well as the Irish ecclesiastics of our own day, in face of a somewhat similar contingency. It is amusing to find Mirabeau advocating full toleration—whether ironically or not is hardly clear—on the ground that "the Protestants, inevitably condemned in the other world, as every one knows, have tolerably arranged their affairs in this, doubtless by a compensation due to the goodness of the Supreme Being." He appears to have thought that ungodliness had the possession of the life that now is, and godliness of that which is to come. The author has, we think, proved conclusively that in the earlier stages of the Revolution the religious sentiment was so far from being feeble or extinct in the country that it was, to use his own term, the most considerable power the Revolution had to deal with. It was, in every sense, a fatal error to outrage that sentiment, and to set loyalty to Catholic convictions at hopeless feud with loyalty to the popular cause, by the foolish and iniquitous scheme of the so-called Constitutional Church. So far as this was due to the Jansenist members of the Assembly—and we fear that M. de Pressensé is right in attributing it partly to their machinations—we can only say that they took a revenge at once ignoble and irreligious for the century of worrying and unjust persecutions to which their Ultramontane enemies had subjected them. The Constituent Assembly was not unnaturally reproached with "transforming itself into a schismatical and Presbyterian Council," when, not content with cutting down the property of the Church, and securing freedom of opinion for those without her pale—which did lie within its competence—it went beyond its sphere by legislating on her internal government, and that independently of any authority of the Episcopate or the Pope. The whole arrangement of dioceses and parishes, and the methods of appointment to bishoprics and ordination, were revolutionized, and in a way that subjected everything to popular vote, even Protestants being free to take part in the elections. It was, in our author's words, "to bring back the thought of Rousseau in all its intolerance"; and none can seriously blame the clergy or the Pope for the decided attitude of open resistance which they henceforth took up. Yet it is instructive to mark that Pius VI., in accordance with the fatal traditions which for some centuries past have guided the counsels of the Vatican, and which are due much more to the claims of his temporal than of his spiritual office, insisted throughout on confounding the open vindication with the practical violation of religious liberty in one sweeping censure. In the Secret Consistory of March, 1790, and in many subsequent briefs, he unequivocally condemned the National Assembly for vindicating liberty of conscience, and admitting non-Catholics to civil and military offices, while he treated political liberty as an idle phantom, and maintained the divine rights of absolute power, with which he identified himself as closely as Pius IX. has done since. The French bishops, indeed, who, with only four exceptions, nobly maintained their position, at the cost of exile or death, against the interference of the Government with their spiritual prerogatives, demurred to these monstrous principles, in their reply to Rome; but the prominent leaders of the clerical section, men like the Abbé Maury, for instance, caught their tone from the organs of the Vatican, and sneered bitterly at the very notion of liberty of conscience. It is fair to bear this in mind in considering the scenes that followed, where we are in danger of forgetting that the intolerable provocation given by the revolutionary Governments to the religious feeling of the country was not altogether unprovoked. We should remember, too, that there was always a minority, though for a time it was completely overpowered, even among the thoroughgoing and atheistic revolutionists, who boldly stood up for the principles of equal religious freedom for all; the Girondists, we are sorry to say, were not among them. Talleyrand raised an honest but ineffectual protest in favour of the right of the non-juring clergy to celebrate their own worship and call and treat the Constitutional Church as schismatic, if such was their belief. We must find room for the passage describing the culminating scene in the National Assembly, when the clergy finally refused the oath to the new ecclesiastical constitution, and retired. It is a scene to which, in their different ways, Froude or Stanley would have done ample justice. M. de Pressensé has no such graphic power, but the tale is well told, and the mere recital has an eloquence of its own:—

On January 4th, at the morning sitting, commenced the grand scene of the refusal of the oath. It was as the counterpart of that which has rendered for ever illustrious the hall of the Tennis Court. Nothing but the most sectarian party spirit can deny its grandeur. I am aware what political passions, ever to be regretted, were mingled with that noble resistance to an unjust decree; I am aware that with religion were associated the counter-revolution, and regret for the ancient *régime*, with its abuses and privileges; but it is not the less true that on that day, despite this fatal and culpable mingling, religion defended its rights, and preserved them by great sacrifices, offered in the midst of the gravest perils. In fact, popular effervescence had reached its height, kept up by frantic lampoons. At the very moment when the president summoned the ecclesiastical deputies, amid the silence, full of expectation and anxiety, which reigned in the Assembly, there might be heard the vociferations of the multitude, who were strongly disposed to show, by their acts, that for them liberty was confounded with their *good* pleasure. No one having answered the summons of the president, the roll-call commenced. The Bishop of Agen was the first to ascend the tribune; the uproar from without grows stronger, and scarcely has he opened his mouth than from the left several voices cry out, "No words. Do you take the oath; yes or no?" The Bishop expressed himself with calmness and gentleness: "You have made a law," said he; "by the 4th Article you have said that the public ecclesiastical functionaries should take an oath, the form of which you have decreed; by the 5th Article, that if they should refuse to take this oath, they should have forfeited their offices. I feel no regret for my place, no regret for my fortune; I should feel it for the loss of your esteem, which I wish to merit. I pray you then to accept my assurance of the pain I suffer in not being able to take the oath." The first ecclesiastic called after the Bishop of Agen is a simple parish priest, M. Fournés. He pronounces only these words: "I will say with the simplicity of the first Christians, 'I gain glory and honour in following my bishop, as Laurentius followed his pastor.'" . . . Decidedly the roll-call was turning against the intentions of the Assembly, and serving only to give *eclat* to resistance. They resumed the collective summons. They obtained only an oath pure and simple. Cazalès demanded that at least the Assembly should declare that it had not wished to touch the spiritual. "It has not touched it, and that suffices," cried Mirabeau. This last attempt at conciliation was thus brusquely set aside. The Bishop of Poitiers spoke in these terms: "I am seventy years of age; I have passed thirty-five of them in the episcopate, where I have done all the good that I could do. Overwhelmed with years, I do not wish to dishonour my old age—I do not wish to take an oath." Murmurs broke out, and the Bishop descends from the tribune saying, "I will take my lot in penitence."

The split between the non-juring and Constitutional clergy, and

the atrocious attempt, constantly renewed, to put down the latter by force, is the dominant fact of the religious history of the next ten years, and the real ground of the Vendean insurrection. We may infer the spirit of the ruling party from a kind of mock sermon composed by Camille Desmoulins, and put into the mouth of a parish priest at Paris, ending in these words:—"When they are not paid, you will very soon know, my very dear brethren, that *this sort of demons*, which are called Pharisees or princes of priests, *is not cast out except by fasting*." The persuasive argument of starvation, and, later on, of the galleys and the guillotine, was freely applied to the "refractory" clergy, but with very indifferent success. On the other hand, the ranks of the Constitutional clergy seem, with some glaring exceptions, to have been recruited with upright and honourable men, who did their best, against fearful odds, to sustain the faith and religious spirit of their flocks. We cannot follow the author through the exciting and often harrowing details of the ignominious persecution which culminated in the massacres of September, when "the refractories" were the first victims. He observes, with perfect justice, that "nothing more resembles the Spanish Inquisition than the Revolutionary Tribunal in the decisions of the Convention"; only, happily, the one counts its bloody dominion by years, while the other counts it by centuries. Priests crammed in hulks, or sent *en masse* to the scaffold, nuns whipped in the streets, or singing the *Salve Regina* at the foot of the scaffold, are pictures constantly recurring during those dreary years, the only crime of the victims being a refusal to accept, at the bidding of the State, what they held to be schismatical ministrations.

With the advent of Napoleon to supreme power, a new and more inglorious chapter opens in the history of the French Church. That his serious aim in effecting the Concordat was to enlist the religious sentiment, in the persons of its authorized guardians, on his side as a serviceable instrument of despotic power, is notorious enough. But M. de Pressensé has brought out with peculiar force and clearness the cynical insolence of his pretended patronage of religion, and his odd collusion, for his own purposes, with the extremest Ultramontane pretensions, to which he gave undoubtedly the greatest impetus of modern times by calling on Pius VII. to ride roughshod over precedent, canon law, and equity in the redistribution of the French dioceses, and the arbitrary superseding of the Bishops who had been faithful to him through years of poverty and risk, and were now rewarded by the brand of schismatics when they demurred to so unheard-of an invasion of their legitimate rights. When he avowed his real belief Napoleon spoke with contemptuous indifference of all forms of faith. While the negotiations with the Roman Court were proceeding he spoke as follows to one of his intimates, and there is abundant evidence that, for once, he was saying what he meant:—

> The people must have a religion; this religion must be in the hands of the Government. *Fifty emigrant bishops, paid by England, to-day lead the French clergy. We must destroy their influence; the authority of the Pope is necessary for that.* He dismisses them, or makes them give in their resignation. It is declared that the Catholic religion being that of the majority of the French, the exercise of it ought to be organised. The First Consul nominates a hundred bishops, the Pope institutes them; they nominate the parish priests—the State pays them. They take the oath. The priests who do not submit are transported. It will be said that I am a Papist. *I am nothing. I was a Mahomedan in Egypt; I shall be a Catholic here, for the good of the people.* I do not believe in religions, but in the idea of a God."

The Pope, on his part, was induced to consent to a *coup d'état* which raised his power beyond the wildest dreams of Ultramontane fanaticism by the obvious suggestion of his counsellors:—"Let us conclude the Concordat which he (Napoleon) desires; they will know, when it is ratified, *all the immensity of its religious importance, and the power which it gives to Rome over the episcopacy in all the world.*" It was this argument, and the hope of recovering the Legations, that finally silenced the scruples of the pious but vacillating Pontiff as to the extent of his powers, and the cruel return he was making to the prelates who had so nobly fought his battles on the ground of principle, but were not prepared to acquiesce in these novel and uncanonical claims. It is to this, and to the senseless ecclesiastical policy of Louis Philippe and Guizot, that the modern French Church owes its servile prostration before the despotism of the Court of Rome.

Mr. Stroyan's translation is creditable on the whole, but there has been some carelessness both in the composition and correction of the press. Thus we are told in one place that till "the separation of civil and religious *cats*" (?) was accomplished there was no security for freedom of conscience. In another place, "we do not understand *that*" evidently means "*how*." Neither is "*ancient* vicars," and the like, English in the sense of *late* vicars. The type, however, is admirable, and helps to make the book very pleasant reading.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.*

THE last three volumes of Mr. Browning's poem have more than fulfilled the promise of the first volume. The book rises in dignity as it goes on; the poet warms with his subject; the abrupt and fragmentary style is changed for a continuous flow; the hints and outlines of character, which in the first volume tantalized and at times irritated the reader, become expanded into full-length portraits, of which every portion has been deeply considered and blended into harmony with the rest. And not only is the actual delineation and workmanship of the later divisions of the poem superior to the beginning, but the poem gains much in intelligibility by being studied as a whole. The introduction itself, which on the first reading seemed difficult and obscure, is illuminated by the light which is shed on it by what comes afterwards. There are few writers who can so little afford to be judged by isolated parts of their works as Mr. Browning. He seems to say to his readers, Take all or none; those who are unwilling to read the whole of what he presents to them as one piece can seldom understand any portion of it properly. This is the characteristic of a profoundly intellectual mind; and herein lies the most striking difference between Mr. Browning and his great living rival. In Tennyson, what clings to the reader's mind is not the broad conception of any of his works, but the concentration and power with which intense thoughts are compressed into single lines. The difficulty which is so noticeable in many passages of *In Memoriam* results, as in Tacitus, from the brevity of the expressions; the difficulty in *Paracelsus*, or the *Ring and the Book*, results from the subtlety and generality of the thought.

It is not necessary to repeat the account of the plot which we gave in our review of the first volume. No new fact comes out in the succeeding portions; the facts already given are merely filled out and animated with living breath; the glow of colour is added to the scanty sketch which is sufficient for the merely material part of the transaction narrated. There is, no doubt, much inequality. The picture which Mr. Browning presents to us is on a large scale; it is comparable to the gigantic productions of some of the Venetian painters. And while the main elements of Mr. Browning's work have to the full extent the unity and massiveness of those great men, there is, perhaps, in his subordinate parts, a failure to depict minute and commonplace events with that grace and exquisite perfection which Veronese threw even over his trivialities. Few of his readers will not feel a little resentment at Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, and Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius. These characters ought to have acted (and are intended to act) as a foil to the deep tragedy of the piece; there should have been no effort in their delineation, they should have been a relaxation after the severe problems which Guido and Caponsacchi present to us, they should have represented the grace of a more commonplace and ordinary life in contrast to the struggles of ambition and passion. They are, however, too irredeemably silly, and that not with a humorous but with a wearisome silliness; it is an effort to take any interest in them at all; and the length of their lucubrations does not add to the easiness of perusing them. And their arguments for and against Count Guido are of the most indifferent, where some real light was needed to be thrown on the curious circumstances of the case. Indeed, Mr. Browning throughout, in his treatment of the question which he sets forth, shows much more of the subtlety of the psychologist than of the lawyer. While analysing with the greatest skill the turns and windings of thought and impulse in his imagined characters, he hardly pays sufficient attention to the material parts of the case—to the actual question of evidence, of what did or did not happen; he assumes rather than conclusively demonstrates the portentous guilt of Guido Franceschini. But, after all, a poet cannot be expected to be a lawyer; and we should not have touched upon this point had it not been for the somewhat formal aspect of legal advocacy which appears on the surface in the *Ring and the Book*.

Of the twelve divisions of the poem, five are undeniably superior to the rest; the two speeches of Guido, and the speeches of Caponsacchi, Pompilia, and the Pope. Vivid description and strong passion mark the speech of Caponsacchi; dramatic skill and profound insight into character appear in the two of Guido; while the meditation of the Pope displays that intensity of thought on religious problems which is more continual in Mr. Browning than in any other poet of the same eminence. Pompilia is hardly so perfect as the others; a wife, however estranged from her husband, however much she had suffered at his hands, would scarcely have been able to regard him in so purely indifferent a manner, from so external a point of view, as Pompilia takes up with respect to Count Guido. We allude to such lines as the following:—

> And when next day the cavalier who came
> . . . . . proved Guido Franceschini,—old
> And nothing like so tall as I myself,
> Hooknosed and yellow in a bush of beard,
> Much like a thing I saw on a boy's wrist,
> He called an owl and used for catching birds,—
> And when he took my hand and made a smile—
> Why, the uncomfortableness of it all
> Seemed hardly more important in the case
> Than,—when one gives you, say, a coin to spend,—
> Its newness or its oldness.

This is very Browningesque. But surely the intimacy of Pompilia with one so vile as Guido must have left on her mind too deep a horror to admit of her expressing herself in this fashion. Yet there are in Pompilia's speech passages charming in their simplicity, as for instance the following:—

> When I was a mere child, my mother . . . . that's
> Violante, you must let me call her so
> Nor waste time, trying to unlearn the word . . . .
> She brought a neighbour's child of my own age
> To play with me of rainy afternoons;
> And since there hung a tapestry on the wall,
> We two agreed to find each other out
> Among the figures. "Tisbe, that is you,
> With half-moon on your hairknot, spear in hand,
> Flying, but no wings, only the great scarf

* *The Ring and the Book.* By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1869.

Blown to a bluish rainbow at your back:
Call off your hound and leave the stag alone!"
"And there are you, Pompilia, such green leaves
Flourishing out of your five finger-ends,
And all the rest of you so brown and rough:
Why is it you are turned a sort of tree?"
You know the figures never were ourselves
Though we nicknamed them so. Thus, all my life,—
As well what was, as what, like this, was not,—
Looks old, fantastic, and impossible:
I touch a fairy thing that fades and fades.

But Caponsacchi and Guido are Mr. Browning's most signal triumphs. We question if, since the great dramatists of the Elizabethan age, English poetry has ever produced characters so solid, so complex, so carefully thought out. How superior is Guido to Count Cenci, in Shelley's play! Cenci is a motiveless monster; he has a fiendish delight in cruelty and lust, but we recognise in him no community of nature with ourselves; the possibility of becoming like him does not occur to us in our wildest imaginations. But Guido is, every inch of him, a man of passions, reasonings, volitions, the like of which may be seen (though not in the same combination) in many of those whom we meet in our daily life. The union of his cold sceptical nature with the heat of his fierce revenge might have seemed contradictory if portrayed by an inferior master; but in Mr. Browning's hands the apparent inconsistency proves to be one of nature's contrasts, the more veritable because so unexpected. And again, it is true of him, what is true perhaps of every real human being, but what is not found in the exaggerated villains of novelists, that in spite of all his degradation we may admire somewhat in him—namely, the courage and coolness with which he conducts his defence. He has not indeed the physical courage to be able to face immediate death, and at the very last he breaks down in laments and supplications; but on no occasion on which forethought and prudence can be of any value to him does he flinch. Take his own account, in his first speech, of the murder he had committed; how plausible it is! How he had paused, in doubt as to the guilt or innocence of his wife; how he had determined to test her with the name of her lover; how he had pronounced outside the door the name "Caponsacchi":—

And the door
Opened. And then,—why, even then, I think,
I' the minute that confirmed my worst of fears,
Surely,—I pray God that I think aright!—
Had but Pompilia's self, the tender thing
Who once was good and pure, was once my lamb,
And lay in my bosom, had the well-known shape
Fronted me in the doorway, stood there faint
With the recent pang, perhaps, of giving birth
To what might, though by miracle, seem my child,—
Nay more, I will say, had even the aged fool
Pietro, the dotard, in whom folly and age
Wrought, more than enmity or malevolence,
To practise and conspire against my peace,—
Had either of these but opened, I had paused.
But it was she the hag, she that brought hell
For a dowry with her to her husband's house . . .
. . . . There was the end!
Then was I rapt away by the impulse, one
Immeasurable everlasting wave of a need
To abolish that detested life.

What follows is no whit inferior. But it is in his second speech that the genuine nature of Guido is most revealed; for here he is speaking privately, in prison, to the two ecclesiastics that are sent to prepare him for death, and consequently he gives much freer rein to his impulses than he had done in his public defence. On the surface, indeed, he seems to be laying aside all reserve, and uttering the very thoughts of his heart. Probably even he appeared to himself to be doing so, and it is not till the last moment, when the officers come to lead him to execution, that the deeper depth, the more vivid reality, is disclosed in his piercing cry for life. He tells his hearers that all he had hitherto said was vanity—the conceit of the head, not the truth of the heart—and he departs appealing to Pompilia for aid:—

Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—God, . . .
Pompilia, will you let them murder me?

So powerful a contrast between what a man deceives himself into thinking that he thinks, and what he really thinks when tried by the touchstone of reality, has rarely been described in poetry. It cannot be appreciated unless the whole of Guido's subtle shifting arguments are perused, arguments replete with a mocking cynicism, an affected carelessness, and a would-be heroism.

The fiery and open nature of Caponsacchi is a striking contrast to the character we have just been describing. His speech is of a kind which is a novelty in Mr. Browning's writings; there is in it so much of straightforward description, so little of argumentative subtlety. The poet is here deserting what has hitherto been his strongest ground; but few of his readers will regret the change. Here is a vivid piece:—

Suddenly I saw
The old tower, and the little whitewalled clump
Of buildings, and the cypress-tree or two,—
"Already Castelnuovo—Rome!" I cried,
"As good as Rome,—Rome is the next stage, think!
This is where travellers' hearts are wont to beat.
Say you are saved, sweet lady!" Up she woke.
The sky was fierce with colour from the sun
Setting. She screamed out "No, I must not die!
Take me no farther, I should die: stay here!
I have more life to save than mine!"
She swooned.
We seemed safe: what was it foreboded so?
Out of the coach into the inn I bore
The motionless and breathless, pure and pale
Pompilia,—bore her through a pitying group,
And laid her on a couch, still calm and cured
By deep sleep of all woes at once. The host
Was urgent, "Let her stay an hour or two!
Leave her to us, all will be right by morn!"
Oh, my foreboding! But I could not choose.

We have touched lightly on the faults of the *Ring and the Book*. They are, in truth, considerable, but they lie mostly on the surface. The length of the poem is far too great; the form of it is clumsy; the repetitions numerous. Here and there is a passage full of Mr. Browning's old contortions and obscurities, which have rendered *Paracelsus* and so many of his lyrics sealed books to the multitude. But, all deductions being made, he has in the present volumes given to the world a poem that must be considered one of the most considerable of the nineteenth century.

THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS OF LONDON.*

It is impossible to set bounds to the onward march by which the extension of London threatens to invade what little of rural or sylvan nature still environs its mass of brick and stone. One by one the green hills or slopes which encircle the London basin are being sapped by the advancing parallels of commonplace villas and terraces. Little as there is in the aspect of these vulgar masses of buildings to suggest the *regiæ moles* of the poet, there is much to awaken the sigh so natural to a man of taste over the scanty acreage left to the ploughshare or the spade. Ere the last of these meadowy and leafy haunts gives way to the incursion of the trowel and the hod, it is well that the task of picturing their charms or chronicling their history should be taken in hand by some writer alive to the interest of the subject, and qualified to act as *vates sacer* to the worthies of old time. In Mr. William Howitt the Northern Heights of London have met with an annalist full at least of hearty good will towards his subject, and qualified by the practice of a long and chequered literary life to tell fluently and with ease the tale of a locality which personal residence has made familiar and dear to him. The industry displayed in the compilation of the volume before us entitles him to much praise. We should have been glad of a more systematic arrangement here and there of the materials he has been at so much pains to collect, as well as of a more critical exactness in his statement of historical or antiquarian details. His narrative, however, is never dry, and his style, though too often betraying the twang of popular journalism, has the smooth and easy flow of a practised writer. His book will be welcome to those who wish to possess, in a handy compass and in a readable form, a selection of the better sort of gossip and lower form of history which attaches to this portion of the metropolitan suburbs.

The insatiable appetite for green fields which Cowley deplored in "the monster London" has at all times given rise to complaints, some of which now strike us with as much surprise at their terrors as at the measures they called forth by way of remedy. Mr. Howitt traces pleasantly some of the earliest stages of this all-devouring growth, and the futile attempts to set bounds to its rapacity. Over the whole of these northern heights spread in the time of FitzStephen, one of our oldest topographers (between 1170 and 1182), the vast and quiet forest of Middlesex. Only a step from the busy city were cornfields, pastures, and delightful meadows, intermixed with pleasant streams, on which stood many a mill, whose clack was grateful to the ear. "Beyond them a forest extends itself, beautified with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls." These wild bulls, the writer thought, were probably buffaloes, or like the beasts of Andalusia in Spain, which are not large. From the remains which occasionally turn up we may surmise, with Mr. Howitt, that the breed was more likely much the same as the ancient British stock which Sir Walter Scott tells us ranged the old Caledonian forest, and of which the famous Chillingham herd forms the last expiring relics. In this forest flourished abundant yew trees, whence were drawn goodly store of the national weapon. The fine old woods were, according to Maitland's *History of London*, disafforested in the reign of Henry III., A.D. 1218. A considerable breadth, however, seems to have been retained as hunting and sporting ground for the sovereign. We find Henry VIII., by proclamation addressed to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London, denouncing imprisonment and further penalties against all such as presumed to kill hare, partridge, pheasant, or heron, from his Palace at Westminster to "St. Gyles in the Fields, and from thence to Islington, to our Lady of the Oke, to Highgate, to Hornsey Parke, to Hampstead Heath, and from thence to his said Palace of Westminster." His daughter Elizabeth used to frequent Islington and Highgate Woods for hunting and hawking. She took up her quarters at Canonbury Tower, and her courtiers had houses around, amid woods and gardens. Mr. Howitt speaks of Raleigh's house still remaining as the "Pied Bull" at Islington. Alarms at the inordinate extension of London disturbed, towards the latter part of her reign, the mind of the great Queen. A proclamation appeared, dated at Norwich, July 7, 1580, forbidding any "further buildings being erected by any class of people, within the limits of the said city, or within three miles from any

* *The Northern Heights of London; or, Historical Associations of Hampstead, Highgate, Muswell Hill, Hornsey, and Islington.* By William Howitt. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

of its gates; also that not more than one family should live in one house, and that such families should not take inmates." The penalty for infringing this stringent sumptuary law was imprisonment without bail till good security was found for keeping the enactments. The figures which were thought to justify these arbitrary restrictions may well provoke a smile in our day. Harrison's *Description of England* sets down the population of England, in the year 1575, at about 5,000,000. If we quadruple the population of London from 1377, when it was only 35,000, the metropolis of Elizabeth's reign would not exceed 140,000. The Stuarts were equally haunted by fears of the growth of London. James I. had scarcely come to the throne when he ordered all such houses as had been erected contrary to Elizabeth's proclamation to be pulled down. In 1617, and again in 1622, all nobles, knights, and gentlemen were ordered to go hence, with their wives and families, and to remain in their country-houses till they were called again to Parliament, in order to restrain what the Scottish Solomon terms a "ricketty distemper in the head of the kingdom which occasioneth a flux of humours to approach the Court." Nor was Cromwell, as Mr. Howitt shows, a whit the wiser in this respect. In 1656 a fine of one year's rent was ordered against any offender who had erected a house having less than four acres of land attached to it, and of 100*l.* against any one who had erected a house without land. These proclamations seem to have remained a dead letter, save that they served occasionally as means for the extortion of bribes by favourites about the Court. So limited at this time was the public locomotion that in 1620 there were only twenty-five hackney coaches in all London and Westminster. Those having increased in 1635, the King ordered that no hackney coach should be used for anything but to carry people into and out of London at least three miles—not from one part of town to another, "because they obstructed the streets and rendered them dangerous to His Majesty, his beloved consort, and the nobility," besides rendering hay and provender dear. No more than fifty hackney coachmen were allowed, but Cromwell extended the number to two hundred.

The "northern heights" of London had up to this time remained unscaled by the gathering phalanx of life at their base. Mr. Howitt's practice being to abstain from giving authorities, it is not always easy to check or to appreciate the sources on which he depends for his opening statements. We look in vain in Mr. Kemble for the very apocryphal grant of the manor of Hampstead from Edgar the Peaceable, in 978, to his Minister Mangoda. As Edgar died in 975, there is here either a mistake in the figures, or something very like a forgery on the part of the monks of Westminster, to whom we are told the manor was granted on its lapse to the Crown after the death of Mangoda without heirs. It is named as consisting of five hydes in Edward the Confessor's grant on restoring the Cathedral of Westminster. Its value was only 100*s.* In Domesday, where the account is somewhat confused, it was returned as only 50*s.* The chief villein was one Ralph Peverel; a Norman, so adds Mr. Howitt, who had married Ingelrica, the Conqueror's discarded mistress. In the reign of Edward II. the convent of Westminster received by grant from Sir Roger Brabazon, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the adjoining manor of Belsize, comprising a house with 57 acres of land. At the dissolution of monasteries the manor of Hampstead was conferred on the bishopric of Westminster, to which Thomas Thirlby was consecrated in 1540. In nine years the Bishop had alienated nearly all the property of the see, and it was reduced to a deanery; when the Crown obtained possession of Hampstead manor, then valued at 65*l.* 15*s.* yearly, Edward conferred it upon Sir Thomas Wroth, whose grandson, Sir Robert—the husband of Lady Mary Dudley, niece of Sir Philip Sidney, and author of *Urania*, in imitation of the *Arcadia*—ordered it by will to be sold. It thus passed to Sir Baptist Hickes, afterwards Lord Campden, and from his family to the Noels, through the marriage of his daughter Juliana with Sir Robert Noel of Burleigh in Rutlandshire. In 1707 the manor was purchased by Sir W. Langhorne, a wealthy East India merchant, lord also of the manor of Charlton in Kent. Failing issue of Sir William, both estates passed by remainder to Sir John Conyers, and on his death to Margaret Maryon, and next to her son, the Rev. John Maryon, whose granddaughter marrying General Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, the property devolved upon their only son, the present owner, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson.

The primitive village of Hampstead—anciently written Hamestede, simply the "homestead"—first drew to itself the seekers of health and pleasure by the attraction of its mineral waters. In the reign of Henry VIII. it is said to have been inhabited by a colony of washerwomen, but by the beginning of the eighteenth century it had become a regular watering-place. Handbills and the advertising puffs of the day duly set forth the attractions of concerts, raffles, races on the heath, entertainments at Belsize House, and "private marriages at Sion Chapel." A comedy called *Hampstead Heath*, acted at Drury Lane in 1706, gives a graphic picture of what was to the Cockney mind of the period the "nearest show of *Paradise*." Belsize House, long in possession of the Wade family, and afterwards in that of the Earls of Chesterfield, was opened in 1720 as the prototype of Ranelagh or Vauxhall. The Lower Flask Tavern was another adjunct to Hampstead Wells. A paper in the *Tatler*, August 1709, speaks in terms of warning of the "raffling shop, secretly supported by a deep practitioner in the law." The numerous wells round London furnish a chapter by themselves to Mr. Howitt's book. Another is afforded by the feats of highwaymen, the most daring of which perhaps is the case of a Bill filed in the Court of Exchequer by John Everet, a notorious robber, to recover from Joseph Williams his proper share of 2,000*l.*, amassed by the fraternity by open and downright plunder and cutting of purses upon the heath; for which insult and contempt of court, the attorney, one Wreathock, who also practised on the highway, was committed to the Fleet for six months. Plaintiff and defendant both came to the gallows. Among famous denizens of this suburb, as villas began to dot its green solitudes, appear Lords Erskine and Chatham, the latter of whom passed at North End the mysterious year of his retirement and gloom. Poets, artists, and men of letters were drawn to these pleasant haunts. Steele had a cottage there in which Sir Charles Sedley had died. Addison and his friends often met in the gardens of the Bull and Bush. Akenside's friend Dyson bought him a house here; and Johnson took lodgings for his wife's health. Blake was wont to refresh his harassed spirit, or nurse his wayward fancy, in the company of his friend Linnell. In Leigh Hunt's cottage in the Vale of Health most of the finest poetry of Keats was written. From Millfield Lane to Caen Wood was known as Poets' Lane, frequented by Hunt, Keats, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Coleridge. In Church Row lived the Aikins, and here Mrs. Barbauld set up her school, and wrote poems to the mild delight of her generation. The church and church-yard have yielded up an endless roll of more or less illustrious dead, whose memories have made their precincts classic or holy ground. Scarcely less rich in historical and biographical associations are the once secluded villages of Highgate and Hornsey. Muswell Hill, originally the "Moss-well"—another of the suburban spas—boasted a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Muswell, to which flocked crowds of pilgrims. This well, now called St. Dunstan's, has been but lately protected, Mr. Howitt writes, by Act of Parliament in the interest of the parishioners, and still retains with many its repute for medicinal properties.

The etymology or derivation of Islington has always been a puzzle with antiquaries. Hisselton, Hyseldone, Yseldon, and Eyseldon are varieties with which the name presents itself in early authorities. Isendune, Isendon, and Iseltone occur in Domesday, and Isendone in the most ancient records of St. Paul's. The name as written over the stall of the prebend in the choir of the old cathedral was Iseldone, according to Dugdale, and the prebend was valued at eight marks. In the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* the *Islyngton præbenda de* stands as *xxl. xs. xd.* Lysons ridiculously takes the name to mean the "Hill of Iron," from the chalybeate springs in the neighbourhood. Skinner still more absurdly derives it from "Gisel, a hostage, in Anglo-Saxon." Sharon Turner in some respects comes nearer the mark in referring it to Ysseldune, the "down of the Yssel," supposed to be the original name of the river of Wells which fell into the Fleet. Houghton suggests a far-fetched derivation from the "British word *Ishel*, 'lower,' and *twyn*, 'a fortified enclosure,'" indicating a fort or tower below Highgate or Hampstead. Mr. Howitt suspends his judgment, though he might safely have cast in his lot with Mr. Tomlins, who, in his *Antiquarian Perambulation of Islington* decides on *Ysel* or *Eysel* being the same as *Ousel*, the diminutive for *Ouse* or *Eyse*, the British for water or a river. Islington, accordingly, is the "town of the river." This is made absolutely clear by the occurrence in Domesday of an Iselingetuna, Esingatuna, or Isingetuna, in Norfolk, so called from its site on the Ouse or Isis. Of all the northern heights of London Islington is the most ancient in story. Battle Bridge perpetuates the tradition of Boadicea's last desperate onset and overthrow, when 80,000 Britons fell before the legions of Suetonius. Whether the skeleton of the elephant disinterred here some years ago was a relic of the invading host, or a native of the British woods in prehistoric and semi-tropical times, Mr. Howitt has not given sufficient heed to palæontology to decide for us. He has brought in a curious note derived by Carte from the Mostyn papers touching the deputation who accompanied Llewellyn to London during the troubles in Wales under Edward I. The Snowdon barons were quartered at Islington, and entertained with the best that the country afforded. Unhappily they could not drink the wine and ale of London. The English bread they slighted, and the environs failed to supply milk enough for their party. Their pride, too, was galled by the vulgar staring of the Londoners at the strangers' outlandish garb. "No," chorussed the indignant Britons, "we will never again visit Islington except as conquerors." And from that instant they resolved to take up arms. Here the luckless Henry VI. was met by the insolent Warwick, and with every mark of ignominy escorted to the Tower. "Between Eyseldon and Shoreditch" his more fortunate conqueror, Edward IV., was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen with addresses of congratulation. And hereabouts, after the defeat of Lambert Simnel, Henry VII. was saluted by a similar deputation. Hither came, in 1557, the pensioners of Queen Mary, sent to greet the ambassadors of the Czar of Muscovy; and here, in the same year, a band of Protestants, including one John Rough, chaplain to the Earl of Arran, and an intimate friend of John Knox, were burnt at the stake. As the stream of history widens its bounds and landmarks, and becomes more fixed and sure, the incidents of the local chronicle multiply upon us, and the compiler's work grows more minute. It is impossible for mere extracts to do justice to the fulness of the writer's details. Allowing for a certain tendency to mere book-making, as well as for a degree of prolixity natural enough to a veteran in letters, his work has in it an amount of pleasant reading to make it go down with the general public.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF OIL-PAINTING.*

BY this volume the labour of love which the late lamented President of the Academy undertook, more than twenty years ago, for the cause of his art, is completed. It is possible that the title of the book may give an incorrect idea of its object to a hasty reader—leading him to expect a work of the biographical order, like that which in old days we owe to Vasari, and in our own time to Cavalcaselle. But what Sir Charles Eastlake has here modestly named "materials" are, in truth, the history of oil-painting as an art, from the earliest period to the days of Reynolds and Gainsborough. He is not ostensibly engaged with the biography of artists, nor with the national influences which formed their style and prescribed their subjects, nor with their individual powers of treating them. His aim is throughout to trace the gradual steps by which oil-colours superseded colours of a more perishable or a less effective nature, and were then elaborated into the magnificent art of which the lords paramount were Van Eyck and Bellini, Titian and Veronese, Correggio and Rubens, Rembrandt and Velasquez. We might easily lengthen this imperial list, but what a purple splendour there is about it as it stands! Like an enumeration of famous landscapes, what visions of glow and glory does it call up! But we have given it, not with any wish to dwell upon these alluring topics, but simply to convey to our readers a true impression of the importance and interest of the subject dealt with in these volumes. For, by virtue of the unity which always exists, not only between the nature and character of the artist and his work, but also between the executive and the mental elements of it, the leading pictorial qualities of the great oil-painters are involved in the history which professes, as its dominant idea, to record their technical processes. This is especially true of the volume before us, which turns much less than did the first volume on the rudimentary efforts and old traditionary methods of the early oil-painters. As the colour system of each leading artist in his turn is described, we have with it a description of his style and place in the world of art—the force and purity of the Van Eycks; and of Bellini and his contemporaries; the glowing tenderness of Perugino; the intensity and more than microscopic refinement of Leonardo da Vinci; the calm range and equable senatorial splendour of Titian; the mysterious imagination of Rembrandt; the *correggiescity* of Correggio. Thus what at first sight seems a rather limited subject turns out, when duly handled, to be one of the highest interest to all who have any real care for art. And it does not appear an exaggerated statement if we say that Sir Charles has here given us a legacy hardly inferior in value to that which England owes to his untiring exertions in the National Collection.

There is something, it seems to us, eminently characteristic of Englishmen (and eminently characteristic, it may be added, of the distinguished author), in the scheme of the book, as here set forth. We often hear now, with an iteration which would almost be tedious were it not so graceful, so lively, and so discursive, of the Englishman's practical helplessness and theoretical incapacity when compared with the style in which people manage things in France or Germany. And certainly the scheme of this book does appear small in comparison with the vast pretensions of such a writer as M. Taine, in his recent essays on the Italian and Flemish schools. The one starts from oils and resins; the other, from the conformation of the country, the races who have inhabited it from primæval times, and the whole course of its subsequent history. Sir Charles aims at showing the little steps by which the employment of certain "vehicles" led the artists on to form their style; M. Taine professes to account for the genius and works of Hemling or Rubens by laws which compelled their appearance, and governed their hands by an irresistible fatality. And M. Taine's book leaves one with the impression of a clever writer who has never once had a glimpse of his subject, and in whose essay it is the least portion which bears reference either to what the painters aimed at or to the merit of their works—art, in his history, being truly *minima pars sui;* whilst in the other, beside the exhaustive treatment of the technicalities which the author undertakes to investigate, all that he has included, in his progress, upon the style and value of the artists has that peculiar authority which belongs to the careful judgments of a painter upon his own profession. The same contrast holds good in respect to the style of the two writers—Taine sparkling, cold, too clever for confidence, untouched by the soul of his subject, and hence never touching the reader's; Eastlake temperate, chaste, keeping always within the phrase rather than exceeding measure, yet rising with the occasion to a certain sedate and impressive eloquence when he describes those works of which no one but the artist himself can adequately feel the amazing and unapproachable excellences.

The volume opens with a name which, even after the lapse of six centuries, no one who has loved and felt with the greatest of the Italian poets can write without a certain emotion. The chapel in S. Maria Nuova at Florence, founded by Folco Portinari, father to Dante's Beatrice, was the place which the taste of a descendant and namesake of Folco, some hundred and fifty years afterwards, converted into what one may call the first collection of oil-paintings seen in Italy. Sir Charles traces this innovation to the commercial connexions which the Portinari family had with North-western Europe. Besides importing Flemish pictures, they appear to have shown attention to Antonello of Messina, the painter who still preserves the traditional credit of introducing the new process into the South. Italy, probably for nearly two thousand years (if the Etruscan tomb-pictures date so far back), had been satisfied with methods in painting which generally employed water as the diluent of the colours. And the climate of the sub-Apennine districts was, in truth, just sufficiently free from dampness and liberal in light to render "fresco" and "tempera," in their many varieties, possible. Yet, even there, no one who now visits the country can fail to observe that an exceptionally favourable building and rarely found conditions of careful guardianship are essential to prolong the life of a fresco for any period which a serious artist might rationally desire. As we read that England is within, but only just within, the "wheat-growing circle," so we may say of Italy and her famous frescoes. One must descend to Sicily, or Greece, or Egypt to find a climate genuinely propitious to that delicate but delightful art. Only here and there a Giotto's chapel at Padua, a Monasterio Maggiore for Luini, perhaps a Vatican ceiling for Michael Angelo—makes one feel, by the contrast of its accidental preservation, how precarious was that method to which so much of genius and so much of history was entrusted. Hence (irrespectively of the peculiar technical merits possessed by oil-colour in depth and fusion of tint, truth united with force of tone, and facility in correction and finish), there is no cause for wonder that the Italians, although a race singularly conservative by instinct, rapidly adopted the novel and more durable method. Soon, says Vasari, "people crowded with enthusiasm to see this new and more real perfection, deeming that nothing could ever surpass it." And surpassed it certainly has not been; though the enthusiasm might have been abated had the ills that oil-painting, in its turn, is heir to—the cracked surface, the fugitive tint, the rich brown rustiness, dear to the connoisseur, the ravages of the sun and the cleaner—been foreseen by the eyes which looked on Francia and Perugino in the glory of their first freshness.

After noticing the beginnings of the art in Italy, Sir Charles recapitulates the practice of the Flemings, and then proceeds to notice its gradual development at the hands of Lorenzo di Credi, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Francia, Raffaelle, the Frate, Andrea del Sarto, and other Florentines. He then treats on Correggio, in a very full and interesting chapter, concluding the treatise with a general sketch of those famous "Venetian methods" which have been the delight and wonder of all subsequent oil-painters, and the *ignis fatuus* to many. We may conjecture that, had life been spared, the author would have also examined the chief Venetian painters; nor is there any subject on which his patient observation and exquisite taste would have been more profitably or pleasantly employed. It is to be hoped that some of the notes on pictures observed during Eastlake's journeys may supply this hiatus, should the affectionate care which has given us this volume judge it proper to publish them. A short series of essays, mostly directed to technical details, closes the volume. They contain the fruits of a singularly precise and varied experience, and would, we should think, if illustrated by practical experiments, form an admirable basis for a course of lectures to the students of the Academy. Such lessons of practice are particularly desirable in England, whose artists are in no danger of suffering by an excess of that formal routine teaching which has elsewhere brought schools of art to a dead level of academic monotony.

With one extract, which we choose because it involves few technical details, we close our notice of the most important essay on art which the English press has given us for many years:—

> In the application of fresco-painting to architecture, the practice of Correggio differed widely from that of preceding masters: his innovations in this department may be exemplified by comparing his cupolas with the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, by Michael Angelo. That great painter, though a master of foreshortening, has not, in the instance referred to, supposed his figures to be *above* the eye, but *opposite* to it, so that they are still intelligible when seen in any other situation, as, for example, in an engraving; Correggio, on the other hand, in his cupolas, always aimed at producing the perspective appearance of figures above the eye; and the violent foreshortening which is the consequence renders his figures unsatisfactory except in their original situation, and when seen from below, where their effect must at first have been marvellous. But, after all, if the object of art be to meet the impressions of nature by corresponding representation, it is evident that foreshortening on ceilings or cupolas, as it necessarily presents the human figure and all objects in a mode absolutely foreign to our experience, must, more or less, depart from the plain end of imitation, and can only excite wonder at the artist's skill. It remains to observe that the foreshortenings which Correggio has introduced in his cupolas are, in most cases, incompatible with all but a general expression in the features, as the heads are almost always represented as if seen from below. All nobler objects were thus overlooked in the pursuit of a favourite excellence, and Correggio ever sought the attributes of perspective opposed to qualities of the mere surface; . . . to pierce in appearance the surface of a cupola with ascending figures, notwithstanding the amazing difficulty of the undertaking, was an enterprise quite to his taste.

* *Materials for a History of Oil-Painting.* By Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A. Vol. II. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

ROBIN GRAY.*

IF the whole of this novel had been equal to the first volume we should have had to record a real and very striking success. Though based on the decidedly dangerous experiment of amplifying a ballad so well known, so perfect in itself, and so pathetic as "Auld Robin Gray," it is very satisfactorily done so far; and if we object to this elaboration of a poem the very simplicity of

* *Robin Gray.* A Novel. By Charles Gibbon, Author of "Dangerous Connexions." 3 vols. London: Blackie & Son.

which stirs our imagination more than any amount of detail can satisfy, it is because we think the broad suggestiveness of poetry a higher kind of art than the minute particularization which passes by the name of novel-writing. Also because we think that all these second presentations of a well-known story, these after-growths from an old-established stem, are mistakes in themselves, and more likely than not to be weak and unsatisfactory. We cannot, however, say this of the first volume of *Robin Gray*, almost the whole of which has been worked with great delicacy and skill, and which is as good for the kind of thing as can be.

We need not repeat the story so far. The leading lines are precisely those of "Auld Robin Gray"—two young lovers, with not sufficient means to marry on, Jeamie's sea voyage to make the crown a pound, reports of his death, the father's broken arm, the mother's illness, the cow that was stolen away, and Auld Robin Gray who comes a' courting in the day of want, and who is finally accepted under the pressure of poverty and the parents' need. Then Jeamie turns up again, and sees Jeanie at her own home, and with the kiss immortalized by the ballad they tear themselves away. After this the likeness between the poem and the story is at an end. And with the likeness we come also to an end of the verisimilitude and naturalness of the tale.

The villain of the book, and the worker of all the mischief to every one, is Nicol McWhapple, the Laird of Clashgirn, an elder of the kirk, a hypocrite, forger, murderer, smuggler, and everything else that is bad. He is a placid, cunning little man, with a small shrunken body and a lame leg; his keen face runs from the high cheek bones to a sharp point at the clean-shaven chin; he has a sallow complexion, a pawky smile, a habit of drooping his eyelids "over his small, pale, ferroty eyes, and occasionally giving his head a jerk forward like a hawk dabbing at its prey." This pleasant person has, it seems, in times past taken in and supported Jeamie Falcon and his mother, when they came wandering to Portlappock in distress. He tended the mother in her illness and buried her decently when she died, and afterwards brought up Jeamie as a kind of feeless servant—half son, half servant—out of whom good work was got and little given in return. When the lad wants the farm of Askaig, and two years' grace for stock, that he may marry Jeanie Lindsay, the old lean laird refuses him; so Jeamie thinks he has nothing for it but to go to sea, Portlappock being a fishing place where every man is a sailor. He therefore engages himself in one of Clashgirn's boats, which is heavily insured, and commanded by Ivan Carrack, a Highland skipper with a more than mortal stolidity of face and character, and an inexhaustible capacity for whisky. Before starting, however, Girzie Todd, the old fishwife, warns him against joining Carrack and "the *Colin*." But as she will give him no reason why she says "The *Colin's* doomed," Jeamie only answers, "Toots Girzie!" and takes his own way. When fairly at sea he finds that something is amiss, though he cannot say what. The men look at him coldly; the skipper drinks, swears, and stares with his calf eyes incessantly, and lays some mysterious crooked spell on Jeamie, who, do what he will, can never right himself. Once the ship is set on fire, and Jeamie is "blamed," though innocent; but there is no chance of his position bettering, for McWhapple and Carrack have agreed between them to lose the brig, and Jeamie with her, and the old fable of the wolf and the lamb has to be carried out. But such crimes as murder and arson on the high seas have to be committed cautiously, so that it is a little time before Carrack can succeed in firing the ship, which at last he does, unseen by any of the crew and suspected only by Jeamie and one other. When the boats are lowered and the men safely seated in them, Jeamie is sent below for the log; at the same moment the mainmast topples over, there is a terrible explosion, and the blazing wreck sinks hissing into the water. Of course the lad is assumed to be burnt or drowned, and the boat pulls into shore. When news comes to Portlappock of his loss, the Lindsay distress culminates, and Jeanie marries Robin Gray. But the Robin Gray of the book and the Auld Robin Gray of the poem are not the same men. He of the book is a man of green middle-age but looking younger, a fine, hearty, healthy, Scottish farmer in the prime of life, and one of whom any woman might be fond. He had seen Jeanie grow up from a wee bit wean to a braw and sonsie lass; and he had loved her once and for all, before he was aware of her attachment to Jeamie. When he asks her to marry him she tells him that her heart is in the grave with her dead lover; but she finally consents, since he is willing to take her on her own terms, thankful to get her on any. After the marriage then, when Jeanie has learnt to love her husband dearly and to be calm and happy, come Jeamie's return, the meeting, and the kiss; and then Mr. Gibbon's coda.

Jeanie says nothing to her husband of the dead lover's reappearance, but he hears of it from McWhapple, with sly hints, cautions, and inuendoes intermixed. He is annoyed that Jeanie does not confide in him; but she keeps silence to avoid giving him pain, jealous as he is, until such time as she shall know that Jeamie has left Portlappock. Jeamie does not leave. Wishing to revenge himself on Ivan Carrack for the misery he has wrought him, and knowing that he fired the brig, he stays in the place, at a desolate out-of-the-way shieling beyond the Brownie's Bite and up by Askaig, where Girzie's daft son Wattie, and Lang Rob Keith and his wife, keep him company. Carnieford, or Robin Gray, straightforward and generous if jealous, goes over to Askaig to see Jeamie and make all right with him; but he does not find him; and on that same day a strange man comes in the Clashgirn gig for Jeanie, with a message to haste away to Askaig with clothes, &c., for her gudeman is lying there badly hurt, and she is wanted to tend him. It is a wild day, and the "Brownie's Bite" is a growsome torrent; but she gets across the swollen waters safely, if after peril—to find no gudeman at all, but just Jeamie Falcon. By this time she has found out that she loves her husband better than her old lover, and they have a scene wherein she bitterly reproaches him for his treachery—of which he has not been guilty. Carnieford on reaching home hears the news of his wife's sudden disappearance, and tears back to Askaig like a madman, coming upon Jeanie and Jeamie sitting in the kitchen, the one looking dour and the other disconsolate. Then ensues a tremendous hubbub. The farmer refuses to hear reason, or to believe in the innocence of wife or man. He and Jeamie have a quarrel and a fight; and for one reason or another they all—husband, lover, Lang Rob, Wattie the idiot, and Jeanie—rush out of the house, and into the tremendous storm of the night, and all wander right away to the foaming spate of the Brownie's Bite. Here Jeanie hears the sound of trampling and struggling—by a sudden flash of lightning sees two men fighting on the very edge of the abyss; and then a shriek tells her that one has been hurled into the water. An instant after a man stumbles against her; it is her husband who grips her arm, asks what is amiss, and, when he sees who it is, lets her fall to the earth, and disappears. Some days after this a body is found jammed among the rocks of the fall. The head and face are so battered that they are not recognisable, but the clothes, which are Jeamie Falcon's, leave no doubt as to its identity. He and Wattie Todd the idiot are both missing; but before the corpse is found Girzie has set off on a search for her son, sure that he is away with Jeamie somewhere. When the body is recognised as Jeamie's by the clothes, Robin Gray of Carnieford is arrested as the murderer.

Jeanie, sure of his innocence for all that appearances are so fatally against him, now bends all her wits to his defence; and among other things—after having made and signed a deposition eminently damaging to him—she goes off to Clashgirn to watch the old laird, whom, together with Carrack, she suspects of foul play somehow. She sees him leave the house at dead of night, and follows him to the beach, where he signals a brig lying-to in shore. A boat comes off, and Ivan Carrack comes in her. He and McWhapple have a talk which reveals much to Jeanie, who is listening in a hollow hard by. But an incautious movement betrays her, and Carrack seizes her after a hard chase. He binds her hand and foot, gags her mouth, and takes her with him on board the brig, where he makes love to her in his uncouth Highland fashion. The brig has only two sailors in her—one a certain ill-looking Donald; and the other, Grainger, a queer, hirsute, surly fellow, who speaks but little, keeps himself in the shade, and has a habit of concealing his face as much as he can. But to this man Jeanie appeals for protection; and though his odd ways leave her in doubt as to whether he will aid her or not, he nevertheless inspires her with confidence. She is so sure that her husband did not murder Jeamie Falcon, and so sure too that Clashgirn and Carrack have had a hand in the deed, that she would give her life to get back to Portlappock, if only she could right Robin while there is yet time. After a brief season of suspense, during which she is locked up in the cabin knowing nothing of what is going on above, she finds herself at Portlappock, with Grainger in charge of the brig, and Donald and Ivan Carrack prisoners in the hold.

And now everything comes to light. Grainger is Jeamie Falcon disguised, and the rightful possessor of Clashgirn, which McWhapple, as his father's trustee, agent, and friend, had filched from him, the proofs of his rightful possessorship lying with Girzie Todd; the poor daft idiot Wattie is the murdered man, and murdered by Ivan Carrack, with Clashgirn's connivance; Ivan is Girzie's brother, and McWhapple is the father of the boy, so that father and uncle together have compassed the death of the son of the one and nephew of the other. The laird and the skipper are arrested, and the laird dies in his cell, but the skipper is hanged, wanting more drink; Jeamie travels, and finally marries a young lady of his own station, and one better fitted for the Laird of Clashgirn than poor Jeanie would have been, which is doubtful; and after a long time of severance and probation, Robin and Jeanie come together again, the birth of a young Carnieford helping in that desirable result.

This, then, is the outline of the story, and it is a curious patchwork of idyllic tenderness and wild sensationalism. Nothing can be quieter than the first volume, nothing more upheaped and strained than the last two. It is as if they had been worked by different hands, and they produce the same effect as a badly matched piece of cloth. Two things strike us as scarcely natural in the treatment—one is, that Girzie Todd should have kept so religiously the secret of her son's parentage for all those years, seeing that a slip of this kind does not tell much in Scotland against any man, especially if unmarried, and seeing also that it is scarcely possible to hide such a thing in a country place; and the other is, that Jeanie's sudden attachment to her husband alternates rather inharmoniously with her passionate love for Jeamie, only so lately shown. She would scarcely have upbraided the lover for the sake of the husband so bitterly as she did, if she loved him as she is assumed to have done. One or the other is painted in too strong colours, and the alternation is both too sudden and too extreme. The character of Girzie Todd is admirable in the beginning, though afterwards she too goes off into turgidity and extravagance; but McWhapple and Ivan Carrack are melodramatic monsters without much life-

likeness, considering their circumstances. It is a pity that so delightful an opening should have so unsatisfactory a continuance and ending; but it only shows how much more difficult it is for Mr. Gibbon to construct a good plot than to work pleasantly and well on one already made to his hand.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LITTRÉ'S Dictionary * is still going on, and the twenty-first *livraison* justifies in every respect the success which the previous ones have obtained. Ménage, Furetière, the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux*, Napoléon Landais, Bescherelle, nay, the Académie itself, must yield to the new lexicographer who, single-handed, has given us in such gigantic proportions the history of the French language. We might easily fill pages with remarks of every kind suggested by this excellent work. Amongst the archaisms duly registered by the author, for instance, the word *perdurable* occurs, and M. Littré observes that it is a pity such an epithet should have become obsolete. Again, we say *inexorable, inextricable, implacable*; why should we not employ the corresponding affirmatives *exorable, extricable, placable?* Fashion has admitted the former and rejected the latter, and fashion in this as well in as many other instances has proved a very absurd guide. M. Littré's etymologies, derived from an accurate knowledge of the laws of comparative philology, would have seemed exceedingly tame to Ménage, who used, as our readers know, to coin Latin words whenever he failed to find some ready made. But we have learnt, in these degenerate times, to be more cautious than our forefathers were, and we think it safer to confess our ignorance than to venture upon fantastic and hypothetical derivations. With reference to the verb *plaire*, M. Littré remarks that the original form of the infinitive was *plaisir*, from *placēre*, whereas the form which is now exclusively admitted can only be accounted for on the supposition that the writers who introduced it accented *placĕre* with the penultimate short. The slang or *argot* of which M. Lorédan Larchey has given such amusing specimens in his *Excentricités de la Langue française*, is also admitted to the honour of a notice in M. Littré's Dictionary; thus, under the article *pompier*, literally a fireman, we are told that this epithet is familiarly applied to drunkards.

The new editions of the Greek and Latin classics commenced by Messrs. Hachette appear to have been very well received. One of the best Virgilian scholars of Germany has given to M. Benoist's *Bucolics* and *Georgics* an amount of praise which is highly flattering if we consider from what quarter it comes; M. Weil's Æschylus and Euripides are likewise productions of great merit, and now we have to notice an edition of Cornelius Nepos † prepared by M. Monginot, one of the lecturers at the Lycée Bonaparte. In his introduction to the volume, he has had of course to discuss the question of authenticity which still divides the opinions of German critics. Rinck flatly maintains that the biographies generally ascribed to Cornelius Nepos are a mere forgery; Nisson regards them as the production of an abbreviator. M. Monginot refutes both these opinions with considerable skill, and bestows much praise upon the Latin author's style, contrary to the view adopted by Rinck, who allows prejudice to warp his judgment in the most absurd manner. The question of literary excellence is an important one, no doubt; but that of accuracy is still more so in the case of an historian. M. Monginot admits that Cornelius Nepos was often satisfied with information taken from doubtful sources, and further, that he did not generally turn his materials to the best account. He is often guilty of exaggeration, and the praise he bestows upon his heroes becomes fastidious by its monotony. Still, notwithstanding all these faults, Cornelius Nepos deserves to be numbered amongst the best Latin authors of what we may call the second order—men of talent, not men of genius. M. Monginot's text is remarkably correct, and the notes, printed in double columns at the foot of every page, contain abundance of elucidatory matter. The volume gives us not only the complete biographies, but all the fragments which time has handed down.

The second and concluding part of M. Privat Deschanel's *Traité élémentaire de Physique* ‡ is now before the public, and students who wish to gain a general knowledge of natural philosophy without being obliged to pore over complicated mathematical calculations will find in it one of the best popular text-books we have ever seen on the subject. M. Jamin's lectures at the École Polytechnique are destined for the select few; M. Deschanel's audience will be of a more miscellaneous description. Several hundred woodcuts, and three chromo-lithographs, illustrate the apparatus described and the experiments for which that apparatus has been provided.

Under the title *l'École d'Athènes* § M. de Julleville has given us a very interesting monograph on a rather obscure point of literary history. The political glory of Greece became, no doubt, a thing of the past when the Romans subjugated the country which had been the head-quarters of freedom; but, as far as Athens was concerned, the rule exercised by the masters of the world proved almost beneficial. For three centuries an uninterrupted succession of political disturbances and calamities had arrested that literary activity which had done so much to ensure the glory of Greece; but when the Roman legions brought with them order and security, a kind of *renaissance* took place which, if less brilliant than the famous era of Pericles, at any rate lasted longer. From the period of the Roman conquest to that of the invasion of the Barbarians, Athens retained her proud position as the intellectual centre of the civilized world, the metropolis of literature, philosophy, eloquence, and poetry. It is true, as M. de Julleville remarks, that the sources of inspiration were dried up for ever; but if the revival of intellectual pursuits amongst the Athenians did not produce men of genius, it brought forth a whole array of commentators, rhetoricians, versifiers, and Sophists, whose works are not destitute of merit, although that merit may be of an inferior class. M. de Julleville begins by describing the state of society at Athens during the fourth century of the Christian era; he shows what were the schools of philosophy and of eloquence; he exhibits the amusing rivalries of lecturers and teachers; and then proceeds to give us an account of the principal Sophists who lectured on eloquence or philosophy—Julianus, Panætius, and Himerius. Do these men deserve, he asks, the contempt with which we look down upon them in our own day? We find fault with their utter want of thought; we sneer at the emptiness of their polished sentences; but we should remember that these last representatives of Hellenic culture were almost worshipped by their contemporaries, and the popularity they enjoyed must have been the result of certain qualities which we are unable to appreciate, placed as we are amidst entirely different conditions of life and of energy.

M. Labatut's *Histoire de la Préture* * is the first instalment of a work on the Roman magistracy. Much has been written on the laws of Rome, its constitution, its political and administrative history; but the topic selected by M. Labatut does not seem yet to have engaged the notice of the learned, especially that portion of it which refers to the Prætors, their functions and their importance. Rein, Becker-Marquardt, Gottling, and the other German scholars whose works touch upon the wide subject of Roman administration, did not make use of all the resources offered by the science of epigraphy; and M. Labatut believes, rightly we think, that the inscriptions which Mommsen, Borghesi, and Henzen have brought to light supply a number of facts not to be found in literary productions, strictly so called. He has, therefore, made epigraphy his chief study, and has reproduced all the inscriptions which could throw any evidence upon the question which he attempts to deal with. Law and history are two sciences closely connected together, and especially in the case of the Romans it is impossible to view them separately; therefore, although the book of M. Labatut is that of a lawyer, still the student of history will find it extremely valuable, and may use it with confidence as a lucid and full commentary on Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, and the other historians of the Roman Commonwealth.

After having devoted two years to the review of Italian art, M. Taine now takes his pupils to the Netherlands †, and endeavours in the first instance to explain how peculiarities of race, instinct, and physiological qualities have determined the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting, stamping them with merits which are exclusively their own. The nations whose influence has principally told upon the progress of civilization may be arranged in two separate and well-defined groups; and whilst among those who belong to the great Latin family the Italians are undoubtedly the foremost, considered from the artistic point of view, the Dutch and the Flemings occupy the same position in the Germanic race. According to his favourite method, M. Taine accounts for the peculiar features of the schools of art he now describes by facts which are sometimes trivial, and sometimes susceptible of an interpretation quite different from the one he suggests; but his remarks are always interesting. Truth, he says, is the chief aim of the Dutch and Flemish painters; they have constantly tried to represent things as they saw them, without any *arrière-pensée*; and that is why they are, in his opinion, superior both to the Germans, for whom painting is only the picturesque embodiment of religious or metaphysical ideas, and to the English, whose constant endeavour is to portray characters and feelings.

M. Taine's new volume belongs to M. Germer-Baillière's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine*. In the same series we have also to mention another work ‡ on the well-known and oft-discussed question of independent or extra-religious morality. M. C. Coignet finds fault with the nineteenth century, because, in the matter of political government, it aims at bringing about a compromise between mediæval ideas and the principles established by the French Revolution. We are endeavouring, he says, to put new wine into old bottles, to recast antiquated doctrines instead of dismissing them altogether; in short, we are just now the victims of expediency. Hence the uncertainty, the apprehensions, the scepticism which prevail around us, and which cramp the energies of the social system. Must we then, by throwing away the traditions of the pre-revolutionary epoch, rush into the other extreme of founding the new order of things upon

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* *Dictionnaire de la Langue française.* Par E. Littré. 21e livraison. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Cornelius Nepos, texte latin, avec un Commentaire etc.* Par Alfred Monginot. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Traité élémentaire de Physique.* Par A. Privat Deschanel. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *L'École d'Athènes au 4e siècle après Jésus-Christ.* Par Louis Petit de Julleville. Paris: Thorin.

* *Histoire de la Préture.* Par Edmond Labatut. Paris: Thorin.

† *Philosophie de l'Art dans les Pays-Bas.* Par H. Taine. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *La Morale indépendante dans son principe et dans son objet.* Par C. Coignet. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

the teaching of materialists? No, says M. Coignet; from the point of view of independent morality, right is neither a conception of universal reason, nor an external law of nature; it is the human fact *par excellence*, it is the affirmation that man is a free agent. We shall not attempt to refute this proposition, but we may simply ask M. Coignet how he can isolate man from the circumstances amidst which he is placed, and where he finds the sanction and the motive of the principles which govern both individuals and society?

It is amusing to see how certain writers understand the art of criticism. M. Caro, one of the most eminent metaphysicians of the present day, publishes a work entitled *Le Matérialisme et la Science*, which we had occasion to notice some months since. Being one of the lecturers of the Sorbonne, and therefore occupying an important position in the French University, he receives and accepts an invitation to one of the Emperor's parties at Compiègne; thereupon M. A. Ranc remarks, most logically and good-naturedly, that it is no matter of surprise if we find M. Caro composing weak refutations of materialism, since such works are rewarded by Imperial patronage. Literary criticism of this sort is so utterly contemptible that it would be quite below notice if, unfortunately, it was not a common offence amongst our neighbours. Party spirit runs so high in France that the most upright and disinterested author cannot escape calumny as soon as he has by any untoward circumstance attracted the favourable notice of the powers that be. What would M. Ranc say if we were to accuse him of defending materialism from interested motives, because his patrons pay him for his *feuilletons* and occasionally invite him to dinner? This singular piece of criticism forms part of a compilation which professes to give the history of the political, literary, and artistic events of the past year.*

M. Maxime Ducamp publishes the first volume of a work which promises to be both amusing and instructive; it is a history of Paris as Paris now is. Instead of taking us back to the days of Lutetia, to the Emperor Julian, and to the *Misopogon*, M. Ducamp confines his remarks to the present state of things, and attempts to do for us what Mercier did so admirably for the Parisians of the year 1732. Who has not read that curious *tableau de Paris*, where all the attractions, the dangers, the beauties, and the imperfections of the mud metropolis, as it then existed, are duly registered and described? M. Maxime Ducamp's work is of the same kind, with this notable advantage, however, that most of the objectionable things referred to by Mercier have now disappeared.† The streets are paved, the police is much better managed than even under the rule of D'Argenson, gas has everywhere taken the place of those famous *lanternes* which formed such convenient auxiliaries to the guillotine, and M. Haussmann, in thorough contempt of archæology and the picturesque, has swept away entire quarters which had nothing to recommend them but old historical associations. Truly the Parisians are taken care of with a zeal, a tenderness, an assiduity which far exceeds what they deserve; for, as M. Ducamp remarks, they are like the children of Israel in the wilderness—they expect manna to fall from heaven on their especial behoof, and heaven, being interpreted, means the Government. If the bread is bad, the wine adulterated, the dogs unmuzzled, the cab-drivers rude, and the omnibuses dirty, it is all your fault, M. Haussmann. M. Maxime Ducamp says in his preface that he will carefully abstain from politics; we must, therefore, consider the gentle banter with which he garnishes the result of his researches as a *hors-d'œuvre* which must not be too critically examined. The post-office, the telegraphs, the public conveyances, the railways, and the Seine, with its various adjuncts, form the subject of this excellent volume.

The new edition of the amusing letters on Italy written by President de Brosses about the middle of the last century deserves mention ‡ here, although M. Colomb has added nothing to the *recueil* which he published some years ago, and which we reviewed as soon as it was issued. But it is well to remind our readers of publications which might otherwise escape their attention, especially when they come from abroad, and are not advertised in due course by the English newspapers. We can only repeat here what we formerly said—namely, that President de Brosses studied Italy precisely as an accomplished Frenchman of the eighteenth century would have done; that is to say, with a correct perception of artistic beauty, and with a due sense of the treasures of every kind which the archæologist and the historian meet so thickly assembled around them; but in other respects he was a thorough satirist, and his views of Italian society, Italian manners, and Italian prejudices are marked by a tone of sarcasm and levity sometimes carried to excess.

Beaumarchais may be named amongst the contemporaries of De Brosses who represented most completely the tendencies of the eighteenth century on the other side of the Channel. He forms the subject of a small *brochure* published under a somewhat ambitious title§, and which does not "reveal", whatever the author may say, anything further than the details which M. d'Arneth gave us in a pamphlet published last year at Vienna. Beaumarchais had been sent in 1774 to Germany, by the French Government, for the purpose of obtaining the suppression of a pamphlet most insulting to the Queen Marie-Antoinette, which had been clandestinely printed abroad. No sooner, however, had he reached Vienna, than the author of the *Mariage de Figaro* was arrested by M. de Kaunitz as being the veritable Simon Pure, and thrown into prison, where he remained for a month. M. d'Arneth believes that the Austrian Minister's suspicions were well-founded, but this can hardly be the case, since Kaunitz, after having written to Sartines, the French *lieutenant de police*, felt himself compelled to apologize to Beaumarchais, and to give him an indemnification of 1,000 ducats for the annoyance and the disgrace which he had inflicted upon him.

M. Dupanloup devotes a very sensible and interesting volume * to an inquiry into the studies which are most suitable for women. He shows that in French fashionable life even the taste for reading is considered slow amongst ladies, and that those who wish to do something better than discourse for ever about millinery, horse-racing, and balls must be contented with taking up a book on the sly, for fear of seeming pedantic and pretentious. Not only is the intellectual part of a woman's training examined in this volume, but also the general routine of her life, and the sum of those duties which she is to perform if she would rightly understand her true vocation.

Madame Gervaisais is a novel † which might pass for the work of the author of *Le Maudit*. We have called it a novel, but the story is a very subordinate matter compared with the wonderful psychological analysis displayed in the delineations of the heroine's character. Madame Gervaisais arrives one fine morning in Rome—a free-thinker, it is true, but otherwise extremely accomplished; her child, of whom she is passionately fond, is with her. By degrees she falls under the influence of the priests. The confessional absorbs all her time, the Church gets possession of her fortune, she forgets even her child, and finally dies at the very moment when her brother rushes forth to rescue her. Messrs. de Goncourt have thus produced a clever book, but the idea they have attempted to work out strikes us as thoroughly unnatural. However active may be the imagination of any woman, however easily she may be led astray by her feelings, it is absurd to suppose that the ceremonies of Saint Peter and the pomps of the Vatican alone are sufficient to throw her into the extravagances of asceticism. Such conversions are beyond the range of probability, especially when they make a woman discard the common feelings of a mother. Messrs. de Goncourt might perhaps quote the example of Madame Pernelle in Molière's *Tartuffe*; but both she and Orgon her son merely talk about their deadness to natural feelings, and when the time comes for testing his sincerity, Orgon gives way. *Madame Gervaisais* has at any rate a decided advantage over the other novels of Messrs. de Goncourt, it is not repulsive, it interests as a psychological study, and would be readable were it not for that affected and *maniéré* style which spoils all the productions of the *par nobile fratrum*.

It is a long time since we have met with one of M. Alphonse Karr's publications; that is to say, it is a long time since we have been treated to a few pages of real humour, shrewd common sense, and quiet but telling satire. Why his new book should be called the *Dragon's Teeth* ‡ we know not, but the amusing author of *Fa Dièze* has accustomed us to out-of-the-way titles. On the present occasion he discourses of things in general, and from his flower-garden at Nice he takes a survey of the whole civilized world. The *Dents du Dragon* are not a tale, but a series of observations and maxims interspersed with anecdotes and autobiographical details. M. Alphonse Karr describes in a certain passage the council of fairies assembled at his birth, explaining how an old creature who had not been invited on the occasion revenged herself by bestowing upon the child the gift of common sense which would eventually bring him into all kinds of scrapes. We do not know whether our author has ever had any reason to repent of the fatal boon, but he is scarcely just to himself when he says that in literature he has always failed of success. He will certainly be appreciated by all those whose opinion is worthy of being valued—those, we mean, who do not think that speech has been given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts. As for amateur gardeners and persons fond of flowers, they have long since professed for M. Alphonse Karr the most frantic admiration.

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* *Bilan de l'année* 1868. Par MM. Castagnary, Grousset, Ranc et Sarcey. Paris: Le Chevalier.

† *Paris, ses Organes, ses Fonctions et sa Vie, dans la seconde moitié du dix-neuvième siècle.* Par Maxime Ducamp. Vol. I. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Lettres familières du Président de Brosses.* 3e édition. Paris: Didier.

§ *Beaumarchais en Allemagne, révélations tirées des archives d'Autriche.* Par Paul Huot. Paris: Lacroix.

* *La Femme studieuse.* Par Mgr. L'Évêque d'Orléans, de l'Académie française. Paris: Douniol.

† *Madame Gervaisais.* Par E. et J. de Goncourt. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *Les Dents du Dragon.* Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Levy.

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The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW *takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.*

[Library stamp]

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 702, Vol. 27. April 10, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE BUDGET.

IT has been the rare fortune of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to gratify the House of Commons and the country with a pleasant surprise. When all men looked that he should curse them with a tax or a loan, he has blessed them altogether. The revenue returns of the financial year presented a gloomy and fuliginous appearance, and it was generally apprehended that the reduction of the Estimates would not alone produce an equilibrium. Mr. LOWE has maintained, in the midst of lugubrious anticipations, unbroken silence, congratulating himself perhaps on an opportunity of exemplifying the artistic precept,

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.

There is no need of a loan; the Income-tax is not increased, but reduced by a penny in the pound; and Mr. GLADSTONE has promised the repeal of that corn-duty which has loomed as a gigantic evil in his imagination from the time when he resigned without ever having thought of abolishing it during his seven years' tenure of office. The taxes on certain kinds of locomotion are reduced to a point at which it will evidently not be worth while to keep them in existence. Some of the assessed taxes are rendered less oppressive; and, above all, ambitious householders will have the opportunity of powdering the heads of their footmen without the painful sense of contributing to the wants of the Exchequer. When PITT first imposed the tax, his opponents, headed by Fox and the Duke of BEDFORD, attempted to cripple his efforts against France by setting the fashion of dispensing with powder; but the custom seemed to be so thoroughly established that the law allowed the father of six unmarried daughters to compound at a reduced rate for the decoration of his family. It is uncertain whether Mr. LOWE's concession will produce the effect of reviving the use of powder. The sacrifice of revenue is for the present less than a thousand pounds, and if the tax has operated as an impediment to fashionable caprice, it has been so far inconvenient and unprofitable.

Mr. H. B. SHERIDAN, who only two days ago exulted in the chronic employment of denouncing the law on fire insurance, is to be pitied for the loss of his favourite grievance. With a reserve the converse of tragic irony, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER refused to discuss isolated projects for the repeal of taxation on the eve of the Budget. He could at his pleasure have answered the appeal to his liberality by explaining that Mr. SHERIDAN, like a New Zealand commander, was cannonading a fort which had been already evacuated. There is no longer room for eloquent expositions of the iniquity of imposing a tax on prudence and forethought. The Insurance Companies will profit largely by the repeal of the duty, which can scarcely fail to increase their business. Twenty years ago a proposal to repeal the shilling duty on corn would have diffused indignation and alarm through every rural district. Sir ROBERT PEEL, according to his custom, made the most of the imaginary securities by which he vainly hoped to reconcile farmers and landowners to the repeal of the Corn Laws. The shilling duty seemed to recognise the abandoned principle of Protection; and it was defended on more plausible grounds as a harmless source of revenue. The small amount of the impost renders it doubtful whether the price of home-grown corn has really been increased by the trifling tax on imported produce; and Mr. LOWE himself fails to trace the incidence of the duty; but the abolition of the only remaining protective duty is conformable to sound principles. Mr. GLADSTONE's attacks on the duty, when Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI were in office, were chiefly founded on an assumption, unnoticed by Mr. LOWE, that the tax on corn interfered with the transit trade. It happened that corn was not included in the terms of the Acts for bonding merchandize; and, consequently, although imported grain might be purchased on board ship for export free of duty, it became liable to the tax as soon as it was stored in a warehouse. The reasons for excluding corn from the privilege of bonding were not conclusive; but, as the revenue can afford the sacrifice, the Government is probably well advised in abolishing the tax altogether. When Mr. BRIGHT next encourages American Protectionists by the assurance that free trade is but imperfectly adopted in England, he will be puzzled to find a single duty which has a collateral tendency to benefit any class of producers. The other taxes which are to be repealed have been judiciously selected, and it would have been right to abolish instead of diminishing the most mischievous duties on locomotion, even if it had been necessary to retain for another year the taxes on fire insurance and hair-powder. The seizure of the first occasion for diminishing the Income-tax proves that Mr. LOWE's financial and political doctrines are sound. There can be little doubt that in another year the per-centage will be reduced to fourpence in the pound; and it will not be desirable to attempt any further diminution. It is perfectly just that incomes should be subjected to direct taxation, but experience proves that as the rate increases the returns are less and less trustworthy. Schedule D becomes comparatively honest when the temptation to fraud is measured by fourpence in the pound; and it may reasonably be expected that in the absence of war or of extraordinary disaster a fourpenny rate may become permanent during a considerable number of years. The indolent facility with which Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HUNT resorted to the Income-tax for the means of meeting the cost of the Abyssinian war tended to facilitate a revolutionary extension of direct taxation. It is perhaps not without a sense of future danger that Mr. LOWE hastens to reverse the mischievous policy of his predecessors. He may fairly hope in his next Budget to propose reductions of indirect taxation which will reconcile all but fiscal fanatics to a simultaneous re-establishment of the rate of fourpence in the pound.

The large surplus was entirely unexpected, although the curtailment of the Estimates by nearly three millions provided a considerable margin. Mr. LOWE's calculations of the revenue for the ensuing year are not unduly sanguine, for trade has since the winter been slowly and steadily reviving. As the charge of four millions and a half for the Abyssinian war exactly swallowed up the surplus, it would have been impossible to effect a reduction of taxes if Mr. LOWE's benevolent disposition had not been combined with much administrative ingenuity. By a series of alterations in the time and mode of collecting the taxes he hopes permanently to diminish the cost of raising the revenue, as well as to increase the receipts; and by accelerating the payment for the present year he provides the surplus which he afterwards liberally and judiciously distributes. Financiers instinctively disguise their operations when they mix up capital and revenue; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER did not expressly state that in anticipating future income he was virtually raising a loan, though he resorts, not to the money-market, but to the taxpayer. There will be little disposition to criticize in an adverse spirit a contrivance which has produced great and unexpected relief; or, if any financial purist complains that the Abyssinian charge is not properly covered by the income of the year, he may be consoled by remembering that in 1866 and 1867 Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI adopted the converse process of applying revenue to capital purposes, by converting a portion of the perpetual debt into terminable annuities. It has been often shown that a great hardship was imposed on payers of Income-tax by the mode in which the late Government provided the money first required for the Abyssinian war.

Mr. LOWE evidently shares the opinion that exceptional outlay ought to be distributed over a series of years; and, if he is right in believing that his new mode of collection will be advantageous in itself, he is perfectly justified in profiting by the accompanying windfall; or, to use more accurate language, in picking up the fruit which he has himself shaken from the tree. There can be no difference of opinion on the expediency of substituting official tax-gatherers for parochial amateurs; and although excisemen will exercise additional vigilance, moderately honest taxpayers will welcome change which removes their establishments and their private affairs from the curious supervision of neighbours. In his estimates of revenue, Mr. LOWE has been prudently modest; but there can be no doubt that in the absence of disturbing causes his expectations will be considerably exceeded even if rich men should once more disappoint him by obstinately refusing to die. With the exception of the cotton trade, the principal branches of industry are in a tolerably healthy state; and the rise in the rate of interest shows that commercial enterprise is reviving. Mr. LOWE has commenced his career with prosperous auspices, although at the commencement of his speech he wisely propitiated the jealous Powers by dilating upon the unhappiness of his circumstances.

MR. MILL ON ENDOWMENTS.

MR. MILL shines much more out of Parliament than in, and it is very satisfactory to those who admire his great ability and originality to meet him again in the calm field of philosophical discussion. He has contributed an essay on Endowments to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, which is marked with all the good sense, width of view, and temperate advocacy of proposals out of the beaten path, which used to charm and instruct his countrymen before the favours of the electors of Westminster tempted him into freaks of irritability and violence. The whole subject of endowments is one of the deepest interest to a generation which has decided to assume a control over vast masses of property devoted by persons, long since dead, to special uses, but which is only very gradually working out something like definiteness and distinctness in the conception and application of the principles that ought, for the future, to regulate the enjoyment of the property of which it has arrogated to itself the virtual ownership. What the general policy is which the State ought to adopt towards religious endowments, is a question full of problems the intricacy and seriousness of which we are just beginning to appreciate, but which at present England is not called on to settle. The immediate concern of the State is with educational endowments; and in this sphere it may be said that the English public has arrived at some preliminary resolutions, which in the next few years will probably be carried out with more or less completeness. These principles of action seem to us to be the four following:—The State has resolved that it will apply the endowments of which it has taken possession, that it will use its controlling power, and that so far as it contributes fresh funds, it will contribute them, in the first place, to provide education of different kinds on such a scale that every class may get what it really wants; in the next place, so that the education they gain shall be of the very best kind in each department; thirdly, so that this education shall be as varied as possible; and lastly, so that those in every rank of life who have a real natural aptitude for the highest education shall receive it. The first of these aims will be realized when a system of national elementary education shall be established, when Mr. FORSTER'S Endowed Schools Bill has provided the means of setting up efficient district schools for secondary education, and when the two great Universities are made national institutions. Much has already been done to make the higher education varied, and too much has perhaps been done in the way of constituting ill-devised and nearly useless Professorships. The elementary education will get better and better when a national system is instituted, and it has greatly and rapidly improved in recent years; and the class of teachers in the secondary district schools will be so much better than the present masters of obscure grammar-schools that the elevation of English secondary education must [...]rily follow on the passing of Mr. FORSTER'S Bill. Great [...]s have been made to raise the higher education also to [...]hing like its proper level, and a very large amount of money is now applicable every year to aid young men, who are supposed to be deserving, in acquiring this higher education on cheap terms, and to reward those who show proficiency in it. But, although these sums are not entirely wasted, they are often ill applied, and are employed without any general notion having been formed of the objects to be arrived at; and scarcely a beginning has been made towards providing that the education given at the Universities shall be what it ought to be. Our present difficulties with regard to educational endowments relate to University endowments almost exclusively. Elsewhere, although we have not got what we want, we can see what it is that we do want. We want a thoroughly good and a universal system of elementary education, and that very promising boys shall be passed on and brought up gratis, or nearly so, at the secondary schools. We want a thoroughly good secondary education, and that really promising boys should be sent to the Universities and there be educated at scarcely any expense. All this is, theoretically, plain-sailing enough. But when we come to the Universities, and attempt to decide on the way in which the enormous funds they possess shall be applied so as to secure the greatest amount of education of the highest kind, and in what shape and to what extent they shall aid and reward persons desirous of this education and capable of profiting by it, we are met with very great puzzles, which the reforms hitherto carried out at the Universities either do not solve at all, or solve in a very unsatisfactory way.

The great failure in these reforms, the radical blunder that has been committed, is that no attempt has been made to make education a profession. It is only a temporary occupation which does well enough for a few years, and which offers to a clever young man a pleasant, sociable, rather luxurious, and apparently useful life, until he can decide how he shall settle himself in the world. Or else it seduces able young men into accepting permanent situations, which tempt them in moments of despondency with a small certainty, and doom them to a long life of obscurity, disappointment, and uselessness. The key to a solid and thorough reform would probably be found by omitting at the outset to think what funds this or that college could or would apply to payments for education, and by considering simply what is wanted. The higher education must be in the hands of men of two classes—the men who teach, and the men who find their main occupation in study, in experiments, in carrying on the general acquisition of European knowledge, in making England one of the primary centres of intellectual effort. The teacher may also be the student and philosopher; but the two things are separate, and a University wants men of both classes. It wants a great many good teachers, and it wants some philosophers. If it wants these philosophers, it ought to pay for them. There ought to be a career of education and philosophy on which men can enter as they would on any other career. No one on beginning a profession expects to get on all at once; but every one wants to be able to hope for something worth hoping for. A University has nothing to do with the private habits and lives of those whom it employs. It is not its business to enable them to marry, or to prevent them from marrying. All it has to do is to get the right article and to pay for it properly. Opinions will always vary as to figures, but in order to gain something like definiteness as to what is meant, we may say that a really competent man who gives himself up to the higher education at the University, should be able to see his way to a minimum income of twelve hundred a year. Nothing under that will enable the Universities to compete with the Public Schools and with the varied attractions and openings of London. There is not the slightest want of means to make the higher education a profession at the Universities, if only this were accepted as the application of the funds derived from endowments and from the payments of students, which is the one essential and primary thing to be attained. College livings, scholarships for students, fellowships for absentees, are all of utterly subsidiary importance, until the Universities have secured the highest possible education, by getting the best possible teachers, and the most learned and philosophical men they can find, in the main departments of knowledge and inquiry.

But, as Mr. MILL [...] out, the State has to deal, not only with the past, but w[...] the future, and it may lay down rules which shall affect [...]owments in coming years. Shall it permit endowments [...]all? Shall it require that all endowments shall from the outset be subject to its control? Shall it fix a period after which the fund shall cease to be held in accordance with the will of the donor? It is the principal object of Mr. MILL to caution his contemporaries against too indiscriminate a hostility to endowments, and too much State interference with them. He is all for encouraging the minority who from time to time have odd crotchets, and who want to see them fairly tried. Some enthusiastic admirer of organization

[illegible]ly, it appears, proposed that no gift for public purposes [illegible] be given except through the medium of State officials, [illegible] would do what they thought best with it. Mr. MILL is [illegible]ly incensed by this audacious enemy of the liberty of the individual, and crushes him accordingly. Every one ought, he says, to be able to give or leave by will money for any endowments not absolutely contrary to law, and the State should entirely abstain from controlling the application of the money. But then the power of bequeathing for public purposes should be restrained within the same limits as those which confine the power of testators in favour of private persons. The law says that no man shall control the destination of his property, so far as regards private persons, beyond a life or lives in being and twenty-one years afterwards. A testator shall, Mr. MILL suggests, have exactly the same, but no more, control over his property if he chooses to prefer public to private interests. He should be able to say what institution should profit, and on what conditions, by his money during a term which should fairly represent the limitation enforced in case of gifts to private persons. Perhaps fifty or sixty years might be taken as a not inadequate term. It is very seldom that in real life a testator manages to control the disposition of his property for so long as fifty years after his death; but still it might be possible for him to do so, and a term ought to be taken for endowments which should represent rather the extreme cases of testamentary control. When the time had expired, the endowment would lapse to the State; but whether the State ought to continue the existing application of the fund, if it saw no objection in this application, Mr. MILL forbears to discuss. If we think only of educational endowments, there seems no great difficulty; the State would have no means of judging whether particular religious endowments were or were not beneficial. If a Grammar School only educates one scholar in each year, it obviously fails; but if a Society for the Conversion of the Jews converts one Jew a year, does it succeed or fail? Religious endowments would therefore be in all probability allowed to lapse absolutely to the State; and if the State got into the habit of appropriating religious endowments, it would be apt to think it might as well take all the endowments it could get. All this is in the region of very distant speculation. There is no chance of any such limit being imposed on public gifts as Mr. MILL suggests, but such suggestions are by no means without practical value. They are quite worth discussing in connexion with present politics. How far it is desirable to let the State—that is, the permanent clerks of departments under the spasmodic control of chiefs interfering, not as having special knowledge or wisdom, but as representatives of a Parliamentary majority—fetter the action, be it wise or foolish, of individuals, is a very pressing question. As we get accustomed to political discussion, we feel more and more how difficult it is to deal properly with the various and complicated interests of English society, and how much study and knowledge ought to go to form a judgment. Naturally, therefore, we turn for guidance to those who have given long and special study to any subject; but these people with special knowledge all wish to see their own ideas carried out, and the easiest way, they think, of having this done is to get some department of Government charged with the execution of their projects. These well-informed, earnest men, are therefore always pressing us more and more within the region of State control; and it is very desirable that men with a general philosophical power, like Mr. MILL, should constantly remind us of what is to be said on the opposite side, and should even present their views in such odd and unexpected ways as by offering, as the true theory of endowments, that people should be able to gratify their whims and air their crotchets for fifty years after their death, and that then, when they have had their fair share of posthumous fun, their money should be absorbed in the Consolidated Fund.

LORD STANLEY ON POLITICS.

LORD STANLEY'S political speeches at Glasgow were much less valuable than his Address to the University. His manly recommendation of studies which train the intellect for exertion contrasted favourably with the passionate misology in which Mr. FROUDE concurs with Mr. LOWE. In his advocacy of severe preparation for a laborious life Lord STANLEY was not embarrassed by any conflict between conviction and practice, or by the sense that a paradoxical situation required an apology. The opinions which he afterwards expressed on foreign policy, though not less sincere, were far more questionable than his defence of learning. It is perhaps well that Englishmen should become accustomed to the great change in national policy which may be a necessary consequence of the vast extension of military establishments on the Continent. Every addition to the average size of armies renders voluntary enlistment more inefficient as compared with conscription; and the adoption of steam and of armour diminishes the maritime strength of the nation which relied for its naval supremacy on the numbers and quality of its seafaring population. As long as existing conditions regulate the relative force of different Powers, it will be expedient for England to withdraw in great measure from the attempt to exercise general influence on Europe; but when public opinion is entirely unwarlike, there is little use in peaceful exhortations which are unavoidably overheard by contemptuous rivals. It was especially injudicious in Lord STANLEY to refer slightingly to the Belgian guarantee, which is still binding in law and in honour. It is indeed possible that circumstances might furnish an excuse for non-performance, by rendering the redemption of the pledge obviously impracticable. If France and Germany were to agree on the seizure and partition of the Low Countries, no other Power could interfere, except by verbal protests; but it is scarcely the function of an English statesman who has just retired from the Foreign Office to invite aggression by anticipating an iniquitous combination which may probably never occur. The immediate danger to Belgium proceeds exclusively from France, which has hitherto avoided a direct collision with English policy. It is prudent to be prepared for difficulty, but diplomatists have no business to think aloud. Lord STANLEY'S reference to the American dispute was conventional, and therefore harmless. As the Minister who negotiated the abortive treaty, he cannot but be disappointed; but he properly expresses a hope that unfriendly language may not be followed by hostile acts. He is justified in the belief that no party in America meditates immediate war, but the bitter injustice which animates the whole population is undoubtedly dangerous. The chronic ill-will to England has assumed an active form, and it is not in the nature of Americans to resist or to rebuke any popular error. The most accomplished journalists vie with the lowest demagogues in unreasoning vituperation. The *Nation*, which stands on the intellectual level of the best European periodicals, descends into a blind and hysterical fury whenever it refers to England; and the Philadelphia Correspondent of the *Times* gravely declares that Mr. MOTLEY will be instructed to demand the unconditional payment of the *Alabama* claims, and an apology for the recognition of belligerency. The Government of Washington will evidently not surprise the people of the United States if it should unhappily prepare for a rupture by wanton insult.

The Conservative working-men must have been perplexed by Lord STANLEY'S profession of political faith, unless they were intelligent enough to perceive that his position was as anomalous as their own. The adherence to the Conservative party of a politician as free from prejudices as Mr. LOWE, and far colder than Mr. GLADSTONE, seemed to require explanation; and although Lord STANLEY'S intellect is of the most straightforward character, he was compelled, like a French philosopher, to explain by ingenious theories the result of purely historical causes. His party was chosen for him in his youth; and, as the connexion is confirmed by time, he necessarily finds it more difficult to transfer his support to his natural allies. His personal importance enables him to draw largely on the patience of his party, although from time to time he is forced to vindicate his formal consistency by his vote. At the beginning of the last Session he condemned the Irish Church in a deliberate speech, and, finding himself overruled by his colleagues, he thenceforth maintained unbroken silence. If his services could have been spared, he would scarcely have been allowed to bury himself in foreign affairs while the Government of which he formed a part was contending against an overwhelming preponderance of numbers, of argument, and of ability. Since his retirement from office he has only supported his friends by a silent vote, nor would his absence from the division have occasioned general surprise. It would perhaps not have been expedient to furnish the House with the explanation of his conduct which he has confided to the Glasgow Association. The working-men whom he addressed must have wondered whether Lord STANLEY'S opinions were identical with the Conservatism which they have been induced to profess. It may be safely assumed that their local teachers and the promoters of their organization have dealt both with the Irish Church and with general politics in an entirely different spirit. The Conservative working-man is not accustomed to hear that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are influenced by purely conscientious motives; nor can he easily reconcile the defence of the Irish Church with

an avowed sanction of total disestablishment and of partial disendowment. Much may be said on either side as to the comparative importance of separation from the State, and of deprivation of property. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, like Lord STANLEY, attached little value to the political condition of the Church, while Mr. GLADSTONE took the more imaginative view that recognition by the State was a possession of a higher order than material wealth. The thoroughgoing opponents of the Government Bill denounce the entire principle of political and economical abolition. Their zealous followers can understand the charge of sacrilege and spoliation, but they would scarcely be excited to enthusiasm by a proposed modification of the sacrilegious and predatory scheme. Lord STANLEY coolly declares that a Christian Church ought not to care for titles or secular privileges; and he admits that any surplus of ecclesiastical revenues may fairly be applied to temporal purposes. For once a plausible compromise is far more indefensible than indiscriminate resistance. In common with the angry partisans whom he despises, Lord STANLEY fails or refuses to appreciate the only adequate reason for the abolition of the Irish Church. The measure will tend to conciliate the Roman Catholics and to pacify Ireland, unless it wholly fails in its purpose. For any smaller object it would have been unjustifiable to attempt so exceptional an enterprise; and it would be worse than idle, if anything is done, to do less than the occasion requires. The half measure which is recommended by Lord STANLEY and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER would be almost as obnoxious to the Irish Protestants as Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill, and it would neither terminate nor mitigate the agitation which may perhaps be closed by the total destruction of the Establishment. Moralists have doubted whether AGAMEMNON was right in sacrificing his daughter to obtain a fair wind for the Grecian fleet; but it would have been incomparably more unjustifiable and more foolish, when the goddess demanded her life, to cut off her leg or her arm. It is certain that the mutilation of the Establishment would not propitiate the powers which keep a tempest perpetually blowing in Ireland.

Lord STANLEY'S judgment is perhaps unconsciously biassed by the necessity of excusing his co-operation with the party of resistance. A detached Liberal, holding a command in the enemy's camp, he forms for himself, as it were, a permanent Cave. Agreeing with his adversaries on great principles, he can always excuse his antagonism by objecting to the details of their measures, and by denouncing errors or unsuccessful experiments such as the release of the Fenian convicts. Few Bills are perfect, though Mr. GLADSTONE'S has at least escaped the fatal defect of incompleteness. If it is necessary to find an argument against the measure, it can only be objected that the Bill is too sweeping where a smaller measure would have been useless. On ordinary occasions Lord STANLEY may exercise a useful function by criticizing the application of doctrines which he accepts. In his half-hearted opposition to the Irish Church Bill he furnishes Mr. GLADSTONE with additional authority, though he withholds from him a vote which is not indispensable. If it is said that Lord STANLEY'S opposition is moderate and reasonable, it must be answered that it is only tolerable because it is likely to be ineffective. In a close contest, where his vote might have turned the scale against the Bill, he would have won a triumph, not for himself, nor even for Mr. DISRAELI, but for Mr. HARDY and the enthusiastic majority of the party. The ostentatiously sophistical oration of Mr. DISRAELI probably indicated total indifference to the establishment or endowment of the Irish Church. The leader of the Conservatives may plead the doubtful excuse that he was obliged to keep the party together, and that, not being allowed to be silent, he resorted to phrases which could by no possibility support the Conservative cause. Lord STANLEY'S mind is not so constituted as to enable him gravely to propound the insoluble puzzle that religion begins where philosophy ends; but, not being prepared wholly to throw his party over, he complains that Mr. GLADSTONE has not limited his bid for peace to half the reserved price as fixed by the vendor. Perhaps the best excuse for Lord STANLEY'S anomalous attitude is the success with which he has maintained it during a political life of twenty years. His reception in Scotland affords an additional proof that he still retains in some measure the confidence of both parties. The Conservatives are proud of a leader whom they know to be exempt from their own prejudices; and the Liberals forgive the formal opposition of a candid and sympathizing adversary. If the bat in the fable had been recognised either by the birds or the beasts, the moral of the story must have been reversed.

THE DEBATE ON THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE most logical of nations does not boast the most logical of Legislatures. The general discussion of the Budget in the Corps Législatif ran through the greater part of its course without so much as a reference to the seemingly appropriate subject of pounds, shillings, and pence. M. ROUHER has been the unwitting author of this curious anomaly. When the Deputies reassembled after Christmas, he was able to stave off more than one awkward discussion on the plea that the conduct of the Government could be most conveniently criticized in connexion with its financial policy. It was a tempting argument at the beginning of February, but it may be doubted whether the Ministry had an equally good opinion of it at the beginning of April. A danger postponed is not the same thing as a danger averted; and after the speeches of M. THIERS and M. FAVRE, M. ROUHER may perhaps regret a suggestion which, though it served his purpose at the moment, had such latent capabilities of being turned to account by his adversaries. If he has succeeded in keeping the Opposition silent for two months, the delay has only injured the Government. Nothing has happened in the interval to blunt in the least degree the edge of M. THIERS'S sarcasms, and, with a general election coming on in May, one damaging speech after Easter is worth at least two before. The electors have so much the less time in which to unlearn their lesson.

If France were under an arbitrary Government of the ordinary type, even the most accomplished orator might fail to invest with sufficient freshness the accusations levelled against it. The particulars of oppression might vary from time to time, but the substance of the indictment would necessarily remain the same. It is the singular inconsistency between the professed principles and the actual institutions of the French Empire that affords the Opposition such an inexhaustible opportunity for attack; and M. THIERS could not have wished for a more effective weapon than he found in a simple enumeration of the essential characteristics of free governments. He put aside all the open questions of politics—the value of standing armies, the comparative advantages of Protection and Free trade, the precise relation in which the Church ought to stand towards the State. Upon such points as these different nations, or different parties in the same nation, might reasonably entertain different opinions. But upon the conditions which determine whether a nation does or does not enjoy political liberty, there is absolute unanimity. They include freedom of the person, freedom of the press, freedom of election, freedom of legislation. Where any one of these is wanting, the liberty of that country is imperfect; where all are wanting, liberty cannot be said to exist. After stating this principle, M. THIERS went on to apply it to France at the present moment. How can freedom of the person consort with the *loi des suspects?* A French subject is at the mercy of every functionary in the Empire. He may be subjected to injuries and insults of all kinds through official blundering or official spite, without having any remedy whatever. M. FAVRE supplied an illustration of this fact which on less trustworthy evidence would almost pass the bounds of belief. A young French lady travelling in Brittany was arrested by a gendarme for no other reason than because an old beggar woman she had passed on the road chose to claim her as her daughter. She was kept in prison for two days, by order of the Juge de Paix, till her papers could be obtained from Paris. On their arrival she was sent to the Juge d'Instruction, thirty-five miles off, subjected by him to a long examination, and then detained for three days more until further proofs of her identity were forthcoming. "I tried," said M. FAVRE, "to obtain redress "for her, and we were only laughed at for our pains." It will be seen that the facts as here stated involved no political considerations whatever. It was only a flagrant case of false imprisonment, destitute of any colourable justification in the first instance, and aggravated in its later stages by a needless exhibition of judicial stupidity. But the armour which the French Government throws round its agents secures them equal impunity whether their ill-doing be civil or political. When the doctrine that the King can do no wrong is thus extended to the humblest member of the official hierarchy, individual freedom must be in a poor way.

In spite of the changes lately introduced, the press is not much more free than the person. The changes no doubt were good so far as they went. A Frenchman can now start a newspaper without preliminary authorization, and the Government has no longer the power to suspend or suppress journals at pleasure. But the removal of these disabilities is not the same thing as establishing the liberty of the press. It amounts at most to untying its hands and letting it fight the Government at its own proper risk. In thirteen months, says M.

FAVRE, 118 press prosecutions have been instituted, an aggregate fine of 135,000 francs has been inflicted, and the sentences of imprisonment have made up a total of more than nine years. Such is the record presented by the first year of the new press law, and while the conditions of the contest remain unaltered the result is not likely to be different. Where the publication of a subscription-list constitutes an offence, and a magistrate virtually chosen for the occasion constitutes the tribunal, the instances in which an accused journalist comes off victorious are certain to be extremely few. Nor is freedom of election in any better plight. By a system of grouping which would delight Mr. DISRAELI'S heart, the French Government has contrived to infuse a rural element into the town constituencies which greatly modifies their naturally democratic tendencies. A series of electoral districts, re-arranged according to circumstances, is as useful an instrument as a Minister of the Interior can desire. Then the voting-papers which contain the name of the official candidate are distributed by the Government agents along with the electoral cards. When the elector is an ignorant peasant, he naturally supposes that to vote, and to vote for the official candidate, are equally duties imposed on him by the local authorities; and even where political enlightenment has gone somewhat further, the mere fact of having the voting-paper sent to you, instead of having to get it for yourself, is safe to secure a certain percentage of votes. With more active minds the Government goes to work in a different way. It cannot rival the Opposition in promises of legislative or administrative reform, because it might be highly inconvenient to have the fulfilment of them demanded hereafter. But it has got one advantage in which the Opposition has no share. It can put its hand into the national purse and distribute its contents among any number of well-disposed constituencies. Whether by the loan of a picture or the concession of a railway, by a grant of public money or a contract for public works, the Government is always waiting to be gracious to the district which has made good its title to consideration by returning the right man. Still, in spite of all these precautions, the wrong man gets in here and there. It is not enough, therefore, to put checks on the freedom of election. Freedom of legislation must be restrained as well. The Corps Législatif must not elect its own President, lest he should not interfere at the proper time and in the proper interest. It must not have the right of initiating measures, for fear the Government should have a law made against its will. It must not put questions to Ministers when it likes, because to answer or to refuse to answer may be alike inconvenient. And behind all these bulwarks of absolutism lies one stronger than all, the absence of a responsible Ministry. If, by some strange combination of chances, the Government should be defeated in the Corps Législatif, no constitutional precedent would necessitate its taking notice of the fact. So long as the Ministers enjoy the confidence of the Sovereign, it is a matter of little moment whether they add to it the confidence of the representatives. The circumstances of the hour gave M. THIERS an admirable opportunity of pointing the moral of his sermon. Whether France shall or shall not enjoy political liberty is a question of immediate interest to every Frenchman, for it means whether it shall rest with the nation to choose between peace and war.

M. ROUHER'S reply was not worthy of the attack which it called forth. The most noticeable thing in it was his acceptance of M. THIERS'S statement that the feeling of the towns was against the Government. He avowed that his main reliance was on those agricultural masses who combine austere lives, high notions of duty, and a devoted attachment to the rights of property, with a legendary worship of NAPOLEON. It is no slight advantage to have the support of twenty-six millions who "judge the Government with impartiality," and, what is more to the purpose, will not fail it on the day of voting. Armed with this consciousness, the Government can afford to bear with "the capricious temper and the national inclination for criticism" which characterize the intelligent classes. We ask your confidence, it can say to them, but whether you give it or not makes next to no difference. We ask you not to hurry us forward any faster than we wish to go, but the dead weight of resistance we can command is a sufficient guarantee that any attempt to do so will be so much wasted strength. So long as it can dispense with the goodwill of the educated minority, it is a secondary question with the Imperial Government from what quarter it derives support. The peasant, who even now is hardly sure whether it is the First, the Second, or the Third NAPOLEON that occupies the throne; the workman, in whom Socialist instincts are uncontrolled by any acquaintance with the facts of history or the laws of economic science; the shopkeeper, whose highest ideal of Government is something that shall stand between him and the Red Spectre—to any one of these the Empire may appeal with some chance of success. From his life-long quarrel with intelligence, NAPOLEON III. might be the worthy hero of a political Dunciad.

IRISH LOYALTY.

THE fire of indignation seems to burn very fiercely in the hearts of Irish Protestants, and of their supporters and admirers over here; but we cannot help hoping that there is rather more smoke than flame, and that, when passion has had its way for a little, reason and common sense will begin to prevail. It seems to us a good sign that, in proportion as a speaker has a character to lose for prudence and knowledge of affairs, in proportion as he comes under the ordinary influences that tell on educated laymen, and in proportion as he seems able to see Ireland and the history of Ireland from an impartial point of view, he is inclined to advise submission, and to try to make terms with the Government. As Lord POWERSCOURT wrote to say, it is hard on the Irish Church that it should be represented by a set of firebrands when it has men in it who are capable of looking at affairs soberly, and of studying Ireland as a part of the British Empire. The firebrands have all their own way now, and we do not grudge them the opportunity of giving a last wild scream to attract the attention of England. But they do not appear able to carry with them the weight and sense of Irish Protestantism, and the most violent and abusive language comes from those in whose mouths it does most harm to the cause they support. Some of the Bishops have been getting wild lately, exceeding all the bounds of decorum, and showing in a marked degree the petty, feminine, spiteful, silly spirit of opposition from which ecclesiastics of all nations and ranks find it so difficult to escape. The mild Archbishop of DUBLIN opened the Irish Conferences by terming the present Cabinet, including the amiable and excellent CHANCELLOR, "garotters." The Bishop of CORK, descending to a bathos of episcopal joking in which even his chaplains could have scarcely seen anything to laugh at, said that BILLY GLADSTONE and his Bill might go to the wall. The reporters, wishing at least to give some point, even of a dangerous sort, to the imprecation, gave BILLY GLADSTONE and his Bill a worse destination. But the Bishop explained that he only meant a joke about bill-stickers. The Bishop of MANCHESTER has taken occasion to describe the PRIME MINISTER as a disappointed, baffled, self-conceited spouter. Now these outbursts of bad feeling and bad taste in bishops will probably do the Church more harm than if all their temporalities had been taken from the speakers; and they deprive the Irish Protestant movement of at least half its political importance. We may be quite sure that at this time of day a great measure of national justice will not be very seriously impeded or delayed by assemblies presided over by Bishops who talk language of which laymen of education and position would be ashamed. If Lord STANLEY had used at Glasgow anything approaching to the language employed by the Bishop of MANCHESTER, he would at once have lost caste. He would have shown a mind distinctly of the second order, and would have been guilty of a piece of bad taste which no one can conceive him committing. When Bishops use bad language, and make very silly, malevolent jokes about a Prime Minister, and sensible laymen of the position of Lord POWERSCOURT publicly remonstrate against the fury of firebrands, we feel that there is something of what the Yankees call "bogus" in the movement. It is not led in such a spirit and by such men as to make it really tell on English public opinion. It will run its course and spend its strength, and England will be only confirmed in the determination not to protect a wholly anomalous ecclesiastical institution merely that people imbued with the traditions of Protestant ascendency, and violent with a blind and indecorous violence, may have their swing, and keep up the glories of a militant minority in Ireland.

But there is something even more "bogus" in this movement than the febrile talk of excited prelates, and that is the talk, which is offered as if it were really meant, about the Repeal of the Union. Even Lord STANLEY seems to be dismayed by the thought that we shall lose that hold on Ireland which the loyalty of the Irish Protestants gives us; and speaker after speaker at these Conferences either says that Irish loyalty will be altogether extinct if Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill is carried, or goes a step further and hints that the Protestants will actually go in for Repeal. We are bound to say that there are plenty of sensible men who protest against

such language, and point out that it is silly and false, and not at all calculated to effect the object for which it is used. But there is enough of it to make it worth considering; and, if we begin to consider it, we are immediately struck with a feeling of wonder at finding what a very odd sort of thing Irish loyalty must be. It has nothing to do with attachment to a reigning family; for, if Irishmen like the QUEEN now, they cannot begin to dislike her because she acts strictly in the path of constitutional duty, and assents to a Bill passed by her Parliament. We do not blame them for their separation of loyalty from the reigning dynasty, for the old idea of loyalty is visibly dying out in Europe, and it is unfair to raise a prejudice against them which Englishmen might share if it did not happen that the throne is now occupied by a Sovereign peculiarly acceptable to every class. But when Lord VENTRY, for instance, says that disestablishment will take all the soul out of Irish loyalty, he means, we suppose, that the Irish Protestants will cease to feel any affection towards England and any desire to co-operate in carrying out English policy. They will be sulky and hostile. They look upon themselves as an army of mercenaries who have been engaged to keep down Ireland for the English, and who, if disappointed or not paid as handsomely as they think they ought to be, will turn against their employers. Such an idea is not unnatural, for it is derived from old historical traditions; but when we understand what this Irish loyalty is, we see the price we have to pay for it. If we want our mercenaries to be faithful and do their best for us, we must keep them in good humour. They will then fight for us; but if we stint them in pay or honour they will fight against us. They will not of course do anything illegal or treasonable, but they will try to thwart and baffle and disappoint us at every turn. The answer is simple. If these are their terms, they are not worth having at the cost. The system of holding down Ireland by a Protestant sectarian minority is visibly failing in these days. It will no longer work. It demoralizes us, it demoralizes our instruments, it demoralizes those whom they endeavour to coerce. If the soul is to be taken out of Irish loyalty by disestablishment, let it be taken out. We do not want loyalty with a soul in it which involves us in perpetual hostility with three-fourths of the population of Ireland. It is not going too far to say, that the very object of disestablishment is to take the soul out of this curious sort of loyalty, and what Lord VENTRY represented as the great blot in the Bill is to the large majority of the constituencies of the United Kingdom its greatest attraction.

But when these exasperated loyalists say that if Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill is carried they will go in for a repeal of the Union, who can blame them? What on earth have they, of all people, to gain by Repeal? Supposing the Act of Union was repealed to-morrow, can even the worst joker on the Irish Episcopal Bench believe that the affairs of Ireland would be regulated by an assembly at all like the brief-lived Irish Parliament in the memories of which a certain set of Irishmen affect so much to glory? The old Irish Parliament was a conclave of the leaders of the minority of the Irish people, sitting to determine what use it should make of the physical force of England. The new Irish Parliament would be an assembly of the representatives of the Irish priests and the Irish peasants meeting to discuss to what uses it would apply the possessions of the minority. The existence of such an assembly would probably be a curse to Ireland, and a nuisance to England; but it would simply be destruction to the Irish Protestant landowners. The supposition, it must be remembered, is that a repeal of the Union would be extorted from England by the Irish Protestants acting in conjunction with the Irish Catholics. If we yielded at all, we should yield to the Irish nation, not to a section of it; and the Irish nation, if permitted to regulate its own affairs, would certainly regulate them according to the views of the majority. England would not interfere to back up the minority, and we do not suppose the Irish Protestants contemplate going through a civil war merely to spite us. They would not try to win their way by force, and therefore they must accept the political system, which in all probability would be based on universal suffrage and the Ballot, that the majority would choose to adopt. Putting aside the danger to which the tenure of their estates would be exposed, how, it may be asked, could they hope to get their views carried out in any single department of Government? There is also the radical objection to the scheme, that there is no reason to believe the bulk of the Irish nation want Repeal. Those who in their blind hatred of England long for political separation do not want Repeal, but an Irish Republic under the protection of the United States. This is the future of which the released Fenians are thinking when they state at public dinners how they long to appeal to the "logic of the sabre." They would scorn a mere provincial independence, such as that with which Orangemen try to frighten us; and if the soul of Irish loyalty died out, and the Orangemen united themselves with the most ferocious of the Irish enemies of England, they would be utterly unable to control the monster they had created, and might easily be forced to concur in designs which they would be aware must be ruinous to all Irishmen of their class, and steep the whole country in the dregs of misery. The Protestants, if they raised the cry of Repeal, would probably find themselves in the difficulty of having no one to join them unless they went in for something much wider and more perilous than Repeal. But we may forbear to press them with this difficulty, as we may also forbear to hint that it is not so particularly easy to force, or bully, or frighten Englishmen into Repeal or anything else. We will suppose that England would offer no serious objection, and that the Fenians would give up a Republic, and be content with a provincial Parliament. Even in this case, which is the most favourable that disloyal Orangemen could desire, Repeal would simply mean utter political extinction to the Irish Protestants and their leaders. If therefore these good people in their present crisis of panic and delirium tell us that they will cut off their nose to spite their face, and place themselves, without any hope of assistance from England, at the mercy of a provincial Parliament returned by peasants and priests, we can only say that we do not in the least believe that they mean what they say. This threat of Repeal is like the threat of angry children who, when they are scolded, cry out that they will leave the house and live all by themselves. If the Irish Protestants would only reflect for a moment how impossible it is that English and Scotch Liberals should be moved by such a threat, they would be shamed out of giving utterance to such nonsense, and would fall back on the bad jokes and bad language of their Bishops, as being at any rate less likely to have their hollowness instantly detected.

THE SPANISH CONSTITUTION.

IN the probable event of the adoption by the Cortes of the draft prepared by the Committee, the Spaniards will enjoy whatever benefit may arise from a creditable Constitution. The project, like all other contrivances of the kind, derives its ultimate origin from England; but theoretical progress is more rapid than historical growth, and Continental systems are in some degree modified by the doctrines of the French Revolution, and more especially by the superstitious belief in universal suffrage. The Committee of the Cortes had several domestic precedents before it, and more especially the formula of 1812, which was once thought the charter of European Liberalism. Since that time there has been one instance, in Belgium, of a new Constitution which for nearly forty years has been found compatible with order, with freedom, and with prosperity. If Spain is less ripe than Belgium for liberty, the country possesses the inestimable advantage of secure independence; and it is possible that the Spanish Constitution may consequently outlive the model from which it will have been practically copied. It would have been well if Spain had been able to obtain the co-operation of a King belonging to the upright and sagacious family which produced King LEOPOLD of Belgium and Prince ALBERT of England. If King FERDINAND could have been persuaded to withdraw his refusal of the Crown, the Spaniards would have had the great advantage of commencing the practice of constitutional government under a prince who would not have placed his prerogative at the disposal either of a soldier or of a priest. It is indispensable that a King of Spain should be a Roman Catholic; but the German type of orthodoxy has no similitude to the superstitious bigotry of Spanish or Neapolitan BOURBONS. The Duke of MONTPENSIER also belongs to an able and reasonable family, but his wife, from whom he derives any claim which he may possess, shares the prejudices of her sex and [illegible] l the Duke himself has not succeeded in acquiring [illegible] It is perhaps only a sentimental grievance that, if the Duke of MONTPENSIER were elected, M. GUIZOT is still alive to enjoy the triumph of having, after many years, succeeded in the most heartless intrigue of modern times. His autobiography shows the perfect complacency with which he would regard the price of his success, consisting in the moral and political ruin of Queen ISABELLA, and in the prolongation in Spain, for more than twenty years, of alternate or simultaneous anarchy and despotism. It is singular that the choice should have rested, in 1869 as in 1846, between a Prince of ORLEANS and a Prince of COBURG.

The framers of the Constitution wisely commence their task by providing securities for personal liberty. Kings and Parliaments are but instruments of government, and it is not illogical that the ends to be attained through a Constitution should be allowed precedence over the means. Some years ago a great English lawyer introduced into the House of Lords a curious Bill formed of a series of negations of as many judicial decisions recited in the clauses for the purpose of being overruled. The Committee of the Cortes may be supposed to have traversed in a similar spirit all the practical rules of government which have been enforced by all the Ministers of the late unfortunate reign; but perhaps it was impossible to enunciate sound doctrines without appearing to condemn the practice of NARVAEZ and GONZALEZ BRAVO. Arrests, except for a criminal charge under competent authority, are directly prohibited. If no sufficient security for the enforcement of the prohibition is provided, it may perhaps be thought the business of the ordinary Legislature, rather than of the Constituent Cortes, to invent something analogous to the writ of *habeas corpus*, and to the obligation of justices of assize to deliver or clear the gaols whenever they hold a Session. If the Article of the Constitution is adopted and observed, the consciousness of exemption from arbitrary imprisonment will furnish Spaniards who take part in political life with a new and pleasant sensation. Public functionaries who interfere with personal liberty, or with the privacy of letters and telegrams, will not enjoy the immunity from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals which cripples personal liberty in France. A minimum penalty of 20*l.* is imposed on an agent who detains a prisoner improperly, but the draft contains no provision for an early hearing or discharge. A Minister or a subordinate would, in the time of Queen ISABELLA, have cared little for nominal penalties which he would have easily contrived to escape; but it is evident that the Spaniards are now awake to the danger of allowing the Government to override the laws. The Cortes will possibly expunge an Article which suspends the principal guarantees of freedom whenever a law to that effect may be deemed necessary. It is not of good omen to contemplate in legislation the suspension of law; but it may be admitted that written Constitutions must differ from ordinary laws. A newly liberated community may perhaps require a transcendent or organic law, though nothing of the kind has ever been allowed in England to clash with Parliamentary omnipotence. The recent experience of America illustrates the inconvenience which necessarily arises whenever a Legislature desires, with popular approval, to emancipate itself from the inelastic restrictions of a Constitutional charter. An express recognition of the right of petition may be regarded as a commentary on one of the most extravagant among many caprices of irresponsible authority. Three or four years ago, after a dissolution of the Cortes, the majority of the late members were arrested, and transported beyond sea, for the simple offence of attempting to present a respectful petition to the QUEEN. Some of the other Articles contain a similar reference to recent abuses of power; and the whole ground of liberty appears to be covered by the comprehensive provision that everything is lawful which is not prohibited by the Constitution and the laws. The establishment of a doctrine as sound as it is sweeping, in conjunction with the right of proceeding at law against public functionaries, might almost suffice for the protection of liberty if it were certain that the Constitution would be obeyed.

The proposed Constitution enacts or declares the duty of the nation to maintain the established religion and its ministers. In matters of this kind it is the business of law to mould itself on custom and opinion; nor would a prudent Legislature, even if the question of establishment were open, by denuding the clergy of their rank and endowment, at the same time convert them into enemies and deprive itself of a salutary control over their actions. The maintenance of a Church which still commands the attachment or respect of the bulk of the population is in no degree inconsistent with the freedom of conscience which, after having been loudly demanded as a main result of the revolution, seems lately to have receded into the background of public opinion. The provision of the draft Constitution for the right of nonconformity, though it may perhaps be sufficient, is oddly framed. By the 21st Article the public and private exercise of their religion is guaranteed to foreigners, and by the 22nd Article the dispositions of the former paragraph are made applicable to any Spaniards who profess any other religion than the Catholic. The more orthodox members of the Committee probably objected to admitting the existence of a Spanish Dissenter, who is undoubtedly a rare phenomenon. In the same way a game law might extend the protection already accorded to pheasants and partridges to any bustard which may be found in the Eastern counties. The fifty or sixty Spaniards who lately celebrated a Protestant religious rite are perhaps supposed to have wished rather to startle their neighbours than to form a sect of their own.

The organic provisions of the Constitution distribute legislative and executive power according to the received arrangement. The Cortes is to be divided into two Houses; and the most original part of the whole project consists in the machinery by which a Senate and a House, both proceeding from universal suffrage, are to be distinguished from one another. The Congress, or Lower House, is to be elected by universal suffrage for three years, or until dissolution, and the only qualification of the members is that they should be twenty-five years old. The Senate is to be renewed by fourth parts every three years; and the King may dissolve at pleasure one or both Houses. The Senators must be forty years old, and they are to be elected by a body formed of the provincial deputations, and of a number of Commissioners chosen for the special purpose. The effect of indiscriminate suffrage for the Senatorial electors is to be corrected by elaborate limitations of the eligibility of candidates. The qualification is the past tenure of considerable offices, including the rank of bishop, general, admiral, and University dignitary; or the position of one of the fifty largest payers of territorial taxes, or of the twenty largest contributors to industrial and commercial subsidies in each province. A second or fourth election for certain provincial and municipal offices will also confer eligibility; and it may be supposed that the authors of the draft of the Constitution have exhausted the conditions of pre-eminent social respectability. Any recognition of the privileges of birth would have offended the prejudice against aristocracy which, in Spain as in other Continental countries, has formed a chief obstacle to the attainment of constitutional freedom. By a provision copied from an obsolete incumbrance of the English Constitution, Senators and Deputies are to vacate their seats on the acceptance of office under the Crown. It is not expressly stated whether they may be re-elected; but, as Ministers are to have no voice in the Cortes unless they are members, it may be presumed that, subject to the approval of constituents, a Minister may occupy a seat. It is not as well understood in Spain as it is in England and in France, that the supremacy of a Parliament depends on the power of making the leaders of the majority Ministers of the Crown. On the whole, as universal suffrage was inevitable, the project is creditable to the Committee, and it well deserves the favourable consideration of the Cortes.

BANKRUPTCY REFORM.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL has got his Bankruptcy and Imprisonment for Debt Bills read a second time, but it is with the understanding that several matters of principle shall be open to discussion on going into Committee. Of these questions there are three of paramount importance—the status to be given to a bankrupt after the distribution of his estate; the extent to which imprisonment for debt shall be abrogated; and the constitution of the Bankruptcy Court.

On the first of these questions a marked impression was produced by the able speech of Mr. JESSEL, who advocated with irresistible force the views which we put forward in a recent article on the subject. Mr. JESSEL showed himself a thorough master both of the principles and of the history of bankruptcy law, and after his lucid and convincing speech we cannot understand how a doubt can remain in the foggiest mind as to the propriety of holding any property which a bankrupt may acquire liable to pay the money which he owes. Mr. JESSEL pointed out, what has not been sufficiently remembered, that the notion of discharging a bankrupt from further liability after paying a certain percentage of his debts is not only an exceptional, but a rather recent, peculiarity of English law. The Roman law, which has been the foundation of nearly all the European codes, required a *cessio bonorum* from the debtor, but did not relieve his after-acquired property from his debts. The earlier English statutes proceeded on the same principle, and the extreme indulgence shown by our more modern Acts of Parliament may be traced to a natural reaction against the barbarous theory of our law, that a debtor might be imprisoned for ever, and if necessary allowed to starve to death in prison "for his "own fault," as a learned Chief Justice once humanely explained. While debt involved this terrible penalty, it was not surprising that relief from it should be extended to a bankrupt who gave up all his property, even though it might

suffice to pay but a fraction of his debts. But imprisonment for debt has long since been deprived of all its terrors, and now it is on the point of being wholly abolished. As this hold upon an insolvent debtor's body is relaxed, it is only just that the hold upon his goods, whenever they may be acquired, should be tightened; and there is no rational line that can be drawn, short of saying that all the wealth which a bankrupt may ever acquire shall be subject to the claims of his creditors, saddled only with this condition, that so much breathing-time shall be allowed him as not to render recovery hopeless. Tenderness to debtors cannot go further than giving time without becoming cruelty and injustice to creditors. As Mr. JESSEL observed, nothing can be more distressing than to see an unscrupulous speculator, who has been bankrupt three or four times, keeping in his carriage, while his unfortunate creditors are ruined. It has been suggested not only that the liability of future property should extend to 20s. in the pound instead of 10s., but that a clause ought to be added giving to the new creditors of a man who has been bankrupt priority in the distribution of a second estate which may have been accumulated at their expense. This is obviously a fair and essential provision, but we think that the Bill already contains it by implication in the clause which adopts the existing practice of the Bankruptcy Court. The sole question, therefore, which remains, is whether the limitation of future liability to 10s. in the pound can be justly maintained. We have sought in vain for a reason for such a limitation. In introducing his Bill Sir R. COLLIER suggested, as an excuse for so anomalous a provision, that the want of it would drive bankrupts to despair and hopeless ruin. The conclusive answer to this is, that if it is wrong to drive a man who pays 10s. in the pound to desperation, it cannot be right to inflict this misery on a man who pays 9s. 6d. in the pound, more especially as the amount of dividend is no sort of test of a bankrupt's honesty, and very often is an indication of dishonesty. The clever bankrupt who robs a hundred creditors of 10s. in the pound is not more deserving of pity than the blunderer who stops at a time when he will rob half as many creditors of double that percentage. But, in truth, all the talk about the desperate position of bankrupts is nonsense under a law which (as is proposed by the present Bill) saves them from all attacks for a period of five years. No man would be more readily trusted in the City than a really honest and capable, though unfortunate, bankrupt, ready to start afresh without the possibility of his trade being interfered with for years by any of his former creditors. It is true that it may be pleasanter to a bankrupt to contemplate the prospect of acquiring a new fortune for himself after paying only half of what he owes, but it is not at all pleasant to a creditor to feel himself defrauded and impoverished that his improvident debtor may the sooner revel in luxury.

We observe that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in his brief reply, did not recur to his original argument, and we strongly suspect that he (as every sensible lawyer must be) is more than half convinced of the soundness of Mr. JESSEL'S criticism. All that he had to urge was, that his Bill, though it stopped short of the point indicated by principle, was a great advance on the existing law and on recent attempts to improve it. This is, in a sense, true. The law, as it stands, discharges a bankrupt irrespectively of dividend, but then that is subject to the quasi-penal jurisdiction of the Court, which Sir R. COLLIER takes away, and which has proved in practice an almost total failure. Its existence, however, affords the true explanation of the apparent leniency of the present law. It had been supposed that a Commissioner could discriminate between unfortunate and fraudulent bankrupts, and it was intended to treat the one class with exceptional indulgence, and to load the other with the heaviest penalties. But this plan would not work, and the indulgence reached the rogues as well as the unlucky traders. It is now recognised that, so far as the Bankruptcy Court is concerned, no such distinction is practicable, and the motive for excessive leniency disappears. Then Sir R. COLLIER mentioned that in 1865 a Committee recommended that a bankrupt should be released on paying a dividend of 6s. 8d., whereas his Bill insists upon payment of 10s. But neither the Committee nor Sir R. PALMER, in the Bill which he afterwards introduced, could have supposed that there was any justification for such a restriction, and there is no doubt that the idea grew out of the fear that public opinion was not ripe (as we are satisfied it now is) for a larger measure. Moreover, the excellent provision for giving a bankrupt five years' respite had not then been thought of, nor had imprisonment for debt been abolished, and the timid errors of great authorities really go for nothing as precedents now that larger views prevail and sounder methods have been developed. We cannot but think that when the Bill passes into Committee Sir R. COLLIER will see the wisdom of abandoning a clause which deforms what would otherwise be in most respects an admirable measure; and we are the more hopeful, because he has already in substance withdrawn an equally obnoxious clause in the sister Bill, which also was introduced from too great deference to authority, and too timid an estimate of public opinion on the subject. We may take it as certain, after what passed in the House, that the retention of imprisonment for debts below 50l. will never form part of the Act when passed. Anything so invidious as a law for imprisoning the man who owes little and releasing the man who owes much can scarcely be imagined, and we are glad to see not only that Sir R. COLLIER does not insist upon it, but that he is very well pleased to find the House condemning a clause which he evidently dislikes as much as any of its most outspoken opponents.

There is one other part of the Bankruptcy Bill which urgently requires reconsideration. Sir R. COLLIER proposes, as Lord WESTBURY proposed, to appoint a Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, who is to organize the procedure, and regulate the working of the machine. This is clearly right. One Judge will be far better than three Commissioners; but there is at least one of the present Commissioners who is fully competent to the duty, and who was generally supposed to have been designated by Lord WESTBURY for the post. The alternative project of reducing the Common Law Bench by transferring one of the existing Judges to the Court of Bankruptcy, is a very doubtful policy. It would be impossible to recall him for the extra work of the next election, and so long as the existing system prevails of driving suitors into references, or, in other words, compelling them to hire private judges of their own, it is impossible to say that the Common Law Bench is over-manned. The arrangement as to the ultimate appeal is still more questionable, and is recommended only by the fanciful propriety of carrying the appeals to the Court from which the Bankruptcy Judge has been removed. We say removed, because the scheme of the Bill is to detach him altogether from his former Court, although for no intelligible reason he is still to retain his old title. The truth is, there is no excuse for changing the present appellate jurisdiction. It has worked admirably, and has created as complete a code of bankruptcy law as imperfect statutes permitted; and as the new practice and principles of bankruptcy are expressly founded on what has hitherto prevailed without any detailed enactments, nothing could be more inopportune than to choose such a time as the passing of this measure for altering the ultimate Court of Appeal. And there are stronger reasons than the mere possession of the jurisdiction for leaving the Lord Chancellor and the Lords Justices in the exercise of their old functions. Their decisions have not only given satisfaction, but the Court has not work enough to do without the bankruptcy business. At the present moment there are no arrears in the Court of Appeal in Chancery, and the sittings have been suspended for some weeks from want of business. Bankruptcy appeals, as a rule, are decided in a week or two, whereas if they go to a Common Law Court, they must be interrupted during the intervals consecrated to circuit business, and cannot possibly come on with anything like the rapidity which (strange as it may sound to those who remember Lord ELDON) is now the characteristic of the Appellate Court in Chancery. It would be an injustice to Sir R. COLLIER to suppose that any sectional prejudice in favour of his own branch of the profession has suggested these clauses, and if he inquires, he will learn that the bankruptcy appeals cannot be disposed of more satisfactorily than they are, and that needless delays will be the inevitable consequence of displacing a Court which is a model of speed and excellence.

We have confined ourselves to those points in which the Bill seems to require alteration, but we would not be supposed to have receded from our first opinion, that it is the most promising attempt that has yet been made to deal with a very thorny branch of law reform.

BENJAMIN HIGGS.

IT has been denied that history ever repeats itself; and we may admit that this is true so far as the great events of the world are concerned. There have not been two sieges of Troy, and there cannot be a second French Revolution of the same type as that of 1789. But human nature is a very con-

scant quantity. Now and then one comes to doubt whether there is not some truth in the doctrine of Transmigration of souls,

> Ipsa eadem est: animam sic semper eandem
> Esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.

Surely our BENJAMIN HIGGS of to-day does not so much reproduce, as is, our LIONEL REDPATH of twelve years ago. A mere swindler and ordinary embezzler does not represent a type of character; but the REDPATH-HIGGS—one can only describe it less as a person than as an impersonation of immoral-morality — is a type. Hitherto, with only Mr. REDPATH to philosophize and speculate upon, we looked upon him, the only instance known, as an exception, a fault, a monster, something irreducible to a place and class in the ethical division of human kind. But as science and experiment advances, and with at least two specimens before us, perhaps the time has come for recognising the claims of this the highest class of modern swindlers to its own proper place in the classification of man. It is no longer with an exceptional *individuum vagum*, but with an ascertained variety of modern man, that we have to deal. The late—if he is the late—Mr. REDPATH made us all stare. With the present Mr. HIGGS we seem to have something like familiarity. He does what has been done before—perhaps what is now doing all around us—what is very likely to be done again. The curiosity about him is chiefly to remark with what accurate precision of details he repeats his great original, REDPATH. We turn him over and examine him with the same interest that a natural historian inspects a humming-bird or a tortoise, pretty certain that the received and technical description of the species will be fulfilled in the particular and present instance. Our interest is rather that of illustration than of discovery.

Mr. REDPATH was a clerk—*employé* is the received newspaper word—of the Great Northern Railway, and he contrived to embezzle a matter of untold, or at any rate forgotten, tens of thousands of pounds. His salary was not high, but his manner of life was sumptuous, noble, and, above all, very artistic and charitable. Some demon—angel for aught we know—whispered to REDPATH, "Have a taste"; and his taste was for social amenities, high art, and the charities of life. Mr. REDPATH lived in one of the Regent's Park Terraces, bought pictures, cultivated the tastes of a connoisseur; and for local objects, parish charities, Church work, and the tale of suffering humanity, his sympathies and his purse were open. But REDPATH was a robber, though so good and charitable a Christian gentleman. To recount all this is but to describe Mr. BENJAMIN HIGGS. The EUPHORBUS of the past is the PYTHAGORAS of the present. BENJAMIN HIGGS was only a clerk, with a small salary under 400*l.*, employed by that not very distinguished corporation. the Great Central Gas Consumers' Company—one of the Companies which supply the City of London. A dingy office in dingy Coleman Street is the habitat of this Company, and the place looks so dull and dismal that one can quite understand that the official staff is not much troubled with inconvenient supervision. What Mr. BENJAMIN HIGGS has managed to convey out of this Gas Company will probably be never known; as for other reasons, so because the investigation of the accounts of a society which at the first blush of it believes that 50,000*l.* has vanished "unbeknown to everybody" will, after all, amount to very little. Anyhow 50,000*l.* is reckoned as the "demnition tottle" of Mr. HIGGS' absorption of his employers' assets — we select a superfine phrase, because to speak of thieving and robbery in connexion with a rascal so sublime and peculiar as Mr. HIGGS is unworthy of a great subject. A sort of biography has been published of "Mr. HIGGS' extraordinary career" by the *Twickenham Observer*; but the *Twickenham Observer* is neither an accurate biographer nor a good moral anatomist. He is neither a PLUTARCH nor a THEOPHRASTUS. He tells us, to be sure, and with an evident sympathy for his subject, that his respected neighbour's establishment at Teddington was of an almost princely character. But he does not tell us how long this superb household has been going on; that is, how long Mr. HIGGS has been appropriating other people's money. We have heard that Mr. HIGGS has been for more than eighteen years in the employment of the Gas Company, and that for at least ten years he has been living this lordly life. The *Twickenham Observer* smacks his lips as he enumerates the luxuries of Mr. HIGGS' actual mansion, to say nothing of the rising castle which was to cost 50,000*l.*; the furniture, the equipages, the nine horses, several ponies, five gardeners, eight housemaids, gold watches, and diamond rings of his luxurious subject. Mr. HIGGS must have been the hero of the story where "more "phaetons" were ordered round. These things were "the "envy of the connoisseurs," and certainly of the *Twickenham Observer*. But all this looks like mere vulgar display and ostentation. Mr. HIGGS had virtues of a higher order. As REDPATH cultivated one of the fine arts, and gave himself to the Muse of Painting, so the MÆCENAS of Teddington went in for the worship of Music. "His weekly parties "were graced by the presence of our most celebrated artistes." But City magnates often do this sort of thing as a mere mode of lavish expenditure. Mr. HIGGS, however, aimed higher, and touched the finer issues of humanity; it was his to seek out the poor and suffering, and to be foremost in works not only of parochial, but of general, usefulness. He hired the best musical talent of the day, and gave concerts for the benefit of schools; he is said, by useful and well-timed advances, to have averted ruin from many a struggling and hardworking man of business. Since JOB's time there never was a man of more exuberant love and charity—"the blessing of him that "was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the "widow's heart to sing for joy."

The question then is—Can so good a man be a mere thief and robber? Can a REDPATH or a HIGGS be consigned to the ignominious obscurity and infamy which attend any mere vulgar snob who robs the till, and spends the proceeds on gin and female consumers of gin? The answer, of course, is obvious—that HIGGS' virtues were no virtues; that he went in for charity and generosity because they were excellent and most respectable forms of sumptuous living. He was as DIVES in the parable, even though he did remember LAZARUS at his gate, because he was charitable, just as he wore a big diamond ring, only for sordid ostentation and vanity. This is of course the proper and commonplace answer; but we should like to be sure of it. It would not surprise us, if we could get at the bottom of a HIGGS, to find out that some at least of this sympathy and charity was not altogether fictitious. It is perhaps possible that he looked at his charities and alms deeds with something of a fetish-worshipper's spirit. We have known people who are in the habit of going to church and saying their prayers with a spiritual intention—namely, that the race-horses on which they have made a book should win. So perhaps with a HIGGS or a REDPATH. They thought, it may be, that the undeniably good purpose to which they applied their stolen money might atone for the fact of stealing it; and just as there have been known to be bandits who will spend a good deal of money in masses for their victims' souls, so the great man of Teddington might think that he was squaring it with GOD if he gave to GOD what he borrowed from the devil. We merely mention this as a theory. It is not for us to argue out a HIGGS. We know nothing about the moral nature of HIGGSES, any more than we know about the political constitution of SIRIUS or the agricultural statistics of URSA MAJOR. We are merely speculating on a phenomenon, but which is not to us a noumenon.

What, rather, we would observe is this. We give City folks credit for being masters of their own craft. *Cuique in suâ arte credendum.* To be sure we do not expect to find, as we certainly never do find, Boards of Directors, and the great merchants and warehousemen, and the rest of it, very intelligent and very well informed, or particularly gifted in the way of judgment of men or things in general. But we do set them down as sharp men—good men of business, as they say—men not to be imposed upon, wise men according to their wisdom, which is perhaps a very narrow sort of wisdom, but still men clever, shrewd, and good at their books and accounts and mere money-making. We are reluctantly forced to believe this to be a popular delusion, and we begin to suspect that the credit which these City folks get for all their business habits and powers is a mere illusion and delusion. Else how comes it, we ask, to happen that this HIGGS contrived to embezzle this fifty thousand pounds out of a concern like a common Gas Company? How comes it to happen that the Directors and Committee and officials could be blinded to the fact that a clerk of 400*l.* a year was living, as he must have lived, at the rate of 10,000*l.* a year on the poor pretence of a sudden legacy and wife's trustees? Is it in any nature less stupid and perverse than civic nature, and corporate and commercial nature, the nature of Joint-Stock Company Directors, to believe that a man with means of 10,000*l.* a year should stoop to be a Gas Company's clerk for 400*l.* a year?

Not that there is anything very new in this. It is the rule for these Companies, and these Boards, and these Directors, to be swindled in this especially stupid way. In this very week we have this HIGGS case; we have also the trial of Mr. HUGHES, accountant to the Board of Works, for defalca-

tions to a large amount, and though the accused person was acquitted, the proceedings showed that the accounts of this great body are scandalously ill kept; and we have also a clerk of eighteen years' standing in the office of the London Assurance Corporation convicted of embezzlement of some 1,700*l.* Our memory is treacherous; but we can recall at least the names of some of the great swindlers of the last few years whose crimes, consisting of the abstraction of corporate property, were never discovered by the Directors and officials till they had risen to almost fabulous amounts. SADLEIR committed forgeries and embezzlements on Railway Companies and Bank Companies in Ireland to the supposed amount of half a million, and was not found out at all. This was in 1856, a year which was rendered memorable by REDPATH's fraud and robbery on the Great Northern Railway, calculated at 250,000*l.*; and by ROBSON's embezzlements from the Crystal Palace Company, which were set down at 27,000*l.* In 1857 JOHN PAUL was convicted of embezzling what was supposed to amount to 23,000*l.*, belonging to the City of London Union, but he always had got his accounts safe through the Board of Guardians and auditors. PULLINGER's robbery of the Union Bank, extending to the amount of 260,000*l.*, was discovered by the Directors and managers by a mere accident. The DURDEN-HOLCROFT robbery of the Commercial Bank of London in 1861, which only reached the peddling sum of 67,000*l.*, was spread over years. At a later date, in 1865, the cashier of the Bank of London was convicted of embezzling some 3,500*l.* With these little facts of the commercial history of recent London before us, and with the very troublesome and heart-searching thoughts suggested by the names of OVEREND, GURNEY, and Co., and PETO and Co., shall we be so far wrong when we emphasize our growing and ever-growing suspicion that even in business matters, in their own walk, in their own proper vocations, these Boards of Directors are among the stupidest of men—or that a good many of them are ——? But *aposiopesis* has its necessities.

SELF-PORTRAITURE.

SOME people have a faculty of surveying themselves from without, of picturing to themselves the appearance they make, the figure they cut under striking or picturesque or unusual or even grotesque circumstances, which constitutes a very distinctive characteristic. It is not in them the moral insight of the poet, the gift of "seeing ourselves as others see us," nor is it the shadowy self-caricature sketched by nervous and often agonized apprehensions, as what they fear to be the impression made on others: it is an artistic perception, a real feat of the imagination—a picture of fact, only so far coloured and flattered as all art justifies. Nor is it a power essentially allied to egotism; other persons as egotistical, as full of themselves, as concentrated on their own affairs, may have nothing of this habit or gift. Indeed, the more remarkable examples of egotism in our experience are without it; they approach the one subject of their contemplation from another point of view: they tell us a great deal, but they do not draw pictures for the eye of our fancy of which self is the central figure. The power, such as we would define it, is purely intellectual—a temptation, no doubt, to egotism, but not the thing itself. When it is kept in perfect check, we ought to feel grateful towards it, for it is a great enlivener of talk, as well as of the more familiar style of composition; and the most effective and telling of all ways of conveying a sensation of which there is no personal experience. To borrow an illustration from autobiography, which is talk upon paper of the kind we mean. The first time a man sees himself in print is an occasion which causes a little fluster of elation, a concentration of thought, not on his subject, but on his personal relation to it. The feeling is common, but not the power to depict it in action, as we find it in Haydon, who was a remarkable instance of this faculty. He had written a letter to the *Examiner*, and dropped it into the letter-box with a sort of spasm. "Never shall I forget," he tells us, "that Sunday morning. In came the paper, wet, uncut; up went the breakfast knife—cut, cut, cut. Affecting not to be interested, I turned the pages open to dry, and to my certain immortality saw, with a delight not to be expressed, the first sentence of my letter. I put down the paper, walked about the room, looked at Macbeth (his picture), made the tea, buttered the toast, put in the sugar, with that inexpressible suppressed chuckle of delight that always attends a condescending relinquishment of an anticipated rapture till one is perfectly ready. Who has not felt this? who has not done this?" Now the man who does this sort of thing in conversation, who raises an image by a few skilful touches, enabling us to transport him, such as he stands before us, into interesting circumstances, is a social stimulant. The company is visibly roused to attention. It is no doubt imperative on politeness to assume interest when a person makes himself his theme, but beyond this an added excitement may be observed when a man who can express himself well on general topics is led to one of these personal displays. For one reason, his own eye quickens, his voice varies its modulations. Action, by ever so slight a gesture, relieves the monotony of our ordinary English demeanour. A little drama is performed before us. Whether the man means it for condescension or not, we are obliged to him for sacrificing reserve, which is supposed to be a national characteristic for our diversion.

But the man who illustrates subjects by his personal experience who is reminded by what comes from others of something that has happened to himself, and tells it with that relish, that play of spirit, tenderness, pathos, self-banter, incidental to the situation and which secures him willing attention, naturally finds it difficult to relapse gracefully into the general and abstract. Having been the hero of the moment, it is hard to permit the conversation to pursue a course which leaves him behind. We detect in him struggles to keep the hold he has got, and if he has voice and resolution in proportion to his other powers he succeeds, quite unconsciously, in putting a stop to all conversation that deserves the name in the circle where he reigns. All people noted for this talent are desultory—that is, they make the talk within reach of their interference desultory; for they have a very definite aim, though it happens to be incompatible with the fair discussion of topics needing continuous thought. We see in them an uneasy sense of things becoming dull and wearisome when they drift out of their own experience. They habitually assume that people cannot be interested or amused unless it is they who interest or amuse them. So it is that many a quiet thinker is snubbed into silence; while he is arranging his ideas the thread is snapped, the ground shifted, and he gives in with just a vague sense of something unsatisfactory.

The man who has abandoned himself to the fascinations of self-portraiture has no principles—which are abstract things—he has simply a picture to draw in an infinite variety of becoming lights. For this purpose he adopts views simply as picturesque settings. He is strict and austere in his principles when a Rembrandt arrangement of light and shade is indicated. Then he lays down the law; his example is a terror to the careless and undecided. Presently it suits him to be taken in the sunlight, and the austerity is all gone; he is tolerant, indulgent, latitudinarian. Now he is in full costume, gentlemanlike, fastidious, and punctilious; the next time we meet him he is in a reckless, careless vein, and affects the Bohemian. These transformations puzzle the observer, till the key is found in a repertory of good stories, or in the adventures of each day. People will simulate a hundred violent, strong, and startling opinions for the sole purpose of establishing a predominance for the hour, not with deliberate inconsistency, but because these are to them only stage properties.

Nothing leads to greater and more serious acts of indiscretion than this propensity when allowed to run riot. In the one object of painting an effective scene the rights of others are not thought of, and the character of all the accessories of the picture is at the mercy of a blind sense of the picturesque. Under its guidance the talker means so little harm, has so little positive intention, that he forgets what he has said when the occasion is over and his end is gained. The listener treats all as *bonâ fide*, and goes away with ill impressions of somebody—at first of the *dramatis personæ*, but in time of the garrulous dramatist himself. No person indulging a habit of self-portraiture is fit to direct others; he has disqualified himself from forming an unbiassed impersonal view. When by chance asked for advice, he can only fall back upon what he calls his experience, wherein he has observed, not society or the world in themselves, but only as he has acted and figured among them. But persons in any sense occupied with themselves and their own affairs cannot, even with the best intentions, assume into the position of counsellors, which needs a sympathy antagonistic to their habitual temper.

A practice of gentle detraction necessarily attends self-portraiture as a fixed habit, and that with as little malice prepense as may be, but solely from the need of playing first fiddle, of standing in the best place. Self always in the light necessarily implies others cast into the shade. In the mere interest of art the man learns to regards all his acquaintance as foils. And if we note one of these gentlemen in a compunctious mood, entertaining us with graphic confessions, we shall always find him the best of his company, nobler in his errors than his old associates, and of a higher type than they; even in the stories that tell most against himself implicating the absent more deeply than himself. Yet he has not the slightest feeling of what he is about. He would greet any of these betrayed or slandered victims with the cordiality of a clear conscience, for indeed he has not thought of wronging them, they have been sacrificed to a conversational necessity. Downright ill-nature is a rarer quality than some persons suppose. Half the detraction of society is done unconsciously and by good-natured pleasant people. As for secrets, a secret is an impossible, almost an unintelligible, check to one of these communicative folks. He cannot keep his own secrets if they involve any dramatic effects, and this frankness where his own interests might seem to be damaged by his disclosures is supposed to acquit him of all collateral obligations. Self-interest—understanding by the term any long-sighted view of personal advantage—is so far from being the motive of this lavish self-display, that it is incompatible with it. This incontinence of speech has stranded more than one clever fellow in middle life, and is pretty sure to end in a boring and mendacious old age.

But all this tells nothing against the grace and merit of self-portraiture at fit times and under the restraints of taste and sympathy. When a man undertakes to talk about himself, some picturesque touches of the sort are almost essential. It does not

do to be absolutely impersonal. Wordsworth in his general poems tells us of his thoughts and habits of mind. In his *Tintern Abbey* and *Nutting* we have a glimpse of him in the body; but only, as far as we remember, in his *Prelude*, which is autobiography, have we a portrait. The poet there condescends to own a recollection of undergraduate elation in the first sense of powder and silk stockings, and we are obliged to him for a touch which makes us see him in a new light:—

> As if the change
> Had waited on some fairy's wand, at once
> Behold me rich in monies, and attired
> In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
> Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.
> My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,
> With other signs of manhood that supplied
> The lack of beard.

Where there is habitual reserve, a single word sometimes betrays unwittingly a consciousness of manner at some critical juncture of a man's past history. Thus Dr. Newman, in his *Apologia*, reports his and Froude's interview with Dr. Wiseman at Rome:—"I said, *with great gravity*, 'We have a mission.'" And the instinct which imprints external self on the mind's eye at the moment of realizing a career in prospect may also be seen at work at the instant of successful achievement. It prompted Gibbon's more elaborate description of what he terms his "final deliverance:"—"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame." Where such notices are rare and grave, like these, they convey a conviction in the writer of a great part to play, or of labour well done, which tells powerfully on the reader. Even where the reader and the self-portrayer are at odds as to the value and importance of the work done, or to be done, or as to his fitness for it, a genuine conviction expresses itself well in this form and engages our sympathies. We do not think a great deal of the *Rambler* in these days, but we like to see Johnson in the act of naming it. "I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night by my bedside, resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The *Rambler* seemed the best that occurred to me, and I took it." Haydon, after borrowing 50*l*. for the prosecution of one of his big pictures, tells us, "I never wrote 'I promise to pay' with such inspired fury before"; and the image of frenzied passion for his art, in which he so signally failed, fills us with a melancholy sympathy. The only occasion when it is impossible to sympathize with this habit is where the narrator of a scene, in which his emotions are professedly engaged for others, is really taken up with the thought of how he himself looked and acted in it.

Of course wit is prone to self-portraiture, and a very convenient engine it is in softening the sting of banter and raillery when directed towards others. The man who pictures himself in trying or ridiculous circumstances may the more safely play with the dignity of others without wounding their self-love. This was one of Sydney Smith's felicities. Himself under some disguise or posture of mind or body was his constant illustration:—"I see you crumble your bread"—to a nervous young lady—"when I dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury, I crumble my bread with both hands." "If I go to a fancy ball, of course I shall go as a Dissenter." But all people's memories are full of examples.

We began with speaking of the danger incident to this gift as leading to egotistical display and the disturbance of general conversation. Yet it may exist in its greatest charm under absolute control. It was possessed by one of the best conversers we have ever known, and in this capacity the most interested of listeners; happy also in an especial power of drawing out the thoughts and experiences of others. Telling an incident that had befallen him some twenty years before, with graphic detail, characteristic humour, and self-knowledge, his wife at the end remarked, "I never heard you tell that story before." "I never told it before" was the reply.

DOVECOTS.

TIMES must be very bad indeed if a faithful few are not still left to keep the sources of society sweet and wholesome. When corruption has gone through the whole mass and all classes are bad alike, everything comes to an end, and there is a general overthrow of national life; but while some are left pure and unspotted we are not quite undone, and we may reasonably hope for better days in the future. In the midst of the reign of the girl of the period, with her slang and her boldness—of the fashionabl woman, with her denial of duty and her madness for pleasure—we come every now and then upon a group of good girls of the real old English type, the faithful few growing up silently among us, but none the less valuable because they are silent and make no public display—doves who are content with life as they have it in the dovecot, and have no desire to be either eagles dwelling on romantic heights, or peacocks displaying their pride in sunny courts. We find these faithful few in town and country alike; but they are rifest in the country, where there is less temptation to go wrong than there is in the large towns, and where life is more simple and the moral tone undeniably higher. The leading feature of these girls is their love of home and of their own family, and their power of making occupation and happiness out of apparently meagre materials. If they are the elders, they find amusement and more in their little brothers and sisters, whom they consider immensely funny, and to whom they are as much girl-mothers as sisters; if they are the youngers, they idolize their baby nephews and nieces. For there is always a baby going on somewhere about these houses, babies being the great excitement of home life, and the antiseptic element which keeps everything else pure. They are passionately attached to papa and mamma, whom they think the very king and queen of humanity, and whom they do not call by even endearing slang names. It has never occurred to them to criticize them as ordinary mortals; and as they have not been in the way of learning the prevailing accent of disrespect, they have not shaken off that almost religious veneration for their parents which all young people feel naturally, if they have been well brought up and are not corrupted. The yoke in most middle-class country-houses is one fitting very loosely round all necks; and there being no power of using greater freedom, if even they had it, the girls are not fretted by its pressure, and are content to live under it in peace. They adore their elder brothers who are from home just beginning the great battle of life for themselves, and confidently believe them to be the finest fellows going, and the future great men of the day if only they care to put out those splendid talents of theirs, and take the trouble of plucking the prizes within their reach. They may have a slight reservation, perhaps, in favour of the brothers' friend, whom they place on a pedestal of almost equal height. But they keep their mental architecture a profound secret from every one, and do not suffer themselves to let it grow into too solid a structure unless it has some surer foundation than their own fancy. For, though doves are loving, they are by no means lovesick damsels; they are too healthy and natural and quietly busy for unwholesome dreams. If one of them marries, they all unite in loving the man who comes in among them. He is adopted as one of themselves, and leaps into a family of idolizing sisters who pet him as their brother—with just that subtle little difference in the petting that it comes from sisters unaccustomed, and so has the charm of novelty if not the excitement of naughtiness. But this kind of thing is, about the most dangerous to a man's moral nature that can befall him. Though pretty to see, and undeniably pleasant to experience, and though perfectly innocent in every way, still nothing enervates one so much as this idolatrous submission of a large family of women. In a widow's house, where there are many daughters and no sons, and where the man who marries one marries the whole family and is worshipped accordingly, the danger is of course increased tenfold; but if there are brothers and a father, the sister's husband, though affectionately cooed over, is not made quite such a fuss with, and the association is all the less hurtful in consequence.

The life of these girls is by no means stupid, though it is quiet and without any spasmodic events or cataclysms of fortune in any way. They go a great deal among the village poor, and they teach at the Sunday-school, and attend the mothers' meetings and clothing-clubs and the like, and learn to get interested in their humbler friends, who, after all, are Christian sisters. They read their romances in real life instead of in three-volume novels, and study human nature as it is—in the rough, certainly, but perhaps in more genuine form than if they learnt it only in what is called society. Then they have their pleasures, though they are of an unexciting kind and what fast girls would call awfully slow. They have their horses and their croquet parties and their archery meetings; they have batches of new music, and a monthly box from Mudie's, and they know the value of both; and they go out to tea sometimes, and sometimes to dinner, in the neighbourhood; and enjoy the rare county balls with a zest unknown to London girls who are out every night in the week. They have their village flower-shows, which the great families patronize in a free-and-easy kind of way, and which give occupation for weeks before and subject for talk for weeks after; their school feasts, where the pet parson of the district comes out with his best anecdotes, and makes mild jokes at a long distance from Sydney Smith; their periodical missionary meetings, where they have great guns from London, and where they hear unctuous stories about the saintliness of converted cannibals, and are required to believe in the power of a change of faith to produce an ethnological miracle; they have their friends to stay with them—school-girl friends—with whom they exchange deep confidences, and go back over the old days—so old to their youth! and their brothers come down in the summer; and their brothers' friends come with them, and do a little spooning in the shrubbery. But there is more spooning done at picnics than anywhere else; and more offers are made there, under the shadow of the old ruin, or in the quiet leafy nook by the river side, than at any other gathering time of the country. And as we are all to a certain extent what we are made, these pleasures being the only ones known to them, the doves take to them quite kindly and gratefully, and enjoy themselves in a simplicity of circumstances which would give no pleasure at all to girls accustomed to more highly-spiced entertainments.

Doves know very little of evil. They are not in the way of learning it; and they do not care to learn it. The few villagers who are supposed to lead ill lives are spoken of below the breath, and carefully avoided without being critically studied

When the railway is carried down past their quiet nest, there is an immense excitement as the report goes that a knot of strange men have been seen scattering themselves over the fields with their little white flags and theodolites, their measuring lines and levels. But when the army of navvies follows after, the excitement is changed to consternation, and a general sense of evil brooding ruthlessly over them. The clergy of the district organize special services, and the scared doves keep religiously away from the place where the navvies are hutted. They are little better than the savages, the deputation tell them about once or twice a year, and create almost as much terror as an encampment of gipsies. They represent the lawless forces of the world, and the unknown evil of strong men; and the wildest story about them is not too wild to be believed. The railway altogether is a great offence to the neighbourhood, and the line is assumed to destroy the whole scenic beauty of the place. There are lamentations over the cockneys it will bring down, over the high prices it will create, the immorality it will cause. Only the sons who are out in the world, and have learnt how life goes on outside the dovecot, advocate keeping pace with the times; and a few of the more strong-minded of the doves listen to them with a timid admiration of their breadth and boldness, and think there may be two sides to the question after all. When the dashing captain and his fast wife suddenly appear in the village—as often happens in these remote districts—the doves are in a state of great moral complexity. They are scandalized at Mrs. Highflyer's costume and complexion, and think her manners odd and doubtful; her slang shocks them; and when they meet her in the lanes, trailing yards of silk behind her in the mud, talking so loudly and laughing so shrilly with that horrid-looking man in a green cutaway, they feel as fluttered as their namesakes when a hawk is hovering over the farmyard. The dashing captain, who does not use a prayer-book at church, and who stares at all the girls so rudely, and has even been seen to wink at some of the prettier cottage girls, and his handsome wife with her equivocal complexion and pronounced fashions, who makes eyes at the curate, are never heartily adopted by the local magnates, though vouched for by some far-away backer; and the doves always feel them to be strange bodies among them, and out of their rightful element somehow. If things go quietly without an explosion, well and good; but if the truth bursts to the surface in the shape of a London detective, and the Highflyers are found to be no better than they should be, the consternation and half-awed wonderment at the existence of so much effrontery and villany in their atmosphere create an impression which no time effaces. The first clash of innocence with evil is an event in the life of the innocent which nothing ever destroys.

The dovecot is rather dull in the winter, and the doves are somewhat moped; but even then they have the church to decorate, and the sentiment of Christmas to enliven them. The absent ones of the family, too, gather round the old hearth while they can; and as the great joy of the dovecot lies in the family union that is kept up, and in the family love which is so strong, the visits of the absent bring a moral summer as warm and cheering as the physical sunshine. But they do not all assemble. For many of the doves marry men whose work lies abroad; these quiet country-houses being the favourite matrimonial hunting-grounds for colonists and Anglo-Indians. So that some are always absent, whose healths are drunk in the traditional punch, with eyes that grow moist as the names are said. Doves are not disinclined to marry men who have to go abroad, for all the passionate family love common to them. Travel is a golden dream to them in their still homes; but travel properly companioned. For even the most adventurous among them are not independent, as we mean when we speak of independence in women. They are essentially home girls, family girls, doves who cannot exist at all without a dovecot, however humble. The family is everything to them, and they are utterly unfit for the solitude which so many of our self-supporting women can accept quite resignedly. Not that they are necessarily useless even as breadwinners. They could work if pushed to it; but it must be in a quiet womanly way, with the mother, the sister, the husband as the helper, with the home as the place of rest and the refuge. Their whole lines are laid in love and quietness; not necessarily in inaction, but their wishes and their aims are all centred within the home circle. If they marry, they find the love of their husband enough for them, and have no desire for other men's admiration; their babies are all the world to them, and they do not think maternity an infliction as so many of the miserably fashionable think it; they like the occupation of housekeeping, and feel pride in their fine linen and clean service, in their well-ordered table and neatly balanced accounts. They are kind to their servants, who generally come from the old home, and whose families they therefore know; but they keep up a certain dignity and tone of superiority towards them in the midst of all their kindness, which very few town-bred mistresses can keep to town-bred maids. They have always been the aristocracy in their native place; and they carry through life the ineffaceable stamp which being "the best" gives. They are essentially mild and gentle women; not queens of society even when they are pretty, because not caring for social success, and therefore not laying themselves out for it; for if they please at home that is all they care for, holding love before admiration, and the esteem of one higher than the praise of many. If a fault is to be found with them it is that they have not perhaps quite enough "salt" for the general taste, used as it is to such highly-seasoned social food; but do we really want our women to have so very much character? Do not our splendid passionate creatures lead madly wretched lives and make miserably uncomfortable homes? and are not our glorious heroines better in pictures and in fiction than seated by the nursery fire, or checking the baker's bill? No doubt the quiet home-staying doves seem tame enough when we think of the gorgeous beings made familiar to us by romance, and history, which is more romantic still; but as our daily lives run chiefly in prose, they are better fitted for things as they are; and to men who want wives and not playthings, and who care for the peace of family life and the dignity of home, they are beyond price when they can be found and secured. So that, on the whole, we can dispense with the splendid creatures of character and the magnificent queens of society sooner than with the quiet and unobtrusive doves; and though they do spoil men most monstrously, they know where to draw the line, and while petting their own at home—as women should—know how to keep strangers abroad at a distance, and to make themselves respected as only modest and gentle women are respected by men.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON TRADE-UNIONS

II.

We have already commented on the unsatisfactory conclusions of this Report. In fact it comes to no conclusion at all. The suggestions of the majority are half-hearted and uncertain. The Commissioners do not insist on their own recommendations. They have no faith in their own prescriptions. The Report of the dissentient minority, indeed, presents a striking contrast to this. There is nothing vague, timid, or hesitating about it. There is as little uncertainty in it as there would be in the judgment of an advocate who was allowed to adjudicate on his own case. The two Commissioners are not judges but advocates. No feeling of judicial reticence or judicial doubt for one moment restrains them. From the beginning to the end their language is uniformly and consistently this:—"Give greater powers to Trade-Unions; do away with all disabling and hampering statutes, assert the right of the workmen to combine; or, if you fetter it on the part of the workmen, fetter it also on the part of the masters." Then follows an expansive but cordial advocacy of the general benefits effected by the Unions, and a vehement denial of the charges so often brought against them.

In the face of Reports so opposite and conflicting, it is of course difficult for us outsiders to give a decisive opinion. And it will be equally difficult for Parliament to legislate in a sense which will be satisfactory to the two contending parties, and to the country at large. But this difficulty only enhances the duty of examining the question as thoroughly as possible. What is it that oppresses the Trade-Unions at present? What will be their condition when they are relieved from their present grievances? Will that relief be a good thing for themselves and the country? These seem to us the questions which mainly demand the attention of the Legislature. Now Trade-Unions, as such, are not unlawful. If they existed merely as clubs or benefit societies, to assist their members in sickness or old age, they would be as legal as White's or the Carlton. Their illegality consists in the unlawfulness of the purpose for which they are constituted, and this illegality is punished by the refusal of Courts of Law to assist them in compassing their illegal purposes. This principle is, it will be seen, very elastic, for it opens a very wide argument as to when a Trade-Union is engaged in seeking an illegal object. For instance, it may be contended that, if it proposes one illegal object at its inception, it is illegal. It may also be contended that, whatever illegal objects it may seek to compass by its institution, it should be aided by the law in furthering those other objects which are not illegal. And the statute law itself has recently come to the relief of the Unions in this respect. For, since the appointment of this Commission, an Act has been passed by which members of Trade-Unions guilty of pilfering the property of the Unions are made amenable to justice. The main question of the lawfulness of a Union turns on its doing, or attempting to do, something "in restraint of trade." The general law on this subject is of long standing and authority, although modified by statute. Still the principle remains, that acts in furtherance of an intention to coerce, by threats, molestation, or annoyance, either employers or employed, are illegal. This illegality affects the guilty persons in two ways. The persons who take a part in these acts are subject to penal consequences; while the societies which are organized for the purpose—though it may not be the exclusive purpose—of abetting these acts, are debarred from the privileges which lawful societies possess, of calling in the aid of the law to enforce their own rules upon their own members. This is, of course, a very incomplete statement of the law as it exists, with its limitations, exceptions, and additions, on the subject of combinations in restraint of trade. But still it is sufficient for the illustration of the question at issue between the advocates and the opponents of Trade-Unions. The former complain that even after the relief given by certain recent statutes, their societies are crippled through want of legal recognition, and that their individual members are liable to degrading punishment for acts which are done under the authority of the Unions, and, as the perpetrators honestly believe, done in legitimate defence of their own trade rights. The latter reply, that so long as the Unions continue to mix up with legitimate objects, such as the relief of distressed members, &c., other objects which are illegitimate and

pernicious, so long should they be excluded from the privileges which they seek.

As we have observed, the majority of the Commissioners report in favour of a very slight change in the existing law. They would still enforce the present disqualifications against those societies whose rules and by-laws encourage interference with the free agency of individual workmen. To those the rules of which are not directed to such ends they would accord the facilities for such registration, by the Registrar of Friendly Societies, as would confer on them corporate rights and characters. And they further propose that those Unions which are established exclusively for benefit, and not for trade, purposes, should be registered as First-class Benefit Societies. The dissentient minority, on the other hand, claim that all laws against combinations either of workmen or of employers should be "broadly and unequivocally rescinded," and that all possible conditions of labour should be a matter of free agreement between the two contracting parties. Not satisfied with this, they proceed to contend for the explicit abrogation of the law under which picketing is now punished. As we have said before, the tone of the minority is far more decided than that of the majority. There can be no doubt what the former mean; and as their recommendations are, not indeed absolutely but comparatively, favoured by the Trade-Unions, by a large proportion of the operatives, and by those persons who consider themselves to represent their feelings, it is worth while to see what would be the relations of the workmen and their employers if the concessions which they ask were made.

Those relations would be somewhat of this sort. The majority of the operatives in most branches of trade would be members of some Union. They would join their Unions for a twofold object; that of being supported during illness, slack work, or disability, and that of being supported during strikes. The money which they contributed towards them would go into one common fund, which would be burdened with both these charges, and, in some few cases, with the additional charge of superannuation. About one "intelligent operative" in a hundred would ever think of calculating for himself the ability of the Union to bear these burdens; and if an actuary told him that his society could not possibly stand the double strain for two years together, and that practically, in relation to its published promises, it was already insolvent, he would receive the warning with incredulity or indifference. He and his fellows would enter it for the purpose of enabling themselves to combine against the masters. Any form and any object of combination would be legal. They might combine in sections against individual masters, or they might combine in the aggregate against the whole body of employers. They might combine to raise wages, and to shorten time; to get additional holidays, to extort fines from the employers under the name of "treats," "feasts," "gatherings," "excursions;" to oust from employment unpopular foremen, obnoxious apprentices, workmen from particular districts, or men under five-foot six. Not only would they be able to oust them, but they would be able to prevent them from getting employment elsewhere. Dreading no penal law but that which punished actual assaults, they could resort with impunity to the thousand arts of worrying and annoyance which are now punishable as acts of "molestation." No man who was in the Union but would be liable to be made an instrument of persecution; no one out of the Union but would be liable to become its victim. Is it too much to say that such a state of things would be, if not literally fatal, at least desperately prejudicial, to the trade of the country? The working-men—the "intelligent working-men," whom every cowardly idiot that can write fulsome English has been bespattering with mawkish praise for the last ten years—would be the masters of the industry of the country. And what masters! Let any man who sees a body of them hanging about the premises of an obnoxious employer during a strike, and waylaying fellow-workmen who refuse to submit to their dictation, judge what they would become when armed *en masse* with such powers as Mr. Harrison would give them. But without troubling himself to observe and judge by inspection, a man may arrive at a pretty accurate estimation of their contingent behaviour by reading the evidence which was elicited by this very Commission. It is probable enough that the printers and engineers would, under all conditions, observe a moderation equal to that with which their advocates already credit them. But of the other and less educated trades—carpenters, masons, bricklayers, brickmakers, painters, plasterers, and a score of others—the existing evidence leaves no room to doubt that the gift of additional legal powers would only arm them with additional powers of extortion. Given societies of men, imperfectly educated, without the opportunity or the desire of reflection—with a greed proportioned to their ignorance, and a blind self-confidence proportioned to their greed—given, too, a legal recognition, and the power both of controlling their own members and of bullying those who were not their members, how is it possible that they should not crush the employers in the unequal conflict? It is useless to say, as the author of the third Report says, that the days of violence have passed away, while the outrages of Sheffield and Manchester live in the recollection of us all. The spirit which dictated those outrages animates many of the societies of the least skilled artificers. The present state of the law holds it in some restraint. The changes which Messrs. Harrison and Hughes propose would remove all check. The tyranny which is exercised by the Manchester and Bradford bricklayers and masons over their employers would not only continue, but continue in an enhanced degree. The Unions, recognised by law, enjoying legal authority over their members, and exempt from any penalties for picketing, would be not only terrible to the employing class, but formidable to the non-Unionist class, which they would finally crush or absorb.

The struggle would soon become desperate between the employers and the labourers. The labourers' object would be to appropriate the largest share of the employers' capital among themselves—in short, to enjoy the advantages without incurring the risks of partnership. This is indeed what their spokesmen distinctly avow now, and what, in fact, the Preston operatives have been contending for. But what would Capital do in this phase of the contest—Capital, which is the most timid and sensitive of industrial agencies? Why, Capital would decline the contest. We do not mean that every great productive organization would be immediately closed; but there would be a cessation of that enterprise which initiates new undertakings. The men with small or borrowed capital who were already at the head of great establishments, would abandon them, and those with small capital, who were intending to begin an industrial career, would renounce their intention. Nothing shows more clearly the ignorance or the thoughtlessness of the operative classes than their persistent assertion that all employers are wealthy, whereas many employers have but little money, and that money borrowed. These are the people whose talent and energy have built up many of the greatest industries in England. But their influence and exertions would be lost, if operative Unions were allowed to dictate to them the proportion of profits which they were to receive, and of wages which they were to pay. The larger and wealthier capitalists would have the alternative of two courses. They would either transfer their operations to Continental cities, or they would agree to the terms proposed, and reimburse themselves by increased prices. In either case the ultimate sufferers would be the consuming public, thus compelled to pay more dearly for the cost of production. The double loss sustained by the country would be enhanced dearness of price to the home consumers, and diminished exportation to foreign countries. The countervailing benefit would be a great but temporary increase in the wages and luxuries (mainly beer and tobacco) of English artisans.

In the face of this prospect, we confess that we regard with favour the proposal which the Commissioners have only hinted at; namely, the legalization and encouragement of those Unions which are exclusively Benefit Societies, and the discouragement of those which are intended to support "strikes." While we resent and resist the insolent attempt of the operatives to appropriate an undue share of that capital which is the only source of wages, we heartily sympathize with every effort to husband the resources of the thrifty workman, and shield him from the dishonest artifices of rotten and pretentious associations. And we fear, moreover, both the social and economical consequences of allowing guilds of workmen to re-establish generally in favour of their own class the vices of an obsolete Protectionism, after they have undermined and destroyed all that gave support to the industry, independence, and ambition of the individual workman.

LORD STANLEY AND THE GLASGOW STUDENTS.

IT would be hard to conceive two human compositions more utterly opposite to each other in every possible way than Lord Stanley's Rectorial Address at Glasgow and Mr. Froude's Rectorial Address at Saint Andrew's. Mr. Froude went to Saint Andrew's to flatter his hearers, to revile institutions which he wilfully misunderstood, and to win a cheer for himself. Lord Stanley at Glasgow seems to have been equally successful in winning a cheer, but he won it in a more honourable way. That is to say, Lord Stanley behaved with proper self-respect and with proper respect to his hearers; Mr. Froude broke down in both ways. We can believe that Mr. Froude's address was the more taking, because it is always very taking to hear oneself praised and one's rival cried down. But it is no high compliment to one's hearers to set this kind of entertainment before them. Mr. Froude appealed to the worst feelings of his temporary academical subjects at Saint Andrew's. Lord Stanley appealed to the best feelings of his temporary academical subjects at Glasgow. Instead of abuse and misrepresentation of other people, Lord Stanley gave the Glasgow students sound and practical good advice for themselves. And the Glasgow students seem to have thoroughly appreciated this higher kind of diet. Nor do we think so ill of the Saint Andrew's students as to believe that they would not have appreciated it also, if they had had the good luck to have it set before them.

The *Times* does not give us Lord Stanley's speech in full. He began, we are told, with "a graceful reference to his distinguished predecessors in the Rectorial chair." The "reference" was followed by an "allusion," which the *Times* seemingly did not look upon as "graceful"—an "allusion to the present prosperous condition of Glasgow University." This seems an odd subject for an "allusion"; one would have thought that it was the subject of all others on which a new Lord Rector would speak out plainly and openly. It would be easy to do so without in any way pandering to local vanity. But for Lord Stanley indirectly to allude to such a subject, while talking about something else, would show a remarkable indifference to the institution of which he is made for a short time the chief. It would be something like the indifference to his own life shown by the American who, when stabbed by a bowie-knife, "fell down, *remarking* that he was a dead man." But we do not believe that Lord Stanley made any allusion at all; we have no doubt that he

spoke straightforwardly about the prosperous state of things at Glasgow, and we should greatly like to know what he said. At any rate, he went on to give the Glasgow students a series of counsels of perfection which, if they are duly carried out, will do a great deal to make the prosperity of Glasgow University abiding. Lord Stanley is, throughout his speech, not brilliant, hardly powerful, but everywhere acute, observant, and sensible. He sends up no squibs and crackers like Mr. Froude, but all his suggestions are not only worth listening to, but worth carrying out in practice. Once only does he make the least contrast between the English and Scotch University systems, and then he makes it in a way to which no reasonable Oxford or Cambridge man can object. It is undoubtedly true that the Scotch Universities do give far greater advantages to poor students than Oxford and Cambridge. And now that the fever of reform has passed away, now that it is again lawful to hint that non-resident fellowships have a tendency to become unprofitable sinecures, it may perhaps also be lawful to hint that this difference between Oxford and Glasgow is partly owing to the conversion of the endowments which were meant to support poor students into mere prizes for those who do not want them. No one can blame Lord Stanley for making this comparison in the way in which he has made it. But then his way of making it is very different from Mr. Froude's way. Mr. Froude deals with the shortcomings of his academical parent in the spirit of Ham; Lord Stanley deals with them in the spirit of Shem and Japheth. Mr. Froude is so delighted with bringing accusations that it would almost seem to be all one to him whether his accusations are true or false; he talks as if he would be sorry if Oxford and Cambridge were reformed, because then he would lose the pleasure of abusing them. Lord Stanley at once strengthens himself and comforts himself by his belief that a large amount of opinion at Oxford and Cambridge is on his side. Through the greater part of the speech which follows we shall have little to do but to go through what Lord Stanley says, and to set our seal to each stage of it. There is something worthy of special attention, as coming from one in Lord Stanley's position, in what he says as to the duty of all men—those who have no need to work for their bread as well as those who have—to find themselves some real work, some real and useful occupation of their time, of some kind or other. On the whole we do not think that we have much to complain of in this way in our men of rank and fortune; there are doubtless good, bad, and indifferent among them, but, considering their special temptations, the number of the good seems really as great as we have any right to look for. Lord Stanley says, with great truth, that there are some men who seem born mainly for action, others who seem born mainly for thought; that there is room for both classes in the world, and that each temperament is commonly the better for a certain admixture of the other. This saying is fully borne out by the long line of English statesmen who have been distinguished in other ways besides that of statesmanship. Lord Stanley speaks with equal truth of the struggle which is needed in the first instance to form habits of real work, and the force which those habits acquire when really formed, and the actual pain which unemployed time gives to the man who has formed them. He then goes on to speak of the cry of over-work, which he truly says is "bad enough," but that "it is probably a cause of less suffering in the aggregate than the consciousness of faculties unused and energies that can find no vent." No doubt there is such a thing as over-work, but no doubt also, as Lord Stanley says, there is "a good deal of prejudice and misinformation on the subject." He is probably right when he adds that cases of men crushed in youth by excessive mental strain are nine times out of ten the result of simple mismanagement. As for over-work, one would think that no class of people were more likely to be over-worked than lawyers in great practice who are also members of Parliament. Yet certainly no class of people seem to live to so great an age and to keep their wits so unimpaired to the end as the men who have gone through this double strain on their powers.

And now we come to the part of Lord Stanley's speech which perhaps concerns us most nearly. There must be many people at other places, if not among the Glasgow students, who ought to writhe, if they are still capable of writhing, at Lord Stanley's enforcement of the absolute necessity for every purpose, whether of action or speculation, of a perfectly accurate habit of thought and expression. This, Lord Stanley truly says, is "something which is almost entirely within our own power to acquire, and which nature unassisted never yet gave to any man"; and he adds, with equal truth and perhaps with a certain bitterness, "this is, as far as I can see, one of the very rarest acquirements." How rare it is we see daily in the mass of inaccurate statements which are given to the world in speaking and writing, and in the way in which most people have come to look on accuracy of thought and expression as a matter of no consequence whatever. A man who takes care to be accurate himself is commonly called a pedant for his pains; a man who hates inaccuracy and censures it in others is not only called a pedant, but is conveniently supposed to have some sinister motive for his censure. The advocates of inaccuracy, and it is a class neither small nor without influence, will do well to ponder what Lord Stanley says about "that habit of accurate thought and expression" which it is "almost entirely within our own power to acquire." He then goes on:—

> For it implies a good deal—carefulness, close attention to details, a certain power of memory, and the habit of distinguishing between things which are alike, but not identical. I lay stress on this because it seems to me the characteristically distinguishing mark of good and faulty teaching, of real and unreal learning. The best thing is to know your subject thoroughly, the next best to know nothing about it, and to be aware that you do know nothing; the worst is to know a little, and to know that vaguely and confusedly.

Lord Stanley then speaks of the merits and defects of competitive examinations. Whether they do really act, as he thinks, as an effectual check on the imposture of half-knowledge, we may be allowed to doubt, but nothing can be better than his remarks on the imposture of half-knowledge itself:—

> What a man can write out clearly, correctly, and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows, whatever else he may be ignorant of. For knowledge that falls short of that—knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain—I for one profess no respect at all. And I believe that there never was a time or country where the influences of careful training were in that respect more needed. Men live in haste, write in haste—I was going to say think in haste, only that perhaps the word thinking is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part, purchase their daily allowance of thought ready made. You find ten times more people now than ever before who can string together words with facility, and with a general idea of their meaning, and who are ready with a theory of some kind about most matters. All that is very well as far as it goes; but it is one thing to be able to do this, and quite another to know how to use words as they should be used, or really to have thought out the subject which you discuss.

We now come to the only point on which we are inclined to have any battle with Lord Stanley, and on that point we have only half a battle. What he says on "classical training" is comforting to read after the nonsense of Mr. Froude. Lord Stanley stands up for the old classical training, not as the only possible training, but as a training which has many distinct merits of its own. Instead of sneering, like Mr. Froude, at "old Greek and Latin," he warns his readers against "the folly of treating classical study as a thing antiquated and useless." Here comes our only point of difference, or more truly the only point in which we look on Lord Stanley's argument as defective. Lord Stanley seems to have no more notion than Mr. Lowe or Mr. Froude of the real position of the Greek and Latin languages and of the Greek and Roman history. He still speaks of classical training as a distinct thing, as if Greece and Rome, and the languages of Greece and Rome, stood wholly by themselves, and had no bearing on the languages and history of any other times or nations. We have often made the remark, and we have no doubt that we shall often have to make it again, that the great discoveries of comparative philology in the nineteenth century ought to cause as great a revolution in our system of education as the revival of Greek letters caused in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The truth to be insisted on is that there can be no such thing as purely "classical training," no such thing as purely "modern training," or that, if there is, both modes of training must be utterly defective and worthless. No lover of sound knowledge will, if he can help it, talk about "the classics," any more than he will talk about "the Saxons." What people need is to understand that the study of language is one, that the study of history is one, that man, at any rate Aryan man, is essentially the same always and everywhere, that every part of his history has a bearing upon every other part. Glasgow students, and all other students, should be taught that rightly to study the history of Greece and rightly to study the history of Britain are exercises of exactly the same faculties, and that either process is imperfect without the other. They should be taught that to learn Greek and to learn German are exactly the same process, and that Greek without German or German without Greek loses half its value. People who, like Lord Stanley, allow any distinction to be drawn between "classical" and "modern" studies, are really giving up the only ground on which "classical" studies can be rightly defended. The "folly and pedantry" of which Lord Stanley complains is simply the folly and pedantry of talking as if Greeks and Romans were not really men, as if they and their languages and everything to do with them were something by itself, something which had no bearing upon human affairs. Lord Stanley does not seem to realize, any more than Mr. Lowe and Mr. Froude, that the educational evangel to be preached for some time to come must be mainly the preaching of Grimm's Law.

Another passage, if it is rightly reported, seems to show that Lord Stanley does not thoroughly take in the difference in position between primary and secondary authorities. He is made to say:—

> Even those who feel most thoroughly the incomparably wider range of modern thought will seldom deny that in precision, in conciseness, in dignity of style, and in verbal felicity, the great writers of ancient times have scarcely been equalled. It is suggestive to think how, under the influence of the mercantile principle, making books to be paid for in proportion not to their merits, but to their length, and of the lifelong hurry which prevents us from studying condensation, such narratives as those of Cæsar and Tacitus would in modern hands have swelled into the dimensions of a modern historical compilation, with the certain result that they would have occupied in men's memories no more enduring place than this last.

We doubt about the accuracy of the reporting here, mainly because of the word "compilation." "Compilation" is a favourite penny-a-liner's word, probably because penny-a-liners do not realize any form of writing except compilation. It is not at all unlikely that the reporters have substituted "compilation" for some other word used by Lord Stanley. He can hardly have meant to contrast Cæsar and Tacitus with Goldsmith and Mrs. Markham. Perhaps he said "composition," and meant to take in all modern historical writings. To give any force at all to the contrast, he must have meant to contrast Cæsar and Tacitus with modern historical writers of some real position. But Lord Stanley forgets the difference between Cæsar narrating his own exploits, or even Tacitus

the history of a not far distant gene[illegible], and a modern painfully working out the history of events some cen[illegible] old by the process of sifting innumerable statements made at or soon after the time. A modern historian makes his work longer, not because he is paid according to its length—for he is not paid according to its length, sometimes he is not paid at all—but because both he himself and his readers have a keener historical sense than the contemporaries of Cæsar and Tacitus, because they feel far more strongly the necessity of producing and testing the evidence for every statement that is made. This is true even of those who write of contemporary events. Mr. Kinglake could no doubt make his history shorter. But he could not make it so short as Cæsar made his. For Cæsar said just what he pleased; if anybody told another story, he took no notice of it; while Mr. Kinglake has to harmonise as many different statements, and to point out as many prevalent errors, as if he were writing of things which happened a thousand years back. This is equally true of "classical" and of mediæval authorities. As the *Times* says in its lofty condescension, "we are inclined, from this point of view, to think that injustice is often done to those so-called 'dark ages.'" Lambert of Hersfeld may not be the equal of Cæsar or Tacitus, though he comes a great deal nearer to them than Lord Stanley or the *Times* is likely to imagine. But he who now writes the history of the times for which either Cæsar or Lambert is an original authority must make a longer story of it than Cæsar and Lambert did, simply because he stands in a wholly different position from Cæsar and Lambert. And after all, why stop at Cæsar and Tacitus? We trust that the names of Thucydides and Polybius would not have been wholly unknown in the ears of Glasgow students. And the two great Greek historians themselves illustrate our position in different ways. Thucydides writes down what he saw or heard from eye-witnesses. Polybius, writing of events before his own day, has constantly to stop in order to comment on and to refute the statements of other writers.

Lord Stanley thus seems to have still to learn the true position of that "classical" training which he defends by a sort of happy instinct. But however defective his address may be in this respect, nothing can surpass the wise and practical character of the advice which he gives his hearers, and it is pleasant to have the antidote coming so soon after the bane.

THE CLERGY OF A DISENDOWED CHURCH

"UPON the whole," says De Tocqueville, reviewing the condition of the Gallican Church in 1789, "I question if there ever existed in the world a clergy more remarkable than the Catholic clergy of France at the moment when it was overtaken by the Revolution—a clergy more enlightened, more national, less circumscribed within the bounds of private duty and more alive to public obligations. . . . They had in truth no defects but those inherent in all corporate bodies, whether political or religious, when they are strongly constituted and knit together; such as a tendency to aggression, a certain intolerance of disposition, and an instinctive, sometimes a blind, attachment to the particular rights of their order." This illustrious writer also points out that the corrective of the celibacy of the French clergy was their permanent endowment and participation in landed property. The estates of the clergy kept up a national and independent spirit in the order, and, without endowments and without the family tie the clergyman must, from the nature of the case, be an alien in the midst of a civil community scarcely any of whose social interests can directly affect him. De Tocqueville's conclusion is, that to convert clerical incomes into mere salaries is only to promote the interests of the Papacy, and to renounce an important element in the general political freedom of a nation. This thoughtful language is worth the consideration of those well-meaning, but fanatical, persons who view with equanimity, if they are not disposed to hail with positive satisfaction, the prospect of exchanging the established clergy of the Church of England for a more religious, as they say, and more earnest, body of disestablished and disendowed ministers of religion. What they want is a beatified ideal—a priesthood entirely devoted to spiritual things and the sublime vocation to which they are ordained—a Church freed from the chains and shackles of human institutions and secular authority—owning no supremacy but that of the great Head of the Church—with entire freedom to develop its own doctrine and to settle its own discipline—a free and voluntary society, doing its own work in its own way, relieved from the perils of false brethren, and untrammelled by the cowardice of weak brethren; all holiness, all purity, all peace, all love. It is of course cold work to contrast facts with theories, and the world we live in with the fairy realms of fancy and the ideal; but, to use De Tocqueville's words, we question whether there ever existed in the world a clergy more remarkable than the clergy of this Church of England which now is. Whether or not they come up to this exalted standard, may be very fairly questioned: defects, faults, weaknesses they undoubtedly have. Many of the clergy are narrow-minded, many of them weak, many of them, and very naturally, sacerdotally inclined; some violent, some foolish. But, as regards the institution, it is to the mere student in politics and social matters a very wonderful one. The English clergy are a corporate body, incorporated for the very highest social ends; they are not only the ministers of religious worship and the channels of public instruction, but they are for the most part the directors of youth and education, the guardians and standards of public morality. And at the same time, they are citizens, and citizens, too, freely mixing with, and therefore cementing together, all grades of society, all varieties of intelligence and education and rank. They have that one advantage which the Gallican clergy had not. A married clergy represents and values the family as well as the State. They have, by the fact [illegible]

[illegible] their order is kept [illegible] pensating balance of family ties and their rights as citizens. The English clergy, such as it is, is the gradual growth of modern society. The institution has, by slow degrees, and unconsciously, like all true growths, worked itself out of all sorts of circumstances, and by all sorts of helps. Like the English Constitution, it has come to be by being. The Church of England clergy do not fulfil any abstract conception; perhaps do not answer to an ideal clergy; but they are. Without the old ante-Tudor Church, without the Reformation period, without the beef and carrot-eating epoch of the chaplains at the second table which Macaulay tells us about, nay, without the lazy afternoon of the Georgian days, the existing institution could not have come to be; and it is idle to say that, without the Establishment, and all the good and evil of establishment, a clergy such as that which now is were impossible. They have been a factor of our present civilization just as much as they are the creature of historical England and all that this great and complex idea comprises. Again to strike our keynote, this is a most remarkable clergy—remarkable both for its prominent excellences and perhaps for its palpable shortcomings.

What should we get in exchange for this remarkable clergy under disestablishment and disendowment? A set of men who would be very likely to exhibit more prominently the externals of religious zeal, and who would, quite conceivably, give themselves up more unreservedly to spiritual things. But they must, even without adopting the rule of clerical celibacy, be much more a caste than the present institution of an established clergy is. Their social position would be distinctly marked and fenced off. Their business would be religion, and nothing but religion. They would be regarded, and would regard themselves, as a peculiar order, with no country but the Church, with no social obligations but to their own spiritual vocation. It is possible —but we are not going to argue this point, though we are by no means prepared to concede it—that religion and the faith would gain by superseding the semi-secular clergy of the day by this more professional type of priest. We are only concerned with the fact that a disestablished and disendowed clergy would be altogether, except in church, an institution not only different from, but opposed in conception to, an Established Church. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that, with all the existing clerical conditions changed we should have the same raw material to work with. As it is, there are clergy and there are clergy. We have the intellectual, intelligent, highly-educated clergyman, consorting with nobles as his equals, which they are often by birth, sometimes by fortune, always by education; the solid, matter of fact, temperate country parson, of Mackworth Praed's type; the forward, pushing town parson, to whom popularity and pew-rents are powers; and the vulgar, ignorant fanatic, who occasionally culminates in an Irish bishop. These varieties we have, and they have their value, their good as well as their evil; but there would be few varieties in the disestablished Anglican parson of the future. For a time something of the same character would survive; as Rome was not built, so Rome did not perish, in a day. But gradually, or rather very rapidly, not only would the clerical level sink, but the clerical character would be entirely changed. In the great towns we should have active clever men of the Ward Beecher type, men making great incomes, and very much of despots over their thriving and money-making flocks. And we should have the petted shepherds of the sectarian *petite église*, the spiritual directors and tyrants of the women, and of the husbands who think that religion is a very proper employment for females and feminine-minded men. And we should have, both among High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, the supple obedient nominee who is patronized and instructed and interfered with and bullied by the great man of the congregation who finds the money, and keeps a church and parson as an easy means of ministering to his own state and importance and reflecting his vulgar munificence. But the independence, the freedom, the pure liberal spirit of the English clergy would be gone. As to the country parishes, to suppose that their church administration would rise much higher than it does under the present voluntaryism of Dissent is futile to argue.

This aspect of the matter, however, has been so often argued that we prefer to dwell on another consideration. It will be said that all we are arguing for may be summed up in the single word that the clergy ought to be gentlemen. We are not going to be driven into saying what ought to be on this or that theory; but we do say that it is a remarkable thing—again to harp on De Tocqueville's string—and more than this, that it is a very excellent thing, that for the most part we have in the English Church gentlemen for clergymen. The old Gallican Church had gentlemen priests; the pleasant memories of the old Abbés, and in Ireland of the St. Omer and Douay priests, recall the fact. Ultramontanism and disendowment have made the French clergy what they are; and the same may be said of the Belgian clergy, and we believe of all the clergy of the Western obedience except Austria. And there may be, or rather there is sure to be, an Ultra-

montanism which has nothing to do with Rome. An unendowed and free Church as naturally develops that spirit—which among Romanists takes the form of Ultramontanism—as stagnant water is favourable to the growth of duckweed. We shall under disendowment escape neither the stern, cold, self-annihilation of the Jesuit spirit, nor the petty pedantry of the Jansenist. The future clergy will reflect, not the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge, but the narrow-mindedness of the diocesan seminary. And freedom from State control will very soon settle down into the irresponsible authority of the Bishops. The King Log of the Privy Council would be replaced by such King Storks as those to whom the French curés of the disendowed Church are subject. The lower clergy will lose all those guarantees against episcopal tyranny which they now possess, while the Bishops themselves will have no choice but to be always meddling, always arbitrary, and always despotic. Public life and national interests will be a blank to the clergy of the future. In such a system, who will be an office-bearer? The reply will be twofold. Some will say:—Even admitting these consequences, they are not so very terrible. We shall, to be sure, lose the present type of clergy, but it will be superseded by a higher, a more religious, more devoted, more consistent, less secularized type. The Apostles were not gentlemen, and they had no University degrees. To which nonsense we may make the retort that, had the Gospel taken its beginnings in England and the nineteenth century, it is assuming a good deal to say that its authorities and teachers must, from the necessity of the case, have been publicans and fishermen. The other answer is to deny our forecast, and to urge that a disendowed and disestablished clergy will be made up of precisely the same materials as the present English clerical body is composed of. If anybody really believes this—there are plenty who say it and who do not believe it—we decline to pursue the dispute with them. They and we take such different views of human nature, calculate upon the existence of such very different human motives, read so differently the state of things in which they are, that we have no common ground on which to argue. We have tried to show that Establishment, with all that belongs to it, its good and evil, its worldliness and political excellences, has made the English clergy what they are; and then we are asked to believe that, every one of these efficient causes ceasing, precisely the same results will follow from precisely the opposite system and principles.

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY.

IN order to judge of the necessity for an alteration of the law regarding the property of married women, it will be useful to ascertain what the law now is, and how it works. The old Common Law, as administered in the Courts which are guided by its rules, has been innovated upon by Courts of Equity, which have had respect in their decisions to the circumstances and requirements of modern life. The advocates of the Bill now before the House of Commons contend that the exceptions engrafted upon the Common Law by Equity ought to become the rule. But, if the existing system works well in practice, it ought not to be altered merely for the sake of theoretical perfection. It was said last year in the House of Commons that this measure is not desired by five per cent. of the women of England, and it certainly is not desired by anything like five per cent. of the men. But it has been taken up by a few busy people, and there seems to be no hope of their being prevailed upon to lay it down. The Bill was got rid of last Session by referring it to a Select Committee; and we are happy to find that that Committee left its work incomplete, so that the Bill may be got rid of for the present Session in the same way. We were told a year ago that the Bill required extensive amendments, and would receive them in Committee, but here it is again, in the very words which we have read before. Let it, therefore, be sent to another Committee; and when it emerges, the House of Commons, and perhaps the House of Lords also, will be called upon seriously to consider whether the busybodies are to have their uncontrolled way.

The only persons on whose behalf it can seriously be pretended that a change of law is necessary are the wives of working-men immoderately addicted to beer; and it would be monstrous to alter a state of law which is generally beneficial for the sake of a portion of one class of the community. The Committee which sat last year would have been usefully employed in framing some clauses of a Bill to give protection to the earnings of the wives of spendthrift husbands. But when it is proposed to offer this protection, the answer is that the feelings of the wives would be hurt by making application for it. The law must give protection without their asking for it, and therefore the law must give it also to many other women who do not ask for it, and do not want it. There is absolutely no evidence of the desirableness of the change as regards the middle and upper classes, and it really is going rather too far to propose to make a sweeping innovation for the supposed benefit of the lower class. We are sometimes threatened with the coming of a time when the poor will divide among them the property of the rich. But until that times does come the rich may surely be allowed to enjoy their property in their own way. The examples which are produced of the hardship of the existing law come usually from the observation of clergymen or ladies who visit among the poor. Thus an East-end incumbent states that "he had to help a poor woman through her confinement." Of course he means that he lent her money, and not that he helped her more immediately. She had saved from her earnings a little money to meet this emergency; and her husband, who was a drunkard, beat her, in her weak condition, in a most brutal manner until she delivered up her money. The simple-minded clergyman adds, that he does not think the husband would have behaved thus if he had not known that the money was legally his own. He gets drunk and beats his wife when she is near confinement, and yet he will be certain to respect any right which the law bestows upon her. Even if we could adopt this opinion we should still say that the law of property is made for men and women in general, and not for husbands who beat their wives to extract from them the money which they have saved to buy baby-linen. The authors of this Bill resemble another set of busybodies who want to close public-houses against sober people in order to prevent drunkenness. As soon as the wife becomes legally entitled to her savings the husband will abstain from interference with them; or if he does not, the wife, under the Bill, may apply to a judge of a County Court to make such order as he may think fit. The happy prospect is offered to these judges of being called upon to decide questions which may arise between husband and wife "as to the title to or possession of personal property." We cannot help thinking that it ought to be provided in the Bill that all County Court judges should be married, and that their wives should sit with them when they exercise this jurisdiction. The duties of these judges are likely to be increased in another way by this Bill; for when married women become capable of contracting, they will be liable to be sued upon their contracts, and the County Court judges, with or without power of imprisonment, will be expected to compel them to pay their debts. But then the question will arise, what are their debts? At present, if the wife orders provisions for her household, or clothing for her children, she renders her husband, generally speaking, liable to pay for them. The law considers her as her husband's agent in giving orders. But if she is agent, she cannot be at the same time principal; and therefore we suppose that, under the Bill, she will in general make her husband liable for the orders she may give, and escape liability herself. Considerable litigation may probably arise upon the question whether a wife contracted as agent or as principal, and married women will frequently be called upon to appear on examination and cross-examination in Courts of Law. In our view, this would be a great evil, but perhaps, in the view of the philosophers, it would be a great good.

It may be assumed that the Committee of last Session said all that could be said in favour of this Bill, but on looking at their Report we find that they do not say much. They describe correctly the "judicial legislation" of Courts of Equity, which has produced a system by which persons able to afford the expense of a settlement avoid the consequences of the Common Law, and which creates between husband and wife a relation different from that which the Common Law contemplated. It would be a reasonable criticism upon this system to remark that the law ought, by its own force, to do that which can only be done by settlement. But after the law has been altered, as this Bill would alter it, settlements will still be necessary. Under the present law, the husband can spend the wife's money if there is no settlement. Under the proposed law the wife herself could spend it. In either case it is equally likely to be spent, and prudent parents who arrange marriages for their daughters would desire to guard equally against both contingencies. The evidence taken by the Committee of the operation of the proposed law in Vermont and other States of America is inconclusive. Whatever may happen there, we know quite well what would happen here. English wives would part with their property at the solicitation of their husbands, whether that solicitation took the form described by the simple-minded clergyman already mentioned or some other form. And what the husbands left unconsumed would be devoured by the sons. Indeed, the Bill contemplates that marriage-settlements would still be made, and there can be no question that they would. But besides a description of the operation of the new law in the Northern United States, we find among the literature of this subject a description of the operation of the old law in the South. It appears that, now that the slaves have become free, they can contract legal marriages, and the consequence of these marriages, in some or all of the Southern States, are the same as under existing English law. The black husbands are entitled to live upon their wives' earnings, and for the most part they choose to do so; and it is said that, to remedy this evil, the law which has been adopted in some of the Northern States ought to be adopted also in the South. If we suppose this change to be made for the imagined benefit of the blacks, without regard to the social habits and feelings of the whites, we shall get some notion of the reasonableness of what the authors of this Bill desire to do in England. They complain that the means of recovering debts against the separate estate of a married woman through the process of a Court of Equity under the existing law are expensive and unsatisfactory; and they would like wives to be summoned into Courts of Law with the same facility as husbands. We believe that the great majority of Englishmen would dislike such a state of things excessively. The few women, and the very few men, who would desire it, had better depart from this obstinate old country, and found somewhere a colony which shall be an example to the world. The colonists can establish among themselves female suffrage, and married women's property, and marrying with a deceased wife's sister, and any other legislative inventions which are treated with neglect at home; and they can have for their governor Mr. Mill, or some other member of the sect which takes a philosophical, rather

than a practical, view of the relations of the sexes. The Committee say further that among persons of small means, marriage settlements are impossible on account of their expense, and of the difficulty of procuring trustees. It would not be difficult to devise means of facilitating settlements, but that is, we suppose, a work too small and humble for these magnificent projectors. They have really nothing else to say in support of their proposal as regards the upper and middle classes, and they must necessarily rely upon the benefit which they suppose it will confer upon the classes in which wives earn wages. "Very numerous cases of hardship occur. It is not uncommon for husbands to take their wives' earnings, to spend them in drinking or dissipation." The law at present gives protection for the wife's earnings only in the case where the husband has deserted her. It has been proposed to extend these orders to the cases of women whose husbands are intemperate, reckless, idle, or cruel; but this proposal is too sensible and moderate to please the busybodies. They are like Naaman the Syrian, who would have done some great thing at the bidding of the prophet, but was disappointed at being told only to wash and be clean. "Few women, while continuing to live with their husbands, would come forward to claim in public a protection which would involve giving publicity to their domestic grievances." Begging pardon of the Committee for using so plain a word, we say that this is fudge. A woman whose husband comes home drunk and beats her is unfortunately incapable of keeping her domestic grievances from publicity. Her unhappy condition is perfectly well known to her neighbours in the court or street where she lives; and, besides, it would be quite possible to provide that applications for protection orders might be made to magistrates privately. We observe that, if husband and wife differ under the new law, the unhappy County Court judge who has to decide between them may be called upon to admit them to his private room. Of course it will be his duty to hear the wives in person and at full length, and he will not easily be able to exclude dissertations upon the beauty and intelligence of "baby" as irrelevant. We can only say that, if this clause of the Bill is to stand, there ought to be tacked to it a provision that for the purposes of County Court business the day shall consist of forty-eight hours.

VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS AND THEIR CRITICS.

IT is hard to say whether the Volunteers have suffered most from the indiscriminate praise of admirers who are really unconscious enemies, or from the unfair criticism of enemies who affect to be judicious friends. The first of these evils has long since disappeared, and wholesale censure is the present diet of our citizen troops. Mr. Cardwell gave the cue when he pronounced that the one thing to be dreaded was too great an increase of the Volunteer army; and ever since that unlucky dictum the *Times* has, with an excess of zeal, thrown itself into the task of disparaging the Volunteers. It has put on two slashing military writers to cut them up, root and branch, and they have done their work with a will. Perhaps in saying this we are guilty of exaggeration; for, after all, Hippophylax and the Military Critic must surely be one and the same person. Indeed it is difficult to believe that two officers should be found in the army so alike in the style of their criticism and the unfairness of their comments as the authors of the letters of Hippophylax and of the military criticism on the Dover Review.

It is so easy to run down any large organization like the Volunteers. The method is obvious. Pick out a fault committed by an individual—if he is a Volunteer so much the better, but if not, a General Officer straight from Aldershot, or a Dover rough will do if only he happens to have been present in the same field with the Volunteers. Having dwelt on the enormity of the error, slide easily in the next paragraph from the singular to the plural, and wind up by attributing the fault to the whole body of Volunteers as their habitual practice. Having done this, sigh over their want of discipline and training, and tell them that if they don't speedily improve they ought to be abolished altogether, or at least compelled in future to pay the whole instead of half of their expenses. Is this an overcoloured picture of the military criticism of the *Times?* We will try it by the only fair test. We will take every specific complaint made in the two letters of the Military Critic, and examine how far they depart from the tone which we have attributed to this slashing writer. And as we mean to be as scrupulously fair to Hippophylax or his double as he is conspicuously unfair to the Volunteers, we will admit that the Volunteers have not, and cannot have in time of peace, the same exact and rigid discipline which prevails in the army. When called out and put under martial law this last finish will be readily acquired; but in the meantime it should be remembered that Volunteer commanders have only one punishment—dismissal—by which to control the occasional black sheep, who are to be found quite as numerous and quite as black in the Line as in the Volunteer army. You cannot have a force of 170,000 men without a bad subject among them. The British army is not such a force, but no one condemns the whole British army because occasional breaches of discipline of an aggravated kind are committed by ill-conditioned privates or foolish officers. Substantial discipline in the great body of the force, and prompt expulsion for every serious offence, are what we have a right to expect from the Volunteers; and if this standard has not been absolutely attained, we will go as far as any Military Critic in enforcing the obligation. But certainly if there are any grounds for suggesting that the Volunteers, as a rule, are wanting in discipline, they are not to be found in the letters of the Military Critic of the *Times*.

Taking his accusations in the order in which he preferred them, we find, first, that seven 18-pounders had to be got up a steep serpentine road to the heights, and that a traction engine in charge of its own engineers was sent to do the work. In consequence of unscientific coupling there was some difficulty in making the long and heavy train work smoothly round the bends of the road, and the Volunteer officer, not knowing or pretending to know much about the management of traction engines, very judiciously availed himself of the assistance of a bystander who understood this peculiar sort of work. The result was that the guns arrived at their station in due time, but the Military Critic thinks it a great disgrace to the whole body of Volunteers that a Volunteer Artillery officer, who had probably never seen a traction engine before, was not an adept in managing a train of guns in tow of such a monster. Probably, if an accident had happened on the railway from the bad coupling of the carriages, the Military Critic would have laid the blame on the Volunteers who were seated inside; and he might have done so with just as much reason as existed for his criticism on the management of the traction engine train. This will serve as a good index to the spirit in which the Critic approached his task.

The next complaint which is specially put forward as an illustration of the "Voluntary Principle" is that, at the last moment, the Railway Company departed from the programme of trains which had been arranged between them and the War Office; and this really serious offence on the part of persons over whom the Volunteers had no control is coolly laid to the charge of those who suffered by it. The letter which appeared on Monday contained not a single definite accusation, except that the engineers of a traction engine and the traffic manager of a railway had done their duty badly, together with some criticism, which may or may not have been deserved, of the programme framed by General Officers from Aldershot. And yet on these principles, and these only, our candid critic winds up with this bit of fine denunciation:—"Who is or can be responsible for the transport of the Volunteers? And we cannot avoid asking, Is it their wish to be a body of organized soldiers, giving their services freely to their country, or that most useless and dangerous of all possible assemblies—an armed crowd without leaders and without discipline? These are the questions that cry for solution, and until they are solved the citizen soldiers may ask in vain for further pecuniary aid from the Government."

The Volunteers, if we know anything about them, are always grateful for intelligent criticism from the army, but to revile and threaten them because railway managers and traction engine drivers are ineffective is surely not the way to cure any defects with which they may be justly chargeable. The letter which followed the review is just as unfair as that which preceded it. It is admitted, as it could not but be, that the men showed creditable alacrity in mustering a second time after General Lindsay's ill-judged order had been recalled by the Duke of Cambridge, and then the candid critic proceeds to point out a few of the prominent faults which apparently he had gone to look for. The first accusation is that, when one corps was marching past, "a man roughly dressed and walking defiantly with his hands in his pockets" appeared on the flank, in disregard of the general order that no Volunteer was to march past in plain clothes. There is not the slightest ground suggested for believing that this "rough" was a Volunteer, and if he was found where he ought not to be it was the fault of those (certainly not Volunteers) to whom the duty of keeping the ground was assigned. "Why," asks the Critic, "did the men permit so extreme a breach of military courtesy?" May we not answer, because if in the middle of the march past they had stepped out of the ranks and knocked the intruder down they would really have been guilty of the want of discipline with which the Military Critic so unjustly charges them? "Then came the battle, and," adds the Critic, "all the faults of last year were aggravated." Very likely; but whose faults were they? "Fire was delivered from lines 1,000 yards distant." This constantly happens, and no one laughs at it more than Volunteers, but if military men set over them give orders which Military Critics think ridiculous, are the Volunteers to show their discipline by refusing to obey? A host of analogous blunders are referred to. Defenders retired without reason. Their right flank was unsupported and overlapped by the enemy. Skirmishers were pushed too far forward, and no one knew how to take advantage of the situation. Nay, so intermixed were the lines that one officer did not know whether troops in his front were meant to represent friends or enemies. To crown all, the left of the invaders was marched under a fire from heavy guns which must have destroyed every man. What does all this amount to? Simply that the Generals commanded badly, and therefore that the Volunteers are to be reviled as wanting in discipline.

At last we come to a charge which really does purport to touch the Volunteers themselves. "The skirmishers did not look out for cover." A very pertinent answer was given by an officer who wrote to the *Times* to say that there was no cover to look out for, and even if it had been otherwise, the fault—undoubtedly a very grievous one, if it had been committed—is not peculiar to the Volunteers. Who has not seen red-coated skirmishers disdaining cover at Aldershot and Shorncliff, and intent only on keeping the measure of their six paces, and preserving the dressing of the line? The truth is, that the light infantry drill of

the Red Book is the worst possible training for genuine skirmishing, and that both Volunteers and regulars require to learn something much more real than they are usually taught. In all that we have quoted we have not found a single error for which the Volunteers could be held responsible, and we have mentioned every specific statement but one which the Military Critic has made to their disparagement. A single charge remains, and it is this—one Volunteer out of 20,000 disgraced himself by recklessly throwing his rifle at a hare. He was, it seems, already somewhat notorious, and he has since been dismissed from the force. When it is the practice to estimate the discipline of the British army by the conduct of the most insubordinate private in the ranks, it will be time enough to condemn the whole Volunteer force because one man has committed a fault for which he has been deservedly expelled. Oh, but says the Military Critic, the hare ran by the men's feet just before the review commenced (when of course they were standing easy), and several of them slashed at her as she passed. Of course this was wrong in the Volunteers, just as it was wrong in soldiers of the Line to do the like in the Crimea, when on actual service in the face of an enemy. We do not mean to excuse such levity even at a sham-fight, but if a more aggravated fault has not been thought to destroy the character for discipline of the regular army, it is a little hard that the entire body of Volunteers should be pronounced an undisciplined crowd for an irregularity committed, as it would seem, by a single battalion.

It is very unfortunate that officers who might really give instructive hints to the citizen soldiers who almost worship the uniforms of the regular army, should destroy their legitimate influence by such pitiful criticism as this. Volunteers have much to learn and are eager to be taught. As brigadiers especially they are greatly in want of instruction, and in a thousand details of duty any competent soldier might give fruitful hints to most of them. But they will look in vain for instruction to the letters of a Military Critic who declares them, as a body, unworthy and ill-disciplined, because they were badly handled at Dover by General Officers and not very well treated by railway officials.

THE GUARDIANSHIP OF NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

It seems that it is not in Ireland only that the present Government looks on the antiquities of the country as objects worthy of its notice. The remarks of Mr. Layard on Friday night, in answer to Sir H. Verney, will cause satisfaction, but satisfaction not unmixed with anxiety, in the minds of all lovers of art and history. Something must be done to stop the havoc which is constantly in progress among our national antiquities; but when Mr. Layard goes on to hold up France to us as a model for imitation in this respect, we begin to fear lest the remedy should prove to be worse than the disease. Our ancient buildings and ancient monuments of every kind are left to themselves. Their preservation or destruction is a matter of haphazard. They are mostly the property of individuals or corporations over which there is no public control. The owner of an ancient castle or abbey may, if he pleases, pull it down. The Chapter of a cathedral church may "restore" it in such a way as to be almost as bad as pulling it down. Both may be restrained by regard for public opinion, but there is no legal check upon them. It is only over those objects which are formally Crown property that the Government has any direct control, and there is no security that a Government department will have either more taste or more liberality than a private owner or an ecclesiastical corporation. The whole thing is a matter of chance; some things are well cared for, some are not; everything depends on the personal disposition of those to whom the accident of property or office may give a control over them. The results are certainly not satisfactory, yet it is hard to say what system to substitute. Setting aside the great difficulty of which Mr. Layard spoke—the difficulty arising from the private nature of many of our most important monuments—there is the further question whether a Government official would be likely to take better care of them than those who have the care of them as it is. Take our sepulchral monuments for instance; they stand open to two dangers—destruction and what is called "restoration." Of the latter a ludicrous instance lately happened in Bristol Cathedral. One of the most striking points in that small but deeply interesting minster is the grand series of sepulchral niches, containing the tombs of Abbots and others. At Bristol, as at other places, many of the figures are more or less mutilated. What is to be done with them? If the missing piece could be itself replaced, no one would hesitate about replacing it. If the mutilation was done yesterday, so that the missing piece could be restored with absolute certainty, the strongest objector to putting new pieces of cloth on old garments might perhaps be inclined to stretch a point. But when the mutilation was done years ago, and the restoration could be only conjectural, the case is quite different. The mutilation is part of the history of the monument; the intrusion of any modern work would be a breach, so to speak, of its personal identity. In this Bristol case certain of the old Abbots have lost their noses, and the missing noses are being replaced by new ones. We were told, with all seriousness and by way of consolation, that the noses were carefully copied from the noses of living members of the Chapter. Now we know of no reason to think that the most uninterrupted corporate succession will always secure identity of noses in the holders of the same office. Can we be certain that the nose of Pius the Ninth is a faithful reproduction of the nose of Saint Peter? Still less, when we consider the interruption to corporate succession at Bristol which happened in the days of King Harry, can we feel at all confident that the nose of any member of the present Chapter perfectly represents the nose of an Abbot of the fourteenth century. The modern dignitary may have a Roman or Grecian nose, while his mediæval predecessor had nothing better than a snub. Nothing is plainer than that the mutilated figure should be left without the feature which it has so long lost, and which can be replaced only by guess-work. But would the Abbots' faces be any safer if, instead of being under the care of the Chapter, they were under the care of a Government department? Nothing would be gained by imitating, instead of the noses of the Dean and Canons, which are at least real ecclesiastical noses, the mere secular noses of the Prime Minister or the First Commissioner of Works.

To rise from single figures to groups of figures, and to whole buildings, take the case of the west front of Wells. There is talk of "restoring" it—a word which simply makes one shudder till we know better than we do at present what is meant by restoring it. If the thing is to be made all spick-and-span new, French fashion, the "restoration" is simply the cruellest form of destruction. We not only lose the real thing, but we have a sham thing palmed off upon us instead of it. A church or any other building must be repaired when substantial repair is needed, even at the cost of substituting some new stones for old ones. But the purely ornamental portions, statues and their canopies and such like, are valuable only as being the original work of the original artist; the best modern copy is worth no more than a copy of a picture by a great master. The copy may be useful enough in its way as a subject for study; but if it is put as a substitute in the place of the original, it is simply an imposture. The west front of Wells Cathedral is by many people—not by us—looked on as the finest front in the kingdom. It is undoubtedly the richest display of mediæval statuary in the kingdom. But the whole charm and interest of the statues consists in their being genuine work of the thirteenth century. New statues, old statues with new arms, legs, or noses, would be simply worthless. Do all that is needed in the way of substantial repair; do all that can be done in the way of preservation of what is left; but innovate in nothing, replace nothing that is purely ornamental. We go inside the church, and what we see there makes us tremble for what is to be done to the outside. One of the discoveries of the nineteenth century is that our ancient churches need warming. Well and good; if we are so much more chilly than our forefathers, physical necessity must be obeyed. Ingenious men must find out some way of reconciling the comfort of the living with respect to the great works of the dead. The Chapter of Bristol, to make up for their sins in the matter of Abbots' noses, have warmed their church in a way which is quite harmless. The stoves are unobtrusive, they are not particularly ugly, and with a little more trouble they might have been made positively pretty; they have no chimneys; they do not stand in the way of anything, and they do not do harm to anything. The question has evidently been cared for by those in authority. So, for the matter of that, the Abbots' noses must have been also, but the result of capitular thought has been happier in one case than in the other. At Wells the report is that the whole thing was left in the hands of a common tradesman of the town, and the result certainly looks as if the report were true. The stoves are many times bigger and many times uglier than the Bristol stoves, and—we expect to be called on to confirm the statement by the oaths of compurgators, but it is literally true—holes have been knocked in the vaulted roof to let through the hideous chimneys of the hideous stoves. That any of our cathedral churches could have been so dealt with in the year 1869 sounds beyond belief; but it is true. The chimneys run through both roofs, and, as King James said of tobacco, "the horrible Stygian smoke thereof is most like unto that of the pit which is bottomless." Complaints are rife; one man fears for the painting on the roof, another for the matchless stained glass, another for his own lungs. But this is not all, nor is it the worst. Among the other acts of havoc done some years past, the tomb of the famous Bishop Beckington, the great benefactor of the city and a notable statesman of the fifteenth century, was despoiled of its splendid canopy, which, for what cause no one can guess, was carried off and set up by itself elsewhere. Will it be believed that, for the comfort and convenience of one of the new stoves, this splendid work of art, the memorial of a great man and a local worthy, was subjected to a still further mutilation? A piece of the canopy was actually carried away and put among lumber. And it is an almost stranger comment on the way in which these things are left to shift for themselves, that the coming into residence of a canon of more taste and knowledge caused it to be put back again. With these facts before us, we tremble for the fate of the west front.

But would matters be mended by Government interference? As it is, the thing is a matter of chance. Among Chapters, rectors, private owners, some are wise and some are foolish, and if some things are destroyed by the foolish ones, other things are saved by the wise ones. We feel sure that the late doings at Wells and Bristol could not have happened at Ely or Chichester. The danger is that a Government department would lay down some inflexible rule which would really do more damage than the haphazard system. And as Mr. Layard holds up France as our

model, we unhesitatingly say that they do not manage these things better in France. In France there is one law of universal destruction—destruction taking two forms, sometimes that of restoration, sometimes that of demolition pure and simple. In England there is no such recognised trade as the "démolisseur"; in France he abounds, and mediæval buildings are among the commonest materials of his craft. In England the fortune of war, the chance of a sensible man being found in local authority, saves something; in France everything is doomed. The ancient work perishes, and no man takes it to heart, because very often no man off the spot knows anything about it. Criticism is forbidden; censure on Government doings, even on a Government architect, would of course be treason. Our readers may remember some of the remarks which we have made from time to time on the havoc which has been lately wrought in Normandy and elsewhere in France. It is a literal fact that some of our comments were translated into French by some of the Norman antiquaries, and circulated—*in manuscript*. It would not have done to print or to read them openly. At the meeting of the Society at which they would naturally have been read aloud, the Prefect of the Department was to be present, and it would not have been allowed to censure a Government work in the Prefect's hearing. We have at this moment before us a tract of M. Bouet's, describing—he can only venture to describe—the wanton destruction of the church of Germigny, one of the few remaining buildings of the Carolingian era, dating from the days of the great Emperor himself. When M. Bouet was there the "démolisseur" was at work; by this time thechurch of 806 has most likely vanished from the earth. Now we do not want this system in England; we are better off as we are. Caernarvon and the Tower of London have not undergone the fate of Falaise. The church in Dover Castle has been more lucky than the church of Germigny. Still, when France is held up as a model, we begin to be afraid. We doubt whether a Government department would really do better through the whole length and breadth of the land than the existing local authorities do. But if Mr. Layard can find out some way of bringing the really enlightened opinion of antiquaries and men of taste to bear, in whatever form, alike on Government officials and on local authorities, he will be doing a good work. Something should be done to save what is left of the historical monuments of the country, but we are not clear that what Mr. Layard seems to hint at is the best way of doing it.

DENOMINATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE signs of a coming reaction are sometimes perceptible even before the tendency against which it is a protest has reached its full development. Careful observers may see some reason for thinking that this is the case just now with regard to secularism in education. To all appearance the country is only waiting for the Irish Church Bill to be out of the way in order to establish a comprehensive compulsory system, from which religious teaching of any kind will be authoritatively excluded. The name of denominationalism stinks in the nostrils of every advanced Liberal. To hold that there may be more food for the intellectual faculties in the most cut and dried of theological text-books than in the multiplication table, or in a list of polysyllables, is regarded as ample qualification for a place in the limbo of fools and bigots. The three R's, in their severest simplicity, are the ideal of human attainment. They comprise all that is necessary for man to know, and the proudest function of the State is to send round the policeman to see that every man knows them. Even in this full tide of confident and self-satisfied secularism, there are eddies here and there which suggest that the stream may not always flow in the direction in which it now sets so strongly. The immense difficulties which will be entailed on the State by anything like an open breach with the voluntary agencies to which we are indebted for most of what has hitherto been done in the way of popular education, and the certainty that legislation which imposes disabilities upon denominational schools, or weights them unduly in the race, will bring about such a breach, do seem, now and again, to be coming home to the minds of politicians. Those who are on the look-out for indications of the future of English education may perhaps find some in a "Preliminary Report" on the Homerton Training College, lately submitted to the Privy Council by Mr Matthew Arnold. There is a significance about this word "preliminary." The normal school at Homerton is not a new institution. It was founded in 1852, but it was not till 1868 that it admittod the visits of a Government Inspector. It belongs to the Congregational Board of Education, an organization formed in 1843 "to promote popular education, partaking of a religious character, and under no circumstances receiving aid from public money administered by Government." Within certain limits to be hereafter noticed, it professed to "entertain the most cordial consideration for all other Evangelical denominations" which, "rejecting Government aid," are willing to co-operate in offering "a firm and general resistance to State interference." The existence of a large number of good schools bound together by this common hostility to Government aid was a standing argument against the present system. The weakness of auxiliary grants is that they do least where most is wanted, and the only answer to this objection is that they bring out a vast amount of educational activity which might otherwise lie entirely dormant. If, however, the same activity can be shown to exist elsewhere without the same stimulus, the force of this defence is considerably weakened, and the Committee of Council has to sustain the double accusation that it will not help a great many poor schools, and that it is not allowed to help a great many rich schools. Whatever injury the system has hitherto received from this latter source, it will now receive no more. In June last the Congregational Board "unanimously resolved to apply for admission of the Training College at Homerton and of the elementary schools of Congregationalists to a share in the Parliamentary Grant," and all provisions as to the rejection of State aid have now disappeared from the rules. It was this application that led to Mr. Arnold's visit to Homerton.

The Report from which we take these facts supplies us with another of the symptoms to which we have referred. Mr. Arnold has not the character of being an over-ardent admirer of denominational education or an over-zealous opponent of State control. But he draws a moral from his visit to Homerton which seems to concede the principle of the present system even, while it advocates an alteration in its form. The groundwork of the educational organization now admitted to share in the Parliamentary Grant is different from that of any of the schools hitherto supported from this source. The schools under the Congregational Board resemble the ordinary denominational schools in insisting upon distinctive religious teaching, and they resemble the British and Foreign Schools in dispensing with the imposition of any denominational formulary as a condition of admission to union. But, on the other hand, they are unlike the ordinary denominational schools, "in that they are not merely for Anglicans or for Wesleyans, but for those who hold 'Evangelical views of religion,'" and they are unlike the British and Foreign Schools, "because, being for those who hold 'Evangelical views of religion,' they exclude Socinians and Roman Catholics." Upon this Mr. Arnold offers an interesting and suggestive comment:—

> The distinction is remarkable, because the denomination thus, in fact, adopted is identical with the denomination common to all the State-aided Protestant schools of Germany, and under which all bodies of Protestant Christians in that country unite. State-aided schools in Germany are divided into Evangelical schools and Catholic schools; and, in my opinion, this is the very best division which can be adopted, recognising essential differences and effacing non-essential; and it is, I think, one which, though it might be distasteful to certain parties and individuals, would on the whole recommend itself, if it could be followed, to the feelings and judgment of the people of this country. It is true, Germany has in Luther's Short Catechism a formulary which all Evangelical bodies agree to unite in using, and this is a great advantage. For want of some formulary of this kind the religious teaching of Congregational schools has to depend on the Bible gallery lesson; and it may well be thought that too much is thus left to the individual teacher. Still in seizing this notion of Evangelical Protestantism as the basis of the religious character of their schools, and in guarding this, so far as they could, from being a mere unreal colourless thing, made up of vague generalities, the Congregational Board have had the merit of conceiving a type of popular school better suited, probably, to be the public school of the bulk of the people of this country than either the so-called National school or the Wesleyan school on the one hand, or than the British school, or still more than the secular school, on the other; and their conception has in it, in my opinion, elements of utility which may well bear fruit in the future.

We do not wonder that this broad confessional distinction takes such hold of Mr. Arnold's fancy. No doubt its adoption, supposing it to be possible, would remove many of the objections to which denominational education is obnoxious. At present the unavoidable waste of energy is immense. In one and the same town there may exist a Church school under the control of an Evangelical clergyman, a Wesleyan school, a Congregational school, and a Baptist school. The characteristic differences by which the conductors of all these institutions are separated from one another hardly show themselves in the ordinary course of teaching; indeed, they are not considered of sufficient importance out of school to put any solid barrier between the professors of the several creeds. The Evangelical clergyman and the ministers of the various chapels to which the Dissenting schools are attached may be on the best of terms between themselves. They may make common cause on the platforms of Bible and Tract Societies. They may exchange congratulations on their common hold of all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and on their common preaching of the Gospel. They may have a good word to say, both in and out of the pulpit, about their respective missionary enterprises. They may cherish a common horror of Romanism, Ritualism, and Rationalism, and give their heads a common shake at the names of Archbishop Manning, or Dr. Pusey, or the Dean of Westminster. And yet, notwithstanding all this concord, four complete sets of educational machinery have to be kept going to do work which might be better got through with one. It is only natural that educational reformers should chafe at the spectacle, but Mr. Arnold is the first, so far as we know, who has boldly proposed to amalgamate into a single organization all those schools which agree upon essential points, and only differ upon non-essential—the definition in each case being taken from the admissions of their own conductors. Englishmen are broadly divided, he would say, into Catholics and Protestants. Let us ignore minor differences on the one hand, and exceptional eccentricities on the other, and remodel our educational arrangements to meet actual facts.

In arriving at this conclusion Mr. Arnold has not been quite careful enough to look at the whole case. Perhaps a single example may be enough to remind him of his omission. He proposes to divide State-aided schools into Evangelical schools and Catholic schools, and we presume to entrust their management to boards representing these two confessions. Under which category

would he include a Ritualist school? On the testimony alike of friends and foes it is not a Protestant school. Its conductors repudiate the name, and find their English vocabulary fail them when they have to characterize the "Protestant heresy." But they denounce with equal energy the claims of the Roman hierarchy in England, and are denounced by them in return with at least corresponding vehemence. It would be difficult, we fear, to construct a Board either on the "Evangelical" or the "Catholic" models which Mr. Arnold desires to borrow from Germany, that would receive into union a school of which Mr. Mackonochie was the patron. We have purposely taken an extreme instance, but the same reasoning applies in a greater or less degree to the whole High Church party. In constructing his scheme of the future, Mr. Arnold has forgotten the Anglican Church—rather a serious omission, when educational agencies in this country are under discussion. The friends of the Church of England say she is both Catholic and Protestant; her enemies declare that she is neither. But both statements point to the same set of facts, and both express an undoubted, if inconvenient, truth, that she touches her neighbours on both sides. This or that section of her clergy may have more affinity with religious bodies outside her pale than with other sections within it, but they cannot be treated as a whole except on a separate and independent footing. At the same time, we agree with Mr. Arnold in thinking that the accession of the Congregational Board to the Government system is an event of considerable importance. Every reduction that can be effected in the needless cost of education is a gain so far as it goes, and we do not see why an Evangelical Board may not in time absorb all the various forms of Evangelical Dissent. The result of this change would be to reduce the number of denominational schools, and to render the British School a meaningless and unnecessary compromise. Nor would there be any objection to allowing such Anglican managers as wished to do so to put their schools in connexion with the "Evangelical" organization to which they would be really allied in sympathy—such connexion of course only lasting as long as the parish clergyman desired to maintain it. In this way the number of schools in the same district might be very much reduced, and the State fund would be proportionately enabled to bear the expense of aiding such separate schools as might continue to represent really essential distinctions.

A NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE House of Commons, which cannot upon its ground-floor hold the whole Gladstonian phalanx, and whose galleries refuse to seat half the shrunken forces of the Opposition, stands respited for judgment. Mr. Headlam showed his appreciation of the cruel mercy which may be expected from a public prosecutor when he declined to press for an immediate sentence; for he must have felt that, the longer judgment might be deferred, the sharper would certainly be the final condemnation. In truth, the defence was not inadequate, but simply non-existent. Lord Bury indeed was funny, and Lord Elcho sternly severe upon the peccadilloes of seat-seeking members; Mr. Dodson played the contented official, and Colonel French raised his wild Celto-Norman war-cry; while Mr. Hunt, speaking in easy and imposing majesty from the front bench, which he fills and adorns, could not understand what the inferior herd of independent members meant by inconvenience. But, with these exceptions, the voices of all who cared to speak were unanimous in their condemnation of the existing chamber. Lord John Manners, whose Parliamentary experience is some sixteen years longer than that of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, only differs from his predecessor, Mr. Cowper, in thinking the matter serious enough to warrant the joint action of both Houses; while his successor, Mr. Layard, summed up the evidence for the prosecution with fatal force of logic; and even Mr. Gladstone, sitting by the side of his for once silent Finance Minister within two days of the Budget, could find no better reason for arrest of judgment than the transparently perfunctory plea that, inasmuch as some two hundred odd members were new to Parliament, they could not be supposed competent to vote on so abstruse a question, capable as they might be of subverting a Church Establishment. There was not even room to raise a sentimental feeling on the other side. Those who were most anxious to do justice to the memory of Sir Charles Barry, and those who were so determined to do injustice to it as, like Colonel French, to arraign the son for the father's assumed misdeeds, combined in admitting the actual House as it stands to be a mistake. With such unanimity of sentiment, it is for the present purpose hardly worth inquiring on whose shoulders the original blame rests; and we therefore content ourselves with stating that, while it is our conviction that a grave error was committed, we consider that Sir Charles Barry was cruelly misled by amateur and incompetent advisers, and in particular that the mutilation of his original chamber was decided on in hot haste and with scandalous levity. The main lines of the ground-plan had been long before irrevocably settled in those lazy and unbelieving years which followed that grotesque outburst of rose-coloured democracy in which the young days of the first Reform Bill had frisked. Melbourne then reigned, and a full House might mean a majority for Peel. Besides, members then measured their sitting privileges by the standard, not of the broad-gauge first-class, but of the close-squeezed mail-coach. Acoustics were a mystery, and ventilation a myth. The Penny Post was still pooh-poohed as the absurd crotchet of a fantastical theorist, while the forms of the House continued to recognise the safety-valve of petitions as giving an opportunity for minor members to let off their little speeches on the biggest topics to empty benches. All these circumstances, not to mention the still infantine condition of the Reporters' Gallery, favoured the snug old theory of a little House in which to do solid business, make occasional telling speeches, and settle off questions with the comfortable assurance that the chances of injury to life or limb at even the most crowded divisions were much less than could be anticipated at any average City pageant.

How all this is now changed we will not waste time in indicating. We desire rather to show how moderate and conservative the changes are which Mr. Headlam's Committee recommended after sitting during two Sessions. Had they demanded a huge hall like the French or the American House of Representatives, with a seat, a desk, and stationery for every member, we should have simply asked whether they intended to follow up their claim by proposing such a revision of the Standing Orders as would enable members, Washington-fashion, either to put their speeches in as read, or else, having secured their regular hour, to underlet it in driblets to their friends. No such thing, we are glad to say, was even suggested. The new House, as proposed by Mr. Barry, will give regulation sitting room (gallery included) to nearly one hundred less members than the full complement of the House, while no ostensible means of compulsory inattention will be forthcoming within the chamber. The sittings will still be benches, ranged in opposite platoons, and all the traditionary arrangements will be preserved; indeed, it is proposed to make the House a trifle shorter than the present one. The extra accommodation will be furnished by increasing the width, so as to bring a larger number within the same distance from the chair. The site of the proposed chamber is, luckily, found on a spot which will leave the present House available for use till the last day's sitting of the Session preceding the flitting. It is composed of a court-yard of the present Palace, now useless in every respect, a division lobby the reason of whose existence will disappear with the abolition of the legislative chamber on which it hangs, and dining-rooms in which no one who has once dined there would ever again by preference take a meal. By a lucky chance this area lies just between the present House and the library, so that the new building can be erected without disturbing any of the existing arrangements which are worth being preserved, and it will bring about both the abridgment of distances which are now found to be very troublesome, and also the addition of sundry conveniences which Parliament does not at present possess. Of these the most obvious is the creation of a private lobby for members adjoining to the House, which will be provided by the retention of the present House of Commons, restored to its genuine condition of architectural dignity. This lobby will not be a mere lounging place, for in connexion with it a vote-office, a post-office, and a refreshment stall are to be arranged. It may be a joke to outsiders to hear that no member can now go in or out of the House, to post a letter or say a word to a friend, obtain a Bill or snatch a morsel of refreshment, without having to run the gauntlet of a mob of lobbyists, who constantly plant themselves at the public door with the express intention of waylaying and running down their impotent victims; but the nuisance is very serious, both to the sufferers and to general business itself, and if the constituencies desire to maintain Parliamentary representation as in any degree an unpaid and gentlemanly calling, they must not grudge or grumble at the abatement of the grievance.

We should be only tiring our readers if we recapitulated the other House arrangements in which Mr. Barry's plan is confessedly superior to the existing structure. It is enough for us to say that we consider it good economy of public time and of the energies devoted to the service of the State to induce members to make their club of the House rather than of any mansion in Pall Mall. In the interest of our own craft, we feel bound to repeat the general opinion that journalists have just cause for complaint both as to the quantity and the quality of their present accommodation. The new plans show a notable improvement in both these respects, while the provision of a few spare rooms, to enable Ministers to carry on responsible government without an absolute sacrifice of many hours otherwise available for office work, is a simple act of Christian charity, and of rudimentary common sense. All these advantages Mr. Barry avers that he can provide for some 120,000*l.* without incurring the extra cost and temporary inconvenience of having to run up a provisional House. We agree with what Mr. Tite meant to say—while he most perversely contrived instead to utter a sentiment which will for many a day expose him to the cross-fire both of architects and of employers—that so great a gain would not be unreasonably purchased even at double the outlay.

It is the first axiom of good housekeeping to lodge one's servants comfortably and sufficiently. The nation will show itself both foolish and niggard if it acts on less liberal principles towards its representatives; and the House of Commons will be both cowardly and deficient in self-respect if it does not claim the right of judging whether a third of a century's experience has not entitled it to ask for facilities for doing the nation's work which were not thought of in 1835.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF RAVIGNAN.*

IT is a remarkable comment on the present system of ecclesiastical training and discipline in the French Church that its two most eloquent preachers—who, of all its priests in this century, have exercised incomparably the widest and deepest religious influence, especially over men—had their minds and characters formed outside the walls of the Seminary, and only passed afterwards from a lay career to the ministry of the altar. Both Lacordaire and Ravignan were educated at public schools, and had practised at the bar before they mounted the pulpit. And we may be very sure that their influence would never have been what it was had their natural force of character and keenness of intellect been cramped from early boyhood by the narrow caste-like system of drill which has made the great body of the modern French clergy—as a Cardinal Archbishop publicly boasted last year—a vast army who have no will of their own, and simply move in slavish obedience to their commander's word. It is precisely to those qualities which are usually crushed out or twisted by such a process that the Dominican and the Jesuit alike, though in different degrees, owed much of their wonderful success as spiritual guides. A breadth of sympathy, a tenderness of affection, and, to use the words of his biographer, the "distinguished" bearing of "a finished gentleman," were to the last conspicuous in Ravignan. The same might be said of Lacordaire, who displayed also a more marked individuality than twelve years of Jesuit discipline, before he was suffered to commence his public life, left to his great compeer, and a gift for winning the affections and moulding the character of boys peculiar to himself. That his antecedents gave Ravignan a special aptitude for forming a sound judgment on questions of the day and dealing with men of the world, is expressly admitted by his biographer, though he hardly appreciates all that is implied in the admission. And the very brief account he gives of his hero's early life—which is the least satisfactory part of the book—supplies sufficient data for inferring a good deal more. On the whole, Father Ponlevoy has discharged his task well. There are several chapters which will not have much interest except to those who take up the work as a hagiography, and indeed broad hints are thrown out that Ravignan ought to be canonized. To the general reader, however, it will commend itself on two grounds—first, as the life of a very remarkable man, whom it is impossible not to admire and respect; and secondly, so far as it throws any light on the characteristics and position of the "Society of Jesus," with which he had identified himself.

Ravignan was born in 1795, and was twenty-seven before he resolved to become an ecclesiastic, and, later in the same year, to pass from the ranks of the secular clergy to the Jesuit noviciate. He was distinguished from early childhood for his piety, and for the warmth and depth of his attachments. His biographer tells us that the friendships he formed were lasting, and that almost all the companions of his boyhood remained doubly his friends in after life. It was the same with his family affections, which survived his breaking with the world. When a priest he frequently said the Requiem Mass for his parents, and never approached the altar without praying for them. His old schoolmaster, who appears to have been an irreligious man, was won by him on his death-bed to repentance; and when he was himself dying, two of his last interviews were with M. Berryer, who had been his colleague at the bar, and a young foreigner whom he had shortly before received into the Roman Church, and who parted from him in an agony of tears. He has indeed truly enough depicted his own character when he says in a letter to his brother· "Whatever bears the mark of religion and of friendship can never fail to make the most lively impression on me." The grief of his mother (his father had died when he was still a schoolboy) on his determination to become a priest, and far more at the completer severance involved in his adoption of the Jesuit order, was therefore a severe trial to him, and apparently his only trial in taking the step to which he had long felt himself drawn. He was probably not mistaken in writing to his brother on the occasion: "I sacrifice nothing for God." His true feeling about it would have been exactly expressed in the words of a well-known poem of Dr. Newman's:—

> We give but what we cannot keep,
> What we have ceased to love.

In October, 1822, he entered the Jesuit noviciate, and only in 1835 commenced his public career by preaching the Lent Conferences at Amiens. The next year he preached at St. Thomas's Church in Paris, and in 1837 first occupied the pulpit of Notre Dame just vacated by Lacordaire. From that year he regularly delivered the Conferences there every Lent till 1847, when his health began to fail. These Conferences closed in Holy week with a Retreat, and a grand Communion of men on Easter Sunday. His biographer thus describes the final ceremonies:—

> Those who have been present know the effect when, at the opening of the evening instruction, the psalm of the penitent is chanted alternately by the voices of children, and by the voice of a whole people; when, on Good Friday, after a sermon on the Passion such as an Apostle can preach, the procession of holy relics winds through the close ranks, who bow as it passes; and especially when, on Easter morning, three thousand men, with humility in their hearts and a holy confidence on their brows, come forward, in order, to the sanctuary where the chief pastor of the diocese, and the orator of Notre-Dame, are sharing the joy of distributing the Bread of Angels; they will tell us that a scene more worthy of heaven is not seen on earth. The old church had witnessed many sacrilegious outrages, many royal solemnities; it now witnessed what made amends for the insults it had suffered, and what recalled its most august celebrations. And who can tell the influence exercised upon the present generation by these thoroughly Catholic and almost national ceremonials.

After 1846 he continued to preach at intervals till 1852, but not at Notre Dame, for which he had no strength. As an orator he was not equal to Lacordaire. With his intense earnestness and profound conviction of the truth of the message he had to deliver, he possessed in a rare degree that ἠθικὴ πίστις which Aristotle rightly reckons one of the main secrets of persuasive utterance. On one occasion a Protestant minister who was present at Notre Dame observed, "He has preached without speaking a word, and the sermon is ended before being begun." Another auditor more enthusiastically declared that when he entered the pulpit no one could say whether he had ascended from the earth or come down from heaven. His preaching in London, during the Great Exhibition of 1851, does not seem to have attracted very general attention, but his society was courted by persons of all ranks and creeds, and he was himself greatly impressed with "the staid, serious cast of opinion, the religious instinct, the respect for authority, for law, and for the public morals, the truly national spirit, the social and domestic virtues on which Providence has bestowed, as on Rome of old, the reward of the sovereignty of the world." These are Father Ponlevoy's words, but a letter of his own to Count Molé is quoted, contrasting pointedly the stability of the foundations of English society with the condition of "poor France." He goes on to remark on the growing power of the middle class, "among whom true political principles and religious feeling are not predominant," and adds that it is among this class that "the prejudice against Catholicism is most lively," and that "the remarkable religious movement which we have seen in progress in an enlightened portion of English society has not found its way into the middle class," but that he was assured it would in time.

If we turn from Ravignan the man to Ravignan the Jesuit, and inquire how far his career illustrates the position and prospects of the Society and its present influence on Church politics, the Life gives us less information than could be desired. That he showed that unintermittent zeal for the interests of his Order which somehow always appears to hold an equal place in a Jesuit's mind with his zeal for his Church, if not for the honour of God, is indicated in many passages of his letters, and rather grotesquely signalized, whether by himself or his biographer, by always speaking of a Jesuit as "one of Ours," with a capital letter. He seems also to have gone all lengths in that excessive and somewhat maudlin Mariolatry which has long been a speciality of the Order. But the real forces of his character and the secret of his spiritual power belonged to the man, and not to the member of an organization. He was on different occasions engaged in disputes in the interests of his Order with Archbishop Affré, who afterwards died so nobly on the barricades in 1848, and with the Governments both of Louis Philippe and the Emperor. The Archbishop stuck to his point, though sincerely attached to Ravignan, and seems to have been in the right. The following extract from his own notes of the interview with Louis Napoleon shows at once his sincerity and his inability to comprehend the real point and strength of the prejudice, as he regarded it, so universally entertained more or less against his community:—

> THE EMPEROR Well, I will allow myself a question. [What he said amounted to this, *I will allow myself.*] How is it that since the time of Henry IV. you have always excited dislike?"
>
> F. DE RAVIGNAN. "Sire, this admits of only partial explanation, for there are some things which cannot be explained. We were brought into existence to resist the Reformation. Both under the reign of Henry IV. and before and after it, the spirit of Protestantism has abhorred the Jesuits.
>
> "There has always been, and there is still, in existence, and there always will be, a political, parliamentary, and Gallican spirit, in opposition to the Roman Church. We are regarded as Ultramontane, as very Roman, and it is true. We think that obedience to authority is the principle to be maintained in the Church as well as in the State. There is in the Church a sovereign authority to which we profess thorough devotion and perfect submission. . . .
>
> "Then there have been Jesuits who have occupied positions of influence, and jealousy is sure to spring up.
>
> "And, finally, we do not deny that sometimes there have been, and are, faults on the part of individual Jesuits.
>
> "Really I should be very glad if men would give us the character we deserve of being bunglers."
>
> THE EMPEROR (laughing). "This is not the character you have got."

In just the same way he speaks elsewhere of Gioberti's *Gesuita Moderno* with mere contemptuous compassion. He is "sorry for the author," hopes God will forgive him, and thinks the Society "happy in being thus pursued with persevering hatred and calumny." And he ridicules "the widely-spread charge of the Society mixing itself up with politics," and says it "neither has nor can have any politics but those of the Church." Now this is all very well, but it certainly does not go to the root of the matter. The Emperor was right enough in thinking there could not be so much smoke without fire; and the *Gesuita Moderno*, though it cannot be called an impartial work, contains a great deal of truth. The Jesuits may of course say they have no politics but those of the Church, because they can, and in fact always do, represent their policy as designed to further the interests of the Church as well as their own. But to deny that they have, whenever the opportunity

* *The Life of Father de Ravignan, [illegible] the Society of Jesus.* By Father de Ponlevoy. Dublin: W. B. Kelly. 1[illegible]

very considerable success—to exercise directly political influence in Spain, in Austria, and in France, would be to fly in the face of history. They ruled France, in all matters affecting religion, during Louis XIV.'s reign, through the King's mistresses, and—what is worth mentioning—they took a strongly Gallican line in order the better to crush the Port-Royalists, who were protected by Innocent XI. And they have always aimed, as they are aiming now, at ruling the Church through the Pope. It has been said truly enough that they regard their own Order as "the Catholic Church gone into Commission"; and they cannot wonder if those who object to being governed by a clique, however learned and venerable, pursue them with what they call obloquy and persecution. To their minds the doctrines of Jesuit theology and the faith of the Church are, or ought to be, identical. And bitterly and relentlessly have they persecuted those who, like the Port-Royalists, rebelled against this tyranny of opinion. Ravignan composed, by direction of his superiors, a work in defence of Clement XIV. (Ganganelli), or rather, in defence of his own Order, for its object was to prove that Clement was coerced into suppressing them against his own judgment. It was meant to be an answer to a work by Theiner, the learned Librarian of the Vatican. The General's view in urging Ravignan to undertake the task may be gathered from his observing that Ganganelli's "frequent changes of mind and his long delays all indicate anguish of conscience" at having to suppress the Order. It is abundantly clear, from the Pope's own words, as well as from other evidence, that he only delayed till Maria Theresa withdrew her opposition to the urgent wishes of the sovereigns of France and Spain, and that his "anguish" was caused, not by having to take a step which he was fully convinced was right, but by the fear of being poisoned for doing so. Of his being constantly haunted by this dread there can be absolutely no doubt, though we need not believe that his fears were actually realized, of which there is no adequate proof. On the whole the general result of the history of Jesuitism during its existence of three centuries has been fairly summed up in the epigrammatic comment, *ubi bene nihil melius*—of which Ravignan's career is a striking example—*ubi male nihil pejus*.

There are some curious records of interviews of Ravignan's with the Pope in 1848 and 1853. The Holy Father does not seem to have been always very consistent in his statements, for on one occasion he is represented as repeatedly assuring the deputies of the Jesuit Congregation that "the *Civiltà* (their organ) had his *most formal approval*"—which has since been confirmed by a special Bull—while we read a few pages later that he said to Ravignan, "*I do not make any newspaper my own*, and I do not defend the *Univers*." One other remark of His Holiness at the same interview we may commend to the serious attention of some of the noisiest, if not the wisest, of his partisans:—

> I have received letters pressing me to condemn *Traditionalism*. Why will not men have patience! They want to have done with human reason; but if there is no more of this poor human reason, very soon there will be no more faith. Each must have its own part.

CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.*

THE first of the letters contained in these two volumes is dated from Wilna on the 1st July, 1812; the last from Mayence on the 31st July, 1813. In the intervening thirteen months the tide of Napoleon's fortunes turned. The enormous wave of his military power had gathered itself up through two previous years in front of the western boundaries of the Russian Empire, to burst and roll in a devastating flood as far onward as the devoted city of Moscow, and then to ebb, and be wasted and lost in the ebbing. The Continent of Europe learned for the first time that Napoleon's genius was not infallible, nor his star absolutely supreme, and the welcome lesson of the possibility of revenge was eagerly taken to heart by one nation after another. If the wonderful vigour with which the French Emperor reorganized his broken legions after the return from Russia had been seconded by a wise moderation of his ambition, and the terms offered by the allies in the armistice of Pleischwitz had been frankly accepted, neither Elba nor St. Helena would have been the domicile of an ex-Emperor. But the immensity of Napoleon's belief in himself and his destiny was even harder to subdue than the immensity of the wintry devastation of Russia; and up to the end of the volumes before us there is no sign that he ever seriously contemplated himself as other than invincible. There is nothing more characteristic of Napoleon than the obstinate determination with which, at all times and under all circumstances, he throws the entire responsibility of war and its horrors on the shoulders of his adversaries. His manifesto to the Czar on the eve of the mighty struggle which his own unbounded appetite for power had planned and provoked is a typical instance in this kind. The future history of a united Europe, as it was to be read in the archives of the paramount French Empire, was always intended to justify to the full the invariable interference of a wise, if stern, Providence on behalf of the impeccable owner of the invincible French battalions.

The same tones of injured innocence, and almost of incapacity to place himself in any moral position except his own, are audible in the letter sent to the Czar on the 20th of September, 1812, from Moscow itself. The successful invader of Russia complains with virtuous indignation of the manner and the result of the opposition which he meets. The desertion and the burning of her ancient capital, from which he had intended to dictate to her a beneficent peace, surprised and outraged his moral sense, as contrary to the rules of the civilized game of war:—

> L'humanité, les intérêts de votre majesté et de cette grande ville voulaient qu'elle me fût confiée en dépôt, puisque l'armée russe la découvrait: on devait y laisser des administrations, des magistrats et des gardes civils. C'est ainsi que l'on a fait à Vienne, deux fois, à Berlin, à Madrid. C'est ainsi que nous-mêmes avons agi à Milan, lors de l'entrée de Souvarof. Les incendies autorisent le pillage, auquel le soldat se livre pour disputer des débris aux flammes.

In other words, Napoleon was disgusted to find that, in virtue of a more implacable hardihood of national resistance than had entered into his calculations, the great prize for which he had marched so many miles and left so many corpses strewed along his track had turned to dust and ashes in his hands, and was nothing more or less than a fatally untenable position. He had not seen why one European capital, and the nation belonging thereto, should not accept their fate as easily as another, nor had it occurred to him that Russia was by nature placed in any such exceptional circumstances as might induce her to interpret differently from himself the rigour of the game. On discovering his mistake, he seems really to have felt that "Monsieur son Frère" the Czar, upon whom he could conscientiously assert that he had made war "sans animosité," had somehow or other got an unhandsome advantage over him. Or, if he did not feel this, he thought that Alexander was such a fool that it might be worth while to pretend to feel it. As a commentary on the depth of his general regard for humanity, or for the interests of a prince or a city when they clashed with his own, we may quote the short and sharp order given by him to the Viceroy Eugène in the spring of the following year, when the national indignation of the Prussians had not yet burst out in open hostility to the Power that had domineered over them since Jena:—"A la moindre insulte d'une ville, d'un village prussien, faites-le brûler, fût-ce même Berlin, s'il se comporte mal."

Readers of the earlier volumes of the Imperial correspondence will be ready to acknowledge one of the traditional characteristics of Napoleon in his extraordinary power of attention to detail; and perhaps this was never more singularly displayed than in his elaborate preparations for the Russian war. But with the monstrous scale of his operations the ordinary difficulties of military detail increased in a geometrical ratio. Whether from incapacity or negligence on the part of his general and commissariat staff, or from his original miscalculation of the extent to which the resources of the invaded country would suffice to maintain his army, the task proved unmanageably huge from the outset. Figures taken from the various French historians mention ten thousand dead horses as lying on the highway from the Niemen to Wilna; thirty thousand disbanded soldiers as marauding round the main army; and twenty-five thousand sick in the hospitals of Lithuania, before a single shot had been fired. The Emperor complained bitterly of the general inefficiency of his staff, the irregular transmission of reports from the various corps to head-quarters, and so forth. The Duke of Fézensac, a gallant young officer who served under Ney in the rear-guard through most of the hardships of the retreat, tells the readers of his memoirs that persons on the staff of the marshals under Napoleon were simply ordered to perform impossible tasks, and that no care was taken to verify the execution or failure of the orders. Napoleon's conception of the campaign was based on the theory of startling the enemy into terror by the rapidity of his forced marches, which were baffled by the tenacious adherence of the Russians to their tactics of continually retiring just beyond his range. The Imperial proclamation on the morning of the battle of Borodino (so eloquent to the ear of the French soldiery) spoke the truth in calling victory a necessity. Its promises of "l'abondance, de bons quartiers d'hiver et un prompt retour dans la patrie," were more fallacious. Even then Napoleon had so far overrun the tether of his strength that the best use of victory would have been to secure the retreat which his marshals pressed upon him after the battle. It has been commonly stated that the news of the battle of Salamanca reached the Emperor on the eve of Borodino. The dates of this correspondence show that he received Marmont's report of that defeat at least five days before. The first criticism on his unfortunate lieutenant is extremely bitter, charging him with equal incapacity to write a despatch, obey orders, or know when to fight a battle:—

> Il est impossible de rien lire de plus insignifiant; il y a plus de fatras et plus de rouages que dans une horloge, et pas un mot qui fasse connaître l'état réel des choses. . . . Il y a là un cas d'insubordination qui est la cause de tous les malheurs de cette affaire. . . . Il a sacrifié à la vanité la gloire de la patrie et l'avantage de mon service.

The last words were not entirely inapplicable to the actual condition of the writer. The Russian expedition was destined to be a profitless sacrifice to vanity; and, equally before and after the victory on the Moskowa, Napoleon was in the dark as to the real state of things. He wrote as follows to his Foreign Minister on the 10th of September:—

> Que l'ennemi a tout fait pour nous empêcher d'arriver à Moscou: qu'il fera tout pour nous en chasser. . . . Désormais l'ennemi, frappé au cœur, ne s'occupe plus que du cœur, et ne songe plus aux extrémités.

Eight days later he writes thus from Moscow:—

> Nous suivons l'ennemi, *qui se retire au delà du Volga*. (!) Nous avons trouvé une immense quantité de choses à Moscou, qui était une ville extrêmement belle. De deux cents ans la Russie ne se relèvera pas de la perte qu'elle fait. Ce n'est pas exagérer que de l'évaluer à un milliard.

* *Correspondance de Napoléon Ier*. Tomes 24 et 25. Paris: Plon.

Some notes, dictated by Napoleon in the beginning of October, balance the considerations in favour of different plans of retreat from the deserted city which he has now discovered by experience to be "a position of no importance, unable to entertain his sick and wounded, incapable of replacing its resources when once exhausted, and in no sense an organic centre of the Empire." He lays down that no operation on the southern or Kalouga side of Moscow would be worth attempting except in the view of drawing off from Kalouga on Smolensk, and that any such operation would give the Russian army a needless opportunity of claiming a victory, by picking up stragglers from the French rear-guard. "Un mouvement rétrograde de cent lieues, avec des blessés et des événements que l'ennemi peindrait à son gré, lui donnerait l'avantage dans l'opinion, quoique battu." The direct route to Smolensk would be shorter by five marches; there could be no attack from the rear; the men could carry a fortnight's rations for themselves, the convoys of provisions would meet them half way, and Smolensk would be reached without the need of marauding along the route. "On peut prévoir de l'embarras pour les fourrages: mais on s'en procurerait à deux ou trois lieues: ce ne serait donc pas là une difficulté de premier ordre." Still it would be a visible retreat to second-rate winter quarters only, and as such would place the Czar under no stress to submit to conditions of peace. Napoleon would have preferred to combine a defensive retreat with an offensive demonstration in the direction of St. Petersburg. A combined movement by Marshal Victor from Smolensk to the north, St. Cyr from Polotzk to the north-east, and Napoleon from Moscow west by north, would in less than a fortnight concentrate the main army north of the Dwina in a safe winter position, resting on the bases of Polotzk and Vitepsk, and threatening Novgorod and the northern capital. Under such pressure, "On doit croire que l'ennemi fera la paix."

It is needless to inquire what stubborn facts or later considerations were found incompatible with the realization of this manœuvre, "qui serait parfaite," as it was never attempted. But we may remark that, when Napoleon left Moscow some three weeks later, he first marched southward on Kalouga, fought a desperate battle at Malo-Jaroslawitz to pierce Kutusoff's position, and thence, with the loss of more than five marches, began his retrograde movement of a hundred leagues, to taste a far more bitter military experience than modern history had ever dreamed of. His Russian opponents—although regularly beaten, according to Napoleon's averments, on every occasion—had no need to gain an undue advantage in the eyes of Europe by exaggeration or false colouring when the wreck of the Grand Army had recrossed the frontier. A letter to the Duke of Bassano, written immediately after the passage of the Berezina, is perhaps the frankest admission ever made by Napoleon:—

> L'armée est nombreuse, mais débandée d'une manière affreuse Il faut quinze jours pour les remettre aux drapeaux, et quinze jours, où pourrait-on les avoir? Le froid, les privations ont débandé cette armée. Nous serons sur Vilna. pourrons-nous y tenir? Oui, si l'on peut y tenir huit jours. mais si l'on est attaqué les huit premiers jours, il est douteux que nous puissions rester là. *Des vivres, des vivres, des vivres! sans cela il n'y a pas d'horreurs auxquelles cette masse indisciplinée ne se porte contre cette ville.*"

Even the famous 29th bulletin told the whole story only by implication, and unjustly charged the entire disaster to the severity of the weather after the 7th of November. Before that date, according to more accurate reporters, the French army had already dwindled to sixty thousand from the hundred and three thousand who had left Moscow on the 19th of October, under "le soleil et les belles journées du voyage de Fontainebleau."

(To be continued.)

ATHENS AND THE MOREA.*

LORD CARNARVON publishes in this little book some fragmentary journals kept by his father during a visit to Greece in the year 1839. The nature of such a book would almost protect it from criticism, if any criticism were necessary, but we may say at once that there is no fault to be found with it, except the negative fault of brevity and incompleteness. If the author were still living, we might perhaps complain that he had not told us a little more about the interesting scenery through which he passed. As it is, we must take what is given, and regret that the late Lord Carnarvon did not think it worth while to comply with the established custom of book-making. It is perfectly true that that custom has been extended beyond all reasonable or even tolerable limits; the slightest provocation is supposed to justify a traveller for plunging into print; and we have abundance of writers who are prepared to give us a complete theory of the political and social condition of any foreign country on the strength of six weeks' experience of its railways and hotels. Greece, however, is to some extent an exception; the intrinsic interest which it possesses, and its comparative freedom from the ravages of the British tourist, may be fairly alleged as excuses for what, in the case of most other countries, would savour of presumption. Lord Carnarvon visited it at a time sufficiently near to the War of Independence to see many of the actors, and to catch many interesting glimpses of an expiring order of things. The scattered notes now published by his son do not amount to anything like a systematic account of the country, or even of the author's travels; but they are pleasantly and freshly written, and may help to remind his successors of some picturesque scenes, and to preserve a few incidents characteristic of a curious phase of society.

The most interesting part of the journals is that which describes his visit to the Maina, whose inhabitants are descended either from the ancient Spartans, or from the Periœci, or from the Helots—or from somebody else. Whatever their ancestry—and they naturally prefer the Spartan theory—they are a wild and untameable race, who at the time of Lord Carnarvon's visit still preserved a strange kind of feudal existence. Murder, as the editor of the journals puts it, was "the organized and formulated expression of the national life"; a rather strained mode of expression, which seems to mean that they considered murder to be, on the whole, a reputable practice. Their system appears to have exceeded in ferocity even the Corsican vendetta, and, when once a feud was established between two families, it generally ceased only with the extirpation of the weaker. The clergy held that they had no business to interfere in matters concerning the point of honour; and an appeal to the courts of law, after the establishment of the new kingdom, was deprecated on the ground that, if they once went there, there would be no end to such matters. As it was, when two families quarrelled, each shut itself up in a strong tower, and the men kept a look-out from the battlements to guard against surprise, and to take an occasional shot at an enemy. Lord Carnarvon speaks of one man who was said to have passed his life of seventy years in a tower. Another young gentleman of very good family regretted to him that he was fit for nothing but fighting, having passed more than twenty out of his twenty-seven years in the same way; never going out except to steal along the ground and shoot an enemy. The women were invariably spared, in consequence of which their husbands used them, as carts are sometimes used for stalking game, to skulk behind them till within shot of an enemy. People who theorize about moral sentiments may inquire into the state of mind of a hospitable, brave, and honourable race who would not eat meat on Friday for the world, and at the same time consider murder a gentlemanlike diversion, and live on rather less friendly terms with their neighbours than a couple of ill-tempered dogs. The superstitions of these people were singularly wild and grotesque. They heard moaning sounds as they crept towards their enemy, and augured success or failure according to the quarter from which the sounds came. They held firmly to the less poetical superstition of platomancy, or divination by the appearance of the fresh bone in a shoulder of mutton. One of Lord Carnarvon's guides seems to have been a proficient in this art, as another attributed every misfortune which happened throughout the journey to the unseasonable appearance of a certain magpie. The wildest and most hideous superstition is that of the vampire; the Mainote variety of that ghastly creature being more than usually grotesque and horrible. Once on a time it seems a shoemaker died, in a certain house which was shown to Lord Carnarvon. He became a vampire, and used to visit his wife, and even work at his trade, every night except Saturday. The wife being driven by the consequences to confess, the villagers opened the tomb one Saturday, which day vampires, like Jews, keep sacred. They found him making shoes in his grave, and reproached him with his enormities. The vampire lost his temper, and threatened to revenge himself on one of the party; whereupon the villagers very properly cut him to bits, and each ate a bit of his heart. This, it seems, is an infallible specific against vampires, and stamped out the disease in that village. Another pleasant habit of these villages was to place a heap of stones over the grave of some one who had violated holy ground or in other ways made himself obnoxious. Every passer-by added a stone to the heap, in the hope that, the heavier it grew, the more quickly the sinner's soul would be pressed down to hell.

The warlike side of the Mainote character is illustrated by their hearty contempt for women At one place Lord Carnarvon happened to be present at a marriage; the bridegroom had already a wife, but explained that he was entitled to a second marriage, on the ground that his first had brought him no children. On further inquiry it turned out that he had indeed three daughters, but for such purposes daughters did not count. How could a man wish, as his friends remarked, to have anything to do with a woman who brought him no sons? This is an original ground for divorce, even in Greece, where the Oriental feeling about women is everywhere so strong.

These wild, semi-civilized Mainotes, with their very peculiar views of Christian morality, but who to an artistic eye are endeared by their fine figures, picturesque dresses, and rugged towers, are the most striking characters in the book; but we have many other slight sketches which are worth turning over. There are Albanian and Arcadian shepherds, performing in the most correct manner upon the ancient classical pipe. There are old leaders in the War of Independence, disgusted with the loss of their local influence under the power of the hated Bavarians, and still wearing Turkish costumes and grumbling that "everything had become Frank"; the peasants, it seems, sympathized more or less in the same regret, on the simpler ground—upon which the peasants in most countries succeed in regretting all changes—that their taxes had been increased. Two or three of the old chiefs are described with considerable force. There was, for example, Hadji Christo, who had been confined for two years by Ibrahim Pasha in a low dungeon, and stuck to the old Palikari dress as a symbol of his contempt for the foreign Court, but admitted that he felt a certain pride in appearing in his uniform as colonel; and the distinguished chief Colocotroni, now living in neglected retirement and poverty, but

* *Reminiscences of Athens and the Morea.* By the late Earl of Carnarvon. London: John Murray. 1869.

conversing with much dignity in long-winded metaphors, after the fashion of an ancient sage. Thus, when asked his opinion of certain negotiations with foreign Governments, he replied by an apologue of a man who once built a house with a door on the north; in deference to the advice of various well-meaning friends, he built it up, and transferred his door successively to the south, east, and west. Then he made a moveable house, and turned the door whichever way his friends suggested, till at last it occurred to him to build it in the way which he himself preferred, and keep to the arrangement in spite of any number of advisers. This opinion was pronounced more than a generation ago; but apparently the Greeks have not yet learnt to build their house according to their own fancy. We can only hope that they will learn to do so in time, and that when they have done it, they will find the result satisfactory.

We need not go further into a description of a book which is in truth slight enough, and which makes no pretensions to be anything more. Lord Carnarvon seems to have strung together the fragments of his father's journal with taste and judgment; and we need only recommend his work to those who care for a passing glimpse of a most interesting country at a transitional period of its existence. The old life of the Maina has died out before the gradual advance of civilization, but progress in Greece is not so rapid but that later travellers may recognise the truth of the descriptions, and meditate on the difficulty of restoring genuine vitality to a people with so many discordant and semi-barbarous elements. Perhaps, on a comparison of what the country is now with what it was thirty years ago, they may think that the development is not much slower than might have been fairly anticipated.

HARRY EGERTON.*

MR. TOTTENHAM, as his title-page boldly reminds us, is the author of a novel called *Charlie Villars at Cambridge*, of which, as he apologizes in the preface to his new book for its "singularly inartistic and youthful nature," we will say no more. When an author repents of his follies, they should be forgiven. *Harry Egerton* is a continuation of *Charlie Villars*, and we may admit, for we shall be able to say little more in its praise, that it is not so bad as its predecessor. That it has any positive merits would be a bold assertion, but it occasionally gives us reason to think that Mr. Tottenham could with care and practice do something better, and that, if he will burn his next half-dozen attempts, he may ultimately succeed in producing a readable book. So far as he has gone, it seems to be his impression that he should turn out upon the world the results of his experience as soon as he has acquired it. *Charlie Villars* tells us what he thought about Cambridge, and *Harry Egerton* gives us the results of his observation of London society. Mr. Tottenham evidently considers himself to be a satirist, destined to expose the shortcomings of the present day, and especially to supplement the views expressed by Mr. Thackeray. Of that author he speaks in a calmly patronizing tone, pointing out that he erred from over-enthusiasm, and believed too implicitly in the doctrine of "love in a cottage"; Mr. Tottenham, however, admits that he was a "vigorous thinker," but of course unable to regard the world from the serene heights from which Mr. Tottenham himself looks down. In short, he takes the attitude of a man of the world who has passed many years in contemplating society, and thereby he involuntarily reveals to the reader his own extreme youth. There is no age at which we deal out our vast stores of experience with such perfect complacency as at the period between twenty and twenty-five years of age. A little later Mr. Tottenham will perhaps discover that the preaching which he bestows upon us is not very original or very forcible, and by no means the kind of stuff to mix with a few commonplace incidents and publish as a three-volume novel.

The only way in which it is possible to derive any amusement from such a book is to consider it an illustration—not of the characters described—but of the state of mind of the young men who produce and consume this kind of literature. Of Mr. Tottenham himself we know nothing, and we should be very sorry to identify him with any of his own characters; but we can form from his pages some estimate of the mental furniture of his class. The very discursive nature of his writing leads him to touch upon all kinds of topics, and so to give us incidentally a very complete survey of what some young men are pleased to call their minds. Horse-racing in all its branches naturally fills a large space in his pages; we have the inevitable steeple-chase which figures in all sporting novels, and the equally threadbare scene of the wrong horse winning the Derby. There is an attempt at describing a cruise in a yacht, with a digression about Mr. Tennyson's house in the Isle of Wight; there is a bit about hunting, a bit about pheasant-shooting, a bit about salmon-fishing, and another about grouse-shooting. None of these descriptive passages have anything to do with the story; but we submit to them as part of the inevitable padding of all novels of fashionable life. We are more amazed by excursions into other fields of inquiry. Thus we are told in two or three pages what we ought to think about woman's rights; elsewhere we are instructed as to the merits of ritualism; and we are even indulged with a sermon—a good deal of which is quoted at full length, and which, as Mr. Tottenham assures us, is remarkably eloquent, and contains the whole pith of Christian morality. We confess that it is not unlike a sermon, but its other merits are less palpable. Then Mr. Tottenham gives us his views of the British stage and of popular novels. He talks eloquently about "the obscene crowd which nightly flocked last season to gaze with open-mouthed delight at the indecent exhibitions of a worn-out Phryne," and is equally severe upon the novel-readers who "delight to wallow in literary filth." It sickens one, he declares, with human nature, "to see how closely it is allied at one extreme"—the extreme, apparently, of popular novelists—"with that of devils." As if all these topics were not sufficient, Mr. Tottenham is kind enough to cram into a few pages at the end of his first volume the true theory of the Irish difficulty. Mr. Gladstone will be glad to hear that the Established Church should be abolished; but we have been a good deal misled upon some other points. The Irish peasantry, it seems, are generally willing to die for their landlords, with the exception of certain cases in which, owing to the landlords' own perversity, they prefer the inverse process. Meanwhile, if all landlords would do their duty and the Royal Family would visit Ireland, he is convinced that everything would be right. It is hard to come across a bit of undigested blue-book in the midst of a novel, but we must confess that we like this bit better than the rest of the book, for, if not particularly wise, it shows good feeling, and some interest in a rational subject of inquiry.

And now, having cleared away these subsidiary speculations, we come to the main purpose of Mr. Tottenham's book. There is, it seems, one great evil which he has set himself to expose—namely, the unfortunate condition of younger sons. The whole arrangements of the highest class of society are directed to the degradation and misery of those ill-treated beings. We say nothing of the slights endured at the hands of mothers and discerning chaperons, for the chase of eldest sons, and the plans for guarding against the designs of their brothers, have supplied innumerable novels with all the interest they possess. But the real grievance may be inferred from the case of Mr. Harry Egerton. This young gentleman having got into debt, his father refuses to have anything more to do with him, except paying him an allowance of two hundred a year. Under these melancholy circumstances the hero, with whom, by the way, we are expected to sympathize, is naturally reduced to utter misery. He continues, we are told, to wash down every delicacy of the season with champagne, for that is a way he has. He manages to get on for some time by sponging on his friends, and keeping out of the way of his creditors. Still, as he is always giving away half-crowns to crossing-sweepers and living in the best society, his two hundred a year is naturally insufficient. Two expedients help him on for a time; one is borrowing money from some good-natured people, who don't want him to return their loans, and the other is betting on the Turf. In a normal state of things, a young gentleman who pursues such a course is on a fair way to the dogs, and is likely to be provided for as a blackleg or a billiard marker. Accordingly Mr. Egerton, in spite of good luck for a time, finds himself at last owing four thousand pounds, with no available assets. But here Mr. Tottenham shrinks from the logical conclusion to his book. The moral is apparently that a younger son is placed by our social arrangements in so fearful a position that, unless he is possessed of superhuman virtue or ability, he must necessarily descend towards the most disreputable position in life. But as Mr. Egerton is the hero, we are presumed to love him. Consequently, by a brilliant device, his elder brother—who, like most elder brothers, as we are given to understand, is a monster of meanness and malevolence—suddenly turns out to be somebody else. Mr. Egerton becomes an only son, marries a charming young lady, and lives very happily ever afterwards. It must be admitted that this is a trifle improbable; but Mr. Tottenham's art in making plots is not of the most refined kind, as may be seen from one little incident. A knavish attorney is possessed of the secret on which the story turns. The only mode which occurs to him for discovering a gentleman of large property with a house in Eaton Place is to advertise in the *Times*, saying that if any one of the name of Egerton calls upon him, he will hear of something to his advantage; and a great deal depends on the difficulty of establishing a communication. The knavish attorney is obviously a villain of a very conventional kind, or he would have heard of such a compilation as the *Post Office Directory*.

If what Mr. Tottenham calls "the younger sons of the day" are really so great scamps as he represents, it is a blessing that in real life it seldom turns out that their elder brothers have been changed at nurse. According to this scathing satirist, the only occupation for which they are at all qualified is that of spending large amounts of money. Their conversation can only be printed by the help of numerous blanks, and even then there is only a minute portion of it which will bear to be more than roughly indicated. Their least immoral amusement is gambling on the Turf, and the Turf is a vast sink of corruption and cheating. The notion of making their own living in some decent profession never occurs to them for a moment, or only to be rejected on the ground of their utter ignorance of all useful knowledge. Nor, if any democrat should take advantage of this to abuse the bloated aristocracy, would he be encouraged by Mr. Tottenham to hope for better things. The morals of society have been ruined, so the model nobleman of the book tells us, by lowering the old exclusive barriers. Young men are rude because the practice of duelling has been given up. All good manners have given way because wealth has been allowed to raise low-minded people out of their natural mud into

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* *Harry Egerton.* By G. L. Tottenham. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

the sacred circles above. Many even of the highest class are terribly snobbish, but the class below them are even worse. The public suppose, we are told, that all officers in the Guards are models of what a gentleman should be; but Mr. Tottenham assures us that many Guardsmen "are ordinary young men enough, and some few would find a more congenial society at Aldershot." What that society is, he tells us in a description of two wretched captains from a Line regiment. These miserable creatures are hideously uncomfortable in the presence of ladies, and their only thought is to imitate the failings of their betters; their vice, according to Burke's maxim, is a double evil, because it acquires additional grossness. In short, if Mr. Tottenham is right, a large part of the highest society in the country is thoroughly contemptible, and society in its lower strata is not only contemptible, but disgusting.

We fancy, however, that, in spite of this terrible picture of the evils of the present day, we shall be able to get on somehow or other. There are younger sons who are not made in the likeness of Mr. Tottenham's pet Harry Egerton, and who would think him little better than the lower class of scamps whom he despises. Indeed the importance of Guardsmen and their fellows is not quite so great as Mr. Tottenham seems to fancy, and if they were all to be transported to-morrow we should not be hopelessly ruined. We need not now inquire what is the true condition of the society upon which these youthful spendthrifts are the hangers-on, nor whether they are specially abundant at the present day. Meanwhile there are two classes who may glance, not without profit, at Mr. Tottenham's book. Those who like to read about marquises and Guardsmen at any price may possibly enjoy it; and those whose duty it is to take care of the idle and rich young men, and occasionally to administer to them personal chastisement in their boyhood, may be glad to see a picture of their manners and customs drawn apparently from the inside.

THE EUPHRATES VALLEY ROUTE.*

To what cause is it owing, in our system of government, that statesmanship is so frequently found in subordinate departments or officers of the State, without capacity or intelligence or knowledge in the higher departments to utilize the ability at its command? As often as not, great social reforms are elaborated and argued outside of Government circles, although dependent on legislation to effect them; the real work of the political machine is, in fact, performed by other agencies, professional politicians too often only spoiling it, when it is at last forced on them, by their indolent inattention and their deficiency of solid knowledge. The loss is still more conspicuously felt in questions of administration and external policy. An Indian or a Colonial Empire grows up by hazard, without the central Government taking stock of its development or of the drift of events, or considering how the future, so far as it lies in their power, is to be cared for. Imperial questions are trifled with and put off, opportunities are missed, and great disasters happen. Perhaps the history of the Euphrates Valley question, which is suggested by the present publication, is as good an illustration as could be found of the frequent superiority of statesmanship in a subordinate position. Without attempting to answer the inquiry with which we started, or to hint at remedies, it may be useful to point out how a great question has been neglected, in spite of the most intelligent advocacy, and what further danger may arise, in this particular matter, from any prolongation of the apathy by which our policy has been marked.

The foresight of General Chesney and those who followed him in taking up the question of an overland route to India by the Euphrates Valley can hardly be too much commended. They displayed in the highest degree that faculty of combining historical knowledge with discernment of the facts and tendencies of the time which should belong to the ideal statesman, while the practical skill exhibited in working out the problem, and preparing the most exact information for the use of all concerned, showed the possession of gifts which, armed with more authority, would have ensured the completion of the scheme itself. This may seem strong language, but it can hardly be thought so when the narrative is looked at. Although all men are now agreed that the question is a most important one, and that the best route from England to India is by the Euphrates Valley, these things were not so obvious forty years ago. It seemed every way most convenient that a Power which commanded the sea should have its channel of communication by the openest and widest path, the broad ocean itself, and not by those inland seas and narrow channels to which the timid navigators of early times had been limited. Already, in the midst of the great wars at the commencement of the century, a statesmanlike Governor of India, the Marquis Wellesley, had organized an overland service by the Euphrates Valley; but the fact had fallen out of sight in high official quarters. It was quite of a piece with our habits of *laissez-faire* that, with the closing of one period of emergency, all thought of another time in which the same necessity would be felt—and felt more keenly, owing to the swift changes in other circumstances affecting the question—should be laid aside. What General Chesney and those who thought with him discerned, however, was that forces were at work which would cause trade to return to its ancient channels, and make it permanently expedient for England to have a shorter military road between England and India than that by the Cape. One of these new forces was the extension of civilized influence over Western Asia by Europe on one side and by our own Indian Empire on the other. The ancient routes of commerce between the Mediterranean and the East had been by the Nile and the Red Sea, and through Asia Minor in various directions, but mainly by the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf; and these routes had been abandoned to a great extent in consequence of the anarchy which had crept in with the decay of Mahommedan rule. The natural difficulties of an overland transport had counted for much, but political difficulties had also their share in giving importance to the ocean route. It could not but happen, then, that as the countries between England and India came to be better known, and the anarchic belt was narrowed, the idea of utilizing the ancient routes should once more be revived. But the most important new influence, which could hardly have been discerned by the Marquis Wellesley, was the application of steam to navigation. The natural difficulties of the transport between Europe and the East, through Egypt and Syria, had been aggravated by the tediousness of the navigation in sailing vessels. Not to speak of the necessity of transhipment, and of a journey overland of longer or shorter duration, the ocean voyage was practically as brief, or briefer. This condition was entirely changed by steam. By this agency the shortest route in distance became likewise the shortest in time, and, the difference in distance being enormous, the superiority of the old mediæval routes was at once restored. It required some faith nevertheless, before 1830, in the power of the new agency, to appreciate the revolution which it was producing; and this faith could only belong to the most thoughtful and foreseeing minds.

How the strategical necessities of the Empire were being changed was perhaps still less obvious. Even though the opening up of old routes brought India nearer to our rivals than to ourselves, there seemed nothing for it but that we should trust the sea rather than add to our burdens the command of the points of vantage on one or more of the shorter lines. But the burden was inevitable. Military exigencies are such that the shortest lines must be sought and held. With the introduction of steam the connexion between England and India necessarily involved a readiness to make use of the old roads for the conveyance of troops, and a determination to seize and hold them in any conflict with a Power which could menace our Imperial position. Another fact was also to be dimly discerned growing into importance—the gradual advance of Russia towards our Indian possessions. Before 1830, indeed, the Caucasus was still unconquered, and the Kirghiz desert was yet unentered by the heralds of those columns which have already carried Samarcand, and are now hovering over distant Kashgar and Yarkand, ready to threaten India on the north from a region of unsuspected wealth, and by roads unexpectedly found to be available through the "impassable" Himalayas. But the conquest both of the Caucasus and of Central Asia was evidently intended, and India had been sufficiently warned of the belief in Russia that attack was possible and probable. The plan for a Russo-French invasion of India, described in the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit —by Asterabad, Herat, and Candahar—could not but be deemed alarming. Facts like these already made it important that England should command a short route to her Indian Empire; and they were of such a kind as to make the question year by year more urgent.

The conditions of the problem being thus perceived, General Chesney was likewise right in his choice of the Euphrates Valley, and not of the route by Egypt, which was afterwards selected. The latter offered at the time perhaps the greatest immediate advantage at the least expense. The passage across the desert was short, and there was no river passage to cause a third transhipment, as was the case by the Euphrates. The advantage of speed was also in favour of the Egypt route on the home journey, the progress of steamers being delayed in their voyage against the current of the river. But these were very temporary advantages, which some care in removing obstructions to the navigation of the Euphrates might have gone far to remove, while other changes gave the latter the unquestioned superiority. The most important fact of all in its favour was its shortness. In measured distance it was shorter than the Egypt route by about the whole length of the Red Sea. By constructing a railway from the Mediterranean to a point on the Euphrates navigable for ocean steamers, the journey between England and India would be made shorter, by nearly a week, as compared with anything attainable on the rival line. In addition to being shorter in distance, it had the advantage of securing a longer journey by rail, which is quicker, distance for distance, than by steamer; and the sea between the head of the Persian Gulf and Bombay was on the whole more easily navigable than between the latter place and Suez. For military purposes the Euphrates route had also much in its favour. It promised to give us a footing both in Turkey and Persia, enabling us to wield an influence opposed to Russian progress, and furnishing a position from which we could move with ease to the protection of the whole intermediate country between the Mediterranean and India. To have discerned all this in substance before 1840 at least, when his survey was completed, was no small merit in General Chesney.

It is implied, in what we have said, that events have corroborated his view; and that they have done so supplies only the more ground for lamenting that statesmen not only refused to be taught

* *Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition carried on by Order of the British Government during the Years 1835, 1836, and 1837.* By General Francis Rawdon Chesney, Colonel-Commandant 14th Brigade Royal Artillery, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., Commander of the Expedition. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

by events, but persistently slighted those who were better informed and more far-seeing than themselves. It is hardly to be supposed that, if our public men had studied the question at all, the events of the last thirty years would have made so little impression on them as they have done. Of these the formation of the Suez Canal, and the conquest of the Caucasus and of Central Asia by the Russians, are far the most important. The former alone should have shown how thorough the change back to the old routes of commerce was going to be. General Chesney, in 1829, had come to the conclusion that the Suez canal was practicable, though he feared, in the circumstances of that time, the greatness of the expense; now, when the canal will soon be finished, whether it pays the shareholder or not, its natural effects on commerce cannot but follow. It is clearly our interest now that, if distance is to be annihilated, it should not be exclusively for the profit of the Mediterranean States. By introducing yet further improvements, by reducing to a comparative trifle the whole distance between England and India, we should diminish the importance of the advantage which those States have over us in their greater proximity to India. This is a politico-commercial reason, in the interests of the British Empire, for a route which has in its favour every purely commercial reason; and it throws on English statesmen all the more plainly the duty of promoting it. The effect of the conquest of the Caucasus and of Central Asia by Russia is yet more material in a military view. Russia is nearer than before to the route itself, and is a greater incubus on Persia and Turkey, so that a countervailing effort is needed; while her advance in Central Asia—especially when taken in connexion with the railways she is making in her own territory—is quickly bringing about a situation in which we shall hardly be able to reinforce from England any threatened point in India as soon as she could attack it. To make a line down the Euphrates Valley is the very least we can do to secure our own safety. It is the necessary complement of those fortifications which are already rising in the Punjaub as the consequence of Russian proximity. It is a symptom of late repentance on the part of our officials that the present publication has taken place by order of the Government. It should now be well understood that further delay may have the most serious consequences. In the meantime our Empire is less knit together than it might be for commercial and social ends, and, should a military pinch come, the want of the line might issue in a great disaster.

The present volume is not the most important which General Chesney has published as the fruit of his survey. The volumes which he issued in 1852, and the Report he submitted to Parliament of his preliminary survey, have long since placed before the world an encyclopædia of facts and opinions regarding the whole intermediate region between the Mediterranean and India, the ancient paths of conquest and of commerce, and its present population and resources. As a study of the Eastern question in Asia Minor and Persia, there is nothing to compete with these volumes. The volume now before us only sums up the record by showing the personal labour with which the results attained were won. As an authentic narrative of one of the most remarkable expeditions which have extended geographical and scientific knowledge, it cannot but command a large circle of readers, apart from the keen political interest which belongs to it. It is agreeably written, full of striking incidents, and has novelty enough to float any book of travels, though written so long after the event. There are few chapters more interesting in the records of English travel than those in which General Chesney describes his first solitary voyage down the great river; the herculean toil gone through in transporting the two steamers for the survey of the river overland from the Orontes, by ancient Antioch and Aleppo, to the Euphrates; the wrecking of one of the steamers in a storm on the Euphrates, throwing a cloud over the progress of the survey; and the labours at home, the disappointments and the sickness of hope deferred, which General Chesney had to bear patiently, first in getting his plans approved of, and then in getting his narrative published. For these reasons we have no doubt the book will be widely read; and there is much additional matter in the appendix, including a journey of Mr. Ainsworth's through Diarbekr and other parts of Asia Minor, to make the volume attractive. We must add one more remark. We have spoken of the frequent presence of statesmanship in the subordinate walks of government, and its absence in the higher. It further appears that the statesmanship, and the zealous patriotic labour to which it leads, are apt to go unrewarded. General Chesney, though he makes no complaint, assures us that he has gone through the enormous labour of study, research, composition, and putting through the press all his bulky volumes, without payment of any kind. In fact, the work has stood still from time to time in consequence of its requiring larger disbursements out of his own pocket than he felt himself justified in making; and if he has been repaid these expenses, or the greater part of them, it has only been after long delay. We trust that the day is far distant when General Chesney's example will not be followed, when patriotic enthusiasm will cease to impel people to spend time and money for a public object in which they have faith; but it is not wise to discourage or neglect the enlightened and zealous service which public spirit volunteers to render. Those who perform such service might at least be allowed the satisfaction of being listened to, and of knowing that their schemes were not taken up or laid aside without forethought and deliberation.

JUVENAL.*

THERE is so much that is unlike anything but itself in Roman satire, and especially in Juvenal's satires, that it is satisfactory to find two very competent scholars furnishing new and handy editions of the most trenchant of satirists within little more than a twelvemonth. What the "character Lucilianus" was in its day can only be gathered from fragments and tradition; and the reluctance of Horace to be provoked to seriousness by even the most crying of vices renders him fitter company for those who affect a laughing philosophy than such as hold that the ideal moralist should be one who is zealously affected in a good or sufficient matter. Juvenal was such a moralist, and his vigorous hexameters exhibit a freer and bolder license in rebuking vice than can be found elsewhere, either in the field of Roman satire, or in what filled its place in polished Athens—the hard hits and smart caricatures of the old comedy. Persius—so often coupled with Juvenal—breathes rather the air of the closet than of the street or forum. His skill at a picture fails to impress one with a sense of reality. And as to Martial, who wielded another weapon not unserviceable in the cause of morality, his epigrams have done their work when they have inflicted a momentary sting, and their personality aims less at abstract vice than at some current professor of it. Juvenal is the standard for a modern, who would handle the pen of satire, to set up for his imitation and study. Mr. Simcox says of him in his introduction, that "in the 16th and 17th centuries Juvenal would have written sermons." We should have no small faith in a Juvenalian discourse, if it could become the fashion again; for no keener-edged or more effective blade can be forged, whether its shape be poem, sermon, or social article, than satire of a cast and temper like that of the Roman master. Mr. Simcox strikes us as having but an imperfect sympathy with the author he has undertaken to edit, and as analysing his character and writings in a somewhat depreciatory tone. The great satirist's most wholesome feature—his vigorous outrightness—is perhaps not much in favour with a class of modern writers, who set much store by enigmatic smartness and subtleties to which none but the initiated possess the key. In honest appreciation of Juvenal Mr. Escott strikes us as presenting the better credentials of editorial fitness. Not but that both editors manifest a creditable amount of scholarship, and such thorough acquaintance with their author as enables them to make his writings as intelligible in a small-octavo volume as their predecessors of old could have done in bulky quartos.

We cannot pretend to much sympathy with those who, in the tone of Savage Landor, in an Imaginary Conversation between Southey and Porson, regards Juvenal's satires as "the most naked and impure of antiquity," and "as owing their preservation to the partiality of the Friars." The same cap would surely fit Attic comedy, which outmatches Juvenal in indecency, yet which we are not aware that Porson forswore. But a single sentence in the conversation referred to strikes us as having a germ of truth, to be noted by editors and translators. Porson is made to say that "a translator of Juvenal would open a public drain to look for a needle, and *miss it.*" We do not hold to the first part of this dictum. Whatever may have been the case with earlier translators, there is reason to think that, were Juvenal to be retranslated now, he would not be found presentable in a guise perfectly "parliamentary"; and as for editing, the scholars whose editions lie before us evince the most sensitive vigilance lest even a suspicion of aught impure should be provoked by any note or comment. One of them ostracizes three satires bodily; the other—Mr. Escott—perhaps more considerately, contents himself with mutilating and "Bowdlerizing" those offenders. But the danger lies rather in the last words of Landor's sentence. The tendency of editors is to *miss the needle*, which often is not hidden after all, rather than in any way to emulate the public scavenger. A case of this occurs to us in the Fifth Satire:—

> Tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit,
> Qui tegitur parmâ et galeâ, metuensque flagelli
> Discit ab hirsutâ jaculum torquere capellâ.

Here the consensus of opinion goes with Grangæus and most earlier commentators, in taking "qui tegitur—capellâ" to be a periphrasis for a "barbarian recruit," trained to hurl the javelin by a rough shaggy drill-master (hirsutâ capellâ). To this interpretation, Lobeck, Mayor, and, most recently, Mr. Simcox assent, the last-named editor deeming it fatal to the other interpretation, which originated with the "vetus Pithœi scholiastes" (namely, of a monkey munching an apple, and seated on a goat, from the back of which certain idle soldiers had taught it to ape military feats), that this would be the more amusing picture, and so, we are left to infer, the less likely to have emanated from Juvenal. Here certainly the needle is missing, but (barring the remark of Mr. Simcox that "ab equo jaculari" is not good Latin, which we should be loth to accept until all contemporary writers had been searched) we cannot see that those who take "capellâ" as a synonym for the "campi-doctor" are at all nearer to finding it than those who refer the word to the goat on which a monkey rides. A translator must elect which sense he will prefer, but an editor's wisdom will be to present both interpretations to his readers, in-

* *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal, with Notes and Introduction.* By G. A. Simcox, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1867.

The Satires of Juvenal, with Prolegomena and English Notes. By T. H. S. Escott, M.A., Lecturer in Logic at King's College, London, and late Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford. London: Virtue & Co. 1868.

dicating his preference, if he have one, and the grounds he has for it. This is Mr. Escott's course as to this passage, and though, through a couple of misprints, his reasoning does not come out so clearly as it might, the version to which he leans is presented satisfactorily in his first interpretation: "You have to eat a rotten apple, as bad as that gnawed on the boulevard by the monkey, which armed with shield and helmet, and in fear of the lash, has learnt to hurl a dart while perched on a goat's back."

In a passage, too, of the Tenth Satire, a fuss has been made about the missing needle which to eyes fairly sharp might be deemed superfluous. It runs—

> Vis certe pila, cohortes,
> Egregios equites, et castra domestica?

Here Mayor and others suppose the person addressed to covet for himself the primipilatus, the command of the cohorts, the select knights, and the "household troops"—steps of preferment one above the other. To this explanation Mr. Simcox is adverse, though it is not very clear what he would substitute for it; while Mr. Escott does not hesitate to side with those "who interpret Juvenal to mean, in the enumeration of these offices, the opportunity of promoting others to them, not the privilege of filling them directly oneself." In a case like this the true course is to seek light from the context, and it seems to us that we have but to run our eye up to "donare," two lines above, to find the ellipse needful to complete the sense, and justify our understanding the sentence of military patronage. In other cases Mr. Simcox is more helpful in throwing light upon places which have been needlessly darkened—*e.g.*, in Sat. iii. 31–3,

> Quis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
> Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,
> Et præbere caput dominâ venale sub hastâ;

where an examination of the structure of the sentence should convince any one that "præbere" is connected with "conducere," and that, if so, verse 33 cannot mean "and to contract for the sale of slaves by public auction," a sense which would require us to take "præbere" as equivalent to "prætbendum." Mr. Simcox rightly accepts the scholiast's interpretation, "and to run the risk of being sold as slaves in case of default," and refers the whole line to "a penalty for non-fulfilment of contract." Mr. Prior holds the same opinion, translating the 33rd verse, "And offer themselves for sale under the despotic spear," but he confuses with this correct view the other, which we have shown to be untenable, in adding that the meaning is "to do any ser ile work you please." In another line (v. 44) of the same satire, no other editor lets us so clearly, and in so few words, into the twofold force of the expression "Ranarum viscera nunquam Inspexi." Mr. Simcox's brief note, "Ostensibly as an aruspex, really as a poisoner," hits the point implied in "ranarum," as well as that of inspection of entrails. Further on, at verse 105, we prefer the reading followed by Mr. Escott in his note (his text, by the way, does not tally with it), "A facie jactare manus," and his interpretation of it, involving "alienum," in the preceding line, to Simcox's reading "alienâ a facie," &c.

The specialty of Mr. Simcox's edition is his maintenance, where possible, of the most difficult and obscure manuscript readings. This leads him into passing sarcasms, in notes so brief as to recall the adage of "fluctus in simpulo," at texts made easy by lazy emendators. One case of his retention of the harder reading is the line

> Phæcasianorum vetera ornamenta deorum (iii. 218),

a line referring to *chefs-d'œuvre* of Euphranos and Polycletus, stolen probably from temples to present to rich men's new mansions. Mr. Simcox owns that he knows of no recommendation for "Phæcasianorum" (from "phæcasium," the white woollen shoe of a priest), instead of "Hæc Asianorum," the alternative of Pithou and the scholiast, except that "potior lectio est difficillima." "Hæc Asianorum," having reference to "horrida mater" in v. 212, is so awkward that Jahn ventured upon changing "hæc" into "hic." If "Hæc" is retained, we can but look on it as the old plural nominative feminine for "Hæ," by no means uncommon in Terence and Plautus. But a spice of Mr. Simcox's tenacity of old readings prompts us to do battle for "Phæcasianorum" in the sense of "Gods slow to claim their own," gods who for a time acquiesce in the sacrilegious spoliation of their shrines. The proverb "Dii lanatos pedes habent" comes from Petronius; and Petronius is the authority too for "phæcasium," meaning "a white woollen shoe." It is a sheer guess, but looking at the date of Petronius, and the possibility that a satirist might allude to a current proverb without endorsing its sense of sure silent vengeance, so much as that of slowness and lagging not less involved in "shoes of wool," we may venture to broach it in the absence of other conjectures, probable or improbable. That Mr. Simcox sometimes pushes this preference for the harder reading to a fault may be gathered from his printing at iii. 54, "Si pudor est de se, pulvino surgat equestri," because such is the reading of the scholiast and probably Pithou's MS. instead of the usual manuscript reading "Si pudor est, et de," &c. This, he says with a sneer, is *neater and less vigorous*. In explaining a passage by a few telling English words he is often very successful, as where, at iv. 80, "Omnia . . . tractanda putabat inermi Justitiâ," he renders this portion of the character of Pegasus, "He thought he did his duty in practising justice himself, without doing battle to withstand Domitian and chastise his favourites." This paraphrase of "inermi justitiâ" seems exactly to meet the sense, which is that Pegasus was not of the Judge Gascoine stamp, and which is borne out by v. 89, "Nunquam direxit brachia contra Torrentem," and 93, "His armis atque illâ tutus in aulâ." Often, however, we have to find fault in Mr. Simcox's notes with the extreme condensation of his explanatory sentences —a condensation which induces ambiguity, and not unfrequently seems to savour of affectation. For this reason we should prefer in some respects Mr. Escott's Juvenal, which, though a less showy, more matter-of-fact piece of editing, is in the main very sound, workmanlike, and trustworthy. We have already noticed his praiseworthy habit of passing in review all the current interpretations of a hard line or passage, and indicating, where he can help the student, to which of them he inclines. We have noticed that this process is adopted in other classics of Virtue's series, many volumes of which deserve high credit for their sound work and extremely moderate price. We wish we could overlook the one fault of the Juvenal of the series, on which we condole with its very capable editor—its vexatious typographical errors; but this is a drawback which we hope to see remedied. We have lit upon very few mistakes, however trivial, which can be attributed to the editor himself, though he can hardly expect us to endorse his rendering of "suberant" (iv. 60), "approached," or to agree with him in making "Polyxena" (x. 271, note), and not "Hecuba," the widow of Priam who underwent metamorphosis. On the other hand, he has many high virtues as an editor; his "construes" are often very neat—*e.g.*, iii. 114, "Transi gymnasia," "Quit the playgrounds of vice"; iv. 38, "Calvo Neroni," "a bald edition of Nero"; v. 98, "Quod captator emat Lænas, Aurelia vendat," "Something for Lænas, the fortune-hunter, to buy, and for Aurelia, the rich old woman to whom he sends it, to sell." In other passages he shows considerable ingenuity, as where, on x. 8–9, "Nocitura togâ, nocitura petuntur Militiâ," he suggests that "togâ" and "militiâ" are the abstract for the concrete. "Statesman and warrior alike pray for what is injurious"; an interpretation which squares admirably with the illustrations that follow in the text of the satire. At x. 230, where a sketch is given of a helpless old man only able to open his mouth for food to be put into it, "ceu pullus hirundinis," he is surely right in taking "ipse" to refer to the subject—*the impotent old man*, rather than, as Simcox does, to mean "of his own accord."

Very often both the editors whom we have been criticizing agree in their interpretations, and that too where there is plenty of margin to differ. Mr. Escott's introductory matter strikes us as the more useful for the general purposes of the student, and as going over more ground in a style less speculative than that of Mr. Simcox. Both, however, have their value; and though, single-handed, we had rather study the satirist with the ready-to-hand help of the former, it would be unjust to deny that considerable light may be derived, for his dark places, from the more dashing brilliancy of the latter, which does not lack either solid scholarship or critical acumen.

DEAN BOYD ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.*

WE have before now had occasion to refer to that modest and interesting body which, with a delicate appreciation of the attitude of the pious Pharisee in the parable, styles itself the "Christian Young Men's Association." It does not, we believe, very often happen that men of any real mark select this community of model Christians as the depositary of their confidences; nor have they perhaps much encouragement to do so. Some years ago Dr. Vaughan, who was then Head-Master of Harrow, came up to London to deliver a lecture on Cicero before them; but the Christian youths, who were expecting a far racier entertainment from no less illustrious a personage than Dr. Binney "to follow"—as the phraseology of the pothouse would have it—expressed their gratitude for his kindness by such a continuous chorus of groans, hootings, and hisses that it was with great difficulty the lecture could be got through at all. We can quite believe that the Dean of Exeter found a more congenial audience in that city for his lecture on the Prayer-book. Dr. Boyd was well known as a popular Evangelical preacher, first at Cheltenham and afterwards at Paddington, till he was transferred to his present post in the exercise of that admirable discrimination which invariably suggested to Mr. Disraeli those divines who were believed to have least sympathy with the cathedral services as the proper occupants of deaneries. It is highly to the credit of the new Dean that he should have employed his leisure hours at Exeter in the endeavour to acquire some acquaintance with the history of those services in which he is now so frequently obliged to take part. But one may be permitted to regret, for his own sake, that he should not have deferred his laudable attempt to revive the flagging devotion of "the members of the Exeter Young Men's Christian Association" to the Church by a discourse on "the History of our National Prayer-book," till he had got up his lesson a little more perfectly. It is right, no doubt, "to be thankful for sma' mercies," and it is something that an Evangelical dean should have so many civil things to say about the Prayer-book at all. Still there are occasions when the er "Save me from my friends" is almost forced from one's and it is possible to praise even "our incomparable Liturgy"

* *The Book of Common Prayer.* A Lecture. By Archibald Boyd, D.D., Dean of Exeter. Exeter: Eland. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1869.

with more fervour than appreciation. The Dean is undoubtedly correct in his opening remark, that "the history of our National Prayer-book is anything but generally understood or known." The question is, whether his lecture is likely to dispel the prevalent ignorance or to deepen it. Of that our readers shall have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

The lecture commences with a studied, not to say stilted, defence of what the writer calls "precomposed," as distinguished from "un-precomposed prayers," chiefly because they are "avowals and assertions of great doctrinal truths"—an admission which High-Church readers may be disposed to make more use of than the Dean would quite relish, considering what sort of doctrinal truths are contained, for instance, in the Baptismal Service. The Dean subjoins an historical argument based on our using the same "prayers which Jerusalem, Antioch, and Cappadocia used," which is apparently a graceful allusion to the "three great Liturgies existing," we are elsewhere informed, in the early Church, "that of Basil, that of Chrysostom, and that of Antioch." We had always supposed there were four great families of Liturgies traditionally ascribed to St. James, St. John, St. Mark, and St. Peter. The Liturgy of St. Peter, though prevailing over the whole Western Church, was too Popish perhaps to deserve even a passing mention, but why are St. John and St. Mark so summarily ignored? The Dean's notion of the early Liturgies is altogether a very singular one. He tells us that "Chrysostom in one of his homilies thus noticed that Prayer in the Communion Service *which is called the Bidding Prayer*." This rather puzzled us, as "the Bidding Prayer"—which moreover is not a prayer in the Communion Service at all, but a prayer used in Cathedrals and University Churches before the sermon—was introduced by the English Reformers. What could St. Chrysostom, therefore, know about it? On reading the extract from his homily our perplexity was removed, though our amazement at the Dean's language was rather increased than otherwise. It is simply a reference to the Consecration Prayer, or Canon, as it is usually called, in the Eucharistic Liturgy, where, says St. Chrysostom, "we are bid to approach a gracious God, for bishops, for presbyters, for emperors, for kings, for sea and land, and for all the world." The word "bid" has evidently misled Dr. Boyd, but none who had the slightest acquaintance with the mere alphabet of liturgical knowledge could have fallen into so ludicrous a blunder. He is more intelligible, if not more fortunate, in an *argumentum ad hominem* addressed to Dissenters who object to forms of prayer, but do not object "to read or sing the well-known hymn"—we are ashamed to confess we never heard of it before—

> Come, Thou *Fount* of every blessing,
> *Tune* my heart to *sing* Thy grace.

May we be pardoned for observing that, if this was a fair specimen of liturgical forms, we should prefer on the whole—Antioch and Cappadocia notwithstanding—to do without them? One feels so hopelessly bewildered under a dispensation where fountains undertake the task of tuning, and "hearts" (can it be a misprint for harps?), having first been "tuned," forthwith begin "to sing," that the ritual, if adapted to the worship of the New Jerusalem, seems hardly suited for this fallen world.

But it is time to follow the Dean into his account of the Anglican Prayer-book. He thinks it of course "scarcely necessary to dwell" on the Liturgies which existed in England before the Reformation, from which almost every word of it is taken: for did not "the Liturgy or Mass Service fully represent the superstitions or doctrinal errors into which the Romish Church had fallen"? So, like St. Peter's, St. Mark's, and St. John's before, the less said or known about it the better. "The abomination stood in the Holy Place; and the cleansing of the Sanctuary which the sixteenth century witnessed necessitated the *construction* of a Liturgy for the Reformed Church." This is not a very hopeful beginning. But let us come to details:—

> The first attempt at a Liturgy in the days of Henry was meagre and unsatisfactory enough. It was the mass book of Rome, *with the addition of a few Collects and Hymns, the Creed, Commandments, and Lord's Prayer.* It was Rome with English additions, and it remained for the son of *the first Protestant King* of England to improve upon, and to advance beyond the halting steps of his father.

We need not dwell on the very odd description of Henry VIII., who would probably have made short work of any one who dared to call him a Protestant king. But what evil genius prompted Dean Boyd to crowd such a portentous string of elementary blunders into a single line? There was no alteration of the Missal during Henry's reign, except the striking out of one or two festivals. Collects, Hymns, Creed, and Lord's Prayer, it had as it always had, and as the Roman Missal has still, though the Hymns—which mean, we suppose, certain Graduals and Sequences—were omitted from Edward's Reformed Liturgy. The Commandments, as every one knows except Dr. Boyd, were first inserted in the Second Book of Edward VI. We are next informed that "the system of Rome encouraged all to come to the *celebration* of the High Mass and the *participation* of the Low." What distinction is intended here? Does the Dean mean that they were encouraged to come to Communion at the Low Mass? Probably he does, for he talks immediately afterwards of the priest "*administering Mass* to himself." Yet he can hardly object to that. Still more mysterious is his statement that the command not to come to Communion "unless prepared" was "a Protestant usage" introduced by the Reformers. There was a previous rule that persons should not come to Communion without previous confession, which rule the Reformers abrogated. This was the only new "command" of any sort which they introduced on the matter; and it is at least a very odd way of describing it to call it an order that none should come unprepared. Confession may be a very bad thing, but coming to the Sacrament without confession and coming with preparation are hardly synonymous. It is equally incorrect to say that "the compulsory withdrawal of the people" from the celebration, and "the non-oblation of the elements," were "features" of Edward's First Book, which contained a form for oblation of the elements translated almost *verbatim* from the Latin Missal. And it may be worth noticing as a proof of Dean Boyd's tolerant and charitable temper, that he considers Elizabeth to have "compromised the independence of the nation" by striking out of the Litany the edifying petition inserted under Edward—which by the way he misquotes—"From the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities, Good Lord deliver us."

It was not of course to be expected that an Evangelical lecturer would miss the opportunity of delivering his testimony on "the Eucharistic vestments," in discoursing on the Prayer-book. But we were hardly prepared for Dean Boyd's very remarkable method of disposing of the difficulty. After quoting the too famous Ornaments Rubric, he first proceeds, by a piece of legerdemain which utterly baffles our comprehension, to prove that "the second year of Edward VI."—when the vestments were worn—clearly means the *last* year of Edward, when they had been forbidden. And then he adds that "if any doubt on that point remained"—as we humbly submit is certainly the case—it would be dispelled by an injunction of Bishop Ridley's to his clergy against "showing the Sacrament openly or making any elevation thereof," which is very like arguing that an order not to put up your umbrella involves a prohibition to put on your coat. After this specimen of reasoning, we are not surprised that the Hampton Court Conference, which tells very little for the Dean's view of things, is dismissed in a few unmeaning sentences. The Caroline revision cannot of course be quite so easily passed over with a wet sponge, and here accordingly the real point of the question is simply merged in a maze of grandiloquent verbiage. Students of English history will be interested to learn that "the rebellion which laid in the dust the throne, the sceptre, and the mitre," was originally due, not to ship-money, not to the excess of royal prerogative, or the growing power of the Commons, or any of the other causes to which historians have usually traced it, but to the "suspicion that the mass was coming back on England" under Laud's auspices. The Savoy Conference is dealt with at some length, and many ingenious reasons are given to show why no concessions were made to the Puritans, and that the changes actually made were nevertheless in a Protestant direction instead of the reverse. On this latter point the lecturer's argument is not easy to follow. We fail, for instance, to see any important difference, or indeed any difference at all, between the sick man being ordered "to make confession," and "to be moved to make confession"; if anything, the latter direction seems the stronger. Nor is it easy to see how the doctrine of absolution is affected by the priest being directed to absolve him "if he humbly desire it." Does Dean Boyd suppose the absolution of unwilling subjects to be part of the Romish doctrine? He is still less happy in urging that "the general confession of the Communion Service was to be made, according to the former Rubric, by the priest himself, but, under the altered one, by one of the ministers," as an example of Protestant tendencies, for in this point the altered Rubric is a return to the direction of the Roman Missal. These are mere quibbles. But we have a much more serious complaint to make of the remark which follows, telling us that "to dispel the idea that any adoration of the elements was implied in the act of kneeling," the Black Rubric was re-introduced by the Caroline revisionists. Dean Boyd had referred to this Rubric, at its first introduction under Elizabeth, and for once correctly, as a protest against "an essential presence of Christ's actual flesh and blood." He can hardly be unaware that when the Rubric was restored in 1662 the word "essential" was struck out, and "corporal" substituted for it; yet of this he drops not the slightest hint, though he must know that High Churchmen, rightly or wrongly, attribute a crucial importance to the change. They may be mistaken in their view, and it was open to the Dean, if he so pleased, to insist that they are. What was not open to him was to pass over in silence a fact which, *primâ facie* at least, seems to destroy the force of his argument. It is a minor indication of the same spirit that he makes no reference to several additions and alterations introduced at the same time into the Communion Service, none of them perhaps very important in themselves, but all pointing in a retrograde direction as contrasted with the Second Prayer-book of Edward VI.

We have been obliged to find much fault with Dean Boyd's lecture, which is indeed little else than a catena of blunders and bad logic from beginning to end. On one point, however, he seems to us to have spoken very sensibly, and as the Act of Uniformity has been so liberally abused of late from very opposite quarters—Dean Stanley, if we remember right, styled it "atrocious"—it may be well to recall people's minds to the simple facts of the case, which are stated in the following passage impartially enough:—

> As it was, the Act went forth requiring "the assent and consent of Ministers to all contained in the Book;" men being granted to the 24th August to make up their minds as to giving or refusing their adherence to it. It was the severity of this measure which ejected 2,000 from their preferments. A harsh and severe measure surely, for it barely allowed the parties most concerned time to study and compare with their own consciences, the Book appended to the Act. Yet, it ought not to be forgotten, that several years before, the intolerance of the Commonwealth cast the

Episcopalian Ministers out of their houses and offices. If the Nonconformists were ejected by the stringency of the Act of Uniformity from homes and parishes, it should be remembered that an answer is due to the question "How did they come there?" And, never must we lose sight of the fact, that the Act of Uniformity was not an ecclesiastical, but a political measure, for it was not passed by Conference or Convocation, but by the representatives of the people in Parliament assembled.

THE GIRLS OF FEVERSHAM.*

MRS. ROSS CHURCH amply redeems the pledge she gives in her dedication, and we freely confess that, from her first page to her last, there is not a line that can be fairly called sensational in any sense of the word. We doubt, indeed, if situations the most thrilling could have awakened in us anything more than a languid desire that their victims might have a speedy and happy release. As it is, the tale is eminently uneventful, and its characters, so far as we can trace their features at all, are extravagantly commonplace. We know that rural felicity has its shady side, and that what poets sing may be terribly dull when translated into prose. Feversham, within a ride of Cromer, and consequently beyond the reach of railways, was likely to be especially so; but why reproduce it in its realistic monotony? Many a sweet flower, we are aware, is born to blush unseen, and the author might have found in many a parochial belle the materials for an enchanting study. But really we think she would have exercised a wise discretion in leaving the Girls of Feversham to waste their fragrance on their desert air. With a joint-stock company of half a dozen heroines, we may look for lovemaking in plenty, and love of a sort we have in abundance. But although the author speaks or hints of unsuspected depths of tenderness, wherever we turn we seem to see to the unromantic bottom of some very shallow soul, with nothing more exciting than a ripple stirring on the surface. The author evidently does not care, or does not dare, to grapple with and analyse a subtle emotion or an earnest passion. She leaves us to infer that they are there, or have been there, by sketching a soured mind or a wasted body, like the child who has to write a name under the animal he aspires to depict. As the ideal of an inflammable neighbourhood, the conception of Feversham is good and bold. Every one under five-and-fifty falls in love with one or more persons, as the case may be, generally at first sight and necessarily often at cross purposes.

The Girls of Feversham, strictly so called, are, we presume, the daughters of Mr. Ripley, a wealthy gentleman-farmer. Although pretty, they are very unattractive, but this is perhaps rather their misfortune than their fault. They have grown up motherless, and their father lets them do very much as they like; he gives them the run of his stables and orchards, and their chief pleasures seem to be early dinners and heavy teas, with razzias on the fruit-trees between times, and an occasional ride or game at croquet, to correct, as we presume, the effects of these indiscretions. He vetoes strictly anything like intellectual pleasure, and denies them even an occasional box from Mudie. He is queerly inconsistent in his parsimony, for he grudges a tallow candle, while he places a groom at their disposal when they choose to ride. Their bodies thrive while their minds run to seed, and the system makes a trio of vapid hoydens. Their neighbour, Miss Pelham, is the paragon of the book, and has had many more advantages. She is only daughter to Admiral Pelham, a landed proprietor, and extremely highly connected. Were she not presented as a model of ladylike refinement, we should have said her style of talk verged on the vulgar, or at least that it would have been more in place in the mouth of one of her father's midshipmen. When she does not address him as "Old boy" or "Dear old boy," she always speaks of the *pater*, a word singularly disenchanting in the mouth of a girl. When, in the middle of the story, the Admiral commands her somewhat arbitrarily to break off her relations with the Ripleys, on the ground of their not being fit companions for her, we only think it might have saved some deterioration of manner had he done so earlier. When his daughter objects that her friends are "perfect ladies," we cannot help questioning whether she is much of a judge. Mary Pelham, we should say, is one of those girls one not unfrequently meets, who queen it in the family circle where they are quite at their ease, and accustomed to have their pertness accepted as wit and their noisy laughter as humour, and who are in a chronic state of blushes and stuttering when taken out into society. The fifth and funniest of the charmers of Feversham is her relation and guest, Rosalind Marsh, who comes down to the country from the town with manners as artificial as her person. She brings with her dark and terrible experiences of life, which find vent in strange inuendoes and fragments of cynical philosophy that suspiciously resemble plagiarisms from novels like the *Girls of Feversham*. She bursts on the congregation at the village church in a gigantic *chignon* and an invisible bonnet; powders, paints, and traces veins on her forehead; has bold manners and bolder eyes, which she uses with a freedom that might snare boys, but which would, we should have supposed, send a man of sense or of the world shuddering away. She is a chartered heart-breaker, laying herself out to win hearts only that she may throw them aside. No fish are too paltry for her nets. Her first and youngest victim at Feversham is Corney Ripley, a shy lout of a boy whom she makes fierce love to at first sight, and who ere long snatches nearly unreproved a kiss from her lacquered lips. Numbers two and three are Messrs. Shawe, senior and junior, the parish clergyman and his son. Mr. Shawe the elder is presented as a thoughtful and earnest Christian, who rescues Mary Pelham later from the toils of Ritualism, probing the wounds love has left in her bleeding heart, with the conscious courage of a priest who knows that his tenderness and elevated sympathies are purely professional, and not to be mistaken for anything else. He nurses a life-long sorrow of his own too, and, having killed his wife by a melancholy accident, expiates this involuntary crime by undying regret; nevertheless, the chignoned and powdered apparition has power to cast a flood of sunshine on the chastened gloom of his soul, and at his first interview with Miss Marsh he indulges such badinage as this:—

> "I am afraid Mr. Shawe will vote me a lost sheep," said Rosalind Marsh, bringing her wonderful eyes to bear upon the rector's face.
>
> "One that would well repay the trouble of seeking, at any rate," he replied, as he thought that he had never seen such eyes in the world before.

The enchantress who lures the melancholy rector into pretty speeches at their first meeting casts her spell simultaneously over his son. Not having heard the tone in which his venerated parent addresses their common idol, he congratulates himself on the paternal partiality which the rector displays for her, and counts on his approval and co-operation in forwarding his own wishes. Tossing on a sleepless pillow, he overhears his father at his midnight orisons, and in them he catches the name of Rosalind. In a fervour of gratitude he has sat up in bed, preparatory to springing out of it into his father's arms, when the context that comes to his ears changes him to a statue, for he learns that his father is wrestling in his own behalf. A very pretty kettle of fish Miss Marsh has made in that household. The only advances she discourages are those that seem best worth encouraging. Her reasons we are left to guess at, for principles are not likely to stand in the way of the vengeance she has vowed on all males, and she could best have served her friend by exposing the want of principle of her friend's lover. Lord Augmering has come down to the Admiral's as the betrothed of his daughter. It puzzles us at first whether this terrible Don Giovanni is intended for a wolf in a donkey's hide or a donkey pure and simple. His cool audacity augurs the one, his simplicity and want of manner the other. The Admiral's house must have been Liberty Hall, and its motto *honi soit qui mal y pense*. The very evening that the family return home, bringing his lordship with them, that gentleman leaves his host, who is also a smoker, and goes out to enjoy a cigar in the grounds. There he meets the youngest Miss Ripley on the prowl, and they proceed immediately to hot flirtation. That over, instead of hurrying back in the guiltiness of his conscience to pay redoubled attentions to Miss Pelham, he "stands for a quarter of an hour chaffing a rosy-cheeked milkmaid who was loitering by the poultry yard." Although both scenes pass close to the house, and it may be imagined many a pair of eyes must have been inquisitive enough about their young lady's lover, he neither fears nor suffers detection. He does not sparkle in his talk; but when lovers of any sort are rare, and titles unheard of, smiles are lightly provoked. The following is one of the gems of the dialogue:—

> "Suppose what?" said Lord Augmering; "that I should eat you?"
>
> "Oh no," smiling at the idea, "but suppose some one should see."

Finally his weak flirtation with Alice Ripley, carried on with much embracing and kissing, in which he means neither good nor evil but is the mere creature of circumstances, ends in the elopement that yokes him with a wife who in brains and virtue is every way worthy of her husband. The elopement, with the incidents that prelude it in the Ripleys' house, is the most artistically dramatic scene in the book. Alice Ripley, who has as little heart as head—and that is saying a good deal—plays her simple and successful plot to abstract the door-key, which is kept in a basket in her sister's room. From Scott's *Abbot* downwards the abstraction of keys has been a favourite incident with novelists, but we must give Mrs. Church all credit for ingenuity. Had it been by a man, we should have said the sketch bordered on the sensuous. Enter Alice with "her *robe de chambre* thrown over her nightdress," and "without stockings too," as her sister maternally remarks. "Kicking off both her slippers into the air, and throwing her dressing-gown upon the bed . . . . she flew to the other end of the apartment, and holding out her flowing nightdress in her hands, commenced to dance before her sister." She enacts the pet of the ballet, Salome dancing before Herod, &c.; and it is while Alice is yet pirouetting as Salome, "with flushed face and white shoulders, off which the nightdress had partly fallen," that the maid who is her accomplice steals the keys. We thought at first that these bacchanalian *tableaux* had been symptoms of hysterical excitement on the eve of the child's leaving her family. They turn out, however, to have been cold-blooded guile, and so she must have been what Mrs. Church gives us no reason to suppose elsewhere, not merely a fool but a monster. Alice Ripley having carried off Miss Pelham's lover, the latter young lady takes to wearing the willow with a smiling face and an aching heart. For change of scene she leaves home with a cousin, who is sad-faced and resigned, and of course also the victim of misplaced attachment and designing men. Mary, taking refuge in Ritualism, goes as far as confession. She erects a private altar, which she drapes in "red petticoats," and is asked scandalous questions, and answers them in humble faith. If Mrs. Church's novel has an object, it is the laughing down of Ritualism; but we question whether this exceedingly lightly-armed auxiliary will scatter much dismay in the ranks of the ceremonialists. While Miss Pelham is soothing her pains with the distractions and consolations of Anglo-Romanism,

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* *The Girls of Feversham.* By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church), Author of "Nelly Brooke." 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1869.

her friend and fellow-sufferer, Miss Ripley, having nothing of the kind to fall back on, has let her mind prey upon itself. She and young Mr. Pelham are desperately in love with each other. We see or hear so little of the growth of their attachment, that really we cannot be fairly called on for more than a very general sympathy. The stern parents on either side have quarrelled and forbidden communication; Ursula wasting to a shadow, and the Admiral, when he happens one day to visit at the farm, is intensely shocked at the change he sees. We fear that either he or Ursula must have sadly neglected their religious duties, or, worshipping as they did in the same little church, he could hardly have escaped perceiving it before. However, it is evident that a shock of the sort was necessary to shake his sternness and intense family pride. It has the desired effect. He softens, and straightway writes for his son, who comes, cures, and marries, and the curtain drops on at least one happy couple. Unluckily they are the pair whose concerns we are supposed to take the least interest in, and their good fortune does not recompense us for the wretched *fiasco* which all the others make of it. We surmise that about now Mrs. Church had got thoroughly tired of her personages, and decided on cutting a three-volume novel down into two. At least that is the most charitable way of accounting for her impotent conclusion. They are all disposed of summarily and abruptly in a couple of pages, and by an imaginary dream. Mary Pelham is *the* heroine, if any one is, and the author dismisses her and closes the book thus:—

> But will she love again?
>
> For my own part, I see no reason why she should not.
>
> Hearts are seldom the worse and often the better for knowing what it is to have been sorely wounded, and to have healed again from the force of their own healthy organization.
>
> And as for a husband, they certainly are not plentiful at Feversham, but Mary Pelham might go farther and fare worse than Lucien Barrington Shawe

Or than Mr. Noakes, or Mr. Styles, or any one else. But considering that Miss Pelham and Mr. Shawe have never shown the slightest approach to mutually tender feelings—that, on the contrary, each has been represented as passionately in love with some one else—we must say that we feel we are treated cavalierly. We have a right to protest against Mrs. Church's palming off upon us this *torso*, beautiful as it may be, as a finished work of art.

KONEWKA'S SILHOUETTES OF THE *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.**

THE Germans, it has been said, are better acquainted with Shakspeare than we are. Long ago they possessed three capital versions of the poet's plays, while as for "their criticisms," writes Mr. Carlyle, "no such clear judgment or hearty appreciation of Shakspeare's merits has ever been exhibited by any critic of our own." In like manner it may be said of the work before us, that few if any of our artists have so nicely discriminated the poet's meaning, or given to his characters such artistic embodiment. It has been prettily put that poetry possesses a "garment," a "body," and a "soul." And Germans, whether critics, commentators, or artists, are usually presumed to have much of the transcendental quality which Mr. Emerson designates as the "over-soul." Certainly Herr Konewka's four-and-twenty designs are instinct with poetry, both in thought and form. As to the "garment" of pictorial art they are somewhat scanty, as to the "body" they are ideal in type, and as to "soul" they are, to use a term somewhat repulsive to plain English speech, eminently "æsthetic." The Germans prove themselves good translators, whether the language they use be verbal or pictorial; they are endowed with a certain metaphysical intuition of mental conditions; they are able to throw themselves as it were into national attitudes, to realize historic situations. Speaking generally, they appreciate the conditions of genius, and place themselves readily in the position of great minds when in the act of creating. Thus men like Goethe, Schiller, and the brothers Schlegel were able to bring vividly before the imaginations of their fellow-countrymen scenes in the national drama of England, and to reproduce in the German tongue poems which have long lived in the literature of our own people. We do not pretend to assert that Herr Konewka, of whom we have hitherto known little or nothing—and whom we may possibly be mistaken in assuming to be a German by birth, though his art is distinctly German—will by the work before us win a position side by side with the illustrious men just named. But the above recital may at least indicate how the artist can best be appreciated. Thus these illustrations of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* come as the vital issue of preceding and existing conditions; they are the natural product of that love of Shakspeare, that æsthetic culture, and that compound of abstract form with concrete character, which have long marked the German intellect.

These twenty-four "silhouettes," printed in jet black upon grey toned paper, are simple in composition and pure in outline as the black figures on yellow grounds in Etruscan vases. Seldom do the compositions comprise so many as even three characters, and nearly half of the entire series is set apart to a single figure, such as Puck, Pyramus, Hermia, Helena, Titania, &c. We need not point out that an art thus circumscribed in its range needs to be little short of perfect after its kind. Accordingly, it has been the aim of the artist to make the forms pure as the Greek, the lines harmonious as the melodies of Pan, the execution delicate as on antique gems. Yet the spirit of this modern art is far from the antique, and distant too from Shakspeare; it has little of the unconscious simplicity of the one, or of the rude unsophisticated nature of the other; it is infused with the prettiness of romantic schools, with the coquetry of fashion; it seeks the fascination, and at the same time falls into the affectation, of Canova's manner. Thus much, at any rate, may be urged against any pretence to absolute perfection. Likewise objection may be fairly taken to the costume adopted. Herr Konewka's costume can be best excused on the score of a pleasant compromise between European petticoats and primæval nudity; the artist seems in fact to have secured the joint advantages of these distant, and heretofore irreconcileable, conditions. And indeed a deliberate outrage upon strict classic costume may perhaps be forgiven when dresses had to be provided by our eminently æsthetic costumier for "Bottom the Weaver" and "Snug the Joiner." Still it were well to remember that the Theseus of Shakspeare is usually identified with the Theseus of Phidias. The criticism, however, were merciless that would judge any living artist by a Phidian standard. Yet, even as to drapery, any modern painter might feel himself fortunate were he permitted to take for his pattern the famed Elgin frieze, which displays the most perfect reconciliation between dress and the human form, the one enhancing the beauty and majesty of the other. Herr Konewka, for reasons best known to himself, has not seen fit to adopt the Phidian treatment, though obviously the bas-relief manner might serve as a fine and close precedent for silhouette drawing. Yet, on the other hand, we need scarcely say that these designs do not sink to the bathos of what in London is known under the name of Shakspearian revivals. We repeat that Herr Konewka is content with a compromise; and Shakspeare himself sought, through bold and unhesitating compromise, freedom for genius to do whatever seemed best. The utmost that the strictest of critics have a right to demand may be that the illustrator of a poet who ignores "the unities" shall do his best to reconcile discrepancies and to bring together into fair pictorial keeping scattered materials, and chronologies and styles somewhat regardless of historic congruity. Herr Konewka is right to be cosmopolitan; he is wise to render his art at once concrete in character, and abstract in ideal form; he manages to make things pleasant all round, so that his anatomies will not provoke protest from science nor his draperies from art. A happy concord is certainly brought about somehow between the human form, the dramatic action, and the poetic conception. The compositions hold well together, not as forced contrivances, but as free creations. Thus the praise which Mengs bestowed on Raffaelle may be transferred to Konewka:—"There is a cause for all his folds, either in their own weight, or in the motion of the limbs. We can often tell from the former what has been the previous attitude of the latter. We can see from these folds whether a leg or arm, previously to its movement, was in a backward or forward posture; whether a limb had been, or was in the act of being, straightened, or whether it had been straight, and was being contracted." The artist has certainly striven, and that successfully, to suggest through his draperies strong action in muscle and swift motion in limb. His figures float in air, and the point of a toe tells where they may alight on earth.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a drama difficult to illustrate. Mrs. Jameson says that "the attempt to condense into marble these light, evanescent, quaint creations is better avoided; we feel that a marble fairy must be a heavy absurdity. Oberon and Titania might perhaps float along in bas-relief; but we cannot put away the thought that they have reality without substantiality, and we do not like to see them, or Ariel, or Caliban fixed in the definite forms of sculpture." Yet in the studios of Rome we recall few more popular works than Miss Hosmer's figure of mischief-making little Puck seated on a mushroom. And, at all events, Mrs. Jameson's objections scarcely extend to painting. Yet the difficulties, as we have said, are great; for, to quote from Lessing's *Laocoon*, "the poet is as far above the painter as life is above the painting." "The musical picture which the words of the poet present in one instant of time cannot be translated into another language." Painting is silent poetry; it is life struck dumb and motionless; the deed is arrested in the doing, the action knows of neither before nor after. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is as a fantasy flowing in one continuous stream, translucent, sparkling, ever changing; or as a gossamer web which a breath might blow away. There is no scaffolding in this aërial structure upon which the artist can build. This fairy world is nothing more substantial than an arabesque coloured by imagination; the butterfly that flits from flower to flower cannot be more light of wing or fugitive in life. The whole poem is transient as twilight, evanescent as morning dew. The pencil of the artist cannot arrest the vision ere it dissolve into thin air; such musical notes when put upon paper are frozen; the Æolian harp cannot be touched by the finger, but only by the breezes. All this would seem to indicate that Shakspeare's drama, described as "the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients," is simply unpaintable. Yet may we remember that to its inspiration we owe at least one poem-picture, Sir Edwin Landseer's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

That it needs a poet to translate a poet, is a common aphorism; to which may be added, as a corollary, that it needs a poet to illustrate a poet. Herr Konewka, as an illustrator, is in possession of the poetic sense. By simple outlines he kindles imagination, and transports the spectator into the world of the poet's fancy. Thus silhouettes of Titania, Ariel, Bottom, no

* *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* By W. Shakespere. Illustrated with Twenty-four Silhouettes by P. Konewka. Woodcuts engraved by A. Vogel. London: Longmans & Co. Heidelberg: Fr. Bassermann.

sooner meet the eye than memory awakens consonant associations, and the ear, as it were, becomes conscious of the rhythm of verse. Such happy relationship between poetry and painting has been compared to amicable arrangements subsisting between two neighbouring kingdoms; slight aggressions or reprisals may occur on frontier lines, but mutual forbearance brings in the end peace through compromise. Herr Konewka's territory is indeed so narrow that small compensation might satisfy. Still, if the worst came to the worst, the artist might stand on his own merits; his art is good as art, his compositions satisfy eye and mind, even though driven to divorce from the poet's text. The painter's reading is free rather than literal; his work is not so much a prose transcript as a rhythmical paraphrase. Thus the rendering gains, as did Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, the merit of an independent work. Certainly Konewka has got rhythm into his forms, and thus do these figures respond to the music of the verse. Yet has the many-sided Shakspeare here paid for the privilege of illustration the penalty of art mannerism; the universality of the poet's creations has been narrowed almost to a nutshell.

The romantic classicism of the artist's style may be best understood by comparison. Thus his figures hold relation with designs on Greek vases, with this difference—that classic severity is left out, and soft romance thrown in. Again, it will easily be understood that between Konewka and Flaxman there is somewhat in common; in the compositions of each alike we recognise grace in line, beauty in form, and special delicacy in treatment of the nude. Stothard, who found for his pencil congenial work in the illustration of Shakspeare, belongs of course to the same company, though lack of training compelled him to shop short in weak elegance and pleasing grace. John Gibson, yet another of our artists, allied himself by bas-reliefs, and especially by his design of "the Marriage of Psyche and Cupid," now before us, to this school of studied form, proportion, symmetry. And from the extremes of ancient and modern art the transition becomes of course easy to Raffaelle, the happy mean, as seen in frescoes in the Farnese Palace — the brightest and best of all translations of poetic thought into pictorial form. Then, passing to Northern nations, analogies might be drawn with bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen or with Frölich's supremely lovely illustrations of Cupid and Psyche. In the German mind, indeed, the classic story of Cupid and Psyche, the Teutonic *Niebelungen Lied*, and the Saxon *Midsummer Night's Dream*, seem, through consanguinity of genius, to hold fellowship. Certainly there is much in the character and complexion of the German intellect akin with the fancy-woven drama of Shakspeare. And Mendelssohn, years ago, in the delicate filigree and gossamer tissue of his music, as now Konewka in these beautiful designs, confessed to the spell of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* on the German imagination.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 702, APRIL 10, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 5; the Right Hon. Lord STANLEY, M.P., in the Chair. The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements.
4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

THE SOCIETY for the PROPAGATION of the GOSPEL in FOREIGN PARTS.—On Tuesday, April 27, the ANNUAL MEETING will be held in St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, at Half-past Two o'clock in the Afternoon. His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, President of the Society, in the Chair. Tickets of Admission will be ready One Week previously.

PHYSIOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE EVENING CLASSES.—The SUMMER COURSE, by J. BURNEY YEO, Esq., M.B., commences on the 14th inst.—For particulars, apply at the College Office.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—TUESDAY EVENING LECTURES.—The FOURTH LECTURE of the SERIES will be delivered on April 13, at 8.30, by the Rev. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS, M.A. Subject, SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.
The Subsequent LECTURES will be as follows:
Fifth Lecture, May 11, by Professor T. H. KEY, F.R.S. Subject, SOME LEADING PRINCIPLES IN ETYMOLOGY.
Sixth Lecture, June 8, by MICHAEL FOSTER, B.A., M.D. Subject, ORGANS AND FUNCTIONS: the Relations of Vital Work to Anatomical Machinery.
The Tickets will admit either Ladies or Gentlemen, and may be obtained at the Office of the College, price 2s. 6d. each. The Proceeds will be paid over to the Fund now being raised for erecting the South Wing of the College.
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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 703, Vol. 27. April 17, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

MR. DISRAELI'S AMENDMENTS.

IF Mr. DISRAELI's Amendments are to be judged fairly, they must be looked at from the point of view which was occupied by those who framed them. The object of these amendments is to put the Conservative party in the best possible position for fighting Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill in detail. The Opposition, on being beaten by a decisive majority on the second reading, had to consider what course it should pursue. It might wholly refuse to discuss the provisions of the Bill, on the ground that it was not its business to make a monstrous act of sacrilege or robbery a little less monstrous. Allowing the Bill to pass through Committee without opposition, it might have taken a final division by way of protest, and then have left the rejection of the measure to the Lords. The Lords would be sure to reject the Bill if the leaders of the Conservative party urged them to do so; but the inevitable consequence of this rejection would be that Mr. DISRAELI would be called on to form a Ministry. If the country would support him, if a new election would give a Conservative majority, then all would be well. The House of Lords would have successfully exercised its constitutional power, and the Irish Church Bill would be at an end. But if the country would not support him, then not only must the Irish Church Bill pass exactly as Mr. GLADSTONE might like to frame it, but the political independence of the Lords would be finally crushed. It has, therefore, seemed prudent to the Conservative leaders not to risk so much. They prefer to have two strings to their bow. They can still protest by a final division on the third reading; and if any marvellous turn in public opinion takes place, they can still get the Bill thrown out in the Lords. But if the Bill must pass, they can try to alter it so as to make it as pleasant and profitable to the Irish Church as possible. Of course, in proposing amendments, some concession must be made. The Bill is a Bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Irish Church. Any amendment which is not a mere negation of the principle of the Bill must be nominally consistent with disestablishment and disendowment. The Conservatives are necessarily forced in Committee to accept disestablishment, and to try to mitigate its evils, to accept disendowment, but to limit to the utmost its operation. We cannot suppose that even Orangemen and Irish Bishops, or that even still more vague and reckless and unreflecting partisans, if there are any, can fail to understand the ground taken by the leaders of the party. Mr. DISRAELI, on behalf of his party, has protested altogether against disestablishment as wrong and impolitic, and pregnant with the last extremity of national evil; but if he opposes in Committee a Bill for disestablishment, he must accept the principle of disestablishment as for the moment conceded and recognised on both sides. He has pronounced all tampering with the property of the Irish Church to be fatal to the security of property generally, and eminently prejudicial to the interests of Protestantism and of good government. But if he goes into Committee on a Bill for disendowing the Irish Church, he must take disendowment for granted, and can do no more than restrain its operation. All this is so obvious that we do not believe he has a single Parliamentary supporter who will fail to see it. And nothing can be more unlikely than that the Conservative party will be divided or broken up because any considerable portion of it will be unable to see that it is open, both in good faith and in logic, for the party to say that they have protested and will protest again against the measure altogether, but still that, if they are to discuss a Bill for disestablishment and disendowment, they will try to make these sources of mischief as little mischievous as possible.

If the right policy of the Conservative party was to go into Committee with a series of amendments accepting the principles of the Bill but taking from them almost all operative force, the amendments which Mr. DISRAELI has proposed are very well calculated to carry out this policy. They admit disestablishment, but they erect in Ireland a powerful ecclesiastical body, based on existing diocesan arrangements, and which in 1872 may resume very intimate relations with the Crown. They admit disendowment, but they give back to the Church every sixpence that is taken from it. It was impossible to provide against disestablishment as effectually as against disendowment. If the connexion between Church and State is to cease, it cannot be made by any amendments, consistent with the principle of disestablishment, to go on existing. The Irish Bishops must cease to sit in the Lords, the Ecclesiastical Courts must lose their jurisdiction, the State must cease to determine what doctrines may or may not be held by Churchmen. All this is unavoidable, and Mr. DISRAELI has not been able to do more towards the repairing of the evils of disestablishment than to propose that the present dignitaries of the Church shall continue to enjoy the titles and precedence now accorded to them (which may seem a trifle, but which would keep up some of the social marks of Protestant ascendency for a generation), that the new ecclesiastical body shall grow out of existing diocesan arrangements, and that after 1871 the Crown may again appoint to bishoprics, if it and the ecclesiastical body agree in wishing that appointments should be so made. These alterations are slight in themselves, and to admit or reject them is a question of discretion rather than principle. There is no reason why the new ecclesiastical body should not be formed as Mr. DISRAELI proposes; and the only answer is, that it will be wiser to let the Church act entirely for itself, and on its own responsibility, and that it is for it to adopt, not for the Government to prescribe, Mr. DISRAELI's proposal. We cannot see any reason why a Protestant Church should not agree that the layman who, from time to time, should hold a certain office like that of First Lord of the Treasury should, if himself a Churchman, appoint to bishoprics as the best means of avoiding clerical animosities and scandals, and securing the appointment of learned, moderate, and liberal men. The objection is not a theoretical, but a practical, one. Any connexion, of however innocent a kind, between the Government and the Protestant Episcopalian Church in Ireland is so likely to be misinterpreted, that it may be wiser for English politicians to say once for all that they will have nothing to do with appointing Irish Bishops. Still what Mr. DISRAELI proposes with regard to disestablishment is small and unimportant, and worth fair discussion. But when he gets to disendowment, he can frame his amendments in a much more effectual way. The Bill proposes to take away the property of the Irish Church, but to give back a portion of it. The amendments proceed in the same line as the Bill, but push the process a little further. They go on giving back under this head, and giving back under that head, until all is virtually given back. The Church body is at once to receive fourteen times the annual value of what is now received by bishops and incumbents; for commutation is not to be in the discretion of the annuitant, but is to be made on application of the Church body, directly it is shown that this body will satisfactorily protect the interests of the incumbent. Then four times this same annual value is to be at once handed over to the Church body, by way of compensation to laymen for having the funds of their Church taken from it. The Church, therefore, starts with eighteen times its annual revenue as a fund in hand. It is then to get a sum equal to fourteen times the annual amount expended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the average of the last ten years for repairs and maintenance of fabrics, and for the performance of divine service, and fourteen times the annual amount of what will be necessary to keep up in proper style cathedrals and other churches worthy to be called national monuments. It is to have all existing glebes and parsonages made over to it; it is to keep all lands given to it by statute or Royal grant since the second year of the reign of ELIZABETH, and it is to have all private endowments, not from 1660, but from the

remotest period. And here the amendments get wonderfully bold. In the first place, Mr. DISRAELI provides that, in addition to the paid Commissioners named by Government, there shall be three Commissioners named by Mr. DISRAELI himself, and that any one who does not get on well with the paid Commissioners may appeal to two of Mr. DISRAELI's nominees. It would be for these gentlemen to decide what possessions of the Church shall be continued to it as private endowments, and to facilitate their decisions Mr. DISRAELI expressly provides that they need not go by legal evidence, but may be satisfied with any sort of historical or other proof they happen to fancy. Lastly, the new Church body is to be provided with 200,000*l.* to pay its official staff. Disendowment would certainly be stripped of its terrors on these terms, and so far from the owners of property being frightened by it, they could only wish that they might be disendowed in the same way. For the Church would get back a good deal more than it gave, more especially as the tithe rent-charges are to be redeemed by the landowners, not at the fixed rate of twenty-two and a-half years' purchase, but at the average market price during the ten years before 1872. Even if the Church kept all its lands, whether derived from public or private sources, the rest of its property would not be sufficient to yield eighteen times the annual value of the incomes of bishops and incumbents, and to provide for all the other purposes indicated by Mr. DISRAELI; and therefore more money would be wanted than the Church has now got. The Church would, in fact, have to come to the State to help it to disendow itself, and we should have to find money to make it richer than it is now.

This general result saves Mr. DISRAELI from much embarrassment. He does not alter the proposed destination of the surplus, for there will not, according to his plan, be any surplus to distribute. He cuts out the clauses for compensation to the Presbyterians and Maynooth, because he has taken care that the Church shall not find the money for the purpose, and if the State likes to find it, that is the affair of the State, and has nothing to do with a Bill regarding the Irish Church. He does not even interfere with the landowners, whom he a short time ago entreated to beware of being bribed into robbing the Church at the cost of making all Irish landed property insecure. They can scarcely be accused of robbing her if she is to receive, under the sanction of an Act of Parliament, more than she has now. Conservatives must be very hard to please who, so far as disendowment goes, are not satisfied with Mr. DISRAELI's amendments; but we may still ask whether the policy that has prompted these amendments is a wise one. They go so far, they extend so thoroughly to every part of the Bill dealing with the property of the Church, they are so linked together, that they constitute a rival scheme to that of Mr. GLADSTONE. None of the purposes for which the Liberal party has striven would be gained if these amendments were carried. They may thus be said to go too far. The choice is not between this and that solution of a question of detail, but between Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill and Mr. DISRAELI's Bill. This gives the Ministry an unquestionable advantage. Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to treat each of Mr. DISRAELI's amendments as part of a general scheme, and nothing could be better calculated to keep the Liberal majority from falling away. Some of the long list of amendments are merely verbal, and are intended to improve the language of the Bill; but all the main amendments are so conceived that, if the Government should be beaten on any of them, it must withdraw the Bill. These amendments do not in fact lead the way to a compromise. They are so drafted that the Government must oppose them totally and directly. Now, if the real object of Mr. DISRAELI was to get slightly better terms for the Irish Church from the Commons, he would have taken a course little likely to be successful. But evidently this is not his object. He wants, in the first place, to stand well with his party, to give them confidence in him, to make even furious Irishmen feel that they are not being betrayed, and that even when he goes into Committee and accepts under protest disestablishment and disendowment, he knows how to work these odious proposals so as to benefit the Church. His amendments appear to be very well adapted to this end, and will rather tend to cheer and encourage and confirm the Conservatives in their opposition than to divide and dishearten them. In the next place, Mr. DISRAELI may reasonably calculate that the real battle will be fought in the Lords. In all probability, the Lords will pass the Second Reading, and then the Conservatives will propose and carry their amendments. The use of proposing ineffectual amendments in the Commons is to ascertain what amendments may be effectually proposed in the Lords. For this purpose, it may not have been imprudent to put forward in the Commons amendments of an extreme character, sure to provoke discussion and to catch the attention of the country. If Mr. DISRAELI had only proposed such amendments as he had some hope of carrying in the Commons, he would have been precluded from asking for more from the Lords. But by starting with outrageous and audacious demands in the Commons, which he knows cannot be conceded, he may enable the Conservative peers to seem comparatively moderate when they come to m[illegible] their amendments. As the leader of his party, he has ma[illegible] party move in devising the amendments he now submits to the House of Commons, and it is unreasonable to judge of a party move by any other test than whether it is likely to benefit his party, and him as leader of that party; and if they are judged by this test, it is as yet much too soon to say that these amendments are impolitic or ill-devised.

REJECTION OF THE *ALABAMA* TREATY.

THE almost unanimous rejection, by the American Senate, of the *Alabama* Treaty closes one of the strangest negotiations which have ever been instituted. The repercussion of political noise has produced in the United States entire mental and moral confusion. Seven or eight months ago all parties seemed ready to concur in an arbitration of the long-standing dispute. The appointment of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was confirmed by the Senate, notwithstanding the hostility of its members to the PRESIDENT, with full knowledge that he was commissioned to arrange the very settlement which he afterwards effected. Scarcely a protest was uttered against the policy of Mr. SEWARD, who had certainly never erred on the side of excessive courtesy or deference to England. The new Minister encountered the most pacific of Foreign Secretaries, and when the change of Government took place Lord CLARENDON was, if possible, more inclined to concession than Lord STANLEY. When the terms of the treaty were made public, a general impression prevailed that anxiety for reconciliation had exercised an almost excessive influence on the minds of the English negotiators; but no serious opposition would have been offered to the payment of even a heavy price for the renewal of friendly relations with the United States. The extraordinary and unreasonable irritation which has lately arisen in America could by no possibility be anticipated. The outburst of hostility is not confined to any class or any party, and yet none of its numerous exponents have attempted to suggest any reason for the universal change of opinion. The few hesitating dissidents who had first objected to the popular cry of vengeance have long since, after the docile fashion of their country, acquiesced in the clamour and swelled it in their turn. England ought, they say, to have foreseen that the supposed offence against American feeling would be followed by many years of hatred; and nearly every journalist devotes himself to the fulfilment of the retrospective prophecy. It was at least impossible to foresee that the temperate mood of 1868 would effervesce in 1869 into universal animosity. It is not pretended that any new cause of complaint has arisen since the appointment of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON.

Prudent Englishmen from the first doubted whether frequent and effusive professions of friendship constituted an improvement in diplomacy; but it was not their business to inquire into the fitness for his post of a foreign Minister who had been recently selected by the proper department of his Government. It was known that Mr. JOHNSON had received an unusual compliment in the approval of his nomination by his political opponents. A conspicuous Democrat, he appeared to enjoy the confidence of the Republicans; and if his proceedings in England were somewhat unusual, it was proper to assume that he consulted the tastes and wishes of his fellow-citizens. His overtures were consequently received in [illegible] most cordial spirit, although the belief accorded to his elo[illegible] professions of goodwill may perhaps have been principally conventional. His indiscreet speeches at various public dinners, when they were reported in the United States, caused general indignation. All writers and speakers hastened to declare that they were outraged by a statement that their feelings were anything more amiable than a compound of envy, hatred, and malice. For once the anger which was expressed was intelligible, although it might be unjust. It is almost an insult to a man with a grievance to assert that, except in a Christian sense, he has forgiven or forgotten an alleged wrong. It was perfectly natural that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON should be censured for his undoubted misrepresentation of public opinion; but it was hard on the involuntary recipients of his courtesies to be included in the

same condemnation. A simple-minded correspondent of a New York paper actually denounced as an insult to the United States every civility which might be offered to the American Minister. The formal credentials of his Government conveyed, according to the new version of the rules of international comity, no title to respect, or even to recognition. Any misunderstanding which might have arisen has since been effectually corrected. The more credulous and amiable portion of the community, which had trusted Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S opinions, has soon been thoroughly undeceived. It would be difficult to convince any sceptic who still doubts that the Americans detest England. On this side of the water it is difficult to believe that a feeling so utterly groundless, and so entirely unreciprocated, can be generally entertained; but overwhelming evidence supersedes all considerations of probability.

The special objections which may have been urged against the treaty are comparatively immaterial, because it is certain that the Senate would have rejected any arrangement to which the English Government could possibly have assented. The organs of opinion unreservedly avow that the American people wish to keep the quarrel open until some opportunity arises for inflicting humiliation on England. In the meantime it is hoped that the disappointment and uneasiness which may attend the rejection of the treaty will, to a certain extent, gratify the popular resentment. The abject and absurd professions of contrition which have proceeded from some eminent English statesmen are constantly quoted with a contemptuous pleasure, as proofs of the anxiety of Englishmen for an early settlement. One London Correspondent of a New York paper declares, with characteristic elegance and good-breeding, that England only desires to have her punishment over. If Mr. GLADSTONE has time to read American journals, he may have convinced himself that he has done no good by his extravagant apologies for the presumption of having formed a judgment on American affairs. As usual in similar cases, the feelings and opinions of Englishmen are in a great measure misapprehended by unfriendly foreigners. Having done their utmost, by diplomatic concession and by private expressions of goodwill, to deprecate hostility, they are comparatively indifferent to the failure of their efforts. The draft of the *Alabama* Treaty was not so flattering to national vanity as to cause deep regret at the decision of the Senate. The American Government will, after all, be guided by the same motives of interest which would have survived the conclusion of any possible treaty. If a war with England seemed at any time desirable, there would never have been any difficulty in finding a cause of quarrel; and, on the other hand, the national debt will not be doubled for the superfluous object of proving that hatred to England is profound and sincere. It may be conjectured that Mr. MOTLEY will not receive instructions to renew negotiations; and they will not at present be recommenced by any English Minister. Mr. MOTLEY will be in his personal capacity highly welcome; and he is not of a disposition to fall into the error which has been incurred by his unlucky predecessor. Henceforth it will be known to all the world, as well as to politicians acquainted with the American Constitution, that no Minister can ever morally bind the Government of the United States by any engagement.

If the controversy as to the recognition of belligerent rights is at any future time revived, the relations of public bodies in the United States to the insurgents of Cuba will furnish matter for amusing and instructive comment. The House of Representatives has, with the unanimity which it always displays when any affront can be offered to a foreign Power, requested the PRESIDENT by anticipation to recognise any rebel Government which may be established. The Confederacy administered with the aid of the State Governments, unquestioned authority over one half of the Union, and, with one exception, all the members of the Federal Cabinet expressed the opinion that coercion was illegal and unjustifiable. The insurgents of Cuba have uncertain possession of scattered portions of the island, and it is not pretended that any doubt exists in Spain as to the right of maintaining the dominion of the Mother-country; yet the offence of recognising an obvious fact is represented as unpardonable by the same politicians who are already contemplating the annexation of Cuba. Munitions of war are constantly forwarded from American ports for the use of the insurgents; and the legal authorities take no steps to interfere with the equipment in the port of New York of an armed cruiser intended for the service of the rebels. It is never surprising that men should apply one standard to their own conduct and another to the proceedings of their fellow-creatures; but the House of Representatives is somewhat too cynical in its contempt for ostensible consistency. The acquisition of Cuba will probably be accomplished with little difficulty, whether the intermediate form of independence is observed according to the Texas precedent, or passed over as useless.

MR. NEWDEGATE'S MOTION.

IT is not a matter for any regret that the whole of Thursday night should have been occupied with a discussion on the general principle of the Irish Church Bill. An attempt to delay a Bill after it has passed the second reading, by proposing that the House shall not go into Committee on it, would, as a general rule, be contrary to the established rules of Parliamentary warfare. There must be such rules, or Parliamentary Government could not go on at all. The Opposition, by having recourse to all the engines of delay which the forms of the House permit, can stop any Bill from becoming law; and at the close of the last two Sessions Government Bills have been defeated by an unsparing use of this method of crushing them. But if great Parliamentary battles were fought in this way no legislation would be possible, and a complete change would have to be made in the character and proceedings of the House of Commons if the Government of the country was to be carried on. The Opposition must be content to accept its defeat after a fair amount of discussion has taken place, and no man has recognised this more thoroughly and more consistently than Mr. DISRAELI. It is greatly to his credit that he has shown himself one of the least factious leaders of Opposition ever known in the House of Commons. It would have been a departure from all those rules of conducting the opposition to the Government which he has sedulously maintained, if he had himself brought forward Mr. NEWDEGATE'S motion. But Mr. NEWDEGATE'S motion was not, strictly speaking, a move on the part of the Opposition. The Irish Church Bill, is a very exceptional measure, and deep feelings are awakened by it which animate bodies of men who on this occasion act with the Conservative party, but who have an existence and sentiments and persuasions of their own. There are the Irish Protestants, there are the general supporters of Protestantism in Great Britain, there are the enemies of Maynooth. All these sets of persons have most decided views about the Bill, which they wish to bring forward and advocate on their own responsibility, and they cannot bear easily to be bound by a mere defeat of the Conservative party. On Thursday night they had their opportunity. They uttered the thoughts that were burning within their breasts, and it was very desirable that such an amount of relief should be given them. Mr. GLADSTONE fully recognised this, and he had the satisfaction of being able to point out that the views of the speakers were mutually destructive, and that the expression of them had not only been grateful to the speakers, but useful to the Ministry. One member occupied a position without parallel, we believe, in the whole United Kingdom, and thought that a satisfactory method of dealing with the Irish Church might be found in the adoption of the suggestions of the Royal Commissioners. Another was for levelling up; one member for Dublin University took occasion to protest against the views of the other; the fierce Orangemen shrieked "No surrender"; the irrepressible WHALLEY informed the House that he was getting ready no fewer than a dozen MURPHYS to annoy peaceable people in different parts of the country. There was nothing in all this to hurt the Government or to help the Opposition. It was merely an explosion of passionate feeling that needed and found vent, and the House is likely to go on better and faster in Committee now that the explosion has taken place.

Great indulgence should be shown to the Irish Protestants. No one can doubt that they feel from the bottom of their hearts that the Irish Church Bill is a most odious, dangerous, and wicked measure. They think that, having borne the burden and heat of the day in upholding English supremacy in Ireland, they are now thrown over by those for whom they worked. They consider that an institution most valuable to them socially, politically, and religiously, is to be destroyed out of mere caprice, and because a few hotheaded English statesmen have chosen to despair of governing Ireland peacefully unless they truckle to the Ultramontane Catholics. They will not hear of any compromise. Their great Conference has assembled, and its members are almost unanimous in pronouncing that for the State to touch the Irish Church at all will kill it, will stamp out Protestantism, will make the priests masters of Ireland, and will retard and cripple, if it does not utterly destroy, all progress and civilization in the country. Those who have formed such strong opinions, and who must

be affected so largely by the Bill, have a right to be heard, not only as members of the Conservative party, but as constituting that section of the community which is most immediately and directly interested in the rejection or passing of Mr. GLADSTONE's measure. When, however, they have had their say, we do not know what more is to be done. The only answer to be given is, that we hope they will not be so much injured by the Bill as they think; but that, whether they are injured or not, the Bill must pass if the Liberal party is to govern Ireland on its own principles. These principles may be right or wrong, but we cannot conceive how any one can think it consistent with them that a Church should be maintained the object of which is to symbolize the hatred of the conquerors for the religion of the conquered. We wish that the Irish Protestants would weigh well and carefully this description of their Church given by an English Archbishop. They may adopt it, and say that they think such a symbolized institution a good thing; but then they must feel that they raise an issue between themselves and the Liberal party which must be settled once for all. Or they may reject it, and say that the Archbishop of YORK was wrong; but then they should ask themselves how it has happened that an English prelate, who last year was one of their warmest and most domineering supporters, came to form such an opinion of their Church. We are exceedingly sorry for the Irish Protestants; we much regret the sectarian character which, we fear, is likely to be imparted to the Irish clergy, as it would be to any clergy, by disestablishment; we do not believe that the measure will conciliate the priests, and we are sure that it will not mitigate the animosity of the Fenians; but the English nation is, as the last elections showed, a nation desirous of being governed on Liberal principles, and it is clearly inconsistent with these principles that the State should associate itself with an institution symbolical of the religious hatred of conquerors. The difference between the principles of the Irish Protestants and those of the Liberal party is fundamental, and we can only put forward our principles and carry them out, even at the cost of aggrieving and annoying persons whom in many points we respect and admire. We do not see the good of giving the Irish Protestants bad arguments in reply, because we do not think their arguments good. Tired of repeating the old arguments over which he has so often travelled, Mr. GLADSTONE on Thursday night devised a new argument against the Irish Protestants, and a very bad argument it was. He said that the great Protestant hero himself, WILLIAM III., was at one time willing to give the Irish Catholics half the Irish Churches, and even half their ancient properties. But Mr. GLADSTONE answered his argument himself when he informed the House that the reason of this strange liberality was that WILLIAM found that the disaffection of Ireland detained forty thousand excellent troops that might have been available for his great war with France. WILLIAM III. was a very good Protestant, but his love of Protestantism shone with a feeble ray as compared with his hatred of LOUIS XIV. He offered a bribe in order to obtain a military advantage, but his offer was not accepted, even if it was ever seriously made, which seems very improbable. The Irish Catholics chose to stake their fortunes on the chance of beating him with the help of France. He beat them, and then to keep them down, set up the system of Protestant ascendency. This is the very case of the Irish Protestants. They were employed for a certain purpose, which they punctually and faithfully fulfilled, and now they ask why they should be deprived of their reward. These excursions into history are profitless and irrelevant. It is perfectly easy and perfectly useless to show that a quarter of a century ago Mr. DISRAELI, who could never have dreamt then that he would live to be a Conservative Premier, gave utterance to the ordinary opinions of educated men about the Irish Church, or that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL honestly believed that the Irish Church would last their time, and spoke on various occasions in accordance with their belief. We may forget the past and look only to the present, and the question of the present is whether, if England is to be governed on Liberal principles, an institution so much out of harmony with these principles as the Irish Church can be maintained.

We do not see how the ordinary arguments based on the necessity of upholding Protestantism could have been better put than they were put by Lord SANDON. As he very truly says, Catholicism is, in theory at least, quite opposed to all the principles of the Liberal party here and everywhere. Personal freedom, the freedom of the press, the freedom of opinion, the exclusion of ecclesiastics from the practical machinery of Government, are all things which we in England think very good, and they are all expressly denounced as dangerous and wicked by the highest authorities of the Romish Church. It is also true that Protestantism has learnt to accommodate itself to them, and it is very much easier for a Protestant nation than for a Catholic nation to be really liberal. But there was a time when, out of the political necessities of very dangerous and difficult times, and before the progress of science and wealth had moulded Protestantism into its present form, Protestantism was only liberal in a very small degree, and persecuted and conquered and domineered almost as much as the rival creed. Some relics of this state of things still remain; nor would any wise man wish that all these relics should be at once swept away. But every now and then the conscience of the English people is awakened to the perception of an inconsistency, too gross to be endured, between one of their traditions and the general principles of modern Government. Then the relic of the past is cut away, and Protestantism and Liberal principles seem once more reconciled. Such a crisis has, we believe, come now, and the Irish Church must give way, although at the same time we have much sympathy with those who, like Lord SANDON, stand up boldly for Protestantism, and who, having the sense and courage to look below the smooth surface of things, see and point out that between Catholicism and the modern world there is a great gulf fixed. It was also opportune, we think, that Mr. AYTOUN should have had his say on behalf of those who think that Mr. GLADSTONE has been too favourable to Maynooth. This part of the Bill will need much and long discussion in order to convince objectors that the Government is right. Appearances of a kind likely to bewilder people not much accustomed to argument are against Mr. GLADSTONE. In the first place, he seems to be taking the money of the Protestants and giving it to the Catholics; in the next place, he seems to be providing a Catholic institution with a large lump sum forming an endowment fund for the perpetual instruction of Catholic priests, and not forming a mere guarantee fund for the protection of existing interests. We know how Mr. GLADSTONE answers both these accusations; but, in the first place, he has not yet had an opportunity of proving in detail that he is right, and even if he is right, he must expect to have to din his reasons into the public mind by constant repetition. Every opportunity that is given him of doing so is desirable, unless it is given at the cost of a serious delay in passing the Bill. But there seems to be no great fear of such a delay, for Mr. GLADSTONE appears to have got hold of a majority that will not only vote like a machine as he wishes, but will hold its tongue when he bids it be silent. And what could a Minister wish for more?

THE DEBATE ON THE BUDGET.

THE discursive and dull debate of Monday last disclosed some inconveniences which will result from the adoption of Mr. LOWE's Budget. It was, indeed, obvious from the first that the contributors to a forced loan or benevolence would be exposed to a certain amount of hardship; but such methods of raising money have not usually been employed for the direct and immediate benefit of the taxpayers. The anticipation in January next of the payment of direct taxes is the price of the reduction of the Income-tax, and of the abolition of some troublesome duties. Mr. HUNT, borrowing or rediscovering a fancy which has occurred on several occasions to Mr. GLADSTONE, amused himself with the ingenious quibble that the retention of half the Abyssinian twopence was an increase, and not a diminution, of the normal rate of duty. In 1856 Mr. GLADSTONE used the same sophism as the foundation for a violent attack on Sir GEORGE LEWIS; and in 1860, for the purpose of rendering his Budget more impressive, he affected to assume that all the taxes which required renewal had entirely disappeared from the fiscal system. It is as undeniable that fivepence is more than fourpence as that it is less than sixpence. Mr. LOWE's proposed percentage may exceed the amount approved by Mr. HUNT, but last year's rate furnishes the most natural standard of comparison. It is certain that if the late Government had remained in office the Income-tax would not have been more largely reduced, even if Mr. HUNT had not for the third time resorted to the simplest and rudest mode of providing for the public wants. It might perhaps have been convenient to defer for another year the abolition of the Corn duty; but Mr. GLADSTONE had repeatedly dilated on the iniquitous nature of a tax which, as Mr. LOWE truly says, offends against all theories of political economy, although from its comparatively small amount it inflicts but a doubtful burden on the consumer. One agri-

cultural member expressed a fear that the repeal of the duty would encourage the importation of barley for malting, although almost all the opponents of the Government asserted that the price of grain would be in no degree reduced. It is satisfactory to know that, if foreign barley is converted into malt in England, it will bear its share of the Malt duty, and that, as far as it is used, it will tend to cheapen the raw material of beer. The abolition of the last protective duty renders the commercial legislation of England thoroughly consistent; but a few hundreds of thousands added to the revenue might have compensated during one year more for the postponement of scientific completeness. The removal of the most oppressive taxes on locomotion, and perhaps of the duty on fire insurance, was far more urgent. It is generally necessary to judge a Budget as a whole, and to trust in some degree to the discretion of the Government. A moderately capable Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to devise a better scheme than any amateur substitute which is likely to be devised in or out of Parliament.

More serious objections were offered to the plan of collecting the chief direct taxes in one sum at the beginning of the year. Mr. Lowe had no difficulty in showing that the acceleration of payment would be annually repeated, so that, until the end of all things, there will be no deficiency corresponding to the proposed advance. In other words, a half-year's extra taxes will be levied at the beginning of 1870, and the loss to the tax-payer will never be recouped. The payer of Income-tax will buy for twopence-halfpenny exemption from the payment of a penny; and the same proportion may be applied to some of the assessed taxes. It is highly desirable that the collection should be entrusted to public officers, and it may possibly appear that the system of licences is preferable to the old method of retrospective returns. On the other hand, payment in a lump at the time when all the world is at its poorest will not be willingly made or easily enforced. If the suggestion of one member could be adopted, by the substitution of February as the time of payment for January, the unhappy householder would have the benefit of a short breathing-time between his Christmas bills and his taxes. It is not easy to understand why a system of half-yearly licences should involve any extraordinary increase of expense. In general, both payers and receivers of money prefer half-yearly settlements, although in some benighted districts rent is customarily paid once only in twelvemonths. Even if the full payment is indispensable for the immediate purposes of the Budget, hopes might be held out of a more lenient arrangement in future years. Unless some unexpected demand should arise, there will be a substantial surplus in 1870, so that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be rich enough to spare both the remaining Abyssinian penny of the Income-tax and half the amount to be realized by the prepayment of direct taxes. It was clearly shown in the debate that the convenience of tax-payers coincides with the interests of the Government, and that a distribution of payments would confer incidental advantages on commerce.

When it was urged that the proposed scheme would cause fluctuations in the rate of interest, Mr. Lowe replied, with characteristic indifference to popularity, that the money-market must take care of itself. A more cautious Minister would not unnecessarily express indifference to the grievances which he may unavoidably cause in the discharge of his duty. Chancellors of the Exchequer have generally found it convenient to be on good terms with the City, not forgetting that they have themselves often occasion to deal in money. If a clear advantage to the Treasury could be obtained at the cost of imposing some inconvenience on bankers and on borrowers of money, it would be proper to regard the public interest as paramount, but it could do no harm to express regret for any collateral annoyance which might arise. In the particular instance the Government will probably suffer more largely and more directly than any private capitalist from extreme and rapid alternations of scarcity and of abundance. During the interval it will be necessary to obtain advances, either in the form of Exchequer Bills or by overdrawing the balance at the Bank of England; and in either case there will be a charge for interest. From the beginning of the new year the Treasury will be suddenly and largely enriched, without the power of turning its funds to useful account, unless, as Mr. Lowe suggested, a war should opportunely break out at the moment when the till was overflowing. There would be at least an equivalent inconvenience if it were necessary to equip an army or a fleet in October; and when the war occurs, the produce of a year's direct taxes will meet but a small part of the inevitable demand. The unfortunate expedition to Abyssinia illustrates the expensiveness of modern warfare, and the consequent necessity of paying for guns and soldiers by drawing upon capital. The destruction of Theodore, though it was effected in three or four months, cost as much as a year of a great Continental war in the time of Pitt. The argument was probably only an afterthought or a makeweight, and it is highly improbable that it influenced the decision of the Government, even if it had occurred, before the beginning of his speech, to Mr. Lowe's ingenious mind.

Criticisms of a Budget which provides for the repeal of taxation are uttered under visible penalties. Mr. Lowe constantly reminded his censors in the House that, if they could establish their objections, they must pay for their success by submitting for another year to the taxes which he offers to repeal. If the anticipated payments in January next are abandoned or postponed, the whole or part of the existing revenue must be retained, and there is always reason to fear that the interests of payers of Income-tax will be the first to be sacrificed. It will perhaps be judicious to accept Mr. Lowe's proposals, in the hope that he or his successor will, after the present year, mitigate the extreme pressure on the tax-payer. The autumnal impoverishment of the Treasury will not occur to its full extent on the present occasion, because the assessed taxes will be imposed and collected from April to the end of the year. It is only when the system of prepayment has once begun that the stream of income will cease to flow for the remainder of the year. It is fortunately impossible to anticipate the proceeds of the Customs and Excise, as duties cannot be recovered till the articles on which they accrue are required for consumption. The greater part of the revenue will still be received at different times of the year, and the Government may possibly succeed in adjusting with the Bank some plan for anticipating its receipts in the latter part of the year without serious loss. When Mr. Lowe's proposals are carefully studied, they will resolve themselves into a repeal of certain duties on commodities, effected at the expense of the payers of direct taxes by an addition for one year of fifty per cent. to their burdens. Sir Robert Peel commenced a similar experiment on a large scale in 1842, and Mr. Gladstone in 1860 raised by an Income-tax the funds necessary to meet the cost of the French Treaty. Mr. Lowe's operations are more complicated and more obscure, especially as he includes in his scheme a reduction of the Income-tax; but prepayment of a tax, annually repeated, is an addition to the total amount, nor can Mr. Lowe himself explain how the account is to be rectified at the end of the world.

PEACE AND WAR AT THE TUILERIES.

It would be an interesting employment for a person of a statistical turn of mind to reckon up the pacific assurances which have been put forward by or on behalf of the Emperor of the French during the last two years and a half. It has fallen to the lot of M. de Lavalette to begin and close the series. The convenient absence of M. de Moustier gave him an opportunity of asserting, in his Circular of the 16th of September, 1866, that the aggrandizement of Prussia did but secure the independence of Germany, and that France was not concerned "to oppose or reject the work of assimilation "which" had then "just been accomplished." If Frenchmen felt any uneasiness in contemplating the changes wrought by the Seven Days' War, they might console themselves by the reflection that the satisfaction of the national sentiment of Germany would only make her a better neighbour than she had been under the old Confederation. The speech of Saturday last began in something the same strain. M. de Lavalette warned the Corps Législatif not to expect that the political disturbance which Central Europe has lately undergone can possibly subside in a moment. Between the order of things which has disappeared, and the order of things which is eventually to replace it, a period of transition must be interposed. Such a period will naturally be marked by contradictory aspirations, conflicting interests, delicate situations, and acknowledged or unconscious regrets. These are the characteristics of German politics at this moment, and it is alike the duty and the wisdom of France not to aggravate matters by interference, unless that interference is necessitated by legitimate motives. About this time M. de Lavalette may have become conscious that he had been fighting a creation of his own brain. Even the *Pays* has never gone the length of arguing that France ought to attack Germany without legitimate motives. Accordingly the Minister now assumed a more precise and categorical tone. There is no prospect, he thinks, that these legitimate motives will be supplied by any action on the part of Germany. The Confederation of the North has created an organization for

itself. The States of the South have associated themselves to that movement as regards their national aspirations and general interests; as regards their sentiments of independence and their particular wants, they are separated from it. This double movement is going on freely and spontaneously. France claims no right to interfere with it, and, by consequence, she neither has done so nor intends to do so. Taken by itself, this declaration is highly significant. There is a meaning both in what it says and in what it does not say. M. DE LAVALETTE is careful to treat the possible accession of the Southern States to the Confederation of the North simply as a new development of the principle of nationality. He will not regard it as a matter in which Prussia either has or wishes to have any part. Whether this view of the case is the true one may fairly be doubted, but it is obviously the view which makes it easiest for the French Government to acquiesce in any further changes. If the EMPEROR can once resolve to leave the South free to work out its own future, and to shut his eyes to the extent to which this future may be determined by Count BISMARK's agency, the probability of a war between France and Prussia is at once reduced to a minimum.

Those who wish to deduce this comfortable conclusion from M. DE LAVALETTE's speech had better not read it to the end. By one seemingly innocent addition he contrived, before he sat down, to unsay all that he had said. The attitude of France towards Germany will not change, unless this movement should depart from its legitimate ends and attack French rights. Nothing more was wanted to revive all the old uncertainties. What are the legitimate ends of the movement in Germany? What are the rights of France in relation to it? According to one story, the South German States are now animated by a desire for incorporation with the Northern Confederation; according to another, they are secretly bent upon maintaining their independence against Prussian aggression; according to a more probable theory than either, some sections of their people incline one way, and some another. Are both these objects legitimate from the French point of view, or would the definite adoption of the first-mentioned policy be regarded as an attack upon French rights? These are the questions which Europe has been asking for the last three years, and it is disappointing to find that M. DE LAVALETTE, after seeming to give a pacific answer, has in reality left public curiosity altogether unsatisfied. Taken as a whole, his speech amounts to nothing; and lest this fact should not be sufficiently patent, the MINISTER of WAR was ready two days later to supply a further qualification of his colleague's assurances. Marshal NIEL's chief anxiety was to make it evident that if France is disposed to keep the peace for the present, it is from no inability to break it the moment she feels so disposed. M. ERNEST PICARD had been unpatriotic enough to suggest that, if things were as peaceful as M. DE LAVALETTE says, the suppression of the six great military commands into which France is divided would be an appropriate piece of economy. The MINISTER of WAR was prepared with a conclusive argument in favour of their utility. Is it worth while, he asked, for the sake of saving 600,000 francs to destroy an organization which assigns to every *corps d'armée* a commander ready to take the field without a note of warning being given to the enemy? In eight days the whole French army can pass from a peace to a war footing. If the generals had to be specially selected whenever hostilities were determined on, the advantage of this completeness of organization would be lost, since the fact of their appointment would sufficiently betray what was in the wind. But by means of these permanent commands, six armies can take the field at a week's notice, without any additional preparation—a fact of some moment to the EMPEROR's neighbours.

The conclusion suggested by these two speeches seems to be that NAPOLEON III. has no present thought of abandoning that see-saw policy which he has pursued with consistent inconsistency ever since the battle of Sadowa. He will go on talking of peace to-day, and hinting at war to-morrow; he will employ one Minister to extinguish the dying sparks, and another to fan them into a flame. If a more precise inference than this is wanted, none seems to be attainable beyond the probability—we may now perhaps say the certainty—that the Government cry during the elections will all be in favour of peace. If anything is certain about the Emperor of the FRENCH, it is that he will not go to war except to escape what he regards as a still more serious evil. The result of the elections will show whether the need of choosing between these alternatives is more urgent than it has yet been. To all appearance the EMPEROR is really convinced, either that he has a good case with which to go to the country, or that his hold upon the electors is firm enough to make it a matter of indifference whether he has a case or not. If this conviction turns out to be well founded, it is not unlikely that the return of a new Corps Législatif may usher in a pronouncedly pacific policy. The disappearance of domestic fears will take away the principal incentive to war on the part of the EMPEROR, while the completion of his new military arrangements will remove the temptation to those constant boasts which, though they may be only indulged in to conceal conscious weakness, do sometimes defeat their own purpose by the uncontrollable irritation they excite on the part of others. If, on the contrary, the elections should give increased strength to the Opposition, we may look for a continuance, in an even aggravated form, of all the uncertainty and self-contradiction which have been the leading characteristics of the French Foreign Office since the close of the Austro-Prussian war.

The Imperial letter on the approaching centenary of the birth of NAPOLEON I. is nothing more than an electioneering placard of a very superior sort. In the EMPEROR's opinion the name is still a power in the rural districts of France, and there are several minor advantages connected with the particular mode in which he proposes to invoke it. The new army law is not popular in the country, and the distribution of additional pensions among the survivors of the wars of the Empire may do some service, by bringing the prospect of a provision in old age to temper the dislike called forth by an increased conscription. Each of the 40,000 veterans who survive to profit by the EMPEROR's judicious bounty will be a sort of local apostle, in whose mouth the recollections of the first and the praises of the second NAPOLEON will be appropriately mingled. The opportunity of giving his own version of the history of the last century was perhaps not without its influence on the mind of the writer of the letter. That during all that time Europe has been a chaos, to which nothing but the grand figure of NAPOLEON I. has given shape and firmness, and that, but for him whom that figure "still guides and protects," Europe would be a chaos to-day, has always been a favourite doctrine with the present Sovereign of France. It now has the further merit of falling in with the lesson which he has been trying of late to instill into the French working-class, that the Empire is the only Government under which Democracy is possible, because it is the only Government which can unite order and liberty, and emancipate the artisan from the shopkeeper without provoking the reaction—hitherto so invariable—of the shopkeeper against the artisan. It is amusing to see the simple Bonapartism of BÉRANGER travestied in this fashion to meet the requirements of modern Socialism.

RAILWAY MANAGEMENT AND THE ABERGELE ACCIDENT.

LET us sing smaller things; let us go back to the old and hackneyed subjects. In the middle crash and turmoil of the Irish Church debate let us just waste a thought on the safety of our own poor life and limbs; and, in the teeth of the present interest aroused by Madame RACHEL and Mr. BENJAMIN HIGGS, let us recall certain events of last August. The Abergele calamity, which under the most frightful circumstances caused the death of thirty-one passengers and two railway servants, happened to one of the best appointed and popular trains of the day—the Irish Day Mail; and on one of the best lines, if not the very best, in the kingdom—the London and North-Western. The official Report of Colonel RICH, the Government Inspector, on this great accident, which has just been published, and which we propose to make the text of a slight homily, says that this particular "line is one of the best "in this country, and that its general management and arrange-"ments are as good, on the whole, as those of any of the "other lines." The first and obvious reflection of course is, if these things are done in the green tree of the London and North-Western, what may we not expect in the dry tree of the London, Chatham, and Dover? What the Abergele catastrophe was it is superfluous to repeat; it is written in the sorrows and mourning of so many families that it would be cruel to recall these fatal memories. Who was responsible? Colonel RICH informs us that "the three men"—namely, two breaksmen and a station-master—"are seriously to blame, "and their neglect has been the immediate cause of the accident"—a fact which was on the face of the matter, and which is of no great consequence; but it is necessary to say something more when we find Colonel RICH adding to this statement the pregnant observation, that "men of that class "cannot be expected to do their duties well if the Railway "Companies do not give them the most convenient and best "appliances, *and do not look after them strictly and enforce*

"*their own regulations.*" And Colonel RICH goes on to prove in detail the truth of these implied charges against the railway management; that is to say, he transfers the real culpability from these wretched servants to the great Company itself, one of the best, if not the best, in the country.

In the first place, Colonel RICH shows that to construct and work a time-bill by which one goods train is despatched from a given station at 12.5, and another on the same line of rails at 12.15, while the mail train is to pass on the same line of rails at 12.34—even when, *ex hypothesi*, the two goods trains are supposed to be shunted on to a siding out of danger—is a very dangerous experiment indeed, even if all the appliances for this dodging are most perfect. What then must it be when it happens that the stations and sidings on which all this delicate manœuvring is to be performed, and on the perfect working of which the safety of hundreds of people hangs by a thread, are, as a matter of fact, "quite unfit in extent and "means of safety for the work that appears usually to be done "there"? What are we to think when we are also informed that these precious stations and sidings have never been inspected by a Government officer, or passed by the Board of Trade? Colonel RICH next condemns the London and North-Western Directors for a "very lax system of supervision, "because they appear to have no travelling or stationary in-"spector to look after the guards, instruct them in their "duties, and to see that they perform them." Further, Colonel RICH, with a sententious brevity which only adds to the cumulative force of his indictment, says that such dangerous combustibles as explosive paraffin-oil should be sent by special trains at special hours and under special guards, with special instructions, not, as in this Abergele case, by an ordinary goods train. Next, Colonel RICH objects to locking the doors of the carriages, and goes so far as to "submit that no doors should "be locked." And, lastly, Colonel RICH delivers himself of a judgment which we venture to describe as by far the most important observation which has ever been brought out by these Government inquiries; and the full extent and terrible character of which leads to the very unpleasant suspicion that the whole so-called system of railway safeguards is a mere hollow sham and mockery and delusion. Colonel RICH fears—and he certainly will make a good many of us tremble by the expression of his fears—that our security rests on paper, and paper only; that the Companies know that all their instructions and rules and regulations are merely illusory, and that they have actually been constructed for the purpose of deception, and were never intended to work. But we must quote this formidable and terror-striking charge:—"I fear that it is really too true that the rules "printed and issued by Railway Companies to their servants, "and which are generally very good, are made principally "with the object of being produced when accidents happen "from the breach of them, and that the Companies sys-"tematically allow many of them to be broken daily, without "taking the slightest notice of the disobedience." And he specifies instances in proof of this ugly charge—namely, that the regulation which led to this horrible Abergele catastrophe, about shunting within ten minutes of the arrival of a passenger-train, is, as Colonel RICH says, constantly broken. Again; the excellent regulation that when a train breaks down the guard shall go back with a danger-signal is seldom observed. Again; the rule as to pulling up outside the danger-signals when they are up, "is, I may say, never observed." And lastly, the rule against feeing the guards and servants is publicly disregarded, and the Companies know it to be disregarded. Nor is this any trifling matter, for much of the public safety depends on it. When guards are, as they are, regularly fee'd and regularly treated at the refreshment rooms, instead of attending to the organization and fittings of the train, they only look after their own interests—their shilling and their beer and brandy and water. "The consequence is, "that the train starts behind time," and an accident, as by a grim irony it is called, is the result.

We venture to say that this is the most serious charge, preferred as it is by the gravest authority, which has yet been made against railway management, not against this or that line, but against the whole system; for it charges the whole thing with being one vast tissue of fraud and delusion. Parenthetically we may ask—and this is as good a point of the discussion as any other to hazard the question—What comes of all these Official Inquiries? The recognised form is this:—An accident occurs; a Government Inspector is sent down; he inquires and reports; Mr. Secretary of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, who seems to be the politest of men, in the most affable way "transmits, for the early and careful con-"sideration of the London and North-Western Company, "the enclosed copy of Colonel RICH's Report," and in the most elegant language requests that the Secretary of the Railway Company "will as soon as possible forward to the "Board of Trade any observations which the Directors "may offer on the subject." And there, as far as we and the public know, the whole matter rests, and is absorbed into the great Nothing. Either the Directors treat Colonel RICH and the Board of Trade, and the whole of the Government inquiry, with superb and silent contempt, and never condescend to offer the observations so courteously invited; or —which possibly may be the case—their answer is suppressed. At any rate, in justice to the inculpated Companies, if they ever do condescend to answer such charges as these, their defence should be not only made public, but should be printed with the same official document which contains the charge. As the thing stands, it seems that the London and North-Western Company suffers judgment to go by default. The Directors prudently hold their official tongues, let Colonel RICH have his say, and trust to the whole thing blowing over. Or it may be, now that Mr. BRIGHT is at the Board of Trade, the Directors, bearing in mind his emphatic observation that the complaints against railways are mostly moonshine, may not unreasonably reckon on a friend at Court, and may rely on the sympathies of the President as against the judicial impartiality of the Inspectors of the Board of Trade. But to recur to the main argument. Is it true—can it be true—that the rules printed and issued by the Companies to their servants "are made principally with the object of being produced "when accidents happen," and are never meant to be, and never thought to be, carried out? Is it true that the Companies connive at, and therefore justify, this systematic, habitual, and constant violation of their instructions? If it is not so, where is the Company's reply and defence? The charge is about the most serious that could be preferred. It amounts to one of flagrant and conscious dishonesty against the Railway Companies. Colonel RICH distinctly says that the rules and instructions are a mere imposture, concocted for a most unworthy purpose, and drawn up only to be disregarded and treated by all concerned as the hypocrisy which they are. Let us have more light. If the extant rules, instructions, and regulations are not the make-believe and illusion which Colonel RICH charges them with being, and if they really are meant to be carried out, but only accidentally are not carried out by the Companies, let the Companies show this. If what Colonel RICH says is true, let us have one of two things; either let us force the Companies to carry out and work their rules, or let them be withdrawn and abrogated as the shams and affronts to common sense which they are. We shall then know what we are about. We shall recognise the very solemn fact that, whenever we enter a railway carriage, we carry our lives in our hands, and that the Company has discharged itself of the liability of providing any security or safeguards for us—apart, that is, from what good luck may happen in defiance of the blundering and stupidity of under-paid and over-worked servants, whose chief interest is, by cajolement or otherwise, to extract "tips" from the passengers instead of attending to the general safety of the train.

LIFE-PEERAGES.

LORD GRANVILLE was perhaps scarcely justified in stating, during the short debate on Life-Peerages, that his party generally regretted the failure of the WENSLEYDALE experiment. The expediency of creating a new class of peers would, even if it had been universally admitted, have afforded no sufficient reason for allowing a Minister to effect a great constitutional change by the sole authority of the Crown. If the legal objections to the admission of Lord WENSLEYDALE had not been sustained by the House of Lords, the revival of a supposed prerogative, which had, if it ever existed, become obsolete, would have been as unconstitutional as the issue, by the same authority, of a writ to an unrepresented borough. Lord CRANWORTH, who pressed the measure on with singular obstinacy, seemed never to understand that his doubtful precedents could not have satisfied a statesman, even if Lord LYNDHURST had not demolished the arguments which he advanced as a lawyer. Many votes were probably given with exclusive reference to the question whether life-peerages would be useful, but the preliminary inquiry into the exercise of prerogative involved still graver consequences. It was admitted on all sides that Lord WENSLEYDALE had, by his patent, become a baron with all the precedence and dignity attached to his rank. The opponents of his claim to sit in the House of Lords maintained only that a new or disused

side-door into Parliament should not be opened at the discretion of the Minister of the day. It is as proper now as it was in former times, to maintain with jealous vigilance the right of Parliament to control legislation. The checks which were originally imposed on Royal ambition or caprice have not ceased to be applicable, although the Crown means the Cabinet, and the Cabinet means the party which may for the time be dominant. If additional objections to Lord GRANVILLE's favourite measure had been needed, it might have been urged that the innovation necessarily implied the absence of any limitations. Lord WENSLEYDALE was a learned lawyer of unblemished character and competent fortune, but the power which made him a nondescript peer might have bestowed the same promotion on dozens of political adventurers. The tradition which tacitly restricts the choice of the Crown in the creation of hereditary peerages would have been less uniformly respected in the disposal of a new-fangled dignity. On every ground the House of Lords was bound to resist the intrusion, if possible; and Lord LYNDHURST deserved gratitude, as well as admiration, for the great intellectual effort by which he defeated the Government.

Lord RUSSELL, who had himself made Lord WENSLEYDALE a peer for life, judiciously abstained, on moving the first reading of his Bill, from any expression of censure or regret in consequence of the refusal of the House of Lords to admit his nominee to a seat. His proposal was consequently considered with reference to its merits, and it seemed to be favourably received. It is not improbable that many peers may feel repugnance to a change which undoubtedly tends to impair the sanctity of their caste, but the more enlightened members of the body will be unwilling to prefer selfish objections; and dissentients may console themselves by the hope of treating their non-hereditary colleagues with the same affable condescension which they have long exercised to bishops. It will, unfortunately, not be possible to dress up Lord RUSSELL's peers in an absurd costume, to make them sit on a separate bench, or to teach them that they must neither speak nor vote on ordinary political questions; but the stupidest aristocracy is always astute in devising methods of rebuking unwelcome aspirants to equality. Of the two principal advocates of the introduction of life-peers, Lord RUSSELL perhaps took the more practical view, while Lord SALISBURY's reasons were characteristic and original. Lord RUSSELL, while he desired to increase in some departments the efficiency of the House of Lords, directed his chief attention to the claims and interests of the class from which the new peers would be selected. It is perfectly true that many able and experienced men regret their inability to find a dignified and useful occupation at the close of a busy career. Some valuable experience is lost to the public service through the difficulty of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons, or perhaps through unwillingness to engage in political contests. Diplomatists, soldiers, judges, and old Indians are frequently discontented with the dulness which ensues on the termination of an active life; and, unless they possess large fortunes as well as considerable eminence, they can scarcely hope at present for elevation to the House of Lords. For such persons, and more especially for politicians out of work, Lord RUSSELL feels a generous sympathy; and he readily persuaded himself that, while he gratified a laudable ambition, he would at the same time introduce a new and serviceable element into the House of Lords. He is perfectly right in limiting the proposed number of life-peers, not only because the Minister of the day ought to be prevented from swamping the House, but also because the new rank would, like the Order of the Bath, be vulgarized by indiscriminate promotions. Since it has become customary to raise every general who lives past eighty to the rank of a field-marshal, it seems impossible to trust any honour below a dukedom to the protection of the Crown. Four life-peerages in a year will not admit of lavish extravagance in distribution; and when the whole number of twenty-eight is filled up, the annual vacancies will be less numerous, especially as some of the new peers will be old lawyers. If the Bill is passed, and the full number of creations made, it will be difficult to avoid an admixture of mediocrity. The qualifications which Lord RUSSELL suggests are not unreasonable in themselves, and, if necessary, they may easily be modified; but the most accurate memory will not have retained the names of twenty-eight commoners who have during the last seven years been conspicuously eminent in the army, the navy, the law, the colonies, and the Indian service. A considerable proportion of the appointments would be given, like some modern peerages, on the formation of every new Cabinet, to partisans for whom it was impracticable or undesirable to find room in office. Several unoccupied supporters of the present Government possess the qualification of having sat ten years in the House of Commons.

Lord SALISBURY, consistently with the wish which he has often expressed or implied, hopes to increase, by the creation of life-peers, the political efficiency of the House of Lords. As he justly holds, the House has at present a representative character which might, in his opinion, be made more comprehensive if it were composed less exclusively of landed proprietors. Accordingly, Lord SALISBURY would add to Lord RUSSELL's categories a more general qualification; or rather, he would abandon all restrictions on the discretion of the Crown. It might perhaps be advantageous, if it were practicable, to bring the House of Lords into closer relations than at present with trade and industry; but life-peerages are not the most obvious method of attaining the desired object. Professional or political eminence often leaves a man poor, but wealth is the unfailing index of commercial success. There is nothing to prevent the Crown from raising a great merchant or manufacturer to the peerage, as he has abundant means of providing for his successors; but, unluckily for Lord SALISBURY's purpose, a retired capitalist almost always buys land, and subsides into the same class with the great body of the peers. The House of Lords is representative of property, of station, and, above all, of social position. Lord RUSSELL's plan might perhaps introduce or strengthen the element of personal distinction, if experience showed that the life-peers would blend naturally and harmoniously with their hereditary colleagues. As a separate section, not associating on equal terms with the other members of the House, the new peers would occupy, perhaps with mischievous results, an uncomfortable and anomalous position. Eminence in science, in literature, and in art, though it deserves all respect, is seldom attended by the possession of a large fortune. If, however, Lord RUSSELL's Bill is passed, either in the present Session or at a future time Lord SALISBURY's objection to purely intellectual qualifications will scarcely prevail.

When the principle of the change has been adopted, there will be room for ingenuity in the adjustment of the details. It may be assumed that, in ordinary cases, the dignity will be confined to the lowest rank of the peerage, and that there will at least be no such shock to popular associations as a life-duke. The wife of a life-peer will naturally share his elevation, but no conventional titles of honour will be projected on the children. The daughter of a life-earl, if such a rank were to exist, must be content with the absence of a courtesy title, unless she were favoured at the expense of her eldest brother, who must necessarily be a commoner during his father's lifetime, as he would have no claim to rank after his death. It will be extremely easy to settle such trivial questions, with no more inconvenient result than the open recognition of an unavoidable distinction. The new addition to the social fabric may perhaps be useful, and even ornamental, but every part of its construction will indicate that it was not included in the original design. The peerage grew up on principles which had little connexion with virtue or genius, although the highest reward of merit and success in England has consisted in admission into the ranks of the titled aristocracy. The Bill will probably either be withdrawn during the present Session, or be transferred to the conduct of the Government. It was perhaps more convenient that the feeling of the House of Lords should be tested by a peer no longer holding an official position; but, if Lord SALISBURY has expressed the opinion of the majority, a considerable change in the Constitution ought to be adopted on the proposal of a responsible Minister.

MR. DICKENS AT LIVERPOOL.

MR. DICKENS has been entertained at a "Farewell Banquet" at Liverpool. What it is to which Mr. DICKENS has bidden farewell—whether to Liverpool, or to writing stories, or to reciting his compositions in public—is not so clear, and the obscurity is increased by the experience which we have had of the irresolute character of valedictions, as in the case of him who

> Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
> And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

The affair was a very splendid one. "In the centre of the guests' "table was a silver-gilt fountain, sent by Mr. ROGERSON, which "dispensed refreshing streams of rose-water during the even-"ing;" and the fountain accounts for much of the character of the stream of eloquence poured out. The whole thing, speakers alike and speeches, may be said to have been drenched with rose-water. We are not so cynical as to object to this. When Mr. DICKENS and Mr. TROLLOPE, Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON and

Mr. G. A. SALA, Mr. ANDREW HALLIDAY and Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, all literary gentlemen, and Lord DUFFERIN and Lord HOUGHTON, literary peers, meet to exchange mutual admiration and mutual compliments, we all know what we have to expect, and what sort of literature it is which they represent, and therefore dignify and glorify. Mr. DICKENS amply deserves such incense as the Liverpool banqueters burned in his honour last Saturday evening at St. George's Hall. The creator of PICKWICK, SAM WELLER, and Mrs. GAMP is a humourist of the very first class, and the author of CHUZZLEWIT shows the possession of powers which we think might have placed him high among the writers of serious fiction. Let these merits be acknowledged, and while we are not prepared to say that Mr. DICKENS's style of composition, with its laboured and finical word-painting, is to be ranked high among artistic work, and while we have the strongest objection in point of taste to much of his details, and even though we think his pathos often false, we cheerfully accord him his place among English writers. Mr. DICKENS's farewell reminds us how much we should have lost had he retired years ago; and had his career been cut short we might well have applied to him JOHNSON's expression of regret in GARRICK's case, that the stroke of death had eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure. If there is a ridiculous element in the Liverpool festivities Mr. DICKENS is hardly responsible for it. He, as an actor, knows that he must play up or play down to his audience; and it is not in human, certainly not in what in these days is called literary, nature, to be bedaubed with melted butter and to retain, or even to affect, dignity. The ridiculous element of which we have hinted the existence is the implied assumption that what is called literature is comprised in, begins and ends with, such compositions as those which were represented at Liverpool. Lord HOUGHTON is an elegant poet, and Lord DUFFERIN has, we believe, written some respectable trifles; but we lay the two peers out of the question. They supplied the ornaments of the occasion; but the literature present, of which Mr. DICKENS is the acknowledged head, is after all but a very small component in the great stock of human knowledge. Two successful novelists, and as many writers of coruscant miscellanies and magazine articles, a farce-writer occasionally successful, and a foreign sketcher of our social habits, belong to literature in that sense in which Mr. HALLIDAY is a man of letters; but they neither exhaust literature nor represent literature. At public dinners one generally finds the absurd toast of Literature "responded to" by gentlemen of the true DICKENS type; and it is therefore no wonder that these gentlemen have got to think that the current English literature of the age means nothing higher nor better than Mr. TROLLOPE's parsons and Mr. DICKENS's drolls. Small blame to him, but great blame to us, when we so think of the true dignity of literature; and when, as seems to have been the case at Liverpool, it was generally felt by the literary banqueters that Mr. DICKENS ought to be a peer, or at least an American ambassador, the estimate, say, of such men as Lord MACAULAY and Mr. MOTLEY, which must be formed by those who thus judge Mr. DICKENS's writings, is almost a serious matter, if anything serious can be connected with these self-adulatory amenities. When BAVIUS and MÆVIUS met to present each other with testimonials and encomiastic speeches, LUCRETIUS and VIRGIL and CICERO and TACITUS, had they happened to be the contemporaries of the DICKENS and TROLLOPE of the period, could scarcely have vindicated their sovereign place in the hierarchy of Roman letters. With the Liverpool estimate of letters accepted, there is a chance of our forgetting that we have, or recently had, a HALLAM and a MILMAN and a GROTE, a THIRLWALL and a MERIVALE, a TENNYSON and a BROWNING, a DARWIN and an OWEN, and a NEWMAN and a MILL among us.

Earl RUSSELL's Bill for creating Life-Peerages was clearly present to the minds of the Liverpool people, and Lord HOUGHTON distinctly committed himself to the position that Mr. DICKENS would have been benefited by being a political man. Certainly, had Mr. DICKENS been thrown into the bracing element of active life, he would probably have never written the unreadable and utterly forgotten stories with a purpose with which he closed his series of novels; and if Lord HOUGHTON meant delicately to imply that, when Mr. DICKENS wrote about the Court of Chancery and Imprisonment for Debt in the shape of little green monthly pamphlets, he showed that he had not mastered the first elements of political knowledge, we should be disposed to agree with him. It may be quite true that Mr. DICKENS might have been all the better for being in Parliament, but the question is whether Parliament would have been all the better for Mr. DICKENS. We once knew a young gentleman who volunteered to write in one of the quarterly reviews because his friends told him that his style was bad, and that perhaps practice would enable him some day to write. For this sort of reason we can see the advantage of a Lord NICKLEBY or a Baron BARCHESTER; but we get alarmed when we hear of life-peerages to be conferred on distinguished men of letters, and find Mr. DICKENS selected, at least by his own set of worshippers, for the first coronet, in which we presume the gray goose-quill and inkpot interchanged will supersede the six silver balls of an illiterate baronage. Not that we are quite prepared for the difficulty started, that Mr. DICKENS would suffer by being ennobled—a joke suggested doubtless by that fine irony which now and then distinguishes the *Times*, and which is so very fine that we are not quite sure which is which, in our contemporary's estimate of sense and nonsense, when it was with apparent seriousness said that CHARLES DICKENS would be to Lord DICKENS as WILLIAM PITT to Earl CHATHAM. But the jest of naming DICKENS and PITT in the same sentence is so good that we are ready to pardon the obscurity of the parallel. One thing certainly Mr. DICKENS might probably learn were he to be made a peer—which is what a peer is, a matter on which his views are somewhat hazy at present. He actually thinks that his own Lord FREDERICK VERISOPHT was a peer—in *Nicholas Nickleby* the character is spoken of sometimes as Lord VERISOPHT, and sometimes as Lord FREDERICK VERISOPHT, a plain proof that the author recognised no distinction between a peerage and a courtesy title; and in enumerating his ennobled friends he clearly takes the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England, and possibly the LORD MAYOR and the Lords of the Treasury, for genuine Lords. No doubt to Mr. DICKENS the Barons of the Exchequer are much the same thing as the Barons of England, and the Lords of Session are undistinguishable from those on the Roll of the Lyon King-at-Arms. But all this only leads up to what is the question; whether literature—that is, the literature which is represented by Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Mr. ANDREW HALLIDAY, and M. ESQUIROS—and statesmanship are convertible terms?

Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON said at least one thing at this dinner worth remembering, which was, that were it announced that the English WASHINGTON IRVING—by which we suppose Mr. DICKENS may be meant—was appointed Minister to the United States, people would say "It is a joke." At present then we are not generally prepared for exchanging Lord LYONS at Paris for the *Telegraph's* Paris Correspondent; and there is somehow, according to Mr. DIXON, a latent but general suspicion that Mr. DISRAELI would have been none the worse Minister if he had never written *Ixion in Heaven* or the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*. The real fact is this, that among all our literary statesmen their literature has been rather a mistake than otherwise. Neither the *Nun of Arrouca* nor *Don Carlos* showed Earl RUSSELL's administrative capacities. Mr. GLADSTONE has only lived to find that his greatest literary work must be retracted and disavowed. Lord LYTTON is a *littérateur* to the core, and therefore has entirely failed as a statesman. Lord BROUGHAM used to sign himself, with a pompous affectation, *homme de lettres*, but the speculator on porisms was thoroughly merged in the member for Yorkshire and the Chancellor. Lord DERBY, we suspect, would hardly attend the Literary Fund dinner as the translator of HOMER; and in Mr. MILL's Parliamentary career we have the strongest proof that a great writer may be a very indifferent and even mischievous senator. We do not propose to argue that the men of action and the men of thought must always be kept distinct; but the popular prejudice which attaches to the term *doctrinaire* expresses a truth which is not altogether onesided. The worst features of the great French Revolution are decidedly attributable to the school popularly known as that of the Encyclopædists. The lamentable revolution by which constitutional government in France was surprised out of existence was owing to a knot of small journalists. LAMARTINE and THIERS and GUIZOT certainly did not do much in the way of administrative ability. BUNSEN's diplomacy was a tissue of ambitious and conceited blunders. Most of the present French EMPEROR's mistakes may be reduced to the fact that he began life as an obscure writer of obscure reveries in politics, and that he has gone on dreaming and refining, and mystifying and puzzling himself, ever since; while on the other side we have such facts as WALPOLE and the PITTS, PEEL and PALMERSTON, whose names will occur in no future WALPOLE's *Noble and Distinguished Authors*, in addition to the terrible example of BACON, which goes at least some way in proving that a man whose real vocation is to instruct the world by his pen is out of his place in attempting to rule in Cabinets and Courts. We fear that we are slipping into the error

which we have pointed out, and that to talk about the career of BACON while we are speculating on Mr. DICKENS in either House of Parliament is rather absurd. However, on the main point our apprehensions are most likely premature. The real safeguard against titled *littérateurs* is to be found in the character of the craft. The irritable side of letters and the literary man came out in force at Liverpool, and in this is our safety. To make one literary lord would be to make a hundred literary enemies with the full command of the newspapers, magazines, and leading articles, which has to come to mean the beginning and end of literature. Lord HOUGHTON grumbled at Liverpool because Mr. DICKENS did not seem to do sufficient honour to the excellences of the British peerage; Mr. DICKENS, in reply, seems to have grumbled because Lord HOUGHTON was not aware that Mr. DICKENS really often had dined with a live lord. Mr. ANDREW HALLIDAY, playwright and *littérateur*, grumbled because the Drama—especially, we suppose, that edifying sort of drama which is now popular in London—was not distinctly toasted. From which we gather that one Lord DICKENS would settle the question for ever. To think of the state of the literary world with Baron DICKENS at St. Stephen's, and the editor of *Punch* and the contributors to the *Daily Telegraph* left out in the cold! A single literary lord would, happily for the country, begin and end the experiment of one of Earl RUSSELL'S proposed classes of Life-Peers.

SECOND-BESTS.

THERE is a great difference among people in the degrees of perfection with which they expect to realize their ideals, quite apart from the comparative degrees of worth which belong to the ideals themselves. Some persons seem born with limp nerve and faint heart and a certain slipshodness of intelligence. Hopelessness taints them from the beginning of their lives. Their vision is so peculiar that distances invariably strike them with vastly exaggerated proportions, and their judgment of dimensions, wherever the power of the will and of human effort is involved, is incurably faulty. All tasks loom upon them as much bigger than they really are; they have a far keener eye for drawbacks than for helping circumstances, and they are usually rather glad of a decent plea for waxing faint and drawing back the hand from the plough. One of the central conditions of the universe to such dispositions is that only the second-best is within the reach of even the most strenuous of mortals. To strive for things in the degree superior to this is to play the Titan and to incur Titans' pains and penalties. If you are a curate, for example, it is wholesome not to hope or labour towards a bishopric, or anything loftier than a smallish living; if a barrister, then it is equally desirable that the sphere of ambition should be limited to the small prizes; if you write books, it is wholesome in this view to remember that the race of giants is dead, that the modern tide is too shallow to bear the great ships of learning as in old times, and that a work of moderate aim and lowly pretension is more likely to hit the mark, and tell upon the public mind, than a comprehensive and elaborate monument of research and thought of the highest quality. In a word, to this timorous humour no star within mortal ken is of the first magnitude, and the best attainable is the second-best. One extreme, here as in other things, implies or begets its contrary, and just as there are people who never seek to go higher than the second-best, so there are others at the reverse end of the scale who can never be brought to see that second-bests have a conspicuous and most serviceable function to perform in the great order of things. They insist that nothing is worth either possessing or pursuing, either keeping for yourself or seeking for others, which is not on the highest ideal level in its own particular order. This exaltation they carry into all subjects to which they bend their attention. In social matters, in politics, in novels, in intellectual production, over the whole field, they contend, with or without a formula, not only that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, but that if you cannot have the very best of a habit, an institution, an opinion, or a branch of knowledge, then you may just as well resign yourself to the worst, and plunge frankly into a void. As a rule they do not express this slightly destructive doctrine in its fullest and most intelligible form, but only leave it to be inferred from the general scope of their criticism of men and things. Considering that we are on every side surrounded by second-bests, that second-best is the normal law of society all round, there is more opportunity than enough of observing and studying such a temper in active operation.

There are two ways of pointing out that an institution, a type of character, a manner of handling a subject, is not so good as one could imagine it possible that it should be. You may dwell upon its defects and shortcomings in such a fashion as to show only a conviction that it is capable practically and actually of being made better, and a wish by criticism to further the bettering process. This is to treat a second-best as a sort of friend, warning, rebuking, half-menacing, but all for the good of the second-best, whether usage, institution, opinion, achievement, or whatever else it may be. Everything in the world is capable of improvement, and therefore everything in the world is either kept at perfection, if it has already reached that difficult point, or, if not, is brought nearer to it, by vigilant supervision and, if necessary, by frank objurgation. There are so many unfavourable influences steadily at work, of which the strong tendency of the natural man to relax effort is the most constant and the most patent, that the general downward inclination, of institutions towards inefficiency, of opinion towards error, of moral usages towards mere hollowness and hypocrisy, is ever in need of violent pressure the other way from everybody who has vision to detect flaws and falling away. The most useful form which this pressure can take probably consists in holding up the very best by the side of the second-best; but from this point of view it is well to let the lovers of the second-best see with some clearness that on the whole you are with them, if only they will move on, and do something to lessen the space between the thing they are defending in its present state and the same thing in its complete perfected state. Otherwise they may pardonably confound the correcting with the destroying critic, and the destroying critic they very naturally take to be their foe, not the less relentless for the insidiousness with which he veils his assault. Such a critic is he who insists on the best in his attacks on the second-best, not because he seeks the improvement of the latter, but because he craves its abolition and extirpation, and sees no better way of getting what he wants than by painting perfection in such over-bright colours that every sensible person will instantly perceive the hopelessness of ever reaching it, and so will be likely to conclude that he may just as well as not go in for some other system which does not even make any pretensions in the way of perfection, and will not be exposed to these unpleasantly detracting comparisons. It is quite possible in exhortation to exalt virtue to such tremendous and inaccessible heights as to drive men down into antinomianism by force of sheer reaction. And the malicious disparager of second-bests not seldom means to force people within influence of his talk into courses which, whether he knows it or not, are in truth even lower than third-best. For example, popular government in the present stage of public virtue and social training is avowedly a second-best; it is not the most perfectly working system that the imagination of man can by any means conceive. Those who would most unflinchingly defend it at all cost against any rival system would still admit that it very often creaks rustily on its hinges, makes hideous screechings and confusion, and produces its work full of blemishes and imperfections. All this is clear; and, if we compare with this spectacle, which we know, the ideal and charmingly coloured spectacle of the government by good despot which we do not know, an egregious discontent with our second-best is the result, and foolish folk long for the blessed destiny, in the shape of Guy Fawkes or otherwise, which might extinguish the British Parliament, and make room for Mr. Carlyle's heroic king, so that we might all live happy ever after, like people at the end of the third volume. Yet, in cool moments, every well-considering man is persuaded that, in the long run, the system of popular government works better than the inelastic and depressing system of personal government in a thousand ways which, in this country and in America, the national conceit makes it quite superfluous for any writer to insist upon. Free-trade, again, is a second-best. As Mr. Mill has said in a recent writing, "Free-trade is not upheld, by any one who knows human life, from any very lofty estimate of its worth, but because the evils of exclusive privilege are still greater, and, what is worse, more incorrigible." If there were an era of perfect virtue, then free competition would be incomparably and indisputably the best arrangement. Its evils arise from the fact that we do not live in such an era, nor one at all like it, and these evils constitute it a second-best; only, as Mr. Mill says, even in such a stage free competition works better than protection, and such defects as belong to it are more curable than the defects which belong to the opposing system. In literature and art there is room for the same mischievous contempt for second-bests. In this department, too, there is a right place for what falls short of the highest imaginable, although many a person achieves very cheaply a reputation for profound vision and critical power by simply proving, of this and that, that they are not the highest. Of course there are circumstances which justify such strongly negative exposition. The world is choke-full of charlatans whom people have absurdly taken at their own valuation, or at the valuation which the personal friends and followers of the pretender have chosen to set upon him. That these should be held up in their true relations to that which they feign to have reached, is plainly a work of the highest public duty. And it is wholesome that poets, historians, and novelists, who are really good second-bests, and whom all wise men would be sorry to be ungrateful to, should still be warned at moments when the fumes of the popular incense seem to have mounted to their heads that, after all, they are not quite as the gods. Yet let us not forget that, as the majority of men are not capable of appreciating or relishing the finest work of any kind, and as it is exceedingly desirable, notwithstanding this, that they should admire something or other of decent merit, and as the opportunity of this admiration gives them great pleasure, then the second-best author is certainly a benefactor in his way, and deserves, so long as he does not give himself unreasonable airs, to be allowed to flourish and make his money in peace.

It is a great lesson, which judicious people seldom fail to learn, not to expect too much from a world constituted like ours. Of course we live in very civilized times, and the march of progress is only a little short of being miraculous, but for all that the fastidious must expect to have rather a hard time of it. Methods are still uncommonly rough and ready. The loud tongue, the false issue, the coarse substitution of rhetoric and passion for logic

and reason, the reliance on prejudice and selfishness, all these sti prevail with scarcely abated force, and to bring them to nough the defender of better things is sometimes compelled almost to con descend to like arts. To insist on standing aside until this gross tyranny of pretenders and bad logicians is overpast is to leave them to make a headway which it will be difficult or impossible to recover, until at any rate they have brought things so near to ruin as to be hardly capable of reparation at any cost. The man for whom the methods of his age are so much too bad that he disdains to meddle is oftener than not the creature of mixed vanity and idleness. The apostolic injunction not to be conformed to the world has a full meaning of its own, but this meaning can hardly be that we are to leave the world to go its own way, because, if all good men were to take it in this sense, we should find that the salt had lost its savour with a vengeance, and that the ways of the world would be, more than even in apostolic days, ways of perdition. Throughout history we find that in the region of active life, of political and social movement, the advance of society has been due mainly to men who knew exactly how to hold their own firmly and how much allowance to make to pretenders, knaves, and blockheads, and to the general folly of mankind. The stupid will often go with you a very long way, if you will only consent to go a very short way with them. It is undoubtedly a great pity that the stupid should even have thus much of their own will, but a prudent workman is content to do the best he can with his materials, and it is well not to trample too vehemently on other people, however superior a being you happen to be. To a sensible politician or socially minded person in any line, it must seem the most mischievous and retarding of all follies to quarrel with a course that is only second-best, when there is no better practically open, simply because you can conceive of such a better course as possibly existing if circumstances were only not what they actually happen to be.

WOMEN'S ORACLES.

IN days when men were much less cosmopolitan, and women much more shy and retiring, than they now are; when there were not nearly so many divisions and subdivisions in Church and State as at present, but the lieges and the faithful were all contained in two or three great parties separated from one another outwardly by plain characteristics and a tradition of hostile action, and inwardly by antagonistic principles and cherished hatred; before the whole body of the Tories had been "educated," and any stray Whigs had been enticed into "caves"; before divines had invented the method of non-naturally explaining their formularies, or statesmen had discovered the art of autobiographically interpreting their own inconvenient utterances; before in short, there were any third horns, middle-ways, eclecticisms, indifferentisms, or other confusing complications in politics and polemics, it must have been much easier to form a rapid estimate of a person's character and opinions than it is at present. In those days the old Latin maxim "You may know him by his friends" must have been much more valuable than it is now. It was once considered by the profane world as good a master-key to the secrets of character as the dogma "You may know him by his fruits" is still considered by a portion of the religious world. But with our present fashion of kaleidoscopic public careers, and our general condition of permutations and combinations, no one would dream of judging a man's character and opinions, or prophesying his course of action, from the characters, opinions, and actions of his friends. Yet we are not even now without means of judging roughly, by certain external indications, of a person's character. One of the best rough and ready tests of anybody's opinions is, for example, the newspaper which he affects. Stay-at-home foreigners, as we have so often lately been told, form their opinion of Englishmen largely from reading the *Times*; and though, of course, it is not difficult to see that an estimate of the character and capacity of a whole nation which has been derived from the study of only one of its principal journals must necessarily be very imperfect and misleading, yet it may be questioned whether this method is not at least as good as that of the stay-at-home Englishman who derives his impressions at secondhand from some obsequious or prejudiced Foreign Correspondent. And, after all, is it safe to suppose that any journal of large circulation can really be a very inadequate representative of its readers? that the sentiments it expresses can really be alien to their character, or its information and arguments below the level of their intelligence? How many graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who regularly read the *Times* suspect the logic of a pompous leader? How many of the gentlemen with nicely discriminated and subtle titles, of the Second-Go Bachelors, the Masters of the First or Third Branch of the Arts, the Doubly-examined Doctors of Literature, whom the London University is supposed to be scattering profusely over the land, and wherewith our whole Philistine lump is to be leavened, are dissatisfied with the *Times'* treatment of any scientific, historical, or literary question? and how many more can give the reasons of their dissatisfaction? There might be worse tests of the opinions and intelligence of a large community than that implied in the maxim "You may know them by their newspapers." And if the test is of any value when applied to journals written for no particular class, but professing to represent a whole people, it is still more valuable in its application to those journals which profess to represent only one fraction of a community. From the columns of the *Record* or the *Rock* we may gather no inadequate notion of the faiths or the fears that support or agitate the souls of religious spinsters, half-pay colonels, and their pet parsons in the coteries of Blackheath, Clifton, or Tunbridge Wells. From the leaders of the *Standard* we can form some conception of what the bucolical gentry and clergy consider to be convincing argument or crushing invective; just as from the style of the *Daily Telegraph* we may derive some notion of what the artisan and the shopkeeper believe to be fine rhetoric. There is no doubt that a very fair notion can be formed of the tastes, feelings, and culture of any Englishman by noticing what journal he affects. There are few peculiarities of the Englishman to which the maxim "Show me what he admires, and I will show you what he is" more aptly applies than to his newspaper.

If this same doctrine is true—and it is difficult to see why it should not be true—of those journals which are written especially for Englishwomen, the result is certainly surprising enough. To any person studying the leading Ladies' journals of the period it seems almost inconceivable that they should really represent any considerable number of Englishwomen in the middle and upper classes. Yet, if this is not the case, why and for whom do they exist? And, if it is the case, where could we find a richer store of materials for estimating the character of modern Englishwomen than in these sympathetic and oracular periodicals? The materials afforded by the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Record* for judging of the character of Englishmen sink into utter insignificance when compared with those which any leading "Ladies' newspaper" affords for judging of the character of its subscribers. Whether it is that, there being fewer ladies' than men's newspapers in existence, the ladies' newspapers are obliged to supply a greater quantity of information, and to study more differences of taste and varieties of requirement, or whether it is that women are more confiding and sympathetic towards their journals than men are, and require from them more sympathy and help in return, the fact is certain that there is no subject so important or so trivial that the fair subscriber shrinks from asking the counsel of the oracle upon it, or that the oracle fails to deliver a sympathetic and satisfying response. The mode in which these women's oracles are consulted, and give their replies, is peculiar. The Ladies' newspaper devotes a portion of each of its numbers to what is sometimes called "Our Drawing-room," and sometimes assumes the loftier title of "The Englishwoman's Conversazione"; which is, in fact, a kind of epistolary conversation or discussion carried on in the journal among its contributors. Notes and queries, questions and answers, sometimes of the briefest and sometimes of the most elaborate description, on topics grave and gay, trivial and important, are crowded together in the most confused but natural manner in these "Englishwomen's Conversaziones." Here, alongside of the anxious inquiry of a mother how she may best control a rebellious child, we find a daughter putting the momentous question whether at thirteen she is too young to begin wearing the chignon? On the same page we see ladies asking what is the editor's opinion of their handwriting; what is the best method of removing superfluous hair; where they can buy birches *with good buds*; what is the price of the Antephelic milk, and whether it will really clear a spotty complexion; how to treat broken or unbroken chilblains; how many days after a visit should a call be returned; where to find a sympathizing or even an obedient staymaker, mistress of her art; who was the prisoner of Gisors, and why he was imprisoned; what is the best way to clean grebe; whether it is best to wash one's dirty linen at home, and, if so, what amount of soap, soda, and starch should be used fortnightly for a family of two grown-up persons and three domestics; whether short walking costumes may be used for Church dress; how to make *Brunswick loaves*; how to prepare for an overland journey to India; and how to cure warts. To all these and many similar questions the oracle is expected to provide a reply; and how thoroughly well it does its business may be gathered from such a case as the following:—An unfortunate creature who is afflicted with unbecoming leanness, and who writes under the touching title of "Skeleton," asks the advice and help of the oracle in this heart-rending condition. Her general health is excellent. She sleeps and eats well. But she is quite unable to enjoy society, because she is so unfashionably thin. Wherever she goes she finds that fatter friends are preferred before her. And, in short, unless she can become stouter, life will not be worth having. What shall she do to get fat? The oracle replies:—"In answer to 'Skeleton's' inquiry how to become fat, I wish to inform her that milk taken before rising in the morning is the best thing. Half a pint, either warm or cold; if the former, a lump or two of sugar makes it better. If he lives in London, there is a kind of rich milk called 'babies' milk' sold on purpose for ladies and children to drink. She should eat plenty of butter and fat, and underdone meat. Cream very good; also corn flour, semolina, arrowroot, &c. Good stout is very fattening; she should have two or three tumblers a day—one always the last thing at night. If not stout, a wine-glass or two of rum and water with sugar." Every reader's respect for these women's oracles must be raised after reading this reply. Whether their wisdom is or is not equal to that of the ancient oracles of Delphi and Dodona, their straightforwardness and honesty must at any rate be greater. An oracle which can unflinchingly give such a response as that, which can without any sign of emotion, and without leaving any loophole of ambiguity, tell its miserable client to drink a tumblerful of stout the last thing at night, and one of babies' milk the first thing in the

morning, must at least be far above the vulgar suspicion of corruption or of humbug. Whether the unhappy "Skeleton" has had the courage requisite for carrying out the orders of the oracle, we have no means of knowing. This reply was given last December; and if meantime "Skeleton" has been conscientiously and continuously cramming herself with babies' milk, underdone meat, corn flour, stout, and rum, every one must admit that by this time she deserves to be as sleek as Belteshazzar.

The *conversazione* portion of these Ladies' journals always resounds with the cries of contributors who appear to be suffering from a plethora of books concurrently with a famine of clothes. Scores of women write anxiously desiring to part with the great standard handbooks of Mangnall, Gleig, and Lindley Murray, in exchange for brooches or earrings, or offering "Select Passages from the Poems of Sir Walter Scott, handsomely bound," in return for fashionable articles of dress; and indeed the number of such offers would be very puzzling, did we not remember that there is always a stream of young ladies who have just "finished their education" and are about to be "introduced." These happy creatures will of course have no further use for books except such as the circulating library supplies, and the temptation to part with their manuals and their prizes in exchange for earrings and real sealskins is naturally irresistible. Who the people are that take the books and give the jewellery it is not so easy to understand. There does not appear to be any demand for such books, or indeed for any books whatever, among the contributors to the Ladies' journals, while there are always scores of contributors who want to get rid of books. It would be interesting to discover the ultimate destination of these school prizes and manuals; to trace the steps and the length of time that a French Dictionary or an Atlas takes in passing from the "finishing school" to the pork-shop; and to ascertain with precision who are the middle-men that go bearing jewels of gold and raiment to the "finished" young lady, and carrying back her books to the butterman.

Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary feature in these *conversaziones* is the disquisitions on ethical and social subjects which are carried on among their contributors. It is not long since the *Saturday Review* called attention to a wonderful discussion on the subject of "Flogging Girls" which appeared in a well-known Ladies' magazine, and which has been succeeded in the same journal by an equally amazing discussion on the subject of Ladies' riding. The riding discussion proceeds in very much the same fashion as the flogging discussion did. There is the same freedom of treatment, the same liberal use of strong expressions, the same tendency to advocate extremes; and it would seem, too, that the theory of horsemanship which finds most favour with the contributors to this journal is not very widely different from their favourite theory of domestic discipline. To give zest to the discussion, a knowing male assessor is called in, who plays a part similar to that assigned to "Paterfamilias," or the "Old King's Scholar, and Ex-Officio Birchmaker," in the girl-flogging *conversazione*, and who contributes some of the more bloodthirsty opinions to the disquisition. This amiable gentleman, who signs himself "Eperon," and who says that he has had much experience as rough-rider to a cavalry regiment, and as "ladies' instructor in riding," after describing the savage course of treatment through which he puts his colts in order to make them "perfect ladies' horses," with "a fine shape and carriage of the neck," and after dilating on the advantages of tight-lacing to a lady-rider, lays down the following choice rules for what he calls "female horsemanship:"—

> I always use the most severe bits for ladies, and very tightly curbed, as otherwise a lady's strength would be quite unequal to stop a frightened or skittish horse. Many of my best pupils now delight in riding vicious or badly trained horses, and always get more out of them than men do. After a lady feels confidence in her horse I never have occasion to tell her to use her spur. She is only too glad to do so, and as she becomes a perfect horsewoman, she detests a perfect horse. Give a good horsewoman a badly broken horse if you would please her. Every mistake is punished with the utmost severity, and the spur, being so easily used and so effective, is always first called upon. To make a horse show to advantage the bit must be long in the bars, and the curb chain fastened as tightly as possible. The lady must then ride entirely upon the bit reins, which must be held tightly, care being taken to keep the spur to him to prevent his rearing, &c. &c.

If this correspondence is genuine, it appears that, as there is a party among the fair subscribers to this journal which is in favour of flogging grown-up girls, so there is also a party which is in favour of savage and brutal treatment of the horse. How numerous this party may be it is impossible to say. How many English lady-riders have the hard hearts, or covet the vulgar horsebreaking accomplishments, of "Eperon's" "best pupils," only the editor can tell who presides over the *conversazione* in which such sentiments are allowed to pass unchallenged. Admirers of women may hope that there are few ladies in England who *would*, and lovers of the horse may trust that there are few who *can*, conduct themselves in the manner described and advocated by "Eperon." And indeed, after perusing such effusions as these, the charitable reader will perhaps find it best to conclude that Ladies' journals form an exception to the maxim "You may know them by their newspapers," and that they exist rather to warn or to disgust, than to represent the real feelings, tastes, and interests of Englishwomen.

FRANCE AND THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

THE Parisian Correspondent of the *Times* has lately been discoursing on the relations of French society to the approaching Council in a tone which contrasts conspicuously with the contempt for common sense and common fact that usually characterizes the religious utterances of the leading journal. At the same time we suspect that his view, though it contains elements of truth, is a superficial one. The general upshot of what he says comes to this—that French Catholics are prepared to receive, if not with enthusiasm, at least with unquestioning acquiescence, any number or kind of spiritual dogmas that may be imposed upon them, not excepting the crowning paradox of Ultramontanism, Papal infallibility; but that they will meet with open opposition or silent contempt, as the case may be, any attempt to dictate to them on the mixed questions where religion touches on the modern principles of civil or social life. Now it seems obvious to reply to this that, whatever else they may be, the French are a logical people, and it requires no very severe intellectual effort to perceive that acceptance of Papal infallibility involves, among other things, acceptance, *ex animo*, of all the propositions of the last Encyclical, which includes, to go no further, a most emphatic consecration of the principles of political absolutism, of religious persecution, and of the divine right of the Pope's temporal sovereignty. However, we are not concerned here with the accuracy of the *Times'* Correspondent, but with the very interesting subject to which he has adverted—the probable bearings of the promised Œcumenical Council on the state of religious thought in France. There are obvious reasons why this cannot be considered a matter of merely national importance. France has long arrogated to herself the title of Eldest Daughter of the Church, and if it does not now belong to her in quite the same sense as under the *ancien régime*, there never was a period when the French nation stood more completely at the head of Latin civilization, and therefore of the Latin Church. The Catholic Church of France is a microcosm of the Catholic Church throughout the world, and what has been said of the former by a keen observer, who is a Frenchman though not a Roman Catholic, is equally true of the latter; "it contains within itself, not merely two parties, but two spirits, two souls." In attempting to gauge the effects of the present policy of the Papal Court on France we are gauging its effects on the whole Roman Catholic Church. And "the Church of France," to continue our quotation, "is the principal support of Ultramontanism, and at the same time its most formidable foe." These are the words of M. Pressensé, in a very remarkable article on "France and the Œcumenical Council" in the current number of the *British Quarterly*, to which we propose to draw the attention of our readers. We shall not of course hold ourselves bound, in what we have to say, to the writer's opinions, or even to his estimate of facts, though in this latter he appears to us—with one exception, to be noted later on—to be quite exceptionally accurate in his information. But we shall make full use of the very valuable summary of the antecedents and present position of French Catholicism which he has put before us.

To appreciate the present state of parties in the French Church, and its attitude towards the Papacy, it is necessary to go back some eighty years and take a rapid review of her history since the first Revolution. The Gallican Church under the old monarchy possessed, to use the words of the reviewer, "all the characteristics and all the disadvantages of a State religion. It was servile to the throne and persecuting to religious minorities." This is true, but a writer who was no less of a Liberal than M. Pressensé, though he was also a sincere Roman Catholic, has dwelt in glowing language, of which we had occasion very recently to remind our readers, on the brighter side of the picture to which his extreme and somewhat narrow antipathy to all established and endowed Churches hardly allows him to do justice. De Tocqueville thinks the Gallican Church had never been, on the whole, in a more satisfactory condition than when the Revolution crushed it. There was, no doubt, too much of subserviency to the Royal power; but, on the other hand, there was a breadth and enlightenment of view, a healthy spirit of national loyalty and independence, and the endowments of the clergy, immense as they were, acted as a serviceable counterpoise to the caste-like and anti-national tendencies of an unrecognised, and especially a celibate, priesthood. M. Pressensé considers that, if the Port Royalists had been fostered instead of being persecuted, they would probably have modified their extreme doctrines of grace, and that the infusion of a new and holier spirit would have materially affected the subsequent history of the French Church. This may well be; but the Port Royalists were ejected more rudely than the Wesleyans from the Church of England, and Jesuit influence triumphed for the time, though it could only hold its own by wearing the mask of Gallicanism. The old Church fell—whether suffering most for its virtues or its vices we need not here discuss—and the Church of the Concordat was, to all intents and purposes, a new creation of the Emperor and the Pope. Napoleon aspired to restore the old Empire of Charlemagne, and nothing could be more to his purpose than an infallible and irresponsible Pontiff, who should also be his own head chaplain. This, as we know now from his words as well as from his acts, was the secret of his whole ecclesiastical policy. An unscrupulous despot who, if his own statements in the intimacy of familiar conversation may be trusted, was no believer in Christ, was the cynical but deliberate founder of modern Ultramontanism.

He forced upon the terrified but not unwilling Pontiff whom he had alternately outraged with the chicanery of a vulgar attorney and the brutal violence of a Corsican bandit, a spiritual autocracy at which the proudest of his predecessors had never even dared to aim. But Napoleon contributed as much indirectly as directly to the advance of French Ultramontanism. His insolent contempt for the religion he had so haughtily reinstated alienated the sympathies both of the clergy and their flocks, and, finding no national centre for their loyalty, they turned inevitably towards Rome. The whole influence of the restored Jesuits, who had no longer any motive for concealing their colours, tended in the same direction. From 1815 to 1830 there was a brief interval of suspense, as the Bourbons did what little they could to revive the old traditions of the Gallican Church. With the Revolution of July Ultramontanism finally triumphed. The suicidal policy of Louis Philippe and Guizot arrayed all that was most earnest and religious in French Catholicism on the side of the extreme Romanizers. From that time three parties have been gradually forming themselves—that of absolute Ultramontanism, of liberal Ultramontanism, and of reorganized Gallicanism aiming at moderate reformation in the Church, but rejecting the old monarchical traditions of the earlier Gallicanism, and embracing heartily the principles of civil freedom. Each of these parties had, and still has, its representative men. Joseph de Maistre may be considered the founder of the first, of which the chief surviving prophet is Louis Veuillot, who has probably never had an equal in the virulence, the coarseness, and the recklessness of his theological vituperation. The reviewer justly remarks that, when the history of contemporary Atheism shall be written, Veuillot must come in for much of the blame, "for if anything could inspire a horror of religion or extenuate the blasphemies of the time, it may be found in the career of this furious zealot." The hideous imprecations on Passaglia which he published in a work entitled *Le Parfum de Rome* may be in the recollection of some of our readers. The most depraved imagination of an inquisitor or a fiend could hardly have rivalled the horribly minute ingenuity of the tortures invoked on the head of the man who dared to disbelieve the Pope's temporal power. Yet this man is the darling of his party, and his organ the *Univers*, when denounced by some of the bishops—the *Record* would be milk and water to it—received the solemn approval of the Vatican. Lamennais, who for a time had followed De Maistre, became the leader of the second or Liberal Ultramontane party, till the emphatic condemnation pronounced by his infallible oracle on his most cherished convictions as to the sacred rights of conscience gradually alienated him from all belief in Christianity. He went to Rome in unhesitating faith—for to him the voice of the Pope was as the voice of God—but he came away bitterly complaining that "at Rome they would, if they could, sell everything; they would sell the Father, and they would sell the Son, and they would sell the Holy Ghost." Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans—so far as we can classify such a very uncertain, not to say inconsistent, writer—may perhaps be best reckoned among the present leaders of this party. The brightest ornament of the third party, of reorganized Gallicanism, was Lacordaire; and his friend Montalembert, in his later and better moods—for he, like Dupanloup, is not always consistent with himself—also belongs to it. The Archbishops of Paris for many years past must be reckoned among its most eminent representatives. One of them, Mgr. Affre, it will be remembered, was shot down on the barricades in 1848, while ministering to the wounded soldiers, and his successor, Mgr. Sibour, was stabbed by a suspended priest in church just as he was about to commence a suit against the *Univers* for its libellous attacks. Two distinguished writers, the Prince Albert de Broglie and the late Frederick Ozanam, must also be named among the ornaments of the Liberal Catholic party, which moreover numbers in its ranks Bishop Maret and Father Gratry, the two most learned theologians of the modern French Church. M. Huet, who formerly belonged to it, was driven from Christianity by the Encyclical of Pius IX., as Lamennais had been by the Encyclical of Gregory XVI., and as some of the ablest of the English converts have been whose names will readily occur to our readers. For a further account of the distinguished personages referred to, and of others who have exercised a critical influence on the religious thought of France, we must refer to the paper in the *British Quarterly* already mentioned.

The Imperial *régime* has perhaps done something to foster the growth of a moderate and national temper among the French clergy. Its Church policy has been more friendly than that of Guizot, and the Emperor has usually shown himself anxious to recognise the claims of men of learning and intellect, like the present Archbishop of Paris, who are opposed to extreme views. Three events have occurred, however, since 1851, which have in different ways seriously complicated the approaching crisis of Catholicism. These are the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception in 1854, the Italian Revolution, and the Encyclical. The importance of the first lies not so much in the particular doctrine proclaimed, which had no doubt been very generally believed before in the Roman Catholic Church, as in the Pope's claim to define it as matter of faith on his own *ipse dixit*. And there can be no doubt that this was the real ground of the urgency of the Jesuit Camarilla to get the doctrine promulgated, and of the Pontiff's compliance with their desire. For Pius IX. is well known, strange as it may seem, to be a firm believer in his own infallibility. The Italian Revolution has brought into prominence the rights of the temporal power of the Pope, and with it the whole subject of political liberalism. For it is clear on the face of it that no one can maintain absolutism as a sacred principle at Rome who is an honest advocate of liberal principles elsewhere. It is not wonderful, therefore, to find M. de l'Ariége, a liberal Catholic, insisting that every conquest of liberty will be precarious, every solution incomplete, so long as the question is not radically settled at Rome by the abolition of the temporal Papacy. Hardly less startling to the devotees of Rome was Montalembert's bold proclamation of unreserved liberty of conscience at the Catholic Congress of Malines in 1863. The Mortara case was still fresh in people's minds when he stood forward before a large assemblage of prelates and clergy, including Cardinal Wiseman, as well as laymen, to assert broadly and unequivocally his "inexpressible horror" at every kind of religious persecution. "The faggots lighted by the hands of Catholics," he exclaimed, "do not excite less horror than the scaffolds on which Protestants have immolated so many martyrs, *and I quiver with pain as I feel on my own lips* the gag that has been forced into the mouth of those who preached their faith with pure consciences. The Spanish Inquisition saying to the heretic, 'The truth or death,' is as odious to me as the French Terrorist saying to my grandfather, 'Liberty, fraternity, or death.' The human conscience has a right to demand that these hideous alternatives shall no longer be imposed upon it." These words were spoken in August, 1863. In December, 1864, appeared the Encyclical and Syllabus of condemned errors. Among these errors are the following:—"That the Church has no right to use compulsion and temporal power; that it is useless in our time to regard the Catholic religion as the only State religion, to the exclusion of every other worship; that the law is right which in some Catholic countries allows foreign residents the enjoyment of their own worship; that the Pope might and ought to put himself in accord with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." All these principles are solemnly condemned, and their opposites are to be accepted—as Dr. Manning is never tired of reminding those who choose to listen to him—as intellectual laws to rule the thoughts of all good Catholics. The Bishop of Orleans, as is well known, went down on his knees to the Pope to entreat him not to publish the Encyclical, but, when it appeared, he explained and defended it in an elaborate Pastoral compared to which Tract 90 is simplicity itself. It remains to inquire, in view of these facts, what will be the attitude of the French Church towards the intended Council of the Vatican. The writer we have so often referred to speaks of it as "a Jesuit plot." We believe he is mistaken, and that the original suggestion emanated from the opposite party; but there can be no doubt that the Jesuits will leave no stone unturned to use it, now it is decided upon, for their own purposes. They are said to have abandoned the idea of extorting from the assembled Fathers an assertion of Papal infallibility, in consequence of the determined attitude of the French Bishops. But they are pretty sure to use all their influence to extort from them a solemn approval of the Syllabus of condemned errors. There can be no doubt that, if they succeed, they will bring about a "fearful crisis, which will alienate the minds of men from the Gospel, and indeed from the very idea of God." For the present we content ourselves with quoting M. Pressensé's concluding prediction that if, instead of Catholicism being itself reformed, "liberal Catholicism is crushed and extirpated, there will ere long remain nothing of the great Roman Church but a lifeless corpse ready to vanish away." It is well to remember that the religious future of some 150,000,000 of Christians is seriously involved in the result.

COMPETITION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE motion which Mr. Fawcett proposed last week upon competitive examinations represented the extreme view of a principle which, within certain limitations, may probably be sound enough. The thirty gentlemen who voted in the affirmative represent the extreme wing who are prepared to apply it unflinchingly in season or out of season. There were of course many in the majority who would be ready to give it a fair trial, but who do not look upon unlimited competition for offices as the Alpha and Omega of political science in its bearing upon appointments. As there is a tendency in a certain small class to make an idol of competitive examination, and to represent all unbelievers as preferring promotion by corrupt practices to promotion by merit, it is worth while to notice briefly what are the necessary failings of the competitive principle.

We may begin by noticing the obvious *reductio ad absurdum* which follows from its indiscriminate application. If success in a competitive examination is really the best test of merit, it should be applicable in many cases where we all admit it to be ludicrous. We say nothing of appointing judges or bishops by examination, for even the hardest heart of the bitterest *doctrinaire* will admit that the torture is one which should be reserved for youth. But, in cases more nearly parallel to that of clerks in a public office, the principle is equally preposterous. No man outside a lunatic asylum would appoint his own servants by their success in examinations, or select a tutor for his children, or clerks to be his assistants in a lawyer's office or a commercial house, by such a test. The reason is obvious—namely, that a very little personal observation of a young man will tell us facts about his qualifications for the proposed duties which we cannot possibly discover from his answers to a written paper. The examination is at best a rough test of his possession of certain qualities, which

are after all not those of most importance for our purpose; it can tell us nothing about his honesty, about his tact, his good temper, or a thousand other merits which are of infinitely more weight than his power of writing out certain bits of information, and solving a few selected problems. Precisely the same principles apply to a public office. If we could assume—and we admit that it is a large assumption—that the authorities would take as much pains in selecting the best men for their work as a merchant or a lawyer would in selecting useful subordinates, personal discrimination would supply a test incomparably more delicate and searching than the rigid machinery of a competitive examination. In short, it is generally true that the best mode of appointment, in all cases where it can be obtained, is appointment by a qualified and impartial authority, who can of course apply from time to time such tests as he pleases. The apology for competitive examination is that, in many cases, we cannot depend upon such appointments; that the inferior offices are given away simply by private interest, and that the test of merit supplied by examination is better than no test at all, or than a system which leaves full swing to jobbery.

The supporters of the proposed change put forward, it is true, much higher claims than this. Admitting that examination can only test one kind of merit, it is asserted that, on the average, it will indicate the possession of other kinds also. The cleverest men are also the best, morally and physically; and, by securing one excellence, we shall, at the worst, have an equal chance of getting all others. If this were true, it would be safe to take men according to the height they could leap, or their measure round the chest; these would be simple and easy tests; and if the pleasant maxim be true, that all the virtues go together, we should secure all by securing any one. Without going quite so far as this, Mr. Fawcett tells us that the Cambridge triposes, although they test a man's ability only in one intellectual study, put the ablest men in the highest places with great accuracy. As a rule, the Senior Wrangler is a cleverer lad than the second, the second than the third, and so on to the bottom. But this, when we look into it, is a singularly modest claim, for probably the wit of man could hardly invent so perverse a scheme of examination as not to give some advantage to intellect. If, in place of mathematics, the chief subject of a University training were whist or the game of all-fours, we have not the least doubt that the cleverest men would, as a rule, be nearest the top. No ingenuity can lay out a race-course in which the cripples will generally beat the active men; and the whole merit claimed for the University of Cambridge is that they have not been so incomprehensibly absurd as to put the fools on a level with the men of genius. Even here, if it were necessary to go into the question, we should have to qualify the assertion materially. The examination test, we might urge, is very imperfect in many ways; it gives, for example, decided advantage to docility and powers of receiving knowledge ready-made as compared with vigour and originality of intellect. And, to come a little nearer to the point, even at Cambridge it is felt to have many shortcomings. A fellowship may be given without any injustice by examination, because fellows have few duties to discharge; but as soon as it is attempted to distribute offices by the same principle—to give tutorships, for example, simply in accordance with tripos lists—it is notorious that the plan breaks down, and would almost as often as not put men in places for which they are entirely unfit. The Senior Wrangler may be the cleverest man of his year; but it is the exception, rather than the rule, that he should also be the best teacher; and the colleges have, in fact, enough common sense to leave such duties to be distributed by appointment.

Although this precedent is not precisely applicable to the case of clerks in a public office, it will serve to suggest the main shortcomings of the competitive principle. In the first place, that principle is generally recommended in the name of promotion by merit; but it must be remembered that it is directly opposed to promotion by merits of all kinds, and frequently to promotion by merit of the appropriate kind. It absolutely forbids that we should take into account at all any merit except that which can be tested by writing out questions on paper. A man may be qualified in a dozen different ways for a given post, and yet we may be compelled to give it to a rival who is his inferior in all but one. As a necessary result, excellence which does not pay is deprived of a legitimate means of attraction. Merit, that is to say, is directly discouraged by a plan of which it is the one boast that it gives to merit a special advantage. It was proposed lately to make the appointments to the Indian Civil Service equally accessible to natives as to Englishmen. In other words, in governing a great empire, it was proposed that we should take no notice whatever of the one absolutely essential quality—namely, the power of governing; that we should leave that to mere chance, and take for the future rulers the lads who, at the age of twenty-two, could write out answers to most questions in the shortest time. This is only a legitimate consequence of the method which deliberately resolves to take into account only one, and that by no means the most important, criterion of ability.

It may be said that this argument is only applicable in the case of the higher offices, and that when we are considering the case of ordinary clerks, who have nothing to do but to copy letters and accounts, and whose appointment will in no case rest upon a careful consideration of their merits, the examination test is on the whole the best we can obtain in practice. Even here, however, there are certain obvious limitations to its utility. In the first place, there is the obvious consideration noticed by Mr. Lowe. So long as our public offices are in their present state, we are doing a very questionable service to our clever young men by inviting them to such a competition. A sharp youth who is just coming of age is strongly tempted to gain an immediate independence by going in for a competitive examination, which, moreover, under our present system of training, has a certain factitious attraction. He has been competing for exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, from his earliest boyhood, and he fancies that success in such matters is of infinitely more importance than grown-up men can easily imagine. He accordingly goes into an office where he is set to spend years of his life upon merely mechanical drudgery. The direct tendency, in fact, of the system, is to get men who are too good for their work, and to give to public offices an attraction altogether disproportionate to their real value. We deliberately do our best to get our blocks cut with razors, for in a competitive examination there can be no limit, except the eagerness of the competitors, for the qualifications demanded. Instead of getting a fit man for the place, we probably get some one in whom it will necessarily be a constant source of discontent. This objection may, indeed, be removed to a great extent by a better organization of public offices, and we fully admit that under wise regulations there is much to be said for the competitive principle as compared with the old plan of entirely unrestricted patronage.

There is, however, another very different consideration, of which nothing was said in the debate, but which probably deserves more attention than any. The argument, so far as we have gone, rests upon the assumption that if a man has the good quality A, he is equally likely to possess the good qualities B, C, D, and so on to Z. If he succeeds in a competitive examination in mathematics, he will also be probably as good as his neighbours, or possibly better, in moral virtue, physical excellence, and social qualifications. Assuming, for the sake of the argument, that this is true, it entirely neglects what we may call the secondary operation of the system. Choose the best mathematician for once, and you may perhaps find that he is also the most accomplished scholar; but give public notice that you are always going to take the best mathematician, and mathematics will be cultivated at the expense of scholarship. The effect upon the many persons who do not win the prize is at least as important as the effect upon the one who is successful. They have guided their studies by the course marked out for them, and have been educated for some years entirely with a view to excelling in this particular test. In other words, by selecting any particular study or course of studies as the necessary gateway to official preferment, we put an enormous premium upon those studies, and do for a great part of our educational bodies what fellowships and scholarships do for the Universities. The effect already produced by the appointments thrown open is very considerable, and is likely to be increased in future. The question whether the influence has, on the whole, been healthy is doubtless a large one; but one point is sufficiently clear to be noticed, and will suggest that our future action in this direction should at least be carefully considered. It is held by most thoughtful observers that the system of competitive examination, to which it is proposed to add a considerable stimulus, has nearly reached, if it has not exceeded, its reasonable limits, so far as the interests of our schools and Universities are concerned. A boy's career one series of competitions, if he shows any signs of talent, and many results of questionable value have been developed. The system of cramming and grinding has been raised to a fine art, and in itself is simply deleterious. Nor is it easy to see how competitive examinations can ever be thoroughly relieved from this evil. If the examinations are wide enough to test the general system of education, there is an irresistible temptation to superficial knowledge; if they are strictly limited, education tends to become unduly narrowed. An additional and artificial reason is given for neglecting the introduction into the curriculum of new studies which every one is anxious to see fairly encouraged. Meanwhile the characteristic evil of English schools, the idleness and ignorance of the inferior mass of commonplace boys, is not even touched; the stimulus is felt exclusively by the cleverer lads, who already are often urged beyond any judicious bounds. If entrance into public offices were limited to those who had satisfactorily passed a certain educational course (which supposes, of course, an organization of schools which we do not at present possess), the influence of the change would be more or less felt throughout the school. As it is only proposed to throw them open to competition amongst a few, the influence will be of an entirely different character; it will increase the tendency, already regarded with reasonable suspicion, towards cramming in all its branches, and will further strengthen the disposition to make examinations, not what they ought to be, the tests of the education given, but the determining objects towards which education is to be directed. We repeat that, within due limits, the principle may perhaps be carried out judiciously; but it is impossible to overlook the fact that it tends directly to encourage one of the most growing evils of the present day. Instead of hailing it as an obvious improvement under all circumstances, its extension ought to be carefully watched, and only admitted with proper securities against its too easy abuse.

THE BULGARIAN QUESTION.

THE Eastern Question is a fruitful mother of unruly children, and each succeeding year presents some new difficulty in the management of its offspring. Bulgaria is the youngest child, and she is now offering a difficulty for solution which cannot fail to

influence the Eastern question in a manner extremely distasteful to the Greeks. The number of Orthodox Bulgarians in European Turkey, who have long been the sheep in the Greek Church with the best fleeces, exceeds four millions and a half. The Greeks themselves amount only to one million; and the whole Greek race, even when the Greeks of the Hellenic Kingdom, Asia Minor, and those scattered in Russia are included, is supposed to fall short of the Bulgarians by at least a million. The Bulgarians dwell together in one great body, inhabiting a fertile though thinly peopled country, which invites man to multiply and replenish the earth; while, on the other hand, the Greeks live dispersed along a thousand miles of sea-coast, in regions where limestone rocks forbid cultivation, and a smiling sea calls on them to build ships and plough its waters. The Bulgarians are naturally an agricultural people. The Greeks are a commercial people. Their union might lay the foundations of a powerful Christian State, but there are no signs that any ties of sympathy and interest can be formed to bind them together in a close alliance. At present their feelings are not friendly, and they seem to be steadily accumulating a large capital of national antipathy.

The Greeks have been long working to undermine the foundations of the Ottoman Empire, by rousing the feelings of nationality in all the Christian races subject to the Sultan. Historical traditions, and the position of the Eastern Church at Constantinople, suggested the ambitious scheme of establishing a new Greek Empire, and they called this grand project "the great *idea*." The position of the Greek Patriarchate is singular. Mohammed II., when he conquered Constantinople, found the Eastern Church in a disorganized state. He saw the importance of rendering the violent animosity of the Greek clergy against the Latins of practical use to his government, and of attaching them to his rule by entrusting them with administrative as well as ecclesiastical authority. The measures he adopted for organizing the Greek Church, and employing it as an instrument of his power, were singularly sagacious, and have secured the allegiance of the great body of the Greek clergy to the present day. He declared the Sultan the protector of Orthodoxy against Catholicism. He reorganized a Greek Patriarchate as a branch of the civil government, and found in the Patriarch Gennadios, and the Bishops of his Empire, a Secretary of State and a number of Prefects for the government of his Orthodox subjects of every race. The name given to the whole Orthodox population of the Ottoman Empire was, and is, Roum or Romaioi; and the practice has become general of calling them Greeks, without distinguishing in many cases whether they are Greeks, Vallachians, Servians, Albanians, or Bulgarians. Thirty years ago the Greeks themselves believed that their race in European Turkey numbered from nine to ten millions.

The spirit of nationality has now been roused in Bulgaria, and the Greeks, instead of striving to form an alliance with a spirit which they can neither lay nor guide, are constantly irritating its feelings and scorning its traditions. Bulgarian nationality ranks among the old nationalities of Europe. It is older than the English monarchy both in Church and State, and was nursed more than a thousand years ago by long and glorious wars with the Eastern Roman Empire and the Greek Church. Its revival could not fail to awaken some opposition to Greek nationality and the ecclesiastical domination of the Greeks, for, in the East, the mind of man is always recurring to the past. Already Bulgarian nationality is raising a barrier against the progress of what the modern Greeks call Hellenism, and its political significance is attracting attention in the East, though the Bulgarian question of to-day is essentially ecclesiastical. The strength of the feelings that impel the Bulgarians to demand ecclesiastical independence and the recognition of their national Church cannot be fully understood without some knowledge of their history.

The Bulgarians crossed the Danube, to establish themselves as conquerors and colonists in Mœsia, during the latter part of the fifth century. While the Angles were creating England, the Bulgarians were creating Bulgaria, and they fixed their name on the country between the Danube and the Balkan about the same time that the Angles gave the name of England to Southern Britain. The Bulgarian conquest resembles the Saxon, by the conquerors imposing their nationality on the conquered; while it also resembles the Scandinavian conquest of Normandy, inasmuch as the Bulgarians adopted the language of the Slavonian population which they absorbed. For many centuries the Kings of the Bulgarians were the sovereigns of a powerful monarchy that extended on both banks of the Danube from the Carpathian Mountains to the Balkan, and their conquests often embraced extensive districts of Thrace and Macedonia, where the agricultural population speaks the Bulgarian dialect at the present day. The Bulgarian monarchs, in a long series of bloody wars, sought to drive the Byzantine Emperors into Asia Minor, and they frequently encamped before the walls of Constantinople. As early as the year 712, the commerce of Bulgaria had acquired great political importance. In that year the Bulgarian troops defeated the armies of the Eastern Roman Empire, stormed the long wall of Thrace, and laid siege to Constantinople. Three years later, their King, Kormersios, concluded a commercial treaty with the Emperor Theodosius III. This treaty regulated the duties that were to be paid on the frontiers of the two States, and at every period of peace its stipulations remained in force for two centuries—a singular testimony to the stationary condition of Eastern society, and an honourable proof of the invariability and purity of the Byzantine coinage by which the money payments were regulated. About the time that Egbert founded the kingdom of England, a great king named Krumn ruled the Bulgarians. He defeated and slew the Emperor Nicephorus I., and the Greek chronicles tell us he made a drinking cup of the Emperor's skull. We can only hope that he used it solely for drinking viper broth and similar medicaments. He defeated the successor of Nicephorus, Michael I., who was dethroned by his subjects for his incapacity. The next Emperor, Leo V. the Armenian, though a soldier, was not more successful than his predecessors. He attempted the assassination of Krumn at a conference held under the walls of Constantinople, and to avenge his treachery the Bulgarian King laid waste the suburbs of the Imperial city, burned all the palaces and villas on the European shore of the Bosphorus, and desolated all the country, on his way back to the Balkan, with fire and sword. Fortunately for the Greek population, he died shortly after this expedition, and Leo V., in the year 817, concluded a treaty of peace with Mortagon, the new King of the Bulgarians. It is recorded that the commercial treaty of 715 was again renewed in the year 852, and a few years later Bogoris, the King of the Bulgarians, embraced Christianity, and was baptized by a Byzantine bishop, sent for the purpose by Michael III., called the Drunkard. At his baptism, Bogoris received the name of Michael from his disreputable godfather.

The conversion of the Bulgarians raised the question of nationality in ecclesiastical affairs more than a thousand years ago, which is the Bulgarian question of to-day; so that, in order to take a comprehensive and accurate view of the conflict that is going on between the Greek Patriarch and the Bulgarian clergy, we must note the leading events in a struggle for ecclesiastical independence on one side and for episcopal dominion on the other, which originated in the ninth century and is vigorous in the nineteenth. The mutual animosity has frequently been so violent that the Bulgarians have sought to separate themselves completely from the Greeks by submitting to the supremacy of the Pope; but a short experience has always convinced them that Papal despotism demands a more absolute sacrifice of ecclesiastical nationality than Greek domination requires. They have therefore always returned, in a short time, to the Eastern Church, and renewed their quarrels with the Greeks within the pale of Orthodoxy. Neander, in his History of the Christian Religion and Church, gives an interesting notice of the state of things in Bulgaria during the ninth century. The power of the Greek clergy was great, and the deficiency of priests induced a Greek layman to simulate the character of a priest, and to baptize and marry Christians. The people discovered the deceit of the wily Greek, and punished him by cutting off his nose and ears. The Greeks, both laymen and clergy, furnished the Bulgarians with many strange stories concerning their conduct, and taught them many superstitions. Some of the priests made themselves men of importance by boasting that they were able to foretell future events from the Scriptures.

During the reign of our Saxon King, Edward the Elder, the Bulgarians were ruled by a great monarch, Symeon, who placed Bulgaria on a footing of equality with the Byzantine Empire, both in political power and ecclesiastical independence. After vanquishing the Imperial armies at a place called Achelous, which Gibbon confounds in a strange way with the classic banks of the Ætolian river, and in virtue of the confusion calls Symeon a barbaric Hercules, the victorious Bulgarian monarch marched to Constantinople. In the year 924 he compelled the Emperor Romanus I. to hold a conference with him outside the walls of Constantinople, and agree to the terms of peace imposed by the victories of the Bulgarians, in presence of the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Senators and great officers of State of the Eastern Empire. The Byzantine historians have, as far as lay in their power, concealed the terms of this treaty. But several documents exist which prove that it contained an express article recognising the independence of a national Church in Bulgaria. The Byzantine writers record the terrible effect produced on the mind of the Greek Emperor by the communication of the ultimatum of the Bulgarian King. The political and ecclesiastical pride of the Emperor and the Patriarch were alike humbled in the dust, and together they entered the sanctuary of the great church of Blachern, where the Emperor Romanus, extending his hands to heaven, fell prostrate on the ground, and prayed long, with bitter tears, that the Virgin would soften the heart of Symeon, and avert from the Empire and the Church the degradation with which he threatened them. But neither prayers nor diplomacy availed, and in the year 924 the Greeks were compelled to recognise the national Church of Bulgaria as an independent autokephalous Church, observing the holy apostolic canons and traditions, and holding the doctrines of the Orthodox Church of Constantinople, with the most ample authority to administer its own ecclesiastical affairs, independently of every other Orthodox Church. The vindication of these rights forms the Bulgarian question of our day.

The brilliant reign of Symeon exhausted or corrupted the strength of the Bulgarian Kingdom. About fifty years after his death, the Russians invaded Bulgaria from the north; and the Armenian Emperor of Constantinople, Chumuskik Keurjan, who, from feelings of compassion for European throats and ears, is called John Zimisces, drove back the Russians and conquered Bulgaria. He restored the supremacy of the Greek Patriarch in the country north of the Balkan, but the Bulgarians prolonged the existence of their kingdom and their independent Church in the western provinces of Macedonia and the eastern part of Illyria; and Achrida became the capital and the seat of the Bulgarian Patri-

archate. The Emperor Basil II. put an end to this first Bulgarian Kingdom in the year 1018. He drowned the monarchy in blood, and merited his title of "the Slayer of the Bulgarians" by his acts of unparalleled cruelty. Finding himself embarrassed with 15,000 Bulgarian prisoners, he put out their eyes and sent them back to Achrida. The King Samuel was so horrorstruck by the sight of these unfortunate men that he died of apoplexy. The Patriarch of Bulgaria, John of Dibre, was reduced by the Emperor to the rank of Archbishop of Bulgaria, and compelled to recognise the supremacy of the Patriarch of Constantinople, but he was allowed to retain eighteen episcopal sees under his jurisdiction.

The ecclesiastical legislation of Basil II. regulated the degree of subordination of the Archbishops of Bulgaria to the Patriarchate of Constantinople, and of the suffragan Bulgarian bishops to the Archbishop of Bulgaria, for many centuries. It must be observed that feelings of nationality were almost dormant in the Byzantine Government and the Eastern Church in the tenth and eleventh centuries. With some modifications, the state of things established by the Slayer of the Bulgarians continued in force for a period of 750 years. When Sir Paul Ricaut wrote his work, *The Present State of the Greek Church, Anno Christi* 1678, he observes that the Archbishop of Achrida had still eighteen suffragan bishops, and adds, "the certain reason of which I cannot tell." The shadow of independence in the Bulgarian Church was destroyed in the year 1767 by the Patriarch Samuel, who abolished the Archbishopric of Bulgaria. The tranquillity with which the Bulgarians submitted to the loss of their Church misled the Greeks into the belief that the Bulgarian race had no strong feelings of nationality. They overlooked the circumstances which silenced the voice of the nation, and they were unable to trace the connexion of the numerous heresies that flourished in Bulgaria with feelings of nationality.

The Ottoman conquest and the political organization of the Patriarchate of Constantinople by Mohammed II. created a close alliance between the Sultan's Government and the Greek clergy. Orthodox Bishops performed the duties of Ottoman officials, and the Porte consulted its interests in filling the Archbishopric of Bulgaria and its suffragan sees with Greeks. There was consequently no national sympathy between the people and the clergy when the Patriarch Samuel abolished a mere ecclesiastical title. The national impulse which now demands ecclesiastical independence has been awakened partly by that general quickening of the intellectual powers which is apparent in every race in European Turkey with the exception of the Albanian, and partly by the excitement of Greek and Russian emissaries who hoped to make the physical force of the Bulgarian nation subservient to their schemes for dismembering the Ottoman Empire. They had no suspicion that, in awakening the intellectual powers of the Bulgarians, the strength that was roused to activity would be employed first of all to advance Bulgarian interests and gratify Bulgarian feelings.

In order to complete a sketch of the complications of the Bulgarian question, it is necessary to notice the ecclesiastical history of the second Bulgarian Kingdom founded in the latter part of the twelfth century. This Bulgaro-Valluchian Kingdom is better known to Western historians than the first great Bulgarian monarchy on account of the intercourse of King Joannicius with Pope Innocent III., and of the defeat and death of the first Latin Emperor of Constantinople, Count Baldwin of Flanders, who ended his days in a Bulgarian prison. Joannicius had perceived the importance of securing the support of Papal authority against the Crusaders, and had reconciled himself with Pope Innocent III. by recognising Papal supremacy and placing his throne under the especial protection of the Pope before the Latin conquerors of Constantinople summoned him to become their vassal. To their insolent demands he replied, "I rule the land of my ancestors, and I received my crown from the hands of the Pope; you have violently taken possession of the imperial city, and the title of Emperor of Constantinople assumed by your leader is a manifest usurpation." It was, however, only a very short time before he sent this haughty reply that the diplomacy of Joannicius had succeeded. Pope Innocent III. sent a Cardinal with a crown and sceptre to Ternovo, who, after investing the Archbishop with the pallium as Metropolitan or Patriarch of Bulgaria, crowned Joannicius King of the Vallachians and Bulgarians on November 8, 1204. The submission of the King was a political manœuvre; the people remained attached to the Eastern Church, and only the Court and higher clergy conformed to Catholicism. The ecclesiastical union with Rome can only have lasted about thirty years, for John Asan, King of the Bulgarians, allied himself in 1234 with John Vatatzes, the Greek Emperor of Nicæa, and the Archbishop of Ternovo then returned to the communion of the Eastern Church, but he retained ecclesiastical supremacy in the Bulgarian Kingdom and the title of Patriarch of Bulgaria.

It is difficult to follow the history of the Bulgarian Patriarchate in the second Bulgarian Kingdom, and still more difficult to define its relations with the Patriarchate of Constantinople and the Archbishopric of Achrida. But there is little doubt that it remained supreme within the limits of the second Bulgarian Kingdom until its conquest, and that the Bulgarian Church was autokephalous, and not subjected to the Church of Constantinople. The extinction of the ecclesiastical as well as of the political independence of Bulgaria occurred in 1393, when Sultan Bajazid I. conquered the kingdom, the last King, Sisman, surrendered himself a prisoner, and his son became an apostate. When Mohammed II. organized the hierarchy of the Greek Church as it now exists in the Ottoman Empire, the Archbishop of Ternovo became entirely dependent on the Patriarch of Constantinople, but was honoured with the title of Exarch. We must repeat, what has been already observed, that the position of the Metropolitan of Achrida, as Archbishop of Bulgaria, representing the ecclesiastical traditions of the first Bulgarian Kingdom, and that of the Metropolitan of Ternovo as Exarch of Bulgaria, representing the more recent ecclesiastical traditions of the second Bulgarian Kingdom, cause considerable confusion; but the obscurity that prevails on some ecclesiastical details does not affect the main issue of the Bulgarian question, which is the claim of the Bulgarians to possess a national Church.

This sketch of Bulgarian ecclesiastical history was necessary to enable the reader to see clearly all the sources of the present conflict, and to avoid the necessity of any digressions in our short account of the actual position of the Bulgarian question. The feelings of nationality in the East are first felt through the action of religion, and, if there be nothing that can be called religious persecution, mental activity displays itself in ecclesiastical questions. The Patriarch of Constantinople, in his recent encyclical and synodal letter to all the independent Orthodox Churches, says that those who flattered the feelings of nationality, and awakened the prejudices of race among the Bulgarians, worked to detach them from his authority. The agitation of the Bulgarian question forced the Greek clergy, as early as the year 1848, to consent to the erection of a Bulgarian church and the foundation of a Bulgarian college at Constantinople, in order that religious service might be performed and theological instruction given to Bulgarians in their own ecclesiastical language. Shortly after this, several Bulgarian Bishops proclaimed themselves the champions of the deliverance of the Bulgarian Church from what they termed the intolerable exactions of the Greek clergy, and they demanded that the Patriarchs of Bulgaria should be restored to their former independent position. The Patriarch of Constantinople and the Greek Synod were so alarmed that some concessions were made; but, as usually happens where past traditions decide on present circumstances, the measures of conciliation adopted were so trifling that they served only as a recognition of ecclesiastical grievances, and gave strength to the demand for independence.

The Hatt-i-Humayoun having enlarged the liberties of the Christians in the Ottoman Empire, the Bulgarians in the year 1856 petitioned Sultan Abdul-Medjid to concede to them the same ecclesiastical privileges as a nation that are enjoyed by the Greeks and Armenians, and of which they had been deprived by an arbitrary act of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. From that time the disputes between the Greeks and Bulgarians in all the provinces where they are mingled together, from the western districts of Macedonia to the north-eastern part of Thrace, have been frequently very violent. Each nation attempted to take exclusive possession of the churches and schools, and drive out the other by force, and a number of Bulgarians resorted to the old stratagem of increasing their power by an alliance with the Papal Church. Communications were opened with the Pope, and a union with the Church of Rome was effected, but, as of old, the movement was repudiated by the nation. In 1860 the principal inhabitants of Ternovo presented a petition to the Sublime Porte recapitulating the exactions of the Greek bishops in Bulgaria, and enumerating the obstacles offered by the Greek clergy to the education of the people and the cultivation of the Bulgarian language. The prayer of this petition was, that the Archbishops of Ternovo and Achrida be restored to their ancient position in an independent national Church. On Easter Sunday in that year, Hilarion, the Bulgarian bishop who celebrated divine service in the national church at Constantinople, struck a heavy blow at Greek nationality by omitting to name the Patriarch of Constantinople in the Liturgy, and praying only for all Orthodox bishops, according to the form used by the Patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and other independent patriarchs in the Eastern Church. He was condemned by the Greeks, but supported by several Bulgarian bishops. It is needless to follow the conflict of Greek and Bulgarian nationality into further details. The Greek Patriarch, in his encyclical letter, mentions that the animosity became so vehement that many Greek bishops were expelled from Bulgaria.

This state of things induced the Porte to listen to the demands of the Bulgarians so far as to name a mixed Commission, in 1862, for the purpose of bringing about an amicable arrangement. It was, however, already apparent to calm spectators that the feelings of two rival nationalities were too deeply engaged in hostilities on a narrow arena to leave any alternative between a decisive victory or a complete separation. When all hope of an amicable termination of the conflict ceased, the Sublime Porte addressed a communication to the Greek Patriarch, dated October 15, 1868, in which, after stating that the Bulgarian nation claimed a right to live under their own priests and bishops, that the efforts of the Porte to reconcile the differences between the Greeks and Bulgarians had proved unavailing, and that it was necessary to put an end to the existing discord, the Porte submitted two projects of arrangement to the Patriarch, and invited him, in case any third plan could be devised in harmony with the rights of both nationalities, and better adapted to ensure concord, to lay such plan before the Sublime Porte.

The first project conceded to the Bulgarians the right to have priests of their own nationality, and stipulated that in those dioceses where the Bulgarians form the majority the bishop is to be a

Bulgarian, and in those where the majority of the Orthodox is Greek the bishop is to be a Greek. The Bulgarians shall have a Chief Metropolitan or Patriarch, and a Synod residing in the capital of the Empire. This Patriarch shall be elected by the Synod, and invested by an imperial *berat*. On dogmatic points the Bulgarian Church must refer to the œcumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, and his name must be mentioned in the service of the Bulgarian Church. The bishops, whatever be their nationality, must reside in their dioceses. The churches where the Bulgarian service is now performed shall remain the property of the Bulgarians, but the churches in which both Greek and Bulgarian services are now performed shall become the sole property of the Greeks, and the Bulgarians must build a new church. Regulations relative to the constitution of the Bulgarian Synod must be drawn up and submitted to the Porte. The second project differed from the first in conceding to the Bulgarians the right of having a metropolitan in every province and a bishop in every district where there exists a large Bulgarian population. But it accords to these metropolitans and bishops only the authority to establish their residence in, and to take their ecclesiastical titles from, towns not occupied by Greeks. The other articles of the second differ little from those of the first project, and the right to form a national Synod is conceded.

Both these projects were rejected by the Patriarch of Constantinople, who declared that they are opposed to the councils and canons of the Orthodox Church. Instead of proposing a third plan in conformity with these councils and canons, he proposed that an Œcumenical Council of the Eastern Church should be convoked. The proposal of convoking an Œcumenical Council under the protection of a Mohammedan Government was understood by the Porte to be a Patriarchal device for leaving the solution of the Bulgarian question to time and circumstances. The Ottoman Government must feel some satisfaction in being allowed to remain a passive spectator of an ecclesiastical conflict of Christians. Judging from the tendencies of society in the East, it seems probable that time and circumstances are strongly in favour of Bulgarian nationality in the struggle to gain ecclesiastical independence and establish a national Church.

THE IRISH SOCIETY.

IN the year 1609 unsuccessful rebellion, followed by confiscation, had placed the county of Derry and five adjoining counties of Ireland at the disposal of the Crown. In that year negotiations were commenced between the King and the Corporation of London for the purpose of settling the terms on which the forfeited lands in the county of Derry should be conveyed to the Corporation, for the purpose of planting them with Protestant colonies. For the management of the estates intended to be thus conveyed, the Common Council elected a body, consisting of a Governor, Deputy-Governor, and twenty-four Assistants, of whom one half retire every year, their places being supplied by a new election. The body thus elected was incorporated by Royal Charter, and its estates were erected into a county which was called Londonderry. This body is generally called the Irish Society. A large portion of the lands originally belonging to it was afterwards divided among the twelve great Companies of the City of London, which thus became landowners in Ireland. Some of these Companies from time to time disposed of their estates in perpetuity. Others granted long leases; but the Drapers', Grocers', and Mercers' Companies retained their estates in their own hands, and manage them by resident agents. The lands not divided among the Companies remained vested in the Irish Society, which thus counted among its possessions the city of Londonderry, the town of Coleraine, the fisheries of the Bann and the Foyle, and 30,000 acres of land. The introduction of this colony changed the aspect of the country, which had theretofore been one of the most desolate parts of Ireland. Artisans in all the chief branches of trade and manufacture were brought over by the Companies, and habits of industry and independence became at once fixed among the population. The native Irish, who had been driven from the country, returned by degrees, and imitated, although they did not equal, the diligence and frugality of the colonists.

We seem to approach the border of the burlesque when we mention that a body composed of the Common Councilmen of the City of London, as we now know them, are the inheritors of these grand traditions, and the owners of these magnificent possessions. Within recent years Mr. Cox, the member of Parliament for Finsbury, was Deputy-Governor of the Irish Society, and visited in that capacity the famous city of Londonderry, the bulwark of the Protestantism of Ulster, of which, as representing the Society, he was the visible master and possessor. A deputation of the Society visits its estates every year, and we do not doubt that the Common Councilmen of London enjoy their ease and maintain their dignity upon these expeditions. The estates of the Society and of the Companies, compared with estates in other parts of Ireland, are well managed. We do not exactly know what becomes of the surplus revenues of these bodies after defraying expenses of management, but we suppose that it must be a very nice thing to be a solicitor or surveyor employed by them, because we are sure that they pay their servants liberally, both as being their duty and as a means of preventing the surplus from growing inconveniently large. It is a pity that the Common Councilmen of London should be interrupted in this pleasant business of playing landlords over Londonderry, but we do greatly fear that Mr. Gladstone has his eye upon them, and that Mr. Bright will be wanting to try, at their expense, some of his plans for regenerating Ireland. It is quite true that the management of their estates has become much more economical and efficient than it used to be, and that those estates present an aspect of tranquillity and prosperity which other parts of Ireland would do well to imitate. It is not the least of the difficulties of legislating for that strange country, that any admission which may be made of the evils of the system of absentee landlords must be qualified with the remark that some of the best-managed estates belong to absentee landlords. It was stated by Mr. Alderman Lawrence, who defended the Irish Society in the House of Commons against Mr. Maguire's attack, that six-tenths of the revenues of the Society are spent in Ireland. But we cannot wonder if Irishmen complain that the remaining four-tenths are spent, as we suppose they are, in London. It is stated again, and probably with truth, by Mr. Alderman Lawrence, that the Society does not job for the benefit of the families of its own members. But an Irishman would think, if he did not say, that the Society ought to job for the benefit of his compatriots. Nor can we wonder that an Irishman, even if he admits that the present management is as good as the managers represent it as being, looks back with fond regret to the pretty pickings which Englishmen must have got out of these estates in former years. The Society has been involved in protracted and costly litigation, and although this is now treated as a misfortune, we suspect that it was borne with considerable equanimity both by the Society and by the lawyers who were employed by it. There was a grand lawsuit between the Society and the Skinners' Company, which claimed a share of the surplus revenues of the Society. The claim failed, and the Society was declared to be entitled to retain its surplus upon trust, to apply it in its discretion to public purposes. If the claim had succeeded, the Skinners' Company would have got a share of the surplus revenues, and what it would have done with them we cannot tell, but we can hardly suppose they would have been applied exclusively for the benefit of Ireland. We hear much from Mr. Alderman Lawrence about gifts of money by the Society to build bridges and found schools, and it is doubtless pleasant to Common Councilmen to perform the part of Providence during a tour in Ireland; but, unfortunately, a view of the subject presents itself to Irishmen according to which these gifts, for which they are called upon to be grateful, are made to them out of their own money. There is as much difference between the views entertained at London and Londonderry as there is between Mr. Cox and the founders of the Irish Society. The view entertained at Londonderry may perhaps be mistaken, but it would at least be desirable that Common Councilmen of London should endeavour to understand it.

The Irish Society necessarily shares that weakness of the Corporation out of which it is derived, which arises from the fact that the most intelligent and influential of the citizens of London keep aloof from the management of its affairs. Mr. Crawford, as a member for the City, felt it his duty to speak upon Mr. Maguire's motion; but he stated that, as he was not a member of the Corporation, he knew little about the management of the Society. It is difficult to maintain that a body composed of twenty-four Common Councilmen, who hold office for two years, is well qualified for the performance of its duty, unless indeed that duty be, as suggested by a speaker in the debate, the consumption of a surplus. If it be admitted that the whole revenues of the Society ought to be applied to public purposes, it seems to follow that the administration of these revenues ought to be placed in different hands. But if it could be successfully contended that the Society ought to limit the extent of the application of its revenues to public purposes, so as to have the largest possible surplus available for division among the City Companies, then the Society, being composed of the same elements as the Companies, may be considered as well constituted to protect their interests. To put the matter shortly, if the Society exists for the benefit of London, it might remain as it is; but if it exists for the benefit of Londonderry, its constitution ought to be changed. There is a clear distinction between the position of the Society as a landowner and the position of the Companies. The Society holds its lands, as has been judicially decided, upon trust for public purposes; but the Companies acquired their lands in return for the contributions of money which they made to the colonizing project of King James I. Indeed, the fortifications of Protestant Londonderry, which stood 105 days' siege by the Roman Catholic army of King James II., were built with the money of the Companies, and when the houses and churches which had been ruined by artillery were rebuilt, the Companies again found the money. The case of the Companies is even stronger, because the contributions which they made under King James I. were compulsorily levied upon them by the Corporation. They hold their Irish estates, therefore, by the same tenure as they hold estates in England. Whether it is beneficial to Ireland or to England that such bodies should hold estates, and apply the revenues thereof as they do apply them, is a large question into which we will not at this time enter. The case of the Irish Society, as we have said, is different. It is bound to apply its revenues for public purposes in Ireland, and if it fulfils that duty it is not likely to be embarrassed with a surplus. It will not be forgotten that although the administrators of these estates are, and have been in the present century, what we know them, yet they represent the instruments of a great act of policy concerning which an historian has written that "the experience of ages bears the most honourable testimony to the design, and

Ireland must gratefully acknowledge that here were the first foundations laid of her affluence and security." We admit that the Society amply fulfilled the purposes for which it was created, and we have only to add that it fulfilled them a long time ago. The inquiry which is now promised by the Secretary for Ireland will not add much to the knowledge which may be derived from the Report of the Royal Commission on the Corporation of London which examined into this matter in 1854. We learn from that Report that the revenues of the Society are at present appropriated partly to the expenses of management, partly in grants for the municipal institutions of Londonderry, and partly in grants to various charitable and educational institutions connected with the districts around Londonderry and Coleraine. It has become in substance a large charitable endowment for the North of Ireland, managed by an absentee committee in London. The relations between the Society and its tenants and dependants are unsatisfactory. "We feel bound," say the Commissioners, "to express our opinion that great abuses existed no long time since in the administration of this trust property, and that the expenses of management went far beyond the necessary costs attendant upon a distant executive." In the thirty years which elapsed from 1818 to 1847 the costs of management amounted to more than half the expenditure, if we exclude from the calculation certain items of expenditure which were of a permanent nature.

It was said by King James I. that, when his enemies should hear that the famous city of London had a footing in Ulster, they would be terrified from looking into Ireland. In the lapse of two centuries and a half the power and influence of the City of London have come to be principally directed to maintaining a position which it gained by the display of qualities other than those which get a man into Parliament for Finsbury. We doubt whether the Fenians would be terrified by the arrival in Ulster of Mr. Cox or the twenty-four Common Councilmen, his colleagues, with their wives and daughters. Truly said the Commissioners of 1854, "the influence of the City of London in civilizing, in governing, and in protecting the North of Ireland, is no longer felt." In the last agony of that protracted siege when famine within the walls of Londonderry became more terrible than bigoted and infuriated enemies without, the watchers upon the city's towers looked forth upon Loch Foyle and saw traversing its waters ships with friendly ensigns. The fort was passed, the boom was broken, and the ships which bore succour from the City of London to her distant and afflicted daughter lay along the quays. Then the citizens of Londonderry might have exclaimed, with heartfelt gratitude, *ex oriente salus*. We suppose they are expected to say the same when they now complain that their English landlords will not grant them building leases, and when a deputation of London Common Councilmen comes in state to listen to the recital of their grievances.

THE SHILLING CORN DUTY.

"FAITH in principles" and "the strength of abstract reasoning" may have been sufficiently good reasons for the remission of the Corn duties, and if Mr. Lowe had contented himself with resting his case on them he would have shown more wisdom in this matter than he has done. Beyond these reasons, all his arguments, all his assumptions and speculations, are of the weakest type—almost laughably weak to those who strip the subject of its sentiment, and look at it calmly in its practical bearings. Those parts of his argument which had truth for their basis were weak, while those which unfolded great prospects of advantage were founded on expectations of which it may be safely said that they will not be accomplished. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having created for himself a surplus by drawing from certain classes of tax-payers fifteen months' taxes within twelve months, had before him the whole field of British taxation from which to select for remission the most obnoxious or the most unjust tax. Whether he has done so it is not our purpose here to discuss. It ought to be remarked, however, that among merchants and the public the Sugar duties were those which had been specially marked as requiring alteration; duties heavy in themselves, amounting perhaps to about 30 per cent. on the value of the raw material, and levied on such a scale, if the complaints made through the public journals are true, as to amount to giving a premium to the producer abroad for supplying consumers here with the worst article. The Tea duties, amounting to 25 or 30 per cent., were pointed out for reduction by Mr. Bright's "free breakfast table" cry; yet these and others have been passed over in favour of a duty with which no one except perhaps a few of the surviving Anti-Corn Law Leaguers was dissatisfied to the extent of even grumbling at it. It is a duty which it really costs nothing to collect; at least we presume that not an officer of Customs less will be employed, for Mr. Lowe has told us of no saving under that head, which he would have done if such a saving were contemplated. Here was nearly a million of money levied by a tax so small in amount as to be practically imperceptible. But it was necessary for Mr. Lowe to magnify the evils and wrongs wrought by the tax in order to exalt his merit and judgment in striking it out of the tariff. The only point he raised worth discussing was the statement that it is "a kind of poll-tax" "graduated in a peculiar fashion, because it falls heaviest on the poorest of your people." Now there are many who believe that in fact the duty does not fall on our people at all, but that it is—like the cost of freight, for instance—a charge borne by the foreign producer. It is argued that, if the cost of freight rises, the foreign producer has to accept less for his corn, because, this country being in most years the only grain-importing country of any importance, it has, so to speak, the monopoly of purchase in all the markets of the world, and producers have no option but to sell their goods at what may be current values here, or to keep them. If the cost of conveyance to this country advances they must accept less prices at home; so with the duty, if it has to be paid before the corn can enter, the producer must accept so much the less for his corn. In the same way it is contended that cargoes of grain on sale at ports of call will fetch more when the duty ceases to be levied, by the amount of duty, than they would have done had it not been removed; and it was for this reason that merchants were so anxious to extract from the Government information as to the time when the duty would cease. Others believe that the reduction is shared between the foreigner and the consumer at home; and this probably is the fact, and for these reasons. The real basis of value for foreign corn is the value of British corn; the merchant or the speculator when he buys abroad has to consider what, from its plenty or scarcity, will be the value of home-grown grain at the expected time of the arrival of his ships. Having formed his opinion, he knows by experience the comparative value of the foreign grain; he deducts from this assumed value the cost of freight and insurance, and other transit charges, and the profit he sets down for his venture, and offers the merchant abroad the remainder as the price he is willing to pay. When he had to pay the duty, the price he could offer was clearly one shilling less than he will be able to afford to give after the removal of the duty; and so far the shilling would appear to go into the foreigner's pocket. But as this extra shilling would be *pro tanto* an additional inducement to the foreigner to part with his produce, or would pay carriage on a greater distance from the interior to the sea-board, there would be an increase in the quantities sent to our country, which would tend to bring down prices. This fall in prices would, however, as Mr. Caird has shown, tend to restrict the cultivation, and we should have again to seek in foreign markets what would be wanted to make up the deficiency. Thus, after some oscillations, the shilling duty remitted would be found to be shared in some indefinable proportions between the producer abroad and the consumer at home, so that, after all, the relief to our poorest classes is not to the full amount of the impost.

Mr Lowe made a great point of the exceptional severity with which this tax presses on the poor, and it is worth while to inquire into the extent of their grievance. However the matter may stand, it is scarcely fair to infer that the Corn duties amount to an *exceptional* income-tax of 1½ per cent. even on the means of a family whose only diet is bread. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the price of wheat will fall to an extent equal to the duty, the real extent of the grievance is that the bread-eating family has had to pay a shilling per quarter duty on its consumption of wheat over and above that of the better-fed family higher in the scale of diet, who eat "meat, eggs, butter, and the like, articles that are duty free." This difference of consumption between the lowest and the middle classes, according to the researches of Dr. Gilbert and Mr. Lawes, amounts to 1¼ bushel of wheat per head per annum; so that a bread-eating family of six souls would have to pay the duty on 7½ bushels of wheat per annum, or about one shilling in all, more than their better-fed neighbours—a grievance no doubt, but, after all, no very great grievance, even if the matter rested here. It is the same sort of grievance as that complained of by the tradesman who has to pay for a penny receipt stamp on small transactions, while his larger neighbour with fewer transactions, each ten times as large, pays a less amount in stamp duties to the revenue. But of the duty levied on corn, amounting altogether to 900,000*l.*, only about 400,000*l.* falls on wheat; the remaining half million is paid on articles of food which are converted into "meat, butter, eggs, and the like"; and as, *ex hypothesi*, the tax must be held ultimately to come out of the consumer's pocket, it appears that the better-fed classes, though paying slightly less of the bread tax, pay the whole half million levied on corn other than wheat, and thus, after all, substantial justice is done to all. Indirect taxes are never exactly just in their incidence, but the small duty on corn was probably as just a one as could be devised.

Proceeding from his denunciation of the Corn duty for its unjust pressure upon the poor, Mr. Lowe's next point was its wrongful levy on a "material in its rawest state"; and he argued that "this 1*s.* per quarter—or whatever it is—has to bear the profit of the millers, the retailers, and all the different persons through whose hands the corn passes before it reaches the poor man in the form of a loaf." This was indeed to labour the argument, just as much as when, later on, he went into an elaborate statement to show that the duty amounted to a rate of from 2 to 3 per cent. If all the profits together between the importer and the consumer—and, notwithstanding all Mr. Lowe's catalogue, they are only those of the miller and the baker—exceed, or even come up to 10 per cent., we are much mistaken. Now 10 per cent. on a shilling is little more than a penny, and the average value of wheat being about 50*s.* per quarter, and the quarter being more than the consumption of each of the poorest even of the population per annum, Mr. Lowe's indignation was kindled about a "poll-tax," in the shape of profits, of one penny per head per annum, one penny on fifty shillings—a piling up of agony about a very small matter.

Passing from the consideration of the evils due to the Corn duty, Mr. Lowe proceeded to expound the advantages which our

merchants are to gain by its removal. Having shown by returns "how little of an exporting country England is," and that the quantities transhipped were greater than those taken from warehouse, "plainly showing the evil effect of the duty in preventing the establishment of a great corn depôt in this country," he said, "Nothing but its importance to the poorest and most helpless class of the community could justify me in saying so much as I have done. In doing what we propose we shall be doing that which will greatly tend to their benefit, and be laying the foundation of a great entrepôt trade which will be of enormous advantage to the mercantile classes," &c. We do not hesitate to say that a greater fallacy has never been propounded, and that on this topic the Chancellor of the Exchequer has indulged in anticipations which mercantile men only laugh at, and has thus brought on himself ridicule which might have been avoided had he taken the trouble to make the slightest inquiry into the subject amongst the classes interested. In his spirit of self-reliance he abstained from taking counsel with any expert, just as in his financial scheme he neglected to consult the authorities at the Bank of England. That he should have fallen into this error is not of itself a matter of importance, but it is to be regretted so far as it produces among the trading classes the impression that mercantile topics receive but careless and shallow attention from Mr. Lowe. Another sign of this absence of consideration of the interests of trade may be found in his declaration on Monday night that the money-market must take care of itself. His error arose from the dependence he placed on the Government Returns. If he had inquired from any merchant engaged in the corn trade he would have learned that an enormous trade has been done in this country, in all seasons of scarcity in Western Europe, by means of cargoes of grain from exporting countries touching at Cork or at Falmouth to learn their destination. These cargoes are sold for, and can be directed to, the best market at the moment of their arrival. Thus all expenses of removing from the ship to the store, and from the store back to the ship, and the warehouse expenses and the new freight, are saved by the merchant, who sends his corn direct to the market in need of it at about the same cost as would bring it to England. And in times of plenty and low prices merchants retain their corn in the depôts at the ports of shipment, because it can there be stored cheaper than in this the most expensive country in the world, and is available to be sent direct to any country that may be in need, whether on the Atlantic or the Mediterranean, without incurring the preliminary cost and risk of a voyage to England. And if it were true that the impost prevented grain from being brought to England for storage, the impediment might have been removed by the adoption of the French system of allowing drawbacks on exportation. The French Government not only returns the duty on imported grain if it be re-exported, but also allows the drawback if native grain be exported in place of foreign grain imported, and this without limitation as to the export taking place at the port of importation. Thus duty received on foreign grain at Marseilles may be returned on an equivalent quantity of French corn exported from Dunkirk, Havre, or Nantes. The fact is, we believe, that much larger quantities were retained in granaries in the ports of this country under the old sliding scale of duties, when speculators stored their corn under bond, for the double chance of making a profit by the rise in price and by the consequent reduction of duty, than ever have been or ever will be under a Free-trade system. Now there is no inducement to store corn here which can be housed more cheaply where it is grown. To the farmer the change is likely to make little difference; if it should turn out that he loses somewhat on the price of wheat, he will probably gain something on the reduction, if there be any, in the cost of feeding stuffs. But, as was said in the debate on Monday, the removal of the Corn duties will help him in his agitation against the Malt duty, which, rightly or wrongly, he believes to tell unfairly against the price he obtains for his barley.

On the whole, then, the Corn duty is, as Mr. Baring said, a sentimental grievance that presses upon nobody and injures nobody, and Mr. Lowe would have done better had he simply rested his proposition to put an end to it on the fact that it was the last rag of Protection. In other words, he would have done well to follow the advice of the crafty old judge, who recommended his disciple to give his judgments, but to be very chary of his reasons for them.

SOLDIER LABOUR.

ALL the recent ideas as to Military Reform point in one direction—the combination of mere fighting, and its accompaniments of drill and the like, with more or less of civilian work. In the Prussian army, which has earned by its achievements the right to be regarded as a model of organization, you find men who are essentially civilians trained to the highest point of military efficiency and endurance. No soldiers ever camped with less luxury, or marched with better will, or fought with more tenacity, than the semi-civilian levies who won the decisive battle of Sadowa. In their own, and that a peculiarly British, fashion, our Volunteers have furnished an example of the same tendency, in which the military element is still more decidedly subordinated to civil life; and even in that exclusively fighting machine, our regular army, it is beginning to be seen that some infusion of civilian work and industry will rather improve than deteriorate the quality of the troops. The notion that a soldier should over soil his hands with ordinary work, like the theory that mere civilians can be of use with rifles in their hands, is of course extremely distasteful to that purely professional class of military officers—of which "Hippophylax" and the "Military Critics" of the *Times* are flagrant specimens—who think that the blunders of general officers are to be explained and excused by the fact that the men for the time being under their command are only Volunteers. But there is a higher class of representatives of the British Army who are not too narrow-minded to see the value of improvements which clash with the prejudices of the Service, and we do not doubt that all the superior intelligence of the army will range itself on the side of those who wish to make the soldier something more than a trigger-pulling piece of mechanism, and at the same time to diminish the unexampled cost of the British army. But that an enormous mass of prejudice has to be forced aside before anything effectual can be done was evident enough from the discussion on Monday evening. Mr. Hanbury Tracy, backed by Mr. Headlam, made out a really conclusive case in favour of their proposal, that an authorized organization should be adopted for extending the system of military labour to military works throughout all the stations of Her Majesty's Army.

Napoleon's dictum about an army fighting with spades has been borne in mind by his successor and imitator, who has recently directed the energies of his large and vigorous army to the art of rapid entrenchment in the face of an enemy. The actual experience of the Americans in their tremendous civil war proved, not only the importance of employing soldiers on this entrenching work, but the value (in some emergencies quite inestimable) of the skilled labour to be got out of an average regiment. Not only earthworks, but railways and telegraphs, were pulled to pieces and built up again with marvellous rapidity by the soldiers themselves, and more than one successful campaign was due to this obvious mode of utilizing the means at the disposal of the commanding officer. In the very few places where the experiment of using soldier labour has been tried by our army, the result has been an average saving of 30 or 40 per cent., and a marked improvement in the tone of a soldiery whose direst temptation is the enforced idleness in which the greater part of their time is spent. Except at a few isolated stations, the commonest barrack repairs have been executed by contract, by artificers and labourers being hired for the occasion to work while thousands of soldiers were looking on with folded arms. It stands to reason that men with no other opportunity of earning anything for themselves will gladly work for lower pay than is demanded by civilian artisans; and though the value of soldier labour is said to be on an average not more than three-fourths of that of workmen specially trained to the particular labour required, the pay which fully satisfies the otherwise idle soldier is not much more than a quarter of the ruling market rate. A great saving to the country is at the same time a boon and a means of moral training to the soldier, and the marked success of the experiment, wherever it has been tried, is amply sufficient to justify and require the establishment of the general rule which Mr. Hanbury Tracy proposed for the acceptance of the War Department.

One, and only one, objection was started in the House. General Herbert observed that the obstacle to be surmounted was not merely the opposition of officers, because superintendence was requisite, and Engineer officers were not always available for the duty. The idea that a Line officer should be expected to learn just enough of engineer duties to be able to look after the common repairs which his men were doing in barracks, would of course be treated by General Herbert as a monstrous invasion of military privileges; but it it is good for the men and for their country that they should be taught to do the ordinary work of the Service, it cannot be bad for the officers to acquire the simple art of seeing whether the work is effectually done. But what General Herbert hinted at—the opposition of officers—is really the only substantial difficulty, and this would soon cease to be a difficulty at all in any army over which an intelligent Minister exercised a real authority. Mr. Cardwell, with that singular admixture of natural simplicity and official astuteness which characterizes him, half unconsciously revealed the whole truth. He did not attempt to deny that the Resolution proposed was in every respect right; and while the mover had dwelt chiefly on the substantial saving to be effected by the projected reform, and the increased efficiency which it would give to the army, the Minister reinforced his arguments by dwelling on the great benefit which the soldier would derive both by the opportunity of accumulating a little store of his own, and by the escape from those habits of idleness which are the bane of the army. So strongly did Mr. Cardwell express himself in favour of the project as to make it at first sight unintelligible why he did not at once declare that the Resolution ought to be carried, and that it should immediately be enforced. This is what a Minister who was really master of his department could scarcely have stopped short of saying. But Mr. Cardwell was content to say that he should be "happy to permit any organization which would have the desired result;" as if the functions of a Minister who calls himself supreme in his office, and acknowledges his personal responsibility for everything done or neglected in his department, were confined to permitting the reforms which it is his duty to originate and enforce. But Mr. Cardwell knows his position. Notwithstanding certain brave words on occasion, he is not master of the army over which he nominally presides. What he thinks right he does not venture to direct, and he deprecates even the soundest resolutions of the House until he has ascertained whether he can carry with him the commanding officers whom a

strong Minister would control. Mr. Cardwell knows, no doubt, as other people know, that a certain number of commanding officers—not by any means the best of them—set their faces against soldier labour. He is not quite sure whether he will have the co-operation of the Horse Guards in battling with petty prejudices of this description. He would gladly do all in his power, but it might "materially impair discipline and do serious injury to the army if the commanding officers were in any way ignored in this matter." One is tempted to ask whether the War Minister is the master or the servant of the commanding officers of regiments. Has he not a Commander-in-Chief as his principal subordinate, through whom to issue the unpalatable order that henceforth soldiers, when off parade, shall do the work that lies ready to their hand, instead of spending the whole of their spare time in smoking and in other, it may be less harmless, amusements? If the terrible commanding officers would loosen the bonds of discipline rather than give a cheerful obedience to a sensible order from the War Office, surely they would submit with a good grace if the mandate were addressed from the Horse Guards. Something of this sort seems to have occurred to Mr. Cardwell, but then he could not pledge himself to anything definite, for it was not for him to issue orders to his illustrious subordinate. What he could do he had done. He had communicated the information contained in the returns to the Commander-in-Chief, and "had expressed a hope that the attention of commanding officers might be drawn by a circular to the good resulting from the system." If our army had been under a dual government this language would have been a matter of course, but for a Minister to express a hope that his chief subordinate will point out to certain inferior officers the advantages of taking a certain course, is a beautiful example of the delicacy and courtesy with which a Secretary of State, wielding supreme power in his department, finds it desirable to make his orders known. How many of the commanding officers addressed (if they ever are addressed on the subject) will see the advantage of setting their men to work, is a problem which Mr. Hanbury Tracy will have to solve before making up his mind as to the value of the assurances which he has received from Mr. Cardwell.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

TO the professional advocates of "working-men's rights" it is inconceivable that any one who dislikes Trade-Unions can be anything but an enemy of the working-man. Therefore everything that we or anybody else can say on behalf of working-men's best interests will of course be set down as mere hypocrisy by those who traffic in their credulity. For all that, there are people in this world who can discriminate between the policy which would aid the working-man in making a decent provision against evil days and that which would make him simply the controlling and irresponsible partner in his employer's business. No doubt, to the working-man himself a free system of Unionism, without any check upon picketing, opens out the prospect of the speediest and surest way to competence. But the weak point of the system is that it destroys the fruit which it would grasp; in its greed it kills the source of the wages which it hopes to increase. There comes a time when, under its pressure, the strain upon the wage-fund becomes so severe that capital, wages, and labour are all overturned in one common ruin, and the last condition of the working-man is worse than the first. It is perhaps less a sentiment of generosity than of enlightened self-interest which impels us to sympathize with every effort to promote the present and future comfort of the working-man by legitimate means. The most legitimate means are those by which he can be made himself to ensure his own future maintenance by present economy. As a rule, he has three courses open to him. He may by superior talent and energy save money, become a capitalist, and ascend from the ranks of the labourer into those of the employer; or he may become dependent on funds to which he has himself contributed; or he may go to the poor-house. The first of these is so exceptional a contingency that it may safely be left out of sight. The last is both so unfortunate and so unexceptional that the contemplation of its possibility only inspires the desire of averting its realization. The second is so desirable a contingency that one can only regret its infrequency, and seek to repair it by any means which present themselves. And to do this was the object of Mr. Richards's motion, last week, respecting Friendly Societies.

We treated this subject some months ago; but it is of such great importance to the working-classes generally, and therefore also to the employing classes, that we do not hesitate to revert to the facts which we have already brought forward, and which Mr. Richards repeated on Friday week. No one who has not read the Report of the Registrar can form any notion of the number of the different Friendly Societies established throughout England, and of the members belonging to them. The Odd Fellows number 412,000 members; the Foresters over 300,000. The receipts of the former last year amounted to 499,000*l.*; of the latter, to 366,000*l.* These receipts look large, but they are not too large in proportion to the objects to which they are devoted. These are the relief of members during sickness or other physical incapacity; a superannuation fund, payable after sixty years of age; and, in some cases, provision for funeral expenses. Now when we consider how often—quite irrespectively of strikes—men are thrown out of work by accidents or badness of trade, it is clear that a Benefit Society should have a good stock of money in hand to meet its ordinary demands. But then it has other demands which can only be computed after it has been some years in existence. These are on account of the superannuation fund. The pressure on this fund is much diminished by the cessation of members to contribute. As those who cease to subscribe cease to have any claim on the funds of the association, and as fresh members are perpetually admitted, there is, practically, less reason to apprehend failure under this head than a contrast between the prospectus of the association and the state of its chest would often suggest. But this is not so much a subject of congratulation to the societies as it is of regret that so large a proportion of the members should forego the most important benefit which their association holds out. And the knowledge of this fact must confirm the societies in a thriftlessness which seems habitual to many of them. Five hundred thousand pounds among 400,000 persons would be a large income if all the members were young, in good health, and constant work. But as this is not so, and a provision has to be made for the old, the disabled, and the unemployed, there is the greater urgency for a strict examination of accounts. The Foresters and the Odd Fellows have, respectively, a capital fund of one million sterling and two millions sterling each. These are large sums. But it is questionable whether, considering the time that they have been in existence, and the aggregate subscriptions which they have received in that time, each of the members ought not to have more than 3*l.* and 5*l.* respectively to divide among themselves on the immediate dissolution of these two Societies. Yet these figures represent the only sums divisible among them. Mr. Richards does not seem to have given the items of the expenditure, so that we do not know how much has been spent in management, and how much on the professed objects of the association. But we do know only too well the disproportionate vastness of the sums expended by many of these societies upon their management. For instance, the Royal Liver, a society quoted by Mr. Richards, for every 20*s.* it gives in relief, expends 15*s.* 9*d.* on management. Each of its committeemen receives a salary of 520*l.* a year: at least, this was the scale of payment very recently. In another Liverpool society, the Victoria Legal, the expenses of management are nearly in the ratio of one pound to every pound expended on relief. The Registrar of Friendly Societies mentions twelve Burial Societies, which consist of one million insurers, insured for an amount of not less than three millions sterling, and of which the gross receipts for last year reached upwards of 247,000*l.* The amount paid for benefits assured was 138,151*l.*; the amount of expenses for management, 94,763*l.*; and the whole of the funds in the hands of treasurers, agents, and collectors was last year only about 181,000*l.*, that is, three-quarters of a year's premiums. It is, moreover, worthy of notice that the monthly payments required by comparatively solvent Burial Societies would give to persons insuring with the Post-Office (if the latter insurances were reduced to 5*l.*) a larger sum than these societies promise to pay, and this would be guaranteed by Government security. For instance, for 1*d.* a week, or 4*s.* 4*d.* a year, while the Royal Liver pays 6*l.* and the Victoria Legal 7*l.* at death, the Post-Office pays 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and, in cases where the "Royal Liver" pays 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, the "Victoria Legal" 2*l.* 5*s.*, and the Loyal Philanthropic 2*l.* 10*s.*, the Post-Office pays 2*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* This is the aspect presented by societies in good repute. There is another aspect presented by many smaller societies and branch establishments, which fills the mind with dismay and pity at the unhappy lot of their contributors. We find one branch which, with forty-one members, possesses only 43*l.*; another with eighteen members and 17*l.*; another with forty-two members and 32*l.*; another with twenty members and 17*l.*; another with forty-one members and 14*l.*; another with forty members and 8*l.*; another with forty-eight members and 4*l.*; another with forty members and 5*l.*; another with fifty-three members and 8*l.*; another with thirty-seven members and 3*l.*; another with sixty-three members and 3*l.* We might multiply indefinitely the instances of beggarly assets. But we cannot forget the piteous import of these statistics. They all mean that the savings of the provident poor have been squandered on guzzling, jobbery, or, it may be, fraud; that men and women have toiled and stinted themselves in order to keep a respectable roof over their heads in their declining years, and that the fruits of this painful labour, and more painful parsimony, have been wrenched from them by the wickedness of designing, or by the carelessness of blundering, men; that, after a life spent in honest toil and hard thrift, nothing remains for them but the pauper's dole, the pauper's asylum, and the pauper's funeral.

It needs no diffuse rhetoric to show that things should not be left in this state. If there is one object which appeals with equal strength alike to our feelings of benevolence and to our self-interest, it is the encouragement of prudence and economy on the part of the poor. Without these virtues there can be no self-respect, and without self-respect there will be no respect for law, order, property, rank, and dignities. Hitherto the bulk of the poor of England have taken with willingness and alacrity to a life of continuous toil. They have worked early and late to earn honest bread, and to maintain a respectable independence in the midst of poverty and hardship. They have generally looked with equal abhorrence on the beggar's alms and the pauper's allowance. And they have done their best to make their children follow their example. But they have had sad temptations and bad examples to resist; and

both the temptations and examples are on the increase. When they see how prodigally enormous wealth is squandered by the idle and luxurious on selfish indulgence, how lavishly it is flung away by an almost equally selfish liberality, how easily the thoughtless good-nature of the idle rich can be tricked into largesses of money, how quickly a clever lie may extort from the pockets of foolish opulence more than a whole day's wages—nay, how often petty and successful crime may escape detection—is it wonderful that they begin to compare their own hard lives not only with the luxurious lives of the wealthy, but even with the pleasant condition of the patterer, the beggar, and the mendicant impostor or thief? Is it wonderful that they should ask themselves in what way they are better requited than the scourges of society on whom they have hitherto looked with contempt? But if, in addition to the normal disabilities under which they live, they are forced to feel that discouragement of honest and laborious thrift which is imposed on them by the folly of pretentious or the rascality of fraudulent associations; if they see the fruits of their industry filched from them by bungling fools or designing knaves, one great mainstay of their virtues will be rudely shaken, and the general character of the working-classes seriously impaired. No greater social calamity can well be imagined than this would be. Take away an honest and cheerful hope from the labouring poor, and what would be the result? A desperate recklessness would seize upon them, blinding them to all sense of duty, of diligence, of prudence, and honesty; to the degradation of beggary and the disgrace of crime. They would all become what we see too many of them have become in the suburbs of London and other cities—the envious adulators of wealth which they covet, and would gladly appropriate, if they could. These are not the days in which it is either wise or seemly to aggravate the normal discomforts of the labouring poor; and if we wish to make them an industrious and contented community, we must do our best to secure for them the most powerful protection and support in their efforts to save from their earnings a pittance for the alleviation of disease, infirmity, and old age. And the best way of helping them is to remove every impediment which now obstructs their endeavours to help themselves. It is the business of Parliament to interfere with the management of their societies and clubs, only so far as to prevent them from being perverted to purposes of fraud and injustice; and this might be done by a proper registration and audit.

CIRCULARS.

THE introduction of a halfpenny book-post is now probably a simple question of time. When Mr. Graves's motion in its favour was met by the previous question, the intention of the Government was evident. Ministers were just now very much engaged, but here was this morning's paper, and would the gentleman be so good as to wait? Meanwhile it may not be amiss to compare the advantages and the drawbacks which a cheapened book-post will bring to the large class of men whose doors the postman never passes without some addition to their correspondence. The circular nuisance will be aggravated. Of this there can be no doubt, because it is mainly in the interest of the promoters of the nuisance that the reduction of the tax is proposed. At the same time, however, it will be abated and rendered less noxious by the process which aggravates it. The distinction between the letter and the circular will be marked by the stamp, and will be obvious at first sight. At least for half the year the halfpenny packet may pass immediately into the fire without the trouble of opening. During the fireless months the accumulation of waste paper will become somewhat more troublesome than before, and the sudden arrival of exceptionally hot spring weather coincidently with Mr. Graves's motion has been rather prejudicial to a calm consideration of the subject. But the Rag-collecting Brigade is a beneficent institution. It will call as regularly as the dustman, and it won't ask for beer. We see its passing hand-cart, and we bless the good Earl of Shaftesbury.

To men whose occupations involve frequent absences from home the halfpenny circular postage will bring a material saving both in pocket and in temper. At present the only direction which it is possible to leave behind one is, "Send on all my letters, but no book-post packets," and a heap of worthless advertisements and similar rubbish follows the unlucky traveller about the country, bringing with it no slight provocation when the letter-bag is opened. These things are mostly contrived so as to weigh less than half an ounce, and are enclosed in envelopes. A judicious wife or daughter may certainly do a good deal of weeding by the help of eye and touch. Silver-paper can be detected as easily as bank-notes or postage-stamps in an envelope; and tradesmen, and charitable or uncharitable institutions, who are weak enough or honest enough to put a die on their seals do much to save the trouble they give. The signature of a peer or a bishop, in what used to be the franking corner of the cover, will not mislead feminine eyes accustomed to lithographs, and the counteracting device of a mitred seal, which has been adopted by some religious societies, has hardly been successful enough to induce the more secular institutions to follow suit with a coronet. But in spite of all precautions the circular enclosed in an envelope is a persistent and penetrating annoyance, which we may hope the halfpenny stamp and open cover will go far to diminish, even if they do not abolish it altogether. The operation of the change will in the main be confined—apart from a possible increase of circulation of some of the less bulky newspapers—to the distribution of circulars for trading purposes and for purposes of begging, borrowing, or stealing, and to the circulation of the immense and growing volume of milk-and-watery literature in the shape of tracts, reports, and cheap serials, of which the religious societies and Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin are the perennial sources. As nobody, however, will be troubled with Messrs. Cassell's serials, except so far as an occasional specimen copy may count, unless he chooses to order them, and as nobody will be presented with the reports and quarterly papers of the societies unless he happens to have subscribed to them, the only way in which the contemplated reduction of book-postage will be found to affect the general public is in the matter of circulars. And the result on the whole will be that everybody who likes to issue circulars will be able to do so at half the present rate of taxation; that everybody who likes to receive circulars will have the privilege of getting twice as many as before; and that educated and sensible men will be put to the cost of larger waste-paper baskets, and will repay themselves in a considerable economy of time, temper, and postage-stamps. So that things will be made generally comfortable all round if the Marquis of Hartington can get his annual 300,000*l.* back again. And the mystery of circulars will continue to exist, and to share with the mystery of Parliamentary petitions the disputed pre-eminence of being the most costly method as yet discovered for the manufacture of waste-paper.

The division of circulars which we have already given may be assumed as approximately exhaustive. By far the larger portion of the whole number consists of those which are issued for trading purposes. The object of nearly all the rest is either to beg or to borrow, or, implicitly, to steal. The small remaining proportion may be set down to some one or other of the various forms of mental delusion. Why it should occur to an anonymous correspondent in a remote country village—a lady, of course—to address to a dozen London barristers or merchants, or to the members of a Cathedral Chapter, a series of extracts from Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, or of couplets in the cracker-bon-bon style of poetry, or of "leaflets" about things in general, is a problem of familiar experience which defies all attempts at rational solution. Of course, if a man chooses to crow over his newly-acquired honours of paternity in the first column of the *Times*, he must expect to get "a sight of good advice" in femininely-addressed envelopes from all sorts of quarters, together with the inevitable shower of advertisements from purveyors of baby-linen and perambulators, and of appeals from Orphan Asylums. But this is an early weakness which is easily outgrown.

Among the strangest and most grotesque forms in which the modern belief in circulars is exhibited, perhaps the most prominent is the superstition of lithographs. This singular worship, we are obliged to admit, has found very little acceptance among advertising tradesmen. Its devotees belong to a higher, and presumably a more intelligent, class of society. We regret to be obliged to state more precisely that they may even be found on the Episcopal benches in the House of Lords. It is painful to impute in such exalted quarters a definite belief in graven images, and a literal making of idols of stone for the common people to bow down to, but honesty and fairness leave no other course open to us. A letter in lithographed facsimile of a man's handwriting is a deliberate—we will not finish the sentence as we had intended, but will borrow from schoolboy language a milder phrase, and say it is an "awful chouse." For the theory of it is this. It is assumed that a man will not read a printed letter if he receives one, but that he will be at the trouble to read what another man has been at the pains to write. It is further imagined that an autograph letter from a man of mark will be read by the recipient with more attention than a letter written by a clerk or secretary and bearing only the great man's signature. Both these assumptions are true as matters of experience. Accordingly, in order to secure attention for the contents of the circular, which is usually one of the begging class, its promoters prevail on a man whose name is more or less known—in the religious world preference being given to a bishop—to write or to copy the letter which it is intended to circulate, and the manuscript so obtained is forthwith lithographed in facsimile, signature and all. The only possible interpretation of this cumbrous and costly proceeding lies in the measure of increased attention which the lithographed letter may be expected to receive, beyond that which would be accorded to a printed copy of the same words, and which of course is in direct proportion to the extent of the delusion which has been created. The actual result, we imagine, in a large number of cases is, that on the first glance at the well-known hue of the lithographic ink, the paper is thrown aside unread, with a touch of contempt added to the customary impatience with which the ordinary circular is consigned to the waste-paper basket or the fire. There is, indeed, one alternative interpretation, which to some minds might appear more tenable than it does to ourselves. It might be supposed that committees and secretaries had so little reliance on the public judgment of their own character, as to think that a merely printed letter bearing an influential signature would be taken for an invention of their own: and that, therefore, they felt it important to persuade their right honourable or right reverend supporter to write it out himself, in order that the handwriting might go in evidence of its genuineness. But in either case the fact remains, that the lithographed letter is a "dodge," only a little more artistic than the large-legacy-and-skittle-alley arrangement by which foreigners and country greenhorns are periodically victimized in London public-houses.

The lithograph, however, is capable of development in relation to some of the higher branches of advertising ingenuity. Not long ago a circular dated from Libourne in France, and commencing "Sir and honoured Pastor,—Previously to soliciting your powerful concurrence in the work of charity I have undertaken,' was addressed to most, if not all, of the English beneficed clergy. The front page was covered with signatures in facsimile of French Protestant clergymen, testifying to the great worth and excellence of the writer. "Now," the letter proceeded as the reader turned the page, "I am known to you, and I can explain my intention with the certainty of being patiently and favourably listened to." The writer proved to be a "commissioner for Bordeaux wines," and his "intention" was to offer the clergy ten per cent. on all the orders they could get for him among their parishioners, the money so secured "to be distributed to the poor" of their parishes, as "those gifts, accompanying your pious exhortations, while relieving much distress, may also stir up their zeal and contribute to their spiritual good." The French wine-merchant seemed to have heard how much value was supposed in England to attach to a list of names, and how very impressive the names become when they appear in more or less illegible handwriting. For a begging circular, indeed, a good list of names is held in some official quarters to be both indispensable and irresistible. You are interested in the building perhaps of a new school, or of a church, or in some similar undertaking, and you apply to the "Secretary of the Parent Society" in that case made and provided, for advice and assistance, pecuniary and otherwise. "You must have a committee," replies the oracle, "and you must issue a circular." The circular is the only known way of reaching the public eye at all; and the public eye will turn away in listless apathy from a circular without a committee. It is useless to suggest that a committee is a person or body of persons to whom a larger body has committed or entrusted the execution of some designed work. We have changed all that; and you must get together your committee by hook or by crook. If it is further intimated that there is scarcely any one in the neighbourhood with time or opportunity to undertake the management of the work, the reply is that this is of no sort of importance; you can have a "general committee," and then a "small working committee" besides. The "general committee," it is explained, are not expected to "work"; they are only wanted for the circular, and the circular is wanted for the public, and the public is wanted for the money. From all which it would appear that general committees and lithographic facsimiles have their *raison d'être* in the great formula of administration, "*Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*" But there chances to exist another formula of at least equal weight, and possessing the advantage of being familiar in its English garb, bidding us "do to all men as we would they should do to us." And considering that nine educated men out of ten detest the circular system as always a troublesome and generally a serious nuisance, and look especially on a money-begging letter from a man of whom they never heard and who has no sort of claim upon them as little better than an under-bred impertinence, it is probable that the tenth will be found with very strong objections to taking part in the manufacture and issue of circulars in any shape, and will leave the benefit of Mr. Graves's halfpenny in this respect to the advertising tailors and quack doctors who may hope to make their fortunes by it.

REVIEWS.

PANTHEISTIC PHILOSOPHY.*

M. ADOLPHE FRANCK, celebrated for his labours in the broad field for dissertation offered by the Jewish "Kabbala," has collected into one volume a number of articles which on different occasions he contributed to the *Journal des Savants* and the *Journal des Débats*, adding to them an Academic Memoir, which he read before a grand assembly of the Institute. Though the articles reprinted from the journals are reviews of books written by authors who devote themselves to various branches of erudition and thought, they are united together into one compact whole by an intellectual link stronger than the thread of the bookbinder. M. Franck himself finds their union in their joint establishment of the truth that religion and philosophy cannot be substituted one for the other without detriment on both sides, and that, to borrow the language of mathematicians, they ought to be regarded as incommensurable quantities. Here he hardly does himself justice. The illustration of the truth in question, however important in his eyes, will seem but a secondary matter to his readers. The chief purport of his book, whether intentionally on his part or not, is to show the natural tendency of various systems, arising under the most diverse circumstances, to flow into Pantheism or Atheism, like so many rivers which, having their respective sources at all sorts of points, discharge themselves into one common ocean.

The quantity of information on recondite subjects which M. Franck puts within the reach of the general public, and the ease with which he describes and criticizes one system after another, are really marvellous, when we take into consideration the fact that the whole book is not nearly so large as an ordinary-sized novel. His reviews, moreover, have this advantage, that they treat much of works with which none but very special scholars are likely to become immediately familiar, but of which many intelligent persons would desire to know something. Though he takes a critical position, M. Franck is more constantly employed on description than on criticism; and his descriptions, under the circumstances, may be pronounced singularly exhaustive.

We may illustrate our remarks by surveying the subjects brought successively under consideration by M. Franck. His first article, "Le Mysticisme chez les Grecs," takes its rise from the wonderful labours of M. N. Bouillet in translating the Enneads of Plotinus, and contains a lucid exposition and criticism of the doctrines taught by the chief of the Alexandrian school, in which the reaction of the better nature of the philosopher against some of the consequences of his own philosophy is pointed out in a very ingenious manner. The next article, "Le Mysticisme et l'Alchimie," the paper read to the Institute, treats largely of the first dawnings of modern experimental science, the human figure that rises into symbolical significance being the hastily adored and hastily abused Theophrastus Paracelsus. As the toils of M. Bouillet furnish the subject of the first article, so do those of M. S. Munk, who has very lately published for the first time the "Moré-Néboukhim" of Moses Maimonides, supply the basis to the third, "Le Rationalisme religieux au douzième siècle," which is perhaps the most interesting portion of the entire book. A survey of the works of a more modern thinker occupies the fourth article, "Les Travaux bibliques et la nouvelle Religion de M. Joseph Salvador," which is followed by another of far less interest on M. Alexandre Weill, bearing the not very appropriate title "Moise expliqué par Spinoza." The sixth article, ostensibly a review of a work by M. de Gobineau, and entitled "Une nouvelle Religion en Perse," contains a complete history of the "Babys," a religious sect which sprang up in the East rather more than twenty years ago, and which, in spite or in consequence of sharp persecution, still flourishes, to the scandal of both orthodox and heterodox Mahometans. The seventh article, "Le Rationalisme religieux dans la France du dix-huitième siècle," treats of a book called "Les trois Filles de la Bible," the author of which, M. H. Rodrigues, proposes to show that the three kindred religions, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, will all be blended into one in the faith of the future. The last four articles—namely, two directed against Auguste Comte and Positivism, a review of one of M. Caro's works headed "L'Idée de Dieu," and the eleventh headed "L'Immortalité de l'Âme," in which M. Franck reviews a recent book by M. T. H. Martin, "La Vie future suivant la foi et la raison"—belong more than the rest to the department of modern philosophical controversy. The stand-point taken by M. Franck, when he directs his glance to the past and present, is that of a "spiritualist." Let not our table-rapping friends jump at this expression, and fancy that their forces are increased by the acquisition of a French *savant*, a member of the Institute, who has Alexandrian and Arabian philosophy at his fingers' ends, and can pour forth unlimited dissertations on the Kabbala. The spirit of M. Adolphe Franck will never be summoned from the vasty deep by their invocations. In French philosophical parlance, a spiritualist is one who believes in a personal Deity distinct from the world, and an immaterial soul distinct from the body, and susceptible of individual immortality. The modern thinkers with whom M. Franck expresses the greatest sympathy are MM. Caro and Martin, though the latter sins against that canon which denies the identification of religion and philosophy. With M. Martin, philosophical truth is not to be found beyond the pale of Roman Catholic doctrine; whereas M. Franck is of opinion that certain broad principles which lie at the basis of every religion worthy of the name may be legitimately vindicated by philosophy, which will however wisely leave untouched the details proper to particular creeds. What is the faith of M. Franck himself does not appear. There is not a line in his book that might not have proceeded from an orthodox Romanist or an orthodox Protestant, or—we may add—an orthodox Jew. When the battle is to be fought with Positivist, Pantheist, or Atheist, he is unquestionably a doughty warrior on the side of the faithful.

Though the component parts of M. Franck's work harmonize themselves into a compact whole, this is easily soluble into its primitive elements, and some readers will probably concentrate their attention on particular articles, to the exclusion of the rest. Curiosity will be most generally excited by the article on the "Babys," whose name the unsophisticated Briton will scarcely sever from engaging infantine associations till he is plainly impressed with the fact that the word "Bâb," from which this is derived, denotes a door, and was bestowed upon himself by Mirza-Ali-Mohammed, the founder of the sect. Moreover, the very modern origin of the Babys, the rapidity with which they have spread, and their hostile attitude towards the Government, suggest a comparison with the Mormons of another hemisphere, and one can hardly contemplate the figure of Mohammed without reminiscences, however faint, of Joe Smith or Brigham Young. The very fact that, whereas the Mormons promote polygamy in the midst of a people who recognise monogamy as the basis of social order, the Babys discourage, if they do not absolutely prohibit, plurality of wives in a country where this is regarded as proper to the fitness of things, presents a point of resemblance as well as of difference between the prophets of the East and the West—both exhibiting the phenomenon of an exceptional body of fanatics setting themselves up in opposition to received social institutions. Again, Joe Smith and Mohammed have both earned the crown of martyrdom, while the followers of the latter gain a romantic interest

* *Philosophie et Religion.* Par Ad. Franck. Paris: Didier. 1869.

by including in their number a lady whose surpassing beauty gained for her the name Gouroet-Oul-Ayn (Solace of the Eyes), and who makes a figure not unlike that of a Deborah or a Judith. In the theology and moral code of the Babys there is not much that is of a distinctive character; but their theory of divine appointment is certainly curious. As Mahomet acknowledged Moses and Jesus as predecessors, so is he, in addition to them, acknowledged by the new sect; but the "Bâb," while he is the embodied spirit of prophecy, does not predominate above his fellow-creatures, since he is accompanied by eighteen assessors, of both sexes, who are equally inspired with himself, though their functions are various. The number eighteen is selected because it is represented by the letters that form the word denoting the "living God," and when to these the "Bâb" is prefixed as an additional unity or "point," we have an expression that signifies at once the divine unity and the active principle of creation. Thus we have a singular development of that theory of a spiritual union between founder and disciple which is noticeable in other religions. If we are rightly informed, not only union but unity is professed by the spiritual oligarchs of the Babys. There is but one soul in the nineteen persons, who are absolutely inseparable from each other and immortal, being altogether the most complete emanation of the Deity. If one of them, in the human sense, dies, his share in the divine spirit is at once transmitted to an appointed successor. Such a metempsychosis is altogether distinct from that taught by Pythagoras or Plato, but M. Franck finds its prototype in the Kabbala, and communicates the fact that the new sect has found partisans among the most accomplished Jews in Persia.

It is perhaps in Judaism, as manifested in connexion with Alexandrian philosophy, that M. Franck is most at home, and his paper on Moses Maimonides, which is the longest in the collection, is also the most instructive. As it is not likely that any district of Persia, bursting into spiritual activity in the midst of the nineteenth century, will have any great effect on the intellectual future of the civilized world corresponding to that of the Egyptian Athens, the Babys will very likely depart as they have come, like shadows, under the pressure of stronger influences, and any temporary importance they may obtain may merely be set down among the many "flukes" of history; but the purport and the operation of Alexandrian philosophy must be thoroughly mastered by any one who would acquire a scientific knowledge of the movements of thought in the middle ages, whether they manifest themselves under a Jewish, a Mahometan, or a Christian exterior. Especial care must be taken by the student not to be misled by the names Platonist and Peripatetic into a belief that his Plato and his Aristotle implicitly contain all that he is required to know. He had better start by so varying the vowels of the first name as to change it into "Plotinist," and with respect to the second, by keeping clearly in view the fact that the Stagyrite took a new shape when seen through Arabian spectacles. The difference between the old and new founder of Platonism would have been rendered most palpably manifest had the petition of Plotinus to the Roman Emperor for permission to establish a "Platonopolis" in Campania led to the desired result. M. Franck says in his first paper:—

> Il est bien regrettable que sa prière soit restée sans effet, et que Platonopolis n'ait jamais vu le jour. Nous aurions vu une fois à l'epreuve cette utopie fameuse, sur le modèle de laquelle ont été conçues toutes les autres. Mais d'après ce que nous savons du caractère et des idées de Plotin, il n'est pas difficile de dire ce qui serait arrivé. Au lieu de la société théocratique et guerrière, au lieu des mœurs plus que faciles et des amours plus que libres que rêve l'auteur de la *Republique*, nous aurions eu une association monastique comme celle des Esséniens, des thérapeutes ou des prêtres de Bouddha. Cela seul nous montre la différence qui sépare les deux philosophes, les deux époques et les deux écoles.

In the article on Moses Maimonides we have a picture of a learned Jew anxious to adhere to the faith of his fathers, and perceiving, subject to certain modifications in favour of a creation, a whole system of Arabian peripateticism embodied in the Hebrew Books of the Law. The polemics, not only with adversaries, but with oneself, that arise under this strange position, the difficulties that obtrude themselves to be solved by difficulties equally great, are reviewed by M. Franck with singular completeness; and probably his book stands alone in the world as conveying the largest possible amount of information concerning Aristotle among the Arabs, in the fewest possible pages.

There is one portion of the article on Maimonides that will be found interesting by many readers who do not greatly care for metaphysical speculation, and that is the learned Jew's justification of those precepts in the Mosaic code which seem merely arbitrary to the Gentile mind. To effect this justification, Maimonides explained the external circumstances amid which the religion of the Israelites was placed in its infancy, deriving his information from a work on "Nabatæan Agriculture" which for a long time was known to Europe through his citations only, but on which recent investigations have thrown new light. The "Agriculture" teaches him the abominations against which the Hebrew legislator had to contend when first he established his code. To the philosophical objector who finds an inconsistency in the burnt-offerings and sacrificial acts required with so many ceremonial details by so perfect a being as the Deity of the Israelites, Maimonides replies that, in the days of Moses, the habit of offering sacrifices was universal among mankind, and could not possibly have been avoided by the chosen race. The demand for burnt-offerings was a compliance with a prevailing error, but a reformation was so far effected by Moses that he required for the true God the sacrifices that had previously been offered to Hebrew deities. The prophets of an after-time, who spoke slightingly of "bulls' flesh and the blood of goats," and the like outward signs of devotion, and exalted at the expense of these the worth of internal piety, revealed the spirit of the legislator, while seeming to oppose him in the letter; and from the fact that Moses authorized sacrifices at Jerusalem alone, while any spot was fitted for prayer, Maimonides infers that he sought to throw a practical difficulty in the way of the former. Moreover, if sacrifice is in itself, according to Maimonides, a compliance with heathen usage, there is an opposition to heathenism in the peculiarity of the offerings made by the Israelites. The ram, the bull, and the goat were objects of adoration among the peoples with whom the Hebrews came in contact, and it was the most atrocious impiety to put them to death. Ordering their immolation at Jerusalem, Moses marked out the Israelites from their neighbours by exalting into a holy act the very deed that was considered a crime elsewhere. The fact also is to be considered, that the animals offered on the Hebrew altar were within the reach of the poorest class, and here is another contrast with the expensive rites insisted on by the heathens. The exceptional severity, with regard to magic, of a code generally humane in its provisions, is accounted for by the intimate connexion between magic, astrology, and idolatry among the Chaldæans, and also by the extreme licentiousness with which the practice of occult arts was accompanied. As it was the very mission of the chosen people to destroy idolatry, all that tended that way was necessarily treated with peculiar rigour. For the minutest details of the code reasons on a similar principle are found by the ingenious apologist. Why are the fruits of trees that have been planted for fewer than three years pronounced impure, as we read in the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus? Precisely because these were the fruits that were considered most acceptable to the gods by their benighted worshippers.

While tracing the connexion between different schools of philosophy, M. Franck is careful to convey the sound opinion that the similarity of two theories is no necessary proof of the derivation of one from the other. An opportunity is afforded him when he approaches the commonly received opinion that Alexandrian philosophy was the result of a contact between the philosophic intellect of Greece and the religious spirit of the East. He sees in mysticism generally a growth natural to humanity, without respect to geographical or physiological considerations, and ingeniously divides it into three species. Of these the first is the "mysticism of thought" (*mysticisme de la pensée*), the result of a logical operation which, by the abstraction of particular qualities, arrives at an incomprehensible unity, into which the individual mind is itself merged, as into an illimitable sea. Let us observe, however, that the word mysticism can never be employed unless something like feeling enters into a mental process. Under the name "substance," the abstract unity was grasped much more firmly by Spinoza than by Plotinus, to whom it was clouded over by a series of intermediate emanations. Yet Plotinus was a mystic of the first water, and Spinoza (as M. Franck admits elsewhere) was not a mystic at all. Why? Simply because the Dutch Jew quietly contemplated a logical result, whereas Plotinus was absorbed into his unity by "ecstacies." The second species of mysticism, that of love (*mysticisme de l'amour*), seems at first completely foreign to Pantheism, inasmuch as it takes its source in a loving admiration of the Divine perfections. This is the mysticism that is to be found among Christian enthusiasts of various sects, in Tauler, Saint Martin, Fénélon, and others; and indeed, without a tinge of it, a real devotion of the heart is scarcely to be conceived. Of this mysticism, without using or thinking of the word, even the coldest preacher hopes to awaken a modicum in his congregation. But when it reaches its highest degree of intensity it becomes a burning desire for absorption into the Deity, and a sort of sentimental Pantheism is the result. The mysticism of despair, which is the third species named by M. Franck, finds its expression in Buddhism, the devotee seeking, in the state of self-annihilation called Nirwâna, a refuge from the sufferings of this life. It is a common opinion that Buddhism is pure Atheism converted into a positive religion, but M. Franck warns us not to adopt this opinion too hastily in judging of a faith professed by several millions of believers. There must be something in the Nirwâna, after all, that is not a mere nothing, else how could the personal Buddha, after remaining plunged into it for ages, start out of it again to edify and cheer his followers? The desultory manner in which we have found it necessary to review *La Religion et la Philosophie* bears witness to the comprehensive character of a work which will amply reward the patient and thoughtful reader.

CUSSANS' HANDBOOK OF HERALDRY.*

IT speaks much for the advance of common sense that some rays of it should have made their way even among the students of heraldry. Mr. Cussans still holds that heraldry is a science—a professed heraldic student could hardly for very shame give up the word—but he is content to rest the claims of his science to any degree of attention on very rational grounds indeed. He does not call on us to believe, after the manner of the elder heralds, that his science contains any profound virtues and inscrutable mysteries; he only tells us, what is perfectly true, that a know-

* *The Handbook of Heraldry, with Instructions for tracing Pedigrees and deciphering ancient MSS., also Rules for the Appointment of Liveries, &c. &c.* By John E. Cussans. London: Hotten. 1869.

ledge of heraldry often enables us to fix the dates of events, buildings, and documents, that by its help we may often make out a pedigree and sometimes even recover an estate. Heraldry is, in short, the knowledge of the way in which people adorned their shields, and is in itself one of the smaller branches of antiquarian knowledge, just like the knowledge of the different kinds of boots and head-dresses that people wore in any particular age. Let no one think that we are mocking at the boots and head-dresses. Far from it; though a knowledge of them is in itself a small matter, it often throws incidental light upon much greater matters. The shape of a toe, whether round or pointed, often marks the date of a monumental effigy, and the head-dress of a corbel may often fix the age of a church or a castle. The knowledge of the decorations of shields is knowledge of exactly the same kind, only accident has given it a wider range and has enabled it to throw more constant light on historical matters than the kindred kinds of knowledge. The fashion of boots and of head-dresses never became fixed in certain families. There was no time when every Howard wore round toes, while every Talbot wore pointed toes. If it had happened so, the difference in the form of the boot would have been an hereditary distinction of exactly the same nature as the armorial bearings on the shield. In this last case it did happen so; it became customary for the son to mark his shield in the same way in which his father had marked his. Certain arbitrary rules for the marking of shields gradually arose, and a knowledge of those arbitrary rules forms the "science" of heraldry. The claim of heraldry to be called a science is of course ridiculous; but if heraldry will be content to rank as the most important of those small branches of antiquarian knowledge which do yeoman's service to history, those services will always be thankfully acknowledged. It ranks decidedly above the knowledge of watches and brass pans; it ranks as decidedly below the knowledge of coins—a knowledge which is not so much a handmaid of historical knowledge as a real branch of historical study.

A herald, almost from the nature of the case, generally lives in a world of his own, a world unlike any world past, present, and we may safely add, future, and a world specially impervious to historical evidence. After all, the herald is not much worse than a certain style of lawyers. If the herald believes all that he finds in his Gwillim, so we have known lawyers who thought it wrong to doubt that William the Conqueror introduced the feudal system—whatever that is—in a particular Council in a particular year, because forsooth Blackstone says that he did so. Now Mr. Cussans's merit is that he does not look on heraldry as something eternal and immutable, but as something which had a beginning, and he knows pretty well what its beginning was. He is content to date his "science" from the thirteenth century. He rejects all such nonsense as the arms of Edward the Confessor; he shrewdly remarks that, if armorial bearings had been in use in the eleventh century, we should have seen them in the Bayeux Tapestry; he shows that personal bearings came in in the twelfth century, and hereditary bearings not till the thirteenth. He says with some point that if William the Conqueror had had a shield with two leopards or with anything else, his son Robert could not have unhorsed him without knowing who he was. This point, however, raises another question; how far did a nose-piece hinder a man from being known? for it is certain that William's face was not hidden by the full vizor of later times. And though one is a little disturbed at Sir Matthew Hale being called Sir William, it is comforting to find that Mr. Cussans holds that his assertion "that no Englishman was permitted by the Conqueror to retain any landed property in England" "is refuted by the pages of Domesday Book." So Thurkill of Warwick is a real man in Domesday, but whether he was "the ancestor of the Ardens of Warwickshire" is a point too subtle for us. "County families" are a subject too sacred for the mere historian. But it is very comforting to find that Mr. Cussans has "recently examined" William's charter to Deorman in the library of the City corporation. And the following remarks in a book of heraldry are really delightful:—

> If the pedigree can be traced up to the middle of the Seventeenth century, and the Family were at that time entitled to Armorial Bearings, the *Visitations of the Heralds* will carry it about three generations higher. The real labour now commences; and unless the Family were at that time—the Sixteenth Century—either noble, or constituted a portion of the Landed Gentry, further research is almost useless. County Histories, Documents in the Public Record and State Paper Offices, and, in some cases, Municipal Archives and Monastic Chartularies, must now be carefully and patiently examined; the genealogist bearing in mind that no reliance can be placed on the orthography of proper names, either of persons or places. Except in a few rare instances, it is utterly impossible to trace a Pedigree beyond the time of Richard the Second; and those persons who assert that their Ancestors "came over with the Conqueror," derive their authority chiefly, if not wholly, from Tradition, or their own imagination. For the same reason that it is difficult for such persons to prove their assertion, it is equally difficult to refute it.

What, then, becomes of Sir Bernard Burke's friend who came to meet the Conqueror riding on a bull?

On the other hand, we have a few things against Mr. Cussans. In the very page where he refutes Sir Matthew Hale, and tells us about Deorman and Thurkill, he tells us, what certainly is not recorded by William of Poitiers, that "one of the first official acts of William of Normandy, after his accession to the throne of England, was to assume actual possession of all the land." And it is equally mysterious when we read that "Charlemagne, who was contemporary with the first of our Saxon kings [Ælle of Sussex ?], is *said* to have added to the royal seal of France the words DEI GRATIA." After this, one is not amazed to read:—

> According to some authorities, a double-headed Eagle—as that of Russia—is blazoned as an *Imperial Eagle*. This, however, is manifestly incorrect; for the Eagles of Prussia and France are no less *Imperial*, although they have but one head.

King William certainly has more chance than other men of being crowned either at Frankfurt or at Aachen, but no telegram has reached us to say that the ceremony has taken place. Just before the eagle was said to be the arms of Austria, and in p. 207 it becomes the arms of Germany. When will people learn that the arms of Austria are a rampant lion? They may be seen on the walls of the *Schlachtkapelle* at Sempach, and on more than one torn and bloody banner in the arsenal at Luzern.

Mr. Cussans is hardly so lucky as we should have expected in the matter of titles. For example, it is odd to be told (p. 156) that "the son and daughter of a Duke would"—under any circumstance except that of the daughter marrying a Marquess—"be styled Marquess and Marchioness respectively." What is meant probably is that she ranks with—or rather immediately after—Marchionesses. Here again is a jumble, though one does not wonder at it, when one sees in reports of Drawing-rooms, the daughters of Dukes, the wives of Barons, and the wives of Knights all put together as "Ladies":—

> The title of *Lady* is used equally indiscriminately, for not only are the wives and daughters of certain Peers thus addressed, but also the wives of Baronets and Knights. These last, although permitted by courtesy to bear the title of Lady, are not allowed to prefix their Christian to their Family name, for this is the peculiar privilege and mark of distinction of the daughters of Peers. It was not until the reign of Henry the Eighth that Kings' daughters were styled Princesses. Previous to that date they were simply designated as "Lady." Thus, we find the daughters of Henry the Seventh were styled, "The Lady Margaret" and "The Lady Mary." Even the daughters of Henry the Eighth were occasionally styled the "Lady Mary" and the "Lady Elizabeth:" and in a tract on the Marriage of the daughter of James the First with Prince Frederick, she is spoken of as the "Ladie Elizabeth."

Now, as Miss Yonge, if no one else, has taught us, the wives of Baronets and Knights ought to use the Christian name, but then it should be with the title of Dame, and not with the title of Lady. It is strange that Mr. Cussans does not know how very modern is the affectation of calling every daughter of the Sovereign "Princess" instead of "Lady," a German device at which Englishmen kicked as late as the time of George the Second. About Henry the Eighth's daughters Mr. Cussans is probably led away by the fact that Mary was—strangely enough—created "Princess of Wales." Nor do we understand what is meant by saying that "the present Prince is the first who has enjoyed the title of Duke of Saxony, which was conferred on him in 1841." It could not well be conferred on him before, but surely the Prince is "Duke of Saxony," one of many "Dukes of Saxony," which no Prince of Wales ever was before him, for the simple reason that no Prince of Wales before him was the son of a "Duke of Saxony." But just before we read how the late Prince Consort quartered the arms of England instead of impaling them, which "has been justly described as an heraldic anomaly," which it certainly was. We have also to thank Mr. Cussans for pointing out the absurdity of the popular belief that "all the members of the Royal Family"—whatever the Royal Family is—are entitled to be called Royal Highness. The following passage is startling:—

> Even the eldest son of the Duke of Edinburgh would be legally entitled but to the qualification of "Highness," and, by an Act passed in 1399, would yield precedence to Dukes; and his younger sons, by a subsequent Act, would give place to Earls. The issue of such younger sons, although by courtesy they would probably be addressed by a higher title, would be simply Esquires.

Now an Esquire, and even a Duke's younger son, would need a surname. Even the Duke's eldest son needs one on formal occasions, as is more largely expressed by Mr. Cussans in page 194:—

> A Duke is styled "Your Grace," and "Most Noble;" his eldest son takes his second title, which is usually that of Marquess. This title, however, is only accorded by courtesy: thus the Duke of Devonshire's eldest son, who, as the representative for the Northern Division of the County of Lancaster, is officially styled "The Right Honourable Compton Spencer Cavendish, commonly called Marquess of Hartington."

Alas, thanks to Murphy and Co., Mr. Cussans's faith in the electors of North Lancashire was doomed to be disappointed, though the Radnor boroughs have since redressed the wrong. But still we do not understand why the description given applies to Lord Hartington "as representative" for any place, rather than in any other character that he may fill.

We will end with a few curiosities, old and new. One has heard of a beautiful woman ending in a black fish; heraldry has, in one instance at least, condemned the royal leopards to the like fate. What are the arms of the borough of Great Yarmouth, which once sent two members to Parliament, but which does so no longer? Every one who knows the fame of Yarmouth bloaters will recognise the propriety of its ancient coat, *Three herrings naiant in pale*. But there is a process in heraldry called "Dimidiation," which in English means splitting a thing in half. This was "the most ancient method of Marshalling two coats on the same Shield," and "was effected by simply dividing both Coats per pale, and joining the Dexter half of one to the Sinister half of the other." Now to the herrings of Yarmouth were "added, by Dimidiation, *Three Lions of England*." This produces what Mr. Cussans truly calls a "curious combination." If the lion or leopard simply had a fish's tail, making, so to speak, a *mer-leopard*, well and good; but the shield is so carefully "dimidiated" that the leopards have their tails and their hind legs sticking on to the stump of Dagon in a way to which griffins, wyverns, and cockatrices are a trifle.

Mr. Cussans very naturally makes himself merry with some of the absurdities of modern heraldry, though he tells us in a most becoming spirit that "it is with no intention of casting ridicule on the science of heraldry that he adduces these instances, but only to show how the most noble institutions may become degraded, and be rendered contemptible when perverted from their legitimate purposes." Well, it is, as Mr. Cussans says, hard to draw such arms as these, the augmentation granted to Lord Nelson:—

> On a chief undulated argent, waves of the sea; from which a palm-tree issuant, between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a battery in ruins on the sinister, all proper. Then, for crest: On a wreath of the colours, upon waves of the sea, the stern of a Spanish man-of-war, all proper; thereon inscribed, "San Josef."

Then follow the arms of the Tetlows of Lancaster, granted in 1760, which Mr. Cussans pronounces to be "perhaps even still more preposterous":—

> Azure; on a Fess argent, five musical lines sable, thereon a Rose gules, between two escallops of the third, in chief a Nag's head erased of the second, between two Crosses crosslet or; and in base a Harp of the last. Crest: On a Book erect gules, clasped and ornamented or, a silver Penny on which is written the Lord's Prayer; on the top of the book, a Dove proper, holding in the beak a crowquill Pen sable. Motto: Præmium virtutis honor.

Mr. Cussans adds:—

> This heraldic curiosity is said to have been granted in commemoration of the grantee's brother having written the Lord's Prayer on a silver penny. Even Turner, who delighted so much in strange aërial effects, would have been puzzled to paint the crest of the Tongue family: On an Oak-tree, a nest with three young Ravens, fed with the dew of Heaven, all proper.

Elsewhere he tells us:—

> In the Arms of Sir John Herschel, for example, the imagination of the emblazoner is seriously taxed; they are: Argent: on a mount vert, a representation of the forty-feet reflecting Telescope, with its apparatus proper; on a Chief Azure, the Astronomical symbol of "Uranus" or "Georgium Sidus," irradiated or. Such Armorial monstrosities are, however, extremely rare; and to the credit of the Science be it said, that no such composition is to be found of an earlier date than the Seventeenth century.

There is an amusing chapter on American heraldry. The arms of the original thirteen States Mr. Cussans allows to pass muster, though some of them seem to us rather queer. But let Mr. Cussans speak of those of the newest States:—

> Old Guillim himself would have been sorely puzzled had he seen the following blazon of the Arms of Kansas: Two Ox-teams and Wagons, between a Man ploughing in sinister foreground, and Indians hunting Buffaloes in dexter middle-distance; on sinister, a River and double-funneled, hurricane-decked Steamer: behind Mountains in distance, the Sun rising. on sky, in half-circle, thirty-seven Stars, all proper Motto: Ad Astra per aspera.
>
> I confess myself utterly unable to do justice to a verbal blazon of the Arms of Oregon. Perhaps the following will give some idea of this heraldic curiosity: On a Fess, the words, The Union; in chief, a Landscape, an Ox-wagon, a Deer, Trees, Mountains, and Prairie; in distance, the Sea, thereon a sailing Ship and a Steamer; in base, a Plough, Rake, Scythe, Garbs, &c.—which I may venture to blazon as, all any how.

We do not exercise ourselves in great matters which are too high for us, so we decline to follow Mr. Cussans into such profound subjects as the "appointment" of liveries and hammercloths. But there are a good many curious things scattered up and down his little book, and though he has made some slips here and here, he has shown that a man may study heraldry without altogether bidding farewell to common sense.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.*

THIS is an unpretending little book, containing a short course of lectures delivered to a working-men's club by Mr. Reginald Palgrave. Any attempt at antiquarian research would of course be out of place in such a work, although Mr. Palgrave speaks as one full of information upon all matters of Parliamentary history and practice. It would be equally out of place were he to indulge at any length in the political speculations which naturally arise from a consideration of the House of Commons, or to do more than express incidentally his admiration for the part which that House has played, and continues to play, in the British Constitution, thereby rendering us, as is well known, the dread and envy of the world. Besides the various questions which interest philosophers and historical inquirers, there is a large number of facts in which the ordinary Englishman may well be excused for taking a keen interest. What the House looks like, what visible signs of legislative wisdom are marked upon the brows of its leaders, what occasional lapses into levity relieve the profoundly serious character of its ordinary labours, and many similar bits of information should doubtless be amusing to the working-man. Nor will severer critics look upon their curiosity with disdain. Around any old institution there gathers in the course of time an immense growth of what the vulgar call "shop." Undergraduates pass from generation to generation legends as to old University practices, little time-honoured jokes about proctors and bulldogs, stories of the dons of former days, and a mass of floating anecdote which is inexpressibly interesting to those immediately concerned. So the doings of courts and kings are regarded with an interest which is not all snobbish; rational beings may like to know at odd times what are the ceremonies which surround the august presence of Majesty with a visible halo, and what the bodily presence and the personal habits of various historical characters may have resembled. Similarly, the House of Commons has a whole library of gossip of its own. We like to hear of celebrated debates when a gentleman prefaced his remarks by saying that it was his usual time for getting up in the morning; of the times when the sanctity of the legislative chamber was invaded or threatened with invasion by kings or mobs, and of the less remarkable incident, on the 14th of May, 1666, when "a strange spanyell of mouse colour came into the House"; of that notable appearance of the rough-looking gentleman upon whose hand Sir P. Warwick noted certain small specks of blood; and of the later occasion when the gravity of the House was hopelessly upset by a member accidentally carrying off the wig of the miser Elwes on his swordhilt. Traditional lore of this kind accumulates rapidly, and we may suppose it handed down from one venerable usher to another, in whose eyes the smallest trifle connected with the sacredness of Parliament gained unspeakable sanctity. From oral tradition, from the Journals of the House, and from numerous memoirs and histories, Mr. Palgrave has made a sufficiently happy selection to enlighten the working-men of Reigate. The question remains whether they will catch the contagion of his enthusiasm, or come to the conclusion that members of the House of Commons, admirable as they may be in many respects, are after all human. It must be confessed that some of the jokes sound rather small when transplanted from their natural soil; and that we fancy, as we so often do in reading reports of trials, that members of Parliament, like barristers, are mighty easy of amusement. Neither do we at a distance quite share the awe so graphically described in this entry from the Journals of 1601. "Mr. Zachary Lock began to speak, but for very fear shook, so that he could not proceed, but stood still awhile, and at length sat down." What is there so tremendous in the collection of a few hundred gentlemen, that Mr. Zachary Lock and his like should shake for very fear? or what is the secret of the fascination which reduced a later orator to confine himself to this remarkable utterance:—"Mr. Speaker, Sir, I am astonished! Sir, I am astonished! Sir, I am astonished!" Did not that honourable member reflect, when he went home, that he had been astonished at a very terrestrial, not to say a very ordinary, phenomenon?

If these gentlemen shared Mr. Palgrave's opinions of the House, we may to some extent sympathize with the terror which seems to have struck them to the soul. The writer, he tells us, of a newspaper article expects to move his hearers; yet the world goes about its business as though he had never thundered. The divine may preach, but on Monday morning his congregation will wear their weekday faces. The man of science writes a book which affects men's thoughts for all futurity; yet the passers before his door look mightily unmoved. "But," says Mr. Palgrave, "the member of Parliament by his vote fills granaries with corn, the very streets with merchandize; he can by means of Public Health Acts cleanse populous cities; he can note how pestilence is warded off by measures he has proposed; or he may procure education for thousands of children, who else would die depraved." If the member can do all these and many other wonderful things, it is a pity he does not do them a little oftener. The argument sounds a little like saying that powder can do nothing; it merely makes a flash and a noise, and the next moment nothing is left but an unpleasant smell; but a cannon-ball can knock a hole in a ship and send it to the bottom for ever. The House of Commons is not quite independent of propulsion from the press, or the pulpit, or even from men of science. Mr. Palgrave, however, gives us to understand that the "true attraction" of the House lies in this power of doing unlimited good—or mischief. The intellectual pleasure of listening to debates is great; the interest and excitement of political contest is absorbing; but, above all things, it is the desire of conferring public benefits upon a grateful world which stimulates the noble anxiety of our upper classes to obtain a seat. Bribery and corruption within the walls has long since vanished; there is no longer, as in old days, a public office where members may repair to receive from 200*l*. to 500*l*. for a vote; the members have given up the degrading practice of eating nuts and oranges on the floor of the House; the Speaker of the House sums up in himself all the virtues which become a legislator in our day; those exalted personages do not "merely represent good order, dignity, and justice; such is their life and conduct, that they are those virtues personified"; never again shall we see a Speaker held forcibly down in his chair by a couple of stalwart county members, or hear him put to the House a motion that he has been guilty of a high crime "for receiving a gratuity of 1,000 guineas." And the members are worthy of their Speaker. They are patterns, not only of patriotism, but of dignity, decorum, and all the virtues which should adorn a Legislature. Once a member made faces in the face of the Speaker, and scornfully popped out his tongue at him; another time one came behind the Speaker as he was putting the question, and in "a loud and violent manner" cried "Baugh! in the Speaker's ear, to his great terror and affrightment." Such things, we are happy to say, are quite out of the question nowadays; and, we add with pleasure, that Mr. Palgrave has attributed their suppression partly to a right cause—that is, to the presence of reporters in the gallery. For in this mighty improvement Parliament has not stood alone. The press has also grown virtuous:—

> How is it [asks Mr. Palgrave] that the Press and the Parliament work together so unselfishly and so well? This is the cause. Our leading newspapers are not class newspapers, the advocates of one separate interest, or of one separate portion of the country. Nor is Parliament the advocate of one separate class or interest distinct from the general interest. Thus newspapers and Parliament act with one common motive; they are inspired by one common spirit; they think and speak for all of us alike.

Thrice-blessed country! With the *Times* and the *Telegraph* and

* *The House of Commons; Illustrations of its History and Practice.* By Reginald F. D. Palgrave. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

a reformed Parliament combined in one unselfish desire for the common good, free from all suspicion of party spirit or private ambition, labouring by day and night to spread knowledge, civilization, and good feeling to the furthest borders of the land, we begin to wonder dimly how it is that we can still require laws to suppress pauperism, crime, or ignorance. Why, we ask, have we not already entered a political millennium? The only answer seems to be, that the bad effects of the old days, when members ate nuts and oranges, and held down Speakers by the arms, have not quite disappeared from among us, and that more patriotic endeavours are still needed before we can reap the fruits of our lofty philanthropy. Yet we should be doing injustice to Mr. Palgrave if we did not admit that he thinks well of the old nut-cracking Parliaments, and thinks that they did some good in their rough way. Perhaps they were even at times a little more efficient than the present body, which is not seldom oppressed by the huge accumulation of its benevolent enterprises, and suffers from a plethora of public spirit. However this may be, we will make one confession. Mr. Palgrave dilates forcibly and properly on the providential escape of Parliament from that infamous Guy Faux and his associates. He trembles to think of the fearful consequences which would have ensued if King and Queen and Prince and both Houses of Parliament had been summarily blown to atoms. It is little use speculating on might-have-beens, but of course we fully agree with him that it was fortunate that the experiment was never tried. Yet, putting aside for a moment all moral considerations, and regarding the plot from a purely æsthetic point of view, it is impossible not to feel a momentary pang of regret at its premature discovery. Everybody concerned is dead by this time, and would have been so in any case; and it is almost a pity that so gigantic a crime should not have added one more picturesque element to our history. All the murders commemorated by De Quincey and other students of the æsthetics of crime would have sunk into utter insignificance by the side of so tremendous a catastrophe. The Gunpowder Plot, for boldness of design, for neatness of conception, and for thorough completeness and harmony of detail, might have challenged comparison with any event recorded in history. Its failure causes as great a loss to historians as would have been the loss to artists had Raffaelle and Michael Angelo and a few of their contemporaries been strangled in their cradles. We repeat, to prevent mistakes, that we are fully convinced that this longing is decidedly wrong; and had we known of the plot in time, no weak desire for dramatic effect should have restrained us from giving full information to James or his Ministers; but even Mr. Palgrave will admit that it would have had incidentally the good effect of adding one very exciting chapter to his amusing little book.

BLUNT ON THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.*

MR. BLUNT is a true and loyal son of the Church of England, and has done that Church good service by several of his publications; but, in attempting to write the history of the Reformation, he has undertaken a task beyond his powers. He does not possess sufficient acquaintance with the works of the so-called Reformers to be able to appreciate their tone of mind or the systems of theology which they represent, nor does he appear to us in this volume to have the grasp of mind necessary in order to form a true estimate of the bearings of European politics upon the subject. We do not complain that he writes from an Anglican point of view. An English clergyman belonging to his school of thought could scarcely do otherwise; and though an historian should always strive to be impartial, no history could be written to interest people by a writer who was not possessed of his own view, and, we may add, entirely penetrated with the conviction that his view was the true one. The fault we find with Mr. Blunt, then, is not so much on the score of misrepresentation of facts, for he has in general succeeded in placing them before the reader with more impartiality than most of those who have handled this difficult subject before him; but rather that his horizon is far too limited, and that his mental gaze does not take in the true proportions of historical events. Again, there is a conspicuous absence from his pages of a true appreciation of the characters of the persons who figured in the great movement of the reign of Henry VIII. He does not judge them wrongly for the most part, as far as he goes, but he is deficient in the power of estimating them. In much of his defence of Wolsey, and his description of Henry's rapacity, as well as in the incidental remarks in which he condemns the time-serving of Cranmer or the selfishness of Cromwell, we quite concur. But neither of these two latter personages, who played so important a part in the changes effected in the last twenty years of this reign, cuts any conspicuous figure in his pages; whilst the account of the Cardinal of York leaves wholly out of sight his unscrupulous conduct and barefaced lying in the matter of the divorce. The particular view of which we complain can scarcely be illustrated better than by an extract from the last chapter of the work, which is headed "The Rise of Protestant Dissent." The author says:—

> All the more solid, learned, and thoughtful Reformers said to themselves, "If we break off from the old Church of England we cut away the ground from under our feet. We must continue the line of the episcopate, and hand it on unbroken to our descendants; we must provide a true priesthood, the same in every respect as has been provided hitherto; we must guard the ancient sacraments of the Church, and take care that no essentials shall be wanting to their due administration *recte* and *rite*, as to principles and ritual; we must see that whatever changes may be expedient in our Liturgy and other services, nothing is taken away, nothing added, which shall cut them off from the fellowship of primitive offices; we must maintain the creeds intact, and whatever special formularies may be needed for our special position, we must in all things be sure that the Catholic faith is still held by the Church of England. Let Rome treat us how she will, be it ours so still to hold our place in the one body of Christ, that we may still claim union with her, and with all living branches of the one true Vine."

And this, we are told, is the principle which actuated the Reformers, or—to quote the author's exact words, lest we should at all misrepresent him—which deeply influenced all the official movements of the Reformation. Now Mr. Blunt is fully persuaded that this is the view which the Reformers did take, because in his opinion they ought to have taken it, as opposed to those narrow views which he speaks of as having been known for three centuries under the designations of Protestantism, Puritanism, Nonconformity and Dissent, and which he says are as strictly antagonistic to the principles of the Church of England as to those of the Church of Rome.

Now we should like very much to know who these solid, thoughtful, and learned Reformers were. The present volume does not extend beyond the reign of Henry VIII. It is, therefore, scarcely likely that the author means to include in this description the Bishops and dignitaries of Edward VIth's creation, who were authors of the Prayer Book of 1552—a book which, we take it for granted, is not exactly to Mr. Blunt's mind; still less can we think he is looking forward to the reign of Elizabeth, or would care to pin his faith upon what is known of the opinions of Parker, Grindal, Horne, Scory, and Cox. We are, therefore, driven to the supposition that he refers to the Reformers of the reign of Henry VIII. Now, the Bishops who were the King's tools for reforming the Church of England were Cranmer of Canterbury, Goodrich of Ely, Shaxton of Salisbury, Hilsey of Rochester, and Barlow of St. David's. If to these be added the name of that scurrilous writer, Bale, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, who was employed by Cromwell to write ribald plays against the Pope and in favour of the new learning, we have a pretty complete list of the most influential Reformers of Henry VIIIth's reign. And we think it would be difficult to quote a single passage from any of their writings which in any way confirms the description given of them by our author; whilst, of the three most distinguished among them for learning—namely, Cranmer, Bale, and Barlow—two have expressed their opinion most unequivocally in contempt of the very idea of an apostolical succession, as well as of the other opinions alluded to in the above extract; and Cranmer, we suppose, can scarcely be thought a very ardent admirer of episcopacy. We should have thought the case scarcely worth arguing; but, as Anglicans of Mr. Blunt's school are loth to give up Cranmer, we will quote a passage or two which may be read in Burnet, and which we can vouch for as having been transcribed correctly from Cranmer's own MS.:—

> In the New Testament, he that is appointed to be a bishop or a priest needeth no consecration by the Scripture, for election or appointing thereto is sufficient.
>
> A bishop may make a priest by the Scripture, and so may princes and governors also, and that by the authority of God committed them, and the people also, by their election.
>
> All the officers and ministers, as well of the one sort as of the other, may be appointed, assigned, and elected, and in every place by the laws and orders of kings and princes. In the admission of many of these officers be divers comely ceremonies and solemnities used, which be not of necessity, but only for good order and seemly fashion; for if such offices and ministrations were committed without such solemnity, they were nevertheless truly committed. And there is no more promise of God that grace is given in the committing of the ecclesiastical office, than it is in the committing of the civil office.

We do not ourselves of course write from an Anglican, or any specially controversial, point of view, but simply in the interests of historical truth; but we would recommend Mr. Blunt and so-called High Churchmen to rest their case on the well-known opinions of the divines who, at the Restoration, made the Book of Common Prayer what it is, and to forego their appeals to the opinions of the Reformers, which cannot really be made to serve their purpose.

We have dwelt the longer on this point because it supplies the key to Mr. Blunt's failure. He has started with a wrong hypothesis, and that hypothesis is continually meeting us. His view of the learning, the character, and the opinions of the Reformers is not tenable; and were it ever so just and true, he attributes far too great weight to their personal influence. They were for the most part mere tools in the hands of the King, and there was perhaps not one of them who would have ventured long to maintain any opinion at variance with his known wishes.

After what has been said, some of our readers will be surprised at hearing that neither the marriage with Anne of Cleves nor the divorce of Henry from his fourth wife, nor again the marriage and execution of Catharine Howard, nor again the sixth wife and her surviving her tyrant husband, are so much as mentioned in this History. Yet two at least of these affairs are intimately connected with the subject of the Reformation, if on no other ground, at least on this, that they prove the abject servility of Cranmer and the rest of the bishops and leading clergy of the King's appointment. The earlier part of the reign is chronicled in somewhat more minute detail, but though upon the whole proceedings are given with tolerable accuracy, there are slight mistakes of fact which

* *The Reformation of the Church of England; its History, Principles, and Results* (A.D. 1514–1547). By the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of Kennington, Oxford; Editor of the Annotated Book of Common Prayer; Author of "Directorium Pastorale," &c. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

betray hasty writing, and there are several omissions which could not have occurred had the author been acquainted with recently published collections of documents. For all that appears to the contrary, Mr. Blunt has never seen the interesting collection of Vatican documents printed at Rome by Theiner, in 1864; and though he has made good use of Mr. Brewer's valuable volumes of Letters and Papers, it is unfortunate for his credit that these volumes extend as yet only to the year 1523; that is to say, only to within four years of the period when the actual history of the Reformation may be said to begin. Had he read the diary of Campeggio, as contained in Theiner's volume, there are many passages in this part of the work which would never have been written; though even then he would not have been saved from the ridiculous mistake of speaking of Wolsey's supposed marriage as a parallel case with that of Campeggio. We are told that "there can be little doubt that he, like Cardinal Campeggio, whose son was knighted by Henry VIII., had been married, perhaps secretly, as Archbishop Cranmer was." This little sentence contains by implication three mistakes. There is no evidence whatever to show that Wolsey had married the person who was the mother of his two children; and Cranmer's marriage was no secret, though he did not parade it, as was natural enough in the teeth of the Act of the Six Articles. As to Campeggio's marriage, it was quite different in kind from either of the other two cases, in that he never was in any kind of holy orders till after his wife's death, so that no sort of scandal attaches to his name on this score. Little instances of misstatements of this kind are of perpetual occurrence, and show the narrow compass of the writer's researches. In one place we are told that the Cardinal of York had failed to secure the triple crown, though backed by all the influence of Henry, Francis, and the Emperor. If Mr. Blunt had taken the trouble to read Mr. Brewer's preface to his last volume, he would have seen that Charles V. never intended that Wolsey should be Pope; and, in fact, that the election of Adrian VI. was probably entirely due to the adroit management of the Emperor.

The best chapter, perhaps, is that which gives the account of the suppression of the Monasteries. The author very fairly weighs the testimonies for and against the monks, and accurately describes the real motives which led to the destruction of the religious houses. He has, perhaps, charitably overstated the case in their favour, and his desire to do justice to a set of men who certainly do not deserve all the abuse that has been heaped upon them has in one instance led him into an absurd suggestion. He thinks that the secret of such charges being laid against abbots, priors, and other brethren lay in the fact that they were married. Now, whatever apology could be made for the supposed marriages of the secular clergy, surely none of the regulars would have entered such a plea in their defence; and if such defence had been pleaded, it would have been quite conclusive against their promotion to rectories and other positions in the Church. The King, however he might be inclined to overlook acts of incontinency, was certainly very unlikely to promote the Prior of West Acre, or any other monk who was known to be married. The promotion of such men to benefices in the King's gift, whether they were of good, bad, or indifferent character, is just what might be expected. Such appointments provided for the quiet employment of men who, if they had been at large, might have been found troublesome to the Government, and they saved the Royal Exchequer from the expense entailed upon it of paying the abbots and brethren their pensions.

The author has wisely avoided the form of annals, and broken up his history into separate chapters, each treating of its own proper subject. The chapter on the Divorce will probably be read with interest, and he is entitled to praise on the score of his fearless endeavour to represent the facts of the case in their true light, for which we have no doubt he will incur the wrath of all who take their accounts of the English Reformation from Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*. Nevertheless, this chapter exhibits in a stronger light than any other part of the book the writer's want of acquaintance with recently published sources of information, and recalls to our mind, perhaps more forcibly than other part of the work, the often repeated complaint that the History of the Reformation of the Church of England still remains to be written.

MR. RASSAM'S MISSION TO ABYSSINIA.*

If the great History of Human Error ever comes to be written, a special chapter must be taken up by the unbroken series of blunders that makes up the record of the Abyssinian quarrel. Of course we say this with no wish to detract from the merit of the expedition which marks its final and crowning episode. Both in conception and execution this movement will always stand among the highest in our military annals. Happily for us, the blundering in this latest instance was taken upon himself by our adversary. Theodore's overweening pride, sublime ignorance, and propensity to ardent spirits, crowned by *dementia* leading to suicide, were the means of extricating us from a strait in which military skill and courage, diplomatic fence, and pecuniary outlay might alike have proved ineffectual. Had that infatuated ruler not held some fond idea that he had only to face the forces of his enemies for them to fall down dead, he would hardly have given them the chance of meeting him in the open, or have turned at bay in his chosen fortress. Had he with the faintest glimmer of warlike intelligence lined his mountain passes with sharpshooters, or even sent stones rolling down upon the troops toiling painfully in Indian file at his feet, the Cabul disaster might have been outdone. In Theodore's song of triumph "Flodden had been Bannockburn." Or had he, like the Nana, simply bolted for the trackless hills and forests of the far west, taking with him the captives or leaving us a present of their mangled bodies, how long should we have kept up the wild-goose chase, and to what multiple of ten millions would the bill, which now makes the nation grumble, have run its terrible items? We had best pay with a good grace the supplementary estimate, and we may hope, with the final reports and narrative of Mr. Rassam before us, soon to shut our memories upon a record of the most causeless and unmitigated muddling to be met with in the long annals of human folly.

The most provoking part of this melancholy business is the trumpery origin out of which grew such unbounded fuss, anxiety, and cost. The sole business which professedly took Messrs. Stern and Flad, with their wives and families, to King Theodore's dominions, was, as the King formally repeated to Mr. Rassam, "to convert the Jews to the Christian faith." Was it because there were no Jews in Palestine that these gentlemen were driven to seek objects for their zeal in the wilds of Abyssinia? Or was it the known trouble and cost of the convert with his foot, so to say, on his native heath, which made them shy of the home-grown unbeliever? Of the value per head of Abyssinian converts we have unhappily no means of making even a guess, for throughout the whole business no one ever hears mention of a real convert at all. A dozen, ten, or even a solitary believer would have been something to point to in the long account of ten millions. But there is a lamentable and entire blank on the credit side of the ledger. Once, however, these zealous missionaries are seen comfortably settled in the country, we find them as usual embroiled ere long in some way with the powers and rulers of the land. Mr. Rassam does but repeat with authority King Theodore's fundamental grievance that, "notwithstanding all his kindness, Stern had listened to the stories of the Bishop about the origin of his (the King's) mother, and proclaimed to the world that she was a woman of low degree, who used to sell *kósso*—an Abyssinian vermifuge—on the common highways." What the descent of King Theodore from the Queen of Sheba or the *kósso*-seller had to do with the conversion of the Jews was perhaps more obvious to missionary intelligence than to our own. Next it is Consul Cameron who gets into the King's black books, either through his interference in the same matter or through the miscarriage in his hands of Theodore's correspondence with Queen Victoria. To these supposed causes is superadded a trumpery story of the King's that Consul Cameron had taken some Abyssinian servants with him to Kásala, who, at a party given to him by Turkish authorities there, were told to imitate the war-dance of the Royal troops; that some had refused to obey, but one was forced to do as he was ordered, and made the Turks laugh at His Majesty; that they had said sneeringly to the Abyssinians, "Is that the way the soldiers of your great King fight?" This story, it appears, was related to the King by one Ingădā Wark, a scamp who had been in Captain Cameron's service, but who, thinking himself underpaid, did all he could to injure and betray his master. Ingădā Wark having shared the fate of the 197 wretches who were massacred by the King in his last outbreak of fury, April 9, 1868, the disclosures which Mr. Rassam hoped to have extracted from him were lost to the public. It is something, though but a poor equivalent for all we have laid out and undergone—and a still poorer index, to our thinking, to the diplomatic depth of our envoy—to be told that, in Mr. Rassam's opinion, "this man was at the bottom of all the misunderstanding which existed between the King and the European captives." What a pity no one was there to put a foot in the first instance upon the *fons et origo* of all this trouble! From first to last it would appear our proper business was to fight neither with small nor great, but only with Ingădā Wark. Meanwhile ambitious hopes having been kindled in the breast of King Theodore, and the regulation snubbing or official ignoring having been effected in Lord Russell's happiest manner, the vengeance of the semi-savage descends upon the whole body of Europeans within reach. By way of extricating the victims, letter after letter, and envoy after envoy, are despatched, like the messengers after a schoolboy's kite, and with about the same appearance of a return; and so the whole familiar story is brought to pass, till armed force, aided by Theodore's opportune insanity, settles every account save that of money.

Out of the whole tissue of blunders, the appointment of Mr. Hormuzd Rassam strikes us as among the most conspicuous. We need point to no more convincing proof of this opinion than that furnished by his own pages now before us. The many excellent qualities which have deservedly won him esteem in private life make us the more regret that he should have been thrown into a position calling for men of rougher mould, men downright, or even brusque, rather than scrupulous or cringing in their political manners. For Theodore's wayward, suspicious, and scheming temperament a match might better have been found, it may be thought, in the school of Indian experience, from the roll of the captors of Delhi, or the tranquillizers of Affghan and Punjabee chiefs. A determined growl of the British lion might have had more effect upon the savage ear than the mild mixture of the serpent and the dove which to Mr. Rassam seemed to give the true note of diplomacy. "Humouring the King," when there was any object to be

* *Narrative of the British Mission to Theodore, King of Abyssinia.* By Hormuzd Rassam, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. With Map, Plans, and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1869.

gained, occupies too prominent a place in our envoy's method of approach. The wiliness of the monarch, of which Mr. Rassam was fully aware, was not to be met by a mere attempt to outreach him in weaker fashion at his own game. The ill effects even of an apparent paltering to His Majesty's ill-humour or caprice, and stooping to the tone of alternate blandishment and supplication, is sufficiently shown in the ill-starred interference of Dr. Beke, undertaken in the teeth of every discouragement, from that of Colonel Merewether to every friendly native adviser. What are we to think of a British envoy, when put in chains, sending a message of this sort even when "in low spirits," and beginning to think the lives of himself and his fellow-captives hung upon a thread:—"Tell the King that my fellow-prisoners and myself have reached this gaol in safety, and that when this act of his becomes known, it will doubtless serve to increase his fame, especially when people hear that a great Sovereign has imprisoned a man merely because he was his friend"? This playing up to the King's combined vanity and humour for a joke may have seemed to Mr. Rassam a happy thought under the circumstances. It is the received way, we believe, in many asylums, of working upon certain moods of lunatic patients. A mixture of plaintiveness with chaff might have been expected to act with this sort of spell upon the disturbed spirit of Theodore. We have an inkling of something of this kind of *ruse* in the fable where the fox finds himself helpless under the paw of the lion. It strikes us, however, as somewhat novel in the history of British diplomacy. Put into still more courtly phrase in the mouth of the messenger Lih, the reply came to His Majesty's ears in the form that "I had not manifested any vexation, but had simply remarked that whatever came from the King was acceptable to me, from a gauntlet to a fetter round the leg." The friendly chiefs, whose conventional native tone Mr. Rassam may have thought himself happy in so well catching, also thought to work upon the Royal pity by the same Oriental attitude of lying in the dust. To the King's first question as to what the English envoy had said, the Bitwáddad's reply was that Mr. Rassam felt highly favoured in having so exalted a locality allotted to him during the rainy season, and one so near His Majesty's *Ilfing;* "that my only regret was being so far from the Royal presence, but that the thought of soon meeting the King again was a source of great consolation to me." We are not surprised at the result which followed this kissing of the rod, while attempting to throw dust into the wily monarch's eyes. It was presently told to Mr. Rassam, for his comfort, that when the courier delivered the message the King said, "Do those asses of Mágdala chiefs think that Mr. Rassam is such a fool as to believe that any person could put him in chains without my special order? The thing is done, and he must wait until I go there myself"

From the moment that the landing of the British force was reported to the King, courier after courier brought polite and complimentary letters to Mr. Rassam, and on the 18th of March the Royal Commissioners came to Mágdala to strike off his chains. All proofs to the contrary notwithstanding, it seems to have remained a settled point with him that a policy of finesse and submission was preferable to vigorous acts or outspoken words. His reply to Theodore's "kind consideration" probably strikes him still as the model of diplomatic letter-writing on the occasion:—

> I have had the honour of receiving your Majesty's kind letter by Mr. Flad, Alaká Engadá and Yashalaka Lih, and was glad to learn therefrom that your Majesty was in the enjoyment of good health.
>
> I am much obliged for your Majesty's kind consideration in having released me from my chains. May the Lord reward you for all your acts of kindness.
>
> Your Majesty has always tried to befriend me since my arrival in your country; and I trust it will not be long before you perfect my joy by granting a similar boon to my companions.
>
> I return you my best thanks for having sent me by Mr. Flad, Alaká Engadá and Yasháláka Lih, two thousand dollars; also one hundred sheep and fifty cows, which I have received with pleasure.

We can partially sympathize with Theodore on having had so long to take his measure of the British character, whether for action or diplomacy, from what came officially under his cognizance. A keen judge of human nature, and veiling under a cynical or playful disguise much instinctive sense of what was bold, downright, and even chivalrous on the part of those opposed to him, he may have detected on many an occasion the ring of metal such as meets our ear in another passage of the book before us. Two priests, who had publicly called the King "a Frank" to his face for having failed to keep the Lenten fast, and for having granted a similar dispensation to those of his soldiers who preferred meat and butter to dry bread, on being arraigned before His Majesty, were denounced by him as fools and asses for their meddling, and ordered to be unfettered and forthwith banished from Mágdala. "If I find you in my camp again," was the judge's valedictory, "I will have you flogged." Everybody in the place expected to see them hurled over the fatal precipice. For the "wretched priests," who received the sentence "with downcast looks and without uttering a word," what most moved Her Majesty's Envoy was the "inward exstacy they must have felt at having got off so easily." His fellow-feeling is rather with the poor in spirit than with the candidate for the martyr's crown. It is hard, however, to pledge all his companions to the like way of thinking. "How we all envied their summary banishment, and wished that a similar fate awaited ourselves, even with the superadded disgrace of being kicked out of the loathsome place!" Theodore having so long and so characteristically dissembled his love, it was doubtless by way of suitable return that his victim, on his first reception after his fetters had been struck off, "deemed it prudent to put the best face up our misfortunes. I endeavoured to look as pleased as if I h never been put in chains by the despot, and were not even then his prisoner." This quite bears out Dr. Blanc's odd picture of Theodore and Rassam's last shaking hands, "both crying at the idea of parting." Every allowance must in fairness be made for any man lying at the mercy of a ruthless and capricious tyrant, and it may be thought somewhat harsh, on the part of gentlemen who sit at home at ease, to fix what some might call an heroic or ideal standard of speech and demeanour under circumstances of such severe proof to human nerves. Still it is not for the countrymen of Conolly and Stoddart to forget what has been the actual deportment of British officers and gentlemen in even more trying straits than these, and they will hardly be persuaded that the honour or the repute of England gained much from the choice of a representative of blood and culture alien from their own. We are far from grudging Mr. Rassam the satisfaction he thinks it fair to claim from the official expression of the "high sense entertained by Her Majesty's Government of his conduct during the difficult and arduous period of his employment" under the Foreign Office. "You appear," writes Lord Stanley, "throughout to have acted for the best, and your prudence, discretion, and good management seem to have tended greatly to preserve the lives, and thus to insure the ultimate release, of the captives." Still less would we begrudge him the 5,000*l.* which the Government has granted, not only as some compensation for his sufferings, but as a "testimony of appreciation of good service." A great nation ought to be generous, and, since all's well that ends well, we care little to calculate with niceness or jealousy how far our envoy's diplomatic energy or tact is to be credited with the ultimate release of the captives. However, "preserving the lives" of the party and of himself being logically a premiss of some importance to this most desirable conclusion, we feel too happy in welcoming back our imperilled countrymen to linger critically over every stage of the ordeal through which the credit of the country had in the interim to pass.

It is not possible to pass so lightly over the closing episode of Mr. Rassam's mission. We allude to the famous business of the cows, of which Dr. Blanc speaks as "Mr. Rassam's unfortunate mistake," and which has been taken advantage of in some quarters to cast upon the British Commander-in-Chief a charge of having deceived Theodore. It is distinctly asserted by Dr. Blanc that Samuel was authorized by Mr. Rassam to intimate to Theodore Sir R. Napier's acceptance of the present. Mr. Rassam's own narrative confirms the statement. Samuel wished to know what reply he was to carry back to the King respecting the proffered present of sheep and cows. "On my repeating this question to the Commander-in-Chief, His Excellency said 'I accept them,' and that was the message which I gave to Samuel." It does not appear that Mr. Rassam was at any pains to explain to Sir R. Napier that any particular significance attached, by native usage, to the acceptance of such a present. Had he so understood it, he must be judged culpable, in his position, of a plain omission of duty; while to be ignorant of it would imply singular lack of knowledge on his part of native ideas of etiquette in general, or of the craft of Theodore in particular. Anyhow, his throwing the blame of the matter upon the Commander-in-Chief is beyond excuse. We now learn from General Merewether that no word in reply escaped Sir R. Napier's lips. He merely "bowed his head," probably thinking the matter of little moment. If Theodore was really deceived, with no one else than Mr. Rassam can the blame possibly rest. With him, too, must rest the fault if any suspicion of laxity or inexactness be thrown by this crucial instance upon the general tenor of his narrative. Much, as we are expressly told, was compiled from memory, most of the original notes, diaries, and other documents having been made away with under fear of detection and its consequences. Making allowance for this drawback, as well as for what we have felt bound to notice as signs of weakness in mind or character, there is much in the tale of this anxious and wearisome captivity to render it interesting to the public.

A NEW HISTORY OF PARIS.*

TO the grumbling Parisians who complain of Baron Haussmann's destructive propensities, and who see all the vestiges of the past swept recklessly away, the municipal authorities have just been offering a most splendid sop in the shape of the magnificent volume now before us. The Prefect of the Seine is certainly quite justified in boasting that no constitutional Government would have been bold enough to incur the enormous expenses entailed by the publication of a work like the *Histoire de Paris*, and he may confidently point to this gorgeous folio as one of the noblest specimens modern France has ever produced of erudition, art, and typography.

We may begin by reminding our readers that some years ago the Paris Administrative Council voted the publication, on an extensive scale, of a complete history of that city. The works of Lebeuf, Sauval, and Dulaure are, no doubt, valuable in their way, and can well be profitably consulted; but they are of too summary a character, and neither the resources of private speculation nor the zeal of religious communities could have been sufficient to bring out a history of Paris really worthy of the subject. The

* *Histoire générale de Paris. Paris et ses Historiens au XIV^e et au XV^e Siècle;* Documents et Écrits originaux recueillis et commentés par Leroux de Lincy, L. M. Tisserand, et A. Breul. 1 vol. Imprimerie Impériale.

plan adopted by Baron Haussmann is that of a series of monographs. It is, of course, liable to the objection of want of unity; but it presents advantages which considerably overbalance this defect, and amongst others is the fact that the preparation and issuing of the various series which are to compose the entire work can be undertaken simultaneously. Thus, besides a general introduction to the history of Paris, complete in one volume, we have already before us the first instalments of a *Topographie historique du Vieux Paris* (*Louvre et Tuileries*) by M. Berty, and also of a survey of the old Paris libraries by M. Alfred Franklin.

The folio entitled *Les Historiens de Paris au XIV^e^ et au XV^e^ Siècle*, composed jointly by M. Leroux de Lincy, M. L. M. Tisserand, and M. A. Breul, is, in point both of size and of intrinsic value, the most important contribution to the whole collection as yet issued, and it is fully entitled to a distinct notice. Let us say a word, first, of the numerous illustrations which have been added to it, and which throw so much light upon the descriptions given in the letterpress. With a view to render this part of the volume as attractive and as perfect as possible, the chief public and private libraries, both in France and abroad, have been consulted; chromolithographs, photographic engravings, woodcuts, and steel plates are scattered throughout the book in endless variety, and every opportunity has been taken of showing pictorially what Paris was six centuries ago. Some of the most splendid miniatures contained in the old mediæval missals and manuscript Bibles are reproduced with admirable accuracy and perfection. Here are two views of Paris during the fifteenth century; a little further on we have a curious representation of the Petit-pont, such as it appeared about the same time; then comes the famous Maison aux Piliers, where the turbulent citizens of the mud metropolis held their meetings; and, finally, the artist treats us to a gorgeous sketch of the interior of the Sainte Chapelle. The facsimile of original charters, of seals, escutcheons, portraits, buildings, and old prints are so numerous that we must be satisfied with a passing mention of them. We spoke just now of the miniatures to be found in some of the MSS. belonging to the great libraries and collections of Europe; the information which they furnish on points of topography is often singularly curious, and at the same time extremely correct. When an illuminator, for instance, in endeavouring to illustrate the Bible, found that the subject he had to deal with was, say, the Crucifixion, instead of giving as the background of his miniature the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, which of course he knew nothing about, he very naturally substituted scenes with which he was familiar—Montmartre, Vincennes, Montfaucon, Saint Denis, &c. If he had to represent the taking of the Holy City by the Crusaders, he delineated the walls of Paris; and his contemporaries thus found Notre Dame, the Louvre, the University, and the Town Hall immortalized *à propos* either of the Holy Scriptures or of some popular legend. Such is the peculiar value (in addition to its artistic merit) of a beautiful illumination borrowed from the missal of Juvenal des Ursins, copied in this volume, and which represents the shepherds receiving the tidings of Our Lord's nativity; the landscape being a view of the Seine, with the tower of the Temple, the Church of Saint-Jean-en-Grève, the Petit Châtelet, and the Butte-Montmartre faithfully portrayed.

But it is time that we should come to the text, and give some idea of its importance. As the title of the work suggests, the learned editors have published descriptions of Paris written by authors who lived during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; let us add that the notes, elucidations, and comments by which these descriptions are accompanied show an amount of research and of patience above all praise. The first piece is an *éloge* of Paris, composed in the year 1323, by Jean de Jandun, a master of the College of Navarre, whose metaphysical works had procured for him the surname of *Doctor Acutissimus*. Jandun appears to have been in his day a supporter of opinions which were not considered very orthodox; his great friend was the celebrated Marsilio of Padua, well known by his attacks against the Papacy, and he became his *collaborateur* in the publication of a treatise entitled *Defensor pacis*, the programme of which was nothing else, as a distinguished critic remarks *, than the sovereignty of the people and universal suffrage. Translated into French, the *Defensor pacis* soon obtained the widest circulation; yet if its boldness was well calculated to make it popular amongst those whom the ambition and rapacity of the Court of Rome had long filled with disgust, that very merit could not, on the other hand, but excite the anger of the powers that were. Poor Jean de Jandun paid the penalty of his liberalism. Obliged to leave Paris, he retired first to Senlis, and then to Germany, where he died. It is from Senlis that his *Éloge de Paris* is dated. A friend having taunted him on account of his departure, Jandun replied by a pompous praise of the town where he had found a refuge. His correspondent retorted—"How? you, *Doctor Acutissime*, you are ungrateful enough to despise the advantages of Paris, and to prefer to it an obscure country town?" "No," answers the philosopher, "and I shall prove to you forthwith that I am quite as alive as you are to the great merits of the metropolis of intellectual Europe." Hence a long and curious *éloge* containing an account of the topographical beauties of Paris, its public buildings, its civilization, arts, manners, &c. The Latin original of that work had already been published in 1856 by MM. Leroux de Lincy and Taranne, in the *Bulletin du Comité de la Langue, de l'Histoire et des Arts de la France*; it is on the present occasion supplemented with a French translation and a learned commentary.

* Ad. Franck, *Réformateurs et Publicistes de l'Europe*, p. 139.

The next *morceau* is a short fragment from the pen of Raoul de Presles, a distinguished writer honoured with the favour of Charles V., and who took a part in ecclesiastical affairs during the fourteenth century. The King of France had ordered him to write a translation of St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, assigning to him as a remuneration a pension of 400 livres, afterwards increased to 600, for the whole of the author's life. Raoul de Presles was not satisfied with merely giving a version of the bishop's treatise; he added commentaries of his own, and *à propos* of the 25th chapter of the 5th Book he wrote a short description of Paris. This fragment, the elements of which are borrowed chiefly from Paulus Orosius, Julius Celsus, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Helinand, and Gulielmus Brito, contains many particulars which never existed except in the imagination of the old chroniclers, who are responsible for them; and some of his etymologies are extremely fanciful, as when he says, "comme aussi *les Allemans* sont diz d'un autre fleuve qui est appellé *Lemannus*"; but at the same time he gives a great deal of valuable information respecting the Paris of his own days, and the notices which he gives the popular *chansons de geste* are very interesting.

Guillebert de Metz is the author of the third piece printed in this volume. Nothing certain is known about him, except that he was a German by birth, and that he studied at the University of Paris. He lived about the middle of the fifteenth century, exercised the profession of a scribe, and assumed the title of *libraire* to the Duke of Burgundy. The last ten chapters of his description are the most valuable of all because they contain *quæque ipse vidit;* he was evidently on familiar terms with all the University men of the day, the philosophers, scribes, illuminators, and artists of every kind; he mentions them as his friends, and describes them, as he goes on, in a few characteristic words.

Finally, the editors of this volume have published a Latin poem, hitherto *inédit*, of Antonio, an Italian writer, a native of Asti, who became one of the retainers of Charles, Duke of Orleans, after that prince was released from his captivity in England. Until quite lately, Antonius Astensis—to use the Latinized form of his name—was known only through a poem entitled *De Varietate Fortunæ*, published in the fourteenth volume of Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*; but a considerable collection of his works was discovered amongst the treasures of the Grenoble Library, and from that manuscript volume M. Leroux de Lincy and his *collaborateurs* have printed, together with a French translation, a description, in hexameters, of Paris, its suburbs, and the principal towns of France. Antonius Astensis is not satisfied with giving an account of all the buildings, both secular and religious, the streets, markets, &c.; he launches forth also into political digressions, and speaks more than once of the wars between the English and French, inveighing bitterly against the former, whom he accuses of thorough irreligion:—

> Ex hoc ergo patet Majoribus esse Britannis,
> Quos dicunt Anglos vulgari nomine Galli,
> Aut paulum aut certe nil relligionis in altum
> Cœlorum Regem, cujus non alma verentur
> Templa, manu si quando queunt violare nefanda,
> Quæ Galli exornant ingenti semper honore. . . .

This tirade, occurring in a description of the Abbey of Saint Denis, need not astonish us. A secretary to the Duke of Orleans—who, after the fatal battle of Agincourt, had been for twenty-five years a prisoner in England—Antonius Astensis had naturally no sympathy with those whom he calls *Majores Britanni:* he therefore draws from the premisses contained in the above lines the following conclusion:—

> Non igitur miror si tandem Rector Olympi,
> Exaltare solens justos et lædere pravos,
> Auxilii tantum Gallorum contulit armis,
> Et tantis sævis fuit adversarius Anglis.

We have thus given a short summary of the principal works which compose the new volume issued under the patronage and by the authority of the Paris Municipal Council. In addition, however, to the four productions just mentioned, we should not forget a number of other documents which complete the information furnished by Jean de Jandun, Raoul de Presles, Guillebert de Metz, and Antonius Astensis. Thus the topography of the Cimetière des Innocents would scarcely have been satisfactory had not the editors reprinted the famous *Dit des trois Morts et des trois Vifs*, the subject of which, together with the mournful doggerel accompanying it, was sculptured over the portal of the church. It is well known also that a representation of the dance of death was painted in fresco on the walls which surrounded the burial-ground, "*pour esmouvoir les gens à dévotion.*" These gloomy figures are well reproduced, and a disquisition is added on the nature and origin of the *danse macabre*. Let us also notice a curious chapter on the Paris *bourgeoisie* between 1380 and 1424, with short memoranda of the principal citizens mentioned by Guillebert de Metz. Even in those troublous times, when civil and foreign wars seemed to have brought France to the verge of destruction, when the Church was rent by schism, and the sceptre was in the hands of a lunatic, the list of distinguished writers, of artists, poets, philosophers, and divines, supplies many a name which posterity still honours. Jean Charlier de Gerson, Pierre d'Ailly, Christine de Pisan, and Alain Chartier, are a few amongst those whom we might here mention.

The only fault we have to find with this sumptuous volume consists in the misprints. Some of the extracts are very negligently given, especially the *ditié* of Christine de Pisan, in which the printer has sadly blundered.

THE AUSTRIAN NARRATIVE OF BENEDEK'S CAMPAIGN.*

THE publication of the third official volume of the Austrian history of the late war enables us to see that there are other objects in view in this work than merely to show that the Cabinet of Vienna has resolved to purge away its old reproach of useless reticence, and to live in harmony with the age. The blame of the purely military portion of the failure of 1866 has lain so heavily on the Imperial advisers and their master, that they have chosen voluntarily to reveal in full detail the steps that led up hour by hour to the great catastrophe of Koniggratz, in order to show how much of the fatal result was due to the incompetence of the general whom the army, it is fair to say, quite as much as the Kaiser, had chosen for his office. Notwithstanding the necessity, to which we drew attention in our notice of the first section of the work †, of distrusting the completeness of all Austrian official narratives (the first condition of whose writers is to avoid throwing blame on the Emperor and his councillors), there is abundant reason to extol the faithfulness of the present narrator as far as his limits permit him to go, and to admire the minute precision with which he marshals his military details, and explains the causes of the mistakes made and the difficulties encountered. Making every allowance for all possible softening of the Imperial share in the disasters of that brief summer campaign which gave Prussia the supremacy of Germany, there is still plain proof, from his own orders and despatches, that General Benedek failed utterly to make the most of what advantages he had, or to answer to the expectations conceived beforehand of his strategic ability.

Benedek's history is an instructive one, as illustrating a truth often forgotten, that a dashing colonel or brigadier, brave as a lion in action, and with the quickest glance for the advantages to be won by tactical dexterity in a limited field, may yet be wholly void of that larger warlike genius which enables a general-in-chief to divine the yet undeveloped purpose of the enemy, and to wield his own forces, though not within sight, so as to bring their striking power to bear at the right time and place. His first distinctions were won in Italy, where, in 1849, his gallantry and quickness at Mortara, at the head of two battalions, turned a slight into a decisive success, and paved the way for Radetski's great victory of two days later at Novara. Few regimental officers—perhaps none except Colborne with his immortal 52nd—have done so much for an army; and when, ten years later, at Solferino, the corps of General Benedek checked and even repulsed the left of the enemy, triumphant along the rest of the line, he took his place at once by common consent as the future leader of the Imperial army, which that day was once more outgeneralled by its ancient foe within sight of the fields of Castiglione and Rivoli. For some years before the war he held the chief command the Emperor had to bestow, that in Venetia; and when he took up his headquarters with the forces gathering to oppose Prussia in 1866, no generalissimo had ever more completely the confidence of his soldiers. No contrast could be more striking in this respect than that between the popular Austrian hero whose chance words to some veteran Wachmeister, repeated from mouth to mouth, made cheerful the bivouac round Olmutz, and the almost unknown Prussian strategist whose representatives in the field were the two not very friendly Royal cousins—the one known as a soldier only by the bombardment of Duppel, the other by his constant adherence to the family foible of tight full-dress uniform. The two opponents had prepared for war in their several ways. Benedek had issued his well-known "Tactical Instructions for the Northern Army," which show that he judged the rapidity of Austrian manœuvring to make his troops more than a match for their better-armed enemies—a proof that he altogether underrated the breechloader. Von Moltke had worked out fully in the Cabinet each condition of the great problem before him; and, aided by Roon and Bismark, had carefully smoothed away each source of friction in the powerful but almost untried engine which he wielded. Theory was now to be matched against practice; the closet against the camp; improved arms and organization against tried leaders and a staff inured to the demands of war.

As was shown in our former article, the Prussians were so much the better able to collect and move their armies, that in the last week of May they had succeeded in collecting 288,000 men on the northern frontier of Bohemia, whilst Benedek was still pushing up from Olmutz the last corps of his lesser force of 255,000. It does not appear, however, that this movement of his was so far delayed as to put him at a serious disadvantage. On the 26th the Prussians were advancing on all sides, with intent to unite in the neighbourhood of the afterwards famous battle-ground. 160,000 men, under Prince Frederic Charles and Herwarth, moved in parallel columns from Saxony towards the Iser. 120,000, under the Crown Prince, were to enter by the more difficult frontier of Silesia; and, to avoid delay, Von Moltke had decided on the very critical operation of throwing them into Bohemia by three perfectly distinct passes, in the hope that they might force their way to a juncture before the enemy should act with decisive effect against either column, and that, these divisions united, the important design of bringing together the two vast invading armies might be accomplished by force or strategy. On the other side, Benedek had opposed to the greater army a left wing, 55,000 strong, two days' march off upon the Iser, under the Crown Prince of Saxony and Clam Gallas; whilst 200,000 were collected round Josephstadt and Königgrätz, the last of the corps, the 6th, being but a day's march off to the east, on its way towards the former place.

It has been urged, by those who take the most favourable view of Benedek's action at this crisis, that, knowing by certain proofs of the Prussian advance upon the Iser, he did not wholly believe in the reality of an attack on the side on which the Crown Prince threatened him, but counted the demonstrations there to be possibly a ruse, to be followed by a secret flank march round of this part of the Prussian forces to join the others; and that upon this false conception he based his own mistaken strategy. The documents now published by the Austrian Government clearly prove this suggestion to be beyond the known facts. On the night of the 26th, the arrival of great forces in the passes of Trantenau and Nachod was perfectly known by numerous reports at the Austrian headquarters. Of the third and central column, the corps of Guards, on its way from Braunau, there seems to have been little or nothing ascertained, an omission which seriously influenced the course of operation afterwards; but there could be no doubt that a very formidable army was passing the mountains close at hand. The great question then arose, whether the bulk of the Austrian force should be kept in hand to crush this army as it developed itself, or moved to fall on Prince Frederick Charles whilst the co-operating force thus signalled was yet entangled with its passage through the mountains and round the fortress of Josephstadt, which partly barred its way. Of a purely defensive attitude, such as that by which Laudon repulsed Frederic on the same ground in 1778, there was no thought, as is generally known.

The choice of Benedek fell, after some hesitation, on the second movement. Word was sent to the Saxon prince and Clam that they would be strongly supported, and four of the six corps of infantry were put under orders, on the 27th, for the march westward next day. The two remaining, those of Gablenz and Ramming, were to watch the passes of Trantenau and Nachod respectively, and detain the enemy. At this point it was that Benedek's judgment is clearly shown, by his own orders, to have erred. A mere containing force, such as that to be left behind, should not, on any sound principle, be risked in a decisive action with the larger one to be opposed. If the Crown Prince was really advancing as supposed, Gablenz and Ramming, on finding themselves outnumbered, had behind them the line of the Upper Elbe, partly covered by Josephstadt, and easy to defend with unbroken troops. But Benedek was misled apparently by his confidence in the tactical dexterity of his troops and the inexperience of the Prussians, and he gave his subalterns orders that their defence of the respective passes need not prevent them, "should the enemy show himself, from energetically attacking and overthrowing him" (dem Gegner, wo er sich zeigt, mit aller Energie auf den Leib zu gehen). The direct results of these orders were the actions of Nachod and Trantenau on the 27th, Ramming being thoroughly beaten by the Crown Prince with Steinmetz's column, and Gablenz repulsing that of Bonin, but only at a frightful sacrifice of men in repeated assaults in the face of the needle-gun. The latter of these actions seemed, however, to balance the former, and no change was made that evening in the intention to move westward against Prince Frederic Charles, although, with fatal hesitation, the orders to the corps were for the time suspended, and the 8th, supported by the 4th, even moved eastward on Skalitz to relieve the troops of the 6th, whom Ramming's report stated to be "unable without support to endure any fresh attack."

Before dawn of the 28th Benedek was roused from his hesitation by news from Clam Gallas of an advance of the enemy which threatened to bring the Prussians near Gitschin, and interpose their advance between the Austrian left wing and main army. The former was directed to fall back towards the latter; Gablenz to abandon the ground won at Trantenau, and retire southward; Ramming's beaten troops to withdraw behind the relieving corps. Benedek rode out to visit the latter; and, the Prussians up to 11 A.M. not having shown themselves, he concluded that the victorious column of the day before was waiting to unite with others on the march; and so, ordering his troops to hold their ground until 2 P.M., and then to retreat "should no severe fight have come on" by that hour, he left again for Josephstadt. But the opportunity of retreating safely was lost by the delay, for he was scarcely off the ground when Steinmetz advanced in force to attack the Austrians. Three brigades only of the four of the 8th Corps met him, and by 3 P.M. these had been driven out of Skalitz, worsted easily by the superior numbers and better weapons of their enemies, and suffering losses as heavy as those of Ramming the day before. Benedek had worse news than this to hear that fatal evening. Gablenz—retreating, according to orders, from Trantenau—had been surprised upon the way by the hitherto unobserved column of Prussian Guards, not engaged the day before. Two detachments which should have covered his flank had been withdrawn, one by a mistake of some staff officer who sent it to a wrong village, the other by a too precipitate rendering of Benedek's morning order of concentration. The result was the utter defeat of the victors of the day before, whom the vigorous pursuit of the Guards bore back upon the Elbe with terrible loss. It was 10 P.M. when this alarming news reached Benedek, who had been occupied, notwithstanding his accounts of the disaster of the 8th Corps, in disposing his available forces for the movement westward. But the details of the day's defeats which poured in during the night infused a natural hesitation into his counsels, and on the morning of the 29th he announced himself compelled to abandon his project, and concentrate in a neighbouring position behind the Elbe.

* *Œsterreichs Kämpfe in 1866.* 3ter Band. 1ter Theil. Gerold: Vienna.
† *Saturday Review*, May 2, 1868.

The Crown Prince pressed him still, but no general action came about this day on that side. The left wing, however, now suffered severely in its turn. Having halted at Gitschin upon the assurance (despatched by Benedek before his change of plan) that the main army would move to meet them at that place, the Saxon Prince and Clam Gallas attempted to hold a position there in face of the masses of Prussians following them from the Iser, were outnumbered, turned, and terribly beaten. At 7.30 P.M., when the fight was decided and the allies in full retreat, came a messenger with Benedek's orders despatched at daybreak, acquainting them that they were to expect no support, and were to avoid a fight! The messenger had taken sixteen hours to travel twenty-four miles. Benedek's staff, and the contradictory hesitation of his own orders, had conspired with the needle-gun to lose the scarcely opened campaign. The chief lost heart in himself and his army and his country's cause, and, to an encouraging telegram sent by the Emperor in reply to the first bad news, his reply, despatched three days before the great battle, was "I entreat your Majesty earnestly to make peace at any price, or a catastrophe cannot be avoided." The general who wrote this was hardly the man to retrieve a failing cause, or rally a demoralized army. Königgrätz was lost, in fact, before it was fought, if the Austrian narrative be as trustworthy as it appears.

(To be continued.)

TRIALS OF AN HEIRESS.*

It may be hypercritical to cavil at titles when authors find them so very hard to come by, but we are inclined to object to *Trials of an Heiress*, as implying that wealth has generally an immunity from suffering, and that the trials of the heroine were an exception to the rule. Perhaps, however, we ought to read the title in the opposite light, and Mrs. Gifford may have intended to point the moral that riches shut out but the single evil—poverty. We do not know that we can pronounce the conception of the story artistically good. Bessie Marchmont fosters in her bosom the snakes that are to sting her; she becomes contrite as she gets uncomfortable, and pitcously wails out her *mea culpa* when discomfort culminates in wretchedness. But as certain faults excite disgust, while others invite our sympathy—as some diseases, loathsome as they are painful, keep compassion at a distance—so the snakes that Bessie rears are of so particularly unpleasant a breed that it is difficult to feel much for her when her pets take to biting. It is of course the prerogative of an author to draw his characters as he pleases, so long as he does not utterly violate the laws of probability and nature. But if he chooses to give us a realistic picture of a disagreeable subject, he must not complain if it does not charm us like a study of grace and beauty. Bessie Marchmont's character may be true enough to nature, but then it is nature of a very sordid cast. It is quite conceivable that a petted young girl, accustomed to be mistress in her father's house, brought up as heiress apparent to his provincial grandeur, should bitterly resent being superseded by a step-mother whom she dislikes, nor hail very warmly the apparition of a baby brother destined to put her nose out of joint. But such annoyances, were they merely passing, would be a matter of course, and far too frail a foundation to base a three-volume novel on. So, instead of raging and having done with it, Bessie Marchmont sulks. Her indignation swallows up alike all weaker and better feelings; her love for a hitherto indulgent father changes itself into something closely resembling repulsion; she is frankly outspoken in her detestation of his new wife, and, when that lady dies in childbirth, her child succeeds to that heritage of hatred. It is on her ostentatiously displayed dislike to the little heir that the interest of the story is to turn, and the *dénouement* demands that it should be steadily borne in upon the reader. But it is so utterly repugnant to our ideal of a womanly nature, it so thoroughly divorces our sympathies from the heroine, that we regret when at last she comes out triumphant from a passage of love with another, where the hand of the man that each is in love with is the prize. This jealousy of her place, position, and prospects, which disgusts us in a creation of fiction evoked to interest our sympathies, sounds natural and appropriate enough in the mouths of her inferiors. When the housekeeper, the maid, and the little boy who was picked out of a gipsy tent to make a *protegé* of, vent their compassionate indignation at her dethronement, we can understand it; but we should have thought it inevitable that a refined, delicately nurtured girl would be scared back into her better mind by so mean a companionship of sentiment. To be sure, the unconscious little appropriator of her rights does find his way to her heart at last, and unlocks the fountains of tenderness which, it appears, have only been sealed up. The process by which this is brought about makes her conversion a more poetical one than if she had been shamed out of her naughtiness by seeing it caricatured among the courtiers of the servants' hall. But then it makes it evident that her eyes have been open to her meanness all the time she was indulging it, and to us it seems a radical blot in the book that its interest is to be found in the hopelessly degraded tone of the heroine's mind rather than in a fit of passing perversity.

Of the other characters many are very good in their way, and they have the great merit of being duly subordinated to the principal one. Where an heiress is the heroine, it might be expected that a lover or two would be so constantly by her side as to share with her the honours of the stage. Mrs. Gifford dexterously avoids this danger by assigning to Bessie successively two separate favoured lovers out of the many anonymous ones in the background, and one of these is disposed of by a fatal accident before the other comes conspicuously to the front at all. We cannot say we are much prepossessed in favour of either. The first we should say was entirely worthy of Bessie, and it will be seen that we do not in any way share his passion for her. He is a lady-novelist's hero—a young officer of cavalry, good-looking, strong-limbed, excellent at all manly games, as great a favourite in his corps as with the sex, taking to the saddle as naturally as a duckling to the water, and entrusted at steeple-chases with all the money of the regiment from the very day he joins it. Intellect is perhaps scarcely his strong point; he admires Bessie much and himself more, and, when he gets to his country quarters in Ireland, admires very promiscuously indeed. He is killed, as we said, leaving behind him a perfect museum of *gages d'amour* in the shape of fans, faded flowers, and solitary gloves; and peace be to his ashes. Bessie, had she known all and still loved him, might have consoled herself with the thought that he only anticipated one violent death by another, for assuredly some of the fair owners of the ravished trophies must have had fire-eating brothers. We may remark, in passing, that the chapter telling of the fatal steeple-chase does very great credit to a lady's pen. The next lover, and the luckier one, is another stamp of man altogether. He is not meant to captivate at first, but mentally and physically he grows upon us as we read. We have heard that ugly babies often turn into handsome men, but with Duberry the deformed is transformed when he has attained years of maturity. He is first presented to us as absolutely ugly, more as a foil to set off his brilliant friend and rival than anything else. Later we find him the darling of the London drawing-rooms, and although beauty is but skin-deep, and, as squinting Mr. Wilkes said, an ugly man with brains is at worst only so many hours behind an Adonis without them, yet positive plainness will hardly fascinate the many at first sight, even when kindled by expression. It must be owned that the author represents Duberry as making his way in society by his brains rather than his face, and his reputation as a rising barrister is the *open sesame* to hearts and *salons*. We fear that practical men may condemn these bits of his biography as being about as unreal as anything that could well be conceived. In the first place, very young barristers without money and connexion, even when rising men, do not as a rule take drawing-rooms by storm, recommending themselves to Belgravian mothers no less than to their daughters, and elbowing wealthy earls out of their way in contending for the hands of the latter. Then a young barrister without professional backing is scarcely likely to rise very rapidly at all, not at least without plodding hard. Unless he is a phenomenon of brilliant versatility, West-end drawing-rooms are the last places where we should look to see such a man night after night. But some men have a way of getting through their business that is utterly unintelligible to others, and Duberry finds time between his more serious and his lighter avocations to throw off a succession of articles for the leading periodicals. It is to enhance the merit of his faithful attachment to Bessie that he is conducted through these enchanted halls, among the groups of willing and wealthy *houris*. He has been desperately in love with her from the days when she was forbidden fruit to him, down to the time when his rival's death brought her something nearer, if not quite within his reach. But she treats him with as little tenderness as she does every one else, even after she begins to acknowledge to herself that he is almost as much to her as her fortune. Perhaps it may be our prejudice, but we are never softened in Bessie's favour, not even by her mournful soliloquies after her petulant rejection of her lover's attentions has sent him away in despair. Our first feeling always is that, if Duberry only knew it, he might think himself excessively lucky at not being taken at his word. In town, where he is thrown much with Blanche Mortimer and fancies himself in love with her, and when Blanche falls deeply in love with him while her mother looks on benignant, we only think how pleasant it would make things for every one if the heiress were to succumb under the mental and bodily sufferings which are weighing her down. Blanche is a very sweet, winning, delicate-minded girl, not in the least spoiled by a London season; and although you meet her seldom, and have slight opportunity of improving her acquaintance, you fall in love with her at first sight. We should be too glad to see her happiness secured, whereas we really care very little indeed what may be the fate of Miss Marchmont. But just then the critical state of the heiress—heiress no longer—tears down the veil which her caprice had interposed between her and her lover. Blanche Mortimer resigns him generously and with dignity, saying very truly that she is worthy of the first place in the heart of any man to whom she has given her love, and Duberry marries the impoverished and reformed Bessie Marchmont.

There is no doubt that the story is a very readable one, but, as we said, there is much that is unpleasant in it, and a good deal more that is very improbable. The author never hesitates to draw recklessly on our credulity, and she flies nearly as daring a flight as Mrs. Henry Wood in *East Lynne*, in introducing us to Colonel La Garde. Colonel La Garde is the younger brother of the squire, supposed to have perished at sea many years before; he comes back to his native parish under that feigned name; settles close to his ancestral home; is in daily familiar intercourse with his brother and those who have known him as a lad; treats his niece as an adopted daughter; and, although he nearly betrayed him-

* *Trials of an Heiress.* By the Hon. Mrs. G. R. Gifford. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

self to the casual wayfarers he encountered on the evening of his mysterious arrival, yet succeeds in preserving his incognito till the necessities of the story compel him to unmask. Then, although in a matter of this sort we should be sorry to set our vague speculations against superior feminine knowledge, it does seem to us unlikely that Miss Marchmont, living under the same roof with her mother-in-law, should remain to the last in utter darkness as to that lady's impending confinement. Undoubtedly this makes the little stranger's appearance on the scene more dramatic, and gives occasion to an impressive situation as well, but it is surely as nearly impossible as, we should hope, is Bessie's unrelenting animosity to the infant which its mother's death has left an orphan. Her stepmother's character certainly goes far to extenuate Bessie's hatred to that lady, a hatred which is not even buried in the grave. Mrs. Duberry is the type of the intriguing adventuress, living by her wits, and at the mercy of her maid and confederate. But is it natural that she should catch the squire as she did, spreading her nets down in the country in full sight of the bird, and amid all the circumstantial gossip that was flying about the village and servants' hall as to her own dubious doings and antecedents? It seems strange, too, that a mother so coarse and so unscrupulous should have brought up a son with a mind so delicate and principles so high; or that a man, generally so close an observer of character as Duberry is, should have been utterly blinded by filial partiality to the nature of a woman he had lived with from childhood. The truth is, the author seems to us to pounce on any likely-looking materials without being very fastidious as to the general harmony of the workmanship. So long as she can get her personages into a painful situation, and can manage to heighten its disagreeables, it is a very secondary matter whether the attitude is unnatural or not. But even where the story most scandalizes our common sense, we fancy we can see a reason that is to a certain extent plausible, and if the author sacrifices nature and simplicity, it is with an eye to heightening the interest of something which you may possibly contrive to accept, if, like the Marchioness, you make-believe very much indeed. We do not intend a sneer when we say that, taken apart, the chapters would be very agreeable reading; but if we take the context along with us, we are always stumbling over inconsistencies that wake us up and remind us we are in an unreal world.

If we have dwelt on the faults of the book it is only because we are alive to its merits. The author has a pleasant style, and has fancy and tact enough to make a natural story an interesting one, and we are too glad to welcome lady-writers who always remember that they are ladies, and women as well. Among a good deal that is pointless and leads to nothing, her points are often very good indeed. We have no doubt that, if Mrs. Gifford sticks more closely to nature, if she studies more carefully the probable tastes and sympathies of her readers, if she takes Blanche Mortimers for heroines instead of Bessie Marchmonts, we shall be able some day to congratulate her on a very charming novel.

THE RAILWAYS OF INDIA.*

CAPTAIN DAVIDSON has earned the thanks of that increasing section of the public which has fixed upon Indian railways as a safe field for investment, and of that still larger class which takes an interest in the achievement of great ends in the face of great difficulties, by his work on the *Railways of India*. Shareholders will turn to its contents to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the sources from whence they derive their income, while the general reader will find in it a record of mechanical triumphs to which English engineering can show but few parallels. A glance at the very useful map affixed to the volume will show that the main system of Indian railways at present opened or sanctioned embraces two pairs of alternate parallel lines. One of these pairs consists of the line from Calcutta to Lahore, and the line from Madras to Bombay, both having a general direction from south-east to north-west. The other pair comprises the line from Allahabad to Bombay, and the line from Madras to Beypore, both having a general direction from north-east to south-west. Thus, when the system is completed, it will be possible to travel continuously from the Punjaub to the Malabar coast, crossing the continent of India four times in the journey.

Railway enterprise in India enjoys two great advantages in comparison with similar undertakings in this country. There are no unnecessary Parliamentary expenses, and the land is given by the Government. Taking the average of eight Indian and eight English lines, the proportions of law and Parliamentary expenses to the total capital of the Company are respectively ·108 and 2·79. The elements of cost are thus reduced to the payment of labour and the purchase of materials. In these respects the contrast is less to the advantage of India. The wages of masons, smiths, and carpenters have risen considerably, owing to the increased demand for workmen. In Bengal, before railways were begun, they earned from 6*d*. to 9*d*. a day. Now they are paid from 9*d*. to 1*s*. Foremen in these trades now ask from 3*s*. 4*d*. to 5*s*. a day, while formerly they could only make from 1*s*. 3*d*. to 1*s*. 8*d*. The greater rise in this latter case shows the disproportionate demand which exists for any kind of labour which implies headwork. In the higher branches all the superintendence has to be obtained from England, which involves more than double payments, besides the travelling and medical expenses, which at that distance and in that climate are both extremely heavy. The Railway Companies have made great efforts to substitute native operatives, but as yet with very partial success. Clerks and accountants are easily obtainable, nor is there any deficiency in mechanical aptitude; but, according to Captain Davidson, "natives are wanting in presence of mind, courage to deal with emergencies, forethought, and caution—qualities which a good driver of engines must have before he can be competent to manage an engine and train." Taking into account this necessity of importation from home, together with the inferiority, both in quantity and quality, of native as compared with English work, the advantage as regards cost of labour is not much on the side of India. The cost of materials is in some instances very much in excess of what would be paid in this country. Iron, for example, has been obtained from England, to the extent of 3,726,420 tons in the years from 1850 to 1867. Besides the freight, which now averages about 1*l*. 11*s*. a ton, the cost of transport from Calcutta and Bombay to the interior has been very great. The East Indian Railway had to build a fleet of barges and steamers for the purpose, the native boats proving unfit for the carriage of such heavy goods, and the Great Indian Peninsula had to overcome great difficulties in getting their iron work up the ghâts. Building-stone is abundant in Bombay and Madras, granite especially being so common in the latter Presidency that for many purposes it takes the place of timber. Telegraph wires, for instance, are carried on granite blocks, instead of on wooden posts. In Bengal brick is the principal material, and when properly made there is no fault to be found with it. Unfortunately, however, the Indian engineer has to make bricks, as well as build with them. "A native takes any clay that happens to be near at hand, digs it up, wets it, kneads it with his feet for a short time, then moulds the bricks on the ground, and leaves them to dry in the hot sun and wind." It is only by setting up brickfields of their own that the Railway Companies have been able to ensure a satisfactory result. Timber in a land of forests might have been expected to be abundant, but as a matter of fact the provision of wooden sleepers for the permanent way has proved the most fruitful source of difficulty which the constructors of Indian railways have had to encounter. The forests have been so recklessly cut down, that in many parts of the country there is an absolute dearth of trees; and even where more care has been taken of them, it is not easy to find 3,000,000 teak or sâl trees in the first instance, and the same number every ten or fifteen years. Sâl is the commonest and best kind of timber for railway purposes, and if the sleepers are cut from ripe and sound trees they will remain in use at least seven years. Teak is more costly, for which reason its employment on railways is confined for the most part to carriage building. In the Punjaub the deodar is largely used, and in Bombay and Madras rosewood. In a great number of cases, however, it has answered better to bring creosoted pine sleepers from England, where the order can be executed while the embankments and bridges are being constructed, than to organize a separate establishment for cutting and preparing them in India. With sleepers, as with bricks, engineers have found that they must make or get them for themselves. The less a Company depends on Indian contractors the more rapidly will its works be executed. The ravages of the white ant, from which at the outset so much mischief was anticipated, have not proved really serious. The ants are accustomed to work in covered earthen galleries, and as these are dislodged from the sleepers by the vibration of every passing train, they have continually to begin the attack over again.

The two most important members of the Indian Railway system are the East Indian and the Great Indian Peninsula, each presenting its peculiar difficulties from the nature of the country through which the lines are carried. Great rivers had to be crossed in the first case, a precipice had to be surmounted in the second. The first of these obstacles prevented the terminus of the East Indian line from being placed on the Calcutta side of the river. It was necessary that the railway should be carried by the Raneegunge coalfields on the right bank of the Hooghly, and the choice therefore lay between making Howrah, the town opposite Calcutta, the starting-point, and throwing a bridge across a river 1,700 feet broad, with a tide which at flood runs twenty miles an hour, a bore which abreast of Calcutta is sometimes six feet high, and low banks presenting unusual difficulties for making approaches. The most important bridge yet constructed on any Indian railway is one over the Soane, near its junction with the Ganges above Patna. For the last hundred miles of its course the Soane flows through a bed of sand more than two miles wide, though the river, even in the rainy season, rarely fills this immense channel. At one point, however, the stream contracts to 4,000 feet, and a vein of clay was found to underlie the sand across the whole space between the banks, and here it was determined to construct the bridge. The foundations of the piers were sunk through the sand into the clay, and a wrought-iron lattice superstructure was thrown across them, carrying the rails on the top, and a roadway for passengers beneath. The embankment along which the East Indian Railway mostly runs is composed of earth "brought by men, women, or children in small baskets on their heads from excavations alongside the line." This, says Captain Davidson, "though it seems a primitive and slow method, is in practice found to be sufficiently speedy wherever labour of any kind can be collected. It is the custom of the country, and the simple work, requiring no thought and no plant but a small basket, suits well with the unenergetic character of the population. It allows, too, the whole strength of

* *The Railways of India*. By Edward Davidson, Captain R.E. London: Spon. 1868.

a family to be employed, from the grandsire down to the girl and boy of ten and twelve. The bank has in all cases been finished without difficulty wherever the labourers have been punctually and fairly paid; and trouble has been experienced in those spots only where contractors have in the first instance failed to pay accurately and readily." On the Great Indian Peninsula line the main obstacle was the Ghâts, a line of precipitous cliffs averaging 2,000 feet in height, by which, as by one step, the traveller descends from the table-land of Central India to the low plains along the coast. The watershed of the country is at the very edge of these cliffs, the streams on one side making their way across the continent to the Bay of Bengal, while on the other side they are precipitated at once to the sea level. Until this century two bullock tracks, the Thull Ghât and the Bhore Ghât, formed the only means of communication between Bombay, and Agra and Calcutta to the north-east, and Poonah and Madras to the south-east. The British Government had made these tracks passable for wheel carriages by 1830, and after careful consideration, they were both adopted as the line along which the two sections of the railway should be taken. In this part of his book Captain Davidson is too chary of details. A mere enumeration of viaducts and tunnels conveys to uninstructed readers but a poor conception of the magnitude of the undertaking of which they form part.

The money with which Indian railways have been constructed is almost wholly English, native capitalists, usually so anxious to take up Government securities, having been discouraged by the nominal management of the lines by private Companies. The guarantee system appears, however, to combine the advantages of private enterprise and Government supervision in the highest attainable degree. If the payment of interest on the capital had not been assured, no one would have been found to take the shares, while if the Government had itself raised a loan for railways, it would have run great risk of being diverted to other purposes "during years of turbulence or pecuniary pressure." By the present arrangement, the money, though deposited with the Government, is lent for a specific purpose, and can be diverted to no other; and "thus it has happened, that even during years of great anxiety and commotion, funds sufficient for the annual outlay on railways have always been forthcoming." The Government guarantee interest at five per cent. for ninety-nine years on all moneys paid into the Treasury, and the Company has the right to demand the repayment of the whole of the capital expended on giving six months' notice of their intention to surrender the railway. In this way, should the Government at any time decline to pay the full interest, the shareholders might get their investment back again and be secure against heavy loss.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT would probably be a gross injustice to the accomplished bookmaker who has undertaken the biography of Count Bismark * to suppose him actuated by any other motive than the wish to sell his book. To effect this he must accommodate himself to the taste of his public, with which he must be far more accurately acquainted than any foreign critic can be. But for this, he might be supposed to be experimenting upon the fame of his hero, with the view of discovering how much ridicule it could support without injury. Count Bismark is probably not a very sensitive personage, or possibly he belongs to that genus of great men for whom no adulation is too coarse. In any other case his equanimity must be subjected to a sore trial on perusing his own biography. He will find himself in the predicament of Fouqué's hero in the enchanted castle, where every chamber was filled with likenesses of himself. Go where we will in the Count's biography, the Count's image meets us in every conceivable attitude except flying. We have Bismark the patriotic, scowling at a ragged democrat who is talking sedition to a sentry; Bismark the dutiful, communing with his King, a white waistcoat superimposed upon his loyal heart; Bismark the polite, the centre of a group of Conservative statesmen, a picture which somehow irresistibly recalls Landseer's "Alexander and Diogenes"; Bismark the martial, in the uniform of a lieutenant of cavalry, with spiked helmet complete. The letterpress is often of a piece with the illustration "This" (the state of politics at the time) "tempted the burning tear into Bismark's eyes, and his soul writhed in unutterable woe." Having made a speech, "his features appeared sharper than formerly, his countenance was pale, his white teeth, more pointed than before, protruded visibly." The work is also seasoned with anecdotes which no doubt appeared exquisite strokes of humour to the Prussian Conservatives, but which others might consider pieces of insolence, not to say brutality. Nor is there, so far as the writer's own part of it is concerned, a single redeeming feature in the book. Any one will, by its means, be able to discover what Count Bismark was doing at any particular period, and that is all that can be said for it. The really valuable part—and it is so valuable as to be indispensable to all who would know Count Bismark—consists of the numerous letters addressed by him to members of his family, which could not have been published without their consent. Besides the character of authenticity thus conferred on the publication, it becomes a repository of materials from which the Count's character may be estimated with more accuracy than from his speeches and State papers. He appears, on the whole, to much advantage as a kind, cordial, and affectionate man, estimable in his domestic relations. Some of his descriptions of travel are extremely graphic. Intellectually, he seems to be one of those persons who, but for the force of circumstances, might have passed through life without their eminence having been suspected. Two circumstances have made him what he is—the Revolution of 1848, which compelled him to think, and vastly expanded his intellectual horizon; and the embarrassed condition of his family, which obliged him to reside upon his estates, where he participated actively in local affairs, and mastered the practice of administration and the theory of representation on a small scale. On his entrance into public life he simply put into practice principles already familiar to him, and they proved to be the right ones. A purely military career would have destroyed the flexibility of his mind, a thorough diplomatic education would have impaired its force. In the former case he would never have accommodated himself to constitutional forms; in the latter he might have acquired a more polished address, but would no longer have been the one doer in a nation of talkers.

There is perhaps no sharper contrast in history than that between the despotic, unscrupulous, very prosaic, and very successful restorer of German unity, and the romantic, enthusiastic, and unfortunate Emperor * who vainly sought to revive the creed of Greece and restore the might of Rome. A perfectly impartial estimate of Julian the Apostate will perhaps never be arrived at. Gibbon and Neander both come very near the mark, but both are sensibly though slightly prejudiced, the one by his antagonism to Christianity, the other by his official relation to it. Dr. Mücke's excellent monograph is tinged by a more subtle influence—the admiration of a kindred spirit for Julian's generous temper and lofty aims. While professing, and evidently desirous of attaining, the strictest impartiality, he rarely holds the balance quite evenly. He perceives and exposes the visionary element in Julian's character, the inherent impracticability of his schemes, and the incidental faults of their execution; but the tenderness of his conclusions is hardly in keeping with the austerity of his premisses. It must be admitted that this is a fault difficult to avoid in dealing with a character like Julian's. Dr. Mucke defends his hero very successfully against the calumnies of ecclesiastical writers, and clearly establishes his innocence of the charge of persecution. He does not, however, entirely convince us that Julian's moderation was the result of settled principle. There seems something constrained about his ostentatious toleration; it strikes us as a concession to circumstances, and as always dogged by an *arrière-pensée*. Julian was no more capable than his contemporaries of rising to the philosophic idea of universal toleration. One remark of Dr. Mücke's is striking, and we think new; it is that Julian was misled by the turbulent feuds of the Christians into anticipating the break-up of the religion, whereas these were in fact a symptom of its exuberant vitality. We are ourselves continually hearing the downfall of England and the United States predicted on similar grounds, and with equal reason. The work is accompanied by a copious analysis of Julian's writings, and of all ancient sources of information respecting him. It is indeed an admirable volume, equally recommended by interest of subject, ability of treatment, generosity of spirit, and clearness of style.

St. Gregory of Tours † is in himself an interesting character, and his history of his own times is a most important work. It describes a period of anarchy and an almost total dissolution of social order; when, nevertheless, the foundations of modern France were established. Three national elements, the Celtic, the Roman, and the Teutonic, strove in violent agitation for more than two centuries, and the modern Frenchman is the result of the process. Gregory's narrative is simple, and no doubt trustworthy when it is not vitiated by his superstition. He has no insight into the causes or consequences of events, nor could such be expected from a writer of his age. Had he been a philosophical historian we might perhaps have learned from him how the Teutonic race, which impressed its character so powerfully in England, disappeared like rain upon the sands in France and Spain. As it is, his work suggests, and partially illustrates, a number of most important questions connected with the origin and institutions of the Romano-German Empire, and the framework of mediæval society in general. These are treated ably and perspicuously by Herr Loebell. If the arrangement of his book is sometimes difficult to follow, it must be remembered that he is treating of a singularly obscure and distracted period. Heinrich von Sybel has added a preface expressing his gratitude to his old and now deceased teacher, and some notes.

In a lucid and temperate essay C. Wittichen ‡ contends that the fourth Gospel is the work of the Apostle John, or at least that there is no good reason to dispute his authorship. He places the date of it between 70 and 80 A.D. He does not, however, regard the discourses which it contains as historical, but considers it as a polemical work, directed against the Christian Essenes

* *Das Buch vom Grafen Bismarck.* Von George Hesekiel. Bielefeld: Velhagen & Klasing. London: Nutt.

* *Flavius Claudius Julianus. Nach den Quellen.* Von Dr. J. F. A. Mücke. Abth. 2. Julian's Leben und Schriften. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

† *Gregor von Tours und seine Zeit, vornehmlich aus seinen Werken geschildert.* Von J. W. Loebell. Zweite vermehrte Auflage. Mit einem Vorwort von H. von Sybel. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Der geschichtliche Character des Evangeliums Johannis, in Verbindung mit der Frage nach seinem Ursprunge.* Von C. Wittichen. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

The work is significant as a symptom of the reaction towards more conservative views now taking place in German theology.

Dr. Kurtz's analysis of the Epistle to the Hebrews * is very close, and his commentary is pregnant with matter. The most interesting part of his work is the preliminary excursus, investigating the questions of date and authorship, and of the persons to whom the letter was addressed. He rather inclines to attribute it to Apollos, while quoting with approbation Origen's pithy summing up of the question sixteen hundred years since, "God knows."

Dr. Wuttke's work on the popular superstitions of Germany † contains an immense assemblage of particulars respecting the popular mythology of the country. In the writer's opinion all these superstitions are vestiges of the old heathenism, and he seems to take no account of the mass of new error engendered by the credulity of the middle ages. It is undoubtedly quite true that much modern superstition is directly traceable to the age of Thor and Woden, and that much which at first sight wears a Christian appearance is in reality but the old religion in masquerade. It will probably be found that the great factors of superstition—fear and ignorance—have in all ages, and under all conditions, given rise to ideas nearly similar. In general, the beliefs and practices described by Dr. Wuttke are of a prosaic and abject character; but some are founded upon the correct observation or intuitive perception of natural laws, and might have passed for beautiful and appropriate symbols had they never been designed for anything more.

Robert von Mohl ‡ combines the theoretical attainments of a professor of law with the practical experience of an administrator and diplomatist. The third volume of his collected essays contains two of great importance—one on the problems connected with the employment of labour, the other on popular education in its relation to the claims of the Church. He is not an original thinker, but possesses great powers of effective statement in combination with robust common sense.

An anonymous work on German schools and universities § is written from a professorial point of view. It is a somewhat eccentric composition, and we should hardly conclude that the author figured among the most eminent members of his profession, but it has hints and observations well worth attention. The writer is naturally much impressed by the pecuniary drawbacks of his condition. Few professors, he says, unless they remain single, can live in comfort until the age of forty or fifty. They consequently lecture to more pupils than they can instruct, as they cannot dispense with the fees. Being unable to receive their pupils at home, they see little of them, and exercise little moral influence over them. These defects are evidently obviated in England by the richness of our educational endowments, and by our collegiate system. The moral is that we must not, in introducing reforms, lightly sacrifice what others would give much to acquire.

Kopp's "Contributions to the History of Chemistry" ‖ might have been a very interesting work, being, so far as it has proceeded, concerned with the romantic childhood of the science, when chemistry was a form of alchemy, with an affinity to magic. Except for the learned, the book is rendered comparatively uninviting by the author's incapacity for conveying the results of his researches in an abbreviated form. He not only investigates literary questions with the minute accuracy demanded by chemical problems, but insists on exhibiting every stage of the process in detail. The inevitable result is tedium. It is also mortifying to find that so many of the questions raised admit of no satisfactory answer. The derivation of the word "chemistry," for instance, remains as obscure after Herr Klopp's researches as before. Perhaps this dim twilight of uncertainty is one of the charms of the subject. There is a singular fascination about it, much the same as the ancient alchemists may be supposed to have found in the perpetual promise and everlasting disappointment of their search for the philosopher's stone.

The second part of Teichmuller's commentaries on Aristotle ¶ is devoted to the æsthetic theories of the philosopher. It is a clear, precise, and not unduly abstruse investigation of the subject.

Helbig's work on the mural paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii ** is a very valuable performance. It principally consists of a complete catalogue, with full but not prolix descriptions of all these works, including those which are no longer extant, and are only known from the accounts written at the time of their discovery. An interesting essay by Otto Donner is prefixed, treating of these paintings from the technical point of view; and a folio atlas is annexed, giving examples in outline of some of the most remarkable among them.

* *Der Brief an die Hebräer.* Erklärt von Dr. J. H. Kurtz. Mitau: Neumann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der deutsche Volksaberglaube der Gegenwart.* Von Dr. A. Wuttke. Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Staatsrecht, Völkerrecht und Politik.* Monographieen von Robert von Mohl. Tubingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Von deutschen Hochschulen. Allerlei was da ist und was da sein sollte.* Von einem deutschen Professor. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Chemie.* Von Hermann Kopp. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Nutt.

¶ *Aristotelische Forschungen.* Von G. Teichmüller. Th. 2. Halle: Barthel. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Wandgemälde der vom Vesuv verschütteten Städte Campaniens.* Beschrieben von W. Helbig. Nebst einer Abhandlung von Otto Donner. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

Few writers can be better qualified to undertake the history of Italian art than Ernst Förster *, and the first volume of his work justifies the expectations naturally formed of it. It represents the accumulations of long years of researches, in the course of which the author has visited nearly every part of Italy, and personally inspected all accessible monuments. It may be regarded as in a measure the commentary and illustration of his well-known "Italien." The first volume, while perhaps the most important part of the work in the eyes of students like the author himself, as dealing with the most obscure portion of the subject, and representing the largest amount of original research and investigation, presents rather an archæological than an artistic aspect to the general reader. It begins with a short but masterly sketch of art in the Roman period; early Christian art is next discussed; the writer then dwells with visible partiality on the splendid barbarism of Ravenna and the Byzantine school, and so on to the great cathedrals of Venice, Pisa, and Monreale, where the work is suspended for the present. Its contents will probably be new to Herr Förster's readers, except to a peculiar and very limited class of students.

"Studies in German Art," by Herman Riegel †, are mostly reprinted from periodicals. They are of a somewhat slight character, but, being principally criticisms on recent works, afford valuable information on the character and tendencies of contemporary art in Germany. The fact that the most important works of the German school are frescoes, which can only be seen on the spot where they are painted, places the artists at a great disadvantage in comparison with those of other countries, so far as the popularity of their works is concerned. Herr Riegel's descriptions will go some way towards supplying this defect. His account of the unfortunate Alfred Rethel's works at Aix-la-Chapelle is peculiarly interesting.

Madame Lewald ‡ is a lively writer, and there are many pleasant pages in her narrative of her residence at Geneva. At the same time there is far too much bookmaking, too much of trivial incident, and in particular too much of the lady's own observations on political, theological, and such-like matters. These would have informed us, if we had not known it already, that it is perfectly possible for a very strong Liberal to be as conceited and intolerant as the most resolute adherent to the traditions of the past. The most interesting feature of the book is its graphic portraiture of the democratic leaders to whom Geneva affords a rallying-place, such as Quinet and Vogt. It is wrong to smile at the misfortunes of patriotism, but Madame Lewald's gallery of heroes forcibly recalls the six kings in *Candide*, who came to pass the carnival at Venice. Garibaldi, too, was brought thither during our authoress's stay, by the Peace Congress, which the promoters judiciously assembled under the presidency of the most eminent soldier they could find. Madame Lewald has also some amusing, though rather ill-natured, pages at the expense of the foreign residents at the boarding-houses, especially the English, who are no doubt frequently very remarkable persons.

Another work on Swiss travel § will possess great attraction for Alpine tourists. It is a history of all the most memorable ascents of the chief peaks in Switzerland, drawn up by one who may say, *quorum pars magna fui.* It is prefaced by a brief but luminous essay on the physical geography of the country. The first part, which is all that is hitherto published, contains the history of the ascents made in the Bernese Alps.

Adolf Wilbrandt ‖ is a novelist of the school of Paul Heyse, and possesses much of the finished elegance of his model. There is real pathos in the first of his three novelettes, which turns on a question of divorce, and considerable descriptive force in the second; but his powers are perhaps displayed to most advantage in the third, which is of a humorous character. A retired merchant, returned from some years' residence in South America, meditates espousing an old acquaintance, a celebrated beauty in her day, but thoroughly heartless, selfish, and disagreeable. The diversion of his affections to her unprepossessing but amiable sister forms the subject of a pretty and really dramatic story.

A. F. von Schack ¶, the translator of Ferdusi, is in a manner the representative of Rückert and Platen in the modern German Parnassus. Without rivalling either of these great writers, he unites to a certain extent the characteristics of both, possessing much of the rich diction, melody, and facility of the former, and recalling the latter by his consummate polish and attention to artistic form. His little volume of six narrative poems will sustain his reputation. The most remarkable is perhaps the attempt in "Lais" to recount a classical story in the trochaic measure of the Servians, selected by Dean Alford for his version of the Odyssey. In "Rosa" he seems to have had English models before him, both metre and manner closely recalling "Christabel"

* *Geschichte der Italienischen Kunst.* Von Ernst Förster. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Nutt.

† *Deutsche Kunststudien.* Von H. Riegel. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Sommer und Winter am Genfersee. Ein Tagebuch.* Von Fanny Lewald. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Ueber Eis und Schnee. Die höchsten Gipfel der Schweiz und die Geschichte ihrer Besteigung.* Von G. Studer. Abth. 1. Bern: Schmid. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Novellen.* Von Adolf Wilbrandt. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Episoden. Erzählende Dichtungen.* Von A. F. von Schack. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

and "Rosalind and Helen." "The Rainbow Prince," a fairy legend in octaves, greatly resembles Keats's unfinished poem, "The Cap and Bells." Some stanzas of this little poem display a felicitous vein of humour, with which the tragic conclusion seems hardly in keeping.

There is great variety in the poems of Julius Grosse *, and also considerable metrical skill and power of diction, with every indication of a wide range of culture. The writer lacks native power to balance his impressionability and facility of reception; he reproduces much, and produces little. His volume may be read with pleasure, but nothing in it is likely to be remembered for very long.

The nine tales of Siddhi Kûr, and the history of "Ardschi-Bordschi Khan" (Bhoja Raja), published in the Mongolian text, with notes and a translation by Bernhard Jülg †, are originally from the Sanskrit. The Mongols acquired them along with the Buddhist religion which they learned from the Indian missionaries. There is, however, nothing Buddhist in the stories and nothing distinctively Mongolian, and though no doubt they are æsthetically all the better on this account, their ethnological significance is but trifling.

England, which has received so many presents from Germany in the shape of fairy tales, now makes some return by a translation of "Lewis Carroll's" delightful *Alice in Wonderland* ‡, admirably executed by Miss Antonie Zimmermann. The original illustrations are reproduced; they could not be improved. The translator has judiciously varied her original by substituting parodies of popular German rhymes for the pieces which would be unintelligible to German children.

The January part of "Westermann's Monatshefte" § contains one of Paul Heyse's beautiful novelettes, "Am Todten See." The February and March numbers are, as usual, full of agreeable reading.

* *Aus bewegten Tagen.* Neue Gedichte. Von Julius Grosse. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Mongolische Märchen-Sammlung.* Herausgegeben von Bernhard Jülg. Innsbruck: Wagner. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Alice's Abenteuer im Wunderland.* Von Lewis Carroll. Uebersetzt von Antonie Zimmermann. London: Macmillan & Co.

§ *Westermann's illustrirte deutsche Monatshefte.* No. 148–150. Braunschweig: Westermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 703, APRIL 17, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins. THIRD CONCERT, Monday Evening, April 19, St. James's Hall.—Pianoforte, Herr Reinecke (conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipsic). Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists, Madlle. Regan (her second appearance), and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Symphonies, Schubert's unfinished, in B minor, and Beethoven's C minor; Mozart's Coronation Concerto in D, for Piano; Eckert's Violoncello Concerto. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d.—Lamborn Cock & Co., 63 New Bond Street; Austin, 28 Piccadilly, &c.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S FAREWELL MORNING READINGS, May 1, 8, and 22.—In compliance with a generally expressed wish, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS will Read in St. James's Hall on Saturday Afternoons, May 1, 8, and 22, at Three o'clock exactly. Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S FAREWELL READINGS in St. James's Hall.—LAST EVENING READING but SIX on Tuesday, April 27, "DOCTOR MARIGOLD," and "THE TRIAL" (from "Pickwick"). The Readings will commence at Eight o'clock, and be comprised within Two Hours. Prices of Admission—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

WILL CLOSE THIS DAY FOR RE-ARRANGEMENT, &c.

SINAI, EGYPT, the ALPS.—An EXHIBITION of DRAWINGS and PAINTINGS by ELIJAH WALTON.—Pall Mall Gallery, 48 Pall Mall (Mr. W. M. THOMPSON'S), from Ten till Six. Admission (including Catalogue), 1s.

THE LAWRENCE GALLERY, 168 New Bond Street, W.—the collected Paintings, Water-Colour Drawings, Sketches, &c., of the late GEORGE H. THOMAS, kindly lent by Her Majesty the QUEEN, H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, and others—is NOW OPEN, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Willis's; Wednesday, May 5; the Right Hon. Lord STANLEY, M.P., in the Chair.

First List of Stewards.

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	RALPH WARD-JACKSON, Esq., M.P.

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ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION. Incorporated by Royal Charter for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans.

President—Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.

The FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of this Charity, will take place on Saturday, May 8, in Willis's Rooms, St. James's, at Six o'clock; The Right Hon. Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P., in the Chair.

Tickets, including Wines, 21s.; to be had of the Stewards and the Assistant-Secretary, from whom all particulars relating to the Institution may be obtained.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., *Hon. Secretary.*
FREDERIC W. MAYNARD, *Assistant-Secretary.*

24 Old Bond Street, W.

VICTORIA INSTITUTE, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street.—ORDINARY MEETING, Monday, April 19, 1869, at 8 P.M. Paper on "Man's Place in Creation," by Professor MACDONALD, M.D. of St. Andrew's.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION of WOMEN.—The CHELSEA and KENSINGTON COMMITTEE for promoting this object give notice of a COURSE of LECTURES on SIZE and SHAPE, as an Introduction to GEOMETRY, which will be delivered, by permission of the Lord President of the Council on Education, in the Lecture Room of the South Kensington Museum, on Saturday, April 17, at Eleven o'clock, and on each succeeding Saturday, at the same hour, up to June 12, by W. K. CLIFFORD, Esq., B.A., Fellow and Assistant-Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Tickets, for the Course, 21s. each; to Teachers and Professional Students, 10s. 6d. each; Two Members of One Family, 15s. each. Tickets for a Single Lecture, 2s. 6d. each. A Free Ticket will be granted to any Governess who accompanies not less than Two Pupils.—Tickets may be had of Messrs. Westerton, Knightsbridge; Larner & Ward (late Guillaume), 42A Chester Square; Macmichael, 207 King's Road, Chelsea; Cecil W. Wood, 100 Brompton Road; and at the South Kensington Museum. For information apply to Mrs. STAIR DOUGLAS 20 Wilton Place.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.—The SUMMER SESSION commences on Saturday, May 1.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Physicians—G. Owen Rees, M.D., F.R.S.; S. O. Habershon, M.D.; S. Wilks, M.D.
Assistant-Physicians—F. W. Pavy, M.D., F.R.S.; W. Moxon, M.D.; C. H. Fagge, M.D.
Surgeons—Edward Cock, Esq.; John Hilton, Esq., F.R.S.; John Birkett, Esq.; Alfred Poland, Esq.
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Assistant Obstetric Physician—Braxton Hicks, M.D., F.R.S.
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Medical Registrar—Dr. Fagge.
Surgical Registrar—J. N. C. Davies-Colley, Esq., M.A.

LECTURES AND DEMONSTRATIONS.

Medical Jurisprudence—A. S. Taylor, M.D., F.R.S.
Materia Medica—S. O. Habershon, M.D.
Midwifery—J. Braxton Hicks, M.D., F.R.S.
Ophthalmic Surgery—Alfred Poland, Esq., and C. Bader, Esq.
Pathology—W. Moxon, M.D.
Comparative Anatomy—P. H. Pye-Smith, M.D.
Use of the Microscope—H. G. Ho[illegible]se, Esq.
Botany—C. Johnson, Esq.
Cutaneous Diseases—C. Hilton Fagge, M.D.
Practical Chemistry—Thomas Stevenson, M.D.
Manipulative and Operative Surgery—T. Bryant, Esq.
Clinical Medicine—Dr. Pavy, Dr. Moxon, and Dr. Fagge.
Clinical Surgery—Cooper Forster, Esq.; T. Bryant, Esq.; A. Durham, Esq.
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Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their Education and Conduct. They are required to pay £40 for the first year, £40 for the second year, and £10 for every succeeding year of attendance, or £100 in one payment entitles a Student to a Perpetual Ticket.

Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Ward Clerks, Obstetric Residents, and Dressers in the Eye Wards, are selected from the Students. Three House-Surgeons and Two House-Physicians are appointed every Six Months.

Six Scholarships, varying in value from £25 to £40 each, are awarded at the close of each Summer Session for general proficiency; also a Governors' Prize of £10.

Two Gold Medals are given by the Treasurer—one for Medicine and one for Surgery.

There is a Voluntary Examination in October in Elementary Classics and Mathematics. The first three Candidates will receive respectively £25, £20, and £15.

For further information, apply to Mr. STOCKER.

Guy's Hospital, April 1[illegible], 1869.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The SECOND TERM will commence on Friday, April 30.

MALVERN COLLEGE. *President and Visitor*—The Lord Bishop of WORCESTER. *Head-Master*—The Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Full information on application to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., the Secretary.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES. Classes conducted by Jules Benedict, Signor Garcia, Miss Maria Harrison, Dr. Heimann, Madame L. Michau, J. Radford, Esq., A. Roche, Esq., H. D. Rowe, B.A., Mrs. Street, Signor Traventi, W. C. Thomas, Esq., J. Mac Turk, W. Moore, Esq., Captain Osborne, Signor Volpe.
JUNIOR TERM begins April 18.
SENIOR TERM begins April 29.
Apply for Information, &c., 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.
Drawing Pupils may be Candidates for the South Kensington School Prizes.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 30 Kensington Square (close to Kensington Gardens and to a Station of the Metropolitan District Railway), affords BOYS a thoroughly good Education, at Twelve, Ten, or Eight Guineas per annum, according to age and requirements. Term begins April 26.—For Prospectus, apply to Mr. NASH, the Head-Master.

Cambridge Local Examination, Ten with Honours. Boarders are received by the LADY PRINCIPAL at her private Residence, and by the Misses SMITH at 15 Camden Street. Full particulars supplied on application.—The School will Reopen on Tuesday, April 27.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, The Elms, Clapham Common.—Rev. G. ELLIOTT, B A., receives a limited number of BOYS to be prepared for the Public Schools, Army, Navy, and Civil Service Examinations, &c.—Terms, £60 and £70 per annum.

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At the last Examination ONE-THIRD of ALL the SUCCESSFUL NAVAL CADETS passed from Eastman's R.N. Academy.

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For every information, address Dr. SPICKERNELL, as above.

PREPARATION for PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of C. C. C. Cambridge, and Senior Assistant-Master of Wellington College, formerly Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury School, receives BOYS from Nine years of age. Large House, with 17 acres of Playground, One Mile from Rugby. A list of Referees—including the Rev. Dr. KENNEDY, Canon of Ely, Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge, formerly Head Master of Shrewsbury; Rev. Dr. BENSON, Master of Wellington College; Masters at Rugby, and Parents of Boys—sent on application. Terms, *inclusive*, under Twelve, £85, over Twelve £100.—Overslade, near Rugby.

CONTINENTAL PREPARATION for the ARMY, NAVY, CIVIL SERVICE, INDIAN TELEGRAPH, &c.—The Rev. A. F. THOMSON, B.A. Oxon, Chaplain of Avranches, France, Author of the "English Schoolroom," "Milestones of Life," &c., having lately passed Two Candidates—Army, 2nd in French, 8th in order (4,419 marks), out of 180 successful Competitors, Indian Telegraph, 1st in French, 6th in order, out of 30 Competitors—has VACANCIES.—Address, Château du Quesnoy, Avranches, France.

EDUCATION (First-Class) in GERMANY, including thorough French, German, Classics, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Drawing, Gymnastics, Music, &c. Liberal Table. Kind and judicious treatment, and best Society. Highest references in London.—Address, Pastor I. VILMAN, Foreign School Agency, 46 Regent Street, W.

FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principal of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and references on application.

TUITION by the SEA.—A BENEFICED CLERGYMAN (M.A. Trin. Coll. Camb.) receives PUPILS preparing for the Universities, the Civil Service, and Army Examinations.—Address, M.A., Charmouth, Dorset.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, late Scholar of Corp. Ch. Coll. Camb. (Classical Honours), Vicar of a Seaside Parish near Plymouth, wishes to receive a few PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools, &c. Good House and Garden. Terms moderate.—Address, Rev. A. C., 35 Blandford Square, London.

A GERMAN PIANOFORTE PLAYER, Pupil of the Conservatoire of Vienna, wishes to undertake the TUITION of a First-class School or College in Town or Country. References to Schools.—For Terms, address A. B. W., Post Office, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill.

EDINBURGH ACADEMY.—The DIRECTORS of the EDINBURGH ACADEMY are prepared to receive Applications for the Situation of FRENCH MASTER, from which Mr. MACLEOD has announced his intention of Retiring at the close of the present Session. The new French Master will not be required to enter on his duties till October 1, but Applications, accompanied by Twenty Copies of Testimonials, must be lodged on or before May 15, with Mr. ALEXANDER BROWN, Clerk to the Directors, 7 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, who will also give full particulars as to the Office.

TO LADIES and GENTLEMEN READING in PUBLIC; CONCERTS, BALLS, &c.—The QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square.—The Patrons of these unique Rooms are respectfully entreated to be early in their application to secure the best Dates. The Large Hall is admitted by all to possess remarkable acoustic properties.—W. HALL, Manager; ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MSS. to COPY WANTED, by a LADY who Writes a Clear Hand. Moderate terms. Unexceptionable references.—Address, M. B., care of Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co., Printers and Law Stationers, 30 Parliament Street, S.W.

LITERARY INVESTMENT.—For SALE, a Half-Share in an Established high-class WEEKLY JOURNAL, which presents to any Gentleman of independent means and Literary tastes peculiar political influence and social advantages.—Address, by letter, E. C., 112 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

GROUSE SHOOTING and FISHING.—TO BE LET for this Season, or for such Term of Years as may be agreed on, the well-known GROUSE SHOOTINGS of ACHNASHEEN and STRATHCROMBELL, or LOCH ROSQUE, extending to 11,000 acres, with Right of FISHING in LOCH ROSQUE.

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Edinburgh, April 9, 1869.

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By Order, H. J. JUPP.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MR. O. G. REJLANDER begs to acquaint his Friends and Customers, and their Friends, that, after the 7th April next, he will continue his PHOTOGRAPHIC PROFESSION at 1 Albert Mansions, Victoria Street (opposite the Victoria Station), S.W.

129 Malden Road, London, N.W., March 29, 1869.

MESSRS. THRUPP & MABERLY respectfully inform the Nobility and Gentry that they have undertaken the COACHMAKING BUSINESS of Messrs. RIGBY & ROBINSON, of Park Lane, which will in future be transacted at their old-established Coach Factory, 269 Oxford Street, and 33 George Street, Grosvenor Square.

MESSRS. RIGBY & ROBINSON, of 7 Park Lane, Coachmakers, beg to announce to their esteemed Friends and Patrons that they have TRANSFERRED their BUSINESS to Messrs. THRUPP & MABERLY, of 269 Oxford Street, who will conduct it carefully and attentively, with the assistance of Mr. ROBINSON.

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BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

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The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income.

It will hence be seen that ample SECURITY is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurances may be effected on the most moderate terms and the most liberal conditions.

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Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, *Actuary and Manager*.

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LONDON, 37 CORNHILL; EDINBURGH; AND DUBLIN.

CAPITAL, FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

Invested Funds at August 1, 1868	£1,045,613
Annual Revenue from all sources	225,328
Amount of Life Insurances in force	4,200,000

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information, may be obtained on application at 37 Cornhill, London, or of the Company's Agents.

By Order of the Directors,
ROBERT STRACHAN, *Secretary*.
JOHN JACKSON, *Assistant-Secretary*.

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CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

13 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

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Deputy-Chairmen { WILLIAM BOWMAN, Esq., F.R.S.
Sir CHARLES LOCOCK, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S.

Extracts from the Report of the Directors, presented at the Annual General Meeting held on November 27, 1868:

1. The sum of £412,345 was proposed for Assurance, of which £307,395 was completed, at Premiums producing £10,067 per Annum.
2. The amount paid under Claims by death was £100,883, being the smallest since 1860, whilst the expenses of management and all other outgoings were even less than for many years past.
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THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 704, Vol. 27. April 24, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

THE House of Commons has made rapid progress with the Irish Church Bill. The disestablishing clauses have been passed, and so much of the disendowing clauses as deals with the personal interests of members of the Established Church has also been settled. The question whether the policy of the Government in regard to disestablishment should or should not be adopted was fairly raised by Mr. DISRAELI'S amendment, and decisively settled by its rejection. This amendment did not contravene the principle of the Bill. It accepted disestablishment, but virtually enacted that the disestablished Church should be bound for ever by the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England. This was a point that deserved careful discussion, and Mr. DISRAELI injured his cause by diverting the attention of his hearers to extreme theories as to the Royal Supremacy, and by the curious paradox that the Romish Church is an established Church in Ireland. Very various views may be held as to the meaning of the Royal Supremacy, this variety being mainly caused by what makes so many things obscure in England—namely, that the language of the law, being traditional and conventional, does not harmonize with the facts. But, among this variety of views, Mr. DISRAELI certainly chose the one least likely to be acceptable to a modern House of Commons when he broached the theory that the QUEEN personally presided over the Church, and kept its doctrines and discipline straight. It is appalling to think that this duty—which, if the QUEEN had to discharge it, she would probably discharge as well as it could be discharged—must have been fulfilled in former days by GEORGE II. and GEORGE IV. What Mr. DISRAELI meant by saying that the Romish Church is established in Ireland was probably that, whereas it is one of the most conspicuous advantages of an Established Church that it abides by a system of doctrine and discipline fixed by an authority outside of the sphere of the actual clergy who labour in it, this advantage is possessed by the Romish clergy in Ireland. But, if his proposition is reduced down to this, it comes to little, and had no weight to counterbalance the error of confusing his enemies and friends alike by an apparently useless paradox. It would have been far better if he had contented himself with arguing that, although the Church was to be disestablished, yet it was for its good that Parliament should attach to it, from the outset of its existence as a disestablished community, the character of an inseparable unity with the Church of England. There are many persons who would be inclined to think that this would not be only advantageous to the Irish Church, but that it would be extremely unfair towards private persons who have given money to it, were it permitted that it should depart, if it pleased, from the standard of the Church of England in doctrine and discipline. As Dr. BALL truly said, this is a matter with which the Irish Catholics and Presbyterians can have nothing to do. If any body or any set of persons could be injured by the adoption of Mr. DISRAELI'S amendment, it must be the exclusively Protestant Episcopal Church and its adherents; and if the Irish Church wished to be under this bondage, why should it not be? Mr. GLADSTONE answered by denying that there was any general wish of the kind among the members of the Irish Church. But even if there were, there would be great difficulty in enacting that the Irish Church should be bound by the doctrines and discipline of the English Church; for the English Church may in process of time vary its doctrines and discipline, and the State would be much embarrassed to decide beforehand whether it should be optional or obligatory on the Irish Church to accept these variations. In the colonies the difficulty has been got over in a rough and ready way by assuming that the Church of England has no vital power in itself sufficient to enable it to vary its standards. But statesmen nearer home cannot pretend to believe this, and they therefore escape the difficulty of dealing in Parliament with an unknown ecclesiastical future by remitting it to the Irish Church to decide how intimate shall be hereafter the relations between it and the Church of England. That there is nothing in the Bill to prevent them from being very intimate is certain, and the Government expressly declared on Monday night that it was quite open to the Crown to continue to appoint the Irish Bishops, if this were on all hands recognised as desirable. The Irish Church may, in fact, although disestablished, enjoy, if it pleases, the advantage of being in close alliance with an Established Church; and if it is not wise enough to profit by the opportunity, it will have no one but itself to blame.

The general treatment of disendowment was naturally preceded by the discussion and decision of the two preliminary questions, whether the interests of persons, as opposed to the interests of the body to which those persons belong, shall be recognised as the subject-matter of compensation, and whether compensation should be given for what is termed the *spes successionis*. The scheme of the Government is to hand over the Church buildings to the new ecclesiastical body, but with this one exception, necessarily made in order to spare a great shock to religious feelings, everything is to be taken from the Irish Church except what some individual has a claim to. A totally different theory pervades the minds of a large portion of the House of Commons on both the Government and the Opposition side. This theory is that the money taken away from the Irish Church is to be regarded as taken away from the body, not from individuals; and that the money given back is also to be regarded as given back to the body, not to individuals. Assuming that the Irish Church is to be stripped of a certain amount of its property, of how much is it to be stripped? It is incontestable that it was from this side that Mr. GLADSTONE first approached the great question of disendowment, for he asserted that the Irish Church would retain three-fifths of its property. He looked on the Church as losing so much and keeping so much. Mr. DISRAELI'S Amendments, so far as they touch on disendowment, all repose on the same theory. Take away the property of the Irish Church, Mr. DISRAELI says, in effect, as you are so mad for disendowment, but then give it all, and a little more than all, back again. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER seizes on another side of the same theory. He is for taking away the property of the Church in places where the Church gets on badly, and not taking away its property in places where it gets on well. Mr. HARCOURT, again, comes to the same result in a different way. He compares, for example, the class of curates with the class of monthly nurses, and urges that the curates are equally meritorious, and that a handsome amount of money might be left in the hands of the Irish Church to make curates happy. The Irish Catholic members, on their side, say that enough concessions have been made to the Protestant Church; that enough has been left it of the national property; and that the Catholics would resent a larger slice being handed over. The Government measure proceeds on a totally different principle. It is a scheme for total disendowment. It takes everything from the body. It makes no presents or bequests to individuals. It does not aim at generosity, but at the sort of justice that is administered by actuaries. The State takes away the whole property of the body, but in taking it away, while it does not wish to benefit it, it takes care not to hurt individuals. Thus disendowment, coupled with compensation to individuals, calculated on such a basis as surveyors or actuaries would adopt, is the key to the Government proposal. The unflinching majority which supports everything Mr. GLADSTONE suggests has now ratified this proposal. The only concession Mr. GLADSTONE has made is, that curates who are not permanent curates shall have a slightly larger compensation than he proposed. A curate who is not a permanent curate, and who yet has served more than eight years, is to be allowed to get more than 200*l.*, which was the limit originally fixed; and if there is so strange and exceptional a being as a curate who has served twenty-four years without being, in the opinion of

the Commissioners, a permanent curate, he will get as much as 600*l.* There is nothing at all at variance with the rigid principles of the Bill in this. There is nothing in the least generous towards curates in this. A man entitled to receive compensation at all as a curate, and who has served for twenty-four years without getting to be a permanent curate, gets little when he receives 600*l.* in a lump sum; for if he could but have managed to have been classed as a permanent curate, he would have had an annuity of a hundred a year.

The House of Commons has allowed the Government proposal to be carried out with the utmost consistency. A long discussion, for example, took place on the question whether, in calculating the amount to be given to an incumbent, the salary of the curate should be deducted. If the only question to ask is what is the net income of the incumbent, there can be no difficulty in saying that this salary ought to be deducted. The incumbent should most certainly deduct it when making his return for income-tax. He has so much a year minus so much, and the State only offers to secure him in the enjoyment of that which he really has to spend. All the difficulties suggested about organists, vergers, choirmen, and so forth, were easily settled in the same way. But it was not so easy to settle whether the *spes successionis* should be a ground for compensation. Ought a curate to be compensated for losing the chance of getting a living? ought a poor incumbent to lose his chance of getting a better living? ought an incumbent to lose his chance of being made a bishop? That there ought to be no notice taken of the *spes successionis* in any case, because it is impossible to take notice of it in all, is not evident. No one would seriously think of proposing to compensate incumbents for losing their chance of being rich bishops, because this chance does not enter into any pecuniary calculations. A living of five hundred a year has no extra value that can be appreciated because it may possibly lead to a bishopric. The prospect of a poor incumbent becoming a rich incumbent is also too remote to have a pecuniary value. The vast majority of Irish livings are in the gift of the Bishops. They appoint on public grounds such persons as they think decent ministers to the small livings, and naturally give the better ones to their relatives and friends. A poor incumbent has therefore the chance that some day the Bishop may know him and get fond of him; but this is not a chance that can be put into the form of money. But the curates have something much more definite in the way of a *spes successionis*. They know that in all probability they will get at least one of those little livings which the Bishops do not want for the members of their own circle. A curate with a hundred a year has every reason to suppose that he will, sooner or later, get a living of at least two hundred a year. An annuity of a hundred a year does not represent the money value of his office. His remoter hopes may be left out of calculation. He may be a rich incumbent, he may be a bishop; but, unless he is one of those odd geniuses who can go on serving for twenty-four years without ever becoming a permanent curate, he must some day be a poor incumbent. A curate cannot turn to any other occupation than that of being a clergyman, and a curate whose only prospect is that of being for the rest of his life in receipt of a curate's salary seems to suffer an injury when that modest increase of income which the prospect of a poor living gave is cut away from him. But then is it certain that this humble hope is really lost to him? Will the curate with a hundred a year have no chance of making hereafter two hundred a year by his profession? We should be very sorry to think so. As existing incumbents die off, their places will, it must be supposed, be filled by persons whom the new ecclesiastical body will appoint. Is it to be supposed that the rich Irish Episcopalians, the proprietors of six-sevenths of the soil of the country, will be so mean and niggardly as not to give their ministers who have attained middle age, and hold responsible positions, a couple of hundred a year? This seems incredible; for shame would make them do thus much, even if right feeling or sectarian jealousies did not prompt them to do much more. The Irish curates have lost the remote chance of getting good preferments, but they have not, we trust, lost the reasonable certainty of getting from their profession such a pittance as the incumbency of the smaller sort of Irish livings would have given them.

GERMANY.

THE late motion in the North German Parliament was directed to the object of surrounding the Chancellor of the Federation with a body of colleagues holding office by a tenure similar to his own. Count BISMARK himself is nominally responsible to the Federal Parliament, though his power depends on many other conditions, and more especially on his universally acknowledged superiority to any possible rival. Notwithstanding any adverse vote he would retain the confidence of the KING, the post of Prime Minister, and probably the control of the Federal Council. Although he has been defeated by a small majority, his speech against the measure will probably modify the opinion of many of his opponents. The vote of the Parliament will have no immediate operation, and it is doubtful whether Mr. TWESTEN and Count MUNSTER would be either willing or able to induce the Parliament to coerce the Government by a refusal of the supplies. English prejudices are naturally enlisted in favour of the most distinctive element of the Constitution which has served as a model to Europe; but in England there is neither a confederacy to keep together, nor are there kindred and external communities to be gradually assimilated. The establishment of a responsible Ministry has never yet been attempted in the United States, nor can the system be introduced as long as the several States retain any portion of independence. The Senate, resembling in this respect the Federal Council of North Germany, still represents the equality and the qualified sovereignty of the States; and if the Cabinet were made responsible to the House of Representatives, the more respectable and more powerful branch of Congress would be at once deprived of its character and its principal functions. A double responsibility to two Parliamentary bodies is found to be as impracticable as a double standard of monetary value, even where, as in England, it nominally exists. The English Ministry stands or falls by the voice of the House of Commons; and the American Senate, by assenting to the adoption of the English practice, would reduce itself to the secondary rank of a House of Lords. The establishment of a Parliamentary Cabinet would practically make the Chancellor for the first time responsible, although the motion related only to his possible colleagues. The Federal Council, which in some degree corresponds to the American Senate, exercises, according to Count BISMARK's statement, considerable power through its various Committees, but it would be useless for a Minister who was compelled to obey the decisions of the Parliament to conduct semi-diplomatic negotiations with the allied Governments. It may be added that Count BISMARK's personal position is virtually incompatible with a constitutional responsibility which involves a liability to be driven from office. Whatever may be the distribution of Parliamentary votes on isolated questions, the Chancellor of the Federation is the only statesman who commands the confidence of Prussia and of Germany. Notwithstanding the conflict between the parties which respectively hold liberty or unity to be more urgently required, no German Liberal would willingly renounce the hope of enlarging the bounds of the present Confederation. The resolute subtlety of the Minister is regarded as the best security against foreign aggression or interference; and if he were driven from office the bonds which unite the States of the Northern Confederacy would probably be relaxed. The leaders of the majority were eager to disclaim the alleged purpose of withdrawing the confidence of the Parliament from Count BISMARK, and they must be fully aware that his services can only be retained on his own terms. The apparent candour and openness of his speech will perhaps have conciliated his domestic adversaries, as it will certainly furnish fresh grounds of complaint to the foreign enemies of German unity. A more cautious politician would perhaps have evaded the issue of theoretical responsibility. Count BISMARK took the opportunity of avowing his impatience of the presence in the Cabinet of independent colleagues. According to his opinion, there ought to be an absolute Minister surrounded by a body of clerks, whom he would not have the trouble of talking over into acquiescence in his policy. The abolition of Cabinet Councils is not, perhaps, inseparable from the rejection of Parliamentary responsibility; but, in Germany as in France, the joint liability of the Ministers is as distasteful to the Government as their subordination to the Parliament. It would have been safer to maintain the proposition that, in the peculiar circumstances of Germany, large discretion must be entrusted to the head of the Government. It would not be easy to answer the Minister's argument against a system which would tend to efface the distinctions among the various States.

Count BISMARK passed over in contemptuous silence the chronic protests of French journalists against the inclusion of Southern Germany in the Federation. His chief objection to Mr. TWESTEN's motion was that it would tend, as he said, to deepen the Main as a frontier. In other words, it would

ing, and were wont to think of them almost as a part of na[illegible] firmly rooted as the very hills. So they patched and pr[illegible] them up, and endured as inevitable the nuisances at which [illegible] nevertheless continually grumbled. Our own times, even the last few years, have witnessed a change in the spirit of the nation. Abuses and obstructions are no longer tolerated merely because they exist and were once useful. The discontent which for ages had muttered underground, shaking down only here and there the most decayed part of an institution, has now burst forth as a flood of inquiry and free thought, sweeping over everything, and sweeping away everything that is not strong enough to withstand its onset. Church-rates are gone, the Irish Church is going, and at length even the colossal structure of legal abuses seems tottering to its fall.

Long has the Law remained hidden in the inaccessible recesses of two thousand volumes. Long have we, alone among nations, dispensed two discordant systems of justice which we are pleased to designate as Law and Equity respectively, neither system capable of giving complete redress to suitors, and neither understood by the practitioners of the other. Long has an incredibly complicated hierarchy of Courts, each jealous of the others, and each exercising a jurisdiction gained by fortuitous encroachment upon the rest, endeavoured to administer these two discordant systems by means of half a dozen distinct modes of procedure; and, what is most extraordinary of all, long were these monstrous arrangements extolled as the perfection of human reason. The complication was far too great for the outside world to be capable of judging whether it were remediable or not; so that the Law itself, and not its abuses, became a synonym for all that is incomprehensible, and especially for all that is most alien to justice. The lawyers themselves have, however, for several generations felt uneasy about the state of their science, but it is not surprising that the amendments hitherto introduced into it by a proverbially conservative profession exhibit little boldness of treatment. To cure the intricacy of the sources of the law, they consolidated here and there a set of statutes; to bridge over the chasm between Law and Equity, they gave one or two little equitable powers to the Courts of Law, while they offered the unknown jury process to the Courts of Equity. To cure the scandal and waste of energy arising from rivalry of Courts and discrepancy of procedure, they did next to nothing.

The Commissions which have been appointed from time to time have indeed effected several useful modifications of detail, and, what is still better, have accustomed the professional mind to the conception of the possibility of some amount of legal change; but none of them till recently have ventured to take a really wide view of a question, or to recommend reconstruction rather than repair in cases where reconstruction is obviously called for. At length, however, the oracles have begun to speak with a less uncertain sound. Thanks to Lord Westbury, there is a chance of the statutes being some day put forth in a satisfactory shape. A Royal Commission which, after mature deliberation, actually reported in favour of an attempt to form a digest of the sources of the law, is with still greater deliberation superintending the preparation of specimen portions of such a digest; and now another Commission has just issued a first Report, dealing with the whole system of the administration of justice, and incidentally with the cardinal question of the fusion of Law and Equity.

This Report of the Judicature Commission is, in truth, a masterly performance. It is not expressed in the conventional language common in such documents. It exhibits little of that studied ambiguity of phrase which is the useful cloak for irreconcileable differences of opinion, or of that half-statement of unpleasant truths which is the habitual resource of third-rate minds. Its recommendations, except with reference to some comparatively unimportant points, are unanimous, and come with all the weight due to the opinions of a body of men selected, without regard to party, merely as being the fittest that could be found to deal with the questions committed to them.

Our Courts are in the highest degree interesting as historical monuments, but they are on that very account most cumbrous machines for the despatch of business. Putting out of consideration the criminal Courts and the civil Courts of inferior jurisdiction, we have, first of all, the three superior Courts of Common Law. Originally chambers or divisions of the great King's Court, assigned for the superintendence of specific matters, each has gathered to itself in the course of ages the portions of jurisdiction which were lacking to it, till at present, with separate histories, the three Courts have almost precisely the same functions. While these tribunals have continued to administer the old law of England (which is also dispensed by their judges on circuit, sitting as Commissioners of *nisi prius*), the Chancellors, century after century, have built up an entirely different system of law, in the administration of which, in the first instance, they are assisted by the Vice-Chancellors and the Master of the Rolls. By the side of these Courts, but quite independently of them, has grown up a Court of Admiralty, and Courts of Probate and Divorce have been created of late years in substitution for abolished ecclesiastical tribunals. In each species of Courts the mode of procedure is radically different. An appeal from any one of the Common Law Courts lies to the judges of the other two assembled in the Exchequer Chamber. From the Chancery judges of the first instance the appeal is to the Lord Chancellor and his newly-created colleagues the Lords Justices, or to the Chancellor or Justices separately. In divorce cases there is an appeal to "the full Court." Then there is a further appeal from the Exchequer Chamber, from the Court of Appeal in Chancery, and from the "full Court" of Divorce, to the House of Lords, while Admiralty appeals go straight to the Privy Council, and Probate appeals straight to the House of Lords.

Even from so summary a statement as this, it will at once be obvious that our judicial system is curiously defective in organization. It will be remarked that the Common Law Courts, while in almost every point similar to one another, yet preserve a technically independent existence; that these Courts administer a different set of rules, with reference often to the same subject-matter, from those administered by Courts of Equity; that the forms of procedure are perplexingly various; that from most of the Courts there is a double appeal; that the appellate tribunals are ill-contrived; and that there are two Courts of Appeal in the last resort. It will of course be readily imagined that such a state of things results in great waste of power, heavy arrears of business, and a not always satisfactory decision of litigated questions. It was high time that attention should be called to the subject, and Sir Roundell Palmer accordingly, in February 1867, addressed the House of Commons upon our judicial system as a whole; pointing out its faults, advocating the consolidation of the three Courts of Common Law, and suggesting the formation of one Supreme Court of Appeal, for Equity and Common Law alike, upon the model of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In September of the same year, the Judicature Commission was appointed. It now comprises Lord Cairns, who is the chairman, the present Lord Chancellor, Sir W. Erle, Sir R. Palmer, six Judges, the present law officers of the Crown, several other members of the Government, and several eminent barristers and solicitors. These distinguished persons, after deliberating for a year and a half, have agreed upon a Report, which we hope to consider more in detail hereafter, but of which the main features are as follows. The Commissioners were instructed to inquire into "the operation and effect of the present constitution" of all the superior Courts, "and of the Courts of Error and of Appeal from all the said several Courts"; into the "operation and effect of the present separation and division of jurisdictions between the said several Courts"; into the arrangements for holding sittings and assizes; into the division of the legal year, &c., with a view to ascertaining whether any and what changes and improvements might be made "either by uniting or consolidating the said Courts or any of them, or by extending or altering the several jurisdictions," or by altering the number of judges, or "the mode in which the business or sittings of the said Courts or assizes is now distributed"; and further, to inquire into the laws relating to juries. The Report commences with a review of the inconvenient results of "the ancient division of the Courts into Courts of Common Law and the Court of Chancery," and the Commissioners then proceed to record their opinion "that the first step towards meeting and surmounting the evils complained of will be the consolidation of all the superior Courts of Law and Equity, together with the Courts of Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty, into one Court, to be called 'Her Majesty's Supreme Court,' in which Court shall be vested all the jurisdiction which is now exercisable by each and all the Courts so consolidated." The Supreme Court is to be subdivided into chambers, which may for the present retain the old names of "Chancery," "Queen's Bench," and so forth, but each of which is to possess all the powers of the undivided Court. The procedure in all of the chambers is to be uniform. Every suit is to commence by a "writ of summons"; and the pleadings, which are to be more succinct than those now employed in Equity, and less technical than those which prevail at Common Law, are to be described by the terms "declaration," "answer," and "reply." Trials are to be either by a Judge, by a Jury, or by an "Official Referee." A new Court of Appeal is to be constituted, composed of the Lord Chancellor, the Lords Justices, the Master of the Rolls, three other permanent Judges, and three to be annually appointed by the Crown from the Judges of the Supreme Court. The relations of this new Appellate Court to the House of Lords and to the Privy Council are, as might have been expected, not very clearly defined. The following paragraph may, however, give some indication of the views of the Commissioners upon this point:—"It may hereafter deserve consideration, after experience of the working of the Court thus constituted, whether its decisions may not be made final, unless leave to appeal from them be given, either by the Court itself or by the House of Lords. In the meantime, we recommend that there should be a right of appeal to the House of Lords." A little verbal criticism seems called for by the terminology of the Report. A "Supreme Court," from which there is nevertheless an appeal, is scarcely an accurate expression. Perhaps it is on this account that the Commissioners, in one passage, speak of the Court of Appeal as "a part of the Supreme Court," which is surely another confusion of language. One would suppose that the Court of Appeal should alone be known as the Supreme Court, and that some other name, such as "the High Court," should be discovered for the superior Court of the first instance.

The Report also discusses at some length "the sittings of the Courts" and "Circuits," recommending that the latter should be thoroughly re-divided, and that all the circuit business of the Home Counties should be brought to London. It also contains suggestions for altering the mode of summoning and the qualification of jurors. But these are matters of very secondary importance compared with the proposal for consolidating all existing Courts of the first instance into one new Court, with a new and uniform procedure, where the distinction between Law and Equity would

surely, if slowly, be got rid of, and for erecting a new and really strong Court of Appeal, intended to supersede forthwith all existing intermediate appellate tribunals, and destined, one can hardly doubt, to supplant ere long by its superior repute both the House of Lords and the Privy Council.

These suggestions are indeed bold, but they are not made rashly, or by men predisposed to welcome change for its own sake. The present state of things is on the face of it absurd, but laymen have supposed that there must be some good, though to them unintelligible, reason for its continuance. They have now been undeceived on the highest authority. Chancellors and Judges state deliberately that justice cannot be effectively done in the existing Courts, and unanimously propose a sweeping reform which at once approves itself to unlearned common sense. The sages of the law have done their part; it remains for legislators to do theirs, with the support, it may be hoped, of every one who is interested in the due administration of justice, and in the symmetry of our great national institutions.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

THE debate on the reappearance of the notorious Bill for legalizing Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister is remarkable, not only for the majority by which the second reading was carried, but for Mr. Bright's dictatorial, we had nearly said brutal, speech. Mr. Common-Serjeant Chambers—the gentleman was recently saluted in the House of Commons as an uncommon Serjeant—thought fit to introduce the matter by going over the well-worn ground of the prohibitions in Leviticus, and, in addition to a gross misstatement of Bishop Jewell's sentiments on the subject, he incidentally illustrated his utter inability to understand the sense in which the positive precepts and the prohibitions of the Levitical law have been adopted by Christianity. The final line adopted by the innovators is this:—The Jewish law positively sanctions this particular union; that law is binding on us Christians; the Anglican table of prohibited degrees is quite right in its principle, only in this particular case it is wrong in applying that principle. We only propose to strengthen the binding force of the Levitical prohibitions by removing from the list of Christian prohibitions a union which was sanctioned by the Jewish law. So the advocates for a change in the English marriage law argue. If, then, we are to accept this particular union because it is sanctioned by the Jewish law, it becomes of some interest to know what we are committed to by this revival of Judaism. The Jewish law did not prohibit polygamy; the Jewish law of the levirate, under penalty of ignominy, compelled a man to raise up seed to his deceased brother by taking his widow to wife; and, as we read in the very remarkable narrative of Amnon and Tamar, it seems that a marriage between a brother and sister, probably of the half blood, was nothing impossible in Jewish practice, even in the family of David himself. We think that "the ecclesiastical rubbish" of the innovators, and their arguments founded on the Levitical law or Jewish practice, especially as expounded by Rabbinical doctors, prove rather too much. And, though it would be the very last aspect of the matter which we should have selected for argument, we must say that the Scriptural argument in favour of the relaxation of the prohibition is thoroughly Jewish, and nothing but Jewish. The divines on whom Mr. Chambers and his friends rely have not the slightest notion of the position which Christianity has adopted towards the Jewish law and Jewish legislation. Whether Christianity is right or not in taking this line, it is not for us in this place to say. But it is for us to know what that line is, which is a mere matter of history. Judaism treated the wife much as a chattel; the Gospel proclaimed an older and better law than that of Judaism—that is, the absolute identity of man and wife—the oneness of the two fleshes. By this principle—and in the vast and vague theological disquisitions in which the House of Commons indulged, it was never referred to, though it is the very root and centre of the Christian doctrine—the blood relations of husband and wife respectively become the relations of each other; the wife's brothers and sisters are, by this affinity, the husband's brothers and sisters. Therefore, in marrying his wife's sister, a man marries his own sister. This is neither sentiment nor ecclesiastical rubbish, but the undeniable conclusion which, without exception, the Christian world has inferred from the Christian idea of marriage. Whether it is to simple ignorance, or to the impudence which traffics on popular ignorance, that we are to attribute the fallacy, we decline to pronounce. But when the Marriage Law Reform Association proves with otiose impertinence that a wife's sister is a stranger in blood to her brother-in-law, either that august but anonymous body does not know the difference between consanguinity or affinity, or it is ignorant that there is such a thing as affinity. When we are so triumphantly assured that there is no natural and material consanguinity between a man and his sister-in-law, we ask in all amazement whether anybody out of Bedlam ever thought there was.

But it is not on these grounds that the question ought to be discussed in the House of Commons. As a matter of fact certain marriages are prohibited; with this prohibition have grown up in our social state and domestic manners. It is a simple fact that, the family life of England, sisters-in-law are, for all practical purposes, sisters, even though this intimate union is founded on the spiritual character of the marriage tie adopted by the Gospel. Why should we change this state of things? Because Dr. Miller says "that the parting request of many a dying wife was, that the man should marry her sister." Dr. Miller is, we have no doubt, a very accurate person, but he avoids statistics. We should like to know something of these many dying wives, and these very curious nuncupatory bequests of a husband. As far as our experience goes, many dying wives are not in the habit of recommending their husbands and sisters to break the law; and a second, and what the law of England rudely calls a bastard, family may have attractions in the eyes of Dr. Miller's acquaintance which such matters do not present to the ordinary run of Englishwomen. But if we are to be guided by Dr. Miller's death-bed experiences, let us contrast them with the experiences of life which we get from America, where these unions have recently been permitted. Lord Hatherley quotes an American authority, who says that since these marriages "have been deemed not improper, and even desirable, there has grown up in families a perceptible and painful constraint, the children learning to look with apprehension on their mothers' sisters, and the wives becoming jealous of their influence with their husbands. . . I know," this gentleman adds, "a wife whose health was gradually declining, and in her house was a young and attractive sister . . . as the wife grew weaker, the husband's attentions to this sister increased, and for the few last weeks of her life she was absorbed with the engrossing fear of what she foresaw would, as it did, take place. It made her miserable to the very hour of death." It may be very well in the House of Commons to laugh at the notion of prohibiting sisters-in-law. But, if we examine the facts of middle-class and professional life, we shall often find the home secured, if not grounded, upon the presence of a sister-in-law. The bread-winner is absent all day at his business in office or shop; the wife has her sister an inmate in the house. Deprive her of this sheet anchor of daily life, and she is driven into other associations. An absent husband knows that he is safe enough in all his domestic relations if his wife has her sister at home; but a wife without a female relation at home is exposed to many dangers. Much of our domestic purity which we often talk about, and of which we seldom examine and trace the sources, is to be attributed to the institution of sisters-in-law. And with a change in the law sisters-in-law will become extinct.

Mr. Bright, to be sure, says that he never heard that in the New England States the position of sisters-in-law had been altered by the relaxation of the restriction. Well, we have given proof that this is the fact; and, moreover, he might have heard of it, as we did, eight or nine years ago, when this testimony to the state of things in America was first published by the present Lord Chancellor. And this brings us to say a word on Mr. Bright's speech, which we must characterize as the most insolent and irritating which even he has ever delivered in Parliament. Mr. Bright has never heard of an argument against the relaxation of the law such as an honest and learned lawyer would offer to a learned judge. Possibly this may be true. It is not for us to gauge or to estimate the amount of Mr. Bright's ignorance or knowledge. We have for ourselves not yet got to the conclusion that the whole cycle of human knowledge is exactly conterminous with Mr. Bright's knowledge. Very likely he never heard of any legal argument worth anything against Mr. Chambers's Bill. Mr. Bright may never have heard of such an argument, as he has never heard of a great many other things which still, nevertheless, in spite of Mr. Bright's ignorance of them, do contrive to exist. Now it is a matter of fact—Mr. Bright being ignorant of the fact or not—that the present Lord Chancellor has published a very long and elaborate argument against the relaxation. So, unless we very much forget ourselves, has Sir Roundell Palmer. Lord Campbell's speech against the Bill in the House of Lords has been published. Many eminent retired Judges, as well as Lord Campbell, are or have been members of the Marriage Law Defence Association. There are, therefore, lawyers who do not in this, as perhaps they do not in many other matters, follow the learned Common Serjeant; but Mr. Bright never heard of their opinions, or, having heard of them, chooses to put them aside with contemptuous disdain.

The worst aspect of the matter is that it seems now to be made a mere party question; and we suppose that, under Mr. Bright's agitation, the Wife's Sister question will be made a shibboleth of Liberalism. Such ought not to be the case. In other days Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Sheil were among the foremost opponents of any change. Among members of the present House, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Grant Duff, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr. Walter have hitherto opposed it. The Premier, Mr. Moncrieff, and Mr. Grant Duff did not vote on Wednesday night. It is a social question, not a political one; and, as far as Parliament is concerned, not an ecclesiastical one. The grievance, substantially, is that a man is not free to marry whom he pleases. And if we admit this to be a grievance, there is no reason why a man may not marry his niece, or, for the matter of that, his sister. It would be as easy to say that prohibitions of marriages in consanguinity as well as in affinity are a mere matter of sentiment. There are those to whom Christianity is a sentiment, and morality a sentiment. Earl Russell has pronounced distinctly that the law would remain imperfect if it stopped with legalizing marriage with the wife's sister; and we hope that when Mr. Chambers's Bill gets to the Lords he will repeat this frank avowal, and will also inform us where, if anywhere, he means to stop. That brothers-in-law, and brothers' widows, and

uncles and nieces, must be permitted to marry if this Bill passes is certain. To this we must make up our minds, and in the meantime we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the solid convictions and domestic happiness of the many are to be sacrificed to the caprice, the passions, and the long purses of the few; and because a few rich men—or, for aught we know, a single rich man, for the Marriage Law Reform Society preserves a strict anonymity—have a taste for what the law calls incest, ten thousand homes are to be broken up, and the sanctities of the family, as we have all known them, are to be destroyed. We must add that a significant proof of the unscrupulous character of the tactics of this Marriage Law Reform Society has been made public. Their emissaries, so it is asserted, go about offering long advertisements to any journals which will take up their Bill. The value of some newspaper comments in favour of Mr. Chambers's Bill may therefore be tested by a scrutiny of their advertising columns as compared with their leading articles.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON GEOGRAPHY.

THE chief obstacle to any great and sudden change in the course of instruction given in our schools lies quite as much in the conscious ignorance of the teacher as in his aversion to the change itself. No really able man ventures to teach what he does not know; moreover, he does not like to teach what he has not himself seen taught, and so learnt how to teach. To this well-founded reluctance, quite as much as to any conservative tendencies, we attribute the slowness of the progress that the more modern studies have made. A master knows that he is capable of teaching Greek and Latin; he not only knows Greek and Latin, but he has in his own school-boy days seen how they are taught; he knows that he has at his command a number of recognised text-books, and he feels sure that, though he may make a failure with those of his pupils whom nature has not fitted for a classical education, still he can year by year turn out a certain number of scholars who will possess a real and accurate knowledge of what they have studied, and who will be able to keep alive in his school a clear sense of the difference between sound knowledge and shallow pretence. He may be well aware that the classics, after all, are but one branch of learning, and that not all boys are naturally fitted to study them; and that there are other great branches of learning which it is a shame, even to the greatest classical scholar living, to be altogether ignorant of. But at the same time, with that deep sense of the value of sound learning and accurate teaching which is induced by close knowledge, with that dislike of teachers who are ready to teach before they have learned, he may (and perhaps not unwisely) think he would do better by going on in the old rut, and teaching that alone which he can teach well. In our great schools, however, many masters have thought it better to face the difficulty, and though knowing themselves to be but learners, and though painfully aware that they are pursuing but a tentative process, have tried, whilst learning themselves, at the same time to teach their pupils. Classes have accordingly been formed in the more modern studies, and the physical sciences are being taught with more or less success, and to a greater or less extent, in many of the public schools. Nevertheless, all teachers really worthy of the name must be painfully aware of the inefficiency of all instruction that is not, in the first place, based on sound knowledge, and, in the second place, is not imparted on a good method. A man may have great knowledge, but little power of imparting it. The classics have been taught so long that unquestionably a method of teaching them has been unconsciously worked out, and there is a more or less imperfect art of teaching them, even if there is not a science. But this is not the case with the physical sciences. Till lately they can scarcely be said to have been taught at all; and though there are not a few men who have a profound knowledge of them, and some who also know how to impart this knowledge to others, yet, while the former class is but limited in numbers, the latter class might almost be counted on one's fingers. Everywhere, however, throughout the country a demand is being made for instruction in those sciences, and instruction is accordingly being supplied. But it is easy to see that men who have not themselves thoroughly mastered the subject, who have been their own teachers, and who have not therefore learnt the best method of teaching, cannot be expected to do justice to their subject. Had a similar state of affairs happened in France, had a desire sprung up for instruction in some new subject, a trained body of teachers could have been easily supplied. The Minister of Education would have directed the Head of the École Normale Supérieure of Paris to provide at once a capable professor, and to give to the study as many hours a week as was necessary. The students would at first have learnt the subject itself, and then would have learnt how to teach it, and in two or three years there would be coming forth a constant stream of men, not only knowing their subject thoroughly, but also capable of teaching it. In England, unfortunately, we have no such institution—at any rate no such institution adapted to any schools above the lowest. If a Head-master requires some new subject to be taught, he does not know where to go to look for a competent man, and often finds himself compelled to ask some one of his masters who shows some inclination for the subject to get it up as quickly as he can, and to teach it on the best method he can devise. An attempt, however, is being made to remedy to some extent this evil, and to supply on the one hand to the pupil the knowledge he requires, and on the other hand to the master, if not the knowledge of the subject, yet at all events the knowledge how best to impart it. We watch this attempt with great interest, as it may lead to a more rapid spread of sound knowledge of the physical sciences than we could have hoped for.

The managers of the London Institution in Finsbury Circus have, much to their credit, resolved to do what they can to provide sound elementary instruction in the physical sciences, at such a price that it will be within the reach of all but the lowest schools. Professor Huxley, on Monday, April 12, began the first course of lectures. He is to deliver twelve lectures on Physical Geography; the charge for the whole course is but five shillings. The course is adapted for the young, though at the first lecture half the audience was composed of adults. Professor Huxley told them that he should disregard them altogether, as he came to lecture to schoolboys and schoolgirls. Now we regard these lectures as doubly important. In the first place, the pupils of the schools in and round London have an opportunity of studying a subject which is in itself most interesting, but which is generally most vilely taught, under the guidance of a man who is singularly capable of teaching it with clearness and interest. In the next place, the masters of all the schools within fifty miles round can—if they will only make the requisite effort and sacrifice of their time, both of which will be amply repaid—learn how to teach. Both boys and masters who were present at Professor Huxley's lecture must have opened their eyes and ears in amazement to find how interesting a subject of instruction geography may be made. The boys, at all events, must have been astonished beyond measure to find that every word of the first lecture was easy to be understood. The usual elementary text-books of geography, as we all know from sad experience, begin by explaining, or attempting to explain, what is altogether unknown and unfamiliar, and perhaps arrive at last at what is known and familiar. If a child ever learns to point out his native town on a map, or the course of some river he knows, it is in all probability months after he has had to point out the Tropic of Capricorn or the Antarctic Circle. Before he has in any way had brought home to his mind what distance is, or been made to realize how it is that an inch of the map stands for some fifty miles of land or sea, he is told that "at the equator, the earth's circumference is 24,899 miles, and its diameter 7,925; but, owing to the compression towards the poles, the length of the polar diameter of the sphere is about 26 miles less than that at the equator." (*Geography for the use of Beginners.* By William Hughes, F.R.G.S., p. 2.) While he would with difficulty make out a plan of the very room in which he is receiving his lesson, and would be unable to calculate the number of square feet its floor covers, he has to learn by heart that "the superficial extent of Europe, including its islands, is 3,700,000 square miles." While he could not tell in what direction by the compass he had been walking when he went to the pastrycook's, he is supposed to be capable of understanding that the Feejee Islands are in longitude 178·20 East and latitude 17·0 South, and that Greenwich is on the first meridian. When he begins by studying the separate continents or countries, he has to learn all the facts that can be crammed into him about one before he knows even the outline of the other; he reads that "the Black Sea is connected by the Strait of Yenikale with the Sea of Azov at its North-eastern extremity" before he has even been shown Asia or Africa; and he learns that "the principal towns of Meath are Navan, Kells, and Trim" before he so much as hears of Paris or New York. In fact, every man must feel conscious that, till he began to travel and consult *Bradshaw*, he had not the least real conception of geography. The first mountain tour a young fellow makes with his map of the district and his pocket-compass must teach him more real geography than he had learnt at all the schools he had attended. We do not feel sure that a schoolmaster could now and then employ his boys' time better than by giving them a county map and a compass, and sending them out to find their way to some spot ten or twelve miles distant, where, of course, he should be found awaiting them with a good dinner. If the district were celebrated for its beer or its cheese, he would no doubt make them try both, and so give them a second lesson in practical geography, by a somewhat minute study of the natural products of the country. This latter lesson would be not a whit less useful, and would remain much longer imprinted on the memory, than any number of pages of the Geography Book learnt off by heart.

Professor Huxley has as yet only given two lectures, so we do not feel sure whether in his course this somewhat practical geography will be included. At all events he began with what was familiar to his youthful audience, and kept to what was familiar; he began his course of lectures with the River Thames and on London Bridge, and not with the terrestrial globe and "the imaginary lines supposed to be drawn upon the surface of the earth." He made quite clear what a map really is—and did not, with the geography books, on the one hand, assume that a child could grasp at once the full meaning of a map, and so requires no explanation as to how a piece of painted paper can in any way stand for a vast country, or, on the other hand, give as explanation that which is no explanation at all. What is a boy the wiser for being told "that a map represents on a flat surface the whole or any portion of a globe"? Professor Huxley observed that his map of the Thames was but a picture of that view which would be seen by any one who mounted in a balloon sufficiently high to see the river in its whole course. He afterwards cleared away that second great confusion which attends all geography, and from which, we

will undertake to say, numbers of people even when grown up never free themselves. How many are there who think that the North of a country must, in the nature of things, be at the top of a map, and the South at the bottom; and that the world rises therefore towards the north and falls away towards the south. How many are there who think that there is a real West and a real East, and that a man in the United States, for instance, is in this West not merely relatively to Europe, but absolutely. Professor Huxley was evidently well aware of the great confusion existing in most people's minds about the real points of the compass and the points marked on the map, and was not content with saying that "the top of a map is towards the North, the bottom South, the right-hand East, and the left-hand West," but first made his audience understand (what we will undertake to say numbers of not ill-educated people do not clearly understand) what is meant by North, South, East, and West; and then observed how it is only by general agreement that maps are always drawn in one particular way, with the North at the top and the South at the bottom. We cannot but think that some geographer would do good service if he were to publish a map of the world with all this reversed. No doubt if we saw hanging up on a wall Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope at the top, and Greenland and the North Cape at the bottom, we should feel as if the world were something worse than out of joint, and should experience much the same uncomfortable sensation as would come upon us if we saw the picture of a house hung upside down.

Having made clear what a map is, Professor Huxley led his audience to reflect on the great river pictured in the map, why it exists, and where the water comes from that flows along it. The source is said to be at Thames Head, but the sources are countless, and are all round the basin of the Thames, in the springs that rise at the edge of the hills that enclose it. The springs led him to consider the rain that feeds them, and the origin of rain. Especially clear and interesting was his account of the formation of clouds, rain, snow, and hail—clear enough for a child to understand, and interesting enough for a man to listen to. At last he passed into almost eloquence as he showed how the sea supplies the air with the vapour of water, how the vapour of water passes into rain, how the rain supplies the springs, and the springs the river, and how the river in its turn supplies the sea. "The source of the Thames comes from nowhere; it turns round in a circle." He might have remembered, however, that a thousand years before the Thames was heard of, this truth had been known, and that the Preacher had said "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

In his second lecture Professor Huxley still kept to the Thames and the Thames basin, explaining the terms basin, plain, valley, watershed, &c. It was towards the close of the lecture, however, when he got into the geology of the district, that he really warmed up as he handled the gravel and the lump of chalk that he had lying as specimens on the table before him. Even the lump of London clay was treated with a kind of respect that we can scarcely share in. The action of running water was shown to have been what had rounded the pebbles, chipped off the sand, and ground down the stones into mud. Nothing that was said was perhaps new. The arrangement of the subject was, however, new and surprisingly fresh. He said nothing that was not interesting, and nothing that was not intelligible. His language was as clear as the Thames water doubtless one day will be, and at times his audience must have felt that a certain quiet humour and eloquence may be found even in a lecture on Geography. We can only hope that every great school may send at least one master to attend the course, and that thus a sound and rational method of teaching one branch of the physical sciences may generally prevail. In the name of Isaak Walton and Charles Lamb we must, however, before we conclude, protest against the confusion on Professor Huxley's admirable map of the Thames basin between the Lea River and the New River. The Lea River does not end in the New River, nor does it enter London at Islington.

THE DAY OF DUPES.

On Tuesday evening the forces mustered in the House ready and eager to mingle—horse, foot, and artillery—in the great crowning fight which was to settle once and for ever where the Law Courts were to stand. Long before midnight the belligerents, Sons of the Thames alike and Mother Carey's Chickens, were tailing off in small crestfallen knots, routed by a scooped turnip and a very cheap tallow dip, which Mr. Lowe stuck up and introduced as Inigo Jones. All and every shade of opinion was equally baffled by and disgusted at the device by which the cold-blooded astuteness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer contrived to put them collectively and severally in the wrong. The champions of Carey Street were quelled into silence by the swoop of damnatory figures cruelly rolled out. The clans of Trevelyan who had swarmed into the House fresh from the Olympian revels of the Arts' Society, scornful of lawyers, and proud of the great discovery that a quay was, after all, a very fine site, resentfully felt that they had been taken in their own snare. The men who clung to a façade on the north, and the men who craved for a façade on the south of the Strand, awoke together to the fact that no façade at all, on either side of the Stand, was to be permitted. The promoters of economy drew small comfort from a result which, after all, landed them in an outlay of millions; while the believers in national self-respect groaned at the jubilant proclamation of niggardly flint-skinning over a work which cried for wise munificence. The lawyers were snubbed and humiliated; the *dilettanti* were coaxed and fleeced; the whole modern generation of believers in progress, practical and artistic, were insulted by the resuscitation of the fragment of a postponed design of a special age of ambiguous taste; those who had some wish that the collective wills of England might be lodged in premises safe from fire, and fortified against worms, were ordered down, and told not to trouble the Court. The irritable race of architects and architects' friends were dared to do their worst; and Mr. Henley was led to the sage conclusion that if the moderate estimates of scheme the first had shown so great a proclivity to inflation, it was in the eternal nature of things that scheme number two would not in the long run prove less dropsical.

We are sent back to the year one again—that is all. Men who have earnestly and disinterestedly laboured to consolidate the Law Courts, and who fancied they had touched land, are again drifting among the cross-currents of the Atlantic. A much-desired reform, striven after by many generations, is now again hustled back into chaos. But Mr. Lowe has not triumphed. He has been but the disturbing spirit; the Demiurge is yet to arise who is to supply the handiwork. Other Budgets will have come and gone, other Chancellors of the Exchequer will have thumped the box and opened out their foolscaps of figures, before the day shall have dawned on which it can be proclaimed from the Treasury Bench that the new Law Courts have been finished and paid for, and are ready to be opened.

As all are now dupes, so all have been accomplices before the fact in their own discomfiture. The original separation of the undertaking from the general and sensible administration of Public Works—in which the Treasury as national employer, and the Office of Works as national architect, combine together—by the creation of an exceptional Commission, has put both the lawyers and the Whig officials, under whom in the Saturnian days of Palmerston the job had been consummated, in a false position. The incidents of the competition, originally due to the same influence, although resulting in the choice of a very eminent architect and in the reasonable anticipation of a very noble pile, were not such as to court minute investigation. The extravagance of site and of money which called for such vast appendices of ground and of grants to the original estimates prejudiced the claims of the *locale* which had been deliberately selected after a minute investigation; the patent fact of the creation of the Thames Embankment, and the *primâ facie* appearance, to say the least, that this fact had been evaded, supplied a forcible argument to those whose interest, from every motive, local, architectural, or fiscal, was to throw the whole question into hotch-pot. It was in the power of those who raised the flag on Tuesday to have done something to guard the cause against a *coup d'état* from the Treasury Bench, but they overlooked their danger. Sir Roundell Palmer forcibly rejected independent help from men of taste and general pursuits, and entrenched himself within the professional lines of ease to the lawyers. Sir Roundell's blunder was that he forgot the danger of being outflanked. Mr. Gregory weakened his centre by the reckless way in which he reinforced his wings. He had constituted himself champion of the Thames Embankment site. But he was justifiably anxious to secure the support of those who, though unpersuaded as to the demerits of the Carey Street site, were yet honestly desirous to recognise the merits of the Embankment, and willing, under the altered conditions of the case, to let the whole matter pass again under review. If he had from first to last of his speech depreciated or ignored the advantages of Carey Street he would have taken up a position—narrow and erroneous as we believe—but consistent and telling in a party fight, such as a Connaught man might well rejoice in. If, on the other hand, he had from first to last made it clear that he appreciated the advantage of the high-level acres between the Strand and Carey Street for a great public building, and had freely told the House that, while he claimed the choice of a noble pile for the Embankment, he refused to let slip the certainty of a noble pile on the other site, he would have secured the sympathy of all who valued the genuine improvement of London above the faction fight of the Law Society and the Society of Arts. But all through his speech Mr. Gregory shifted from one position to another—sometimes towers and sky-line in Carey Street, and sometimes the profitable bid of a perfectly unexceptionable Company, was the burden of his song—and so the song failed to charm its hearers.

The Titanic extravagance of Sir Charles Trevelyan's proposals to move everybody and everything somewhere else, was also a disturbing element in the controversy. The suggestions might have been wise or unwise in themselves, but they were Napoleonic—nay, Haussmannic—and John Bull's philistinism impatiently rejected them, the more so because they came from one whose official antecedents ought, in the vulgar estimate, to have negatived the possibility of original taste. We do not think that the ancillary suggestions involved in this scheme would in themselves hold water, and we are therefore the more sorry that Sir Charles Trevelyan, for whose pluck we have a genuine admiration, should have hampered himself with so cumbersome a camp-equipage.

The sum-total is a surprise from Mr. Lowe, which insidiously contrives to adopt the weakest point of every suggestion, and play it off against whatever else might be commendable in the particular scheme or in any other. The supporters of the site north of the Strand, absurdly called after Carey Street,

damaged their own cause when they proclaimed the inadequacy of the large and comparatively regular area which they had originally obtained, and clamoured for "indefinite" extension and enormous concentration of offices at a prodigious cost. Mr. Lowe has snatched his advantage every way from this mistake. He has framed on it an excuse to pitch into the market for railway stations, or any other chance scheme of the share-jobber, a whole area upon the cresting height of London, apt and ready for public objects, imperial or municipal. The friends of the North Strand side and of the South Strand side have been exposing each other's demerits; Mr. Lowe has said there shall be no Strand line at all. He has done worse than this; a main feature of the proposed pile, which tended to make it so big, was the general fire-proof magazine for the wills of the country. A child, not to speak of a Lowe, can understand how inconvenient it is for a people to have its documents and title-deeds scattered up and down in makeshift receptacles—how riskful and how scandalous it is that these receptacles should not be fire-proof. Yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer takes advantage of the merely collateral question of roofs and walls—whether the Law Courts and the Probate building should or not coalesce into the same block—to stifle the equitable claim of the public for a safe and ample will depôt somewhere (if only it be within fire-proof walls) with a scoffing reference to Vanity Fair and a blank draft upon an indefinite futurity.

We wonder that even Mr. Lowe's audacity should have presumed to trail the red herring of Inigo Jones's Whitehall Palace along the floor of the House. Inigo Jones, a man against whose ability we should be the last to breathe a whisper of suspicion, was the great architect of an age which had discarded the accumulated and old traditions of national life without displaying the courage to invent a national style for the coming time. He was the follower of modern Italy, and, in obedience to the requisitions of the school whose disciple he was, he prepared a design, grandiose in its completeness, among gardens, and with all its façades fully developed, but cold and flat in its separate features, for the rebuilding of the Palace of Whitehall. Of this rebuilding, the Banqueting Room, now the Chapel—an isolated structure with four sides and only one façade—was the solitary part completed. Mr. Lowe does not ask us to reproduce the Palace of Whitehall, with its beauties and its drawbacks, its regal isolation and successive fronts, upon the Thames Quay. He boasts of carving out a site among the slums, and he then tells the House to plant upon it a barrack, with one show front copied from Inigo Jones, and sides and back as cheap and as ugly as the builders under a grinding Treasury contract can be forced into making the work.

Of the outrage to Inigo Jones's memory we do not complain. We regret the bias of his age while we acknowledge his virile powers, and we are confident that his reputation will survive the towzling to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have it subjected. But there are other reputations which will not so patiently stand being hustled aside and trampled down. Architecture, as most men not at the Treasury know, has shared in the intellectual activity of the age, and the gage was thrown down to its select representatives in the competition for the Law Courts. That competition has terminated in the appointment of a very capable man to the desired work, and he has buckled himself to the task in the spirit of his time and with the good wishes of his contemporaries. To throw over Mr. Street as a man of inventive powers, and to call upon him to draw out a stunted and mutilated reproduction of a fragment of the postponed work of a man whose claim is that he lived more than two hundred years ago, is an insult not only to Mr. Street himself, but to the whole artistic and intellectual public opinion of a very active age, and it cannot fail to be resented and resisted accordingly.

The true solution of the question is simple, and we believe that even Mr. Lowe may be led to apprehend it. The Carey Street site has been bought, and it is large enough for the Courts and their direct offices, though not for the depository of wills and other loose-hanging appendages. Let the Courts then be built on the Carey Street site, of such moderate dimensions as to leave an open area all round, and thus solve half the difficulties, on which so emphatic a stress has been laid, of approaches. The Chancellor of the Exchequer refuses to buy land adjacent to Carey Street for the subsidiary positions. Let him go on refusing. But the wills must be lodged after all, and Mr. Lowe is charmed with the cheapness of the Howard Street property. By all means let him become its possessor, and adorn the Thames Embankment with the public building which common sense says ought to stand betwixt Somerset House and the Temple in the shape of the Probate Office.

OUR BEGGARS.

THE Royal Suburb has had the luck to call the attention of the public to the nuisance of begging. Whether Kensington is infested beyond other districts, or whether the victims of the annoyance are more sensitive there than elsewhere, is a question which the student of metropolitan manners and habits can best solve for himself. The Kensington people say that begging has increased there vastly within the last two or three years; the Poorhouse returns show that the recipients of relief have increased and are increasing; the ratepayers complain that they have no valid voice in the election of the guardians; that a list composed principally of obscure tradesmen's names is sent round once a year to them, and from this alone can they choose the men who are to have the spending of their money; that any information as to the mode and extent of the disbursements is pertinaciously refused by the officers of this august conclave; and they hint at carelessness and mismanagement. Probably there is an equal amount of grumbling, with equal truth, in other parts of London. But Kensington has, for the time, the honour of figuring as the typical refuge of beggars and the purgatory of ratepayers. The *Daily News* has, in the most spirited manner, despatched a Special Correspondent all the way from Hyde Park Corner, to report on the givers and receivers of alms. From him we learn that, out of town, Knightsbridge is the great resort of mendicants; that the road from Knightsbridge to Kensington is tolerably free; that the space betwixt the Horticultural Gardens and South Kensington is overrun by them; that the long and houseless pathway which skirts the Horticultural Gardens is their favourite haunt; and that ladies in this neighbourhood go out armed with coppers in self-defence. In this account, it is only fair to say, we find nothing exaggerated or set down in malice. It is, indeed, not over-coloured, but under-toned. We believe, for instance, that it would be more true to say that the ladies go equipped, not with coppers, but with sixpences, and that the exact interval between luncheon and the afternoon walk is computed with the utmost accuracy by the tramps. And we can well believe that no more auspicious hunting-ground for such game was ever presented to ambitious mendicancy than is offered by the Queen's Gate walk. It is so long, so lonely, and commands so distant a prospect of pedestrians and policemen, that we wonder why it has not drawn to itself all the beggars of West London. Imagine a long straight pathway of fully half a mile in length, from one end of which to the other the slow and unfrequent approach of the listless policeman can be distinctly seen; imagine a periodical procession of unprotected females bent on the mild pleasures of the South Kensington Museum, or the torpid solitudes of the cheerless and shadowless Gardens; could mendicancy hope for a more benign opportunity, or gather ampler prizes elsewhere? Why, the strongest-minded female that ever regulated her daily actions by the rules of political economy would have her pennies wheedled, whined, or bullied out of her before she had traversed one-third of the dismal road; while the shy, the timid, and the defenceless would pay black-mail beyond the ransom of a morning's shopping. Nor is the stronger sex more secure. A middle-aged gentleman with rheumatic diathesis is not in a better position than the unprotected spinster or the timid girl.

It is perhaps not easy to distribute the blame between the offending parties in these cases. When we speak of offending parties we do not mean the beggars. Beggars are not the *causa causans* of beggary. If left to itself, this would be still-born. The honours of its development must be divided between the police and the public. The police do not and will not interfere. With that paradoxical interpretation of English law which pre-eminently distinguishes the metropolitan constabulary, they resolutely decline to come between the beggar and his or her victim. Some obtuse persons attribute this inactivity to a foolish misapprehension of their own powers. We acquit them entirely of this ignorance, and prefer to hazard the hypothesis that their abstinence is intended as a deliberate but delicate warning to that large class of persons which cannot be comprehended in the designation of "carriage folk." When Policeman X sees from his distant point of view an unhappy gentlewoman floundering in an impotent struggle with the mingled oaths and obscenity of the squalid wretch who began by appealing to her feelings as a Christian sister, and ends by an imprecation of which she understands the general purport better than the literal meaning, it is not that he doubts his ability to wield the armoury of British law, but that he prefers to seize the opportunity of pointing a moral. What he implies is this—helpless folk who have neither carriages nor footmen should not place themselves in a situation in which they may be bullied, threatened, and frightened. If, knowing the dangers of the highway, they persist in meeting them, it is only themselves that they have to thank for anything unpleasant which may occur.

Although conduct of this kind is hardly warranted by the letter of the instructions from Scotland Yard, it ought not to be condemned as wholly foreign to their sense. We all know what is the main object of all departmental instructions—namely, to shield the department, not to guide its officers. Doubtless the heads of the police recognise in the grim irony of their subordinates an effective agency towards the attainment of the objects for which they are appointed. It is only to be regretted that the people who exemplify this treatment have so little appreciation of irony and profit so little by experience. At the same time it must be confessed that when people do pay for a police, they are to a certain extent justified in the belief that it ought to protect them from annoyance on the Queen's highway. Their indignation at an imputed neglect would be juster than it is, if they were not themselves accessory to the injury of which they complain. But they are so to an extent which they hardly realize in their own minds. Whatever the police may do or leave undone, it is beyond question that a very great number of people, who are not exposed to menace or importunity, do encourage and foster mendicants by their indiscriminate largesses. They do this under the influence of a sentiment which is not so bad as to deserve reprobation, nor yet so good as to be accounted virtuous. It is a sentiment compounded, in part, of benevolence, and, in a greater part, of indolence. Those who are impelled by it are aware that

there is a good deal of distress in the world, and they wish to relieve it. But they are too idle to hunt it out, to dive into its hiding-places, and explore its depths. It does not chaunt its tale in the streets, or come forth to flaunt its rags and tatters before the public gaze. It suffers, pines, and dies in back attics or damp cellars; it eludes the observation and wearies the patience of fashionable charity. But while it shuns observation itself, its parasitic mimic seeks observation and profits by it. The accents of grief, the garb of poverty, and the hollow voice of famine are quickly simulated by the tribe which has resolved to live on imposture and credulity. That otiose charity which satisfies its conscience by gifts of money finds in the mendicant tricksters of the streets ready recipients of its indiscriminate bounty. Nor is the example which it thus affords neglected by a less wealthy class. The *Daily News* is perfectly right when it says that respectable artisans, themselves distressed, and almost on the verge of indigence—and it might have added, poor servant-girls and charwomen—are amongst the most constant and persistent almsgivers to professional beggars. Thus from two very opposite classes—from those who have a sentimental sympathy with suffering with which they must remain practically unacquainted, and from those who dread the possibility of similar suffering themselves—the cunning simulators of unmerited misery obtain a pretty and an easy livelihood. They have as little scruple in whining their piteous complaints into the ears of the industrious poor as in dunning with their importunity the impatient attention of the unconvinced but unresisting rich. Between the two classes, the profession thrives and grows apace.

It is, we fear, useless to dilate upon the mischiefs of its growth. No one nowadays is the better for being lectured. Least of all will people be the better for being lectured on what many of them, perhaps justly, consider to be their principal virtue. The precept of almsgiving, being the only Christian precept which has lost most of the applicability of its original inculcation, is cherished with superstitious reverence by people who are very indifferent to other virtues of the Christian faith. And it certainly has its recommendations. Its exercise is so easy, costs so little trouble, and is rewarded by that pleasurable accompaniment, "the poor man's blessing." There are, we believe, a vast number of middle-aged people of both sexes who actually go to bed every night much happier because they have bought twopennyworth of blessing from scamps who, if they had been justly treated, would have cursed more heartily than they blessed. With these people it is useless to reason. But there are others, equally instrumental in fostering this great nuisance, who may perhaps condescend to reflect on the actual wickedness of their conduct. They must see—if they are not blind and stupid—that they are encouraging lies and a race of liars. They must see that, in proportion to the threepenny and sixpenny pieces which they fling broadcast, they multiply the spawn of beggars and impostors. Where there is so lavish an outpouring of money there will be an equally large body of ravening loafers. As they increase, so will the alms increase also. The tribute and the plunderers will react on each other. Both will be so much taken away from industrial labour and profits. The alms will be withdrawn from the great capital fund of the country; their receivers from the great body of the labouring population. That which should have set in motion the ingenuity, skill, and industry of thousands will be absorbed in pampering a tribe of greedy, lazy, and unproductive drones.

Let it not be forgotten that two million pounds sterling are annually spent on the public charities of London; and that at least three millions more find their way into the hands of the London poor in some shape of alms. It cannot but be that, through chance, mismanagement, and wilful folly, a large portion of this vast sum is clutched in successive doles by the same professional beggars. They get their bed in one ward and their supper in another; their dinner at one kitchen one day, and at another the next day; clothes and money from one society, money and victuals from another; and again money from the heedless pedestrian in the public streets. And who is the better for all this? The recipients? They become more squalid, more degraded, more shameless than ever. The parishes? They have the same number of importunate paupers, and of silent uncomplaining poor, as ever. The country? So much capital is taken from productive work and expended in corrupting the industrious poor by reckless and profligate prodigality. If no other scruple arrests the precipitation of misguided liberality, let almsgivers only see how grave is the temptation by which they are trying the natural independence of the hardworking and the honest. An army of hereditary mendicants may be dealt with by the law and the police. But what power or what law will restore the lost independence and virtuous pride of the labouring poor? It is not too late even now to arrest the evil that is setting in. In one suburb of London a local Mendicity Society has routed the aggressive vagrants that once plundered it. Let the same plan be tried in other suburbs—or, better still, let the Metropolitan Mendicity Society establish its branches in outlying parts—and the money which is now spent on sapping virtue and corrupting industry will be saved for the encouragement of honest work, and the diligent relief of proved and unmerited distress.

THE SCOTTISH LION ROARS.

THERE appears to be no limit to that tampering with ancient bulwarks of the Constitution of which Conservative orators so eloquently and unavailingly complain. At the moment when the Act of Union between England and Ireland is menaced by unscrupulous politicians, a cry is raised that the Act of Union between England and Scotland is in equal danger. It is true that the tendencies of these two movements of aggression are different, since it is sought to distinguish Ireland from England as regards religion, whereas the complaint is that Scotland is being merged in England through disregard of that provision of the Act of Union which requires this island to be called Great Britain.

We regret to have to say that the grievance of our Scottish fellow-subjects appears to us to be utterly beyond remedy. Poets, orators, and historians all feel the same invincible necessity of adopting a compendious phrase, and thus they all say "England" where they ought to say "Great Britain and Ireland." It is true that Scottish patriots insist only on the words "Great Britain," but it would be difficult to give any reason except convenience for using those words and omitting "Ireland." There is a society in Glasgow which devotes itself, under the patronage of St. Andrew, to maintaining the rights and privileges of Scotland, and if any speaker or writer of note uses "England" where it is considered that he ought to use "Great Britain" he receives by post a copy of a pamphlet which imputes to him a deliberate attempt to defraud Scotland and Scotchmen of their historical position and treaty rights. It may, indeed, comfort the English recipients of this pamphlet to remember that their delinquency is shared by eminent natives of the country which they are accused of "swindling" out of its existence. Thus the late Sir Archibald Alison was called to account for his misuse of "English" for "British," and he was obliged to offer the poor excuse that "the long study of foreign writers" had led him into error. The foreign writers who use the objectionable words *Angleterre* and *Anglais* are, happily for themselves, beyond the reach of the penny post. It is odd that Frenchmen, when they mean to be abusive, prefer to use the word *Albion*, sometimes prefixing to it the word *perfide;* whereas "Albin" is the designation which the Gaelic inhabitants of Scotland use for their own country. It is probable that the Society of St. Andrew could hardly maintain that the appellation "British" is more justly applicable to their countrymen than "English," and to call themselves "Great British" would move irreverent auditors to laughter. The word "British" cannot, indeed, be properly applied to Scotchmen unless it be assumed that the chief element of the population of the country is the same that is found in Wales. Far be it from us to embark on the sea of controversy which must be traversed by those rash persons who inquire into the origin of the Picts and Scots. But we may venture to suggest that the Romans gave the name "Britanni" to the people of this island in a careless way, without troubling themselves to observe whether they comprehended under it one race or several. The identity of the Britons with the Picts is not satisfactorily demonstrated by reference to the fact that both peoples painted their skins blue, because we have not the slightest doubt that they would have used red and yellow, at least in spots and stripes, if they could have obtained them. So far as we know anything about our own origin, it seems that "British" is the least appropriate designation that could be given to us; and we should think, if on such a subject we are permitted to think at all, that it is still less appropriate to the Scotch. But there is a saying that it is a wise child that knows its own father; and the Scotch are very wise, so perhaps they do know their origin. It is strange, however, that one portion of the Scottish nation should habitually call the other portion Saxon, which for the present purpose may be taken to be synonymous with English.

> While on yon plain
> The Saxon rears one shock of grain,

says Roderick Dhu, looking from his highlands upon the valley of the Forth. It has been the fashion lately to talk of the "Anglo-Saxon" race, and we believe that Americans prefer the word to "English," perhaps because it is rather bigger. But the people who use the word "Anglo-Saxon" mean by it, rightly or wrongly, "English." It would not be surprising if Americans preferred a word which carried in it reference to more than one of the races to which they owe their origin. But it happens that no such word exists. The word "British" is not such a word, and, besides, Americans are apt to use that word when their sentiments towards the old country are unfriendly. Thus an American skipper in the first years of this century would always call an English man-of-war, that overhauled his cargo in search of contraband, a "Britisher." The truth is that every single word that can be suggested to distinguish the people of this island is equally objectionable, and we can no more use two words habitually where one would do than we can say "telegrapheme" instead of "telegram." And besides it would be simply grotesque to talk of the Great British nation, government, flag, or army.

These considerations are wholly thrown away upon the Society of St. Andrew. The laureate who wrote

> Norman, and Saxon, and Dane are we,

has doubtless been supplied with a copy of the pamphlet which now lies before us, and has been requested to introduce into the next edition of his poem an exhaustive enumeration of the various races which have helped to populate this island. The Pictish or British, and the Scottish, elements are equally aggrieved at being represented as non-participants in the welcome of the Princess of Wales. Nor will it avail the poet to allege the supposed exigencies of his art, for an earlier poet contrived to introduce into his epic

a complete catalogue of all the Greek States that sent ships to Troy. And it will be equally hopeless for him to rely upon the example of a poet, bearing a Scottish name, who prophesied that

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn—

for that poet would come within the category of persons to whom are offered in this pamphlet the alternative characters of "renegade, coward, and fool." We admit that Scotchmen may feel aggrieved when their distinguished soldiers are spoken of as they were by Sir Archibald Alison as Englishmen. And we are ready to substitute the word "British" for "English," as far as possible, in that connexion, protesting at the same time that we do not see that the former word is more suitable than the latter. But a difficulty arises when we come to speak of military services in which Irish as well as Scottish soldiers have borne part. So far as we know, Irishmen would be as little pleased to be called "British" as "English." If one name only is to be used, it must be that of the senior partner of the firm. As Mr. Bright said, when Mr. Burns, the author of the pamphlet, assailed him, "custom and convenience are in many things omnipotent." Mr. Bright thought that custom and convenience would beat Mr. Burns, but we doubt that. He seems to us the most persevering character that we ever met with, and we should certainly predict his success in any other pursuit than that to which he has devoted himself. He attacked Lord Palmerston for a speech he mad in 1853, and "kept pegging away" at him during the remainder of his life. He supplied the Queen with a copy of one of his early pamphlets on this subject, and he finds in Her Majesty's diary of her life in the Highlands proof that it had had the desired effect. She writes that she received news of the death of "England's, or rather Britain's, greatest man," the Duke of Wellington. As Mr. Burns himself says, he has been instant in season and out of season on this subject. He has addressed letters of remonstrance to all the public speakers of his day. His controversies with the London newspapers have been endless. Mr. Tennyson must have had a hard time of it from the hour when he lamented the Duke of Wellington as "England's greatest son" to the hour when he excluded the Britons from any share in the welcome of the Princess of Wales. If any person doubts the importance of what have been called sentimental grievances, we advise that person to peruse this pamphlet. Mr. Burns expected some years ago that some redress for Scottish wrongs would have been offered by a Conservative Government of which the late Earl of Eglington was a member; but the Conservative Ministers prudently confined themselves to acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Burns's communications. Sir John Pakington unluckily forgot to read them, and coming, two years afterwards, to Glasgow, declared, after visiting the dockyards, that "no country but England could show such a sight." Mr. Gladstone has undergone a regular course of treatment during many years by Mr. Burns, and the result was that in a speech at Liverpool, in 1865, he spoke of "that political belief which is common to us all as Britons." If we had read this passage without Mr. Burns's comment, we should have supposed that Mr. Gladstone was endeavouring to propitiate his Welsh neighbours. In an early stage of the correspondence Mr. Gladstone had suggested that the use of the term British might perhaps be offensive to the Irish, whereupon Mr. Burns enclosed a pamphlet in which this suggestion is treated as "hypocrisy and humbug." We gather from this pamphlet that Mr. Burns considers that the ancient inhabitants of the three kingdoms were all Celts, and therefore they might all be called "Britons," as a sufficient distinction from any Teutonic interlopers. But upon this view of history, the Irish ought to be content to be comprised within Great Britain, whereas their Act of Union constitutes a United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The term "Greater Britain" has been appropriated elsewhere, or we should suggest that by way of solution of the difficulty. It is lucky that the Irish have, or think they have, more substantial grievances, or else there would be a Society of St. Patrick as well as of St. Andrew, and English journalists would be badgered out of their lives whenever they had occasion to speak of the joint property or history of the three nations. The Scottish Lowlanders are of course at liberty to assert that they are Celts if it so pleases them. We would dispute with no man, and least of all with a Scotchman, about his pedigree. The Society of St. Andrew may, if they choose, declare that they are Britons, and paint themselves blue by way of confirmation of their words. It is not our business to contradict them if they go further, and proclaim that the original Irish race are Britons like themselves. But it is rather hard upon the descendants of English settlers in Ireland that the victors in a long strife should be absorbed into the body of the vanquished. The Irish Protestants are apprehensive that the confiscation of their lands will follow the disendowment of their Church, and they are now further threatened with the obliteration of their history.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

THIS Sixteenth Exhibition of French and Flemish pictures brings the history of contemporary art upon the Continent down to the present moment. Some few of the works we may have seen before either in France or in Belgium, and the landscape by Troyon was painted twelve years ago. Other pictures, such as "The Fellah," by M. Landelle; "The Birth of Venus," by M. Cabanel; and "The School of Vengeance," by M. Alma Tadema, are more or less replicas, but may be no worse on that account. The whole collection should be accepted as a digest or kind of English edition of Continental schools. Within the same space it would be hard to bring together a greater number of leading men or representative works. The general effect, notwithstanding some few signboards supplied as heretofore by M. Schlesinger, is that of balance, tone, and quiet keeping—aspects which, from the first opening of the Gallery years ago, came to the true artistic eye in grateful contrast to the glare and obtrusive crudity of our English galleries. These foreign pictures, then, as often as they appear among us are greeted gladly; they display new phases of art; they manifest aspects of nature of which the eye has not become weary. Above all, they are conspicuous for knowledge and skilful treatment.

We cannot but remember that within this room have been exhibited "Francesca di Rimini" and the "King of Thule," by Ary Scheffer; the "Hemicycle" in replica, and "Lord Strafford," by Delaroche. Such noble works gave proof of the elevated range of thought reached by the French school. It now cannot but be felt that the "Birth of Venus," by M. Cabanel, is a falling away from intellectual standards. We do not wish to be prudish. Any one who has not got beyond the point of being shocked by the nude female form confesses that the pure sphere of art is still above his habit of mind. And we freely admit that this "Birth of Venus" possesses rare qualities; that the flesh is pearly, that the figure floats lightly on the waves, and rises as a vision of beauty from the sea foam. Lovely too are the Cupid-like creatures that dance on the wing as butterflies. Yet of all the Venuses we have known, whether in marble or on canvass—whether it be the Venus de' Medici or of the Capitol, or Titian's Venus in the Florence Tribune—this figure by Cabanel is the most voluptuous, not to say licentious. Artists of all times naturally strive to give expression to their highest conceptions of beauty, and our objection to this Parisian Venus is simply that the conception is low. It was considered a sign of the debasement of manners under the Roman Emperors that the ideal of the Greeks, the pure type of beauty, the symbol of love, became identified with courtesans. And this is precisely the reading of the character given by M. Cabanel; yet this same M. Cabanel has been created officer of the Legion of Honour, and he received the grand prize in the Universal Exhibitions of 1855 and 1862. It is hardly possible to give greater emphasis to the statement that since Ingrès, Flandrin, Delaroche, and Ary Scheffer, the arts in France have suffered serious decadence. They have fallen from classicism through romanticism down to voluptuousness; they are severed from the intellect and the religion of the nation; and they answer the ends of the ruling dynasty sufficiently well if they do but pleasantly divert the minds of the people from weighty matters and more serious thought.

Neither do the prevailing phases of French art appear in a more favourable light when we pass from M. Cabanel to M. Gérome, a painter who for genius, though misdirected, is by common consent second to none now living. Yet can it be that the great Gérome is human? Have not his works sometimes been inhuman? Is there not in his matchless productions an absence of the finer traits of our common humanity, such as mercy, conscience, and the sense of responsibility? M. Gérome has, in fact, taught us to look always for a devil lurking in stealth somewhere. Even now a poor "Marchand de Tapis" cannot sell a rug without the intrusion of a fiend who is made to howl from a corner at the passers by. In short, Mephistopheles, after the Goethe type, with a leer in the eye and a cold shudder in the touch, looks over the shoulder of M. Gérome while he paints. This "Marchand de Tapis" has been produced for the sake of the carpet. The composition is awkwardly out of balance, and the colour somewhat opaque and heavy. Next as a master-work, though in a different way, may be noted "Napoleon I., 1814," by Meissonier. The picture, strange to say, was exhibited in January last, at the Royal Institution, by its owner, Mr. Ruskin, "in illustration of the relations of Flamboyant Architecture to contemporary and subsequent Art." This amazing achievement, supposed to represent in money value 1,000*l.*, received from Mr. Ruskin, in a printed appendix to his most eloquent lecture, the following depreciatory and somewhat unintelligible criticism:—"Realistic art of the lower school, but consummate of its kind. Look at it with the lens. Showing the relation of the disturbed and dramatic manner of modern art to the disquietude of National Character." We must confess that this disturbed manner is not very obvious in the stern resolve and imperturbable bearing of Napoleon; neither does the "disquietude of National Character" seem to be of much concern to the war-horse that carries the great and ponderous Emperor. This work, notwithstanding criticism, remains truly grand. It was said, if we mistake not, of Michael Angelo that he could have carved a giant on a cherry-stone, and so Meissonier can on the scale of miniature impart large significance to history, and within the compass of a few square inches shadow forth the destinies of empires. Mr. Ruskin, in the words already quoted, adds weight to what we have ventured to say on the decadence of French art; yet this picture of Napoleon I., though "realistic art of the lower school," is consummate after its kind; the slightest touch could not be changed without abatement of its perfections.

An earnest naturalism has taken firm hold of some few painters—a naturalism which has too much of dignity to be low, too much of human sympathy and truth-seeking to fall into frivolity.

M. Brion and Madame Henrietta Browne are, in the Gallery, favourable examples of the class. The former we never remember to have seen to better advantage than in "Family Worship, Alsace," though we are not unmindful of another scene in Alsace, "Les Pèlerins de Sainte-Odile," selected from the Musée du Luxembourg for exhibition in the Champ de Mars. The International Jury measured M. Brion's deserts by a second prize, similar faint praise having been given to Mr. Nicol, of our Royal Academy. Thus M. Brion, known for "genre et paysage," though Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, has scarcely risen to a first rank. Yet this his latest work won deservedly, in the Salon, the "grande médaille d'honneur." It is solemn in sentiment and subdued in tone. The picturesque peasants, more good than beautiful, listen reverently with bowed heads to the old man who expounds to them the Scriptures. Breadth of shadow, and here and there access of light, together with deep, broken tertiary colours, bring the picture into keeping with the pervading thought. Thus M. Brion has risen out of rustic *genre* into the pure region of religious emotion. Madame Henriette Browne struck, even from the first, like chords of the affections. Every figure she paints is something more than a study of form and colour, though the quality is pure, and the texture and tone transparent and lustrous. For example, how simple, broad, firm, decisive in handling and modelling is her "Seminarist." Yet over and above any mere technical excellence stand thought, as planted upon the brow; resolve, giving firmness to the lip; repose, shadowing the eye in meditation. Other artists appear in this Gallery who, with more pretence, fall far short of this simple excellence. M. Bouguereau affects a certain soft refinement as acceptable to English connoisseurs, but the face is wax, not flesh; the figure in his "Corn Field" is the artificial model of the studio, not a healthful, honest peasant girl. In like manner, neither for nature nor art is M. Landelle's "Fellah," an Egyptian water-bearer, to be valued. The figure may possess a certain statuesque pose and grace in line, a result laboured to feebleness, and smoothed down into commonplace generalization; the colour, too, and manipulation are opaque and spiritless. It is curious to observe the style which is considered best suited to the English market. We even fancy that M. Breton and M. Israels mitigate rude naturalism and impressive desolation out of consideration for our weak susceptibilities. These artists appear in London less strong than in Paris or Holland. Nevertheless it is no small privilege to behold, without the trouble of crossing the seas, two such works as "In the Hay Field," by M. Breton, and "Premiers pas qui coûtent," by M. Israels. Works like these have qualities to which our English painters are still strangers, notwithstanding the reciprocities of late established between rival national schools.

French, Belgian, and Dutch schools surrender much of their national differences when they betake themselves to *genre*, and concentrate their powers upon small interiors and trivial domestic incidents. The name of these painters, now scattered over Europe from St. Petersburg to Naples and Madrid, has become legion. Of course only the best known, such as Frère, Duverger, Meissonier, Toulmouche, Madou, and Willems, find place in this small and select collection. Of M. Édouard Frère nothing remains to be said, save, perhaps, that of late he has fallen off. His pupil, M. Duverger, too, has scarcely changed his style for the better since he painted that simple and lovely little picture, "The Village School," one of the purest gems in Mr. Ruskin's collection. Yet "The Empty Cradle," in the French Gallery, notwithstanding the exaggerated and spasmodic sentiment into which M. Duverger now degenerates, is very perfect after its kind. The execution indeed we think better than that of his master in "Reading made Easy," for M. Frère has lost the exquisite quality of his handling; in seeking to be soft and bland he has grown hesitating and vague. We pass from the walks of humble life when we approach M. Toulmouche and his "Pleasures of Imagination." We here seem to recognise somewhat of the refinement and affectation of Greuze, an innocence touched by fatal consciousness, shadowed by approach of evil, ready to bend gracefully to temptation. French artists of this class suggest a thought by the faint shadow of a shade, a rising emotion reaches the surface in a gently undulating line. Yet "Pleasures of Imagination" may be wholly unobjectionable; the colour is refined, even weak; the handling delicate, certainly not strong. Close by hangs M. Heilbuth's "Watteau," a caprice and a frolic; by the same artist, too, are a couple of portraits dashed off in bravura fashion, as negligent of form as of finish. That of Mrs. F. Lehmann has no art qualities to justify the assumption of a defiant indifference which might befit a genius such as Rembrandt or Velasquez. Mr. Millais tried this kind of thing with better success, both as to colour and the modelling of form. When last we encountered M. Heilbuth he was still dancing attendance upon Cardinals while alighting from their carriages to air themselves on the breezy brow of the Pincian Hill. This evidently was his vocation.

We will now for a moment leave France, and turn to the Low Countries, represented by leaders such as Madou, De Jonghe, Willems, and Bisschop. Artists and others studious of distinctive styles will scarcely fail to mark in "Forty Winks" the unsophisticated naturalism, the firm bold hand, of M. Madou, an artist whose honest merit has won him the rank of "Chevalier of the Order of Leopold." If M. Madou may claim to be the modern Teniers, with equal right can M. de Jonghe and M. Willems plead for recognition as the living representatives of Mieris and Terbourg. These two artists, however, by taking up their residence in the French capital, have contracted Parisian habits; thus their brilliant pictures "de toilette" and "de société" have become a pleasing compromise between French and Flemish styles. It is notorious that no one can match a satin with M. Willems; indeed the "Rival Pets" almost throw into shade Terbourg's "Satin Dress." Again, it is long since we have encountered any work more consummate for treatment than "Recovering" by M. de Jonghe. This artist, unlike M. Willems, does not care much for surface gloss or high finish. And surely nothing can be more skilful than the management of the black shawl used as a foil to the yellow and the white of the bed. The general cast of the drapery implies knowledge; nice distinction is made between the folds into which the diverse materials of linen, silk, and lace fall and dispose themselves. The black lace shawl may, for measured symmetry yet loose accident, for transparency yet substance, be quoted as a feat of a well-directed pencil. We may be expected to say a word for M. Koller's "Faust and Marguerite." The style combines John Van Eyck and Baron Leys, with the smooth surface of porcelain pictures manufactured in Dresden; and thus the work will have its reward. M. Bisschop, a Dutch artist, "Chevalier de l'ordre de la Couronne de chêne," comes closer to nature than M. Koller, though he too looks through the coloured spectacles of old Flemish painters, who generally, it would seem, were rather dim of vision. "The Lovers' Quarrel" is M. Bisschop's best work. The picture shows greater range than "La Prière interrompue," exhibited in the Dutch Gallery of the Paris International. M. Bisschop does not wish to sell his birthright or forswear his nationality. Cuyp, Vander Helst, and Rembrandt, as seen to this day in the galleries of the Hague and Amsterdam, have been the companions of his study. The analysis of the picture now before us would bring out instructive results as to the juxtaposition and contrast of colour, as to breadth, concentration, and brilliancy of light, shade, &c. The master-work of De Hooge, recently acquired by the National Gallery, may be studied with advantage in relation to present manifestations of the Dutch School. Our English painters have much to learn from such works, whether ancient or modern. Reynolds said that Dutch pictures were grammars of art.

The English are loth to believe in foreign schools of landscape, partly, doubtless, because they cherish the faith that no people can paint nature as well as themselves; and we cannot but think that this egotism may be intensified by the present collection, especially as the masters shown are not in full force. Rousseau, Dupré, Lambinet, Diaz, Corot, are names as much revered on the Continent as Creswick, Linnell, Danby, or Turner in England; yet though the examples here given may be sufficient to indicate generic styles, they do not justify individual reputations. M. Rousseau, pronounced most erroneously by an international jury to be the first landscape-painter in the world, here dwindles down into a third rank. Again, we cannot but say that M. Lambinet, one of the chief men in France, has now reached his decadence. And then we come to M. Corot, a landscape-painter who inspires a kind of worship among the chosen and qualified few, though perhaps in England we are scarcely yet prepared to accept this eccentric Frenchman as the high priest of nature. M. Corot's greys are nicely modulated, his tones faultless in relation as an English November morning. Yet this complexion of landscape is perhaps not the most grateful to Englishmen, who cherish the prescriptive Linnell conflagration sunset as the phase of nature in most felicitous antagonism with the washed-out greys of domestic life. Therefore it may be long before a public is found for M. Corot's peculiar mixture of chalk, charcoal, and water. We must hasten to a conclusion. Between M. Clays—the delicious marine-painter of Belgium—and our own cool Mr. Cooke, comparisons certainly not odious to either might be drawn. Mr. Cooke is the better draughtsman; M. Clays the finer colourist. Passing on to animal-painters, we may observe that the country which has bestowed infinite honour upon Sir Edwin Landseer is naturally apt to do less than justice to all other painters of sheep, deer, horses, and cattle. The few Englishmen, however, who may have made acquaintance with M. Troyon will be glad to come once again in contact with a late though somewhat debilitated landscape by this famed French animal-painter. M. Schreyer, a more recent growth, should be appointed painter to the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. We incline to think that M. Schreyer may yet settle down into the repose which befits a great artist. Yet "The Halt by the Road," which comprises horses beyond honourable service in a London cab, makes pathetic appeal to sensitive nerves. We close with congratulations to the skilful manager, who feels to a nicety the pulse of his public. Specially fortunate is it that the catalogue did not absolutely exclude the name of Bonheur. If a Rosa could not be got, then of course the next best thing was to secure a Juliet or an Auguste, names which may yet enhance the family renown. Some credit is due to the Director for having studiously secured every accessible painter who might bring to the English public a new or an agreeable sensation.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

THOUGH the racing in the Craven week was comparatively uneventful, there was excitement enough in connexion with the leading favourites for the Two Thousand and the Derby to atone for any dulness that might have been experienced on the Heath. It is unnecessary to say that the best public performers of last year

were, beyond all question, Belladrum, Wild Oats, and Pero Gomez. Opinions were much divided as to the comparative merits of the two latter, who ran a dead heat for the Criterion Stakes, and each had a large body of enthusiastic supporters; but all collateral running tends to show that Belladrum's achievements last year were quite unrivalled, and that, had he come to the post for the Two Thousand fit and well, he must have had very little to fear from any of his antagonists. The fatality, however, that for years past has visited Mr. Merry's three-year-olds has not been wanting on this occasion. At least it is impossible to explain all that has happened in connexion with Belladrum without taking for granted that he has been the victim of some casualty that renders his chance for either of the great three-year-old events hopeless. Whether his wind or his legs are affected it is impossible to say with certainty, for the horse is guarded with the utmost care, and no authentic information can be obtained; but we do not believe that his owner would, by his silence, give consent to the hostility directed against his horse, unless that hostility were justified by the actual circumstances of the case. And if that justification exists, all that we can say is that the sooner the pen is put through his name the better. The case of Wild Oats stands on a different footing. The Wild Dayrells have been singularly unlucky as three-year-olds, and good judges have all along doubted whether Wild Oats would stand training. His leg, which has for weeks given his trainer considerable anxiety, gave way in the early part of last week, and a notice to that effect, signed by the Duke of Newcastle, was posted. The notice stated further that, in the opinion of his trainer, it was almost impossible to bring Wild Oats to the post for the Two Thousand Guineas, but that, the Duke of Hamilton being abroad and having given no authority on the subject, no further steps could be taken. Of course, after this public notification, the horse cannot be allowed by his owner to start for the Two Thousand, and he will no doubt be scratched as soon as the Duke of Hamilton can be apprised of what has happened. While on this subject we must remark, as the Duke of Hamilton's exclusion from the Jockey Club has been commented on in many quarters with much indignation, that an owner of race-horses who apparently cares so little about the interests of the sport as to absent himself on the eve of one of the most important events of the year, for which his representative is a great public favourite, without leaving any instructions for the guidance of those entrusted with the management of his stable, is hardly likely to be a valuable accession to the supreme council of the Turf.

The Craven week thus witnessed the downfall of Belladrum and Wild Oats, and in addition was distinguished by the reappearance of the third great public performer of 1868. And if Pero Gomez had failed to sustain his reputation, the unprecedented event would have happened of all three leading favourites being overthrown in a single week. The Biennial for three-year-olds was in truth the race of the week, and though in former years moderate horses, like Kangaroo and Ceylon, have carried it off, the *calibre* of the competitors this year and in 1868 was very different, and such as to elevate it into an event of first-class importance. Last year Blue Gown and The Earl met for the first and only time, and the Derby winner was accidentally defeated by a neck. This year Sir Joseph Hawley challenged again with Pero Gomez, and won by a similar distance. Only six ran, and of those Tenedos cannot be thoroughly trained, and Amazone and Cicely had no pretensions to compete in such company. The battle was between three—Pero Gomez, Ryshworth, and Duke of Beaufort. Pero Gomez whipped round just as the flag fell, and lost quite two lengths start. The race was run at a slow pace, so much so that they were all in it at the Bushes; but it was evident that Pero Gomez could have gone to the front at any moment, and indeed appeared to be kept back with difficulty from doing so. Ryshworth was done with in the Abingdon bottom, and the issue was left to Duke of Beaufort and Pero Gomez. The Duke had a slight advantage half-way up the hill, but Wells was merely waiting on him till the proper moment, and directly he let out Pero, his superior stride told, and though Duke of Beaufort ran stoutly and gamely, he had not the ghost of a chance of overhauling his antagonist. Whenever a race is won by a neck only there are naturally various and conflicting opinions, and the balance on this occasion was decidedly not in favour of the winner. Pero Gomez, indeed, found but few friends among the Newmarket critics, who, we should say, prefer that which pleases the eye to that which is efficient for sound honest work. Now Pero Gomez is no beauty. He is a common-looking horse, decidedly, with straight shoulders, and drooping quarters, and very upright pasterns. But if he is not lovely to look at, he is an unmistakeably good one to go. He runs generously and gamely, and is a horse of perfect temper—in itself no slight recommendation. He could have left his horses at any moment in the Biennial, despite his bad start, and we think that he won with the very greatest ease, though the verdict was only a neck. He can be made some pounds better by the Derby day, and we think he is almost certain to beat Duke of Beaufort wherever they meet, though Mr. Brayley's horse also is susceptible of improvement, but not of so much as Pero Gomez. As for Ryshworth, we would never trust a bad-tempered horse. He was, it is true, quite unfit to run, having only been in work for a few weeks; and he will no doubt be quite a different horse at Epsom, as far as condition goes. He is also a fine mover, and perfectly sound; but he has a lively recollection of those two severe struggles with Belladrum last year, and we doubt whether he will exert himself to struggle again on any future occasion. One could not help remembering, after looking at the good fight made last week by Duke of Beaufort, with what simple ease Belladrum cantered away from him last autumn, Mr. Brayley's horse—though well, and trusted by his owner—never being able to extend Mr. Merry's champion; and we are still of opinion that, with all his weight, Belladrum would as nearly as possible have won the Middle Park Plate. Such reflections are useless now, however; and it only remains for us to express our belief that Pero Gomez passed through his ordeal last week quite satisfactorily, and is fully entitled to the position he holds as first favourite for the Derby.

We must now glance rapidly at the general racing of the meeting. Next to Pero Gomez, Martinique was the most distinguished three-year-old performer. Beating Abstinence was no great feat, because the Duke of Newcastle's filly is out of all form; but in the Column Stakes she made very short work of Crocus, thus reversing last year's running. Martinique is wonderfully improved, and runs either much more stoutly or with much more confidence than last season. It is true she nearly lost the Column Stakes, but that was not her fault. Snowden evidently never thought of any danger from Toison d'Or, and eased Martinique when Crocus was beaten; and, Fordham coming with a tremendous rush, he had to set her going again, and we were pleased to see how gamely she responded to the final call. Badsworth won two races on the second day of the meeting, but Provider, who has been running all the season, was the best he had to beat. Martinique's stable-companion, Tasman, was much talked about both as her superior and as a likely candidate for the Two Thousand; but his public essay was particularly unfortunate. He was pitted against Prince Imperial, over the easy Ditch Mile, which, if anything is, is within the compass of a roarer; and being obliged and at the same time unwilling to make his own running, made it so ineffectually that he could never get far enough away from Prince Imperial, whose fine turn of speed was serviceable at the finish. Under different circumstances Tasman could not have lost; but in any case his pretensions are not above second-class. King Cophetua won a race at last, giving 24 lbs. each to Vladimir and Vanichka, but he had to be driven along the whole way to come in first by a head. Some people called it nervousness on his part; to us it seemed hopeless currishness, for he is a good galloper, but he will not go the way he is wanted. The only four-year-old race that need be mentioned was the Biennial, from the Ditch in, and out of sixty-two entries only four could be found to take part in the contest. On this text the decriers of modern racing will undoubtedly enlarge. Moreover out of these four, one, King Alfred, was quite unfit, and another, Phœbus, quite outclassed. The race lay in fact between Blue Gown and Blueskin, the latter being in receipt of 7 lbs., but few thought it would be more than a canter for Blue Gown. Weight will tell, however, over so severe a course, and in addition Blueskin is perfectly at home over it, and is also the greatest sticker in training. He was beaten at the distance, but coming again, Wells was obliged to ride Blue Gown hard in order to get him in first by a head. Blue Gown certainly experienced some loss of reputation by this hard-won victory, and perhaps he is not after all partial to so long a distance; yet he ran, when in difficulty, with the greatest possible gameness, but for which he must have been beaten, as Blueskin was first in the very next stride.

The two-year-old racing of the week showed the early runners of the year to be still invincible, Stephanotis winning two races, and Elferon and Atlantis one each. But undoubtedly the best two-year-old winner of the week was Lord Stamford's Normanby, by Thormanby out of Emily, who is good-looking, a good mover, and having improved already vastly since early spring, will very likely improve still more. With good luck he will hold a distinguished place among the two-year-olds of 1869. Baron Rothschild also has two very promising youngsters in Moonstone and the filly by King Tom out of Blooming Heather, who will be getting into form when the precocious winners of the early prizes are stale and jaded. Elferon, for instance, is evidently getting tired of such constant work.

Of the handicaps we need only mention one, the Newmarket Handicap. There was a fair field of a dozen, of better class than usual—Lancet, Alpenstock, Gondolier, Restitution, Cecil, Mariner, Géant des Batailles, and Curio being the most noteworthy. The easy victory of Lancet was not a little surprising, considering her recent defeats and the amount of work she has done this year; but distance is evidently no object to her, as, in addition to the races she has run, she was tried with Blueskin from the Ditch in at the beginning of the week, and neither the horse nor the mare was any the worse for the exertion. Though the distance of the Newmarket Handicap course has been reduced from a mile and three-quarters to a mile and a-half, the really severe part remains intact, and the absence of a quarter of a mile on the Flat is a matter of no consequence. Only Lancet and Alpenstock were left with any chance at the top of the Cambridgeshire hill, and though the latter ran gamely enough, he could not concede 10 lbs. to the mare, who won by two lengths with plenty in hand. We will not say much about the respective positions occupied by the remainder, as, with the exception of Géant des Batailles, it is not absolutely necessary to believe that, under the circumstances, they hurried themselves very much.

REVIEWS.

GILDAS.*

IT is not the least among the many merits of Dr. Guest, in his treatment of our earliest history, that he has had the courage to acknowledge the merits of Gildas. Few contemporary writers have been visited with equal severity by later historians; even those who, like Dr. Lappenberg, set aside the absurd doubts thrown recently on his authenticity, lavish their censures on his ignorance of the Roman rule, his rhetorical exaggeration, and the provoking haziness of his description of the Great Conquest, which from its title would seem to form the theme of his book. It is difficult indeed not to feel some disappointment when we compare Gildas with the contemporary Provincial who has preserved for us the annals of the Conquest of Gaul. In Gregory of Tours the old world jostles roughly with the new, but in the very confusion and disorder of the story we feel the confusion and disorder of the time. The weak, clever subtlety of the Roman, the fierce childish passion of the Frank, the crash of the old administration before the irresistible march of the conqueror, the concentration of all moral life and energy in the Church before which he bowed, form the bold outlines of a picture which finds no parallel in the *liber querulus* of Gildas. But, in truth, the historic value of Gildas lies in the contrast between the two works. The Bishop of Tours is the representative of a new France which has sprung out of conquered Gaul. He owns the barbarian as his master. He describes his marches, his victories, his murders, his greed with a subject's interest. The bitterness of the Conquest is already past. The fusion of the two races has already begun. The tongue and the laws of the Provincial not only remain his own, they are threatening to become those of the Frank. The religion of Rome has superseded the faith of Woden and of Thor. There is a confusion of peoples and languages and ideas in Gregory's work, as picturesque and as significant as the confusion of the consular insignia with the Teutonic axe in Chlodewig "the Patrician." But no British neck had bowed before the English invader, no British pen was to record the conquests of Hengist or of Cerdic. Slowly, stubbornly, the Provincial of Britain had retreated before the sword of the conqueror, but across the burnt and harried border of the two races the Englishman remained as strange to him as he had been in his Schleswig home-land. To Gildas, a century after their landing, his foes are still "ferocissimi illi Saxones, Deo hominibusque invisi," "dogs," "barbarians," "wolves," "whelps from the kennel of barbarism." Their victories are victories of the powers of evil, chastisements of a divine justice for national sin. Their ravage, terrible as it was, was all but at an end; in a century more, so old prophecies told, their very hold on the land would be shaken off. The prophecy is the first outbreak of that undying hope of the Celt that survived through ages of slavery and death. But of submission to the invader, of intercourse with the barbarian, there is not a word. We hear nothing of their fortunes, or of their leaders. Across the border Gildas gives us but a glimpse—doubtless he had but a glimpse himself—of "forsaken walls," of shrines polluted by heathen impiety. Such a silence is of course disappointing enough to the children of the conquerors, eager to learn something of the deeds of those fathers who made the land their own. But in itself it is of the highest historical significance. It is just because Gregory could write the story of Chlodewig or Frédégonde that the temper, the tongue, the laws of his own Gallic province have superseded the temper, the tongue, the laws of the Frank. It is because Gildas, like his race, met his conquerors with nothing but defiance, that the tongue and the law, not of Gildas, but of those conquerors, remained the tongue and the law of after Englishmen.

Hardly less historical significance is to be found in the strange tone which Gildas adopts towards his own countrymen in the strange caricature which he gives of their history. Certainly all trace of authentic tradition has disappeared when the Roman wall and the fortresses of the Saxon shore are represented as parting gifts of a benevolent Empire to its unworthy subjects, when the trembling Britons are pictured as being dragged from the wall by the hooked weapons of the Picts. But, in fact, nothing shows better the tremendous rift made by the English Conquest in the traditions of Britain than this strange sketch of the history that preceded it. The very promise to give some account of Imperial Britain is qualified by a "quantum potuero." What he does give comes, he tells us plainly, "not so much from native writings or written memorials, for if any such existed they have been burnt or carried off by those who have fled into exile—at any rate they are not to be found—as from accounts brought from over sea (transmarina relatione) which frequent interruption of intercourse leaves obscure." In this disappearance of all authentic history, the past took its colour from the very misery which Gildas saw around him. The ruin, the defeat, the feud and bloodshed of the wrecked Province were contrasted with the golden age of a fancied past. Rome became all the dearer as she faded into the distance. Men still clung, as Gildas clings after a century of severance, to the tone of the Provincial. In them, as in him, the Empire had become a religion; it could not err. The very sufferings of the deserted provinces are their crimes. The one chance of preservation in the midst of chaos is to cling to the relics that are left of the old "Ordo" of the Roman rule. If in the traditions of the Conquest we are to see, with Dr. Guest, the contest of a Roman with a British party in the first struggle with the Jute, we must look to the words of Gildas to recall for us the temper of the Provincials under Ambrosius, and to enable us to realize by contrast something of the tone of Vortigern and their opponents. Of his British countrymen, of their "levity," of their "ingratitude," Gildas speaks as bitterly and as contemptuously as Swift would have spoken of the Irish under British rule. The first advent of the Imperial eagles seems to him like the arrival of some irresistible destiny, *parendi leges, nullo obsistente, advexit*. When the Province revolts, it is "a treacherous beast"; when the legions hasten to subdue it, it is to wreak the Imperial vengeance on the "deceitful fox-cubs." Over the panic of the Britons before the Roman attack he exults as an Orangeman might have exulted over the Irish panic at the Boyne; "ita ut in proverbium et derisum longe lateque efferatur, quod non Britanni sunt in bello fortes nec in pace fideles." There is all the "ascendency" tone in his description of the rule which followed on the Roman Conquest, but not even an Ulster squire could have spoken with such a glow of triumph over the miseries of his fellow-countrymen as this Provincial. He reminds them of their serfage, of the whips that scored their backs, of the yoke that pressed down their necks, how the name of "Romania" had all but superseded that of Britain, how every coin and medal was stamped with the triumphant image of the Cæsar. In the actual politics of the Empire Gildas is the most unflinching of legitimists; Maximus is a mere usurper, his accession a mere rebellion, his fall a just punishment for his impiety. The outburst is all the more significant if, as we rather gather from his own incidental phrases and from the Welsh traditions, the elevation of Maximus first re-aroused the hopes of the conquered races. But with Gildas it is this "illegitimate tyranny" that brought about the ruin of Britain; the inroads of the Picts and Scots only gave him occasion for new insults over the "rebels," for new eulogies of the Empire. He triumphs over the ruin of the Province, over her ignorance in arms, the humiliation of her appeal for aid, the despatch of her "queruli legati" to Aetius. Rome, on the other hand, plays the part of the long-tried but forbearing Mother-country, hurrying again and again to the rescue, scattering their foes, protecting them with fortresses, withdrawing indeed at last, but withdrawing with an imperial dignity. It is, as we have said, a strange caricature, but it gives us faithfully enough the aspect which history took in the later Roman tradition, the story which would have reached us had the Empire won.

In the description which Gildas gives us of the period which intervenes between the earlier Pictish inroads and the coming of the English we are at once on historic ground. Vague as the story is, it is very different from the merely ideal picture of the Empire which preceded it, and it has been ably vindicated of late in the researches of Mr. Skene. But for directly historical purposes the most valuable portion of the work lies undoubtedly in the three sections which give us the British tradition of the Conquest of Kent. With Dr. Guest we are "not ashamed to confess" that the story carries with it our "entire belief," but the story must be read as it is written, and not according to the preconceived notions of readers. Taken—and it has very commonly been taken—as a general account of the conquest of Britain, it is no doubt a mere piece of vapid rhetoric; but, not to dwell on the entire misconception of the nature and duration of that conquest which is involved in such an assumption, the notion itself is without the slightest countenance from the narrative as it stands. The story of Gildas is the simple story of the earlier war in Kent, the arrival of the Jutish chieftains at the summons of the Council of Britain, the disputes over their claims for pay and rations, the reciprocal threats which ended in war, the first terrible sally of the new settlers from Thanet, the revival of courage among the Britons, the victory which checked for awhile the progress of the conquerors. It has hardly been noticed with what accuracy all technical terms are used throughout this narrative, and yet no better test of the authenticity of a work is to be found than in its use of technical terms. It is hardly possible that the forger of a later age could have known of that peculiar stage of the provincial government which finds its only analogy in Gaul, but which a single phrase of Gildas sets simply before us:—"Tum omnes consiliarii unà cum superbo tyranno Gwyrthigerno Britannorum duce cæcantur." In the withdrawal of the directly Imperial rule, the provincial council, which under it had only a consultative power, became necessarily the one source of authority, but the administrative titles, and doubtless the forms of administration, remained as before. How soon the sense of this was lost we see from the change of the "dux," in later versions of the story, into the King. The claims of the new-comers on their settlement in Thanet are described with the same technical colour, "impetrant sibi annonas dari," and on the grant of these supplies in kind, "queruntur non affluenter sibi opimenia contribui." Threats followed complaints, and the "Eastern Fire" was soon blazing across the breadth of Kent "from sea to sea." To Gildas, as to his contemporaries, the most terrible feature of the inroad was one which we are apt to forget—its heathen character. In striking contrast with what happened on the Continent, the sword of the invaders seems to have been especially directed against the clergy. They appear to have taken refuge in their churches, and to have rushed out as these were set on fire, to find death on the barbarian sword. No passage better illustrates the style and the historic value of Gildas—

* *Gildas.* English Historical Society. Edited by Rev. J. Stevenson. London.
Gildas und Nennius. Herausgegeben von San-Marte. Berlin: 1844.

Ita ut cunctæ columnæ crebris arietibus, omnesque coloni cum præpositis ecclesiæ, cum sacerdotibus et populo, mucronibus undique micantibus ac flammis crepitantibus, simul solo sternerentur, et miserabili visu in medio platearum ima turrium edito cardine evulsarum, murorumque celsorum saxa, sacra altaria, cadaverum frusta, crustis semigelantibus purpurei cruoris tecta, velut in quodam horrendo torculari mixta, viderentur.

For the moment the people were panic-stricken; some, overtaken in their flight, were butchered "in heaps;" some fled over sea; others, overcome by hunger, surrendered to become serfs of the conqueror. The passage is so valuable in its bearing on the question of the extermination of the Britons that we quote the words:—"Alii fame confecti accedentes manus hostibus dabant in ævum servituri, si tamen non continuo trucidarentur, quod altissimæ gratiæ stabat in loco." We can hardly doubt that the terrible tale of massacre and exile is the same tale as that told by the English chronicler in the two meagre entries that commemorate the victories of Aylesford and Crayford. But no English record remains of the national reaction which, headed by the fugitives who had taken refuge among the cliffs of the Saxon shore, from Richborough to Pevensey, soon in a decisive victory swept back the invaders to Thanet. It is here that the book abruptly breaks off. From that time to the great battle of Mount Badon victory wavered from the one side to the other; from that overthrow stretched a long period of peace.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIFTH LETTER OF HERNAN CORTES.*

THE figure of Hernan Cortes stands out in noble and pleasing relief among the early records of Spanish conquest and dominion in the New World. His name may have suffered in vulgar estimation from its juxtaposition with those of filibusters or coarse and ruthless adventurers like Almagzo and Pizarro. The impartial voice of the historian, however, and the still more emphatic evidence of his own despatches and achievements, combine in securing justice for Cortes as a man of rare breadth of intellect, great powers of statesmanship, and a liberality of spirit vastly in advance of his age. Mr. Prescott has done much to set in its true light the great work compressed into so marvellously brief a space by Cortes' energy and daring. Mr. Helps is only at a loss whether to compare him most nearly with Cæsar, with Augustus, or with Charles V. Of late years the publication of much important and interesting matter long kept back from the light has brought forward this hero to tell as it were from the tomb the tale of more than one unknown or forgotten episode in a career of brilliant courage and adventure. One of the least understood or appreciated of these passages in the life of Cortes was his wonderful expedition to Honduras. The letter containing the record of this romantic and daring, but skilfully planned and eventually fruitful, exploit was known to have formed the fifth of a series of despatches written by Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. This, however, together with the first, which gave an account of the hero's landing at Vera Cruz, had long been missing. Robertson was the first to suspect that they might probably be found amongst the archives at Vienna, Charles having been in Germany when one of them at least reached Europe. Such turned out to be the case. In a manuscript volume in the Imperial Library an attested copy of the first letter was found, of which that diligent historian forthwith published an abstract among the notes and illustrations to his History of America. Along with it in the same manuscript volume was Cortes' fifth letter, or *Carta quinta de Relacion*, which was printed for the first time in 1844, in the fourth volume of the *Colèccion de Documentos inéditos para la Historia de España*. The first letter had previously appeared in the first volume of the same series. Both have since been reprinted, first by Don Enrique de Vedia, in Ribadeneyra's *Biblioteca de Autores Clasicos*, and subsequently by Don Pascual de Gayangos, of the Spanish Academy. Doubts have been entertained concerning the earliest of these letters. Though signed with Cortes' name, it appears to have been addressed to Charles V. by the *Justicia y Regimiento*, or municipal corporation of Vera Cruz. A separate, and probably fuller, report it is thought likely must have been sent from the conqueror's own pen, in accordance with his known habit and bent of mind. It was the opinion of Gonzalez Barcia, who was the first to reprint the second, third, and fourth letters, that this independent despatch of Cortes was no other than the one suppressed by the Council of the Indies at the request of Pamphilo de Narvaez, or that which Juan de Flores took from Alonso de Avila. No such doubts, however, attach to the fifth letter, the most valuable of all in a geographical point of view, if not for the interest kindled by its tale of hazards and adventures, or the light it throws upon the mind and character of the narrator himself. The Council of the Hakluyt Society have done well, in our opinion, in including it in the list of their publications; and they have been fortunate, or rather let us say judicious, in their choice of a translator, the editor of the original text of the *Cartas de Hernan Cortes al Emperador Carlos V.* (Paris, 1866). The second, third, and fourth letters had been translated by an American writer, Mr. George Folson, in 1843; but M. de Gayangos is the first, as far as we know, to turn into English the curious despatch before us. His version is marked by clearness and freedom, and though we have not the original at hand as a means of verification, the scholarlike style of the translation gives us thorough confidence in its fidelity. A concise but clear introduction puts us in possession of the chief points connected with the bibliography of the subject, together with the causes which led to the expedition.

Cortes, it is well known, shared the idea, then common with his countrymen and many of the leading men of adventure, that a strait was to be found connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the latter being no other than the famed Indian Ocean. "Most of all," he writes to the Emperor, in his *tercera Relacion*, "do I exult in the tidings lately brought me of the Great Ocean; for in it, as cosmographers and those learned men who know most about the Indies inform me, are scattered innumerable isles, teeming with gold and pearls, abounding in precious stones, as well as in spices, and where I feel confident secrets and admirable things may be discovered." And again, in 1524, he writes, "Your Majesty may be assured that, knowing as I do how much you have at heart the discovery of this great mystery of the seas, I shall postpone all interests and projects of my own—some of them of the highest moment—for the fulfilment of this great object." No sooner had he entered Mexico the second time than Cortes fitted out two expeditions which, after reaching Mechuacán, penetrated to the borders of the Great Southern Ocean, even bringing back gold and pearls from the Gulf of California. Another exploring party pushed along the southern coast as far as Florida. A third and larger squadron was next despatched under Christoval de Olid, a brave officer, with orders to form a settlement at Honduras, and thence to cruise along its northern shore towards Darien, in quest of the mysterious strait. Olid, however, proved unfaithful, and on reaching the Havannah declared himself, under the promptings of Velazquez, the bitter enemy of Cortes, independent of his chief. On hearing this, Cortes despatched forthwith his kinsman, Francisco de Las Casas, with a small force in three vessels, with orders to seize and bring back the rebel. Las Casas, having been wrecked upon the shore, was thrown by Olid into prison. Aided, however, by Gonzalez Davila, another victim to Olid's tyranny, a plot was raised by Las Casas which ended in Olid's being seized, tried by court-martial, and beheaded at Naco. Meanwhile Cortes, having no tidings as yet of the death of Olid, resolved to go in person to Honduras, not only with a view to restoring his lost authority, but with the hope of realizing his darling vision of an inter-oceanic communication. On October 12, 1524, he left Mexico on the expedition described in the graphic despatch before us. The leading outlines of the journey have been pursued by many historians, and most recently by Mr. Helps. But there is a vigour and a reality in the hero's own simply-told tale which gives an interest to every detail. To verify throughout the spots visited by Cortes in this marvellous march through almost impenetrable forests, swampy plains, or lofty mountains, seems all but a hopeless task. Mr. Prescott, after examining the best maps of Spanish, French, and Dutch geographers, could identify no more than four or five of the places indicated by Cortes. The diary of his stout-hearted lieutenant, Bernal Diaz, gives us little additional help in this respect. M. Arthur Morelet, an enterprising French traveller, who, about ten years ago, traversed a great part of Cortes' route, either failed to recognise the landmarks indicated by him, or was without knowledge of his letter. The difficulty of representing or identifying in writing the local proper names is a main element in the problem, enhanced as it is by the fact of the record being written after an interval during which the names of Indian localities and chiefs may have escaped the writer's memory. The small village of Los Tres Cruzes, near Palenque, retains in its name some traces of his visit. We know also that he crossed the Sierra de los Pedernales by a dangerous pass, to which he gave the name of Puerto del Alabastro, and after a march of five days reached a large lake, which could be no other than the Laguna de Peten, otherwise called Itza, in the country of the warlike Lacandones. The ruins of the "teocallis," or native temples, here long marked his passage. Beyond the sites of the two towns of Naco and Nito, where the miserable relics of the former expeditions were found, little else of the route, which extended over a thousand miles, can with certainty be determined. It must have led the explorers more than once over the Rio de San Pedro, and perhaps, too, across the Uzumazinta, over one of which rivers Cortes speaks of a bridge having been thrown 934 spans in length. Native writers speak of some of these bridges being long known as Las Puentes de Cortes, though they neglect to specify their exact sites. Of the engineering skill, no less than the chivalrous spirit, patient courage, and powers of command exhibited by Cortes, through all the perils and hardships of this march, we can hardly form too high an estimate. Of his own prowess, he seems indeed all but unconscious throughout. It is the hand of Providence that extricates him from the most desperate straits. "It was after having previously commended our souls to God" that "we threw," he writes, "a bridge over a morass three hundred paces in breadth." Over these terrible morasses, from the depths of which nothing could be seen but the patch of sky over their heads, his slender party constructed within the space of about twenty leagues no fewer than fifty bridges for the passage of men and horses. His entire force at starting consisted of "ninety-three horse, besides crossbowmen and arquebusiers, and thirty and odd foot, making in all a total of 230 men." From Bernal Diaz we learn that Cortes' little force—which he raises to 250 fighting men, including Guaçacualcan and Mexican settlers—was supplemented by a

* *The Fifth Letter of Hernan Cortes to the Emperor Charles V., containing an Account of his Expedition to Honduras.* Translated from the Original Spanish by Don Pascual de Gayangos, of the Spanish Academy, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1868.

butler and steward, several musicians, dancers, jugglers, and buffoons, besides the leader's personal retinue of several pages, young men of family, amongst whom was Montejo, the future conqueror of Yucatan. Cortes also enjoyed the society and aid of his famous mistress and interpreter Marina, concerning whom his own narrative keeps silence. A map furnished to him by the people of Tabasco and Xiculango enabled him to prosecute his route through the province of Çupilco to another called Çagoatan, where the provisions came to hand which he had, with much forethought, arranged to meet him. They had been forwarded in a great caravel to the mouth of the Tabasco river, and sent up the stream in native canoes. The natives, as a rule, fled at the approach of Europeans, burning their dwellings, and what Cortes terms their "mosques," even getting drowned as they crowded to cross the river, till reassured in part by his friendly overtures. He seems to have shown tolerance, with much earnest zeal, in pointing out to the Indians the errors of their idolatry, and the truth of the Catholic faith, but against cannibalism he would observe no quarter:—

It happened, however, that a Spaniard saw one of the Indians who had come with me from Tenuxtitlan eating a piece of flesh taken from the body of another Indian, whom he had killed on entering Iztapan. When the case was reported to me, I had the Indian arrested, and there, in the presence of the chief, had him burnt alive, for having slain and afterwards eaten of his fellow-creature—an abomination which your Majesty, and I myself in your royal name, have repeatedly deprecated, ordering the people of those parts to abstain from it. I therefore made the lord understand that if I punished that man with death, it was because, in disobedience to your Majesty's commands, he had slain and afterwards eaten of the flesh of his fellow-creature. That my wish was that nobody should be hurt, having been sent to those parts merely for the purpose of protecting them and taking care of their property, as well as showing them the way of worshipping one only God, who is in heaven, Creator and Maker of all things, by whose will all living creatures are governed. In order to do this, they were to relinquish all their idols and their abominable rites, because they were nothing more than lies and deceptions of the devil, who, being the sworn enemy of mankind, had devised those and other similar arts to ensure their perpetual damnation in the midst of horrible and everlasting tortures. That the devil was thus trying to lead them away from the knowledge of one only and true God, shutting them from the path of salvation, and preventing by all means in his power that they should partake of that glory and blessed happiness awaiting those who believe in God, in an abode of everlasting bliss, which the devil himself had lost owing to his disobedience and malice.

At one point, where all progress was barred by a wide and deep lagoon which it would have taken twenty days to round, the idea of a retreat gained so much ground among his Spaniards that they "almost dared," Cortes writes, "to whisper it in my presence." The hero's resource here lay in the Indian chiefs, whom he so inspired with his energy, combined with promises of reward, that they "agreed to work *viribus et posse*" at a bridge, over which in less than four days the whole of the men and horses passed. So solidly built was it, the writer boasts, that he had no doubt "it would stand upwards of ten years without breaking, unless it was burnt down." It was formed of upwards of one thousand beams, the smallest of which was as thick round as a man's body, and measured nine or ten fathoms in length. The construction was mainly due to the skill of the native engineers. "I can assure your Majesty," Cortes confesses, "that I do not believe there is a man in existence capable of explaining in a satisfactory manner the dexterity which these lords of Tenuxtitlan and the Indians under them displayed in constructing the said bridge. I can only say that it is the most wonderful thing that ever was seen." Cortes' despatch displays throughout his enlightened sense of the capacity, the bravery, and the loyalty of the native races, and his belief that by mild and just treatment they might be firmly attached to the Spanish rule. It is with regret that we find him on his return, while still in the monastery where he stayed six days, "until he had confessed all his sins," superseded by virtue of the royal mandate in charge of Ponce de Leon. Here the narrative ends with a manly assertion of the writer's loyalty and fidelity, as well as an indignant denial of the charges of rapacity and malversation brought against him by his enemies. In a characteristic passage, not without a tinge of irony, "from fear that His Majesty might imagine that he asked too much in order that his proposition might be rejected," he undertakes—"though the sum was hardly sufficient for his decent maintenance at Court"—to be contented with ten millions of reals of yearly revenue, surrendering to the Emperor everything he possessed in the New World. We know too well what treatment awaited the man who had enriched the Spanish monarchy with the fairest of its colonial possessions. It is a sign of the dogged resolution of Cortes that we find him closing his letter, dated at Tenuxtitlan, September 3, 1526, with the announcement of his having just started another expedition to the country he had already so laboriously traversed, in the full assurance of having shortly to apprise His Majesty of the triumphant discovery of the all-important strait. As a record of human prowess and daring, no less than a contribution to our knowledge of geography, this curious letter deserves to be read with close attention.

COUNT TELEKI.*

THE author of this volume tells us in the preface, which is dated from the Junior Carlton Club, that he has acquired his information about Jewish life from a very charming lady, the daughter of a French Hebrew banker, "who had completed her Judaism by embracing Christianity," and that its amount and kind are such as to make it, if published, "of some value both to the Biblical student and general reader." It is not very easy to pronounce what may be of some value to the general reader, because, as the proverb reminds us, there is no disputing about tastes. But if any "Biblical student" should be unfortunate enough to take up the book in expectation of gaining some valuable knowledge, he will be wofully disappointed. There are two ways in which the anonymous writer, who under a seemingly feminine sobriquet hails from the Junior Carlton, might have conveyed his information, supposing it to be worth conveying at all. The most obvious method, and certainly the most convenient for Biblical students, would have been to write a treatise on Jewish customs and ceremonies embodying the results of what his fair informant had communicated to him; or, if he was bent on soliciting the attention of "the general reader"—and we certainly cannot wonder at his despairing of any more select audience—he might have worked his facts into a tale, or series of tales, as Madame Romanoff has done in her Sketches of the Greek Church. And this is what "Eca" possibly imagines that he has done. What, however, he has really accomplished is to write a third-rate sensation novel in one volume—we are anxious to mention at the outset its sole redeeming feature—with alternate chapters on the principal festivals and services of the Jewish ritual intercalated sandwich-wise between harrowing accounts of hair-breadth escapes from mad bulls, French conspirators, and runaway horses, and rambling disquisitions on things in general, including Father Ignatius's last sermon, and the newest slang of the Turf, apparently picked up second-hand in the smoking-room of the Junior Carlton. Even in the same chapter we oscillate with perplexing rapidity between Colenso's objections to the Pentateuch, which are very summarily disposed of by the Chief Rabbi, and the prospects of the next Derby; and the hero and heroine—the latter being "a faint attempt to describe" the French banker's daughter, only she does *not* "complete her Judaism by embracing Christianity"—mingle the passionate utterances of their mutual love, usually clenched by three "et ceteras," with discussions on the "character and work of the Messiah" who is yet to come. The style is in strict congruity with the substance of the book. Thus we learn that Finsbury Square "looks like an oasis of *uninhabitation*;" and again, in reference to the religious liberty enjoyed by Jews in England, we are told that, "though prejudiced against his race with a rapidly dying-out prejudice, a Jew was free to obtain all honours in the different professions of the country." The writer probably means that, though the English people were prejudiced against Jews, they allowed them full civil equality; what he has said is, that they allowed it to such Jews as were prejudiced against their own race. Indeed his notions of language and grammatical construction lead us to fear that neither Johnson nor Lindley Murray is to be found in the library of the Junior Carlton. When the hero, Count Teleki, "drove out, it was impossible not to regard the handsome young man, in his well turned-out dark green phaeton, high-stepping bays, and quiet groom, in the dark chocolate livery of the Telekis, seated behind, with arms folded, placid as a Stoic." Whether the handsome young man or the quiet groom was placid as a Stoic we will not pause to inquire; but to us it is so "impossible" to understand how to regard any young man, handsome or not, "in high-stepping bays and a quiet groom," unless the bays had swallowed the young man and the groom swallowed the bays, that we give up the sentence in despair. When we are told, just after this, that "shyness may be called the sea-sickness of society," we are almost tempted to suggest that its absence may, in some cases at least, be called the sea-sickness of aspirants to authorship. It would be unreasonable, of course, to expect the various characters of the tale to talk better grammar than the narrator. Still, as we are expressly assured that "no more erudite scholar existed among his race" than the Rev. Dr. Hermann Bauer, the Chief Rabbi of the Jews in Great Britain, it is a little startling to find him just afterwards informing Count Teleki that "here (in England) *we* are met as *a* fellow man and *a* brother." It is gratifying to know, however difficult it may be to construe the statement, that even to the most lax of the Jews "there was one solemn day at which he would have been horrified had he neglected it." Whether he would have been horrified at the day, which is the meaning of the words, or at the neglect of it, which the context seems to imply, we cannot venture to pronounce.

The curiosity of our readers about Count Teleki will by this time be almost satisfied. Of Jewish "customs" they will hear exceedingly little, but they will find a tiresomely elaborate description of the principal ceremonies of Jewish worship, containing, however, very little that is not familiar even to "the general reader," or that might not easily be ascertained from the Old Testament, or from works readily accessible to every one, or from visiting a synagogue. Such scraps of information as alone are really new, and therefore of any interest, must be sought for like so many needles in a very large bundle of hay. Nor can the information always be relied upon. It is given as a striking instance of the special "boldness and carelessness of *British* Jews" that they talk, laugh, and discuss matters of business in the intervals of the synagogue service. Any one who has happened to visit the old synagogue of Prague, the most venerable and venerated shrine of Jewish worship in Europe, will know that this habit of talking between the alternate verses of the chant is no peculiarity of Jews in Great Britain. It is, in fact, their universal practice, whatever it may betoken of religious coldness. It is certainly curious, if true, that the general feeling of Orientals sur-

* *Count Teleki.* A Story of Modern Jewish Life and Customs. By Eca. London: Warne & Co. 1869.

vives among the modern British Jews, and that one main reason why Jewish parents are so anxious for male issue is that no female can offer the appointed prayers for them when dead, and that in consequence they frequently adopt sons if they have none of their own. The following form of private devotion, which, we are given to understand, is recited every morning by pious Jews, is also a curiosity in its way:—

Bless the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty; who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment, who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain. Behold, I prepare my body to cover myself with a commanded covering for the only sacred and blessed name and His Sh'chinah, with fear and love, with perfect unity in the name of all Israel. Behold, I come to cover myself with a vestment of fringes, to perform the precept of my Creator, as it is written, "That they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of their borders a riband of blue." For blue is like the sea, and the sea is like the sky, and the sky is like the throne of glory; and as I am covering my body with fringes, so may my soul, its 248 members, and its 365 veins, be covered with the light of fringes which amounts to 613; and just as I cover myself with a talith in this world, so may I merit a Rabbinical mantle and a beautiful talith in the world to come, even in the garden of Eden; and may my soul, body, spirit, and prayer, be delivered from the external ones on account of the precept of the fringes. And may the talith spreads his wings over them, and save them; "as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over the young." I come, therefore, to increase sanctity amongst the celestials, and to purify all wickedness and all blemishes that I have committed with my eyes, hands, and body, in this world.

It is explained that the number 613 refers to the 613 precepts of the Pentateuch, of which the most important are these three—phylacteries, fringes on the corners of garments, and the sign on the doorposts; the 248 members of the body correspond to the 248 affirmative precepts of the Law of Moses, and its 365 veins to the 365 negative precepts of the Law. The information given by the learned but ungrammatical Dr. Hermann Bauer to Count Teleki about the present condition of Jews in England would be more interesting but that it contains little that is not already known. The Chief Rabbi complains that "we are Christianizing our Judaism," and exemplifies this in several points of detail:—

"True, my son. Here you will see that in many of our communities the mode of Christian working them has been introduced. We have opened Sabbath schools and infant schools, like the Christians. We employ Scripture readers, cottage lecturers, and tract distributors, like the Christians. In many of our synagogues you will see pulpits and organs, and hear sermons in the vernacular tongue, and singing, like the Christians. We have adopted the title of the Christian clergy and their dress. All this is new.

"The constant intercourse with Christians, the influence of Christianity, is sapping the very foundation of our faith. Let us, as liberal-minded men, as scholars, not as bigots, read and examine, and inquire into the doctrines of Christianity—nay, let us borrow from it what we would think beneficial to our interests, as long as it does not militate against our holy creed. But we have not done so. We have gone beyond. We have touched pitch, and have defiled ourselves. My dear Count, see whether I am not speaking the truth after you have visited our people here."

"I regret to say that I have heard that the Hebrews in Great Britain exhibit great carelessness in religious matters," said Teleki.

"Great carelessness. In fact, many of the British Jews hardly know what Judaism is or commands. They send their children to Christian schools—to Eton, to Harrow, to Rugby; to Christian universities—to Oxford and Cambridge. They associate with Christians on terms of forbidden intimacy, dine with them, and some marry them. They are eager for civil offices in the State, entertain men of high birth at their tables, and are by them entertained, scorn the severity of our ceremonies, and in fact are Jews but in name."

It appears also that there is a schism among them, and that a Dissenting Synagogue has been opened in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, where many unauthorized and rationalizing innovations are adopted.

But it is evident that "Eca" relies chiefly on his intermediate chapters for securing the ear of "the general reader." And it must in fairness be admitted that here his range of subjects is general enough. He is equally at home in the gilded saloons of the West-end, where "those acquainted with these matters say there are three women who know how to entertain and sixteen men who know how to dance"; and in the Sunday Rag-fair in Houndsditch, which "is about the best preparatory school for hell I know of in our metropolis, *and my experience is not a limited one*." It is, he remarks, "an agreeable idiosyncrasy of the polished members of the Stock Exchange" that any stranger who ventures to penetrate its sacred precincts is immediately set upon, knocked on the head, and otherwise maltreated. We think we have heard something like this before; but there is indisputable novelty in his graphic account of Count Teleki's encounter with one of these big bullies, who gets the worst of it in the end, as we gather from the following not very intelligible description of his fate:—"Uttering a howl of agony, a blood red equator divided his globe-like face, he rushed upon the Count like a madman." It is the first time we ever heard of equators, of whatever colour, uttering howls. For those who are on the look-out for a rich harvest of sensational surprises, we may add that this scene in the Stock Exchange, where Count Teleki very nearly comes to an untimely end, is not an exception, but an illustration of his career throughout the book. In the same chapter he is almost murdered by the Protestant mob who had assembled to hustle Father Ignatius in Lombard Street. In another chapter he only saves himself and the heroine from imminent peril of death by piercing a mad bull through the eyes with "an unusually long and sharp pitchfork," while in the next his life is again miraculously saved by his chesnut leaping clear over "a chasm of at least thirty feet wide." In one more passage which seems to indicate the author's estimate of the position of the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, there may possibly be a latent vein of irony, though we dare not vouch for the fact. Count Teleki is awaiting an audience with the French Emperor, who, as the Minister of the Interior informs him, "is at present engaged with the first man in Europe." The Count is vainly trying to guess who this first man in Europe is, when the Minister condescends to enlighten him:—

"Ah, but you will never guess! I will gratify your curiosity. It is the Paris correspondent of the *Gushing Cadger*, the first and greatest newspaper in England. I thought that would astonish you! A wonderful man! He has the entrée of the most exclusive coteries. Where you and I are never admitted—though we both perhaps flatter ourselves that we know the Paris world—he is the most intimate guest. Crowned heads call him by his Christian name. The women adore him—*la jeunesse dorée* here swear by him. He knows the most sacred secrets of every embassy—even treaties before they are entered into. He is the most omniscient and ubiquitous being in the world. I believe he is inspired. Not a political event occurs in Europe or has occurred—*c'est un homme âgé*—without him having prophesied it in his paper. He advised Bismark on the North German Confederation, wrote severe letters to the Emperor of Russia on the Polish question, foretold the fate of Maximilian in Mexico, recommended the Austrian policy in Hungary, suggested the great movements in the late Spanish revolution—in fact, everything. He now passes his time in controlling the different European and Asiatic courts, and the movements of Garibaldi, in being the arbiter of fashion at Paris, and advising the ministers and ambassadors here. And to think that such a man should condescend to write for a penny paper! Who after this can say man is proud! Ah, here he comes."

The door half opened, and a voice said—

"Well, take care of yourself—you have a bad sore throat; fishy thing that, this weather. Ta! ta!" and a gentleman issued from the Imperial apartment into the antechamber where the Minister and the Count were standing. He approached the Marquis—"Mon cher, how do!—how do! Glad to see you. Napoleon is looking infernally seedy. I've just been telling him that trying Banting doesn't do at his time of life. What he wants is plenty of horse exercise and good nourishing diet, instead of living like a hermit. Trying experiments on one's constitution after one's forty doesn't pay. So you didn't take my advice about the Jura elections. I gave you every information, told you everything what to do, but you wouldn't take it; consequence is, the Government were defeated. Your fault, my dear Marquis—entirely your fault;" and the speaker gazed at Teleki as if his look would appal him; but it did not.

"Yes," said the Marquis humbly, "the Government were defeated, I regret to say. Are you going to the Opera to-night?"

"Yes—perhaps. I'm going to dine with Wales at the Bristol this evening. I suppose that we shall go afterwards, but I don't know."

"His Royal Highness arrived last night?" said the Marquis.

"Yes. Edinburgh is coming to-morrow—devilish good fellow, I'm always glad to see him. Well I won't detain you any longer. I'm just off to see Lyons to ask him to put off his ball to Friday week instead of Tuesday, because I'm so fully engaged that evening that I shan't have even time to show myself. Ta! ta! Don't bother Nap much, because, 'pon my life, he is seedy this morning; he really must take care of himself. Adieu!" and the first man of Europe gracefully withdrew.

"A wonderful man that!" said the Marquis; "every day he becomes more wonderful."

A wonderful book that *Count Teleki*, we may add. Every time we take it up it becomes more wonderful to us how any one should have been found to compose, and still more to publish, it. In the concluding chapter "Eca" observes that "the presence of bridesmaids has always been associated with a certain *halo of spooniness*." May we venture to assure him, in accordance with his own bright example of enriching the English language, that he will always himself be associated in our recollection with a certain halo of mooniness?

CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.*

(*Second Notice.*)

IN January, 1813, a Parisian gunsmith named Pauly exhibited to a Commission of artillery officers a new musket capable of firing thirteen shots per minute. Savary, who had first seen it tried, wrote to the Emperor in most laudatory terms of its cheapness, lightness, freedom from possibilities of accident by weather, and general convenience, especially for cavalry. The Commission probably reported unfavourably of the details; but it is curious if the soldiers of the First Empire ran a narrow chance of testing the value of that rapid firing which it has been reserved for the present decad to appreciate as an imperative condition of all future military success. Early in this year Napoleon began to draw largely upon his forces in Spain for drilled and disciplined reinforcements to his Northern army; and even a few weeks before Vittoria he so little anticipated the severity of the blow that Wellington was about to strike as to bid his Minister of War look to the Peninsula as an inexhaustible nursery (pépinière inépuisable) for officers of every grade. He had received some information of a "double projet" or alternative scheme, such as the English Ministry were fond of propounding to Wellington, of a descent of 25,000 men from Lisbon upon some point of the French coast, if the English army did not attempt another advance upon Madrid; but he fatally underrated the strength and capacity of the troops and general who had beaten Masséna and Marmont, and who before the year's end were destined to overwhelm Jourdan and to beat back Soult. He believed, or professed to believe, that Joseph's forces would be strong enough, if properly handled, to check the English at every point; and indeed, after all his drafts to the North, there still remained more than 200,000 veterans in Spain. The paramount object of the moment was to show himself with the earliest spring as powerful as ever upon the side on which the misguided public opinion of the Continent might imagine that he had received a crushing blow. To produce this appearance, and as far as possible to convert the appearance into reality, he

* *Correspondance de Napoléon Ier.* Tomes 24 et 25. Paris: Plon.

used every device with which energy, ingenuity, genius, and mendacity could supply him. To encourage his subjects and friends, he persistently refused to admit the occurrence of an misfortune in Russia, beyond a surprise suffered at the hands of the elements exceptionally conspiring against him. In a circular to Jérôme and the other dependent princes of the German Confederation, written in January, 1813, he boldly stated that the cavalry and the infantry of the Russian army had behaved ill on almost every occasion, and that the Cossacks were the only foes "qui aient bien fait dans le genre de guerre auquel ils sont propres." All Russian accounts of his losses are "a tissue of impostures, platitudes, and follies." The march to Moscow was a complete success; the retreat from Moscow was a complete success till the frost came on—and this is its history:—

Dès que je jugeai le moment opportun pour le mouvement, je marchai sur l'ennemi. Je manœuvrai sur sa gauche, je le poussai à quarante verstes et, profitant de cet avantage, j'appuyai mon mouvement sur Smolensk. J'arrivai, le 5 novembre, à Dorogobouje, par le plus beau temps possible. Je me félicitais de la situation de mes affaires; je n'avais pas laissé dans les hôpitaux plus de 500 hommes hors d'état d'être transportés: je traînais tout avec moi: je n'étais plus qu'à trois petites journées de Smolensk; l'ennemi avait été culbuté à Viazma et dispersé dans le bois. . . Mais du 5 au 7 le froid devint rigoureux: les chemins se couvraient de verglas.

The Emperor's speech to the Corps Législatif, in February, is in the same tone. The excessive and premature rigour of the winter is credited with the entire disaster which broke down a so far uninterrupted triumph:—

En peu de nuits, j'ai vu tout changer. J'ai fait de grandes pertes: elles auraient brisé mon âme si, dans ces grandes circonstances, j'avais dû être accessible à d'autres sentiments qu'à l'intérêt, à la gloire et à l'avenir de mes peuples.

The stubborn defence of the Russian Empire by her armies and her people counts for nothing in connexion with "les malheurs qu'a produits la rigueur des frimas"; and the worst punishment which Napoleon can prophesy for them as the result of the coming campaign is summed up as follows:—"Les Russes rentreront dans leur affreux climat."

Such an angry persistency in ignoring the military merits of his opponents might be called ungenerous, if Napoleon's character had ever shown even a negative relation to the quality of generosity. It may be doubted whether it was politic to lie so extravagantly even to an audience of friends; but these volumes give proof that the Emperor worked to repair his damages as energetically as he lied to conceal them. When the campaign of 1813 began, the real weakness under which he laboured, to an extent unknown in any of his former Imperial campaigns, lay in his want of cavalry. The commanders of his various *corps d'armée* were enjoined to handle this arm most tenderly, and never to fritter it away in the chances of an unnecessary encounter. A conscript on foot requires a far shorter preparation to become fit food for powder than a conscript centaur, whose quadruped half must be a seasoned five-year-old to stand the hardships of a campaign. The annihilation of the cavalry of the Grand Army in Russia had been testified by the last paragraphs of the 29th bulletin, in the mention of the "escadron sacré" of 600 mounted officers, which at last formed the Emperor's personal escort, and in which generals acted as captains, and colonels as corporals. The French bulletin after Lutzen alleges inferiority of cavalry as the cause why no more prisoners were taken on that day:—

Au commencement de la bataille, l'Empereur avait dit aux troupes: "C'est une bataille d'Égypte. Une bonne infanterie soutenue par de l'artillerie doit savoir se suffire."

The hard-won victories of Bautzen-Wurschen were equally ineffective, from the want of the same arm, or from the stubborn metal of the enemy's troops; and one of the mainsprings of Napoleon's anxiety for a two months' armistice after those battles was his desire to gain time for the re-establishment of his cavalry on an adequate scale, to make the results of a victory as profitable to him as of old. The glancing cannon-ball which mortally wounded Duroc, in Napoleon's presence, on the last of these two bloody days, has brightened this correspondence with one of the most graceful, as it was probably one of the most sincere, expressions of affection ever uttered by Napoleon:—

La mort du duc de Frioul m'a peiné. C'est depuis vingt ans la seule fois qu'il n'ait pas deviné ce qui pouvait me plaire.

Neither anxiety for the armistice or what is to follow, nor the need of gratifying his spleen by abuse of the inconceivable meanness, selfishness, insolence, and perfidy of Austria (now balancing between France and the Allies, until the news of Vittoria startled the ear of Europe) occupy Napoleon too vividly to permit him to keep strict watch over the etiquette of the court of his youthful Empress at Paris. The following peremptory note, enjoining upon her a due maintenance of Imperial state, is curious, and it is odd that any such note should have been necessary:—

Madame et chère amie, j'ai reçu la lettre par laquelle vous m'avez fait connaître que vous avez reçu l'archichancelier étant au lit: mon intention est que, dans aucune circonstance et sous aucun prétexte, vous ne receviez qui que ce soit étant au lit. Cela n'est permis que passé l'âge de trente ans.

Nor is the Empress to make herself too common by indiscriminately assisting at religious functions or thanksgivings for every successive victory. A graceful act of gratitude, for once, is not to be repeated till it becomes an habitual necessity. "Avec un peuple comme le nôtre, il faut plus de tenue que cela." Cambacérès, as Archchancellor, must look to this, and must also see that, when a *Te Deum* is to be sung, it is sung in due time, lest it should become irrelevant and out of date:—

Je désire qu'en général le *Te Deum* soit chanté le dimanche qui suit immédiatement la réception de la nouvelle. Le retard n'a que des inconvénients: la guerre a ses chances. Il serait ridicule de chanter un *Te Deum* pour une victoire, lorsque, dans l'intervalle, on aurait appris une défaite.

Next day this mighty student of effect could find time to write to Cambacérès, at length, an order for the transmission of a select theatrical corps from Paris to Dresden, to impose upon Europe. "Je désire assez que cela fasse du bruit dans Paris, puisque cela ne pourra faire qu'un bon effet à Londres et en Espagne, en y faisant croire que nous nous amusons à Dresde. La saison est peu propre à la comédie"—and amusement in itself is a matter of indifference. The trick is therefore to be done as cheaply, but as noisily and effectively, as can be. We may be permitted to doubt whether the "bon effet" in London or in Spain would ever have been worth the trouble. M. Baussé, the *directeur* of the French Company which followed Napoleon into Russia, was no doubt there as a make-believe "que nous nous amusions à Moscou"; but he did not stave off the necessity of retreating, nor enliven the miseries of the retreat. It was more to the purpose to direct Augereau and Eugène, who commanded the armies of observation in Bavaria and Italy, to lose no opportunity of publishing exaggerated puffs of the strength of their respective commands:—

Faites mettre dans les journaux de Francfort et autres, à mesure que les bataillons arriveront, que beaucoup de troupes venant d'Espagne passent le Rhin, et que cette armée est encore plus belle et plus vieille que celle qui s'est distinguée à Lützen et à Wurschen; enfin, faites le plus de bruit que vous pourrez. Au lieu de *corps d'observation*, dites votre *armée*. Faites mettre dans les journaux le nom du général Pennetz, commandant en chef votre artillerie: faites y mettre le nom du général Dode, qui commande le génie: faites-y mettre aussi le nom des généraux qui commandent vos divisions, afin que dès la fin de juin l'Allemagne ait les yeux fixés sur vous et s'occupe beaucoup de la formation de votre armée.

In fact, both in Lombardy and on the Main, the stage manœuvre of marching the army round and round by the back of the scene was to be practised as extensively as possible during the armistice, to throw dust in the still undecided eyes of Austria. We have already noted the calculated indignation of the most selfish of historical potentates at the so-called selfishness of Austrian policy. Before Bautzen, he would have been ready to make peace with Russia, and even with Prussia, which had already turned against him, so that he might deal with Austria by herself as an intending traitress:—

Si j'ai des sacrifices à faire, j'aime mieux que ce soit au profit de l'empereur russe, qui me fait bonne guerre, et du roi de Prusse, auquel la Russie s'intéresse, qu'au profit de l'Autriche, qui a trahi l'alliance, et qui, sous le titre de médiateur, veut s'arroger le droit de disposer de tout, après avoir fait la part qui lui convient.

The celebrated conversation between Napoleon and Metternich during the negotiations of June, 1813, is reproduced in this correspondence from the report of Fain, the Emperor's secretary. In diplomacy as in war, it was Napoleon's great principle *déboucher en masse*; and the angry torrent of accusation against Austria for every political step taken by her in any direction but that of servile alliance with France, burst in its whole volume upon Metternich's head before Napoleon would allow him to reply. "Cette attaque était vive"—remarks the recording secretary—"M. de Metternich se jette à la traverse avec un attirail complet de phrases diplomatiques." The Emperor interrupts him with: "How much do you want for neutrality? Will Illyria satisfy you?" and commences a noisy and abusive chaffering, of which this is the peroration:—

Et c'est quand mes drapeaux flottent encore aux bouches de la Vistule et sur les rives de l'Oder, quand mon armée triomphante est aux portes de Berlin et de Breslau, quand de ma personne je suis ici à la tête de trois cent mille hommes, que l'Autriche, sans coup férir, sans même tirer l'épée, se flatte de me faire souscrire à de telles conditions! Sans tirer l'épée! cette prétention est un outrage! Et c'est mon beau-père qui accueille un tel projet! c'est lui qui vous envoie! Dans quel attitude veut-il donc me placer en présence du peuple français? Il s'abuse étrangement s'il croit qu'un trône mutilé puisse être en France un refuge pour sa fille et son petit-fils! Ah! Metternich, combien l'Angleterre vous a-t-elle donné pour vous décider à jouer ce rôle contre moi?

Even the skilled diplomatist could hardly keep his temper at this insolently outspoken personality:—

M. de Metternich a changé de couleur: un profond silence succède, et l'on continue de marcher à grands pas. Le chapeau de l'Empereur est tombé à terre: on passe et repasse plusieurs fois devant. Dans toute autre situation, M. de Metternich se serait empressé de le relever: l'Empereur le ramasse lui-même.

A very pretty touch of the by-play of the scene, which naturally struck the fancy of the courtly secretary. Napoleon's virtuous indignation did not prevent him from playing his last card with his usual coolness:—"En congédiant M. de Metternich, l'Empereur a soin de lui dire que la cession de l'Illyrie n'est pas son dernier mot." But two days before, on the 21st of June, the battle of Vittoria had been fought and won; and the French soldiery were pouring in wild disorder out of Spain, while Napoleon and Metternich were marching up and down by the neglected hat upon the floor. By the 1st of July the news had reached Dresden, and the trusted Duke of Dalmatia was already starting post-haste to cross Germany and France incognito, to assume entire command, as the Emperor's lieutenant-general, of the French armies in Spain and the Pyrenees. To keep the magnitude of the misfortune as secret as possible, Napoleon gave Soult the strictest orders that not a single officer from the beaten French army should be allowed to come north of Bayonne. The fraternal puppet who still wore the crown of Spain was forbidden to interfere in military matters. Pampeluna and St. Sebastian were to be delivered, and the English thrown back across the Ebro. But with unaccustomed sincerity Napoleon avowed that for once he was ignorant how far

his fortunes had been damaged, and how soon it might be possible to repair them. "Je suis encore," he writes, rather plaintively, on the 5th of July, to the War-Office in Paris, "dans l'obscur des événements, et je ne sais pas encore bien ce qui s'est passé." The little show of amusements and French comedies at Dresden had decidedly not produced its legitimate effect at London or in Spain, and even Soult was not destined to retrieve the disaster, though Napoleon could have sent no one more likely to do so, except himself.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.*

NOVELISTS are obviously beginning to experience an increasing scarcity of game in their ancient hunting-grounds. Every rank of English society has been ransacked for new characters; every variety of incident recorded in the *Morning Post* or the *Newgate Calendar* has been appropriated; and it is no wonder if authors feel a certain difficulty about serving up once more the dreary old bill of fare. Men of genius have the special prerogative of making old things new; but as, unluckily, very few novelists are men or women of genius, they must for the most part be content with humbler expedients, and try to tempt our appetite by some slight variation on the old-established dishes. The author of the *Sacristan's Household* has tried the plan of flavouring her pages with *sauer-kraut*, and, though that excellent vegetable is generally repulsive to English stomachs, we think that on the present occasion the experiment has been very successful. There is, of course, the disadvantage about all novels of foreign life, that it is difficult to establish a perfect sympathy between readers and writers on a ground with which neither can be thoroughly familiar; the writer moves constrainedly, and the reader does not easily seize the force of the situations. A German, too, might detect enough inaccuracies in the local colour to injure his pleasure in the story; especially an inhabitant of Lippe-Detmold—in which little principality the scene is detailed—might be induced to complain of the English lady who has drawn his country from the life without even condescending to throw over it the usual veil of a fictitious name. Speaking, however, as Englishmen comparatively indifferent to the minute accuracy of a portrait of Lippe-Detmold, and not over-anxious that the Fatherland itself should be described with pedantic adherence to facts, we may admit ourselves to be very well satisfied. German life has obvious advantages for a novelist of the domestic order. The quiet old provincial life which supplied some of our most charming writers has become too much a thing of the past. Fielding's country alehouses and Miss Austen's country mansions have been pretty much swept away. George Eliot's descriptions in *Silas Marner* or the *Mill on the Floss* refer avowedly to a past generation. But in the German villages past which the British tourist generally hurries at express speed there still lingers a good quiet comfortable life, very picturesque from the outside and incredibly dull within. Phlegmatic farmers, and priggish professors, and intensely stiff gentlemen of any number of quarterings thrive there as placidly as the old carp in the ponds of Fontainebleau. Upon these, and such as these, the author of the *Sacristan's Household* has cast her net, and has brought up many quaint and picturesque characters.

She sets her actors to work with much quiet humour and great keenness of perception. One of the principal personages in her book is the crabbed old Sacristan who gives his name to the story, and who is the oracle of the nightly club in the *speise-saal* of the Pied Lamb at the village of Horn. He holds to the simple creed that every change is for the worse, and answers all cavillers by the conclusive argument that he is seventy-nine years of age. Then we have the fat old landlord, whose theory is that all conversation, especially upon politics, is an interruption to good company, and that men should be content with smoking and drinking beer. There is the cunning old Justizrath, who gradually works his way upwards by professing utter absence of mind, and under shelter of his apparent dreaminess sucking into his capacious memory every waif and stray of gossip that floats past him, like some voracious cuttlefish lying half hid in the sand. Then we have glimpses of the sublime society of Detmold, the *hochwohlgeborne* dignitaries and their wives, who form a little clique of the very purest cream of mankind, guarding more jealously against all intrusion into their sacred circle than the most exclusive set in our "bloated aristocracy." Amongst secondary characters are the well-to-do farmers, with shrewish wives plaguing their souls on washing-days and ruling their households with a rod of iron, and various subsidiary persons—each of whom, however, is skilfully though slightly touched—in the shape of foresters, charcoal-burners, and the various hangers-on of the more important actors. The plot which sets this little world in action centres upon a gallant young forester who takes part in the war of 1866, and a charming German maiden, to whom he is happily united in the last chapter of the story. Before making any criticisms upon the story we may say that the general effect is excellent. It is pleasant when living in London to dwell upon these pictures of sleepy domestic existence. Many people would indeed hold that life in a penal settlement or in Pentonville Penitentiary would be hardly more tiresome in the long run than a banishment to these stagnant backwaters of modern society. German villages may be the homes of every virtue, but they are not attractive places of residence to an Englishman of modern tastes. It is all the more agreeable to read about them, and to realize the fact that there are still places where the inhabitants never read newspapers, and regard the outside world much as a benevolent cow looks at a railway-train. Bread-and-butter is rather an insipid food when it forms our only article of diet; but we are glad to see children enjoying it, and may even fancy at cynical moments that we could be content to limit ourselves to the same innocent mode of satisfying our appetites. Novels which are designed to give us a glimpse of such scenes are a very pleasant interruption to stories of murder and bigamy and fast young ladies and gentlemen. We ought to say that they are more moral; but the question might be raised whether we do not show as sophisticated a taste when we admire pictures of calm repose as when we indulge in a bit of pure excitement. It is a more refined mode of enjoyment, but may possibly resemble the admiration with which a dissolute man of the world sometimes regards the innocence which he certainly does not share. This, however, is merely a hint thrown out for the benefit of philosophical critics. For the present, we are content to say that the *Sacristan's Household* is really an excellent description of village life in Germany, which may be conscientiously recommended to the lovers of the domestic novel.

We have, however, as yet, said nothing about the story; and this deserves a passing notice, because it illustrates a weak point of most English novelists. The author has set herself, as we have seen, to describe people of the most ordinary type. There is nothing very brave or very eccentric or very startling in any way. It is perfectly possible to compose a thoroughly satisfactory work of art from such materials, and indeed the author has to a great extent succeeded. Her success, however, would have been much less equivocal if she had taken a plot more suitable to the actors. People die and are married and are sent to the wars in real life; and with a few of the incidents which actually occur, a very sufficient machinery for the exhibition of character might have been constructed. We would pass over without opposition a little bit of romance in a German story such as is made out of a deserted lodge in a forest and a half-insane charcoal-burner turning up after an irregular and mysterious fashion. But it is rather too bad to be bothered with one of the very stalest of all the unfortunate plots that have done duty for successive generations of novelists. It was surely unnecessary that the heroine should turn out all of a sudden to be the daughter of a nobleman, and the heiress to a princely fortune. On a moderate computation, this startling incident must have been used some thousands of times within the last half-century. From the very first hint that is given we know all about it, and feel a certain irritation at having so stale an expedient passed off upon us, and that at the very time when we are being introduced to a comparatively new set of scenery and characters. Our objection, however, is not so much that the device is terribly stale, nor that it is wildly improbable, nor even, although this is perfectly true, that it introduces a gratuitous difficulty into the conclusion of the story. The fortune bestowed upon the heroine makes the reconciliation of the hero to his family an apparently mercenary affair on their part, and brings him into awkwardly close connexion with certain dignitaries who have previously treated him with contempt. Nor do we even complain chiefly because it gives a certain vulgarity to the catastrophe, by changing the natural conclusion, and implying that a virtuous pair of peasants could not be happy without a fortune. These objections to a device which, if critics had any legislative authority, would long ago have been forbidden to novelists, are for the most part common to all stories in which it occurs. But in this case there is the special objection that it is entirely out of keeping with the general air of the novel. When we are invited to take an interest in the fortunes of a labouring-man, or of one a few stages above him, we are perfectly willing to do so; and there is the great advantage that, without any strain upon our credulity, he may be exposed to much severer trials than the class from which heroes are generally recruited. But then he must be the labouring-man of real life, not the picturesque peasant of operas and melo-dramas. The condition of success is that the treatment of the story should be thoroughly realistic, and should rely upon touching us by the ordinary joys and sorrows of genuine working-men. So soon as they turn out to be princes in disguise, we feel that the author has shrunk from the self-imposed task, and has endeavoured to impose upon our sympathies. Some of George Sand's stories of peasant life are models of the proper treatment of such a theme, and might be studied with great advantage by English authors who draw from similar models. We feel no doubt that the author of the *Sacristan's Household* would be capable of doing much better in this respect. The hero of her story distinguishes himself by a feat which was actually performed by a Prussian sentry in the late war, who held his place in a belfry for two days after having been forgotten on the advance of his regiment. For this he is very properly rewarded by a forester's place. If this had been his sole reward, and all the nonsense about his bride's unexpected fortune had been omitted, the end would have been far more satisfactory, and we should have had little fault to find with what, as it is, is a very good story.

* *The Sacristan's Household: a Story of Lippe-Detmold.* 2 vols. By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." London: Virtue & Co. 1869.

CHURCH HISTORY FOR THE YOUNG.*

WE do not profess to have read every word of this book; but we have read enough to be able to say that it is much

* *A History of the English Church, from its Foundation to the Reign of Queen Mary.* In Two Parts. Addressed to the Young. By M. C. S. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1869.

better than might have been expected from its first sentence. That first sentence did indeed take our breath away:—

> You know, my dear children, you have read in your History of England that many hundred years ago Julius Cæsar, the great Roman general, came over with his soldiers, and conquered the English people, who, you remember, were then called Britons.

This, in 1869, really was too much, and we were very near going no further. But a strong sense of duty drove us on, and we are bound to say that, especially when we get into the second part, the author shows some degree of knowledge of the subject, enough at least to make so portentous an opening the more amazing. The first part, we are told, is meant for mere children, while the second is for readers a little more advanced in years. But is that any reason why the children should be regaled with nonsense, while the sense is kept back for the elder boys and girls? Now if one wished of set purpose to make a child thoroughly misunderstand all English history, it would be impossible to find a better way and means thereto than the sentence which we have quoted. A child could not be more carefully put on the wrong scent than by being told that "the English people" were, in the time of Cæsar, "called Britons." The same writer would probably be amazed to be told that the Turkish people in the time of Miltiades were called Greeks, and it would be thought not only strange but profane to say that the Hebrews, in the time of Abraham, were called Amorites. Yet, considering that the Canaanites, whatever was their origin, most certainly spoke the same language as the Hebrews, a philologist would think this last proposition far less startling than the identification of Britons with Englishmen. Now in these ecclesiastical books, besides the usual sources of confusion, there is always that special source of confusion, the supposed necessity of saying something about that bugbear and spectre of true historians, the "ancient British Church." English nationality is ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of a handful of Welsh Bishops, who kept Easter at some fancy time of their own. Our present writer is not quite so grotesque as Mr. O'Dell Travers Hill, who blamed Augustine for seeking consecration in Gaul, and not at the hands of some of "the numerous English Bishops." But such a beginning leads to things which are quite queer enough. We have of course all the usual babble about "Saxons," "Saxon this," "Saxon the other," which people really ought to be beginning to leave off in 1869. We suppose there is no nation but ourselves which takes such infinite pains to prove that it is not itself, but somebody else. And after all, writers of this sort commonly miss the real ecclesiastical link which unites Briton and Englishman. They go chattering about British Bishops of York and London, and, may be, Eldad of Gloucester to boot, but they forget that Glastonbury was a real instance of a British ecclesiastical foundation which lived through the English Conquest.

We have hardly recovered from the shock in the first page when, on getting some way on, we come to the mention of a person whom Alcuin (Ealhwine) met "while travelling in Italy," and who is described as "the celebrated French Emperor Charlemagne." Directly after, we are told that "France had been for a long time in a very unsettled state," and we forgot to say that, some time earlier, Æthelberht was married to "the daughter of a French King." Now this sort of thing sets one thinking. The writer of this book is by no means grossly stupid or grossly ignorant; the book is by no means one of those books which are a mere heap of blunders, for it is written with much more care and much more intelligence than most books for the young. And yet its author first makes Cæsar come against "the English people, who were then called Britons," and then talks about "the celebrated French Emperor Charlemagne." How is it that a person who clearly has a very fair knowledge of the mere facts can be so utterly confused as to the force and bearing of facts? Is it simply that people write without thinking what they are writing, or does the author of this book seriously believe that Charles the Great talked French? For we may mark that the phrase "French Emperor" is bad beyond the average degree of badness. Most of our tormentors are satisfied with turning the great German into a "King of France," and making him, rightly enough, go to Rome to be crowned Emperor of something or other, they are not very clear what, but at least something different from France. But here we see "Charles Augustus crowned by God" distinctly turned into a "French Emperor," as naturally as if he had dissolved a National Assembly, fired his cannon down the streets of Paris, and sent off his surviving enemies to Cayenne. Are we to suppose that there are people who have, in a kind of way, a decent knowledge of the facts of history, who know something about battles and genealogies and religious changes, but who never stop to think about the facts of language, and who never so much as look at a Spruners map? And let us not be met by the ever-recurring cry that the book is a child's book, and that we must not look for minute accuracy of expression in a child's book. In a child's book we certainly do not look for full and exhaustive treatment, but we do look for the minutest accuracy of expression on every point. In truth minute accuracy is nowhere so absolutely necessary as in a child's book, because a child takes the first impressions which are given him; he has no means of correcting them, and, if his first impressions are wrong, all his ideas may be warped for life. A child's book must leave much to be learned, but it ought to leave nothing to be unlearned. And we must again repeat that sound and accurate views of things are not harder to a child than inaccurate ones, but really much simpler and easier. To children of the least intelligence the phenomena of race and language are singularly attractive, and are taken in with the greatest ease. It is simply to the teacher who has to unlearn that they seem hard; to the child who has only to learn they are perfectly easy. The true relation of the English nation and the English language to the cognate nations and languages can be made perfectly clear to a child, while the common confused gabble about the English people in Cæsar's time being called Britons, and about Romans, Britons, Saxons, and Normans, can never be made clear to anybody, because it has no meaning at all.

Yet, as we have already said, the writer of this book has a fair notion of many things, and has evidently taken far greater pains both to be fair and to be accurate than is at all usual in books of this kind. To take one instance out of many, it is a crumb of comfort to find a book of this sort which, while fully awake to the evil deeds of King John, is also fully awake to the fact that he was not a usurper of the Crown. And we take kindly to an ecclesiastical book which does not run off into extravagant partisanship in any direction. Our author honestly tries to be fair to Dunstan and Thomas and other ecclesiastical worthies, and the attempt is not unsuccessful. A very decent mean is kept between depreciation and adoration. And, as with particular persons, so too with the general subject. The mediæval Church is not painted with the colours of Murphy or Mr. Whalley, nor yet is it set up to be worshipped with the frantic worship of the last young curate or young nobleman who has forsaken the communion of Anselm and Winchelsey for the communion of Archbishop Manning. Our author, though incapable of understanding that the English nation has always been the English nation, fully understands that the English Church always has been the English Church. Even the "ancient British Church" is not very offensively dragged in. Though the book does throw off with a flourish about Britons and Druids, yet the author is not so stiff-necked as to deny that the English Church had its origin from Rome, and not from Wales. And our author fully realizes that the Church presided over by Dr. Tait is the same body as the Church which was founded by Augustine. No one ought now to disguise this plain fact, since even the *Times* has recognised it; we do not mean in its grotesque article on the Archbishop's installation, but in the two really remarkable criticisms which it devoted to Mr. Blunt's *History of the Reformation.* Yet we were surprised, and, as nothing does a good cause more harm than a bad argument on its behalf, we were sorry to see, not any ordinary babbler, but a scholar and lawyer like Mr. G. O. Morgan, stoop the other night in the House of Commons to talk the exploded conventional sort of talk about mediæval endowments being given not to the Church of England but to the Church of Rome. We suppose that there are people who sincerely fancy that, at the mysterious time called "the Reformation," a mass of property was taken from one religious body and given to another religious body. That anybody should think so is almost more wonderful than that anybody should think that Charles was "a French Emperor," or that Cæsar found the English people in Britain. But it is plain that people do think so; only a man in Mr. Morgan's position should not encourage them in so strange a belief.

Our author is, we need hardly say, High Church in all things, but it is with a hearty Anglican High Churchmanship, which in no way leads to the Pope. Cranmer is let off very favourably; Edward the Sixth is a marked favourite; Henry the Eighth is treated at least with fairness. But the writer should have known better than to fancy that the execution—will Mr. Froude let us call it the murder or the martyrdom?—of Abbot Whiting had anything to do with taking the oath of supremacy. This is one of the queerest delusions that we know, and yet it is very common. The mistake is one much more serious than a mistake about the particular charge brought against a particular person. People who fancy that Whiting was condemned for denying the King's supremacy show that they fancy that the King's supremacy was a matter of dispute as late as 1540. The source of the confusion of course is this; the King's supremacy was established at the Reformation, and the monasteries were destroyed at the Reformation, and the Reformation was an event which happened in some particular year, though what particular year it was is not generally known. When our author calls Calvin a "Swiss Reformer," the modern map is doubtless in fault. Did not Calvin live at Geneva, and is not Geneva in Switzerland? But when we remember that a more famous writer than "M. C. S." thought it possible to become "a Swiss Bishop"—and that at Curia Rhætorum—in the second century, we need not be hard on the belief that Calvin was a Swiss Reformer. Moreover, did not David Hume, finding that Lanfranc came from Pavia, look in his map to see where Pavia was, and, finding that it was in the Duchy of Milan, pronounce Lanfranc to have been "a Milanese monk"? But to go back to earlier times, our author in telling, or rather not telling, the story about Ealdred and his rhymes,

> Hightest thou Urse?
> Have thou God's curse,

transfers the tale from Worcester to Winchester, a city with which Ealdred never had anything to do. More amazing still is it to read that Ealdred "founded the Bishoprics of Gloucester and Ripon." As for Gloucester, some allowance must be made for the palpable obscurity which seems to enwrap that city—an obscurity which made Mr. Froude confound it with Worcester, and made the *Times* confound it with Bristol. What Ealdred really did at Gloucester was to rebuild the minster and—scandal said—to filch away some of the estates of the Abbey. As for the

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 705, Vol. 27. May 1, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

MR. SUMNER ON THE *ALABAMA* CLAIMS.

MR. SUMNER has, in his elaborate speech in the Senate, recapitulated with fluent acrimony all the accusations and all the pretexts for animosity which have during several years been devised and collected by his countrymen. It would be useless to reiterate, in reply to his indictment against England, the arguments which he leaves absolutely unnoticed. If it were Mr. SUMNER'S object to precipitate a war, he could not be more bitter or more unjust. According to his own paradoxical statement, he desires not to inflame angry passions, but to promote peace and concord by rejecting a treaty which would not satisfy American demands. He argues that it is useless to terminate a quarrel by an arrangement which would not content the offended party. The converse error of imposing intolerable conditions of reconciliation appears not to enter into his consideration. In plain words, he insists that the Americans shall have their own way, with the alternative of implacable hostility to England; nor are the requisitions which he suggests as the basis of future negotiation moderate enough to be seriously proposed. To the total amount of the *Alabama* claims Mr. SUMNER, in his estimate of damages, adds an arbitrary sum for the loss inflicted generally on American commerce; and, as if he feared that some English Government might be induced to concede both demands, he further asserts that England is liable for the costs incurred by the supposed prolongation of the war during one, two, or three years. In a novel by the late Mr. SAVAGE, a malcontent Irishman demanded the restoration of Stonehenge, which, as he asserted, had in some prehistoric age been transported by lawless invaders from the Curragh of Kildare to Salisbury Plain. The advantage, as he explained to his friends, of his novel grievance was that, since it could never be remedied, it would last for ever. In a similar spirit Mr. SUMNER requires an abject apology from England, to be accompanied by the payment of a sum which may be moderately estimated at two or three hundred millions sterling. It is scarcely possible that a grave and experienced politician can have attached so extravagant a price to the conclusion of the controversy, except with the deliberate purpose of rendering a settlement impossible. In his rhetorical invective Mr. SUMNER exaggerates every element in the dispute, except, indeed, that which is its real origin and motive, the ill-will of his countrymen to England. From first to last, notwithstanding his conventional professions, he seems to be wholly actuated by a spirit of revenge. The absurd charge that the *Alabama* captures prolonged the war for a year, for a month, or for a day has been but recently invented. It would perhaps have seemed too monstrous, while the great Eastern and Western campaigns were fresh in general memory, to pretend that three or four successive invasions of Virginia were repelled because a solitary cruiser, which had escaped from an English port, was seizing American merchant vessels on different parts of the high seas.

Mr. SUMNER may perhaps believe that the recognition of belligerency was a proof of unfriendly feelings, and yet nothing is more certain than that the English Government issued the proclamation with a genuine and earnest desire to avoid any offence to American susceptibility. As the motives of the act have been not unnaturally misapprehended, it is necessary to rely on the undoubted fact that the English Government was exercising an indisputable right. The blockade which had been previously proclaimed by the President of the UNITED STATES is conclusive evidence of the existence of a war, although Mr. SUMNER misrepresents the argument of his opponents when he affects to believe that their justification rests exclusively on a single admission. It was, according to Mr. SUMNER, a mere verbal mistake to announce a blockade when the Government might have closed the Southern ports by Executive authority; but a decree by which the ports were closed could have created no right to capture on the high seas vessels which might be bringing munitions of war to the Confederates. It was for the purpose of guarding against such a difficulty that Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SUMNER deliberately proclaimed a blockade, estopping themselves, according to a subsequent judgment of the Supreme Court, from a denial that a state of war actually existed. As might have been expected, Mr. SUMNER leaves unnoticed the unanimous assent of all European Governments to the neutral policy of England. The French recognition of belligerent rights was issued on the same day, in the same words; and within two or three weeks every maritime Power, including Russia, committed in the same form the same wrong which is exclusively imputed to England. At that time there was little difference of opinion on either side of the Atlantic that the disruption of the American Federation was complete and final. It is true that the conclusion was erroneous, but the Confederacy held undisputed possession of its own territory, and it was evident that, according to the universal opinion, State ties were more binding than Federal allegiance. If any kingdom in the civilized world had been split into two parts in similar circumstances, the American Government would have recognised, not only its belligerent rights, but its political independence.

Mr. SUMNER'S fairness in discussing the question of the *Alabama* is illustrated by his attack on the English Government with reference to the Liverpool steam-rams. The complaint that one cruiser escaped from the Mersey is mixed up with a complaint respecting two vessels which were not allowed to escape. It is notorious that, in its desire to do substantial justice, the Government trespassed beyond the verge of a law which is precisely the same in England and in the United States. The Court of Exchequer had given judgment against the Government in the case of the *Alexandra*, and it was only in well-founded reliance on the support of Parliament that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL ventured to prevent the despatch of the vessels. As these rams, in fact, neither left the harbour, nor at any time caused any damage to American commerce, it is strange that they should furnish an item to the long list of unfounded accusations against England. The speech itself is from first to last thoroughly consistent in injustice. The secession was, as Mr. SUMNER truly says, in the first instance partly encouraged by the hope that England would recognise the independence of the South. In the cant American phrase, Cotton was King, and England would prove her loyalty to her economic sovereign by employing her fleets and armies in aid of the cotton-growing Confederacy. That the expectation was signally disappointed no ignorant person could learn from Mr. SUMNER. If a man complained that a capitalist whom he regarded as his friend had advanced money to start against him a trading competitor, it would be thought a sufficient defence that the application had been urgently made and positively refused. In controversies with England, American disputants regard fact and logic with impartial contempt.

It was not thought necessary to explain the entire change of American feeling and opinion during the course of a single year. Whatever may have been Mr. SUMNER'S private judgment, he concurred with the rest of the Senate in approving the nomination of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, in the distinct understanding that he was to negotiate a treaty virtually identical with that which has been now rejected. At that time Republicans and Democrats were agreed that the case was proper for arbitration, nor had they dreamed of the outrageous fiction that England had become liable for the evil of one or two years of war. The unwise speeches of the American Minister at English public dinners can scarcely account for the outbreak of hatred which finds an eloquent and sympathetic exponent in Mr. SUMNER; but there is little advantage in attempting to account for a state of things which, however it may have been caused, indisputably exists. In another year the passions which Mr. SUMNER stimulates may have partially subsided, or they may have expanded into a declaration of war and an invasion of Canada. There is

perhaps no example of a war undertaken solely for purposes of vengeance, nor would an attempt at territorial conquest be a disinterested expression of sentiment. There is no other quarter in which England is especially vulnerable in a contest with America; but the great resources of the United States, unscrupulously employed, would undoubtedly cause injury and suffering, not without heavy cost to the wrongdoer. If such a result is to be produced, either by design or by the unforeseen operation of hostile feelings, reasoning would have no effect in averting a lamentable crime and misfortune. From the beginning of the discussion the only hope of a solution was to be found in an appeal to the doctrines of international law, or in the discretion of an indifferent arbitrator. Although the arguments which induced Lord RUSSELL to decline a reference have never been confuted it is now generally admitted that the concession which was afterwards made by Lord STANLEY was judicious; but for every step which the English Government has advanced, the Americans have receded to twice the distance. Short of war, it impossible to go further than Mr. SUMNER in a hostile direction.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

THAT astonishing personage the Mayor of CORK continues his official career in a manner which, even in Ireland seems to be recognised as rather unusual. He has been presiding at a parting banquet to two of the silly blustering adventurers whom the misplaced clemency of the Government has recently released from imprisonment. The sentiments of the Mayor on the subject of these popular heroes and of their fellows are startling in an official. He thinks that O'FARRELL was one of the noblest men Ireland ever produced, simply because he tried to kill a son of the QUEEN. When a Mayor has got as far as this, it is no use noticing outpourings of treason in less responsible people. And certainly Ireland is in a most extraordinary state just now. Men of position and character who are not known to have given any offence, and who are respected and liked by their neighbours, are every day shot down at the threshold of their homes. Prince ARTHUR's visit to Londonderry has ended in a fatal riot, and it may be an anxious subject of thought with him that perhaps some great and glorious patriot may be inspired by the Mayor of CORK with the idea that the deed of the high-minded O'FARRELL may be imitated, rivalled, and possibly surpassed in success. Naturally every one is talking of Ireland, and of scarcely anything else, and this week the Lords have had their say on the Irish Land question. The predominant characteristic of the debate, as of most debates in the Upper House, was its singular asperity. The feeling which appears to animate the Peers is not so much one of party violence as of personal bitterness. There is not much done in the Upper House, and not much said. The necessity which the Lords feel of dining punctually at eight precludes long discussion. But the little that is said is hot and strong. Were it not for the unruffled blandness of Lord GRANVILLE the debates in the Lords would present an unbroken flood of acrimony, jealousy, and hostility. Last Session the Lords were furious to a degree that dispelled altogether the popular illusion that the Upper House is the sphere of calm and serene political wisdom. The fires that burnt then can scarcely be said to be smouldering now. They blaze up on the slightest provocation, and we may expect that when the Irish Church Bill reaches the Lords, the Peers will show their volcanic ardour without restraint. They are warming up already under the pretext of discussing the harmless measure proposed by Lord CLANRICARDE for the settlement of Tenant Right. Showers of abuse have been poured upon the Government because they object to committing themselves to support a fragmentary and imperfect mode of dealing with a great, deep, and complex question. On both sides some injustice is displayed, and some weakness of argument is apparent. Lord GRANVILLE gave a long list of the work which the Government has cut out for Parliament this Session, and he asked how it could be said that, with so much before them, the Government could be thought bound to add an Irish Land Bill. This could convince no one. The Government has itself implanted in the public mind the persuasion that there must be a settlement of the standing difficulties regarding Irish land, which shall be much more radical than any hitherto attempted. They have given additional urgency and weight to a question which anyhow must have been of primary importance. If they could have settled the Irish Land question this Session, they cannot excuse themselves for deferring that settlement because they have brought in a variety of Bills on all kinds of subjects. Their real defence is that, in selecting the Irish Church Bill as the main Irish Bill of the Session, they may have made the right selection. On the other hand, nothing can be more unfair than to ask them to commit themselves to a premature exposition of the heads of the Bill which they would bring in for settling the Irish Land question, if they were going to bring in one at all. A Government can only carry a great measure by keeping silence as to all details until they invite the attention of Parliament in a serious manner to a Bill which must be accepted or rejected. Much of the success which has attended the introduction of the Irish Church Bill in the House of Commons is due to the fact that no one knew what Ministers were going to do until they brought forward a measure complete in itself, based throughout on consistent principles, and every clause and detail of which bore the marks of careful thought and nice adjustment. As they are not going to deal with the Irish Land question this year, they necessarily fall back on mere general expressions. They allege that they see the necessity for dealing with Irish land on a scale and in a manner hitherto unattempted. On the other hand, they pledge themselves to propose no scheme inconsistent with what Conservatives and political economists consider to be the legitimate rights of private property. How they are to reconcile what many people consider irreconcileable views is their secret, just as it was their secret how they could create a free ecclesiastical body to deal with the State, and how they could devote the surplus of the Church property to purposes generally recognised as satisfactory. If they have such a secret about the land, it would be in the last degree imprudent to reveal it prematurely; and the success with which they have elaborated a scheme for dealing with the Church raises a presumption that they may be trusted when they say that in due time they are equally prepared to deal with the land.

Meantime it is very natural that Irish landlords should feel a vague alarm, and Irish tenants a vague joy, at the thought that some great measure, of which no accurate conception can be formed, is impending. Whether the brutal, aimless, cold-blooded assassinations that now make Tipperary worse than Calabria or Mexico are due in any degree to the declarations of leading members of the present Government about the land, it is impossible to say. It is easy for Opposition speakers to take one side, and for Government speakers to take the other, but the simple fact is that the very best-informed Irishmen are wholly at a loss to account for the recent burst of agrarian outrage. Anyhow, Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are responsible for the general expectation, with all its attendant excitement, that the present Government intend to do something as regards, not only the Irish Church, but Irish land and Irish education, such as no Government has wished or dared to do before. They have assigned themselves the task of entirely remoulding the policy of England towards Ireland. Whether this task is beyond their strength, and whether what they may hereafter propose will be wise and acceptable to the country, time alone can show. It is sufficient for the present that the measure with which they have begun is bold, statesmanlike, and successful. That they could have dealt with more than one great Irish question in a Session is quite impossible, and no one except a peer full of the bitterness of Tories in opposition, or of the deeper bitterness of neglected Whigs, can doubt that they were right in dealing first with the Church. The spirit that breathed through the speeches of the Peers on Monday night is the best proof of this, for it is obvious that the Church question excites feelings so keen, and stirs up prejudices so strong, that, until it is got out of the way and done with once for all, no other Irish subject is likely to be discussed with even that feeble amount of impartiality to which it may be conceived the Peers would revert if their religious passions were stilled or assuaged. The course of events precluded the Government from having any choice in the matter. It was on the definite issue of what was to be done with the Irish Church that the appeal to the constituencies was made and the present Government came into office. Lord MAYO's speech led to the Suspensory Bill, and the Suspensory Bill to the elections, and the elections to the creation of a Government pledged before all things to carry out the policy which the Suspensory Bill had typified. But this is by no means all. There is a much deeper reason why the Irish Church should be dealt with before the land is taken in hand. According to the principles of the Liberal party, the existence of the Irish Church in its present form is altogether wrong. It is a thing quite indefensible, and opposed to all the doctrines that the Liberal party spend their lives in asserting, to maintain by the exercise

of Imperial power a Church symbolical of hatred for the religion of a conquered people. Until this wrong is remedied, other questions between Ireland and England cannot, from the Liberal point of view, be approached with an easy conscience. We know that we are wrongdoers in one material point, and we cannot discuss other points freely. Some day, perhaps, the discussions between Ireland and England may reach a stage when Ireland will ask what England cannot grant, what her honour or her care for her own safety will forbid her to conceive. Irishmen must then be made to understand clearly that they are not going to get what they ask. Firmness, and, if necessary, the extreme of firmness, must be shown. To yield out of lazy goodhumour, or under the influence of a dreamy sentimentalism, everything that cliques of noisy, ignorant, fanatical Irishmen choose to ask, would be equally degrading and disastrous to England. But how should we have the heart to be firm, how could we feel comfortable in putting forth the strength of England, if we knew that at the time we were doing a wrong to the Irish people? The great use of settling the Irish Church question at the outset is that the Liberal party will then have qualified itself to discuss, without fear or self-reproach, all other Irish questions, or to consult the interests of the Empire rather than to earn the fleeting gratitude of insatiable Irishmen.

Among the Opposition speakers none was more bitter than Lord WESTBURY. The elevation of Lord HATHERLEY has, perhaps, naturally induced Lord WESTBURY to see Irish matters, and possibly some other matters, in a new light. The Suspensory Bill was a very good Bill, for there was no saying to what it might lead; but as a matter of fact it did lead to giving the Chancellorship to the present amiable holder of the Seals, and Lord WESTBURY now proposes that the Lords shall neither adopt nor reject the Irish Church Bill, but shelve it in a grand airy way to another Session. He complained in a most feeling way of the general depression of spirit that has followed on the proceedings of the present Government. This, and not agrarian outrages, is, he said, the real evil, and it was to be expected that he himself would feel this depression much more keenly than the murder of a few magistrates in Tipperary. The readers of Lord CAMPBELL's recent volume will observe with some amazement how history repeats itself, and will remember how the promotion of the excellent Lord COTTENHAM stung Lord BROUGHAM into a pertinacious hostility towards all his former colleagues. Lord WESTBURY is as yet only in the stage of a gloomy Toryism, but there are signs that he is fast ripening into a stage of ardent Protestantism. He may view what escaped him a year ago, that the Suspensory Bill was the beginning of a universal depreciation of property, and he is haunted with misgivings that worse things lie before us, and that in a few years Ireland will become a mere province of Rome. Of course Lord WESTBURY's sincerity cannot be questioned, and if disappointment has acted on him, it has acted on him imperceptibly to himself; but still the world will notice with a smile that Lord HATHERLEY has apparently been the innocent instrument of converting him to the political creed of Mr. HARDY and Mr. NEWDEGATE. It is with great regret that those who know Lord WESTBURY's high intellectual gifts and wide grasp of legal principles have seen him condemned to inaction, and the country deprived of the services he could have rendered it as the head of the Law. But it will be with much greater and profounder regret that they will see him betrayed by waywardness or pique into hostility towards the party with which he has so long acted. The history of Lord BROUGHAM's life was not, we should have thought, very encouraging to ex-Chancellors who might feel disposed to follow in his path. How much higher would Lord BROUGHAM's memory now stand if, during the MELBOURNE Ministry, he had borne with patience and dignity what he considered unmerited neglect, and had devoted himself with singleness of purpose to the great task of Law Reform and to his judicial duties. Lord WESTBURY's career has certainly not fulfilled all that he might reasonably have hoped, but he has still an opportunity of being most useful to his country; and if he neglects this opportunity, he will find a very poor compensation in the pleasure of inflicting a little annoyance and awakening a little surprise by his speeches in the House of Lords.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

WHILE the German Liberals are struggling to introduce a responsible Ministry, while the educated minority in France is hopelessly protesting against personal government, while Austria, Italy, and Spain are labouring through various stages of approximation to Parliamentary freedom, a querulous essay on Parliamentary Government in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* repeats for the hundredth time the old and true proposition that the English Constitution is not absolutely perfect. The writer has not considered it a part of his task to suggest any preferable alternative; but if the nation could be induced to submit to the government of the permanent Under-Secretaries of the various departments, the evil results which are attributed to political party would either disappear or require some new explanation. A more ambitious and more practical remedy would consist in the adoption of the French or Prussian system of centralized administration under a King or Emperor, surrounded by Ministers of his choice. The author of the essay is chiefly troubled by the frequent political changes which in his opinion render it impossible for English statesmen to prosecute far-seeing and consistent designs. As he truly remarks, Lord LIVERPOOL reigned for fifteen or sixteen years, while more recent Prime Ministers have been restricted to a shorter tenure of office. The vigour and originality of old-fashioned Administrations are not illustrated by any record of Lord LIVERPOOL's extraordinary achievements. It happens that, during Lord GREY's four years' term of office, the Reform Bill was passed, West Indian slavery was abolished, and the difficult and unpopular reform of the old Poor-law was accomplished. Sir ROBERT PEEL, in five years from 1841 to 1846, entirely remodelled financial and commercial legislation; and Mr. GLADSTONE has since brought the doctrine of Free-trade to such practical perfection that, after the repeal of the duty on corn, not a single relic of Protection is retained in the fiscal system. Political critics of the feebler sort are always impatient of the fitfulness and irregularity which undoubtedly attend Parliamentary government, and they wholly overlook the force which is on occasion derived from popular sympathy and co-operation. The disciplined and irresistible majorities with which Mr. GLADSTONE is now battering down the Irish Establishment ought to have suggested the advantages which a Parliamentary leader may sometimes possess as compared with a clerk. It happens that within the present generation all parts of Europe have enjoyed the ideal perfection which excites the envy of English pessimists; and nevertheless one State after another has found it expedient to modify or abandon the despotic or bureaucratic form of government. The Continental Parliaments owe their existence to a general conviction that Kings, Ministers, and Under-Secretaries are not to be trusted with the exclusive control of the destiny of nations. At the present moment educated Frenchmen are almost unanimously hostile to the distribution of power which would probably satisfy the *Quarterly* Reviewer.

It would be surprising if any trite and plausible remark on the superficial aspect of politics had not been anticipated by Lord MACAULAY, who, in reviewing Mr. GLADSTONE's well-known ecclesiastical prolusion, observed that a country apothecary or a Scotch minister was more likely to produce an original work on politics than a statesman who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons. The implied ridicule of Mr. GLADSTONE's cumbrous paradoxes was sufficiently just for the purposes of an epigrammatic sentence; nor was it necessary for the satirist to reconcile his disparagement of Parliamentary orators with the genuine and manly love of constitutional freedom which MACAULAY habitually cherished. In the particular instance the fallacy has been historically confuted. It is not the business of statesmen to write books on political questions, but to apply political principles to practice. Mr. GLADSTONE in his youth wrote a dull and confused book in defence of the Irish Church, and in his maturity he confutes Lord MACAULAY's prophecy by destroying, as a Minister, the abuse which he had formerly vindicated as a theorist. The art of legislation and of government is best learned by practice, and the advantage which the gift of eloquence bestows in the competition for political rank ensures the possession, by successful statesmen, of intellectual power. It is a mistake to suppose that rhetorical facility, unaccompanied by more solid qualities, will raise any man to the rank of a Parliamentary leader. When the apologists of absolutism complain that orators in England are preferred to posts where no oratory is needed, they denounce an imaginary Cabinet composed of empty declaimers. If they would take the trouble to examine the past or present working of the system, they would scarcely deny the pre-eminent ability which has been brought forward by Parliamentary contests. Since the days of ancient Rome no country has succeeded equally with England in discovering statesmen who were acknowledged by universal consent as the most capable men of their time. The Administration of Lord LIVERPOOL, which the *Quarterly* Reviewer naturally

regards with fond regret, was exceptional in the mediocrity of its members, although Lord CASTLEREAGH rose above the ordinary level of politicians. WALPOLE and CHATHAM, PITT and FOX, CANNING and BROUGHAM, GREY, LYNDHURST, and PEEL, owed their fame and their ascendency to their eloquence; but no enemy ever imputed to them shallowness, or deficiency of general ability. Lord PALMERSTON, who was not an orator, and Lord MELBOURNE, who owed his advancement to qualities unconnected with Parliamentary eloquence, would have been conspicuous in any assemblage of statesmen. Mr. GLADSTONE is not only great as an orator, but unequalled in his knowledge of public business. Mr. COBDEN, and his more brilliant friend and successor, rose by their gift of eloquence to be accepted as natural chiefs by the large portion of the community which shared their opinions. The principal members of the permanent Civil Service are able, meritorious, and useful; but it would be absurd to assert that they are ordinarily superior in ability to the leaders of the Ministry or the Opposition. A competitive examination extending over twenty or thirty years of Parliamentary life seldom results in the triumph of idlers or of fools. It is true that the process of natural selection is not infallible, but the assumption that, in default of contest and victory, a higher perfection would be attainable by some unassigned method, might seem worthy only of otiose pedants if it were not constantly made by dissatisfied politicians and administrators. The terror of Parliamentary discussion which deters heads of departments from effecting practical improvements indicates their timidity rather than the amount of risk which might be incurred. Under a different form of government, the same functionaries would shrink from a responsibility which could no longer be covered by Parliamentary sanction.

If the *Quarterly* Reviewer has any definite theory to support, he would probably desire that a Government formed of the existing materials should be secured against political changes. It appears that he would reinstate Lord STANLEY in the Foreign Office; and perhaps he would entrust the management of the finances to Mr. GLADSTONE; while the remaining offices would be filled by the principal members of both the great parties. It would not be difficult to construct in this way a respectable Cabinet; and some time might elapse before the effect of the constitutional change was completely understood. By the severance of political union with the majority of the House of Commons and with the nation, the working machinery would be disconnected from the driving power; and it would become necessary to supply, by the aid of an absolute ruler, the loss of popular authority. As the Ministers who had been originally raised to eminence by their Parliamentary qualities retired or died out, their places would be supplied by official veterans, or perhaps in some instances by speculative amateurs. After a time there would be a Government of clerks, influenced by philanthropists and projectors, so far as they might be tempted to deviate from established traditions. The experiment has been often tried, and it has failed as often, while the advantages, not unmixed with inconvenience, of Parliamentary government have never been fully attained but in England. There are undoubtedly many improvements still to be effected, although nearly all the items in the *Quarterly* Reviewer's plaintive catalogue of grievances are questionable and open to controversy. It is not certain that a single municipal government for London is desirable, and the establishment of a local democracy would be a singular accompaniment of the abolition of Parliament. If any person can divine a poor-law which would abolish pauperism, and a scheme of education satisfactory to all sects and parties, he is perfectly at liberty to publish his discoveries without waiting for a beneficent despotism; and if the conditions are fulfilled, even a Parliamentary Government will receive his suggestions with gratitude. As might be expected, the Reviewer asserts, without the slightest regard to facts, that half the English railways are insolvent, and that many are "in abeyance." Whatever may be the meaning of a phrase which would probably become still less intelligible if it were explained, no Emperor or head clerk could remedy the evil of insolvency and abeyance if it were not happily fictitious. The Crédit Mobilier of France, which is really insolvent, was the peculiar object of Imperial favour; and yet the Government has not either averted its collapse, or satisfied the demands of its creditors. It is perhaps a waste of time to discuss plans for abolishing the English Constitution with a view to the removal of some alleged defects in its working. Once for all, it may be admitted that Parliament is not infallible, omnipotent, or divine. If any other form of Government is faultless, it will nevertheless be unattainable, until it becomes possible to effect a sweeping revolution in spite of the opinions, prejudices, and associations of all classes of the community.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

THE debates on the Irish Church Bill have this week turned on the very difficult and important point whether the principle of religious equality and of total disendowment is rigidly carried out by the Government proposals, and, if not, whether the amount of departure involved in these proposals from the strict theoretical standard is justifiable. This point has been raised during the discussion of the proposals with regard to those churches which in the Bill were called national monuments, with regard to glebe-houses and lands, and with regard to private endowments. On each of these heads the Government obviously departs in its scheme from the rigid theory of total disendowment. The churches now used by the Protestant Episcopal Church are to be given back to it free from all payment; the glebes and glebe-houses are to be surrendered at a price much below their real value; private endowments since 1660 are to be respected. In each case property which is within the scope of the general principles of the Bill is made over to the new ecclesiastical body as a gift. Disendowment has not been pushed to its extreme theoretical limits, and in each case the Government had to show that it was right in making some departure from the general principles of the Bill, and that it had not departed from those principles either too little or too much. The churches are given back to the Protestant Episcopalians on the convenient theory that they have no marketable value. No one can believe this for a moment. They have a marketable value, but the feeling of Englishmen of all parties and creeds is against seeing churches set up for sale merely as so much old rubbish. If the churches are to be kept as churches some religious worship must go on in them, and the Government has wisely decided that the least shock to religious sentiment will be caused by letting that particular form of worship go on in them for which they are now used. Some of these churches, however, are more than mere places of religious worship; they are what is called national monuments, appealing to the feelings of all Irishmen by their architectural merit, or by their great antiquity and size, or by their association with the history of Ireland for centuries. As the Irish nation was interested in the preservation of these monuments, the Government at first proposed that a special sum should be granted by the State out of the surplus obtained by disendowment, and handed over to the new ecclesiastical body, in order that the buildings might never go into decay. But objections were made to this seemingly innocent proposal. If the buildings themselves are national monuments, it might be thought natural that they should be handed over to the custody of the Church, not of the minority, but of the majority, of the nation. If the mass of the Irish people are pleased with thinking these buildings beautiful or interesting, they are pained by thinking that they are in the possession of heretics. The Roman Catholics therefore argued, that if these churches must for the sake of peace be left in Protestant hands, it was at least unnecessary for the State to recognise them as national monuments, and, by the appropriation of a special fund, entrust their preservation as a national duty to a body of persons whom the mass of the Irish nation wish to see in charge of them. On the other hand, some of the shrewder Irish Protestants saw how much more precarious their tenure of these churches would be hereafter if they were marked off from other churches as buildings not appropriated to the use of a religious community so much as held in trust for the Irish nation. Worldly wisdom prompted them also to concur with the Catholics in rejecting the grant of a special fund for the preservation of these churches. There can be no doubt that they were right, and that the new ecclesiastical body will have a much safer position with regard to these churches if, in taking care of them, it does not hold itself out as a trustee for the Irish nation, which would be exceedingly apt to say that it would rather discharge the duty in its own way and through its own agents.

The proposal of the Government as to the glebes rests on no assignable basis. It is avowedly a compromise. Originally Mr. GLADSTONE thought that the glebes and the churches would go, as a matter of course, to the disestablished Church; but, when he came to reason out the principles on which his Bill was to be framed, he found that it was difficult to say why the glebes should be handed over. There is nothing shocking to religious sentiment in a glebe-house being put up for sale; and there is nothing in the position of the Established

Church which irritates the members of the Church of the majority so much as the sight of the comfortable houses in which Protestant incumbents live, as contrasted with the humble dwellings of the priests. If the glebes and glebe-houses had been sold, there would have been plenty of Catholic bidders for them. But the Government hesitated to push disendowment so far as to put the glebe-houses up for sale; while, on the other hand, they thought it would be departing too widely from the principles of the Bill to let the new ecclesiastical body have them for nothing. They therefore determined to sell them, but to give the Episcopalian Protestants the right of pre-emption. Where there is a building charge on the glebe-house, they are to get the glebe on paying off the charge; but where there is no building charge, they are to get the glebe-house by merely paying ten times the value of the site on which the house stands. This does not in any way represent the market value of the property; it is a mere nominal sum which the Government exacts in order to keep up, as it says, the principle of disendowment. If this is keeping it up, no principle was ever kept up more easily. The glebe-house is taken away from the Irish Church because it is property which it ought not to have, and is sold back to it for a mere song. Why are the Episcopalian Protestants to have this advantage? Because it seems too hard upon them to take away their glebe-houses. There is, not a religious, but a semi-religious, sentiment attaching to the homes of parsons, and this sentiment is to be satisfied by letting the new ecclesiastical body get these glebe-houses, where there is a charge on them, for next to nothing but not quite for nothing, out of compliment to the principle of disendowment. Where there is a building-charge, the ecclesiastical body will decide whether it will take the glebe-house and pay off the charge, or not. The building-charge may be very small, and then it will make a most excellent bargain; or the building-charge may exceed the value of the building, and then the ecclesiastical body will be at liberty to decline the house, and the State will sell it, and will lose the difference between what it has advanced and what the house fetches at a sale. This permission given to the new ecclesiastical body to make smart bargains with the State seems to us, we confess, a blot on the Bill, and a departure from the principle of total disendowment which is not easily defensible. Either the glebes and glebe-houses should have been really thrown on the market, or only handed over to the new ecclesiastical body on payment of their estimated value; or, if it was thought preferable, as on the whole we think it preferable, that the glebe-houses should have been given over with the churches, then the whole mass of glebe-houses should have been handed over on payment to the State of its total advance for building-charges.

In theory it is impossible to distinguish between private and public endowments. If private persons have given money and lands to keep up the Irish Church, and if the purpose for which they gave their wealth is in the eyes of the State a bad one, the State must give their wealth a new and better destination. All donations made to the Irish Church since it has been established are tainted with a vicious origin, inasmuch as they were given to support an institution which, in the opinion of this generation, was created and supported on wrong principles. But then it may be argued, that whereas the Irish Church has a double character, as an embodiment of Protestant ascendency and also as a Protestant religious body, the donors may be supposed to have given their wealth to the Irish Church in the latter aspect, which is a perfectly harmless one in the opinion of the State, as is shown by the recognition of the new ecclesiastical body. In recent times it is certain that benefactors of the Irish Church have thought more of the religious community to which they belonged than of the secular purposes to which their Church had been made to minister. Why, then, should gifts made by Churchmen to their Church be taken away from that Church, any more than gifts made by Catholics or Presbyterians to trustees for the benefit of the body to which the donors belonged? But, if private endowments are to be respected, from what date are they to be recognised? Politicians of all parties agreed that those endowments only could be taken into consideration which had been given since the Irish Church was Protestant, and was substantially the same religious body that it is now. The theory that Saint PATRICK was a Protestant, and that the Irish Church of the sixth and of the nineteenth centuries is the same, would land the Commissioners charged with investigating private endowments in insuperable difficulties. But when did the Irish Church become a religious body such as it is now? Mr. GLADSTONE takes 1660 as the date, for reasons which, now that he has explained them, seem very insufficient. He wishes to make out that the Irish Church had not arrived previously at a perfect harmony in theological opinion with the English Church. But the reply of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER appears conclusive. A religious body does not begin a new existence on every occasion when it fixes, or adds to, or takes away from, the body of its doctrines. The Irish Protestant Episcopal Church existed long before 1660, and the continuity of its existence was not broken by the fact that about that time its creed became a little less Calvinistic. It is quite true that the Reformation was a gradual process, and that to take 1560, as Sir ROUNDELL PALMER proposed, would have sanctioned the historical error that in a given year Catholicism ended and Protestantism began in the Church; but still, if a date is to be taken, 1560 would be much nearer the mark than 1660. But the date selected by Mr. GLADSTONE, if it cannot be defended on the grounds he has adopted, has really very much to recommend it, as was shown by Dr. BALL when speaking against it. For, if Dr. BALL is right, there are no private endowments of an earlier date except those derived from Archbishop BRAMHALL and from the Ulster grants. The endowments given by Archbishop BRAMHALL consisted almost entirely of ecclesiastical possessions which, without the least pretence of right, had been usurped by powerful landowners, and which the Archbishop wrung out of the spoilers by the strong arm of STRAFFORD. The Ulster grants were given, not to Irish Protestant Episcopalians, but to Presbyterians, who were simply robbed of them by the Episcopalians. Therefore, if private endowments before 1660 were to be looked into, the only result would be to raise the question whether Archbishop BRAMHALL's endowments were not all public endowments, and whether the Ulster grants of the London Companies ought not to enure for the benefit of the Presbyterians. It is quite worth while to avoid as many vexatious and irritating discussions as possible; and, if Dr. BALL is right, the Church might lose more than it would gain by carrying back its investigation into the origin of endowments before the date fixed by the Government.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE French elections are fixed for the 23rd of May, so that although, under the rule requiring an absolute majority for a valid return, many of the most important contests must be renewed on the following Sunday, the complexion of the new Corps Législatif will be determined by the end of this month. That the Government will command a large, though perhaps a decreased, majority may be taken for granted. The most sanguine of Opposition prophets does not predict more than a series of local successes. Even these threaten to be fewer than at one time seemed probable, since, as the day of polling draws nearer, the disputes between the different sections of the Opposition do but grow more bitter. That sense of the nearness and strength of the enemy which sometimes supplies the place of union and discipline seems to be terribly wanting. This is the more singular because the rule which requires an absolute majority affords an unerring means of ascertaining which of the Opposition candidates has the best chance of victory, and thus enables each elector to do his best to return his favourite, without precluding himself from doing his best, at the last moment, to inflict a joint blow on the Government. In some cases, however, even this concession seems too great for one section of the Opposition to accord to another. Though it may be obvious on the evening of the 23rd, that if Orleanists, Legitimists, and Republicans agree to give all their votes to the candidate of whichever section is most strongly represented in the constituency, they can beat the Government, it is by no means certain that the fractional parts will coalesce even for the next Sunday only. Their mutual hatreds are too bitter to be laid aside, even when the reward of the sacrifice is the gratification of their common hatred against the Government. It is not altogether wonderful that this should be the case. The object of returning an Opposition candidate, no matter what may be his particular hue, is too remote and subtle to be apparent to an average elector. He understands supporting and voting for his own candidate, because by this he does what in him lies to promote the triumph of a cause in which he has faith, and the votes given to a Republican or an Orleanist express so many aspirations after a Republic or a *bourgeois* Restoration. But to sink sectional differences in a united struggle against the official candidate is to express a preference for Parliamentary over personal government, without regard to the manner in which this government, if secured, would be exercised. It is not as though the difference between the Opposition candidates were merely one of popularity. Probably, to many

electors, it seems absolutely greater than the difference which divides their own candidate from the nominee of the Administration. The Republican would rather see a NAPOLEON III. on the throne than a descendant of the BOURBONS; the Orleanist, though he prefers a King to an Emperor, thinks either infinitely better than a Republic. To expect one or the other to put aside these alternative preferences, and to vote for the man who has the best chance of exercising some check upon the action of the Government, is to assume an intelligence which must be the product either of considerable political education or of stringent party principle.

Even the candidates themselves are not always willing to make the sacrifice which this plan involves. They like, naturally enough, to form some estimate of their chances beforehand, and to measure the precise strength which they can command in their fight with the Government. The system of scattering support at the first ballot, and concentrating it at the second, deprives them of this foreknowledge. It becomes a positive advantage for the Opposition to run as many candidates as possible, because every fresh appearance in the field may subtract a few stray votes from the official candidate, and so deprive him of the absolute majority. Old politicians do not always care to stand under these circumstances. They think the chance of getting a few votes more than some unknown man of more advanced principles too problematical or too levelling to be worth fighting for. It must be owned that their case is a hard one. An Englishman in a corresponding position has, at the worst, to make up his mind to retire from Parliamentary life. He can always claim a certain credit for declining to divide the party, and can abandon the contest with a lurking belief that it was chiefly his own magnanimity which stood in the way of his being returned again. But a Frenchman best consults the interests of the Opposition by coming forward, no matter how small may be his chance, or how convinced he may feel that he is only used as a medium of securing votes for some more popular candidate. Occasionally the irritation incidental to such a position breaks out, and some candidate of more than common mark declines to play the part assigned him. M. DUFAURE's withdrawal from the contest at Toulon seems to be due to this cause. The staunch old Orleanist represents irreconcileable hostility to personal government, but with that exception he has probably little in common with the democratic masses of the great French arsenal. At all events, the electors "have called to mind "that he does not share other opinions which they profess," and two other candidates "already dispute their suffrages." "I," says M. DUFAURE, "will certainly not be the third. "I lent my name in order to rally divergent opinions; it "shall not serve to create a new division in the Opposi-"tion." He has either forgotten, or not chosen to remember, that from the Opposition point of view a new division is not necessarily an evil. Indeed, provided that it is not so radical as to prevent a subsequent coalition, it may even be a disadvantage to the Government. It is doubtful, therefore, whether M. DUFAURE's act can be attributed to any higher motive than excusable pique. The circumstances under which, at a critical time like this, a candidate may be allowed to subordinate the public good to his own sense of what is due to his personal dignity, would furnish a fine field for political casuistry.

The closing days of the Corps Législatif have not presented the Government in any new light to the country. The EMPEROR has evidently determined that it is either needless or useless to hold out any further hopes of liberal reforms. He rests his title to popular support on the material advantages which France has derived from his rule. If we remember rightly, Mr. DISRAELI once hinted that an unusually abundant harvest was not quite unconnected with the existence of a Conservative Ministry, and in the statistical pamphlet which has just issued from the Imperial press, the natural advantages and commercial progress of the country are attributed, on a similar principle, to the providential superintendence of NAPOLEON III. The Opposition contrived, with some ingenuity, that an exposure of the two leading weaknesses of the Empire—its arbitrariness and its extravagance—should be among the last incidents of the Session. The lavish expenditure on the new Opera House supplied an opportunity on Monday for reproducing some of the criticisms which had been called forth by Baron HAUSSMANN's administration of Paris, and the best defence the Government seemed able to make was that it would be no real economy to allow the building to remain unfinished after so much money had been already laid out on it. A day or two earlier the despotism which is inherent in the Imperial system had been defended by the customary fallacies on the occasion of a motion to extend trial by jury to political trials. Certainly it seems an almost needless excess of precaution to deny this right to Frenchmen, when we remember the extraordinary timidity which characterizes the middle classes whenever any fear of revolution is entertained. It is not impossible that the real motive for this and similar measures is rather the wish to create an idea of danger than any distinct theory of guarding against it. In answering M. PELLETAN, M. ROUHER lamented the sad necessity of suppressing anarchy under which the Government so often laboured. He did not deny that the suspension of constitutional guarantees was in itself an evil; he only pleaded that, in a country harassed by so many recollections of civil war, the public welfare occasionally demanded the sacrifice. It is by these vague warnings, which seem to imply the existence of mysterious dangers seen only by the watchful eye of a paternal Government, that the EMPEROR has gained much of his influence. There is just that mixture of truth in them that no one can quite satisfy himself how much credit ought to be accorded to them. Just when the sky seems most unclouded, and the hold of the Government on the country most unquestioned, M. ROUHER takes care to hint that there may be workings beneath this smiling surface that demand the maintenance of those stringent safeguards all need for which may seem, to an unthinking public, to have passed away long since. Some day, we suppose, it may turn out that he has cried "wolf" too often, but in the meantime there is always a possibility that some sudden catastrophe may give an unexpected significance to his warnings.

THE LIFE PEERAGE BILL.

THE debate on the second reading of the Life Peerage Bill, if it threw little additional light on the question, displayed an unexpected unanimity or acquiescence on the part of the House of Lords. Lord DERBY, the habitual opponent of all changes for good or for evil, consents to a constitutional innovation which would in former times have been considered impossible; and Lord CAIRNS, in the name of the Conservative party, abstains from all direct opposition. In deference to general opinion, Lord RUSSELL withdrew the limitations which he had previously desired to impose on the choice of the Crown. It was generally felt that the express mention of the claims of literature and science might probably be understood as a direction to the Minister of the day. Lord RUSSELL characteristically remarked that MILTON was a man of business as well as a poet; and he might have added that CHAUCER was a county member, ADDISON a Secretary of State, PRIOR a Minister Plenipotentiary, and FIELDING a police magistrate. On the other hand, many great writers have been exceptionally unfit for public life; and many writers have attained a popularity which may easily be mistaken for greatness. It is desirable that an honour which will involve powers and duties should not be regarded as a mere decoration. If Lord RUSSELL's original list of qualifications had been adopted, the illiterate section of men of letters would have pestered the Minister of the day with demands for the promotion of their chief representatives to the peerage. It is enough that poets or historians are eligible if they are otherwise likely to adorn or to strengthen the House of Lords; and the honour would be less acceptable if it were professedly conferred with reference to special qualifications. The category of worn-out members of the House of Commons is more comprehensive; and, if Lord RUSSELL's Bill passes, Prime Ministers engaged in the formation of Cabinets will probably console supporters, for whom they can find no official provision, with peerages for life. As no person will be promoted unless he has either personal merit or political claims, old Parliamentary partisans will obtain at least their fair share of honours. From time to time a Minister will ennoble a successful physician, if he is willing to accept the compliment; but a great merchant or banker will naturally regard the offer of a life-peerage as an imputation on his success in making his fortune.

Lord DERBY's proposal that life-peerages, like official pensions, should be stamped with an eleemosynary character, would be in the highest degree invidious. It may be proper that an ex-Secretary of State should declare that he is unable to maintain his station out of his private means; but it is evident that a needy man can live without a seat in the House of Lords. It is one of the principal drawbacks to the measure that Lord DERBY's object will be indirectly attained. It will be perhaps impossible to persuade a man of fortune to accept a peerage of an inferior class when the only assignable reason for withholding a limitation to his heirs must consist in the inferiority of his pretensions; or, if the delights of a title and a seat in the House of Lords prevail over feelings of vanity

or susceptibility, the life-peers will be regarded as a secondary class, like the Irish peers in the time of PITT. It is a humorous exaggeration to say that moderate means are infamous in England; but there is no doubt that wealth constitutes, however unworthily, a title to a certain popular respect. The social pre-eminence of peers depends partly on the permanent elevation of their families above the ordinary level, and partly on the enormous possessions of the collective body. When the advantage of hereditary rank is withdrawn, it will be necessary to compensate for the defect of a modest economical condition by extraordinary personal qualities. Mere observers of social life, who have not the smallest disposition to become satirists, recognise the undoubted fact of the deference which is paid in England to those who are favoured by fortune. Any man would rather wear a blue ribbon than a red, for the simple reason that the Order of the Bath is bestowed in return for supposed public services, while the most noble Order of the Garter is never prostituted to the purpose of rewarding merit. There are few things more puzzling at first sight than the value attached to a distinction which indicates only the notorious fact that its possessor is a duke or an earl, commanding a certain political influence; but those who are sufficiently well placed in the world to have few objects of ambition above them take a certain pleasure in notifying to all whom it may concern that they are men of consequence. If they also possess industry and ability, they probably become comparatively indifferent to superfluous tickets and labels. It is not impossible that life-peers may bear to their hereditary colleagues something of the relation of the Bath to the Garter. It is useless to blame an aristocracy for cherishing the prejudices inseparable from its position. The experiment may now be tried under favourable conditions; but, if Law Lords half a century ago had held their peerages only for life, public opinion, both within and without the House of Lords, would have refused to recognise their equality. When Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CRANWORTH made their abortive attempt to give a life-peer a seat in the House of Lords, they had no more strenuous opponents than the great lawyers, who suspected that they were to be deprived of the honours bestowed on their predecessors.

Although there may be many obstacles to the complete success of Lord RUSSELL's scheme, it is well that the plan should be tried. If hereditary estates are hereafter broken up by changes in the law of inheritance, life-peerages may facilitate the transition to some new constitutional arrangement. In the meanwhile an eminent soldier or lawyer, or a meritorious public servant from India, may from time to time add to the lustre of a House which he could perhaps not have afforded to enter with an hereditary title. It seems impossible to gratify Lord SALISBURY's wish to give the House of Lords a representative character, except as far as it actually represents wealth, birth, and refinement; but life-peers of conspicuous merit who possess no landed estates will, to a certain extent, introduce a novel and perhaps valuable element.

The readiness with which Lord RUSSELL's proposal is received is one of several indications that thoughtful peers are becoming, not without reason, anxious and uneasy. A tree which stands alone as the last relic of a wood is exposed to obvious danger. The House of Lords is the only remnant of a system which was once universal, and it is in the highest degree obnoxious to all revolutionary theorists. The arguments which may be urged to prove its utility are perfectly sound, but it is impossible that they should be popular. The defenders of an alleged anomaly show but doubtful prudence when they call attention to subordinate paradoxes or eccentricities in the constitution of an assembly which rests solely on an historical basis. It is not impossible that Lord GREY's proposed changes in the representation of the Scotch peers might correct some existing inequalities; but there is no use in reminding unfriendly critics of the oddities which are involved in the distinctions between several sets of peers. It was unavoidable that both at the Scotch and the Irish Union a reasonable proportion should be established between the numbers of Parliamentary peers in either kingdom and the population of which they formed a part. It was accordingly arranged that the whole body should elect a certain number to represent them, and it was not foreseen that the majority would exclude the weaker party from all Parliamentary power. In the last century the Scotch peers gave their votes to the Crown, or rather to the Ministry in power. For one or two generations they have swelled the numbers of the Conservative party. The representative peers of Ireland have for a long time been practically appointed by one English nobleman; but their constituents are not, as in Scotland, excluded from all share of political life. The number of Scotch peers cannot be increased, nor can they sit in the House of Commons, while an Irish peerage may be created as often as three become extinct, and Irish peers may represent Scotch or English constituencies. There are therefore two sets of hereditary peers suffering under two distinct sets of disabilities, although their rank and precedence is equal to that of peers of England or of the United Kingdom. It is scarcely possible to reconcile the exceptional position of a Scotch or Irish peer with any kind of constitutional symmetry, nor is it worth while to complicate this difficulty by introducing at their elections the newfangled device of representation of minorities. Lord GREY's proposal will scarcely pass the House of Commons, as that body is indifferent to the whole question. The most remarkable incident in the debate was Lord CAIRNS's avowal that the minority clause which he introduced into the Reform Bill, against the wish of the House of Commons, has proved a failure. Disingenuous critics might suggest that he refused to apply the plan to Scotch peers because the change would benefit Liberals, as he had forced it upon boroughs and counties in the hope of strengthening Conservatives; but it is fairer to assume that he is really led by experience and further reflection to adopt a conclusion which is perfectly sound. Life-peerages will at least for one Session be a sufficient change in the form of an institution which has grown up and flourished independently of theories.

THE NIGHT-HOUSES.

WE certainly have not acquired the decent and useful art of washing our dirty linen in private. On the contrary, the dirtier our domestic habits are, the more we seem to delight in exposing them. Monday's newspapers displayed a choice collection of nastinesses to the public gaze. First there appeared the report of another *razzia* of the police on the Holywell Street nuisance. Ever since we have known London and its ways, Holywell Street has been a filthy byword and public scandal; and, as it seems, Holywell Street is for all practical purposes much as it was. We have been cleansing and harrying, and convicting and imprisoning—performing *autos da fé*; or, if not of faith, of decency. We have burned and destroyed printed and pictorial nastiness by the ton. Nay, we have given a late most respectable Chancellor a sort of immortality by connecting Lord CAMPBELL's name with our supposed successes in putting down these particular immoralities and obscenities. But, somehow or other, it all seems to come to nothing. There must be something, we suppose, in the soil or air of the place which produces nastiness, just as certain ground produces certain weeds. You may pare, and burn, and dig, and work away with plough and scarifier, but the irrepressible thistles and tares defy the skill of the extirpator. To common eyes Holywell Street is much as though our CAMPBELL had never legislated; as though we had never convicted and imprisoned DUGDALE and his gang. And now it comes out that there is a brotherhood in this trade; a guild of vendors of obscenities, a craft and mystery of these dealers in the curious arts of vice, who have a close and compact alliance, offensive and defensive, common funds with which to defy the law, and common interests dedicated to the pollution of the public mind. Their trade is as hazardous, but as lucrative, as that of blockade-runners or smugglers or slave-dealers in the old time. For one cargo that they can run, they make their calculations for losing six cargoes to the blockade squadron or coastguardsmen of the police. One book of dirt which they sell covers the loss of six books confiscated or burned. One might have thought that it would not have taken the police magistrates twenty years to discover this peculiarity of the trade, or the Legislature the same time to allow this combat with the law to go on without interfering with so insolent and profitable a traffic. But so it is. It now appears that the business is so lucrative—a guinea a volume being the ordinary price of these pornographic productions—that the trade is worked scientifically. When one dealer is committed for trial, he absconds, and his "pals" pay his forfeited bail, and the case comes to an end. Something was done last week, when one of these fellows had to enter into recognizances to the amount of 600*l*. But it is obvious that what we want is a remedy much more "sweeping and severe" than the present tardy and polite processes of the law. Holywell Street and Wych Street will not be disinfected by rose-water, and if the law will not reach the nuisance, the law must be strengthened. When "the trade" declares war against society, society must accept the challenge, and stamp out the pest.

But, after all, Holywell Street and its wares are a nuisance

of a different character from that of the night-houses, as by an ugly emphasis they are called. What Holywell Street is everybody knows; what a night-house is, is left in some obscurity, except to those who frequent them. All great capitals possess in some form or other this vicious form of civilization; and it would be as futile in this as in other kindred forms of vice to pretend to suppress a certain kind of abominable living and turpitude. The trade of harlotry cannot be suppressed; our English mistake, so characteristic of the national temper, is in affecting not to see a vice, lest we should be thought to legalize because we recognise it. Night-houses cannot be suppressed; and though we pretend to regulate them, we do it with such gentle and paternal deference to the rights of our citizens and citizenesses of the *demi-monde* that perhaps we had better not interfere at all. The law punishes with some severity the keepers of all houses that harbour prostitutes. The history of our recent dealings with this particular form of public decency is curious and instructive. Some years ago the whole Haymarket *quartier* presented a spectacle of which no words could express the grossness and abomination. Whole streets were given up to public indecency and to the open exhibition of vice in its most shameless and insolent guise. At last public opinion revolted, and an Act was passed which, among other things, compelled the night-houses to be closed at one o'clock. The proverb was fulfilled—*sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.* Prostitution, cut off from its stimulants, was forced to leave even the Haymarket a desert. The Act at last was very fairly worked; the night-houses were regularly entered by the police, and these domiciliary visits sent the customers home; and fines, levied with exemplary regularity and strictness, were doing their work. Mr. KNOX, a magistrate among magistrates, a very king of men, and to whom the public is deeply indebted for his resolute determination to put down this social evil, was conspicuous in his success against these houses. There is no success like that of success; and it cannot be doubted that the night-houses were doomed. Every blow told. Of course the trade, like that of their brethren in Wych Street and Holywell Street, made a good fight of it. They organized every device to avoid detection; by a neat system of telegraphy the approach of the police was notified to the denizens of the place; a bell was rung, and when the police entered only a few smartly-dressed young people were found, engaged apparently in polite, if easy, conversation, if found at all. But this was enough; the young ladies were recognised as what used to be called dashing Cyprians, and their kind hosts and hostesses, the KATES and ROSES, who were dispensing this nocturnal hospitality, were heavily fined. But they still maintained the fight, and appealed to the Middlesex Justices in Quarter Sessions.

This right of appeal against the decision of a single police magistrate is, no doubt, a palladium; Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, and everything that we hold to be most precious, would no doubt be imperilled were we to hold our liberties and our fortunes at the mercy of a KNOX and his myrmidons. No doubt of it. It is quite right that there should be an appeal from the ordinary police court. But an appeal to an appellate court, and to a superior magistrate, must be a very seductive thing. What may be the case with judicial nature it is not for us to say, but as regards human nature we are rather inclined to believe that the opportunity to reverse and contradict somebody else's conclusion does present special attractions to most minds. It is a chance not willingly to be lost to show off one's superior acuteness, to display one's peculiar subtlety of intellect, to find out a point in a case which had escaped the rough-and-ready judgment of our inferior or our predecessor. Far be it from us to say that any such motive actuated Sir WILLIAM BODKIN when it came before him and his obedient Bench to review Mr. KNOX's convictions of the keepers of the night-houses. But Sir WILLIAM BODKIN made a point—whether it was a point of law or a mere point of Bodkinism that he made, we know not—which had escaped Mr. KNOX. The point was that there was "no overt act committed"; by which—we speak doubtfully and with hesitation on so very awkward a subject as an overt act proving that a woman is a prostitute—we are, we believe, to understand that it was not proved that the women found in the night-houses were seen to have entered or quitted them in the company of men. True, that certain women were harboured in certain night-houses; true, that they were notorious prostitutes; *non constat*, that they visited KATE HAMILTON's hostelry for professional purposes. They might—so Sir WILLIAM BODKIN is acute enough to see that the law might charitably presume—be merely paying a late evening visit, and taking chaste refreshment at their own expense, while discussing the Irish Church Bill or the Spanish Revolution. There was nothing to show that these gaudily attired young females had not dropped in promiscuously for innocent or even improving purposes. They might be, for aught that was proved by an overt act, assembled for tea and Bible-reading. And on this view Sir WILLIAM BODKIN quashed Mr. KNOX's convictions. The view is ingenious, subtle, new, and may be true. But at any rate the BODKIN judgment stands; unless, indeed, while we write, some fresh magisterial decision may, as Mr. BRUCE seems to hope, have reversed it. Mr. KNOX is reasonably indignant, and so are other people besides Mr. KNOX. At first that excellent magistrate was disposed to try another conviction. But at last he threw up the cards in despair. The phalanx of Middlesex magistrates, with their tender regard for the feelings of these wretched prostitutes, was too much for the solitary defender of public order and decency. "There was no help "for it; he was powerless; the Quarter Sessions were too "much for him; what had for seven years been thought to "be the law, was now said by Sir WILLIAM BODKIN not to be "the law; he was overruled; the night-houses must go on "in their own way; the police were superseded"; riot must reign, and there is an end of it. Such was Mr. KNOX's plaintive but somewhat indignant farewell to his successful work. The law was just getting the upper hand; the police were everywhere triumphant; the night-house keepers were every week fined; complete success was actually within our grasp; when enters Sir WILLIAM BODKIN, and we are all in chaos.

Were not all this very disheartening, and a public scandal of the worst character, it would be very ludicrous. We very much question—and so, apparently, does the HOME SECRETARY—the validity of Sir WILLIAM BODKIN's *dictum*; it looks a deal too ingenious to be true, and anyhow it is directly opposed, not only to public policy, but to the plain intention and spirit of the law. The law declared against harbouring prostitutes; to say that this intention was grounded upon the necessity of proof of an overt act—whatever that may be—is perfectly childish. Mr. KNOX seems disposed, as we are, to treat the Middlesex interpretation as simply ludicrous, and he was at first inclined to give Sir WILLIAM a place, not for penitence, but for the return of common sense; or, failing that, he was prepared to ask Mr. BRUCE to introduce a new law. It now only remains to be seen whether, failing the possible counter-decision hinted at by Mr. BRUCE on Thursday evening, the Home Office and the House of Commons will come to the rescue of public decency. Meanwhile high revelry reigns in the night-houses, and Sir WILLIAM BODKIN's name is precious to the chaste sisterhood which patronizes, or is patronized by, them. Oh Justice, as Madame ROLAND remarked when speaking of the sister virtue, Liberty; oh Justice, what very remarkable things are done in thy

VOLUNTEER DISCIPLINE.

THERE has been a second edition on a small scale of the Easter Monday review, and this time we observe that the *Times* has judiciously not sent down its slashing Military Critic, and that, consequently, the Volunteers have not been attacked for the blunders, real or imaginary, of those who were set over them. The muster at Portsmouth, including a force of Royal and Marine Artillery, three battalions of the Line, Colonel BOWER's splendid mounted rifles, and some three or four thousand Volunteer infantry, made up a force in many respects better suited for purposes of instruction than the rather unwieldy body which is generally collected on Easter Monday. It is vastly easier to find a suitable ground for manœuvring seven or eight thousand men than to accommodate two or three times as many. Indeed, if all the requirements which are sometimes insisted on were absolutely essential, there would be no possibility of working effectually with twenty thousand troops anywhere in England, except perhaps amid the dust-heaps which the wisdom of our army rulers has manufactured at Aldershot. For a Volunteer review on a large scale, you need accessibility, especially from London, a considerable area of land without much cultivation to suffer, a town capable of housing a certain proportion of the men, and, according to Military Critics, fortifications of such moderate strength as not to render a direct assault palpably and ludicrously hopeless. These conditions scarcely exist anywhere. At Dover and Portsmouth the defences are, as they ought to be, a good deal too strong to be subdued by field artillery, backed by two or three gun-boats; and the sticklers

for a sham reality will always be able to charge the Volunteers at these favourite review grounds with want of discipline for advancing, according to orders, under the crushing fire of an impregnable fort. Perhaps, after all, the method which would succeed against a work of moderate strength may be taught, by generals capable of teaching it, in the face of a fortress like Dover Castle, as well as in front of a less pretending work; and we do not know that the lesson intended to be conveyed by a sham fight is very seriously impaired by the circumstance that the attacking army is supposed to have miscalculated the number of great guns it had to face. However, this little departure from reality, whether important or not, is unavoidable, and even on the less pretentious ground selected for the Portsmouth review a vigorous Military Critic would have found ample opportunity for proving the ill discipline of the citizen troops from the overwhelming strength of the works which they assaulted. Happily, on this occasion the irrepressible critic was absent or silent, though we hope there were good and experienced soldiers enough on the ground to assist, by genuine instructive criticism, the efforts at self-improvement which the Volunteers have always shown themselves so eager to make.

The programme on Monday, whether strictly real or not in its character, seems to have given opportunity for a good many instructive manœuvres, and, until we are officially informed to the contrary, we shall credit the newspaper reports that the Volunteers acquitted themselves creditably, and behaved with all due subordination and discipline. It is astonishing, however, to notice the discrepancies which appear between different accounts of the same review. The Dover reports have now been wound up by the official document addressed by General Sir Hope Grant to the Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards, and duly forwarded to the War Office by direction of the Duke of Cambridge. It is remarkable that this document does not tally at all well with the report of the Military Critic. According to the latter gentleman, it will be remembered that the programme was absurd, and the movements ridiculous. In particular he considered the attack under the guns of the Castle to be supremely ludicrous, which perhaps it was. Sir Hope Grant, however, says that "the "attacking force, under a heavy fire from the Castle, formed "under shelter covered by the right brigade, and then pro-"ceeded to attack some outworks, which they did in excellent "form." Which of these accounts is correct is not very material to inquire, so far, at any rate, as the Volunteers are concerned, for they were probably right in thinking it no very serious offence against discipline to perform the movements which were ordered, even though some of them might provoke a smile.

On another point the General seems to differ from the Critic. He acknowledges that the movements were very creditable to the Volunteers, and speaks of their willingness and promptitude in carrying out all the orders which he had occasion to give. In these days, the poor Volunteers may be thankful for any crumb of comfort, and it will be soothing to them to find that, in the judgment of the General in command of them, they executed the movements required of them in a creditable manner, and carried out all the orders they received with great willingness and promptitude. What more, one would ask, could be expected or desired from a civilian, or indeed from any, force? To execute every order willingly, promptly, and creditably seems about all that need be done. But there is, it appears, still something lacking, and after so much eulogy we may be sure that the Volunteers will, with all meekness and humility, take to heart every hint of a defect, and profit by the words of instruction which their General has to bestow upon them. Unfortunately, what the General has to say is so wholly unintelligible that no Volunteer, however greedy for instruction, can derive the smallest information or guidance from it. The General says, or rather insinuates, that the Volunteers, as a body, are "not amenable to any military discipline," and require, while under arms, "more stringent military control." Every Volunteer who is anxious to improve himself and to be a credit to the force must wish to know what were these breaches of discipline which call for more stringent control, and which, though present at the Review, he may have wholly failed to observe. We would gladly expound Sir Hope Grant's homily and improve the occasion for the good of the Volunteers, but we confess that the task is very difficult. The General does not refer in the faintest way to any specific offences against discipline; and, although it is true that the Military Critic mentioned offences enough, we have already discussed them and found that, with the exception of the crime of the unlucky man who was turned out of his corps for his attack upon the hare, every recorded error was the act of some general officer or ill-behaved spectator. We are compelled, therefore, in the absence of evidence, to read Sir Hope Grant's words by the light of the context; and though this does not help us to say what the supposed breaches of discipline were, it does teach us what they were not. In the first place, it is clear that mere isolated acts of individual members of the force are not what was in the General's mind, for the whole force is referred to as "not amenable to military "discipline." In the next place, the breaches complained of are not disobedience to orders, or even sluggishness in executing them, but something quite different—something consistent with willing and prompt execution of all orders. This will relieve anxious Volunteers a good deal, for it is obvious that willing and prompt obedience to orders is not one of the worst forms of undisciplined license. Neglect of orders being then clearly out of the question, we have considered whether the words "want of discipline" may not have been used, perhaps a little inaccurately, to signify inefficiency from lack of drill and knowledge; but this solution is almost as inadmissible as the other, for how can it be consistent with the fact that the movements executed were "very creditable to the "Volunteers"? At this point we must confess ourselves puzzled, and the only other things we can think of which in any sense can be called want of discipline are those minor, but not wholly unimportant, irregularities which are met with a good deal in the Line and a good deal more among the Volunteers, such as occasional talking in the ranks, errors of an inch or two in dressing, and the whole class of sins which are sometimes irreverently called offences against pipe-clay. We have no reason to suppose that even in these matters the General had anything serious to complain of; for, if he had, an old soldier would have thought it fairer to tell the Volunteers exactly what their faults were, and so assist them in curing them, than to put into a report a disparaging insinuation inconsistent with the immediate context, and not supported by a single circumstance which he reports as having come under his own observation. If such things were not impossible, we should be inclined from internal evidence to consider the passage an interpolation suggested from without, rather than the spontaneous production of a veteran who, if he had any faults to find with the Volunteers whom he commanded, would prefer speaking out like a man to stabbing in the dark with vague insinuations. However this may be, the Volunteers may (now that they are under their cloud) be tolerably content to be told that they have disgraced themselves by a want of discipline which is consistent with creditable manœuvring and prompt and willing obedience.

GERMAN CATHOLICISM AND THE COUNCIL.

I.

FROM the beginning of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century France was at the head of the theological science of Catholic Europe. No other nation had such names to show as Fleury, Tillemont, Bossuet, "the last of the Fathers," Petavius, and the great Port-Royalist divines. But the gradual decay which began with the persecution of Jansenism reached its crisis in the storms of the Revolution and the fall of the Sorbonne, which for six centuries had been the pride and glory of the Gallican Church. Since then France has had, and still possesses, many distinguished theological writers; and she stands in this respect far above Italy, which has had very few, and those few under the cold shade of Roman censure, and still further above Spain, which has had none. But her old glory has departed, and it is to Germany that men have had to look, for the last generation or two, for the ablest and most influential works, whether in Protestant or Catholic theology. The historical and scientific genius of the nation has conspired with its peculiar circumstances to bring about this result. Elsewhere the line of demarcation is broadly drawn, and the antipathies of rival Churches are accentuated by national jealousies, while their conflicting jurisdictions are to a great extent defined by national boundaries. In Germany the two religions stand everywhere face to face. Catholic and Protestant students and professors meet in the same University, and the teaching of the lecture-room and press is carried on, not under the withering shadow of an *Index Expurgatorius*, but in the full blaze of public criticism; and, we may add, not in a dead, but a national and living, tongue. And while this habitual contact and collision has purified and quickened both the rival theologies, putting out of court alike the pious imbecilities of Exeter Hall and of the Roman Seminary, it has naturally impressed on the leaders of Catholic thought the conviction, publicly expressed not long ago by the chief among them, that "the mission of German theology is to reconcile the divided confessions in a higher unity." It becomes, therefore, an important inquiry how the prospects of the coming Œcumenical Council are regarded in Germany, and the more so as the interest

it excites is by no means confined to the twenty-five million German Catholics, for, in that country of divided faiths, what seriously affects either communion is felt to have a national significance. Religious, and especially Catholic, questions are discussed in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the leading German newspaper, not with the lofty unconcern or minute ignorance of "Our Own Correspondent" in the *Times*, but with gravity, learning, and a profound appreciation of their real bearings. And, generally speaking, articles on Catholic questions are written by Roman Catholics. Whether this is the case with the remarkable series of papers on "The Council and the *Civiltà*," which appeared last month in that journal, and to which we propose to call the attention of our readers, we are not able to say. But, whatever be their authorship, there cannot be two opinions of their value. And we conceive that we shall be doing a service to our readers, few of whom comparatively are likely to fall in with the originals, in giving some account of the present crisis of Catholicism as it presents itself to the mind of religious thinkers in Germany.

The series opens with an extract from the *Civiltà Cattolica* of February 6, which forms the text of the whole disquisition, and is itself of such momentous import that we shall give it with very slight abridgment here, merely premising that the *Civiltà* is not only the accredited organ of the Roman Jesuits, but was some years ago constituted by a Papal Brief, wholly without precedent, the official organ of the Holy See itself, so that it has something at least of the flavour of infallibility about its utterances. And it speaks, accordingly, in a tone of lofty dogmatism more resembling the language of a Bull than of a newspaper. No surer or more authentic testimony could be desired of what are the views and designs of the Curia as to the Council of December next. And thus the oracle proclaims them. After observing that "the Liberal Catholics," whom it abhors, are afraid of the Council promulgating the doctrines of the Syllabus and of Papal infallibility, though they still entertain hopes of such a fatal blunder being avoided, the journal proceeds to state that "the true Catholics"—that is, the Jesuits and the *Gesuitanti*, or Romanizers, as they are called in Germany—"hope, on the contrary, that the Council will promulgate affirmatively the doctrines the denial of which is condemned in the Syllabus, and that they will receive with delight the proclamation of Papal infallibility. The Pope will naturally shrink from taking the initiative in this matter himself, but it is to be hoped that, by a unanimous inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the assembled fathers will proclaim it by acclamation"—in other words, that it will be carried by a *coup d'état*; "and it is further to be hoped that the Council will raise the Assumption of the Virgin into a dogma. Catholics expect," it is added, "that the Council will be a very short one, like the Council of Chalcedon"—which lasted only three weeks—"and that the Bishops will be so unanimous in all important questions that the minority will not be able to offer any serious opposition." That is to say, they hope that the faith and discipline of eighteen centuries will be quietly revolutionized in three weeks—it might as well be three days—by an assemblage convened to register obediently the decrees of the junta of Roman Jesuits who virtually manage the machine of Papal infallibility. The allusion to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost reminds one irresistibly of what Ranke relates of the French bishops at Trent, who openly "jested at the Holy Ghost arriving in a mail-bag;" and the cool proposal for swamping the recalcitrant minority is ominous when we recollect that many points of the Papal programme were frustrated at Trent by the opposition of a very small minority—some by the resistance of two bishops, or even one only. But our immediate business is with the view taken of this contemplated ecclesiastical revolution in Germany. And it may be well here to recall briefly the present state of parties in the German Catholic Church. With the suppression of the Jesuits, a century ago, all traces of the Ultramontane system rapidly died out of the Seminaries and theological text-books; and the clergy, both regular and secular, betook themselves to the system of the Council of Constance, or what has since been called Gallicanism, in its doctrinal, of course not its political, sense. This tendency was promoted by the revival of historical study, of which Germany became the home, and at the beginning of the present century there was not left a single German theologian of any mark who did not see the hollowness of the Roman theory. But with the ill-omened restoration of the Jesuit Order there came a certain change in Germany, as in France, though far less than in the latter country. From some States, both Catholic and Protestant—as, for instance, Bavaria—the Jesuits are excluded by law, and their footing is everywhere a precarious one, besides the fact of the essential antagonism of their whole intellectual and moral system to the deepest instincts of the Teutonic race. They have, however, during the last twenty years attained a certain influence, and some of the younger German Bishops, who have been trained in their colleges, are strenuous propagandists of Ultramontanism. The bitterness of feeling between the two parties is far greater than that between Catholics and Protestants, and is embittered by the constant meddling of the Roman Court, which has an active centre of espionage in the Nunciature of Munich. Hence the public snubbing administered five years ago to all the most distinguished theologians of Germany assembled at the Munich Congress. Hence, too, the intrigue which has been carried on for the last twelve months against the Bishop of Rottenberg—an opponent of the Jesuit clique—by Dr. Mart, the head of his theological college, whom he was at last obliged to deprive for insubordination; and who betook himself first to the Nuncio at Munich and then to Rome, where his secret accusations against his Bishop were received with open ears, and all attempt at defence was rudely repulsed, first by the officials, and finally by the Pope in person. It is sufficient to refer in passing to the virulent malignity with which the leading divine of Catholic Germany, Dr. Döllinger, has been pursued for years past by this party throughout Europe. They know that he is the one living Roman Catholic theologian besides Dr. Newman who enjoys and deserves a European reputation, and they can never forgive the vast learning, the scrupulous candour, and the unimpeachable orthodoxy of a writer whose Christian moderation is a reproach to their policy, while his whole intellectual attitude is a standing refutation of their professed belief. And now to return to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Civiltà*.

The proclamation of Papal infallibility may seem at first sight a matter of little moment, as a considerable school in the Church has for the last three centuries maintained it, and to a superficial view it may appear immaterial where the seat of infallibility is placed if it is recognised as residing anywhere. But a very little consideration will show how erroneous such an idea would be. The infallibility of the Church has never been defined at all, still less the proper organ of its utterance. But it has been the traditional belief that a *bonâ fide* Œcumenical Council, received by the whole of Christendom, was the ultimate authority in all controversies of faith, and on this principle the creeds and other dogmatic statements of the seven General Councils before the separation of East and West have been accepted. The notion of the Pope being infallible is coeval with the Reformation. And when it is looked on in all its historical, social, and political, as well as its directly religious, bearings, it will be seen at once that to fix it as an article of faith would be "to affirm a new principle of immeasurable moment both in its retrospective and prospective aspects, a principle compassing the whole life of man and of society, for there could no longer be any question of the Pope going beyond his proper sphere. Infallibility must define its own limits." The old rule of St. Vincent, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, would be obsolete, and the testimony of Fathers and of history would be reduced to so much waste paper. Any Pope, learned or ignorant, could impose any article of belief he pleased on the faithful, and on any subject—for all subjects, except mathematics, may be said to have some sort of relation to religion—and "whosoever should reject the last new dogma coined in the Vatican mint would incur excommunication in this world, and eternal perdition in the next." All Councils would for the future be superfluous. The Bishops might from time to time be summoned to Rome, as they have been summoned twice already by Pius IX., to swell the pomp of some grand Pontifical function; but with doctrine they would have no further right to trouble themselves; "to presume to confirm the utterances flowing by Divine inspiration from the Papal lips would be to bring lanterns to aid the light of the noon-day sun." To write *definiens subscripsi*, as at the old Councils, would be nothing short of blasphemy. Who shall dare to sanction, any more than to question, the accuracy of the teaching of the Holy Ghost? Once for all, at the three weeks' Council of the Vatican, and for the last time, the Bishops will have used their powers to commit with due solemnity an act of perpetual suicide. "*When we speak of the Church*," says the Jesuit Gretser, "*we mean the Pope*." Or, as Cajetan says, "the Church is the slave of the Pope." National Churches can have no mind or will but his, and the Clerico-Italian way of looking at things is the only true one. "The Italians, according to the Jesuit theory"—we may just pause to observe how consistently this view is carried out by the Ultramontane English converts—"are the chosen people of the New Covenant." More than nine-tenths of the functionaries and members of Congregations who form the Roman Court, and shape the decisions which are to rule the faith and devotion of the Catholic world, are Italians; and to be "a good Catholic" is to conform oneself in all respects—in despite of one's French or English or German nationality, which is a carnal hindrance—to Italian habits of speech and prayer and thought. Let no one say this is an exaggerated picture, for the *Civiltà* expressly insists that "it is not enough for men to know that the Pope is head of the Church. They must understand that *their own faith and religious life must flow out of the Pope*, and that in him lies the bond which links Catholics to one another, and the power which strengthens them, that *he is the dispenser of the gifts of the Spirit and of all the benefits of religion*, the upholder of righteousness and the protector of the oppressed, and that is not enough." St. Paul's words, "in him we live and move and have our being," are applied to the Pope, and as Tacitus says, the only form of flattery remaining is openly to proclaim his divinity during life. In short it is simply Llamaism under the outward forms of Christianity.

With one friendly suggestion to the zealous conductors of the *Civiltà* we must conclude for the present, hoping to return to the subject shortly. It strikes us that they might most appropriately stereotype the reform which they are labouring to effect by inducing the Council to accept one very simple alteration in the language of the Creeds. Let the word *Papam* be substituted throughout for the word *Deum*, and they will have expressed all that they can desire.

APRON-STRINGS.

AMONG other classifications, the world of men and women may be divided into those who wear aprons and those who are tied to the strings thereof, those who determine the length of the

tether and those who are bound to browse within its circuit, those who hold the reins and those who go bitted. All men and women are fond of power, but there is a wide difference in the ways in which they use it. To men belong the grave political tyrannies at which nations revolt and history is outraged, to women the small conventional laws framed against individual liberty by Mrs. Grundy and society; men rule with rods of iron and drive with whips of steel, women shorten the tether and tie up close to apron-strings; men coerce, women forbid. In fact, the difference is just that which lies between action and negation, compulsion and restraint; between the masculine jealousy of equality and the feminine fear of excess. If men debar women from all entrance into their larger sphere, women try to dwarf men's lives to their own measure, and not a few hold themselves aggrieved when they fail. They think that everything which is impossible to them should be forbidden to others, and they maintain that to be a lamentable extreme which is simply in excess of their own powers. Not content with supremacy in the home which is their own undisputed domain, nor satisfied with binding on men the various rules distinguishing life in the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the breakfast-parlour, they would, if they could, carry their code outside, and sweep into its narrow net the club-house and the mess-table, the billiard-room and the race-course, and wherever else men congregate together, delivered from the bondage of feminine conventionalities. For almost all women have an uneasy feeling when their men are out of sight, enjoying themselves in their own way. They fear on all sides—both bodily harm and moral evil; and regard men's rougher sports and freer thoughts as a hen regards her wilful ducklings when they take to the water in which she would be drowned, and leave her high and dry lamenting their danger and self-destruction. The man they love best for his manliness they would, in their loving cowardice, do their utmost to make effeminate; and while adoring him for all that makes him bold and strong in thought as well as in frame, would tie him up to their apron-strings, and keep him there till he became as soft and narrow as themselves. Not that they would wish to do so; if you asked them they would tell you quite the contrary; but this would be the result if they had their own way, their love being at all times more timid than confident.

To home-staying women, a brilliant husband courted by the world, and loving what courts him, is a painful cross to bear, however much beloved—the pain, in fact, being proportionate to the love. Perhaps no life exemplifies this so much as Moore's. Poor "Bessy" suffered many things because of the looseness of the apron-string by which her roving husband was tied, and the length of the tether which he allowed himself. *Farfallone amoroso* as he was, his incessant flutterings out of range and reach caused her many a sad hour; and in after years she was often heard to say that the happiest time of her life was when his mind had begun to fail, for then she had him all to herself, and no one came in between them—no great world swept him away to be the idol of a *salon*, and left her alone at home casting up her accounts with life, and quaking at the result that came out. When the brilliancy and the idolatry came to an end, then her turn began; and she tied up her dulled and faltering idol close to her side for ever after, and was happier to have him there than when he was at his brightest, and a rover. Many a wife has felt the same when sickness has broken down the strong man's power to a weakness below her own, and made her, so long the inferior, now the more powerful of the two, and the supreme. She gathers up the reins with that firm, tight hand peculiar to women, and ties him to her apron-string so that he cannot escape. It is quite a matter of pride with her that she has got him into such good order. He obeys her so implicitly about his medicines, and going to bed early, and wrapping himself up, and avoidance of draughts and night air, that she feels all the reflected glory of one who has conquered a hero. The Samson who used to defy the elements, and break her careful strings like bands of tow, has at last laid his head in her lap, and suffered himself to be covered by her apron. It is worth while to have had the anxiety and loss of his illness for the sake of the submission resulting; and she generally ends by gaining a hold over him which he can never shake off again. It is pitiful though to see the stronger life thus dwarfed and bound; but women like it, and while the need for it lasts men must submit. The danger is lest the habit of the apron-string should become permanent; for it is so perilously pleasant to be petted and made much of by women, that few men can resist the temptation when it offers; and many have been ruined for the remainder of their days by an illness which gave them up into the keeping of wife and sisters—those fireside Armidas who will coddle all the real manliness out of their finest heroes, if they are let. If this kind of thing occurs at the break of life, the *mezzo cammino* between maturity and age, it is doubly difficult to throw off; and many a man who had good years of vigour and strength before him if he had been kept up to the mark, sinks all at once into effete senility because his womankind got frightened at that last small attack of his, and thought the best way to preserve him from another was to weaken him by over care.

Perhaps the greatest misfortune that can befall a man is to have been an only son, brought up by a tender and timid widow mother. It is easy to see at a glance, among a crowd of boys, who has been educated under exclusively feminine influence. The long curled shining hair, the fantastic tunic—generally a kind of hybrid between a tunic and a frock—the lavish use of embroidery, the soft pretty-behaved manner, the clean unroughened hands, all mark the boy of whom his mother has so often wished that he had been a girl, and whom she has made as like a girl as possible. His intellectual education has been as unboylike as his daily breeding. Mothers' boys are taught to play the piano, to amuse themselves with painting, or netting, or perhaps a little woolwork in the evenings—anything to keep them quietly seated by the family table, without an outbreak of boyish restlessness or inconvenient energy; but they are never taught to ride, to hunt, to shoot, to swim, to play at cricket, football, or billiards, unless there is a stalwart uncle about who takes the reins in his own hand at times, and insists on having a word to say about his nephew's education. There is danger in all, and evil in some, of these things; and women cannot bear that those they love should run the risk of either. Wherefore their boys are modest and virtuous truly, but they are not manly; and when they go out into the world, as they must sooner or later, they are either laughed at for their priggishness, or they go to the bad by the very force of reaction. The mother has allowed them to learn nothing that will be of any use to them, and they enter the great arena wholly unprepared either to fight or to resist, to push their own way or to take their own part. They have been kept tied up to the apron-string to the last moment, and only when absolutely forced by the necessity of events will she cut the knot and let them go free. But she holds on to the last moment. Even when the time comes for college life and learning, she often goes with her darling, and takes lodgings in the town, that she may be near at hand to watch over his health and morals, and continue her careful labours for his destruction. The chances are that a youth so brought up never becomes a real man, or worth his salt anyhow. He is a prig if he is good, a debauchee of the worst kind if he kicks over the traces at all. He is more likely the first, carrying the mark of the apron-string round his wrist for life. Like a tame falcon used to the hood and the perch and the lure home, no matter what the temptation of the quarry afield, he is essentially a domestic man, at ease only in the society of women; a fussy man, a small man, delicate in health, and with a dread of strong measures, physical, political, or mental; a crotchety man, and given to passing quackeries, but not a man fit for man's society, or for a man's work. When there are many boys, instead of only one, in a widow's family, the opposite of all this is the case. As soon as they have escaped from the nursery, they have escaped from all control whatsoever; and if one wants to realize a puerile pandemonium of dirt, discomfort, noise, and general disorganization, the best place in the world is the household of a feeble-spirited mother of many sons, where there is no controlling masculine influence.

Daughters, who are naturally and necessarily tied up to the mother's apron-string, suffer occasionally from too tight a strain; though certainly it is not the fault of the present day that girls are too closely fettered, too home-staying or subdued. Still, every now and then one comes across a matron who has crushed all individuality out of her family, and whose grown-up daughters are still children to her in go-carts and leading-strings. They may be the least attractive of their sex, but a mother of this kind has one fixed delusion respecting them—namely, that the world is full of wolves eager to devour her lambs, and that they are only safe when close to her maternal apron and browsing within an inch of the tether stake. These are the girls who become hopeless old maids. Men have an instinctive dread of the maternal apron-string. They do not want to marry a mother as well as a wife, and to live under a double dominion and a reduplicated opposition. It is all very well to say that a girl so brought up is broken in already, and therefore more likely to make a good wife than many others, seeing that it is only a transfer of obedience. That may do for slaves, who cannot be other than slaves whoever is the master; but it does not do for women who see their friends freer than themselves, and who might, if fate had so ordered it, been free too. The chances here are, as with the mothers' boys, that the girl kept too close to the apron-string during her spinsterhood goes all abroad so soon as she gets on the free ground of matrimony, and lets her liberty run into license. Or she keeps her old allegiance to her mother intact, and her husband is never more than the younger branch at best. Most likely he is a usurper, whom it is her duty to disobey in favour of the rightful ruler when they chance to come into collision.

If women had their will, all national enterprise would be at an end. There would be no Arctic Expeditions, no Alpine Clubs, no dangerous experiments in science, no firearms at home, no volunteering—in their own family at least. All the danger would be done by the husbands and brothers and sons of other women, but each would guard her own. For women cannot go beyond the individual, and the loss of one of their own, by misadventure, weighs more with them than the necessity of keeping up the courage and hardihood of the nation. Nor do they see the difference between care and coddling, refinement and effeminacy; consequently, men are obliged to resist their influence, and many cut the apron-string altogether, because delicate fingers will tie the knots too tight. They do not remember that the influence to which men yield as a voluntary act of their own grace is a very different thing from obedience to the open denial, the undisguised interference and restraint, which some women like to show. Men respect the higher standard of morality kept up by women, and they obey the major and the minor laws of refinement which are framed for home life and for society; and they confess that, without woman's influence, they would soon degenerate into mere savages, and be no better than so many Choctaws before a

generation was over; but they do not like being pulled up short especially in public, and hounded into the safe sheepfold. And they resent the endeavour. And the world resents it too, and feels that something is wrong when a woman shows that she has the whip hand, and that she can treat her husband like a petted child or bully him like a refractory one; that she has him tied to her apron-strings, and tethered to the stake of her will. But there is more of this kind of thing in families than the world at large always knows of; and many a fine, stalwart fellow who holds his own among men, and is looked up to and respected for his courage, decision, and self-reliance, sinks into mere poodledom at home, where his wife has somehow managed to get hold of the leading-strings, and has taught him that the only way to peace is by submission and obedience.

THE JUDICATURE COMMISSION.

II.

THE history of Law well exemplifies an axiom which is of wider application—namely, that the tendency of a high state of civilization is towards simplicity. We now know that the golden age of shepherds and shepherdesses has existed only in the dreams of poets, and that the remote past was in reality the age of the most burdensome customs and the most intricate formalities. To do what one has to do in the most straightforward manner, amazing as the statement may appear, is a modern invention. There is, indeed, a simplicity of a certain kind in early times, but it is the simplicity of rudeness, and the result merely of the small scale upon which everything is done. Then come the ages of activity and progress, during which, as wants increase and society develops in many new directions, there springs up a luxuriant and tangled growth of forms and institutions, in which the perpetually renewed state of things finds expression. Afterwards comes the era when nations consciously review their institutions, and rejecting those which have been practically superseded or are circuitous in their working, rearrange those which are retained with sole and simple reference to the purpose which they are intended to serve.

This era seems at last to have arrived in the history of the judicial system of England. As it stands, it is just one of those wild growths of the middle ages which it is the aim of the present time to prune and replant in accordance with a definite conception. Courts have sprung up where they were wanted and where they were not wanted, interfering with and dwarfing one another, and accompanied always with a rank and various vegetation of practice and procedure. Of late years the Legislature has by fits and starts turned its attention to the subject. It has abolished a number of local jurisdictions, *imperia in imperiis*, such as the great Sessions of Wales and the Court of the Franchise of Ely, which tended only to complication. It has superseded the multiform Courts of Request for the recovery of small debts by a uniform system of new County Courts, and it has thrown difficulties in the way of the resort to those obsolete tribunals which it did not care expressly to annihilate. With the "Superior Courts at Westminster," as they are called, it has however dealt very tenderly, and as yet, entirely in the way of patching and repair. It has left to them all those divergencies of form, contortions of growth, and quaintnesses of aspect, which are due to the accidents of their eventful history rather than to any necessity arising from the purpose for which they exist. The rise of these several Courts out of the one simple Court in which the King and his great officers administered justice, is one of the commonplaces of constitutional history. It is well known that the Court of Common Pleas between subject and subject was finally severed from the rest of the *aula regia* in the reign of John, and that the Exchequer, for the trial of the Crown's claims of revenue, and the Queen's Bench, for the determination of other cases in which the Crown is interested, acquired a similar independent existence in the time of Edward I. As the process of specialization proceeded, several of the high officials of the King's Court, such as the Earl Marshal, the Lord High Admiral, and, above all, the Lord High Chancellor, came to have Courts of their own, while the residue of the *aula regia* has continued to exercise judicial functions as the House of Lords. The first stage, therefore, in the history of the superior Courts was their acquisition, one by one, of an existence independent of the *aula regia*, to which they all owed their origin. The next stage was the long period during which each Court pursued its own path, grasping at all the jurisdiction within its reach. When the nation at length arrived at the stage of deliberately examining its systems of judicature, the state of things which awaited its consideration was as follows:—The three Courts of Common Law had come to possess nearly similar powers; the Queen's Bench having extended its jurisdiction by a fiction that every defendant had been arrested for some imaginary trespass, and the Exchequer by a fiction that every plaintiff was a debtor to the King. The system of pleading in all three Courts was in the highest degree artificial. The Chancellor, as Keeper of the King's Conscience, had succeeded in establishing a system of rules radically opposed to the law as laid down in the older Courts, and had thus reared up the gigantic system of Equity, with its own modes of pleading and procedure, which he administered very dilatorily, with the aid of a Master of the Rolls and other "Masters in Chancery." A similar system was also dispensed by what was called the "Equity side" of the Court of Exchequer. The Chancellor had assumed a power of interfering with actions in the Common Law Courts. Then there was the Court of Admiralty, which proceeded in accordance with the rules of the Roman law, while testamentary and matrimonial questions were decided by the rules of Canon law in the Ecclesiastical Courts. The practitioners in most Courts were barristers, but the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts would hear only doctors-of-law, and the Common Pleas was closed to all but serjeants. The Legislature, on awaking to a consciousness of these things, took much pains to assimilate the procedure of the three Common Law Courts, rendering unnecessary the fictions by means of which they had filched their jurisdiction, and relaxed to some extent their technical strictness in pleading. It created new lay tribunals, to which it confided testamentary and matrimonial causes, leaving, however, the procedure in such causes much as it was before. It threw open all Courts, of whatever kind, to all barristers. It strengthened the Court of Chancery by adding to it Vice-Chancellors and Lords Justices, and endeavoured to make certain modes of procedure which had hitherto been peculiar to Courts of Law or of Equity respectively the common property of both. It abolished the Equity side of the Exchequer. We have purposely left out of consideration the Appellate Courts and their history.

But all these repairs done to the old institutions have failed to produce satisfactory results. The Common Law Courts have lost their scientific system of pleading, but have not been able to adopt the equitable expedients which were placed at their disposal. The Courts of Equity, on the other hand, have not made much of the new weapon, trial by jury, with which they were entrusted. The enlarged powers given to the Judge of the Admiralty threaten to bring him into collision with other jurisdictions; while the Courts of Divorce and Probate, great as has been their success, still occupy a somewhat anomalous position in our judicial system. And this is the verdict of the Judicature Commissioners. "The alterations," they say, "to which we have referred have, no doubt, introduced considerable improvements into the procedure both of the Common Law and Equity Courts; but after a careful consideration of the subject, and judging now with the advantage of many years' experience of the practical working of the systems actually in force, we are of opinion that the 'transfer or blending of jurisdiction,' attempted to be carried out by recent Acts of Parliament, is not a sufficient or adequate remedy for the evils complained of, and would at best have mitigated, but not removed, the most prominent of those evils."

In illustration of the injurious results of the distinction between Courts of Law and of Equity, the Commissioners instance the late dispute between the sellers of railway shares and the jobbers on the Stock Exchange, where "the defendants were subjected to litigation (at the instance, no doubt, of different parties), carried on at the same time in different Courts, and exposed to the risk of conflicting decisions, those Courts operating under different forms of procedure, and being controlled by different Courts of Appeal." And they point out that the effect of the acts and representations of Directors of Joint Stock Companies, who fill the double character of agents and trustees for the Companies and shareholders, has frequently been brought into question in both jurisdictions, and sometimes with opposite results, to the great expense and perplexity of suitors. The inference which they draw is that there is a necessity for "a tribunal invested with full power of dealing with all the complicated rights and obligations springing out of such transactions, and of administering complete and appropriate relief, no matter whether the rights and obligations involved are what are called legal or equitable."

Nor would the difficulty be met by allowing each Court to administer full relief under several systems of law and procedure. This is actually attempted in the County Courts, on which, in many cases, a limited jurisdiction has been conferred, not only in Common Law, but also in Equity and in Admiralty. The ridiculous result is aptly described by the Report as follows:—"But these jurisdictions, though conferred on the same Court and the same Judge, still remain (like the Common Law and Equity sides of the old Court of Exchequer) quite distinct and separate. The Judge has no power to administer in one and the same suit any combination of the different remedies which belong to his three jurisdictions, however convenient or appropriate such redress may be. That can only be accomplished, under the County Court system, by three distinct suits brought in the same Court and before the same Judge, carried on under three different forms of procedure, and controlled by three different Courts of Appeal. In this case, therefore, although we appear at first sight to have obtained that great desideratum which the Common Law Commissioners call the 'consolidation of all the elements of a complete remedy in the same Court,' yet as that remedy can only be had in three separate suits, the evil is equally great." The Commissioners see that this confusion can never be radically cured till there is but one rule of law and one mode of procedure applicable to each case; and, as the only sure means of attaining the result, they have had the courage to recommend that there should be but one Superior Court of the first instance. This proposal is startling from its very simplicity. The new "Supreme Court," which is to supersede all the superior Courts now in existence, is to put an end at once to all conflicts of jurisdiction. "No suitor could be defeated because he commenced his suit in the wrong Court, and sending the suitor from equity to law, or from law to equity, to begin his suit over again, in order to obtain redress, will be no longer possible."

The Court will be divided into as many chambers or divisions as the nature or extent or the convenient despatch of busi-

ness may require. "All suits, however, should be instituted in the Supreme Court, and not in any particular chamber or division of it; and each chamber or division should possess all the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court with respect to the subject-matter of the suit, and with respect to every defence which may be made thereto, whether on legal or equitable grounds, and should be enabled to grant such relief, or to apply such remedy or combination of remedies, as may be appropriate or necessary in order to do complete justice between the parties in the case before the Court, or, in other words, such remedies as all the present Courts combined have now jurisdiction to administer." The procedure is to be as uniform in all the divisions of the Supreme Court as is consistent with the principle of making the procedure in each division appropriate to the nature of the cases which will be assigned to each. The system of pleading recommended is one which would combine "the comparative brevity of the simpler forms of Common Law pleading with the principle of stating intelligibly, and not technically, the substance of the facts relied upon as constituting the plaintiff's or defendant's case, as distinguished from his evidence." Questions of law will be argued before a divisional Court or a judge; and questions of fact will be triable by a judge alone, by a judge and jury, or by an "official referee," who would be a functionary of the Court, and whose services would of course not have to be paid for by the suitors themselves, as is the case when causes are referred to a private arbitrator.

Such is, in outline, the leading recommendation of the Commissioners, and it contains their answer to the most important of the questions which were put to them. They deal also, more or less in detail, with other points upon which their opinion was requested, reserving, however, some for future consideration. Several topics which seem intimately related to the questions discussed were not within the scope of the Commission, and the Report is therefore silent about them. In order, however, to make the investigation theoretically complete, it would obviously be necessary to empower the Commissioners to inquire into the working of the County Courts and Quarter Sessions at one extremity of the judicial scale, and of the House of Lords and the Privy Council at the other. The last-named inquiry may, however, stand over for the present. It is quite possible to reconstruct our whole system of judicature up to the Court of Appeal, without at present determining whether the decisions of that court are to be final, or whether they are to be reviewed by the House of Lords, or the Privy Council, or some combination of those bodies; and the question is one which it might be undesirable to open at this moment when it would be complicated by the proposal for the creation of life peers. The County Courts and Courts of Quarter Session should, however, at once be brought within the scope of the Commission; for the Supreme Court can hardly be satisfactorily constituted till some decision has been arrived at as to the relation which is to be borne to it by the local tribunals.

The Commissioners have issued their Report without evidence or appendix of any kind. It might perhaps have been as well if they had supported their conclusions by some statement of the working of judicial reforms in other countries. Had they chosen to do so, they might have fortified their proposal for the erection of one Supreme Court by the successful precedents of several Continental States, of New York and other States of America, of most of the British colonies, and of India; and they might have shown how America adopted precisely the means recommended in the Report for getting rid of the distinction between Law and Equity—namely, an amalgamation of procedure and a fusion of Courts. And this, indeed, would be the best reply to objections which are sure to be raised to the new scheme. We shall of course be told that for one Court administering the law under one system of procedure we must wait till we have a code; that before putting Equity and Common Law judges to sit upon the same bench, we must remove the substantive distinction between Equity and Common Law. The fact is that the complication is now so great that we have no choice but to cut the knot; and experience has shown that the simplest mode of cutting it is to throw the Courts into one, and to empower the new Court to give such redress in every case as could previously have been given in all the old Courts combined.

THE GREAT HIGGS.

In investigating the accounts of the Great Central Gas Company it is made to appear, as in such cases it always is, that an elaborate system of control existed for the purpose of preventing that fraud which, unfortunately, was perpetrated in spite of it. Every collector of gas-rents employed by the Company was required to pay daily the amount received by him to the Company's bankers, and to deliver at the Company's office the bankers' slip of the amount paid in, and a list of names of customers, and amounts received from them. The total of this list would be the amount paid to the bankers. It then became the duty of the Company's accountant to see that this amount was credited to the Company in the bankers' pass-book, and entered in the cash-book. It will be seen that, under this admirable arrangement, neither the accountant nor any of the clerks had anything to do with the cash, and the collectors had no control over the books. The collectors, however, instead of observing the rule of paying all their receipts into the bank, left, in many instances, both the money and the lists at the Company's office, and Higgs got possession of both. Thus the excellent system of control was frustrated by the circumstance that both the cash and the books came into the same hands. Sometimes Higgs took all the cash brought by a particular collector, and in this case he made away with the collector's list altogether. At other times he took only part of the cash, and in that case he substituted a list of his own preparation, showing as received only the amount which he allowed to go into the bank. If it had ever happened that a consumer had been called upon to pay over again a sum appropriated by Higgs, the fraud of Higgs would, in the ordinary course of business, have been discovered. We say the ordinary course of business, because the course of business in the office of the Great Central Gas Company was very extraordinary. But Higgs did not venture to run this risk. He preferred to give credit to the consumers, in what is called the "rental," for the sums actually paid by them. The Company's domain was divided into districts, and an account for each district was kept in the Company's ledger. The amounts appearing by the bankers' book to have been paid in by the collectors on account of each district would be credited to that district in the ledger. It is evident that the amounts of these credits would be less than the total of the amounts for which Higgs had caused credit to be given to the consumers in the rental. Then how could it possibly happen that the ledger account was not compared with the rental? The frauds of Higgs extended over seven years, and amounted to upwards of seventy thousand pounds, and they caused the amount of pretended arrears of gas-rents to become portentous, and compelled the Directors to borrow money to pay the usual dividend; and yet it neither occurred to the accountant, nor was suggested to him by his superiors, that he ought even to look at the consumers' accounts in the rental. Our wonder at the accountant's easiness may be mitigated by observing that he is the person to whom Higgs stated that his wife was shortly coming into a fortune of 180,000*l.*, being more than a thousand years' purchase of Higgs's salary. The accountant has been examined before a Parliamentary Committee, and he said that "he had no reason to doubt the truth of Higgs's statement"—an answer which perhaps indicates sufficiently the character of the man, and goes far to explain how it happened that the admirable system of controlling accounts over which he presided has been found practically useless. He stated, in answer to another question, that he had never seen Mrs. Higgs, and we may admit that, if he did not see her, he could not be expected to have an opinion as to whether she looked like a person who was going to come into 180,000*l.* We may admit further, that if Mr. Wyld, accountant of the Great Central Gas Company, is possible, nothing is impossible; and if he believed in his own existence he was warranted in believing also in the existence of a Providence which poured 180,000*l.* into the lap of Mrs. Higgs.

But more wonderful even than the credulity of Mr. Wyld, or the supposed fortune of Mrs. Higgs, was the charity of the Directors of the Company, who went on year after year borrowing money to pay dividend rather than exert any gentle pressure on their customers. We used to believe that a collector, either of gas or water-rate, was the modern embodiment of the classical idea of hard, inexorable necessity. We never even ventured to have any belief as to the nature of the Directors by whom these collectors were controlled, but if we might attempt to put a dim and awful conception into words, we would call both classical and mathematical illustrations to our aid, and say that we should conceive the Board of Directors of a Gas Company to be Fate raised to the n^{th} power. And now the veil is drawn aside, and we behold these Directors sitting at their Board, and we find that they are men of like weaknesses with ourselves. They could not find in their gentle hearts resolution to cut off anybody's gas, and still less could they reconcile it to their feelings to deprive their shareholders of dividend, or themselves of their moderate remuneration of 1,000*l.* a year; and so they made everything pleasant all round by borrowing where they should have dunned. We have heard of nothing like the conduct of these Directors since the time of the speculator who declared that, as in previous bankruptcies he had always paid his creditors 5*s.* in the pound, he preferred on the bankruptcy then pending to adhere to the same rule, even although he should be obliged to pay the amount of composition out of his own pocket. Mr. Wyld's own existence is the greatest wonder to be seen under the sun, or even by the light of gas, and therefore he cannot be expected to be surprised at anything which occurs in the world around him. He was aware that the Company had to borrow money to pay their dividend, because they could not get in their outstanding accounts, but he was not aware that any inquiry was made as to the reason why these accounts were not collected.

It used to be said that nothing was certain except death and quarter-day, but it appears that within the dominions of the Great Central Gas Company quarter-day stood indefinitely postponed so long as the Company could borrow money. For the year 1868 the rental of the Company was 85,000*l.* and the arrears 65,000*l.* The amount of arrears had more than doubled since the year 1862, when Higgs commenced his operations. This Company, like all other companies, had auditors, and it may be remarked in the history of fraudulent accounts that, whenever there is anything not to be found out, auditors are brought into activity. Mr. Chatteris, an auditor of the Company, did not consider it any part of his business to question the judgment of the Directors in giving such largely increased credits. The frauds arose from the mani-

pulation of subsidiary books, kept in the accountant's office, which Mr. Chatteris and his colleague could not check. The auditors agree with everybody else in expressing admiration for the system of the Company's accounts. They declare themselves unable to suggest any improvement in these accounts, and therefore it only remains for outsiders to inquire whether any improvement is possible in the auditors. An improvement, or at least a change, has been lately made by transferring the power of appointing auditors from the Corporation of London to the Board of Trade. But suppose that Mr. Chatteris and his colleague had gone on for several years longer, contemplating and, so far as admiration permitted, checking the working of this perfect system of accounts, attending strictly to their own proper business, and never presuming to object to the apparent generosity with which the Directors gave away other people's money; and suppose that Mr. Wyld had not accidentally discovered that his friend Mr. Higgs sometimes omitted to hand over a cheque that he had received—we should like to know whether a time would ever have come when Mr. Higgs's frauds would have divulged themselves. It is certain that nobody connected with the Company would ever have been surprised at anything. The Directors would have gone on laying up supposed treasures in heaven for themselves, and postponing further into a dim and distant future the prospect of a dividend out of profits. If they suffered under public censure for maintaining a high general price of gas, they might console themselves by imagining that they were blessed by the poor whose light they had compassionately abstained from darkening. If anybody remarked that Mr. Higgs seemed to be living in a style for which a yearly salary of 145*l.* could hardly pay, the answer would be that Mrs. Higgs had probably come into the expected fortune. It seems possible that Mr. Higgs might have gone on abstracting more and more of the profits of the Company as long as anybody would lend money to the Company to supply their place. Mr. Higgs was an able man, or he could not have perpetrated these frauds. Of course he bore the highest character, as this class of swindlers always do. He was assiduous in his duties at the office, early and late, or he would have been found out long before. The melancholy moral of his story seems to be that ability is dangerous, that respectability ought to excite suspicion, and that if a clerk displays exceptional industry, his employers will do well to dismiss him instantly from their service. The directors report that the accounts they have received of Mr. Higgs's "wicked extravagance," have come upon them with surprise. Now that somebody is surprised at something the world will perhaps resume its usual course. When it was first announced that Mr. Higgs had absconded, he was supposed to have appropriated a small sum received for "gas products." Investigation showed that he had appropriated upwards of 71,000*l.* In order to make good the deficiency thus created, it is proposed to set apart 10,000*l.* a year out of dividend, and this, we suppose, must continue for seven years. The directors during this period will have to exchange fancied blessings of consumers for real curses of shareholders; and they must feel that the light that they have diffused has not been accompanied by much sweetness.

A meeting of shareholders was held on Thursday evening preliminary to the formal meeting to be held on Friday morning, but we fear that whether the affairs of this unlucky Company are looked at by gaslight or by daylight they must appear equally unpromising. Among other points of view in which this question may be regarded is that of the professional accountant. Mr. Higgs is stated by his brethren to have possessed the highest ability in his calling, and the Directors thought 145*l.* a year a fitting recompense for his services. He must have felt that he was entitled to take rank with those great liquidators whose power almost entitles them to be ranked as a fourth estate of the realm. He might have wound up such a vast concern as Overend, Gurney, and Co., or he might even, for an adequate remuneration, have kept it going. And yet he comes early to the office of the Great Central Gas Company and late departs, and draws without complaint his pay of less than 10*s.* a day. Shall such a man as this not have his yearnings for wealth and power? Shall he not demand, nay, shall he not create, a career open to his talents? Shall it be inscribed over his grave that here reposes

> A Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood?

Mr. Higgs seems to have thought not.

THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACT.

We took occasion some time ago to refer to the proposed extension of the Contagious Diseases Act. The arguments in favour of such a measure are generally understood, and are sufficiently simple. One of the most fearful diseases known to humanity was for a long time permitted to extend itself in England without the smallest attempt to stop its ravages. It is the special characteristic of the disease that it not only attacks the vicious, but extends itself to innocent people, and corrupts the constitution of future generations. The absence of any precautionary measures has long shocked all persons whose ideas of delicacy do not consist in simply shutting their eyes to horrible evils because they are unmentionable in general society. It would be not merely an act of policy, but a religious duty, if there is any meaning in such words, to eradicate, if it be possible, one of the chief causes of human degradation and misery. That it is possible, if not to eradicate, at least to mitigate it materially, has been conclusively shown by our own experience, and still more by that of foreign nations. Yet there is a certain class which is sure to raise a howl of indignation against any proposal for more effectual measures of repression, on grounds of religious and other prejudices. We have little doubt that their power has declined under the general spread of common sense and sanitary improvement, and we fully believe that, if Government acts with tolerable decision, it will find that their obstructiveness will be as impotent as it deserves. If anything were wanted to confirm this opinion it would be the inspection of a remarkable pamphlet, published under the name of *The Prevention Worse than the Disease*, which, on the whole, is as successful in answering its own arguments as any work which we have lately had the pleasure of studying. We can sincerely commend it to the perusal of persons who take an interest in the question, as a conclusive proof of the extreme smallness of reasonable grounds of objection.

The pamphlet of course indulges in a good deal of scolding, calling the recent Act "diabolical," "a dishonour to God," "an insult to His moral government," "an outrage to public virtue," "a death-blow to the wellbeing of the community," and using the other gentle phrases by which it is customary for writers of a certain class to indicate their disapproval of a measure. We will only remark that there is a *primâ facie* presumption that a system which has already saved many persons from a terrible disease, as the pamphlet admits, and which has done so under very unfavourable circumstances, is neither a dishonour to our Maker, nor a sure way of checking our national wellbeing. It is curious to inquire what are the modes by which it is sought to rebut this presumption.

The first argument is a bold one. The present state of the law, says the pamphlet, is intended to suppress vice, and it speaks of "the existing salutary law against public prostitution, which, whether inactive or not, whilst it stands alone on the Statute-book, affords to the community some safeguard against this rapidly encroaching evil being thus utterly ignored." What is the plain meaning of this, when put into English? Everybody knows, what the pamphlet does not dare to deny, that any attempt to suppress vice by legislation is utterly out of the question, and would lead to evils infinitely greater than those now existing. Further, there is no country in the world where vice shows itself so openly and unblushingly, and enjoys such unlimited facilities, as in England. The difference, in short, between ourselves and foreign countries is simply this—that vice is there put under certain restrictions; whilst with us there are practically no more restrictions on vice than on any harmless amusement. We are frequently ridiculed by foreign writers for this singular contrast between our practice and our precepts; but it passes belief that it should be expressly maintained, in the name of religion and virtue, that we should refrain from imposing restrictions in order to keep up a law which is notoriously and necessarily "inactive." If the pamphlet had proposed that vice should be put down by legislation, it would at least have been logical; though, in the interests not only of common sense but of virtue, we should have strongly opposed its suggestion; but it prefers to suggest, in plain terms, that we should be systematically hypocritical. Hypocrisy, as the pamphlet observes, is the homage which vice pays to virtue. We would propose, as an amended definition, that it is sometimes the parade with which virtue satisfies itself for not passing into the active stage. The usual fallacy upon this point is expressed in the phrase that foreign countries "recognise" the existence of vice; but, as they recognise it in order to impose certain restrictions on it, the difference is not, as is insinuated, between recognition and prohibition, but between recognition and unlimited license. The first step towards remedying an evil is the recognition that it exists as a fact, especially if, as in this case, it is a fact which is absolutely certain to continue to exist.

The pamphlet attempts, in the next place, to appeal to the old prejudices against France, and speaks with horror of the "bare possibility of the national descent to that depth of moral degradation to which the French, as a people, have sunk." We will not stop to argue that, in many and not unimportant respects, the supposed change would be a rise instead of a fall; and that if Englishmen, for example, were as sober and thrifty as Frenchmen, they would make a distinct step in civilization. The purpose of the argument is clear enough. The French system of licensing is in many ways tyrannical, and tends to degrade the women subjected to it; and it is sought to identify the proposed regulations with a system which is exposed to many legitimate objections. Now it cannot be too plainly stated that the purpose of the Act is simply the suppression of disease; and it has been clearly proved in practice that, so long as this end is distinctly kept in view, the women themselves appreciate it, and after some natural suspicions have been surmounted, are only too glad, surprising as it may appear, to be thoroughly cured of a frightful malady. No one says, or proposes to say, that the women shall be subject to any regulations except those which are necessary in a sanitary point of view, and the attempt to confound the two systems is a proof that the authors of the pamphlet are sensible of the weakness of their position. Everybody is willing to attack disease; but if it can be suggested that other oppressive measures are proposed, a prejudice may be raised against the whole movement. Certain incidental misrepresentations bearing upon this point may be shortly noticed. The pamphlet argues that the foreign women in London are specially degraded, which, for obvious reasons, is probable enough. It

objects equally to the Act, because it tends to make Englishwomen less degraded, and says that if disorderly houses are made, as has been proved, more neat and cleanly, it will be an additional recommendation to vice. We may leave these two arguments to fight it out. If the French system degrades the women and the English raises them, there must be some radical distinction between the two; in either case, it is an ingenious logical feat to represent both tendencies as equally pernicious. Meanwhile the argument used to prove the greater degradation of Frenchwomen is curious. It is, first, the surprising fact that they don't like the missionaries sent to them in London; and, secondly, that they save money in order to retire from their terrible trade, whereas Englishwomen seek to get rid of their ill-gotten gains, "as if they were contaminating." If this proves anything, it merely proves that the Frenchwomen are not so utterly reckless. Another argument from the same source is worth notice as illustrating the candour of the pamphlet. The disease, it says, is commoner amongst the upper classes in France than with the same classes in England; the evidence proves equally that it is much less common in the lower orders, and specially amongst the military, in France than in England. The explanation given is doubtlessly accurate—namely, that many women of the superior class evade the operation of the French system. Nothing could prove more distinctly that the system has done much to suppress disease, even with the disadvantage that there is a large class which it has not been able to reach; and yet these assertions occur in the very place where the pamphlet is urging that it is necessarily ineffectual. We may leave the writers' admissions to answer their arguments. Upon this head we will merely add, that it is stated that the disease is chiefly maintained in French ports by importation from England; that the difference between the percentage of cases in the French and (still more decisively) the Belgian army, and in the English, is perfectly startling; and finally, that repressive measures are not confined to France, but prevail with the same good effect in countries upon whose moral standard we have no right, nor even any pretension, to look down. Our plan of allowing unlimited contagion would be regarded with as much disgust in Germany as amongst our traditional enemies.

We must now deal with one more argument, which deserves more respectful treatment, for it is at any rate founded avowedly upon religious grounds. We need only notice shortly the extreme form of the argument, at which even the pamphlet does not do more than hint indirectly; namely, that the disease is to be regarded as a Divine punishment with which we should not tamper. The argument, if it is good for anything—and it is only good from a superstitious point of view radically opposed to all true religious feeling—is equally good against voluntary and against compulsory treatment. Other diseases are equally the result of vicious modes of life, and if they are all to be considered as directly sent for our punishment, we should have societies for the preservation of the small-pox as well as for the support of yet greater evils. Vaccination would still, as formerly, be considered as blasphemous. The argument in this form is pretty well extinct, and as the pamphlet is emphatic in its praises of Lock hospitals subsidized by the Government, we presume that its authors would not object to the suppression of this disease so long as we refrain, in obedience to a blind superstition, from making our measures effective. It is sacrilegious, according to the argument, to say, You shall not spread contagion; but it is wise and right to say, We will help you not to spread it if you had rather be cured. This is merely an appeal to the ancient and decaying prejudice against Government interference even in cases where nothing else can possibly be satisfactory. But another shape of the same doctrine is really the only one which is worth a moment's attention. It is that by diminishing the penalty of vice we shall increase its frequency. To this we may say—first, that even if this were true, it is important to limit a disease which injures the innocent almost, if not quite, as frequently as the guilty; and, secondly, that by diminishing the resulting evils, we diminish the sin. Vice in any case is an unspeakable evil; but it is doubly grievous when it leads to so many remote consequences. It would be less morally degrading when it did not entail ruin upon future generations. So far we should be merely striking a balance of evils; but the statement itself is, so far as we can tell, totally unfounded, and even opposed to the truth. So far as experience goes, there has been no evidence in confirmation of it; and no one has shown that increased impunity of this kind has led to an increase of vice. Everybody who has been familiar with the habits of young men knows how little such dangers really act as a restraint. They make many men more cautious, but they do not make them more moral; the only result is that they are vicious with more forethought and deliberation. If the punishment were certain, the effect might be different; but when it comes as a kind of lottery, it has the same tendency as other lotteries to demoralize people and rapidly to blunt their sense of danger. We believe it would be found that men are frequently most reckless where the disease is most common, and for the obvious reason that those who have not been deterred by the risk become degraded, and form the nucleus of a debased population. It is surprising how soon such topics become a mere matter of jest, and the necessary consequence is a moral as well as a physical degeneration.

The question is not a very pleasant one to treat, but its importance makes it a duty to press it upon the attention of Government and of all rational people. When the prejudices which oppose the extension of the measure are fairly examined, they become so flimsy and self-contradictory that nothing can account for the audacity with which they are avowed except the blundering views which some people are apt to take of religious subjects. The objections raised are simply a fag-end of the old objections against all sorts of sanitary reforms, founded on the intelligent theory that God made us to be diseased and dirty, and that it is profane to use the means which He has put into our hands for healing and cleansing the dark places of society. The unanimous opinion of sensible men is, we have no doubt, on the other side, and Government can afford to do its manifest duty if it has the courage. The extension of an Act which has already obtained such unequivocal results would do more good than half the measures which excite twice as much attention; and though this is not the place for dwelling on the topic, we will add that no duty is more imperatively commanded by the Christian religion than that of repressing evils which are debasing whole masses of our population and spreading misery through all ranks of society.

YOUNG OXFORD.

THERE are few earthly surprises at once so odd and so pleasant as the surprise with which, after a few years absence from Oxford, one returns to find oneself an anachronism. It is not merely that the ordinary social changes of life have gone on more rapidly there than elsewhere, that a little world which renews itself every three or four years presents new faces and new voices to us, that, if we seek for some enduring element amid the chaos of novelty, we are driven to make friends with a veteran scout, or to gaze with a sigh of relief on an immortal bedell. It is not the faces only, but the whole atmosphere of Oxford that has changed. The puns, the sermons, the Newdigates, the heroes of the past are utterly forgotten. It is one peculiarity of a place at first sight so eminently traditional, that there is no tradition; the great boating deeds of Smith, the great proctorate of Brown, the wit of Robinson, the learning of Jones, vanish with the generation that knew them. We find ourselves in the midst of a world that has no past, in which a modern life is for ever ebbing and flowing through time-honoured cloisters and beneath immemorial elms, where the most venerable of living beings is the man in his last term.

It is difficult to express the sense of fogyism with which one reads the innumerable Oxford *jeux d'esprit* that float down to hall or parsonage as Charlie comes home for vacation; such amusing little essays, for instance, as these which have just been collected in the form of the *Oxford Spectator*. There is all the old fun, the old sense of social ease and brightness and freedom, the old medley of work and indolence, of jest and earnest, that made Oxford life so picturesque. But every form in which this spirit embodied itself is changed. We have to begin our Oxford again, as we had to begin it when we faced the Vice-Chancellor at our matriculation. All is new, all is strange to us, and we are plunged once more into the "Freshman's Dream" which has been so ingeniously sketched by a writer in these essays:—

> I dreamt that I was wandering at midnight in the Christ-church meadows. The sun was shining, and all the trees bore the similitude of the colossal heads which form the new decorations of the Theatre. I was hastening to Iffley to attend a lecture for which I was in no measure prepared. One tree gravely requested me to subscribe to the Botanical Gardens, while another asked me with great affability to wine. Then the ground beneath my feet turned suddenly to cinders, and I was exhorted to feel my stretcher, because it was the last lap. I rose in the air, and found myself on my feet at the Union, unable to speak; I sat down, and was straightway dining in Hall without cap or gown, while my old schoolmaster glared at me from a frame upon the wall. Then came Alcestis, whose face was still that of the College Porter. With one hand she solved a quadratic equation, and with the other she whispered in tones of silvery sweetness "the Proctor's compliments, sir, and are you a member of the University?"

It is the contrast of this social novelty with the historic and unchanging aspect of the place, of its real life and its ideal life, which gives such a strange charm to Oxford. The future Antony-a-Wood who sets himself to describe the true and not the merely official history of Alma Mater will find himself face to face with the most picturesque, because the most rapidly changing, panorama in the world. Without stirring the dust of the middle ages he will recall the martial tramp of the academical Cavalier as he mustered in Broken Heyes or swept out with Rupert to the fight at Chalgrove Field, the jests of the sturdy Jacobites who ogled the Toasts in Merton Gardens or pelted the soldiers of King George, the earliest Methodists fasting and praying beneath the eyes of the "pretty fellows," the tap of the martial drum that could alone draw Professor Warton from his alehouse, the gaunt figure of Whately stalking round the meadow, the geological cavalcade behind Buckland, the sudden adoption of tail-coats and the most courteous of droops by which Oxford signalized its worship of Newman and the origin of the new "Movement," the debates at the Union, the boats on the river, the delights of the Long. What will strike him most, perhaps, in the Oxford of to-day is the disappearance of the Don. Oxford is Young Oxford. The queer figures, strange compounds of shyness and hauteur, who formed the still background to all the movement and variety of academical life, have faded away into quiet parsonages. With them Oxford has lost its last relic of continuity, the last bond that linked its generations together, the last memorials of a tradition of discipline. It has not lost sweetness in them or light, but it certainly has lost individuality. They were not

as other men are. They had in fact a deep, quiet contempt for other men. Oxford was their world, and beyond Oxford lay only waste wide regions of shallowness and inaccuracy. They were often men of keen humour, of humour keen enough at any rate to see and to mock at the mere pretences of "the world of progress" around them. Their delight was to take a "progressive idea" and to roast it over the common-room fire. They had their poetry; for the place itself, and the reverence they felt for it, filled them with a quiet sense of the beautiful; and this refinement and this humour both saved them from bowing before the vulgar gods of the world without. They did not care much for money; they saw their contemporaries struggling for it, and lingered on content with their quiet rooms and four hundred a year. They cared very little for fame, at least the fame that lives in the light of Mudie's countenance, although most of them had a great dream-work on hand, of which not a chapter was ever written. What they did care for was strangely blended of the venerable and the ridiculous, for their real love of learning was mingled with a pedantry both of mind and of life, and a feminine rigour over the little observances of society and discipline. Such as they were, however, Young Oxford has no type of existence to show so picturesque, so individual. Its one really new product is the "D. F. Niente, Esq.," whom the essayists of the *Spectator* set before us in the various stages of his academical career. He

> wears the form of a slim and graceful youth, well dressed and highly perfumed; his voice is soft, and his manners attractive, if perhaps a trifle artificial. First you ask his name, and admire him at a distance for a week; then you meet him in company, and are in a moment his willing captive. He soon allures you to his lair, a spot strewn with every elegance of luxury and art, with albums full of fair faces or amusing "sketches," with graceful trifles from foreign lands, and little notes from all the ladies in Oxford. There he feeds you with the most delicate viands, over which you linger like them of old who could not leave the lotus-beds; then, before this enjoyment begins to pall, he leads you forth, and slowly up and down the High Street, through a long delightful afternoon, till, before the bell of your College rings for dinner, you are ensnared. Struggle as you will, you cannot get free. Henceforth you will act in private theatricals, and sleep till mid-day; you will never row or run again; you will be often photographed; in short, as your captor is so will you be.

No doubt there is a more serious side to Young Oxford. If dons have fled before this advent of "shooting stars," of whist, of athletics, of art, before the endless jangle of pianos and the rattle of billiard-balls, some of the better elements of the world without have come in. Lepidus, as these essayists paint him, may be "dainty, delicate, delightful, superficial"; we may get a little sick of his raptures over De Musset, his egotistical philosophy, his art-gossip, the pretentious little essay which he polishes in a couple of years till it is too sparkling to be readable, his feminine fussiness over the last Liberal statute, his fleers at "the barbarians," his patronage of goodness and nobleness "from an æsthetic point of view"; but with all his affectation Lepidus is quietly changing this old world into a new. If Oxford is to educate Englishmen, and not merely to drill them, to act as an intellectual, and not merely as a social force, it is time that she knew something and taught something of Turner and Alfred de Musset. Ten years ago we should have found no Oxford man daring enough to talk through a whole paper, as one of these gentlemen does, about the drawings in the Taylor buildings, and to talk with a certain amount of knowledge and good sense. Ten years ago it would have been hazardous in a mere author of fugitive papers to suppose such an interest in literature, in the humours of Charles Lamb, in the style of Addison, as these papers in their very form take for granted. And the result of this extension of Oxford sympathies is apparent, we think, in a new geniality and fairness of tone. Oxford has given much in the way of impulse, of energy, to England, but her impulse has been narrow, and her energy has been hard. Who does not recall the bitter, fighting, intolerant temper that marred much that was lofty and beautiful in the earlier Oxford movement; the blind party-spirit, the cliqueishness, the self-sufficiency that has so often disenchanted men of Oxford Liberalism? To men living in a little world, and never looking outside it, mole-hills become mountains, and to Oxford men Headington Hill was an Alp. We can forgive much art-gossip, much prattle over Sainte-Beuve, if it takes men out into the larger world, where they may gain a sense of proportion, and add a little sweetness to their light. Their contact with the actual life around them, however trivial may be the forms it takes, their sympathy with the actual hopes and aims of men at large, may help Oxford in the days that are to come. For whatever may be the changes that are impending, it is plain that changes must be, and that they will be changes that will set our academical education in a far closer and more practical relation to the general instruction of the country than its present system and tradition allows. Whether Oxford can adapt herself to new national requirements will depend not so much on new "Liberal statutes" as on the development of a temper in harmony with the temper of that "world without" which she has so long despised. And it is because of the promise of such a development, a promise none the less significant that its form is so light and unpretending, that we have noticed these little pages of the *Oxford Spectator*.

THE COUNT OF PARIS ON TRADE-UNIONS.

THE interest which is always attached to the observations of a foreigner on English institutions has been stimulated by the treatise of the Count of Paris on Trade-Unions. The disquisitions of M. Lavergne and M. Esquiros have set before the Continental mind our agricultural statistics and our national habits with an accuracy which could not have been exceeded by English writers. The same felicitous style and the same picturesque description have not been attained by the author of the present essay; but the fact that the Count of Paris has thought it worth while to compile a translation of our blue-books on Trade-Unions is a tribute to the importance of the subject in the eyes of foreigners. In fact, the work is only a compilation of Reports into which the sentiment of Unionism has been strongly infused. It is not positively unfair, for it abstains from indiscriminate panegyric of the policy of the Unions; but it certainly abstains from any but a very guarded condemnation of them, and hardly gives any attention to the complaints of the employers. The Count of Paris ignores the rights and responsibilities of capital. He forgets that on its prudent manipulation hang all the best interests of the employed. He sees nothing but its power and its extent, and the heroic resistance of those who fight or scheme against it. There is nothing in what he says very different from what the advocates of Unionism among ourselves have said all along. And the only feeling which his book excites is one of wonder that the head of the house of Orleans, and the possible future ruler of France, should publish a work which is, by implication, a vindication of the assaults of labour on the *Infâme Capitaliste*. At the same time it is only fair to add that his sympathies do not find expression in the violent language of the French Socialists, so that we can hardly suppose that the Prince has given this book to the world with the hope of gaining support among the socialist portion of the Parisian operatives. We must therefore regard it simply as the effusion of a benevolent mind desirous of expressing good-will towards the labouring class, and of inducing their employers to hasten that happy era when the working-man shall share all the fruits of industrial speculation without incurring any of its risks.

In such a work, of course, the evil actions of the Unions are passed over or glossed over as far as possible. Broadhead and his Sheffield co-assassins are mentioned in terms of reprobation, but their crimes are regarded as the desperate efforts of a falling trade to repair by violence the losses which it has sustained by competition. We believe we only do the Trade-Unions justice when we repeat their general disclaimer of the plea set up on behalf of their Sheffield associates. But throughout the whole book the author fails to see the bearings of the Sheffield outrages on operative associations, and it is impossible to find a passage in which he shows a conception of the enormous interests involved in the question which he treats. One would think that he shared the belief of the most reckless of the operatives that the sole relations of employer and employed are those of antagonism, and that capital is a constant quantity of which either party can, by superior strength, clutch the largest portion, and is justified in trying to clutch it. That capital is the source of all wages, that without it wages die, that it thrives only by thrift, providence, and careful watching, seems never to have occurred to him. He never asks himself the questions which force themselves on every thoughtful mind in discussions of this nature. How have the great English industries been encouraged and extended? Has it not been by the freedom of investment and disposition which capital for a length of time enjoyed? What induced men to erect mills, buy machinery, and bring artisans together from all parts of the kingdom? Was it not the knowledge that their capital would be employed in such ways as they chose, independently of all dictation and interference; and that such a share of the profits as they determined should be expended in wages? Would the same industries have been created originally, and would the same amount of successive industries have followed in their wake, if the capitalists had imagined that the proportion of wages and profits would be prescribed by the authoritative junta of an Operatives' Union? And now, when, according to the Prince's own showing, foreign manufacturers are competing successfully with our own, and when we as a nation cannot expect to extend our hold over the markets of the Continent in a degree proportionate to our former progress, does he think that it is quite immaterial whether an employer is free or not free to decide on the wages he is to pay his workmen? If he would consult any of the great manufacturers of Lyons or Mulhouse, he would find that the difference of two sous a day to each workman would make all the difference in the policy of working or closing an establishment.

These are questions which the Count of Paris does not condescend to notice, any more than do the secretaries or the members of the Unions themselves. To them the only important matter is that the men should be strong enough to carry out their own plans or whims, in their own way and at their own time. If the masons or bricklayers seize the occasion of a contract for a public building to strike for an advance of wages or for the removal of an obnoxious foreman, it is only a joke to them that the master is ruined by their inconsiderate tyranny. But, in ruining him, they are ruining their own prospects and injuring the community. In the departments of ship-building and engine-making the mischief does not end with the harm done to the masters or the workmen. A delay in executing a contract for a first-class ship, or for engines of great size and power, might involve the loss of an important export trade. A concession on the part of the contractor to the demands of the workmen might prevent a breach of the contract, but would also prevent its renewal; and thus stop an important

element of national commerce. In these cases the employers would not suffer alone. They are few, but their workmen are many; and their workmen would suffer severely. These are things which the operatives never consider; but men of education and intelligence like the Count of Paris are expected to consider them. Moreover, it is not unreasonable to expect that they should consider the following contingencies. If the proposed remedial Bill of Messrs. Hughes and Harrison passes, there will be no restraint whatever on the action of the Unions. They will be virtually incorporated by Act of Parliament, and their managers will be co-ordinate powers with the employers. They will, unless strongly and systematically opposed, dictate the wages in all the trades of the kingdom. But the law which legalizes their combination will also legalize the combination of the masters. The masters will be free to unite, form a common fund, concert a common policy, organize a general lock-out, and wear out the funds and the patience of the remonstrant or resisting operatives. Such a course would be as destructive as it would be vindictive. But it would be quite as natural that the masters should like to have a hand in their own destruction as that they should submit to being destroyed by their workmen. At any rate, the contingency we mention is not at all an unlikely result of the emancipation which the Count of Paris so ardently desires for the Unionists, and it ought to have attracted his notice.

That so devoted a partisan should be staggered by the pretensions of these associations is less to be wondered at than his desperate effort to prove that they are less extravagant than they appear to be. The two functions of a Trade-Union and a Benefit Society are wholly different. It is useless to attempt to identify them. No Benefit Society could, out of such a scale of contributions as Trade-Unions receive, give the superannuation pensions and the burial payments promised even by the most flourishing of the Unions. Still less could it do this and also support its members on strike. Although he fenced with many of the questions put to him by the Commissioners, Mr. Applegarth admitted that his Union was established not so much for the purpose of aiding sick and disabled members as of enabling the strong and healthy to wage a successful contest with the masters. And the Count of Paris himself admits their rottenness as Benefit Societies, when he elaborately proves that they would be sounder than they are if they only enforced a much heavier contribution from their members. Neither is he more successful in his attempt to illustrate his plans of elevating the working-man by his examples of co-operation. We are not aware that there is any really co-operative undertaking which has succeeded in England. There are successful establishments which are called co-operative, but the term is entirely misapplied. For instance, there are the Civil Service Stores, which, for some unknown reason, have dubbed themselves co-operative. They do no manner of work. They simply buy wholesale and sell retail among themselves; and even this work is not done by the members, but by servants who are paid out of the profits of the transactions. In the same way the Rochdale Co-operative store is simply a big shop which sells both to the members and to outsiders. The Methley Collieries are a nearer approach to what is meant by co-operative works. But there the men are really paid a certain commission on profits by the proprietors. A co-operative establishment, properly speaking, is one where all the men contribute capital and work, and are paid in proportion to capital and work. The idea is a happy and a pleasing one; and it is not wonderful that it should have occurred to many persons. But it has never, so far as we know, been carried out in its integrity. We know of no copartnership of many working-men which, unsupported by any external aid, has originated with its own members, and has prospered solely by their capital, skill, and industry. We have heard of many such undertakings being suggested and initiated, but of none that have been prosecuted successfully. We heard only last year that the tailors and the bootmakers were to start each their co-operative association. They were to make the best coats, trousers, and boots, and were to sell them fifty per cent. cheaper than the West-end firms. Alas! the bright idea has never yet been realized; and those who best know the working-man say that it never will be. They dread and distrust each other more than they dread and distrust the masters. They cannot contribute to or draw on their common funds without mutual suspicion and alarm. And when it comes to be a question of unpunctuality, idleness, or breach of contract, then are felt the full effects of anarchy among men who have hitherto only known the discipline of work under the authority of a recognised master.

The Count of Paris is a young man and has to make his way in the world. He probably knows what are trumps in the future game of French politics, and his sympathy with the working-man may be as useful to his interests as it is creditable to his benevolence. But the kindness of his efforts would be substantially enhanced if he would unlearn some of his partisan predilections. If he can teach French workmen to form themselves into co-operative partnerships, and each to bring money, skill, and industry to one common fund; to pay each labourer proportionally to his contribution of money, of industry, and of skill; then will he have earned the gratitude of working-men, not only in France, but throughout Europe. But, if he only fans their already ardent passion for getting a greater share of the profits of trade, he will leave them as he finds them, dissatisfied with their lot and incapable of improving it, except by a system of tactics which presupposes that any man who has amassed capital is a thief, and therefore justly liable to be robbed. After all the fine speeches made both in France and in England by the friends of labour, the gist of the agitation remains what it was before; *i.e.* to put under the control of an external organization the profits acquired by years of anxious saving, plodding industry, and provident speculation. But such a control will kill all profits and all enterprise.

THE LIFTING UP OF TESTIMONIES.

SOME weeks ago, when the Scotch Education Bill was introduced into the House of Lords, we ventured to think that it might encounter comparatively little opposition, and this opinion, to judge by his first speech on the subject, was fully shared by the Duke of Argyll, the political father of the Bill. But as time goes on we begin to find that our hopes were too sanguine; and the Duke of Argyll begins to find that the office of a Scotch Cabinet Minister who has undertaken the management of a measure affecting the welfare of his countrymen is no bed of roses. In a recent speech to an audience of Scotchmen assembled to do honour to their Lord Advocate in St. James's Hall, he drew a dismal picture of the troubles he had brought upon himself. "I am always glad," he said, "to see Scotchmen, but I confess that there is one character in which they are very formidable men to meet, and that is when they come to what is called in Scotland 'the lifting up of testimonies.'" He has suffered a good deal in the last two months from this peculiar fashion of his countrymen. "The Government of India," he said, "is a mere joke to the conduct of a Scotch Education Bill." The India Office, it seems, is besieged by Scotchmen; all of them lifting up their testimonies; all of them with different testimonies on every clause; and none of their testimonies are reconcileable.

The principle involved in the Bill is the establishment of a system of national and unsectarian education based on rating, and the deputations are on the whole favourable to this. But it is on specialties and matters of detail, severally affecting the bodies which they represent, that they have mainly lifted up their testimonies. The clergy of one denomination demand that strict provision shall be made in the Bill for the religious training of the teachers, and for religious teaching in the schools. The clergy of another denomination demand that the local Committees shall have the entire control of the religious teaching. And the clergy of a third demand that Parliament shall take no cognisance whatever of religion. The ministers of the Established Church desire to keep the parish schools intact, and under their exclusive management. Those of the Free Church desire to throw the management of these schools open to all. The Roman Catholics are moving heaven and earth and the Earl of Denbigh to introduce a saving clause for the protection of their schools, some sixty in number, and to introduce a new era in which Roman Catholic schools may increase and multiply and replenish Protestant Scotland with an annual supply of young Roman Catholic proselytes. The Episcopalians are divided. Some of their bishops and clergy incline to play into Dr. Manning's hand, and throw in their lot with the Roman Catholics, while the more liberal among them, under the guidance of the Rev. Daniel Sandford of Edinburgh, give the Bill their entire approval in all essentials. In a letter from Mr. Sandford, which appeared in the *Scotsman*, he goes the length of stating that he would "regard the abandonment of all public grants to their schools as a very small price to pay for any system which can meet so many pressing needs, and alleviate, perhaps remove, so many terrible evils as now exist among large masses of their fellow-countrymen." It would be well if the clergy of other denominations were as reasonable as this. The schoolmasters, again, are hurrying to and fro, and are lifting up their testimonies in favour of more money, in favour of perpetual tenure of office, in favour of a large schoolmaster representation on the Central Board. The Universities have taken up the question with a vigour unusual in these academic bodies. Headed by Sir Alexander Grant, the Principal of the University of Edinburgh, an influential deputation from the governing bodies of the four Universities has come and lifted up its testimony in favour of what really appears to be the unanimous wish of the country—namely, a Scotch Board appointed by the Crown and entrusted with the entire management of the education of the country. Ordinary Scotchmen, in the meantime, unconnected with either Church or schools are looking on bewildered, watching with some interest for the disentanglement of the conflicting views and hoping that some good to their country will come out of all this agitation.

Whatever failings Scotchmen may have, they generally know what they want, and they not unfrequently get it. In the present crisis they want two things. They want, in the first place, to see established in their country a thorough system of national education. And they want, in the second place, Scotch management for their schools, distinct and separate from the management of the Committee of Council. It is unnecessary to dwell on the first of these two points. The object of the pending Bill is to establish such a system as is wanted, and the feeling of the Protestants in Scotland is in harmony with its promoters on this point. The Roman Catholics, as we have said, a body insignificant in numbers and not very influential, desire exceptional treatment for their schools. But the Government, however anxious they may be to conciliate Roman Catholic sentiment and votes, cannot yield without incurring the odium of a country that has done everything in its power to put them where they are. The rumour even of the slightest wavering in favour of denominationalism on the part

of the Government would shake the allegiance of two-thirds of the Scotch members. The establishment of national education linked to no ecclesiastical system whatever may appear to us a very big mouthful to swallow; but Scotland has been accustomed to it for a couple of hundred years in an imperfect shape, and she wants to see it perfected.

The second question is much more difficult, and it was to this that the deputation from the Universities addressed themselves. They confined their remarks strictly to the educational aspect of the measure, and expressed alarm at the danger which they foresaw from the extension of the Privy Council system in Scotland. Their opinions are entitled to all respect, both from the influence of those who hold them, as representing the higher education of the country, and because they are consonant with those very generally held by all who have considered the subject. They hold that Scotch ideas upon elementary education are at variance with Privy Council ideas, and they have no confidence that their ideas will be carried out if their schools are left in the hands of the Privy Council. Elementary instruction in Scotland has always included the elements of a liberal education; in Downing Street it has included nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic. Half of the students in the Scotch Universities get the whole of their previous education in elementary schools, while as many as seventy per cent. get part of it. In Scotland the *élite* of the labouring-classes have always commanded the advantages of such a training as will qualify them for the Universities, and nearly twenty per cent. of the ordinary students belong to those classes of the community who live by manual labour: the Privy Council declines to recognise any education for the labouring-classes except "the three R.'s." In Scotland there is no line of demarcation between primary and secondary education; in England a hard and fast line is drawn, and the Council Office will not pay a halfpenny for any instruction beyond the elements. In Scotland the Government grant will for the future be administered in accordance with a system of national education; in England Government money is disbursed on purely denominational principles. Such are the more important differences between England and Scotland. The Scotch people distrust the Council Office, and fear that it will disregard the peculiarities of their education. They cherish these peculiarities with a tenacity characteristic of their race, and, eager as they are to see national education established without delay, they appear almost prepared to run the risk of losing the Bill altogether rather than sacrifice the traditional character of their schools.

And, after all, they have a good deal to say for themselves. In the first place, they don't want any more money out of the Imperial purse than they would be entitled to get if they remained in connexion with the Council Office. They only want to administer it after their own peculiar fashion. They want to pay rather less money than the Council Office pays for the elements, and rather more for the higher branches. Unless this be conceded, they foresee that the higher branches will die out of their schools, and thus the traditional character of their education, by means of which the poorest peasant could receive the elements of culture, would be sacrificed. In the second place, their educational system is a thing of long standing. It is not the creation of yesterday. Something is due to antiquity, but something more to efficiency. It has done its work well in Scotland, and it only wants extension. In Scotland, since the Reformation, the theory of education has been to give the poorest and richest alike the chance of making the most of their brains. This theory has interwoven itself into the life of the country. The humblest artisan knows that he has the chance of giving his children the best education that the country affords, and if he happens to have a son gifted above his fellows, he values the possibility of seeing him rise to a high position. And this happens every day. The Scotch Universities are filled with promising men of the humblest extraction, educated in the elementary schools, and at least one distinguished college at Oxford has received no small infusion of the same good stock. And even if all do not rise, the education of those who fail is not a dead waste to the country. Far from it. They go back to the villages and country districts whence they went to college, and, perhaps unconsciously, carry with them something of the tone of mind and culture, rough though it be, which they got at college, and this gradually works its way through their families to the village community, and so throughout the country. The Scotch people value all this, and they fear that it will be sacrificed if the levelling action of the Revised Code is established in their country.

On the other hand, it is urged that Government cannot legislate differently for England and for Scotland. In England education grants are given as so much outdoor relief to the very poorest in the land. The Privy Council does not consider itself bound to pay out money for anything but the essentials of education. It does not profess to elevate the poor, and to help the abler among them to raise themselves above their fellows. It is satisfied if the taxpayers' money is given to help the mass to rise above the brutes. The present development of the Privy Council system is nearly nine years old, and it is working sufficiently well in England. Scotland contains only three millions of people, and England contains twenty. Why should the symmetrical working of the Council Office be destroyed for such a fraction of the community?

Such are the contending views, and at first sight it is not easy to decide between them. Scotland, however, is probably in the right. The distinction between primary and secondary education may be arbitrary. An education which is suitable for the labouring classes of one country may be quite different from what is suitable in another country, and two hundred years of education in Scotland may have raised the people to a level above that of a corresponding class in England. If this be so, the establishment of the Privy Council system is a backward step in Scotland, and it is hard that she should be dragged down the hill which she has climbed up with so much labour. And is there any reason, beyond a bureaucratic love of uniformity, why she should be? Is there no solution of the difficulty short of the sacrifice of the Scotch system? Two solutions suggest themselves, either of which would be satisfactory. The first (which is supported by the precedent of the Irish National Board) is the establishment of an Education Board in Scotland, in accordance with the suggestions of the deputation from the Universities, subordinate to the President of the Council, but not necessarily connected with the Education Office. Such a Board should be entrusted with the supreme control of Scotch national education, and its functions should include the training and examination of teachers, the inspection of the schools according to standards adapted to Scotch ideas, and the disbursement of the Government money. The other solution has perhaps the advantage of simplicity, and it is this. A Scotch department of the Privy Council Office might be formed, and a Scotch Code be administered in that Office, side by side with the English Code, but regulated according to standards suitable to Scotland, and according to a national, and not a denominational, system. The objections to the first scheme are mainly two—that the establishment of a new office in a new country necessarily leads to expense, and that there is a lurking jealousy of Scotch Boards, and a suspicion that the management of them is apt to be entrusted to men whose claims arise rather from political services to party than from special knowledge of the matters which they have to manage. The first of these is, in a manner, illusory. The expense of establishing a Board in Edinburgh would not be greater than that of establishing a Board in London, and the staff required in England would not be less than that required in Scotland. People, moreover, live more cheaply in Scotland than they do in England, and would be content with less; so that there might even be an economy in this respect. The second objection is perhaps more real. But might it not be obviated by publicity? Would it be without precedent to demand, as has been suggested in the case of Mr. Forster's Endowed Schools Bill, that the functionaries to be entrusted with the management of such a Board should be named in the Bill?

The objections to the second scheme are also mainly two—first, the difficulty (indeed, the impossibility) of a Board sitting in London being able to organize and keep in repair a multitude of schools in Scotland; and secondly, the great risk that a Scotch department of the Council Office would be Scotch only in name, and that in reality it would do nothing but perpetuate the old Privy Council system which is so distasteful in Scotland. The first objection might be met by the appointment of a temporary Commission like that proposed by Mr. Forster's Bill to act in Scotland and settle the schools. The second must be risked. But the risk might be diminished if the Scotch Code, or the basis of such a Code, could be incorporated in the Bill. Either of these plans, fenced round in such a manner as is here suggested, might do something towards the reconciliation of the different schemes which are to come up for discussion in the Lords on Monday week.

IRISH MONUMENTS.

THE Irish Church Bill has reached a stage which has brought up for discussion one of its clauses in which we have all along taken a special interest—that which relates to the ancient ecclesiastical buildings of Ireland. That portion of the clause which provides for the safety of those churches and other buildings which have fallen into hopeless ruin is safe for the present, after calling forth some amusing displays from members of the Opposition. Mr. Disraeli of course began with a speech of that peculiar grotesqueness which distinguishes the great votary of the Insoluble and believer in a Supreme Head of the Church. He has so little confidence in the inherent strength of the institution for which he fights, he puts his trust so wholly in chariots and horses and an arm of flesh, that he implores Parliament to step in to keep a body which he is bound to look on as a congregation of faithful men, as the pillar and ground of the truth, from sinking into the condition of a mere sect, into which he feels sure that it will fall if Parliament does not save it. A Roman Catholic on the one hand, a Protestant Dissenter on the other, would have a little more faith. Mr. Disraeli, ever on the side of the angels, seems to be so far conformed to the angelic model that he has given up faith and hope; let us trust that for the future his charity, the virtue which still abideth, will be developed so as to make up for the loss. It was perhaps a condescension for the companion of angels and Insolubles to stoop to such small matters as the ruins of Clonmacnois and Monasterboice. But so it is; Mr. Disraeli has condescended to move an amendment to the clause about national monuments, to which nobody can object, because it leaves the clause just as it was before. In clause 25 Mr. Disraeli inserts the words "to be preserved," which are certainly a verbal improvement, and also the words "not to be used as a place of worship." As the buildings spoken of are expressly defined as "not suitable for restoration as a place of public worship," one hardly sees the

force of the insertion. Public worship is excluded by the nature of the case. Does Mr. Disraeli mean specially to forbid private worship? Does he mean that if a benighted Papist should kneel down all by himself in a corner of the old cathedral at Glendalough, he would have him turned out? Would he send for a Westminster verger to deal with him, as one to whose mouth the formula, "No one is allowed to pray here," is said to be familiar? Would he go a step further, and write up for the warning of superstitious devotees,

> De par le Roi. Défense à Dieu
> De faire miracle en ce lieu?

We do not suspect Mr. Disraeli of having thought of these things; we do not suppose that he has the faintest notion of the feelings with which the people of Ireland cleave to the holy places of their forefathers. What he most likely meant was to hinder Glendalough and Clonmacnois—if he ever heard of Clonmacnois—from being made into regular places of Roman Catholic worship. But no one wishes to do so with buildings which are expressly defined as not being suitable for restoration as places of public worship. The exceptional case—such cases may be found—of "a church wholly disused as a place of public worship" and yet "suitable for restoration as a place of public worship" does not seem to be provided for in the clause, neither is it provided for in Mr. Disraeli's amendment. If mass is hindered from being again said on the Rock of Cashel, it is not the small cunning of Mr. Disraeli's amendment which will hinder it.

The performance of the Conservative leader was well followed up by the minor performances of some of his henchmen. Mr. Conolly, who, it appears, is member for the county of Donegal, got really quite pathetic over the somewhat cool request that the whole of the glebe-lands should be given back again to a disestablished and disendowed Church. A measure which gives back to that disestablished body as many churches as it pleases to ask for, is, in Mr. Conolly's eyes, a measure of "extreme severity." So small a matter as all the glebe-lands in Ireland was, in Mr. Conolly's eyes, "a small and miserable thing to ask, but it was a wretched thing to be denied." If the glebe-lands, why not the tithe also? It is "painful" to Mr. Conolly to "see the institution which he venerates taken down stone by stone." But it is more than painful, it is "terrible," for Mr. Conolly to see his pastor "divested of the garden" "upon which his family has been brought up." The loss of peerages, palaces, coercive courts, might be borne, but to be cast off from the familiar gooseberry trees, from the cherished potato ground—that would be too "terrible."

Mr. Conolly performed some other remarkable gambols later in the evening. He thought—the thought is somewhat mysterious and inexplicable—"that the national monuments had been got rid of altogether some time ago." Soon after he feels so sure of it, that he challenges Mr. Fortescue to name "a single instance of a national monument." Mr. Conolly is really himself, if not a national monument, at least a national curiosity of the most striking kind. One would willingly go some way and pay one's shilling at the end to look at an Irish member who does not know what the national monuments of Ireland are. The member for the county of Donegal has never seen a Round Tower; he has never heard of one. He knows nothing of Kildare or Aghadoe; he has never sailed down the Shannon, or, if he has done so, his eyes were shut as he passed Clonmacnois; he has never even made the common cockney visit to the Seven Churches of Glendalough—the example which Mr. Fortescue, in condescension to Mr. Conolly and his like, picked out as the national monument which they were most likely to have heard of. Then Mr. Dawson, who, it appears, is member for the county of Londonderry, asks for a "schedule of such monuments." He seems to be nearly as much in the dark as his brother of Donegal, and we can only counsel him to go and study the writings of Dr. Petrie. Even Lord Claud Hamilton had read the clause with so little care that he asked whether the charge of maintenance would fall on the poor rate or the county cess, though nothing could be plainer than that the maintenance of the buildings—which maintenance, when they are once cleared out, will really cost nothing—is to be defrayed out of a portion of the revenues of the disestablished Church.

The upshot of the matter is that, as Mr. Gladstone says, the Bill will for the first time entrust to a public authority the duty of considering whether these ancient remains, when not suitable for restoration for public worship, should be maintained as national monuments. This is a great point; it is now acknowledged for the first time that the history of Ireland, or of any other part of the kingdom, and the monuments in which that history is written, can be a thing worth caring about. Even the *Times* condescendingly approves. "No possible exception," it says, "can be taken to this course." But the *Times* at once goes on with a passage in a grand style, displaying at once its characteristic dogmatism and its characteristic ignorance. "It is well known," the *Times* tells us, "that Ireland abounds in ruined churches, a few of which are of real archæological interest, while the greater number are chiefly valuable as conclusively dispelling the presumption that the island was at any period of its history on an equality in civilization and the arts of life with the contemporary communities of Western Europe." That is to say, the *Times* knows nothing about ancient Irish remains, and what it knows nothing about it naturally talks big about. To the *Times*, we have no doubt, all centuries are alike, and any distinctions that we might draw between the Cyclopean work of the earliest Christian times and the nondescript fifteenth-century style of Kilconnel, would seem to the *Times* to be altogether fanciful. No doubt many of the earliest Irish buildings are exceedingly rude; so are the few contemporary buildings of other countries. The peculiarity of Ireland is that a larger number of very early buildings exist there than in any other country. The *Times* probably thinks Irish buildings contemptible because they are small. The Irish tradition, like the Eastern tradition, was against the building of large churches. Where a French or English architect would have built one large church, containing several altars, an Irishman built a group of seven or more small and quite detached churches. But the beauty of detail, especially in the doorways and chancel arches of the later Romanesque date, is often fully equal to that of far larger buildings elsewhere. We are of course speaking of those small and ancient churches which come within the objects of the Bill. If we took in those ruined monastic churches with which the Bill is not concerned, it would be easy to point to numbers of churches, all small as compared with the vast minsters of England, France, or Germany, but holding a very high rank for genuine architectural character, for a noble simplicity of detail. Mr. Conolly and the *Times* no doubt care for none of these things. It is some comfort that the present Government is not like-minded with them.

With regard to the twelve churches which were to be retained in Protestant use, but for the maintenance of which a public provision was to be made, the Government has given way to a double pressure, Roman Catholic and Protestant. It is rather amusing that nearly everybody who has written about this matter has assumed that the twelve churches must all be cathedrals. But so many of the Irish cathedral churches are modern, and so many are ruinous, that we doubt whether twelve of their number could be found to answer the description in the Bill. And certainly such churches as those of Galway and Clonmel, as far as modern restoration has spared any part of them, are quite as worthy of being preserved as if they happened to contain episcopal thrones. But this part of the Bill is withdrawn. The Roman Catholic objection is intelligible enough, but the Protestant objection is really too unreasonable. This measure of excessive severity, sacrilege, and spoliation, this measure of internecine hostility, this painful and wretched and terrible measure, not only left to their present possessors all the ancient churches still in use which they would undertake to maintain, but undertook to maintain twelve of the finest churches for them. That the Roman Catholics should complain of such a concession to the disestablished body is in no way wonderful, but that the disestablished body itself should kick at it can only be because it is determined to kick at everything. The result, if not checked in some way, will no doubt be, as Mr. Vance and Mr. Gregory say, that the disestablished body will ask for all the finest buildings and will let them fall into ruins, so that the present dog-in-the-manger system will be continued on a greater scale and extended to a new class of buildings. Perhaps, however, it may not be too late to find some remedy. It is significant when we find the *Times* saying that "the vote taken affords reason to believe that the Ministry might have safely gone further, and transferred to the Roman Catholic communion some of the edifices now appertaining in unnecessary abundance to the Establishment." To end with a laugh, we will wind up with Sir Lawrence Palk:—

> There was one magnificent edifice in Ireland which had been reared by the piety and munificence of one of Ireland's richest citizens, and, if it had no other claim upon the Committee, that was sufficient. Many other churches in Ireland had been built by pious individuals; those churches could not be considered as any badge of conquest, and there could be no sentimental grievance in maintaining them.

Sir Lawrence is deeply impressive. No doubt many churches have been built in all ages by what he calls "pious individuals," and all such churches are not necessarily badges of conquest. But surely there can be no badge of conquest so marked as the retention by their present possessors of the twelve finest of the existing churches of Ireland. If Sir Lawrence Palk thinks, as it seems he does think, that St. Patrick's Cathedral was originally "reared" by a benefactor not long deceased, we can only recommend him to make such elementary studies in chronology as may teach him to distinguish the nineteenth century from the thirteenth.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE public will at last believe that they are in possession of a National Gallery, though not even the foundation-stone is laid of the promised new building. It would be difficult to estimate too highly the persistent efforts which have brought about this satisfactory result; not forgetting, of course, the administration of Sir Charles Eastlake, who, by very exceptional knowledge of the history and literature of Italian art, was enabled, in spite of much ignorance and prejudice in the House of Commons, to form a Gallery of which the people of England may be justly proud. For the first time the public can rightly estimate the richness of a collection which has cost the nation not less than 250,000*l*. The distribution into schools is now sufficiently chronologic to enable the student, with the aid of Mr. Wornum's Catalogue—which pretty wide experience tells us is the best in Europe—to obtain in Trafalgar Square an historic knowledge of art which half a century ago could only have been acquired at the cost of the "Grand Tour." We need not stop to say that the double space now in possession of

the National Gallery is one of the best results consequent on the removal of the Royal Academy from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House. Twelve rooms opening *en suite* upon a floor, in one unbroken frontage of 450 feet, certainly afford the largest area yet accorded within the British dominions to the pictorial arts. Thus no fewer than 520 pictures can be seen for the first time to fair advantage. Yet any tendency to undue exultation should be at once checked by statistics which show that our English Gallery, even as thus extended, is surpassed by the Museums of Dresden, Berlin, Munich, Naples, St. Petersburg, Madrid, and of the Louvre. We shall see in the sequel that the Trustees of Trafalgar Square are not willing to be outdone. The schemes put forth, at least upon paper, show an ambition scarcely unworthy of the French Empire.

On now entering the National Gallery under arrangements which, if not faultless, at least in some good degree approach the ideal standards of students and connoisseurs, we cannot but recall the principles set forth by Sir Charles Eastlake and others when, years ago, an effort was made to supply our national deficiencies. Art, it was urged, can only be rightly understood through its historic development; its first rise, even though reaching far back into the depth of the dark ages, must be tracked out diligently, ere the student can float down safely and pleasantly upon the stream which bears on its flood beauty and truth. Accordingly a chronologic series has been mapped out, which naturally opens with the entrance-door by the somewhat repellent works of Cimabue, Margaritone, and Orcagna. Next follows in historic sequence the second room, instructive and perhaps more generally attractive than the first, devoted to rare works of Fra Filippo Lippi, Filippino Lippi, Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Pollajuolo, and the newly acquired pictures of Crivelli, which by their prodigious gold frames present a façade truly architectonic. We would willingly linger, but must hasten on to the third and large room, wherein Italian art reaches culmination. Here we encounter the "Lazarus" from the design of Michael Angelo, scarcely second to the "Transfiguration" of Raffaello in the Vatican, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian, which we hold to be at least equal in lustre to a famed and somewhat companion masterpiece in Madrid; and, not to mention other works, at any rate we must not forget "The Family of Darius" by Veronese, that brilliant panorama to which we were accustomed to make pilgrimage in gondola when still it remained the boast of the Pisani Palace. The ground-plan of the Gallery, here not unskilfully contrived out of entrance-hall and staircase, next conducts to two cabinets, which, from the gems they enshrine, may claim the name of "Tribunes." In the midst of a wall which within the same area has scarcely an equal in Europe, stands that lovely and spiritual picture by Perugino, hardly surpassed in Florence or Sienna, "The Virgin adoring the infant Christ." This small room comprises choice representatives of no fewer than twenty-five chief Italian painters. We devote but a line where the student must tarry for hours. Next follows Tribune number two. This cabinet, hitherto furnished in the month of May by the architectural drawings of the Academy, now falls under the dominion of Raffaello and Michael Angelo. On entering, we are greeted by the lovely "St. Catherine," and by her side hangs the "Garvagh Raffaello," acquired at the cost of 9,000*l.* But the presiding genius of the spot is Michael Angelo, who reigns here, as in life, in grand isolation; the "Entombment," an unfinished picture in tempera, painted on a single unpieced panel cut from as large a forest tree as ever grew in Italy, holds by itself one entire wall in undisputed possession. We have not space to enter upon a question likely to remain long under dispute—the genuineness or otherwise of this grand and deeply instructive composition. Baron Triqueti, writing in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, favours its authenticity, and the German artist Cornelius, who ought to have known something of the master whom he robbed so mercilessly, declared the work "una cosa preziosa—un vero originale di Michelangelo." The picture, we recollect, used to be much talked of in art circles in Italy, and was commonly treated with some respect by painters in Rome. This "cosa preziosa," which was originally obtained among some rubbish for a small sum, has been now purchased for our Gallery at the cost of 2,000*l.*—not a large amount if the work be genuine. Persons at all conversant with the style of the great Tuscan will at once see that at all events the work must be of early date, possibly painted even while yet the artist, who lived to near ninety, was still in his teens, a pupil in the school of Domenico Ghirlandajo and a student in the Brancacci Chapel. The work bears internal evidence that the painter's manner was unsettled and still in transition; altogether it presents perplexities in the intermingling of styles which will not render Michael Angelo less of a marvel and a mystery than heretofore.

The room divided between late Italian masters and the Spanish school speaks for itself. Even the casual observer will scarcely fail to recognise, in vague generalization, and empty show in place of truth and earnestness, the signs of approaching decadence and downfall, saved, however, for a time, by strenuous naturalism. What was vital and vigorous in this epoch obtained concentration and strength in the Spanish school as here exemplified by the "Boar Hunt" and the "Nativity," by Velasquez, and the "Franciscan Monk in Prayer," by Zurbaran. The room devoted to the French school—perhaps the weakest in the Gallery—gains some sensation out of the old rivalry between Claude and Turner. Here once again, under the inevitable conditions of Turner's will, the "Sun Rising in a Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," hang defiantly between the two great Claudes. We have never been able to see that Turner gains much by this challenge to single-handed combat. Perhaps the conclusion to be drawn is that each master may rest content in his own distinctive merits.

The large east room, wherein the Academy has held its annual dinners, never before contained pictures to compare with the magnificent display now made of Dutch and Flemish master-works. We certainly were scarcely prepared for the amazing strength obtained by the concentration of the works of Rubens and Rembrandt. Scarcely even in Munich, the stronghold of Rubens, were it possible to eclipse the "Judgment of Paris," "Peace and War," the "Brazen Serpent," the "Rape of the Sabines," including the landscape with the château of the painter himself. Perhaps Vandyke's so-called "Gevartius," probably the finest portrait in England, is one of the few pictures which may be prejudiced by the new hanging. Attention should be directed to the rare example of De Hooge recently secured in the sale of the Delessert Collection. The late Director confessed to know little of the Dutch school, and it certainly is much to be regretted that the Gallery has still to seek for examples of Mieris, Terburg, Metzu, Ostade, and that the country which may well be proud of a Landseer and a Cooper has not a single work by Paul Potter, Wouvermans, Snyders, or Karl du Jardin. We do not at all understand why these manifest deficiencies have not been long ago supplied. The German school generally is meanly represented—a state of things the more extraordinary when we recall the close relations subsisting between our ruling dynasty and the land of Dürer and Holbein. The late Prince Consort, however, is identified with some interesting examples of the less important members of the great Teutonic school. Still, it is nothing short of a reproach that of two leading masters such as Holbein and Dürer, not to enumerate others, we possess only such insignificant examples as "Portrait of a Lady," and "Bust Portrait of a Senator." Wide gaps in these directions should forthwith be filled up.

The west end of the Gallery is reserved for the English school. Thus two rooms are set apart to eighty-five chief works from the Turner Collection. The first contains early and comparatively simple and naturalistic examples; the second more advanced, fiery, and extravagant manifestations of the painter's mature and ultra manner. Altogether we cannot but feel that the whole display is rather too much of a good thing; we know of nothing in nature half so fine. Few men, and least of all Turner, can afford to be seen in weakness and decadence; and we have always thought that the artist's magnificent bequest to the nation, including more than 19,000 drawings for which there is still no hanging space, was far from an unmixed blessing. How strong and yet how weak—how sane, simple, and true, and yet how untrue, extravagant, and mad—this transcendent painter could be, becomes all but too clearly and sadly evident in the judicious selection here presented. We would rather shrink from discriminative criticism, and rest simply in the persuasion that seldom has there been given to the world more indubitable pledge of genius.

The English school holds its own fairly well in the great west room. The test to which Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, and Hogarth are subjected by the immediate presence of the great historic schools of the Continent is doubtless severe. Still, here as in national Exhibitions, and as recently at Leeds, British artists assert a thoroughly distinctive and independent position. The range of thought and the reach of subject may be comparatively circumscribed; also we cannot but feel that a school in comparative infancy can scarcely possess the maturity, the traditional experience and accumulative knowledge, which pertain to the good old masters of the ancient times. Still we may join Wordsworth in his Ode to Immortality, so far as to cherish the belief that heaven lies around the infancy even of art; and at all events the English school, in its youthful days, dwelt near to nature. Not only Gainsborough and Reynolds, but Wilkie, Leslie, Etty, Constable, Callcott, and Collins, are seen to advantage. Such pictures as "The Market Cart," "The Age of Innocence," "The Blind Fiddler," "Sancho Panza," "Youth on the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm," "The Cornfield," "The Wooden Bridge," and "Happy as a King"—works which awaken pleasant memories of artists who have almost lived among us—prove that the English school is able, in the presence of the great painters of past ages, to hold its own with honour. Among the somewhat comforting conclusions which may be drawn from the close proximity and sharp competition of schools, native and foreign, is that a Providence seems to preside even over art for good. We cannot but recognise in Reynolds the elevating power of Italian schools, in Wilkie and Leslie the strict tutorship of the Dutch painters, and then, when we retrace our steps to the Italian pre-Raffaellites, we learn whence, for good and yet for evil, some later phases in our English school have gained earnestness, yet angularity and grotesqueness. Thus our painters may, by comparisons for the first time now practicable, be admonished and strengthened, and the living may obtain renewal of life by contact with the dead. Certainly a Gallery thus nicely balanced in its eclecticism will miss its high purpose if it fail to teach catholicity, and to recommend universal toleration.

The National Gallery, as now recast, works so well for its immediate purpose and in its inner arrangements that we hope future changes will be equally satisfactory. A recent competition has ended in the appointment of Mr. Edward M. Barry as "architect for the New National Gallery." Accordingly, this architect received in October last from the Office of Works instructions "to prepare a design for rebuilding the National Gallery upon . . . the site of the existing Gallery with the additional ground" at

the back. From data in our possession it appears that the scheme thus contemplated provides hanging space more than three times as great as that now obtained under the present arrangements. This very considerable enlargement may in its scope be better understood by means of the authentic announcement that provision is to be made for the reception of the National Portrait Gallery, the cartoons of Raffaelle, sundry loan collections, the British school still remaining at Kensington, with the addition of the remainder of the Turner bequest. The total number of feet thus required, including 2,000 for the Portrait Gallery, actually amounts to 6,200 linear feet. This forecast of the future Gallery seems sufficiently grand, yet the plan does not stop here. The Trustees state that they are of opinion that a Gallery should be provided "for the works of modern foreign painters of eminence"; also two large rooms for water-colour drawings and pencil sketches by Turner; likewise an art library and rooms for "the exhibition of drawings and sketches by both old and modern masters." Under the last head it may be interesting to know, especially in the neighbourhoods of Great Russell Street and South Kensington, that the Trafalgar Square trustees report to the House of Commons that "the collection of drawings by the old masters now kept in the British Museum should be transferred to the National Gallery. It is obvious," add these absorbent trustees, "that this is the proper place for these drawings. They illustrate the pictures, and in many cases they determine the authorship of doubtful works." The authorities are evidently fired with the ambition of making the National Gallery a second Louvre, and we can only hope that they may succeed in this their laudable desire. Yet we would observe that it is rather unfortunate that, when the House of Commons sets apart year by year a handsome sum for the purchase of pictures, and for travelling and other incidental expenses, the directorate lacks adequate energy to procure the works which the Gallery stands in need of. Doubtless it is far more easy and cheap to pen projects upon paper. The future of the Gallery will necessarily depend greatly upon the surplus left at the disposal of a Ministry pledged to the reduction of the Estimates; and very likely Mr. Lowe may some day be down upon us with another of his untoward and discreditable surprises.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

To the very last moment the Two Thousand was enveloped in mystery. Wild Oats, indeed, was struck out of it, as well as out of the Newmarket Stakes and the Derby as soon as his owner arrived, but no sign was made in regard to Belladrum. From his training quarters came reports day after day of the work he was doing, and the gallops he was taking; but while those who had the opportunity of seeing him declared that no horse in England could look better, the ominous hostility of the bookmakers was continued with unabated energy. Indeed, towards the close his assailants were carried away by their prejudices beyond all bounds of moderation, and attacked him with blind fury. He would not arrive at all, they said; if he did arrive, he would not start; if he started, he would not finish among the first six, but would most probably walk in—with the crowd. In fact, if ever a horse seemed utterly doomed, it was Belladrum; for though occasionally a Hermit or a Blue Gown triumphs over similarly persistent attacks, in the great majority of cases there is no hope of recovery from them. It cannot be denied also that, up to the last, those who had the management of Belladrum took no steps to arrest the angry demonstrations directed against him. He was brought by a circuitous route from Russley to Newmarket, he was smuggled on to the heath on the day of the race; he was not allowed to appear in the Birdcage, or to canter with the others, but took a preliminary gallop behind the ditch, away from the public gaze. All this caution and secresy was calculated to encourage his enemies and depress his friends, and it thus happened that when the competitors were marshalled in line and the white flag was raised, one of the best horses in England, in splendid condition and fitness, stood ready for the race, and, a mile off, dozens of vociferous speculators were scoffing and jeering at that horse, and making offers which, two minutes later, they were thankful to observe had not been taken.

We remarked that Belladrum did not come into the enclosure at the end of the Rowley mile; neither did Pretender nor Duke of Beaufort. These three were saddled elsewhere, and thus there was no opportunity of inspecting them before the race, except for those who rode down to the starting-post. Martyrdom was also saddled at the Ditch stables. Among the horses that walked about in the enclosure, were Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, Siderolite and King Cophetua; the Duke of Newcastle's pair, Tenedos and Prince Imperial; Mr. Graham's pair, The Drummer and Conrad, and Alpenstock and the Hermione colt. With the exception of The Drummer, none of this lot attracted much attention. The remaining starters were Perry Down, Typhon, Standard Bearer, Tasman, Royal Rake, Brambridge, and Neuchatel. Altogether they numbered nineteen, but the quality of the field was only moderate. Leaving Belladrum out of the question, there were two approved public performers, Pretender and Duke of Beaufort; two fair handicap horses, The Drummer and Alpenstock; and one aspirant to high honours, Martyrdom. For the rest not much could be said. Tenedos, unsound; Prince Imperial, a roarer; King Cophetua, a rogue; Siderolite, Standard Bearer, Brambridge, Neuchatel, and such like, all outclassed. An immense cavalcade of horsemen assembled at the starting-post of the Rowley mile, but there was only a slight delay before the horses were despatched. The flag fell when they were all well in line, and the history of the race is briefly this. The pace was uncommonly fast throughout; Belladrum made nearly the whole of the running, and coming down the Abingdon hill only he and Pretender were left in it. Pretender, steadily ridden by Osborne, waited till the commencement of the final ascent, where he was let out, and, coming away at his jockey's call, got Belladrum into difficulties immediately. The latter, however, struggled with great gameness, and breasted the hill in excellent style, running strongly and straightly, and not at all like a roarer. In fact, he was only cleverly defeated by half a length, after having, as we said, made the running at a terrific pace. It is said that Kenyon, who rode Belladrum, had no specific orders as to the conduct of the race. But if Belladrum was a roarer it have would been his object of course not to force the pace, but, on the contrary, to make it as slow as possible. His malady, if any, must be very slight, as he not only forced the running, but had a good struggle left in him when the pinch came at the final hill. It is probable that, if he had not been made so much use of, he would have made a much closer fight with Pretender, even if he would not have beaten him. Possibly if Kenyon had been instructed to wait, he might have won; but, as it was, he got quite near enough to confound his enemies. The faces of the great speculators who have for weeks been treating Belladrum as if he were dead and buried were fearful and wonderful to behold when the horse was seen coming down the Abingdon hill, pulling double, and apparently having the race at his mercy, and when the roar rose up from the multitude of—"Belladrum wins!" The performance showed clearly that the rumours about Belladrum's hopeless infirmities were utterly unfounded, for he not only exhibited all his old speed, but his most inveterate foe could not say that on this occasion he evinced the slightest sign of cowardice or unwillingness to struggle. We must not, however, forget the winner, who has improved much more in proportion than Pero Gomez, judging from their respective races with Duke of Beaufort, and who will undoubtedly give Sir Joseph Hawley's horse a good deal of trouble at Epsom. Pretender has grown into a splendid race-horse, and though the Newmarket people disliked his slow paces when they saw him at exercise, his action at full speed is thoroughly true, and he is evidently possessed of great stamina as well as speed, for he kept pretty close to Belladrum all the way, and, when called on in the dip, went up the hill like a lion. There was nothing near the two leaders. Perry Down, a heavy-looking colt in the French stable, was third, four lengths from Belladrum. A neck separated Perry Down from Martyrdom, who was resolutely ridden out to the finish. Tenedos was fifth, Tasman sixth, Alpenstock, Typhon, and Prince Imperial followed in the order named, Duke of Beaufort was eleventh, The Drummer thirteenth, and Baron Rothschild's representative was the absolute last. The running of Duke of Beaufort is inexplicable, and the only reason that suggests itself for his miserable performance is that he was outpaced at the start and could never get up to his horses. When he ran Pero Gomez to a neck, it will be remembered that the pace was shockingly slow, which probably accounts for the position he then occupied. Last year he could not get within reach of Belladrum's heels, and this year he fared no better. The handicap horses, The Drummer and Alpenstock, ran as handicap horses generally do when they are suddenly asked to carry 8 st. 10 lbs. Both are fair horses under light weights, The Drummer in particular being an excellent stayer, but they have not a chance in tolerable company at racing weights. Tenedos ran conspicuously enough to show that if he could have been thoroughly trained he might have had no mean chance, and the pretensions of Martyrdom were clearly overrated. The surprise of the race—next to the forward position of Belladrum—was the running into a place of Perry Down, a despised outsider, whose name we never heard mentioned; but there is little chance of anything that finished behind the two leaders beating them at Epsom, and the Derby, which a short time ago seemed to be more open than was expected, is now apparently more narrowed than ever. From the casual glimpse we obtained of Pretender, we should say that he is not so susceptible of improvement during the next month as Pero Gomez.

The general characteristics of the Two Thousand day were much the same as usual. The attendance was immense, the dust fearful, and the undergraduates from Cambridge more fearful still. If the Jockey Club would permit the use of a few water-carts, the inconveniences arising from the dust might be alleviated. At present the labours of an elderly man with two pails and an insufficient supply of water scarcely meet the exigencies of the case. If the Club also would take some active measures against the young men who strew the heath with broken glass, it would deserve our warmest gratitude. The ordinary Newmarket crowd is easily managed, and two or three policemen suffice to keep the course clear. They are business-like spectators at Newmarket, and they like to facilitate the progress of business; but once or twice a year all Cambridge breaks loose on the heath, and its presence is speedily known by the fragments of broken bottles that lie scattered about. When the history of human passions comes to be written, the passion for fracturing glass that so persistently inflames the undergraduate breast will deserve careful and special elucidation.

REVIEWS.

LECKY'S HISTORY OF MORALS.*

MR. LECKY'S *History of European Morals* may be looked upon as a complement to Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization*. Mr. Buckle had regarded the growth of European civilization mainly as an intellectual progress. In man's increasing knowledge, and increasing power to use the faculties which enable him to extend it, he found the sufficient account of all social improvement. Of course he recognised such a thing as moral improvement; but he could find no reasonable cause for it, except in intellectual improvement. Mr. Lecky believes in another distinct and original source of the advance or deterioration of society. Closely connected as moral improvement or imperfection is with intellectual, it yet is, he holds, not simply dependent on intellectual conditions, but has roots and laws of growth of its own. Morality is something more than an intellectual result, much as it may be helped or impeded by what the intellect does; it has its own great and separate phenomena, and the moments of its success or failure are not necessarily coincident with those which mark the history of mere knowledge. European civilization requires to be regarded on its moral side, for itself, not in an aspect purely subordinate to the study of its intellectual changes. To supply what is wanting or kept out of sight in Mr. Buckle's generalizations; to recall a great and broad side of historical truth at least as important as that on which he has dwelt, and one which is absolutely necessary as the counterbalance and correction of his powerful representations; to trace in their early stages and early changes the springs and beginnings of the great ideas of duty and right which make European civilization what it is, and which mark it with its peculiar and characteristic notes as much as its conquests in the realms of knowledge; to compare the different steps and alternations of the long battle between what raises and what depresses and injures man's moral nature—this is the subject of Mr. Lecky's great attempt. For a great and remarkable attempt it is, whatever may be our judgment on its success.

Mr. Lecky begins by defining his point of view, and discussing the comparative merits, as theories of morality, of utilitarianism and of what he calls the Stoical or intuitive scheme of morals. He is quite right in doing the first; it was not necessary to do the second, and it may admit of a question whether he was wise in doing it. For Mr. Lecky's business is history, not a philosophy or system of morals; and while he is abundantly entitled to be credited with having thought out for himself his moral doctrines, the great controversies about them are hardly to be settled in an introductory chapter; nor does he seem the man to do it. Mr. Lecky's *forte* is his power of bringing a great number of scattered social phenomena to a focus, putting a distinct meaning on what he has brought together, and connecting these generalized appearances one with another; but in the stage beyond this, where we pass from stating broad facts to philosophizing, and where everything depends on sensitiveness to differences, and on the force which at once seizes them with precision and truth, and is able to keep a whole body of them, with all their contrasts and relations, before the attention simultaneously, he does not seem so strong. He seems to us to fail in that kind of powerful and exact handling which goes to the quick, and under which the mind feels that it has made a new and real step in disengaging and precipitating the entangled elements of a difficult subject. He is generally ingenious, but he is often loose. Thus he remarks that "more intense" pleasure is "usually obtained from the grotesque and eccentric than from the perfection of beauty"; and then in the next sentence he lets us see what he means by "intense." It turns out that he takes it for "violent"; "the pleasure derived from beauty is not *violent*, and is in most cases peculiarly mixed with melancholy," as in the contemplation of a lovely landscape. A writer's command over words is imperfect who says that the pleasure of a great tragedy or a great piece of music is less "intense" than that of a good farce, when he only means that it is less "violent." The sentiment that "it is probable that the American inventor of the first anæsthetic has done more for *the real happiness of mankind* than all the moral philosophers from Socrates to Mill," would do passably as a smart impertinence in the mouth of a fast young lady with smoking proclivities; but it is an odd remark to come from an historian of morals. We suppose that Mr Lecky generalizes from his own experience when he gives us the following quaint illustration of the undoubted truth that our æsthetic ideas are affected by association; to us the connexion of a blue blouse with "ferocity," even in a butcher's boy, much more in quiet-looking French peasants in diligences, is certainly new:—

> I suppose there are few Englishmen into whose first confused impression of France there does not enter a half instinctive feeling of repugnance, caused by the *ferocious appearance* of a peasantry who are all dressed like butchers.

After reading Mr. Lecky's preface, those who are intuitive moralists will probably feel that he has made some forcible and pertinent remarks on their side, and those who are utilitarians will remain utilitarians still; but neither, we take it, will think that he has brought them to the bottom of the subject. It is difficult to be satisfied with Mr. Lecky's term intuitive morality, when intuition fails completely in every respect as a test and source of virtue, except when explained, as he explains it, as the result of progressive cultivation. The cultivated eye and ear perceive intuitively the merits of Phidias, Raffaelle, or Beethoven; but it cannot be said, in any intelligible sense, that these judgments are derived from intuition. Cultivated and improved man sees at a glance the superiority and the claims of truth, honour, and purity; but to say this tells us nothing as to where he got these sentiments. Mr. Lecky is right in saying that utilitarianism fails to account for them; but we do not see that he solves the riddle. To say that all men have an idea of higher and lower within them, and of the rightful subordination of the lower to the higher, is to tell us little of the life and substance of morality. His forcible and striking pictures of moral progress show beyond doubt that "unity of tendency" in which he finally places the unity of mankind in moral sentiments. So, too, would a history of art, of painting, or of music, each great step of which marks, not the triumph of mere arbitrary fancy or taste, but of reason, good sense, and truth, capable of abundant and unanswerable justification. Yet to carry back these to any original natural powers—natural and universal, in the sense in which the functions of the eye or ear are natural—is a harder and more complicated task, involving more numerous and more obscure steps, than Mr. Lecky seems to allow for. That human morality under education certainly and distinctly moves in this or that general direction, and not in others; that time and favouring circumstances are necessary elements in its development; that it changes and grows as truly in the race as it does in the progress from the moral ideas and condition of a child to those of a man, is one thing; and of this Mr. Lecky is the able and intelligent expounder. To trace out and disentangle in human nature all the infinitely complicated roots of this growth and development, is another. But if, as it seems to us, he has not been so successful here, he has only been baffled where others have been baffled before him.

Mr. Lecky's proper subject is not philosophy, but history, and here he is more in his element. He has drawn a most impressive picture of the evolution of Christian morality, especially in its early stages, out of the civilization of the Pagan empire, of the various changes of moral type and standard, of the successive degrees of prominence or decay shown in different classes of virtues, of the proportion between different virtues in the ideal character of the time, and of their influence on one another, to be remarked in the course of this great moral recasting of society. Mr Lecky has excluded from his plan a number of important points connected with his subject—among others, the question of the real nature of Christianity as a religion; and he professedly confines his inquiry within the limits of the first eight centuries, while the necessities of his subject force him continually to follow it out of these bounds to its later and more instructive developments. A history of European morals which stops short at Charlemagne, though it really takes in, as of course it must, much of their history to the present day, betrays an imperfect plan; and Mr. Lecky's accumulation of materials, which is very great, is almost too great sometimes for him to know quite what to do with it. There is a want of concentration, of checking one broad statement by another, of keeping in the mind together two or three different views of a subject, and bringing out from them a joint and harmonized result. His learning is sometimes exuberant and ill-digested; and there are occasional marks of haste, as when he makes Euripides the author of the *Eumenides* (ii. 296), and talks of Clarke "following in the steps of the Stoics and of *Butler*" (i. 78)—of Butler, the "gentleman in Gloucestershire," and student at a Dissenting Academy, who first became known to Clarke in the character of a humble suitor for the explanation of certain metaphysical difficulties. But after all allowances made for imperfect execution, and for the great diversities of judgment which must inevitably arise on Mr. Lecky's subject, his book occupies a field which no one in England has yet attempted to master; and if he fails to satisfy us, he gives us plenty to think about.

The great and characteristic change, in Mr. Lecky's view, from the ancient to modern morality, may be described as a reversal in order of pre-eminence among the virtues. Mr. Lecky distributes the virtues into groups—the heroic, the amiable (the latter including benevolence, purity, reverence), and the intellectual virtues connected with truth. In classical times, down to those of the Pagan empire, the ideal and type of human excellence made the heroic virtues paramount. The result of Christianity in the world has been to invert this scale. The primary ones of the old world have become secondary; what were then secondary have been elevated into primary. Christianity first gave new fulness and strength to the amiable virtues, and then placed them on the height once occupied by the heroic ones. Purity foremost, benevolence next, threw into the shade, in the early ages of Christianity, the great virtues of heathen military and civil life—courage, patriotism, magnanimity; and, with more or less variation, they still keep the place they gained. Further, the course of civilization, especially in science and trade, has brought into prominence a class of virtues which the heathen world honoured, though not in the first place, but which the Church is accused of systematically and deliberately ignoring—the virtues of the intellect, veracity, honesty, fearless love of truth. The victory of Christianity in Europe has raised the standard as regards one set of virtues, those connected with humanity and the relations between the sexes; it has lowered it as regards another, those of the high heroic type of public spirit and self-sacrifice; and it has required the corrective of an antagonist and partly hostile spirit, to force it to give their due place and rank to the great moral duties connected with the exercise of the mind on the facts of the world and existence. We

* *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By W. E. H. Lecky, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

have gained, Mr. Lecky thinks, immeasurably in our care for human life and happiness, in gentleness and sympathy, in the domestic ideal and the refinement and conquest of the lower instincts. We have lost in as great a degree in the loftier and more severe virtues, the noble devotion to the State, the stern unselfishness of the ancient citizen and soldier. We are only beginning to estimate at its due worth the moral passion for mere truth, and to be alive to obligations which religion, as it has been hitherto regarded, has done little to foster, and has often flagrantly violated.

Generalisations like these are brilliant things to read when stated and enforced as a writer like Mr. Lecky states them. They contain in them great elements of truth. Yet the qualifications which they require are so important as to leave us with the misgiving whether, after all, as contributions to real and fruitful knowledge, they are not mental efforts all but thrown away. Doubtless there is truth in Mr. Lecky's leading position, that the scale of the virtues has been sensibly altered between ancient and modern times. There have been changes in what he calls—using, it seems to us, a bad, because equivocal, term—the "rudimentary" virtues of different times; meaning the characteristic and dominant virtue of a period, like patriotism in antiquity, or obedience in monastic times. And he dwells much on the fact that Christianity and civilization, while they have fostered the amiable and social virtues, have diminished the value and the capacity for those of which Stoicism upheld the type while the great ancients realized it; virtues which rested on the two essentials of an unselfish disinterestedness, able even to dispense with a moral ruler and a future world, and of the subjugation of the affections to the reason. Well, the Stoical ideal was very grand; and public virtue often showed itself very nobly even under the Empire. But when we are told that public virtue, with its high sternness and self-devotion, has given way, both in general estimation and in its capacities for great deeds, under the progress of modern civilization, it seems to us that Mr. Lecky's instruments for collecting the rays of truth, though they may form a neat and clear image, cut off a great deal of light. They cut off from entering into his field of view some of the grandest and loftiest political spectacles which the world has ever seen. In the civil and military history of the Italian Republics, of France, of England, of Holland, of the United States, terrible deeds have been done, and fatal mistakes committed; but the last thing that can be said is that, in comparison with antiquity, there has been any want of "public souls," or of the highest ideal of public duty. Civilization, and even religion, under certain conditions, have impaired the heroic type of virtue; it has been a common superficial fallacy to assume that they do so always; but, in an observer like Mr. Lecky, it is a grave mistake in the final result of his calculations, and one which weakens our confidence in his power of generalizing from complicated and conflicting elements, that he should bring out as an ascertained law or tendency that under civilization the virtues which demand effort and self-sacrifice are less thought of, and, when called for, are less ready to come.

Mr. Lecky does full justice to Christianity as a moral movement, though he is apparently unable to make up his mind what to think of its supernatural pretensions. What heathen morality attained to under the Empire was, he says, a very high standard of the heroic virtues in a very select class; but even in that class there was an insensibility to the social and benevolent virtues, and still more to those of purity, though this hardness was much softened down in characters like M. Aurelius and Julian; while in the multitude there was a degradation without control and without hope, going deeper and deeper down in every generation in brutality, licentiousness, vileness of feeling and deed. Wherever Christianity came from, it brought the remedy for this. With its strong leaven of charity, of purity, of fearless assertion of conviction, and with its immense sympathy for the despised and lost, it gave the impulse which began the regeneration of the world. All this is vividly and forcibly exhibited. The picture does not seem to us complete, and it wants those more subtle and delicate touches which test the insight of genius; but no one can deny its vigour. Mr. Lecky is fair in representing the results of the great moral revolution which has brought us to where we are: he seems to us harsh and inconsiderate in his judgment of the conditions under which it was made. He traces the great changes in the standard and practice of humanity. He devotes a remarkable chapter to the position of women in the ancient world and the new. He is, on the whole, full and just in his estimate of the breadth and fruitfulness of these and analogous changes. But he is impatient of the religious temper that went with them, and of the intellectual, and some of the moral, habits which it engendered; habits more or less the natural accompaniments of a religion which believes itself certain. The moral change, he quite allows, depended on religion; but the Church, he thinks, taught men to lie for religion, to persecute for religion, to run wild for religion, to think that they could know what they could not know, and to shut their eyes to what they might see, in the name of religion. The result of its training has been, besides much good, for which we ought to be thankful, much evil which is hard to be undone.

Here, again, Mr. Lecky seems to give us the truth, but not the whole truth. When commenting on the looseness of inquiry and looseness of assertion which no doubt, as he says, are to be seen in early Christian literature, as they mark the intellectual character generally of its time, a writer who is not a sceptic ought to have remembered—and remembering, to have qualified a good many of his statements—to whom the world is indebted for the idea that there is a Truth, and that it is worth working for, suffering for, dying for; to whom it owes the word "martyr." Mr. Lecky does not bear in mind his own leading doctrine, that the moral growth of mankind has different ages, as widely removed from one another as the stages of bodily development. Things that are absolutely absurd to us were inevitable once; people knew no better, and it was impossible, in the nature of things and the conditions of their age in the world's history, that they should know better. The Church had a great cause to advance—the cause of morality, as even Mr. Lecky sees; the cause of man's relationship to God, as Christians believe. And it had to do this in the face of obvious disadvantages, from the state of society, the narrowness of all possible knowledge, the still backward education and imperfect experience of the human race. It did the work; not as we should do it now, perhaps, but in the ways which seemed the natural and only practicable ways of doing it then. It was a conquest; and Mr. Lecky too summarily blames the Church spirit which is seen in the Fathers for having the necessary virtues, hard and stern, as well as great, of conquerors—of those who risk or sacrifice all for an idea or a conviction which shall benefit mankind. Its exclusiveness, its absolute positiveness, its intolerance, its zeal, its scorn, nay, its occasional unscrupulousness, it has in common with all the great movements which have affected mankind; in common with the modern spirit of reform, with Mr. Bright, Mr. Buckle, and Professor Tyndall. We may perhaps yet learn that doubt can be as intolerant of seeming or claiming to know as faith and conviction ever were of doubt. All this belongs to it as realized in human nature, under given conditions of time and development; it belongs to whatever force of intense conviction has moved and swayed man, and exacted from him the great sacrifice of self-indulgence and the present. To say that the Church had all this on a great scale is only to say that its aims and work were on a great scale, and that its fervour and resolution were in proportion to the greatness of its pretensions and the seriousness of its purpose. Mr. Lecky appreciates the magnitude of the moral change then made; but he seems to us to underrate the enormous difficulties of creating modern morality and the society which accepts it; the obstacles, in themselves and in things round them—often utterly hidden and obscure at the time, and only plain to us—in the way of those who had the heart and daring to attempt it.

To take an instance in his treatment of the history of asceticism. We have seen, from its beginning to its end, the whole course of that history. We have had experience enough to entitle us to form a judgment on the working and ultimate results of the ascetic principle; and if there is a question of it in our own time, this experience may supply weighty reasons against it. Mr. Lecky, naturally enough, thoroughly condemns it, though he does in one place seem to regret the suppression of monasteries as correctives to excessive industrialism; and he has an easy task in painting a repulsive picture of this once powerful ally of Christianity. His details of the lives and deeds of Egyptian and Syrian devotees are undeniable; and though he must be charged with greatly understating one whole side—all that in spirit and aim gave meaning and elevation to what was so extravagant and disagreeable—yet, after all, with all the admissions in its favour, the system does fairly appear extravagant and disagreeable. In our stage of moral development, and under our circumstances, it would be intolerable; but the thing to be borne in mind is that it flourished in a stage of moral development and under circumstances which were not ours. You must take men, even Egyptian monks, not only for what they are, but for what they can be; and it is a perpetual mistake in historical judgments to insist on requiring from men what it was impossible, in the nature of things, that at the time they should be. The ascetic fervour of the early and middle centuries is wrongly judged unless, with all our dislike of it in itself, we look upon it—as indeed we can see it to have been—as a first step, not perhaps in intention, yet in fact tentative; an attempt, rude and wild, to apply to life the gospel standard. When we remember what were the enormous, blind, intractable forces on the other side, in the days when it arose, of fierce, reckless, unrestrained sensuality, it seems as if nothing but such an enthusiasm, as inconsiderate and unmeasured, could balance or swing back, on a scale necessary for the progress of the world, the tremendous, ever-renewed, and accumulating pressure in favour of self-indulgence. The severity of the early Church was a rebound and strong medicine against the ruinous dissoluteness of the decaying Empire, which no remedy but a heroic one seemed able to stay. It was undeniably, in its aim and effort, a great stroke in favour of virtue and perfection. Doubtless there was dreadful waste in it—waste of character, affection, happiness, life; but it must be looked upon as a great war, the only one which could have made any impression on the world of that day; and when we think of the waste of men in monasteries, we should remember the waste of men on the other side. The monks and ascetics have perished, as soldiers and workers have perished; but what have they left behind? What have they done to print images, softened now by distance, of moral greatness, strength, height, unselfishness, on the mind of society? What would those ages have been, being what they were, and separated by impassable intervals from the possibility of what is so commonplace to us and ready to our hand—what would they have been without this direction given to their grossness and fierce temper, without those examples of fierce self-bridling, and of proportionate discipline? So asceticism taught mankind, though by extravagance and with degeneracy and failure at the end, the hard lesson of the incomparable superiority of the higher over the lower nature. We may doubt whether the greatness of free modern morality—of

which part of the greatness is that it is a thing, not of a school or a choice aristocracy of feeling and mind, but popular, common, and public—could ever have been formed and fixed without passing through the terrible agony of asceticism. All these histories of monks, which lend themselves so easily to our sarcasms, and seem to us almost as disgusting as immorality itself, may be viewed in another way—as the crude, clumsy, distorted, absurd sketches of beginners, who yet have the heart and boldness to try to copy a great and difficult model. They are like the stiff, ungainly figures drawn by the early masters, of the saints and hermits themselves, which, in the hands of the later ones, come to forms of the highest nobleness and beauty. But the early steps must have been passed to reach the later perfection. All this is not, indeed, overlooked by Mr. Lecky; but he does not give it the prominence it deserves, nor remember it sufficiently in his vehement and sometimes almost feminine denunciation of the ascetics.

The same imperfect grasp of the idea of a progress, the same defective appreciation of the suitableness and proportion for one time of what another time may have utterly outgrown, marks Mr. Lecky's generalizations—often very sweeping and tronchant ones—on the intellectual character of the early and middle ages. He denounces at every turn the cast-iron decisions of theology, the intolerance of priests, the stagnation of mind under the rule of the schools. The truth is that there is a good deal too much in his book of these sneers. They come so very glibly to our tongues in these days that a writer with so great a subject before him might have been expected to guard himself against them. Flings and incidental sarcasms against philosophers and reason are justly accounted impertinent in theological writers; they are not better in philosophers against theology and divines. All indiscriminate generalization is foolish; if with an animus, unjust; if the mere repetition of a commonplace, vulgar; and it ought to be borne in mind that calling men "priests" by way of scorn or disparagement is just as grave an offence against truth, justice, and the real interests of morality as, with the same invidious purpose, calling them freethinkers and rationalists. Mr. Lecky is abundantly justified in protesting against any such views, philosophical or religious, of those early times, as represent them as ages of perfection to which all succeeding ages ought to look back for their standard and model. But when he uses the very strong words which he ordinarily does of their blind submission to authority in religion, of their hard, unreasoning and uninquiring faith, their indifference to physical knowledge, and their intellectual barrenness, besides that there is much loose over-statement of the fact, he disappoints those who look to him for a broad and fair comparative estimate of the differences of times. There is a time for everything. There is a time for construction, for building up positive beliefs for practical needs, when men take what on the whole has the recommendation and attraction of apparent truth as an inestimable treasure by which to live and work. At such times, whether they come in regard to religion, or politics, or even mechanical progress, men take foundations for granted; they are too keen about what may be realized to sift and ask questions about them; it was so just as much when a new polity like that of the United Provinces or the United States was called into existence, and a great war carried on, as when Christianity was set up as the religion of Europe. Of course, at such times of positive building up there is abundance of what seems, to cooler or unfriendly observers, unreasoning impatience of inquiry; there is plenty of intolerance; for what at a distance seems only difference of opinion seems, when near, mischievous opposition; what at a distance seems mere party variance, looks near like disloyalty and treason. The early ages were times when of all things the most impossible to those who lived in them was that keen criticism and subtle inquiry which seem to us so natural and rational. They could judge of things by broad marks; but it is simply inconceivable that they should have examined as, with our means of knowledge and long-trained habits of thought, we can examine. It seems idle to expect it of them, and harsh to complain of them for failing in what would have been in them premature and futile. It is well for us that their belief was so much stronger than their spirit of inquiry. We do not yet know what may come of that spirit in our own more experienced hands; but in those days of narrow knowledge—knowledge confined by limits then absolutely and literally impassable—it would have been like gun-cotton and electricity in the hands of a child.

Mr. Lecky further strangely overstates the stagnation of mind in those times. Mind is employed either in tracking out the knowledge of things outside it, or in examining its own thoughts and history. Its activity ought to take both directions; in the middle ages it long shrank, not without intelligible reasons, from the first; but surely the mind cannot be said to be idle when it puts forth its strength on the second. Now, though there was a vast deficiency in that hunting out and ascertaining the facts of nature and history which is so great a work in our days, there was no deficiency in that which is more properly thought—profound and patient and exact consideration of what goes on in the mind, of its efforts to know, of its materials and processes. The schoolmen have become a commonplace for sneers. But no one who ever studied any of the great ones among them could possibly say that mind in them was dormant. No one could ever say that men like Anselm or Aquinas did not treat the most difficult questions with a freedom and originality which are ordinarily supposed incompatible with their religion. In all that is of most essential consequence, not only in the exhibition of what we know, but in grasping it firmly, clearly, comprehensively, in taking in all the sides of a question, in mapping out all its ramifications, in the sheer hard work of purely intellectual action on ideas and words, they are still our unequalled masters. Most surely, if they led, in their keen and subtle speculations, into many false and useless roads, they paved the way as nothing else did, —as certainly neither ancient speculation nor Mahommedan science did—for modern philosophy. They laid out the ground and prepared a language for Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant. Those ancient and unwearied pioneers of real thinking deserve more respect than they always meet, from all who know that real thinking is as necessary as the actual discovery of facts, for the true and solid advancement of knowledge.

A JOURNEY ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA.*

M. MARCOY'S splendid record of a recent journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, through the whole breadth of Peru and Brazil, is a work which must be seen in order to be appreciated. It is impossible by mere analysis or description of their contents to do justice to the two handsome, not to say sumptuous, volumes which transcend even what we are accustomed to consider the normal standard of a Parisian *œuvre de luxe*. Almost every page brings before the eye some illustration of the rich scenery of the tropics or some characteristic type of native physique or manners, executed in M. Riou's highest style from the writer's sketches, or engraved directly from M. Marcoy's own drawings. The letterpress, enhanced by paper of the finest tone, forms a triumph of typographical taste and skill. We would, however, by no means be understood to point to M. Marcoy's *Journey across South America* as simply an ornament for the drawing-room. It is no mere album of the gorgeous landscapes, or of the singular native models, of Brazil or Peru. The author, while keenly alive to all that is picturesque in nature or piquant in humanity, and gifted with the artist's power to set each and all in their most striking phases before the reader's eye, shows himself no less competent as an observer of all that appeals to the reason and arrests the thoughtful attention of the traveller. We find him careful, while delineating the bold outline or dazzling summit of the Cordillera, or catching the wild grace of the semi-savage of the Pampas, to note and generalize the geographical or geological phenomena of those varied regions, as well as to store up and reduce to system the facts, whether of observation or popular tradition, bearing upon the condition, the origin, or the history of their multiform population. The result of his ardent and philosophical pursuit of knowledge and adventure is to enrich our literature with a mass of matter imperfectly, if at all, accessible heretofore, embodied too in a form suited in a peculiar degree to attract and even fascinate every reader who is susceptible of the impressions of art.

Few countries are less known to the ordinary public than the rich regions of the Southern continent of the New World stretching from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. Humboldt's bold and scientific researches have been the chief means of bringing within our reach what little we know of the physical marvels or the mine of ethnological study which those vast tracts are capable of yielding up. The historical problems which underlie the quaint traditions or the mysterious monuments of the land await much of their solution, after all that we owe to the magnificent work of Lord Kingsborough and M. Dupaix, or after all the labours of comparative philologists or students of ethnology like Blumenbach and Pritchard. Since the time when the strange and mystic civilization of the Incas struck the lively imagination of Cortes and his fellow pioneers, not much has been done to lift the veil which hides the source of that most singular of races, and to refer them by their relations of blood and speech to their proper place in the comparative genealogy of nations. We welcome, therefore, whatever means of information can be added to our slender stock, whether by the studies of philologists or by the personal observations of travellers as energetic and intelligent as the writer before us.

In no other portion of the globe perhaps is the contrast more strongly marked between the artificial habits and modes of life imported from Europe and the primitive manners of the children of the soil. In Peru, Chili, or Brazil, the traveller has only to pass the city gates to find himself in contact with Indian tribes as rude or quaint in aspect, customs, or belief as those which greeted the gaze of Cortes or Pizarro. It is chiefly with the aboriginal population that M. Marcoy seems to have felt sympathy, and it is with a feeling of relief that he passes from the flimsy conventionalities, the tasteless fashions, or the coarse orgies of the capital, to the free and picturesque life of the Pampa, and the teeming banks of the Amazon. Landing from Liverpool at Islay, the port of Arequipa, he gives us a rapid but graphic sketch of that chief city of the earthquake zone, anticipating by a year or so the terrible visitation which has since left its permanent impression upon the whole length of the South Pacific seaboard. A striking evidence of the action of this element of fear upon the popular mind is seen in the curious procession of *nuestro Señor de los temblores*, which forms one of our author's most dramatic pictures of Peruvian life. On Easter Monday, the great image of Our Lord of the Earthquakes makes its tour of the capital, among a frenzied throng of ten thousand struggling devotees. This lifelike ancient effigy, originally sent by Charles V. in a caravel from Cadiz, has never had its

* *Voyage à travers l'Amérique du Sud, de l'Océan Pacifique à l'Océan Atlantique.* Par Paul Marcoy. Illustré de 626 vues, types et paysages, par E. Riou, et accompagné de 20 cartes, gravées sur les dessins de l'auteur. 2 tom. in-fol. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1869.

primitive colours retouched by a profane brush. The gigantic crucifix of which it forms the principal figure is made of a huge block of oak. Time, dust, the combined smoke of incense and candles, and the irreverent handling of the monks, have turned the brilliant flesh tints to a dirty red. The blood with which the idol is liberally bespattered from head to foot has assumed the hue and texture of bitumen, relieved with patches like those of a panther's coat. In place of the usual waist-cloth, a kind of petticoat of coloured silk is tied by a sash round the body, and descends to the knee. Hair of prodigious length and thickness, of a jet black, which once adorned the head of a sinner of the city, brought by unexampled orgies to an early tomb, floats from the Redeemer's temples in wild locks, blown about by the wind. This exuberant *chevelure* was presented to the cathedral Chapter, as an expiatory offering, by the father of this Magdalen, an intendant of police well known to the author. The strange emblem is borne upon a platform upon the shoulders of thirty *cholos*, ragged and shoeless Indians. Invisible springs give its members an incessantly trembling motion. Wax torches in numbers burn around it, and bunches of flowers are flung by women in its face. Thousands crowd for the honour of supporting or even touching the sacred burden. The bearers are hustled, beaten, their hair wrenched from their heads, but stoutly they battle for the privilege which is to bring them ten years' remission of sins. Other images precede the crowning glory of the day—the Holy Mother, in court dress of amazing cumbrousness and splendour, and wearing a golden crown, a gigantic ruff, and a vast jewelled fan; San Josef, bearing the insignia of his craft; San Cristoval, bearded and filleted with Assyrian pomp, carrying a lofty palm; San Benito, whom the crowd receive rather coldly, taking the reverend Abbé to have sprung in a straight line from Ham, the son of Noah. First in order is seen San Blas, the patron saint of the chief faubourg of the town, in aspect and costume a precise facsimile of the traditional Richard III. of our stage. A winged angel holds a parasol of pink silk over the saint's head. After two hours' circuit of the city the heated and panting concourse reaches once more the cathedral gates:—

> Le Christ des tremblements est resté seul dans le parvis, entouré de dix mille Indiens qui l'interpellent dans l'idiome local.—*Où vas-tu?* lui crie-t-on de tous côtes; *reste avec nous; n'abandonne pas tes enfants!* Les porteurs de la litière impriment un mouvement de gauche à droite, et *vice versa*, à l'image, qui semble répondre aux fidèles par une négative.—*Ingrat! Dieu sans entrailles!* reprend la foule en pleurant a chaudes larmes; *tu vas donc nous quitter jusqu'à l'an prochain?*—L'image du Christ fait un signe affirmatif.—*Eh bien, va-t'-en!* hurle d'une seule voix l'immense cohue. La porte centrale s'est ouverte à demi. Les porteurs de l'image vont se glisser par l'entre-bâillure, mais la foule s'attache à eux et la grande porte est fermée de nouveau. Après quelques minutes de cette étrange lutte, cette même porte se rouvre à deux battants, et la litière du Christ, poussée par un flot furieux de têtes humaines, disparait dans l'église. Le désespoir de la foule éclate alors en crescendo final, les femmes jettent des cris aigus et tiraillent leur chevelure, les hommes hurlent et déchirent leurs vêtements; les enfants, effrayés par la douleur de leurs parents, piaillent d'une façon lamentable, et les chiens, renchérissant sur le tapage, aboient avec fureur.

From Arequipa to Cuzco the traveller's route lies over the lofty passes and glaciers of the Andes, of which an impressive panorama is given by our artist. Striking near this point the head waters of the Amazon, he followed downwards the course of that mightiest of rivers to its outfall into the Atlantic. In the terrible drifts and storms of the Sierra Nevada the traveller meets with but rare and rude halting posts, such as the lonely hut we see figured at Huallata. Often his sole refuge lies in the rude but solidly-wrought tombs of the old Aymaras. The history of this early race offers an interesting, though in many respects a vague and indecisive, chapter in the ethnology of the Western continent. When the Children of the Sun came to establish themselves in Peru, they found the great Aymara race in possession of the wide plateau which extends from Lampa to the confines of the Desaguadero, comprising, under the name of Collas, the region of the Punas to the east of the Western Andes. This district, some ninety leagues in length by thirty in breadth, showed here and there temples and other monuments of an advanced civilization more or less in decay. The then existing Aymara inhabitants assigned these to a very early date, and to the Collahua race from whom they themselves claimed to have sprung. This race, which came from a distant source north of Peru, and spread over the high plateaux of the interior, left the trace of their name in the existing coast town of Callao. Together with the secret of hieroglyphic painting, they brought with them a singular cosmological legend. Before the present sun, four other luminaries in succession gave light to the firmament. The first of these suns was extinguished by an inundation, the second by an earthquake, the third by a general conflagration, and the fourth by a hurricane in which all living forms perished. Total darkness next enveloped the world for twenty-five years. In the midst of this universal night a man and a woman were created, for whose behoof the great Maker kindled the fifth sun, which had already been formed a thousand years. The system of cosmogony based upon this curious fiction was common to the Toltecs, the Cicimecs, the Nahuatlucs, the Acolhus, the Tlastlecs, and the Aztecs, who in the early centuries of our era occupied New Spain. These tribes in turn traced back their religion, their architecture, and their customs, including the peculiar method of noting dates by their Quipus or variously coloured threads, to the Olmecs and Xicalanques, two powerful races of immense antiquity. Driven out by the Incas, the Aymaras dispersed, partly towards the Pacific, where they mingled with the fish-eating tribes of the coast, partly into the vast sierras of the interior. Two hundred thousand of these aborigines are computed to survive at this day, towards the Bolivi[an] Peruvian frontier and the seven departments of Upper Peru. Th[e] great ossuary or burial plain of the Aymaras, the discovery of which M. Marcoy claims for his party, lies four leagues south-south-ea[st] of Islay, in the centre of the zone of trachytic ashes which exten[ds] from that part to the entrance of the valley of Tambo. Th[e] mummies are found in groups huddled together in their pyramid[al] tomb of rock, the knees touching the chin, and the head expose[d]. The head is flattened in the manner usual with all these tribes, an[d] this is to be depended upon as a distinctive mark of their commo[n] origin. In most of these *huacas* ears of maize have been disco[vered], together with traces of *chicha*, the popular liquor distille[d] from the same cereal, at the bottom of the rude jars of clay lying b[y] the side of the corpse. In tombs of the Incasic period, greater a[rt] of construction is apparent. Vases of terra cotta, bizarre, yet highl[y] artistic in form, are met with in abundance. The architectur[e] which is well illustrated in M. Marcoy's pages, passes from th[e] rude cyclopean layers of an early date to the regular courses o[f] squarely wrought masonry. Sketches of such temples as hav[e] survived the pillage of three centuries, as well as of the curiou[s] fortresses, sometimes circular in shape, sometimes suggestive o[f] Egyptian types of structure, give a clear idea of the stat[e] of the arts in reference to worship and warfare in the palm[y] days of the Incas. It is deeply interesting to see still facin[g] each other in the streets of Cuzco the massive but irregula[r] stonework of an age of prehistoric antiquity, and the trim bu[t] monotonous lines of the mason of to-day. To the artistic ey[e] of our traveller the vast heterogeneous group of domes an[d] spires, intersected by long straight avenues and vistas, present[s] in a quaint panorama "the old capital of Manca Capac revised corrected, and augmented, but little embellished, by Francisco Pizarro."

M. Marcoy's stay at the capital of Peru gave him an opportunity not only for the study of the geological features of the country and the varieties of its native types, but also for the pursuit of researches into the anthropology and early conditions of life belonging to those regions. His treatment of these important problems will be found deeply suggestive, as well as marked with careful and critical erudition. Are we to consider the American race autochthonic, with Morton, Blumenbach, and Pritchard, or can we hope to connect its origin with the better-known races of other continents? Our author's convictions favour the hypothesis of two fixed primordial types, both however of foreign introduction. The early geographical connexion of the two continents, or the easy passage by way of Behring's Straits, renders any amount of immigration from the East readily intelligible. Whether we call it indigenous or not, the earliest and simplest of these types exhibits unmistakeable analogies with an African variety of the Mongol type of Asia, the other a no less marked resemblance with the Irano-Arian type. In the former we trace the colonizing and stationary, in the latter the civilizing and progressive, element of the American population. Not only in their architecture and their religion, but in the physical peculiarities of their race, the earliest of these colonists betray a singular affinity with the Misraites (Children of the Sun) upon the banks of the Nile Hieroglyphics and the pictorial arts are equally seen among them, and the papyrus (*maguey*) is naturalized among the flats of the Amazon. In addition to the red race of the earliest age, both tradition and historic records point to a fair and bearded variety, the *naumo* type, of Indo-Iranian blood and speech. Quezalcoalt, the first legislator of the Aztecs, and Bochica, founder of the civilization of Cundinamarca, were both of this Oriental type. The ancient Mexican sculptures of Tenochtitlan and of Culhuacan, with those of Tiahuanacu in Upper Peru, represent bearded personages clothed in the ample and flowing robes of the people of the East. It is beyond doubt to an origin of this twofold kind, and to one in either case of a remote antiquity, rather than to a mythical Scandinavian infusion from Iceland or Greenland in the twelfth century of our era, suggested by Rafn, that we are to assign the first traces of human life upon the Western continent. Still less can we venture to defer the period to so recent a date as that of the discovery of North America by Reif, son of Eric the Red, 1005 A.D., which has been connected by some theorists with the appearance of the first Inca (1040-42). We may pass by the still bolder hypothesis which recognises in the long and flowing robes of the Mexican sculptures the surplice or albe of missionary priests despatched from Ireland. With the reign of the Incas we come to the confines of trustworthy history, but to the present day the presence of the twofold elements we have spoken of is manifest upon the surface of the popular life. The facts collected by M. Marcoy form valuable materials for the ethnologist, while the student of comparative philology will find much to interest and instruct him in the lists of words brought together by him from the principal Indian dialects. These features of the book confer upon it a scientific value far beyond that which we are wont to attach to narratives of travel. We close M. Marcoy's handsome volumes with a grateful sense of what he has been at so much pains and cost to set before the public. Our regret at parting with him is enhanced by the reflection that the bulk and expense of the work must restrict to a comparatively scanty number of readers a full share of the intellectual and artistic treat which we have so much enjoyed ourselves.

SKEAT'S MŒSO-GOTHIC GLOSSARY.*

WE are really obliged to Mr. Skeat for his Glossary. It is, as he says, high time that Englishmen should have some handy philological books in their own tongue, instead of having to go for everything to their High-Dutch cousins. And in the case of Ulfilas—more truly Wulfila—and his Gothic tongue, a duty is more especially laid upon us, for he is our bone and our flesh. We do not mean to be in the least disrespectful to any of our good friends and kinsfolk, but we have a certain satisfaction, perhaps a narrow and unworthy satisfaction, but still a satisfaction, in being able to lay our hands on the oldest Teutonic book in the world, and to say, "This is not High-Dutch but Low." Our good friends must excuse us; between High-Dutch and Danish and French and the language of the *Times*, our poor old Nether speech is driven up into such holes and corners, we are so hemmed in and persecuted in the nineteenth century, that we must be allowed to shelter ourselves in our own refuge in the fourth. To speak our mind freely, we have never quite forgiven Professor Müller for sticking a piece of Wulfila at the very beginning of his German classics. To be sure he fenced his Wulfila about with such an array of typographical palisades that he could at once plead "Not Guilty" if he were charged with maintaining or insinuating that Wulfila was a High-Dutchman. All that we complain of is that Wulfila was in the book at all. Why Wulfila rather than Ælfred or Shakspeare? The truth is that our High-Dutch friends, even when too learned and honest formally to claim the oldest bit of Dutch in the world, still shrink from formally surrendering it. Let us hear both Professor Muller and Mr. Skeat:—

"The language of Ulfilas, the Gothic, belongs, through its phonetic structure, to the Low-German class, but in its grammar it is, *with few exceptions*, far more primitive than the Anglo-Saxon of Beowulf, or the Old High-German of Charlemagne. These few exceptions, however, are very important, for they show that it would be grammatically, and therefore historically, impossible to derive either Anglo-Saxon, or High-German, or both, from Gothic. . . . It is because Gothic is the only one of these parallel dialects that can be traced back to the fourth century, whereas the others disappear from our sight in the seventh, that it has been mistaken by some for the original source of all Teutonic speech." This is well said; at the same time it must not be lost sight of that Anglo-Saxon and Mœso-Gothic being both of a *Low*-German type, it would be a far less error to look upon Mœso-Gothic as an older form of Anglo-Saxon than of High-German; and we may certainly go as far as to say this—that to study Mœso-Gothic is, practically, more the business of Englishmen than of any one else—excepting perhaps the Dutch—and further, that though Mœso-Gothic is not strictly an older form of Anglo Saxon, it comes sufficiently near to it to render a study of it peculiarly interesting and instructive to *us*, and a thing by no means to be neglected.

Professor Muller speaks more philosophically and more accurately than Mr. Skeat, but we doubt whether any readers would go away from his words with so full a conviction as they ought to have of the near kindred between Gothic and English. It is, in a sense, as Mr. Skeat says, a greater error to derive modern German from Gothic than to derive English from Gothic. But the real error is to talk about deriving at all. Gothic is the oldest surviving member of the family, and it is plain that it belongs to our branch of the family and not to the other branch. Gothic is the oldest specimen of the class of languages to which English belongs; but it is not the parent of English. To look on it as the parent of English is the same sort of mistake as to look on Sanscrit as the parent of Greek or Gothic or any other Aryan speech.

There is certainly a charm about the Gospels of Wulfila which attaches to no other human writing. Here is the oldest piece of Teutonic speech in the world, the first Teutonic book ever written, the first member of the long series which takes in the whole literature of Germany, England, Holland, and Scandinavia down to our own time. It is the beginning of the literature of modern Europe. And it is something more; it is the national Bible of a national Church, of the oldest of national Churches; it is the first attempt to clothe Scripture in a form neither Semitic, Greek, nor Latin—the oldest memorial of the first European Church beyond the limits of the Roman Empire. And it is something to turn over the pages of the Gothic Gospels and to see how near to our own tongue the venerable speech of the fourth century really is. The greater part of the vocabulary consists of words in every-day English use, only disguised from modern eyes by the elaborate system of inflexions which we have gradually lost. English stands to Gothic in much the same relation in which a pollarded tree stands to one which keeps its branches. The body is the same, but in the one case the body is almost hidden by luxuriant vegetation. A scholarly knowledge of Gothic, like a scholarly knowledge of any other language, can of course be got only by carefully learning the grammar. But any one who has any philological tact, though he has never learned the Gothic grammar, will recognise many Gothic words with ease. Give him the translation, and he will recognise nearly every word; he will see ὅτι τοῦτο ἐκεῖνο. And, though this is not a scholarlike knowledge of a language, it is a process which for many purposes is not useless. Let us take two verses:—

Sah at*gagg*ands du Peilatau, *bath* this *leikis* Iaisuis. Thanuh Peilatus us*laubida giban* thata *leik*. Jah *nimands* thata *leik* Josef. *Bivand* ita *sabana hrainj*amma. Jah *galag*ida ita in *niuj*amma seinamma *hlaiva*, that ei us*hulo*da ana *staina*, jah faur*valv*jands *staina mikil*amma *daurons* this *hlaivis galaith*.

The roots of the nouns and verbs, which we have put in italics, are all to be traced in English of one stage or another, several of them in the modern tongue. Hardly any of the roots have quite vanished. "Leik," for instance, "a dead body," is familiar enough both in Old-English and in modern High-Dutch, and as long as such words as "*lich*-gate" and "*lich*-way" remain, we cannot say that it is quite gone in modern English. The long tail of the dative in -amma conceals such familiar words as "new" and "mickle," and though "*hrainj*amma" recalls no modern English adjective, yet it recalls the High-Dutch "rein," and we can hardly doubt that the "rhines" of Somersetshire and Monmouthshire are cognate. "Staina," "daurons," and the verb "giban" need no interpreter, nor does "nimands" to any one who goes an inch or two beyond the English of his own day. "*Bivand*" is simply "wound"; and in the Nether-Dutch forms "*uslaubida*," "*galagida*," "*faurvalvjands*," "*ushulida*," and "*galaith*" a little thought shows roots cognate with *leave*, *lay*, *wallow*, *hollow*, and *lead*. Many of these a person of any quickness, however ignorant of Gothic grammar, will see for himself, and for the rest a glimpse at Mr. Skeat's Glossary will enable him to say τοῦτο ἐκεῖνο. "Hlaiv" in the sense of tomb is worth noting. It is the Old-English "hlæw," which survives only in a few proper names ending in *low*, *law*, and various corrupt forms. It clearly means a barrow or tump, and points to the older Teutonic, though certainly not exclusively Teutonic, form of burial.

The verses which we chose at random did very well to illustrate the sort of shapes in which the roots with which we are familiar in modern German and English appear in this ancient kindred tongue. But they do not perhaps illustrate so much as some others how much closer is the kindred which Gothic has with English than that which it has with German. To be sure "thata" and "daurons" are plainly "that" and "door," not "das" and "thur"; but then the preposition "us" agrees with "aus," not with "out"; "giban" and "uslaubida" have a superficial look of agreeing with German rather than English, while in "galaith" we get a form different from either. But take Mr. Skeat's Glossary, and look through all the words beginning with *D* and *T*, and it is easy to see how complete is the agreement of the Gothic with the English as against the High-Dutch. Mr. Skeat remarks, with a certain simplicity, that Gothic comes still nearer to Dutch in the narrower sense, the Low-Dutch of Holland, than it does to English. That is simply because the event of 1066 and its remote consequences did not extend to Holland. And in some points it is clear that English has, after all, kept nearer to Gothic than the continental Low-Dutch has. For instance, we keep the *th* which our kinsfolk in Holland have lost.

This suggests the question as to the spelling of the Gothic language, about which no two people seem to agree. For instance, our extract was from a foreign edition of Wulfila, whose spelling does not always agree with Mr. Skeat's. Wulfila used an alphabet of his own, which was pretty much the Greek alphabet with some additions and omissions to suit the Gothic tongue. H and F are transferred from Latin, and there is a letter which different editions express by *kw*, *kv*, and *q*. The difficulty is that *q* by itself makes no sound at all, while *qu* does not differ from *kw*. There is a letter for W, which German and Scandinavian editors turn into *v*, and another for *hw* or *wh*, as we now so oddly write it. The Greek θ and English þ is expressed by a letter more like ψ than anything else, while the letter for *hw* is very like a capital Θ. Now how are these letters to be expressed in printing a Gothic book? Where the difference is simply a slight difference in form from the Roman letters, one would of course print in Roman. Most people have given up that exquisite absurdity of printing Old-English in what is called "Saxon" type, that is, an imitation of the current hand of the time. It would be as reasonable to print Shakspeare in a type reproducing the crabbed handwriting of his day. But, though few people now take the trouble to print *p* and *o* for *w* and *d*, yet most people, everybody as far as we know, in printing an Old-English text, keep þ and ð, because they are distinct letters. How then with these Gothic letters? It becomes more serious when there are several than when they are only one or two. Some print *th*, some þ. But then we have no letter for *hw*, none for *kw*, unless we call on *q* to do duty by himself without his satellite *u*. Mr. Skeat prints everything in Roman letters; so does the old Stockholm edition of 1681. But then Stiernhielm and Mr. Skeat do not always express everything by the same letters, and, if you once get beyond the actual letters of the text, you get into theories of pronunciation which are much more dangerous things. The point is a knotty one, and as we are not called on to edit Wulfila, we do not feel bound to make up our minds.

Mr. Skeat gives us an Introduction, the Glossary itself, a Grammar, and a list of English words whose history is illustrated by Gothic. In the Introduction he gives us a species of the *Skeireins*, an explanation of the Gospel of Saint John, attributed to Wulfila himself, with an interlinear English translation. This shows the wonderful nearness of the two tongues, and yet we are constantly thinking that, by restoring to us a few obsolete and provincial words, Mr. Skeat might have made his English nearer still. Or sometimes ordinary English would have done. Why should "*atlif*node" be translated "remained," instead of by some form of the cognate *leave*, *left*? "*Galesun*" Mr. Skeat translates "they collected." Why not use the local word *lease*, the same as to *lean*, which is of course the same as the Gothic *lisan*? Indeed, on turning to the Glossary, we find that Mr. Skeat gives *lease* as the English form. The "inuh kwinons jah barna" is "without women and bairns." The bairns are all right, but we bar the

* *A Mœso-Gothic Glossary, with an Introduction, an Outline of Mœso-Gothic Grammar, and a list of Anglo-Saxon, Old, and Modern English Words etymologically connected with Mœso-Gothic.* By the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. London and Berlin: Asher & Co. 1868.

women. Why not give us the English cognate of "kwinons?" "Quean" is, we believe, still quite respectable in Scotland, and, if Mr. Skeat chooses to spell it "queen," we do not object.

Our Gothic literature consists of the imperfect translation of the Scriptures, the fragments of the Commentary, a fragment of a calendar spoken of, and two legal documents found at Naples and at Arezzo. These last belong of course to the days of Gothic rule in Italy, and supply a further reason for getting rid of the needless prefix of "Mœso," which Mr. Skeat still retains. We wish he would drop it and say simply "Gothic," as many, perhaps most, scholars do. We might wish also that he would not talk about "Anglo-Saxon," but we were mollified by not meeting a single Semi-Saxon throughout the book. This is the more praiseworthy, as Mr. Skeat has worked under the Ealdormanship of Mr. Furnivall. One bit we specially recommend to Professor Kingsley. Mr. Skeat is speaking of the fragmentary kalendar:—

> But the most interesting entry is against a day in the other month, viz.:
>
> people, for *thiuda* is the A.-S. þeód. Hence, too, the Gothic name for a *Goth* as, in all probability, *Guta*, pronounced Goots.

"*Thiuda* is the A.-S. þeód," and in "Frithareikeis" we discern the genitive of our own Frithric, Abbot of Saint Albans, not of a High-Dutch Friedrich. Had the Professor seen this little fragment of a calendar, we might have lost that charming joke of an ultra-Gothic Dietrich, out of which scholars and historians got so many refreshing chuckles.

FOUND DEAD.*

THE author of this novel has certainly succeeded in two respects. He has found a good name for his book, and an interesting incident to form its central point. Upon the name we need say little, inasmuch as every reader may judge for himself whether it appeals to his curiosity. We confess that to our minds it raises a pleasant anticipation of awful mysteries to be unravelled, which, often as the device has been tried before, is still attractive. Far from us and our friends be that frigid philosophy which does not derive some satisfaction from a simple story of a wicked murder, and a providential discovery of the criminal. The incident to which the name refers is still more distinctly commendable. We need hardly say that it is a murder of a peculiarly diabolical kind, and of considerable merit in point of artistic design. The great authority upon this subject, who has touched it in only too cursory a manner, has laid down as fundamental principles that the victim should be a good man, that he should not be a sick person, "who is usually quite unable to bear it," and that he should not be a public character. The reason alleged in this last case is that, such a personage as the Pope, for example, being regarded by most people as a mere abstraction not invested with the concrete attributes of humanity, his murder would produce no shock to our sympathies. This consideration strikes us as disputable; but it is true that a murder which in fact or in the intention of the artist comes under the head of tyrannicide, or political crime, should be placed in a rather different category in art, if not in morals. It raises a slighter presumption of personal malignity, and does not alarm our sense of security; and murders, like accidents, generally are felt in proportion as we can put ourselves in imagination in the place of the victims. Without pursuing this investigation further, we may say that the murdered man in *Found Dead* answers excellently to these demands of the critic. He is a fine, healthy, generous country squire, beloved by all who know him, and idolized by an affectionate wife and daughter. The author begins by a well-conceived chapter in which this admirable gentleman is introduced to us taking leave of his family, to ride to a distant meet of the hounds; and he has thus sufficient time to engage our sympathies before the announcement that he was found dead by the roadside, with a terrible wound in the back of his head. So far the murder is well imagined, and the story properly planned to ensure its due effect: but there is another critical principle about murder which imposes a more difficult task upon the inventor. Every murder supplies a riddle, and the neatness with which the answer fits all the facts of the case is an important element in the merit of the conception. Very few novelists have the strength of mind to deal with that numerous class of murders—very much the majority, if we may trust recent statistics—which confute the proverb by never coming out. Yet those are probably the most impressive to the imagination. The great critic to whom we have referred speaks of a porter, with a bag of money, who was murdered in broad daylight as he turned out of the High Street in Edinburgh, and yet no discovery was ever made of the criminal. Such a deed gives us an uncomfortable thrill such as that which pervaded all London at a recent disappearance—until it was too satisfactorily explained. And it may be said that there are few murders in which we do not suffer from a certain disappointment when we compare the prosaic reality with the vague horrors upon which we have allowed ourselves to dwell before the facts were cleared up.

Having got our dead squire by the side of the road, we fear that the circumstantial chain of evidence, which of course will have to be discovered with a view to the regular unmasking of the villain, may reveal a clumsy performance. This, however, is perhaps the strongest part of *Found Dead*. The murder is carried out with a neatness and a simplicity which leaves little to be desired. The assassin, happening to know of the squire's intention to ride along a solitary road at an early hour of the morning, goes down by a train to one station, walks across country to another, and on his road meets his victim, and kills him at one blow with a life-preserver. Various circumstances make it very natural to suppose that the murderer was all this time in bed at his lodgings in London. There is none of that cumbrous preparation, or those weak attempts to manufacture exculpatory evidence, which frequently lead to the detection of murderers in real life. Assuming that the circumstances had taken place as related, we have little doubt that there would have been great excitement, that much fault would have been found with the police, and that, after long discussions in the newspapers, the matter would finally have sunk to rest, with very little chance of discovery. Of course a novelist, having all the circumstances at command, is able to arrange various chances, so as to fall in happily with the successful execution of the plot. Granting, as is certainly possible, that they had occurred, as is actually related, we confess that we do not see how detectives could have got upon the scent to any better purpose than is usually the case in real life. Indeed, the author is a little embarrassed by the completeness of his own design; for, having to bring about the final detection of the villain, he is compelled to provide a bit of evidence to turn up at the fatal moment. Accordingly, by a strange accident, the squire is made to hand over to his intending murderer a rare coin, and the murderer, having become actual instead of prospective, is insane enough to keep the coin about him. This is a somewhat violent device; but perhaps we may admit that the cleverest performers sometimes commit gross oversights in murder, as well as in other fine arts.

The central incident of *Found Dead* deserves, therefore, considerable commendation. The evil deed is done with great neatness and despatch, and is no discredit to the clever villain who is supposed to bring it about. But we cannot say so much for the plot of which it forms the nucleus. The author, having taken a good idea to work from, seems to have become too impatient to do it proper justice. The general nature of the design reminds us of *Caleb Williams*, if indeed it was not borrowed from that admirable novel. As Williams discovers the secret crime of his apparently virtuous master, so Mr. Steen finds out that his protector, a distinguished painter named Blissett, has been guilty of this outrageous murder. Blissett, like Falkland, tries to crush his dependent by accusing him of attempt at theft; and there is a chance of a similar situation, in which oppressed virtue shall ultimately turn upon triumphant vice, and unmask it to the satisfaction of poetic justice. The author, however, fails to bring out the intrinsic force of the situation as conceived by Godwin. A poor lad, gradually discovering the crime committed by his benefactor, is in a position which affords plenty of opportunities for working upon our feelings; but there never was a champion of virtue who had so pleasant a time of it as Mr. Steen. The story is made gratuitously absurd in order to reward him, quite unnecessarily, with a rich wife. The painter begins by murdering his brother in the morning. In the afternoon he goes to a Refuge, and, selecting a handsome lad, tells him that he will pay him a good salary in order to serve as a model, and will afterwards promote him to be his secretary. This remarkable proceeding is taken as a matter of course by all persons concerned, who appear to think it quite natural for a painter to engage models permanently at handsome salaries, and to pension them off as secretaries. Next morning the news of the murder arrives, and it now appears that the main object of the painter is to send this boy from the Refuge to represent him at his brother's house, where he fears that his feelings may be too much for him. Accordingly Mr. Steen changes his Refuge for a comfortable life in a country house, where the daughter of the murdered man proceeds straightway to fall in love with him, the widow to welcome him as a son, and the virtuous clergyman to educate him and promise to send him to college. On the discovery of the murder, the villain dies in a fury, according to the convenient practice of villains in fictions; the estate which had come to him reverts to the daughter of the murdered man; and she immediately marries the lad from the Refuge and lives very happily ever afterwards. The moral apparently is, that it is an excellent thing for handsome boys in Refuges to make the acquaintance of murderers in high life, inasmuch as by discovering their crimes they may probably have a chance of making their own fortunes. But it is certainly unlucky for the effect of the story that this gratuitous improbability should be dragged into it, merely, so far as we can see, to secure the traditional end of the British novel.

It is perhaps lucky on the whole for critics that when they find fault with the construction of a story they are not bound to show how the fault might have been remedied; but we will venture to suggest that one of two modes would have been preferable to that actually adopted. The author might, for example, have taken the bold line which would probably have been followed by Balzac. We can imagine how he would have dealt with a gentleman of good birth and position who had succeeded in murdering his brother by a thoroughly ingenious plan. The villain would have triumphed in the end, after a desperate struggle on the part of the innocent people; he would have crushed their impotent attempts to unmask his treachery, and would have laid the foundation of a princely fortune and general worldly success, and been dismissed to enjoy the

* *Found Dead.* By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

fruits of his misdeeds. His would-be denouncer would probably have been reduced to live upon his charity. This plan, we may admit, would not only be immoral, but would disgust the British public. But a more orthodox plot would have been equally exciting, founded on the *Caleb Williams* precedent. The boy from the Refuge should have gradually wormed himself into his master's secret; the disadvantages of his poverty and want of knowledge should have been fully brought out: and for a time villany should have been apparently successful, and the wretched lad reduced to choose between good conscience and a gaol. Finally, there should have been a grand catastrophe; and the virtuous youth rewarded by some position appropriate to his talents and station in the world. We should then have sympathized with him throughout, and followed his fortunes with interest. As it is, vice gets all the kicks, and virtue all the halfpence throughout the book, and we are never exposed to a moment of serious anxiety. The execution of this plan would undoubtedly have demanded a more careful development of the plot, and a closer realism in making out the characters. We can only regret that the author was too hasty, or had too little confidence in himself to make the best use of a really promising plot. The story is not bad as it is, but we are left with an uncomfortable feeling that justice has not been done to its capabilities.

D'AUBIGNÉ'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.*

AT the rate at which M. D'Aubigné is publishing his History of the Reformation, it seems hardly probable that he will live to complete it. After an interval of exactly three years since the publication of the fourth volume of this second series, a fifth volume has just made its appearance, in which we have two years of the English and two of the Swiss Reformation. The publication has lasted over so long a period that scarcely any of our readers will remember its commencement. It may therefore be well to mention that the first series of five volumes related to the Lutheran Reformation, and brought the history down to the date of the Confession of Augsburg, 1530; and that the second, which is entitled the "Reformation in the Time of Calvin," is intended to include the period intervening between that date and the epoch which marks "the triumph of the Reformation in various parts of Europe." This latter point, the author modestly admits, is not easy to fix, owing to its varying according to locality.

However, in his entire ignorance of what is before him, M. D'Aubigné imagines that one or two volumes will complete what he has to say. And undoubtedly, if he bestows no more research on the remainder of his work than is exhibited in the volume now before us, it will be a matter of extremely small importance whether the publication is compressed into one or two volumes, or expanded, as we should have ourselves thought likely, into ten or twelve more. We will confine our remarks to the first half of the volume, which treats of English affairs, though much of our accusation against the author applies with equal force to the latter part, which is devoted to Calvinism as exhibited at Geneva and Ferrara. M. D'Aubigné has managed to acquire a considerable name and reputation amongst Protestants, and especially in this country is he looked up to as a kind of coryphæus of Evangelical orthodoxy. This position was perhaps not very difficult to reach. What was requisite for the purpose was to possess a little more knowledge and a little more intellectual power than the rest of the adherents of that school. To attain and to keep this position it is of course absolutely necessary to make a dichotomy of religious opinions in general. The two phases of thought are represented by the Pope and the Gospel respectively. And our author has in this volume used this kind of logical division as freely as in his preceding publications; but he is puzzled and terribly disconcerted at the recent appearances of a revival of Popery in this country, and he thinks that the present state of England, and the unprecedented excesses in which some Anglican ministers have indulged, necessitate for this land, so dear to the friends of truth and liberty, a faithful history of the Reformation.

Whether M. D'Aubigné's volume merits this designation may be judged of by what we are going to allege. And, first, we observe that our author observes no distinction in the references he makes to previous writers. Foxe, Burnet, and Strype are quoted as if they were of equal authority with the State Papers published by authority of the Government or with the originals in the Cotton Library, which, as far as we can make out, appear to be referred to through the medium of Mr. Froude's History of the reign of Henry VIII., though he has not, in this as in his preceding volume†, made the ridiculous mistake of supposing that (B), which stands for the name of a press, means book. Other references to the Chapter House, &c. speak for themselves, as they show not only that M. D'Aubigné has not consulted the originals, but that he is not even acquainted with the fact that long before he began to write his volume these repositories ceased to exist, and that all their contents have been transferred to what is now called the Public Record Office.

The history, speaking generally, consists of a detailed account in modern language of Foxe's stories of the detection of the imposture of the Nun of Kent, and the death of Sir Thomas More, an elaborate panegyric of Anne Boleyn's love of the gospel, and an account of the capture and death of the great Reformer of England. Our readers will scarcely guess who this person is, so we hasten to inform them that this is the designation of William Tyndale, the translator of the Scriptures. According to our author *the field is the world and the seed is the Word*, and Tyndale was the great instrument of sowing the seed. The instant M. D'Aubigné travels out of the beaten ground of anecdotes selected from Foxe he plunges into inextricable confusion. Those who are but slightly acquainted with the history of the period will find themselves introduced to names they have never heard of. And though the historian will easily guess who is meant by the author, in spite of his absurd mistakes, we may be permitted to observe that the object of such a book is not to enable those who are well read in history to offer their criticisms, but to explain historical facts for the edification of those who are as yet ignorant of them. We are quite unable to account for some of his blunders. We select a few. At p. 242 we are told that Bale was Archbishop of York in 1553. Now we cannot help thinking that, as the author obtained his quotations from manuscript at second-hand, so, in the case of printed books, the references must have been furnished him from England in the same fashion. He refers to the select works of Bale which (of course in a very select form indeed) were published by the Parker Society, and, as they may probably be purchased anywhere for about eighteenpence, the author might have procured a copy for his own reference, and have learned that Bale was Bishop of Ossory. Undoubtedly the editor of that volume would not have forgotten the fact of the translation of the Bishop of Ossory to York. Whether such translation was due to the merits of that most scurrilous of all the Reformers we shall not stop to inquire. It is enough for our present purpose that in point of fact it never took place, though it is exactly stated, and the date 1553 assigned to the event, by our author. At p. 144 Parker is spoken of as a Professor, we suppose this means a Fellow, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; and again, at p. 153, the author tells us that a Dominican friar, named Hilderly, succeeded Fisher in the see of Rochester. This means Hilsey, a Reformer whose name we should have thought was tolerably well known, who could always be calculated upon by the King and by the Archbishop, and sided with the latter in the matter of the Six Articles, probably being fettered by a wife in the same way as his ecclesiastical superior was.

Another person unknown to history who figures in M. D'Aubigné's pages is one Archdeacon Hare. As there was no ecclesiastic who answers to that name and designation in the sixteenth century, nor, as far as we know, till the nineteenth, we are driven to conjecture that the author means Heath, subsequently Archbishop of York. Fortunately the conjecture is easy of verification; for the author inserts his name between that of Fox, Bishop of Hereford, and those of Barnes and Mont, who, as is well known, were sent on an embassy to the Lutherans in the winter of 1535. Lastly, we will warn the readers of this volume that the religious house of Belleval, which may puzzle them, means Beauvale; and that Bryon, in these pages, does not always mean the French admiral of that name, but sometimes stands for Sir Francis Bryan or Brian, a cousin of Anne Boleyn, a person who was known by the sobriquet of *the Vicar of Hell*.

Our author ought to have been especially in his own element in this volume of his history, which details the final separation of Henry from the Pope, but of course he is not satisfied with a state of things which, as he himself sees, does but substitute a lay Pope in place of the Bishop of Rome. And he is obliged to make the best of a condition which after all is temporary, and must wait for its full development for the reign of Edward VI. He has no temptation, therefore, to gloss over the conduct and character of Henry, which he estimates fairly enough. He is tender, however, towards the delinquencies of Cranmer, which he does not attempt to conceal; evidently thinking that much may be condoned to so eminent a propagator of the doctrines of the Reformation. We must, however, assign to M. D'Aubigné the praise of impartiality in his description of the infamous persecution of the monks of the Charter House in London by the King. He has in this instance not been afraid to take his account from the *Historia Martyrum Angliæ*, the narrative of which, he observes, bears a character of truth though it may be suspected of some partiality as resting on the testimony of a Carthusian. His description of the conduct of the monks shows that he can appreciate firmness, even though exhibited in supporting the Papal against the Royal Supremacy. In his account of the "Suppression of the Monasteries" he is less fair, owing partly to ignorance of the real state of the Religious houses, and partly to an inveterate prejudice against such establishments, which will scarcely allow to be wrung from him the admission that "there is a pleasure in believing that, behind those walls, which hid so much corruption, there were some elect who loved God."

In his estimate of the character of Cranmer M. D'Aubigné is, after all, more just than most English writers have been. It is almost incredible that Protestant authorities should have closed their eyes as they have done to the delinquencies of the Archbishop. After granting that Cranmer's opposition to the monasteries was entirely conscientious, and that he had no view to ingratiate himself with the King in the part he took in these matters, what account is to be given of his asking for the Grey Friars monastery at Canterbury for his niece's husband Thomas Cobham, or of his placing his brother in the post of Archdeacon of Canterbury by a

* *History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin.* By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D., Author of the "History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," &c. Vol. V.—England, Geneva, Ferrara. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

† See *Saturday Review* for August 25, 1866.

simoniacal process, and many other similar transactions? But even where we find that M. D'Aubigné has a faint glimmering of light as to motives, his extraordinary ignorance of all documentary evidence, even when such evidence has been printed, leads him into the most absurd mistakes. Any one who has seen even a few of the original resignations of the monasteries must know that there was one form drawn up, which, with certain changes, adapted to the use of different orders of monks and friars, was proffered for the signatures of the abbot or prior and his brethren; yet our author can quote such expressions as the following without detecting, what the very phraseology shows, that they are imposed by an external authority. Thus:—

> Assuredly the perfection of Christian life does not consist in wearing a grey frock, in disguising ourselves in strange fashion, in ducking and becking, and in wearing a girdle full of knots?

This, which is simply a specimen of the form of resignation of all the Franciscan houses, is spoken of as the voice of truth which was heard from a small number of monasteries. And in like manner the resignation of St. Andrew's, Northampton, which happens to be printed at length in Collyer's Records as a specimen of a different class, is treated as if it had been drawn up of their own accord by the Prior, Sub-prior, and Brethren of the house; whilst the two suppressions of the lesser and the larger houses are lumped together in the indiscriminate remark, that the suppression of the monasteries, begun in 1535, was continued in 1538, and brought to a conclusion in 1539 by an Act of Parliament.

In other matters, M. D'Aubigné's method is to take for granted that the Protestant side and its partisans are almost always in the right, and that there is little or nothing to be alleged in defence of those who maintained the opposite hypothesis. Thus the guilt of Anne Boleyn of the crime for which she was beheaded must be admitted to be at least doubtful; but our author, without any show of argument, takes for granted that she was innocent. One who had done such essential service in severing England from the Papal yoke could not be supposed to fall so low as that, though it appears that she did not come up to the standard of Evangelical piety; and our author is of opinion that even her position as the wife of Henry VIII. may have hindered her from advancing in the path of a Christian life, and that her conduct may possibly, by its levity, have justified the remonstrances of her chaplain, Hugh Latimer. Anne's innocence of course necessitates an apology for Cranmer's duplicity, inasmuch as, knowing her to be innocent, he made no effort to save her, but acted precisely as Henry bade him. M. D'Aubigné does not deny the facts of the case, but considers that there are extenuating circumstances; "it was not only the Queen's fate that made the prelate uneasy, but also the future of the Reformation." He afterwards candidly admits that these circumstances are really no extenuation, and that, as regards the King, Cranmer had formed for himself a false conscience which led him into deceitful ways. When the author has read what he thinks enough of English history to enable him to write the annals of the last ten years of Henry's reign, we do not despair of his finding out that the false conscience pursued Cranmer from the first moment of his accepting his archbishopric to the last hour of Henry's life. At present we can only wonder how the author can quote Anne Boleyn's words, "Oh, if God permitted me to have my bishops (meaning Cranmer and Latimer), they would plead to the King for me," and then place side by side with them Cranmer's perfidious letter to the King, without seeing that his conduct in this affair alone is enough to destroy the Archbishop's character for ordinary honesty and uprightness.

Whilst we are on the subject of quotations, we must express our surprise and regret that, though they are always placed in inverted commas, they scarcely ever represent the originals. This is not owing to their having been reproduced from a French translation, as the expressions in some cases are such as no translator would have guessed at, but indicate a slovenly habit of mind in the writer. Fortunately, in the case of Anne Boleyn's letter from the Tower M. D'Aubigné has departed from his usual custom, and given it in its exact words. We say fortunately, for it will enable almost any unprejudiced English reader to judge that Anne never was its composer, the style of writing being far above anything that she could have reached. It is extremely pathetic, and has been pronounced by Sir Henry Ellis, with a slight exaggeration, one of the finest compositions in the English language.

The death of Anne Boleyn and its details occupy a more prominent place than they deserve in so brief a narrative as M. D'Aubigné's, yet he has given us no hint of explanation as to the mysterious confession which Cranmer was ordered to wring from her, and upon which he pronounced the marriage between her and Henry to be null and void. There cannot be the least doubt that the so-called confession was the acknowledgment of the connexion between her husband and her sister, which Cranmer had once elaborately proved to be no bar to the marriage, and about which he had now to eat his own words. But M. D'Aubigné appears never to have heard of the scandal about Mary Boleyn, which is now placed beyond any reasonable doubt.

Our readers will want no apology for our taking no notice of the last half of this volume. We think we have made it sufficiently clear that M. D'Aubigné has no claim to be regarded as an historian at all, and that his special prejudices totally unfit him for writing the history of the Reformation.

DR. MERIVALE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.*

THERE has never been wanting a supply of advocates for the ballad measure as an apt medium of Homeric translation. Elizabethan Chapman, notwithstanding his quips and conceits, left proof of what it might become in the hands of a poet who could restrain himself; and, though Maginn did but play with the Odyssey, and Mr. Gladstone's one book of the Iliad is but an earnest of what he might do, Professor Blackie's uneven and unequal version has done something in later years to re-assert the claims of this metre, which is recommended by its Homeric length of line. Against it, we know, much is said. Mr. Matthew Arnold condemns it in his own airy and "superior" fashion. "Homer's manner and movement," so he told his Oxford audiences, "are always noble and powerful; the ballad manner and movement are often either jaunty or smart, so not noble; or jog-trot and humdrum, so not powerful." And a weightier and more practical authority, Professor Conington, in prefacing his continuation of Worsley's Spenserian Iliad, takes exception to the fourteen-syllable verse as in general too long to match an Homeric hexameter, and points to Chapman's Iliad in proof of his dictum. "The early ballad poetry," too, he considers, "is too brief and occasional to supply a model for the translation of a long and organized poem." It seems to us that Dr. Merivale's ballad-metre Iliad, though not vindicated by a word of preface, disposes of these objections, and maintains a position the sole weakness of which in time past has been defect or misdirection of skill in the workman, not any failure of capacity in the position itself.

Let us meet Mr. Conington's objections first. If, from the nature of the case, we must admit the lack of precedent for a poem of Iliadic length in our early ballad poetry, it were surely hard that this should be held to bar success when a modern writer contrives to adapt this measure to a long and sustained flight, without sacrifice of continuity and coherence, and with a creditable retention of the spirit and power of the original. The rhapsodical theory about the Iliad assuredly favours the application of a measure which was, in the early days of our literature, in vogue among a kindred class of minstrels; and we submit that, if this application is successfully made, commendation is due to the artist who, without a complete model, moulds a whole translation on the balladic principle. As to the excess of length in a fourteen-syllable line over a Greek hexameter, whereas ten syllables of English may often, as Mr. Conington remarks, express as much as fifteen or sixteen of Greek, we at once admit it, and so we suppose would Dr. Merivale, for, to meet this inequality, he provides a not infrequent half-line of eight syllables, in some cases repeated twice or thrice consecutively, to redress this excess, and make the English pace conform to the Greek. And this provision enables him to reduce to the narrowest limits that introduction of extraneous matter to which the fourteen-syllable measure operates, through its roominess, as a strong temptation—a temptation which we noticed in Professor Blackie's version, and to which, without some such resource as these half-lines, it would be hard to avoid yielding. But it may be asked, what is the effect of this process on the general character of the translation? We answer that it relieves it of monotony without loss of power or spirit; it quickens the speed of the translator where the action requires it, and this without incurring the imputation of jauntiness on the one hand, or of jog-trot on the other. To a certain extent uniformity of line and rhythm is otherwise broken—namely, by frequent resort to middle and sectional rhymes; but the variety we have referred to has a twofold effect—it equalizes the matter of the copy with that of the original, and adds life and freshness to particular parts of the translation. And herein Dr. Merivale has achieved a marked success, for that which has been flung in the teeth of two-thirds of his predecessors, whatever their metre—the addition of extraneous matter—he is thus enabled to avoid; while by the act of doing so he removes the tedium which would inevitably accompany an endless sequence of unvarying lines of the same make, fashion, and jointing.

Two passages out of many may suffice to show the improved management of metre which Dr. Merivale brings to his task. The first is from the early part of the Twelfth Book, a passage telling, by anticipation, the manner of the destruction of the Greek rampart [των πάντων . . . καλλίρροον ὕδωρ, xii. 24–33]:—

> The mouths of all together Phœbus Apollo blent,
> And nine days long against the wall their floods impetuous sent;
> And rained great Jove incessant, the sooner low to lay
> The ramparts on the gulphy strand;
> And he, the Shaker of the land,
> Stood first, the trident in his hand, and scour'd the stones away,
> And piles, the strong foundation the Greeks with toil had placed;
> And by fast-flowing Hellespont made level all and waste.
> So when the wall was wasted and levell'd evermore,
> With sands aheap he smother'd deep the broad unwrinkled shore,
> And bade the rivers roll again where smooth they sloped before.

Few will deny that life and reality characterize this version of an average bit of Homeric description, or that these features are due, not to foreign aid, but to skilful handling of a well-chosen native metre; which serves equally well the purpose of grander flights, as will be seen from the subjoined extract from the same book—one of the finest similes in the Iliad [xii. 277–89, ὡς τώ γε . . . δρώμειν]:—

* *Homer's Iliad.* In English Rhymed Verse. By Charles Merivale, B.D., D.C.L., Chaplain to the Speaker, &c. 2 vols. London: Strahan & Co. 1869.

> So in the front loud-shouting urged these the Greeks alway;
> And now as clouds of fluttering snow fall thick some wintry day,
> When Jove, high lord of counsel, is stirred his storms to shower,
> And let men see how dire they be, his shafts of sleety stour;
> He lays the winds and ceaseless pours down, and shrouded deep
> Vanish the peaks of lofty hills, and crests of headland steep:
> And on rich leas of clover, and men's fat tilth he pours;
> Nor less on all the hoary seas, the narrow bays and shores:
> *But still the wave unyielding his ancient realm defends;*
> While all things else lie over-roll'd
> In mighty fleeces, fold on fold, when Jove in power descends:
> So thick from Greeks and Trojans fell stones on either side:
> The Trojans at the Grecians throw;
> The Greeks return'd; the tumult grew; and roar'd the rampart wide.

The only approach to addition here is simply a case of translation in the spirit rather than in the letter. In verse 285 κῦμα δέ μιν προσπλάζον ἐρύκεται represents the wave rolling up, to keep the snow from covering water as well as land. The translator's mode of expressing this is as true as it is forcible. A word or so in these extracts will have shown that Dr. Merivale resorts, where he sees fit, to the old English words found in our early ballads and in Spenser's poetry. The fitness of these in the present instance it would be hard to controvert, especially as such archaism is confined to nouns, verbs, and epithets, and stops short of such forms as "withouten," "muchel," and the like, which have been justly objected to in one or two recent versions. As far as we have examined, the use of archaic and obsolete words by the present translator is regulated by sound judgment, nor do any such words find a place which have not the warranty, if we seek it, of Wright and Halliwell. The only exception we should make would be to the admixture of such words from the Latin as "auxiliar," several times used for ἐπίρροθος, in the same translation with unmistakeable old English words, as "worm," for "serpent," and the like. With the difficulty of Homeric proper names Dr. Merivale has wrestled successfully, that is to say, if he ever felt them to be a difficulty. Our impression is that his metre has helped to diminish, if not obviate, any such awkwardness. Parts of the catalogue of the ships are here turned with signal faithfulness, yet without conveying any idea that names of places or heroes have been twisted or tortured into unnatural shapes; and we can conceive that many who have heretofore skipped these enumerations in the Greek and the English will be surprised to find in them, by the light of the present version, stray gems of descriptive poetry, such as the following, from Book II., 747–55:—

> And Guneus next from Cyphus led twenty barks and two;
> The Enianes with him came,
> And the Perrhæbians, known to fame, valiant to dare and do.
> And they who perch their dwellings on hoar Dodona's hill:
> And who by Titaresus' banks their pleasant acres till.
> Loves Titaresus ever his rushing waves to fling
> Into Peneus, but in vain assails his silver spring.
> Peneus' stream he may not soil,
> But on his surface floats like oil,
> For he deriveth from the floods
> Of Styx, the dreadful Oath of Gods.

Such critics as for fault-finding's sake might rejoice to spy a crevice in the joints of Dr. Merivale's harness as concerns scholarship, will have poor sport enough in this field. As one would expect, he is conversant with the best commentaries, and rarely, if ever, fails to give the most generally accepted rendering of a hard passage, and to give it distinctly and unambiguously. The resort of vagueness he leaves to inferior workmen. Here and there, perhaps, in the course of a huge and arduous task, he has made an omission; such a one, for example, as we notice in a simile of the Eighteenth Book, where Achilles is likened to a beacon-fire announcing help from over the sea to some beleaguered island-city. It occurs at vv. 207–14 (ὡς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς . . . αἰθέρ' ἵκανεν):—

> As from some island-city far off ascends to heaven
> Broad wreath of smoke, when all day long, before her, foes have striven,
> And through the day her people have strongly braved the fight;
> But, lo! with setting of the sun their beacon-fires they light,
> And bright from pitch and pine-wood shoots splendour through the air,
> For signal to their friends afar to haste and help to bear;—
> So from thy front, Achilles, shot radiance to the sky.

Here, to our mind, the essential fact conveyed by the Greek, that the islanders look to the sea for succour, is not brought out, although there is no mistake about it in the line:—

> αἴ κέν πως σὺν νηυσὶν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρες ἵκωνται.

Turning to Professor Conington, we find not only this feature, but the force of ἐπήτριμοι, two lines above, more distinctly preserved:—

> Then with the fall of night
> Gleam beacons *in long file*, and the great light
> Darts flaring up, for neighbour tribes to view,
> If so it may *their succouring* barks invite.

Thus a comparison of the two rectifies a casual omission, if omission it be, and not rather the result of the translator's determination to leave the idea suggested by σὺν νηυσὶν to be suggested by the context. But it is seldom in the translation before us that we detect even this trifling amount of inexactness; while, in those passages which are most familiar in the original to every Greek scholar, a perusal of these ballad-rhymes calls up word for word to recollection.

It may be asked, are they as "noble" as they are "neat"? Here comes in Mr. Matthew Arnold's *causa belli* against the ballad-metre. We have looked keenly into those passages which in unskilful hands might be a pitfall to betray translators into bathos or other kindred dangers, without finding any failure of dignity in this version. The cutting up of the victims, the description of Vulcan in the First Book, that of Thersites in the Second, the death of Cebriones in the Sixteenth, and some of those homely similes scattered up and down the Iliad which require no little skill in a translator to keep them from descending to the region of commonplace—all these are so handled by Dr. Merivale that one feels sure he regards Homer as the august and unapproachable artist he was in pre-sceptical days, an artist whom it would be literary treason to misrepresent by triviality of tone and level. The speeches of Hector and Andromache in the Sixth Book, the laments of Priam, Hecuba, and Andromache after Hector's death, the interview between Priam and Achilles—as rendered in this version—are specimens of sustained dignity; and, as regards curious and quaint expressions such as crop up in Homer, and in old times provoked such fertile fancies as Chapman's to "improve" him into grotesqueness (*e.g.* λάινον ἕσσο χιτῶνα in *Il.* iii. 57), the translation before us invariably consults propriety of diction by keeping close to the original. One sample of the average elevation of language is as good as another; so we content ourselves with citing a few lines from the speech of Chryses to the chiefs in the First Book, as a passage which the merest tyro will recall. Old stagers will appreciate the variety thrown into the metre, not less than the sustained faithfulness of the translator (*Il.* i. 93–99):—

> Lo! then the peerless prophet took heart and boldly cried:—
> "Recks not the god of vows forsworn or sacrifice denied,
> For the insult to his servant affronted he complains,
> For the maid the King will not restore, for the ransom he disdains:
> For these things the Far-darter sends woes and yet will send;
> Nor will he stay the pestilence nor cruel fates forfend,
> Till the child unbought, unransom'd, to her sire be given again;
> And to himself a hecatomb at Chrysa's shrine be slain."

They will also discern in Dr. Merivale's version a laudable hesitation to go with the "march of intellect" in adopting those Grecized forms of the names of gods and goddesses with which modern translators torture our ears. In this version Jove, Venus, Vulcan, and Neptune come back to us, as in our youth, before our simplicity had been astonished by the presentment of Zeus, Aphrodite, Hephaistos, and Poseidon in English characters. We welcome this tacit protest against what is sometimes apt to become a piggish and puny exactness of literal reproduction. For these and other merits we should be disposed to advocate a free-trade in versions of Homer, and to rank Dr. Merivale's ballad Iliad high in the front rank, alongside of Lord Derby and Conington's continuation of Worsley's Iliad.

It were unfair to pass without notice the dedicatory English couplets prefixed to this work, both because such an omission would rob other scholars' wives of the confession, here breathed by an eloquent mouthpiece of the scholar tribe (Μουσάων κάπνιον στόμα), of full appreciation for their self-denial and self-adaptation to the exigencies of a "lettered life," and also because the tender tone and playful realism of these verses assert a right to a place in future "Lyræ Elegantiarum," beside the well-known lines to Winifreda, "Away! let nought to love displeasing," and other similar tributes. Dr Merivale repeats his compliment in Latin elegiacs; but his skill in this is nothing new; his true and touching contribution to such poetry of the heart as only English home-happiness can inspire is far more precious and praiseworthy than any achievement of classical scholarship:—

> To thee, who bending o'er my table's rim,
> Hast marked these measures flow, these pages brim;
> Who, linked for ever to a lettered life,
> Hast drawn the dubious lot of scholar's wife;
> Kept hush around my desk, nor grudged me still
> The long, dull, ceaseless rustling of my quill;
> Content to guide the house, the child to teach,
> And hail my fitful interludes of speech;
> Or bid the bald disjointed tale rehearse;
> Or drink harsh numbers mellowing into verse;
> Who still mid cares sedate, in sorrows brave,
> Hast for me borne the light, and with me shared the grave:
> And grown from soft to strong, from fair to sage,
> Flower of my youth, and jewel of my age:—
> To thee these lays I bring with joy, with pride,—
> Sure of thy suffrage, if of none beside.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. EDMOND LE BLANT is one of the most distinguished epigraphists of the present day. Following in the footsteps of Aringhi, Zell, Mommsen, De Rossi, and Lepsius, he has collected and published in two handsome volumes all the Christian inscriptions which are still scattered throughout France, or which have found shelter in museums and libraries from the destroying influences of time and weather. But the quartos to which we refer cannot, from their costly character, obtain an extensive circulation; and the many useful rules which they contain for the deciphering, classification, and interpretation of epigraphic monuments are scattered over several hundred closely-printed pages, where they cannot be conveniently studied. M. Le Blant has therefore done well to publish in a separate form * the principal directions which students should know when they endeavour to interpret the mutilated *débris* of ancient sepulchral architecture. His *Manuel d'Épigraphie chrétienne* sums up, so to say, the conclusions drawn from the data which the *Inscriptions chrétiennes de la Gaule* sup-

* *Manuel d'Épigraphie chrétienne.* Par Edmond Le Blant. Paris: Didier.

phy. It is a handbook admirably suited to those who enter upon the study of archæology, and we need scarcely remark that the annals of the early Church must be ascertained quite as much by reference to the ruins of temples, sarcophagi, and the like, as by the perusal of the *Acta Sanctorum* and the early liturgies. M. Le Blant has given a number of illustrations of the rules he lays down, his notes are both copious and accurate, and the volume is completed by an alphabetical list of works on the subject of Christian inscriptions.

The History of Louis XV.* undertaken some years ago by M. Jobez has now reached the fifth volume, and the author brings us to the conclusion of the peace between Prussia and Austria, in February, 1763. He deals not only with political events, but with the progress of literature and its influence upon the destinies of France. At no epoch in French history was the power of the pen greater, and almost every work quoted by M. Jobez was a kind of manifesto launched by the *philosophes* against the Church and the Government. It would be as absurd to write the annals of the eighteenth century in France without at least mentioning the *Contrat social* or Mirabeau's *Ami des Hommes*, as if the historian were to leave out the battle of Rosbach or the affair of Closterseven. M. Jobez has understood this, and the references which he gives at the end of his volume show that the information he so industriously collects is derived from other sources besides those generally consulted. We find from the preface that the author is not on the best terms with the Papal See; in fact, his History of Louis XV. has had the honour of being condemned by the Congregation of the Index. We own that this does not astonish us. Although M. Jobez generously takes the part of the Jesuits, as, for instance, when the French Parliaments expelled them from France on the most futile of all pretences, yet he has the misfortune to speak favourably of the wretched Protestants, and to denounce the Secretary of State, Saint Florentin, who maintained in all their rigour the iniquitous decree of 1685 and the declarations of 1686 and 1698. Such enlightened views with respect to freedom of conscience cannot yet be tolerated at Rome.

In close connexion with the history of the eighteenth century we would name here M. de Lescure's *Nouveaux Mémoires du Maréchal de Richelieu*.† At a time when it was the fashion to reserve for *grands seigneurs* a few seats at the Académie Française, the gay and gallant marshal was asked whether he would condescend to become one of "the forty immortals." His answer proved that Richelieu, if careless of all the rules of spelling, had at all events a fair share of common sense. "A seat at the Académie," he exclaimed; "cela m'irait comme une bage (bague) à un chat"—"It would fit me just as a ring would fit a cat." With such anti-literary tastes, it was not likely that Richelieu would ever condescend to write his memoirs, and moreover he was too much of a gentleman to hand down to posterity what would have been a *chronique scandaleuse* comprising many of the beauties who graced the Court of Versailles. In fact, Richelieu did not leave behind him any autobiography, and M. de Lescure has the frankness to acknowledge this in the preface to the amusing book now before us. The *Mémoires* in question are merely a compilation, the materials of which have been borrowed from various quarters, and worked up into a kind of narrative which, published originally as a series of *feuilletons* in the *Constitutionnel*, is half a novel and half a history. When we say that the present duodecimo treats of Richelieu's youthful days, we shall have prepared the reader to expect adventures of a character far from edifying. The *Mémoires du Maréchal de Richelieu* have been apparently written for the purpose of amusing Paris idlers accustomed to sensational novels, and rather pleased at the notion that for once in their lives they are, as they fancy, reading history.

M. de Beauchesne's touching book on the unfortunate Louis XVII. has long since become justly popular, and the present volumes, describing the life of Madame Elisabeth ‡, will, we doubt not, enjoy equal success. They are written from the same point of view, and the impression they produce, although sad in the extreme, results merely from the plain statement of facts. M. de Beauchesne's introduction points out very clearly the difference between the trial of the Queen and that of her sister-in-law. In the case of Marie-Antoinette some forms of justice were at least observed; in that of Madame Élisabeth no witness was called, no written evidence was adduced. She perished a victim to the fury of the Revolutionists, and Robespierre himself, if we may believe our author, said plainly that he tried in vain to rescue her from "that wretch, Collot d'Herbois." Written with M. de Beauchesne's usual care, illustrated by portraits, facsimiles, notes, and documents of every kind, this valuable work claims and deserves an important place amongst the numerous publications lately issued on the history of the French Revolution.

Two noteworthy books on classical literature have just been published by Messrs. Hachette; the one is a new edition of the Iliad, and the other a collection of essays delivered in a separate form at various times by M. Patin, Senior Lecturer at the Sorbonne, and a member of the French Academy. The subject which M. Patin has selected for his lectures is Latin poetry.* Since the year 1832 he has taken up his quarters, so to speak, in that pleasant region, and is now familiar with every nook and corner of it. Besides discoursing to his pupils about the beauties of Virgil, Lucretius, and Horace, he addresses himself frequently to another section of the studious public, and the pages of the *Journal des Savants* are enriched with brilliant and learned articles in which the professor enters upon critical details which would be out of place in the lecture-room. Hence the twofold division of the work we are now speaking of. The first part contains a series of inaugural discourses, and deals with generalities; the second is devoted to disquisitions on the older Latin poets, such as Ennius, Lucilius, Pacuvius, Attius, &c. M. Patin gives numerous quotations from the authors on whom he comments, and his notes are extremely rich in references to the chief critics, both ancient and modern, who have preceded him. The scanty remains which time has handed down to us of the Roman tragedy are not so well known as they ought to be, and scholars are too apt to neglect a form of literature which must nevertheless have had some influence in Rome, and which so consummate a judge as Cicero could admire. Our author acknowledges that he was originally inclined to depreciate the Roman tragic poets, but a closer study of the subject led him to alter his opinion, and the result has been some of the most interesting chapters in the *Études sur la Poésie latine*.

M. Alexis Pierron's Iliad † will occupy a distinguished place amongst the best monuments of French scholarship. It is admirably executed, and satisfactorily proves that enthusiasm for Greek literature has not yet died out on the other side of the Channel. In an introduction M. Pierron discusses in detail every point connected with Homeric criticism. The early recensions and commentaries, the labours of Alexandrine annotators, the manuscript texts and first printed editions, receive their due share of notice; a separate chapter is taken up by the discoveries of Villoison; another treats of Wolf and of Heyne; then comes a review of various modern works on Homer; and finally, M. Pierron gives us his own conclusions, together with an account of the plan he has thought it best to adopt. Lehrs and Villoison are his two great guides; the *De Aristarchi Studiis* of the former has, he says, cleared a hundred difficulties, and it is to Lehrs that he is further indebted for a reference to many treasures buried in the notes of Villoison. M. Pierron's Iliad is to consist of two volumes. The first embraces Books I.-XII.; the second will give us, besides the remaining part of the text, a number of useful appendices, including Wolf's prefaces and prolegomena, an article on Zoïlus, one on the early recensions of the Homeric poems, &c.

The unfortunate Mexican campaign has already formed the subject of many books, written from every point of view and in every variety of style. We have had political treatises, narratives of adventures, biographies of the Emperor Maximilian, pseudo-memoirs apparently copied out of Bulwer's novels, and sensational volumes of so extraordinary a character that the wonder is how the writers ever believed that they would find readers to credit them. Under the title of *Queretaro* ‡, Lieutenant Hans, an officer of the Imperial Artillery, publishes an account of the final efforts made by Maximilian's gallant soldiers. It is easy to guess the line adopted by an author who inscribes his work to the Empress Charlotte; therefore he has judged well in concluding his volume by quoting, in confirmation of his views, the opinions of another writer, a Mexican journalist, who cannot be supposed to be prejudiced in favour of European intervention.

The treachery of Maximilian's betrayers reminds Lieutenant Hans of the fatal days of Napoleon I.'s reign, when generals weary of constant warfare, and courtiers dreading the effects of the Emperor's unbridled ambition, were stealthily plotting against him in favour of the Bourbons. The story of this terrible catastrophe will be found in the twenty-seventh volume of a Correspondence § which is rapidly drawing to a close. Now it is the Prefect of Geneva who is upbraided for having abandoned his post at the hour of danger, and left one of the bulwarks of France open to the enemy; now, again, Talleyrand is described as "the greatest enemy of our house since fortune has begun to forsake it." The last portion of the volume takes us to the island of Elba, and contains all the correspondence relative to the Emperor's residence in his little principality. The history of the Hundred Days will probably occupy one volume more, and thus complete a work which, notwithstanding its many imperfections and omissions, must be regarded as a valuable *recueil* of documents on the First French Empire.

General Cluseret writes‖ from a prison at Sainte-Pélagie, whither his liberal ideas, rather freely expressed, have led him. It is not astonishing that, thus circumstanced, he should look at all things in a pessimist light. We are, he thinks, in the midst of a social dissolution. The people, the *prolétaires* who have so steadily and so perseveringly toiled for the aristocracy and for the *bourgeoisie*, begin at length to discover that it is high time they should

* *La France sous Louis XV.* Par M. A. Jobez. Vol. V. Paris: Didier.

† *Nouveaux Mémoires du Maréchal de Richelieu.* Rédigés par M. de Lescure. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *La Vie de Madame Élisabeth, sœur de Louis XVI.* Par M. de Beauchesne. Paris: Plon.

* *Études sur les Poëtes latins.* Par M. Patin. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *L'Iliade d'Homère.* Texte grec, avec une Introduction etc. Par A. Pierron. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Queretaro: Souvenir d'un officier de l'Empereur Maximilien.* Par Albert Hans. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Correspondance de Napoléon Ier.* Tome vingt-septième. Paris: Plon.

‖ *Armée et Démocratie.* Par le Général Cluseret. Paris: Lacroix.

work for themselves. General Cluseret, as a soldier, wishes to reform that branch of the service to which he belongs, and the plan he proposes is the substitution of a militia in the place of those standing armies which absorb all the productive forces of nations, whilst they serve as a perpetual threat to peaceful neighbours, and as a tool for ambitious politicians.

M. Mézières * thinks that in appreciating the state of French society, at the present time especially, we should be on our guard against exaggeration. There will always be plenty of morose critics who seriously believe that we are a great deal worse than the generations which were before us, and who foretell the speedy ruin of all things. And yet it is better to err on the side of Alceste than on that of Philinte; for there are certainly amongst us plenty of evils which ought to be removed. M. Mézières has not ventured beyond the proportions of a small *brochure*, but he has managed to say some very judicious things on the condition of the rural population, the workmen, the *bourgeoisie*, the aristocracy, and the ladies. As regards the fair sex, it is amusing to see how our author begins by praising them, in order to have the right of lecturing them afterwards. No one is more elegant, dresses better, is more fascinating, &c., than your true Parisienne, but her education wants solidity, and she seeks accomplishments for her daughters rather than substantial culture. It is the same argument as that recently developed by the Bishop of Orleans; but M. Mézières takes a less severe tone than the prelate, and confines himself to generalities. In an appendix he remarks on the public discussions which have lately been held in Paris; organized in the name of freedom, these meetings were really the exponents of the worst of all despotisms, that exercised by the mob. The image of a National Convention still dazzles a number of Utopian declaimers, who believe that the best form of government is the concentration of all powers in the hands of delegates appointed by the nation.

We do not wonder that, seeing the subversive tendencies of our democratic Socialists, many persons should prefer order and quiet, even if purchased at the cost of individual freedom. Such is the conclusion which may be considered as the sum of M. Emmanuel Domenech's *Quand j'étais journaliste*.† This satire is clever enough, but the task of proving that French journalism has its faults, and that journalists are not always very consistent, is an easy one. M. Domenech also turns into ridicule the coalition made by the Republicans, the Orleanists, and the Legitimists against the Imperial Government, forgetting that, had it not been for a similar coalition, that Government would have met with some serious difficulties in permanently establishing itself. M. Domenech writes from too prejudiced a point of view to claim the confidence of his readers.

Notwithstanding the faults which almost uniformly characterize M. Arsène Houssaye's works—affectation, mannerism, *marivaudage* carried to excess—the volume he has just published is a valuable contribution to the life of Leonardo da Vinci.‡ *Apropos* of the Italian painter, our author describes very correctly the artistic grandeur of the middle ages, and contends that the Renaissance should not be regarded as a revival, but rather as a retrogression. During the fifteenth century France, more particularly, had a school of architects and sculptors inferior in no respect, and often superior, to those who flourished a hundred years later; why should there have been a revival when there was no death? The intellectual movement to which the name of Renaissance has been given was really a return to the study of antiquity—a return made with the utmost enthusiasm, but frequently with much want of judgment and with absurd exaggeration. Francis I. is generally looked upon as the French Mecænas of art and literature when mediæval civilization was expiring; but M. Arsène Houssaye says that the title belongs much more appropriately to Louis XII. Louis XII. it was who named Leonardo da Vinci "painter to the King." Nearly all the artists who gave lustre to the reign of Francis I. had flourished under his predecessor; Louis XII. received graciously foreign talent, but he always protected French merit, whereas Francis neglected the most gifted of his subjects to encourage Italians. Leonardo da Vinci, like so many others, crossed the Alps, and was able to ascertain for himself how far the study of the fine arts had advanced amongst those whom certain supercilious critics were wont to call barbarians. He died, as every one knows, near Amboise. The appendix to M. Arsène Houssaye's volume contains a *catalogue raisonné* of the illustrious painter's works in every branch of art.

The last number of the memoirs of the *Académie des Sciences morales et politiques* § deserves to be noticed here, if it were only for the sake of M. Mignet's admirable essay on the life and works of M. Victor Cousin. The founder of the Eclectic school of metaphysics in France has influenced so profoundly the two generations which have immediately preceded us that he will occupy a permanent and distinguished place in the history of the nineteenth century. There may be two opinions respecting the value of his system; there can be but one as to the powers and eloquence with which this system was stated and maintained. No one could sketch the portrait of M. Cousin better than M. Mignet; and whether as regards the thinker or the writer, the metaphysician or the *savant*, the accuracy of the delineation cannot be questioned.

* *La Société française*. Par A. Mézières. Paris: Didier.

† *Quand j'étais journaliste*. Par Emmanuel Domenech. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Histoire de Léonard de Vinci*. Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Didier.

§ *Séances et Travaux de l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. Fevrier—Mars* 1869. Paris: Durand.

The *Revue Bibliographique Universelle* * has now been for more than a year in existence, and may be said to have firmly established a high and merited reputation. Issued in monthly numbers, it aims at giving a complete, though necessarily concise, review of the principal new publications, both French and foreign. Each *livraison* contains, in the first place, a general survey of a whole class of works, such as novels, books on history, archæology, divinity, &c. Then come detached notices, varying in length from one to two pages; a classified list follows of the chief productions issued during the previous month, and the journal is terminated by a table of contents of all the literary magazines of importance, and also of the literary articles published in the political journals. We must also mention, amongst the various items of its monthly budget, a summary of literary news, including short notices of book sales, notes and queries, and necrological articles on distinguished men.

M. Achard is generally more fortunate in the selection and treatment of the subjects of his novels than he has been when writing the tale entitled *Les trois Grâces*.† Handsome and accomplished, the three sisters whose adventures he describes begin life full of hope, and yet, when, after a succession of dramatic episodes, they meet together at the bed-side of a dying friend, not one of them can say that she has realized the aspirations of her youth. The nun has reluctantly separated herself from the world; the actress, wearied out by a career of worse than dissipation, feels the memory of the past weighing down upon her as a hateful burden; the third sister, married to one of those selfish, unprincipled creatures whom modern French novelists delight in portraying, has also made shipwreck of her happiness, and, in spite of all her excellent qualities, is quite as wretched as the two others.

M. Paul Perret begins his new romance ‡ by informing us that he is not going to relate an edifying story. He might safely have gone a little further, and said that he was about to describe a female monster, compared with whom Manon Lescaut and Rousseau's Julie d'Étanges are models of virtue. Mademoiselle de Saint-Ay has, indeed, as the title of the book suggests, a good deal of *savoir-faire*, but her cleverness is of that kind which is better left unanalysed. Nothing can be more absurdly false than the favourite maxim of M. Perret and some other contemporary novelists, that the most repulsive scenes ought to be painted simply because they are actually to be found in modern society.

The author of *Le Maudit* § has likewise a kind of didactic aim in view in his ecclesiastical fictions; he claims to paint Ultramontanism as it is. The title he has given to his latest work shows sufficiently what part of the enemy's camp it is that he assails, and the foot-notes which illustrate the text supply numerous examples of that kind of false mysticism which, whilst assuming a religious form of expression, is really a nervous disease, to be dealt with by physicians and not by divines. In his preface, the Abbé —— distinctly declares that he is not what his enemies suppose him to be, an unbeliever. He still belongs to the Church; he acknowledges its dogmas and adopts its formularies; but he maintains that, although Catholicism and modern ideas can and should work harmoniously together, yet the former must undergo a complete reformation if it is to retain its hold upon society.

* *Revue Bibliographique Universelle*. Avril 1869. No. 4. Paris: A. Leclère.

† *Les trois Grâces*. Par A. Achard. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le Savoir-faire de Mademoiselle de Saint-Ay*. Par Paul Perret. Paris: Lacroix.

§ *Les Mystiques*. Par l'Abbé ——. Paris: Lacroix.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF
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CHRISTIAN GRACES—IL PENSEROSO—L'ALLEGRO.—The EXHIBITION of THREE ORIGINAL PICTURES by Mr. G. E. HICKS, will OPEN to the Public on Monday, May 10. Admission, 1s. From Ten till Six.—Repository of Arts, 41 Piccadilly, corner of Sackville Street.

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BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st, and RE-OPENED on the 8th of May 1869. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of May, inclusive.

J. WINTER JONES, *Principal Librarian.*

British Museum, April 27, 1869.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 5, at Six o'clock; the Right Hon. Lord STANLEY, M.P., in the Chair.

Stewards.

JAMES P. ALLEN, Esq., F.R.G.S.	His Excellency the Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON, American Minister
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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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No. 706, Vol. 27. May 8, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

THE uninterrupted support given by his followers to Mr. GLADSTONE on the Irish Church Bill was for a moment broken in upon by the tiny minority which followed Mr. FAWCETT into the lobby. If the Government was to be opposed by a friend, it would have been impossible that it should be opposed in a milder and more submissive spirit than that which Mr. FAWCETT showed. But he thought that the Government was wrong in allowing the landlords to get quit of the tithe rent-charge altogether at the end of fifty-two years, and many more than those who voted with Mr. FAWCETT were of opinion that this was a needless waste of public funds in order to buy off opposition to the Bill. If it had been really necessary to grease the wheels, as Mr. FAWCETT called it, that would have operated as a good reason with many minds for adopting the Government proposal. Mr. FAWCETT was indignant against any low and Jesuitical process of this kind. He was for repudiating, under all circumstances, the doctrine that the means can be justified by the end. But he took care to point out that there was no occasion to use bad means now. If the Government had originally thought it worth while to provide a sop for the landlords, they might venture to withdraw the sop now that they find they are supported by majorities so large and so trustworthy. Mr. GLADSTONE, in reply, denied that he was giving a sop to the landlords. There were really, as he said, three parties to the transaction. There was the State that advanced the money, there were the landlords that borrowed it, and there were the representatives of that surplus fund which is to be applied to the purposes mentioned in the Act. Mr. GLADSTONE contended that all these three parties were benefited by his proposal. He was not doing a kindness to the landlords alone, but was carving out a gain for all alike. The State was benefited because it was very convenient to the Exchequer to lend money at three and a-half per cent. The Irish landlords were benefited because at the end of fifty-two years they will find that without any trouble, risk, or outlay on their part, the State, by an ingenious mechanism of its own, will have bought up the rent-charge for them. The surplus will be benefited because it will at once get twenty-two and a-half years' purchase-money paid over to it for that the ordinary market price of which is only seventeen years' purchase. The proposition that the State gains by lending money at three and a-half per cent. is open to much comment, but it is true that the surplus is increased by Mr. GLADSTONE's arrangement. The amount of money which will be applicable to building asylums and so forth will be larger if Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal is carried than it would have been if Mr. FAWCETT's amendment had been carried. In order to get this surplus into the form of cash the Commissioners must sell the rent-charges; but in the open market they certainly would not sell for what they will now fetch. The State, in fact, becomes the purchaser, and offers twenty-two and a-half years' purchase-money, which is a much better price than private individuals would give. If the market price now is seventeen years' purchase, the price would not be likely to rise on a great mass of these rent-charges being forced for sale in a short time. Mr. FAWCETT omitted to notice this. Mr. GLADSTONE benefits by his plan, not only the landlords, but the Irish nation.

The only question is, whether the State should interfere for the purpose. It is not a satisfactory answer to say that the State will be able to place out its balances at three and a-half per cent. As in England the security of the State is thought better than that of any private property, which is the case in very few countries, the State can always seem to make a good bargain by lending on first-rate security at a higher rate than it borrows at. So long as it can borrow in three per cents. at anything over eighty-six per cent., and can lend the money it borrows on land at three and a-half per cent., it will be making money. Why should it not do this on as wide a scale as it likes? Because, in the first place, it would be mixed up with an infinity of transactions quite out of its sphere; and, in the next place, because it would thus pave the way for innumerable jobs. Although it may in one sense be a gain to the State to lend for a long loan at three and a-half, it would be a loss to any one else to do so, for lenders on the best landed security can get more. Consequently, all land-owners who wanted to borrow would wish to borrow of the State, but only a limited number could be accommodated, or the credit of the State would be lowered, so that it would cease to be able to borrow at three and a-half, and so could not lend at that rate without a loss. Some borrowers must thus get a boon which other borrowers would not get, and, in plainer words, the Government of the day would be able to job the public money in the interest of its supporters, which is a political evil, even if no pecuniary loss is involved. As it is, although we do not fear that any Government will push Mr. GLADSTONE's argument to its conclusion, and lend freely to applicants who offer three and a-half per cent., yet there is evidently a danger lest the State should be induced to apply its borrowing and re-lending power, not to the furtherance of jobs, but to the promotion of political novelties. The question on the Irish Church Bill is whether the occasion is such that it is true political wisdom to let the State exercise this power for the benefit of the landlords and of the Irish surplus. The use of this power ought to be treated as very exceptional, and to be hedged round with every possible safeguard. And why, in this instance, should this power be exercised? There ought to be some other reason, we think, beside the convenience of the landlords and the increase of the surplus, for why should the State go out of its way to provide the Irish with more lunatic asylums? Mr. GLADSTONE finds this reason in the extreme desirableness of winding up at as early a date as possible all transactions connected with the disendowment of the Irish Church. Although the Commissioners might force the rent-charges on the market in order to turn them into cash, yet they might also scruple to do so if they saw that the price was rapidly decreasing; and those who hope to profit by the application of the surplus might call on them to wait, and only sell the rent-charges slowly and on favourable opportunities. Thus the realization of the surplus might be deferred for years, whereas, if the State offers to buy the rent-charges at a price which is incontestably handsome, there need be no delay; and Irishmen must own that the matter has been arranged very quickly, and very favourably for them. This reason is entitled, we think, to very considerable weight, and on the whole it is perhaps satisfactory that the Ministerial proposal has been carried.

The morning sittings began on Tuesday, but not very auspiciously, as almost the whole of the time was occupied with a deadly conflict between the two great Protestant champions. This conflict grew out of an amendment proposed by Mr. WHALLEY, the object of which was the entire destruction of the corporate character of the trustees for Maynooth. Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out that it was very convenient, in the necessary transactions between the State and the recipients of compensation, to have some recognised body to represent the latter, that the disestablished Churchmen were going to have a corporate body created for them with this view, and that the Presbyterians would also have one created if they did not possess an existing body adequate for the purpose. As the trustees of Maynooth already formed such a body, the simplest thing was to continue them. But Mr. WHALLEY was of course not to be convinced. He persisted in his amendment,

but his main object was evidently, not to carry his amendment, but to unbosom once for all his grudge against Mr. NEWDEGATE. He revealed the secret history of his Protestant relations with that gentleman. It appears that, when Mr. SPOONER died, a large number of unknown persons invited Mr. NEWDEGATE to be the standing and recognised Protestant champion. He declined, but said he would support any other champion. Mr. WHALLEY was elected, or elected himself, into the vacant place, and called on Mr. NEWDEGATE for his promised support. Mr. NEWDEGATE accordingly began, and the first form his support took was to inform Mr. WHALLEY, with remarkable and most creditable foresight, that he would make himself supremely ridiculous. This was nearly all Mr. NEWDEGATE did for him, except on all occasions to treat him with an air of contemptuous superiority which Mr. WHALLEY candidly owns was justified, but which was of course painful. One secret, however, of his own private experience Mr. NEWDEGATE did condescend to disclose very confidentially for the champion's benefit. He informed him that the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons is entirely under the control of Roman Catholics, and that when a true, honest Protestant speaks, all he says is misrepresented, and that the only way for such a Protestant was to buy special and accurate reporting all for himself. Mr. WHALLEY does not seem to have profited very much by the information, for he soon found an absorbing and exclusive interest in the reports of a most peculiar kind. The speeches in which he anticipated he should be misrepresented, ridiculed, and calumniated, were those of Mr. NEWDEGATE himself, and his main occupation when he got hold of a newspaper was to see whether he was not called on to write to the *Times* to protect himself against the distinguished Protestant upon whose support, advice, and patronage he had principally relied. An indescribable air of the ludicrous was thus breathed over the Maynooth discussion from its outset, and, dismal as the waste of time was which this Protestant squabble entailed, the Government may perhaps have reaped some advantage from the discredit thus thrown over the whole party of extreme Protestant fanatics in whom Mr. GLADSTONE finds his most bitter opponents.

The main question regarding Maynooth was settled on Thursday, and in spite of the last efforts of Protestantism a majority of 126 decided that Maynooth should be compensated out of the surplus, and not out of the Consolidated Fund, and a majority of 107 decided that the compensation should take the form of a lump sum paid to the Maynooth trustees. It is satisfactory to find that the House showed, by an unusually large majority, its appreciation of the worthlessness of the argument that if the compensation for Maynooth was taken out of the surplus, the revenues of the Protestant Church would be applied, contrary to the repeated assurances of Mr. GLADSTONE, in endowing Roman Catholics. Nothing can be plainer than that the compensation is made out of State funds. The State confiscates the property of a Church; and, having done so, it applies the confiscated property as it thinks best. It has, as all agree, a payment to make to Maynooth, and it is as much at liberty to make it out of one fund as another. When the property of the Irish Protestant Church is said to be given to Roman Catholics, what is meant, if language is to have any accuracy, is that something is given away which, if it were not so given away, would remain in the possession of the Protestant Church. Mr. GLADSTONE promised this should not be done, and he has kept his word. It will not make a farthing difference to the new ecclesiastical body whether Maynooth is compensated out of the surplus or out of the Consolidated Fund. The only persons to whom it makes any difference are those, on the one hand, who are to benefit by the destruction of the surplus, and those, on the other hand, who have to pay taxes to make up the Consolidated Fund. Really it is the Irish landlords who will benefit by having land relieved of county-rates, and it is the taxpayers of the three kingdoms who have to maintain the Consolidated Fund. But the State—*i. e.* the Executive, using the credit given it by the taxpayers—has already come forward to give these landlords a very great boon by first lending them money at three and a-half per cent., and then, by giving twenty-two and a-half years' purchase, increasing the surplus which will be applied to augment their rents by relieving the county-rates. What Sir GEORGE JENKINSON really proposed was that the British taxpayer should present the Irish landlords with an extra million sterling, and the common sense of the House of Commons revolted at the proposal. It required, however, some little reasoning and detailed explanation to defend the Government proposal as to the amount of compensation to be given to Maynooth, and as to the form in which it is to be given. Mr. GLADSTONE argued that it was incomparably more convenient to give a lump sum than to provide for life-interests in the case of educational institutions, that he had not really given Maynooth more than 50,000*l.* beyond what a complete provision for life-interests would have entailed, and that, as all educational institutions ought to be treated with especial tenderness, this was a very moderate sum in excess to give Maynooth. He had adroitly managed, when Maynooth came under discussion, to commit the House to giving a lump sum to the Presbyterians where, as in the case of the widows' funds, the persons having the life-interests could not be easily ascertained, and where, as in the case of Belfast College, there were educational interests to be considered. He thus made it evident that those who opposed him in dealing in the same way with Maynooth were really actuated by the feeling that Roman Catholics ought to be treated worse than Protestants. It being conceded, on the analogy of what had been done on behalf of the Presbyterians, that a lump sum representing something more than life-interests should be paid over to Maynooth, the only question was how the compensation to an educational institution should be reckoned. Mr. GLADSTONE laid down the principle that the professors and students ought to receive the value of all the pecuniary advantages, direct and indirect, which they get through the institution. A professor gets not only his salary, but the opportunity of living very cheaply; a student gets an education which at Maynooth costs one sum, but elsewhere would cost double. He ought, Mr. GLADSTONE ventured to say, to be protected against having to pay double, for it is not certain that Maynooth can be kept up. To these ingenious calculations other calculations equally ingenious might be opposed; but the point at issue is so small that it is not worth going into. The State is going out of its funds to pay to the Maynooth trustees a lump sum somewhat in excess of the life-interests these trustees will have to protect. It is not worth debating whether the sum shall be a little more or less, nor did any one who voted against the Government care about the exact amount of excess. Directly the final decision on Maynooth was announced, there was a general disposition to make no further opposition to the Bill, and as the names of the Commissioners have been announced, and no exception is likely to be taken to them inside the House or out of it, the Irish Church Bill may now be said to have virtually passed the Commons.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE menacing language of Mr. SUMNER, who is unanimously accepted as the exponent of American policy, renders it necessary calmly to consider the contingency of a rupture with the United States. The apparently capricious change of feeling and language which has taken place within a few months indicates the adoption of a definite policy, which at first took even the Republican party by surprise. In the early part of the present year, the more moderate American journals proved with irresistible cogency of argument that the rejection of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's treaty ought in consistency to be followed by war, or, in other words, that it logically involved an absurd and impossible consequence. The same writers, having perhaps more fully understood the intentions of the Government, now give their full adhesion to Mr. SUMNER's hostile manifesto, and assume that the new incumbent of the English mission will be instructed to withdraw or disavow the friendly assurances of his predecessor. It is even possible that Mr. MOTLEY will demand, in accordance with Mr. SUMNER's programme, a degrading apology, and the payment of three hundred millions sterling of damages; but even American diplomacy is incapable of offering similar affronts to a foreign Government without some ulterior purpose. NAPOLEON was in the habit, when his preparations for an invasion were completed, of preferring some extravagant demand for the mere object of provoking a refusal. Mr. MOTLEY will certainly not ask for a sum equal to three or four years' revenue of the United Kingdom with any serious expectation that Lord CLARENDON will even discuss his proposal. Mr. SUMNER carefully abstained from any intimation that the most abject submission to insult and plunder would secure a final reconciliation. When the tribute had been paid, and the national honour had been indelibly stained, the same or another Senate might unanimously repudiate the imaginary treaty foreshadowed by Mr. SUMNER. A litigant who lays his damages at an enormous amount generally looks not so much to the probable verdict, as to the chance of frightening his adversary into a compromise, relating perhaps to some matter which is wholly

unconnected with the ostensible dispute. The crime of profanity seems remote from the title to a freehold, and yet it was on the charge of blaspheming GOD and the KING that AHAB sought to obtain possession of NABOTH'S vineyard. Not two hirelings, but twenty millions of false witnesses, themselves for the most part speaking under a delusion, are ready to swear that the Proclamation of Neutrality was a breach of friendship and of international law. The prosecutor or plaintiff, as in ancient times, claims to be judge in his own cause, and hopes to decree to himself possession of the coveted vineyard on the other side of Niagara. If NABOTH had confessed his alleged crime, and if he had offered to pay a fine of innumerable shekels of silver, he would have been not less summarily subjected to expropriation.

The power of the United States to inflict exceptional injury on England begins and ends with Canada and the West Indian colonies. The islands would probably be defensible, though in some instances they might be exposed to danger and perhaps it might not be impossible to hold Nova Scotia. Vancouver's Island and British Columbia are within easy reach of San Francisco, which will in a few weeks be connected with the Atlantic ports by railroad. It would be impossible to offer any resistance on the Pacific seaboard; and the only question as to the principal part of the Dominion would relate to the disposition of the colonists themselves. If their undoubted repugnance to annexation were strong enough to induce them to defend their independence with vigour, it would be the plain duty of England to devote all her resources to their aid. It is true that a population of four millions, supported by all the available force which could be detached from England, must ultimately succumb to the unscrupulous efforts of an enemy numbering five-and-thirty millions; but it is doubtful whether the American people would persist in a profligate enterprise when it became fully evident that success was only to be attained by conquest. In the war with the Southern Confederacy the national conscience was satisfied at first with the duty of preserving national unity, and afterwards with the emancipation of the negroes; but an invasion of Canada must be consciously undertaken in the exclusive pursuit of revenge and ambition. American statesmen would probably sooner or later reflect on the inconvenience of having an injured and disaffected race at the Northern as well as the Southern extremity of the Federal territories. It is impossible to form a confident judgment beforehand either of Canadian resolution or of American policy. It is only certain that aggression on English rights will be neither costless nor bloodless, unless indeed the character of the nation has rapidly degenerated with the change in the spirit of its institutions. It has not been generally found that democracy, with all its defects, has tended to spiritless repudiation of burdensome rights and duties. In such a quarrel there will be no moral uncertainty, as the aggressor will be wholly and wilfully in the wrong. Mr. SUMNER'S ungenerous quotations from the speeches of Mr. COBDEN, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER imply an erroneous belief that ardent sympathy with America involves disloyalty to England. He will be disappointed if he hopes that, should he force on a war, he will be aided by a disaffected faction.

It is scarcely a consolation that the forced sacrifice of Canada would involve no material loss. All classes of politicians have long since made up their minds to concede the independence of British America whenever it should be desired by the colonists themselves. Separation would involve the right to join the United States at pleasure, although the Canadians themselves have hitherto deprecated annexation. It is not impossible that in course of time their objections might be overcome, and Englishmen have no real interest in preventing or retarding the union of the whole North American continent into a single Republic. That a greater diversity of institutions would be more advantageous to intellectual and moral progress is a theoretical doctrine which may be supported and opposed by many plausible arguments. The inhabitants of the various regions of the West are primarily concerned in the determination of the controversy. The formation of four or five States of the Union to the North of the great Lakes would entail no injury on England, if it were not attended with insult. If it is proposed as the alternative of a white sheet, of a halter, and of the payment of a fabulous penalty, it only remains to defend at all hazards the national honour. A demand which would be favourably received, if it were preferred by the colonists, becomes an outrage on the part of an intruder. If, however, the Canadians declined to concur in the maintenance of Imperial rights, it would only remain to acquiesce in a mortifying necessity.

To the ordinary evils of war both parties would be equally liable, except that the larger mercantile marine of England would offer a larger prize to hostile cruisers. As no third country can compete in maritime enterprise with England and the United States, the relative position of both countries to one another and to the rest of the world would be resumed when the war was over. Mr. SUMNER'S adherents probably hope to excite an insurrection in Ireland, and they may congratulate themselves that scrupulous good faith prevented England from precipitating the conflict when the success of a more formidable rebellion in America might have been easily insured. A civil war in Ireland would be a grievous evil; but rebellion would be perhaps more sternly repressed when it was promoted by a foreign enemy who could give it little effectual aid. An American army in Ireland would be more disadvantageously placed than an English army in Canada, and its destruction and capture would only involve a question of time and of expense. The pleasure with which Americans would regard a great increase of the English National Debt would be tempered by the accumulation of an equal burden of their own, probably at double the rate of interest. After a time the war would come to an end, leaving both parties injured and exasperated, although Englishmen would not follow the American example after 1783 and after 1815, by instilling into successive generations the duty of cultivating national animosity. It may perhaps seem premature to anticipate hostile enterprises which have not yet been formally announced. It would certainly not be expedient to engage in a long discussion of painful and uncertain contingencies; but it may be as well that the people of the United States should understand that English patience, unexhausted by any amount of vituperation, has its limits where language passes into action. If the impending danger is to be noticed at all, there would be little advantage in substituting fanciful risks for the practical object which must be contemplated by those who may wish to force on a quarrel. Mr. SUMNER, who is not the less a man of great ability because he shows himself the implacable enemy of England, cannot be suspected of having really hoped to extort a confession of error and a payment of half the cost of the civil war. His speech, if it is translated into diplomatic documents, will be altered into the demand of territorial cession, which has already been started by Mr. CHANDLER. The coarser demagogues who were lately clamouring for a recognition of the independence of Cuba have, since the delivery of Mr. SUMNER'S speech, suspended their demands, with the impudent avowal of their unwillingness to weaken by inconsistency the argument against England. It is possible that the unaccountable outcry for vengeance may subside as suddenly as it has arisen, but there is too much reason to believe that it is stimulated for a practical purpose. The cynical injustice of a Power which will within fifty years be the greatest in the world suggests regret rather than surprise.

THE MAYOR OF CORK.

ALTHOUGH much adverse criticism was bestowed during Wednesday's discussion on the course taken by the Government, yet the impression on both sides of the House seemed to be unanimous that the Government had taken the right course in bringing in a Bill to remove the Mayor of CORK from his office. That language so offensive, so reckless, so insulting to the Crown, so wildly indecorous in an official, should be passed over altogether was impossible. Whether the Government was or was not right in releasing the Fenian convicts was irrelevant to the immediate question. An indiscreet political act on the part of the Executive offers no shadow of excuse for a Mayor who says publicly that a wholesale murderer like BARRETT, and the intending assassin of a son of the QUEEN, were noble and heroic men. Even if the Government could by possibility have overlooked these words, they could not have overlooked the declaration from every magistrate of the city of Cork, of every creed and every colour of political opinion, that the mode in which the Mayor was conducting himself in his office was bringing the law into contempt and doing the most serious public mischief. The only ghost of an excuse or palliation urged by any one for the Mayor was urged by Mr. MAGUIRE, and what he had to say only amounted to a charitable supposition that the Mayor must have been drunk at the time when he spoke of O'FARRELL as he did. The Government, being on every ground imperatively bound to act, had to choose between having recourse to the Courts of Law and bringing in a Bill to remove the Mayor from his office. The objections to the first course were overwhelming. It was exceedingly doubtful whether a prose-

cution could have been successful in point of law: the Mayor would anyhow have gone on holding his office, and the punishment, if any had been inflicted, would have been of the wrong kind and for the wrong offence. The crime of the Mayor lay, not in talking sedition, but in using language which showed that he was totally unfit to be Mayor. The duty of the Government was to get the Mayor removed from his office as soon as possible, and the only way of doing this was to bring in a Bill for the purpose. During the debate a hint was thrown out that the proper way of doing this was to bring in a general Bill, affecting not only this particular Mayor, but all Mayors who might do what the Mayor of CORK has done; but the proposal would not bear a moment's consideration. A general Bill must in any case have been a special Bill, operating *ex post facto*, as regards the Mayor of CORK. Not only is there no ground to suppose a general Bill to be wanted, but no general Bill could have been made like the special Bill. It is one thing for Parliament to remove a Mayor, for that can only be done openly, rarely, and on grounds precisely stated; and it is quite another thing to enable the Executive to remove a Mayor who gives offence. As the Government had chosen the only right and satisfactory course, as a Bill to remove the Mayor was justifiable, and as there was a strong sense of the enormity of the offence which the Mayor, as being Mayor, had committed, they might have expected something like a warm and unanimous support. Mr. DISRAELI, however, led the way in using the Ministerial proposal as a means of attacking his political adversaries, and of lowering, if possible, the credit of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland, to whom a great part of the credit of having prepared the Irish Church Bill is generally assigned. It was not until Mr. BERESFORD HOPE had made an appeal to the Conservative leaders to restore the Opposition to its proper footing in the matter that Mr. HARDY spoke with a spirit and decision on behalf of the Government proposal which relieved the Conservatives from the reproach of seeking to make capital, in the mere wantonness of party, out of opposing what they really approved of thoroughly.

But, admitting that the proper course was to bring in a special Bill to remove the Mayor of CORK from his office, there were two points which deserved and received consideration on Wednesday. The first point was whether the Bill was properly introduced in the House of Commons, or whether it would not have been better to have submitted it first to the House of Lords. The second point was whether the Government had proceeded properly in their manner of dealing with the Bill, supposing they were right in bringing it first before the Commons. The arguments for beginning with the Lords were based partly on the ground that the Lords can, while the Commons cannot, examine witnesses on oath, and partly on the supposed precedent of the Provost of EDINBURGH in the reign of GEORGE II. Neither line of argument seems to have much force. The precedent of the Provost of EDINBURGH shows that on one occasion a Bill of Pains and Penalties was begun in the House of Lords, but that is all that it shows. In fact one of the objections taken in the Commons to the Bill when it came down from the Lords was that a Bill affecting in so unusual a way a commoner ought to have been first submitted to the Lower House. But it was not from any comparison of advantages that the Bill was begun in the Lords. It was purely by accident, for the Bill was not a Ministerial Bill at all. Lord CARTERET, a member of the Opposition, suggested to the Lords that some inquiries should be made as to the riots in which Captain PORTEOUS lost his life, the suggestion being that there was a widely-spread conspiracy to defy the law among some of the most respectable inhabitants of Edinburgh. The evidence failed to show this, but the Peers who had interested themselves in the matter thought that a Bill should be passed to remove the Provost, and inflict a penalty on the city. The Ministry neither opposed nor supported, the Duke of NEWCASTLE and the Chancellor, Lord HARDWICKE, voting on one occasion on different sides. When the Bill came down to the Commons, it was violently opposed, the Scotch members treating this high-handed dealing with their capital as an infraction of the spirit of the treaty of Union, and a large number of members being much impressed with the evidence which showed that although the Provost had been inefficient, he was a well-meaning loyal man, who had in a feeble way done his best. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE expressly said that he did not regard the Ministry as in any way responsible for the Bill, but that he thought it had better pass, as the Lords had chosen to take up the matter, although he was in favour of making its provisions much less stringent. There was nothing in this to show that if the Government themselves, as a clear act of public duty, proposed a similar Bill, they would be in any way bound to begin with the Lords. And if it were not for the difference which exists between the two Houses as to the capacity for administering oaths, there can be no doubt that such a Bill is better begun in the Commons. It is a Bill treating a commoner in a most exceptional way, and it is natural that the representatives of the people should be first asked for their approval. It is a strong step on the part of the Executive, and it is to the Commons that the Executive is primarily responsible. It is a Bill affecting an officer who holds his office indirectly by popular election, and it is natural that its consideration should be first remitted to the elective branch of the Legislature. Every general reason, therefore, prompted the Government to begin with the Commons, and they had only to ask whether they should suffer their decision to be reversed by the consideration that evidence in the Lords can, while in the Commons it cannot, be taken on oath.

How it happens that the House of Commons cannot administer an oath is one of those dark problems of constitutional law which no one can satisfactorily solve. It is a mere accident, based on no assignable grounds of reason whatever. Special Acts have been passed to enable the Commons to administer oaths to witnesses before Election Committees and Committees on Private Bills, but the old anomalous rule remains, that on public matters the Commons cannot swear their witnesses. Till within a hundred years they used to help themselves by getting magistrates to come and administer the oaths; but this manifest evasion of the law fell into desuetude, and now the Commons do not attempt to do more than order witnesses to appear before them, and treat refusal to give evidence, or the giving of false evidence, as breaches of privilege punishable with imprisonment during the current Session. The evidence given before the Commons is therefore inferior to that given before the Lords, inasmuch as it wants the sanction of an oath, and inasmuch as the penalty of imprisonment during a Session falls far short of the penalties attending on perjury. But even if it is intrinsically inferior, it is evidence on which the House of Commons acts. It treats it as evidence good enough for it. It acts on its own responsibility, and on the evidence which is taken. If it chooses, it may ask the Lords to communicate any evidence taken before the Upper House, but it has never admitted itself in any way bound to do so. If the House of Commons admitted that it could not safely act except on evidence taken before the Lords, it would entirely abandon a position which it has constantly asserted. It has always declared itself perfectly competent to proceed on the evidence which it declares satisfactory to it. Each House acts independently, and is guided by its own evidence, although, for the sake of convenience and despatch, the Commons often borrow the evidence taken in the Lords. But in Bills of Pains and Penalties each House, as a matter of ordinary practice, takes its own evidence, and satisfies its scruples in its own way; and, as a matter of fact, these Bills have more frequently been begun in the Commons. When they are introduced by the Government, it is entirely in the discretion of the Executive to choose one House or the other, and if the case were one where a vast mass of conflicting evidence had to be taken, it might be very advisable to begin first with the House which has most leisure, and where there are experienced lawyers without professional occupation to absorb their time. But in the case of the Mayor of CORK, the evidence must be in the highest degree short and simple, and the House may easily satisfy itself that it can safely act on the testimony submitted to it. When a Bill of this sort is begun in the Commons, the representative of the Government states, on the occasion of the first reading, what is the case on which the Government rests its appeal to Parliament to pass the Bill. The law officers are then directed by the House to have evidence to support the preamble of the Bill, and, generally, after the second reading, and before going into Committee, the evidence for the Bill is taken, and the parties affected by the Bill are allowed to give evidence in contradiction or exculpation. The House then decides whether it is satisfied with the evidence offered by the Government, and expresses its decision by agreeing or refusing to go into Committee. When, therefore, Mr. DISRAELI protested against the House being asked to pass the Bill on the mere *ipse dixit* of the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, he entirely misconceived what the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had been doing. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL had not asked the House to pass the Bill on his assertion, but had merely stated the case, which he offered to prove should the House be of opinion that, if proved, it would justify the proposed Bill.

Everything seems to have been in order, and the Government will probably not have much difficulty in inspiring a general conviction that the course they have taken with regard to this Bill has been the right one.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Cortes appear to be animated by honest intentions, and many of the members possess considerable ability, yet it is doubtful whether they will succeed in the attempt to create a Constitution and a Government. Like similar assemblies in other countries, the Cortes are constantly tempted to debate first principles which ought in legislative discussion to be taken for granted, or generalities which are useless for practical purposes. A Republican member the other day proposed an unnecessary amendment to the effect that it should be legal to profess no religion. As there is no obligation to hold any religious faith, it would seem to follow that it was lawful to abstain from the adoption of any religious creed; but Mr. SUNER wished perhaps rather to announce his own opinion than to secure legal protection to non-religious persons. In an elaborate speech he undertook to prove that Christianity was unfounded; and, as if for the purpose of irritating the majority of his hearers, he directly attacked the newest doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. In most countries there is little difference of judgment as to the inexpediency of shocking religious prejudices and associations; nor could the exposure of theological errors, if it had been successful, have in any way borne on the issue proposed by Mr. SUNER himself to the Cortes. It is not because any dogma is true or false that every man has, so far as positive law is concerned, a right to believe or disbelieve it, without liability to persecution. The proposition which Mr. SUNER undertook to maintain would be compatible with the most extravagant intolerance. The Roman magistrates, who sometimes ordered that the Christians should be sent to fight the lions, held Mr. SUNER's opinion as to the falsehood of their doctrines. It was probably his wish to give the utmost possible offence to the more orthodox members of the Cortes, and he had no reason to complain of want of success. In the good old times St. Louis maintained that the most conclusive answer to an infidel disputant would be a sword through his body. After seven centuries of increasing toleration, the PRESIDENT of the Cortes was content to request the offending speaker to change the course of his argument. It would have mattered little that Mr. SUNER refused to proceed after the interruption, if the whole Republican party had not protested against the decision of the President by leaving the House in a body. In a French Chamber the interference of the presiding officer would have been unanimously approved, and even the impartial and taciturn SPEAKER of the English House of Commons would certainly have checked an irrelevant attack on religious doctrines. The Spaniards are perfectly right in taking precautions against the infringement of religious freedom, but when the minority of the Cortes demand the right to make the truth of creeds a subject of Parliamentary debate, they only illustrate their insufficient training in habits of business. The Immaculate Conception has nothing whatever to do with organic legislation, which ought to recognise the equal rights of all who believe the dogma and of all who reject it. It is highly probable that the majority in an inexperienced assembly may frequently be tempted to abuse its strength; nor can the remedy of secession be refused in the last resort to the Republicans. But their selection of an opportunity for withdrawing appears to have been extraordinarily injudicious, for the Ministers afterwards refused to concur in censuring Mr. SUNER, on the ground that it was necessary to allow unlimited freedom of speech.

The more violent discussions in the Cortes almost always turn on ecclesiastical questions. Marshal SERRANO lately threatened the resignation of the Cabinet, because a vote of censure was proposed on a great Church dignitary for whose actions the Ministers were in no way responsible. The Patriarch of the Indies was accused of retaining in the Liturgy the prayers for the fallen dynasty; and it is said that he might have been charged with the graver offence of misappropriating a charitable trust-fund. For a sum amounting to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds he had no better voucher to offer than the receipt of the ex-KING CONSORT, to whom the Patriarch had lent the money without security. It is not surprising either that the confiding prelate should be as liberal of seditious prayers as of money entrusted to his care, or that the anti-clerical party in the Cortes should resent his refusal to acknowledge the revolution. An Established Church must be content to recognise in its public services the *de facto* authorities of the time. The English Nonjurors who refused to pray for a Parliamentary King were compelled to surrender their benefices. As SERRANO is not known to be a bigot, his passionate resistance of the motion against the Archbishop was generally attributed to some secret cause of vexation. When the Minister promised that the matter should be subjected to official investigation, the motion was immediately withdrawn; and the surprise which was caused by SERRANO's determination to rest the continued existence of the Ministry on the result of an incidental and irrelevant vote was partially allayed when PRIM, in a patronizing tone, supported his colleague's objection, or rather requested the Cortes to humour SERRANO's mood. It was plausibly conjectured that the PRIME MINISTER had been thwarted in some recent Cabinet discussion, and that he was consequently disposed to regard as possible a resignation which might be as embarrassing to his rivals as to himself. By an ostentatious statement of his ignorance of ecclesiastical questions PRIM produced the impression that he inclined to the anti-clerical party, which is for the most part composed of Republicans. SERRANO has no wish that Archbishops should embezzle trust money, or utter illegal prayers, but the enemies of the priests are sometimes the same with his own. He cannot fail to perceive that the long delay in the completion of the Constitution increases the difficulty of re-establishing the Monarchy. If the Ministers had been united among themselves, they might long since have proposed a candidate for the Crown, in full confidence that the Cortes would have adopted their nomination. The only member of the Government who is of sufficient importance to prevent a decision among the pretenders to the Crown is the Minister of War. The Republicans want a leader, and perhaps a military chief; and PRIM, in separating himself from his colleagues, would become the chief of a formidable party. Although he has never shown any tendency to Jacobinical doctrines, he might hope to control his new associates, who are divided among themselves by many various shades of violence and moderation.

The Provisional Government will perhaps acquire a certain amount of popularity by the energy with which they have defended the national rights in Cuba. More than twenty thousand men, all volunteers for the special service, have been despatched to the colony; and it is said that General DULCE has already suppressed all organized and formal rebellion. The Spanish army will be fully able to deal with the American adventurers from New York or New Orleans who are preparing expeditions in American ports. The Government of the United States, notwithstanding the urgent recommendation of the House of Representatives, has postponed its interference, for the purpose perhaps of rendering its reclamations against England less flagrantly inconsistent with its present policy. It is nearly certain that Cuba will sooner or later be annexed to the Union; but the Spaniards are not yet reconciled to the loss. The unfriendly bearing of the people of the United States will perhaps diminish for the moment the popularity of the Republican party, but the prospects of the minority are on the whole encouraging. It would be almost impossible after the lapse of seven months to raise the Duke of MONTPENSIER to the throne, although the scheme might have been easily accomplished on the morrow of the Revolution. The Italian claimant has for a long time never been mentioned; and since the definitive refusal of King FERDINAND there has been no third candidate in the field. The partisans of Queen ISABELLA or of the Prince of ASTURIAS are probably numerous, but in the present temper of the population they cannot openly appear. The absence of a king involves a Republic, which will be less startling as it has, since the flight of the QUEEN, been practically established. The institution in a considerable European State of the form of government to which modern democracy aspires will be an important event. The Republicans of Germany, of Italy, and, above all, of France, will be excited and encouraged by the local triumph of their cause; and their enthusiasm will react on the Spaniards themselves. There is no reason why a Republic should not defend order and property as effectually as a Monarchy, except that the advocates of a Republican system everywhere include in their ranks the promoters of anarchy. The French Government has been suspected of having lately tolerated political extravagances for the purpose of exhibiting to the decent classes a set of drunken Helots in the form of infuriated Jacobins. In some parts of Spain Republicanism means a compulsory division of property; and consequently those who have anything to lose prefer a monarchical government. If it is true that PRIM inclines to the rising party, he

may perhaps foresee the necessity of restraining Republican eccentricities by military force. The chief of the army will be virtually the head of the Republican Government, whether he bears the title of President or Minister of War. To Englishmen it seems that a constitutional king would offer some additional security for freedom; but Spanish notions of liberty may perhaps be associated with a Republic, and it must be allowed that their experience of past kings and queens is not encouraging. It may be urged in favour of a Republic that it will not be administered by a nun or a confessor.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

At any rate we have one ray of light in the dark sky of Irish affairs. We have got to an end of the Mayor of CORK. It is using a tremendous machinery to bring in a special Act of legislation, hurried through Parliament, to snuff out the silly, prating creature, but there was no other remedy so efficacious; and the English Legislature may compare itself to a steam-hammer which can with equal ease deal out the exact stroke that will crush an elephant and the exact stroke that will crush a fly. The last buzz and flare of the Cork fly was, we must own, not without effect; and if the Mayor was to be crushed, he showed some ingenuity and humour in selecting as his last official act the holding a midnight meeting in which he expressed his confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. He had at least the comfort of damaging his destroyers by swearing they were his friends. He is crushed now, and we may attend to other matters. He and his follies are but a speck on the surface of the great question of the real state of Ireland and of the remedies, if any remedies for that state are to be found. Possibly, as Government speakers urge, things have in past generations been worse, but they are in all conscience bad enough now. The murders are very wicked, very terrifying, and very successful. The assassin now seems always to hit his man. He shoots so well, and under such advantages, that he may quite calculate on putting at least seventeen slugs into the skull of his victim. He murders in perfect comfort to himself, at a convenient hour of the day, in broad daylight, and without any trouble of following or tracking his enemy. And he shoots with perfect impunity. English poachers would be delighted if they could shoot a pheasant so pleasantly, so safely, and so surely as any loafing Irish savage can shoot any man who presumes to own land, or to farm land, or to do anything which any one who has the remotest connexion with land can construe into an offence or grievance. Now why is this? Why do they shoot, and why, having shot, are they never found out? We do not find that the very best-informed Irishmen can give any answer to these natural questions, and how can Englishmen presume to have any opinion about them? All that we can attempt to do is to give the impressions which the various opinions of the best-informed Irishmen, amidst their vast differences, leave on us. Two things seem clear. These agrarian murders are not connected with the Irish Church debate, and they are only very remotely connected with Fenianism. The assassins may have a sympathy with Fenians, but they do not lurk behind a hedge or wall, and shoot a good, innocent, unsuspecting man as he is taking his walk before breakfast, from any real desire to uphold the green flag and fraternize with the Republic of the West. Nor, so far as appears, is there any distinct connexion to be traced between these murders and any hopes, delusive or otherwise, that the speeches of members of the present Government may have raised as to a large dealing with the land-laws of Ireland. The tenant-farmers are the people who would profit most if the wildest measures ever sanctioned by any member of the Government were carried, and the tenant-farmers not only are not assassins, but know that the assassins hate them almost as much as they hate landed proprietors. The truth seems to be that, so far as these agrarian murders are connected with land, they rest solely on the vague hankering after land in general which Irishmen believe they are born to feel. The Irish are bred up to think, in a dim shadowy way, that they have an ancestral wrong about land, and that something grand about land is going to happen to them some day; much as the Jews think the Holy Land belongs to them, and that they will some day have it restored to them, and will go back there and be happy, although in real life every Jew much prefers to stay where he can make money. The low Irish, in the worst parts of Ireland, have deduced from this totally unpractical sentiment the notion that they have a general licence to go shooting their enemies anywhere on Irish soil. This is the starting-point of Irish murders, but it is only the starting-point. What confirms and hardens them in their disposition to murder is their practical experience that they can murder with perfect impunity. All half-civilized people easily take offence, and an Irish peasant is very susceptible. Directly he is annoyed, he thinks naturally of vengeance. But from most kinds of vengeance he is debarred. He cannot insult or bully or assault his adversary, for the law would be down on him at once. But there is one thing he can do. He can go behind a hedge and shoot his enemy like a dog. Even this may be too mild an expression. We are not sure that an Irish peasant who shot a dog would not be found out and properly punished. But he can shoot his enemy as if he were, we will not say a dog, but an honest, straightforward, inoffensive Christian. He has his shot and his revenge. No one betrays him or knows anything about him. Possibly he condescends to hide; in extreme cases he goes to America; but more probably he walks about, feeling that, as the Mayor of CORK would say, he has something noble and heroic in his inmost soul, and at any rate is sure to escape detection. Thus murder leads to murder, and the security begotten of experience makes the peasants believe that all men whom they choose to dislike are given over to them for a prey.

What is to be done? And, in order to answer this, we must first ask, whether we are to legislate in a panic or not? Many speakers, especially in the Lords, during the debate of last week, seem to have been possessed by the idea that there was some one definite course which was startling and strong and unusual, but which, if the Government could but resolve to take it, would put down all these murders at once. This was, we believe, a mere dream. None of those who advocated recourse to a gigantic remedy gave the slightest clue to what they meant, and the obvious conclusion is that they meant nothing. We will pass, therefore to men of moderation and sense, or to men who, if they begin to think of a thing, can at least think it out in their own way. The mildest form of recommending action under a panic is that of speakers who, like Lord STANLEY, conjure the Government to offer a programme of what they think can and what they think cannot be done in regard to Irish land. Lord STANLEY was reasonable enough to own that the Government were not bound to bring in an Irish Land Bill this Session, as they would not have the remotest hope of carrying it. But he asked them to declare their policy. Now such declarations are eminently convenient to the Opposition, and inconvenient to a Ministry, and therefore it was not likely Mr. GLADSTONE would fall into so obvious a trap; but putting that aside, let us ask how is it conceivable that any declaration of the sort should have any effect on the contrivers of these hedgerow murders? Supposing Mr. GLADSTONE went so far as to say that he thought the tenant ought to be regarded most favourably as far as regards compensation for improvements, and that it would be desirable to secure greater fixity of tenure, so long as no compulsion were used, and no injustice done to any one, who would be the wiser or more contented? If we really want to do something great and heroic and startling, we must go much further in one direction or the other. Either we must say, as Mr. HARDY says, that the Irish have no grievances whatever, that they have now got all that they ever shall get or ought to get, and that the way to make them happy is to crush all political hope out of their breasts; or else, if we think that the way to govern Ireland is to please Ireland and the Irish and all these Fenians and hedgerow assassins, then we had much better let them have their own way entirely, and ought to create and recognise an Irish Republic at once. There is no real halting between these two extremes, if Ireland is to be governed by heroic remedies and under the influence of a panic. It must be kept down rigidly, unscrupulously, and consistently, as Russia has kept down Poland since the last insurrection; or if the Irish are to be gratified, and the numerical majority of Catholic peasants are to be considered exclusively as the Irish, and to represent all the rest, then they had better have the fun of getting their own way entirely for a while and of ascertaining what is the natural result of flying with waxen wings in the hot sunshine.

The other course, and, as it seems to us, the only wise and statesmanlike course, is to refuse to act or legislate under a panic, and to put the law, so far as possible, in force, while remedial measures of a moderate and sensible kind are worked out. At the same time, the Government may easily fall into the mistake of taking things too quietly, and of becoming enamoured of very inefficacious alteratives. It is wonderful how some of the leading members of the Government can seriously uphold as a sovereign specific the device of sending down a body of police to the district where a murder has been

committed. The object of this inroad of police is not to protect any one, or to discover anything, or to render any service in harmony with their ordinary functions, but simply to run up a bill. The great aim of the whole proceeding is to fine the district, so that persons who know that a murder has been committed, and will not tell, may be punished in their pockets. The process seems equally demoralizing to the police and inoperative as a means of punishment. The police are made to feel themselves costly nuisances, eating their heads off in idleness in order to annoy a district; and in the district itself the chief sufferers by the arrangement are not the murderer and his friends and admirers, but the needy friends and relatives of the deceased. We hope, although without much confidence, that something better than this can be contrived in the sphere of police, and that in one way or other some clue to the secret of these murders may be discovered. Half-a-dozen convictions followed by capital punishment would do more to stop them than all the legislation under the sun. But we want not merely to stop murder, but to do our very best to make Ireland happy, and for that purpose we must see what can be done in the way of legislation by a Parliament which has been truly described as most friendly to Ireland, and bent on doing something for Ireland, and not merely talking about doing something. We are always brought back to this, that we must first deal with the Irish Church and then with the Irish land. The latter is a matter reserved by general consent for next Session, and when the time comes all liberal Englishmen will be bound to discuss the question of the Irish land and all the proposals of the Government about it in a candid and impartial spirit, with a hearty desire to do what is best and most prudent and generous, and to keep in mind what fraction of justice resides amidst all the nonsense and vapouring of the Irish about Irish land. But then there is this difference between dealing with the Irish Church and the Irish land. If it is right or wise to touch the Irish Church at all, it must be wise and right to deal with it in a sweeping and severe measure which goes to the root of the matter at once. But with regard to the Irish land everything is a question of degree. There are no grand principles which explain everything. Experience, and not logic, alone must show what compensations are to be given, and whether anything and what can be done to increase in a legitimate manner the number of Irish proprietors. A supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE closed the discussion last week by saying that a Government which had dealt so widely and comprehensively with the Church might be trusted to do the same with the land. But the hopes thus raised may be falsified; not that the Government will not have done as much as could be fairly expected, but because there may be nothing possible to do with regard to the Irish land, except to introduce tentative, imperfect, and unheroic measures. The Government can but do its best, but it may turn out that this best will be pronounced by eager Ministerialists to be rather disappointing.

THE FRANCO-BELGIAN PROTOCOL.

IN a campaign in which the opposing armies are very unequally matched, an obvious desire on the part of the general who commands the stronger force to postpone a decisive battle is commonly equivalent to defeat. The conduct of the French Government in the latest phase of its negotiations with Belgium suggests a similar inference. During the first week of M. FRÈRE ORBAN's stay in Paris M. ROUHER's courtesy seemed to veil a determination to be content with no arrangement but that he had himself proposed. The idea of compromise was abhorrent to him. The labours of the mixed Commission must have the consideration of the railway contract as their starting-point, and its acceptance as their goal. In comparison with these arrogant conditions the Protocol signed last week is but a meek and submissive production. The terms proposed by the Belgian Minister—once held so inadmissible—are, after all, to constitute the basis of the discussion. M. DE LAVALETTE contents himself with the expression of an opinion that a scheme of his own would have afforded a more favourable solution. Even this scheme, it appears, would have been a departure from that attributed to M. ROUHER. M. DE LAVALETTE did not ask for "an approbation pure and simple of the "proposed conventions"—which was exactly what, according to the best authorities, M. ROUHER did ask for. He only suggested a new arrangement for the working of the Great Luxemburg line "which should be surrounded with all the "guarantees of control, superintendence, and authority to "which the Belgian Government is incontestably entitled." But the Foreign Minister is not wedded to his own plan any more than to his colleague's. He will "be happy to obtain "the desired result" by other means, and accordingly the Protocol records that "the EMPEROR's Government, inspired by "sentiments of the most sincere cordiality towards Belgium, "and exclusively occupied with providing for the legitimate "expansion of economic interests," has "agreed to examine "whether the project presented by the Belgian Government" will attain the object indicated by M. FRÈRE ORBAN. A few weeks back the French Government was not so ready to take its statement of the end at which the mixed Commission ought to aim from the mouth of the Belgian Minister. Perhaps the explanation of the change is that the end it originally sought is not one which admits of being made public now that so much attention has been directed to the subject, and that it has too little real interest in the end which it now professes to seek to care by whom it is reduced to words.

When we turn to M. FRÈRE ORBAN's own "indication" of the object which it is proposed to achieve by the deliberations of a mixed Commission, the provisional character of the Protocol becomes very evident. The sentiments of the Belgian Government are as admirable as those of the French Government. It is "animated by an anxious desire to maintain the "most amicable intercourse between France and Belgium," and to this virtuous emotion it adds a not less ardent wish to "facilitate the commercial relations between those two States "and Holland." So far the two Governments are completely agreed. Neither will admit to being actuated by political considerations; both profess that their whole conduct in the business has been determined by purely economical considerations. But at Brussels a lamentably low view is taken of the measures which these economic considerations demand. The Imperial Government has such a lofty conception of what is implied in the "legitimate expansion of "economic interests," that it wants to see the Great Luxemburg Railway in the hands of a French Company. To this grand conception the Belgian Cabinet opposes a grovelling suggestion of a system of through trains. It will "most readily "assist in organizing direct services, the short trains being "appropriated to local requirements." This is the plan which, more in sorrow than in anger, M. DE LAVALETTE has consented to examine.

So ends for the present this very singular negotiation. Every one of its stages suggests inquiries which it is easier to state than to answer. First of all, there is the sudden intervention of the French Government in a matter with which it had to all appearance no concern whatever. A French Company contracts to buy a Belgian railway after receiving from the Belgian authorities distinct notice that the transfer will not be allowed. If there had been anything irregular in this notice, and if the French Company had sustained any damage in consequence, they had their remedy in the Belgian Courts; and that no similar cause of complaint might arise for the future, a law was made defining in unmistakeable terms the limits within which such purchases could be made. But of any injury done to the Eastern of France Company we hear nothing. The commercial element suddenly disappears from the transaction, and the French Government takes it up, not as a wrong done to a particular body of French subjects, but as an exhibition of distrust on the part of Belgium. The motive of this sudden sensitiveness is the first problem which has been submitted to Europe in connexion with the Franco-Belgian dispute. By the force of diplomatic pressure, or the want of diplomatic support, M. FRÈRE ORBAN was induced to present himself at Paris. If the French Ministers thought that on their own ground they would have an easy victory over their guest, they were soon disappointed. He had shown his elasticity by consenting to negotiate; he now showed his firmness by refusing to negotiate on any terms which involved a ratification by the Belgian Government of the contracts they had set aside in the first instance. Here arises the second problem. Have M. ROUHER and the EMPEROR been acting in concert all along, the former taking the lead as long as there was any probability of M. FRÈRE ORBAN being brought to submission, and the latter being only called upon when some new agency was required to get M. ROUHER out of difficulty? Or has the EMPEROR so far withdrawn from politics that he ordinarily leaves the whole conduct of affairs to the MINISTER of STATE, and only rouses himself from his indifference when it is more than usually clear that things have been mismanaged? Probabilities point in some degree to this latter explanation. The initial dispute with Belgium was hardly of a kind which NAPOLEON III. would have been likely to get involved in of his own mere motion. Unsuccessful as his foreign policy has been, it has not on the whole

been devoid of a certain theatrical dignity. To bridle the ambition of Russia, to create a federal Italy, to found a Latin Empire in the New World, to secure the independence of the Pontifical throne—these are all objects which, whatever may have been the reasons that really recommended them to their author, at least admitted of being presented in attractive colours. But an obvious determination to pick a quarrel with Belgium, unless she consents to a concession as inconsistent with her neutrality as with her independence, has no such superficial merits. The designs to which it points are as mean as they are mischievous, and in this respect even his enemies will admit that they are not properly characteristic of NAPOLEON III. If this hypothesis be correct, a new element of uncertainty is introduced into the foreign relations of France. All calculations based on the supposed disposition of the EMPEROR may be falsified if his policy is ordinarily dictated by the Minister of the hour, with the possibility of its being reversed at the last moment by the direct action of the Sovereign. It must be admitted, however, that the supposition is surrounded with great improbabilities. It is hard to believe that the crusade of the semi-official press against Belgium could have failed to attract the EMPEROR's attention, even if it had been commenced without his orders, or that M. ROUHER would have committed the Government so positively to the maintenance of the railway contracts without first ascertaining the Imperial pleasure on the subject. The most that can be said in behalf of the theory is that it is not more inconsistent with the character of NAPOLEON III. than the alternative explanation.

As far as the peace of Europe is concerned, it is greatly to be wished that this view of what has happened may be borne out by future events. In that case we may fairly hope that we have heard the last of the dispute. If the interview of the EMPEROR with M. FRÈRE ORBAN, and the sudden change of front which followed upon it, were really the first-fruits of his looking into the subject for himself, there can hardly be the same field for Ministerial mismanagement that there was before the EMPEROR had interfered. If, on the other hand, this theory has no foundation in fact, there is every reason to fear that the danger is only postponed. The action of the French Government can only be regarded as harmless on the assumption that there has been no unity of purpose at the bottom of it. If there has been this unity—if the men who have now suddenly lowered their flag, and professed themselves happy to promote those economic interests with which they are "exclusively occupied" by the means suggested by M. FRÈRE ORBAN, are the same who determined in the first instance to support the demands of the Eastern of France Company, and let loose the semi-official press upon Belgium—their retreat need imply nothing more than a conviction that the time has not come for carrying out their designs to advantage. The terms of the compromise recorded in the Protocol afford no warrant that the original pretensions of the French Government may not be revived hereafter. It will be easy to discover, at any stage of the inquiry which may be convenient, that the commercial necessities of France—nay, of Belgium, if properly understood—require a more thorough fusion of the Great Luxemburg and the Eastern of France lines than can be obtained while they are in the hands of separate Companies. If the Imperial designs have reference to something else than the expansion, legitimate or illegitimate, of economic interests, the mixed Commission will be found an admirable apparatus for keeping the Belgian question hot.

MR. BRIGHT.

MR. BRIGHT'S late speech on Irish land tenure was open to criticism on several grounds, inasmuch as it tended to excite dangerous hopes, while it was scarcely consistent with official loyalty and discipline. The experiment of selling lands in small parcels to actual occupiers involves neither a violation of economic principles nor an interference with the rights of property. The scheme, as it was first proposed, was to be applied to the estates of the great absentee owners, who were to be tempted by the offer of a premium beyond the actual value of their estates. It was doubtful whether the best and richest landlords in Ireland would be disposed to sell, and it is but fair to admit that Mr. BRIGHT never suggested the employment of compulsion. The Irish Church lands supply the means of carrying out the project, and Mr. GLADSTONE intimates his intention of giving Mr. BRIGHT the opportunity of establishing a specimen body of petty freeholders. As small purchasers are generally willing to pay high prices, the proposed mode of sale will not be detrimental to the public interest. If the buyers are really occupying farmers, able and willing to retain their freeholds, their example may perhaps be followed by degrees when other lands come into the market. Nearly all writers on the condition of Ireland assert that small freeholds will be underlet and subdivided, with the result of causing excessive population and extreme distress. The present wretchedness of the country is largely owing to the long leases of the last century, which deprived the owner of all control over the land. In the present day small properties, when they are sold, generally pass into the hands of the traders in the towns, who drive the hardest possible bargains with the tenants; yet it is possible that the simultaneous creation of a considerable number of small freehold holdings might tend to discourage ulterior subdivision. It would be desirable, if it were practicable, to attach a part of the population to the soil by any legitimate method. A freeholder who had bought his property with hard money would effectually unlearn any respect which he might previously have cherished for chimerical titles of two or three hundred years ago, or for prospective rights to be acquired by rebellion and confiscation. There would be little objection to any supplementary machinery of loans and repayments by which sales to small freeholders might be facilitated; but Mr. GLADSTONE would require a check on his tendency to deduce arbitrary results from ingenious combinations of figures. As long as Mr. LOWE presides at the Exchequer, there will be no reason to fear that Treasury loans will be surreptitiously converted into gifts.

Mr. BRIGHT'S policy, as far as it has been disclosed, is not incompatible with his pledges that any measure which he proposes or supports will be in accordance with the laws of political economy; but his speech in the Irish debate was certain to be understood as conveying an entirely opposite meaning. It is an inevitable inconvenience of public discussion that everything is overheard. A speech on land tenure which conveys to the Irish peasantry a false or mischievous impression is not justified even by intrinsic soundness. When Mr. BRIGHT dwelt on the expediency or necessity of giving the Irish farmers a permanent interest in the soil, he ought to have remembered that his words would be accepted as arguments for the expropriation of the landlords. The popular demand is not for an opportunity of purchasing from willing vendors, but for a fee simple of the land to be conferred on the actual occupiers, subject perhaps to an immutable quitrent. Mr. BRIGHT'S words have probably by this time been circulated throughout Ireland as a proof that a chief member of the Government admits the justice of the claims of the tenant-farmers. The qualifying words which may have been used, either in the speech itself or on former occasions, will be carefully forgotten; nor will the tone and temper which gave significance to Mr. BRIGHT'S language tend in any way to discourage popular delusion. In answer to a petulant opponent, Mr. BRIGHT repeated his former assertion that, if Ireland were removed to the other side of the Atlantic, the grievance of the present tenure of land would be summarily abolished. As if for the purpose of giving unnecessary offence, he added the explanation that he assumed, in his imaginary reform, the admission of Ireland into the American Union. There is no doubt that in the supposed case the country would be at once relieved of the burden of landlords, but not by their voluntary cession in exchange for the money value of their property If the land of Ireland ought to belong to the occupiers, and if it is desirable that the transfer should be effected as if Ireland were removed two thousand miles to the West, it seems to follow that summary and violent confiscation would be the proper remedy for Irish evils. ROBIN HOOD would have welcomed an admission of his right to kill the King's deer, and he would have wholly disregarded a condition that he should pay twenty-five years' purchase for the manorial rights of Sherwood Forest. It is especially incumbent on statesmen who advocate any portion of the claims of the Irish peasantry to define the limits of the concessions which they approve, and to abstain from vague and angry declamation.

It is a fair subject of inquiry whether, to use Lord SALISBURY'S language, "the views of Irish policy said to "have been expressed by the PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF "TRADE are to be taken as the views of the Cabinet;" and also whether the members of the Government object to Mr. BRIGHT'S assumption of an external and independent position. There is no reason to suppose that he is intentionally disloyal to his colleagues, nor has he on ordinary occasions caused any embarrassment by proclaiming extreme views; but a Minister who announces for the next Session an important measure, which has never been approved by the Cabinet, infringes the conditions of joint political action. Lord JOHN RUSSELL on more than one occasion compromised the Administration of which he was the head by sudden and unauthorized declarations; but a Prime Minister possesses exceptional privileges, and tacit acquiescence in his proposals is

equivalent to a ratification. When Mr. BRIGHT spoke of an Irish Land Bill, he probably forgot for the moment that he was a Minister, and intended to commit no one but himself. A popular leader, who has been accustomed during his whole career to rely implicitly on his own judgment, is slow in familiarizing himself with official restrictions and scruples. If Mr. BRIGHT had been admitted to office twenty years ago he would have been more amenable to conventional rules. It is not impossible that he may hereafter feel the limitations on his independent action to be too irksome, or that his colleagues may find it necessary to dissolve the present connexion; but the Government would be seriously weakened by his secession, from whatever cause it might proceed. Unmanageable politicians cause least trouble when their movements can be partially hampered; and even if Mr. BRIGHT'S aid were less valuable to the Government, it is of the greatest importance to avoid his opposition. The PRIME MINISTER perhaps finds in Mr. BRIGHT'S strong opinions a support against the more timid and backward section of the Cabinet. Although it was necessary to disavow the future Irish Land Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE assented to the suggestion that the Irish Church property should be, in part at least, applied to the purposes of Mr. BRIGHT'S experiment. He was perhaps not deeply shocked by the exhibition of a rhetorical rashness of which he has himself furnished many examples. Liberal orators enjoy a great advantage over their opponents in the popularity which rewards their most extravagant utterances. A Conservative exaggeration almost always damages the party, while a concession to popular prejudice or cupidity is eagerly accepted by the multitude.

Mr. BRIGHT'S occasional eccentricities naturally encourage sanguine opponents in the hope that the Government may sooner or later split asunder from internal dissensions, and such a result may probably occur when the Irish Church question is disposed of; but its importance may be easily overrated. Unless the supposed rupture leaves Mr. GLADSTONE on one side and Mr. BRIGHT on the other, the compactness of the present majority will scarcely be disturbed. Whatever may be the ability of other members, or the soundness of their political principles, they have no independent hold on the Liberal constituencies. Members were pledged at the hustings, not to support any general principles or any shifting party, but to vote for Mr. GLADSTONE; and, as long as the PRIME MINISTER commands the confidence of an electoral majority, he may, like JUPITER in the Iliad, defy the united resistance of the other denizens of Olympus. A breach with Mr. BRIGHT would create a suspicion that Mr. GLADSTONE was relapsing into moderate opinions. Other members of the Cabinet would be simply denounced as seceders if they refused to follow their chief. Mr. BRIGHT is probably conscious of his power; and as he is personally indifferent to the possession of office, he has nothing to fear from any assumption of independence. It would be too much to expect that in dealing with dangerous questions he should, for the first time in his political life, practise a statesmanlike reticence. Having always relied on the power of numbers, Mr. BRIGHT inadequately appreciates the inconvenience of popular agitation; yet he ought to know that the adoption of his own policy would leave many hopes and demands unsatisfied in Ireland. When some thousands of freeholders are settled in their possessions, demagogues will still remind their followers that other great estates might be subdivided into desirable holdings. The benefits to be derived from annexation to the United States are singular topics for an English Minister to dwell on, in a speech which is virtually addressed to the disaffected classes in Ireland. If Mr. BRIGHT'S conduct as a Minister is not entirely satisfactory to moderate politicians, their censure ought to be wholly unattended by surprise.

THE ST. JAMES'S HALL DEMONSTRATION.

ON the 6th of May, 1868, a grand Church and State Defence Demonstration was held in St. James's Hall; on the 3rd of May, 1869, an equally strong Demonstration was held in the same place against the Irish Church Bill, and for much the same purpose, but with a very considerable difference. Last year an Archbishop of CANTERBURY presided; this year the excellent Lord HARROWBY was in the chair. In 1868 the Archbishop of YORK announced, amidst frantic cheers, that "we in the House of Lords should know how to "deal with the Bill if it ever came up to us." We do not find that either the Archbishop of YORK or any English Bishop was present at Monday's Demonstration, though the Irish Archbishops attended. When Drs. LONGLEY, THOMSON, and TAIT are superseded by Lord FITZWALTER and Mr. S. S. HARPUR, we are in a position to estimate the prospects of the cause which is so significantly deserted and so significantly maintained. First, let us observe what the meeting was. Appropriately it claimed to be a demonstration. But "demonstrate" is an equivocal term; its meanings are, as the dictionaries tell us, first, to show or make evident by reasoning, to prove by inductive or deductive process, to establish so as to exclude possibility of doubt or denial; and secondly, to exhibit and to show publicly. The first and most important sense of a demonstration the meeting of Monday did not aim at. The secondary sense we frankly admit that the speakers very fully illustrated. There can be no question that they made a very decided exhibition of themselves and their sentiments. It is a real relief to certain minds, if minds they can be called, to have their say. Ladies, we all know, some of us by experience, feel it to be their duty to have it out with their feelings, and to give it to their enemies or husbands, as they say. The important "it" shows how unimportant the thing said is considered, the process of saying it being the prime object of the surcharged orator, or, as the Americans call her, the oratress. Few can be so hard-hearted as to deny to the sufferer from accumulated ill-temper the physical relief of discharging the unpleasant secretions. We accord, because we cannot help it, even to Mr. GLADSTONE, the luxury of making twenty speeches all about himself in ten days; why should not Lord FITZWALTER have his little hour in a room which he pays for, and with an audience which he has taken care should be entirely of his own way of thinking? Nobody can deny the St. James's Hall speakers their pleasant pastime of having it all out; but the question remains whether those who seriously object to the Government measure on rational grounds, whether those who still cling with the desperate tenacity of logical politicians to the principles of PITT and the present Lord GREY, and Earl RUSSELL when he was a Minister, have any reason to be thankful to Monday's demonstrators. Just as Mr. NEWDEGATE thinks that Mr. WHALLEY is a disguised Jesuit, the suspicion will be raised that Lord FITZWALTER and Mr. HARPUR are secret emissaries of Archbishops CULLEN and MANNING. We have a reason for saying so.

Some of the speakers, at any rate, cannot be charged with having no policy, though Lord HARROWBY consoles himself with the cold comfort that Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority lacks cohesion, and is already going through a process of disintegration. We do not grudge his amiable Lordship the consolation which he feels from this discovery, confronted as it is, and one would think neutralized, by an inspection of the daily divisions in the Commons. Nor, again, do we care to disturb the complacency of another speaker, who proposes to move for a new trial, and assures himself that "when the issue is fairly put to the "country the QUEEN'S people will give their verdict against "the most unscrupulous, the most unconstitutional, and the "most dangerous Minister who ever lived." But these reflections on the present state of things are not of a very practical sort; when Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority of a hundred melts away, and when, after another general election, Mr. DISRAELI resumes office with an overwhelming majority, we shall of course be all right. But till these things come to pass, those who look forward to this happy consummation have no very practical policy to propose. Those who followed Lord HARROWBY cannot be charged, however, with being unpractical. Mr. J. C. COLQUHOUN, we are glad to find, has a definite scheme to deal with the present distress; so has Mr. G. S. HARPUR. Here, at any rate, is something which looks like business. Mr. COLQUHOUN, calmly and with historic eye scanning the situation, finds his precedent and his good omens in the great English Revolution of 1688. The last of the STUART Kings, backed by the power of Rome, and animated by the treasonable purpose of destroying the laws, liberties, and Protestantism of England, is faithfully reproduced by Queen VICTORIA, acting under the advice of Mr. GLADSTONE and his majority—"the most daring and "desperate band of men the country has seen since the times "of JAMES II." Like evils must be met by like remedies. We must rewrite the annals of 1688. As the Seven Bishops, the Oxford Doctors, and the Convention Parliament won the battle of English liberties and dethroned the Popish tyrant, so now "the people of England, led by the peers against "prejudice, against passion, against conspirators, and against "Rome, will assuredly win the day." Some elements of the parallel Mr. COLQUHOUN omits. He does not tell us who is to take the leading part in this new Revolution of WILLIAM the DELIVERER. The drama is neatly cast, but who is to play HAMLET? Where is the Dutch fleet and army to come from?

We can always make sure of another Protestant wind while Mr. Colquhoun's blasts of eloquence are forthcoming; but, on looking over the thrones of Europe, we have some difficulty in fixing upon the living Protestant hero who is to reproduce William of Orange. If the right man were to land next week in Torbay, with the avowed intention of resettling the national Protestantism and expelling Mr. Gladstone from Downing Street, we make no doubt that he would have as easy a march of it as the Prince of Orange had from Exeter to Whitehall; but who is the coming hero of Protestantism? *Exoriare aliquis* is Mr. Colquhoun's prayer. But where is the *aliquis* to come from? Will Mr. J. C. Colquhoun himself take the part? Or is he, like some of the Somerses and other statesmen of those old Revolution days, actually in correspondence with some of the unemployed and discrowned regalities on the Continent to come over and help us against the traitorous Gladstone and his Jesuit Confessors? Is there now, as then, a band of seven great Lords who, as in the old time, are ready to send an invitation to the Deliverer? The Earl of Harrowby, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Bristol, the Lord Longford, the Lord Fitzwalter, and the Archbishop of Armagh seven good men and true at St. James's Hall—can they be the revival in the flesh, by some fortunate metempsychosis, of the famous Seven who conspired against James II. in the cloisters of Bisham Abbey? In a word, is another Glorious Revolution impending? Are we in for another battle of the Boyne? It looks like it, for the siege of Derry may already be said to have commenced, and the Bishop of Cork is quite equal to Walker.

Not that Mr. J. C. Colquhoun stands alone in these genial aspirations for another civil war. Mr. S. S. Harpur says openly, that "if this Bill were carried, the people of Ireland "would be justified in throwing off the yoke of this country"; and he asks, with significant derision, "whether the people of "England are so strong that she can dispense with a million "and a half of able arms and willing hearts?" As far as we understand this alarming threat, it means that the Ulster and other Irish Protestants, whose cipher we suppose amounts to this million and a half, are panting for rebellion. So, on the other hand, are too many of the Roman Catholics. If the Bill is passed, says Mr. Harpur, the Protestants ought to throw off the English yoke; if the Bill is not passed, say other people, the Papists will on the other hand be justified by throwing off the English yoke. Either way we are in for a civil war, which is a consoling thought, and which evidently is balm and oil to Mr. Harpur. We see but one way out of the Irish difficulty, which, exactly because it is impossible, is most suited to the Irish emergency. What if it could be so managed that both factions should be gratified by the excuse for rebellion, revolution, civil war, and bloodshed which they want? Let them both throw off the yoke; let both Fenians and Protestants hoist the standard of independence. We should for some reasons be glad to take these windy talkers at their word. The end would be the catastrophe, on a larger scale, of the Kilkenny cats; and we are not so sure that we in England should be the losers. With one serious word we dismiss this flatulent Demonstration. The trials to which the Irish Church is now subjected demand, if not the reverence, at least the sympathy, of those who have doomed it; but its worst enemies could not find a better justification for the severity with which it is treated than in the language of some of the St. James's Hall demonstrators, or, if we are to take Mr. Harpur as their type, these empty conspirators.

GERMAN CATHOLICISM AND THE COUNCIL.

II.

After dwelling on the real nature of the proposed dogma of Papal infallibility, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* proceeds to indicate its consequences, theological, ecclesiastical, and political. There will be an end of all laborious study either of Scripture or Church tradition, for who need waste time on it when any question can receive an infallible answer by telegraph in two or three hours? Theologians will have to devote their ingenuity not to unravelling the antiquated tomes of Prophets, Apostles, and Fathers, but to the interpretation of Papal Bulls; for it has happened before now that the place of a comma in one of these infallible documents (Pius V.'s Bull against Baius) has led to endless disputes. They will have a still harder task in reconciling the manifold contradictions of these oracular responses with each other and with themselves. It may suffice here to remind theological readers of the theory and practice of re-ordination according to Pope Formosus; the conflicting Papal decrees on infant communion; that fatal *crux theologorum*, Eugenius's IV.'s instruction to the Armenians on the Sacraments, which by direct implication upsets the validity of every ordination in Christendom for the first twelve centuries, and therefore of course of all since; of Paul IV.'s Bull, *Cum ex apostolatus officio*; of the contrary decisions of Nicolas III. and John XXII.; of Clement's VII.'s Bull *Unigenitus*, and the precisely opposite decisions of Benedict XIII. and Benedict XIV.; not to dwell here on the condemnation of the infallible Honorius for heresy by three infallible Councils, which Mr. Rénouf roused the fury of the Ultramontane press in England last summer by exposing with incisive accuracy. Nor is the significance of the new dogma less momentous in a social and political sense. For with the assertion of Papal infallibility all former decrees of Popes wake into inextinguishable life. *Nullum tempus occurrit Ecclesiæ*, and even in 1805, when the Papacy might seem to be at its lowest ebb of political influence, Pius VII. would only say that "the holy maxims of his predecessors against heretical monarchs" could not at that time be opportunely appealed to. Their operation was merely suspended for awhile for the sins of men. It must, therefore, be remembered that from Gregory VII. downwards the Popes have explicitly claimed full authority by Divine right over all temporal governments. The famous Bull of Boniface VIII., *Unam Sanctam*, claims for the Pope possession of "the two swords," and absolute superiority over all princes and peoples; kings can only exercise their authority *ad nutum et patientiam sacerdotis*, and in accordance with the Papal will. Fénélon says this Bull was the cause of Louis XIV.'s assertion of the Gallican Liberties. Its immediate result was the appeal of Philip the Fair, whom Boniface excommunicated, to a future General Council, and the secession to Avignon. But if the Pope be infallible, this and a host of similar doctrines are laws of eternal truth. And at Rome they are so regarded. A curious illustration of this may be given, which is not generally known. There is a letter from M. Puysieux, addressed under date of July 22, 1609, to the French ambassador at Rome, preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, from which it appears that James I. wrote to Paul V. offering to recognise his spiritual primacy and re-unite the English Church to Rome on condition only of his disclaiming political sovereignty over kings. The offer was promptly and peremptorily rejected.

Nor is this all. Not only the deposing power, but the persecution and murder of heretics, the Inquisition, the dispensation of the nearest degrees of kinship, will be raised into sacred principles. Urban II. authorized the murder of any excommunicated person; Innocent III. directed the horrible Albigensian crusade; Alexander III. declared the adultery of a priest to be a minor sin not deserving even temporary suspension; Clement VII. and others claimed authority to absolve sovereigns from all obligations or oaths to their subjects; Henry IV. of Castile was dispensed to marry a second wife during the life of the first, on account of her being childless, but, if no children were born to the second within a fixed period, was to return to the first; Urban V. gave Casimir the Great of Poland a dispensation for his marriage to his cousin, Hedwig, though his second wife, Adelaide of Hesse, was still living; Alexander VI. and Julius II., those bright models of sanctity, allowed Alexander, King of Poland, to put away his wife, because she remained in communion with the Greek Church, and this against his express oath not to interfere with her religion, at the time of their marriage; Clement VI. granted an indulgence to the Kings of France allowing them and their successors to break *any oath they might find it inconvenient to keep* (*quæ vos et illi servare commode non possetis*), with the exception of vows of chastity and vows "to the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul"—that is, to the Holy See. All these Popes were alike infallible. Interest, under the name of usury, has been again and again infallibly condemned as sinful. The manifold complications of this doctrine of infallibility have led the Jesuits, who invented it, to extemporize the ingenious but arbitrary distinction between the Pope's statements *ex cathedrâ* and his statements as a private doctor, so that any inconvenient decree might be got rid of for the nonce by relegating it to the second category. But the defence is suicidal, for the endless quarrels as to what are the true criteria of an *ex cathedrâ* judgment reduce infallibility to an empty name. According to the moderate school of Ultramontanes—which Dr. Newman, in the *Apologia*, seems to support—the Pope has perhaps spoken infallibly some half-dozen times in history at the outside, and then only to say "what any good Catholic, of fair abilities, though unlearned, would say himself, from common and sound sense, if the matter could be put before him." According to the thoroughgoing and more consistent Ultramontanes, represented by the *Civiltà* at Rome and the *Dublin Review* in England, there is a perennial stream, not to say torrent, of infallibility which never runs dry at the Vatican, and the present Pope alone has added many volumes of infallible teaching on all sorts of matters to the inherited faith of Christendom. In short, any one possessed of a well-indexed collection of Papal pronouncements could put his finger in five minutes on the infallible answer to almost any question of intellectual or practical interest, putting aside pure mathematics, and, with certain important reserves, physical science. It would be well to burn all other books, like the Caliph who is said to have burnt the Alexandrian Library, for all which contradict the Papal decisions are pernicious, and all which agree with them are useless.

These, then, are some of the inevitable results of the definition of Papal infallibility which the Jesuits hope to extract from the approaching Council, acting under inspiration of the Holy Ghost and the *Civiltà Cattolica*. The mass of immoralities

and contradictions which such a principle would evoke into new life from the past is portentous enough, and naturally presents itself with peculiar force to the historical genius of the German mind. But there is in fact a readier test for gauging

in the very passage quoted in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The last
ope was the Encyclical and Syllabus of 1864, and this long string of propositions *de omni scibili*, all good Catholics, according to the *Civiltà*, hope to see expressly received and promulgated by the Council. The motive for this desire is obvious enough. The Syllabus contains, among other things, a recapitulation, in studiously unmistakeable language, of all the most extravagant claims and most obnoxious doctrines propounded by former Popes. To attempt to carry out its principles would be to revolutionize, not only the whole fabric of Christian society, but the deepest instincts of the Christian moral sense. An ingenious lady once suggested that theological controversies might be summarily disposed of by transferring the negative from the Commandments to the Creeds. We do not say that the Syllabus exactly does this; but to accept it *ex animo* would certainly oblige us to believe—what many Popes have taught by act as well as word—that in a vast number of cases treachery, oppression, and falsehood are preferable to their opposites. The "interests of the Church"—that is, the immediate aims of a well-drilled hierarchical police—would become the ruling standard of right and wrong. And when those aims could be most effectively promoted, as has frequently happened, by force or fraud, we should have to witness with admiring acquiescence a repetition of the policy of the forged Decretals and the Albigensian massacres. All would alike be shielded from criticism or resistance under the broad ægis of Papal infallibility. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, after observing that the Syllabus would saddle the Church with "a large number of new doctrines hitherto unknown or constantly opposed, which would only be the first fruits of a rich crop of similar innovations in the future," proceeds to examine in detail the bearings of some of these 80 supplementary articles of the Creed, which must be believed on pain of damnation. One proposition (24) rules that the Church has "*temporal* power, both direct and indirect, and the right of using compulsion"—that is, the right to inflict civil and corporal punishment; or, as the Jesuit Schrader puts it, "Not only souls, but bodies, are subject to the power of the Church," and she may punish heretics with confiscation, imprisonment, the galleys, or the stake. The Church—that is, the Pope—is supreme over all earthly sovereigns, and, according to Schrader, no Popes have ever exceeded, or indeed can exceed, the just limits of their power. It follows, therefore, that Martin IV. was right when he handed over the kingdom of Pedro of Aragon to the French because he asserted his hereditary claims in Sicily, and Clement IV., when, in 1265, he threatened the millions of South Italy, whom he had sold to the Duke of Anjou, with interdict if their King ever omitted the payment of his yearly tribute to the Papal treasury. For these are not exceptional but specimen cases, and are clearly covered by the terms of the Syllabus. Moreover, not only must our consciences be remodelled, but our histories rewritten, to harmonize with the new standard of belief. It has always been hitherto supposed, and stated in all books on civil or canon law, that the immunity of the clergy from the civil courts came in gradually by concession of the Roman Emperors and later sovereigns, and is thus matter of political and human origin. By proposition 30 of the Syllabus this will be made heresy. The *privilegium fori* is part of the Divine law. It will also be heresy to say—what all historical evidence from the twelfth to the sixteenth century goes to establish—that the extravagant claims of the Popes were one main cause of the schism of East and West. "All Catholic authors who are writing historical or juristic works had better take care to publish them before December 30, 1869 (when the three weeks' Council is to be over), for thenceforth only the Jesuits and their dancing dogs can safely meddle with such subjects." In propositions 77, 78, 79, the whole civil and social system of the modern world, and the rights of conscience, are absolutely condemned. Even to allow foreign Protestants the enjoyment of their worship in a Catholic country is wrong in principle, though it suits the interests of the Papal Government to violate the principle at Rome. Freedom of opinion and worship produces "profligacy and the pest of indifferentism" according to proposition 79. "We are therefore bound to believe that those peoples among whom these liberties are fully recognised—the Germans, the English, the French, the Belgians—are the most profligate of men, while the Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Romans, who enjoy, or did enjoy till lately, the full blessings of religious intolerance, are conspicuous examples of virtue." The testimony of our eyes, as well as the testimony of conscience, reason, and history, must be sacrificed to the infallible Pope. The last proposition condemns the damnable error of those who think "the Pope should reconcile himself with modern civilization," to which Russia and the States of the Church form the solitary exceptions in Europe.

No doubt the modern principles of freedom and self-government are in glaring antagonism to the entire recent course of Roman ecclesiastical policy. "For centuries the hierarchical system has been more and more building itself up into a rigid oligarchical absolutism, and a constantly developing bureaucratic centralization has gradually killed out the life of the ancient Church in its harmonious disposition of parts and synodical self-government, or at least reduced it to an empty form." The whole spirit of modern life is at direct issue with Ultramontanism, and the close interdependence of Church and State on one another, under whatever system of established or unestablished Churches, cannot fail to bring them into sharp collision. The Ultramontane hatred of all free institutions is, therefore, a logical and inevitable corollary of their creed. Innocent III. emphatically condemned Magna Charta, "the honourable source and mother of all European Constitutions," pronouncing it null and void, and excommunicating the Barons who obtained it. The seed there sown has grown into a mighty tree, overshadowing half the civilized world; and as Innocent, in 1215, cursed the root, so his feebler successor, in 1868, cursed as "an unspeakable abomination" one of its youngest branches in the free Constitution of Austria. Yet this same pontiff, a few years ago, asked if he might not find a refuge, when driven from his own city, in this very England, the mother of these "demoralizing" principles of liberty! And so his partisans in this country, and notably their spiritual head, are constantly using and appealing to, for their own purposes, that very freedom of speech which, if they believe a word of what they teach, it will be their first duty to gag, should they ever get the power. Let it not be thought that this is a mere matter of formal professions, which those who make them only regard as a decent concession to the requirements of ecclesiastical etiquette, and would never dream of acting on. The abstract duty of persecution is openly advocated by all the leading spokesmen of the party, both in this country and abroad, though they are of course obliged to let it lie in abeyance till better times. It is distinctly laid down in a volume of essays published under Archbishop Manning's editorship, and reviewed in our columns two years ago. It is habitually defended in its fullest sense by the writers in the *Dublin Review*, and if they have not yet quite attained to M. Veuillot's magnificent capabilities of cursing, it is abundantly clear, from the tone of their arrogant abuse, that they only lack opportunity to substitute for the semblance of argument the more effective reality of an *auto da fé*. "The *Civiltà* and its allies will say, what has been often said already since 1864, that the Church must practise a wise economy and conform to present circumstances, *but this submission or silence is only provisional*, and is chosen as the lesser of two evils." The moment circumstances change, their policy will change too, all oaths or engagements to the contrary notwithstanding, for such oaths have no binding force. Thus Innocent X., in his Bull of November 20, 1648, condemned the Westphalian Peace, which was based on the principle of toleration, as null and void, and declared that no one was bound by any oath he had taken to observe it; and Pius VI., in 1789, renewed this censure in a letter addressed to the German archbishops. These "holy maxims," as Pius VII. called them, are not dead, but slumber for awhile. The Jesuits bide their time.

There is, indeed, one section of Ultramontanes who think any return to the happy reign of fire and faggot so hopeless that they anticipate a speedy end of this blind and God-forsaken world. Their views found expression, some years ago, in a pastoral of Cardinal Reisach's, then Archbishop of Munich, who was inspired by his Vicar-General, since dead—one of the very few men of ability the party has produced; but the larger and more influential section of Ultramontanes, and the Jesuits at their head, look for a thousand years' reign of Christ, that is, of the Popes, in more than mediæval power. And they expect this reign to be ushered in by the proclamation of Papal infallibility and the Syllabus at the ensuing Council. "Archbishop Manning, who has taken up the theory with the red-hot zeal of a convert, has announced that, when the new dogma is proclaimed, there will be a tempest for the moment, and then a great calm, and the Church will bask in a continual sunshine." Men will burn what they adored, and adore what they burnt, and all that has hitherto been regarded with distrust or aversion will be seen in its true light, and reverently accepted as the work and deed of God's infallible Vicar, the pure exhibition of eternal holiness and truth. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* thinks Dr. Manning may in one sense be right. There may be an external calm, but the principle, *credo quia absurdum*, finds no inner response in the heart of modern Europe. And it is with the mind as with the body; you may cram it till nausea and vomiting is the result. Niebuhr remarked long ago that it was no wonder so many Italians were Atheists, considering the impossibilities they are required to believe as part of the Gospel; and the proclamation of Papal infallibility would extend the terrible alternative from Italy to the Roman Catholic world. "A deep and permanent weakening of all belief throughout Catholic nations would be the immediate result of the decree, and opponents without and within the Church would point with triumphant scorn to this first consequence of exalting the caprice of the *Curia* above the traditions of the Church. As a companion picture to the *Concilium Latronum* of 449 we should be able to point to the *Concilium Adulatorum* of 1869—a Synod of Sycophants who smile away the truth instead of a Synod of Robbers who trample it to death."

TRICKS OF SPEECH AND MANNER.

THE vagaries of habit are a never-ending source of perplexed inquiry. How comes it that people fall into the queer habits, the tricks of speech and action, that distinguish them, often so disadvantageously, and divert our attention at critical or wrong times from what they say and do to the manner of their saying and doing it? There are people who, deliberately and through

affectation, never let themselves alone; but we speak of those illustrators of the rapidity of the mind's action adduced by Locke, who by custom have acquired some eccentric action or got the use of a by-word, and in almost every sentence pronounce words which, though taken notice of by others, they themselves neither hear nor observe. The most opposite temperaments and degrees of intelligence fall into these habits—the impatient and the apathetic, the stupid and the intellectual, the great and the insignificant. Is there any common link to account for these awkwardnesses when we see them? for awkward they always are. We are not now concerned with legitimate traits of manner or character, but with abnormal excrescences and developments.

Without pretending to discover the reason for this exceptional deportment, some general distinctions are, we think, observable; as, for instance, that, where thought is rapid, it is the body which is set in uncongenial motion—where slow, the tongue is the offender. The abstract thinker has not tricks of speech, but of action; some independent and inappropriate movement betrays the theorist; as though the body, indignant at being forgotten, were for setting up business on its own account. While the mind pursues its speculations, the body paces uneasily to and fro, fitfully and without purpose, guided by some under-current of volition entirely outside consciousness or control. A man of this stamp will walk miles in an argument, or unfolding an idea, and at the end be unaware that he has ever left his chair. In the apathetic and sluggish temperament thought is accompanied by sedentary performances, twirling of thumbs—the conventional sign of Quaker stagnation—jerks, spasmodic quiverings or monotonous involuntary motions of knee and instep. Tricks of speech are surely *not* characteristic of vigorous thought in any form. The by-word is adopted as a stop-gap while reflection and memory drag. Facility and rapidity of utterance are very apt to slip into tricks. The mind cannot keep up with the tongue, which will not willingly, and indeed cannot, arrest its flow till the lingering idea come up.

Though, of course, all tricks may be pronounced ill-bred, though the fine gentleman and lady are incapable of them, and it is part of a polite education to subdue the demeanour into graceful sympathy with every occasion, yet high rank offers some of the most marked and curious illustrations of the bad habits we speak of. Kings, especially sticklers for prerogative, are notable examples of this. Walter Scott has given us the portrait of James I., grotesque in his involuntary awkwardness, toddling, hitching his chair, and fumbling his points and ribbons; and Peter Pindar made capital out of George III.'s well-known trick of senseless iteration. As in the scene at Whitbread's, where the King, upon being informed that the dray horses eat grains as well as hay and corn, exclaims:—

> "Grains, grains," said Majesty, "to fill their crops?
> Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—
> Yes; hops, hops, hops!"

And further, being reverently set right by the loyal brewer:—

> "True," said the cautious monarch, with a smile,
> "From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."
> "Yes," with the sweetest smile rejoined the brewer,
> "An't please Your Majesty, you did, I'm sure!"
> "Yes," answered Majesty, with quick reply,
> "I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I"—

These are privileged eccentricities. Courts and courtiers only know them in royal and imperial personages. The exigencies of society are too pressing for lesser mortals. Tricks are ungraceful tokens of freedom, whether from the trammels of careful rigid training or from the demands of the hour. An original mind—a genius—will scarcely be without some singular or inelegant badge of emancipation from custom; nor will the dreaming wool-gatherer. In both there is sure to be an absence of exact accord between body and spirit. We do not observe tricks where these are in perfect understanding; where the outer frame is the attentive handmaid of a clear, but not too imperious or exacting intelligence; where each may be said to be conscious of the other. Where the mind is present to the scene around it, is not tempted to reverie, does not occupy itself on ideas which outstep the capacity of tongue, eyes, and limbs to express after their fashion, there is propriety and often grace. The thinker and philosopher on the one hand, and the absent, the slow, the dull on the other, are the natural victims of unreasonable movements, antics, set smiles, vacant irrelevant laughter, incoherent formulæ of words and unmeaning repetitions. In either case the body left to itself fills up gaps and vacuities by a pantomime of its own.

Not that all tricks are ungraceful; they may be simply perplexing. Hazlitt, taking a walk with Coleridge on their first acquaintance, observed that he continually crossed him on the way, shifting from one side of the footpath to the other. This at first struck him simply as an odd movement; afterwards he connected it with instability of purpose and involuntary change of principle. And in this way many tricks may be regarded as expressive. They are unmeaning for any present use, but a restless change of place or shifting from one leg to another, though betokening nothing to the purpose of the current topic, may indicate habitual vacillation or suspense of judgment; while the frowning scowl we sometimes see on good people, or the glittering grin which some faces show, while neither merry nor savage, from mere play of the muscles in the mind's abstraction, may betray an undreamt-of cynicism. Certain it is, whenever the face has an accidental ill trick of this sort, something sooner or later happens to account for it; that is, to any one on the watch for a reason.

The worst of tricks is that they exaggerate themselves in excitement when emotion or tragedy demands grandeur of action. Then the grinner grins with an added fierceness of impropriety, the biter of his nails gnaws the quick with a more terrible avidity, the thrummer and hummer, if the disease take a musical turn, thrums and hums with most distracting pertinacity. And whenever it is important that a man shall seem his best, there they betray him into more notable exhibitions. The curl or the moustache is tugged at more unrelentingly than ever, the legs writhed into more curious contortions, or turned and scrutinized with a more absorbed attention. We have heard of a preacher, accustomed in his cooler moments to fumble with his wristbands, who, in the pulpit, as he warmed to his subject and his ardour deepened, had a way of gradually baring his arms as far as linen and broadcloth would let him, till the climax found them naked to the elbow, prepared as it were to fight his congregation for the cause his eloquence had advocated.

Tricks of speech or action often characterize people who have risen into position or prominence by genius or good-fortune. This probably arises from a consciousness, more or less dim and unacknowledged, of unfitness for a new sphere. These words or actions began as the shelter and resource of shyness, which must be doing something immaterial while thought hesitates. This is a state in which habit will spread deep roots; the familiar phrase sinks into the man's very nature, and once firmly adopted is all but ineradicable. Wilkie had a trick of speech of this sort, which it is very improbable would have haunted him if he had remained in Scotland, and followed some humble calling. "Do you know," said Calcott to him, "that every one complains of your continued rea-al-ly?" Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, "Do they rea-al-ly?" "You must leave it off." "I will rea-al-ly." "For Heaven's sake don't go on repeating it," said Calcott; "for it annoys me." Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner, said, "Rea-al-ly!" In Wilkie's case, whose tongue was not his instrument, this peculiarity, as showing a simple nature, is not unpleasant. We think of him more as a painter since his genius, thought, and recollection all went into his art. But people who are not geniuses sometimes become intolerable to susceptible nerves from some unmeaning expletive having grown to their tongue's end as it were. And there is no phrase too futile to serve for every conversational purpose, when a weak head and a shy embarrassed manner have to make their way as they can amongst new people and scenes.

Even a harmless trick is to be avoided and guarded against; for, like snuff, it soon comes to be indispensable not only to comfort but to efficiency. The modern Greek, we are told, is not—or was not—himself, without his string of beads to pass between his fingers, and Madame de Staël used to be provided by her friends with a sprig of myrtle to assist her eloquence. We now and then see the most curious performances carried on by the fingers, while the thoughts are intently engaged in an interesting topic. We have known a stick of sealing-wax gradually reduced to a thread in the course of a discussion by a man who could not talk without some vent for his activities, and the contents of a lady's work-box cut into fragments in the course of converting her to his views. Whittling, the trick of the backwoodsman, so gigantic in its prevalence and its destructiveness, is a national characteristic suggestive of unbounded hyperbole to the local wit and humourist. Scott in his autobiography tells a story against himself illustrating his early perception of personal peculiarities. One boy was always above him in his class, and, do what he would, he could not pass him, till, observing him always fumbling at a lower button of his waistcoat as he answered a question, it occurred to him to cut it off on the sly. He watched with some anxiety for the result. The *ruse* answered only too well. When the boy was again questioned his fingers sought for the button; missing it, in his distress he looked down for it in vain. "He stood confounded," says the penitent aggressor. "I took his place, nor did he ever recover it, or suspect the author of his wrong." This story, however, tells two ways. Doubtless some bodily habits establish associations favourable to the memory, and quieting to irritability; the mischief is that the mind becomes dependent, and is stranded when cut off from the old moorings.

The twitchings which disturb some pleasant countenances with involuntary action may or may not be tricks, and therefore can only be hinted at. But the laugh which some persons indulge in must have been at some time under control, and is nothing else than a trick in its continuance beyond the occasion and singularity of intonation. Yet often such eccentricities are only outlets of an irrepressible originality, and perhaps there is not one of the friends or acquaintances we most value but has some distinction of the sort, not good or graceful in itself, but which becomes him, or at least is pleasant as lending a colour and characteristic to what we admire and value. It is a token of unconsciousness, and, it may be, of simplicity. So long as people have strong points to our mind, we like them to have an assailable side—one open to amused comment and good-natured derision. It is probable that we, as a nation, are subject to these little disorders. Free gesticulation is an outlet for superfluous activities, and a ready utterance and facile verbiage are a similar preservative from tricks of the tongue. Healthful bodily exercise, a life of sober, steady labour, generally exempts from them among ourselves. People who are busy with their limbs all the day can rest them in quiet. They will be awkward when called to unaccustomed exertion, but will not be habitually eccentric in movement. It requires an amount of leisure

and voluntary action to develop these singularities. The vacant open mouth, as much a trick as any other, belongs to no handicraft. It is seen in the girl who chooses to be idle mentally and bodily. The tricks of impatience and impetuosity are observed where labour is not compulsory, however congenial; in fact, tricks generally are an expressive, however ill and awkward, assertion of liberty of action, and began in some exercise of independence, in however unconscious defiance of convention.

MR. H. TAYLOR ON HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

MANY persons will be attracted by Mr. Taylor's name to an article in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine*. The cause of attraction will be the position and reputation of the writer. Mr. Taylor is known to the general world as the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*. To a smaller circle he is known—less favourably—as the author of the *Statesman*. To a still smaller circle, again, he is familiar as the real controller and director of the Colonial Office. While the outer world has been accustomed to regard Earls Grey, Russell, and Granville, or the Dukes of Newcastle and Buckingham, as the chiefs who moved and governed the Colonial Empire of Great Britain, the esoteric world has more accurately credited with this vast responsibility the poet who condescends to work a Greater Britain from a clerk's desk in Downing Street. That powers so ubiquitous and so vast should attract attention when exercised on a new field of speculation, is not wonderful. People like to contemplate the labours of an intellect which the supervision of forty colonies is insufficient either to exhaust or to satisfy. And to those who, like ourselves, find in Mr. Taylor an ally and a fellow-worker, the contemplation is doubly gratifying. The gratification is enhanced by the fact that there is, after all, not very much that is new in Mr. Taylor's paper, and that we have in our own humble way said nearly the same thing ourselves. If we ventured—only we do not venture—to criticize the virtual ruler of transmarine England, we might be so bold as to hint that the essay, with the majesty, combines also the obscurity, of genius. But we shrink from such audacity. Ought we not rather to be grateful when he emerges from the humble and unpretending station in which he pulls the wires of his department, and condescends to talk with us outer barbarians about our convicts and our felons, the ruffians who assail us in the streets, and the burglars who violate the tranquillity of our homes? We are grateful for his condescension, and more grateful for his help; and especially grateful for the elasticity of a department which allows its most important and hardly-worked officer to occupy himself with the ordinary cares of ordinary men.

We are pleased to find that Mr. Taylor repudiates the canting creed which proclaims its sympathy with the perpetrators, but has none with the victims, of crime He thus gets rid of the antecedent objection to life-long imprisonment in the case of hardened and oft-convicted criminals. He brings also before the mind, though perhaps with insufficient force and clearness, the reflection that every ruffian who has been but once convicted has wrought a huge amount of wrong and violence on innocent persons, for which he has never been brought to justice at all. And he shows that a hardened offender of the criminal class, even as it now is, does by his manifold kinds of crime, at one time light and at another heavy, often subject himself to imprisonment which is all but life-long in its duration. He illustrates this position by the biography of a Mr. Smith, who, within ten years, underwent periods of imprisonment amounting to seven years, and then was sentenced to six years more. Mr. Taylor's natural inference, and one which is confirmed by the experience of magistrates, gaolers, and policemen, is that these imprisonments are not deterrent, and that some more effective punishment remains to be devised. His theory is, that increasing lengths of imprisonment do not make a corresponding impression on the mind of the prisoner; and that, though he dreads a fifteen years' incarceration more than one of five years, he does not fully realize the respective magnitudes of the two. At least, we suggest that this is the true meaning of the mystic passage:—"It does not follow that computations of severity by duration are made in like manner with severity by differing intensities of immediate and paulo-post future inflictions." The upshot is, according to Mr. Taylor, that all the suffering represented by *penal* imprisonment beyond the shorter term is suffering thrown away. Twenty years are not more deterrent than ten, he says. But why does he stop at ten? why not say five, or two? Is he not here confounding two things—the temporary recklessness of the man who commits unpremeditated violence, and the proved inefficacy of certain punishments on habitual criminals? There are men who commit great crimes—murder, rape, and assaults approaching to murder—under circumstances which preclude all reflection at the moment of their commission. They are mad with drink, lust, or wrath, and they are incapable of thinking at all, while this *æstus* is on them. Would Mr. Taylor say that this fact would justify the curtailment of their punishment? It is usually cited by the opponents of capital punishment as fatal to the reasonableness of the extreme penalty. Would Mr. Taylor admit this argument? Would he not rather say that the deterrent effect of capital punishment is general, and that the fear of it regulates men's usual conduct, and moulds their ordinary habits, although it may fail to affect all men in an equal degree, or to exercise its normal sway under abnormal conditions? No man when he stabs another in a fray thinks of the gallows; but in how many men's minds is the commission of murder associated with a violent and ignominious retribution? How many men's conduct does not the horror of such an end insensibly modify? How many does it not wean from scenes and haunts of violence or intemperance? The fact is that there are men whom no punishment will deter either from grave or petty crimes. But as it would be unreasonable to abolish capital punishment because, despite of its terrors, men are still found to commit murder, so it would be unreasonable to limit penal imprisonment to its shortest term because certain criminals appear to be indifferent whether they are imprisoned for ten or for twenty years. For our part, we believe that only by a small portion of the really criminal population is this indifference either exhibited or felt. No one who has ever been present in a court of justice when a sentence of penal servitude for life has been passed on a prisoner can have failed to observe the stupefaction and dismay which fell upon the convicted man and his friends. And this should be borne in mind. It is not only by the possible criminal himself, but by his friends, associates, and kinsmen, that the deterrent effect of every punishment is felt. It is the knowledge of the disgrace which may be reflected on them by him that operates to shield a man from the temptations which induce to crime. Of course this reasoning does not apply with equal strength to the habitual criminal. But it applies to him in an inchoate state. It applies to him while he is tremblingly taking up the profession of crime. Imprisonment, its disgrace, its annoyances, the vexations and disgrace which it entails on his family and friends, all these are matters of reflection to the unhardened tyro. Other reflections come into the mind of the man who has deliberately chosen crime as a profession. And these reflections—we differ from Mr. Taylor in thinking—distinctly involve a comparative computation of the penal consequences which attach to different degrees of crime. Every man who is familiar with Assize Courts knows how often it is shown that the prisoner stopped short at a certain degree of violence in order to avoid a heavier penalty in the case of conviction. That all prisoners do not compare and compute in this way proves nothing against the longer periods of imprisonment. But the fact does suggest certain considerations on the nature of imprisonment. Mr. Taylor's view is that, in the case of criminals who have been thrice convicted, there should be what he calls "protective" imprisonment—protective, that is, not of the prisoner, but of the public. The nature of this imprisonment may best be gathered from his own words:—;

> It should be divided, we will say, into three successive terms, of five years each, the first of which should be exempt from any rigour of discipline not required for the maintenance of order and for pecuniary purposes, whilst each of the others should bring with them more and more of indulgence. During the first so much labour should be enforced as would provide the cost of the prisoner's subsistence on prison diet, such cost to be computed as for a diet regulated under the provisions of the Prisons Act, 1865 (28 & 29 Vic., c. 126, § 21). But after so much labour shall have been exacted as may be sufficient to pay for his prison diet and other costs of his confinement, the prisoner should be at liberty to improve his diet, so far as food is concerned, by the fruits of any additional labour he may be disposed to employ for that purpose. In the second quinquennial term he should be privileged to provide himself, at his own cost, by additional industry, with tobacco and a duly limited quantity of spirituous or fermented liquors, and with harmless books, whether instructive or entertaining, and with any other innoxious articles which may contribute to his comfort and enjoyment. In the third quinquennial term he should enjoy, in addition to the privileges of the second, that of absence on leave within prescribed limits of time and place, and on prescribed conditions, one of which should be that he shall have previously earned by prison labours such a sum of money beyond his current cost to the establishment, as will enable him to subsist without temptation to dishonesty for the period of his permitted absence. For the remaining portion of his life, besides leaves of absence with more liberal conditions as to time and place, he might be allowed to receive visits in prison, more frequently and freely than before, from any respectable person of his own sex whom his leaves of absence might have afforded him an opportunity of interesting in his welfare All these privileges, from first to last, must of course be made to depend upon continued good behaviour and the strict observance of all prescribed conditions.

In this plan we see the old system of marks, tickets of leave, allowances, &c., kept alive. There may be some novelty in the details, but none in the principle. We do not say that such a scheme would not work at all, but it appears incapable of working in many conceivable cases. The first difficulty is, how to apply it to those men who forswear all labour, have never laboured, and vow that they never will labour at anything at all except stealing from the person or from a private dwelling-house. All this distribution of quinquennial privileges will be lost on a man who goes into prison with the sullen determination to eat and drink his full prison allowance, and to give not one jot of work in requital. In the case of such a man, the punishment becomes perpetual imprisonment. This may not be undeserved by the culprit, and it may also be for the protection of the public. It certainly will be both in the case of the man who has been reared and educated in crime and for crime. But it is not the protective imprisonment intended and described by Mr. Taylor. And to carry it out would require not only new gaols and new rules, but also a new classification of crime. Nor would these be the only requisites. It would further require a new sentiment on the part of the public. For, as yet, the public is not prepared to see a man imprisoned for life, even with the limitations of Mr. Taylor's plan, except by way of commutation for a capital sentence. It will be necessary to educate the public mind on this subject. And by way of beginning this education, we submit the following statement of Mr. Taylor:—In 1866-7, the proportion of recommitments to the total of commitments was 38 per cent. The whole number of those once, twice, and thrice

recommitted was upwards of 32,000; the whole number of those more than thrice recommitted was near 14,000; and the numbers of those recommitted more than ten times nearly equalled the numbers of those recommitted thrice—the one being about 3,900, and the other about 4,700. When these numbers approximate so nearly, it becomes a question whether the best use to which a professional criminal can be turned be not that of being kept in perpetual confinement. When we reflect that already the whole number of criminals, convicted and presumable, is over 112,000, we see the urgent necessity of some substitute for the transportation which we cannot revive. Had Mr. Taylor's article been written with more clearness and less pretentious dogmatism, it might have been a valuable contribution towards the solution of a difficult problem. As it is, its heavy style detracts from its inherent value.

DINNER-GIVING.

No wise or good man would depreciate the importance of the art of dinner-giving. The happiness of a large number of educated persons, so far as it depends upon social enjoyment, is principally determined by the nature of their dinners. The growth of this monstrous metropolis constantly increases the difficulty of indulging in other social pleasures. Theatres are apparently arranged with the express purpose of making it as troublesome to reach them, and as unpleasant to stay in them, as possible. Evening parties of all kinds recall tortures of dreariness and discomfort from which the male imagination shrinks in despair. But at dinners, however unsatisfactory, one has at least the power of falling back upon a certain amount of sensual enjoyment. If the worst comes to the worst, if the guests are sulky and silent, and the dinner has all the faults to which dinners are liable, we can at least enjoy the negative comfort of quiet sitting; and after a day's work that is a pleasure not to be altogether despised. A good dinner, again, where sensual is skilfully combined with intellectual gratification, may give the pleasures of society in their highest form. It is worth while, therefore, to consider the bearing of any of the changes which are gradually modifying one of our most cherished institutions. We cannot defend too jealously any of the principles on which its purity depends, nor would a wise Conservative retain certain forms which are obviously unsuited to the habits of the day.

Dinners may be divided into two classes, according to the predominance of one of the two main objects for which they have been instituted. The class in which the sensual enjoyment is the main purpose, or even a very conspicuous purpose, should perhaps be called feasting rather than dining. The occasions on which our forefathers consumed two bottles apiece of thick, black, stupefying port; those in Scotland, when a servant was told off to keep sober in order to loose the gentlemen's neckcloths as they reposed under the table, were proofs that the barbarous instincts of the savage were not quite extinct. Though eating regular daily meals, we unfortunately retain a capacity, if we like to use it, for the ravenous feeding with which the wild Indian makes up for long periods of semi-starvation. The practice has not utterly died out; there are bachelors' dinners in which eating and drinking is the end rather than the means; and the British alderman, if we may give credit to the legends which occasionally circulate in civilized society, is capable at times of a performance for which gorging is a more appropriate name than dining. It is a profanation to apply the same word to a satisfaction which we enjoy in common with the Esquimaux when swallowing twelve pounds of blubber, and to that which has been pronounced by a philosopher to be one of the main objects of civilization—the collection of a number of agreeable people with their legs under the same mahogany. It is therefore the fundamental canon of dining, in a lofty sense, that the food consumed should be only of that quantity which a rational being may think upon without regret, because it is enough to stimulate, without overpowering, our social instincts. As a practical test, it may be said that whenever the meat or the drink becomes a substantive topic of conversation, instead of a merely incidental subject of reference, the dinner belongs to the lower or semi-barbarous category. Rightly understood, this principle does not tell against refined skill in cookery or excellence of wines; it merely implies that they should be kept in due subordination to the more essential objects of the meeting.

A dinner, therefore, may be defined as a gathering for the purposes of pleasant conversation, and the art of dinner-giving is a branch of the art of promoting sociable talk. Hence we may deduce some obvious conclusions as to modern methods of society. Conversation, it is sometimes said, is a lost art. When we read of the great lights of former days who studied it seriously, and attained real eminence for their skill, we feel that reputation of that kind is almost unattainable to the same degree. One reason is obvious. Conversation of any brilliance demands a comparatively small and select society. It is the natural product of a time when the town was composed of a few cliques in the constant habit of meeting. Talking, like all varieties of eloquence, depends as much upon the audience as upon the speaker. It requires a favourable medium as well as a powerful performer. The great talker should be surrounded by a little court who are able to take the less conspicuous parts of the game. An actor cannot do himself justice unless he knows that he will be properly supported. He is easily damped if he cannot reckon confidently upon the sympathies of his audience. When he throws the ball it must be returned to him quickly; he must have some assistance in bringing out his favourite topics, and must know what blows will tell. The good talker, in short, resembles those ingenious gentlemen who exhibit tricks with the three cards for the benefit of an intelligent public; if they had not unavowed confederates in the company they would never be able to get up the proper degree of enthusiasm. A brilliant conversationalist has always two or three friends who spontaneously take the same part; he has his regular butt and his regular opponent, who is ready to go through the regular parade of fencing, and to bring out his most brilliant thrusts and parries. Boswell tells us of some one who was called the literary anvil, because Johnson's sledge-hammer used to bring out so many sparks by striking upon him. If the great doctor had been taken away from his ordinary surroundings, from Goldsmith and Burke and Reynolds, he would have been at a loss, and half his good things would probably have missed fire for want of a congenial atmosphere. For this reason we have little doubt that better conversation is frequently to be found in provincial towns, where a few clever men are in the habit of meeting and learning each other's style of play, than in the metropolis, where so vast a crowd is usually shuffled and mixed together. Good talk is common where there is something in the nature of a foreign *salon* to serve as a practising ground in which a few people meet to sharpen their weapons and get rid of the shy reserve which is fatal to happy conversation. In proportion as society extends and becomes more miscellaneous, we must be content to lose the high art of talking. There is, however, a good deal of compensation to be found. In the first place, there is no greater bore upon earth than the skilled professor of conversation. Many of the great men of old undoubtedly said very good things, and every one would be glad to have an evening with Johnson, if spirit-rappers could recall him without making him talk in the style of the mediums. But in the reports which excite our envy, we lose that impression of overbearing and monopoly of the conversation which must have made many of these great performers a weariness to the flesh; we forget the vexation which others besides Goldsmith must have felt when they were invited to be silent because the great doctor was going to speak. Democracy generally produces the evil that there is less elaboration of the highest works of art; but in society the greatest pleasure is probably produced on the democratic theory, where every one can take his share and nobody is either able or willing to usurp the control of the company.

We must be content, then, to abandon the old ideal when people came early and sat long, and the appropriate entertainment was provided by a long dissertation from some self-constituted autocrat of the dinner-table. Compensation must be sought in the greater variety and equality of modern society; where we may expect to meet daily some new person who is familiar with remote regions of speculation or of the world. We shall not often see the exhibition of perfect dialectical skill, or listen to an outpouring of a careful collation of anecdotes and facetiæ. But, on the other hand, we should be able to meet men familiar, say with Chinese metaphysics, or with the central parts of Africa, or with the furthest recesses of the solar system. Such a man ought not, it is true, to be encouraged to talk like the book which he is probably writing, or to pitch out raw masses of information upon our heads. But if he is a clever man his mind has probably been enriched by his knowledge, and he is able to look at things from a new point of view, and to supply fresh illustrations of ordinary topics. A great traveller, for example, need not bore us with facts about the peculiar dialects of Central Asia; but, without directly indulging in actual "shop," he can probably contribute new elements to the conversation. The hours allowed for meeting are generally shorter than in former days. Consequently, it should be the main object of a host to bring his guests together as rapidly as possible, and to raise the social temperature to that pitch at which people begin spontaneously to emit light; and, without pomp, to talk freely and easily upon the topics of the day. Now it is the main fault of modern dinners that this object is very seldom secured or even definitely aimed at. The dinner-giver catches the last new lion, at some trouble, and exults over his capture. So far there is nothing to be complained of. In spite of a certain prejudice against lions, we are all glad to see them, and to hear them roar in moderation, and we know that feeding-time is propitious to that process. But the subsequent arrangements are generally devised as if with the express purpose of making the roaring inaudible. In the first place, we have given up the practice of introducing, doubtless on the ground of its apparent formality, and we laugh at Americans for their elaborate system of carrying a guest round the room, and making him shake hands with everybody in succession. But the practice, as has been recently hinted at, has its advantages. In spite of its clumsiness if badly done, it at any rate prevents the common catastrophe, when strangers are left in the perfect solitude of a crowd, and find great difficulty in surmounting the preliminary barriers to conversation. The duty of giving a man a chance to show what is in him is too generally neglected from an exaggerated fear of making him awkwardly conspicuous. The proper medium no doubt requires skill; but a person who wishes to give a really pleasant dinner should not shrink from attacking a problem whose solution is necessary to success. We collect crowds, and then make no attempt to bring them into harmony. In the next place, we put our lion down on one side of a table so broad, according to the modern detestable

fashion, that it requires the voice of a Stentor and the impudence of a Thersites to address anybody across it. We plant on each side of him the ladies, who are carefully selected, it is true, but most frequently not on account of any presumable congeniality with their neighbour, but with a view to some imaginary requirements of social precedency. And, finally, by way of quenching any sparks of general conversation, we erect in the centre of the table a huge display of works of art or botanical products, which would be very pretty at a flower-show, but puts the unfortunate victim into isolation as strict as the gentleman in a portrait with large red curtains on each side, and two or three cannons firing in the distance. The old methods of establishing a communication by such artless modes as drinking wine or proposing toasts are rigidly, and not without reason, proscribed; and the result often is that a pleasant companion passes an evening about as cheerful as that of a prisoner in solitary confinement, with no other recreation except what he may gain from an occasional talk with the visiting chaplain. After which we complain that London dinners are frequently dull, and that conversation is apt to be limited.

It is difficult to lay down any code of laws for the remedy of these evils, and in fact it is essential to pleasant society that there should not be anything in the nature of absolute laws. But one or two results are plain. In the first place, small parties are generally pleasanter than larger ones, because those awful breaches of continuity which sometimes cut off from each other two people who are disposed to be sociable become impossible. We get rid of the lumps of non-conducting resistance. In the next place, whether large or small, it is preposterous to collect a number of persons, presumably for social purposes, and then to erect so many physical and moral barriers between them as inevitabl to keep them at arm's length. Dinner is the period at which th most morose of mankind are sensible of a certain expansion o their social instincts. It is a singular solecism that we should contrive, by an unreasonable system, to make it as difficult as possibl to give free play to our sympathies Wine and meat ought to b transmuted into warmth of feeling; too often their action is limited to their mere physical consequences, and a dinner-party breaks up just as the ice is beginning to thaw under the heroic efforts of a few exceptionally unquenchable spirits. That dinners should be short is inevitable; that they should be too large is rather to be lamented than condemned; but it is a pity when they are attended with such elaborate solemnities that a modest man has not time to get over his natural reserve.

ARMY ORGANIZATION.

IN spite of the excitement, such as it is, of Irish remedial legislation and Irish sedition and crime, the thought of the country is drifting fast in a very different direction. Military organization will soon become the question of the day, and the newly developed temper for striking at the root of indefensible abuses must before long sweep away such peddling projects of reform as the wisdom of our rulers has as yet been able to mature. The one great measure which the Government has introduced on the subject is a Militia Bill, which proposes to revivify that ancient force by giving a few extra shillings a day to the officers, and by allowing Militia Colonels who cannot find subalterns to obtain the assistance of Lieutenants of the Line. No one can deny the harmless nature of the proposed changes, but to put them forward as the official respons to the universal demand for increased military efficiency is one of the most ludicrous of the many small efforts of our army rulers. Meanwhile the great question remains unsolved, how the strength of the country may be made available in the event (not very imminent, perhaps, but certainly not very improbable) of a gigantic war. Our army expenditure is about on the same scale as that of the greatest military nations, and on a pinch we might be able to place in line upon a foreign field of battle about one-tenth of the force which either France, Russia, Austria, or Prussia could singly oppose to us. True, behind our little handful of regular troops we have about as many more Militia, something less than half-drilled, and with little more knowledge of the use of a rifle than they had when they were following the plough. It has always been the fashion to speak respectfully of this constitutional force as it is called, and no one doubts that, as raw material for making soldiers, most of the Militia regiments—though inferior in physique to the army, and probably also to the Volunteers—would be found most valuable when their services were called for, if there were only time to train them to a fair standard of efficiency. Their numbers, however—as the numbers of a paid force raised by voluntary enlistment must be—are altogether deficient in time of peace, and we have to look further abroad for the means of creating a national army. We shall be told that we have the Volunteers; and, as far as mere numerical strength is concerned, there is no doubt that the force could grow to any dimensions that might be desired, if occasion called for rapid recruiting. But they, like the Militia, would require some interval of time, though probably much less than army pedants assume, to fit them for the rough work of war. With the exception of a few crack regiments which have been trained almost up to the standard of professional troops, they are not very much more advanced in drill than average Militiamen, though the majority of them are immeasurably superior in rifle practice, not only to the Militia, but to most of the regiments of the Line. In actual present efficiency (creditable as their manœuvring, even in large bodies, is always said to be by the Inspectors and Generals whose duty it is to report upon it) they have much to acquire; and the redeeming points about them are an energy which would enable most of them to compass a twenty miles' march without straggling, and an intelligence that would enable them to complete their military education, when once they were called out, with a rapidity which officers accustomed to train the average army recruit would consider quite incredible.

These are the materials at our disposal, and the best way of utilizing them has yet to be discovered. Opinions range over the widest possible area. There are some who, with more enthusiasm than prudence, would imitate the American policy, and rely almost entirely on what they could make of a countless body of Volunteers in the short interval which might elapse after a declaration of war. Theorists of this stamp are always of the non-intervention school, and would answer the objection that their army, when made, could not be sent abroad, by the assertion that the proper place for an English army is within the four seas. But a man need not wear a red coat to see that, even for purposes of defence, the method of counter-attack may often be the most effective; and though it is very likely that, on a sufficient occasion, volunteers for foreign service would be found in abundance in the ranks of such a civilian army, it is obvious that no prompt action could be attempted at the commencement of a war. Even the Americans, who alone have tried the experiment on a large scale, found, in the first year of their civil war, that neither their officers nor their men had acquired the military aptitude for which they were afterwards so greatly distinguished. Practically, this purely volunteer system has nothing to recommend it except that it would provide soldiers when called for in almost unlimited numbers, and would reduce the cost of the army when on a peace footing to a minute fraction of what it now amounts to. Economy and numerical strength are, it is true, the two first elements of military power, but, out of America at any rate, they need to be supplemented by other considerations. While it is impossible not to reject this, which we may call the mad-civilian theory of army organization, there is at least as much to be said against the mad-military ideas which form the opposite extreme of the floating opinion of the day. Starting with the acknowledged and obvious fact, that a soldier ready trained in peace time will be far more efficient on the outbreak of war than one who has half his lesson to learn, the ultra-professional school would be willing to sacrifice both numbers and economy to the creation of a highly-finished machine such as the British army. The most extravagant of military organizers would not, perhaps, venture to suggest that our normal army estimates should be more than, say, double those of the great military empires; and yet even if we went as fas as this, the strength which we could put out would be utterly insignificant when judged by the standard of modern armies. It is true that the cost of the Volunteers might be saved by disbanding the whole force and substituting one enlisted soldier for every Volunteer company, but even this would add but a battalion or two to the Line, and we should be driven to fight with odds of ten to one against us, or to decline fighting altogether. Finished excellence is an admirable thing in an army, as in everything else, but it is fearfully expensive, and it has no element of expansion in it. A million of raw or half-drilled men might possibly gain little advantage over 100,000 first-rate troops in a short campaign, though even then numbers would be apt to tell; but every day would improve the one host while it thinned the other, and at the end of six months we should see the rough levies growing into a vast and formidable army, while their opponents were dwindling into a handful of disabled veterans. For military purposes numbers and skill should never be divorced, but of the two, numbers with only limited skill have a vast prospective advantage over the highest skill with limited numbers, because skill can be improved very much more easily than numbers can be augmented. And to this view all the great military nations are coming round. They have different systems, none of them suitable in detail to the circumstances and prejudices of this country, but the leading idea of them all is of universal application, and our Government is the only one which has not found it out. No country can be strong without both a nucleus of highly-drilled troops and a very large reserve of partially-trained men ripe for speedy conversion into effective soldiers. Add to this a rational organization of the whole, capable of easy and rapid expansion, and you have all that need be desired.

It is remarkable that every professional or Ministerial project for the organization of army reserves which has been propounded of late years has set this plain principle at defiance. Complicated schemes for grouping together a few worn-out pensioners and time-expired soldiers have been prepared, but they have all failed to provide the numerical strength without which reserves are of little account. The schemes for converting soldiers into Militiamen and Militiamen into soldiers all have had the same defect, and the one essential condition of putting the real strength of the nation in a state of readiness for military training and military organization has never for a moment been kept in view. There is one source, and one only, from which a reserve of adequate numbers can be obtained, and that is the Volunteer body; but nothing whatever has been done to give them such an organization as would render their transformation into an efficient army an easy or even a possible task. A certain very variable measure of proficiency in drill has been acquired, which would give them an enormous start, when war broke out, over a body of raw recruits; but mere drill is far less important than

organization, and this the military authorities have steadily refused to bestow upon them. Lord Northbrook intimated, in a recent debate, that some project of the kind was under consideration, but it must be very different in scope and character from anything which has hitherto come out of the War-Office, if it is to lay the foundation of a really national army reserve.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER.

THE Beaux Arts and the Belles Lettres have nobly dined during the present week. The Royal Academy and the Literary Fund have celebrated, by a meat-offering and a drink-offering, the cultus of the Muses and Graces, and the worship of themselves. A grotesque element is inseparable from these annual banquets and annual glorifications. These dinners have grown into recognised institutions, but it would be difficult to vindicate on any rational ground their existence. Resolved into its first elements, the Royal Academy can justify its dinner to the great notables and patrons of art on the intelligible but not very dignified purpose for which a new baker's shop is inaugurated, as the newspapers say, by presenting a glass of gin to every purchaser of a quartern loaf. Such, we can quite conceive, was the original and not unpractical object of the Royal Academy dinner; and, though we and our art-critics are justly indignant at the practice of some proprietors of private Picture Exhibitions who offer a champagne luncheon to their visitors at the private view, we must remember that the Pall Mall and Haymarket dealers have at least a precedent for their mercantile conception of art in the Academy itself. We will, however, admit that the dinner has outgrown this sordid object. It has come to be an institution. But institutions, the more permanently they are established, acquire an inevitable dulness and monotony. There is a terrible tedium in those repetitions of commonplace on the objects, advantages, and pleasures of the fine arts; and as the orations, like the *menu*, admit of little variety, the interest of the speeches generally turns on a single point, how the speaker can contrive to make some new hit on the most threadbare topic of talk. After-dinner speeches generally, and these Academic speeches particularly, look like a string of oratorical conundrums, which at the best engage no other faculties of the mind than that of a certain tedious ingenuity. This year's Academy dinner illustrated fully this peculiarity of the occasion. Her Majesty the Queen is toasted. Immediately it occurs to the President of the Academy that the Sovereign can handle the pencil—though, by the way, if this did occur to him, he said nothing about it, but expatiated, by way of honouring the mother, on her Royal daughter's talents as a sculptor, and proceeded to eulogize Princess Louise's work in the very enigmatical announcement of a bust "executed and, as I understand, chiselled by her own hand." Lord Stanley, at the Literary Fund, of course celebrated the Queen's rank among Royal authors. But it was reserved to Lord Chelmsford to make the hit of the evening. By a grotesque ingenuity the great Law Lord was toasted, or replied to the toast of the Navy, on the strength of the fact that he was once a midshipman. On this hint the ex-Chancellor spoke, and delivered himself of a string of facetiousnesses which would qualify him as a contributor to the funniest of those melancholy periodicals which call themselves the comic press. Aristotle—we think it is Aristotle—says somewhere that the mark of a sharp man is to discover or invent resemblances in incongruous things. Lord Chelmsford has shown himself a master in this not the highest of rhetorical arts. Required to invent some connexion between lawyers and sailors, Lord Chelmsford solves the problem both ways by showing that the professions are like both by their likeness and unlikeness. Sailors hate lawyers, and call them land-sharks, but a shark is a fish; and fish and sailors have something to do with the sea; therefore sea-sharks and land-sharks meet in Lord Chelmsford. Again Lord Chelmsford once held the seals; therefore Lord Chelmsford is himself a great seal; but a seal is a fish, which by the way he is not; therefore, as before, great seals are a common nature and property of lawyers and sailors.

Mr. Disraeli's gracious fooling was more elaborate than that of the Chancellor whom he cashiered. The late Prime Minister had to return thanks for the House of Commons; the riddle he had to propound was—Why is the Royal Academy like the House of Commons? A question which sounds as rational as, How far is it from Wednesday week to the Antarctic Circle. Mr. Disraeli knocked off a very creditable and characteristic quibble on this great theme; or, as he more sonorously expressed it, he was privileged to dilate on "the many points of significant sympathy between the present situations" of the artists and the senators. As thus—the House of Commons has lately been reformed, so has the Royal Academy. The Royal Academy has got a new house, so have we; which may be true in the sense that a house six months' old and a house some thirty years' old may both be said, with some license, to be equally new. The Royal Academy has rejected many pictures; and many Parliamentary candidates failed at the late general election. The Royal Academy and the House of Commons have alike many old members and many new ones. Many of the new ones are men of promise in either case; and Mr. Disraeli might have added, which he did not, that both at Burlington House and St. Stephen's many of the veterans are great bores, and many of the neophytes are ambitious failures. Why did not the facile joker go on with this ingenious parallel, and run out a reel of puns on the housewarming of the Academicians and the fiery debates at Westminster? We certainly missed a telling witticism—of which we reserve the copyright, having the fear of the cartoonists of the comic journals before our eyes—in which the senatorial joker might have suggested that Landseer's great picture was only a subtle allegory of Mr. Gladstone, terrible in beak and claw, swooping down on the placid swannery of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone, we observed, as though in anticipation of his rival's coming vivaciousness, was serenely and solemnly dull; and when Mr. Gladstone throws all his powers into an earnest and solid dulness, the result is a work of very high art indeed. As a Chinese landscape is to Turner in his latter days, so on this occasion, because it suited him to bring out a strong contrast, was the earnest Gladstone to the vivacious Disraeli.

We are glad to see all interests and institutions represented at this dinner, though why such representative men as the Chairman of Customs should be honoured with this official recognition any more than the Chairman of the Great Western Railway we are unable to conjecture. The presence of the Lord Mayor and the Governor of the Bank is much more intelligible. They represent the mercantile aspect of art, and this aspect is a very prominent one in these days. It may sound ungenerous to fling into the cup of adulation and salutation which was handed to the Academy by their noble guests on Saturday evening a single drop of bitterness; but we cannot but feel that if in these days art is honoured, it also pays, and pays well. Artists not only live to paint, but paint to live. And we are by no means sure that the present state of the picture market in this country may not, unless our artists are strictly on their guard against the temptation, prove very injurious to the highest interests of the highest of the fine arts. We say nothing of pictures which are avowedly, in the slang of the profession, pot-boilers. But the increasing influence of the dealers, the middle-men between patrons and artists, is a thing not to be regarded with entire satisfaction. The dealers are a very formidable body. They make a fashion and a popularity in such expensive luxuries as pictures, china, plate, and jewellery, merely for shop purposes. Pictures in these days are as much a necessity of their position to the *nouveaux riches* of trade as carriages and horses and satin gowns for their wives. A picture-dealer is as much a tradesman as a stockbroker, and there is just as much of speculation and excitement in modern pictures as in shares and sugar. This state of things cannot be without its influence on the artistic mind, and while we have artists who work for fame and not for greed, the painters of the Hero or the Medea of the present year, the existence of sentimentalities and sensationalisms manufactured for sale and got up for the print-shop, such as the "Railway Station" of last year, or as many of the namby-pamby domesticities addressed to the feminine and lower intelligences which can appreciate as sweetly pretty subjects taken from the annals of the nursery and school-room and feeding-bottle, is a serious danger to the interests of English art. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who made the best speech of the evening, dilated on what is a fact, that in the wealthiest cities art has flourished most. This is true; but the distinction is between the appreciation of art by a community which is wealthy because cultivated, as in the best ages of Italy, and by a community which, like our own, is wealthy but not cultivated. Florence saluted Cimabue because he made an immense advance on the art of his day; Manchester buys Turners because in a rising market Turners are a profitable investment. The Borgo Allegro represents one inducement to artists; Christie's rooms and his annual trade-dinner present another.

WHALLEY AND NEWDEGATE.

WE have been informed, on the best authority, that there are degrees in Protestantism; and, although Protestantism endures and rather approves its ducal and lordly champions, it draws the line at Mr. Whalley. We had ignorantly supposed that the difference between Mr. Whalley and Mr. Newdegate was no greater than between tweedledum and tweedledee, but having listened to explanations of this abstruse matter, we are now convinced that Pompey and Cæsar are very much unlike, and particularly Pompey. If there ever was any association in Parliamentary business between the members for North Warwickshire and for Peterborough it is now dissolved; and each of them desires to announce that his is the original establishment where the genuine old-fashioned article called Protestantism is served hot and strong, that the public are respectfully invited to look for the well-known and world-famed trade-mark, and are earnestly cautioned against dishonest imitations, and that there is no connexion whatever with over the way. We believe, as we are bound to do on such assurances as we have received, that there is a difference, but we are still without the smallest notion what the difference is. To recur to an illustration already used, we feel like people of small musical cultivation who cannot perceive any distinction between the rival parties of nigger melodists at St. James's and St. George's Halls. Cæsar is very unlike Pompey, and Pompey is still more unlike Cæsar; but which is Cæsar and which is Pompey we really cannot tell. "Just before the Battle, Mother, the beautiful and pathetic ballad originally introduced by the Christy Minstrels at St. James's Hall, will be sung at every performance until further notice. These are the only original and world-famed Christy Minstrels." We do not find the name

of Mr. Newdegate among the principal artists who appeared at St. James's Hall on Monday last, but if he did not perform upon the banjo or the bones, we feel sure that he must have lent his aid to swell the magnificent choir which gave thrilling effect to the lovely ballad which awakened such emotion in the audience. The Protestant version of this beautiful and pathetic composition would probably run somewhat thus:—

> Just before the battle, mother,
> I really cannot stay.
> Just before the battle, mother,
> I must run away.

The Knights of St. James resemble other religious champions in remembering that he that fights and runs away may live to fight another day; and when an enthusiastic orator inquires,

> How can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,

it may be answered that nobody need die at all until Heaven pleases, and in fact nobody intends to do so. We cannot help thinking that the threat of the Protestant warriors to die for the cause they advocate will be received by the country with as much equanimity as Miss Lydia Languish was expected to exhibit when her lover, Captain Absolute, should threaten to fall upon his sword's point and expire at her feet:—

> Oh, Lydia! forgive me, or this pointed steel—says I.
> Oh, booby! stab away and welcome—says she.

Yet the world would be a dull place if we lost our Whalley or our Newdegate, and therefore we hope that they will study in private the art of make-believe dying before they perform in public. Let them not imitate the impatience of the actor at rehearsal who declined to stand dying all night, but let them practise carefully how to thrust a sword resolutely under the arm, to groan and stagger, and fall with an emphatic smack upon the boards, and to be able to make a pot of beer look foolish directly afterwards. The parallel between the bands of nigger melodists and the Protestant parties may be drawn more closely by observing how both invoke the name of Royalty to sanction their proceedings. At St. George's Hall may be heard the Royal Christy's Minstrels, the only company who have had the honour to perform, by special command, before the Queen and Court. We are not aware that Mr. Whalley and his friends have held a public meeting at St. George's Hall or anywhere else; but Mr. Whalley's well-known vocal talent would ensure the success of his appearance at any music or other hall in London. We should confidently predict that, if Mr. Whalley and his friends did hold a public meeting, they would talk nonsense about the Coronation Oath and the Royal Supremacy as plentifully, and with as complete a belief that they were talking sense, as did the ducal, lordly, reverend, and pious Protestants who assembled at St. James's Hall on Monday. We are told that this meeting commenced with special supplication to Heaven for protection of the Church from its enemies. We should have thought that protection of the Church from its friends was more immediately desirable. There came to the meeting deputations from Constitutional Societies and from Working-men's Conservative Associations, and there was talked the tallest kind of talk about upholding banners and defending bulwarks in the present great crisis of our country's destiny. This is, as we suppose, the sort of Protestantism which is approved by Mr. Newdegate, and we should feel greatly obliged to any one who would inform us wherein it differs from the sort of Protestantism which is propagated by Mr. Whalley. It may be that the sham niggers at St. George's Hall paint themselves a shade darker than their competitors at St. James's Hall, and, as in the lowest deep there is a lower deep, it is possible that the Protestantism of Mr. Whalley may be more extravagant than that of Mr. Newdegate. This is possible, but not, to our thinking, probable. Mr. Newdegate explained to the House of Commons that after the death of his late colleague, Mr. Spooner, he was asked what course he was prepared to pursue with regard to Maynooth College. He stated that he would support anybody who would take up the question. "At that time he had not heard of the honourable member for Peterborough, but when that honourable gentleman was introduced to him as one who was willing to take up the question of Maynooth, he promised to give the honourable gentleman all the support in his power." That promise he kept for some years, but he found his attempt to support Mr. Whalley utterly hopeless and useless. Mr. Whalley, according to Mr. Newdegate, was always tumbling down in the mud, and requiring to be picked up, and washed and dressed. The result of Mr. Whalley's advocacy was to bring the question into total disrepute, but Mr. Newdegate could not pretend to say whether this result should be ascribed to Mr. Whalley's "inefficiency" or to "peculiar views incident to his position on the Protestant question." If Mr. Newdegate cannot explain this result, we shall not attempt to do so; and we will only venture to say that the assumption that Mr. Whalley is an inefficient Protestant appears to us utterly unwarrantable. As to the question having been brought into disrepute, that is matter for various opinion; but it is to be observed that two dukes and two archbishops, besides smaller notabilities, were able to appear at St. James's Hall on what we should have supposed to be the same side of the same question that occupies Mr. Whalley in the House of Commons. We have read Mr. Whalley's speech in the House, and we have read the speeches of Dukes and Earls at St. James's Hall, and we are bound to say that, in our judgment, Mr. Whalley does not suffer by the comparison. Mr. Newdegate assumes, according to Mr. Whalley, an affectation of superiority and supremacy to which Mr. Whalley has been contented to submit for the sake of the prosperity of their common cause. It is to be feared that Mr. Whalley has humiliated himself to little purpose, and his self-sacrifice is cruelly requited by the charge that he has brought the cause of Protestantism into ridicule. Mr. Newdegate asserts that Mr. Whalley has made this subject of Protestantism the laughing-stock of the House. Mr. Whalley answers that he cannot discover on this question any difference between himself and Mr. Newdegate. We are bound to say that we agree with Mr. Whalley. There are, as it appears to us, only three possible suppositions—either Mr. Whalley makes Protestantism ridiculous, or Protestantism makes Mr. Whalley ridiculous, or Mr. Whalley and Protestantism act and react upon each other to the promotion of general hilarity. We are summoned in terms of earnest warning and entreaty to the defence of our beloved Queen, our hallowed Church, our venerated Constitution, and we feel an irresistible tendency to laughter. If the newspapers report Protestant speeches in Parliament and at public meetings, they accompany their reports with leading articles directed towards the object of bringing the speakers into ridicule. Mr. Whalley says that he was told by Mr. Newdegate that the organization of the press by the Roman Catholic party is so complete that a prominent advocate of Protestant principles would inevitably be made a laughing-stock. He was nevertheless encouraged to undertake that advocacy, and the expected result has followed.

In this sea of controversy we can find only one point of solid land. It is agreed that the House does laugh when Mr. Whalley speaks. Mr. Whalley ascribes this result to the nature of the antagonists of Protestantism. Mr. Newdegate ascribes it to the nature of Mr. Whalley. It is difficult to understand what is the precise result which Mr. Whalley, or Mr. Newdegate, or both of them, represent to have been attained by the alleged Roman Catholic organization of the press. The enemies of Protestantism are at most chargeable with reporting truly the explanations of Protestant leaders as to how the Maynooth question came to be taken up. Mr. Newdegate seems to have thought that the chestnuts were warm, and he advised that some enterprising person should be engaged to take them off the fire. Mr. Whalley was engaged accordingly, and the chestnuts certainly were warm. This seems to be the whole story.

THE RIVAL SITES.

EXIT Inigo Jones. Introduced by Mr. Lowe in a puff of vapour, he has very soon vanished in a cloud of smoke. Really, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer, this won't do. Big boys should not bully little ones; but if they do, they should be sure of the captain's leave, and should not rush off without the grace of an apology. You have frightened everybody, you have irritated the whole tribe of architects, you have aroused the whole phalanx of amateurs, you have brought an eminent memory into contempt, and now you can only sit by and listen while the First Commissioner reports that he is in communication with Mr. Street, who is not likely to stand any nonsense, even from a Cabinet Minister. This little episode in the domestic life of the happy family in Downing Street is in itself sufficiently absurd. But there is a serious side to the affair on which we must speak out distinctly. Whether it was right to think of Carey Street at first, and wrong to think of Howard Street afterwards, or whether Howard Street has been the happy solution of an unhappy muddle, whether the Gothic of Street or the Italian of Jones best meets the spirit of the time and the uses of the building, it is equally certain that the question, in its inception, its growth, and in the actual deadlock, is a pitiful example of the imbecility which stamps the whole administration of arts and works in this country. To have had the question of the site of the new Law Courts—a long admitted need—so long unsettled, and when settled so soon upset; to see the Minister of Works out of the Cabinet; to hear another Minister, himself a member of the Cabinet, usurp the proper functions of the Office of Works, and majestically announce a policy, and then to find the rightful official himself quietly ignore the proceedings of his superior, is to be witness of a spectacle of official mismanagement of which no other country can show the parallel. One thing only is wanted to complete the embroglio—that the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works should show the door to Chancellor and First Commissioner alike; and we dare say that we shall be the witnesses of this incident.

The remedy is to be found in a reform which we have persistently advocated in this Review ever since its earliest numbers, when there was no one to back us in our protest. The First Commissioner must be raised to the dignity of a first-class Minister of Arts and Architecture, independent of the Metropolitan Board, and no more directly dependent on the Treasury than the First Lord, or the Secretary for War, both of whom are officials who fill departments which make long pulls on the national purse. The mind of Parliament has, we are glad to see, been tardily directed to this subject, and Lord Elcho's Committee, which is primarily discussing the local grievance of the proposed viaduct from Charing Cross Bridge to Wellington Street, has also the broader duty of taking up at least the fringe of this great question, and of investigating the vassalage in which the First Commissioner is held by the Metropolitan Board. It is no secret that out of the

moral support which this Committee has given to the Office of Works has already grown the opportunity, of which Mr. Layard took advantage, to propose the transference of the Natural History collection of the British Museum to that portion of the Thames Embankment which lies between Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge. The question is, in all its incidents, different from that of the site of the Law Courts. The two competing sites for the new Museum are not two spots in such close proximity that their respective altitudes form a main element of comparison. The choice lies between the dreary waste of Brompton wilderness, where once the Exhibition shed of 1862 was planted, or else the broadest space of all the reclaimed Embankment land, which is large enough, without encroaching on the town behind, to hold a vast building, girt with terraces, fringed by gardens, and masking the huge abortion of the Charing Cross station. On the other side is the alternative of the best part of the ground being sacrificed to a misplanned viaduct, and the residue abandoned as a tumbling ground for City Arabs. In respect to popular convenience the Thames *locale* distances competition, for it fills the central position of all London; it is easily accessible from the old Museum, whether or not the Natural History Library be kept there; the artisan class, to whom this kind of collection is peculiarly interesting and useful, will easily and cheaply reach it by penny steamer, street, and district railway; while it meets the grievance of which all London south of the river complains, that all the national museums are placed on spots which Southwark and Lambeth find it most difficult to reach. The ventilation of this scheme, approved from different sides by Professor Owen, Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Cole, was, as we said, the first result of relaxing the fetters by which the administration of Works has hitherto been shackled. The Law Courts muddle is the last and worst example of the old mismanagement.

As to the immediate controversy we have not heard one word urged, nor traced a single local incident to show that the Carey Street site is not of ample area, good proportion, and dignified elevation in relation to the surrounding levels, and therefore eminently suitable to form the site, not it may be of a city of possible departments, but of the existing Courts and their dependent offices. Artistically located it offers a point of view of exquisite picturesqueness to the spectator moving up the Strand. We find it already the property of the nation, bought, paid for, and cleared. The Howard Street plot, as now offered to us, is limited, unbought, low-lying, and irregularly graded, with a sharp central rise, as well as a rapid slope to the river. Therefore we are of opinion that, simply matched with each other, the already adopted position of the Law Courts is decidedly superior to the one which is being proposed to us. Touching the comparative comfort to the lawyers of the two positions, we candidly own that we think it very much a question of six and half-a-dozen. If, however, we import into the question the consideration of the Embankment, then we cordially and unhesitatingly confess that we attach great value to unworthy buildings not being placed upon this magnificent and conspicuous area. But of this misfortune we have little fear. The drift of events is floating it away; the public eye is on the river-bank, and it is certain that the better the buildings are upon the Embankment, the more probably will they pay. It is not equally certain that, if the State were to forfeit its possession of the Carey Street property, that space would still be covered by creditable constructions.

It will be so much the better—this is self-evident—if the Government would clench the bargain which it believes itself enabled to make, and secure the Howard Street site. We have already indicated that as, in spite of Mr. Lowe, a Probate Office is imperatively demanded, that structure may reasonably be planted between Somerset House and the Temple. If, out of some fancied consistency, the Government should elect to build the Probate Office between the Strand and Carey Street, and bring the Courts down to the river-side, we should wonder at what we should esteem an eccentric and unnecessary alteration of well-formed arrangements. Still the Carey Street property would not be wholly sacrificed, and if a noble pile were placed on it, a considerable compensation would be given. But the Government must say—as it has not done—that it means to put some public building upon the high level, and then we can estimate the salvage; or else it must say that it has no such intention, and then we are free to reckon our loss. As yet it has not ventured to do either the one or the other, and we are only left with the certainty that its intentions are to shift the Law Courts from a commanding site to a depressed position. So long as this is all the comfort which is vouchsafed to us, we repeat that we refuse to surrender Carey Street, with its assured and evident advantages—for what? For the vague expectation of ground to be bought very cheaply from owners who will most certainly awaken to this sudden windfall of luck; for an area cramped in its dimensions, tortuous in its contour, low-seated in its level, inaccessible on three out of its four sides.

Our comfort is, that the question will come again before the House of Commons, forewarned and full of the spirits which a long recess is apt to give; and if that body does not exact a very searching reason why, we shall be even more surprised than we were at the escapade of Mr. Lowe.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THE Academy, which has lived for a century in lodgings, is happy, at the mature age of one hundred and one years, to pass into the independent position of building and maintaining a house of its own, and that out of honestly-earned resources. The congratulations at the Academy dinner on Saturday last were warm and well deserved. The aspect of the rooms is pleasing, even imposing; and the promise thus held out "for the promotion of British art," if not all that might be desired, is almost more than could have been anticipated. Mr. Sydney Smirke, the Royal Academician entrusted by his brethren with the duty of erecting this seemly home, has acquitted himself fairly well. The office scarcely called for the exercise of genius. Plain walls, coved ceilings, skylights, with a glass dome as a masterpiece crowning the central hall, are the sum and substance of such architectural creation as was needed in this goodly array of picture-galleries. Thus, by the simplest means, and no doubt at very moderate expense—seeing that the ground, including Burlington House, did not cost a penny, being the free gift of the nation—the Academy become their own landlords, and may promote the arts in general, and their own interests in particular, without any control whatsoever, save such faint whisper as may occasionally come from a sensitive conscience. The tone assumed at the dinner was of course jubilant, and the President actually indulged in a strain befitting injured innocence; he complained that the Academy "has constantly had to suffer from attacks, often unjust and frivolous—stereotyped attacks which have never ceased to assail the institution from its foundation to the present hour." One attack, however, cannot long have become stereotyped—the assault likely to be made on behalf of the unhappy owners of the 3,500 works which this year have been turned out, notwithstanding that vacant wall space proves that there was room enough and to spare. The Academy, though at this moment in its zenith, points to the vanity of human wishes, and we cannot but contrast the applause which followed the declaration of the President, "that no artists should consider themselves outside this institution," with the fact that at that very moment there had been cast far away from the banquet-table a larger number of rejected works than was ever known in the bad old times. Having briefly said thus much, were it only to indicate that the Academy can scarcely yet safely deem itself beyond the reach of criticism, we may add that great credit is due for the good work accomplished, and that we cannot but hope the time is now come when the Academy will act under the sense of the responsibilities which devolve on a powerful public body, instituted, not for private ends, but to promote the wide interests of national art.

The unusually high character of the Exhibition is at once a proof that the standard of excellence has been raised rather than lowered; in fact, the rejection of an almost incredible number of works indicates how thorough has been the process of refining or winnowing. The measure, if cruel, we cannot deem wholly unsalutary, especially when we remember how the quality of the French Salon is brought down by the free and wholesale admission of pictures by comparative tyros. The number of works received last year within the small interior in Trafalgar Square was 1,206, and this year in the vastly extended building the total does not exceed 1,320. It is evident, then, that the difference between what was confessed to be bad and what is now extolled as good is not in mere numbers. We believe, as we have said, that the standard of excellence has been insensibly raised. Furthermore, too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that, while very many pictures in Trafalgar Square were killed in the hanging, there is not a picture in the new building which has not the privilege of enjoying life according to its deserts. We must also add that the rooms in Piccadilly have been so designed and decorated as to be peculiarly well fitted to show works of art off to advantage. As for the lighting, it is only too good—blinds must speedily be provided; and as to the wall decoration or colouring, the only fault is that it may be a little too positive in hue; certainly the red ground inflicts injury upon some of the pictures. But on the whole, we repeat, the rooms tend to a dressy and stylish appearance, so that we do not hesitate to declare that in no gallery in Europe would the same pictures be seen to greater advantage. The cornices and ceilings are picked out here and there with gold, the details incline to pure Greek rather than to the corrupt Renaissance; and even on parquetry floors, and especially around doorways where stand out heads of lions after designs by Landseer, there arises a pleasing suspicion of polychrome. Thus these galleries, instead of being, like too many others, cold and starved, respond from floor to ceiling, in modest tones, to the colour of the pictures. This pervading harmony of the rooms has moreover been materially enhanced by a hanging unusually symmetric and well balanced. We need not point out that these satisfactory results cannot have been secured but at the cost of much forethought. The success on the whole is great.

In the present introductory notice we shall not attempt more than a cursory sketch of an Exhibition which, as we have already indicated, rises considerably above the average of late years. The building, like certain great galleries on the Continent of Europe, has been specially arranged for its contents, whether of oil pictures, water-colour drawings, architectural designs, engravings, or sculpture. Of the fourteen rooms all in suite, "Gallery No. III."

measuring 82 feet long, 43 feet wide, and 38 feet high, is, both for size and by reason of its contents, the grand climax to the whole. Here the guests of the Academy were dined, and here pictures specially choice or representative are hung. On the walls abundant space is found for not fewer than twenty-six Academicians and thirteen Associates, among whom appear to special advantage Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Frith, Mr. Hook, Mr. Webster, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Yeames, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Elmore, and Mr. Maclise. Also, in this the distinguishing post of honour, we gladly welcome certain illustrious, as well as certain non-illustrious, foreigners. Without invidious distinction we lump them together as follows—M. Edouard Frere, M. Merle, M. Corot, M. Alma-Tadema, M. C. F. Daubigny, M. Rudolf Lehmann, Madlle. Rosa Bonheur, Madame Jerichau, M. Portaels, and M. Legros. By way of parenthesis we may observe that, among the legion of foreigners who have invaded the Academy, some show pictures that are certainly not superior to at least a considerable percentage of the 3,500 English works cast into the street from lack, it is said, of room. It would seem that we have forgotten the virtue of patriotism in the pleasure of showing hospitality.

The great room—where, as we have seen, the united forces of the Academy obtain grand concentration—has a focus of peculiar attraction in one of the most scenic and sensational of Sir Edwin Landseer's creations. "The Swannery invaded by Sea-Eagles," of which great expectations had been raised, now asserts itself as the favourite picture of the year; no other work seems to have equal fascination for the crowd. And its quickly acquired popularity will be easily understood by those who know how consummate is the skill of Sir Edwin, here at his best, in the dramatic management of unrivalled resources. The subject itself is highly melodramatic; indeed it may be questioned whether, since the "Rape of the Sabines," there has occurred in history anything more sensational than the invasion of this swannery—pure and of unsullied white as unsunned snow—by the ravenous troop of sea-eagles. No circumstance is wanting which can either awaken sympathy or intensify horror. The swans are as lovely as swans can be, and the quiet retreat among hills and sedgy grass might seem an abode sacred to peace and happiness. We can only say that the nursemaids and children who feed swans in the parks will be horrified when they hear what cruel fate Sir Edwin Landseer has permitted to befall their favourite bird. But then the art of the painter has become proverbial for cruelty; massacres and martyrdoms inflicted on the noblest of God's creatures it gloats over. Perhaps it may be pleaded by way of apology that in the picture before us blood, save in a few smears, is kept out of sight, just as when the Princes in the Tower are murdered on the stage the horror is veiled. Still the torture of these swans is sufficiently brutal; the writhing in death's agony of the necks is, as was evidently intended, excruciating. And yet, possibly, the picture would otherwise fail of its effect, for we do not esteem its directly art qualities as very high. The wings, the heads, the plumage, and a pair of black feet brought in with admirable effect and force, are painted by a master-hand; yet it strikes us that the yellow eye of the eagle must have come from some shop where glass optics are supplied wholesale to the stuffers. The picture, too, is rather chalky, slaty, and opaque, and much of the distance, with the blanket fog in the sky, is what artists would call scamped. It is evident that when the painter comes to the background he scumbles on colour with broad hog's-hair brushes; and when he wants extra sentiment he needs only to rub in more paint. Infinitely higher for true art quality do we place a couple of lions, studies by the same artist from the life for the bronze lions at the foot of the Nelson Column. These sketches are thrown off with a bold, facile brush which knows where to seize on the points of anatomy, and how to depict at a stroke life, movement, and character. The lord of the forest stands nobly. These studies confess to the hand of the master.

Landscape art seems likely to obtain the justice long denied to it, if not by the election of landscape-painters themselves into the body of the Academy, at any rate by the placing of their works fairly upon the walls. For example, even in the first room the best possible positions are accorded to not less than seven outsiders—namely, Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. E. H. Johnson, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Hering, and Mr. MacWhirter. Thus, almost for the first time, the collective strength as well as the distinctive individual character of the English school can be seen and judged. And such timely justice will come as an encouragement to many earnest students of nature to put out their powers fully and strongly. An artist who may have made a good beginning will feel that the eye of the public remains upon him, that he is not in the same danger as heretofore that for long years he may be overlooked and his work forgotten. How some of our landscape-painters have borne up against discouragement, it is not easy to understand; but the good time may at length be coming. Among the artists who this year appear before us with renewed power are Mr. Peter Graham and Mr. W. Linnell. By the latter, "Aurora in Romagna; Peasants from the Mountains on their way to Rome" is solemn and grand; for colour and for strong appeal to the imagination this landscape is nowhere surpassed. Mr. Peter Graham too must have been once more under the guidance of his good genius when he painted that scene in the wild Highlands, "On the way to the Cattle Tryst." The style recalls the manner of Rosa Bonheur when she chooses shaggy cattle as her models and makes the mountains of Scotland her sketching-ground. We look forward with pleasure to the comparisons which these rooms will in the sequel suggest between our own painters and the schools of the Continent.

The Water-Colour Gallery, from which much was expected, is, at least in its contents, disappointing. The Societies in Pall Mall have evidently, this year at all events, nothing to fear from threatened rivalry. However "Gallery No. IX." in addition to No. VIII. seems, by the colour on the walls, designed rather for drawings than oil-pictures. Thus the Academy has space, and possibly ambition also, sufficient for the annexation of one or more of the Water-Colour Societies. But such a consummation we should regret. Passing next to "The Lecture Room," we find that ample provision has been made for "Miniatures, Architecture, Engravings." Along the dais are ranged fifty interesting "Sketches made in Egypt during the years 1858–1859," by Mr. F. Goodall, R.A. These are the materials whence the artist has taken several well-known pictures.

It is too early to conjecture what changes the new building may bring upon the character and fortunes of our national school. One result, however, we think it evident will follow on the vast accession of space—the painting of pictures on a larger scale. Works not in excess of the usual size become dwarfed in these rooms. A premium will thus be put on the painting of pictures of dimensions which formerly could not be conveniently housed. Moreover, we are glad to see that, for similar reasons, there will be an inducement to adopt grander styles of design, greater breadth in composing masses, with more firmness and purpose in drawing. Thus our British school may possibly obtain deliverance from a certain smallness and feebleness which have afflicted its later years; it may approximate, in fact, to schools of the Continent, and especially, let us hope, draw nearer to the manner of great artists in the olden time whom we desire still to call our masters.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

FURTHER reflection confirms the opinion freely expressed immediately after the Two Thousand, that Belladrum, even if he could not have beaten Pretender, ought to have been within a head of him at the finish. It is a common thing indeed to make excuses for a beaten horse, and hardly a year passes without the partisans of the second in a big race asseverating that if something had not happened, if the jockey had acted differently or the tactics had been slightly varied, the result would have been reversed. In nine cases out of ten little attention need be paid to these cavillings, but in the present instance it was plain to every spectator that Belladrum overpowered his jockey. In plain English he ran away with him. It is hardly likely that a runaway horse, however good he may be, can win a great race from other horses whose energies are directed, controlled, and reserved by their riders to the proper moment. It stands to reason that the best horse in the world must exhaust himself by running away, as Belladrum did, at a terrific pace, and must exhaust his rider also. When the effort was wanted, neither horse nor rider was equal to the task. *A fortiori*, if he is really subject to any affection of the throat, the course adopted last week was fatal to his chance. The only hope under such circumstances would have been to make a waiting race, and to save him for one final rush, when his splendid speed might have been serviceable. It strikes us as bad policy in such a case to put up two stone of dead weight, and it may be doubted whether Kenyon is physically able to exercise adequate control over such a tremendous puller as Belladrum, who requires to be ridden by a strong man. On the whole, since everything was done that ought not to have been done, and left undone that ought to have been done, and yet Belladrum was only beaten by half a length, we think we are justified in saying that, under other circumstances, the race between the first two must have been much closer, and their positions might have been reversed. Why Mr. Merry showed such apathy about the race it is difficult to say. He might have been disgusted at the liberties that had been taken with his horse, and at the wholesale lies circulated about him, that he was lame, that he could not gallop half a mile, that he was a rank roarer, and that it was not worth while to take the trouble of starting him. Or he might have distrusted him, just as Sir Joseph Hawley distrusted Blue Gown last year, and imagined that he had lost his form, or that he was unable to stay. Indeed we believe it to be a fact that Mr. Merry has tried Belladrum to be a non-stayer over the Derby distance, but that is not a criterion of success over the Rowley mile, and it will be remembered that Liddington, a far inferior horse to Belladrum except over a very short course, was only two necks from the great Gladiateur in the Two Thousand of his year. But we must admit that, allowing for all improvement of which he is susceptible, and also for any advantages which he may enjoy in the way of jockeyship, we scarcely expect to see Belladrum so forward in the Derby as he was at Newmarket. The Two Thousand was within his compass; and we would gladly have seen him win that, if only to witness the discomfiture of a new class of Turf ornaments who have lately come into being, called amateur bookmakers, and whose speedy and total collapse we fervently desire.

How a race may be won by superior judgment and ability under disadvantageous circumstances was shown in the other great event of the meeting, the One Thousand Guineas. There were nine

starters—Scottish Queen, Morna, Brigantine, Toison d'Or, Heather Bell, Carita, Minaret, Crocus, and Music. The fillies have so trained off that even out of this limited number there were only two who seemed to have any chance. Scottish Queen and Brigantine are both roarers, and had both been beaten, it was understood, in their trials. Crocus looked and ran so badly in the Craven Meeting that her victory seemed impossible. Morna and Heather Bell were of quite a different class from the remainder, and to this pair it seemed likely that the race would be confined. Heather Bell in point of fitness and condition was the best-looking of the lot; but she ran so very weakly after half a mile that it is evident she is a filly of very little stamina. It seemed towards the finish a match between Morna and Brigantine, but Fordham nursed Scottish Queen most carefully, and calling on her for one effort in the cords, her fine turn of speed landed her a clever winner. Ridden otherwise—that is, hurried along, or allowed to make play earlier in the race—she would have finished last more probably than first. Martinique, we should say, could not start, having gone amiss the week before, or she could scarcely have failed to win. Scottish Queen's infirmity must stop her over the severe mile and a half at Epsom, and, looking at collateral running, the best of the fillies cannot have a chance with the colts of the same year.

The general racing of the week was of the most meagre description. The only two-year-old winners worth mentioning were Atlantis, Mahonia, and Guy Dayrell. The latter carried off the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate in a canter, and it seems unfortunate for his owner that he is not in the Derby. There was a fair field, but in races of this class an approved public performer generally has little to fear. Baron Rothschild's colt by North Lincoln out of Mentmore Lass will grow into a racehorse, and indeed if his big two-year-olds are allowed time, and not hacked about as King Alfred and Suffolk were, he ought to have a first-class representative next year. Moonstone, Mahonia, and the Mentmore Lass colt are all promising ones, to begin with. Still we think that Lord Stamford's Normanby is the best two-year-old that ran during the two Spring Meetings.

The handicap races were only noticeable from the successes obtained by Silenus, who has come back to his best form of last year. First, he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes easily from Sycee, Typhon, Mysotis, King Victor (who, by the way, was quite unfit to run), Robespierre, Cocoa Nut, Lady Beaconsfield, and some others. Last year he lost the same race by a head only, being defeated by Kingsland. Next, carrying 9 st. 2 lbs., he beat Siderolite over the Rowley mile, and later in the week, carrying 9 st. 7 lbs., he was beaten a head by Acaster over the severe Ancaster mile. These performances were pretty fair, and served to illustrate the extraordinary merits of Knight of the Garter, who at Warwick gave Silenus 25 lbs., and beat him easily. Matches, alas! are fast dying out at Newmarket, but the contest between Vespasian and Blue Gown was one of the really stirring events of the year. The course chosen was a mile and a quarter, across the flat, and by the terms of the match Blue Gown had to concede two years and 4 lbs. to Sir C. Legard's horse. At Epsom Blue Gown received 7 lbs. from Vespasian, and beat him by four lengths; now he was meeting him on 11 lbs. worse terms, and accordingly the contest promised to be close. Captain Machell considered that Vespasian had a little in hand; but the British public, to whom Blue Gown has been a source of considerable profit, would not desert the Derby winner. The result was a surprise, for not only did Vespasian win, but he won with the most consummate ease. He pulled over his adversary the whole way, and Fordham had the greatest possible difficulty in holding him in. Blue Gown ran gamely as ever, but he has done some hard work this year, and his severe and punishing race at the Craven Meeting with Blueskin over those long two miles from the Ditch in must have considerably jeopardized his chance for this match. In addition, he has had a great deal to do at home in leading work and in trials, and it is very plain that he requires a good rest. Vespasian, on the contrary, had been specially preparing for this encounter since Epsom, and was brought out for it in the most magnificent condition. Under any circumstances the weight was a great deal to give away; but being at the time stale and stiff, Blue Gown had not a chance. It is scarcely necessary to say that on the next day Athena, receiving only 6 lbs. from Vespasian, over the Rowley mile, could not get within sight of him.

The commencement of an era of Turf reforms was singularly unlucky. Lord Coventry's sensible motion that 6 st. should be the lowest weight in any handicap was rejected by a majority of nine, Admiral Rous leading the opposition. Thus the boys of 5 st. 7 lbs. who have neither hands nor head nor power to do anything but worry the starter and delay the progress of a day's sport will still be permitted to accomplish their disagreeable destiny. We are curious to know what arguments can have been used against Lord Coventry's motion, which has received the unanimous support of the press, and of those who sincerely wish to promote the true interests of the national sport; but the counsels of the Jockey Club are not made known to the outer world, and the only information vouchsafed by its official organ is that, after "some observations by Admiral Rous," the motion was rejected by a majority of nine.

REVIEWS

THE BOOK OF ENOCH.*

THE Apocryphal book which bears the name of one of the most remarkable persons mentioned in the Biblical record of the antediluvian world now exists only as a literary curiosity, but it was recognised as a source of instruction by the Christian Fathers, from the earliest period to that of St. Augustin, and it derives a sort of indirect canonical authority from the reference made to it in the general Epistle of St. Jude. By the Church, indeed, it was soon rejected, and some of its enemies went so far as to condemn the Epistle of St. Jude likewise. The general opinion seems, however, to have been that, if not canonical, it contained some good matter that could be profitably used. As for Tertullian, he received it in a spirit of lively faith which probably the author himself would scarcely have anticipated. After St. Augustin the Book of Enoch fell into oblivion, its memory enduring longer among the Greeks than among the Latins, till at last all that was left of it for the Western world consisted of some Greek fragments cited by Georgius Syncellus, a learned monk of the eighth century, in his *Chronographia*, an historical work which, beginning with Adam, ends with Diocletian. When we state that the fragments preserved by Syncellus fill four octavo pages, whereas eighty are covered by the entire book, it will be seen that his legacy to posterity was not on a grand scale. However, what he did leave, though it belongs to a portion of the Book which the best editor (of whom presently) considers spurious, is of great use to critics of the text. Whether the work has been better preserved among the Jews seems to be a doubtful point, but at all events there is no Hebrew manuscript of it that has come to the knowledge of Gentile scholars.

Rather less than a century ago, however, the position of the learned world with regard to the Book of Enoch was suddenly reversed. Even in the seventeenth century there was a notion that the lost treasure was, in some shape or other, to be found in Abyssinia, and in 1773 two original manuscripts of the work (besides a copy) in the Ethiopian language were brought to Europe by the celebrated traveller J. Bruce, who presented one of them to the Library at Paris, the other to the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Other manuscripts have since arrived, and now the difficulty among scholars is occasioned by a suspicion that instead of too little we have too much, and that a great deal of matter included in the Book of Enoch does not really belong to it. For a considerable time no use was made of the manuscripts, but they lay neglected in the libraries, and the first notice of their existence afforded to the world in general was a paper by M. de Sacy, which formed part of the *Magasin encyclopédique* published in the year VI. (1800), and which, in addition to the author's remarks, contained some chapters of the Ethiopian text, translated into Latin. But the entire work was not made public till 1821, when an English translation by Dr. Laurence, the Regius Professor of Hebrew, was published at Oxford. This translation, and the Latin extracts of De Sacy, which were reprinted by Dr. Laurence, seem to have formed the basis of the first part of a German translation by Dr. A. G. Hoffmann, published in the year 1833, though for the second part, published in 1838, he used a Frankfort manuscript of the Ethiopian text. In the same year, 1838, Dr. Laurence published the Book in Ethiopian, on the authority of Bruce's manuscripts, under the title *Libri Enoch, versio Ethiopica*. In 1851 another Ethiopian version, after five manuscripts, with the title *Liber Henoch Æthiopice*, was published by Dr. Dillmann at Leipzig. It may not be out of place to remark here that the modern Germans habitually prefix an "H" to the name of the antediluvian seer, the English form of which, "Enoch," is derived immediately from the Roman Vulgate, which follows the Septuagint. In 1853 a German translation of the Book by the same Dr. Dillmann was published at Leipzig, with an introduction, and a most ample exegetical comment, which in itself is a thesaurus of critical erudition; while, by way of appendix, the fragments preserved by Syncellus are given in the original Greek. This translation those of the learned world who are not disposed to study the Ethiopian tongue must accept as the genuine Enoch; and even those who are disposed to go to the fountain-head, and grapple with a language which is the most difficult and least grateful of the Semitic family, must at any rate regard it for some time with implicit faith, since Dr. Dillmann is the editor of the text with which they will have to compare it, and is, moreover, the author of the Ethiopian Grammar (published at Leipzig in 1857) with which they must commence their studies, for the old grammar of Ludolf now belongs to the past, that eminent Orientalist having died long before the discovery of the Ethiopian manuscript. Under any circumstances we may predict that the name of the Ethiopian scholars will never be legion. That great incentive to the study of a difficult language, the hope of reading works in the original, is wanting in the case of Abyssinian literature, since the Book of Enoch as found in Abyssinia is but a translation after all, and chiefly owes its value to the fact that the original work is altogether lost.

Following the text of Dr. Dillmann, we now proceed to give a summary description of the contents of the Book. After a

* *Das Buch Henoch.* Uebersetzt und erklärt von Dr. A. Dillmann. Leipzig: Vogel. 1853.

general introduction which introduces Enoch as a man whose eyes were opened by God and who was instructed by angels, the author at once proceeds to the history of the fall of the angels, briefly narrated in the sixth chapter of Genesis. Certain angels, sons of heaven, admiring the daughters of men, and willing to become fathers of a human progeny, their chief, Semjaza, doubting their stability, and fearing that he will be the only sufferer through the transgression of many, binds them all by a common oath, whereupon they descend, two hundred in number, to the summit of Mont Hermon. Each of them takes to himself a mortal wife, and the result of the unhallowed union is a race of giants, who starve mankind by their excessive voracity, and finally become cannibals. Moreover, the sinful angels, especially one whose name is Azazel (rendered "Scapegoat" in Leviticus xvi.), diffuse over the earth the arts of fabricating weapons, offensive and defensive, of painting the cheeks and eyebrows, and of fashioning meretricious ornaments, adding instruction in sorcery and astrology. The human race, heavily oppressed, lift their voices to heaven, and attract the attention of the four righteous angels, Michael, Gabriel, Surjân, and Urjân (Uriel), who, perceiving the justice of the complaints, lay the piteous case before the Almighty, who at once sends Arsjalaljur (supposed to be another name for Uriel) to Noah, the son of Lamech, to announce to him a deluge that will cover the whole earth, and warn him to escape with his children. Rufael or Raphael (supposed to be the same with Surjân) is enjoined to bind Azazel hand and foot, to throw him into a hollow made in the desert of Dudael (Kettle of God), and, laying sharp stones upon him, to cover him with darkness till the great day of judgment, when he is to be cast into the fiery pool. It is a special sin of Azazel that he has revealed to man the secrets of heaven, and Rufael is ordered to revivify the earth and proclaim that the whole human race shall not perish in consequence of that knowledge unlawfully communicated. To Gabriel is entrusted the destruction of the offspring of the unholy alliance, the giants, who, in spite of the entreaties of their fathers, are to perish by the hands of each other. Michael has the charge of Semjaza and the rest of his associates, who, when they have beheld the slaughter of their sons, and also the destruction of their mortal wives, are to be bound fast under the hills of the earth for seventy generations, and after the final judgment are to be cast into the fiery abyss, there to be tormented for ever. A general purification and restoration of the earth is then promised, with the assurance that it will not again be destroyed by a deluge. Enoch, who has long been hidden from man, occupied in holy converse with angels, now appears, being ordered by the angels to convey the message of Divine wrath to the transgressors. Proceeding to Azazel and the rest, he accordingly executes his mission, but is so deeply moved by their contrition that, in compliance with their entreaties, he reduces to writing their petition for forgiveness, in order to present it to the Almighty. Having finished the petition he seats himself by the waters of Dan (the Upper Jordan) in Dan (or Lais), and falling asleep has a vision, the purport of which on waking he communicates to the suppliants whom he finds assembled deeply dejected in Ublesjael, a place situated between Lebanon and Seneser. Their petition has been summarily rejected, but the vision which Enoch has seen affords him an opportunity of describing at length the glory of the Deity into whose presence he has been admitted, and the splendour of his habitation. On this occasion we learn that the bodies of the giants, after they have been slain, will decay, but that, as they derived their origin from above, they will remain as evil spirits on the earth, to work wickedness. We are afterwards told that, in addition to the crimes already mentioned, the fallen angels introduced the worship of these demons; and thus we have the approximation to the doctrine of the early Christian Fathers that the Gods of paganism were not mere human inventions, but demons, endued with certain supernatural powers. The reader, however, is not to infer that the spirits of the departed giants are identical with the Satanic host, and that consequently the writer of *Enoch*, by recording the transgression of Azazel and his colleagues, has post-dated the event, known as the "Fall of Lucifer." In a subsequent part of the Book we read of Satans who, appearing as agents of the Divine wrath, are clearly distinct from the demons, and it is even mentioned, as an offence of the transgressing angels, that they became subject to Satan. The origin of these Satans does not appear in the Book, and it will be remarked that the Old Testament is equally silent on the subject. With the doom of the fallen angels—to whose story the fragments of Syncellus are confined—the historical portion of the Book terminates, and the reader, without preparation, suddenly comes upon the marvellous voyage of Enoch, accompanied by archangels through earth and the lower heaven, till he reaches the confines of both. The voyage is twice described, on the second occasion more in detail than at first; or perhaps we are to suppose that two journeys were actually performed. Here ends the first part of the Book, according to the division of Dr. Dillmann.

In the second part the account of Enoch's travels is resumed, but generally the objects seen greatly differ from those described in the first; for whereas these belonged to a terrestrial region, the mysteries of the upper heaven, the angelic host and the Messiah, are now revealed, earthly things, when mentioned, taking a subordinate position. This part falls into three parables (if we may use a somewhat inappropriate expression), of which the first extols the glory of heaven; the second exhibits the Messiah; and the third shows the bliss of the righteous and the misery of the wicked in the Messiah's kingdom. The second of these parables is theologically more important than any other portion of the book, inasmuch as it clearly sets forth the author's conception of the Jewish Messiah, who is thus introduced:—

> Then I saw One, who had a head of days, and his head was white as wool; and by him was another, whose face was as the countenance of a man, and full of grace in his face, like one of the holy angels. And I asked one of the angels, who went with me and showed me every secret thing, concerning that Son of Man, who he was, and whence he was, and why he accompanied the Head of Days. And he answered me and said:—"This is the Son of Man, who has righteousness, in whom righteousness abides, and who reveals all the treasures of that which is concealed, because the Lord of Spirits has chosen him, and whose lot before the Lord of Spirits has surpassed all through uprightness unto eternity. And this Son of Man whom thou hast seen will raise up the kings and the mighty from their couches, and the powerful from their thrones; and he will loosen the reins of the powerful, and break to pieces the teeth of sinners."—Chap. xlvi.

Though the expression "Head of Days" seems to denote no more than "aged head," we retain it, on account of its resemblance to the "Ancient of Days" of Daniel, the substance of whose revelation (chap. vii. 9–14) is here substantially repeated. The parallel to the rest of Daniel's more elaborate description must be sought elsewhere; and, as the writer of Enoch here appears somewhat meagre, it is well to observe that on occasion, when he has to describe in detail the visions of heavenly glory, he can become more copious even than the author of the Apocalypse.

Soon after the passage cited above comes another of singular importance:—

> In that place I saw a fountain of righteousness, which was inexhaustible; it was encircled by many springs of wisdom, and all the thirsty drank of them and were full of wisdom, and had their dwellings with the righteous and the holy and the elect. And in that hour that Son of Man was named before the Lord of Spirits, and his name before the Head of Days. And before the Sun and signs were created, before the stars of Heaven were made, his name was named in the presence of the Lord of Spirits. He will be a staff to the righteous and the holy to lean upon and not fall, and he will be the light of peoples and the hope of those who are troubled at heart. All who dwell on earth will fall down and worship before him, and will extol and glorify and sing praises to the Lord of Spirits. And therefore was he chosen and concealed in His presence before the world was created, and he will be before Him for ever.—C. xlviii.

According to this passage the Messiah was not only named before the creation—that is, not only was his existence predetermined—but he actually existed from the first in the Divine presence, though not to be manifested before the appointed time. We have followed the precedent of Dr. Laurence in making use of the periphrasis "in the presence," as an ambiguity might be occasioned by too frequent an employment of the word "before." Dr. Dillmann simply employs the preposition "vor," which we may fairly assume to be the equivalent of the "πρὸς (τὸν θεόν)," in the first verse of the Gospel of St. John, rendered in the Authorized Version "with," and in the Roman Vulgate "apud." Although the Messiah is thus exalted above all creation, the author's belief in his humanity is proved not only by his frequent repetition of the expression "Son of Man," familiar to every reader of the New Testament, but by the use of the singular term "Son of Woman," which seems to have precisely the same signification, and not to bear the special import of the "seed of the woman" in the third chapter of Genesis:—

> Pain will seize the mighty of the earth, when they see the Son of Woman sitting on the throne of His glory.—Chap. lxii.

In the day of the Messiah there will be a resurrection of the dead:—

> In those days the earth will give back what has been confided to it, and the kingdom of the dead will give back what has been confided to it, and Hell (*i.e.* Hades, Hebraic *Sheôl*) will restore what it owns. And he (the Messiah) will select from among them the righteous and the holy, for the day is come when they are to be saved. And in those days the Elect will sit on His throne, and all the secrets of wisdom will flow from the thoughts of His mouth, for the Lord of Spirits has given this to Him and glorified Him.

The Elect, specially so-called, is here, of course, the Messiah, but something like the indication of a general theory of predestination is to be found in the Book. In a subsequent part Uriel shows Enoch the "heavenly tables" on which are recorded all the deeds of men that will take place on earth to the most remote generation.

In the second, and more particularly in the third, parable, passages occur which refer, not to the coming kingdom of the Messiah, but rather to the Flood, the Fall of the Angels, already recorded, and the preservation of Noah, who sometimes takes the place of Enoch as the privileged beholder of mysteries.

The third part, which likewise belongs to the narrative of Enoch's travels, contains a rude theory of the world, in which the variations of the heavenly bodies are accounted for in a very primitive manner, and which may be regarded as an amplification of the portion of the travels narrated in the first part. This is the least theological portion of the work, but it must be borne in mind that, from the point of view taken by our author, the boundaries between natural science and theology never appear very sharply defined.

The fourth part consists of two visions seen by Enoch in his youth. One, which is very fully described, refers to the impending judgment of the Flood; the other presents a summary history of the Israelites, who are traced from our common progenitor Adam, and followed through all their days of prosperity and tribulation to the establishment of the Messiah's kingdom. As the Book is ostensibly antediluvian, this history naturally takes the form of a prophecy, but critics, however they may differ

from each other, are pretty sure to agree on this point, that the apparent revelation of the future is, in fact, an allegorical record of the past. The persons and nations whose fortunes are predicted are all represented as brute animals, or as herdsmen to whom these are given in charge, though occasionally one of the animals assumes a human form. First, there is a white bull from whom proceeds a cow, and the issue of these are a black and red bull, of whom the former kills the latter. The persons here indicated are, of course, Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel. Jacob is not a bull, like his progenitor, but a sheep, and the children of Israel remain sheep to the end, their oppressors being sometimes ferocious beasts, sometimes cruel herdsmen. The long and elaborate allegory which thus grows before us offers a wide field for debate, since the figures that appear after the decease of Moses are not so readily to be traced to their historical prototypes as those which open the narrative, and there are sundry chronological indications which, taken one with another, make up a very pretty puzzle. One curious fact may, however, be remarked—namely, that in the list of conspicuous persons, David is no extraordinary figure, and is scarcely distinguishable from Solomon.

The fifth part is supplementary to the rest. Enoch, as an affectionate parent, warns his family, and indeed the whole human race, of the coming judgments, and exhorts them to remain true to the right path, in the full hope of an ample reward when the kingdom of the Messiah is established. An awkward conclusion is made by an account of the wonders that preceded the birth of Noah, with a prediction of the Deluge, and the future condition of the righteous and the wicked.

It will be seen that we have confined ourselves to a description of the Book as it lies before us, without reference to the controversies that have arisen as to the date of its production. It would be impossible here to give any account of these without far exceeding the limits of a single article.

BARNES'S EARLY ENGLAND.*

MR. BARNES is most likely better known to our readers as a poet in the living West-Saxon dialect than for his occasional attempts in the way of West-Saxon or other Teutonic philology. Those attempts have always been praiseworthy. Mr. Barnes is, in the eye of rigid criticism, what the late Lord Strangford used to call "pre-scientific," but he is pre-scientific of the class which is feeling its way towards the Scientific—we do not mean by our initial capital to imply that the Scientific is at all akin to the Insoluble—not of the class which stands obstinately aloof from it. And in some points we must ourselves look upon Mr. Barnes with those feelings of distant admiration with which a weaker brother looks on the career of a stronger. We feel that we have at least tried to do something for our old Nether-Dutch tongue; but we feel also that any one who may have been fed at our hands has been fed only with milk—we are tempted to say with skimmed milk—compared with the strong meat, the very roast beef of old England, which is offered them by Mr. Barnes. We once called Mr. Furnivall the Ealdorman of the Semi-Saxons; but there is nothing "semi" about Mr. Barnes; we are inclined to up-heave him on a shield, and proclaim him Heretoga of Nether-Dutchmen in general. The only pity is that he came into the world five hundred years too late. He should have lived at the same time as Chaucer, and he might perhaps have acted as an opposing influence to Chaucer. He has done us the honour to quote part of our notice of the *Ayenbite of Inwyt*. Now, if we could believe in the transmigration of souls, we should set down Mr. Barnes as an avatar of the author of the *Ayenbite of Inwyt*. The object of both is as praiseworthy as may be; but can the object be compassed in the nineteenth century any more than it could in the fourteenth? We cannot get rid of Latin and French words; we may fight hard against the needless bringing in of new ones; we may fight hard to keep those that have crept in unawares down in their proper secondary place; but we cannot turn them all neck and crop out of our speech. Mr. Barnes cannot do it; the author of the *Ayenbite* could not do it. We do not know how far Mr. Barnes would really use his ultra-Teutonic style in writing upon all subjects, or whether he does it simply as a kind of show on this particular subject. We do not like to apply so hard a word as affectation to Mr. Barnes; if his style be affected, it is a much more harmless kind of affectation than the affectation of the penny-a-liners; still there are sentences in his book where the English is so very undefiled that we really do not understand it. Here, for instance:—

> The heads or motemounds of many of our hundreds are in oustep-spots, where there was never a hamlet of English people, and the British *Cantrevydd* were made of andershares very unlike our Tithings.

Mr. Barnes says, and historically with perfect truth:—

> English has become a more mongrel speech by the needless inbringing of words from Latin, Greek, and French, instead of words which might have been found in its older form, or in the speech of landfolk over all England, or might have been formed from its own roots and stems, as wanting words have been formed in German and other purer tongues.

And presently he adds:—

> It may be said that the words brought in from Latin, Greek, or French were all needed for new things as they were brought under speech, and that our tongue richer by all of those words than it was in the olden time.

Not so, those who read the books in our earlier speech find English words which have been offeast, and see that many foreign words which have taken their places stand now only as a word intaken for a word cast out.

And he strengthens his case by two lists, of words where the foreign word has turned out the English, and of words where the English and the foreign word both still exist. Now here we must to some extent part company with Mr. Barnes. We will certainly not talk about "vicinity" when we can say "neighbourhood," or about "vocation" when we can say "calling," or "environs" when we can say "outskirts"; but we doubt about our old friend "Inwyt," and when we are obliged to talk about "continuity," we doubt whether any one would understand us if we said "ekeness." In some cases we do not quite understand the principle on which Mr. Barnes goes. He suggests words which are certainly purely English, but which are now quite unintelligible, while there are other words equally English which everybody understands. We need hardly talk about "evenglome" and "wonstead," when we can say "twilight" and "dwelling." But the following remark is very good:—

> Luckily our tramways and railways were first made by working men who used for things under hand, English words of their own, as rail, railway, sleeper, ballast, tram, truck, trolly, shunt, and a siding; but, when the railway was taken into the hands of more learned men, we had the *permanent* way for the full-settled way, and the *terminus* instead of the rail-end, or way-end, or outending.

Yet all praise to those who write up "The Way Out," as near an approach as we are likely to make in these times to the more compact "Ausgang."

Mr. Barnes's little book strikes us as a little unconnected. He begins with a "Fore-note," a word which we do not remember to have seen before, though we have seen "noteworthy." But we confess that we do not see the gain either of "fore-note" or of "noteworthy," both being hybrid compounds. "Vorwort" is pure German, but "fore-note" is not pure English, and we may just as well say "preface." Well, in the fore-note Mr. Barnes tells us that his book is meant to supply "readers who may not be quite ready to furnish their bookshelves with works of costly sizes, or may not have time for long and deep reading," with a "handy book on the history of their forefathers." The question with us would be whether an altogether unlearned reader would understand a series of rather desultory notes, put together in Mr. Barnes's peculiar style. A person who already understands the subject will pick up some fresh hints in looking through Mr. Barnes's pages, but we doubt whether a quite ignorant person would make out very much. A child, the most important learner of all, would certainly make out nothing. The very title of the book, though we can see in it a certain feeling after the right way, would only mislead. Why "Saxon-English"? a form which clearly implies some other English who are not Saxons. And so, to be sure, there are plenty such in Mercia and Northumberland, and Mr. Barnes may, if he pleases, call his own Dorsætas "Saxon-English" in opposition to them. But he is not talking of his own Dorsætas, but of Englishmen in general from Wight to Forth, and as applied to Englishmen in general that form is misleading. Yet we are glad to hail it as a sign of the breaking-up of that confused way of speaking according to which "the Saxons invaded England":—

> The Saxons lived about Holsten, and would seem, on sundry grounds, to have made some settlements on the eastern shore of Britain before the time of Gwrteyrn; and, indeed, the name *Saeson*, by which the Welsh now call us, would seem to have been first given to some such earlier Saxons rather than to the Saxon-English of Gwrteyrn's time, as they always called themselves English and not Saxons.

The last sentence we of course welcome, even though Mr. Barnes goes a step further than we should venture to go. Can he prove that the Jutes of Kent under Hengest "always called themselves English"? We can only say that we do not know, but that it is enough for us that the oldest English records call them so. As for Saxon "settlements on the eastern shore of Britain," Dr. Guest has knocked them on the head; still Mr. Barnes is quite right in his general meaning. It was the Saxon invasions repelled by Theodosius which first led the Celts of Britain to call all Teutons Saxons—a habit strengthened by the fact that those Teutons who first attacked modern Wales were actually Saxons.

Some way on Mr. Barnes has a note on the Bretwaldas. Mr. Kemble, it will be remembered, derived the name, not from Britons but from *Bryten*, wide; so that *Brytenwealda*, one of the forms in use, would mean the "wide ruler." Mr. Barnes has another idea:—

> Then Walda or *Wealda* has been read as of the singular number, and meaning a *Wielder* or *Ruler*, rather than a wielding or rule, which it would mean; and *Walda* ending in *a* would show itself as the possessive plural of *Wald*, and as meaning "of dominions or powers;" and the word *Brytta*, or *Bryta*, again means *Bestower* or *Lord*, as "Life's Brytta," Lord, or giver of life; "Goldes Brytta," Gold bestower; "Sinces Brytta," Treasure bestower; "Morðres Brytta," Lord of slaughter; "Tires Brytta," Lord of glory; and it seems likely that *Bretwalda* is Lord or Bestower of dominions, a name given to the king who made himself, or was owned, among the English states as arbiter.

But surely, to make *Walda* a genitive plural, it ought to come first, and it is somewhat against even Mr. Kemble's explanation that, when Æthelstan calls himself in an English charter (Cod. Dipl. . 258) "Brytenwalda ealles þyses iglandes," the Latin version has "totius Britanniæ Rex." Some of Mr. Barnes's other derivations sound queer. What can *ceorl* have to do with *ceor* a bondsman, or *þegen* with *þing*? Nor is it easy to see what Mr. Barnes means when he says that the letters *b* and *s*, as "root marks"—

* *Early England and the Saxon-English; with some Notes on the Father-Stock of the Saxon-English, the Frisians.* By W. Barnes, B.D. London: J. R. Smith. 1869.

what on earth is a "root mark"?—"betoken" this or that, *b* betokening "to *bow*, *bulge*, *bunch*, or *bulk up*, or to *biggen*," and *s* betokening "to *sink* down, or to *sink* under pressure, to be *soft*." Possibly Mr. Wedgwood might understand this, but we really cannot. Did the Brytenwealda, whatever his derivation, bow, or bulge, or bunch, or bulk up, or biggen? Or were the Saxons themselves especially soft people, or particularly given to sinking?

We fear we must say that Mr. Barnes had better keep to his English and Frisian, and not meddle with the tongues south of Hæmus and the Alps. In the controversy as to the origin of the word *Church*, we suspect that a careful examination might reveal the painful fact that the corporate personality of the *Saturday Review* has sometimes wavered from one side to the other. But in all our encampings with either party we certainly never came across any one so depraved as to derive *Church* from τὸ κυριακὸν οἶκον, or to think that a church was, in any time or place, called τὸ κυριακὸν οἶκον. Mr. Barnes seems to have met with such men, and he naturally dissents from them. His mythology too, especially his Greek mythology, is somewhat hard to understand:—

> So it is clear that Demeter, the Great Mother, the Δαι μητηρ, Δαις-μητηρ, the Food Mother, is the Earth, as Arnobius writes to the heathen.

The words which he quotes from Arnobius are:—

> "Terram quidam e vobis, quod cunctis sufficiat animantibus victum, Matrem esse dixerunt magnam; eandem hanc aliquot, quod salutarium seminum frugem gerit, Cererem esse pronunciant."

It is odd to go to Arnobius for our Comparative Mythology, but Arnobius certainly says nothing, at least in the passage quoted by Mr. Barnes, about Δαι μητηρ and Δαις-μητηρ, forms both of which are quite beyond us. It is more strange when Mr. Barnes calls the fifth day of the week "Thor's day" and adds—

> Thor is pretty clearly shown by the sagas to be the Jupiter Tonator (Thunder); indeed, Thorsday is now called by the Germans Donnerstag, Thundersday (Thursday).

No doubt Jupiter and Thor do in a certain way answer to one another, though, so far as Jupiter answers to Zeus, the real Teutonic cognate of Jupiter is *Tiw*. But Mr. Barnes has got into a manifest puzzle. Has he never read in the Chronicles how Earl Godwine died "on þone Đunresdæg"? No doubt Thor and Thunær (Thunder) answer to each other in Danish and English: but Thor by that name is no English God, and Thursday is not called from Thor, but is a mere contraction of *Thundersday*.

But we are glad to see Mr. Barnes on the right scent among our dear brothers the Frisians. We really believe that it is not too much to say that a Frisian is simply an Englishman who stayed at home and did not go into Britain. At all events the Frisians are our nearest Continental kinsfolk, nearer than Danes, far nearer than High-Dutchmen. This is just what writers like Mr. Pike and Mr. Nicholas (who are just now at such amusing loggerheads in a court of law as to the true paternity of their crotchets) cannot be made to understand. They crow mightily if they show that an Englishman's tastes differ in some points from those of a High-Dutchman, and that his hat is not exactly the same shape. After fourteen hundred years' separation there is likely to be some difference, just as after only two hundred years' separation there is some difference between Englishmen in Britain and Englishmen in America. But, after all, no amount of difference between Englishmen and Swabians or Bavarians will prove us to be Welshmen, Greeks, Jews—for we cannot forget Mr. Lysons—or anything else that ingenious men may choose to call us. There are both eccentricities and mistakes about Mr. Barnes, but he has that which makes up for all. He does indeed carry out the motto in his title-page, by looking to the rock whence he is hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence he is digged. It is a wise child who knows his own father, and this mark of wisdom at least Mr. Barnes possesses in its fulness.

A RESIDENCE IN BULGARIA.*

THE writers of this volume claim, as narrators, to have put on paper nothing which they have not seen themselves. They assert, as critics, the power of appreciating what they have seen. One of them professes a thorough acquaintance with all Slavonic languages, as well as with Turkish, and a long experience of the peoples of Eastern Europe. His head-quarters for the last three years have been fixed in a Christian village in the Balkans, where his literary colleague, who also lays claim to a fair knowledge of Turkish, has been his companion for half that period. Roving about the country in shooting excursions, depending on their guns alone for escort, and on themselves alone for interpreters, these two Englishmen have enjoyed opportunities of seeing the life of a Turkish province from a point of view not preoccupied by the more cursory traveller or the resident official dignitary; and they have seen it, as they believe, more closely and more truly. They have passed their time in close contact alternately with the Christian rayah and the Turk of Bulgaria, noting the ways and listening to the talk of the villages belonging to either religion, without unavoidably tempting misrepresentation on the one side or the other as professed hearers of complaints and redressers of grievances. In a country where, if anywhere, there are wheels inside the wheels which run within the visible wheels of administrative and political life, they have seen (so to speak) the greasing of the innermost axles. They have obviously formed a very strong (and, they are at some pains to assure us, a strictly unbiassed) opinion on the comparative capabilities of the rayahs and their so-called Mussulman masters. They show a considerable power of stating this opinion clearly, and of marshalling for their readers the evidence which has convinced themselves. Even those who may not wholly agree with their conclusions cannot but find their chapters interesting.

At a moment when Western Europe is thoroughly tired of the pertinacious violation of international law by successive Hellenic Governments in the matter of the Cretan insurrection, many of the English public are prepared to believe on easier terms than usual that

> Turk 's not so black, nor Greek so very white.

But Captain St. Clair and Mr. Brophy will hardly be satisfied by any qualified admission that after all the Turk is not so much worse than his neighbours. They say, with the fervour of the apostles of a new faith, that he is very far better. They tell us that the pure and unadulterated Turk of the villages of European Turkey (very different from the Europeanized Turk of the capital or the large cities) is by nature a gentleman, as well as an honest, brave, and hardworking labourer. In virtue of the morality which his religious teachers impress upon him, he is sober, kind as a husband and father, true, just, and generous in his dealings with strangers, loyally patient in bearing the burdens of taxation and military service imposed by the Padischah. They paint the rayah, on the other hand, as essentially an idle, ignorant drunkard, who, rather in virtue than in spite of his religious teaching, grovels in the basest mud of a cowardly and superstitious existence, who is ready to lie, cheat, rob, or, if need be, murder, but all in a mean and short-witted way. He has no feelings of nationality, except such as are inspired by the interested propagandism of Russia; no sentiment of even local patriotism or family affection strong enough to overcome the rooted laziness which is content to leave nine-tenths of the most fertile land of Europe uncultivated, while the producing tenth is merely scratched and sown. The cardinal points of his practical orthodoxy consist in the union of licensed feasting with entire abstinence from toil for 182 days in the year, alternating with the most rigorous fasting and the most dawdling attempts at labour on the 183 so-called working days. The very forms of his popular superstitions are of the basest, most prosaic, and material order. He has no strong ambition to learn, to do, or to be, anything beyond to-day; no genuine instinct except a zeal to cheat and hate the dominant race before which he trembles. "Brutish, obstinate, idle, superstitious, dirty, *sans foi ni loi*"—the negative character of Bulgarian Christianity is forcibly summed up in the words of a transplanted English navvy to the authors of this volume, that, "for all he could see, the only Christians in that part of the world were the Turks."

It can hardly be denied that the picture is true in the main. Greeks themselves have been honest enough to speak (or at least one Greek in our knowledge has been honest enough to write, at the cost of excommunication) as freely as these authors of the character of the country priesthood in the Ionian Islands, and of the purely degrading influence exercised by their teaching and example on the peasantry who maintain them. The details of the manners and customs of the Bulgarian rayah, given by the two Englishmen from their own experience, are sufficient to justify the general terms of their description of him. Some allowance should, however, be made for the sensitiveness of distaste which is sure to be produced in the temper of a civilized critic by enforced hourly familiarity with the lower habits of a subdued and uncultivated people. Had the head-quarters of Captain St. Clair and Mr. Brophy lain in a Turkish instead of a Christian village, it is probable that we might have heard from them rather less of the positive virtues, and rather more of the necessary defective tendencies, of the Mussulman religion. Upon the faults and failures of Turkish administration, and the vicious Western semi-civilization of Constantinople, they are severe enough. Granting that the natural man in the Turk of the provinces shows many of the fundamental virtues with which their experience credits him, we may yet doubt whether he is so pure a specimen of the unalloyed perfection of humanity as, in contrast to the miserable rayah, these pages make him appear.

The functional disorders of the Turkish Empire are, even on the showing of its genuine friends in this volume, bad enough to cause ample anxiety to all who believe that its entire disappearance would certainly lead to a lower, rather than a higher, level of society in the East. The land laws are bad; the administration of justice defective; the waste of Government resources, under the present system of tax-farming, enormous; peculation and corruption so universal in every lower grade of office, that the energy of the most honest Pacha is apt only to lead him blindfold into fresh pitfalls of some shameless abuse or concealed iniquity. The well or ill intentioned interference of European diplomacy on every possible occasion, aided by the exceptional leverage of the capitulations by which Turkey is bound to almost every European Power, has led to a policy of "making things pleasant" by concessions which those who make them know to be contrary to the general welfare of the empire. The conventional Western phrase of equality before the law for all the Sultan's subjects, without distinction of creed or race, has been ostentatiously impressed as a registered patent Government stamp upon all recent plans of reform, as a tribute to the ideas of the West paid by Turkey for the recognition of a national place in the European system. The

* *A Residence in Bulgaria.* By S. G. B. St. Clair and C. A. Brophy. London: John Murray. 1869.

practical application of an ill-understood device consists in the strenuous enforcement (say Messrs. St. Clair and Brophy) of the rule that right is always on the side of the rayah, who will complain and will find listeners, as against the Turk, who will endure injustice without complaining. Standing orders from Constantinople, to favour the rayah in every possible manner, take the place of any real exertion to raise the rayah's moral level. The much abused commutation tax of four shillings a year now paid by the rayah in lieu of all military service, is so disproportionately small in comparison with the worth of the personal service given by the Turk, as to constitute an unreasonable privilege to the one, and an exhausting injustice to the other. The reception of Christian evidence has done little but encourage professional perjury; the admixture of Christian jurors in the communal tribunals has increased judicial bribery and favouritism. Unless the rayah can be "levelled up" towards the morality of the Turk, every material advantage by which the terms of his present animal life are made easier turns into nothing but reciprocal sourness and bitterness between the two races, whose living side by side becomes thus more impossible year by year. If the mere pampering of the inferior being under the pressure of foreign patronage goes much deeper into the system, it is predicted that things will go from worse to worse until the patience of the overburdened and over-insulted Turk of the country breaks down. He will then re-assert his position as master, once for all, by a holy war of Islam, or perish in the attempt.

Degraded as the type of the Bulgarian rayah may be, and thin as is the varnish of civilization which at present he is competent to assume, it is impossible to forget how and why he is destitute of the natural civilizing influence of an aristocracy of his own. No permanent peace, no loyalty to the sovereignty of the Sultan, can grow up in Bulgaria till the rayah has learnt that there is a future for himself under that empire. However much the individual Turk may be personally preferable, we cannot contemplate as possible that he should in any case be allowed to exterminate or crush the recalcitrant rayah by sheer re-conquest in a war of creeds. But it is another thing to say that the common State to which both Turk and rayah belong shall be sovereign within itself, and suffer no hindrance in applying its own remedies to the evils for which it bears all the responsibility. We are inclined to think with Messrs. St. Clair and Brophy, that until the capitulations are abolished, the power of Turkey to improve herself will never be fairly tried. When foreign settlers can reside in Turkey as holders of land in their own names, with their rights and duties governed by Turkish law alone, it may be that Western industry and wealth will elbow the rayah out of some of the land which he now rather negatively than actually occupies, and by pushing him into a corner help to make a man of him. The Tartars who migrated from the Crimea by arrangement between the Czar and the Porte at the end of the Russian war, though cheated by the Sovereign whom they left, and neglected by the Sovereign to whom they came, are already making their mark upon the soil of Bulgaria, and showing a pattern of thrift and foresight, the profit of which even their thriftless and short-sighted neighbours must by degrees come to understand:—

The Rayah leaves everything to nature, and gets more than enough for his wants; the Tartar assists nature, and his crops are treble those of the Christian.

A Tartar boy of fifteen years old has lately constructed a marine steam-engine out of some bits of old iron, and a kettle as boiler, and a tiny craft worked by this machinery is at present conveying passengers on the Black Sea, between Varna and the Monastery of St. George, a distance of about eight miles.

By the efforts of these colonists the forests are being gradually converted into arable land—gradually, because their system is different from that of the Rayah, and they only clear as much land as can be properly brought under cultivation, whilst the other burns down fifty acres of timber to make one field of five acres, which, after the first year's ploughing and sowing, is probably neglected for the next quarter of a century.

Alongside of the Tartar settlements are the encampments of other exiles of a different stamp—Circassians from the Caucasus. Handsome, proud, and warlike, with all the memories of the mountain-homes from which they have been driven still fresh and warm, they have no heart to till the soil to which they have been transplanted. Like the Scotch Highlanders of our own ruder times, they do a little cattle-lifting and a little highway robbery in a quiet aristocratic style. Their chief capability for becoming good subjects of Turkey lies in their genuine hatred of the Muscovite; and if they can be preserved from the gradual extinction which would appear to be the natural end of their manner of life, they may perhaps yet do service to the land of their exile, by growing into the natural garrison of the natural fastnesses of the Balkans. The Circassian type is that of a hardy but elegant mountain chivalry; but our authors clearly feel most sympathy with the Tartar exponents of the lesson inculcated throughout this book upon all whom it may concern, that the wealth, the resources, and the future of Turkey lie in that which hitherto has been not only neglected but discouraged—the development of the powers of the soil. *Arare est orare* is the motto which the blameless life of the Tartar immigrant spreads before the boozy eyes of the indigenous Christian in Bulgaria. The necessity of a return to first principles in religious morality is illustrated by the following account of what the rayah, as taught by his Greek Papas, at present believes to be serious wicked-

It is a sin—

1. To give a child a spoon to play with.
2. To give away or sell a loaf of bread without breaking a piece from it.
3. Not to fumigate with incense the flour when it is brought from the mill (particularly if the mill be kept by a Turk), in order to prevent the Devil entering into it.
4. To wash a child before he has come to the (canonical) age of reason, that is to say, seven years.
5. To sell flour before making a loaf from it.
6. To clean a stable, sell milk, or fetch water from the fountain after dusk.
7. To allow a dog to sleep on the roof of the house, as this gravely imperils the soul of any defunct member of the family.
8. Not to throw some water out of every bucket brought from the fountain, as some elementary spirit might otherwise be floating on the surface of the water, and not being thrown out, take up his abode in the house, or enter into the body of any one who drank from the vessel.

Finally, it is a sin to fail in the observance of any of the hundred superstitious practices approved or tolerated by the Papas.

An intelligent Oriental visitor of the midland counties of England, thoroughly conversant with the dialectic varieties of our language, might perhaps pick up eight as curiously silly superstitions floating upon the surface of agricultural or mining life. But he would hardly find that they were approved or used by the vicars and curates of the English Church, as the main leverage wherewith to work upon the souls of their parishioners.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.*

If compelled to choose between the rough, hasty work of a man of talent and experience, and the laboured effort of a dull but conscientious novice, we conceive that few people would find much difficulty in making their election. The gleaning of the grapes of the one would be better than the fullest vintage of the other. But want of care is less venial than a mistake in one's vocation, and we protest against being driven to such an alternative at all. Except occasionally, towards his third volume, when he has dashed into a subject too hastily and got thoroughly bored with his characters, Mr. Lever rarely sinks to dulness, and in *That Boy of Norcott's* he is never dull. Something of the *verve* and vigour of Charles O'Malley and Jack Hinton lingers still, and carries you along in spite of yourself. But all the time you have a presentiment that your course will end in disappointment, and when you come to the end and find your fears realized, if you are not indignant it is only because you have been preparing yourself. Mr. Lever knows the world well, but it must be confessed that he presumes very often on the innocence of the bulk of his readers, and if he did not carry them off with a confidence that will not be criticized, more of his incidents would be condemned as extravagantly unnatural. In a quiet way Mr. Lever works hard, and not unsuccessfully, to demonstrate the absurdity of the saying that truth is stranger than fiction. We are aware that human nature is a strange tissue of inconsistencies, but in this book, in the personages on whom the author bestows most pains, he weaves it into patterns that are simply monstrous, while of others that ought to be among the most prominent he barely indicates the outlines. When we come to the close of the story, the lady who, as it turns out, was its heroine, is scarcely better known to us than to the hero who marries her. Taken in its several chapters, it is generally good and animated, with much that is fresh and original. Read it as a whole, and you are distressed by the perpetual want of sequence in plot, thought, and characters. The impression it gives is that the writer shaped his conceptions from the caprice of the moment, and that he had been too impatient in the execution to care to bring each part of his work into keeping with the rest. Still we admit that art gains whenever men like Mr. Lever have opportunities of acquiring fresh experience of life, and we are indebted for several most graphic sketches to the new ground which our Consul at Trieste has broken on the Eastern Adriatic. The scenes in the *Schloss* in Hungary too are good, although perhaps he has scarcely made so much of them as he might have done, and the local colouring is too vague to give much assurance of the vividness of the author's impressions.

The title—*That Boy of Norcott's*—strikes us as a taking one, although it proves to be fanciful enough, as the story proceeds to unfold itself. The hero is the son of a rich and reckless baronet, Sir Roger Norcott, whose eccentricities have made him much better known than respected. Oddly enough, wherever the son goes, by a strange series of coincidences he hears himself spoken of as "that boy of Norcott's," and he accepts the form of words as pregnant with slight and contumely. In accomplishments of mind and person, and in unsuspected resources of both that only wait occasions to elicit them, he is a good deal of an Admirable Crichton. But the difference between creations of this sort by a man like Mr. Lever, and analogous ones by his sisters of the pen, is that theirs shock our common sense at every turn, and make us laugh where we ought to stare, while we find ourselves receiving his with a sort of respectful admiration, and only come upon reflection to wonder where these prodigies can have picked up all they know. Young Norcott was born in Ireland of an Irish mother, and it was part of his Hibernian birthright to take naturally to the saddle, and witch his little world with noble horsemanship; but he must have been almost a Mezzofanti to master foreign tongues as he did. He is the child of a marriage of caprice rather than of love, which his father made with the daughter of a small shopkeeper by way of amusing himself in his country quarters. By a touch at the beginning of the book, which he may have afterwards forgotten, Mr. Lever betrays us into what

* *That Boy of Norcott's.* By Charles Lever. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1869.

must be a false impression of Sir Roger's character. We are led to think that, under its cynical, repelling surface, there must be sluices of tenderness to which his son has the key, and we have no doubt whatever that they will be unlocked sooner or later. In a trial in which he claims possession of the child (the ill-assorted marriage had been followed by a separation), the father gave his evidence with a certain hard defiance of opinion. The child is taken from him. "Will you leave me, Digby?" said the father, "and his lips trembled and his cheek blanched as he uttered the words. The boy sprang into his arms, and kissed him wildly and passionately; and the two clung to each other in close embrace, and their mingled sobs echoed through the now silent court." But as Sir Roger is represented afterwards as reserved and self-controlled to excess, a *roué* with scarcely a trace of heart, such a scene is improbable to extravagance. Sir Roger, as we see him, had feelings too weak to get the better of the most impulsive girl, and, had they been a hundred times more intense, his iron self-control is represented as strong enough to keep them down.

If we can once persuade ourselves that this notoriously embarrassed man had unlimited credit, and that this old man of the world let himself be preyed upon habitually by adventurers whom he saw through and despised, the life in his mansion near Brussels, and the talk of the parasites that filled it, is very good. There is something dramatic in the way in which the boy, brought from his humble home in Ireland, where he had been reared in piety and poverty by his mother, is dropped into the Monte-Christo-like extravagance of his father's house, and the society of the set who profit by it. His worthy parent takes a vicious satisfaction in precipitating his son at this tender age into the path he has been following himself, and one of his hangers-on—who is in orders, and waiting in the hope of a living—is, under the title of tutor, charged with the boy's initiation. What would have become of him under such auspices and surrounded by such seductions, we know not, for luckily a chill of adversity comes to brace him. While travelling with his tutor as a young man of fortune, he hears from a stolid Swiss banker, who tells it unsympathisingly as a matter of business, that his father has formally renounced him, and that he has to begin the world on his own account with 40*l*. This Herr Heinfetter is persuaded to get rid of him by giving him an introduction to a correspondent at Fiume, and, thus tumbled to the very bottom of the social ladder, the youth is condemned to climb it painfully from the yard where he is set to count the staves brought there for shipment. The removal of his hero from the conventionalities of dissipated life to a sphere which is as new to us as to him gives Mr. Lever opportunities which he is not slow to use. Mr. Lever is not tempted, by finding himself in romantic and little visited countries, to fall into a fault which is often committed with far less excuse, and to overload his pages with panoramas of scenery. Yet he describes with so much of visible truth and evident feeling, that for once we could wish for more; and he might have claimed our gratitude had he multiplied the clever touches in which he reproduces the picturesque outlines and gorgeous tints of the Istrian and Croatian coasts. The studies of the various specimens of half-civilized life that young Norcott met there, if slight, are effective, and their treatment is vigorous, if hasty. We cannot but praise Hanserl, the simple, cheerful, good-humoured little dwarf who instructed our hero in the duties of the yard; the vulgar, over-dressed clerks, with their provincial airs; Herr Oppovich, the wealthy head of the house, who has a suburban palace and gardens, their natural beauty scarcely assisted by art, which a Prince has asked to buy in vain; who lives for 364 days of the year in the strictest parsimony, and indicates his wealth with a lavishly ostentatious *fête* on the 365th. One of the most amusing—and, we must add, one of the least probable—is Gustave de Marsac, *soi-disant* French aristocrat, a traveller to the firm. Expatiated to these desolate shores, he rattles on in the genuine tone of the *flâneur* of the Boulevards, the man who revolves among the *cercles* and *coulisses*, the Café Anglais and the Maison Doré. He talks and acts as if, instead of being a subordinate with modest emoluments, he had unlimited credit with the house he serves. We know that Norcott's salary was small enough, but he lives on it pretty comfortably, for when M. Marsac drops in on him to make his acquaintance, he gives him *carte-blanche* to order supper and champagne, produces genuine Cubas, and pleads guilty to drinking Bordeaux out of *mousseline* glasses. Young Norcott mounts rapidly in the confidence of the house. The fair Sara Oppovich, handsome, haughty, and overbearing, turns out to be the *dea ex machinâ* to whom he owes his rise. She is the guiding spirit of the establishment, directs its transactions, and, beautiful as she is, is a thorough girl of business. He admires from a respectful distance, and although of course he never makes a declaration, it subsequently turns out that the impression has been mutual. Among the best things in the book are the letters he writes to her when absent on the business of the house, in which, although he does not venture on love, he devotes much space to topics of general interest, the discussion of which touches on the borders of friendship. She answers, thanking him for his remarks on ethnology, but objecting to his silence on the affairs of the firm. Norcott had been despatched on commissions of importance by the Drave to the Danube, and into Hungary. There is a spirited account of his posting across the Hungarian plains from Pesth to Schloss Hunyadi:—"No more the wild stretching galop cutting the snow-drift; no more the clear bells ringing through the frosty air; no more the eager landlord bustling to the carriage side, with his flagon of heated wine; no more that burning delight imparted by speed, a sense of power that intoxicates." Count Hunyadi, with whom his business lay, wild, daring, and eccentric, is the very counterpart of his father; and, as it chances, the two were intimate friends. And it also chances, by one of those coincidences on which novelists venture at a pinch, that Sir Roger was actually there at the time with the lady who passed for his wife, although absent on a hunting-party when his son arrived. Then came news that a boar frantic with wounds had ripped up the Englishman, and that he was lying at the point of death. Young Norcott reaches the dying man in time to be acknowledged as his lawful son, and finds himself a wealthy man.

We confess we were astonished to find him so easily extricated from the wood, while we thought him still in its depths. He had an interview at the Schloss with Madame Cleremont, his father's *chère amie*, with whom he had used to be on the most affectionate terms, but who closed their conversation on this occasion by threatening implacable vengeance, and admitting that it was she who had thrown a duel on his hands a few days before. When she vanishes from the scene without doing him any hurt whatever, we grumble with the American landlord when Mark Tapley, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, came back alive from Eden: "It ain't the thing we did expect; we've been took in, you can't deny." Moreover, although Sir Roger had lived a life of profuse extravagance, and we are led to understand through the story that he can leave nothing but debts and creditors behind, his son finds himself in possession of a clear rent-roll of 10,000*l*. Almost at the same moment the house of Oppovich comes to the ground. Our hero then learns that Sara had so interested herself in his family circumstances that it was to her his mother owed the pension she had received for some time back from an unknown source. In love and gratitude he offers his hand to his ruined benefactress, and the curtain falls on their happiness. As will be seen, there are plenty of extravagances and inconsistencies in the book that the critic cannot overlook, but the reader, carried away by the flow of the story or the sparkle of the style, will be inclined to forgive them. Only, if he wishes to avoid disappointment, he must carefully guard against counting on an intelligible plot or a rational *dénouement*.

NATIVE HISTORIANS OF MAHOMEDAN INDIA.*

WE have much pleasure in welcoming a second instalment of this important work, and we trust that, reversing the course usual in commercial windings-up, the literary dividends from Sir Henry Elliot's estate will increase in frequency, and not diminish in value. We should suppose that, to do any justice to the materials, at least eight more volumes will be required to complete the undertaking, which at the present rate of publication would make the last of them due in 1883, before which time the inevitable black horses will have carried no small proportion of the original readers to the Kensal Greens of England and India. Still, although we grumble just a little, we do not wonder at the slowness of the progress, for Professor Dowson is a conscientious workman, and his work is of a kind which admits of little assistance from others. He himself, it is true, makes mention with a stifled sigh of some one who possesses a "staff of Munshis," but we are not sure that he has any very great cause to regret their absence in his own case. They would, indeed, be of service in the collation of originals, but in the matter of translation his personal toil would be as great as ever; for if he did not in fact go over each line himself, he could never feel that he was safe against ludicrous distortions of meaning such as one he has mentioned in the present volume. In this instance, the historian, in describing an anxious crowd of councillors and courtiers awaiting the result of a momentous consultation between a Sultan and his Minister, tells us that, as the anxiety increased, "a muttering arose as of a drum beaten under a blanket." No words can be more admirably graphic; but had Mr. Dowson rested satisfied with "a translation made by a Munshi, and revised by an Englishman," the types of Mr. Stephen Austin would have been made to record the singular circumstance that in the midst of these councillors "there was a drum which was beat under a blanket, and a noise issued from it," which there is no denying would be a very natural result. Another instance of mistranslation quoted by Mr. Dowson is hardly less ridiculous.

The present volume commences with an account of the life and writings of Al Birúni, regarding whom we wrote at some length in our notice of its predecessor.† Next in time, and perhaps in importance, to him is Al Utbi, the author of the well-known *Tarikh Yamini*. Like every man of letters of any eminence in that time, Al Utbi was engaged in the service of Sultan Mahmúd of Ghuzni, who, in that strangely chosen capital in the midst of barren hills and stone-covered valleys, shut up with snow for six months of every year, had contrived to assemble round him all that Asia could boast of genius and of learning. But although one of the secretaries of the great conqueror, and, as such, commanding access

* *The History of India, as Told by its own Historians. The Muhammadan Period.* Edited from the Posthumous Papers of the late Sir H. M. Elliot, K.C.B., by Professor John Dowson, M.R.A.S. Vol. II. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Saturday Review*, August 3, 1867.

to the best sources of information, it is evident, from the whole tenor of his work, that he had no personal acquaintance with India; and, whenever the course of his narrative takes him to that country, his geography becomes inaccurate, and his dates bewildering. But his style of writing is often vivid and picturesque, and the similes and illustrations, in which he of course indulges like all Orientals, are neither so trite nor so nonsensical as those we are accustomed to meet with. He has been the great authority and guide for the writers who have come after him, and has been abundantly sat upon by a crew of commentators, condensers, and remodellers, with the usual result of evaporating one half of the spirit, taste, and sense of their original. In his narratives of battles, even of those on the largest scale, it is curious to observe the leading part played by elephants, and the vast importance attached to their possession. Before the invention of fire-arms it was quite possible to protect the few vital points in this huge beast against the worst that arrows could do to him; and, bearing on his back a high-sided howdah filled with sheltered bowmen, he moved into action with nothing but his legs exposed. Sometimes, when the hostile armies met in a plain, the elephants of both parties would be thrown to the front, and the action would commence, and be for some time continued, by an exchange of archery from these living castles. It would be hard to imagine any sight more picturesque than would be presented by such a combat; and a battle-field of a somewhat similar sort, together with the village sports of a hamlet in Central Asia, are at once brought before our eyes by the words of Al Utbi, when he says "they shot their arrows at one another like boys escaped from school, who at eventime shoot at a target for a wager." This battle, which took place in the Peshawur valley on Nov. 27, A.D. 1001, is further described:—

Swords flashed like lightning, amid the blackness of clouds, and fountains of blood flowed like the fall of setting [? shooting] stars. The friends of God defeated their opposite opponents, and quickly put them to a complete rout. Noon had not arrived when the Musulmans had wreaked their vengeance on the infidel enemies of God, killing 15,000 of them, *spreading them like a carpet over the ground*, and making them food for beasts and birds of prey. Fifteen elephants fell on the field of battle, as their legs, being pierced with arrows, became as motionless as if they had been in a quagmire, and their trunks were cut with the swords of the valiant heroes.

After some of these great victories, Al Utbi would have us believe, and doubtless believed himself, that the kings of beasts as well as kings of men were impressed with the majesty of Mahmúd's presence, and came voluntarily to submit themselves to him:—

Therefore they were called God-brought (Khudá áward), in gratitude to the Almighty for sending elephants to the Sultan, which are only driven by iron goads, and are not usually captured without stratagem and deceit, whereas, in this instance, they came of their own accord, leaving idols, preferring the service of the religion of Islam.

As it is particularly stated that some elephants only, and not all, displayed this keen appreciation of Mahmúd's divine mission, there is no difficulty in believing that such beasts as had lost their *mahouts* in the fight mechanically followed their fellows, in utter indifference as to whose salt they ate. While on the subject of elephants it may be mentioned that, if there has been no corruption of the text, and if Al Utbi was right in singling out the breed of Ceylon (p. 40) as particularly adapted for military purposes, a great change must have taken place in eight hundred and fifty years. At the present day they are, as a rule, without tusks, and deficient in size, strength, and endurance, all of which qualities are conspicuous in the animals procured from the Burmese provinces. It is worthy of remark that the prince of Indian travellers, Bernier, has fallen into the same mistake in his affecting account of the unhappy Dara entering Delhi with his little grandchild by his side and the executioner behind him. We quote the old English translation:—"This was none of those brave elephants of *Ceylon or Pegu*, which he was wont to ride on, with gilt harness and embroidered covers, and seats with canopies very handsomely painted and gilt to defend themselves from the sun; it was an old caitiff animal, very dirty and nasty, with an old torn cover, and a pitiful seat all open." If space permitted it would be easy to multiply instances of Al Utbi's powers as a describer. Not seldom he reminds us of the Hebrew chronicler. The hardening of Pharaoh's heart is not so expressive of hopeless pertinacity in wrong doing as "God had *set his seal* on the heart of Jaipal"; and "Satan had laid an egg in Jaipal's heart and hatched it" indicates a turn of thought of kindred origin. In describing a great battle in a mountain-pass he says of Mahmúd's veterans:—

They penetrated the pass like *gimlets into wood*, ascending the hills like mountain goats, and descending them like torrents of water. The action lasted for several days without intermission, till at last some of the Hindus were drawn out into the plain to fight, *like oil sucked up into the wick of a candle*, or like iron attracted by a magnet, and there they were assaulted and killed by the cavalry, just as the knight on the chessboard demolishes pawns.

In another place he describes the Sultan's troops as "penetrating through the forest like *a comb through a head of hair.*"

The next chronicler is an artist of a very different order, and, judging from the specimens here given, which are selected for their superior merit, we confess our inability at this moment to mention any historian who can be compared for dulness with Abul Fazl Al Baihaki. Professor Dowson likens him to Mr. Pepys, but he appears to us to be greatly more in the style of the worthy Mrs. Nickleby. To our thinking, Pepys is never so delightful as when he is laboriously minute, for his minuteness is all illustrative of character; but the minuteness of this Eastern is entirely of the *nihil ad rem* quality. There is a scene of a great and wise statesman suspected of heretical opinions, and condemned to be stoned to death. It was necessary that his head should be preserved uninjured, in order that the features might be recognised by the tyrant who had ordered his execution. With this object an iron helmet had been provided, but it turned out to be too small for the victim's head. Another had to be fetched from a distance, but in the meantime the "murdered man" (as Keats would have said) had been stripped, and was thus compelled to remain half-naked upon the scaffold for a considerable interval. He was not wanting to himself during the "supreme quarter of an hour." He stood serene and undisturbed, his hands clasped, his lips occasionally moving as if engaged in silent prayer. His dignified bearing and his sublime resignation had such an effect upon the multitude who had assembled for the purpose of stoning the heretic, that when the time came no one could be found to lift a finger against him, and special ruffians had to be sent for to carry out the brutal sentence. A scene like this is wanting in no element of the pathetic, but Baihaki was principally struck by the mode in which the victim took off his garments, and by the whiteness of the skin which was exposed. "He was ordered to put off his clothes. He fastened the string of his trowsers, and tied up his drawers. He took off his shirt and coat, and threw them away. His body was as white as silver." No two writers were ever more unlike than Gibbon and Carlyle, but what would not have been made of such a story in either of their hands? The Court of Mahmúd was full of poets and romance-writers saturated with the etherial spirit which found embodiment in the *Arabian Nights*, and we have little doubt that Baihaki was a favourite butt with this brilliant band. The following passage must have come from the bottom of his heart:—

Most people are so constituted that they love silly stories more than the truth, such as those about fairies, hills, and the demons of the deserts and seas, which fools make so much fuss about; as where a narrator says that in a certain sea I saw an island, on which five hundred people landed, and we baked our bread and boiled our pots, and when the fire began to burn briskly the heat descended into the earth, and it then moved away, when we saw that it was merely a fish. Also I saw such and such things moving on a certain hill. Also how an old woman turned a man into an ass by witchcraft; and how another old woman by the same means, after rubbing oil in his ear, turned him into a man again, and other fables like to those which bring sleep, when they are repeated at night-time to people who are ignorant.

But, dull as he is, and partly perhaps because he is so dull, the stamp of authenticity is on all the specimens that are given. Military men will be interested by learning that so early as A.D. 1037, at the siege of Hánsi, the walls were brought down in five places by the springing of mines. These of course must have been galleries driven from a distance, and supported by timbers which were set fire to at the required moment. The Afghans to this day are particularly skilful in driving galleries, and when Sale's Brigade was besieged in Jellalabad experienced officers, who feared nothing else, were apprehensive that mining operations were going on, and sallies were made with the express object of detecting them. Their *Cauraizes*, or subterranean water-channels, sometimes display the greatest skill, and have immense labour bestowed upon them. Elphinstone heard of one in Khorassán through which a horseman might ride with his lance over his shoulder.

Mahomed Ufi, the fourth on the list, is of yet another order. His work entitled *Jamí' ul Hikayut* is immensely popular in the East. Sir Henry Elliot calls it a "Romance of History," but we should rather characterize it as a collection of short pieces for young persons, particularly stupid when founded on fact, and particularly prosaic when it ought to be airy. He is much given also to reflections which, as Macaulay says, might have been novelties at the Court of Nimrod or Chedorlaomer; and on the whole we are inclined to recommend him as a fitting subject for manipulation by one or other of the rival monosyllablemongers.

Several other historians are treated of in this volume, but we think we have now said enough to enable our readers to judge of the importance of this joint labour of Sir Henry Elliot and Professor Dowson. It is not of a nature to be popular with the "general reader," and it is the more incumbent therefore on the Indian Government to see that it is neither abruptly closed nor unwisely abridged for want of the requisite support.

GILDAS.*

(Second Notice.)

THE biographies of Gildas are so late and so untrustworthy that we are thrown back for information respecting him to the meagre notes of his life which his Epistle has preserved for us. The most definite of these fixes the date of his birth in the year of the battle of Mount Badon, some seventy years later than the landing of the English in Kent. The year was a year memorable in the annals of Britain. Wherever the great battle took place—whether, as Dr. Guest prefers, in the south, or, as we think Mr.

* *Gildas.* English Historical Society. Edited by Rev. J. Stevenson. London.

Gildas und Nennius. Herausgegeben von San-Marte. Berlin: 1844.

Skene has made more probable, in the north of the island—i marks a distinct pause in the advance of the conquerors. London seems, after the first victories of Hengest, to have imprisoned the Jutes within the limits of Kent. The great Andredswold served as a screen between Britain and the burnt and harried coast where the South-Sexe were settling down quietly as farmers around the ruined fortresses of the Saxon shore. After a quarter of a century's advance the terrible Gewissi had halted before the gigantic ramparts of Old Sarum. The great belt of woodland curving round from Dorset to the valley of Thames seemed finally to mark the halt of the southern assailants of the island; while the victories of Arthur, as we dimly read them in the fragment so oddly embedded in Nennius, had, for the hour at least, arrested the dissolution of the North. From London to the Firth of Forth, from the fens of Lincoln to St. David's Head, the province still remained Britain. There was nothing in the long breathing space that followed Mount Badon to herald the second outburst of the English race, that terrible onslaught of forty years, from the victories of Ceaulin to the final overthrow of Chester, that really made Britain England. Between the two attacks stretched half a century of peace, and within this half century lies the life of Gildas. His very tone, indeed, is evidence how rudely the whole fabric of society had been shaken by the struggle which seemed at last at an end. It was not merely that the very tradition of the past had been swept from the mind of the provincial, that for the confused memories which reached him he was indebted to sources "oversea," to Brittany or to Ireland. It was that Britain had become isolated, that by the occupation of the coast the province was cut off from all but occasional contact with the general life of the West. Not a trace of the wider culture of the Pagan world, little more than a trace of Christian literature, appears in the pages of the Epistle. Still peace, and with peace some sort of order, seemed at last to have returned. The imminence of the external danger had for the moment hushed the civil feuds which, far more than the sword of the Saxon, had strewn the fields of Britain with desolate cities. Civil and ecclesiastical society settled down again in seeming harmony for a period which, if we trust the vague expressions of Gildas, lasted through the first thirty years of his life. Then came the change which in half a century more had brought about the final ruin of Britain. Though the ten years from 550 to 560 all peace and order disappeared. The memory of peril from the stranger died with the generation that fought at Crayford and conquered at Mount Badon. Even the presence of the invader, felt more and more along the Eastern coast, where it seems clear that the district beyond the fens was about this time becoming East-Anglia, and at least probable that the East Saxons were settling along the Colne and the Lea, passed almost unperceived by the provincials. Their whole mind, in fact, was bent on the renewal of their ancient strife:—

> Illis decedentibus cum successisset ætas tempestatis illius nescia, et præsentis tantum serenitatis et justitiæ experta, ita cuncta veritatis et justitiæ moderamina concussa et subversa sunt ut eorum non dicam vestigium sed ne dicam monimentum quidem in supradictis propemodum ordinibus appareat, exceptis paucis et valde paucis qui ob amissionem tantæ multitudinis quæ quotidie ruit ad Tartara tam brevis numeri habentur ut in eos quodammodo venerabilis mater ecclesia in sinu suo recumbentes non videat quos solos veros filios habeat.

It was in fact to this "venerable mother" that the disorder was above all attributable. The ecclesiastical aspect of Britain at this time finds its closest analogy in the later ecclesiastical history of Ireland. There, as Dr. Todd has ably pointed out in his monograph on St. Patrick, the Church organized itself on the basis of the clan; tribal quarrels and ecclesiastical controversies became inextricably confounded; no element of union was given as elsewhere by Christianity to the State, while a fatal hindrance to the exertion of all real spiritual influence was thrown in the way of the Church. In the confused strife which preceded the English invasion the clergy had played a great political part, crowning and slaying kings, till the strife itself seems to have taken something of a theological form. Whatever may be the exact import of the Pelagian controversies which are associated with the legend of St. David, or of the "Arian plague" of which Gildas speaks, there was a far more fatal danger in the "apostacy," the tendency to relapse into Paganism which seems to have prevailed in the North. The victories of Arthur and the subsequent successes of Maelgwn saved Christianity for the time, but in the civil strife which had preceded them the moral tone of the British clergy had been hopelessly destroyed. As Giraldus found the Irish priesthood in the twelfth century, so Gildas saw the British priesthood in the sixth. There was the same strange medley of drunkenness with asceticism, of bitterest strife with self-devotion and saintliness. But Gildas is less inclined to dwell fairly on both sides than the amusing prelate of later years:—

> Sed et ipse grex Domini ejusque pastores, qui exemplo esse omni plebi debuerant, ebrietate quam plurimi quasi vino madidi torpebant resoluti, et animositatum timore, jurgiorum contentione, invidiæ capacibus ungulis, indiscreto boni malique judicio carpebantur.

Such as they were, however, the English invasion set them inevitably in the forefront of their race. The struggle in Britain was not merely a struggle of the barbarian with the Roman, it remained to the close a struggle of Pagan against Christian, and the hostility of the invader had been especially directed against the churches and the clergy. But though the terrible attack had increased their power, it seems to have done little for their character. The fierce invective of Gildas attacks their [illegible], their indolence, their neglect of spiritual duties, their indifference to the sin around them, their contempt for sacred duty, their pride, their regard for the rich, their ambition of preferment. There is no reason for crediting this invective with exaggeration. The ecclesiastical aspect of Britain was that of a vast clerical body organized on a secular basis, and in the absence of those higher influences which intercommunion with a wider world could alone have given, dying down into mere strife for power and wealth with the secular princes around them. The result of such a process in Ireland we know from the tittle-tattle of Gerald and the reforms of Malachi; that Britain was saved from lay Coarbs and *episcopi vagantes* she owes to the sword which made Britain England.

The Teutonic Church which ultimately took its place can smile in its own steady instinct of order, in its regulated and decorous good sense, at the extravagances of the Church of the Celt. But it must be remembered that to the world at large the Celt has supplied an element of enthusiasm, of fire, of contagious sentiment which it could never have gained from the decorum of the Teuton. It is just this fire, this dash, which quickens the turgid pages of the one writer whom the Church of Britain has bequeathed to us. Ascetic, keenly religious in the whole tone of his mind and temper, clinging with a fierce contemptuous passion to the Roman tradition of the past, but vindicating as passionately the new moral truths with which Christianity fronted a world of licence, steeped to the lips in biblical lore, orthodox with the traditional orthodoxy of the Celt, patriotic with the Celtic unreasoning hatred of the stranger, the voice of Gildas rings out like the bitter cry of one of those Hebrew prophets whose words he borrows, rebuking in the same tones of merciless denunciation the invader, the tyrant, and the priest. It is with a sort of relief that we turn from the historical opening of his epistle to what some have called the "turgid rhetoric" of its close; the life of the provincial brightens for us, as we see how the new moral force and freedom given by Christianity jostles with the political serfdom bequeathed by Rome. One after another of the petty chieftains under whom Britain was breaking down into its old chaos of disorder and misrule are branded with the same prophet-like severity. In actual morality they had sunk to the level of the savage; "all," to use the words of their censor, "wallow in the same mire of parricide, fornication, robbery." Perjured, bloodstained, unjust, their crimes were less base than the superstitious cowardice with which they strove to atone for them by heaping wealth on the clergy and the Church. It needed no prophet to foresee a judgment of God gathering for a nation whose rulers were such as these. In the half-century that follows the cry of Gildas, the judgment had come. Already the east coast was lost. The English tribes which were destined to cluster around Mercia were soon winning midland Britain. Then came the irresistible advance of the West-Saxons, severing the West-Welsh from the main body of the British race, and rolling triumphantly along the north of Thames. Everywhere resistance seems to have been fragmentary and local—not national. So far as a national force existed, indeed, it was exhausting itself in the endless revolutions of the North. Among the princes whom Gildas has denounced, there is one whom he singles out as surpassing all in power, and in the variety and enormity of his crimes. Maelgwn had begun with the murder of a royal uncle; then in a fit of wild remorse he had quitted the throne for a monastery; from the monastery he had burst again on the world, had driven away his wife, had murdered his nephew, and lived in adultery with his victim's widow. But, vile as he was, Maelgwn seems to have been an able and a powerful leader. He had inherited the supremacy of those British princes of the Northern borders whose migration a hundred and fifty years before had wrested what we now call North-Wales from the Gael, and a struggle whose memory is preserved in a wild Welsh legend had set him as chief over his fellow-kings. In a great battle north of Carlisle he again re-established Christianity in the Lowlands of the North, and massed the Celtic kingdoms together in the realm of Strathclyde. It was the last great victory of his race. The exhaustion caused by this distant struggle may have been the cause of the crowning success of Wessex, four years after, at Deorham; the union of the Celtic power in the North seems only to have provoked the final effort of their English antagonists, and the establishment of the power of Northumbria on the field of Dægsestan. But with this closing phase of British history Gildas has nothing to do. For the later, as for the earlier, struggle, we are without a contemporary chronicler. What he does for us, and it is a service which has been hardly appreciated by later writers, is to paint fully and vividly the thought and feeling of Britain in the fifty years of peace which preceded her final overthrow.

CHERRIER'S HISTORY OF CHARLES THE EIGHTH.*

WE were going to say that there was no other instance in history of so small a man as Charles the Eighth doing such great things. But we were at once met by the doubt whether Charles the Eighth can be said to have done great things. He was personally concerned in several events which

* *Histoire de Charles VIII, Roi de France, d'après des Documents Diplomatiques inédits ou nouvellement publiés.* Par C. de Cherrier. 2 vols. Paris: Didier & Co. 1868.

were of very great importance at the time, and which became of still greater importance in relation to the events which followed them. And he really was personally concerned in them; it is not merely that they happened in his reign. Whatever was done in Charles's reign after Charles came of age, Charles had a hand in himself. He was often careless and dilatory, and was often amusing himself when he ought to have been attending to business, but he was as little of a *Roi fainéant* as any man. His head was full of great schemes, and in a certain sense he accomplished those schemes. That is to say, he wished for a new kingdom and he won it. He won his new kingdom in an amazingly short time, and he lost it again in a time almost as short. To be sure that kingdom was Naples, a kingdom which in all ages has been used to be lost and won more easily than other kingdoms. His greater schemes, to which the conquest of Naples was to be but a mere introduction, he did not achieve; he did not even try to achieve them. Naples was to be a mere bridge to the lands beyond the Adriatic; the overthrow of the Aragonese usurper was to be a mere prelude to the overthrow of the Turk; a coronation or a triumphal entry at Naples was to be a mere rehearsal of the day when a new Frank Emperor should be crowned in Saint Sophia. Of all this nothing came to pass; all that Charles did was to go to Naples and to come back again, and to find the way back again by no means so easy as the way thither. The nearest approach that he made to making war upon the Turk was to have the Sultan's banished brother for a short time in his keeping. Yet he did something; he saw more of the world than most Kings; he gained a kingdom, if he afterwards lost it; if he gained it almost without striking a blow, he fought and won a stoutly contested battle on his way home. He had the further satisfaction of generally upsetting all Italy, one might almost say all Europe. And he had the further honour of doing what we suppose we ought to call "inaugurating an epoch." He began that long series of wars in which Italy was the fighting-ground of the contending Powers of Europe, and which led not only to the enslavement of Italy itself, but to a general change in the relations of all the European States and in the character of European history. That beginning of "modern history" which Baron Bunsen placed in the days of Abraham, which others place in the days of Theodoric, of Charles the Great, of Queen Elizabeth, or of the French Revolution, is placed by Hallam, with at least as good a right as any of the others, at the setting forth of Charles the Eighth for the conquest of Naples. A man who is thus at least chronologically memorable certainly has his place in history. We cannot say that he left his mark on his age, for no doubt the utmost that he did was somewhat to hasten the progress of events. We may be sure that, had Charles the Eighth never lived or had he stayed quietly at home, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Germans would before long have been fighting on Italian ground. Still, as a matter of fact, Charles the Eighth was the actual beginner in a series of great events, and his reign and name form one of the landmarks of history.

But it was one of the strangest freaks of fortune on record which made such a man even an instrument in any event worth recording at all. Charles the Eighth was in every way one of the smallest of men. Judged by the standard of his contemporaries, he was not a particularly bad man; indeed, considering all things, he must have had a very good natural disposition not to be much worse than he was. His education was wretched; his father's jealousy shut him up in his childhood and cut him off from all real knowledge of men and things, while his head was allowed to be stuffed with romances of chivalry which made him fancy it his calling to go about the world like another Alexander. Yet certainly no one was, either in mind or body, less cut out to be a hero. Personal courage he did not lack, but he was in person small, weak, and ugly, and of military capacity he never showed a glimpse. Totally incapable of any kind of intellectual exertion, he was as little able to be a general as to be a statesman. Morally he was certainly better than most contemporary kings. But practically he did just as much mischief as men who were morally much worse. In that most unprincipled age, the age of Ferdinand the Catholic, Alexander the Sixth, and Ludovic of Milan, Charles always carried about with him some general notions of his duty towards God and his neighbour. He does not seem ever to have been consciously cruel or intentionally perfidious. He no doubt sincerely meant to be, and honestly thought that he was, strictly a man of his word. That is, when he promised to do a thing, he at the time really meant to do it. But Charles's word was as little to be trusted as the word of Ferdinand or Ludovic. They made promises which they never meant to fulfil, and broke them in conscious perfidy. Charles made promises which he fully meant to fulfil, and broke them through sheer thoughtlessness and forgetfulness. He plunged into unjust wars, but not, like Ferdinand, out of mere selfish, scheming ambition. The head of a very weak young man was not likely to resist the temptation when he was told that he was not only going to win honour and glory, not only going to assert his own just rights, but also to figure before the world as the champion and liberator of Christendom. Had Charles been capable either of reasonable statesmanship or of enlightened patriotism, he would have stayed at home and looked after the affairs of his kingdom; least of all would he have sacrificed valuable provinces in the hope of securing the neutrality of his neighbours while he went on his mad expedition. But this shows all the more that it was in a fit of sincere enthusiasm that he set out. If he caused infinite misery both by his wars in themselves and by his way of carrying them on, it was all done in sheer stupidity and carelessness, certainly without any purpose or consciousness of being an oppressor. Personally Charles was thoroughly amiable and good-natured; he won the personal affection of all around him; but his thoughtlessness made him do just as much mischief as if he had been a conscious tyrant, and his very good-nature helped to do the mischief by leading him to lavish grants at the wrong time and to the wrong people. Like many other kings, he contrived to reconcile a profession of piety, which we have no right to say was hypocritical, with constant breach of the conjugal tie. But he seems to have somehow reconciled conjugal infidelity with conjugal affection, and towards the end of his life he seems to have really repented and begun to live cleanly. In short, there is something touching in his last days. He died young, he died unexpectedly, and yet, as if he knew what was coming, the last few months of his life appear to have been spent in an honest endeavour to do his duty as a man and as a king, even though his attempts at so doing were sometimes a little awkward. Altogether, as kings go, there is something about Charles the Eighth which attracts a certain personal liking; as the saying goes, we pity more than we condemn. Placed in a position for which he had no one qualification, he is hardly to be blamed if he played his part very badly. But it was a strange irony of fortune which put a man of a capacity far below the average—a man who, full of good intentions, was weighed down by every momentary temptation—in a position which gave him the absolute command of a great kingdom at one of the turning-points of the world's history.

The reign of Charles the Eighth has been the subject, or part of the subject, of several great writers from Philip of Comines onwards; but new information is always turning up, and there was quite room for the solid and thorough monograph of M. de Cherrier, who writes from the latest documentary sources. Moreover, he has the advantage of looking at matters from a French point of view, which is an advantage if only by way of variety, as we are so much more used to look at them from the Italian side. When we say that M. de Cherrier looks at matters from a French point of view, we do not mean to say anything disparaging. We mean only that to write the Italian expedition of Charles the Eighth as a piece of Italian history is a different thing from writing the reign of Charles the Eighth as a piece of French history, and that the latter task is that which M. de Cherrier has, naturally and appropriately, undertaken. In fact we have seldom come across a French author more thoroughly free from fashionable French nonsense. All is simple, solid, and sensible; there are no flourishes, no squibs and crackers, no tall talk of any kind. Perhaps there is an expression or two with regard to Provence and the other annexations of Louis the Eleventh at which a very rigid guardian of the Ten Burgundies might be disposed to cavil. But after all we cannot expect people in the latitude of Paris to look at these matters with proper Imperialist eyes. An Englishman might think it funny for Henry the Seventh, before he became such, to be described as "Richmond de Lancaster," and now that the Danubian Principalities are looking up in the world, a Dane might fairly ask to have his country described by some less ambiguous name than "Dacie." But these are all small matters. The book is a piece of history of the right sort. If M. de Cherrier is not specially brilliant in narration, he still keeps up the interest of his story to the end; he is always clear and straightforward, and quite free from extravagances or affectations of any sort. The French army to be sure is always "our" army, but there is not a trace of that spirit of contempt for the rights of other nations in which too much of French history has been written; M. de Cherrier distinctly condemns the aggressive wars alike of Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First. With the false glory of Francis, which has led away so many, he is not at all dazzled, and he regrets that a King whose home government was in many things so praiseworthy as that of Louis the Twelfth should have ever forsaken the true work of the Father of his own People to show himself as the oppressor of other nations, the ally of Cæsar Borgia, the sharer in the iniquitous League of Cambray. Altogether we are well pleased with M. de Cherrier's book, both from the thoroughness with which he goes into every branch of his subject, and from the sound principles on which the narrative is written.

The book, as we have said, is essentially a history of the reign of Charles the Eighth, and a piece of French history, not a mere history of Charles's Italian wars. M. de Cherrier begins with a slight sketch of the state of things under Louis the Eleventh, and begins his detailed narrative with the accession of his son. We are thus landed at once in the strange and confused minority of Charles the Eighth, the anomalous government of Anne of Beaujeu, practical ruler of the kingdom without being its acknowledged regent, the intrigues, disputes, and wars of Francis of Britanny, Louis of Orleans—the future King—and the younger Dunois. The most striking thing in this perplexing time is certainly the meeting of the States-General at Tours in 1484. No contrast is more curious than the contrast between these assemblies, infrequent as were their gatherings, and ephemeral as was their authority, and the slow, steady work of the contemporary English Parliaments. Our forefathers did their work in a very unscientific, bit-by-bit sort of way, but they generally did it effectually; by again and again making supplies depend on the redress of grievances they commonly got rid of the grievances in the end. But if

elaborate expositions of principles of government are wanted, they must be sought for in France rather than in England. It is the same in the tenth century, in the fifteenth, and in the eighteenth. Never was the doctrine of elective kingship more plainly set forth than by Archbishop Adalbero at the moment when the crown became fixed for eight hundred years in the dynasty of Paris. Never were popular principles of all kinds more strongly insisted on than in the States-General of Tours, in a land which had just escaped from the rod of Louis the Eleventh. In whom did the sovereign authority rest during the minority of the King? Courtiers said in the princes of the blood, his guardians and representatives, who might act in his name and exercise his absolute authority. To this it was answered that the power was in the States-General, that they had a right to decree as well as to demand, and that if their *cahiers* still took the form of petitions, it was simply in conformity with usage, and because each member taken singly was the inferior of a prince. Then Philip Pot, a Burgundian noble, who had passed from the service of Charles the Bold to that of Louis, makes a speech about as democratic as a speech well can be. M. de Cherrier calls it "un discours qui rappelle moins le quinzième siècle que le tribune de 1789." But according to our notion it is the sort of speech which might have been made in France by fits and starts at any time. However, fifteenth century or eighteenth, the Grand Seneschal of Burgundy argues strongly that during the minority, the supreme power has lapsed to the States-General, and that it is for them only to determine who shall be called to the actual administration. Many of the expressions are very remarkable:—

> La royauté est une dignité et non un héritage. Dans l'origine, le peuple souverain créa des rois pour son utilité, et non pour qu'ils s'enrichissent à ses dépens. . . . N'avez-vous pas entendu répéter souvent que l'État est la chose du peuple? Or, puisque l'État est sa chose, pourquoi ne la soignerait-il pas? Comment des flatteurs osent-ils attribuer la souveraineté au prince qui n'existe que par le peuple? Ne voyons-nous pas enfin qu'aujourd'hui on élit encore les rois dans plusieurs pays? . . . Il faut donc que le pouvoir revienne au peuple, donateur de la chose, que le peuple reprenne à titre de maître l'administration du royaume, ainsi que la tutelle.

Lastly, he says expressly, "J'appelle peuple les hommes de chaque condition."

M. de Cherrier must have modernized the language a little, but we can fully believe that these were the real sentiments of a theoretic statesman of that day. The pity is that they aimed at so much and that so little came of it, while the humbler attempts of our own Parliament were commonly crowned with success. It should be distinctly remembered that so discreet a person as Philip of Comines expressly maintains that a King ought not to make war without the consent of the States.

There is so much suggestive matter in M. de Cherrier's book that we must reserve some notice of the Italian part of it for another article.

THE WEDDING-DAY.*

"IN this work," says Mr. Wood, "will be found a record of the marriage ceremonies, customs, superstitions, and folk lore of many countries; but not an exhaustive account of the origin and history of matrimony, nor an elaborate statement of the conditions under which it could or can be legally effected, nor a disquisition upon the relations and duties of a married life." Mr. Wood might have named various other topics which are not treated in his pages; such, for example, as the ethics of matrimony, the modifications which marriage is undergoing in various countries in the world, the laws of population as dependent upon the marriage rate, and an immense variety of other questions more or less remotely connected with his primary subject. The reason which he assigns for not plunging into this boundless sea of disquisition is the very obvious and satisfactory one that his book would then have exceeded all reasonable bounds; we may add, that it would have required an amount of learning and ability which very few people can boast of possessing. Without blaming Mr. Wood for not writing an exhaustive account of an almost boundless branch of inquiry—and to apologize for such an omission is as unnecessary as for the writer of a newspaper article to explain that he must stop short of a folio volume—we must yet complain that he did not do a little more. He has collected plenty of materials, though the books to which he chiefly refers—Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* and *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, and *Notes and Queries*—do not imply any very profound research, but then he has been content to make his book too exclusively with scissors and paste. He has not stopped to philosophize, or to discuss the accuracy of his information; and so far he has probably saved us from some useless and tedious disquisition. But, without affecting any unusual wisdom or learning, he might have taken the trouble to group his facts a little more artistically. Apparently he has been content to take clippings out of the books mentioned and a few others, and has simply arranged them in geographical order. We make a voyage, as it were, in his company, passing from the Jews to the Greeks and Romans, and then by way of the Scythians, Lydians, Parthians, Chaldees, Babylonians, Chinese, Hindoos, Burmese, Siamese, Africans, Moors, Mpongwes, and all manner of other barbarous and civilized nations, till at last we get to the British islands. In each case we are treated to an account of the marriage ceremony, and we confess that, after reading twenty or thirty such accounts, the task begins to be a little tiresome. The only variety is in an occasional rather naive remark, of which we are sometimes at a loss to guess whether it comes from Mr. Wood himself or has crept in accidentally from the authority whom he happens to be quoting. Thus, for example, we are informed that "seduction under promise of marriage, marriage for mere money, and the prejudice against mothers-in-law were common amongst the Romans." Mr. Wood speaks as if the prejudice against mothers-in-law, and the other customs mentioned, were some of the arbitrary ceremonial observances by which marriage was accompanied in Rome.

Mr. Wood has, in short, indulged in a bit of bookmaking of the simplest possible kind. He has served up his raw materials without the least attempt to cook them, or in any way to make them palatable. People with an appetite for simple gossip and a dislike to any admixture of reflection may read the book with amusement, and with the negative comfort that they will not be disgusted by any of the flippancy and affectation common amongst the more ambitious class of bookmakers. If their appetite for facts is not so strong but that they require a little sauce of speculation, they must supply it for themselves. Persons about to be married may derive the peculiar satisfaction, for their own meditation, that on the whole a wedding, unpleasant as it may be at the present day, is a much less uncomfortable ceremony than in any other known age or country. Thus, for example, the young lady of the present age may congratulate herself that we retain so little, if we retain anything, of the ancient and universal custom by which marriage recalled, more or less vividly, the primeval system of forcible capture. If she had lived in certain parts of Australia, her lover would have come behind her quietly with a nulla-nulla or war-club, stunned her with a well-directed blow, and carried her off in a state of insensibility. If a celebrated beauty, she would have been transferred by a similar process to a succession of husbands. Amongst the Kalmucks, she would have been put upon a horse, and her lover would have followed upon another, and tried to ride her down. In some parts of Arabia she would have had to run away to the mountains, and hide herself in a cave until the intended bridegroom managed to discover her place of refuge. It would be considered only proper for her to run away several times afterwards, before finally settling down in her husband's tent. Even in Ireland, so late as 1767, if Mr. Wood be right, the custom of carrying off wives by force used to be practised. In that year a lover besieged the house of the lady with a party of armed men, and, in the struggle which ensued, the intended father-in-law was shot dead, and several of the besiegers were mortally wounded. Making every allowance for the Irish love of a fight, we should fancy that this was a rather exceptional proceeding; and, as Mr. Brown informs us that the lady was not secured, we can hardly suppose that it was a recognised part of the marriage ceremony. We are told, however, in 1682, that "of old" it was the custom for the bridegroom's party to cast darts from a distance at that of the bride, and that, though a safe distance was generally kept, it is "not out of the memory of men that the Lord of Hoath on such an occasion lost an eye." The only relic of this custom which is alleged to be traceable in our modern customs is the practice of throwing a shoe for luck. This, it has been suggested, may be intended as a sham assault upon the person carrying off the woman. Shoes, however, have played so large a part in weddings that it is very possible that something else may be indicated. It may have been a sign of the renunciation of dominion over the bride by her father or guardian. Luther, at a wedding which he attended, took off the husband's shoe and put it on the head of the bed, as a sign that he assumed authority over her. Amongst the Nestorians the bridegroom gave the bride a kick, and ordered her to pull off his shoes, as a token of submission. Amongst the Anglo-Saxons, the bridegroom received one of the bride's shoes as a token of the transfer of authority, and gave her a blow on the head with it. Antiquaries may take their choice of these symbols, or may invent something else equally satisfactory. Mr. M'Lennan, in his book upon primitive marriages, has pointed out the curious way in which similar customs arise all over the world without any possibility of communication between the different peoples. The savage notion of marriage was everywhere that which still prevails in Australia, where the good old rule and simple plan of knocking your intended on the head, and carrying her off bodily, continues to flourish. Ceremonies, in this as in other cases, are not the product of some arbitrary convention, but are actions which were once essential parts of the transaction, and which persist after their meaning has been forgotten; just as a dog continues to turn himself three times round before lying down on a rug because he indulged in the same practice when he had to make his own couch in long grass. If Mr. Wood had traced out the same principle in other cases, there would have been an intelligible thread in his book, instead of its being, as now, a random collection of miscellaneous facts.

A large proportion, indeed, of the ceremonies noticed by Mr. Wood may be reduced under the simple head of feasting. In every part of the world, marriage, as well as other critical ceremonies in life, is felt to be an excellent excuse for intoxication. In the most primitive ages, indeed, when it was a *bond fide* act of violence, festivities would scarcely be in place. But all marriage ceremonies

* *The Wedding-Day in all Ages and Countries.* By Edward J. Wood. 2 vols. London: R. Bentley. 1869.

seem to belong to one class or the other. Amongst the least civilized peoples, they were an occasion for a fight; when the world was improved, they became an occasion for drinking; and at the intermediate stages the two modes of celebration were combined. The ceremony itself generally included drinking in some shape or other; and the festivities, which in our squeamish modern days have been narrowed down to the depressing ceremony of the wedding breakfast, were continued in most countries for days or weeks. Of another custom which has been engrafted upon it we find no mention in Mr. Wood's book, and we would hope that it may disappear along with others of more venerable origin. No race, so far as we can see, except our own, has been foolish enough to make speeches on the occasion of a marriage. It would be curious to discover at what period it first entered into the head of some misguided person that there was a natural connexion between oratory and matrimony. Other ceremonial observances have been gradually dying down. Many that were popular of old have been condemned as indelicate and troublesome. We have no longer struggles for the bride's garters; we do not throw the stocking, nor indulge in a mimic contest between the relations of the two persons concerned; but the practice of speech-making, having its origin, as we may suppose, in the comparatively harmless system of drinking toasts, has been developed to proportions of a real nuisance. The common sense of mankind, it is true, is revolting against this practice, and marriages are gradually conforming to the sound principle that, on serious occasions, things cannot be done too simply. In time we may hope that, when two people are pledging themselves to live together for life, they will be allowed to do it as soberly and seriously as possible, without those elaborate ceremonials which once had a meaning, but which have long ceased to have anything but a damping influence on the cheerfulness they were supposed to promote. Simplicity is the chief virtue in this as in all other occasions of real solemnity.

HAWKER'S CORNISH BALLADS.*

IT is somewhat strange that the legendary history of Cornwall should not have found more and mightier *vates sacri* than it has hitherto produced. The associations of every feature "all down the thundery shores of Bude and Boss," the inseparable connexion of Arthurian story with "old Dundagil by the Cornish sea"—to say nothing of the legacies of wandering droll-tellers, which, dutifully handled and arranged, might have been the making of Cornish Iliads and Odysseys—ought to have evoked a treasure of ballad-poetry even out of hearts of stone, especially as there is everything in the locality and its scenery to favour poetic feeling. Nature, in her most fanciful moods, clothing with turf and woodland one stretch of sea-shore, and here and there surmounting another with isolated cones of rock from which old circular keeps, "towery topped castles," answer one another on "the winding shore of Severne sea"; lavish too in her gifts of springs and caves, whereof superstition has availed itself for memorable shrines and holy wells—might have found more grateful voices to shape her poetry into words, and wed to verse the myths of a land's end severed from the rest of England by the Tamar. But of poets, filially set upon recording her marvels, Cornwall has been certainly sterile. There are prose traditions, and tours, from many pens—the most recent those of Halliwell, White, Wilkie Collins, and Robert Hunt; and of course there are scattered metrical legends of old and new manufacture. But there is little, so far as we know, worthy of the subject, nothing to bespeak the existence of poetry and imagination native in the scenes where one might have expected them—no lays of the spires and towers still visible to fancy's eye beneath the Lyonesse or Guavas Lake, none about "greenstone" rocks referable to the disobedience of giants' wives, and to apron-strings burst through the violence of their spouses in pre-police magistrate epochs. That expectation is not unreasonable in having counted upon more fruit from such a nursery of myth and legend might, we think, be easily shown; and a little note by the author of the pleasant volume before us illustrates—in the hoax played off by him unwittingly on two such legend lovers as Lord Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott—the general predisposition to fancy that of Cornish ballads there can be no end. Taking a hint from the three famous traditional lines which express Cornwall's interest in Sir Jonathan Trelawney, one of the bishops imprisoned by James II., Mr. Hawker, in 1825, composed a song which imposed itself on Mr. Davies Gilbert and the above-named critics as the original ballad. No doubt Mr. Hawker deserves the same measure of praise as the comparative anatomist who constructs a megatherium to order after a glimpse of its fossil tail; but the fact remains that the original ballad has been let to die out—an indication of little honour to the Muse in a region where she had many claims to reverence.

Happily, to this indifference there are exceptions, and Mr. Hawker's volume witnesses to a courtship of poetry from his youth up. Contemplation of nature, and an ear alive to legend and tradition, have apparently fitted him to be the balladist of Cornwall, and to fulfil in some measure the word of promise broken at an earlier date by another Cornish-Oxonian, Polwhele, the translator of Theocritus, in his *Traditions and Recollections of Cornwall*—a couple of octavos which enshrined no traditions except the myth that the author might have been Bampton Lecturer *if* he had but taken his M.A. degree, and no recollections except of contemporary characters not particularly Cornish, interspersed with milk-and-water verses about everything except Cornwall and her traditions. Mr. Hawker, too, has his Oxford recollections, and laurels actually borne away from the banks of Isis; but, except a casual allusion in his lines on the "Token Stream of Tidna Combe," the sole memorial of them in the present volume is a reprint of his poem on Pompeii, which gained the Newdigate in 1827, and which is so much better than the run of University prize-poems that it will bear comparison with Macaulay's Cambridge poem of 1819 on the same subject. A re-perusal of this early effort of the Vicar of Morwenstow will attest his youthful gift of a cultivated Muse; and in the refinement, grace, and rhythm of his occasional poems in the volume before us we see ripe fruit off the same tree. "Genovera"—a beautiful embodiment of a beautiful German legend—the legend of Saint Cecily, and St. Thecla, are poems in this collection which their author might have written had he never quitted the cloistered shade for the busier life of a Cornish parish. But we are inclined to think that his poetic gifts are more distinctly marked by the ballad-work and the essentially Cornish pieces of the book before us. It is in these that we get beyond conventionalism and verse-making to the realities of observation, and to a fancy bred amidst nature's haunts and phenomena. The author's mind is tinged by the *genius loci*. Had his name and all local data been wanting, it would have been easy, in great part, to identify them. We should have known the author for one who dwelt where rock and river, bosky combe, and rude, wild ocean, are not far apart, in a land full of ancient towers and shrines, cairns, holy wells and the like, the nurses of poetic fancy. For instance, here is a token, from a poem called "the Storm," of the writer's familiarity with the struggle between land and sea—the appeal from ocean met day after day by the *ne plus ultra* of a rock-bound coast:—

> They come—they mount—they charge in vain.
> Thus far, incalculable main!
> No more! Thine hosts have not o'erthrown
> The lichen on the barrier stone.
> Have the rocks faith that thus they stand,
> Unmoved, a grim and stately band,
> And look, like warriors tried and brave,
> Stern, silent, reckless, o'er the wave?

Observation and imagination have their joint work here; and an echo of this same lesson, brought within the ken of the poet-pastor in his daily work, forms the basis of his noble lines entitled "Morwenna Statio," familiar nearly a score of years ago to the readers of "Church Poetry," and equally deserving to be as household words to Churchmen of to-day, because they breathe a faith and hope peculiarly inspiriting to times of disquietude as to the future. The poem is suggested by the site of Mr. Hawker's "Saxon Shrine," and is noteworthy as interpreting in some of its stanzas the symbolic forms and shapes of church architecture. We extract, for spirit and force, as well as for their happy omen, the concluding stanzas:—

> How all things glow with life and thought,
>   Where'er our faithful fathers trod!
> The very ground with speech is fraught,
>   The air is eloquent of God.
> In vain would doubt or mockery hide
>   The buried echoes of the past,
> A voice of strength, a voice of pride,
>   Here dwell amid the storm and blast.
>
> Still points the tower, and pleads the bell.
>   The solemn arches breathe in stone;
> Window and wall have lips to tell
>   The mighty faith of days unknown.
> Yea, flood and breeze, and battle shock
>   Shall beat upon this church in vain;
> She stands, a daughter of the rock,
>   The changeless God's eternal fane.

These extracts must suffice to illustrate the influence of the author's position upon his poetry, though we might well point to the "dreamland" beauty of his true tale of the "Poor Man and his Parish Church" as meet to be reckoned alongside of what we have quoted. We turn to other pieces which owe their birth to the legends and customs of the coast-land. Among these, three or four (such as the "Croon on Hennacliff" and "Mawgan of Melhuach") relate to the evil deeds and ends of Cornish wreckers. On such a theme Mr. Hawker has done wisely rather to restrain himself than to expatiate—glancing at the painful subject rather than exhausting it, and preferring perhaps to expend his verse upon topics more congenial. Such are furnished without stint by the legends of his neighbourhood. "The Doom-well of St. Madron" is his cue for a spirited glimpse at King Arthur testing the fealty or falseness of his Knights' right hands by their ability to bear contact with the sensitive waters of that mystic fountain. The same company, Tristan, Percivale, Galahad, Launcelot, Guennivar, "the sunset tangled in her golden air" (query, "hair"), encounter us, later, in a poem of more pretension, the "Quest of the Sangraal"—a reprint which seems to urge a silent claim to be another "Idyl of the King." We are not sure that the blank verse "mystery," so called, pleases us so much as the briefer romance of the well. Hartland Tower and Cell suggest a vision of a monkish legend; and the "Sisters of Glen Nectan," in Tintagel parish, is a pathetic ballad of kindred source, but of

* *The Cornish Ballads and other Poems of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow.* Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1869.

different burden. The local legend of St. Nectan's Kieve (he was brother of Morwenna, and a colonist from Brecknockshire, where his father Braganus or Breachan ruled over the kindred Kymri) was improved by Mr. Hawker as long ago as 1830, for his *Echoes of Old Cornwall*, into the tale of the "Silent Sisters," which he tells us that Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Walter White have accepted as a genuine legend. There is perhaps truer ballad metal in his "Silent Tower of Bottreau," based on the abortive effort of Forrabury Church to rival that of Tintagel in its peal of bells. As the pilot of the ship that was bearing home the expected peal neared Bottreau harbour, his thanks to God for a successful voyage were called forth by hearing the bells of Tintagel; but ere they were well uplifted, they experienced a rude check from the impious captain. But his judgment was at hand in one of those huge waves from the Atlantic which, on the north shores of Cornwall, over-power everything with their weight and force. The vessel was lost, with all its freight, save the pilot:—

> Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
> Is wakening in his weedy caves,
> Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
> Peal their deep notes beneath the tide:
>   Come to thy God in time,
>   Thus saith the ocean chime.
>   Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
>   Come to thy God at last.

The refrain of this ballad, of which the four last lines are a sample, is very good. For such as like the lays of Cavaliers, Mr. Hawker provides the spirited ballad of "Sir Bevill," the gate-song of the neighbouring "Stowe" and of the loyal Granvilles. We have a tale of the Crusades in the local legend of "Bien-aimè"; and, for a Norman story, "The Death-race," in which it is told, in stirring numbers, how Fitz-Walter outwitted the Cornish knight and bore away his daughter over seas, alive in her shroud. Another very ballad-like piece is "Annot of Benallay" a version of the old story of a maiden in a trance carried to her grave, and left there by the mourners, but revisited by a greed-loving sexton, intent to get the ring from off her finger. In the prose legends which we have chanced upon, the sexton cuts the lady's finger in his efforts to secure his prize, so quickening to life again her stilled pulses. We fancy, too, that the printer must have known the same version, and not that of Mr. Hawker, which does not allude to the knife. At any rate he makes a curious misprint, excusable and intelligible from our view of the legend. The tenth verse is printed:—

> Joy! 'tis the miracle of *gore*,
>   Of the city called Nain;
> Lo! glad feet throng the sculptured floor,
>   To hail their dead again.

Clearly Mr Hawker wrote "yore," and not "gore," which, however, is as good and passable as many various readings.

Another very quaint and poetically-told legend—the "Legend of the Hive"—is too curious to be passed over unnoticed. It is new to us, as it will probably be to others. An old woman believes that by secretly abstracting a piece of the sacramental bread she may "tice" out the bees, which were mute and idle in her hives. For the marvel that ensued—the shrine that, at day-dawn, surmounted the bread, having been reared by the harmless race—

> They brought their walls from bud and flower,
> They built bright roof and beamy tower—

we refer our readers to the volume before us. The moral of "this parable of sacred things" is quite worth finding out.

Although the scenes and associations of his parish supply our author with the material for three parts of his legends and poems, he is entitled to the praise of entire absence of egotism. In only one poem, of brief dimensions, "the Tamar Spring," does he furnish even a fragment on which to base a biography of himself. But the sweet, musing elegiacs in which he compares his own course—out of sequestered tranquillity into busy life and worldly action, and his longing, when far away from his source, to shrink back to it again—with the various locales of "this storied river of the West," justify a comparison which is unobtrusively instructive:—

> Scenes fierce with men thy seaward current laves,
>   Harsh multitudes will throng thy gentle brink;
> Back with the grieving concourse of thy waves,
>   Home to the waters of thy childhood shrink.
>
> Thou heedest not! thy dream is of the shore,
>   Thy heart is quick with life, on! to the sea!
> How will the voice of thy far streams implore,
>   Again amid these peaceful weeds to be!

And yet this touching comparison suggests to us the same reflection with which we prefaced our remarks—how little really has been done to embody in meet verse the ample legends of Cornwall. This very "Tamar" has its mythic story of exceeding beauty—how Tamara, the gnome's daughter, was wooed by Tavy and Tawrage, sons of the giant, how her sire metamorphosed her into a stream, and her lovers, having at length compassed a like change, strove to wed their courses with hers, with unequal success. The "Tamar Spring" of Mr. Hawker has no hint of all this, which still contains the making of an Ovidian verse-story. And there are many like legends yet to be gathered into a poetic garland, if some one will but wreath them before they fade out of men's memory. We all know that there comes a time of life when it goes hard with us to keep up our earlier court to the Muses, and when numbers flow less easily than when we "lisped" them in youth. But perhaps it is not too late to hope that Mr. Hawker may yet address himself to another series of "Ballads," and renew the obligation which he has conferred upon his own county, as well as upon all lovers of ballad-song, in so spirited and poetic a form as the volume for which we now have to thank him.

THE AUSTRIAN NARRATIVE OF BENEDEK'S CAMPAIGN.*

(Second Notice.)

THE movement of Benedek behind the Elbe which took place on the 29th of June was not accomplished without some serious losses. To the 4th Corps, hitherto unengaged, was assigned the duty of covering the retreat, a brigade being sent to the left to free the now broken troops of Gablenz from their pursuers of the day before, and the rest disposed across the roads to the north of Josephstadt along which must advance the victorious column of Prussians which had carried Nachod and Skalitz in the successive actions of the two preceding days. The corps commander, Count Festetics, had orders not to make any prolonged resistance to the advance of the Prussians, if it took place in force; for Benedek intended his movement of retreat and concentration to be carried out without further actions. But it is not of course always possible to carry off a rearguard safely from a superior force, and especially when that force is flushed by repeated recent successes. The Crown Prince's columns came on this day with a boldness and certainty which showed that his army was gaining that moral advantage over its enemy which tells more heavily in war than any other element; and the Prussians had occasion once more to thank the prescience which had armed them so much better than their adversaries. Festetics, unwilling, according to his own report, to demoralize his troops by an instant retreat, resolved to repulse the enemy's first advance before drawing off. As his skirmishers were driven in rapidly on Schweinschadel—a village which covered his rear—he ordered an infantry battalion to support them, and attack the pursuing body, a part of the Prussian 6th Regiment; but, the latter receiving the charge coolly on open ground, it failed utterly before the withering fire of the needle-gun, and the Austrian rear-guard was forced to retreat, leaving nearly the whole of another battalion shut up in the village. Great part of these were taken, and Festetics lost 1,400 men before he carried his troops over the Elbe; while on his left the Prussian guard followed up their victory of the day before by attacking the brigade which he had detached to cover Gablenz, and drove it over the bridge at Koniginhof so sharply as to cut off some hundreds more.

These skirmishes in front of Benedek's main army were thrown into insignificance by the battle of Gitschin, lost by his left wing that day. How much of the unfortunate stand made there by the Saxons and Clam Gallas was due to the faults of Benedek and his staff, we pointed out in a former article.† The Court-martial since held upon Clam Gallas has acquitted him of personal blame—a fact which seems to increase the weight of the charge against his chief, who at the moment sought, in his reports to Vienna, to throw the blame upon that general, and on the headquarter staff round his own person. It had been intended, in retreating to a defensive position behind the Elbe, that the two corps from Gitschin should come in and form the left, fronting eastward; but when news came early on the 30th June that they were falling back on the main body "disorganized and exhausted" from their defeat, a retreat on Koniggratz was at once resolved on. This was ordered for the morning of the 1st, the trains being moved on at once; and the movement was announced by telegram to the Emperor that afternoon, and ascribed simply to the *debâcle* (so free is the adoption of foreign words in the Austrian military vocabulary) of the 1st Corps and the Saxons. At Koniggratz Benedek was met by encouraging replies declaring that, in spite of his retreat, he still had his master's full confidence; but his telegraphic answer was but to urge the Emperor, in the message quoted in our former article, to "make peace at any price," and the same message was repeated through the Emperor's adjutant, Colonel Beck, with the charges against the staff officers previously accused by him of falling short of their duties.

Benedek had much excuse for his alarm. His losses had been inordinately large, amounting to just 30,000 of his army *hors de combat*. Of these more than one-half were missed from the 1st and 10th Corps, and the greater part of the remainder from the 6th and 8th. The 4th and the Saxons had suffered much less, and the two remaining corps, the 2nd and 3rd, had not been engaged. But the *morale* of the whole was shaken by the dreadful effect of the Prussian arms, whilst the disproportionate losses, five times at least that of the enemy, had seriously increased the original disparity of numbers. The consternation which both chief and army felt, and the course which the former intended to pursue after falling back on Königgratz, are fully revealed by a long despatch telegraphed to Vienna from that fortress at midnight on the 1st, twelve hours after Colonel Beck had left for Vienna, and containing the following passages—one apparently intended to explain away the previous threat of "a catastrophe being una-

* *Œsterreichs Kämpfe in 1866.* 3ter Band. 2ter Theil. Gerold: Vienna.

† *Saturday Review*, April 17, 1869.

voidable," and another showing no defensive battle to be thought of:—

> Of eight corps there are, after merely partial combats, only two intact, and these and the reserves are much fatigued. All need rest and supplies, the 10th especially the means of cooking. Our great losses have arisen mainly from the murderous fire of the needle-gun, which has impressed all without exception who have been in action. All this, as well as the rout of the 1st and Saxon corps, before communicated, has compelled our falling back here. On my way I found the numerous trains of the army not far enough to the rear; and if under such circumstances an energetic attack of the enemy had occurred, *a catastrophe would have been unavoidable*. Happily up to this hour he has not pressed us. *I shall let the army rest here to-morrow, and send the trains on. The day after I must continue to retreat on Pardubitz, as we still want both food and water.* If I am not outflanked, can count still on the troops, and have the opportunity of an offensive stroke, I will make it; otherwise I shall carry on the army as quickly as possible on to Olmütz, and there wait your Majesty's orders.

Benedek telegraphed again at midday on the 2nd, to modify his first unfavourable reports; but the incriminated officers mentioned in them were already removed by telegraphic orders, and his subsequent request to employ Henikstein and Krismanic still with the army in other functions than their late charges on the staff, was peremptorily refused. These two generals were dismissed with himself to half-pay at the conclusion of the war, when Clam Gallas was publicly exculpated.

On the evening of the 1st Benedek must have in some degree recovered his lost confidence, for his published orders declared that the next day should be further devoted to resting the army and forwarding on the trains. The retreat from the new position in front of Koniggratz was in fact to be delayed for twenty-four hours longer. Meanwhile the Prussians, though slow and cautious considering their late repeated successes, had not been idle. The Crown Prince, after first designing to turn Benedek's former line behind the Elbe by detaching a corps round to the eastward of Josephstadt, had discovered the retreat of the Austrians from the river, and followed him across it. He had also got by his right into good communication with Prince Frederic Charles, now advanced beyond Gitschin, and within half a day's march of Benedek. The King had now arrived with Von Moltke, and taken personal command, thereby ensuring that unity of operation which it had been his adviser's design from the commencement to effect when the mountains were once well passed by the armies.

At noon on the 2nd Benedek summoned his whole staff of generals to his head-quarters for personal conference. All came, expecting to hear something of his plans, and were surprised to find that the meeting seemed to be merely for the purpose of exhorting them to restore discipline and confidence among their men, and to keep a good watch in front of their respective corps. At last the generalissimo inquired if water was found in sufficient abundance for all the camp, and, being assured on this head, declared that he should rest the army in its present position "for some days further." Baron Edelsheim, a comparatively young officer, whose personal conduct in previous wars had raised him to the charge of a light cavalry division, declared openly his belief that the enemy would attack that evening or on the morrow, but obtained no reply from his chief, who only gave orders to extend the patrols well out, and dismissed his council. He had passed apparently from the extreme of despondency into a dangerous confidence, for, when once more alone, he telegraphed to the Emperor that "the rest and supply of the troops had had an excellent effect, and that *he hoped no further retreat would be necessary*." Meanwhile the Engineers, by his orders, threw up some small works about Chlum and Nedelist, facing northward, to cover the right. All that afternoon, reports (many of which are quoted textually by the Austrian writer) told that the enemy was not far from the outposts on the north and west sides of the position. Benedek at last was forced to believe these, but attached more weight to those from the latter side as the more pressing; and at eleven P.M. he issued orders preparing his army for an attack in that direction, reserving two corps only of his eight to watch the north, one of which was in a certain case to be used to support the other six.

Meanwhile Prince Frederic Charles, believing the enemy before him near Sadowa to be only three corps at the most, resolved to attack at daylight, and communicated his intention to his cousin, with a view to the latter protecting his northern flank as he moved on from the west. Von Moltke, determining to make the action as decisive as possible, ordered the Crown Prince to co-operate with Frederic Charles's attack by advancing his whole army. And so the next morning the great battle was brought on—the greatest indeed, in point of size, of all the actions of modern wars, for at least 450,000 men were brought upon the ground; whereas at Leipsic—let slipshod historians who love large numbers say what they will—not over 400,000 at the outside were engaged. The course of the battle was of the simplest, and will be readily understood by those who observe Benedek's dispositions of the night before Prince Frederic Charles hotly engaged for some hours the six corps of Benedek which looked west. The seventh before midday was advanced to aid them on the right of his line, and a gap was thus left on the northern face of the position between them and the remaining corps, the 2nd. Into this gap about noon poured the leading divisions of the Crown Prince's army, the Prussian Guards, and the battle was won at a blow.

Our readers will probably admit that the Austrian Government have proved their thesis, the incompetence of Benedek for his high post. It would be harder for them to explain away the following incident, which has been openly published in Bavaria, Austria's ally of 1866, and never contradicted, and which furnishes an admirable moral for the student of the Austrian system, and of systems that closely follow it. Some time before the war broke out, a certain Austrian general who had served with distinction against Denmark made a voluntary report upon the needle-gun, in which he demonstrated its superiority to the muzzle-loader, and declared plainly, from his experience of its powers, that the latter could not be depended on to face it in action. His only reply was an official rebuke from the Austrian War Chancery, informing him that "the Emperor himself commanded his own army, and needed no advice from his generals on subjects on which they had not expressly been called upon to report!" Let Benedek then by all means bear his part of the blame of his failure, but let the shame be shared by the system under which Benedek served.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 706, MAY 8, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—RUBINSTEIN, First Time this Season; and VIEUXTEMPS, Last Time; with Demunck, Ries, Bernhardt, &c. Tuesday, May 18.

FRENCH READINGS and RECITALS, Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.—Mr. A. A. FAVARGER will have the honour of Reading SELECT PIECES from FRENCH AUTHORS, on Wednesday, May 12, at Eight o'clock.—Tickets 5s., 3s., and 1s., at Rolandi's, 20 Berners Street; at Mitchell's, 33 Old Bond Street; at the Rooms, and of Mr. A. A. FAVARGER, 21 St. Stephen's Road, Bayswater, W.

WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

WILL OPEN ON MONDAY, THE 10TH INST.

GERMAN GALLERY, 168 New Bond Street.—EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS. A Series of large Pictures, THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA (most wonderfully illustrating the fulfilment of the Revelation of St. John) and other Eastern Subjects, painted by A. SVOBODA during his recent Travels in Asia.—Admission, 1s.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 707, Vol. 27. May 15, 1869. PRICE 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE SESSION UP TO WHITSUNTIDE.

BOTH Houses of Parliament have been actively engaged since the middle of February in preparing for themselves employment which, if it were not for the most part destined to postponement, would occupy them long after the middle of August. It is not in consequence of indolence on the part either of the Government or of Parliament, that no important Bill has yet passed into a law. The House of Commons has never been so fully or constantly attended as during the discussion of the clauses of the Irish Church Bill in Committee. Both parties mustered night after night all their available force, to prove to the constituencies and to the Minister the perfect discipline of the majority, and, on the other side, for the purpose of recording an earnest and unavailing protest. Private members were accordingly compelled to abandon their favourite schemes of legislation; nor had the Government leisure to deal either with original measures or with Bills prepared by the House of Lords. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL found it expedient to postpone to a future stage the discussion on the principles of the Bankruptcy Bill; and Mr. FORSTER's Endowed Schools Bill has not yet emerged from the Select Committee, though it is understood that the Report will retain the principal elements of the original scheme. The Scotch Education Bill, which has been carried, though not without considerable alterations, through its most important stages in the House of Lords by the Duke of ARGYLL, will be still more readily adopted by the House of Commons, as it is understood that the majority of the Scotch members are favourable to the scheme. The House of Lords has also been occupied in passing the Habitual Criminals Bill, which would probably have been unavoidably thrust aside if it had been introduced by the HOME SECRETARY in pursuance of his first intention. Lord SALISBURY's Joint Committee which was to contrive a plan for rendering the legislation of the Upper House more effective is said to have ultimately confined itself to a questionable project of a change in the conduct of private business. If the plan is adopted, Private Bills will be submitted to Joint Committees formed of the members of both Houses, so that a second trial of the same issue will be in all cases avoided. The limited use which is at present made of the power of appeal to a second tribunal seems to show that there is little need of a change. As a general rule, Bills are opposed in the second House only when some grave interest is at stake; and the questions of expediency involved are sometimes so important that petitioners may fairly claim another hearing for their objections.

Mr. GOSCHEN's Bills for a new metropolitan assessment, and for reviving by a circuitous process the convenient system of compounding for rates, will meet with little opposition, and all parties seem inclined to support Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN's plan for establishing Financial Boards in counties. The House of Lords, and probably the county members, have little desire to see a transfer of power from the landowners, who ultimately bear the burden, to the actual ratepayers. No public funds are at present administered with so vigilant a frugality as county rates, nor will an infusion of elected guardians produce any practical advantage; but modern legislation, under the influence of constituencies in the background, pays peculiar and not unmerited attention to the redress of the grievances which are called sentimental. The magistrates who control the receipt and expenditure of the county funds are not elected by the ratepayers, who naturally demand the establishment, in this case also, of representation as the correlative of taxation. The only alternative of the institution of mixed Financial Boards would be the assumption by the landowners of the direct payment of the county rates. The burden would be trifling, but perhaps it is desirable to associate the tenant-farmers as much as possible with the gentry, in the hope that the social separation of classes may be partially corrected by political or municipal co-operation. An additional reason for the change consists in the expediency of rendering every institution theoretically defensible. An accidental and anomalous system which happens to work well may easily be tolerated until it is attacked, but the Select Committee which recently investigated the subject ascertained that general dissatisfaction had been produced by the exclusive financial powers of the justices. The members of the Government in the House of Commons, relieved from the immediate supervision of the Irish Church Bill, may well find sufficient energy to pass measures relating to local administration. It will be interesting to learn whether the remarkable unanimity which has prevailed since the beginning of the Session will extend to miscellaneous questions. Every Liberal member is pledged to support Mr. GLADSTONE, and to vote for the destruction of the Irish Establishment, and in some instances the electors may have intended to allow their members a certain liberty of action when their primary duty is discharged. Every prudent member will, even on secondary matters, abstain from offering any troublesome opposition to the Government; but a certain licence of private judgment may perhaps be allowed with respect to endowed schools, to cattle markets, to assessments, and even to county boards. A general who is confident in the devotion of his army can sometimes afford a partial relaxation of discipline when no enemy is in sight. In the next Session, when further Irish measures are introduced, stragglers will be peremptorily recalled to the ranks.

Some Bills which have passed wholly or partially through either House will be defeated in the attempt to carry them further. The House of Lords will probably reject the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's Bill for abolishing University tests, nor will it defer to the large majority of the Commons which sanctioned the principle of marriage with the sister of a deceased wife. It is probable, indeed, that the House of Lords will be more than usually jealous in minor matters of an independence which must be apparently compromised by the necessity of yielding on the Irish Church Bill. The reasons for ratifying a decision which is unpalatable to the great majority have overwhelming force. It is at all times necessary to avoid collisions on great political questions with the more powerful body which is supported and urged forward by the mass of the nation. A temporary check to a movement which will only derive additional force from the interposition of an obstacle merely prepares the way for a subsequent retreat. The House of Lords can by no possibility save the Irish Establishment; and by prolonging the contest it would not only impair its own power, but would inflict additional damage on the object of its care. The consummate ingenuity of Mr. GLADSTONE's complex Bill was displayed in the combination of a sweeping revolution with minute and elaborate provisions for the benefit of the religious body affected and of its actual members. The irritation which Mr. GLADSTONE has sometimes exhibited in return for the resentment which he has provoked, sufficiently intimates the probable modification of his plans if a defeat in the House of Lords should compel him to revise it for the purpose of introducing it again. Neither the Government nor the House of Commons will assent to any grave alteration in the measure which has been sanctioned in detail or in gross by overwhelming majorities. The property of the Church, and its political or corporate rank, are irrevocably doomed, and changes in the measure will practically affect only the surviving incumbents or the clergy and laity of the future Church. If the House of Lords attempts to secure the parsonage-houses to the clergy without payment, Mr. GLADSTONE will

probably insist on selling them at their full value; and he will certainly make no concession with respect to the glebes. It would, in truth, have been a useless act of spoliation to deprive the Irish Church of less than all its property. A practical evil may be partially diminished; but a theoretical grievance remains in full force as long as any fraction of the whole is deliberately preserved. The Irish Church Bill cannot, however much some people may regret it, be made more lenient, except at the cost of the principle by which alone it can be justified. The details, with the exception of the provisions for the Presbyterians and for Maynooth, are for the benefit of the Church. It may be hoped that the House of Lords will have sufficient statesmanlike wisdom to abstain from a useless and mischievous interference with the Maynooth compensation. If the payment were withheld, the money would not be restored to the Protestant Church, nor can it be material to the expropriated body whether a portion of its funds is applied to a Roman Catholic college or to a lunatic asylum.

As the lioness in Æsop, discoursing with the mother of a numerous litter, boasted that her solitary whelp was a lion, the Session, notwithstanding the paucity of its products, will not have been barren if the House of Lords wisely acquiesces in the Irish Church Bill. The Committee on Parliamentary and Municipal Elections, which is expected to prepare the way to the adoption of the Ballot, will not report in time for immediate legislation. It is possible that one remarkable change in the Constitution may be adopted if the Government undertakes the conduct of Lord RUSSELL'S Life Peerage Bill in the House of Commons. There would be no formidable opposition to a measure which has in some respects a democratic appearance, and it would perhaps be thought a vexatious abuse of power to restrain the House of Lords in its newborn zeal for innovation. The postponement of the Bill would not involve any disastrous consequences, but further consideration would throw no additional light on the merits of the scheme. If Parliament creates life-peerages in the same year in which it suppresses the Irish Establishment, and if it passes the Duke of ARGYLL'S Bill for primary education in Scotland, and Mr. FORSTER'S Bill on secondary education, the popular appetite for novelty will be sufficiently appeased. Its function of controlling public policy has been usefully exercised in the debates on the state of Ireland and on English pauperism. A not less urgent question will be raised if Sir H. BULWER proceeds with his motion on the late negotiations with America. From the beginning of the civil war to the present time Parliament has displayed remarkable prudence in abstaining from all discussions which could furnish the United States with a pretext for taking offence; and there is no reason to doubt that if the actual relations between the two countries are brought before the House of Commons, the same delicacy and reserve will be maintained by all parties. The cause of peace will probably be advanced by a firm and temperate assertion of the policy which all classes and parties are fully determined to pursue. It is especially desirable that Mr. GLADSTONE should be as jealous of English dignity as he will undoubtedly be considerate to American susceptibility. The unwillingness of the House of Commons to interfere unnecessarily with foreign affairs is a guarantee for its capacity of representing the feelings of the country on grave occasions.

THE PROGRESS OF THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

WHITSUNTIDE has come, and the avowed intention of the Government to carry the Irish Church Bill through Committee by this date has been fulfilled. We have grown so accustomed to the inevitable majority of a hundred, which has damped every energy and repelled every effort of the Opposition, that it seems now only a matter of course that the Bill has made this rapid progress. But if we turn back, and remember how matters stood at the beginning of the Session, we seem to see the success of the Bill in another light. There were many rocks ahead, on any of which it might have grounded for awhile. Some sort of Irish Church Bill was of course inevitable. So much had been decided by the elections. But who could foresee that a Bill would be introduced which would run a perfectly smooth course? There were many quarters from which difficulties might have come The English clergy are, on the whole, decidedly hostile to the Bill; and although they were not able to carry the elections, yet, if the Government had seemed embarrassed and the House wavering the opposition of the clergy might have done serious harm. The refusal of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER to accept the Chancellorship under a Government pledged to such a Bill might have brought many persons round to think that perhaps there was a mistake, and that at any rate there was no occasion to be in too great a hurry. The fear of Popery which pervades the classes who draw their strong but simple notions of the Papacy from the *Pilgrim's Progress* might have shown itself in a movement against giving the compensation to Maynooth which justice imperatively demanded. The Opposition has the singular advantage of being under two leaders. Mr. HARDY comforts it by the strange spectacle of an able man who in these days not only honestly believes in the Conservative creed, but is capable of calculating how far it must take him if he really believes in it; while Mr. DISRAELI is sufficiently aloof from both parties to take advantage of the enthusiasm of his friends and the blunders of his adversaries. How has it happened, then, that a string of amendments proposed by Mr. DISRAELI have been so utterly wiped out that no one can remember even what they were; that the furious enemies of Maynooth have desisted from their endeavours to prevent it from receiving compensation on the avowed ground that they find it utterly hopeless to go on; that there has not been the faintest whispering of doubt about the Bill in any Liberal constituency, and that the few Liberals who have occasionally differed from Mr. GLADSTONE in the House have done so with profuse apologies, and with affectionate hopes that he will look kindly on a little independence? All this is very remarkable, and strong causes must have been at work to produce it; for there has been no excitement, no burst of popular passion, such as carried Lord GREY'S Reform Bill. The Irish Church Bill has rolled on smoothly and swiftly, as if carried by its own weight and roundness to its aim.

The Bill has been pronounced on both sides of the House to be revolutionary, and it is certainly a great revolution that we should dissolve, in Ireland, that famous alliance of Church and State which was once thought to be the keystone of the British Empire. That the keystone should have been knocked away so quickly and quietly in three months is a surprising thing, and shows how powerful must be the new feelings that are operating on the English mind. For the most powerful of these feelings is one which is as yet vague and indefinite, which points towards a grand but unknown future, the positive side of which is very faintly sketched as yet, but the negative side of which appears in the conviction that differences in religion do not present a sufficient basis for the arrangements and constitution of societies and nations. The mere ties of self-interest are confessedly inadequate for the same purpose. No one now dreams of talking the language of pure arrogance and selfishness in politics. Europe—and we may limit ourselves to Europe, for the irritation produced by war and taxes has removed America for a time out of the sphere of cosmopolitan politics—is seeking some other basis than that of national antipathies and religious differences. The community of material interests is undoubtedly the most material agent of change, but no one seems to be satisfied with the mere increase of wealth. Something more is wanted, and this something more is found by one half of Europe in a sentimental direction—in the eulogies of brotherhood, in the pursuit of an ideal democracy, in the recasting of the whole relations of capital and labour; and by the other half of Europe in a practical direction, in the passionate desire to be just. England naturally drifts in the latter direction; she is naturally and properly afraid of great social changes, while her growing experience in the working of a most diversified government has impelled her to serious reflection on the principles by which vast and varied masses of men can be kept under the same sway. Amid the uncertainties of all things, and with a future lying before European society the form of which we cannot apprehend, but which we are certain must be very unlike our present, we can at least be rigidly and honourably just. This is the feeling that moves England at present, and it is the force of this feeling that has pushed the Irish Church Bill through the Commons before Whitsuntide. There is also always a poetry coupled with justice, and a genial enthusiasm attends a newborn desire to do right, and a strong vein of sentiment has run through the recent action of England towards Ireland. As Mr. BRIGHT truly says, the present Parliament is thoroughly well disposed on all Irish questions, and wishes that what is right should be done, not only kindly and generously, but speedily. Nor has the reception of the Bill in Ireland been among the least efficacious of the causes that have pushed it on. By the Irish Protestants it has been received with a fury which was in itself quite pardonable, but which became contemptible when it betrayed laymen into talk about Repeal which in the mouths of Protestant landlords is nonsensical, and betrayed bishops into bursts of coarse and intemperate language

about garotters and BILLY GLADSTONE. By the mass of the Irish people the Bill has been received with gentle patronage and lukewarm approbation, as a mild instalment of what they deserve and hope to get. Far from frightening or irritating England, the attitude of the Irish has only made England more anxious to get the Irish Church Bill passed. We know perfectly well that the Irish ask many things which it is impossible to give them, which justice itself forbids that we should let them have. But we cannot discuss these darker and more doubtful questions with any inward comfort or satisfaction so long as such a manifestly unjust thing as the Irish Established Church is suffered to remain. Very difficult questions will arise as to what is just when we come to discuss Irish land and Irish education, and England naturally wishes to gain freedom for action on these points by having got the Irish Church out of the way.

This has been the base of Mr. GLADSTONE'S majorities, for the constituencies have been quite firm, and have been pleased to see their representatives take part in so effective a demonstration of political power. But there has been more than this. There has been an anxious wish on the part of the representatives themselves not to be left out of these majorities. The degree to which this obedience of the whole Liberal party in the Commons to its chief has been carried is astonishing. That they have voted like a machine for the Bill, and every clause of it, is only a portion of what they have done. They have actually held their tongues when bidden. They have not ventured to interrupt the progress of the measure by offering their useless opinions and ideas. Sometimes some very few of them have for a moment walked in the paths of the Opposition, but they have only done so after obtaining a sort of ticket of leave from Mr. GLADSTONE, and they have reported themselves to Mr. GLYN immediately after their little escapade. This is very unlike the days of Palmerstonian Parliaments. It is unquestionably the Reform Bill that has done this. Whatever may have been the good or the harm of the Bill, the belief that it would at least strengthen the Executive, and make government a little more possible, has been justified. Members are much more bound up with their constituencies than they were. It is difficult to get, and very difficult to keep, a seat; and the man who happens to be sitting has to think very carefully what his local friends will say of him. The Liberal constituencies do not like being left out in the cold, with their member voting and speaking and caballing and intriguing according to his own personal whims and fancies and interests. They want to see the Liberal party triumph, and they want their man to contribute to this triumph. They have a perfect horror of Caves, which, they conceive, owe their origin to the piques and passions of individuals, and to an inherent contempt felt by London gentlemen for humble country electors. Undoubtedly this increase of political power has been purchased at the cost of some degree of honourable independence on the part of the members. This is an evil, but the evil of trying to govern a great country through an assembly of six hundred people, each thinking and talking and acting in his own way, is greater. The want of all motive force in the unreformed Parliaments was fast bringing Parliamentary government into contempt. Everything attempted was laid aside, and put off to another Session. Now the Irish Church Bill has been got through before Whitsuntide, and if the remedy applied to produce such a change has been strong it has been very successful. And perhaps, of all the parts of the Reform Bill which have wrought this change, the disfranchising clauses have been the most operative. There were far too many seats which nominal Liberals could command, and which permitted them to show, not any real and sensible independence, but a complete indifference to the interests of their party. Any fancied slight on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE, any hint that his vote was counted on by the Ministry, was sufficient to send one of these very free and independent Liberals into the wrong lobby. It is a very good thing that this has come to an end. Session after Session spent in abortive attempts at legislation, under a succession of weak Governments, involve a most lamentable waste of time and strength. The present ardour of obsequiousness to the Government will probably soon pass away. There will be less certainty of opinion in the constituencies and in the House; but at any rate we may hope that we shall not have any Caves for some time to come, and that, if sections of the Liberal party differ from each other, they will do so on public grounds, with a real sympathy between members and electors, and not out of mere wantonness, or from a wish to take a petty vengeance or to gratify personal spite.

It is only fair, however, to add that very much of the success of the Bill is due to the Bill itself. It is perhaps the best-drawn Bill of modern times. Throughout its whole conception appears one leading principle clearly and consistently followed. Every detail has been most carefully considered with reference to this principle, and has been put in a shape admitting of scarcely any mistake. With all the good-will in the world, a majority, however overwhelming, could not have carried it through before Whitsuntide if conflicting principles had appeared in the composition of the Bill, or if the clauses had not been so shaped as to give practical effect to the wishes of the Ministry. Much of the credit of this skilful preparation of the measure is said to be due to the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL; and, if so, members have to thank him for letting them take their holidays with so much solid work already accomplished. It must be remembered that there were two divergent theories as to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, and it needed much statesmanlike capacity in those members of the Cabinet who framed the measure to choose one of these two principles and to adhere to it resolutely, more especially as the leaders of the party, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, were evidently not alive last year to the divergence of these theories, and to the necessity of adopting one or the other. Both theories took for granted that the Irish Church was, as it were, tainted by its political connexion with the State, and needed a wholesale purifying. But how was this purification to be made? The one theory was to the effect that some startling and striking fine or penalty would suffice—something that would show conclusively that England had done with Protestant ascendency; the other theory was to the effect that this would not suffice, that the whole property of the Irish Church was irremediably mixed up with this ascendency, and that nothing short of utter confiscation would serve to remove the injustice of having used the powers of conquest in aid of an alien religion. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER was the advocate of the first theory when he gave up office, not that he might protect the Irish Church from disestablishment and disendowment, but that he might ask why, if the Irish Church were subjected to a severe penalty by a partial confiscation, it might not be suffered to retain enough property to make it simply effective as a religious body. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT were under the influence of this theory when last year they talked of dealing very generously with the Irish Church, and assumed that the glebes and glebe-houses would naturally remain with the disestablished Church. This theory was pushed to an absurdity by Mr. DISRAELI, the tenor of whose amendments was that all the property of the Church should be taken away from it, provided that all, and a little more than all, were given back to it. It was because this theory was floating in their minds that unreasoning people thought that the compensation to Maynooth was taken out of the funds of the Irish Church, as it would have been if this compensation had been in the nature of a fine levied on the Church, the remission of which would have secured it so much more money. What the Government deserve praise for is that, having made up their minds to the opposite theory that the work of justice could only be accomplished, and that the persuasion of justice having been done could only be inspired, by utter confiscation, they adopted this principle with entire frankness and consistency, and shaped every detail of the Bill so as to be in harmony with it. This enabled them to say of almost every amendment that it was against the principle of the Bill, so that on seemingly minute clauses they were really taking renewed divisions on the Second Reading. From the day when Mr. GLADSTONE made his speech explaining what the Government measure was to be, it became evident that the parts of the Bill would so fit into each other that it would be exceedingly difficult to take some of those parts and to reject the rest. This has gone far to secure the rapid passage of the Bill through the Commons, and it can scarcely fail to operate in the Lords. The Lords may reject the Bill altogether, which is in the last degree unlikely; but if they once accept it, they will find it very difficult to alter it much, unless they attempt to recast the whole basis on which it is framed, which would be equivalent to rejecting it, and would entail the same political consequences.

THE EMPEROR AT CHARTRES.

IF history never repeats itself, the Emperor of the FRENCH is evidently not disposed to submit to a similar restriction. His speech at Chartres on Sunday was a virtual announcement that his reliance on the methods of government which he has hitherto found to answer is still unshaken. The world has changed a good deal since 1848, but the Napoleonic policy

remains just what it was. Twenty years ago he made his "first appeal to the spirit of conciliation," and called upon "all good citizens to sacrifice for the public good their regrets "and feelings of rancour"; and now, "after seventeen years "of peaceful prosperity," he speaks "in the same language, "but with greater authority and confidence." In this one sentence we have the essence of the Imperialist theory of French history. The pre-Napoleonic ages are but a storehouse of "regrets and feelings of rancour." In themselves these may be pardonable, or even praiseworthy, but a good citizen will be careful to give them no practical application. He may have his sentimental yearnings or dislikes, but his attitude towards the dethroned dynasties and the fallen institutions of his own country will be as purely intellectual as his admiration for the Athens of PERICLES or the Rome of CÆSAR. They belong to a state of things that has passed away for ever, and to recognise this truth is the first duty of a Frenchman who claims to understand his era. In so far as he does not recognise it, he subordinates the welfare of his country to his own passions. But the EMPEROR thinks too well of his subjects to have any fear of such a catastrophe. He counts upon the citizens of Chartres because they "are part of those eight millions of Frenchmen who have "thrice accorded" him their suffrage; and in the fact that these eight millions have successively made him President, President for life, and Emperor, he sees an indisputable proof of their patriotism, and, by consequence, an indisputable guarantee "for order, progress, and liberty." It is this survey of the past that encourages him to invite honest men of every party "to second the regular advance of the Government on "the path of liberal progress, and to oppose insuperable resist- "ance to those subversive passions which appear to revive only "to threaten the unshaken fabric of universal suffrage." This is the "mission of civilization" which NAPOLEON III. has to accomplish, and it is the glory of the French nation that it has been called to co-operate with him in the great work. In a few days "the people will meet in their Electoral Comitia," and will choose the instruments by which this co-operation is to be effected. The EMPEROR's confidence in France is unbounded; the deputies will be worthy of their trust.

It may be questioned whether this consistency of attitude adds any strength to the EMPEROR's position. In the outset there was a real meaning in this sort of language. As it became increasingly evident that the Imperial Government had an element of permanence which had for some time been absent from French institutions, moderate adherents of former systems might by degrees have come to doubt whether to give it a modified support was not the best course for Liberal Frenchmen to pursue. The position of his family, as well as his own personal antecedents, gave NAPOLEON III. considerable and various claims on more than one among French political parties. As the heir of the great Emperor he satisfied that military feeling which had been subjected to unnatural repression during the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE. As the defender of universal suffrage he represented the initial idea of Continental democracy. As the unshrinking maintainer of public order he soothed that widely diffused dread of revolution which the events of June, 1848, had roused into new life. Prudent men might have been brought by degrees to include all these facts in their calculations, and to balance one of them against another. The Republic had been tried and had proved a failure, and an ardent Republican would probably see but little to choose between an elected President of the type of General CAVAIGNAC and an Emperor such as NAPOLEON III. Why should he not support a Government which accepted one at least of his favourite principles in preference to a Government which, if it called itself by the right name, would probably have little claim to the right nature? The Parliamentary institutions which flourished under the Monarchy of July might be looked back to with regretful admiration by the Orleanists, but experience had shown that no executive which did not rest on a wider basis of popular support could have any chance of maintaining itself against the combined hostility of Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Democrats. To no class of Frenchmen other than its professed adherents was the Empire anything more than the least disliked of two alternatives; but an institution which occupied this position in the midst of a divided nation might fairly hope to play off one section against another, and to live, so to speak, on the second votes of all.

It cannot be said, however, that NAPOLEON III. has pursued this end with much success. There has been, especially of late years, a want of elasticity in his policy which has been very fatal to the assumption of the necessary variety of characters. He has soothed the fears of the middle classes, but he has done nothing to conciliate their Parliamentary instincts, and he has pressed heavily on their pockets. He has relied on his relationship to NAPOLEON I. to secure the devotion of the peasantry, but he has forgotten that, though in rural districts traditions linger long, there has been time enough for the NAPOLEON worship which was so prevalent under the Restoration to give way to newer faiths. He has been forced to alienate the democratic populations of the great towns by his Roman policy and his calculated deference to the clergy, and he has in turn irritated the Catholic instincts of the country by that desire not to break hopelessly with the democrats which has prevented him from giving the POPE the thoroughgoing support which will alone satisfy Ultramontane demands. When, therefore, he now appeals to honest men of every party, he finds no believers in that "regular ad- "vance in the path of Liberal progress" which he claims on behalf of his Government. That Frenchmen should credit him with having gone far enough in any one direction was not to be expected; but they might, if his professions had been more sincere, and his practice more consonant with them, have admitted that he had done as much in this way as the circumstances of France would permit. The Republican would have recognised as large an infusion of his favourite doctrines as is compatible with monarchical institutions. The Orleanist would have seen as complete a development of Parliamentary government as can be combined with that executive vigour which a French public requires. As it is, the EMPEROR has contrived, with remarkable success, to alienate all these phases of political opinion at one and the same time. His Government has been at once strong and timid. It has put down every enemy, but it has never succeeded in allaying its own fears of them. Even where there has been some "advance on the path of Liberal progress," it has been made in spite of those who now point to what has been done as though it constituted some claim in them to the gratitude of Frenchmen. The policy of the Empire has been ingeniously adapted to multiply enemies and aggravate defeats. It allows of no open questions, it recognises no support except that of its own creatures, it treats every victory of the Opposition as the first step towards a revolution. Its description of the conduct of its adversaries has as little weight in the country as the account it gives of itself. Frenchmen must by this time have pretty well learned to measure the strong language which the Government applies to the Opposition. To vote against an official candidate is a subversive passion; to remonstrate against swamping a town constituency with a torrent of rural voters, or a whole regiment of soldiers who have been made civilians for the occasion, is to threaten the unshaken fabric of universal suffrage. There can be few greater mistakes for a Government than to exaggerate the hostility against which it has to contend. Men easily become habituated to the commission of offences which bring with them neither remorse nor punishment, and the politician who hears at every election that he is the slave of subversive passions and the enemy of universal suffrage, grows accustomed by degrees to the position, and ends perhaps by sympathizing with the treason which he has talked all his life without knowing it.

That the strong reassertion of the principle of personal government which the EMPEROR has thought fit to make is merely the prelude to some further modification of it, is by no means impossible. Looking back over the "seventeen years "of peaceful prosperity" which have elapsed since the *coup d'état*, it cannot be denied that France has regained to an appreciable extent the liberties of which she was then deprived. But it has been the fancy of the EMPEROR that every advance in this direction shall be traceable to the sole action of his personal will, and shall be given just at the time when the Opposition has lost all expectation of obtaining it by any efforts of its own. Perhaps the concession of a responsible Ministry is intended to follow upon a Government victory at the elections, and has only been delayed lest it should seem that the EMPEROR relies for his triumph on some other agency than the magic of his name and the majesty of his character.

THE MAYOR OF CORK.

THE unexpected resignation of the Mayor of CORK probably denotes a lingering sense of decency on his own part, or on that of his local advisers. It is surprising that he should have relieved Parliament from the performance of a thoroughly disagreeable duty. Notwithstanding Mr. DISRAELI's ill-timed criticism, there was but one opinion as to the necessity of silencing official sedition; yet it was felt that the machinery

of punishment was wholly disproportioned to the character o the offender. A Bill of Pains and Penalties is an extrem remedy for misconduct which happens to lie beyond the reach of law; and although the proceedings at Cork satisfied the con ditions of penal legislation, it appeared probable that a vulga demagogue would be gratified by an opportunity of making himself additionally notorious. The Town Council and the mob of Cork have expressed their approval of the scandalous language of the Mayor, which had the questionable merit of being perfectly clear and intelligible; but a disavowal is equivalent to a retractation, and, notwithstanding the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen, Mr. O'SULLIVAN has at last thought fit to disclaim the only possible meaning of his words. It is possible that he may be sincere in the paradoxical assertion that he did not intend to praise O'FARRELL for attempting to murder the Duke of EDINBURGH. Knowing nothing of the assassin except that he had committed the crime, Mr. O'SULLIVAN expressed admiration for his character and conduct; nor can it be doubted that at the moment he remembered that another member of the Royal Family was travelling in Ireland; yet it is more likely that he was influenced by a morbid craving for applause than that he wantonly desired to encourage assassination. When self-respect has been destroyed by habits of seditious exaggeration, a political brawler loses all sense of responsibility for his words. Even now the man is apparently not ashamed of having described the Clerkenwell explosion and the attack on the Duke of EDINBURGH as noble and patriotic acts. A casuist might suspend his judgment on the question whether mischievous nonsense may not indicate as deep moral degradation as deliberate incitements to crime. The Cork rabble probably assume that Mr. O'SULLIVAN was guilty only of incontinence of speech, although he would not have forfeited their confidence if he had been in earnest in his sanction of murder. The delinquent himself is perhaps sufficiently educated to understand the difference, since it has been explained to him in the clearest terms, and it may be presumed that when he next celebrates the release of disaffected convicts, he will confine himself to political sedition instead of digressing into eulogies of ordinary crime. One of his friends in the House of Commons paid him a truly Irish compliment in stating that, from his knowledge of Mr. O'SULLIVAN's character, anything he said that he would do might be relied on. The best apology for the speech at the convict festival is that Mr. O'SULLIVAN may be relied on not to do whatever he recommends as laudable or expedient. Mr. MAGUIRE showed a keener perception of the true line of defence when he suggested, on the first discussion of the question, the amiable explanation that the Mayor had probably been drunk.

Mr. GLADSTONE was only too glad to avoid the necessity of proceeding with a measure which would have been at the same time anomalous and unpopular. His predecessors, soon after the first Reform Bill, found the inconvenience of attempting to combine conciliation with repression. All the advantages which might have been expected by Lord GREY and Mr. STANLEY to arise from the suppression of several Irish bishoprics, and from the prospect of tithe commutation, were for the time suspended by the prosecution of O'CONNELL. The Mayor of CORK is an agitator of a humbler order; but if his cause had been adopted by the extreme Irish Liberals, the Government might have been involved in a troublesome conflict with its most zealous supporters. In accepting Mr. MAGUIRE's overture, the PRIME MINISTER perhaps disclosed with too little reserve his natural satisfaction in the surrender of his humble antagonist. It is not desirable to encourage future offenders by confessing the annoyance which they have the power, with little inconvenience to themselves, of inflicting on their betters. The Government would only perform its duty by introducing, after due consideration, a Bill which might prevent the recurrence of similar scandals. It must be remembered that Mr. O'SULLIVAN's outrageous language, and his culpable presidency at a Fenian celebration, were not the only instances of misconduct in his official capacity. The magistrates of Cork unanimously requested that he might be dismissed from a post in which he habitually insulted his colleagues and impeded the administration of justice. His repeated denunciations of the police in a city which has lately been the scene of frequent disorders were directly calculated to encourage the populace to breaches of the peace. On the morning after the Fenian supper the Mayor visited the prison before the arrival of the other magistrates, for the purpose of discharging the persons who had been locked up for the comparatively venial offence which Mr. MAGUIRE, in his friendly zeal, afterwards imputed to Mr. O'SULLIVAN himself. There ought to be some simpler mode of dealing with a municipal functionary who uses his legal powers for the promotion of disorder. Mr. O'REILLY suggested that the Crown should be empowered to dismiss a Mayor on the Address of both Houses of Parliament; but it seems inexpedient to place an agitator of the rank of O'SULLIVAN on the same footing with a misdemeanant Judge. A sufficient remedy for the evil would be provided if the Lord-Lieutenant had the power of depriving a Mayor, at his discretion, of magisterial functions. It is not a little absurd that a person who had already been removed from the Commission of the Peace should be restored to the bench of magistrates by popular election. In ordinary cases it is unnecessary to curtail the ancient municipal privilege, and happily, even in Ireland, the O'SULLIVAN case is one of the first impression. Among the numerous eccentricities of the English Constitution, few are more remarkable than the absence of all prevention against the abuse of lawful powers to the detriment of the State. No other country guards so carefully against excesses of authority affecting private rights, but the respect of public functionaries for law and order is tacitly taken for granted. The assumption has proved tolerably correct in Great Britain, and Irishmen will only learn to appreciate the responsibilities of freedom by enjoying its benefits.

The House of Commons, in its unwilling preparation for an encounter with an ignoble adversary, rediscovered with a kind of surprise that its omnipotence is limited by incapacity to administer an oath. The ordinary and formal power which is entrusted to magistrates, to private arbitrators, to the House of Lords, and even to Select Committees of the House of Commons, is by ancient custom withheld from the sovereign Assembly of the realm. The disability could be removed at pleasure if it involved any practical inconvenience, but a constitutional anomaly is not to be lightly thrown away. A few years ago the power to examine witnesses on oath was conferred on Select Committees of the Commons, under an impression that evidence had sometimes been given with undue levity or indifference to facts. It is not understood that scientific witnesses have since unlearned their tendency to speak as advocates; nor, indeed, do they belong to a class which would draw any distinction between sworn and unsworn statements. The examinations which are on rare occasions conducted at the bar of the House of Commons are confined to facts, instead of extending to matters of opinion, and the special jurisdiction of the House would perhaps be as efficacious as the penalties of perjury. The practical argument against a change is that an ancient defect assumes the dignity of a privilege. A more valuable security for the exercise of the powers of the House in defence of law and order is to be found in the existence of a Liberal Government. The instincts of a leader of Opposition which betrayed Mr. DISRAELI into a casual blunder would not improbably have induced Mr. GLADSTONE, if he had occupied the same position, to offer strenuous resistance to a penal measure. It seems that there was no precedent for Bill founded on seditious words, and there are plausible objections to all exceptional legislation. It would have been easy to hint that patriotic Irishmen were driven to despair by the policy of a Conservative Government; and Mr. BRIGHT might have added that all acts of severity must henceforth be attended by some equivalent compensation. Mr. DISRAELI was only deterred from adopting the same line of argument by the murmurs of his followers, whose real feelings were, as usual, more accurately expounded by Mr. HARDY. Perhaps even the present Government could not have secured the support of Irish members but for the pledges which they have given by the Bill for destroying the Established Church. A message of peace to Ireland which is not rejected with noisy indignation has accomplished a part of its purpose. When the Mayor of CORK thought fit to profess confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, he supplied the Opposition with a weapon against the Government; but it is something to have imposed on blatant demagogues the necessity of acknowledging that there are English statesmen entitled to the confidence of Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE is not called upon to defend himself against the charge of sympathizing with Mr. O'SULLIVAN in his sentimental enthusiasm for incendiaries and assassins. The power of commonplace is not to be despised, especially in a rhetorical country. Multitudes who believe that they are oppressed because they have always been told so, may perhaps gradually accept the same authority for the contrary proposition. Treasonable declaimers will learn from the capitulation of Mr. O'SULLIVAN that it is, even in Ireland, possible to go too far. Some of them, when they talk of revolution and civil war, mean no more than the Mayor of CORK meant when, after listening to discharged convicts blus-

tering about sabres, he extolled the virtues of the powder-barrel and the treacherous revolver. As they are not heads of municipal bodies, ordinary agitators are not exposed to bills of pains and penalties; but they will feel that it is not safe to venture a collision with the law. The most lenient of Governments may on occasion be forced to vindicate justice, and it is sufficiently plain that Parliament will support any measures that may be required for the protection of public decency.

ENGLISH POLICY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

WHILE Lord LAWRENCE'S speech in the House of Lords has reconciled public opinion in England to the cautious policy which he has bequeathed to his successor, Indian politicians, feeling a stronger interest in the affairs of Central Asia, are less fully satisfied with the results of the Umballa interview. In activity of mind, in political daring, and in patriotic impatience, the civil and military servants of the Crown in India resemble rather the statesmanlike adventurers of the age of ELIZABETH than the peaceable men of business who administer the Government at home. Thoroughly devoted to the duty of maintaining the safety and greatness of the Empire, they habitually suspect that deliberate inactivity is but a cover for indolence or timidity; and at present they regard with unconcealed dislike the approach towards the Indian frontier of another European Power. The prolonged inaction of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE during the late civil war in Afghanistan was not generally popular with his subordinates, nor has his final determination to confine his interference to the payment of a subsidy met with general approval. It is indeed far from improbable that SHERE ALI may be unable or unwilling to perform the services for which he accepts a large retaining fee. An Afghan King is liable to assassination, to dethronement, and to the acceptance of larger offers from a hostile quarter; but the actual ruler of Cabul, having defeated his enemies without English aid, will probably maintain his position with the advantage of a grant which is perhaps equal to his entire army estimates. It is a strong recommendation of the system adopted by the Indian Government, that it exactly reverses the policy of thirty years ago, which had its origin, not in the Indian Council, but in the English Cabinet. A weak Governor-General was then induced, in opposition to his own calmer judgment, to set up a pretender against SHERE ALI'S father, who would gladly have broken off his intrigues with Russia if he had been assured of English support. The terrible disasters which followed might have been avoided by prudent conduct and by military vigilance; but the occupation of Afghanistan necessarily involved needless risks and burdens. If SHERE ALI'S adherence to the English alliance can be secured by a liberal payment, the outposts of India will be most cheaply defended by a native auxiliary force.

Two general officers, of long experience in the affairs of North-Western India, have lately published directly opposite opinions on the best mode of securing the frontier. Sir SYDNEY COTTON, in a short pamphlet, insists on the immediate necessity of an onward movement; while Sir VINCENT EYRE maintains, in a lecture delivered before the East India Association, the expediency of rendering the present frontier impregnable. It would be presumptuous in civilians to decide between two competent soldiers who respectively assert and deny the defensive merits of the line of the Indus; but, if the arguments were equally balanced, there would be a presumption in favour of the frontier which is already our own. According to Sir SYDNEY COTTON, the position of Peshawur is so bad in all respects that it will be necessary to recede from it or to advance. It seems that the valley of Koorum, on the other side of the Khyber Pass, might be recommended by military considerations; but Sir SYDNEY COTTON prefers the alternative of establishing an auxiliary force at Cabul, or of placing agents, also with troops at their disposal, at Candahar and Herat. By no other method, it is urged, can the legitimate succession be secured to the family of SHERE ALI; but it is not seriously pretended that hereditary legitimacy in Afghanistan greatly concerns the Indian Government. There is no reason to suppose that the AMEER himself would accept the position of a feudatory prince for the purpose of securing himself against domestic rivals. An English Envoy at Cabul would occupy the position of the unfortunate Sir WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN, although proper precautions might undoubtedly be taken against the recurrence of the former catastrophe. It is possible that Sir SYDNEY COTTON'S military judgment is sound, and he states the curious fact that the word Peshawur means "advanced post," not of the rulers of India, but of the Afghans and of other Northern invaders. It would, in Sir SYDNEY COTTON'S opinion, be convenient to have the mountain tribes in the rear instead of in the front, for the purpose both of promoting among them civilization and industry, and of preventing them from engaging in intrigues with Central Asia. It is not impossible that some other strategist would attach greater importance to the inconvenience which might arise from the interposition of turbulent tribes between an advanced force at Cabul and the open country of India. The difficulty of holding Afghanistan as a protected dependency may be appreciated without technical knowledge. Although the new Russian possessions appear, on an ordinary map, dangerously near to the extreme north of India, many miles and some formidable mountain ranges are still interposed between Samarcand and Peshawur. It is doubtful whether it is desirable to curtail a space which at present diminishes the probability of unfriendly collision. If a necessity should arise through the defection of SHERE ALI or of his successors, there would always be time for an army from India to anticipate the Russians at Cabul. The great risk of the expedition of 1838 consisted in the possible defection of RUNJEET SING, who then held the Punjab with a formidable army. If the Sikhs had broken off from the English alliance, either during Sir JOHN KEANE'S advance upon Cabul, or after the destruction of the army in 1841, the whole of the North-West would have been exposed to imminent danger. At present an advance in force from Peshawur would encounter no formidable resistance; and it would be better that English troops should be regarded as allies, and not as conquerors. The warlike inhabitants of Afghanistan would be more likely to resist a Russian attack on their own independence than to repel an invader who could offer them liberation from English dominion.

Sir SYDNEY COTTON directly contradicts Lord LAWRENCE'S statement that an Afghan invasion was averted, during the Mutiny, by the payment of a stipend to DOST MAHOMMED. On the contrary, he asserts that it was to the resolute attitude of the officers in command at Peshawur that the safety of India was due. "The paltry expedient of bribing an avaricious Afghan" might, it is said, have secured the personal neutrality of the King; but "thirty thousand Afghans had shod their horses "ready to invade our territory, the very last act always of "such troops previous to a hostile movement." Sir SYDNEY COTTON adds that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE was prepared, at the beginning of the Mutiny, to surrender the valley and district of Peshawur to the Afghans, as the price of peace. There can at present be no question of a surrender of territory, and the paltry expedient of bribing an avaricious Afghan may be justified by success. Bribes are, in truth, effective in proportion to the avarice or to the wants of the recipients; and, in the case of the Afghan Ameer, avarice is nearly related to ambition. Sir SYDNEY COTTON says that the rebel soldiers who had been fighting against SHERE ALI flocked to his standard when they heard of the arrival of the English rupees. The attainment of the primary object of the subsidy seems not to form a conclusive argument against Lord LAWRENCE'S policy. A veteran officer, fully informed of the subject which he discusses, may be excused for attributing the dissent or coldness of home politicians to imperfect knowledge; but it is only possible for ordinary Englishmen to decide on a conflict of evidence, and on general principles; and there are respectable authorities on the side of peace, or of passive expectation.

Sir VINCENT EYRE, who was in his youth one of the prisoners of Cabul, recommends careful attention to the assailable points of the river Indus, and to the occupiers of the mountain passes immediately beyond, who are to be propitiated by political and pecuniary arrangements, or, in other words, by bribes bestowed on avaricious chiefs. He regards the Russian conquests in Central Asia not without complacency, and he holds that for some generations the military force of Russia in those regions will be utterly insufficient for purposes of invasion. It might be added that a Russian attack on India would in all probability be attempted by a road which was practically open long before the conquest of Turkestan. The weak point of Afghanistan is Herat, which in the hands of a Persian garrison would become a Russian outpost. The passes in the North, though they were formerly traversed by half-civilized conquerors, afford little facility for the passage of the stores and artillery of a modern army. On the whole, it seems that, until circumstances change, there is a preponderance of argument against an aggressive and heroic policy. If the AMEER desires the continuance of the subsidy, he will abstain from conduct which would produce an immediate forfeiture. Any intimation of a purpose of sacrificing a royal revenue would almost prove that he was in expectation of receiving an equivalent

from Russia; nor could it be tolerated that an avaricious Afghan should accept a bribe from any hostile quarter. Except as incident to an internal rebellion, an invasion of India would have no chance of success. The reduction of Afghanistan to the state of a protected kingdom would be a costly precaution against a remote and manageable danger.

LORD RUSSELL *REDIVIVUS.*

LORD RUSSELL evidently holds that his presence is an indispensable condition of anything that is worth calling a discussion. The Irish Land Question, and Mr. BRIGHT's position in relation to it, have been before the House of Lords as least three times this Session. On each occasion the programme has been the same. The Opposition has in effect said to the Government, Pray tell us your plans for next Session, that we may damage them as much as possible beforehand. As the Government has three times declined to comply with this agreeable invitation, it might have been thought that the little joke was pretty well played out. Even the unjust judge would probably have been firm against the importunate widow if he had known that she was going to use his decision against him the next moment. There is a sort of friend, however, who is quite ready to rush in where even an Opposition has grown tired of treading, and of this stamp is Lord RUSSELL. He ignores all that has been said on the subject already, since, as he was absent, nothing can have been said to the purpose. He is grieved, too, at the pettiness which has characterized the Liberal party since he retired from its leadership. He feels that, if he had only been in office, the legislation of the Session would have been thorough and comprehensive. Lord RUSSELL has never succumbed to the weakness of doing one thing at a time. He has often done nothing at all for several Sessions together, but his inaction has always been atoned for by his trying everything at once later on. To this cause perhaps may be attributed the fact that the record of his official career will be found rather in HANSARD than in the Statute-book. He feels that the Irish Church Bill would have furnished very insufficient employment for his restless energy if he had been in Mr. GLADSTONE's place. He would have had an Irish policy ready which should have embraced the land question as well, and the two Bills might have proceeded *pari passu* through both Houses. As Lord RUSSELL's proposals were usually wont to retire in July to the pigeonholes whence they had emerged in February, he would have been neither surprised nor annoyed if this fate had awaited one or both measures. Mr. GLADSTONE has not attained to this state of philosophical indifference, and consequently his arrangements for the Session have been dwarfed by the contemptible desire to pass something. What is worse, he has perhaps not yet made up his mind what he shall propose as to the Land question. A statesman who voluntarily remains in this state of uncertainty when he has Lord RUSSELL to apply to for suggestions must, it is to be feared, be the victim of a miserable vanity. He prefers to keep at a distance from the great fountain of political knowledge rather than own that another is wiser than himself. On this occasion he is doubly guilty. Political wisdom has still two tabernacles on earth, and they who will not seek her in Lord RUSSELL's conversation may do so in the reports of Sir GEORGE GREY's speeches. Two-and-twenty years ago the Irish land problem was stated and solved, and yet a Liberal Government can talk of wanting time to consider the subject. Let others prate of the Devon Commission, or pore over the reports of Parliamentary Committees. Sir GEORGE GREY set the question at rest in 1847, and Lord RUSSELL can hardly forgive Mr. GLADSTONE that the plan then indicated has not at once been made a Government proposal.

If, however, the Government, recognising its poverty of intellect and weakness of will, had declared that "while they "would take into consideration any steps which would secure "compensation to the tenants in Ireland, and at the same time "maintain the rights of property, it was not their intention "during the present Session to introduce a measure upon this "subject," Lord RUSSELL could have put up with the compromise. There is a great deal in this suggestion extremely appropriate to its author. It is exactly the form in which, supposing him to have wished to say he was going to do nothing, he would have liked to put the announcement. No wool will be ready this Session, but there will be as much cry as any one can desire. No plan will be adopted, but every sort of plan will be taken into consideration. Lord RUSSELL's theory of government is modelled on his recollections of the hustings. Commit yourself to nothing, but allow as many people as possible to think you have committed yourself to them. Considering that the Government will be forced to "take into con-"sideration" at least one "step" whenever Mr. BRIGHT chooses to lay it before them—at least we are not aware that to move the previous question is a permissible expedient at Cabinet Councils—we think they may be pardoned for not inviting any further suggestions, and the negative half of Lord RUSSELL's formula has rarely been out of their mouths since the Session began. Their candid critic goes on, however, to charge them with having adopted a third course. This was "to pro-"mote and to allow every kind of hope to be held out to the "people of Ireland, which would tend to shake that security "of property" which Sir GEORGE GREY said ought to be maintained. Lord RUSSELL seems to draw a distinction here which may escape a careless reader. The Government have not merely helped to shake security of property in the abstract; they have chosen for their attack a peculiarly sacred variety of it—that security of property which Sir GEORGE GREY said ought to be maintained! It is hard to conceive of hostility at once so malignant and so impotent—malignant because singling out something so unspeakably venerable, and impotent because that which Sir GEORGE GREY has declared must be maintained cannot possibly be subject to the influences of time and change. But those who are loth to give up the Government as hopeless may be cheered by finding that Lord RUSSELL was not very successful in bringing home the charge. The alleged holding out of every kind of hope to the people of Ireland that could shake the security of property as maintained by Sir GEORGE GREY, turned out to be only a poetical description of Mr. BRIGHT's plan for buying up the estates of absentee landlords with a view to selling them again to occupiers. Lord RUSSELL urged a good many pertinent objections to this scheme, but he wholly omitted to show how it shook the security of property. It seems a fatality about the Irish Land question which forces every member of the Opposition—for on Thursday night, at all events, Lord RUSSELL took brevet rank among them—to go off into generalities which only damage his own case. A proposal to buy land—at a price considerably above its estimated value, and only with the consent of the owners—and then to lend money to other people in order to enable them to buy it in turn is open to so much hostile criticism that it seems hardly necessary to mis-call it by a variety of epithets to which it has no just title. It may be as bad a scheme as Lord RUSSELL likes, but it contemplates no interference with the security of property, unless providing an absentee landlord with the opportunity of selling his estate whenever he likes, at a better price than he could get in the open market, can be fairly described by that name. All the theories which have been devised to establish a connexion between Mr. BRIGHT's plan and the agrarian murders now so frequent in certain parts of Ireland, labour under one common fault. They assume that the Irish peasant is absolutely destitute of sense or shrewdness. He is supposed to know that he has one or more friends in the Government, and thereupon to set about strengthening their hands by shooting the first landlord he meets. If this is a true version of the facts, idiot and Irishman must be simply convertible terms. Even if they can be credited with nothing better than the lowest form of cunning, they would at least be sharp enough to see that this is a time for putting on the meekest and most innocent aspect possible. Despair, rage, a desire to make themselves feared—these, and similar motives, will often enough drive men into crime; but the Conservative theory of agrarian outrages asks us to believe that, just when the tenantry are most sanguine of getting all they want without any further trouble, they murder a dozen landlords in pure lightness of heart. The true method to pursue in such an inquiry as this is to find out who gains by these apparently purposeless demonstrations. If Lord RUSSELL or Lord DERBY can produce an Irishman who genuinely believes that next year's Land Bill will be more favourable to the tenant because a landlord a week has been shot between now and then, they will have furnished the student of human nature with a subject worthy to be preserved in spirits.

CANADA.

THE Dominion authorities are beginning to feel the stimulus and the responsibilities of national existence. After some not insignificant difficulties, they are rapidly triumphing over domestic opposition and seeing their boundaries enlarge and their power consolidate; and at the same time they are growing sensible to the dignity of their position, and meeting the insolence of American ambition in a tone of calm but resolute rebuke.

At the commencement of the second year of the Dominion two serious obstacles to the complete establishment of the Union remained to be surmounted. The Hudson's Bay Company still survived to limit expansion to the West, while the animosity of Nova Scotia, and the reluctance of Newfoundland to make common cause with the other provinces, threatened to narrow and impair the authority of the Dominion over the small but important districts which bound it on the Atlantic coast. A few months have entirely dissipated these formidable clouds. After years of clever negotiation the Fur-trading Company has accepted reasonable terms for the cession of its vast though questionable rights, and for a moderate subsidy, supplemented by some prospective advantages, has consented to make over its huge domains to the Dominion Government. That the terms are fair to the Company follows almost as a matter of course from the fact of their acceptance; for the enormous power of resistance of a Corporation some centuries old, based on a charter which purported to give them the bulk of the North-American territory of the English Crown, would never have yielded to anything less than a liberal offer. If the indications of the market are to be trusted, it is equally clear that the Company has not secured much more than it was entitled to, and that the terms on which Canada has acquired the Red River Settlement and the outlying wilderness around it are not at all unfair to the colonists. The Hudson's Bay shares have not doubled in value, like those of the Telegraph Companies, in consequence of their Government purchase, and they are quoted now as nearly as may be at the price which they commanded when the territorial rights of the Company remained intact. Both parties may be congratulated on a satisfactory bargain, and we are glad to find that the delegates who conducted the treaty on behalf of Canada have been received on their return with strong demonstrations of satisfaction. There can be no doubt that the Ottawa Parliament will ratify the purchase, and that in a short time the whole of the Western Territory will form part of the United Dominion, and will be bound to it by the construction of the roads and telegraphs the want of which was rapidly drawing the Red River Settlement towards the United States, with which practicable communications have been long since established.

On the East the prospects of the Union have improved with unexpected rapidity. By a large majority in its Legislature, backed, according to the most trustworthy accounts, by a still more decided majority in the country, Newfoundland has declared her desire to be admitted as a member of the Confederation. With more prudence than was exhibited by the Parliament of Nova Scotia, it has been resolved not to take any definite step until the question has been submitted to the constituencies, but no doubts are entertained of the result, and it is not unlikely that from every hustings a unanimous call for Union will be heard at the ensuing general election. The change in the feeling of Nova Scotia is even more striking. The exertions of one of the ablest of modern demagogues induced the people of this sturdy little colony to resent the high-handed action of their representatives, and to return a Parliament unanimous in demanding a repeal of the Act of Union. Mr. HOWE and his associates struggled hard to induce the Imperial Parliament to repeal an Act which, after it had once been passed, it was impossible for England to meddle with without the grossest breach of faith towards the other colonies which were parties to it. The sagacity of the leader of the movement was probably sufficient to enable him to foresee this result from the first; but, whether he did so or not, the fruitless efforts of a year or two of agitation taught him and others that the only practical use to be made of their influence with the Nova Scotians and their power of annoyance to the Confederacy was to secure more favourable financial conditions than had been conceded to Nova Scotia in the original bargain. With much judgment the Dominion Ministers determined to meet the repentant Repealers half way, and terms were arranged which enabled Mr. HOWE to boast that he had added a very appreciable percentage to the revenues of the Province. Mr. HOWE, with an equal regard for his own interest and the welfare of his country, immediately accepted office in the Dominion Government, and of course exposed himself to the not unreasonable taunts of his colleagues in the Repeal crusade, who, as subsequent revelations have proved, were equally ready to throw up a hopeless cause, and only differed from their chief in showing less dexterity in effecting the transformation at the judicious moment. Mr. HOWE's acceptance of office vacated his seat, and it rested with the constituency of the county of Hants to show whether the Nova Scotians were prepared to go round with their leader, or were determined still to cherish the delusive idea of Repeal. The result was very surprising. In the county which had been foremost in sustaining the Repeal cause, the traitor HOWE, as he has been, not without plausibility, styled by his former friends and present opponents, has been returned by a large majority, and the existing Repeal Ministry of Nova Scotia has tendered its resignation, and will probably soon be replaced by a more judicious body, prepared to make the best of their new Constitution. This feat of the Nova Scotian agitator has perhaps never been surpassed in its way, and we doubt if even O'CONNELL could have carried the county of Cork if he had come back to his constituency after accepting office under the "base, bloody, and brutal" Whigs, whom he had not reviled more heartily than Mr. HOWE abused his present colleagues, the creators of the Dominion Government. It is, fortunately, not necessary to sympathize with Mr. HOWE before congratulating Canada on the close of a conflict which has been healed by the hand which commenced it. Nor need we much condole with the Canadians on the still continued recalcitrance of the tiny little colony known as Prince Edward Island. The 100,000 inhabitants of this secluded spot are, it seems, bent upon keeping aloof from their brethren on the continent, and negotiating separate treaties of commerce with the United States. That the Colonial Minister should quietly put his veto upon this presumptuous attempt was a matter of course, and though the islanders will never be compelled to join the Union, it is probable that before many years have passed they will have increased by about 2 per cent. the population of the Dominion of Canada. Nothing will remain to carry the United Territory across the continent except the adhesion of Columbia. It is not material that this should be given before the communications by way of the Red River Settlement shall have become decently practicable; but it is plain enough that Columbia (in spite of some opposition from American immigrants) will soon be clamouring for absorption into the Dominion.

With its home prospects thus encouraging, and with a highly satisfactory financial position, it is natural that the Ottawa Legislature should feel called upon to assume a tone towards its arrogant neighbours befitting its increase of power and importance, and this feeling of nascent dignity could not have been more appropriately expressed than in the recent speech of Mr. GALT on the relations between the British Provinces and the States. The habit of truculent newspaper writers in New York and Washington, sometimes to threaten Canada with conquest and at others to wheedle her into annexation, culminated in the absurd and insulting proposition of Mr. CHANDLER, that England should be asked to cede her American territory in satisfaction of the huge bill which Mr. SUMNER has made out for *Alabama* damages. It was time that Canada should give her answer to the threats and invitations which were so freely addressed to her, and Mr. GALT, in his manly declaration of the resolution of Canada to maintain her independence of the States and her loyalty to Great Britain, and in his firm but temperate demand for reparation for Fenian outrages, has expressed the unanimous sentiment of his country. Whether General GRANT's Government will be disposed to concede as much to the legitimate claims of Canada as we have done in the cognate case of the *Alabama* is of secondary importance. The real significance of Mr. GALT's speech, and of its cordial reception, is to be found in the conclusive evidence which it affords of the unshaken allegiance of the North American colonists, which had been doubted by many in England, though only by those who were least acquainted with colonial feeling.

LORD TOWNSHEND ON THE PUBLIC SAFETY.

MOST people are acquainted with the works, and some are familiar with the life, of ALEXANDER CRUDEN, the compiler of the Concordance to the Bible. That excellent person got the credit of being thought, if not absolutely insane, yet rather crackbrained. But, as his biographer shrewdly observes, "the only circumstances by which he was convicted "of lunacy in the popular opinion were those which might "have in former ages convicted many persons of higher "distinction. These were extraordinary attempts to do "good in ways not generally adopted by mankind." Mr. CRUDEN styled himself "ALEXANDER the Corrector," and he acted as a vagabond and peripatetic *censor morum*. He went about the streets of London denouncing and redressing all abuses, and gave out that he had a special commission to reform the manners of his age, "confident that an unprotected individual might succeed, where laws and societies, "strengthened by every possible authority, have failed." Among other peculiarities which he had was that of taking his walks abroad armed with a large sponge, with which he

effaced all chalkings and inscriptions on the walls offensive to good morals. This employment, his biographer observes, must have rendered his walks through the city very tedious. His work in life—and who shall say that it was not a most creditable one?—was to get all ranks to mend their ways, and the eighteenth-century ways of London were certainly capable of amendment. His contemporaries, and we may say the same of those who have looked at his biography, hardly knew what to make, still less what to say, of him. A fanatic in benevolence and reforms ought to be an object of universal respect and admiration; but somehow, though the world owns that such a man is not a useless, yet it cannot but feel that he is a ridiculous, being. It requires the genius of a CERVANTES to draw a knight-errant whom we must respect while we are asked to laugh at him; and in DON QUIXOTE, the most refined and elegant conception of fiction, the gentleman the Christian, the sage, and the moralist prevent us from despising the enthusiast. The Marquis TOWNSHEND is certainly neither a DON QUIXOTE nor an ALEXANDER the Corrector, but it is worth a moment's thought to consider why, in the popular estimation, he should be so thoroughly ridiculous, and why, with the very best intentions, he should do more harm than good to a respectable cause. To own the truth, there is hardly one of his proposed reforms, and scarcely an instance of his unfortunate personal interferences with the breaches of minor social morals, which may not be defended. The end he seeks is the end which others have sought. The only difference, Lord TOWNSHEND would say, between him and such as ourselves and some of our contemporaries is, that while we are writing and protesting and appealing, he is up and doing. While we complain of sturdy beggars, he stalks about London, collars them, and drags them to the police office. Whilst we write essays, plaintive, indignant, or elegant, as the case may be, about baby-farming, he avails himself of his position as a peer, and brings in a Bill to prevent this sort of infanticide. It cannot be denied that Lord TOWNSHEND has the best of the situation. We are always screaming and groaning about the abominations of Anatomical Museums, and the defects of the Metropolitan Police Act. It is something much more to the purpose when the noble Marquis tables his Bill for suppressing this particular nuisance, and for increasing the number of offences recognisable and punishable at the police courts. And yet unextinguishable laughter from the public, and a serene and stately contempt from the House of LORDS, is all that the great Corrector of the age gets for his pains in elaborating the eleven Bills which he has lately brought into Parliament. Even the roughs and *gamins*, the extirpation or confinement of whom is the noble lord's special vocation, seem to treat him with a superb indifference, and so we hear from the *Record*, and we have no reason to doubt the *Record's* familiarity with the literature of the slums only write street ballads about their tormentor, and sing to some of FALSTAFF's filthy tunes the chorus of "The Marquis of "TOWNSHEND won't let us alone"

Lord TOWNSHEND's ideal of legislation, we should think, ought to commend itself to Mr. CARLYLE. The Marquis is much of the hero and prophet, and has no notion of justice going about with eyes bandaged, and twiddling and dawdling with scales and balance, but would have her keep her eyes open, and pounce down on all offenders with sharp and summary vengeance. He can't understand the nonsense talked and practised about the liberty of the subject. His legislation is decisive, terse, and summary. Most of his proposed Acts consist but of a single clause; but, as the boys say, that is a rattler. Here is a specimen in the Reformatory Schools Amendment Bill, No. 1 of the Laws of the Eleven Tables which he proposes:—"Every girl under "the age of sixteen years who in any public place shall be "found soliciting prostitution shall be sent to a Reformatory." We leave his lordship and Sir WILLIAM BODKIN to settle the nicely nasty point whether soliciting prostitution must not imply some "overt act," and what that "overt act" is; but we cannot forget that the law already deals with this especial offence, and that Lord TOWNSHEND fails to tell us for how long a schooling he intends to saddle ratepayers with the expenses of the board and education of these interesting young ladies. The same consideration applies to his second measure for improving young scamps off the streets "Every child apparently "under fourteen years, selling any articles, playing music or "singing or accompanying any musician, and not being able "to produce a certificate of a twelve hours' a week attendance "at school, also any child offering goods for sale without a "licence, shall be sent to an industrial school or workhouse, "there to be maintained at the expense of the Guardians." The notion of licensed vendors of cigar-lights and halfpenny newspapers and certificated schoolboys and schoolgirls does not, to the good Marquis, suggest anything grotesque or unpractical. What he sees, and with a single eye, is the street Arab; and by offering them board, lodging, and education at the public cost by way of reward for making themselves a public nuisance, he perhaps thinks that he will discourage the supply of young blackguards. But Lord TOWNSHEND's self-imposed duties of Waywarden-in-general of London Streets do not end with their moral purification. With equal and impartial eye his exuberant and minute philanthropy surveys the physical and personal dangers we run in our daily walk. He exclaims with GAY:—

> Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
> The toils, the perils of this wintry town;
> What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,
> How oft I crossed where carts and coaches roar:
> Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
> Their future safety from my dangers find.

Lord TOWNSHEND's daily familiarity with the office of a voluntary policeman has given him the amplest familiarity with the dangers and distresses of our London *Trivia*. He has seen our horses lamed with the granite lumps dear to the St. James's Vestry, and he will make steam-rollers compulsory. He proposes to prohibit, under penalty of a forty-shillings fine, the throwing, laying, placing, or dropping any fruit peel, or other vegetable production, on any footway—a summary and extensive enactment, which would fine us for dropping not only orange-peel, but cigar-ends, and faded flowers, apple-pips, nutshells, and the date-stones which so offended the jin in the *Arabian Nights*. He has reckoned how many London Christians are annually murdered by waggoners and cab-drivers. He asks Parliament to restrict the pace of all vehicles to six miles an hour, and visits with condign and summary justice the omission of the mystic sign of tipping the whip to all following drivers; and in one *variorum* Bill he legislates against the exhibition of pictures of disease, anatomical museums, servant maids cleaning windows (herein following the late Sir CHARLES BURRELL), also against all and several the abominations of flower-pots in windows and of barrel-organ players, all street singers, all those ingenious artists who chalk pictures of mackerel and soup-plates on the pavement though had such a severe law been enacted in the thirteenth century it would have checked in the bud the natural genius of GIOTTO, and his pastoral drawings on the smooth rock - all unlicensed crossing-sweepers, all unlicensed stall-keepers, all unlicensed soup-kitchens, all persons keeping what Mr. MANTALINI calls a demmed unpleasant corpse in a living room for more than forty-eight hours, and all hackney coachmen who carry persons suffering from infectious diseases.

Yes, no doubt all these things are nuisances. But let us for moment speculate upon London swept and garnished and cleansed from all that offends eye, nose, and ear, from female perils of life and limb, with all our ways mended, and all our carriages creeping gaily along at six miles an hour. Happy AUGUSTA! law-defended town! Yes, very nice; but such is the perversity of human nature that the very prospect of being relieved from our ancient tale of wrongs and sufferings and grievances suggests that we should be very dull without them. First, we should have cut off for ever the perennial flow of rabble and grumble which inspires grievance-mongers to write to the *Times*. *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.* No more jolly, insolent choruses of the shameless impostors who brandish their carrots, and complain of no work to do. No more whining from the picturesque gentility of shabby mendicancy; no street Arabs; no flower-girls to ply those callings which occasionally distress even suburban rectors; no street cries, no street chaff; nothing left to provoke our subdued curses but the women's trains and the perambulators, which, with a strange obduracy to human suffering in the streets, the good Lord TOWNSHEND does not feel to be a grievance. Somehow we should miss with regret our inveterate sorrows; we should look back with something like fond regret to those jolly insolent ruffians and impostors who teased us so long. Facing such a prospect of unpicturesque and unexciting monotony, such a dull dead flat as the London drilled, starched, and ironed by the TOWNSHEND Acts would present, we begin to suspect that we should look back with ungrateful regret to the picturesque and stimulating nuisances which we had lost. A city without its public nuisances may be, and of course very right and proper; but a whole population with nothing of public wrong to grumble at would in self-defence turn its ill-temper inwards, and with everything serene, decent, and orderly in the streets we must, from the necessities of human nature, relieve ourselves by making our homes very unpleasant. The total extirpation of public and social wrongs would encourage the cultivation of private and

domestic wrongs. Which reminds us that the Marquis does not confine his energies to public nuisances. His administration is strictly paternal and domestic, and ranges over life indoors as well as out of doors, and his officiousness is as active in the nursery and the schoolroom as in the streets. Not content with prohibiting the schoolmaster from using taws or cane, he would, under a five pounds penalty, make it unlawful "for any "person to inflict any corporal punishment on scholars for "inattention to, or inaccuracy in, their studies"; and under the same penalty he would prohibit "any person from strik-"ing any child or young person under the age of sixteen "years upon the head or face." Now as this admirable and amiable clause would punish with the aforesaid fine—or, in default of payment, with two months' imprisonment—every little JACKY who in the nursery smacks his sister's face, and would also stop all playground fights, as well as deprive parents of the duty of boxing a mischievous or saucy brat's ears, we can only say that we hope Lord TOWNSHEND has tried, or will try, this pretty system in his own family. Or rather, as we suspect, Lord TOWNSHEND wants to enforce upon us all that domestic education of which he is himself so fine a result. It is quite certain that, if boxing the ears and good sound corporal punishment had been practised in the TOWNSHEND family, we should not have had the present Marquis such as he is. A few good smacks on the mouth in youth would have made another man of him; as it is, we see that he does not prohibit boxing the ears in mature age. And the very significant reception which these eleven Bills are meeting in the House of Lords shows that the Peers are not yet sufficiently trained in gentle ways to see that to administer at least a moral slap on the face to one of their own body may not have its value in repressing the exuberant zeal of a legislator addicted to meddlesomeness, or what the Greek grammar used to call polypragmosynousness.

THE COUNCIL OF TRENT AND THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN.

THE Council of Trent, while it effected some moral reforms, introduced, or rather stereotyped, a new era of Ultramontane exclusiveness in the Church. For the previous two centuries the cry for a searching reformation had waxed louder and louder, and especially since the manœuvring of the Roman Court had frustrated the endeavours of the Council of Basle to satisfy it. Germany had all along been foremost in urging the demand for a free representative Council. And when, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, an age of yet deeper profligacy was startled by the trumpet-tongued challenge of a professed heretic and schismatic, who united the call to holiness with scathing denunciations of what was at once the centre of corruption and the central See of Christendom, even Rome could no longer affect to ignore the crisis. But she still adhered to her traditional policy of evasion, and dallied till the remedy came too late. Between 1530 and 1540 a *bonâ fide* Synod, not dominated by Papal legates, and fairly representing all the national Churches of Europe, might have availed to stem the tide, and secure reformation without precipitating a schism. When at length, in 1545, Paul III. reluctantly assented to the assembling of a Council at Trent, it was transferred after a few months, on the idlest pretexts, to the Papal city of Bologna, and soon afterwards separated for sixteen years. When it reassembled at Trent, in 1562, Protestantism had already made its position, and received the allegiance of half Europe. The Council met, not to satisfy or even seriously to consider the complaints of the reforming party, but to draw the reins yet tighter on the necks of those who could still be coerced into submission. "The Germans," to use the words of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, "might have applied to their own treatment what, on a later occasion, the French diplomatists said to the Dutch, *Nous traiterons chez vous, sur vous et sans vous.*" It had been foreseen at Rome that the German bishops, as a body, would be unable to attend, and a Brief of Paul III. provided, in defiance of all former precedents, that their proctors should have no votes. At the earlier sessions of this Council, sitting in Germany and claiming to be Œcumenical, there was present not a single German bishop, and only one proctor, who had no vote; in the later sessions, one voting bishop and five proctors without votes. There was a small sprinkling of French and Spanish bishops, and two hundred Italian bishops, who of course were practically supreme. Moreover, votes were taken, not by nations, as at Constance, but individually; and it was ruled, again in defiance of precedent, that the Papal legates should have the exclusive right of deciding what questions should be brought forward. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder at what ensued. The German ambassadors of Ferdinand had demanded reform in the *Curia*, the restoration of the chalice, the marriage of priests, the revision of the breviary —which is full of exploded fables—the use of the vernacular in public services, and the reform of convents. All these demands were seconded by the Cardinal of Lorraine and the French bishops, who also insisted on the superiority of Councils to Popes, and wanted the decrees of Constance and Basle in that sense to be confirmed. Every one of these demands was either evaded or refused. "For the first time," to quote the words of Ranke, "the Catholic Church owned the circumscription of its dominion. It (virtually) gave up all claim upon the East, and repudiated the Protestant half of Europe with countless anathemas."

Instinctive distrust of the Teutonic peoples had long, indeed, and increasingly shaped the policy of Rome, and had become matter of public observation. Spanish jurists, like Antonio Gomez, supposed it was *ne secreta Ecclesiæ Imperatori revelentur*. Hardly any Germans received the red hat, and none except Cusa and Schomberg were allowed any share in the Pontifical government. For the three centuries during which the Congregation of the Index has existed, though it has condemned German books by wholesale, only two Germans, and those monks in Roman convents, have ever sat upon it. Nay, more, it seems that the inequalities of earth are expected to be reproduced in Heaven. For six centuries, among multitudes of Italian, French, Spanish, and South American saints, only two Germans have been canonized—Bishop Benno, who was recommended by his extreme Ultramontanism, and Canisius, whose membership of the Jesuit Order condoned the stain of his birth. And who, asks the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, will dare to raise a warning voice at the Council now proclaimed, at least two-thirds of which will consist of Romanizers, on behalf of the twenty-five million German Catholics? Who will tell the assembled Fathers plainly that the Germans are no longer the much-enduring people who bore the yoke so patiently till at last, in 1517, it broke the camel's back; that the Catholics of Germany, who are closely intermingled with Protestants, who are versed in Protestant literature and enjoy freedom of the press, cannot for very shame accept the tenet of Papal infallibility "which throws contempt on Scripture, the ancient Church, history, and human reason"? Who will caution them against the fond illusion that a handful of Jesuits and their pupils, whose foreign education has denationalized all their feelings, are trustworthy interpreters of the national mind? and who will remind them that if a system of sheer terrorism compels German theologians for the moment to bend their backs under the Caudine yoke of a newly coined article of faith, it will never command their belief? To the last they will continue German in all their feelings and thoughts, and will say "*E pur si muove!* this Papal infallibility is an idle dream." When Leo X. had made his Synod of Italian prelates, pompously styled the Fifth of Lateran, decree the supremacy of the Pope over Councils, kings, and nations, thus reversing the decrees of Constance and Basle, he and his courtiers imagined that the Papacy had attained its zenith and that the world would be at its feet. A few months later a German professor posted his theses on the door of a church at Wittenberg; ten years later Rome was sacked by a German army; forty years later half Europe had finally revolted from her spiritual sway. This time no such outward convulsions are likely to follow an Ultramontane triumph. "There will be a great calm," as Dr. Manning says, and the Jesuits and their allies will sing Hosannah. The world will leave them to their Pyrrhic victory—and its results. From the Council of Trent onwards their policy has been one of repression and terrorism. The Inquisition and the Index have done their work, as Dr. Döllinger pointed out some years ago, in destroying not only all intellectual, but all theological, energy in the countries where they have had free course. No man can write what is worth reading under a censorship; "beneath its iron heel no grass can grow." Theology shrank into the dry husks of scholasticism and casuistry, biblical studies disappeared, history became perilous ground, and the very name of criticism excited suspicion and hatred. The learned Antonio Paleario was burnt at Rome, in 1570, for his critical tastes simply. Belgium and its University of Louvain was under Spanish control; in Austria, Bavaria, and the Ecclesiastical Principalities of Germany, the Jesuits were all-powerful and monopolized education; the rest of Northern Europe was Protestant, except France, which remained for awhile the one refuge of theological study, and of the ancient doctrine of the Church. In Spain or Italy any reference to the famous canon of Constance, or any denial of Papal infallibility, was visited with imprisonment and death. No one could safely meddle with theology who was not a member or a *protégé* of one of the great religious Orders, and these are governed by a General resident at Rome. No priest who breathed a whisper against the prevalent system could call his character or position worth a week's purchase, and no layman could impugn it who valued his head in lands where the Holy Office bore sway. And the dead silence produced by this reign of terror was named in solemn mockery "the consent of the Catholic Church," while all dissent was branded as Gallican heresy. They make a solitude and call it peace. Indeed, but for France and the Gallican Liberties, which modern Ultramontanes term "the Gallican servitudes," all historical or theological literature would have expired.

We have examined elsewhere the religious condition of the French Church since the Revolution, which is very different from what it was before. In the rest of Catholic Europe, with the exception of parts of Germany, much the same system of spiritual tyranny still prevails, though shorn, for the most part, of its secular terrors. No Roman Catholic priest of ordinary discretion would venture to profess Gallican opinions in England, and the recent treatment of Mr. Ffoulkes and Mr. Renouf shows what any Roman Catholic writer has to expect who dares to run out of the prescribed groove, though within the strict limits of Tridentine orthodoxy. It is not, therefore, without some reason that the Ultramontane whips reckon on securing an easy majority at the

approaching Council. The *Civiltà* already indulges in a strain of exulting prophecy. The *Univers* and *Monde* have done their work in France, and most of the bishops are well primed to take the right side; the minority, it is hoped, will be overborne. No open opposition is expected from other quarters. "The English bishops will follow Manning; the Irish, Cullen—both nominees of Rome, and thoroughgoing Romanizers; the Belgians will swim with the stream; the elder German bishops will stay at home, the younger ones who have been trained by the Jesuits will come to a man; of the two hundred Italian prelates may be said what the Archbishop of Rouen said of his clergy, 'We give the word of command, and they march like a troop of soldiers'; the same applies to the Spanish and South American bishops, who have been indoctrinated in this article of Papal infallibility from their childhood." And it must be remembered further that the Ultramontane party is everywhere far better *organized* than its opponents, just as the Tories with ourselves are always better organized than the Liberals. We can hardly wonder if the *Civiltà* already raises its shout of insolent triumph, in anticipation of seeing the coping stone speedily placed on the edifice of Papal absolutism. For three centuries, by fair means and foul, by the combined machinery of the pulpit, the press, the lecture-room, and the confessional, by force where force was available, and by chicanery where it was not, the Jesuits have striven to enforce their darling doctrine, for the infallibility of the Pope practically means their own. There is always "the black Pope" standing at the elbow of the white. If they succeed, they will have accomplished, in that silence which they misconstrue into consent, the most momentous revolution in the whole history of the Church.

We may sum up the significance of the change in words condensed from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*:—"According to this theory Christ has made the reigning Pope the one vehicle of inspiration and exclusive organ of Divine truth. Without him the Church is a body without a soul; during a Papal interregnum she is deprived of sight and speech. Yet, strange to say, this fundamental verity was never even heard of in the Church for thirteen centuries. No creed, no catechism, no doctrinal instructions of the Fathers contains a word of the Pope, or a hint that on him depends all certainty of belief. Not a single doctrinal question for a thousand years was settled by Papal decree, but either by Synod or by the general rejection of a new doctrine by the whole Church. Three Councils have anathematized a dead Pope for heresy, and a long line of his successors has accepted and sworn to their anathemas. In the beginning of the sixth century, the principle that 'the first See is judged of no man,' was first introduced, on the strength of a tissue of forgeries, into the Western Church; and it was gradually inferred that, as he cannot be judged, he cannot fall into heresy. In the ninth century the Isidorian Decretals came in to aid the movement, and Gratian's *Decretum* embodied them. Thomas Aquinas, who was himself taken in, wrote in defence of the new system of Papal autocracy. The General Councils of Constance and Basle—the very names of which the Jesuits are striving to blot out of the memory of men—emphatically condemned it, and all the German and French, and nearly all the Spanish, theologians were on their side. Only the so-called Fifth Lateran Council, a mere assemblage of Italian prelates collected by Leo X. in 1517, reversed their decision and affirmed the superiority of the Pope to Councils. Finally, with the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation came the assertion of Papal infallibility, and the Cardinals Cajetan and Jacobazzi, who laboured to propagate the notion, were the most effective auxiliaries of Luther. From that day to this, the Order which arose in Spain, the chosen home of the Inquisition, has made the promotion of this dogma its grand mission. They failed in the attempt to get it defined at Trent, but they look to see their efforts crowned in the Council of the Vatican."

FINE FEELINGS.

THERE are people who pride themselves on the possession of what it pleases them to call fine feelings. Perhaps, if we were all diligent to call spades spades, these same fine feelings would come under a less euphemistic heading; but, as things are, we may as well adopt the softening gloze that is spread over the whole of our language, and call them by a pretty name with the rest. People who possess fine feelings are chiefly remarkable for the ease with which they take offence; it being indeed impossible, even for the most wary of their associates, to avoid giving umbrage in some shape, and generally when least intending it and most innocently minded. Nothing satisfies them. No amount of attention, short of absolute devotion and giving them the place of honour everywhere, sets them at ease with themselves or keeps them in good-humour. If you ask them to your house, you must not dream of mixing them up with the rest. Though you have done them an honour in asking them at all, you must give them a marked position, and bear them on your hands for the evening. They must be singled out from the herd and specially attended to, introduced to the nicest people, made a fuss with and taken care of, else they are offended, and feel they have been slighted; their sensitiveness or fine feelings being a kind of Chat Moss which will swallow up any quantity of *petits soins* that may be thrown in, and yet never be filled. If they are your intimate friends, you have to ask them on every occasion on which you receive. They make it a grievance if they hear that you have had even a dinner-party without inviting them, though your space is limited and you had them at your last gathering. Still, if it comes to their ears that you have had friends and did not include them, they will come down upon you to a dead certainty if they are of the franker kind, and ask you seriously, perhaps pathetically, how they have offended you? If they are of the sullen sort they will meet you coldly, or pass you by without seeing you; and will either drift into a permanent estrangement or come round after a time, according to the degree of acidity in their blood and the amount of tenacity in their character. They have lost their friends many times for no worse offence than this.

They are as punctilious, too, as they are exacting. They demand visit for visit, invitation for invitation, letter for letter. Though you may be overwhelmed with serious work, while they have no weightier burden strapped to their shoulders than their social duties and social fineries, yet you must render point for point with them, keeping an exact tally, with not a notch too many on their side, if you want to retain their acquaintance at all. And they must be always invited specially and individually even to your open days; else they will not come at all, and their fine feelings will be hurt. They suffer no liberties to be taken with them, and they take none with others; counting all frock-coat friendliness as taking liberties, and holding themselves refined and you coarse if you think that manners *sans façon* are pleasanter than those which put themselves eternally in stays and stiff buckram, and are never in more undress than a Court suit. They will not go into your house to wait for you, however intimate they may be; and they would resent it as an intrusion, perhaps an impertinence, if you went into theirs in their absence. If you are at luncheon when they call, they stiffly leave their cards and turn away; though you have the heartiest, jolliest manner of housekeeping going, and keep a kind of open house for luncheon casuals. They do not understand heartiness or a jolly manner of housekeeping; open houses are not in their line, and they will not be luncheon casuals; so they turn away grimly, and if you want to see them you have to send your servant panting down the street after them; when, their dignity being satisfied, their sensitiveness smoothed down, and their fine feelings reassured, they will graciously turn back and do what they might have done at first.

When people who possess fine feelings are poor, their sensitiveness is indeed a cross both for themselves and their friends to bear. If you try to show them a kindness or do them a service, they fly out at you for patronizing them, and say you humiliate them by treating them as paupers. You may do to your rich acquaintances a hundred things which you dare not attempt with your poor friends cursed with fine feelings; and little offices of kindness, which pass as current coin through society, are construed into insults with them. Difficult to deal with in every phase, they are in none more dangerous to meddle with than when poor. They are as bad if they have become successful after a period of struggle. Then your attention to them is time-serving, bowing to the rising sun, worshipping the golden calf, &c. Else why did you not seek them out when they were poor? Why were you not cap in hand when they went bare-headed? Why have you waited until they were successful before you recognised their value? It is funny to hear how bitter these sensitive folks are when they have come out into the sunlight of success after the dark passage of poverty, as if it had been possible to dig them out of their obscurity when their name was still to make—as if the world could recognise its prophets before they had spoken. But this recognition after success is a very delicate point with people of fine feelings, supposing always the previous struggle to have been hard, and even if there has been no struggle to speak of, then there are doubts and misgivings as to whether they are liked for themselves or not, and morbid speculations on the stability and absolute value of the position they hold and the attentions they receive, and endless surmises of what would be the result if they lost their fame or wealth or political power or social standing—or whatever may be the hook on which their success hangs, and their fine feelings are impaled. The act of wisdom most impossible to be performed by these self-torturers is the philosophic acceptance of life as it is and of things as they fall naturally to their share.

Women remarkable for fine feelings are also remarkable for that uneasy distrust, that insatiable craving, which continually requires reassuring and allaying. As wives or lovers they never take a man's love, once expressed and loyally acted on, as a certainty, unless constantly repeated; hence they are always pouting or bemoaning their loveless condition, getting up pathetic scenes of tender accusation or sorrowful acceptance of coolness and desertion, which at the first may have a certain charm to a man as flattering to his vanity, but which pall on him after a short time, and end by annoying and alienating him; thus bringing about the very catastrophe which they began by deprecating before it existed. Another characteristic with women of fine feelings is their inability to bear the gentlest remonstrance, the most shadowy fault-finding. A rebuke of any gravity throws them into hysterics on the spot; but even a request to do what they have not been in the habit of doing, or to abstain from doing that which they have used themselves to do, is more than they can endure with dry-eyed equanimity. You have to live with them in the fool's paradise of perfectness, or you are made to feel yourself an unmitigated brute. You have before you the two alternatives of suffering many things that are disagreeable and that might be easily remedied, or of having your wife sobbing in her own room, or going about the house with red eyes and an expression of exasperating patience under ill-treatment, far

worse to bear than the most passionate retaliation. Indeed, women may be divided broadly into those who cry, and those who retort, when they are found fault with; which, with a side section of those wooden women who "don't care," leaves a very small percentage indeed of those who can accept a rebuke good-temperedly, and simply try to amend a failing or break off an unpleasant habit, without parade of submission and sweet Griseldadom unjustly chastised, but kissing the rod with aggravating meekness. For there are women who can make their meekness a more potent weapon of offence than any passion or violence could give. They do not cry, neither do they complain, but they exaggerate their submission till you are driven half mad under the slow torture they inflict. They look at you so humbly; they speak to you in so subdued a voice, when they speak to you at all, which is rarely, and never unless first addressed; they avoid you so pointedly, hurrying away if you are going to meet them about the house, on the pretext of being hateful to your sight and doing you a service by ridding you of their presence; they are so ostentatiously careful that the thing of which you mildly complained under some circumstances shall never happen again under any circumstances, that you are forced at last out of your entrenchments, and obliged to come to an explanation. You ask them what is amiss, or what do they mean by their absurd conduct; and they answer you "Nothing," with an injured air, or an affected surprise at your query. What have they done that you should speak to them so harshly? they are sure they have done all they could to please you, and they do not know what right you have to be vexed with them again. They have kept out of your way, and not said a word to annoy you; they have only tried to obey you, and to do as you ordered, and yet you are not satisfied! What can they do to please you? and why is it that they never can please you, whatever they do? You get no nearer your end by this kind of thing; and the only way to bring your Griselda to reason is by having a row; when she will cry bitterly, but finally end by kissing and making up. You have to go through the process. Nothing else, save a sudden disaster or an unexpected pleasure of large dimensions, will save you from it; but as we cannot always command cataclysms or godsends, and as the first are dangerous and the last costly, the short and easy method remaining is to have a decisive "understanding," which means a scene and a domestic tempest, with smooth sailing till the next time.

Sometimes the fine feelings are hurt by no greater barbarity than that which is contained in a joke. Women with fine feelings are seldom able to take a joke; and you will hear them relating, with an injured accent and as a serious accusation, the merest bit of nonsense you flung off at random, with no more intention of wounding them than had the merchant the intention of putting out the Efreet's eye when he flung his date-stones in the desert. As you cannot deny what you have said, they have the whip-hand of you for the moment; and all you can hope for is that the friend to whom they detail their grievance will see through them and it, and understand the joke if they cannot. Then there are fine feelings which express themselves in exceeding irritation at moral and intellectual differences of opinion—fine feelings bound up in questions of faith and soundness of doctrine, having taken certain moral and theological views under their especial patronage, and holding all diversity of judgment therefrom a personal offence. The people thus afflicted are exceedingly uncomfortable folks to deal with; and manage to make every one else uncomfortable too. You hurt their feelings so continually, and so unconsciously, that you might as well be living in a region of steel-traps and spring-guns, and set to walk blindfold among pitfalls and water-holes. You fling your date-stone here too, quite carelessly and thinking no evil, and up starts the Efreet who swears you have injured him intentionally; you express an opinion without attaching any particular importance to it, but you hurt the fine feelings which oppose it, and unless you wish to have a quarrel you must retract or apologize. As the worst temper always carries the day, and as fine feelings are only bad tempers under another name, you very probably do apologize; and so the matter ends. Other people show their fineness of feeling by their impatience of pain, and the tremendous grievance they think it that they should suffer as others—they say, so much more than others. These are the people who are great on the theory of nervous differences, and who maintain that their cowardice and impatience of pain means an organization like an Æolian harp for sensibility. The oddest part of the business is the sublime contempt these sensitives have for other persons' patience and endurance, and how much more refined and touching they think their own puerile sensibility. But this is a characteristic of humanity all through; the masquerading of evil under the name of good being one of the saddest facts of an imperfect nature and a confused system of morals. If all things showed their faces without disguise, and if spades were always called spades and not softened down to agricultural implements, we should have fine feelings placed in a different category from that in which they stand at this moment, and the world would be the richer by just so much addition of truth.

THE THREE SOUTHERN PENINSULAS.

IN reading the other day the famous speech of Señor Castelar before the Cortes—the speech in which he declared of Spain, "We are the nation who wear the sea as an emerald in our sandals, and the sun as a diamond in our crown"—several reflections occurred to us. The first was, how great an orator Señor Castelar was; how inspired with devotion to his cause, how splendid in the imagery through which he communicated his inspiration to the minds of his hearers; how few members of the British Parliament, at the very height of their eloquence, would have dared to say of England what he said of Spain, although it perhaps might more truly be said of England than of Spain. The second was, how wonderful a phenomenon was that democracy of which Señor Castelar had constituted himself the prophet; what a secret, blind, all-pervading force—it is a force without local habitation or name, dwelling in no nation specially, speaking no certain tongue, not bringing itself before the world by any definite proposals, or even by any definite wishes; but yet none the less certainly existent, none the less fatal to those who neglect or overlook it. Thirdly, it occurred to us what a pity it would be if a nation like Spain, animated with so intense a desire to become great, should not really become great. But lastly, we remembered an anecdote told to us by a traveller in Spain, which ran as follows:—On a certain line of railway in Spain, there was a bridge that was reckoned unsafe; and therefore it was ordered by the authorities which preside over railways that, until it could be made secure, no passenger train should pass over it without first setting down its passengers; the train and passengers would then proceed over the bridge separately, and the passengers be taken up on the other side. This arrangement continued for some considerable time, until the bridge was pretty well repaired; and all that was now needed was the direct official permission for trains to run over it in their ordinary manner. This, however, from the dilatory habits of Spanish officials, was long in coming. At last an engine-driver of more than ordinary courage thought he might as well take the bull by the horns, and run over the bridge without stopping—trusting that the official eye, which had slumbered so long, might slumber just so little longer as to be incognisant of his audacious act. Vain man! When he arrived at the next station, he found that the news of his exploit had preceded or accompanied him; and the officials, who had been so long incurious of the sufferings of passengers compelled in all weathers, in the hottest sun or the most pouring rain, to dismount and trudge over the bridge (not to speak of the inconvenience of the delay), were now all alive and filled with wrath at the contempt shown to their prerogative. The luckless passengers were forbidden to get out of their carriages; the train was driven backwards until it arrived again at the bridge, and (with the passengers still in it) was carried backwards over the bridge; then, to fulfil the requirements of law, the passengers were compelled to get out, train and passengers crossed over the bridge separately, the passengers got in again, and the train went on as if nothing had happened. Then was the official deity appeased for the contempt that had been shown to him.

This story has always appeared to us the *ne plus ultra* of officialism; glowing with the very reddest of red tape; a model of pedantry, a type of the action of a martinet. And though, doubtless, an exceptional instance, we believe it not to be a solitary one in Spain. Concurrently with the above, our traveller gave us some advice, of which the following was the purport:—"If," he said, "you should ever be travelling in Spain, and should be so unfortunate as to have been plundered by brigands, be sure to take very particular care that no hint of your loss ever reaches the ears of any magistrate or judge. Spanish justice is so stern towards the criminal that, for fear of losing a chance of evidence against him, they will keep you, the complainant, in prison till the brigand who has robbed you turns up." This, he added, had very nearly happened to himself; but luckily the brigand had been caught immediately after he had laid his complaint for the robbery, and our friend had been able to prove his case by identifying the man from among some ten or twelve others with whom he had been placed. Now, after reading the exalted language of the Republican deputy which we quoted at starting, the remembrance of these stories did, we must confess, afflict us with a certain sense of bathos and incongruity. Nor could we entirely dispel the feeling by considering the answer which, it is very conceivable, might be made by an enthusiastic Spaniard. "Such things were very natural under the Bourbon rule; but now we have changed all that; we do not need you to preach to us, whether your sermon be against the supposed licence of a democracy, or against pedantry and routine." Or, to quote Señor Castelar himself:—"We," *i.e.* the Cortes, "have sufficient energy to make the people understand their duties as well as their rights, and so we do not need any master to guard us, for the noble Spanish nation knows well how to take care of itself." Far is it from our intention to sneer at words like these, full as they are of courage and of confident hope. "The noble Spanish nation knows well how to take care of itself"; this, indeed, is the goal which every noble nation must set before its eyes—that it should not be cared for from without, and take passively good or evil as Providence may send them, but that it should act of itself from within, and that all its parts and all its members should cooperate as strongly as possible for the best result. Only, we must observe, no single person, Bourbon or other, can prevent a nation from attaining this end, if it has in itself the energy to accomplish it. The main cause of the evils which have hitherto afflicted Spain must be sought for in the disposition of the Spaniards themselves. And this disposition will not be suddenly changed by the expulsion of Queen Isabella, though that expulsion may have been an indispensable first step to a new and more prosperous career. For

such a career, it may be that a Republic will prove more advantageous to Spain than a monarchy; but the difference is not such as Señor Castelar and his fellow-Republicans suppose; the centre of the question for the Spaniards lies in a different direction from this.

The Spaniard, the Italian, and the Greek have alike behind them, in the past ages of the world, a great and splendid history. It is impossible that this should ever be forgotten by the natives of those countries; the contrast of their present lower position tends to bring it even more prominently before their minds; and hence it is extraordinarily difficult for them to devote themselves to such measures as may bring them a sober ordinary prosperity of the kind that is amply sufficient for a native of Holland or Belgium. They have no strenuous employment in the present which might serve to turn their eyes away from the glare of their ancient glory. Hence comes that enthusiasm of patriotism which, when exhibited by such men as Garibaldi or Señor Castelar, excites no small sympathy and interest throughout the whole of Europe. Hence, too, come many single striking actions, brave, daring, and picturesque. But hence, also, come the failures of these nations; the impracticable nature of their designs, their loose and inaccurate grasp over particulars, their want of rigid attention to the matters which they have taken in hand. And that vexatious officialism of the Spaniard of which we have given instances is to be attributed to a like source. It is the officialism, not of stupidity, but of pride—that pride which will not endure that anybody should even appear to contravene its most technical and arbitrary commands. It is the officialism which measures the value of details, not by their utility, but by the fact that itself has issued them.

It is, then, a most inadequate analysis which would attribute the more or less unprosperous state of all the three southern peninsulas of Europe (not that we would dream of reducing Italy in this respect to the level of Greece) to mere bad government. The disease lies much deeper than this. It is the disease of inordinate ambition; the desire to leap suddenly into a place which has been occupied in bygone years, but from which there has been a gradual descent, and which can only again be reached by persevering efforts carried on, not for any ambitious end, but simply for the attainment of a solid and general well-being. The remedy for the disease is, in fact, a certain common sense—a common sense which does not exclude patriotism, nor regard it as a small thing that one's native country should be honoured among other nations; but which still places the reality above the opinion which others hold of the reality, and thinks that it ought to be the first effort of a country to be happy and well-ordered in itself. Looking at the matter from this point of view, is it not evident that the importance which the Italians attach to the acquirement of Rome, the importance which the Spaniards attach to the acquirement of Gibraltar, the importance which the Greeks attach to the liberation of Crete, is in each case enormously excessive, when compared with the importance which they respectively attach to the development of their internal welfare? We are not asking whether any or all of these objects may or may not be reasonably accounted desirable, and there is certainly one of them which very few Englishmen will regard as even a matter for serious discussion. But this is not our immediate point. We are not saying that the Italians ought not to wish to possess Rome, or that the Spaniards ought not to wish to possess Gibraltar, or that the Greeks ought not to wish Crete to be freed from the Ottoman dominion. What we do say is that these are at any rate—even from the point of view of any rational Italian, Spanish, or Greek patriot—not their chief and most pressing necessities; they have comparatively little influence on the real state of any of these countries; they touch their solid interests hardly at all; they do not even materially affect the esteem in which they are held by other nations; they are principally matters of self-esteem and self-gratulation.

It results from what we have said, that the chief endeavours of the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Greeks, ought for the present to be not political, but social. Most of all is this true of the Italians and of the Greeks; for these nations are in little danger from without, unless they invite danger by extraordinary weakness from within, while their internal political condition is as good as their present social state will allow. Spain, certainly, has at present a political problem before her which it is necessary for her to solve. The solution of it is not all-important, as we have endeavoured to show; but it would be absurd to deny that it may considerably affect the future prosperity of Spain. When, however, the problem is solved, then it may be trusted that Europe may hear less of the politics of Spain, and that Spaniards themselves may attribute to political action a value more nearly approaching that which really belongs to it. It is the mark of a strong nation not to pay exclusive attention to those who are engaged in the political government of a country, but rather to honour all forms of social action—manufacture, trade, commerce, literature, science. It is the mark of a weak nation when the eyes of all are fixed on the Government; when this is regarded as the sphere of all honourable action, the source of every advancement, the lever by which every beneficial change in the country is to be produced. There are, indeed, nations in which the political action of the Government is so distinctively disastrous, so far below what the social condition of the people would allow, that it compels attention to itself by its very badness. But there is no European country, unless it be France, of which this could with any plausibility be asserted at the present day. And, except in France, it can hardly be doubted that the efforts of thinkers at the present day ought rather to be in the direction of averting men's minds from the rough expedients of politics, and pointing them to the sphere of social action, in which greater accuracy and more certain good is attainable.

PAUPERISM.

THE English people has, in its wisdom, decided that nobody is to be allowed to starve in the streets. In case the official administrators of relief should be guilty of any shortcomings—for even Poor-law Guardians are human—it seconds their efforts by a vast outpouring of private charity. The result of these admirable intentions is that a million of the population is in a state of permanent pauperism, and that another and still larger fraction is only one or two removes above it. The fact is certainly distressing, even though familiarity tends to harden us to the contemplation of so much misery. Parliament can hardly be better employed than in investigating the causes of the startling disproportion between the means applied and the results obtained, and in considering proposed improvements upon our system. The evening which was this week devoted to a general discussion of the matter would certainly not have been thrown away if any new light had been cast upon these points. Unfortunately, the debate was one of that rambling and discursive nature which is too often characteristic of such occasions. Everybody had a theory of the causes and cure of pauperism, and was anxious to give his own hobby an airing without much consideration for the previous course of debate. Every hound in the pack opened on a different scent, and followed it with all the energy he possessed. One member had a leaning towards a national poor-rate; another was more inclined to return to the old parochial system; the opener of the debate wished to see subsidies voted to Friendly Societies; other members advocated a stricter economy at all hazards. There was a discussion as to whether schools for pauper children were practicable or desirable; another as to the advantages of the system of medical relief; another as to the right measures to be adopted against vagrancy; another as to the propriety of abolishing charities altogether, or placing them under the management of the Poor Law Board; and another as to the results likely to be obtained by emigration. The thread of controversy was further perplexed by a long dispute as to the statistics of pauperism, which afforded an admirable opportunity for the usual display of skilful manipulation of figures. Whether pauperism had increased absolutely; whether it had increased relatively to the population; whether the number of persons relieved had increased as fast as the expense of relieving them; whether the increase had been steady or interrupted—all these and various similar questions occupied more or less attention. As if that had not been enough, two or three members made bold excursions, in the gaiety of their hearts, into topics more or less remotely connected with the topic of the evening. Mr. Mundella introduced the Game-laws, and Mr. Samuda attacked the principle of limited liability, and suggested that there ought to be a good Bankruptcy law. The one remark which appears to have been perfectly original was contributed by Mr. R. Carter, who asserted that satisfaction was generally felt at the mode in which the Poor-law was administered.

The first result of studying this conflict of opinions is a sense of helpless bewilderment. The topics treated are so numerous, the views taken of them are so contradictory, and the absence of everything like established principles is so painfully conspicuous, that we feel half disposed to abandon the investigation in disgust. It is a very troublesome question, and it would be very pleasant to get rid of it. A summary mode of closing the dispute has accordingly been adopted by some writers. Pauperism, they say, is inevitable; in the modern condition of society, the weakest must go to the wall; there will always be commercial panics, and labourers will be thrown out of employ. The towns must grow with the growth of industry; the agricultural population will be attracted to them, and a certain sediment of pauperism will always be precipitated from the strange mixture of classes. We must make up our minds to an evil which cannot be cured. It is always easy to prove by a few figures that matters are not much worse than they used to be; and if we assume it to be certain that they will never be much better, we can bring our minds to a state of comfortable acquiescence. The only practical remedy is, that the officials concerned should be more active, energetic, and intelligent than they have hitherto been. If impertinent people ask how they are to be made more active and intelligent, we must put them off with commonplaces about the progress of society and the development of civilization. All this is, of course, very easy to say, and to some minds it may be consoling. But, to say the least, it involves a very humiliating confession. We may easily admit that pauperism is not to be extirpated in a year, nor in a generation, but the assumption that it is a fixed quantity which cannot be diminished by statesmanlike remedies is utterly unfounded. The very contrary is the truth. Few important laws are ever passed which do not in some degree affect the condition of the poor; the discussion of Bankruptcy laws and Game laws was rather irrelevant to the immediate purpose, but undoubtedly those laws have an influence, though probably a very subordinate influence, upon the material welfare of the population. Still more distinctly, the difference between a sensible and a foolish Poor-law is the difference between encouraging prudence and putting a direct premium upon reckless-

ness. It is foolish to deny that such agencies produce a considerable effect, and it is immoral to encourage us to shirk our responsibilities. The inference to be drawn from the debate is not that the present state of things is part of an inevitable law of nature, but rather that it is the result of an exceedingly complex set of causes, whose operation requires to be carefully unravelled before we can act with any great confidence in the success of our operations. The evil to be remedied is no less than this, that the lowest classes of the country are in a state of semi-barbarism and total recklessness; and the greatest task which a statesman can undertake is to help them, by means within the proper sphere of legislation, to rise to a higher degree of civilization. The Poor-law difficulty is merely one branch, though a very important branch, of the subject, and the action of the law should be brought into harmony with that of other modes of improving the state of the population. As Mr. Goschen showed, we cannot satisfactorily provide schools for pauper children without affecting the whole system of primary education. In every other direction, the consideration of pauperism leads us into the discussion of all kinds of social reforms. That is a decisive proof of the great importance of the subject, and is an argument, not for letting it alone, but for treating it in an orderly and intelligent fashion.

The one principle which seems to be obvious and generally acknowledged is that no remedy is satisfactory which does not tend to encourage a spirit of independence. Many of the measures proposed and vehemently advocated are indeed condemned by this doctrine which every one acknowledges when stated in the abstract. Thus, for example, it was said that there could be no harm in relieving the sick poor, because no one would voluntarily qualify himself for relief by catching a disease. The argument shows how imperfectly a simple principle is sometimes understood. Undoubtedly no one would catch a fever in order to procure admission to a fever hospital. But if we declare that all patients with fevers shall be taken in and cured at the public expense, we say in so many words that it is worth while for nobody to make provision against a probable contingency. Every sensible man in a certain rank of life takes care that, in case of need, he will be able to pay his doctor's bills and support his family when he is disqualified from labour. If the principle of relieving sick people is to be admitted indiscriminately, it amounts to discouraging all kinds of Friendly Societies. It is a shame, as Mr. Goschen observed, that the first touch of frost drives into the streets a number of idle people, declaring in stentorian tones that they have got no work to do, as though frost in December were a mysterious and totally unprecedented visitation of Providence. But fevers are just as certain as frost, and a man has no more right to count upon constant immunity from them. If everybody were as prudent and self-reliant as he ought to be, relief would be unnecessary except in the case of sudden catastrophes, such as the cotton famine, where it could not be reasonably expected that the calamity would have been foreseen. Unluckily, the problem is a good deal more complicated, and we have to consider whether it is not possible to administer relief in such a way as to raise instead of depressing the existing standard of independence. There are, for example, many poor men who struggle, with a heroism which it is impossible not to respect, against appealing to charity. If they are driven by misfortunes, for which perhaps they are not accountable, into dependence upon other people, we cannot, in common humanity, allow them to starve, and a grudging and stinted liberality very often ends by demoralizing them and adding a few more units to the multitude who are scrambling for charity, to the complete annihilation of their self-respect. In such cases it might be desirable to give help on a liberal scale, and to save a poor man from breaking up his household until the approach of better times. On the other hand, we have the hereditary pauper, whose one object is to avoid honest labour; the lowest point in the scale of possible innocence being marked by the professional vagrant, whence we pass by easy degrees into the habitual criminal. Liberal relief to such persons is simply throwing away money to preserve a class which ought to be got rid of from society. The strictest possible regulations, and the removal of the children from the demoralizing influences of their homes, are the only feasible remedies. We ought to keep the existing generation under the closest regulations, and to bring up the rising generation under more hopeful circumstances. Without pursuing the same distinction further, it is evident that what we require above all things is the distribution of paupers into different classes, and the application of appropriate remedies to each. At present the public falls into one of two alternatives; either it insists upon indiscriminate liberality, and so demoralizes the reckless class, or upon indiscriminate economy, and so degrades those who would really be improved by a sensible expenditure. Meanwhile, any attempt to put things on a better footing is generally defeated by the promiscuous charity which it seems perfectly hopeless to denounce.

The first step, then, to a better order of things is to attempt a better classification of the poor; to deal with each class rigorously according to its merits; and to endeavour in some way to bring charitable institutions into harmony with the legal system of relief. There will always be abundant work for the exercise of individual intelligence by voluntary institutions, but there can be no reason why they should not co-operate with the Poor-law officials. If the Poor-law really possessed that public confidence which one enthusiast has ascribed to it, the attempt to put down the indiscriminate flow of gratuitous charity would be far more promising. We should be only too glad to have some better guarantee for the judicious application of our funds. The debate of Monday night has exhibited the chaotic state of opinion at present existing; but it is all the more incumbent upon the authorities to lay down a few definite principles which may serve as a nucleus for gradually working out an intelligent system.

MADAME RACHEL'S CASE.

THE English law delights in cumbrous and antiquated forms, and it is agreeable to the genius of that law to make suppositions which are at variance with facts. Every criminal trial appears by the record of it to have been held before two or more judges, whereas only one judge usually takes part in it; and the only difference between the case of Madame Rachel and many other cases is that at the Central Criminal Court a statute directs the sessions to be held before two or more judges, while at the Assizes a similar direction is embodied in the Commissions issued by the Crown authorizing them to be held. Reading the statute by the light afforded by the practice of centuries, lawyers need feel no difficulty in interpreting it; and laymen must be contented to be told that all the judges mentioned in a Commission, or at least as many of them as are in the building where it is executed, are "constructively" present in every Court in which a prisoner is tried. There are, according to the books, no less than five different Commissions, besides certain supplementary writs which are necessarily, or at any rate usually, issued for the holding of assizes. The principal Commission, or Commission of Oyer and Terminer, as it is called, is issued under the Great Seal, and directed to the Lord Chancellor, Lord President of the Council, Lord Privy Seal, several noblemen, two judges of the Superior Courts, Queen's counsel, serjeants, and associates; but the judges, serjeants-at-law, and Queen's counsel therein mentioned are to be of the quorum, so that the rest cannot act without the presence of one of them, and there must be two or more of the persons named in the Commission present. The only difference between such a Commission and that issued for the Central Criminal Court is that "several noblemen" are mentioned in the former, and the Lord Mayor and aldermen in the latter, and that is merely an ornamental or formal difference. The practice under these Commisions has long been for each of the two judges who go a particular circuit to sit in a separate Court, one trying civil causes, and the other prisoners. If the calendar is heavy, both judges will proceed with it, each in his own Court, after the civil business is disposed of. Or one of the Queen's counsel or serjeants named in the Commission will hold a third Court for the trial of prisoners. The practice at the Old Bailey has been similar, except that two of the judges sometimes sit together in the principal Court, while the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, and the Judge of the Sheriffs' Court—or City County Court, as it is now called—sit each in his separate Court, assisted by the "constructive" presence of all the other judges, and the actual presence of one or more aldermen.

It is satisfactory to be able to stop short of a positive conclusion that aldermen are wholly useless. The presence of two or more members of the Commission within the walls of the Old Bailey may be taken, according to authority and precedent, to be necessary to the legal trial of a prisoner. At the Assizes it sometimes happens that one judge remains to finish a criminal trial after the other judge and the majority of the Bar have departed. But the remaining judge is always accompanied by his associate, who, as his name implies, is joined with the judges in the Commission; and thus the requirement of the Commission, that the trials under it shall be held before two or more of the Commissioners, is considered to be complied with. Among the associates are usually comprised the gentlemen in wigs who sit below the judges and call upon the prisoners to plead, and perform other duties which may be called ministerial in the Court. These gentlemen do not perform judicial duties, although some of them are popularly supposed to know more about criminal law than the judges who sit above them. They do not interfere in the conduct of the trial unless by a whisper in the judge's ear when he is in danger of making a mistake. Yet if one of the judges and the Queen's counsel and serjeants have departed from an assize town, or even have gone away from the Court to dinner, the presence of an associate is indispensable to any efficient proceeding by the remaining judge. Indeed the relation of the associate to the judge may be aptly illustrated by that of the bellows-blower to the player on the organ. Now we believe that there are associates at the Old Bailey as well as at the Assizes, and probably all the gentlemen in wigs who sit beneath the judges in its various Courts have their names included in the Commission, along with those of the Lord Mayor and the Lord Chancellor. But suppose that all of them do not enjoy this honour, there might be a possibility of a judge finding himself without a qualified associate in his Court, and then the legality of his proceedings would depend upon the presence of an alderman on the Bench beside him, or at least within the building. Thus it appears that, in the absence of an associate, an alderman is necessary at a trial; and then comes the further question, whether it must be the same alderman throughout. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has given his reasons for thinking that it must be the same alderman, but it may be remarked that the presence of another judge named in the Commission within the building would undoubtedly be sufficient to render the proceedings of a single judge legal, and we cannot see why, if a trial lasts two days, an alderman who was not present on the first day should not be as useful as a judge who is not

present on the second day. We therefore infer that aldermen may possibly be useful in their seats in Court, and it is not to be forgotten that there are other seats at the Old Bailey which they occupy with indisputable efficiency. It may be true that they join in judicial proceedings only, as lawyers say, "for conformity"; but there are other proceedings in which they play a leading part. It is not, perhaps, generally known that there is very good eating and drinking at the Old Bailey. The judges and other dignitaries are suitably entertained at luncheon, and indications may sometimes be observed towards afternoon of an approaching dinner. An alderman who was only present "constructively" on the bench, would doubtless take good care to be present destructively at the dinner table. The practice formerly was to hold evening sittings of the Central Criminal Court, and many curious stories are told of what was done thereat. It may be said that a man who cannot carry his liquor well ought not to be a judge; but a prisoner would probably prefer to be tried by a judge who did not carry liquor at all at the time of trial. Besides the wretches who were hanged that jurymen might dine, there might perhaps be reckoned some wretches who were hanged because judges had dined. It may be supposed that, now that evening sittings have been discontinued, there are fewer dinners provided at the Old Bailey than in former years, and in that point of view the attendance of aldermen at the Court may have become less of a substantial reality, and more of an empty form, than it used to be.

The arguments of counsel and the judgment of the Court in this case exhibit the absurdity of the law, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the law is unsound because it is shown to be absurd. One of the judges admitted that he had always asked an alderman to be present when he passed sentence on a prisoner at the Old Bailey, but the same judge intimated that the interference of an alderman in a trial would ensure an alteration in the constitution of the Court. This judge, therefore, considered the presence of an alderman necessary at the sentence, but not at the trial, and he would have considered the interference of the alderman impertinent. The Lord Chief Justice thinks that, if the presence of an alderman is necessary, the same alderman ought to be present throughout the trial, but still the alderman would be expected to sit quiet, looking as wise as ever he pleased, but saying nothing, and occasionally beguiling the tedium of the day by looking into a newspaper, or dallying with the bouquet of choice flowers which is placed upon the desk before him. In fact, his position would closely resemble that of Mr. Mark Tapley when he became junior partner in the firm of Martin Chuzzlewit and Co., and had to remark to himself, whenever he ventured to open his mouth in the presence of his senior, "Co.'s a putting his foot in it, he is."

There seems to be a sort of moral justice in the fate of Madame Rachel, who, having dealt all her life in falsehood, is now tried and punished by a legal fiction. The constructive presence of all the members of the Commission in the Court is as much a work of the imagination as the existence of William, of whom we have heard so much. Madame Rachel or her friends may say that, if one of the superior judges, or the Recorder, or the Common Serjeant, had tried her case, the result might have been different. The answer is, that they did try it. We cannot help thinking that the law has been rather hard on Madame Rachel, whom it ought to have regarded with some tenderness as a practitioner in the same line as itself. The law delights in shams and subtle contrivances, and in saying, in the most solemn manner, the thing which is not. This was the ruling passion of our old lawyers, if we may judge from the formularies they have left behind them; and difficulties like this which we are considering arise from the conflict which is always going on between ancient fictions and modern regard for truth. If this difficulty had occurred to the Court of Queen's Bench two hundred years ago, it would have been got over immediately by mentioning in the record the names of all the aldermen who were present, and supposing the trial to have occupied only a single day and all the aldermen to have been present on that day. If a difficulty occurred, the men of old always endeavoured to dig under it or creep round it, and the last thing that suggested itself to their minds would be to ask Parliament to remove it. Of all the legal fictions that were invented to assist the administration of criminal justice, the most wonderful perhaps was that which allowed benefit of clergy in order to relieve the Courts from some of the drudgery of hanging. Anciently all felonies were capital, and the law which made them so being regarded as unalterable, the only resource was to evade it. A clerk, if brought into a criminal Court for trial, was entitled, on proving his orders, to be handed over to the Ordinary, who was supposed to punish him. This supposition of punishment was the first fiction. The next was to suppose that any one who could read was a clerk, and entitled to be discharged from civil custody. Then reading was dispensed with, and it became enough that the prisoner should fall on his knees in the dock and crave the benefit of the statute which regulated the allowance of clergy. But it was provided that this benefit should only be allowed once, and to prevent a second claim the prisoner was to be burned in the hand before discharge. Then the burning of the hand became a form of which the effect was as transient as that of one of Madame Rachel's cosmetics. After the lapse of centuries, and resorting to various shifts and subterfuges, the law finally arrived at the rational result of inflicting minor punishments for minor crimes. But it may deserve the attention of certain lady agitators of our day that a woman could not have the benefit of clergy, and therefore was liable to be hanged for the smallest felony. The law was capable of believing a good deal, but even Madame Rachel could not have persuaded it that a woman was a cleric. Indeed, if Miss Faithfull herself had been indicted for felony, we fear that the law would have conclusively presumed the prisoner to be incapable of clergy although she offered to read to the judges her own published works. The forms of the Commissions of Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery, still used for the Assizes, are probably coeval with the practice of granting benefit of clergy to all who claimed it. They originally directed trials to be had before two or more judges, and they continued to direct this after the practice had become firmly established of holding trials before a single judge. Our lawyers avoided discrepancy between the Commission and the proceedings under it by making up a record of the trials stating them to have been held according to the Commission. It did not occur to their minds to alter the form of the Commission, any more than it would occur to the mind of one of Madame Rachel's clients to abandon the use of costly washes and pigments, and try the effect of regular life, and soap and water. It must be remembered, however, to the credit of the ancient judges, that their subtlety was almost always exercised on the side of mercy, and they deserve the praise bestowed upon them in the lines—

> Where'er his bones are laid,
> Thrice honour'd be that lawyer's shade,
> Who truth with nonsense first combined
> And equity with fiction joined.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S Bill, entitled, with an admirable and unconscious paradox sufficiently illustrating its contradictory and anomalous character, the "Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill," has been rejected, but in the teeth of a minority sufficiently respectable in numbers, and by a majority neither so overpowering in numbers nor in Parliamentary influence as to lead us to the conclusion that we have seen the last of this agitation. The first, but not the worst, vice of the proposed measure is that it is permissive, and not universally obligatory. These permissive and voluntary Acts have not only always turned out failures in working, but they are an opprobrium on modern legislation. Law, right, duty, public policy, are of universal incidence in a settled community, and should not vary and alternate in obedience to the accidental boundaries of parishes or the caprices of borough ratepayers. If it is right to prohibit the sale of gin and beer, the prohibition should be general and universal. If it is right in the interests of the public to supply people with books and reading-rooms, all towns should be compelled to establish libraries and reading-rooms. To leave it to the discretion of a fortuitous and fluctuating collection of ratepayers to say whether they will or will not adopt a law, while the very fact of making it shows that the supreme power pronounces it to be right and good, amounts to this—that duty and right is not a thing of perpetual and universal obligation, but depends upon A., B., or C.'s recognition of it. If permissive legislation is right in one matter of obligation, it is right in all matters. If every parish or town may say whether it will or will not have public-houses, then consistency would require that every parish should settle by voting-papers, and in its private *comitia*, whether the Queen's writ shall run, or larceny be deemed an offence, within its petty precinct. A law which is law in one parish and no law in the next is fatal to the fundamental and primary notions of Imperial government. Again, a law the voluntary imposition of which, according to this Bill, may be attempted to be renewed every year after it has been rejected, but which, when once adopted and enforced, cannot be got rid of for three years, must be a fruitful source of perpetual divisions, heartburnings, dissensions, and agitation. In almost all towns and parishes where a Permissive Act might be managed to be carried by a popular vote, a strong minority is sure to exist. The Act, perhaps, is adopted by the scantiest requisite majority, and three years of cursing, swearing, intimidation, and civil war must be the certain result. The thirsty souls—to take the defeated minority at its worst estimate—are not likely to find their tempers improved by being cut off from flagon and pot; and the victory of the virtuous is not likely to make the vicious—if vicious they are—very pleasant neighbours and associates.

These, however, are faults which are incidental rather to the permissive character of the measure than to the measure itself. Strong objections, such as those we have touched upon, attach to all permissive measures, and we may add that they are morally dishonest. They would be, if they dared to be, of general incidence. Their promoters are afraid of this honest and outspoken course; they only try it on; they are avowedly only getting in the thin edge of the wedge, and in national legislation this is mean and contemptible. Sir Wilfrid Lawson says we have already got this principle at work by making sanitary and educational provisions voluntary, with this result, that the public health and education is only considered right for those who think it right. It is the old wicked fallacy of Horne Tooke. Truth is what a man troweth; right is what a man consents to. But we must go further than this in the condemnation of the Prohibitory—or Permissive Prohibitory—Bill. Two-thirds of the ratepayers are to coerce one-third; the two-thirds being possibly, and we might say most probably, those who have every private appliance for

supplying themselves with liquor, and the one-third being the aggregate of labourers and small artisans who have only the public-house or beer-shop from which to draw their daily rations of strong drink. Further than this, the strongest and most impregnable argument against the measure, it is idle to carry the discussion. Human nature ought not to submit to such a tyranny, and, in England at least, never will submit to it. The maxim of the public safety being the supreme law—which it must have cost something to a scholar like Mr. O. Morgan, the solitary defender of the Bill, to wrest from its original meaning, even if it did apply, which it does not, to the matter in hand—only begs the question at issue. It is assuming a great deal to say that the public safety is guaranteed by calling into existence an infuriated minority of a third of the population smarting under a sense of oppression, and possessed, rightly or wrongly, with the feeling that they are trampled on by their superiors in station. Admitting, which is admitting a great deal, that every social and moral evil grows out of the root of drunkenness, Sir Wilfrid and his friends have to show that under his Liquor Law drunkenness would be extirpated, and they have to show, moreover, that all customers of the public-house and beer-shop are drunkards. These points they quietly assume, and too many of the opponents of the Bill are disposed to let these assumptions pass unquestioned. The last point is one open to the easiest disproof. A man must be a fool as well as a fanatic to say that the foaming pots which are familiar to every neighbourhood as the dinner beer and the supper beer of a family are never consumed without one at least of the consumers getting intoxicated. And as to drunkenness being the origin of every social crime and evil, it is more easily said than proved. What crimes might be developed in a community where every stimulant was prohibited, it might be just as easy and just as fallacious to assume as it is to conjecture, on the other hand, what unknown virtues might be developed under the same circumstances. It is mere guessing in the dark either way. A whole nation of water-drinkers, disgraced by innumerable but hypothetical and unknown vices, is just as fair and just as foolish a subject to theorize upon as a nation of water-drinkers all holy, pious, and obedient to the laws. In either case there is no sufficient experience to guide us, and what experience we have is against prohibition.

It is a fact, and must be confronted by the Prohibitionists, that there is no nation or language in which some form of stimulant has not been used. Mounting up into the remotest regions of tradition, the benefactors of mankind have been the planters of the vine; and in the most savage communities—and, indeed, where there is no community at all—an instinct, which is only another name for a necessity of human nature, has compelled man to discover a stimulant. Of course, in urging this argument we are assuming that the English Prohibitionists, though they are rather shy of admitting so much, do hold all alcoholic and stimulant beverages to be *ipso facto* pernicious, and therefore to be prohibited. If they do not emphatically adopt Total Abstinence principles, they have no logical ground on which to stand. And the Total Abstinence theory is confronted by the general consent of mankind. This is simply a fact; that in some form or other—wine, spirituous liquors and fermented drinks, opium, haschisch, bhang, intoxicating or narcotic beans, coarse vegetable spirits, or what not—man in North and South, East and West, under every variety of climate and social condition, will take to intoxicants or stimulants. These things may be, and among us certainly are, grossly abused, but so is every natural and human instinct. There are other animal and sensual passions which are little, if at all, more natural or more universal—which are abused, and lead to horrible and disgraceful sins and immoralities. Let us be consistent, and repress or, if we can, try to prohibit them, and bring into Parliament some other Permissive Prohibitory enactments which shall deal with other tendencies of the flesh to evil and riotous living.

The result of the debate on Wednesday is not a matter for unmixed satisfaction. Sir Wilfrid's Bill was rejected, but only 280 members were found to attend the House on a very serious question, involving high constitutional and high moral considerations. And though we have no objection to accord to the promoters of the measure the possession of good intentions, there was over much compliment and politeness to gentlemen who, whatever they may mean, are very mischievous. Fanaticism may be genuine, and in many cases to talk nonsense may be unavoidable, but fanaticism and nonsense ought not to be received with so very much of urbanity and deference. There is a wholesome and righteous severity with which this sort of thing ought to be treated. Perhaps the House of Commons is at this moment so accustomed to a strong majority that it hardly sees with our eyes that there are limitations, especially in social matters, to the doctrine that all minorities must suffer the will of the majority without complaint or struggle. Under one, and only one, aspect are we disposed to be grateful for the discussion. We think the present licensing system is doomed. Next Session—oh what an era of earnest, practical, sound work that next Session is going to bring us!—the Government is going to do something. One thing it must do; nay, from two things it cannot escape. The beer-houses and excise-licenses must be reformed; and so must the brewers' monopoly. The magistrates' licenses Sir Wilfrid and his friends can scarcely object to, inasmuch as to some extent the present practice of licensing public-houses does give local authorities and local opinion some check against the blackguardism, and some guarantees for the orderly management, of public-houses. But the real vice of the present drinking trade in England is that it allows the great brewers a practical monopoly of most of the drinking houses, and encourages the immediate source of drunkenness, the sale of adulterated and poisonous beverages. The Legislature will be much better employed in seeing that the popular drinks are wholesome and unvitiated than in attempting to run counter to the natural instincts, and to coerce the natural liberty, of the subject. As to the beer-houses licensed by the Excise, and altogether unregulated in numbers, they are an unmitigated nuisance which nobody defends.

We are perfectly aware that in what we are saying there is no novelty. We have attempted none. Inveterate fallacies can only be met by threadbare refutations; and when we are confronted for the hundredth time with the same platitudes, we can only reply with the hundredth time repeated commonplace.

RELIEF TO THE TAX-PAYER.

CERTAIN items in Mr. Lowe's Budget bid fair to set us free from one of the lesser miseries of human life. He is not only going to make some of our taxes less, which is no small boon, but, what is a greater boon still, to sweeten not a little the manner of their collection. Hitherto the way in which taxes have been collected has been ingeniously contrived so as to give the largest possible amount of needless trouble. What with Assessed Taxes, Income Tax, Poor Rate, Highway Rate, Church Rate, to say nothing of rectorial and vicarial tithe, a man was always paying something or other, or, if he was not paying, he was filling up a paper about something that he had to pay. Tithe, no doubt, is private property; rates are a local burden; taxes are a national burden. Let all proper distinctions be drawn between the three; but when a man is always paying either one or the other, he may be apt to get careless as to the distinction of private, local, and national, and to wish that, if they cannot all be got rid of, they may at least be all rolled into one. It was a small crumb of comfort when, in those counties which adopted the Highway Act, highway rate and poor-rate were lumped together. The amount of relief which this gave to some classes can hardly be put into words. The world in general perhaps does not realize how many English parishes were divided into tithings, each tithing maintaining its own roads and levying its own rate. A man might easily be an occupier in several of these little commonwealths, and for each of them he had to pay a separate rate. The rector, for instance, or other tithe-owner, in such a parish, had to pay as many separate highway rates, perhaps six or seven, as there were tithings in his parish. To have these various fragments rolled into one was no slight gain; but our cup of joy was slightly dashed by the new law of dog-licences. Hitherto the dog found his place among the assessed taxes, but now, besides filling up the tax papers, we had to go to the post-office and take out a licence for him. Here was a further burden, but it is out of this burden that relief seems to have grown. The dog-tax is simplicity itself; no one could quarrel with it except because it was something over and above, beyond our other burdens. Substituted for them, instead of added to them, nothing could be better. You have simply to go to the post-office and take out your licence. If you fail to do so, you may be fined, and the excise officers are sharp enough in summoning those who are liable to be fined. The only wonder is that so many people are found, who, contrary to all rules of prudence, risk five pounds on the chance of saving five shillings.

Now to the beautiful simplicity of this process no contrast can be greater than the past process of collecting the Assessed Taxes. Be the amount great or small, the elaborate stupidity of the business is far more annoying than the amount to be paid. First of all, the duty of collection does not fall on any qualified officer who knows what he is about, but on some farmer or other illiterate person who can with a considerable effort just manage to write down the names of the sufferers and the amount to be paid by each. We have often pondered deeply on the principle on which successive assessors are appointed, and we have come to the conclusion that they must be appointed on the same principle on which the Mayor of Woodmancot was anciently chosen. We assume that the name of Woodmancot is not unknown to our readers, as we had some months back the pleasure of introducing to them that otherwise not renowned Gloucestershire manor as a new competitor for Shakspearian honours. Well, tradition says that in times past Woodmancot had a Mayor, and that—perhaps on the apostolic principle of setting them to judge who were least esteemed—the inhabitant of Woodmancot who had done the most foolish action during the past year was always chosen to the municipal dignity. In short, the local ambition of Woodmancot took somewhat of the form of a donkey-race. But the upshot was that the Mayoralty of Woodmancot was improved off the face of the earth, and that tradition alone vouches that such an office ever was. That the assessors are chosen on the same principle there can be no doubt. If there be a stupider man in the parish than the assessor he has at least enough of method in his madness to keep himself out of the way. That he can explain nothing, if anything needs explanation, may be taken for granted; it is a mercy if he can put the proper items in their proper columns. Oftentimes is the charge for the horse above thirteen hands put opposite to the place for hair-powder, or the tax on the coachman jumbled up with

the tax on the carriage which he drives. Then, as we before said, the thing is going on always; now it is a paper to be filled up, now a paper telling you what you have to pay, now a paper announcing a meeting of Commissioners at which you may appeal, but to which you certainly never think of appealing. Last of all comes the actual payment, in itself the least troublesome process of all if it were not embittered by the thought that you are not paying for what you have at the moment, but for what you had at some remote time, the details of which cleave very faintly indeed to the memory. It calls for more than human prudence to remember that, if you want to lessen your number of horses, you must do it not later than April 4th, that if you want to increase them, you must do it not earlier than April 6th, or the consequences will be hanging about you in the shape of another year's taxation for two or three years to come. The whole thing is simply bewildering. And then alongside of it comes Income-tax; who can tell whether twice, thrice, or four times a year? Schedule A, Schedule B, Schedule C, Schedule D, here a payment to be deducted from the landlord, here a payment to be repaid to the tenant; the brain grows dizzy, and can give no further account of the whole business except that the process of filling up papers, appealing, not appealing, trying to spell out the assessor's figures, is simply endless. Then to all this is added that the assessor, with weeks and months before him to collect his money, always puts it off to the last moment, and, if by any chance you are not forthcoming at that last moment, he looks on you as a criminal, when it is simply his own *lâches* that you have not paid long before.

From all this Mr. Lowe promises us, if not absolute deliverance, at least a considerable alleviation. We are not sure that we have quite mastered the exact extent of our new privileges, but we gather that several payments are to be rolled into one, that one visit to the post-office will come instead of several visits on the part of the assessor. Well, all thanks for anything that we can get; it is a case in which we may be grateful for the smallest mercies. Even if Mr. Lowe did not save our pockets a penny, he would save us a considerable outlay of time and temper, which are still more valuable. If the whole thing can be done as simply as the dog-tax is now done, so much the better; if it cannot all be done, let as much be done as may be. Let us pay for what we have, not for what we had some years back, and let us have reasonable officials to deal with, who can explain a difficulty if there is one. We can see no objection on earth to substituting an intelligent Government officer, trained to his work, as the collector of national revenue, instead of a blundering farmer. Yet it is possible that the parochial lion may begin to put up his back, and to raise the roar of "centralization" We should be the last to seek to destroy any real piece of self-government, where real self-government exists. Where local authorities can really act, they ought to be allowed to act; when they have power to modify this or that if the circumstances of their neighbourhood may call for modification, by all means let them retain that power. But here is no self-government at all; there is no local discretion in the matter; the thing is to be paid anyhow; the question is whether it shall be paid in a convenient or an inconvenient way, to a competent or to an incompetent functionary. We assume that faults will have to be found in the Budget of a Liberal Government Here is a good opening for declamation about local agency, local liberties, Magna Charta, and King Alfred—all, for aught we know, impersonated in the dullest farmer in the parish. Self-government, by all means; but self-government is one thing, *Kirchenthurmspolitik* is another. But self-government is sometimes embodied in such odd shapes that we doubt not that some minds will cleave to the parish assessor as its representative. Mr. Lowe has found a new way to pay old debts, and if his novelty causes a little consternation here and there, he will probably not be the worse for it. Our own hopes on the other hand are so kindled that we begin to ask whether another great work may not be looked for from the same hands. It cannot be simply, as Mr. Hunt has enviously suggested, that Mr. Lowe will get good shipwreck in the form of legacy and succession duties. Mr. Lowe claims to have a gift for turning deficit into surplus, and paying for things one does not see how. May he not turn out to be the heaven-sent Rebecca for whom we have so long been looking, to kick down the turnpikes and to clear away the debts on the roads?

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL IN COMMITTEE.

THE Scotch Education Bill has passed through Committee in the Lords. It has been mangled to some extent, as every one expected who had studied the temper of the House. But, considering the character of the opposition which it has encountered, the fact that it has passed at all must be regarded as a triumph to the Government. The hostility to the Bill arises from two sources—the jealousy of the clergy of the Established Church in Scotland, and the narrow prejudices and fears of their friends in England. The Bill, though in the hands of the Duke of Argyll, is, as is well known in Scotland, the work of the Lord Advocate Moncreiff, an influential member of the Free Church. This is now the fourth attempt within the last fifteen years which Mr. Moncreiff has made to carry a measure of vital importance to Scotland, and each time the same tactics have been adopted by the same section of the rival Church to defeat him, and to protract the unsatisfactory state of things which is admitted to exist in Scotland. Every engine of what is still a considerable ecclesiastical organization has been employed to retard the progress of each effort which has been made by a Liberal Government for the extension of education, and the clergy of the Established Church have pulled the wires. They have done this with their eyes open to the inadequacy of existing appliances for education. They are aware that 90,000 children in a population of three millions are not at school, and never can be, under the present system. They know that a vast proportion of those who are at school are indifferently taught in buildings that are flagrantly unsuitable. They are aware also that this Bill proposes to remedy those abuses, and that the people in Scotland are almost unanimously favourable to it. But in the face of all this they have left no stone unturned to defeat the measure and to perpetuate those evils, because it is the work of a Free Church Lord Advocate. They have petitioned against the Bill in their Synods and their Presbyteries, and in all the other ramifications of their organization. They have published and circulated a collection of statistics, founded on what the Duke of Argyll has shown to be an utterly fallacious basis, with a view to mislead the people of England and Scotland as to the financial effect of the Bill. They have persuaded some of the ironmasters in Scotland to petition against it on the ground that they—the ironmasters—are in terror lest the godly upbringing of the miners and puddlers of Lanarkshire should be imperilled by its operation. They have addressed a manifesto to the country gentlemen of Scotland, commanding them to use the machinery of the effete institution called "the county meetings" to destroy the Bill, and some two hundred of these Tory Lairds, with a placid docility worthy of their own sheep, have obeyed the clerical commands. Lastly, they have got at the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Denbigh, and these two sagacious noblemen—the one on political, the other on sectarian, grounds—have bowed to the dictation of Dr. Cook of the Scotch Establishment, and vainly endeavoured to defeat the Bill.

It has, however, passed the Committee, and is now in the fair way to become law. Too much credit cannot be given to the Duke of Argyll and Lord De Grey on the part of the Government, and to Lords Airlie, Minto, and Dalhousie, as independent members, for the staunchness with which they fought an uphill fight. They stuck to their guns like men, in face of the determined hostility of the Opposition, and it was no easy matter. Eight dukes, two archbishops, seven bishops, three marquises, eighteen earls, and all the Roman Catholic peers, were arrayed against them; and one noble lord, who sat on the Liberal side of the House, used all the plausibility of which he is a master to trip them up. The blunt antagonism of the Duke of Marlborough and the captious nagging of Lord Cairns were to be expected. They merely followed Dr. Cook's instructions, and so did Lord Colonsay, in a spirit of feebleness and conciliation. It was different with Lord Kinnaird. His professions of friendly support were unbounded. But when he urged the Duke of Argyll to throw over one of the vital principles of the Bill as a mere nothing, and on his refusal voted against him, the true worth of his professions was exhibited. These opponents, however, showed only half the hostile hand. It was left to the Archbishop of Canterbury to show the other half. It was for him to arouse the English fears and suspicions that were slumbering on the back benches, and he did it effectually. If the judgment of the Lords upon the Bill was not a foregone conclusion, the appeal of the Archbishop settled the question. The division took place immediately afterwards, and it is vain to disguise the fact that the effect of it upon the symmetry and thoroughness of the measure is serious. The object of the Bill was threefold—(1) to extend the rating system which has long existed in Scotland, and to make it uniform by providing that all schools supported by rates should be national, and that none but National Schools should enjoy the Privy Council grants; (2) to establish a central authority over education in Scotland, through which schools should be provided wherever they were required; (3) to establish universal undenominational inspection. The Bill as amended in Committee retains the second provision intact, but, as it now stands, the first and third are only partially retained. Two amendments were carried, which provide that denominational schools might still be established, and that Privy Council grants should still be given to both Denominational and National Schools. National education is thus only half established, and denominational inspection, a fruitful source of dishonesty and inefficiency in the conduct of schools, may be continued in the non-national schools. The Privy Council will have to support a staff of denominational and a staff of national inspectors, and an opening is still left for sectarian rivalry and discord throughout Scotland. In short, the Presbyterian people of Scotland have deliberately, and after the experience of twenty-five years of anarchy and confusion in matters educational, made up their minds that denominational education is unsuitable to their country, and have demanded a national system: and the English and Irish Peers, backed by the Bench of Bishops, have refused to listen to their demands. And why? Not because they think that national education is unsuitable for Scotland, but because they fear that, if undenominational education were established in Scotland, it would soon be demanded in England. It is wonderful that those who use this dangerous argument should not perceive its application to the case of Ireland.

The decision of the Lords in this matter will be received with indignation in Scotland, and it is only natural that it should be so. At the same time, when the first excitement is over, and the Scotch people come to count their gains, they will be shrewd enough to see that these are considerable. They

have got a Board of Education whose duty it is to see that there are schools established in every district of the country, and in every part of the towns where such schools are required. Every child henceforth in Scotland will have full opportunity of being instructed. A principle of universal rating is established, so that Scotch parents will no longer be dependent on the caprice of voluntary benefactors, or on the jealous and spasmodic rivalry of contending sects. Most of their schools are released from clerical supervision, and are henceforth to be managed by committees elected by the people. The schoolmasters are for the future to be selected from a body of certified teachers approved by competent examiners. Every school in Scotland is to be under official inspection, and the buildings are to be under the supervision of the Board. And the money paid out of the Imperial purse towards primary education in Scotland will be raised from one hundred thousand to something like three hundred thousand pounds per annum. But this is not all. The moral gain remains to be calculated, and its practical effects are neither few nor insignificant. The present unsatisfactory state of things is broken up as soon as this Bill becomes law. All the old parochial schools at once become national, and as such are open to national inspection. Many of them will shortly be thrown on the rates, and so taken out of the hands of the established ministers. The Free Church will be only too glad to surrender their schools to the national system; so will the United Presbyterians; undenominational schools will at once be absorbed, and most of the private adventure schools will be virtually knocked on the head. The ministers of the establishment will of course use every effort to keep hold of their General Assembly and Christian Knowledge Society's schools—and they are welcome to them so long as Scotch parents care to use them. But it is not difficult to predict that the National Schools managed and supported by the State will speedily draw to themselves all the children within reach. The Episcopalian and Roman Catholic schools will probably remain outside the national system, and so long as they keep to their own people this may not be a serious matter. But if it be the case, as was stated in the debate, that out of 6,000 scholars attending Episcopalian schools, only 2,000 belonged to that communion, and, as the Duke of Argyll stated in one of his earlier speeches, that the children attending these schools are required to go through instruction in the Church Catechism, it is obvious that a stringent conscience clause is necessary to secure freedom of education in these schools so long as they receive Government aid. And that clause is left intact in the Bill.

The catalogue of gains is thus a tolerably long one, and the advantages in prospect weigh heavily in the scale. When the Bill goes down to the House of Commons, there may be an inclination on the part of the Scotch members to resent the action of the Lords, and to give up the measure, with the view of carrying a more sweeping one next Session. But this would be most unwise. Scotland is nearer to a complete system of national education than she has ever been before, or is likely to be soon again. There is, no doubt, a corner of denominationalism left, but it is only a corner. If the Scotch members can make up their minds to accept and improve the mutilated measure, they will do good service to Scotland. What is left of denominationalism is, we repeat, merely a corner, and an arrangement may be effected between the Commons and the Lords which will reduce this corner to very limited dimensions. It is too early in the day to suggest what that arrangement should be. It will unfold itself in time. Meanwhile the people of Scotland will best show their appreciation of the services of Government on their behalf by leaving the matter in the hands of their leaders. And the Government and the Liberal party generally—the Irish members in particular—will best show their appreciation of the faithful support which Scotland has given them in the great measure of the Session, by returning the Bill as speedily as possible to the Lords, amended to some extent, but only to such extent as will not give the Upper House an excuse for throwing it overboard altogether.

THE SCIENCE OF BILL-STICKING.

A GENERATION has passed away since the time-honoured nuisance of London street-cries was put down by an Act of Parliament. In the consulship of Plancus, when Reform Bills and Irish Church Bills were young, and Mr. Coningsby was as yet an interesting youth at Eton, the discovery had not been made that streets and highways and places of public resort belonged to any one who chose to take possession of them, to make any use of them which might come into his head independently of his neighbour's convenience or taste. The costermongers and chimney-sweeps, and the general crowds of the itinerant trading community, were accordingly routed ignominiously, and something approaching to quiet was restored to the streets, for the benefit of their inhabitants and their passengers. We are very much inclined to wish for the old street-cries back again, if only by restoring them we could get rid of a modern and pervading annoyance which is very much worse than they were.

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus;

and the vocal advertisement of the hawker or costermonger was far less acutely irritating than the analogous process of torture which has been invented for the eyesight of the present generation by his fellow-tradesman who boasts a shop in place of a barrow, and who pays his rates for a suburban villa as well as in the City, and protects his questionably honest wares behind half an acre of insured plate-glass. There is literally no escape from this tormentor with his staring, vulgar, hideous advertisements. And he has contrived, in the position which he occupies in the *demi-monde* of trade, to achieve the same kind of success which has attended the same impudent self-assertion by the *demi-monde* of society. He has made himself the fashion. A higher class of tradesmen has learnt first to envy, and then to imitate, the arts by which he has forced himself into notice. His influence has extended into the region where the commercial and the intellectual elements of modern life meet on common ground, and the press and the drama have vied with each other for pre-eminence in puffing vulgarity and bad taste. We are sorry to think that the system should be found to be a pecuniary success; but its promoters openly boast of it on the ground that it pays, and pays handsomely. This being the case, there is nothing for it but to put up with things as we find them, and to anticipate that the nuisance will assume larger proportions than it has done already. Such at least is the prospect presented to us by a writer in a "Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art," of which, though we find by its title-page that it has just completed the third year of its existence, we must frankly confess that we never heard till the current number was found in our letter-box a few days since. The "art" of this periodical is represented by a drawing of a small village church in Lincolnshire, which, if any of the lines had been either perpendicular or parallel, might have slightly resembled the original; and by a more accurate elevation of Aldgate Pump, which extends over the whole page of the cover. Its "literature" appears to consist, so far as we are able to judge, of rejected contributions to the *Family Herald*; and "science" is represented by an elaborate article, from the pen of a "talented writer," on the science of wall advertising in all its branches. The padding is made of pages of puffing by an advertising tailor, who announces himself as the "publisher" of this miscellany, which, in distant imitation of his betters, he calls the *Aldgate*.

We are grateful to the "talented writer" who instructs us in the science of bill-sticking for one ray of hope which he has afforded us in the future. He "believes that the advertisements in railway carriages will prove a complete failure." We sincerely hope that he may prove a true prophet in this respect at least, and that the prediction may not need the qualification which he has attached to it, that "those of the Metropolitan Railway may be an exception, as their occupants are so constantly changing." The Metropolitan Railway has forced the annoyance on its passengers in a more aggravating form than any other line. Excursionists in second and third-class carriages on the long country lines of traffic were, some years ago, constantly invited to study, on the sides of the compartments, what they might be attracted to see or to buy in a visit to London; but this practice has been generally abandoned, and in first-class carriages it was never adopted at all. It has been reserved for the Metropolitan Railway to thrust into all its carriages, without distinction, reiterated and staring puffs of worthless penny weeklies, and to turn its compartments into hoardings for advertising any rubbish which the purveyors choose to pay for. The practice of railway station advertising is, unfortunately, supposed to be both popular and profitable. The "talented writer" becomes perfectly enthusiastic in its praise. "Some trade placards I could mention are perfect works of art." "I consider the advertisements on the walls of a railway station a positive blessing to the intelligent passenger; and I do not doubt but that this mode of advertising, when judiciously and artistically accomplished, is highly remunerative to the speculator." A late Head of a House at Oxford is reported to have wound up an exhortation in the University pulpit by urging, as the crowning motive to diligence in the classical and philosophical studies of the place, that the undergraduate would thus be enabled to look down with a sublime contempt on the rest of his fellow-creatures; and an "intelligent passenger" may in this sense derive "a positive blessing" from the walls of a railway station, by contemplating the enormous mass of credulity and folly which must exist among his fellow-creatures in order to make such a display "remunerative" at all. "The most enlightened may learn something." Possibly; but the additional enlightenment which may thus be obtained upon the habits and mental condition of one's neighbours will only reveal what none but a cynic of peculiarly bitter temper would care to see. The "something to be learnt" will only be that an enormous amount of annual expenditure can be risked by trading capitalists, with a moral or immoral certainty that "it will be found to pay," on the assumed existence of a multitude of solvent householders capable of "freely admitting," as the writer in the East-end magazine does, "that I have often thought that I should like to give so-and-so a turn, because of their artistic pictures at the railway stations." The "artistic pictures" are known to have involved, in the first place, a "tremendous printer's bill," and next an "exorbitant outlay" for the rent of wall-space; and as all this expense must in the end be paid for by the customer who "gives so-and-so a turn," the benefit to be derived must lie in some compensating advantage to the customer so taxed. We may presume that the first and most obvious form in which this advantage may present itself to what the customer "is pleased to call his mind" may be the hope that, in his personal appearance or in his social surroundings, he may be raised to the level of the humanity which his advertising art-teachers offer as a standard. He looks forward to the day when he and his sons

may see themselves reflected in the glass of the cheap tailor's pictures of men and boys. He wishes to resemble the figure reclining in luxurious ease on some patented iron couch, or standing before a looking-glass in an impossible shirt. He would like his wife and daughters to rival the graceful creations which are staring through shop-windows at violent domestic interiors, representing "a drawing-room completely furnished," or "a bedroom, with every luxury, in this style." His ideas of family life in its festival hours of refined enjoyment are trying to reach the level of a wedding-breakfast gathering, portrayed on the walls which attract his reverential gaze, and he hopes at some distant day to be "admitted to an equal sky" with these favoured beings. All this may be quite in accordance with the facts of society, and it may be very desirable that we should know among what manner of men we are living; but still it is not pleasant to be assured that, at least in the judgment of advertisers, the great majority of our fellow-travellers look on these pictured Yahoos with feelings of distant admiration. Neither is it altogether pleasant to be told, as every railway traveller—and, for the matter of that, every man who ventures into the streets—is being told perpetually, that a considerable section of his neighbours and fellow-citizens consider him to be an absolute fool. He is supposed not to be able to retain an idea in his head for half a minute at a time. A tea-tray nailed on a wall has just urged him to seek political wisdom by the purchase of the *Rattle*, price one farthing; and he cannot stir a hundred yards without being importuned by more tea-trays in the very same words. It is assumed, moreover, that he is such an idiot that he will be more impressed by letters a yard in height than by characters of twelve inches; and that a statement of which one copy only catches his eye at a time will be much less credible or convincing than one which is repeated twenty or a hundred times together on the walls of the same building. The recent general election afforded a conspicuous illustration of the undisguised contempt with which the British public as a body was regarded, at least in the metropolitan boroughs, by men whom we must assume to have been capable of forming a sound judgment on the matter. On no previous occasion had the stupid and senseless practice of covering the walls with the mere names of candidates assumed the dimensions in which it appeared last autumn. The gentlemen who gave their names and their money to this ridiculous display must have counted the cost, and found their profit in the assumed capacity of the minds which they desired to influence; and, all political considerations apart, it must be regarded as matter for great satisfaction that the most daring of all these speculators on the folly of electors, who had gambled on the event in the most extravagant manner, met with the most ignominious and deserved failure

The professors of the science of bill-sticking are so enraptured with the result of its application in the case of railway stations that they see no limit to its future development. "Hoardings," twenty years hence, "will bring in improved and increased rents, instead of houses." It would be but the shallowest scepticism to object to this prophecy that the absence of houses might be unfavourable to the presence of customers. Already "the rude wooden hoarding just placed at a trifling cost in the Strand," enclosing the Carey Street site for the Law Courts, "is bringing in to its proprietors and renters a sum nearly equal to the ground-rent of the property which formerly stood there." We hope that some metropolitan member, happy in the result of his own bill-sticking experiences, will take care to impress this fact on Mr. Lowe, whose objection to give a Strand front to the new Law Courts will vanish at once when he realizes the fact that the front of a public building in a leading thoroughfare will already bring in a sum sufficient to pay the interest on the cost of the site, and "twenty years hence," probably, the interest on the whole outlay. Private persons may reap the immediate advantage of this discovery. It may be some years before the river front of the Houses of Parliament is let to Mr. Shepherd or to Messrs. Willing and Co., and meanwhile we may all make our harvest. A good placard, "costing from five to ten guineas in the first getting up, and a guinea or so for posting," is worth "an annual rental of four or five guineas" for its suitable display. "As a hint to the exploring house-hunter," our "talented writer" therefore "would say, never hesitate about the rent of a good corner-house, but take it on a long lease, and then go directly to some of the largest advertisers in London, and negotiate with them for its exterior to receive their announcements."

The next step of course will be, that owners of house property and their agents will learn the inestimable advantages of "going to some of the largest advertisers in London," and "negotiating" for a similar decoration of their domestic interiors. It is not given to every one to be the happy proprietor of a "corner-house." But every house has more or less of interior surface, and requires more or less of paint or of "wall-paper" to adorn it. The Metropolitan Railway has done its best to prepare the way for such an artistic treatment of our entrance-halls and drawing-rooms by setting the example with our first-class carriages, and we presume that, when the proper time arrives for its general adoption in the interests of trade, we must make up our minds to accept it. But as a panic among advertisers is not an altogether impossible phenomenon, and as two or three conspicuous failures would go far to bring it about, we may yet live in hope that some of the invaders of our railway-stations and wall-frontages, for whom the professors of advertising science express the most profound respect, may, even in our own time, to use the graphic expression of our "talented writer," "whatever their capital may have been, topple head over heels into the Bankruptcy Court." It is useless to appeal to public taste for the abatement of a growing nuisance; but even an advertising tradesman has in his organization one sensitive part—his pocket.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE success of the Exhibition proves to be fully as great as we anticipated. The public have, in numbers beyond precedent, shown approval of the handsome rooms, and appreciation of the Exhibition, which by common consent is considerably above the average. Such has been the concourse of visitors, that the new rooms, though of an area nearly double the old, are so crowded that favourite pictures can with difficulty be seen at all. In the first week the number of visitors amounted to over 31,000, an average of more than 5,000 per day; at which rate the total, by the end of the season, may reach 403,000. This indicates that the takings at the door will be in excess of 20,000*l.*, to which may probably be added 5,000*l.* on sale of catalogues, making a total of, say, 25,000*l.* as the year's receipts in the new building. How greatly the fortunes of the Academy are improved by the change may be judged from a return which states that "the average receipts from the Exhibition for seven years, from 1853 to 1859, was 7,801*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*" Again, when we reach 1864, we find the following entry:—"The receipts of the Royal Academy have this year been enormous, amounting to 12,384*l.*, which is upwards of 2,000*l.* more than has ever before been taken. The extraordinary number of 57,000 catalogues was sold at the door." Thus the preceding data would seem to indicate that this season the receipts may double the above maximum of 12,384*l*, which, as we have seen, was designated at the time "enormous." There appears, then, good reason to believe that the new Academy will prove financially a brilliant success, and, if successful financially, many other fine things may ensue. Thus at the dinner Sir Francis Grant spoke as follows:—

> It will now be no longer necessary for us to accumulate our funds. I hope, therefore, it will be in our power largely to increase our hitherto not inconsiderable charities to our poorer and less fortunate brethren, and that we shall be able in future, with open-handed generosity, to support every effort for the benefit and promotion of art in this country.

In the Great Room have been mustered the efficient forces of the Academy, with the addition of some few veteran members who might do well to retire from active service as *hors de combat*. This grand Gallery, in the presence of twenty-six Academicians, thirteen Associates, and forty-one outsiders, contains as it were a summary of the entire Exhibition. Last week we commenced with Sir Edwin Landseer's sensational "Swannery"; we will now turn to a picture holding a distinctive position on the opposite wall—"King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid"—an eminently characteristic work by Mr. Maclise, R.A. This English ballad is often referred to by our old dramatic writers. Shakspeare makes mention of the story in three of his plays. The poem is given at length in *Percy's Reliques*, and Mr. Tennyson penned a picture almost identical with the one before us, under the title of the "Beggar Maid":—

> Her arms across her breast she laid;
> She was more fair than words can say;
> Bare-footed came the beggar maid
> Before the King Cophetua.
> In robe and crown the King stept down,
> To meet and greet her on her way;
> "It is no wonder," said the lords,
> "She is more beautiful than day."

Mr. Maclise's picture is black and metallic; the flesh is not flesh, but leather; the drawing seeks power by the swelling of muscles; the composition is crowded, almost confused. Yet these are but the well-known characteristics of a painter grand in his mannerism. And this work is grand unquestionably; if the shadows are black, they are portentous of mystery; if the execution is hard, it gains as its end marvellous realism. The picture has undoubted power. Also it may be conceded that the "Beggar Maid" is a bright creation; "she is more beautiful than day."

This Great Gallery is not distinguished by greatness or largeness of manner. Historic pictures are at a discount; religious art scarcely exists; academic styles are extinct. Yet two artists—Mr. Poole, R.A., and Mr. Poynter, A.R.A.—have illustrated the story of the Prodigal Son. Mr. Poole's picture the French would designate as belonging to the *genre* of religious art. The point in the parable chosen is indicated by the text, "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." The poor Prodigal lies prone upon the ground, and the flocks by his side are in a plight as pitiable as himself. The artist has drawn and painted so ill a herd of goats (by the way, should they not be swine?) that they too seem ready to perish with hunger; in fact, little more than hair and skin is left of them. Mr. Poole is proverbial for inattention to drawing; indeed he has not cared to paint the crescent moon truly; and yet the picture is fine as a conception, the landscape is painted with large suggestion, and, as usual with this painter, the work possesses rare quality in colour. Mr. Poynter's picture comes as a contrast; the landscape and surroundings are subordinate to the figures, and the style is less romantic or picturesque than academic and traditional. Mr. Poole has taken the time when the Prodigal was in the fields; Mr. Poynter when the outcast returned to his home and fell on his father's neck. A sketch for the picture appeared recently in the

Dudley Gallery. This young painter of singular promise has not yet settled his style, and perhaps he will be wise to hold a tentative attitude for some little time longer. To contract a mannerism at an early age is the fatality of narrow minds; to be widely eclectic over the period of maturing powers gives best promise for the ultimate future. Mr. Poynter has seldom shown himself so directly academic, so closely allied to Italian schools; this picture indeed recalls the traditional types, draperies, and treatments of Mr. Dyce. Mr. Poynter has recently made a pilgrimage to Italy, and thus he may have gone to the originals whence Mr. Dyce derived his studious manner. In elucidation of these praiseworthy pictures by a venerable Academician and a youthful Associate, it may be interesting to refer to the abundant illustration of the parable which the history of art affords. Thus, among the painters who have selected this eminently popular theme are the following—Bassano, Annibale Carracci, Guercino, Murillo, Albert Durer, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Teniers, Holbein, and Jan Steen. It was scarcely to be expected that our two English artists could add much that was new to the great storehouse of historic art, yet is it always instructive to observe how the same incidents are handled by different artists in distant epochs. Mrs. Jameson has a passage which may induce us to esteem all the more highly the effort here made to follow in the footsteps of the great masters:—

> We can [writes this discriminative critic] easily understand how the parable of the Prodigal Son became more popular as a subject in art than any of the others. As related in the simple words and with the divinely persuasive tenderness of the Redeemer, it touches every heart. Taken in its mystic sense, it is a lesson of faith and hope; in its more obvious sense, it is a lesson of hope and charity.

We shall not presume to do justice to this "Salon d'Honneur" within the compass of a single article. For the sake of picturesque grouping it may be convenient to take as a class several painters known under the designation of the St John's Wood school. Why St. John's Wood should have a school, and what may be the distinctive characteristics of that school, it might be difficult to understand or to define. But just as at Kensington and in the precincts of Holland Park there is one nucleus of painters, and in the districts about Notting Hill, Westbourne, and the Regent's Park there are other homesteads of art, so among the suburban villas on the way to the Swiss Cottage have nestled together a quiet social *coterie* of painters, who may be somewhat too wide for a clique and yet scarcely sufficiently indoctrinated with ideas to constitute a school. Among the number may be named Mr. Armitage, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Yeames, Mr. Marks, Mr. Hodgson, Mr Storey, and Mr. Wynfield, all present in the Academy. The Mentor of this so-called school is Mr. Armitage, who brings traditions from the atelier of Delaroche. The academic style thus consolidated—a manner sufficiently defiant of English prejudices—may be judged by a life-size nude figure, "Hero Lighting the Beacon to guide Leander across the Hellespont." The figure holds its position in this large room with command, yet it is perhaps more distinguished for power than for grace, for form than for colour; and thus it tells of its antecedents in the foreign school which twenty years ago was studious of drawing, and somewhat indifferent to the harmony of colour. As a contrast, it may be instructive to call to mind M. Cabanel's voluptuous Venus, now in the French Gallery, Pall Mall. The "Hero" of Mr. Armitage has the advantage of purity of motive. Altogether this somewhat exceptional effort merits encouragement. If in St. John's Wood Mr. Armitage takes the department of high art, on Mr. Calderon devolves the more popular task of doing the romantic, as may be seen in that brilliant composition which bears the supremely sentimental title "Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face." It is much to say that Mr. Calderon has got through this perilous subject and situation without committing himself to anything weak or mawkish. It may perhaps be objected that the young fellow painted in the act of sighing his soul away wears so much the mien of inferiority as to be actually mistaken by some for an over-presumptuous boatman. The picture is saved by the presence of the lady—a heroine worthy of romantic story; she glides in the boat gracefully along, as a swan floating on still waters, conscious of queen-like beauty. The colouring just escapes showiness; the effect is forced up, and yet kept down. We fancy that the deep shadow in the wood may be rather opaque and black, but the treatment is intentionally broad and decisive, and so much brilliance can scarcely be got except at the cost of strong contrast. This is Mr. Calderon's best picture; his figure in tempera among the water-colours some have deemed crude, even coarse. Mr. Leslie, like Mr. Calderon, though in somewhat different mood, surrenders himself—amid the sunshine of St. John's Wood, toned down by fog and smoke from the adjacent metropolis—to youthful romance, and a fine haze of reverie. "Celia's Arbour" must indeed be a delicious retreat in a sultry summer day. How prettily does the sunlight glance through the leaves, play among the roses and upon the grass, while Celia herself stands under shelter of half shade! The picture, indeed, is exquisite as a study of tender tones; light enters the shadow, and shade moderates the sunshine. The sentiment is that of dreaminess and half-awakening, an effect which the artist has tried before. The style seems necessarily circumscribed in range, and the artist may find it hard to resist the usual temptation to confirm a mannerism when loudly applauded; but, having done one sort of thing supremely well, there seems no reason why he should not prove equally fortunate when he may next vary his sphere. We turn to Mr. Yeames, a careful, thoughtful painter, who has for some years, with most honourable intentions, been paying his addresses to the Muse of History. The page in the annals of the past to which he now turns may perhaps scarcely possess the dignity to which history is supposed to incline; to hide away a "fugitive Jacobite" in a chimney evidently involves pictorial episodes which might claim favour less with the Muse of History than of Comedy. However, we must frankly admit that we have seldom met with more steady painting, more studious care in composition, more thought in the balance of colours, or in the blending of light with shade. The actors wear in their faces an alarm befitting so awkward a situation, the characters are well thought out, and the story, such as it is, has been told with circumstantial verisimilitude. The old house was evidently made on purpose for historic events of this import; the chimney must have been designed to receive a Jacobite. On the whole we admire the skill of the painter more than we can commend the choice of his subject.

Our remarks have been directed to the Great Gallery because here are the representative works by which our contemporary art may be judged. We reserve portraits, landscapes, and foreign schools, upon each of which we may possibly find space to speak. All who possess the catalogue will do well to consult the ground plan of the galleries, otherwise their ideas may run into confusion. Let us conclude by a digression into the two rooms which lead on left and right from the grand Salon wherein we have hitherto made our observations. A total of ten galleries appear on the plan, though more are present in the building. We will turn to Gallery No. II., which lies on the Piccadilly side. The room is weaker than some others, yet the hangers, with a proper desire to maintain equilibrium throughout, have here managed to comprise many capital works; among the masters represented are Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A., Mr. Lewis, R.A., Mr. Storey, Mr. Archer, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Leader, Mr. Crowe, Mr. Wynfield, and Mr. Marks. We may hope to speak of each in turn, but having already dealt with the so-called St. John's Wood school, we turn to "The Minstrels' Gallery," by Mr. Marks, an artist whom the Academy must soon add to its effective forces. Mr. Marks has made for himself, over a series of years, a position singular and almost without rival. He has shown himself as a wit, he has indulged in the grotesque, often under guise of mediævalism, and yet he has never touched the low buffoonery of cartoons which find place and notoriety in so-called comic periodicals. Within the sphere of the ridiculous Mr. Marks has moved with a dignity and decorum all but academic. We have sometimes deemed it singular that, with the amazing growth of comedy in a certain department of literature which relies less upon verbal than on visual or pictorial wit, the Academy contains so little, and that usually of second-rate order, which can provoke a laugh. Yet we need not say that the interval is great between the training needed merely to knock off a sketchy cartoon, and that required to carry out in oils a picture fitted for a place in the chief exhibition of the land. Hence Mr. Marks finds few competitors. His present work, "The Minstrels' Gallery," is less comic than heretofore; moreover the artist has now mitigated the harshness and dryness which he seems to have deemed conducive to that decorum which it is proper to maintain, at least within the Academy, amid the laughter that it has been his pleasure to provoke. Still Mr. Marks must take his fling somehow, and it is amusing to know how he has sought to reflect upon the musicians the characteristics of the instruments wherewith they are identified. Thus, he who bears the thundering drum has a pate empty as his instrument, while he who sports the organ's bellows grand, to "swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire," shows a fine eye for frenzy. Fancy or conceit might, we believe, sport further at the expense of these musicians, from the feeble fiddler with shaky spider legs to the hack musician strong enough to take any part at a moment's notice. We may, in fine, observe that Mr. Marks has almost originated the art which he sustains from year to year without serious rivalry.

From Gallery No. II. we cross over to its *vis-à-vis*, Gallery No. IV., in order to illustrate how much "outsiders" have gained by the new building. At the private view we noted a quiet, earnest, pathetic picture by Mr. F. Holl—a young artist comparatively little known; the only title in the catalogue was the text, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Crowds have since gathered before this home made desolate by death. The mother has been buried, and the orphan children for the first time assemble around the humble and scanty board. The son, a pastor, stands to say grace, a sister is bowed by sorrow, the old nurse is bereft of her charge; the household, worn by watching, sinks under the stroke of death; it is a scene for tears. The artist's treatment is as simple as the sentiment is unaffected; the colour is pitched in solemn grey, and the execution tells the tale literally without an effort to exaggerate a single fact. Mr. Holl, who has recently obtained the travelling studentship of the Academy, seems, in common with some other among our younger artists, to have taken a lesson from Continental schools. He may have marked how much of truth and of moving pathos lies in simple scenes, quiet in colour and shadowy in broken light, as painted by M. Frere, M. Breton, and M. Israels. Such reciprocities between English and foreign schools will henceforth extend. Our immediate purpose, however, is to point out that painters distinguished by talent may now almost for the first time make their merits patent to the world. On the other hand, it is a painful fact that, as we stated a week ago, upwards of three thousand works have been rejected under the plea of want of space. A measure thus almost without parallel has naturally provoked retaliation.

Accordingly the public are informed that out of these Rejected Addresses will be shortly constituted a "Select Supplementary Exhibition of Pictures." We will not prejudge the result, but it may be remembered that once upon a time the French Emperor in vengeance commanded the public exhibition of all the works excluded from the Salon. We incline to the opinion that our English Academy, like the great French Salon, is strong enough to bear up against the opposition which even its indiscretions may provoke.

REVIEWS.

NEWLY RECOVERED WRITINGS OF DEFOE.*

A RECENT discovery has been the means not only of adding a new chapter to the history of Defoe, but of bringing about little less than a revolution in the estimate in which his character has been popularly held. The thanks of the public are due to Mr. Lee for the pains with which he has followed the clue thus unexpectedly afforded. His own partiality or admiration makes him indeed scarcely sensible of the havoc which his revelations must inevitably play with the reputation of his idol. He would otherwise hardly have ceased from his labours with so complacent an impression that he had removed every stain and speck from the surface of the image. Nevertheless, whatever critical value we may attach to his judgment in this respect, there can be no two opinions as to the importance of the materials which his industry and zeal have placed at our disposal. It has generally been taken for granted, on the authority of the biographers of Defoe, that for seventeen years before his death he had altogether retired from the political world. Having stood for a whole generation in the foremost rank of polemics, he was supposed to have spent the remainder of his years in peaceful literary seclusion, absorbed in the composition of the works of fiction which have made his name famous throughout the world. An accidental discovery has done much to fill up this hiatus in the career of this most indefatigable of writers. Half a dozen letters unexpectedly came to light, in Defoe's handwriting, in the State Paper Office, four years ago. They were all seemingly addressed to Charles De la Fay, Esq., of the Secretary of State's Office. Of their genuineness there appears to be no doubt. Their dates range from the 12th of April to the 13th of June, 1718, and they demonstrate conclusively that the political life of Defoe had not closed at that period. These letters, on their discovery, appeared in the *London Review*, forming the text for some disparaging reflections on the character and conduct of Defoe. They were subsequently reprinted in *Notes and Queries*, at the instance of Mr. William Lee, by whom they were followed up in a series of articles, pointing out the historical and political bearing of these new facts in the writer's career, and vindicating the morality of his conduct. With these materials at his command, it is not surprising that, to the mind of so ardent an admirer of Defoe's genius, there should have appeared at once "the occasion for an entirely new chapter in the History of Defoe's Life and Times." Not only was a clear light thrown upon a point hitherto dimly apprehended, viz., the nature of Defoe's secret or official employment under the Government, but also upon the fact of his connexion with several political journals, and his authorship of many pamphlets not before suspected to be his. Mr. Lee's attention was immediately drawn to the serial publications upon which Defoe had thus avowedly engaged himself—namely, *Mercurius Politicus*, *Dormer's News-Letter*, and *Mist's Weekly Journal*. He was thence led to extend his investigations to others of Defoe's hitherto unknown journalistic writings. Travelling, with the aid of the clue thus attained, over the general field of newspaper and pamphlet literature spread over fifty years, he has succeeded in identifying and collecting a series of essays, letters, and articles from the fertile pen of this great writer, amounting, after much selection and omission, to upwards of three hundred and fifty. These he has now had printed in two octavo volumes of goodly size. He has omitted much of a transitory or personal character that might have illustrated the political history of the period, from a belief that "party contention would not necessarily be acceptable merely because it had been written by Defoe." His extracts are, consequently, more historical than political. Their contents are highly miscellaneous, both in style and subject—imaginative, humorous, amatory, ironical, religious, and moral. Writing, as Defoe did, on topics of popular interest as they daily arose, there is, as his editor fairly urges, a peculiar freshness in the author's relation of incidents, and his comments thereon. Articles and narratives are accumulated here in the most graphic and charming style—on the Rebellion of 1715 and the subsequent proceedings of the Pretender and his adherents, on commerce and trade, the South Sea scheme and the bursting of the bubble, with other epidemic economical and social delusions; on the plague in France, and on offences political and criminal, with their punishment. Interspersed throughout will be found a multitude of anecdotes, answers to correspondents, and scraps of current news, all eminently characteristic of the writer's mental fertility and sense of humour. The notices and advertisements of new books or pamphlets in these newspapers furnished a key to the exact dates when the greater part of his works, whether acknowledged or not, were written. Thus the catalogue of Defoe's writings had to be revised throughout. The new list included by Mr. Lee in his first volume may be pronounced by far the most exhaustive and trustworthy that has ever been compiled, both with respect to the authenticity of each piece and its place in order of chronology. From the list in Lowndes Mr. Lee seems to reject more than sixty; from that prefixed by Mr. Wilson to his *Life of Defoe*, thirty, including three duplicates with altered titles—a common habit with Defoe—entered by him as distinct works. From Mr. Hazlitt's series of works, believed by him to be genuine, twelve have been rejected, while seven which he had conceived to be spurious have been retained. The entire number finally included amounts to two hundred and fifty separate works. Other writings of Defoe may very possibly, his editor thinks, be yet discovered. But Mr. Lee is entitled by his diligent and critical researches to believe that his catalogue as now corrected and supplemented is, as far as it goes, correct. These additional facts in the history of Defoe, together with the correction of standing errors as regards much of his voluminous literary labour, could only find their proper cohesion and unity in a totally new and connected memoir of the author; and to this undertaking Mr. Lee has accordingly addressed himself, with praiseworthy fulness as respects each stage of his idol's private life or every feat of his intellectual power, but with irreparable, though involuntary, damage to his reputation for candour or simple honesty.

It is strange that Toland's charge against Defoe of writing the monthly journal, *Mercurius Politicus*, should never have been regarded as a clue to be followed up by the biographers of Defoe. That paper was not commenced till the year 1716. Yet so fixed was the idea that Defoe had ceased from political writing a year before, that even Mr. Lee had followed the habit of "summarily rejecting all pamphlets of later date offered him by booksellers as Defoe's." The second of the letters to Mr. De la Fay not only establishes the fact of his connexion with that and other periodicals, but also the exact circumstances under which Defoe engaged himself as a tool of the Government. As early as 1707 Defoe, it is well known, had taken secret service under Harley, to whom he had been introduced after his Western tour and his telling defence of the Queen and the Ministry. A couple of letters now first printed from the original MSS. in the British Museum throw further light upon this point. Defoe here thanks his benefactor for the "exceeding bounty" he has recently received. Frankly acknowledging that he does not see the merit which his "unknown rewarders are pleased to value in his mean performances," he professes that the most he wishes, and which he hopes to answer for, is that he shall always preserve the "homely, despicable title of an honest man." These words seem almost ironical when read in the light of the contract which we find him entering into with Lord Townshend's government seven years later. It requires partiality or partisanship as strong as Mr. Lee's to state calmly, and even to defend from the faintest censure, the terms of this engagement. Acting secretly in the capacity, if not under the title, of Censor of the Public Journals, Defoe was yet to maintain, as heretofore, his relations with publishers and political organs, though "the world was not to be informed of this fact, but still consider him under displeasure, and separated from the Whigs." Defoe had, our readers will not need to be reminded, just been discharged by Chief Justice Parker from further proceedings in reference to his trial before the Court of King's Bench for a paper in the *Flying Post*. His biographer is unable to discover, either in the letters now brought to light or elsewhere, "any condition or stipulation, direct or indirect, that he should ever write a single word contrary to his conscience or to the principles which had directed his whole life," nor has he "found that he ever did so." His labours under such engagement will, it is thought, "by the present publication be made more capable of appreciation, and entitle him, irrespective of his many other claims, to the gratitude and admiration of posterity." Yet what was the nature of this pure and meritorious service? It was thought, his panegyrist mildly puts it, that he would be "better able to counteract the designs of disaffected journalists, and be more serviceable, than by appearing openly in support of the Government. The object was to prevent treasonable publications, by intercepting them before they reached the press, and by deleting that which was contrary to law, rather than (after the poison had been diffused throughout the nation) punishing the miserable printers and publishers, without being able to take hold of the writers." But an extract from the second of Defoe's own letters will best explain the nature of the work he had set himself to do:—

> In considering, after this, which Way I might be rendered most useful to the Government; it was proposed by my Lord Townshend that I should still appear as if I were, as before, under the displeasure of the Government, and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be more serviceable in a kind of Disguise, than if I appeared openly; and upon this Foot a weekly Paper, which I was at first directed to write, in opposition to a scandalous Paper called the *Shift Shifted*, was laid aside, and the first Thing I engaged in, was a monthly Book called *Mercurius Politicus*, of which presently. In the interval of this, Dyer, the *News-Letter*-writer, having been dead, and Dormer his successor, being unable by his Troubles to carry on that Work; I had an offer of a Share in the Property, as well as in the Management of that Work.
>
> I immediately acquainted my Lord Townshend of it, who, by Mr. Buckley, let me know it would be a very acceptable Piece of Service; for that Letter was really very prejudicial to the Public, and the most difficult to come at in a judicial Way in Case of Offence given. My Lord was pleased to add, by Mr. Buckley, that he would consider my Service in that Case, as he afterwards did.

* *Daniel Defoe: his Life and Recently Discovered Writings, extending from 1716 to 1729.* By William Lee. 3 vols. London: J. C. Hotten. 1869.

Upon this I engaged in it; and that so far, that though the Property was not wholly my own, yet the Conduct and Government of the Style and News was so entirely in me, that I ventured to assure his Lordship the Sting of that mischievous Paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the Style should continue Tory, as it was, that the Party might be amused, and not set up another, which would have destroyed the Design: And this Part I therefore take entirely on myself still.

This went on for a Year, before my Lord Townshend went out of the Office; and his Lordship, in Consideration of this Service, made me the Appointment which Mr. Buckley knows of, with promise of a further Allowance as Service presented.

My Lord Sunderland, to whose Goodness I had many Years ago been obliged, when I was in a secret Commission sent to Scotland, was pleased to approve and continue this Service, and the Appointment annexed; and, with his Lordship's Approbation, I introduced myself, in the Disguise of a Translator of the Foreign News, to be so far concerned in this weekly Paper of *Mist's*, as to be able to keep it within the Circle of a secret Management, also prevent the mischievous Part of it; and yet neither Mist, or any of those concerned with him, have the least Guess or Suspicion by whose Direction I do it.

But here it becomes necessary to acquaint my Lord (as I hinted to you, Sir), that this Paper, called the *Journal*, is not in myself in Property, as the other, only in Management; with this express difference, that if anything happens to be put in without my Knowledge, which may give Offence, or if anything slips my Observation which may be ill taken, his Lordship shall be sure always to know whether he has a Servant to reprove, or a Stranger to correct.

Upon the whole, however, this is the Consequence, that by this Management, the Weekly *Journal*, and *Dormer's Letter*, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same Nature of Management as the *Journal*, will be always kept (Mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory Papers, and yet be disabled and enervated, so as to do no Mischief, or give any Offence to the Government.

It must be said that Defoe found himself by no means easy in mind under the burden of this dirty work. He more than once speaks of it as "bowing in the House of Rimmon." "I am, Sir," he complains, "posted among Papists, Jacobites, and enraged High Tories, a generation who [*sic*] I profess my very soul abhors. I am obliged to hear traitorous expressions and outrageous words against His Majesty's person and his most faithful servants, and smile at it all as if I approved it." He is often "obliged to let things pass which are not a little shocking, that he may not render himself suspected," and he is possessed with a fear lest he may be "undone the sooner the more faithfully he executes the commands he is under." He sends at the same time "one of the letters stopped at the press." Of the MS. of "Sultan Galza, another villanous paper," he had sent a copy to Lord Sunderland, and offers the original if it can be of any service. In the third letter he is "much concerned that the *Journal* has copied from the *Post Boy* that ridiculous paragraph of the Pretender's being in the list of the Queen Dowager's legitimate children." "It is my duty to assure you, my Lord," he protests, "that I have no part in this slip, but that Mr. Mist did it, after I had looked over what he had gathered together, which it seems was not sufficient." And though he would, "if he may presume so far, intercede for him," yet he dwells upon the pains he is at "that if any mistake happened, my Lord should always know whether he had a servant to reprove or a stranger to punish." For seven years the unfortunate Mist remained in the dark as to the secret service carried on by his colleague and seeming friend, during which time we cannot doubt the Government was kept posted up with the most minute particulars which Defoe's connexion with the press placed at his command. It is true that we find Defoe making a great show of his care to screen his publisher from consequences, or to restrain him from rushing into snares or perils. In *Applebee's Journal* he even inserts, December 12, 1724, the precursor of a series of letters on Friendship, in which he expatiates, all but by name, upon the kindness Mist had received at his hands, and his ingratitude in return. "Save a thief from the gallows," he bitterly exclaims, "and he will cut your throat." It may not have been Defoe's official delation that brought the luckless Mist to prison in November, 1718, but at least no good offices of his friends availed to save him. The only result was the secession of Defoe for a while from the *Journal*, to be followed by a re-engagement in January, 1719, Mist being kept as before in ignorance of the Government contract. The poor wretch was brought in 1720 to the pillory, and four years later fined 100*l.*, and sent to prison for a year. There can be no reasonable doubt that it was the discovery of the secret, while under the stress of prosecution, which prompted the revengeful attack by Mist upon Defoe. Mr. Lee seems to us to have clearly made out this fact. He is at the same time strangely blind to any default on the side of his hero, and solely alive to the baseness and ingratitude of Mist. It certainly shows generosity and forbearance on the part of Defoe that he spared the life of his assailant, whom he had disarmed and wounded, and was the first to run for a surgeon to attend him. This first attack of Mist's was followed up by a blow of a different kind, all the journals being leagued together through his instrumentality to close their columns against communications from Defoe. Such a step was in some respects analogous to what we understand to have been a recent resolution of the Parisian Société des Hommes de Lettres, excluding from their body any gentleman connected with the censorship of the press. Mr. Lee is probably right in tracing to the same vindictive hand the blow which finally shattered Defoe's peace of mind, and hastened his death. The "wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy" who drove him into concealment, and to whom he attributes his ruin, was, in all likelihood, no other than Mist, who had fled abroad, and who is known to have consorted with the Duke of Wharton and other heads of the Jacobite clique. The possession of documents written by Defoe, or the knowledge of facts in his career, might be skilfully used to compromise him with the Government, and threaten his fortune and safety. His letter to Mr. Baker, his son-in-law, is shown to bear out this surmise, while affording much reason for his biographer's suggestion that Defoe's intellect had given way under the ensuing anxiety and fright. There seems to have been no real cause for the gloomy picture therein drawn of the ruin of his family and himself. Defoe, we are glad to find from Mr. Lee's praiseworthy researches, died in fair circumstances. We could wish that his political morality or private honour came out as favourably from the imputations cast on it through this lifting of the veil from the closing scenes of his career. What his genius may hereby gain from the admiring voices of posterity will be more than compensated by the verdict of condemnation that must needs be passed upon the mean and underhand use made of such powers. Another melancholy instance is afforded of the possible degradation of the mightiest and most varied gifts of intellect to ends and means the most ignoble.

PARIS IN 1794 AND 1795.*

IT is difficult to write a satisfactory notice of a book that is, what this professes to be, mainly a compilation. To do justice to its contents one ought to quote a full half of them. M. Dauban has devoted himself to the illustration of the times of the Revolution, and his present volume reproduces the Paris of 1794, "photographed"—to use his own expression—from contemporary documents. The main sources of his extracts are in the formal reports submitted to the revolutionary authorities by the "observateurs de l'esprit public." Those spies of the State played an important part under the Government of the Terror. It was their function to follow the fluctuations of public feeling in passing events, and reproduce them faithfully for the guidance of the demagogues who were governed by the sovereign populace they affected to rule. It is curious to mark the different styles in which these reports are couched. Now you have the laboured production of a man who carefully elaborates his phrases, and delights to moralize in lofty language over sordid details. Now you come on another, which in vile orthography and vulgar idioms reproduces in its original coarseness the slang of the *halles* and the *faubourgs*. And all reflect the Paris of the period with a force and fidelity that makes fiction of the most eloquent pages of recognised historians. But M. Dauban does not confine himself to these, and we have what we might almost call autobiographies of the clubs and committees—of the presiding spirits of the Mountain, of the orators of the Jacobins and Cordeliers. In fact, the men of the Revolution tell its story, and M. Dauban merely gives continuity to his extracts, with some occasional pages of his own. The judgment with which he has made his selections is vindicated by their sustained interest. The harshest criticism to which the book lays itself open is that the author keeps himself too systematically in the background. That is doubtless a fault on the right side; but when M. Dauban writes at all, he writes so much to the purpose, catches points so clearly, and indicates character so fairly, that one wishes he had cast the book in a different shape, and prepared and commented a voluminous appendix, with a continuous original narrative. His prologue distinguishes between democracy and demagogism. In the pages of Aristophanes he reads the history of Athens under the rule of the Athenian demagogues, and finds it repeat itself in the Paris of 1794–95. Selfishness and self-seeking are the invariable guiding principle in the one as in the other, utterly fatal to statesmanship or stable government. The first aim of the demagogue is to distract the people, at any cost, from seriously dwelling on their sufferings; to divert their minds from real causes to fanciful ones. He panders to the popular passions, and devises the system of appeasing them with human sacrifices—a system sure sooner or later to react on himself. In Paris, for example, the demagogues affected to ignore the physical causes of the famine altogether. They converted it into a weapon of faction warfare, being too short-sighted to see that accusation begets recrimination, and that in striking others they might kill themselves. M. Dauban believes in a well-regulated democracy, as the most perfect of human governments. But the moral of his narrative is that, under the Convention, republican institutions never had a fair trial; that, with public men of such character and with such objects, anything but execrable administration was an impossibility; while their execrable administration made the counter-revolution and the *coup d'état* of Brumaire inevitable. The original title of the book was *La Rue, le Club et la Prison*, but M. Dauban found that to dwell on the history of the last would have swelled his volume so much that he decided to reserve it for a separate one. The famine, which not merely aggravated, but did so much to create the miseries of those unhappy times, forced its way to the front in all his researches; while it is needless to say that, although he does not introduce us personally into the prisons, at each step as we follow him we may hear the clash of the irons and catch glimpses of their wearers through the bars.

The observers of the state of public feeling were omnipresent. They glided among the crowds that mobbed the doors of butchers and bakers. They sat eavesdropping in the wine-shops. They attended the popular gatherings, they reported the proceedings of the clubs; and if their reports show one thing more clearly than

* *Paris en 1794 et en 1795. Histoire de la Rue, du Club, de la Famine.* Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon. 1869.

another, it is that the hardening, demoralizing influence of the famine on the people, the share it had in the course of events, has received anything but sufficient attention. The mob was hungry and savage. Always on the verge of death by starvation themselves, they became naturally reckless of human life. Persuaded that all their sufferings were owing to the aristocrats or the foreigners, that they were surrounded with traitors to the Republic and emissaries of Pitt, as they saw tumbril-loads of victims pass on to the guillotine, they glutted their vengeance with scarcely a lingering emotion of pity, with barely a shadow of remorse. Their primitive notions of the inalienable rights of man, their rude ideas of political economy, the practical suggestions of some of the thinking observers, would excite a smile if the ignorance of the people was not so melancholy and their misery so real. But it is inexpressibly shocking to see them fooled by their responsible directors to the top of their bent, by men who studied the fancies of the dregs of Paris solely to humour them. One man is consigned summarily to prison because thirty-six eggs are found in his house. One of the observers gravely recommends, "qu'on empêche les aristocrats d'avoir plusieurs plats de gras par repas." Another records the honest indignation of a citizen that a *restaurateur* should be suffered to keep half an ox in his larder while fathers of families have nothing in the *pot au feu*. These were hard times for property. "Les aristocrats, dit le peuple, ressemblent à une multitude de pigeons qui dévastent un champs; il leur faut un épouvantailles (*sic*), et cette (*sic*) épouvantail est la guillotine." Kellerman, remonstrating from his dungeon in the Abbaye against his confinement there, begins, "Je conviens, citoyens représentants, que la première vertu républicaine est la défiance;" and that is the key to the situation. In the abnormal state of feelings and passions, the wildest rumours tended steadily to verify themselves, and each day the universal distrust became better founded. One after another, the leaders most deeply compromised by the crimes of the Revolution fell, and were crushed under its wheels. Charges the most absurdly improbable were trumped up to catch the ears of the mob, and answered their purpose. Hebert perished, not for his atrocities, not even on the belief of the extravagant conspiracy with which he was taxed, not on the strength of the impassioned denunciations of St.-Just, so much as because the popular fancy was persuaded that he had stopped the supplies of the people. Immediately after his execution, a group of bystanders, seeing some waggons loaded with food passing into the city, connected them with his happy despatch as effect and cause. Robespierre had surely given proof enough of devotion to the new *régime* by putting a river of blood between him and the aristocrats, yet when he perished the rumour found ready credence that he had lived in the pay of the *émigrés*, and died a traitor to the Republic.

It is interesting to read the remarks of a democratic envoy on the proceedings and prospects of infant democracy in France. Morris, the American Minister, is quoted as writing to Washington:—

> Il m'a semblé que c'est Paris qui décide du sort de toute la France, et que les sans-culottes (lisez la populace) décident de Paris. Qu'en conséquence des factions qui surgissaient continuellement, se faisant une guerre impitoyable l'une à l'autre, et leur influence n'étant fondée seulement que sur la crainte momentanée que chacune d'elles inspirait, ne pouvaient prendre aucune forme de gouvernement stable et n'auraient qu'une existence éphémère, enfin que chaque nouveau coup de la guillotine refoulait le sentiment national et éloignait l'espoir d'un régime fondé sur la liberté.

Public spirit and ordinary humanity seem to have taken refuge with the generals in charge of the armies—the Klebers and Pichegrus. They stand more in fear of slander in their rear, arbitrary recalls and peremptory sentences from Paris, than of the enemies they see in their front. Kleber was brought back from La Vendée for shrinking from the pitiless chastisement which he was required to inflict in cold blood on an enemy that he despised in the field. He writes his friend Delaborde:—

> Je n'ai pas voulu quitter l'armée des côtes de Brest sans prendre congé de toi, mon camarade, de toi que j'aime et que j'estime infiniment, avec qui j'aurais voulu combattre, vaincre et mourir. Je pars pour l'armée du Nord demain; tu ferais bien de t'y rendre aussi. La guerre des chouans est la chose du monde la plus ridicule. Les braves les battent à coups de pied et de manche à balai, les lâches en sont battus, les faibles égorgés, assassinés. C'est un ennemi qui a la timidité et la légèreté du chevreuil et la férocité du tigre; c'est un serpent qui se traîne d'un repaire à l'autre et qui s'échappe au moment où on croit le tenir.
>
> Je t'embrasse bien fraternellement.

M. Dauban reproduces a copy of the autograph letter, with these lines across it in the handwriting of Delaborde:—

> L'amitié d'un grand homme tel que Kleber était pour moi d'un prix inestimable. Sa lettre doit être conservée très-précieusement par ma famille.

What a contrast between soldiers like these, and a Henriot with his stilted orders of the day, where mock heroics alternate with sickly sentimentality!

The history of 1794 embraces of course the events of 9 Thermidor and the downfall of Robespierre. M. Dauban seeks the materials for his hasty sketch at the hands of contemporary historians, chiefly Lacretelle and Beaulieu.—

> Si pour les vues d'ensemble ils sont inférieurs à ceux qui sont venus après eux, si dans leurs récits on peut reprendre quelques inexactitudes de détails et de dates, il n'y a pourtant que là qu'on peut trouver la physionomie vraie de l'époque, la vraie émotion de leur temps.

Robespierre had never seemed stronger than when his end was at hand. He had taken his precautions. He had packed the revolutionary tribunals the communes of Paris, with his friends. They swarmed at the Jacobins. He disposed through Henriot of the armed populace. "On assure qu'il avait inspiré le plus sincère fanatisme à un corps nombreux de jeunes gens qu'on appelait l'École de Mars." Perhaps it was his fancied strength that precipitated his fall. For he was less absolutely the master in the Committees of Public Safety, and he rashly proclaimed his determination to purge them, in sweeping denunciations levelled at men whose natures and interests were the counterpart of his own. The threatened men felt that, strong as he seemed to stand, it was possible to upset him, while in his ruin lay their sole chance of safety. The terror he inspired welded his enemies in unnatural alliance. On the 8 Thermidor he made a speech announcing important revelations. "Chose absurde de la part d'un homme dévoré et poursuivi par tant de haines, il engageait le combat sans vouloir le terminer dans un jour; il ne proposait aucune mesure." Even Billaud and Vadier rose to clamour against him. To show how blindly his enemies caught at any weapon, Vadier actually denounced him for his tenderness to the enemies of the Revolution. The very wildness of the attack had nearly saved him, when the cooler Freron came to the rescue, seeking to assert by resolution the Convention's independence of the Committees of Public Safety. Tallien dexterously drew Billaud on to the declarations which convinced the members of the Convention how fatally they were compromised with the dominant faction. The incidents that followed are matters of familiar history, and it is well known how the irony of circumstances forced Fouquier-Tinville to pass sentence of death on his friends. M. Dauban has some interesting speculations on what might have been the history of the Revolution had Robespierre persuaded the Convention to hear him speak; or, failing eloquence, had a more vigorous military chief than Henriot gained him a triumph by force. From the documents which he prints, M. Dauban pronounces that "il est impossible d'y trouver des vues d'avenir, une théorie, un idéal quelconque de gouvernement." Although interesting as containing Robespierre's private opinions on some of the best-known of his colleagues and opponents, they are excessively meagre. But they dwell strongly on the need for a *volonté nationale* to regulate both internal affairs and foreign relations. Doubtless the *volonté* of the nation was intended to be embodied in the will of Maximilian Robespierre, but we find nothing to guide us as to how far he had looked to a time when he might afford to govern more mercifully on the strength of the terror of his past proscriptions. The extracts afford thrilling proofs of the shadowy tenure in which men held their lives and liberties. A denunciation comes from Rousseville:—"Blot, marchand épicier, s'est mal conduit"—nothing more; "Michel, ci-devant cocher l'Antoinette, est toujours directeur en chef des charrois"—no crime alleged. Robespierre's curt answer is, "Arrest them." He arrests the National Agent at Romainville, with all his lodgers, because he had taken into his house some *ci-devant* nobles under pretence of having them under his *surveillance*. The sole offence of the nobles is their ancestry. He even arrests wholesale on anonymous denunciations. The book is enriched with strange engravings of revolutionary scenes from contemporary pictures. There is a horrible allegory by Prudhon, hitherto unpublished, facing the title-page, which gives a vivid idea of the situation on the 9 Thermidor. The genius of revolution sits throned in the Place Louis XV. Her hand is wreathed in the hair of Robespierre as he stands upright on a heap of victims. The portrait is admirable; the eyes are starting in horror from his head; his right hand grasps a dagger and a scroll; his left clutches at the prostrate body of a youth, Convention National, as it writhes in its agonies on the knees of the revolutionary demon, still retaining in its contortions its hold on the hair of the corpse of the murdered king. In the background Buonaparte is starting for Egypt, shielded by the buckler of Minerva.

We have taken our notices of the book almost at random. Were we to stop to pick and choose, we should find ourselves hopelessly embarrassed among the riches it contains. In particular, we should have liked to dwell on the end of le Père Duchesne, which we have merely alluded to, and on some of the touching death-scenes—that of the Duchess d'Ayen and the ladies of her family, for example. But we can find no space for them; and the only way to appreciate the value of M. Dauban's book is to look it over from the first page to the last.

BALL'S GUIDE TO THE EASTERN ALPS.*

THIS third and concluding volume of the *Alpine Guide* fully sustains the reputation of its two predecessors. Equally thorough and careful with them, it is a work of considerably greater difficulty, and one which must have cost its author much more time and pains. In dealing with the Western and Central Alps, Mr. Ball had to cover a field which was not only comparatively narrow, but which had been in almost every part explored and described in print, and respecting which details could readily be procured from the many living mountaineers—English, Swiss, and Italian—who have spent half the summers of their lives in climbing new peaks, and discovering new routes over glaciers and snow-fields. To work up these materials needed so much skill and accuracy that their abundance does not at all detract from the credit Mr. Ball deserves for having produced from them books so trustworthy and agreeable as his Guides to the Western and

* *The Alpine Guide.* Part III.—A Guide to the Eastern Alps. By John Ball, M.R.I.A., F.L.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

Central Alps are. But in treating of the Eastern Alps, where the extent of ground is vastly greater, this want of accumulated information must have been seriously felt; and we doubt whether the task could have been adequately completed by any one who had not, like Mr. Ball, acquired a more or less minute personal knowledge of nearly every part of the wide region which he undertakes to lead us through.

This region includes all the ranges of the Alps east of Switzerland; that is to say, the mountains of Tyrol, of Bavaria, Salzburg, Upper Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Illyria, Carniola, and North-Eastern Italy. One or two parts of it—such as, for instance, the Salzkammergut—lie within the beaten track of travellers, and for considerable districts, especially in Tyrol and Styria, a good deal has been done, not only by the surveys of the Austrian Government, but by the researches of the members of the Viennese Alpenverein, duly recorded in their Jahrbuch. But, comparing the region as a whole with the Swiss Alps, it may fairly be called virgin soil. A great number of peaks of respectable height and difficulty remain unscaled; and the frequent requests which Mr. Ball makes for information respecting routes said to exist from one valley to another will show the mountaineer who is ambitious of connecting his name with that of a "new pass" how easily he may gratify his desire. This holds good not only in Styria and Carinthia, where the ranges are for the most part scarcely high enough to be stimulating, but also in the main chain of the Rhaetic and Noric Alps, running from the source of the Adige to the Radstadter Tauern, where there are glaciers and snow-fields not unworthy to be placed beside those of the Bernese Oberland or the Upper Engadin. It is not, indeed, to be expected that these districts, even when better known and easier of access than they are now, will ever supplant Switzerland in the eyes of the ordinary tourist. Their scenery is less gigantesque; it seldom offers those striking contrasts of vast wildernesses of ice and snow above with rich and almost tropical valleys below, which one meets with on the south side of the Pennine Alps; it brings out no single peak or group of peaks with that overpowering majesty which the Eiger Monch and Jungfrau have as seen from the Wengern Alp, or the Weisshorn seen from Randa, or Mont Blanc from Courmayeur. The valleys are not so deep; the torrents are not so full and strong; the lakes are, with one or two exceptions, and notably that of the Garda, smaller and less imposing. But what the Eastern Alps may be thought to want in sublimity, they make up for in variety and delicate beauty. Speaking broadly, they may be thrown into three great divisions, each with a characteristic type of scenery. First, there is the region of comparatively recent sedimentary rocks on the north or German side of the main axis—the limestone ridges of Vorarlberg, Southern Bavaria, and the country south and east of Salzburg. Here the mountains, though never exceeding and rarely approaching 10,000 feet in height, are mostly bold and fantastic in outline, their pastures are of a richer green than one commonly finds in Switzerland, and here and there they are interspersed by the most charming little lakes. The most famous of these—the Konig See at Berchtesgaden—combines more perfectly than any sheet of water in Switzerland, or indeed in Europe, all the elements of picturesque beauty; and although none of the group of lakes round Ischl can singly claim to stand in the first rank, still, taken all together, what with the vivid blue of their waters, the vivid green of the streams that connect them, and the endlessly varied character of their shores—stern grey precipices alternating with woods and tender pastures—they make this Salzkammergut district wonderfully attractive. For the purposes of touring, as distinguished from travelling or mountain climbing, it is as near perfection as any place can be. The walks are not too long, the mountains are high enough to be fine, and not so high as to make it necessary to surmount minor ranges and penetrate into wild recesses in order to see them properly; one finds everywhere good roads and clean inns; the comforts of civilization are not unknown; yet the cockney, German or English, is still unfrequent. Further south, along the main snowy chain which stretches east and north-east, between the valleys drained by the Inn and Salza on the north and those whose waters descend into the Adige or the Drave, we enter a very different region with a very distinct type of scenery. A great number of peaks, especially between the Brenner and the pass of the Mallnitzer Tauern, rise far above the line of perpetual snow; and some of the glaciers are scarcely inferior, in size and in the perfection with which their peculiar structure is displayed, to the great ice streams of the Pennine Alps. These crystalline ranges show in general exceedingly bold and grand forms; less abrupt and fantastic than the limestone mountains on the flanks of the chain, they are far more massive; it is their air of strength and solidity, not less than their superior height, which make peaks like the Glockner and the Oberwiesbachhorn so much more impressive than the Watzmann or the Dachstein. On the southern side of the axis, beyond the valleys of the Adige, Eisack, and Drave, we come again upon more recent rocks and a district whose scenery is altogether peculiar, almost as unlike that of the limestone mountains of similar age in Bavaria and Upper Austria as it is to the schists of the central chain. This is the so-called dolomite country of Southern Tyrol and Northern Venetia, which has become pretty well known to English readers since the publication of Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill's very agreeable book of travels; a country full of rare and exquisite beauties, but rather difficult of access, and poorly supplied with inns, guides, mules, and all those other appliances of touring to which Switzerland has accustomed us. There is but little ice and snow in this region, and there are no lakes; but the mountain forms are not less imposing than those of the loftier Alps of Switzerland, while the mountain colours are far richer and more varied. The precipices, instead of the prevailing black and grey of the Central and Western Alps, are usually blue or red; the streams are not glacier torrents, turbidly white, but of an intensely clear and lustrous green; the sky, when the sky can be seen, has an Italian serenity and warmth of tone. For it is fair to add that no region in the Alps suffers more from uncertain and tempestuous weather. Separated as they are from the Adriatic by a comparatively narrow strip of plain, the south wind is constantly bringing up against these highlands masses of heated vapour, which, even when they do not dissolve in rain, hang round the summits in heavy clouds, and wear out at last the patience of the mountaineer.

The distinctive characters of each of these regions, as well as of the equally curious though scarcely so stimulating mountain districts further east, the Styrian and Illyrian Alps—the Terglou group, the Karawankas, the singular chalk plateaux of the Karst—is excellently brought out by Mr. Ball, whose book is much more than a mere compendium of walking directions. One of its most considerable merits, though a merit which perhaps only a few of those who use it will know how to value, is the clearness and accuracy with which the geography of the country is described and the true connexion of the ranges with one another explained. Reading the short introductory chapters on these matters which he has prefixed to each division of the work, we cannot but regret the narrow limits of space within which he has been obliged to confine himself. Mr. Ball is an accomplished naturalist, and his occasional remarks on the geology, mineralogy, and botany of the regions through which he leads us are so full of interest, and will be so valuable to the traveller, who can seldom extract from the rustic population on the spot any information regarding the curiosities of their own valley, that we could wish they had been more copious, and given more frequently. It is true that the book is already big enough for the pocket, but as this bulk will necessarily be increased in future editions, we believe that the best course would be to divide the treatise into two parts, and let one volume treat of the North-Eastern, the other of the South-Eastern, Alps.

As regards the more strictly practical merits of the *Guide*, we have nothing but praise to bestow. Taking those parts of the Eastern Alps with which we happen to be best acquainted, we have tested its statements respecting the goodness or badness of the inns, the descriptions of passes and of routes generally, the judgment expressed on the character of the scenery, the advice given as to the points that best deserve to be visited, and we have found Mr. Ball almost invariably accurate in matters of fact, and in matters of opinion not less conspicuously judicious and practical. Throughout the book there is, moreover, a fine glow of mountain ardour. It is superfluous to say that Mr. Ball has nothing, mentally at least, in common with that tribe of vulgar climbers who have done so much to make climbing ridiculous in Continental eyes—men who undergo toil and plunge into danger for the sake of the mere brag; men who, when they reach the top of Monte Rosa on a cloudless day, and see the whole marvellous panorama spread before them from Monte Viso in the extreme west to the glittering peaks of the Ortler and the Adamello on the opposite horizon, take out their watches and cry "Five hours and three-quarters only from the Riffel; let us be off now, and see if we can't polish the whole thing off under the nine hours." But that passion for mountain scenery which is a thing by itself, distinct from the love of nature in general—a passion which has not only its artistic and scientific, but what one may almost call its mystical, side—animates Mr. Ball's pages, and gives us a pleasure in reading them even where the descriptions are couched in the most plain and business-like language. There is no attempt to be eloquent after the fashion of the word-painters, but we feel the snowy keenness of the Alpine air.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a guide-book like this, whatever its excellences, cannot pretend to exhaust the subject, and must be susceptible of additions and improvements in future editions. Mr. Ball tells us the things it most concerns the traveller to be told, and tells them clearly, agreeably, accurately. But now and then he leaves us in the dark as to much that we should desire to know, sometimes probably from want of data, sometimes from want of room. The former difficulty will diminish every year as these eastern regions are more and more thoroughly explored; the latter may be partially met by omitting some of those rather too long extracts from the journals of travellers which Mr. Ball inserts. Here and there he perplexes us by not indicating whether a statement is made on his own authority or on that of another explorer; in the account, for instance, of the Cristallo group above Cortina d'Ampezzo, we scarcely know whether we are reading Dr. Grohmann throughout, or, if not, how much Mr. Ball vouches for. The difference is sometimes of consequence, for when Mr. Ball says that an ascent is easy or dangerous, we know what we are to think about it; but the German standard of mountain difficulty is different, and Dr. Grohmann, though himself a bold and successful climber, uses terms which are meant for his countrymen.

Mr. Ball acknowledges frequently the assistance he has derived from the Austrian topographers, and speaks with especial praise of the labours of Von Sonklar. Giving all credit to the Germans for the patient assiduity with which they have laboured in this field, we cannot help feeling proud of what our own countrymen have done in elucidating Alpine geography and the scientific problems

which it presents. Since the late Principal Forbes published his volume of travels some five-and-twenty years ago—a book still unequalled in its line—Englishmen have led the way, not only in mountain-climbing, but in the investigation of all the physical phenomena of the Alps; and the three volumes of Mr. Ball's *Guide* contain in almost every page an honourable record of the labours they have undertaken, and the difficulties they have vanquished. It is matter for great satisfaction that the making of this record should have fallen into the hands of one who has himself done so much as Mr. Ball, who states so fairly what has been done by others, and who is so perfect a master not only of practical mountaineering, but of the art, possessed by few practical mountaineers, of clear and interesting exposition.

SALA'S ROME AND VENICE.*

MR. SALA'S book commences with a very singular apology for its appearance. It can, he says, be no secret to such readers as he possesses, that he is a Vulgarian, and that he has "never swerved from vulgarity of thought and coarseness of style" during the twenty years in which he has been writing for a livelihood. But it has often struck him "that one of the lowest animals —say a dog or a pig—coarse as may be its appetites, gross its manners, and unintellectual its organization, may have more and better opportunities of judging the qualities of things which are of the earth earthy, than the Colossus, stalking along sublimely," nose in air. And the persuasion that such is the case has been, according to his own account, the chief cause of his being induced to republish the letters which form the present work.

Whatever may be thought of his other statements, there is one of Mr. Sala's assertions which no one is likely to dispute. "You might swear," he says, "finding me anywhere, that I was born in the gross atmosphere of Cockaigne." At all events it is impossible to read Mr. Sala's letters without being constantly reminded of the fact that he is a Londoner. Wherever he goes he seems to be haunted by reminiscences of the great metropolis; the smoke of the city in which he habitually dwells appears to be always going up to heaven before his eyes. When he wishes to convey an idea of the utter dreariness of provincial existence in Italy, he tells us that "it is duller than a literary and scientific conversazione at Wimbledon, or the first reading of a new domestic drama in the green-room of the Theatre Royal, Cumberland Market; the influenza being rife at the time, the popular dramatic author having an impediment in his speech, the stage-manager being asleep, and the walking gentleman not on speaking terms with the leading lady." And, when he is in want of a comparison of a sufficiently odious nature to be bestowed upon the Roman barrel-organs, he bethinks himself of "a series of screeches such as those once given by the macaws in the Pantheon conservatory, when they smelt the sandwiches eaten for lunch underneath the counter by the young-lady attendants in the wax-flower department."

Nor is it only of his wonted dwelling-place that Mr. Sala is given to talk somewhat out of season. His eye is a good deal on himself even when he is surrounded by the strangest of people amid the most unfamiliar of scenes, and he can never refrain for any great length of time from favouring his readers with revelations, sometimes of the most confidential nature, respecting his own condition and private history. Thus the dearness of everything at Trieste leads him to state that he and the armed rhinoceros "have by this time become brothers as regards toughness of epidermis," that his skin might be tanned like old John Ziska's and the "Wedding March" beaten upon it, and that the ordinary extortions of landlords run off him like water off a duck's back. This may be interesting to some of Mr. Sala's readers, but as much can scarcely be said for the statement, though doubtless authentic, that he once had a godmother, and that he believes she is still alive, and that he hopes "she does not suffer much anguish through the knowledge of the mess her godson has made of things generally, and of the fine market to which he has brought his pigs." Nor will persons curious about Rome and Venice be likely to thank him much for the information that "it was by means of a private undertaking that my grandmother's cousin-german obtained the privilege of supplying the Crown and Anchor Tavern with anchovy-sauce, and made that fortune which he so unkindly bequeathed to quite a different branch of the family." In dwelling on these matters Mr. Sala scarcely does justice to himself. A very slight expenditure of time and ink would have sufficed to strike out from his book many passages which, though they may have been eminently qualified to adorn the pages of the journal in which his letters originally appeared, seem out of place in such a work as that which is now before us. But all revision and excision and such-like "double trouble" are evidently as distasteful to Mr. Sala as was the repaying of borrowed money to Falstaff—a fact which is rendered sufficiently patent by the appearance of such misprints as the "*Mula* Sudans" and the "bird of *love*"— the fowl in question being the eagle. A busy journalist, it is true, has very little time at his disposal for the revisal of any but the current day's amount of "copy," but surely the help of a friendly though alien pruning-knife might easily have been secured.

The existence, in most of his books, of such ponderous jokes or passages of dubious taste as those which we have quoted has done much to prevent Mr. Sala from obtaining that meed of appreciation and of praise to which he is fairly entitled. Too often writing in that unpleasant position, "on the spur of the moment," he is extremely unequal, often falling far below his usual level; and as he is apt to reprint at his leisure what he has said in his haste, he is constantly exposed to the risk of being judged according to his demerits and weaknesses. And this is the more unfortunate inasmuch as few of the records of his ramblings are devoid of passages deserving of really high praise, whether for the picturesqueness of their language or the raciness of their humour. The present volume is scarcely so rich in passages of this kind as some of its predecessors were. There is no landscape in it to be compared with the weird and ghastly picture of a stony desert contained in one of the letters from the North of Spain; there is no grotesque extravagance to equal that absurd story of the Englishman whose foot-tub became the centre and the prime cause of a popular festival in some out-of-the-way village, electrified by the sight of the foreigner's extraordinary ablutions; and there is no descriptive passage to equal in picturesqueness, in humour, or in pathos that admirable scene in which, some years ago, Mr. Sala represented an Imperial visit to Marseilles. But still there is no lack, in his Roman and Venetian letters, of descriptions that are pleasant to read, of landscapes that are fair to see, and of happy sallies that delicately tickle the reader's humorous cuticle, provoking the gentle chuckle of approciation, without exciting the coarse laugh of vulgar jocularity.

A good specimen of Mr. Sala's productions when in his absurd vein will be found in the opening of his letter from Ferrara, in which he describes the city, not as it actually exists, but as the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* makes it out to have been. It is a capital piece of fantastic extravagance, of excellent fooling. And the continuation of the letter is also very good, in which he paints the look of horror which the city wore for him, in spite of the fact that the day was so bright and hot that

> The dogs flatly refused to venture out in the sun. The very cats were chary of basking in it, and, peering from beneath archways, put one paw forward into the blaze, and then drew it back again, broiled—the very converse of boys who test with one foot the temperature of the stream in which they yearn to bathe. Shadows of deepest blue did the barred projections of the casements cast on the walls, whose laminæ of lime had been cracking and scaling off for centuries beneath those pitiless rays. There was scarcely a soul abroad. Now and then you saw something living glide along close to the wall, pelted by the sun's darts, and disappear. If it was green, it was a lizard; if it was grey, it was a rat; if it was black, and wore a cassock and shovel hat, it was a priest.

Another good picture is that which Mr. Sala draws of the interior of a small Roman tavern, in which he saw seven waggoners, in Spanish mantles, brigand hats, and goatskin overalls, sitting round a table, upon the bare boards of which "a kitchen-wench, unwashed, but comely, and with a fine Roman nose, and eyes like sloes," who had thrown her white petticoat over her head, where it formed a most artistic coiffure, emptied a prodigious mountain of smoking maccaroni, probably dressed with cheese, "for it smelt so strongly that one of the buffaloes in the wains outside coughed," and doubtless "accommodated with oil," for one of the waggoners' dogs was seen to lick his lips and wag his tail approvingly. All the little details of this and other similar pictures are very artistically executed, the spirit of each scene, as well as its varied colours and its effects of light and shade, being rendered with admirable effect.

Many changes have taken place in Italy since Mr. Sala wrote the letters of which his present book is composed, so that the political opinions he then expressed, and has now a second time put upon record, are a little antiquated. The historical parts of the work also have lost a good deal of the interest which they commanded when they first appeared, but still there are several passages which are well worthy of being read over again, such as that which describes the weary-looking Emperor of Austria driving up to his palace, or the account of how the "ragged and rough multitude" cheered the popular Austrian ex-governor when he took final leave of Venice, and how "the valiant and loyal little old gentleman had at first only raised his cocked-hat in military punctilio, but when he heard that sounding shout of 'Good-bye and God be with you!' he took out his white handkerchief and waved it cheerily in acknowledgment of the salute." But we prefer the social sketches, such as the description of the Italian *caffé*, which Mr. Sala not unjustly looks upon as "a kind of curse, and one of the chief causes of the backwardness, the laziness, and the general impracticability of the Italian people," who spend half their existence there, "ruining their digestion with black coffee and blacker cigars taken on fasting stomachs, neglecting their business, wasting their time, and mag, mag, mag, endlessly magging, on one invariable theme—politics." Another good picture is that of the "liberated foreigner" mounting guard, and there is some sense in the philosophical remarks which follow it, to the effect that

> The reason why mounting guard is so popular abroad is because, *under the pretext of doing something, it affords such a capital opportunity of doing nothing.* Saunter up and down with a stick over your shoulder for two hours, or sit on a bench for two hours more, twiddling your thumbs, gossiping, dozing, or ogling the milliners' girls, and you will run some risk of being called a lazy fellow. But put a forage-cap on your head, shoulder a gun, and saunter in a measured manner, and you are on guard; you are serving your country; you are a patriot and a soldier. Standing sentry is in fact the *dolce far niente* put into uniform.

As good a specimen of the merits and the demerits of Mr. Sala's style as can well be found is that afforded by his description of a funeral procession which he happened to witness one day in Rome. The coffin was "a great painted ark" borne on poles

* *Rome and Venice, with other Wanderings in Italy in 1866-7.* By George Augustus Sala, Author of "America in the Midst of War," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

"apparently distrained from barbers' shops," on the shoulders of half a dozen lads in long red gowns, who staggered along in a somewhat unseemly fashion. Next came a "thurifer, with a great crucifix on the top of a pole," wearing a surplice "which had evidently not been washed since last Easter, and which was disgracefully ragged." He was followed by "an old priest in spectacles, and a young priest with many pimples on his face," both crooning forth the Office for the Dead. "The old priest had something the matter with his knee-shorts, which compelled him every two minutes or so to stop and hitch them up; and the young priest, at the imminent risk of getting a crick in his neck, was staring at the occupants of the very tall houses on either side the street, droning out his chants meanwhile and yawning occasionally, as though he found the Office for the Dead rather a bore than otherwise." The rear of the procession was brought up by the members of a Confraternity of the Dead, "their features, and all but the dim outline of their limbs, concealed under most hideous robes and hoods of bright green-baize," and they and the priests and the coffin-bearers somehow or other came into collision with the carriage in which Mr. Sala was sitting, "with a string of peasants bearing sacks of charcoal, with a dray piled with pumpkins, and drawn by two of the savage buffalo-looking oxen of the Campagna," with a knot of Dutch Zouaves, and with a mounted *contadino*. A terrific slanging match ensued, distinguished by all that richness and fulness and copiousness of scurrility which marks "the Roman allusions to the principal persons mentioned in the Scriptures." With his wonted autobiographical frankness Mr. Sala informs us that he has himself before now had words with a man in a mourning-coach, and he adds that he once saw two gentlemen "get out of a 'brougham-hearse' in the middle of Russell Square, and fight, the undertaker waiting for the purpose, and an admiring circle of partisans in hatbands and scarves cheering the combatants on from their cab-windows"; but he ends by declaring that this Roman slanging match—"the blasphemy, the Billingsgate, the tawdry coffin, the dirty surplices, the howling mummers in green-baize, and the Cross above all, like the mast of a wrecked ship visible above a stormy sea"—made up such a funeral spectacle as he had never before witnessed.

Before taking leave of Mr. Sala, we will quote one more passage, that in which he describes the "glorification" of the Apse of St. Mark's by the sunny shaft that is shot at certain hours into the midst of its shadows, when

> The great recess is all at once in a blaze. Looking out of the darkness you might fancy the high altar to be on fire. Understand that this apsis is wholly covered with golden mosaic, and that in its centre is a colossal figure of the Redeemer. This golden alcove of glory, this inexhaustible treasure-chamber, this stupendous shrine glittering and trembling in its abundance of radiance, fills you at first with unspeakable awe and veneration. You do not wonder that the poor people who come here to pray, and who are crouching humbly in the tenebrous nave, muttering their orisons, should accept in this a sure and visible symbol of their salvation—that, abject, poverty-stricken, oppressed, ragged, and hungry, they should swathe their souls in those golden cerements, anointed to them with blessed balm; that after a toilsome day and scant pay these weary water-carriers, and flower-girls, and gondoliers, and fishermen should find, in the contemplation of the glorified shrine, peace, and consolation, and hope.

VEUILLOT'S COULEUVRES.*

SEEING that it has been maintained by Feuerbach and other sceptical writers that a malignant spirit is an element of Christianity, its champions and defenders never give deeper satisfaction to its enemies than when they write malignantly. In this way M. Louis Veuillot continues to please the unbelieving French, and his successive publications, each if possible bitterer and fouler than its predecessor, are received by the sceptical part of the population as Mr. Pickwick's onslaught was received by Dodson and Fogg. But Mr. Pickwick had a Sam Weller to draw him back and get him out of the way, whereas Louis Veuillot has no Sam Weller. The Ultramontane religious world approves of him, and the dignitaries of his Church consider him, on the whole, a useful man to throw dirt which is too nasty for them to touch. Not that they are very particular themselves in this respect, but a bishop can hardly write under the direct inspiration of that *Muse ordurière* whom Veuillot courts, and who has advanced him to his present pre-eminence.

When a French peasant speaks of a pig, he often uses a periphrase, and always apologizes for mentioning the unclean creature. Thus in one part of France the pigs are always called *les habillés de soie*, and even in speaking of them thus delicately and elegantly it is considered necessary to add the apology *sauf votre respect*. In this way a recent French review of *Les Couleuvres* never mentions M. Veuillot without adding *excusez-moi*. We will content ourselves with offering a general apology. We beg the reader to pardon us for speaking about M. Veuillot, and tender the excuse that, although foul, he is interesting as a typical specimen of the religious vituperator. Spite and scorn have become so much the habit of his mind, that even in writing about things outside of his speciality of religious vituperation he is still spiteful and scornful. We will allow this as part of his defect, and answer him softly.

> For in those days
> No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;
> *But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him*
> By those whom God had made full-limbed and tall,
> *Scorn was allowed as part of his defect*
> *And he was answered softly.*

It might be argued that since vituperation has its use, and may be a powerful weapon—nay, even under certain conditions an irresistible weapon—it is right to employ it in a good cause. Mr. Stuart Mill has shown that it may be advantageously employed by a dominant sect, but not by a weak one; that the use of it strengthens the strong and weakens the weak. It crushes the opposition of a feeble minority, but it arouses the indignation of a majority. Are M. Veuillot's books a help to the Church in France? Is the Church strong enough there to employ unmeasured vituperation without inflicting injury upon herself by arousing the indignation of the unbelieving laity? The true answer to this question seems to be that whilst M. Veuillot gives satisfaction within his own community he arouses nobody's indignation. It is almost impossible to make a Frenchman indignant about any religious matter unless he is a real Catholic, and a Catholic of an uncommonly earnest kind. This is a point on which Englishmen have the greatest difficulty in understanding the French temper. The ordinary Frenchman is as indifferent to religious matters as the ordinary Englishman is to the controversies of artists; his indifference is absolute, and nobody becomes indignant about what he does not care for in the least. But within the Church, M. Veuillot's writings have some effect, and a bad effect, because they tend to widen the great chasm which separates the world of priests and women from the active world of men. His antagonism to modern France breaks out continually, and concentrates itself in hatred to Paris as the centre of modern ideas. He hates our century, too, generally, and therefore (hating both the century and the city that he lives in) is in a state of mind liable to continual irritation. In fact, everything irritates him, and he spits upon everything. Here is his goodbye to Paris, on leaving it for the holidays:—

> Bonsoir, Paris, carogne aimée!
> Si quelqu'un vient, je suis sorti.
> Me voici hors murs, bien parti,
> Loin de ton haleine embaumée.
>
> Vers toi s'envole la fumée;
> *Qu'elle t'étouffe*, et que Titi,
> Ton amant le mieux assorti,
> Y perde sa voix enrhumée!
>
> Par les soins de tes figaros
> Invite à ton lit des escrocs
> Et des Titis toujours plus sales;
>
> Va, gueuse! et prends-en à mourir;
> *Et qu'on te voie enfin pourrir*
> *Dans tes ordures colossales!*

The following verses are on the subject of "our century," and are supposed to constitute an accurate picture of the present time:—

> De l'art et du savoir les secrets colportés
> Ne laissent nulle part subsister nul mystère;
> S'il en reste un ou deux au ciel ou sur la terre
> Babinet avant peu les aura dépistés.
>
> Trimm, pour un sou, nous vend les suprêmes clartés,
> Et donne, en outre, un meurtre avec un adultère.
> Gallinard et Ponsard commenteraient Homère;
> Nous possédons les *trucs* de toutes les beautés.
>
> Nous n'avons plus besoin pour rien d'un ciel propice.
> L'homme vit par lui-même; il fait, par artifice,
> Du soleil, de l'argent, du bœuf, des rois, du vin.
>
> O siècle incomparable et fécond en merveilles! . . .
> *Il offense pourtant mes yeux et mes oreilles*
> Par trop de ressemblance avec Monsieur Havin.

Can it be necessary to remark how absurdly unjust all this is? In the first place, we are *not* unwilling to recognise the existence of mystery; on the contrary, no century has ever been so willing to admit it, because no century has ever been so much imbued with the scientific spirit. Take a single point as an example. A hundred years since, everybody could tell you the exact date, or something very near the exact date, of the creation of the world, but now this is an acknowledged mystery. And so in literary criticism, a century ago everybody knew who wrote every ancient book, but now it is admitted that the authorship of many ancient books cannot be positively ascertained. Even the grounds of the moral relations between men, and of duty, about which no mystery whatever was formerly believed to exist, are now admitted to present serious difficulties which have not yet been cleared away, though many earnest men in different countries are patiently seeking for more light. The sneer at the scientific spirit of investigation (personified in M. Babinet) is unjust in this, that it implies a light and easy confidence in the immediate removal of all mysteries, which is not only foreign to the modern scientific spirit, but even directly opposed to it. In fact, the leaders of science inform us that many of the great mysteries they recognise must remain for ever insoluble.

The sneers at literature in the second stanza show an equal want of comprehension of the modern spirit. It is a part of the craft of the satirist to make it appear that his victims sell their talents *à vil prix*.

> Trimm, pour un sou, nous vend les suprêmes clartés.

Timothée Trimm (M. Léo Lespès) is not a great literary man, and from his enormous productiveness (an article a day, regularly) it is clear that he must often touch upon subjects that he has not really studied; but the sneer at the pecuniary cheapness of his talent is ridiculous. Few journalists have ever earned so large an income as M. Léo Lespès. To put it in a form intelligible to M. Veuillot, he earns as much as seven French bishops, and this pecuniary success is the measure of his vast influence, since he writes in the halfpenny papers. Almost every workman in France

* *Les Couleuvres.* Par Louis Veuillot. Paris: Palmé. 1869.

reads Timothée Trimm, and there is not a writer living, except Mr. Charles Dickens, whose pen has such extensive influence amongst the people. And this popular literature, especially when (as in the case in question) the writer is a *chroniqueur* touching upon many subjects in lively and readable essays, finds in its very cheapness an element of power. The Church herself has a cheap press, and sells *suprêmes clartés* at as low a figure as possible. It would have been in better taste to let M. Havin alone just after he was dead, but M. Veuillot is incapable of restricting himself within the limits of decency. Having insulted M. Havin during his life, he must now have a kick at his corpse.

M. Veuillot's hatred of Paris and the Parisians finds perhaps its most intense expression in a poem entitled "Quitter Paris":—

> Sur plus d'alignement quel monde plus servile
> Prend sa loi des journaux, des filles, des tailleurs?
> *Quel pavé voit grouiller populace plus vile?*
> Je ne saurai jamais tant m'ennuyer ailleurs!

What is hateful in satire of this kind is its determination to see everything on the unfavourable side, to be as uncharitable and as misanthropic as it can. M. Veuillot is determined to see nothing good in the population of Paris because it is not very ardently Catholic; is, in fact, decidedly anti-clerical. But, studied from a human rather than a clerical point of view, the Parisians are not altogether vile. How ill the world could spare Paris, with her artistic culture and her intellectual light! How many noble lives are led within the wide circle of her fortifications—lives devoted to the best labour of the mind, and marked by a simplicity as to externals which is all the more striking and admirable that it is surrounded by so much luxury! There is no place in the world where a man of talent may live more genially and happily—where his poverty, if he happens to be poor, is so slight an obstacle to the attainment of a pleasant and respected place in the world. The temper of the Parisian lower classes, as contrasted with the temper of the French peasantry, is remarkable, too, for great kindness and sympathy. There are probably few cities in the world, and not a single country province, where the poor help each other so much. M. Veuillot complains of *ennui* in Paris, but Paris is the last place in the world where an intelligent man would suffer from *ennui*. It is a sinful place, no doubt, but it is not a more sinful place than Rome, and we fear that London and New York are little better. The explanation of M. Veuillot's hatred of Paris is that he hates the modern spirit of which Paris is the metropolis and home.

We cannot say much in favour of the literary quality of M. Veuillot's book. The versification is often extremely poor, as for instance in the following verses, which, being printed in italics, and at the beginning of the book, ought to have been rather more careful in structure:—

> Comme il est écrit sans faconde,
> Comme il fut pensé sans apprêt,
> Je n'attends pas que ce livret
> M'attire une estime profonde.
>
> Mais comme la raison abonde
> En mainte page, l'on pourrait
> Me supposer un plan secret
> De me moquer du pauvre monde.
>
> Je ne suis point si mal appris!
> Je n'ai ni haine ni mépris
> Pour la naïve espèce humaine.
>
> Je dirai plus: je l'aime un peu;
> Cela, tu le verras sans peine,
> Lecteur, si tu sais lire.—Adieu.

Let us, in conclusion, express the hope that M. Veuillot's condition of mind is not a common one amongst the members of the clerical party in France. A more spiteful and malignant writer does not exist. The idea of justice seems to have no place in the man's brain. In the name of religion he utters the most outrageous slanders, and then grins with horrible satisfaction at his own foulness. No wonder that Paris should be disagreeable to him; the place he lives in must always be disagreeable to him. Even the priests who employ his pen cannot respect him. The wonder is that the Church should be willing to accept aid from such a source.

WARD'S LECTURES ON THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.*

WE trust that these Lectures are the forerunners of something on a larger scale from the same hand. There is probably no living Englishman so well fitted to deal with the German history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as Mr. Ward. If we had no other means of knowing the fact, the little book before us would go a long way to persuade us of it. How far the lectures were effective as lectures we do not at all know, and we should greatly like to know. They were delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and we are bound to suppose that an audience of Edinburgh philosophers will understand many things which an ordinary audience would not understand. An ordinary audience, we feel sure, would not go away from Mr. Ward's lectures with any very clear idea of the Thirty Years' War. The case is much the same as with Mr. Ward's Translation of Ernst Curtius. We ventured to think that a writer less thoroughly saturated with German scholarship than Mr. Ward would really make a better translation from German into English. So here he is in a manner crushed under the weight of his own subject. There is so much to be crowded into a small compass, and he has the whole story so thoroughly at his fingers' ends, that he seems hardly to make enough allowance for the necessary ignorance of his hearers. As it is the great temptation to do in such cases, Mr. Ward falls into a sort of allusive way of telling his story, which is effective with those who know it well already, but which is apt to be puzzling to those who do not. But, as we before said, we are perhaps judging an Edinburgh audience by audiences of a meaner clay, and, if the philosophers of Modern Athens could follow Mr. Ward with ease through the whole course of these two lectures, we are thoroughly glad to hear it. One thing is certain; whatever effect the lectures may have had as lectures, they abundantly show how thoroughly competent Mr. Ward is to undertake the subject in some form which will not compel him so painfully to compress his knowledge into a small compass. He shows throughout that thorough mastery of the time of which he is speaking without which a man has no right to undertake a great historical subject. His study of the Thirty Years' War has plainly been no holiday work. He has gone thoroughly into the matter; he has looked at it from all sides, and he has approached it in a spirit of genuine criticism and impartiality. He has that vigorous and trenchant way of dealing with things which comes from thorough familiarity with the times and events of which he is speaking. In short, we have often read lectures which we should think must have been more attractive and effective at their delivery; but we have never read any lectures which bear more thoroughly the impress of one who has a true and vigorous grasp of the subject in hand, none which give us richer promise of what we are likely to have if the author ever throws the results of his labours into a more congenial shape.

Mr. Ward's subject, it must be remembered, is not the Thirty Years' War, but the House of Austria during the Thirty Years' War. This carries him back for a long time before the beginning of the war, while the later stages of the war itself are somewhat hurried over. To set forth the position of the House of Austria when the great war began, it is necessary to sketch the career of the German branch of it from Charles the Fifth, or indeed from Maximilian, onwards. Mr. Ward sketches off the successive princes of the family in a vigorous and epigrammatic style. Maximilian is, "in poetry and prose, saluted as 'the Last German Knight,' while in truth he ought to be remembered as the first German *Landsknecht*." Charles the Fifth "entered into a conflict with the spirit of the German nation." To him that nation "came to owe its permanent disintegration." Charles, in fact, was too much of an Emperor, he held too much of a really Imperial position, he came too near to being a true "mundi dominus," to succeed as a national King in Germany or anywhere. We think, however, that Mr. Ward and the German writers whom he follows look rather too much on Charles as a Spaniard. Surely the peculiarity of Charles's position is the truly Imperial characteristic of belonging to no nation in particular. But, so far as Charles of Ghent could be said to have any nationality, it was surely Flemish rather than Spanish. All that Mr. Ward says of Charles's German reign is a specimen of his best manner, and he gives in a short space the result of no small thought and reading. We would except only an incomprehensible sentence in which he says that Charles "caused the princes who were individually impotent against him to identify the *unsolidation of their territorial autonomy* with the national cause." Here we come very near to meeting the Insoluble. We can only guess that "unsolidation" is somehow the opposite to "solidarity." But till we know what "solidarity" means, this does not make us much the wiser. But we will let Mr. Ward off for his "unsolidation" on the strength of a passage which does one good to read:—

> The French King had, for the first time, crossed the frontier as *vindex libertatis Germanicæ*; and though his German allies were eager to withdraw from the shameful league, France clung to the prize which she had cheaply secured—clung to it, till a century afterwards it was legally incorporated in the French monarchy in the Peace of Westphalia. And thus Germany, which to the dynastic ambition of the greatest of the Habsburgs owed the perpetuation of her weakness, saw the greed and the terror of his opponents begin a new page in her history—the most shameful which its records contain. France henceforth had a footing in the Empire; nor has she ever since awoke from the hallucination that a river German on either bank, from source to sea, was designed by nature—for it is nature who is credited with the device—as a boundary-line.

The notion about the frontier of the Rhine is a memorable instance of the way in which it is possible to say a thing over and over again till people believe it, perhaps till the speaker believes it himself. When the historical limits of the Rhone and the Saone are once passed, why stop at the Rhine? Why not the Elbe, the Vistula, or the Dnieper? The armies of the Great Nation have visited them all.

Then came Ferdinand the First, then Maximilian the Second. We are here reminded of that brilliant essay of Lord Macaulay which set forth in how large a portion of its possessions the Roman Catholic religion was in the position of a ruler who had been driven out and who has returned from banishment. That Austria is now Roman Catholic was, as every reader of that essay will remember, the work of the Jesuit reaction of those days. Under Ferdinand, who "played fast and loose with the privileges conceded by him to his Protestant subjects, without giving violent umbrage to either side"—under Maximilian, tolerant on principle, Protestantism had conquered well nigh the

* *The House of Austria in the Thirty Years' War.* Two Lectures, with Notes and Illustrations. By Adolphus William Ward, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

whole of the Austrian dominions. But, as Mr. Ward says, "the virtues and the weaknesses of Maximilian combined to ripen the situation for the outbreak of the Great War":—

> As it was, in Austria and Styria the Protestant lords were allowed the free exercise of their religion; and with the aid of pastors from Wittenberg, fast converted their tenantry; while in Bohemia religious liberty was virtually permitted; Silesia and Moravia as usual sharing the fortunes of the sister-dominion. Yet it was not toleration by an individual sovereign, but a legally-defined position, independent of the individuality of himself or his successors, which Maximilian, warned by his knowledge of the character of his probable successor, should have bestowed upon Protestantism, if he was really minded to open a new era for his states. A charter such as the Bohemians afterwards extorted from Rhodolph might, if granted by Maximilian, have founded religious liberty upon a basis which even the determination of Ferdinand II. would have proved unable to shake; while the *permanent* establishment of the privileges of the Austrian and Styrian Estates would have proved an obstacle to the same prince in the first step which he took towards the great reaction.

Then, in 1576, after the second Maximilian, came the second Rudolf, whose name, by the way, Mr. Ward writes in the somewhat uncouth-looking form of Rhodolph. But Mr. Ward's portrait of the stargazing Emperor is one of the best things in his book. Nowhere does his power of terse, keen, epigrammatic expression come out more strongly. Rudolf "was one of those princes who, like Louis XV. of France, seem passive instruments in the hands of the evil genius of their people." "His courtiers called him a Solomon; but even in the prime of his years he was a Solomon in his dotage." He "sat in his chamber, where perpetual silence was enjoined, dreaming over the horoscopes of foreign ambassadors, the single kind of inquiry which he was interested in addressing to them." One is reminded of other studies of Mr. Ward's when we hear of "Philip Lang, a vile minion, characterized by all the sensuality and recklessness of a Cæsarean freedman." Here again we cannot withhold an extract:—

> By education he was a Spaniard; for, during the childhood of the wretched epileptic Don Carlos, Philip, uncertain as to the life of this his sole heir, had been fain to bring up the Archduke and his brother Ernest at his own court as possible successors to his thrones. The influences of a court which, in the opinion of Catherine de' Medici, transformed even her daughter, a Medici and a Valois, into a thorough Spaniard, and which actually thus transformed a son of William of Orange—had deepened the natural gloom of a mind in which, as in that of more than one other Habsburg, rankled the fatal heritage of the mad Joanna. When in his twenty-fifth year Rhodolph ascended his thrones, he brought with him the manners and sentiments, but not the indefatigable energy of the Spanish king; nor the belief in himself which, notwithstanding the philippics of distinguished historians, saves the royal scribe of the Escurial from the contempt of posterity.

Our readers may perhaps remember that we have always held that Mr. Motley rather overdid matters in his utter depreciation of Philip the Second, whom Mr. Ward hits off in his best manner as "the royal scribe of the Escurial." We are glad to find Mr. Ward taking the same line.

We leap over Matthias to Ferdinand the Second, who "enters under widely different conditions indeed, but with virtually the same ends, upon a resumption of the task of Charles the Fifth." "A man devoid of genius but strong of will," he "consciously resumed what seemed to have become a hopeless task." That task is "to crush out heresy, and to establish a monarchy which, from Baltic to Adriatic, shall be one in allegiance and one in faith." His portrait is drawn with as vigorous a hand as the portrait of Rudolf; but we must hasten on. Mr. Ward's subject is, at least indirectly, the Thirty Years' War, and in most minds the main interest of the Thirty Years' War gathers round the name of Gustavus. Let us see how the great Protestant champion appears in the eye of Mr. Ward. He is less full about him than we could have wished, but his view of the Swedish King's policy is clearly set forth:—

> Gustavus Adolphus—of this there remains no doubt—aspired to no less a prize than the Imperial crown. But it was not his intention to wrest it from Ferdinand. Rather, it appears to result from his entire course of action, that he designed to carve out for himself with his sword a great territory, by the tenure of which he would become a great German prince, entitled at Ferdinand's death to claim the German crown, to which he should have been in the lifetime of the defeated Emperor appointed the successor.

Lastly we have Ferdinand the Third, we have the end of the war, we have the weary diplomacy of Munster and Osnabruck, and we have the Peace of Westphalia. We have the Imperial dignity cut down to a shadow, but still retaining that strange life which enabled it to drag on through another century and a half of being. "Shorn and mutilated, the Empire had become a mere aggregate of independent territories." "What was the Emperor now beyond a president among his peers?" Worse still, France is "satisfied," satisfied "with German territory, and with what she prizes still more dearly, the opportunities of future interference." These and many other subjects Mr. Ward glances at; he only glances at them, but he glances at them in a way which makes us long for a fuller treatment of them by the same hand. Mr. Ward says that the labours of Ranke have made a history of the Thirty Years' War possible. We trust that he will practically show that it is so.

ECHOES IN PLANT AND FLOWER LIFE.*

ABOUT this time last year we noticed an interesting provocative to the study of the *Trees of Old England* from the pen of Mr. Grindon, and owned the charm of his intelligent and enthusiastic descriptions of the phenomena of tree-life. He has now put forth a similar little book on the Echoes of Plant and Flower Life, calculated to inspire even indifferent bystanders with a curiosity to know more of botany, and to teach beginners how much food there is in plant-life for the poetic mind. Unless where his subject runs away with him, and he is betrayed into surmises as to the admiration with which Penelope must have regarded the hyacinthine locks of Ulysses (p. 105), there is nothing in this little volume that is not in good taste; and what there is of sentiment never descends to maudlin, but is mainly justified by the subject-matter. The author indeed is to be welcomed as one who brings to keen investigation a mind the very reverse of sceptical, which applies every discovery to the vindication rather than the calling in question of providential economies. Gifted with a lively fancy and an observant receptive mind, he is quicker to spy concords than discords. "To me," he writes, "it is still a fact of most pleasant recollection that in the balanced beauty of the swinging anthers of the woodbine lay one of the earliest incitements I received to the study of flower-structure." He claims for a rightly-conceived "Language of Flowers" (not the "Oriental," nor its frivolous latter-day expansion) the rank of "an integral portion of genuine botany which does not concern itself alone with forms and surfaces, but rises from these considerations, after mastering them, to scrutiny as to how plants procure their living, what they have to say for themselves, alike for the glory of God and the delight and instruction of man. He who stays among the forms and surfaces is only a vegetable anatomist—expert and learned, it may be, as to externals—but he is no botanist till he asks what do these things signify? Both occupations are good; let neither observer look with disparagement on the other. One is Lucretius enumerating the phenomena; the other is Virgil extracting and portraying the loveliness."

By his title, "Echoes," Mr. Grindon explains that he does not mean resemblances, such as are the basis of popular nomenclature or scientific classification, found in superficial aspect or relative affinities; not real family likenesses, or illusive resemblances that might pass for such; but, as he expresses it, "resonances from things of another substance," the action of which he illustrates, in his own style, "by the tree in the ancient forest calling to the blossom on the hills; and the fern in the dell calling to the weed on the beach." These echoes or resonances he teaches us to apprehend in the general aspect and *figure* of plants, in their leaf, flower, bracts and calyces, stamens and pistils, fruit, seed, colour, and odours; and this teaching he divides into six chapters, followed by a brief conclusion. And, under whichsoever of these heads we test his principles and research, we shall find equal ground for satisfaction. For example, touching echoes of plan and figure in his first chapter, he points out how the passion-flowers, and the gourd and melon race (cucurbitaceæ), although differing widely in blossom, correspond almost exactly in stem and foliage, habit, and tendril. The passion-flower fruit is a miniature gourd; the gourd ripens "titanesque passion-flower berries." Both are naturally climbers, and equally throw out "great curling claspers, like wire bell-strings, which often midway reverse the direction of the coil." To this illustration Mr. Grindon appends an interesting notice of the various climbing instruments of different plants. Those above-mentioned send out their tendrils from the axils of the leaves, or the angles formed by the union of leaf and stem. Some, like the Gloriosa of the East Indies, and the Mutisias, cling by the attenuated and twisted extremities of their leaves. Others, like the Tropœolums and Clematis, and the Ramping Fumitory, supply their lack of tendril by curling their leaf-stalks. The Virginian creeper puts out sprays of tentacula, each long fibre of which ends with a viscid cementing knob; and in two other plants, quite distinct and unallied, the leaf-stalks, as soon as the blade is withered, harden into hooks. Under the same head we learn how the Villarsia, an aquatic member of that terrestrial and Alpine family the Gentians, echoes the Nymphæas and water-lilies, and is "an Undine among the wild flowers"; and how the tropical palm tree is echoed in miniature as to its "coronal of pinnate leaves" by the Oxalis, or wood-sorrel, which in sensitiveness, if we may take Mr. Grindon's experience as conclusive on this sometimes disputed point, echoes the Mimosa. The palm-cyperus, akin in race and foliage to the sedges, is also palm-like in its top; and what it and the Oxalis are to the palm, the "Equiseta" or "horse-tails" are to the conifers, minute and mimic counterparts.

In his *Trees of Old England* Mr. Grindon was very instructive and entertaining upon leaf-forms; and into the second chapter of his present volume he throws much curious matter as to their "echoes." Of plants with peltate leaves—that is, circular leaves with a dimple in the centre, and a stalk attached to the point of the underside of the leaf which corresponds to this dimple, "as a pillar to a work-table"—the grandest example is the Egyptian Lotus, or Nelumbium Speciosum. This rises out of the water in forties and fifties, like green plates a foot across, upon stalks ascending to fully the height of a man. A middling echo to these is found in the leaves of the "caper-nasturtium," whose botanical name, "Tropœolum," bears witness to their supposed resemblance to those great round shields which were the *pièce de résistance* of a trophy. But our author notes a tinier echo still, in the "fairies' tables" of the "Hydrocotyle Vulgaris," the marsh-pennywort of our moors and pastures, and the "Cotyledon Umbilicus," or navel-wort," that springs out of wall-chinks and tree-fissures. This last echoes the Lotus, not only in its form of leaf, but in its epiphytic, and not parasitic, character. He has much also to say on the echoes of oblique leaves, those curious blades one side of

* *Echoes in Plant and Flower Life.* By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer in Botany at the Royal School of Medicine Manchester. London: F. Pitman. 1869.

whose midrib doubles, and sometimes trebles, the other; of holly-shaped, fork-veined, and feather-like leaves respectively. These last mark the foliage of all that family of trees the fruit of which is contained in some sort of cup or bowl. The exactness with which in its tiny capsule the little "Pimpernel" echoes these grander "cupuliferæ" is the signal to Mr. Grindon for one of his characteristic outbreaks of poetic fancy, an allusion to Helen's quest of a meet vase of gold to offer to her gods. Prosaic folks will find marvel enough in his data about dotted leaves, which, however diverse in family, agree for the most part in being resinous, or aromatic. So it is with the leaves of the myrtle, orange, and lemon; and, not confined to tropical plants, these oil-specked translucent dots mark the familiar St. John's worts of our temperate zone. To discern them the leaf requires to be held between the eye and the light, for though one St. John's wort (Hypericum) is called "perforatum," the specks in question are oil-glands, not actual holes. In his remarks on the venation of flower and tree leaves, Mr. Grindon includes a recipe for copying these by the "chromotype" process, depending on chemicals and sunshine. The mention of these odorous leaves carries us to the sixth chapter, on scents and colours. Most persons are aware of the reproduction of the scent of the Indian fruit by the lemon-scented verbena of Chili, and of the more ignoble echo of cherry-tart in the heliotrope. But here we have the odours of peppermint and garlic repeated in divers flowering-plants of the Cape and of Jamaica, and the smell of musk given out by divers unconnected flowers of various class and clime. Here too we learn the curious property of the orchids, summarizing and recapitulating much that belongs to other classes of plants. Not only do some of them echo the musky odour; but others reproduce the fruit-scents—apple, citron, strawberry, and the aromatics—clove and cinnamon and vanilla. And we are reminded—after learning that odour is of the essence of a flower—how curious are the relations between colour and scent. "Blue and scent rarely go together. White flowers, as a rule, are fragrant; orange-coloured, brownish, and lurid ones are generally disagreeable." But it must suffice to have glanced at those interesting facts, as there are features in the intervening chapters which must not pass unnoticed. In discussing the echoes of the "flower," Mr. Grindon notes the twofold scope of their teaching and use—their physical and moral intent. He recognises in flower-life an echo of man's life. The physical end of both is reproduction; but he regards flower-life as having for its other office to assist man by its analogies and echoes to interpret the mysteries of his own nature. Our author delights in moralizing on these real or apparent analogies. Thus, after enumerating the echoes of different fashions of inflorescence by members of families whose normal floral arrangement would not justify such an echo, and noting how the azure Jasione, a flowret of the bell-shaped order, echoes the alien "Scabiosa arvensis," he is led by the seeming watch which the latter keeps upon the wayfarer from out of the hedgerow to touch the question of the "consciousness of flowers"—one which we might have expected him, with Wordsworth and the "Sketcher," to answer affirmatively. But he resists the *amabilis insania*, and holds theirs to be a much less elevated poetry than "that which contemplates the lofty indifference of nature" parallel with, but independent of, man's concerns and feelings.

Perhaps, however, it is when he contemplates "bract" and "calyx" (stalk-leaf and flower-cup), and stamen and pistil, that the variety of Mr. Grindon's research is most pleasantly apparent. In pp. 60–1 he shows how, in the grander Euphorbias of tropical South America and of Madagascar, what seems a superb scarlet corolla is only the leaf aping the colour of the blossom, the intensely coloured "bract" eclipsing the petal, the flowers themselves being comparatively insignificant beads. Our roadsides supply an illustration of this in the sage-like Clary (Salvia Verbenaca), of which the flower is insignificant in comparison with the tufty "bracts" of rose or violet. Upon this phenomenon the author remarks, "that wherever the subordinate part of a plant successfully emulates the aspect and complexion of a higher one, the latter foregoes its prerogative, and, though retaining all its functions and usefulness, becomes comparatively plain and unattractive." A compensatory law of singular interest! Again, after enunciating the rule of *three* or *five* calycine pieces in every *evident* corolla, according as it owns the queendom of lily or rose, he has a sound and instructive reflection on such exceptions to the rosaceous type as the fuchsias, the evening primrose, and the woodruff, all of which are four-petaled and have but four calycine pieces. He accounts for these as results of "some singular law of non-development, not yet visible to man," as is proved by "the incessant effort of individuals to attain the full or fivefold character." This effort is proved by abundant quinary examples of the above-named flowers, which are not therefore "monstrosities," but rather struggles to return to the normal type. Nothing in the lily tribes echoes the pentamerous structure of the rose, though the converse occurs in the ternary flower of the berbery. When liliaceous plants echo their rosaceous rivals, it is in tint and texture, due to their calyx and corolla appearing to be a flower of six petals. The calyx in the chief liliaceous tribes almost rises to the petaloid condition. A very quotable passage in this chapter is that which results from the author's observation of the so-called "sleep of flowers," and in which he notes how, in one way or another, the outer petals of flowers protect the tender inner parts from cold and wet. But we must refer our readers to it, as also to the main features of Mr. Grindon's interesting remarks upon stamens and pistil, filaments, anthers, pollen, and all the curious organisms for plant production, in which they will find not only a complete array of facts deserving to be known, but also many hints as to parallels and resemblances hitherto perhaps undreamed of. In every page we find the same tone of reverence for nature's perfect work. Touching upon the exceptional instances of solitary stamens, he bids us learn from "such curious withholding of parts and organs" nature's design "to show how easily, and at the same time how most thoroughly, she can accomplish a given end after apparently cancelling the means and instruments." Discussing, further on, the different movements of the anthers, with an aim to discharge their pollen, when

> Lo! with inward curling force, each fine and slender thread
> Elastic springs to find its mate, and with its like to wed—

he notices "the courtesies in flower-life" which are discoverable in some of these. In the centre of the Parnassia, a veined white flower of buttercup size and shape,

> stands a conical purplish ovary, around which, while young, kneel five sulphur-coloured anthers. Presently one of these enlarges considerably; the filament elongates to such an extent as to enable it to incline over the ovary, which it kisses and then retires; meanwhile the anther of the next alternate stamen is swelling, and becoming lifted so as to enable it to fulfil the same design; then rises the stamen next alternate to the preceding one, and finally the two last rise nearly together, so that not one of the five is left absolutely to the last. Eventually all five (usually casting off their emptied anthers) lie back horizontally among their petals, forming a five-rayed star; in due time the ovary becomes a capsule of innumerable seeds, resembling the finest sawdust, and next year the ground is whitened anew with the floral snow.

We have said enough to show that the author of "Echoes" is gifted with a poet's vision and fancy; and we can cordially recommend the book to such readers as require an attractive cicerone to guide them across the threshold of botanical science.

ENGLISH HOMES IN INDIA.*

A NOTICE prefixed to these volumes by the publishers informs us that the writer is "an accomplished member of a family whose name is conspicuous in Indian story"; and further, that, as she is now resident in India, the book has not had the benefit of her final supervision. Any blemishes are therefore to be set down to the author's absence, whilst her descriptions of society are to be accepted as at least first-hand. The apology must go for what it is worth in accounting for certain little defects in the narrative, which show a want either of literary experience or of careful correction, but which are by no means very annoying; they consist chiefly in certain unnecessary chapters by which the stories are eked out to their detriment as artistic wholes. The merit claimed for the descriptions may also be admitted in so far as they are obviously the work of a person familiar with the scenery. The claim, however, is rather misleading if it induces any reader to anticipate glowing accounts of Indian scenery, or very vivid pictures of Indian life. We should say that description is by no means the author's forte. There is a due sprinkling of the regular Indian names—we open upon such words as tiffin and dirzee and gharree and gindee, and many others used with abundant freedom—but they do not by themselves give a very strong local colouring. We are not brought any nearer to the Indian landscape, or to the indefinable atmosphere of Eastern life, than in any average book of travels, and most people are tolerably familiar with all the positive facts that they are likely to find mentioned. The stories have the fault, common with inexperienced writers, of being too much crowded with incident. The author is evidently afraid to an unreasonable extent of being dull; she will not give herself space to fill up the details of her plot; one catastrophe is hurried upon another till we are out of breath with the rapidity of the changes; and we thus have merely the skeleton of a novel, without the due covering of flesh and blood. Yet the author has some decided merits, which make one at least of the two stories very amusing. She is obviously full of a feminine impetuosity which gives a certain intensity to her style, and which occasionally leads to rather irrelevant outbreaks. For no particular reason, she explodes at one place into a totally irrelevant denunciation of the mobocracy, tyranny of brute force, and other evils illustrated, in her opinion, by the American war. She keeps more closely to her subject in denouncing the Sepoy rebellion, and exalting the marvellous heroism exhibited by her countrymen in 1857. "My pulse throbs to-day," she says in the character of one of her heroes, "as it did ten years ago, whenever I think of that tale of loathsome treachery and villanous cruelty. I could as soon find excuses in my brain, benevolence in my heart, towards the fiends of darkness, as to those their messengers on earth, if I let myself think of it; and therefore I may not think thereon."

Burns, we know, succeeded in finding a certain amount of compassion even for "auld Nickie-ben"; and we will hope that in time the author may learn to speak with less ferocity even of a mutinous Sepoy. Meanwhile her gush of vehemence, though rather out of character in the mouth of a male narrator, shows us a little of her real state of feeling. She is evidently in full sympathy with the genuine old Indian of the days before the mutiny or competition-wallahs; she partakes their prejudices, feels for their grievances, and is indignant with every one who presumes to find fault with them. She is exceedingly proud—and we have no wish to complain of her pride—of the great statesmen and soldiers who have built up our Indian empire. The

* *English Homes in India.* 2 vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1869.

worst villain whom she introduces is a wretched being who declares that "England is ripe for a republic," abuses a "vile aristocracy and a bloated priesthood," and is abandoned enough to hold that Englishmen habitually bully the natives and trample upon their dearest prejudices. This wretch is of course white with fear during an attack of the mutineers upon a small English garrison, and is threatened with immediate execution by a noble lieutenant in the army for making certain proposals savouring of treachery or pusillanimous surrender. The lady has certain qualms as to the propriety of actually striking a Hindoo, though one of her pet heroes is in the habit of doing so under provocation. He apologizes for his action to a lady fresh from England, but it is distinctly intimated that this is a fault on the right side. The unlucky native whom he knocks down, and who has committed the further unpardonable crime of getting rich at the expense of an incapable English employer—aided by the diabolical cringing and flattery practised by his abandoned race—is not suffered to escape without poetical justice. He is detected with rebel despatches, and summarily hanged, in spite of a feeble suggestion of the heroine that he might as well be pardoned. In short, the writer has a true feminine admiration of the most unqualified kind for her own countrymen and all their actions, and we can guess, without being expressly told, what is her opinion of Mr. Mill and Governor Eyre.

The principal moral of the book, so far as it has any particular moral, is the extreme difficulty of keeping out of debt in India. Of her two stories, the first depends almost entirely upon the fearful financial difficulties which involve an unlucky English family, the chief member of which is an engineer on an Indian railway. In spite of the best intentions on their own part, and owing partly to giving the Hindoo credit for some approach to honesty, they are ultimately brought to the verge of ruin; and the heroine is compelled to marry, with a view to serving her relations. In the other story, almost every person concerned is steeped to the very eyes in debt, and the most amiable find refuge from their troubles in a premature death. Indeed, there is a certain melancholy tone in both the stories, from the constant impecuniosity of all the actors, and the excessive mortality amongst them and their children. The author slays them right and left with an unmerciful hand, though she manages to tack a happy conclusion to a rather dismal story. If we were to sum up her accounts of Indian life shortly, we should say that the normal career of an Englishman in that unhappy country was to begin by getting into debt; then to marry, and get deeper into debt still; then to have children, who plunge him a degree further into the same hopeless bondage; and, finally, to be reduced to such a state that only two modes of escape are open—either the death of most of his family, which is highly probable, or the acquisition of a fortune by marriage or inheritance, which is scarcely to be expected except in novels. The natives have many faults, especially an unpleasant one of acting as leeches upon their masters' fortunes; but, if treated with a firm hand, they have also some considerable merits. These, however, are chiefly to be found amongst servants of the old school.

It is perhaps unfair to deduce from a novel any definite series of propositions of this kind. Probably the lady may have meant to give on the whole a different impression from that which her readers may derive. If she had written an essay instead of a novel, she would doubtless have given a more careful account of the matter. We will endeavour, therefore, to make her amends for any unintentional misrepresentation of her meaning by the willing admission that she shows considerable talent. The characters, though not drawn at much length, are forcibly sketched, and the ladies at any rate are lifelike and agreeable. The story called "The Wrong Turning" is, on the whole, very spirited. The plot is indeed bold in the extreme, and reminds us more of one of Edgar Poe's devices than of the domestic British novelist. The distinguished Count Schucksen invented by Captain Marryat may possibly have given the hint. That gentleman, as our readers will remember, is the butterfly of which Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, was the chrysalis. Having the good fortune to be left for dead in an officer's uniform, he passes himself off upon the Swedes as a British nobleman, and becomes an admiral in their service. The adventures of Mr. Elgin in "The Wrong Turning" are still more startling. By a lucky combination of circumstances he manages to assume the character of a rich cousin, who dies on board the same ship in which he is sailing, and who happens to be exactly his double in personal appearance. By this means he not only obtains admission into the Indian Civil Service, but, what is still more surprising, he manages after a few years to pass himself off upon the family of the man personated. He thus finds himself heir to a baronetcy and a large fortune, and provided with a pair of beautiful sisters, and a large circle of connexions and admirers. The story is so well managed that we are quite ready to yield that amount of credulity which may be fairly demanded for the appreciation of a novel. Indeed, given two or three very singular coincidences, there is no particular reason why the trick should not succeed under the peculiar circumstances described. The plot is very well adapted to produce the necessary situations for illustrating Indian life; and we must leave it to our readers to discover in the book itself the progress and ultimate fate of the virtuous impostor—for it is perhaps the most singular circumstance of all that the young gentleman turns out to be a pattern of admirable qualities. The other story is inferior in ingenuity, though there is a certain audacity in its construction. A young lady is supposed to have three lovers in succession. She returns the affection of the first two, one of whom turns out to be a scamp, whilst the other is summarily killed off; she then marries the third, without caring for him particularly, and the match turns out to be a very happy one. It would be a neat problem for a young novelist to work out this plot so as to make it tolerably natural, and yet to preserve our esteem for the heroine. When we say that the author of *English Homes in India* performs this feat very satisfactorily, we have implied that she has really some skill as a story-teller. And if she were a little less anxious to bring out morals about Indian society and politics, and would write her stories frankly, without any purpose beyond that of amusing her readers, we see no reason why she should not succeed exceedingly well, besides being quite as instructive as she is at present. If there must be a moral in a story, it should not be given raw, but be left for the discovery of the inquiring reader as resulting spontaneously from the whole character of the book.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WHILE the fate of Livingstone is still in suspense, the attention of the geographical world is invited to the remains of another African traveller who has been frequently mentioned of late years. Baron von der Decken* does not appear to have enriched geographical science by any remarkable discovery. We find, at least, none recorded in this first volume of his travels, nor have we any reason to suppose that any was made by him. His claims to respect are derived partly from the literary merit of his work, and still more from his personal character and the almost unique position he occupies among African explorers. Noble by birth, and possessed of an ample fortune, he forsook the European society he was so well qualified to adorn, and devoted himself with astonishing persistency to the exploration of East Africa. Four unsuccessful expeditions failed to damp his ardour, and he perished in a fifth. To this title to respect will now be added the association with his name of a work of singular ability and interest. It is not properly his, for, although based upon his notes, it owes its attractive form to the pen of Dr. Otto Kersten, the companion of some of his earlier expeditions. Great part of its value is also due to the papers and sketches of a young Englishman, Mr. Richard Thornton, who, after leaving Dr. Livingstone's expedition, with which he was originally connected, joined the Baron, and perished with him. Thornton was a man of science, which Decken apparently was not. The value of his observations, and the graphic power of his descriptions, are handsomely acknowledged by Dr. Kersten, who has, indeed, frequently fused the notes of Decken and Thornton into a continuous narrative. We imagine, however, that the most interesting portion of this first volume is principally due to his own pen. It is the copious and picturesque description of the city of Zanzibar, the great centre of civilization and commerce on the inhospitable coast of East Africa. A more lively picture has rarely been traced. As a great commercial city, Zanzibar naturally exhibits an immense variety of nations, creeds, manners, and costumes. It may be compared to Singapore, which it greatly resembles. Such commercial prosperity naturally implies a degree of toleration, good government, and security for life and property, not often found in Africa. In fact, the state of feeling seems greatly to resemble that in Southern Arabia, so graphically described by Mr. Palgrave. The sovereign and his aristocracy are Arabs, the bulk of his subjects negroes, his guards Beloochees, and his revenue officers Hindoos. The Hindoos play the same part in Zanzibar as the Jews in Europe. They are the great merchants and bankers, and the Custom-house is entirely managed by them. Their ceremonial peculiarities are as marked and as troublesome as those of the most orthodox Jews. Each has his cow, which is more to him than wife and children. The Quakers of the East, they will on no account kill a serpent that may enter their houses, but conscience does not prohibit them from walling it up. The manners and customs of these various races are described with extraordinary spirit, and the account of the scenery and natural productions of the island is not less interesting. The latter part of the volume is richer in incident, but more of a piece with the ordinary narratives of African travel. It describes Decken's fruitless attempts to penetrate the interior, baffled by the treachery and perverseness of the natives with whom he had to deal. It is a weary record of disappointment, relieved by such interesting episodes as seeing eight lions in company, and shooting three rhinoceroses. Further expeditions will be described in the second volume. The scientific value of the present instalment is not great, but details of this nature appear to be held in reserve. The work is copious, and admirably illustrated by woodcuts and photographs from drawings, and by some beautifully executed maps. It is dedicated to the Princess Victoria of Prussia.

A work on the Byzantine Empire of the middle ages† deserves favourable notice as an industrious compilation of interesting facts, most of which are very little known. The writer would have earned much higher praise had he manifested a firm grasp or a wide view of his subject. He has all the materials for a brilliant

* *Baron Carl Claus von der Decken's Reisen in Ost-Afrika in den Jahren 1859 bis 1865.* Bd. 1. Bearbeitet von Otto Kersten. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Byzantiner des Mittelalters in ihrem Staats-, Hof- und Privatleben.* Von Dr. J. H. Krause. Halle: Schwetschké. London: Nutt.

picture at command, but fails to use them effectively from inability to generalize. The various morsels of information, extracted with laborious diligence from the historians of the Lower Empire, are tacked on to each other until the effect resembles that of a Byzantine mosaic—minute, quaint, and somewhat bewildering. The comments and reflections in which the writer indulges from time to time are rather of the commonplace order, and suggest that he has taken a just measure of his powers in attempting nothing more ambitious. As a compilation, the work is all that could be wished, and teems with curious information respecting all classes of Byzantine society, all branches of the administration, and the state of religion, literature, and commerce. It may suggest to others how fruitful a field remains open for historical research. The grand features of the period have no doubt been adequately exhibited by Gibbon, but the details remain to be filled in. The *Decline and Fall* would gain in value by becoming the centre of a system of auxiliary histories, supplementing the parent work by that exact and minute investigation of collateral points to which the vastness of Gibbon's plan forbade him to descend.

The correspondence of Ludwig von Ompteda *, Hanoverian Minister of State during the early part of this century, affords a most lively picture of the perturbation of the diplomatic world during the period of French preponderance on the Continent. After the occupation of Hanover by the French, Ompteda wandered from place to place, ever finding himself where the opposition to Napoleon was most active, and in intimate relation with the statesmen by whom it was principally conducted. The present volume comes down to 1800, a period when even the most resolute patriots had almost begun to despair.

Professor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy †, equally well known for his ability and his Austrian sympathies, endeavours to clear the Austrian Government from the reproach of having procured the murder of the French envoys to the Congress of Rastadt in 1799. He contends that the deed was committed by French Royalist exiles, but his reasons do not appear very convincing. There seems no doubt that the actual perpetrators were Austrian hussars, whoever may have employed them.

An anonymous history of Austria since the October revolution of 1848 ‡ is also designed as a vindication of the Imperial Government. The writer does indeed make large professions of impartiality, but his bias is sufficiently apparent. He is, however, much too able to exhibit himself in the light of a violent partisan, and it must be admitted that his leanings incline the right way. A more incapable set of men than the leaders of the Vienna revolt never existed, except perhaps the men who put it down. We shall see hereafter if the writer is disposed to deal as severely with the bigotry and narrowness of his own party as with the imbecility of their antagonists. The first volume of his work is entirely devoted to the October revolution. It is a work of much literary merit, and its copious stores of information would have rendered it very valuable had they been selected and displayed with reasonable impartiality.

"Photographs from the Hungarian Diet" § is not a very felicitous title, for the writer does not even attempt to photograph any one except the Premier, Count Andrassy. His sketches are all taken from the political point of view, and he betrays no sign of personal acquaintance with the subjects of any of them. In politics he is a decided adherent of the moderate party led by Deák, but moderation in party spirit is no article of his creed; and his portraits of the members of the Opposition are manifestly too much coloured by prejudice to be in any way trustworthy.

The contest between the Slavonic and the German elements in the Baltic provinces of Russia may appear a small matter at present, but will some day be recognised as a very serious one. A conflict between Germany and Russia would modify the political situation throughout the whole of Europe. Two recent works ‖, themselves only a portion of the literature of the subject, show what copious magazines of discord have been accumulated in the Baltic provinces alone. An independent member might moot the subject in the Prussian or the North German Parliament any day, and the mere discussion of it would go far to compromise the friendly relations which Court Bismark seems desirous of maintaining with Russia. The first of these books is devoted to the political, the second to the religious, grievances of the Czar's German subjects. The latter is by far the more interesting and ably written of the two. The complaints of the Germans are by no means unfounded. There can be no doubt that the St. Petersburg Government aims at completely Russianizing these provinces, and seeks to attain this end by a steady course of persecution, political, social, and ecclesiastical.

The most recent of F. Böhringer's series of ecclesiastical biographies * is devoted to Origen. It is an interesting work, free from dogmatic bias, and written in a clear and simple style. It is chiefly occupied with a copious analysis of Origen's writings, especially of his vindication of Christianity against Celsus.

Eckhart, the German mystic, is the subject of a highly interesting monograph by Adolf Lasson.† Little is said about his biography, for little is known except that he was a preaching friar of great learning, eloquence, and celebrity, that he flourished in the first quarter of the fourteenth century, that his doctrines were condemned by the Pope, and that he in a fashion retracted them shortly before his death. Herr Lasson's analysis of his writings is very exact and copious. Eckhart's thoughts are often of astonishing depth and beauty. His mysticism strongly resembles that of the Orientals. His position in the Church naturally gave it a decided Christian colouring, but this is evidently accidental.

The autobiography of the celebrated preacher Krummacher ‡ might have been expected to prove a piece of mysticism as well, judging from the opinion entertained of him in his lifetime alike by his admirers and his opponents. Both will be surprised by the writer's deficiency in fervour and unction, or in the conventional affectation of these qualities. He appears as a sensible, genial, and not intolerant man, principally distinguished by a clear perception of things as they are, and a knack of exposing the failings of others without seeming to intend it. The book contains numerous interesting sketches of celebrated persons and places. It is somewhat startling to learn that Professor Fries acquired popularity with his pupils at Jena by assisting them to draw up a code of rules for the regulation of duelling.

The tendency of O. Pfleiderer's § work on "Religion," and Marpurg's ‖ "Science and Faith," is conciliatory. Both evince the desire to impart something of a concrete character to philosophical speculation, and to take more account than hitherto of the human needs and emotions which find their expression in the various forms of religious faith.

Herr Maximilian Perty ¶ wishes to effect the still more difficult reconciliation between the belief in clairvoyance, apparitions, &c., and the spirit of modern scientific research. His collection of anecdotes is very rich and highly interesting, but, as usual, scarcely one case is properly authenticated. The few on which it would be safe to rely are precisely those which have least of a supernatural character. Herr Perty is much too easy in the reception of testimony.

Dr. von Hartmann ** has prepared an agreeable surprise for readers repelled by the uninviting title of his work. He is, in the main, a disciple of Schopenhauer, and has followed his master, not merely in the nature of his philosophy, but in his clear and racy manner of setting it forth. A great portion of his arguments and illustrations are derived from physical science and the mathematics, and the consequent impression of firmness and reality is perfectly refreshing. The philosophy thus ably expounded is itself a strange centaur. One half of it abolishes the other. Dr. von Hartmann argues most cogently for the existence of design in the universe; yet he will have it that the cause of all things is unconscious, and the design itself undesigned. He powerfully exhibits the harmony, beauty, and benevolence of existing arrangements, and yet his pessimism surpasses Schopenhauer's, and almost caricatures it. He seems afraid of being thought less logical and consistent than his master. In fact, however, Schopenhauer's pessimism was no product of superior insight, but simply of wounded pride. His first works attracted no attention, and he easily convinced himself that a world which neglected him for thirty years must needs be a very bad one. Dr. von Hartmann has neither his predecessor's egotism nor his earnestness.

The great variety of the contents of J. Bergmann's *Philosophische Monatshefte* †† renders any detailed estimate of their merits impossible. The publication, however, may be recommended as one of considerable value to metaphysical students, who will find in it, not merely a copious collection of essays by various writers, but notices of the most important contemporary publications in this department.

The biographer of Emanuel Geibel ‡‡ has much, and not too much, to say about the difficulty of writing the biography of a man of letters in his lifetime. We are inclined to wish it were impossible. Even Herr Goedeke's dexterous execution cannot reconcile us to an undertaking so inconsistent with good taste. The author, to do him justice, recognises these objections, and employs the first pages of

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* *Politischer Nachlass des hannoverschen Ministers L. von Ompteda, aus den Jahren 1804 bis 1813.* Jena: Frommann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der Rastatter Gesandtenmord.* Von K. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte Oesterreichs vom Ausgange des Wiener October-Aufstandes 1848.* Von G. v. S......n. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

§ *Fotografien aus dem ungarischen Reichstage.* Pest: Grill. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Der deutsch-russische Konflikt an der Ostsee.* Von W. von Bock. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.
Geschichtsbilder aus der lutherischen Kirche Livlands vom Jahre 1845 an. Von G. C. A. von Harless. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen, oder die Kirchengeschichte in Biographieen.* Durch F. Böhringer. Bd. 1. Abth. 2. Zurich. Meyer & Zeller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Meister Eckhart der Mystiker.* Von Adolf Lasson. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacher. Eine Selbstbiographie.* Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Religion, ihr Wesen und ihre Geschichte.* Von Otto Pfleiderer. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Fries. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Das Wissen und der religiöse Glaube.* Von O. Marpurg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Blicke in das verborgene Leben des Menschengeistes.* Von Maximilian Perty. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Philosophie des Unbewussten Versuch einer Weltanschauung.* Von E. von Hartmann. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Philosophische Monatshefte.* Herausgegeben von J. Bergmann. Bd. 2 Berlin: Nicolai. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *Emanuel Geibel.* Von Karl Goedeke. Th. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt.

his work in proving, to every one's satisfaction but his own, that it should never have been attempted. He is, however, so fascinated by his hero's greatness as to be really unable to refrain. Now, a great Geibel is just as inconceivable as a little Napoleon. We would on no account disparage a most meritorious literary workman, but the honest truth is that Geibel is neither more nor less than a minor poet. His writings are charming alike in style and sentiment, but they are simply the refined productions of an accomplished man of letters. Herr Goedeke's point of view compels him to ignore these obvious considerations. He deems it of serious importance to humanity to be duly acquainted with the when, where, and why of each of the pretty fugitive lyrics that constitute the bulk of Geibel's writings. The biographical portion of his labours is executed on the same principle. He seems to be seriously of opinion that fifty incidents not worth telling are equivalent to one of importance. By this method of calculation his volume will be found to contain at least a hundred memorable events. We find it hard to believe that Geibel's own reputation will not suffer from this abortive apotheosis.

The task undertaken by J. J. Honegger * is too vast to be satisfactorily performed by any single writer. To give a satisfactory account of the civilization of the nineteenth century implies a degree of omniscience inconceivable even in an age of competitive examinations. The author, indeed, recoils from no branch of his subject, and would fain appear equally at home in the political, the literary, and the scientific department. It is, however, sufficiently evident that his knowledge is in many instances merely picked up at second hand. It is but natural that he should expatiate most freely where he finds himself most at home; we can therefore excuse the inordinate space devoted to German literature, although it certainly provokes a smile to see Eichendorff and Chamisso each occupying twelve times as much room as Shelley and Keats have between them. The work would be improved by the excision of everything that does not relate to Germany.

Karl Witte † must have devoted a large portion of his life to the study of Dante. The introduction to his collected essays on the subject, describing his original introduction to the great Florentine, and the successive stages of his acquaintance with his writings, is a really charming piece of literary autobiography. The essays themselves treat of a variety of subjects, most of which would only be interesting to very close students of Dante. They have appeared in various periodicals within the last forty-five years, which necessitates the frequent addition of postscripts to bring them up to the level of contemporary criticism. The style is exceedingly agreeable.

Professor Tschischwitz ‡ has at last done something more for Shakspeare than write ingenious essays about him. He has edited *Hamlet* in the style of a Greek play, with various readings, and a copious, but not diffuse, commentary, critical, philological, exegetical, and illustrative, at the bottom of the page. Nothing so comprehensive has, to our knowledge, ever been attempted before. The type is excellent, and the readiness of reference to the notes renders the use of this edition a real luxury. We believe that Dr. Tschischwitz has supplied the pattern which future editors will be obliged to follow. The other plays are to be published on the same plan.

A selection of German poetry with English versions, by H. E. Goldschmidt §, is noticeable as perhaps the only publication extant which supplies materials for an adequate estimate of the latter. The original and the translation are printed on opposite pages, which renders it a most desirable manual for students of German. This secondary character as a school-book may have proved injurious to the collection in an æsthetic point of view. To nothing else, at least, can we attribute the omission of Aytoun and Martin's version of the *Bride of Corinth*. Another peculiarity is the dependence of the compiler on the taste of others. He must follow where his translators lead, and can print no original of which he cannot discover a tolerable rendering. To this we must attribute the incompleteness and apparent caprice of the selection as a representative of German poetry—the entire omission of Novalis, Hölderlin, Lenau, Lingg, Schefer, and Geibel, and the extremely limited space accorded to Ruckert and Platen in comparison with Uhland and Freiligrath. So far as the editor's plan permitted, the selection has been exceedingly well made; the choice of English versions is usually judicious, and their standard of merit high, although there are some amusing exceptions. On the whole, the collection deserves to be cordially recommended.

The *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst* ‖ contains its usual rich store of records of contemporary art, biographies of artists living and dead, essays on æsthetic subjects, and beautiful full-page illustrations. Some memoranda of the conversation of Cornelius are particularly interesting.

* *Grundsteine einer allgemeinen Culturgeschichte der neuesten Zeit.* Von J. J. Honegger. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Weber. London: Nutt.

† *Dante-Forschungen. Altes und Neues.* Von Karl Witte. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

‡ *Shakspere's sämmtliche Werke.* Englischer Text, berichtigt und erklärt von Benno Tschischwitz. 1. Hamlet. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

§ *German Poetry, with the English Versions of the best Translators.* Edited by H. E. Goldschmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst.* Herausgegeben von Dr. C. von Lützow. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW *takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 707, MAY 15, 1869:

London. Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins. St. James's Hall, Monday, May 17, Eight o'clock.—Violin, Madame Norman-Neruda; Pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Vocalists, Madame Monbelli and Signor Gardoni. Symphonies, Mozart, in G major; and Beethoven, No. 7, in A. Overtures, Isles of Fingal, Mendelssohn and Preciosa, Weber. Vieuxtemps' Violin Concerto in E, and Bennett's Caprice in E, for Pianoforte. Stalls, 10s 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d.

MUSICAL UNION.—RUBINSTEIN will arrive May 17, and leave for Russia June 2, and play on Tuesdays, May 18 and June 1, and at no other Concerts this Season. St. James's Hall. The C minor Trio of Mendelssohn, and the Kreutzer Sonata with Vieuxtemps, are included in the Programme; also a Quartet in D minor, Haydn, and Pianoforte Solos by Rubinstein.—Visitors can pay at the Hall, and obtain Tickets, Half a Guinea each, of Lamborn Cock & Co., and Ollivier, Bond Street; and of Austin, at the Hall.

J. ELLA, *Director*, 9 Victoria Square, S.W.

THE CLARIBEL CONCERT, on WHIT TUESDAY.—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce an EVENING CONCERT, on Tuesday next, at St. James's Hall, at which will be given a SELECTION of the most favourite SONGS and BALLADS composed by CLARIBEL. The Programme will also include some popular Part Songs, Glees, and Duets, and Solos for the Violin and Pianoforte. The Artistes who will appear on this occasion are, Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Hale, Miss Julia Elton, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. Mr. George Perren, Mr. G. T. Carter, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Chaplin Henry. Pianoforte, Signor Fumagalli. Violin, M. Vieuxtemps. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. The Selection of Compositions by Claribel will include the following Songs: "Maggie's Secret," "Strangers yet," "Children's Voices," "I cannot sing the old Songs," "Come back to Erin," "Secrets," "Robin Redbreast," "Take back the Heart," "Susan's Story," "Dreamland," "The Passing Bell," "Weep no more, Darling," "Only a Lock of Hair," and "You and I." Stalls, 6s.; Family Ticket, to admit Four, 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at St. James's Hall, and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE will give their FIRST CONCERT, in St. James's Hall, on Saturday Afternoon, May 22, on which occasion they will be assisted by Madame Norman-Neruda, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Vernon Rigby, the Quartet Glee Union, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. To commence at Three o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets for Four, 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, on Saturday Afternoon, May 22, at CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE'S CONCERT, in St. James's Hall, when they will Sing Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," &c. &c.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MR. CHARLES GARDNER'S MORNING CONCERT, Saturday, May 22, at Three o'clock, Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.—Miss Robertine Henderson, Madlle. Valesca De Facius, Miss Bessie Randall, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Frank Mussey, Mr. Walter Pettit, Herr Oberthür, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. Part Songs by an efficient Choir, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Monk. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; to admit Three, 21s.; Unreserved Seats, 5s.—Lamborn Cock & Co., 62 and 63 New Bond Street; and of Mr. Charles Gardner, 3 Chilworth Street, Westbourne Terrace, W.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven.—Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

GERMAN GALLERY, 168 New Bond Street.—EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS. A Series of large Pictures, THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA (most wonderfully illustrating the fulfilment of the Revelation of St. John), and other Eastern Subjects. Painted by A. SVOBODA during his recent Travels in Asia.—Admission, 1s.

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by [illegible]
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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 708, Vol. 27. May 22, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

THE leading Irish Protestants have decided, by a very small majority, not to petition the Lords to reject the Irish Church Bill, but to ask the advice of Lord CAIRNS as to what they had best do. It shows moderation and sense to have got even thus far, for a few weeks ago the Irish Protestants were in no humour to ask even their warmest friends what was the best course they could take. They were all for the most violent, determined, unhesitating opposition to a Bill so monstrous and so wicked. Now they have come to think that it may not be altogether possible for the Lords to reject the Bill, and that a petition begging for such a rejection might be inefficacious, because it would ask the Lords to do what they cannot do. It is much simpler to inquire of Lord CAIRNS what is the most prudent and effectual thing that the friends of the Church can do at the present crisis. But if this is pleasant and easy to ask, it is very unpleasant and difficult to answer. What the Irish Protestants are to do must depend on what is to be done in the Lords, and it will be the principal business of the Conservative party during what remains of the Whitsuntide recess to settle what it will be wise and possible for the majority of the Lords to attempt. This is a period of repose, during which the general political situation may be surveyed; but everything regarding the Commons is so simple, that there really is nothing so far to discuss or debate. The Ministry has the unshaken confidence of the country and of the House; its majorities are overwhelming; the discipline of its party is complete. If there are any symptoms of change at all, they are symptoms of change in the direction of advanced Liberalism. Mr. HORSMAN, who leant in a dangerous degree to the formation of Caves, has at length found a Liberal constituency to pardon his offence. But he enters Parliament again on the understanding that he is for the Ballot and for a large measure on the Irish Land question, and he has attempted to gain an exceptional position by a warm antagonism to the House of Lords. At Stafford a large section of the electors appear to regard with affectionate enthusiasm the claims of Mr. ODGER on the Liberal party. There is not in any section of the Liberal party, nor in any Liberal constituency, the slightest sign of wavering, much less of reaction. The very greatest amount of pressure, therefore, that could be put on the Lords to pass the Irish Church Bill will be put. If a collision between the two Houses is to be averted, the Bill must be passed; and if it is passed, it must be passed almost without alteration. It is almost exactly the old story of Free-trade and Protection over again. The House of Lords, being Protectionist, might have rejected a Bill for Free-trade in corn; but if it is to allow of Free-trade, it cannot make a Free-trade measure Protectionist. A Bill for the total disendowment of the Irish Church is a Bill that the Lords cannot like, but, if they accept it, they cannot change it into a Bill for the partial disendowment of the Irish Church. Exactly the same pressure would be put on the Peers to make them withdraw any amendments extending to the principle of the Bill as to make them pass the Second Reading. This is the great difficulty which embarrasses the Conservative leaders at the present time. What can Lord CAIRNS say to the Irish Protestants who ask him for advice? He cannot encourage them with any hope of an advantageous compromise; he cannot point out a plan of battle in which, if they will but help him, he may hope to be successful on their behalf; he cannot promise them that, if things are adroitly managed, they will not, after all, be so very much hurt. The alternative stares him in the face. He must either recommend them to petition the Lords to adopt amendments inconsistent with total disendowment, and therefore certain to be rejected by the Commons, or consistent with total disendowment, and then so insignificant that the most zealous Irish Protestant would not walk a hundred yards to secure them.

The one single hope that may, however, linger in the breast of Lord CAIRNS and his friends is that, although the country would decidedly not support the Lords if they rejected the Bill altogether, yet, if the Lords insist on amendments which may be made to seem tolerably fair, the country will not think them so much in fault, and that, opinions being divided and hesitating on the subject, the Lords may even manage to throw the Bill over until next Session with something like safety. The most interesting topic of reflection that can be found during the present recess is to ask whether there is any real basis for such a hope. It is not worth discussing whether Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet will accept amendments adverse to the principle of the Bill. They would, indeed, be foolish and weak beyond all belief if they did anything of the kind. They must have total disendowment, or go out of office. But is there any possibility that, if the difference between the two Houses were only about amendments giving the poor Irish Church a little more or a little less, a Government formed in harmony with the views of the Lords would have a temporary chance of life? Can any amount of adroit management or plausible argument persuade the country at the present crisis to be governed substantially by the Lords and not by the Commons? The question is worth asking; for although, on the average and as the general result of things, it may be true that the Commons govern, yet the Lords might sometimes govern, just as, although the majority of the House of Commons is said quite truly to decide the existence of Ministries, there have been three Ministries in the last seventeen years supported by an avowed minority in the Commons. We are thus led to inquire what is the present feeling of the country towards the Lords. Is it less favourable, or more favourable, than usual? In order to answer this, we may look back on the history of the past three months. Have the Lords up to these Whitsuntide holidays shown themselves to be in harmony with the spirit of the nation? On the contrary, they have, we think, shown that they are quite out of harmony with that spirit, and they have shown this all the more because they have not done or said anything outrageous. They have wished to be moderate, just, and useful. They have, above all things, implored to be allowed to take a real and efficient part in legislation. There has been nothing unfair, bitter, or personal on the part of the Conservative majority towards the Liberal minority. But it is precisely because they have done their best that the difference between them and the bulk of their countrymen has been made apparent. An assembly of very great landowners, of a few successful professional men, and of bishops, is evidently not an assembly which can bring itself into anything like real accordance with the Liberal constituencies. The Peers were almost clamorous for work at the beginning of the Session, and their importunities were rewarded with the permission to anticipate the Commons in the discussion of the Habitual Criminals Bill and the Scotch Education Bill. The former raised no party feeling, but the Scotch Education Bill offered many points for, not only political, but religious differences. Being sincerely anxious not to show themselves wholly impracticable, the Peers let the Bill go on, merely subjecting it to amendments. But the mode in which these amendments were framed and discussed showed the [illegible] any Liberal measure of importance in the Lords. It is there necessarily discussed without reference to the wishes of the people. The Government, of course, asserts that it is in harmony with those wishes; but this is only assertion, and the Lords, regarding the wishes of the people as a point in dispute, inevitably let their own wishes and feelings prevail. The unhappy Duke of ARGYLL must have over and over again wished that the Bill which he defends with so much zeal and courage had not been first introduced in an assembly accustomed to regard all such measures with inherent suspicion and dislike. The experience of what happened with regard to this Scotch Education Bill must tend to inspire the conviction that it is

only in the House of Commons that Liberal measures can really thrive.

Even in the recent discussions on Irish land there was enough to show that the point of view from which the Peers regard political life is quite alien to that from which the bulk of Englishmen outside the House of Peers regard it. And here the Peers spoke with very considerable advantages. Mr. BRIGHT had been guilty of an indiscretion which seemed to commit his colleagues prematurely; the liberation of so many Fenians was a mistake leading to serious difficulties; the repeated murders in Ireland have excited general indignation. Many of the Peers spoke with great and long personal knowledge of Ireland, and the Opposition was only executing a fair party manœuvre when it tried to betray the Ministry into the suicidal blunder of sketching a Land Bill which they did not mean to carry. Nor was there anything in the speeches of the Peers that can be said to have been harsh, or domineering, or unpractical. They merely asked that the law should be upheld and that property should be respected. But then what they said had one fatal deficiency. It was all from one side. It was a mere chorus of landlordism. It absolutely ignored the Irish people, and their wishes and hopes and regrets. The thoughts that strike sorrow into the hearts of the general English public, the compassion and regret that overcome the mind when it is remembered that there are thousands of men and women born and grown up under British rule whose one hope in life is to escape from the blank horror, as they consider it, of our tyranny, seemed in no way to touch the Peers. An assembly discussing Ireland, in which the feelings of the Irish were no more represented than the feelings of the people of Timbuctoo—this was the attitude of the Peers. Compare with this what such a debate would have been in the Commons. There at least there would have been a play of feeling and opinion, a power of viewing a difficult subject from different sides, a sense of the immense difficulties that the subject presents. Discussion varies immensely both in its character and value according to the moral and mental atmosphere in which it is held, and the moral and mental atmosphere of the House of Lords is such that a discussion in it of such a matter as the Irish Land question cannot at present come to much fruit. The Peers are insensibly moulded from their birth into the belief that the feudal eminence and superiority which is their due may be justified, and is, so far as necessary, atoned for, by kindness, liberality, and justice. How are men so trained to judge of others who want neither their feudalism nor their virtues? The whole cast of mind of the ordinary peer makes him unfit to judge or to determine the class of questions which Ireland is now evoking; but when the audience he addresses and the political sphere in which he moves is entirely composed of people exactly like himself, his incapacity to deal with such question is necessarily intensified. That the country should be governed by the Lords, or under the influence or dictation of the Lords, seems therefore, at the present time, quite out of the question; and the considerations that lead us to this general result are far too wide to allow of their bearing being limited to the mere carrying of the Irish Church Bill. They show that the Bill must be carried; but they also show more; they show that the representative body in England must more and more throw the hereditary body into the shade.

THE SULTAN'S SPEECH.

THE SULTAN, following the example of the Crowned Heads of Christendom, has been making a speech. The matter and form of his discourse, however creditable and edifying it may be, is less remarkable than the fact that the Grand Turk should have spoken in public. For once the course of civilization, if not of empire, seems to take its way Eastward. If the SULTAN has been anticipated by his great Egyptian vassal in the importation of a Parliament, he may boast that he is the first Mussulman potentate who has delivered a Speech from the Throne. The new formality, although it may have in itself only a ceremonial importance, involves a virtual recognition of the superiority of European institutions; and, perhaps unconsciously, the SULTAN admits that he is no longer an irresponsible despot. Absolute sovereigns, content to command, have no need to argue or to persuade. An appeal to reason is inconsistent with a claim of final and unquestioned authority. If the SULTAN and his Mahometan subjects are really destined to reconcile themselves with modern usages, their unwonted docility must be attributed to a sense of national danger. Their ancestors three hundred years ago had the best standing army in the world; and now, although they are unsurpassed by any European race in soldierly aptitude, Turkey is no longer a match for any one of the great Powers. While the convenient but immoral practice of turning kidnapped Christian children into Janissaries has become wholly obsolete, more than half the population of European Turkey is exempt from liability to service. The Turks are perhaps morally and physically superior to their Christian neighbours, but an aristocracy, however warlike, supplies insufficient materials for a standing army. It therefore becomes necessary to reorganize the social and political system; and the SULTAN, himself one of the most orthodox followers of the PROPHET, has become convinced of the expediency of copying the ways of the prosperous infidel. It will not be surprising if the varnish of Western civilization is comparatively thin; yet Turkey has perhaps advanced as rapidly, since the destruction of the Janissaries by the present SULTAN's father, as Russia during the half century which followed the first reforms of PETER the GREAT. The imminent dangers which threatened the Empire in 1828, in 1840, and in 1853 have been successively averted; and the Cretan difficulty has within a few months been at last overcome. Although it may be true that while there is life there is hope, the mere continuance of vitality is not generally regarded as a ground of unqualified congratulation; but the SULTAN may probably have been well advised in assuming a cheerfulness which scarcely rests on a sufficient foundation.

As it is not incumbent on kings to write their own speeches, there is no impropriety in supposing that the address to the Council of State was composed by the GRAND VIZIER. More irreproachable sentiments have never been uttered by any Minister through the inspired mouth of his Sovereign. It cannot, in the words of the SULTAN, be doubted, at least for conventional purposes, that, "by completing and rectifying "laws the defects of which we have learned by experience, "and, on the other hand, by elaborating laws the utility of "which we have also learned, our country and our nation will "soon rise to the first rank of prosperity and civilization, and "daily increase in grandeur and power." It would have been at the risk of his head that the Vizier of some early AMURATH or SELIM might have propounded an implied doubt in the sufficiency of the Koran, and in the administrative omnipotence of the SULTAN. Through the mist of official verbiage may be discerned a curious simplicity of belief in the newfangled panacea of utilitarian legislation. Good laws have in truth an undoubted tendency to produce prosperity, but the rapid and visible transition from reform to grandeur and power indicates a pleasing reliance on popular credulity. It is not impossible that the Turkish mind, just opening to the beauties of civilization, may take Royal speeches in earnest; nor indeed is it likely that the professions of the SULTAN and his Ministers are wholly unmeaning. Any intelligent member of the Turkish Government must be aware of the importance of redressing the numerous grievances which cause or excuse disaffection. The experiment of admitting Christian members into the Council of State has not yet been fully tried, and probably it depends on the inclination of the Minister for the time being whether the recommendations of the Council are to produce any practical result. It will not be easy to attain that prosperity and grandeur which are anticipated as the immediate consequence of improved legislation; but a traveller who aspires to reach a distant summit is sometimes encouraged to proceed by the seeming nearness of his goal.

The SULTAN dilates with significant energy on certain economic propositions which apparently point to taxes or to a loan. It seems that the touchstone of civilization and prosperity is the solidity of the public credit, which is of course effectually tested by the facility of increasing the national debt. A few years ago the Porte was not sufficiently enlightened to borrow; but, since the utility of public credit has penetrated the Turkish mind, loans have been contracted with a readiness worthy of the most civilized and Christian States. In another paragraph of his speech the SULTAN apologizes for the great increase in the wants of the State. "If "one were to say that the necessary expenses of such or such "a State twenty, thirty, or even ten years ago, did not represent one-tenth part of the expenses of to-day, it would be no "exaggeration." Oriental arithmetic or rhetoric has always tended to the liberal use of figures, although in former times it was not the custom to disclaim exaggeration. With due respect to the SULTAN, a tenfold increase of national expenditure in ten years is not an ordinary result of financial experience. Within that time the expenditure of England has been somewhat reduced, and the outlay of France, of North Germany, of Austria, and of Italy, has been enlarged by a more or less considerable percentage. If such or such a State means Turkey, it is certain that the cost of civil and military ad-

ministration has been largely increased, but scarcely in the proportion of ten to one. It is true that civilization is expensive, especially when it is created or introduced as a whole. The Turkish army and fleet are more efficient than at any former time, and improved guns and ships must be paid for; yet loans in time of peace are ruinous contrivances, and part of the increased estimates is entirely unnecessary. The SULTAN wastes enormous sums in building gorgeous palaces which are absolutely useless. Barbaric pomp offers an anomalous contrast to the political and economic doctrines which are so fluently propounded. "The facilitation of trade depends on "the number of railroads and roads, upon the employment of "capital and productive materials, and, lastly, on the existence "of a magistracy guaranteeing the full execution of justice." No statement could be more indisputably true; yet Turkey is as destitute of roads as Greece, and the money which might have been applied to the construction of railroads has been squandered on decoration. It may be hoped that the Government is serious in its professed desire to look forward rather than to dwell on the past. Reiterated expressions of a determination to reform the courts of justice probably represent the real conviction of the SULTAN and his Ministers. It will be long before the Mahometans admit the full equality of the Rayahs, but the public declarations of the SULTAN against exclusive bigotry may produce a beneficial effect.

In touching on foreign affairs the SULTAN has only to express unmixed satisfaction. The Conference of Paris decided the question which it considered, on the whole, in favour of Turkey, and the SULTAN is too little accustomed to just treatment to complain of the hesitating language of the assembled plenipotentiaries. He even affects to persuade himself that the friendly action of the great Powers is a result of his own respect for treaty-rights, and of his efforts to preserve peace. It was judicious to abstain from any reference to the statesmanlike vigour which was shown in the preparations for punishing Greek aggression. Peace was maintained, because Turkey was ready for war at a moment when none of the great Powers desired to precipitate a general conflict. The repression of the Cretan insurrection is mentioned in terms of reasonable complacency. The Turks have generally succeeded better in diplomacy than in administration, and they deserve credit for the firmness and sagacity with which they repelled every proposal of officious intervention. Russia, France, and Austria successively urged concessions which, even if they had effected the pacification of Crete, would have encouraged rebellion in the provinces on the mainland. The Turkish Ministers were acute enough to perceive that their patronizing advisers were divided among themselves, nor were they uninfluenced by the steady neutrality of the only Government which they are accustomed to trust. It is satisfactory to find that the SULTAN professes the most benevolent intentions towards his reclaimed Cretan subjects, as well as to all the other inhabitants of his dominions. Many of his good intentions will fail to produce practical results; but a long speech by the SULTAN, containing the most enlightened views of policy, is in itself a not contemptible measure of the progress which has been accomplished.

O'CONNELL.

THE late celebration of O'CONNELL's memory on the occasion of a removal of his remains to a new burial-place assumed, after the short interval of twenty-two years from his death, almost an antiquarian character. The few surviving friends who took part in the ceremony probably felt that O'CONNELL would now find himself in a strange and unfamiliar world. As in his time, Ireland is poor, clamorous, and disaffected; but the grievances which furnish a pretext for agitation, and the forces on which sedition relies, have in a great degree changed their type. A quarter of a century ago there was no external basis of conspiracy in the United States, inasmuch as the great Irish emigration commenced about the time of O'CONNELL's death. It was to France, and not to America, that SMITH O'BRIEN and his accomplices looked for aid; and within ten years the propagators of verbal treason have affected to reserve their allegiance for a French Marshal of Irish descent. It is a more remarkable fact that down to the close of O'CONNELL's career the claims of the occupiers to the whole or a part of the property of the landlords had never been publicly preferred. Then, as now, agrarian murders were perpetrated, with the connivance of the rural population; but no politician or orator had proposed the heroic remedy of confiscation. In O'CONNELL's youth the owners of the land were still creating petty freeholds for the purpose of increasing their own influence at elections, nor could his contemporaries fail to recognise the evils which had resulted from excessive subdivision. The independent Irish Kingdom which O'CONNELL, with doubtful sincerity, professed to desire, was not to be constituted by a social revolution, but to include peers and landowners, as well as a happy tenantry. It is possible that, if his active life could have been prolonged for another generation, he would have adapted himself to modern fashions; but one of his customary speeches, delivered at the present time, would fall flat on the ears of an Irish audience. In his better days, though his counsels sometimes amounted to menaces of civil war, he demanded measures indisputably just in themselves, and wholly within the competence of Parliament to grant. Like his successful imitators of the Corn-Law League, he invoked popular passion in aid of principles which admitted of scientific demonstration; and consequently the victory achieved by intimidation was a moral triumph. Even in his later and less justifiable enterprises, his objects were exclusively political, as far as they were seriously contemplated. Repeal of the Union would have rendered the working of the English Constitution impossible; but an Irish Parliament under the Imperial Crown might not have been incompatible with the existing order of society. The Union itself was then not half a century old, and for seventeen or eighteen years before its suppression the Irish Parliament would have been independent if it had not been controlled by the necessary practice of lavish corruption. O'CONNELL and his followers were not careful to recall the earlier history of the Irish Parliament before the repeal of the law which prevented all independent legislation. The prospect of success was never near enough to require the attention of the supporters or opponents of Repeal to practical details. If English statesmen of any party had taken the proposal into consideration, they would have been checked at the outset by the recollection of the Regency debates in 1786. The possibility that the powers of the Crown might be exercised by one person in Great Britain, and by another in Ireland, would have been, as far as Englishmen were concerned, a conclusive answer to the demand for Repeal.

The attainment of Catholic Emancipation left O'CONNELL in the condition of a victorious general on the conclusion of peace. His disciplined army, and his own genius and skill, no longer found legitimate employment, and there was a strong temptation to discover some new sphere of activity. His native gifts and his long practical experience would have made him the greatest of demagogues, even among a less congenial population than that which he served and governed. His magnificent voice, his eloquence alternately fiery, pathetic, and humorous, his legal astuteness, his ready enthusiasm, and his real or assumed religious fervour, made him the national representative and organ of every popular feeling in Ireland. His countrymen were carried away by his vigour when he was in earnest, and their intellectual quickness enabled them to appreciate the ingenuity of his bantering insincerity, and of his ready shifts and devices. The prototype whom he most resembled was the Sausage-seller in ARISTOPHANES, who browbeats and baffles CLEON by quicker wit and by superior audacity. An Irish populace is too clever to wish its leaders to share its own unqualified credulity. O'CONNELL, while he appealed with consummate mastery to legendary traditions, took care not to identify himself too closely with mythical politics or pretensions. His sympathy with the religious feelings of his countrymen was probably deeper, and it served his purpose to perfection. The Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy, with whom he treated as an equal ally, placed implicit confidence in the great popular leader, and supplied him with an invaluable staff of agents. When, from time to time, it suited his purpose to use seditious language, no prelate or priest disavowed his apparent designs. His occasional experiments in the field of Imperial politics were not successful. Within two or three years from the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, Lord GREY's Government thought it necessary to prosecute him; and his alliance, formed in 1834, with Lord MELBOURNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, injured the Whigs in England more than it strengthened them by the support of O'CONNELL's disciplined brigade of Irish members. The final abandonment of the Appropriation Clause, and the subsequent accession of Sir ROBERT PEEL to power, restored O'CONNELL to his natural career of agitation. The profession of demagogue had become to him more indispensable than the accomplishment of any political project. He was perhaps soured by the discovery that he was thoroughly disliked and distrusted in England for the very qualities which raised his Irish popularity to the highest pitch. His reckless incitements to disaffection, his shameless mendacity, and his rude abuse of political opponents, justified a prejudice which was

perhaps partly founded on his ostentatious devotion to Roman Catholic interests. Having no longer any terms to keep with his former associates of the Liberal party, he declaimed to excited multitudes on the propriety of dissolving a connexion which he can scarcely have hoped practically to disturb. If he had been agitating for any attainable object, and not mainly for the sake of agitation, it is hardly to be supposed that his spirit would have been utterly broken by a State prosecution, leading to a short imprisonment, and ending, with the aid of a technical quibble, in an ultimate failure of justice. He returned to the House of Commons amid the cheers of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and the more factious Whigs, but neither in England nor in Ireland did he resume political activity. A coarser and rasher body of demagogues began to tread on his heels, exciting the people to the civil war which began and ended in the historical cabbage-garden. He lived to lament the beginning of the famine, and he died at its close, as the inscription on his coffin records, on his way to the threshold of the Apostles. The implied inference that he was a devout Catholic may probably be true as far as his personal feelings were concerned. His public career was, from first to last, utterly inconsistent with the doctrines of the *Syllabus* which form the political creed of modern Rome. It is a curious illustration of the force of sectarian prejudice, that Catholics such as MONTALEMBERT revere the great demagogue as a hero or a saint, because he defended their cause with alien weapons. As he represented all the intellectual qualities and all the moral deficiencies of the Irish character, it is rather surprising that his memory is not more deeply cherished in Ireland than that his second funeral has been attended by civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries.

Since the time of O'CONNELL Ireland has advanced greatly in material prosperity, and the most flagrant of its political grievances is about to be removed; but Fenianism, supported by American hostility to England, constitutes a standing nuisance, if not a chronic danger, and the whole fabric of society is threatened by the attacks on the right of property in land. The place of O'CONNELL remains vacant, although released convicts and municipal agitators are fluent in treason. By a long course of just legislation, only once or twice interrupted by outbursts of English fanaticism, the upper and middle classes of Irish Catholics have been reconciled to the Imperial Government and Constitution. Schemes for the establishment of an Irish Republic formed on the American model, and proposals for the expropriation of landowners, would probably have been distasteful to O'CONNELL himself. The priesthood, although they have discouraged the Fenian conspiracy, take the part of the peasantry against the gentry of their own as well as of the hostile communion. Archbishop LEAHY, in his recent censure of the Tipperary assassins, is careful to avoid any advocacy of the rights of property. To him Catholic or Protestant landlords form a separate class, though they are fully entitled to immunity from shots behind hedges. Perhaps some improvement in political relations may be traced in the Archbishop's professed confidence in the present Ministry and Parliament. It might not be prudent to inquire whether the popularity of the Government depends in part on the indiscreet speeches which have been delivered by some of its principal members.

M. THIERS AND THE FRENCH OPPOSITION.

THE unusual length of M. THIERS's address to the electors of the Second District of the Seine symbolizes accurately enough the position held by him among the Opposition candidates. At this moment he is indisputably the foremost man among the adversaries of the Government, the man whose defeat would be most grateful to the authorities, whose success will give most employment to the Ministers in the Corps Législatif. The strength and weakness of the Opposition are alike indicated by this fact. M. THIERS is a statesman of long Parliamentary experience and great Parliamentary tact. The resistance, such as it is, which the EMPEROR has encountered in the Chamber since 1863 has been in a great measure the work of his hand. No one has known so well how to combine the scattered fractions of Liberal opinion in a common hostility to the Government; no one has been so successful in weakening the ties which bind the members of the majority to each other, and in snatching a vote here and there from the compact phalanx which moves at M. ROUHER's nod. Without M. THIERS the minority in the Corps Législatif might have been a rabble; with him it has become an Opposition. But this success, considerable as in many respects it is, is extremely limited in its scope. As in the somewhat similar case of Mr. DISRAELI among ourselves, it is essentially a Parliamentary success. His name draws crowds to the gallery of the Corps Législatif, but, except in the little world of newspaper readers, it awakes no echo out of doors. M. THIERS represents no party in the country, and the ideas which recur most often in his speeches are only partially shared by any existing group of politicians. Consequently, though no man has come so near to victory in the perennial conflicts between the Opposition and the Government, his oratorical triumphs always leave the impression of being their own end and their own reward. They may occasionally influence a vote or two in a division, but they are absolutely without effect on the feelings or the opinions of the French nation.

No one who reads his address will see any cause for wonder that this should be the case. The statement with which it virtually opens would of itself be sufficient to account for the fact. With all his shrewdness, M. THIERS has failed to understand the time in which he is living; otherwise he would never have told his constituents that the great question of the nineteenth century is whether free institutions are compatible with monarchical government. Without attempting, in imitation of M. THIERS, to determine what the great question of the nineteenth century is, it may be safely said that the question to which he assigns this exceptional pre-eminence has no claim to be thus regarded. The reconciliation of monarchy with free institutions is merely one aspect of the much larger problem, how to find a philosophical basis for the liberties which have hitherto been secured by custom and tradition. Every institution has in turn to submit to examination, and to justify its existence upon other than accidental grounds. When M. THIERS defines real freedom as a state of society in which a responsible Ministry carries out the will of the nation freely expressed by its freely-elected representatives, he gives us the form without the substance. Freedom has existed before now in the absence of these conditions, and even their presence has not always availed to secure it. The truth is, that M. THIERS belongs, by instinct and preference, to the *régime* of July. He has no eye for any wider questions than those which were then agitated; and consequently his programme of "necessary liberties" has but little interest for a generation which has learned to demand stronger meat than the advantages of trial by jury. M. THIERS's foreign policy is the counterpart of his domestic policy. Its character is essentially prosaic. It makes no allowance for ideas or sentiment. It is the very embodiment of prudent self-interest. There is no difficulty, indeed, in believing that it is popular just at present with a considerable number of Frenchmen; for the foreign policy of the Empire has been showy and unsuccessful, and the irritation excited by the latter feature may be easily confounded with a genuine distaste for the former. But there is something more congenial to the native instincts of the French nation in such enterprises as the emancipation of Italy or the occupation of Rome than in M. THIERS's proposed intervention on behalf of the Germanic Confederation. In the enthusiasm of a French democrat in favour of Italy, or of a French Catholic in support of the POPE, there is an element of magnanimity which is wholly wanting in M. THIERS's *bourgeois* anxiety not to let a rival trader secure a larger custom. The folly of the French Government in not preventing the German war in 1866 is an admirable theme for Parliamentary attack, but it is not a subject calculated to excite any strong feeling in the country. There is something undignified about these continual laments that France was foolish enough to permit what she is not strong enough to undo; and when coupled, as they usually are, with protests against increased armaments, they make the Opposition show to disadvantage as the petty and carping critics of a policy for which it is powerless to suggest a substitute. However true it may be that M. THIERS foretold what would happen when the evil was easy to prevent, he will hardly gain credence for his disclaimer of having "used the same language, after the event, for the vain pleasure "of blaming."

The increasing violence of tone observable in the extreme democrats may be to some extent the result of what they no doubt regard as the unnatural alliance between M. THIERS and the more moderate members of their own party. They see the Republican cause betrayed, as they think, by a system of tactics which allows its defenders to unite themselves, though only for a temporary purpose, with men who favour monarchical institutions, and who would even put up with the Empire if it secured to the Legislature the enjoyment of certain technical rights. Perhaps a readiness to make this last concession is, in the eyes of an advanced democrat, the worst possible symptom of a man's political state. His feelings towards the EMPEROR are not of a kind which admits of compromise. NAPOLEON III. is to him, not merely an enemy to be feared,

but a traitor to be hated. The most ardent Imperialist cannot dislike the notion of a third party more heartily than the democrat of this type. He can draw no distinction between hostility to the Administration and hostility to the dynasty; it is all summed up in hostility to the man. To what extent this feeling prevails in Paris and the other great towns it is impossible to say. The apparently exaggerated precautions to which the Government has recourse on the very first appearance of discontent may very easily be misinterpreted. There may, of course, be an enemy in the background who is invisible to ordinary observers. It will be twenty-one years next month since the suppression of the last Socialist demonstration in June, 1848, and in that long interval the revolutionary forces in France may have found time and means to repair their shattered energies. Still, in a Government such as that of the Empire, even genuine alarm is not conclusive evidence of real danger. Officials easily contract a habit of exaggeration which may at last deceive themselves as well as others. A bureaucracy is by nature fussy, and the nervous dread of revolution which seems to actuate every Frenchman who has anything to lose, is not likely to be lessened by the reflection that, in the event of an outbreak, they are likely to be its first victims. Perhaps the simplest explanation of the late riots in Paris is also the most probable. Paris, like London, has its roughs, and the rigid supervision to which they are ordinarily subjected must make them the more anxious to seize the rare opportunity of asserting themselves which is afforded by the electoral meetings. That they sung the "Marseillaise" instead of whatever answers among French lyrics to "Tommy Dodd" or "When Johnny "comes marching home," may be attributed either to superior taste, or to their knowledge that their choice would give more annoyance to the authorities. Supposing that, in its origin, the riot in the Boulevard du Temple was of this character, the violence of the police was very well calculated to invest it with a political significance to which it had in reality no title. It is, no doubt, desirable that the ordinary street traffic should not be interfered with by large and vocally-disposed crowds, but as long as no further inconvenience was sustained, the case was scarcely such as to call for repeated charges by the cavalry of the Municipal Guard.

Whether the police authorities were acting on their own responsibility, or under the direct orders of the Government, and, if the latter, whether the Government was really frightened, or had an object of its own in appearing so, are points upon which speculation may range at will without any risk of being interfered with by the publication of any authentic statement. The charge of creating a disturbance in order to justify the continuance of repressive measures is so easily brought that it is as well not to believe it too readily. At the same time, although the riots, or rather the mode in which they have been suppressed, may make the Government additionally unpopular among the working-classes of Paris, there is so little chance that a different course would have made any material alteration in this respect that it may have been good policy to use Paris as an instrument for reviving a wholesome dread of revolution in the rural districts. For, at all events, it cannot be doubted that the effect upon the country is extremely likely to be just what the authorities would desire. The object of the EMPEROR, from the time that he mounted the throne, has been to make Paris no longer paramount in France. Its will has been overruled by the introduction of universal suffrage, and the danger of its giving effect to its will by physical means has been greatly lessened by the external changes which the city has undergone. The next time that Paris rises it will discover an additional meaning in the new Boulevards which it has cost so much to build. But the mere hint of an insurrection in the capital will probably do more than either bribes or threats to secure the votes of the provinces for the official candidates. Paris did not use its former supremacy so benignly as to make rural France indifferent to the prospect of its being regained by another revolution.

ARCHBISHOP LEAHY AND DEAN McNEILE.

TWO dignitaries—the one of the Roman Catholic, the other of the Anglican, Church—have just issued manifestoes. No two documents could possibly differ more in the spirit in which they are written, or in the purposes they are designed to serve. The manifesto of Archbishop LEAHY is couched in a vein of moderation, good sense, and practical wisdom; the manifesto of Dr. McNEILE is an effusion of the fiercest and most violent religious bigotry. Both manifestoes, however, may claim the merit of being singularly opportune. It was high time that a spiritual leader of the agrarian murderers of Tipperary should dwell on the guilt, should paint the inutility, and should in some degree trace the causes of the shocking acts of assassination which are endangering the peace and compromising the future of Ireland. It was also expedient that, at a moment when the Irish Church Bill is going to be submitted to a hostile assembly, the real theory of extreme Protestantism should be placed on record once for all. It may be doubted whether there is another man in England who could have done this so well as Dr. McNEILE has done it. There is no trimming, or shuffling, or shrinking from extreme language or extreme consequences, in the exposition of his views. He goes at once to the very end of the matter. He is for what he expressively calls the hopeless exclusion of Roman Catholics from British power, and for allowing them either to hold no land at all, or for providing that the amount of land they hold shall be always exceedingly small as compared with that held by Protestants. What he wants is simply the restoration of the old Penal Code which in the last century kept down Irish Roman Catholics as if they were alien savages or born traitors. Protestantism can only exist, he thinks, if this amount of repression is used, and he has the sense to see and admit that he cannot speak of Ireland alone. Throughout the whole British Empire no Catholic is to be allowed to possess beyond a bare modicum of land, and Catholics are to be excluded from political power, not only absolutely, but hopelessly. They are to be made to understand that, unless they renounce their religion, they are to be treated as recognised traitors. The Church of Rome is, he says, in undying, unwavering enmity to all Protestants, and to all Protestant sovereignties and institutions. All Catholics think that they have a perpetual claim, barred by no lapse of time nor by any quietude of possession, against all the lands of all Protestants. In this state of internecine war, which the nature of Catholicism renders perpetual and incapable of mitigation, Protestants are not only at liberty, but are bound, to use the weapons of self-defence, and to keep down by every means those who would crush them in a moment if they could get a chance. Have we really at this time of day to write the answer to views like these? No possible good could be gained by examining into the value of Dr. McNEILE's historical or theological statements. Let us admit that the theory of Catholicism is essentially adverse to the theory of Protestantism, and that Catholics never abandon the theory of Catholicism. But, at any rate, we may appeal to the records of experience—that is, to the lessons deduced from facts—as to the mode in which the world is governed. If these records prove anything conclusively, they prove that all the evils of Catholicism are intensified by the stirring up of fierce religious strife, and that all these evils are mitigated, while the good side of Catholicism, which Dr. McNEILE ignores altogether, is brought out and fortified, by the reign of justice, mercy, and moderation. Catholicism does not change, but Catholic nations change, and in these days are changing rapidly. They are drawing nearer to the standard which wise Protestants consider the essential merit of Protestantism. And how has this been brought about but by men having gradually learnt that Christianity was not in its nature calculated to thrive by differences of creed being followed out to their bitter end?

It is a great pleasure to turn from Dr. McNEILE to Archbishop LEAHY. His Pastoral is exactly what such a document should be. It speaks plainly as to the wickedness of the crimes committed in Ireland. It gives, in unmistakeable language, those results of his own experience and that of his subordinates which it is of deep importance to the public to know; and it aims at enabling men of all parties and creeds to approach the difficult question of Irish land in the right spirit. We learn from the pastoral that in the opinion of the Archbishop two things are certain—first, that there is no such thing as an agrarian conspiracy to commit murder in Ireland; and secondly, that nothing said by Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. BRIGHT has had any appreciable effect on the minds of the class to which the murderers belong. It is true that these were the conclusions to which the English public was rapidly arriving after the best investigation it could make. We do not learn that there is no conspiracy solely from Archbishop LEAHY, for all the facts relating to the murders show that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, they were committed by individuals, each having some wrong or fancied wrong to avenge, and not by gangs of conspirators selecting one out of a number to be the assassin. The police may not know very much about the secret doings of the Irish peasantry, but they know enough, and the landlords and farmers know enough, to decide whether there is a social conspiracy now, like the political conspiracy of Fenianism a year or two ago. We are not aware that there is

any exception to the universality of the testimony that no such conspiracy exists. Those, too, who know the Irish peasant best are equally unanimous in declaring that his feelings about the land are far too ancient and far too deeply rooted to permit any great increase in their strength to the vague generalities of Mr. GLADSTONE, or the impracticable schemes of Mr. BRIGHT. The plain fact is, that there are at least some districts in Ireland where neither landlord nor tenant consider the land as a mere article of commerce, as to which both parties are free to make the best bargains they can. The tenants think the whole land-owning class, without reference to religion, a set of intruders who have got hold of what ought to belong to the tenants, or, more vaguely, to the Irish people. In consideration of the long possession of the intruders, and from a sort of dim respect for law, they are willing to pay with more or less regularity a rent to the landlord, provided that its amount is not raised, and that the landlord interferes in no way with the land, except simply to receive from it such rent as may be paid. The landlords, of course, do not admit this view to be right, and it is evidently totally alien to the whole theory of property in land which has been introduced into Ireland from England. No one could think for a moment that the landlords are to blame for not recognising or adopting this view; but the important point, the point which will inevitably have immense weight with those who desire simply to do justice, is that the landlords do really admit this theory in a measure. They have been so inoculated with the fervour with which the peasants maintain their view, that they have come to admit that to use the law to turn a tenant out of his holding requires a special moral justification. They think it incumbent on them to justify those who are shot by showing that, even on the theory of the peasants, the victim of assassination was not to blame. Whether this customary modification of the English theory of landed property ought to be recognised in any way, or any value to be attached to it in future legislation, we consider it wholly premature to inquire. Schemes for settling the Irish Land question framed hastily by Englishmen are worse than foolish. What England has to do at present is to acquire materials for dealing with Ireland justly, and to prepare itself for using those materials in a wise and comprehensive manner.

Everything depends on the temper in which such a subject is approached, and if it is the business of Englishmen to take care that they are not carried away into extremes, either by landlordism on the one hand or by socialism on the other, it is the business of men like Archbishop LEAHY to take care, if possible, that Irishmen do not in their folly throw away the bright chance they now have of getting from England all they can fairly ask. As it is truly said in the Pastoral, Mr. GLADSTONE's exceptional strength at the present moment entirely rests on the support he receives from public opinion in England. If Ireland irritates England, seems wholly unworthy of the efforts made to deal fairly by her, and reddens her hands in a succession of secret murders, the best feelings of England may die away, and the worst come into fearful activity. The Archbishop, however, goes far beyond merely entreating his countrymen not to shoot unoffending, unsuspecting men from behind walls and trees. He appeals to them to trust Imperial legislation. He points out to them that, if they do trust it, they may really hope to get from the Parliament at Westminster all that it can be for their true good to have. This, we believe, is not going in the least beyond a true description of what England is willing to do for Ireland. There is a right mind and a right spirit, as regards Ireland, which the Liberal constituencies will not put away from them except under great provocation; and the agrarian murderer is the only person from whom this provocation is likely to come, if peace is preserved between England and foreign Powers. A war may, undoubtedly, betray a sympathy in Ireland with the enemy which would overwhelm England with surprise and indignation; but, so far as political foresight can reach, we may safely say that, if the Irish assassins do not spoil the prospect, the Irish Church Bill will become law this Session, and will be followed by an Irish Land Bill next Session. It is so important that property should have its due rights maintained, and it is so dangerous to dally with schemes of communism, that Englishmen may be very well satisfied that the Land question should have been first ventilated by the Peers, and that the first appeal to public opinion in England should have been made by the great proprietors, and their case set up as needing to be shaken on very good grounds if it is to be shaken at all. But Irishmen may rely that England will in turn hear other people too, and that the subject, before it is done with, will be considered, not only as it regards the passions and interests of individuals, but also as it affects the whole Imperial policy of the United Kingdom.

SPAIN.

THE majority of the Spanish Cortes, although it has not yet discovered a King, is determined to found or to retain a Kingdom. It may be conjectured that the motives by which its decision has been influenced are chiefly negative, arising from the uneasiness and alarm which are associated with the name of a Republic. In all parts of Europe, and especially in Spain, the most active Republicans are the assailants, not only of royalty and of privilege, but of property, of social arrangements, and of religious creeds. In the great cities of France extreme Republicans affect to regard the Democrats who hold the faith of 1848 as antiquated pretenders, incapable, through cowardice or dulness, of understanding the true meaning of equality and freedom. The party of innovation, even where it is strictly moderate, or even aristocratic, always shares the discredit which attaches to revolutionary extremes. When JOHNSON asserted that the Devil was the first Whig, he can scarcely have thought that WALPOLE, PELHAM, CHATHAM, and BURKE were irreconcilable enemies of order. The more temperate Republicans in all countries aspire to the American type of democracy, which is liable to the charge rather of prosaic monotony than of dangerous originality. The Spanish Republicans who stand on the same level with Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. LINCOLN would have little difficulty in establishing the form of government which they approve, if they could dissolve their unwilling connexion with orators who denounce Christianity and property as mischievous superstitions. The Cortes are determined that no system shall be at present adopted which will appear to the community at large a symbol of subversion and anarchy. The Crown is accordingly still to be the object of constitutional veneration, although it must for a time hang on a bush, in the form of a regency. It is believed to be nearly settled that SERRANO is to exercise the Royal power in the name, not of an absentee, or of a minor, but of a King who has still to be elected; and the Assembly which applauds the eloquence of democratic opponents of the project will probably decline to accept their guidance. According to the legal maxim, that is certain which can be ascertained; nor is it doubtful that the Cortes has full legal capacity to designate the future sovereign. The moral difficulty of a choice only increases with delay, and an indefinite interregnum might be thought scarcely distinguishable from a provisional Republic; yet an ingenious Conservative would contend that the principle of monarchy must be inherently sound, when its abstract expediency is successfully asserted in the absence of any concrete or personal representative. It is perfectly true that the countries where royalty is most firmly established have the smallest difficulty in dispensing with the actual intervention of the sovereign. GEORGE III. was, during several years of his reign before his final illness, frequently incapable, from insanity, of transacting any kind of business. The Ministers made it their business to conceal the temporary aberrations, and Parliament deliberately connived at the irregularity. On one or two occasions both Houses ordered the Great Seal to be affixed to Acts which they had passed; and a daring Chancellor once ventured to consummate a similar fiction on his own responsibility. A superficial theorist might have supposed that a prerogative which could be so paradoxically treated had become insignificant or obsolete; yet personal loyalty was to that generation a genuine feeling, and there was scarcely a professed republican in the United Kingdom. The supporters of monarchy in Spain, although they are guided by considerations of utility, are not unmindful of the influence of a Crown on the popular imagination.

Some of the arguments of the Republican party, although to Englishmen they seem inconclusive, may perhaps have been well adapted to a Spanish audience. The effect of first principles and of antithetic generalities in Parliamentary debate is in exact proportion to the political inexperience of speakers and listeners. No man of business cares for the see-saw formulas by which it may be demonstrated that, if he is not to oscillate to the left, he must swing to the right. Mr. GARRIDO, in an eloquent argument for a Republic, lately proved, to the satisfaction of his party, that the national sovereignty was incompatible with hereditary monarchy, because there cannot be two sovereign powers. It is evident that the inconsistency depends on a tacit and double assumption, that a king must be absolutely as well as nominally inviolable, and that a free nation

can practically recast all its institutions at pleasure. It migh have been thought that the summary deposition of ISABELLA II. furnished a sufficient illustration of the ultimate responsibility of kings. The people, according to Mr. GARRIDO, abdicate their rights by delegating them to any authorities which are not moveable and revocable; but the term of office of a President or of a Deputy is in theory as inconsistent with so-called national sovereignty as the duration of a dynasty. Ancient Greek politicians thought that the distinctive excellence of a republic or free commonwealth was the subordination of arbitrary discretion to fixed and immutable laws. The Athenians were so profoundly convinced of the possibility of illegal legislation as to hold the proposer of a decree which might perhaps have been unanimously passed by the sovereign Assembly accountable during an indefinite time, in life and in goods, for the lawfulness of the measure. The Americans, after submitting for seventy years to the restraints of a written Constitution, are now anxiously concealing from themselves, by evasions and legal fictions, their gradual resumption of the full powers which are regarded by Spanish Republicans as the essence of national sovereignty. In another part of his speech Mr. GARRIDO contended, with force and plausibility, that the adoption of the Republic would strengthen the cause of authority and law. It seems not impossible that, in the first instance, or perhaps permanently, a formal concession to popular demands might detach the moderate Republicans from their revolutionary allies. Spaniards alone can judge of the comparative advantages which might accrue to the cause of order from either of the opposite systems; and the solution preferred by the majority of the Cortes may be fairly supposed to correspond with the deliberate judgment of the nation. It may be assumed that the unasked advice of GARIBALDI will, if it is noticed at all, be regarded as an impertinence. It is unlucky that a gallant and profoundly ignorant adventurer should mistake his own vocation so entirely as to affect the character of a cosmopolitan promoter of republics. The Spaniards, whatever may be their defects, have nothing to learn from the contriver of Aspromonte and Mentana. The Republican party will not acquire or deserve general confidence by seceding from the Cortes, in accordance with the advice of some of their leaders, when the monarchy is finally sanctioned. The unwillingness of minorities to submit to constitutional defeats is one of the principal impediments to free government in Continental Europe. In the United States the divine right of the majority has never been questioned but once, and the deviation from established rule cost half a million of lives, and a thousand millions sterling in money. The clerical Deputies who have already left the Cortes may be excused for abandoning an impossible position. The accidental excavations which have discovered the corpses of murdered heretics in the Burning Place of the Cross would alone have determined the Cortes to reject the pretensions of the clergy to the maintenance of ecclesiastical supremacy.

Thoughtful Spanish politicians probably attach greater importance to the constitution of the army than even to conflicting forms of government. For many years there has been no instance of a political revolution accomplished by any other than military agency, and there is sufficient ground for the warning addressed to the Cortes by TOPETE in last Thursday's sitting as to the natural termination of an indefinitely prolonged period of suspense. The chiefs of the army and navy who dethroned Queen ISABELLA still form the Executive Government, and one of them is universally believed to have no intention of relinquishing his actual power. SERRANO may be Regent, but the Commander-in-Chief, as long as he retains his post, will be Regent over him. A general, however, is, as TALBOT told the treacherous Countess, nothing without the soldiers who are the limbs and sinews of his power. The problem to be solved by PRIM is the replenishing of the ranks at the end of existing terms of service. The conscription, which is in France almost popular except with its victims, is the object of universal detestation in Spain. At the same time every statesman worthy of the name condemns the principle of a National Guard, or, in the language of a former advocate of the system, the organization of bayonets which think. An enormous bounty fails to attract volunteers, and consequently, if an army is to be maintained, compulsory enlistment is unavoidable. Spain is in no danger of invasion from abroad, but it is difficult to understand how any Government can dispense with the command of a considerable armed force for the suppression of disorder. The insurrections of Cadiz and of Malaga would have triumphed if the Ministers had not been able to despatch regular troops to the seats of rebellion. It is also certain that, but for reinforcements despatched to the aid of the colonial Government, Cuba would have been lost. The article in the Constitution which declares that all Spaniards are bound to aid in the national defence, although it seems primarily to point only to defensive armaments, will, under the pressure of necessity, be held to authorize a conscription. If political questions must unfortunately be decided by superior force, it is, on the whole, better to rely on a regular army than on irregular bands.

THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS BILL.

THE Endowed Schools Bill has emerged from the Select Committee to which it had been referred, and the reference has not been fruitless. The Bill, as prepared by the Government, consisted of two distinct portions—a provisional measure by which existing schools were to be improved and the means for establishing new middle schools were to be found; and the machinery of a permanent Schools Commission, under the authority of which all those schools, new and old, were to be maintained in efficiency. Obviously there was no immediate occasion for doing the two things at once. The venerable precedent of Mrs. GLASSE's hare seems here to apply, and the prudent example set in University reform, in which the authorities were offered time and opportunity to reform themselves, with the still more recent instance of postponing the future relations between the disendowed Irish Church to the greater and preliminary necessity of disendowment, has not been thrown away on the Select Committee. The original Bill of the Government has been cut in two, and the Select Committee have only retained the provisional half; and it is understood that the measure for constituting the permanent and executive Educational Council will be postponed till the next Session, already so rich in golden promises. Most of the objections—and they were not very formidable—urged by ourselves and others against the first part of Mr. FORSTER's original Bill have been fairly canvassed and met; and, as it is acknowledged on all hands that no reasonable objection can be taken to its provisions in their amended shape, there can be no doubt that the Bill will be passed with little or no opposition. In one quarter, that of the trustees of the multitudinous charities of the City of London, an organized and formidable opposition, based on no unreasonable grounds, to some of the provisions for dealing with charitable endowments left for other than educational purposes, has signified from Sion College its intention of offering no objection to the amended Bill.

The first objection felt in several quarters to the Bill in general was that it was rather like legislation under panic. The defects of many endowed schools were so scandalous that there was a temptation to pass a crude and hasty measure; and in the zeal of many promoters of middle-class education there was, or there was suspected to be, something of one-sidedness and crotchetiness, and at least an excess of anxiety for an immediate and pressing object, scarcely weighted by sufficient discretion and temperance in dealing with so delicate a question as that of conciliating, while superseding, local authorities. Nor are we quite assured that public opinion is sufficiently matured to make it practicable to do the whole thing out of hand. A temporary Commission clearing the ground, inviting internal reforms in old and badly-managed schools, settling principles by which useless endowments have to be utilized, creating and educating a general interest in the subject, will render the work of the permanent Commission comparatively easy, will give everybody time for mastering a subject about which public knowledge is vague, and public interest not very active. Most of the local objections will melt away when time is given to local authorities both to think over the necessity of reform and to settle for themselves what form of organization for a purpose strange and unfamiliar to them old institutions and endowments should take.

We proceed to specify the modifications introduced by the Select Committee. In the original measure, as relating to existing schools, and providing for the future that no special religious instruction should be enforced in the re-settled schools, it was assumed that a school had no religion in particular, unless where expressly named by the founder, or by the constitution given at the foundation of the school. In these cases, and in those alone, the existing religious or denominational character was not to be interfered with; but this religious character must be proved by documentary evidence. In the amended Bill, specific religious instruction settled, not from the date of the institution, but within fifty years of the founder's death, is to be held sufficient proof of a special and denominational religious character, and secures the school from non-interference in the existing religious instruction.

The original Bill excepted from its operation foundations not more than thirty years old; in the amended Bill this age of non-exemption has been prolonged to fifty years. Again, in the original Bill the initiation of new schemes was in all cases to be left to the Commissioners. The Commissioners were to construct the new constitution, and send it down to the local authorities and governing bodies, to whom was left the power of objecting and suggesting modifications, but nothing more. In the amended Bill, a somewhat complex sliding scale of initiating reforms and new constitutions has been adopted in the case of large endowments (1) of more than 10,000*l.* a year, (2) of more than 2,000*l.* a year, and (3) in the case of wholly educational endowments of a gross amount exceeding 1,000*l.* a year. In class 1 the governing body is allowed twelve months, and in classes 2 and 3 six months, to start and propose a prior and initial scheme of reform and re-appropriation of their funds, which local propositions and schemes are to take precedence of any draft scheme from the Commissioners. In the case of lesser endowments the governing body may propose an alternative and confronting scheme with that drafted by the Commissioners, and may insist on its being considered concurrently with that of the Commissioners.

Mr. FORSTER'S Bill proposed that, in the case of doles in money or kind, marriage-portions, endowments for the redemption of prisoners for debt and captives in slavery, *loans*, and other miscellaneous and effete charities, the Charity Commissioners might confiscate or appropriate such endowments for the purposes of middle-class education. This is the clause which provoked such strong objection in the City, seeing that it not only superseded all local authorities, but drew no distinction between large and small parishes, in some of which the endowments for apprentice fees and loans were found to be very useful. In the amended measure the *loan* endowments are omitted, and in all other cases of such miscellaneous endowments and charitable funds they can only be diverted from their original purpose on the petition of the trustees and governing bodies, while security is to be taken that, on their re-appropriation and re-settlement, the interests of persons in the same class of life as those for whose benefit they were originally given shall be maintained. Further, in the original measure no appeal was given to a Head-master, dismissed at the pleasure of the Commission; in the amended Bill this appeal is recognised and provided for, though not very clearly. And, finally, in the Bill as amended by the Select Committee, the security of the non-educational parts of mixed foundations is better provided for.

One provision of the original measure which may be thought open to controversy is left untouched—namely, the period of three years within which the powers of the temporary Commission are to be exercised. And we may add that, while quite sufficiently stringent powers are given to the Commissioners to dismiss an incompetent master, we might wish that a parallel discretion had been left to them of deposing any governor or trustee whose continuance in office might be found prejudicial to the foundation. But, on the whole, little fault is to be found with the amended measure. As regards the general object—that of the reform of our wasted endowments—no difference of opinion prevails; and while, on the one hand, the important principle is conceded that charitable endowments which are not now applied to education cannot be so applied without the consent of the existing local authorities and governing bodies, on the other hand, the most questionable features of the original Bill, which are chiefly to be found in the second part, are at least postponed. We may well wait for what is most important, the character of the proposed permanent Commissioners, on which the success of any legislation must mainly depend. Their names, numbers, and personal qualifications are all of the first moment. We should hope that the same temperate and conciliatory spirit which has animated the Select Committee will have its influence in settling the permanent provisions of the measure. We shall have ample time and opportunity to canvass the propriety of excluding from the operation of the Bill the seven greater schools, for the inclusion of which Dr. TEMPLE, so far at least as Rugby is concerned, so strenuously appeals. It is argued, and the argument appears to be weighty, that the proposed examination of all endowed schools coming under the Act by examiners appointed by the permanent Educational Council will give rise to many practical difficulties. The powers of such examiners will have to be strictly defined. Already in primary schools the crotchets and special tastes of particular school inspectors are too carefully studied by village masters and mistresses; and the whole cause of middle-class education would suffer under examiners with a twist, a bias, and a specialty, as they say. Again, to require a certificate of fitness for a head-mastership to be granted by the Educational Council, or by the Committee of Council on Education, in the case of graduates even in honours, would undoubtedly have only the effect of discouraging men of high attainments from taking the office in grammar and middle schools. These are the most prominent defects of the second, and postponed, portion of the Government measure. And before we quit the subject we may be allowed to remark that, in settling the future of these middle-class and endowed schools, it must be borne in mind that no cast-iron and uniform scheme ought to be assumed either by the Permanent Commissioners or their Examiners. There will be middle schools and middle schools; and just as middle-class society and middle-class requirements shade off into those of the higher and lower social ranks, so ought the schools and their education to do. There ought to be at least a first-class, upper middle-class, middle-class, and lower middle-class. The Inquiry Commissioners have already, it is feared in some quarters, betrayed something of a *doctrinaire* character in what they have forecast as the ideal of the standard-middle school. Machine-made schools and machine-made masters and an unelastic examination will certainly not perpetuate the present abuses and defects of English education, but they will import new ones.

THE MONEY-MARKET.

THE recent advance in the price of money is by no means the worst of the symptoms that have clouded the aspect of trade for the last two or three years. That money should be comparatively scarce is a less serious indication than that money should be as plentiful as the market rates showed it to be for month after month, and almost year after year, and yet that the industrial enterprise of the country should have sunk to so low an ebb as to be unable to employ it to advantage. Ever since the last panic, now so far back as to be almost an historical event, trade has languished as it never languished in this country before. Some improvement has been traceable within the last few months, and, to some slight extent, the increased demand for money may be due to greater commercial activity. But the recovery has as yet been so slight that it is impossible to attribute to it effects so considerable as to have raised the rate of discount from 2 and 2½ per cent. up to the present standard of 4½ per cent. The movement seems rather to be due to the lack than the excess of activity at home. When it was suddenly discovered that Companies with an aggregate nominal capital far exceeding 100,000,000*l.* were worthless bubbles, that more than 20,000,000*l.* had been actually paid up for the benefit of promoters and financial agents, and of scarcely any one besides, when some of the largest railway undertakings were so discredited by fraud and extravagance as to throw doubt upon almost the best of railway debentures, it was not surprising that the closing of so many of the ordinary channels of investment should have caused a glut in the money-market. If trade had been vigorous enough to take advantage of the opportunity, the abundant supply of capital would have rapidly flowed into remunerative ventures; but the same distrust which had shaken all confidence in Company securities had at the same time sapped the foundations of legitimate trade. It was a problem at the time where all the money that was floating about was to be placed, and the result, as many persons anticipated, was that investers, finding no field at home, and unable to get a fair rate of interest in any English investment which they were disposed to trust, set themselves to seek opportunities of sending their wealth abroad. Notwithstanding the repeated acts of repudiation of so many borrowing Governments, almost any foreign loan became a more tempting investment than could be found within the four seas. Even the wretched Republics of South America continued to find purchasers for their bonds without discontinuing their old habits of dishonesty. Only the other day the Minister of one of these indebted States, with an effrontery developed only in Spanish blood, coolly announced to the foolish creditors of his penniless State that impossibility of payment was a legitimate ground for repudiation, and that his Government was unfortunately incapable of any longer devoting to the payment of interest the proportion of its Customs' duties which had been assigned as a security for its bonds. It is puzzling to guess who the original *bonâ fide* subscribers for such securities can be, but the fact is certain, that for a long time past English capitalists have preferred the bad faith of foreign Governments to the not more flagrant, though perhaps more astonishing, bad faith of native Directors. The result has been that the wealth of this country has been poured with-

out stint into the coffers of foreigners, until at last the hoard begins to show signs of depletion.

The suddenness of these indications admits, we believe, of an easy explanation. For a long time after the close of the American war, United States bonds were mistrusted in England, in consequence of the ill-judged threats of repudiation with which the Americans strove so energetically to damage their own position. As soon as it became evident that the tide had turned, and that both the PRESIDENT and Congress were disposed to adopt the better policy of honesty, American bonds grew into favour here, as they had long before done in the Frankfort market. At the same time, the Atlantic cities of the States rushed into commercial ventures with more ardour than had been known for many years, and the inevitable course of trade consequent on these conditions was a very rapid absorption in England of American bonds, and a dangerously active importation from Europe into the States. So long as England and other countries were ready to take payment in United States securities, there was nothing to stay the westward flow of capital, and this, added to our previous large investments in other foreign bonds, produced the comparative scarcity of money which is symbolized by 4½ per cent. There is nothing at all to be regretted in a rise of price which may check a drain in every way mischievous to the interests of this country. That an individual investor gains by preferring a foreign security more profitable than any he can find at home, and equally safe, cannot be doubted, and political economy forbids any interference with the natural flow of capital. The world grows richer by capital being taken to the place where it can be used to the greatest advantage. But political economy is terribly cosmopolitan, and though the world may grow richer, the lending country may become incalculably poorer by the operation. The actual lenders fare well enough, provided their calculations are sound, but all the indirect benefit gained by the stimulus of home investments is transferred to other nations whenever foreign loans become, as they have long been, the favourite security of the market. It may be that the higher rates now prevailing may divert a larger share of the capital seeking investment into home channels, and, if so, the approach to stringency will be an unmixed good. And there are, it is true, some little signs of a movement in this direction. The cotton trade is still depressed, but there can be no question that a sluggish and gradual revival is going on in most departments of commerce. It may be traced in the daily reports from the manufacturing districts, and it is plainly visible in the Board of Trade returns. But the recovery is still very slow, and either those engaged in trade lack the opportunities or the courage to extend their operations, or else the possessors of available capital still retain too much distrust to be ready to advance it as freely for such purposes as they do in more prosperous times. The higher rate of discount ought to check, and seems already to have checked, to some extent, the drain occasioned by the recent fancy for foreign securities; and though not in itself a benefit to those who have to work with borrowed capital, it may in the long run prove to be such by restoring closer relations between the possessors and the users of money.

After allowing for all the considerations on which we have dwelt, there is still something quite unusual in the monetary history of the last year or two. That the Bank bullion should fall, as it has done within the last year, from 20,000,000*l.* to 16,000,000*l.* is a common enough event, but that this should happen after a plentiful harvest and without any activity at home to account for the absorption of capital, is a new, and not a satisfactory, feature. That it is a temporary consequence of natural distrust is obvious enough, but temporary disorders which last over years have too much of the chronic character about them to be viewed without regret. By degrees the evil must cure itself, and we trust that it will do so before any considerable addition has been made to the amount of English capital risked on the credit of Governments of doubtful faith.

"PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING" AMONG UNDERGRADUATES.

THE Memoir of Keble, lately written by Sir John Taylor Coleridge—the friend of Keble's youth, manhood, and age—is a book full of suggestiveness. It well deserves the attention of every one who is able, and who is concerned, to think on current questions of intellectual, social, and religious interest. But there is no quarter to which it appeals so clearly and pointedly as to the Universities, and especially to their undergraduate members.

The condition of undergraduate life at any given time is a matter of much more consequence in our social history than many people who are unacquainted with the Universities would readily admit. Undergraduate life always presents a reflex of the wider picture of national life among the middle and upper sections of society. It may be sometimes a painful, not an agreeable, reflex; but it is not the less interesting, and certainly not the less instructive, for that. We have not the slightest intention here of writing an essay on the weak points of life at the Universities. We believe that at any rate one of the two great Academical societies that are the pride of England has made marked advances towards a higher standard during the last twelve or fifteen years. And we are prepared to learn that such advances are on the increase, both at Oxford and Cambridge. But no close observer, however friendly, whether his point of view be taken from the inside or the outside, will hesitate to admit that undergraduate life is exceedingly deficient in two great merits—simplicity and seriousness.

To say this is to utter an apparent commonplace. But there are moments, and there are points of contrast, at which what seems to be a commonplace is in reality the only means of expressing the truth. And at such points a commonplace often becomes a commonplace no more. It acquires power and vitality, which redeem it, and give it a sense that glows and stimulates. Let any one who maintains a loyal interest in the Universities go and spend a few days at both during the Easter Term. And when he has done that, let him sit down and read Sir John Coleridge's account of the old Corpus days when Keble and Arnold were of the scholars, or Wordsworth's *Prelude*, or Tennyson's fine canto beginning "I passed beside the reverend walls," or Wordsworth's sonnet, from which the title of this paper is borrowed, or such a fine and stirring composition as Professor Selwyn's Memorial Sermon of 1861, now just re-issued, which resulted in the undertaking and completion of the magnificent new chapel at St. John's, a building which will be henceforward among the finest ornaments of Cambridge. When in writings of this kind, remarkably diverse in their nature, we read memorials of a life lived in the past, sometimes so nearly approaching an ideal standard that it is hard to conceive what could be added in idea to what was realized in act, the aspiration after simplicity and seriousness is a thing very far removed from commonplace.

The description furnished in Keble's Life is not the only description that has appeared of the way of living among the young scholars of Corpus in that golden age when Keble was one of them. Already, in the Life of Arnold, Sir John Coleridge—always writing *con amore* on that subject—had drawn the picture of the College as then it was. But in the recent memoir everything is fuller and more distinct; and if the lines are here and there a little "distance-mellowed and even glorified," they are no doubt, for all that, accurate and precise enough. Here, then, in the society which contained at the same time John Taylor Coleridge, and Keble, and Arnold, and Ellison, and Dyson, and Cornish, there was going forward, near sixty years ago, a way of life that ought not to remain only recorded in the chapters of memorial books, but should be often drawn forward into the common daylight. No doubt it is true that the exact circumstances of the then Corpus scholars cannot now be reproduced in any College in either Oxford or Cambridge. There is now in neither University a single collegiate society remaining which consists of elected scholars only. Such a preliminary tie between all undergraduates then admitted to Corpus formed unquestionably a bond of union and a stimulus to *esprit* for the House. Much in the same way, though in two of the cases it was side by side with resident commoners, the scholars of Balliol and Trinity at Oxford, and of King's at Cambridge, have at different periods cultivated an *esprit de corps* with a surprising degree of success.

But this peculiarity of circumstance is not enough, and the undoubted genius of some of the men concerned is not enough, to account for the "plain living and high thinking" that was the especial glory of Keble's old College in his time. It must remain always the eminent merit of that circle of friends, that they availed themselves of these advantages and used them, as strong will and virtuous sound sense can use any circumstances, so as to produce a splendid result. Corpus was by no means the only close College in Oxford in those days, nor for the greater part of half a century afterwards. But Corpus seems to have been the only close College which, just at that time, resolved to turn the circumstances of privacy and intimate social intercourse into an ideal arena of life-long discipline. And, if we now ask attention to some of the characteristics of that bygone College life, this is done in the firm persuasion, not only that any existing College set would be the better for an infusion of the same elements, but that no undergraduate of high aims ought to pass over unnoticed the chance which Keble's Memoir gives him of looking at an academical ideal.

Sir John Coleridge, talking of his contemporary friends, speaks of their "activity in the studies of the place, the simplicity and ease of their social intercourse, the delights of their walks, and the intellectual interest of their earnest talks together." They were all, except Keble and perhaps one or two more, public-school men, or rather boys in the real sense, for Keble was less than fifteen when elected at Corpus, and barely nineteen when he won his Oriel Fellowship. And, this being considered, what strikes one at once is the remarkable absence, not only of luxurious and quasi-luxurious recreations, but also of the *strenua inertia* developed by an excessive athletic zeal. They got on not only without billiards and steeplechasing, but even without having erected boating, cricket, and inter-University athletics into the position of

the real business of the place. We are speaking of the excess of these things—of zeal without knowledge in their pursuit. Arnold at any rate (and he was not a single instance in the Corpus set) was remarkable for the genuine athletic spirit, both at Oxford and afterwards at Rugby. "I like and love," said both Milton and Locke, "all exercises and pastimes that be fitte for my nature and abilitie." And Professor Selwyn, who quotes that passage, cannot rouse the St. John's of the present to emulate her Burleigh and Ascham and Butler and Martyn and Wordsworth and Herschel, without an expressed desire also that the "Lady Margaret" may have high place on the river, as of old. But it is simply matter of fact, and it is brought out (perhaps unintentionally) by Sir John Coleridge in strong relief, that the athletics of Oxford in Keble's time, and of Cambridge in the later time of the Selwyns, were subsidiary and not primary; the enjoyment of the thing was intense enough, but the luxury was as yet undeveloped.

As regards that "activity in the studies of the place" which was cultivated by these Corpus scholars, the prizes and classes secured by Coleridge, Keble, and Arnold alone were as many (if not more) in number as any three of the most brilliant contemporaries in a single College ever won. And the perfect ease of their social intercourse, instead of being allowed to become a cause of degeneration, was used to stimulate the intellectual earnestness of their discussions. There could be no better proof of resolute and sensible activity than this one fact supplies. They seem to have debated with perfect freedom, like the set of Arthur Hallam some twenty years later in Trinity, Cambridge—

> A band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art
> And labour and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land—

and, of course, as many a good set has since then done, and is now doing. But the debates of the Corpus men were not merely remarkable from the after celebrity of some who shared in them. Any undergraduate, or any observant reader whatever, who will take the trouble to read over the records in Arnold's Life as well as Keble's, will find the characteristics so thoroughly good and uncommon that he will probably discover something new to imitate or aim at with every fresh perusal.

If it were necessary to specify any one point in the society which Sir John Coleridge has so well described, we should be inclined to select the freshness and elasticity of their life and spirits. They went up young to the University, it is true; but their elasticity did not desert them as they grew older. "Plain living and high thinking" was to them, and is always, not a rule of life only; it is a germinating element of strong and progressive development. It gives

> Manners, virtue, freedom, power,

without pretension and without fuss. And the overflow of the sense of that development is seen in a perfect elasticity of spirits, as free from boisterousness as it is from depression—a gift which was clearly common in Corpus, and in which Arnold seems to have excelled. This elasticity of spirits partly creates, and partly is the same thing as, a highly intensified power of enjoyment. That is a power which ought to be more common, and at a higher degree, than it is. We are speaking of a power of enjoying almost anything that contains by possibility an element of pleasure; of the power of producing and reproducing sources of enjoyment not from without, but from within; of infinite enjoyment through the threefold channels of the senses, the emotions, and the intellect. This faculty of creating and perceiving pleasure in a high degree is sometimes regarded as one of the special functions and endowments of genius. And so it is. But it is not men of distinguished genius alone that possess and exult in a high power of enjoyment. The same privilege often falls to the lot of men of distinguished goodness. It was the simplicity and purity of their lives, quite as much as their genius, which made Keble's set capable of enjoying, up to an unusual degree, the

> Wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
> And all the warm green-muffled Cumner hills.

The means of enjoyment in those days were very much less plentifully supplied or eagerly sought after than they now are. But the internal sources of enjoyment seem, in one University circle at any rate, never to have run dry. Continental travel in vacation time, for instance, was then very costly, and was rarely undertaken. But Sidmouth gave to Keble what Switzerland has often failed to give to explorers of a later day.

It would be an unreasonable omission if, while speaking of an intensified power of enjoyment, we left altogether unnoticed the kindred characteristic of strong and steady affection which marked this set. It is a matter which does not require many words, but it deserves notice, and it will well repay attention. Arnold's and Keble's Letters, and the recent Memoir of Keble himself, are very remarkable monuments of a very rare degree of strong College attachment. But the attachments of the Corpus scholars among themselves, lifelong though they were, and maintained through all kinds of diversity in pursuit and profession, do not alone represent the kind of character which we are just now speaking of. There was hardly a man of the set who was not remarkable for an intense cultivation of home affections, and whose life was not powerfully influenced (at one time or another) by the strong and sacred ties of family. As for Keble himself, he left Oxford in the first instance in order to be near his father, whose age and health seemed to require his presence; and the same consideration caused him at various times to resign the curacy of Hursley, to decline the offer of the Archdeaconry of Barbadoes with a salary of 2,000*l.* a year, and to refuse the vicarage of Hursley upon the occurrence of a vacancy on the first occasion. The same strong sense of filial duty was one chief means in overcoming his repugnance to publish the *Christian Year*, and inducing him to lay aside his original intention of allowing it to appear only posthumously.

It is scarcely necessary, after the mention of these characteristics, to add that the Corpus set in Keble's time were remarkable for seriousness, not less than for manly clearness and plainness of life. They did not play fast and loose with their prospects and their future aims. Here, again, is a remark which only the sense of a powerful contrast will redeem from the level of commonplace. But try the experiment of first reading something about the youth of Keble and Arnold, and then looking through the tradesmen's bills of A.B. or C.D. who failed to satisfy the Little-Go examiners the other day. A serious view of life will not sound like a very commonplace phrase when you look at the contrast, and think of "the pity, the pity of it, Iago." Three at least of these Corpus associates, by virtue of a life at once simple and serious, and by educating their genuine powers through that discipline, left a strong mark not on Oxford only but on their times, and two of them on the very heart of the nation, in the great interests of religion and of education.

It was said at starting, and we repeat it here, that the University life of the present, notwithstanding many features of a very sinister kind, is far from presenting no symptoms of improvement. The really important point to remember is that a genuine advance to a higher standard can be secured among the undergraduates only by efforts from themselves. Certain measures of reform may always be resorted to by the legislating bodies, whether for University or College. But these measures are not always certain of success, and at best they can do no more than modify to a slight degree the circumstances which surround a student. Almost unfettered freedom of action will always remain, as it ought to remain, within the decision of his own will. It will remain within his own option to live a life of simplicity and stability, and to develop his own circumstances as the Corpus scholars developed theirs, or else to remedy at the Mitre or the Bull whatever defects in social refinement the College may have failed to supply.

How directly and immediately a high social standard reacts, whether in a public school or at the Universities, on the intellectual life of the place, it is unnecessary to point out. The reaction at Corpus was as clearly traceable as its effects were remarkable. In the intellectual condition of the younger sections of a University there are varying kinds of deficiency at different times. There is sometimes a want of width and scope even amongst the most active men, an excessive tendency to special study, and a corresponding narrowness of aim and grasp. At other times, and under other conditions, the weakness arises from too great diffuseness, and the result is seen in a species of mental indecision even where the charge of shallowness will not lie. Now a mode of academical life such as Sir John Coleridge has drawn can never furnish an infallible remedy to intellectual difficulties, but it is one of the surest methods for putting things in the way of improvement. University legislation would be an easy matter if the temper of the Corpus set were a general one in the Universities, or if every College could say, as Professor Selwyn tells us that St. John's could in the sixteenth century, *primum alimus optima ingenia optimis disciplinis ac moribus.* But we have no intention to point the moral of Keble's Memoir in detail. If University sets would read it widely, it could scarcely be ineffective, for a book is seldom written better able to point its own moral for itself.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FOOT-NOTES.

FEW things among the many mysteries of authorship are more difficult to understand than the principle on which a writer manages his foot-notes, if he resorts to them freely and copiously, or the principle on which he omits them, if his use is sparing and rigidly limited. Caprice seems to rule at the bottom of the page in a sovereign manner. One author regards a third or a fourth of each page as lawful space in which the rubbish of his note-books may be honourably shot, to the edification of his readers and to the glory of his own erudition. Another carefully removes every trace of the scaffolding, enginery, bricks, mortar, and the rest, without which he could not have constructed his great work, and yet which would only obscure its lines, proportions, and general impression if they or any bit of them were left in the way after the work is finished. A third sort of writer differs from both of these; for while he does not rigorously clear away all the relics and *débris* of his labours, nor, on the other hand, leave them all piled up in gigantic heaps, he darts down at his reader upon sudden and groundless pretext with a little shower of references, characterizations, and emphatic side-strokes, which take one violently by surprise and leave us wondering why we should have deserved this swift and fierce descent, and why, if it be fitting here, it should be omitted in the next page or the next after that, or even through a whole peaceful chapter that follows undisturbed by a single reference, characterization, or anything else of the kind. Of course it is quite plain that there can be no general rule about foot-notes, any more than there can be a general rule about long sentences and short sentences, the number of sentences that

ought to make a paragraph, and the like. The subject, and the particular writer's conception and treatment of it, are both of them considerations that have a great deal to do with the fittingness and dimensions of the foot-note. In a novel, for example, a foot-note is usually a superfluity, and in this class of books we usually find it in the particularly objectionable statement at the bottom of the page that "This is a fact," or "The writer can vouch for the truth of the remark which is put into So-and-so's mouth," as if it made any difference whether the remark be vouched for or not in the proper person of the author. For one thing, the truth of a remark which is given to a character in a novel is less to the point than its dramatic propriety; and for another thing, as a rule, there is no more reason why we should take the word of the novelist for the soundness of a remark than the word of the puppet whom the novelist has created. Surely it comes to much the same thing in point of credibility. Let it be said, however, that there is one great living romance-writer whom the foot-note, if he had only condescended to it, would have saved from a good many violences upon the proprieties of his text. In one of Victor Hugo's sublime descriptions, it would be a profound comfort if the text were not broken by strange references to a wind which blew for fifteen hours and thirty-five minutes on the 18th of January, 1867, or maybe to an extraordinary fish found in July, 1840, in the waters of the Susquehanna by Jefferson B. Scribbs of Wilmington, Delaware. If we must be told of the particular fish and the particular storm, then, in the name alike of art and mental comfort, let them be relegated to the foot of the page, or, still better, the end of the chapter, where we may skip all these needless bits of useful information in a lump. But as art is concerned with wholes, we could well dispense with this profusion of particularities, whether in text or foot-note; and we may admit generally that in fiction one suffers fewer things of the foot-note than anywhere else. It is in history, and especially in philosophical history, that the foot-note can be most rampant. Everybody knows the look of one of Mr. Buckle's pages; usually rather more than one-half is covered with a perfectly tropical plantation of references to all manner of books, with decisive remarks thrown in off-hand upon men and things in general. To take the *History of Civilization* down into the country is as good as having a library with you. Every other sentence is a peg on which to hang a foot-note a couple of inches long. If you have digested the foot-note, you find that you have by that time lost the thread of the text. Resuming this painfully, you read on five or six lines more, and are once more jolted off the track into the rut of another foot-note. Perhaps the great Gibbon set the most effective example of this kind of practice; only it is just to say that his notes are scarcely ever overloaded, that they usually are directed by some intelligible purpose of reference, and that, when they are not this, they are repositories of something which might well have been left out altogether, but still which is better in the obscurity of a foot-note than thrust into the broad and open day of the text. This is a very different thing, however, from a practice that is growing up, among writers otherwise of merit, of turning the foot-note into a special region where they may skip and frisk, denounce and extol, epigrammatize and antithesize, with a summariness and an airy decision most refreshing to behold. They pay a certain respect to the dignity of the text, and then reward themselves for so much self-restraint by wonderful gambadoes at the bottom of the page. Here they raise or demolish an idol in the twinkling of a sentence; flash a bit of Greek or Latin or old French in the reader's eyes, merely *à propos de bottes;* characterize a philosophy as briskly and lightly as if they were turning a couplet; and sum up in a phrase any system of which they may have chanced to bethink themselves. The consequence of all this is that one might make, out of a work annotated and illustrated on such profuse principles, a terrible anthology of unsupported and point-blank assertions upon the most questionable and questioned matters; unqualified judgments about things which can only be treated with a hundred qualifications; summary pronouncements upon characters the most complex and difficult of interpretation. It would really be worth while to take one of these random annotators and confront him out of his own small type with a list of the propositions which he expects us to take on trust, as well as with a short summary of the incongruous classes of matter which he has lugged in by the ears. The warning would be most effective, and the exposure of such an author's intellectual looseness most severe. He himself would probably be shocked at the strange *omnium gatherum* which he had invited his public to inspect, and might even awaken to the fact that, instead of being that prodigy of aptness and sober meditation and reasoned judgment which he had supposed himself to be, he is a bit of an impostor, who, to paraphrase Moth's image, had been at a feast of books and stolen the scraps.

There are two most obvious and definite objections to the prevailing fashion. The first is that no reader of less than Macaulay's memory can possibly remember a fraction of the information or opinion which is thrust upon him in these over-crammed notes. There is nothing about them to give them the proper adhesive quality. They are fragmentary and fugitive, offering no compact or shapely whole which may impress either the imagination or the understanding. They flit under the eye, take place for a moment among our impressions, and then are swiftly obliterated by the next and the next and the next, that follow in close succession—one being historical, its neighbour philosophical, the next to that æsthetic, the fourth industrial, and so on, right through the scale of knowable things, and all within the mightily brief space of a couple of pages. The second objection is like unto this. Even if we could retain, say, a twentieth part of the information and opinion purveyed in this barbarous manner for our instruction and building up, the form in which it comes would be enough to make even this twentieth part something worse than useless. The knowledge which consists merely of detached propositions, whether statements of fact or expressions of conviction, is hardly any better than ignorance. The author, emptying out his commonplace-book into his foot-notes, very likely knows all about the heading under which such and such a fact or opinion comes, what it is related to, what are its bearings—in a word, what is its true and fundamental significance. But the public does not read as a student writes. It is well if accumulated foot-notes do not distract the mind alike from themselves and from the text, the substance of the book thus between two stools falling to the ground. At best, the reader who does the text justice only gives one eye and half a mind to the cloud of semi-impertinences and irrelevancies underneath. What chance is there, then, of even ordinary attention being given to those propositions, so thick in number, so varied in subject, which require for their right comprehension and assimilation an attention quite extraordinary? If the writers of books would only bethink themselves of the real nature of the process of reading, how it is gone through even by the better sort of people, they would perceive the absurdity of these *olla podridas* of erudition mostly surface. But, one of the profuse annotators may retort, we write for persons with the capacity for reading, who have learnt to take pains over a book, and who will laboriously give a worthy closeness of attention to important matters. And this is all very well, but every student will feel that the pains which would be needed to digest a great quantity of scattered annotations would be much better expended in going over the ground on his own account. Moreover, he will certainly feel that, unless he does go over the ground on his own account as well, what he picks up among the disjected members of elaborate foot-notes will be of uncommonly small substantial value. Opinions swallowed whole, and information taken in in ready-made lumps, are to the scholar or the thinker as nearly good for nothing as may be. So that in neither case is any real good done. The disciplined reader does not care for matter heaped up indiscriminately as by some process of literary pitchforking, while the crowd are simply dazzled, and so pass lightly and unburdened on.

As we began by saying, it is out of the question to lay down a general rule on such a subject, but the nearest possible approach to a rule may perhaps be found in the simple maxim to abstain from foot-notes with a rigorous self-restraint. Where an historian, for example, has to give references to, or citations from, his authorities, their use is of course indispensable. And, again, one must plainly distinguish between foot-notes and a professed commentary by one writer upon the text of another. To fill a foot-note with references to authors where a thoughtful reader may find the subject further illustrated is scarcely ever advisable, because if the thoughtful reader cares for the subject he will have no difficulty in gaining this information for himself—a labour which will make it twice as useful to him when it is gained. And, finally, to crowd notes with detached opinions *de omni scibili* is not only not advisable, but not even permissible to an author who either respects his subject and his art, or who understands the scope and the limitations of ordinary receptivity.

MR. STEFANOS XENOS.

WHO is Mr. Stefanos Xenos? some of our readers, troubled with short memories, will inquire. In these rapid days popular notoriety as well as popular reputation is soon made and soon lost, and fame is terribly evanescent. Mr. Stefanos Xenos became known to outsiders of that marvellous City world which for many years he has adorned in the course of the proceedings taken by Dr. Thom against the Directors of Overend, Gurney, and Co., Limited, and chiefly in connexion with the Greek and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, which was only a periphrase of Stefanos Xenos, and which concern appeared in the accounts of the great Discount House as a debtor for some trifling sum of 300,000*l.* And, moreover, it was at the same time revealed that Mr. Stefanos Xenos paid Mr. Edward Watkin Edwards, the adviser, Mentor, and superintendent of the house of Overend and Gurney, an annuity of 500*l.* a year for his trouble in superintending, on the Gurneys' part, the business of Mr. Xenos, during the time in which he was under advances to that firm. Further, it came out that Mr. Xenos had made Mr. Edwards a present of a yacht and an Arab steed during their business connexion. While the concerns of these worthy people were before the Lord Mayor, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Xenos spoke of each other as hawk and dove; Mr. Xenos claiming to be dove and charging Mr. Edwards with a hawk-like character; and *vice versâ*. And while the storm was at its height, Mr. D. W. Chapman wrote an affecting and most filial letter from Tours, where he finds a sunny retirement from the storms of Lombard Street, to his father, Mr. D. B. Chapman, at Roehampton, in which, among other incredible and monstrous things, he spoke of Mr. Xenos's "depredations" on the house of Overend and Gurney. These two words, "hawk" and "depredations," fired Mr. Xenos; and he undertook to write a book to show that he was a dove, and no hawk, and that as to depredations he was the victim, not the robber. This pledge Mr. Xenos has just ful-

filled in the shape of a book—a deadly heavy one—entitled *Depredations; or, Overend, Gurney, and Co., and the Greek and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.* By Stefanos Xenos. London: Published by the Author, at 9 Essex Street, Strand, 1869. We do not intend to assume the responsibility of deciding whether Mr. Xenos has made out his case, chiefly because we do not precisely understand what his case is until we have come to some understanding as to what a dove is, and what depredations are, in Mr. Xenos's own view of them. Words are but the signs of ideas, and it is very probable that the notions on morality in general, and on commercial morality in particular, held by such gentlemen as some members of the Overend house, by Mr. Edwards, by Mr. Xenos, and by a good many people famous on the Stock Exchange, at the Baltic, and in the Board-rooms of Finance Companies, are so irreconcilable with our own that any attempt to get at a common understanding would be thrown away. It is rather silly work to decide, in the case of two very empty and dirty oyster-shells, which is the dirtiest; and we may well leave Mr. Edwards and Mr. Xenos to settle the correctness of their own estimate of each other.

When we say that Mr. Xenos's book is dull, we mean it with a qualification. It is dreadfully dull to us, consisting for the most part of minute and tedious details of all the author's unsuccessful speculations in the City. Mr. Xenos seems to have had a wonderful knack at always getting on the wrong side of the hedge. He has been a very whirligig of commercial Fortune; just always on the verge of astounding success, and as constantly floundering into a malebolge of misfortunes and failures; always, by his simplicity, getting imposed on and taken in by partners, agents, and fellow-speculators, yet always inventing, and successful in, wonderful schemes which not only promise, but secure success. From his own account, he combines the elements of audacious intrepidity in business with a guilelessness and simplicity of character quite childlike. He is for ever getting overreached by commonplace vulgar harpies and traders on his simplicity, yet always getting the upper hand of the whole commercial world by his adroitness, his intuitive perception of openings before they were visible to the rest of his craft, and by his heroic devotion to work, and facility in divining combinations of profit. We shall not contest this estimate of Mr. Xenos, as for other reasons, so because we have no grounds on which to dispute. And we say this distinctly, that however dull the commercial details of Mr. Xenos's book, the biographical and autobiographical fragments which are embodied in it are very pretty reading indeed. To these we restrict ourselves.

Mr. Xenos is a Greek, and since the days when Anastasius was drawn as the type of the modern Hellenic mind, we have not had so lifelike a portraiture. The autobiography is however disappointing and tantalizing, because scanty. We are not satisfied on a point which has caused us some curiosity, whether Mr. Xenos was born in Krete—the Krete, we mean, of Epimenides and St. Paul. Or can it be that one of the other two notorious Kappas, celebrated in antiquity, claims him for a son? It cannot be Kappadokia, seeing that the object of this book is to show that our Stefanos was not only not a robber, but the victim of robbery on the part of Overend and Gurney. It cannot be Kilikia, seeing that Mr. Xenos was not a pirate, but a sailor of ships, and a sufferer from at least land-pirates. Like Homer's, Mr. Xenos's birthplace may therefore be left doubtful. He was educated by the Greek Government at the military school of Evelpides for eight years, destined to become an artillery officer, and his life has done credit both to his training and to the name of the well-omened academy in which he was educated. He is still a soldier and free-lance of Fortune, and he has not yet attained those portals where Dante says all hope is to be abandoned. He seems to have quitted his own country on political grounds, and to have had some hereditary connexion with the extreme Hellenic faction. He speaks of the popularity of his family name, his father's patriotic services, and the great sacrifices which he made for Greece, as well as of his literary works. And incidentally it comes out that he was the proprietor and editor of that queer Greek newspaper, published some few years ago in London, the *Brettannikos Aster*, which was suppressed, or practically suppressed, by Earl Russell, on account of its seditious, if not treasonable, however patriotic, language against the Otho Government. The Provisional Government of Greece in 1865 appointed Mr. Xenos Greek Consul-General in London, in reward of his services in connexion with the *British Star;* but, though Mr. Xenos cannot understand why, the English Government refused him his *exequatur*, and he reasons characteristically on this event. Such a refusal, he says, could not occur now; and for this curious reason:—"The late revelations with regard to the long-boasted commercial honesty of England's mighty merchants will have taught her not to indulge any longer in eulogiums upon her national virtues." From which we gather that, as Mr. Xenos's services were declined because the English Government of that day believed in "commercial honesty," they would not be declined now that we are forced to own that there is no such thing as commercial honesty among us. This seems to be scarcely a complimentary view of Mr. Xenos's character, though it is plain that he must entertain it and perhaps appreciate it. Mr. Xenos's father is alive in Greece, and he has a brother Aristides. Aristides in old time was the inconveniently virtuous statesman whom the Athenians got rid of because he was too good for them; we are led from the present author's account of himself to suspect there may have been some mistake in the names of the Xenos family. Stefanos ought to have been Aristides, for he was not only too good for Greece, but he has been honoured with ostracism more than once in London. Mr. Xenos introduces us to his London life in 1856, when he was running a line of sailing vessels from England to the Levant. This business in 1857 he expanded, with the aid of a Greek house, Lascaridi of London, into the Greek and Oriental Steam Navigation Company—*i.e.*, Messrs. Xenos and Lascaridi chartered ships and lost a good deal of money. They then discovered that the right thing was to own, not hire, ships. Consequently, they turned shipowners as well as ship-charterers and consignees of cargo; but they had debts, no capital, and must have ships. As Mr. Xenos says, "To accept bills for 150,000*l.* is only an affair of a few minutes, and to provide for them is also only a momentary concern, *if* you have credit, your property free, your business well organized, and no enemies." Unfortunately for Mr. Xenos, from the very first moment of the existence of the O. S., these conditions of success were never available for his Company. Consequently, he was obliged to get money as he could, and, to make a long story short, in the long run he fell into the hands of Overend, Gurney, and Co., and Mr. E. W. Edwards. As we have said, the story is tedious, and, except to those concerned, very uninteresting; but undoubtedly Mr. Xenos, in recounting his sufferings, is very amusing. He is a literary artist, and occasionally lights up the darkest clouds full of discount and balance-sheets with very shrewd and sparkling bits of personal reminiscence and picturesque and, of course, veracious anecdote.

Here is a photograph of a class. "I confess to a prejudice—I dislike English Levantines. They do not inherit the Anglo-Saxon firmness of character nor the Greek vivacity of intellect. Brought up in the Turkish school, they become adepts in the arts of bowing and scraping, of fawning and formularies. They are neither English, Greeks, nor Turks, but a mixture of all; they can change the hue of their nationality with a chameleon-like facility to suit emergencies—a faculty that enables them to stand the fire of commercial battles and defeats with salamander-like indifference." Among other notables with whom Mr. Xenos was connected is one Mr. Gottheimer, in whom we are surprised to recognise Mr. Albert Grant, late M.P. for Kidderminster. "Mr. Albert Gottheimer, formerly a wine merchant trading under the firm of Coverdale and Gottheimer, was, at that time, as Manager of the Mercantile Discount Company, studying closely the Limited system, through which the Fates afterwards made him a magnificent GRANT. . . . The future father of the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England was too sharp" for Mr. Xenos; and one would think that he would have been too sharp for most folk, seeing that Mr. Gottheimer-Grant charged 100*l.* for one week's loan of 3,000*l.*, with the kind promise of renewing on the same terms. But here is more engaging stuff. Mr. Xenos introduces us to Overend, Gurney, and Co. in the flesh, and we feel the same sort of awe as the blameless Ethiopians must have felt when Zeus and the Olympians came uninvited, as one would think, to dinner. Dealing with these Hellenes, we must be pardoned for getting Hellenic in our illustrations. Mr. Xenos's classicality is contagious. Mr. Xenos compares the four principal partners of the great Discount House to Adonis, the Chevalier de Faublas, J. B. Colbert, and James Wilson—the *rôles* being respectively filled by D. W. Chapman (the exile of Tours), A. G. Chapman, H. E. Gurney, and R. Birkbeck. Mr. D. H. Chapman is described as "one of the handsomest of Englishmen, fond of flattery, surrounded by sycophants, loving the drama, fond but ignorant of pictures, and maintaining a hospitality lavish as that of the Prodigal Son"—which photograph reminds us that Mr. Benjamin Higgs was much the same sort of man. Mr. A. G. Chapman (a stranger to us, and who was "relieved from his duties" chiefly because "he signed so many cheques") is described "as a boyish-looking young man, of a very feminine aspect" and bullying manners. Mr. Henry Edmund Gurney was the genius of the institution possessed of a "high moral and intellectual cast . . . speaking with a loud tone, proud-spirited, somewhat pompous and dictatorial in manner, but with a deep sense of religion, and always performing acts of benevolence . . . a member of the Society of Friends . . . he became the tool of a clique, especially the favourites of Mr. Chapman's." Mr. H. E. Gurney is described by Mr. Xenos as ambitious, but with more work than he could manage, leaving the investigation of securities to D. W. Chapman and his factotum, the celebrated Mr. Edwards; and in this connexion Mr. Xenos thinks proper to speak of "babes in knowledge and refined rogues." Mr. Robert Birkbeck is described as a man of unflinching honour and integrity. Not without some gruff facetiousness, Mr. Xenos describes the interior of the great Discount House in Lombard Street, and the details of a grim and grimy torture-chamber, known, we believe, as the sweating-room, where applicants for discount were left for hours to their pleasant meditations on impending insolvency. Mr. E W. Edwards is painted as "a man of pleasing appearance, placid countenance, cool temper, of gentlemanly and fascinating manners, soft and sweet of speech." The story of the yacht which Mr. Xenos gave, if he did give, to this Mr. Edwards is very well told:—

"It was the 28th of January, 1861. 'We all kill ourselves for money,' remarked the official assignee. 'Will you come and have a little dinner with me at the Garrick?' 'With pleasure,' I answered. We arrived at the club. . . . I did honour to the splendid hock. . . . 'I cannot give you champagne or red wine,' said Mr. Edwards, 'as the doctors have ordered me to take nothing but hock.' I thought it rather selfish

of Mr. Edwards not to offer his guest red wine because he had been forbidden to drink it. We retired to the smoking-room. . . . We discussed Overend and Gurney, the Oriental Steam Navigation, and the *British Star*. . . . Mr. Edwards expressed a wish to make a cruise in the Greek Archipelago. At that time I had two yachts. . . . 'Will you lend me the steam yacht for a short cruise?' 'All right,' said I, 'you can have her altogether, as she is of no use to me.' 'Thank you; you are very kind.' We had no further communication on the subject. . . . Next morning Mr. Edwards requested me to send him the yacht's papers of which I had been so kind as to make him a present. I had forgotten all about the matter . . . but, much against my will, I sent him the yacht's papers." We regret that Mr. Xenos has not favoured us with the parallel history as to how he gave, or was done out of, the Arab horse, but which, anyhow, Mr. Edwards got hold of. But the skill with which this yacht story is told is inimitable. Mr. Xenos does not say that the hock of the Garrick was too much for him; he does not say that he either did or did not intend to give the yacht to Mr. Edwards; but he gives just enough of hint to let us infer—if we are so pleased—that he was done by Mr. Edwards. We wish we had space for the scene in a Victoria Street flat, where Messrs. Edwards, Lascaridi, and Barker, "smoking the finest Havannahs, and sipping wines of the finest bouquet," meet to settle a loan, which they all know to be a ruinous advance, of 80,000*l.* But we hope that Mr. Xenos's budget is not exhausted. Mr. Xenos's adventures, too, on the Stock Exchange are very rich and suggestive reading. He tells us that he has always been in the habit of keeping a diary and taking notes. We trust that he will favour us with them. Our curiosity is provoked when he tells us that he might, had he pleased, "have garnished his narrative"—a narrative of the lives and doings of our gravest City men, be it remembered—"with playful allusions to many an operatic Zephyrina and dramatic Eucharis. He might have told tales of Pretty Horsebreakers and capricious Anonymas; or he might have hinted at certain titled Calypsos, at whose bidding some of our good City men entered the commercial lists and fought the most desperate combats." Mr. Xenos has, in his present book, given us a scandalous chronicle of one sort, and he is quite the man to present a scandal-loving world with another. Maybe we shall meet him again. Meanwhile, from this curious revelation of some of the mysteries of discounting, financing, and Limited Liability Companies, we are tempted to think that there is something in Mr. Xenos's classical and commercial question:—"Must we imagine that Diogenes has consumed a gallon of the best Colza oil in searching among our capitalists and their agents for an honest man, and has ultimately extinguished his lamp in despair?" Our own little lantern is, we admit, burning very dimly.

THE POPE AND THE PATRIARCH OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE Greek Church has all along been the standing difficulty of Ultramontanism. It was impossible to ignore the Episcopal succession of her bishops and clergy as has been done, on the slenderest grounds, with the Anglican Episcopate. It was equally impossible to establish any charge of heresy against her, for on every point of doctrine she retained, with the minutest and most rigid accuracy, the faith of the ancient Church before the division of East and West. And, in fact, whatever individual theologians on either side may have said in the heat of debate, about the famous *Filioque* controversy, on neither has any formal indictment for heresy been preferred. Two Popes, Clement VIII. and Benedict XIV., have expressly ruled "that the Greeks are bound to believe the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, but *not bound to assert it*, unless there was danger of scandal." No such concession was ever made, or could have been made, by the early Church to the Arians as to the use or disuse of the critical "iota" with which Gibbon makes so merry. And, more than this, there has never been any formal denial on the part of Rome that the Greeks are included in the unity of the Church. On the contrary, it has often been implicitly admitted. Not only does St. Bernard ask Pope Eugenius III. if he "can possibly think it lawful to *dismember the Church*," when his reference to "patriarchs" shows that he had the East in mind as well as the West, but the Popes themselves have always used similar language. Gregory X. summoned the Council of Lyons "because of his extreme bitterness on beholding *the rent of the Universal Church* foreshadowed in the net of Peter the Fisherman, that broke for the multitude of fishes which it enclosed; *we do not say, divided in its faith*, but notoriously and lamentably divided as to its faithful members." A passage in the original Decree, inviting them to Basle, was cancelled because the term "heretics" had accidentally slipped into it. Eugenius IV. told his envoys that the Council of Florence was summoned "for the union of the Western and Eastern Church," and asked the Greeks themselves "in what shall we be benefited *if we fail to unite the Church of God*?" At the Council of Florence Greeks and Latins sat and voted as equals, and it was meant to be known as the *Eighth* Œcumenical Council, ignoring the eleven, commonly so-called, which had met in Western Christendom, since the schism. Cardinal Pole actually speaks of it as the Eighth, in his work on the English Reformation. And even Pius IX., extravagant as his language about his own pretensions is apt to be, has invited the Eastern bishops to come to the Council of the Vatican "*as their predecessors came to Lyons and Florence*;" and they came to those Councils as equals "to unite the Church of God." It is indeed worth remarking, that none of the Popes have formally asserted the terms "Catholic" and "Roman Catholic" to be identical, or appropriated the former term to their own communion. They have been content to call it, and to let others call it, "the Roman Catholic Church." Neither will any respectable controversialist have the hardihood to maintain that, whatever gift of infallibility the Popes may lay claim to, it has not preserved them from allowing the Nicene Creed to be tampered with against the canons of the Church at the arbitrary will of temporal sovereigns, or from upholding for centuries the authenticity of forged documents, and using their evidence to cover most iniquitous acts, and to guarantee many important points of their own distinctive teaching. It is equally undeniable that this course of conduct was mainly instrumental in producing the rupture between East and West, and was, together with the systematic evasion of the demands for internal reformation in the Latin Church, the immediate cause of the second great schism in the sixteenth century. It is the deliberate verdict, not of an Oriental or Protestant Christian, but of a distinguished Roman Catholic student of our own day, that, when the origin of the divisions of Christendom is sought for in the light of history, "it is the conduct of the Popes, more than anything else for the last thousand years, in governing the Church, which has divided it."

It is not wonderful, then, that Roman divines should be tempted to regard the Greek Church very much as some English politicians are disposed to look upon Ireland. They would be only too thankful if it could be blotted out of the map of the Christian world altogether. But there it is, nevertheless, and it is a phenomenon that has to be taken into account, however it may be dealt with. Least of all can its existence be ignored in view of the approaching Council. All the five Patriarchs were consulted about the convocation of the ancient Councils, and in nearly all of them one of the four Eastern Patriarchs presided; at none was the Pope present in person. The Council of December next has been summoned by Pius IX. on his own sole responsibility, but he has still felt himself obliged to notify its assembling to the Eastern Patriarchs, though he has been induced by some sinister influence at Rome to refuse them the ordinary courtesy of their proper titles. We had occasion, some months ago, to notice the interview between the Papal emissary and the Patriarch of Constantinople. A report has now appeared of a similar interview between the Patriarch of Alexandria and the Latin Bishop of that city, who was commissioned to convey to him the Pope's invitation to the Council. There is a close resemblance in the account of the reception of the Papal envoys by the two Patriarchs, and the result is in either case the same; but there is, of course, some variety in the details of the conversation. We seem to see in the tone of the rival prelates a lively illustration of what has long been the normal attitude of the Eastern and Western Churches towards each other. The Patriarch of Alexandria, like his brother of Constantinople, begins by asking whether the contents of the letter of invitation coincide with what had been already published in various newspapers; and on receiving an affirmative reply, announces that he cannot accept it. There were many reasons for this besides the strange discourtesy both of the form of the missive and of allowing its publication before it was delivered. And after expressing his sympathy with the "excellent desire of the Pope for the union of all the Churches of Christ, for which we, too, of this ancient apostolic and glorious throne of St. Mark, have always offered up prayers," the Patriarch proceeds to specify three of these reasons. In the first place, he denies that "the most blessed Pope of Old Rome" has any right to summon a Council without previous consultation with the Eastern Patriarchs, to whom, equally with himself, appertains the government of the Church, while to him the testimony of history accords precedence, but not supremacy or universal jurisdiction. The Pope's manner of acting "denies the equality which exists among the holy Churches of God, and abolishes their independence, proclaiming that Rome holds sway over other Churches equally self-governing." Here, no doubt, the argument has a sound historical basis. The second objection is more obscure. We do not quite see how by sending his invitation "the Pope gives us to understand that salvation is to be obtained exclusively in Rome, whereas the energy of Divine grace has operated, and does operate, throughout the habitable globe." It is admitted, we imagine, by Roman theologians, that Divine grace operates without as well as within the visible Church. Probably, what the Patriarch means is, that Rome denies that portion of "the habitable globe" which is under the jurisdiction of the Eastern hierarchy to be any part of the visible Church. But no Pope, as we said just now, has ventured officially to deny this. The Patriarch's third objection is significant, considering the ardent desire of the Jesuits and their following to get the Assumption of the Virgin made into an article of faith. He complains that the Council is summoned for the festival of the Immaculate Conception—"a dogma wholly unknown to the Church, a recent innovation, and by no means a solitary one." It will be recollected that a considerable section of the Latin bishops, when consulted on the point, urged that the Immaculate Conception was not capable of being defined, or that, if it was, the time was inopportune for defining it. Yet a great deal may be urged in defence of the doctrine on the principle of development; but how a visible and external fact like the alleged bodily Assumption can possibly be verified in the notorious absence of all contemporary evidence, unless by a new revela-

tion, it is not easy to understand. If the Greeks object to the Immaculate Conception, which is said to be widely believed among them, being raised into a dogma, what would they think of defining the Assumption, which they have never accepted—the corresponding festival being called with them the "Sleep of the Virgin"? The Patriarch goes on to suggest that if "the Holy Pope of Old Rome sincerely desires the purification and unity of the whole Church," he should put himself into communication, "as a brother and an equal, with the other holy Patriarchs," as to the best means for securing the end in view, observing at the same time that "the best of all methods would be to adopt the course to which history points, and to approximate the modern institutions of Rome to those of more primitive times." To the reply of the Latin bishop that the right of the Pope to summon the Council is legitimate, "as head and sovereign over the Church and successor of the Apostle Peter," the Patriarch rejoins by again denying these pretensions, "which are at variance with the received teachings of the Church of which Christ is the only Head." The Roman envoy then at last condescends to enter on historical ground, and argues that Alexandria is the See of St. Mark, who was consecrated by St. Peter, and that the great Athanasius appealed to Rome. The Patriarch answers that St. Mark's consecration by St. Peter proves nothing, as all the Apostles were equal, and that if St. Athanasius appealed to Rome when under persecution, it was as a suffering brother to one able to help him, and not as to a superior. Here the Bishop again shifts his ground, and asks the Patriarch if, for so important an end as unity, he should not be more willing to waive matters of form. To this opinion there is the obvious retort, that "it is not a question of form, but of most important principles." And the Patriarch concludes by repeating that, if his Holiness really wishes for the unity of the Universal Church, he must write to the Patriarchs individually, and endeavour in concert with them to come to an understanding respecting the proper course to be adopted.

Many remarks suggest themselves on perusing the account of this interview, and comparing it with that between the Papal emissaries and the Patriarch of Constantinople. It is an ingenious theory of the Irvingites that the three great sections of Christendom are prefigured by the three friends of Job—the one who appeals to authority representing the Roman, and the one who appeals to antiquity the Eastern Church, while the third who relies on reason represents Protestantism. Whatever may be thought of the theory, it certainly harmonizes well enough with the parts sustained respectively by the Greek and Latin interlocutors in the dialogue we have just recounted. The one is constantly appealing to the evidence of Christian history: the other says he is "not come to discuss," and relies almost exclusively on authoritative claims. It is further worth remarking, as the contrary is often asserted, that there is no attempt on the part of the Greek Patriarchs to arrogate to themselves any exclusive claim of churchmanship. They speak of innovations in the West, but they speak of the West throughout as a part of the Church, and recognise the rights of the Pope over "his own Patriarchate"—that is, over Latin Christendom. As to the prospect of the Greeks being induced to attend the Council, it would perhaps be premature to speak with confidence at present. That they will not attend it unless they are to be received as equals, and allowed full liberty to speak and vote, is clear. It is no less certain that their presence would be a fatal bar to the scheme for getting the infallibility of the Pope defined. They are too well versed in Church history, and too firmly tenacious of ancient precedent, to listen to such a pretension for a single moment. Yet it is now understood to be settled that Archbishop Manning shall propose this at the opening of the Council. It is known indeed that Dupanloup and others of the French bishops will strenuously oppose it, but they are expected to be outnumbered. No doubt they would find in an accession of Greek prelates welcome auxiliaries in their uphill struggle, but for that reason, if for no other, those who pull the wires at Rome are very unlikely to encourage the Greeks to come. We have seen before what the German Catholics, who are already in communion with Rome, think about the Council and their own chances of getting fair play there. What are the Greeks likely to think of it, who are divided from Rome by some eight centuries of bitter antagonism, and who have never accepted the very first postulate of the system on which the gigantic superstructure of modern Ultramontanism has been built?

CURIOSITIES OF THE IRISH CHURCH DEBATES.

It is almost a matter for regret that we cannot have many more of those strange sayings, historical and philosophical—for we suppose that an inquiry into the Insoluble is to be reckoned as philosophical—which have amused us well nigh weekly during the progress of the Irish Church Bill through the House of Commons. To be sure we have the Lords in store, and among the Lords are the Bishops, and among the Bishops are still certain Irish Bishops. It will be hard if some of the prelates, to say nothing of certain of the temporal peers, do not help us to some original views of ecclesiastical history, and something special ought to come from some Irish Bishop, painfully conscious that it is positively his last appearance. Here then is something to look forward to. But it is an almost painful thought that the time will soon come when we shall no more, at least on this matter, hearken to our Charley, our Conolly, or our Jenkinson. It is grievous that some things are in their own nature forbidden to happen again. Dr. Ball has most likely by this time shut up his Blackstone and turned to the Statute-Book, and he will hardly give us his theory of a Supreme Head again. Sir George Jenkinson may very likely babble again some other time about the Coronation Oath; but even Sir George Jenkinson can hardly persuade himself a second time that he is saying something new. So let us enjoy the few chances that are left us. The third reading may bring out something still. In the debate on the Report Mr. Charley has certainly out-charleyed everything that he has said before. He at least, we are sure, will die game.

We are bound, however, to say that both Mr. Charley, even in the most absurd speech which has yet been made, and Mr. Bentinck, in a speech of a very different kind, did hit upon points the Ministerial answers to which were not perfectly satisfactory. Mr. Bentinck, among a good deal of ignorance and confusion, had got hold of a truth with regard to lay clerks, organists, and such like. And where Mr. Bentinck was wrong, the Attorney-General for Ireland certainly did not put him right. Mr. Bentinck asks for compensation for lay clerks and organists. The Attorney-General for Ireland answers, "It would be quite absurd to treat an organist or a singer in a choir as a freehold officer," and adds the question, "If a singer lost his voice, was he to be compensated out of the funds of the Dean and Chapter for the rest of his life?" Neither the speech nor the answer to it goes to the root of the matter. It is plain that neither disputant has thoroughly mastered the nature of Lay Vicars and their freeholds. With all deference to the Attorney-General for Ireland, it is not absurd to treat a singer in a choir as a freehold officer, because many singers in choirs are undoubtedly freehold officers. There may be no such in Ireland; as we have not mastered the particular constitution of every Irish cathedral, we do not profess to know whether there are or are not. But there certainly are plenty such in England, and if Ireland differs from England in this respect, the right answer would have been to say that there was such a difference. Most likely in Ireland, as in England, the position of these officers differs in different churches, and no general statement can be made about all of them. The Attorney-General asks whether a singer who lost his voice is to be compensated out of the funds of the Dean and Chapter. We answer that there are in England—whether there are or are not in Ireland it is for the Attorney-General to tell us—many such singers who, if they lose their voices, have certainly no claim to compensation out of the funds of the Dean and Chapter, but who still retain their own income out of their own funds, their right to which is exactly the same as the right of the Dean and Chapter to theirs. Mr. Bentinck picked out several personal instances of hardship or supposed hardship in Ireland, but he did not touch on the real nature of the foundations which he was talking about. He seemed to have no notion of any cathedral or collegiate church except Westminster Abbey. The House was asked to go across the road and look at the lay-clerks of the Abbey; it was not asked to take certain longer journeys which would have been much more to Mr. Bentinck's own purpose. The singers in choirs in English churches are of three classes, and the position and claims of members of those three classes would, in case of an English disestablishment, be very different. Whether each of those classes exists in Ireland neither disputant told us; but till somebody does we cannot give any general answer as to the proper way of dealing with Irish singing-men. In England, in most of the Old Foundations, there are Colleges of Vicars, subordinate to the Dean and Chapter as to their duties in the church, but quite independent of them as to their revenues. These Vicars were originally the deputies of absent Canons, who took the share of duty which fell to their masters—"master," we may add, is still a technical name in some places. In process of time the Vicars were, in most places, incorporated and endowed. To this day they have their own estates, of which they have either retained the freehold, or else have parted with it to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on such terms as they may themselves have thought fair. In these cases the adult part of the choir is formed of the members of those Colleges or some of them, most commonly of those who are now allowed to be laymen. At Hereford, unless some change has been made within the last few years, the whole body remains, as it anciently was, a clerical body. In most cases it is partly clerical, partly lay, the clerical members being the Canons' assistants in divine service. But whether clerical or lay, these foundations form distinct and independent corporations, with exactly the same rights as all other corporations. How a member of such a College can be deprived of his office is doubtless provided for in the statutes of each foundation. But it is clear that he cannot, any more than a member of the Chapter, be turned out of his freehold by the arbitrary will of anybody. He can be dispossessed only by the prescribed judicial process, whatever that process may be in each case. His losing his voice in no way affects his freehold any more than the Dean's losing his voice affects his freehold. Next comes another class, including all or most of the cathedrals of the New Foundation and also Mr. Bentinck's pet church of Westminster. Here the members of the choir do not form independent corporations with their own estates; still they are statutable members of the collegiate body, entitled to whatever rights and to whatever stipends or proportions of corporate income the statutes may give them. By what process such a "singer in a choir" can be deprived of his office,

how far his office is strictly for life, whether, if he loses his voice, he has a right to compensation, are questions of statute in each particular church, to be determined, subject to any possible provisions in later Acts of Parliament, as the wisdom of King Henry, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, or King Charles may have thought good to appoint. In the former of these classes, the freehold right of a Lay Vicar is as good as the freehold right of an Archbishop, and in the second class there is what may be reasonably expected to be a life tenure and a *primâ facie* right to compensation. But in some cases, besides these statutable officers, Deans and Chapters have strengthened their choirs by singers who are merely stipendiaries, who have no corporate or statutable position, who have no rights beyond what they have under the common law of contract. These last, it is clear, if their Deans and Chapters happen to be suppressed, have no claim upon the public, but are simply in the same case as people thrown out of work by any other cause. Mr. Bentinck should have explained more clearly to which of these classes his Irish clients belong, or whether, as is possible, they belong to some fourth class different from all. Is the organist of Christ Church, Dublin, a statutable officer or a mere stipendiary? Are the Vicars Choral of Armagh a corporate body or are they not? The whole matter turns on the answers to these questions. But neither Mr. Bentinck nor the Attorney-General tells us, and neither the House of Commons nor the public at large can be expected to be so versed in Irish ecclesiastical law as to know the fact of themselves.

Mr. Bentinck then really had something to say, if he had known how to say it, and the official answer was not wholly to the point. And even Mr. Charley, in the most grotesque speech of the Session, was fumbling after a truth. In theory an impropriate rectory is not a property alienated from the Church, but an ecclesiastical benefice held by a layman. Its owner is the rector, and as rector he has both rights and duties. The Vicar is in theory his deputy, and in old times, if the Vicar's maintenance was not enough, the corporate or private holder of the rectory might be made to enlarge his income out of the tithe. We believe that we are not wrong in saying that this was done as lately as the time of Charles the Second. To this day the holder of an English impropriate rectory is, in the absence of any local custom to the contrary, chargeable with the repair of the chancel, just as an incumbent rector is. How does the law stand in Ireland on this point, and how will it be affected by the Bill? The point seems not to have been thought of on either side of the House; and it is clear that the question of impropriate tithe is not so foreign to the scope of the Bill as Mr. Gladstone seems to think. Thus even Mr. Charley had got hold of something, though the use which he made of it was certainly the most ludicrous thing which has turned up during the whole discussion. Because the Duke of Devonshire is impropriate rector of certain Irish parishes—twenty-six, Mr. Charley says, and we cannot correct his figures—therefore Mr. Charley suspects that the Duke of Devonshire is hounding on a cry against the Church. If so, the Duke must have the strangest notions of adapting means to ends of any man living. The Duke is most likely a tithe-payer as well as a tithe-owner. In his character of tithe-payer he might have an intelligible motive for hounding on a cry against the Church. But Mr. Charley accuses him of so doing in his character of tithe-owner, in which his interests clearly lie the other way. The confiscation—we do not object to the word—of ecclesiastical tithe may conceivably make the ownership of lay tithe less safe; it cannot possibly make it safer. Both Mr. Charley's speech and Mr. Gladstone's answer show that the case of rectories held by the Duke of Devonshire or by any other layman is more likely to be called in question after the passing of the Irish Church Bill than they were before. The interests of impropriators clearly lie in letting the tithe question remain untouched. Moreover Mr. Charley seems to think that no people but "wealthy Whig peers" are holders of impropriate tithes. Really by this time monastic lands, episcopal lands, and impropriate tithes have got pretty well scattered about among people of all sorts, people of all ranks, all politics, and all religions. It is not so very rare a thing for an impropriate rectory to belong not to a Whig peer but to a Tory squire. We have known them held by women and children, not particularly wealthy, and of politics of which Mr. Charley would approve. The Botanic Garden at Oxford, including, we presume, the monkeys which live or did live in it, is maintained by the tithes of one parish, and we have heard of the tithes of another parish going to keep up a Dissenting meeting-house. So Mr. Charley's theory of a monopoly on the part of "wealthy Whig peers" will hardly stand. In fact, nothing can be more unwise than for gentlemen on his side of the House to stir any question about the "period of the Reformation," "the grasping kings," "the grasping monks," and all the rest of it. In the eyes of all reasonable people, the illegal surrenders made to Henry the Eighth, the sheer burglary—for it was nothing else—committed by Henry the Eighth at Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester, were acts of confiscation and sacrilege of the foulest kind. But in the eyes of all reasonable people, the Act of Parliament which confirmed all these alienations, though it could grant no moral absolution to the original spoilers, gave a perfectly good title to all who honestly inherited or honestly purchased after the passing of the Act. But no inconsistency can be more glaring than when Tory gentlemen, Tory members of Parliament, whose wealth comes from deeds of confiscation and sacrilege, who are fattening on the lands and tithes of plundered Abbeys and plundered Bishoprics, whom an Act of Parliament alone hinders from being sacrilegious robbers, talk as if there was some limit to the powers of Parliament, and raise the cry of spoliation, confiscation, and sacrilege against a measure which indeed alienates Church property, but alienates it for the public good and not for private pelf. Mr. Fellowes in Huntingdonshire innocently said on the hustings that the right of the Irish Church to its property was as good as his right to his property at Ramsey. So it is—till the sovereign power makes it otherwise. But it is a strange doctrine indeed that that sovereign power might rightly confiscate the estates of the Abbey of Ramsey for the private enrichment of Mr. Fellowes, but that it may not confiscate the estates of this or that Irish Bishopric or rectory for the common good of the Irish people.

ST. PANCRAS PARISH.

THE war which is raging in St. Pancras parish illustrates the difficulties which beset all schemes of Poor-law reform. A sort of triangular duel is being perpetually carried on between the ratepayers, the Central Board, and the public. Each side has, of course, its weaknesses. The public is inclined to be apathetic for long periods, interrupted by sudden outbursts of spasmodic energy. The Poor-Law Board may sometimes yield too readily to pressure from without, and attempt to enforce schemes of impracticable completeness, though at other times it yields with equal facility to simple indolence. The ratepayers act pretty steadily on the very natural principle of a strict regard for their own pockets. Of this we cannot complain; it is the practical expression of that sacred principle of local self-government of which Englishmen are so unspeakably proud, and which has done so much to produce our present system of effective administration. It is at any rate just as well that there should be a good dogged force of resistance to be overcome which may serve as a decided check upon extravagant schemes of reform. The question raised by the St. Pancras dispute is whether, on the present occasion, this resistance has not been pushed beyond reasonable bounds into the old familiar policy of penny wisdom and pound foolishness. The elected guardians have had the advantage of an advocate who can write like a gentleman, and who has doubtless put their case in the best possible form. Dr. Edmunds, in his letter to the *Times*, said what was to be said, and said it in a good spirit. He declares himself to be unpledged to any step beyond opposing all attempts to destroy local self-government, and we can fully believe that he does not intend to act in any unreasonable spirit of opposition. This being so, we can judge of the merits of his constituents without any fear of overlooking their strongest arguments.

The first question concerns the ingenious manœuvre of the Board in altering the hour of meeting. The guardians who were elected under the impulse of the economical reaction were jealous of the *ex-officio* guardians. In order to get rid of their interference, they resolved, by a majority of one, to meet at an hour at which it was impossible for the *ex-officio* guardians to attend. The Poor-Law Board met this resolution by exercising their undisputed right of forbidding the hour of meeting to be changed. Dr. Edmunds says that this interference was "at once uncalled-for and impertinent." Considering that the avowed object of the motion was to prevent the presence of persons who had a right to sit on the Board, and that it would, in fact, have secured that object, we cannot see that the interference was "uncalled-for." It was called for by the simple consideration that it was necessary in order to give the *ex-officio* guardians a chance of exercising their privilege. The principle of appointing *ex-officio* guardians at all may be wrong; but, so long as they exist, the Poor-Law Board is bound to see that they are not deprived of their position by underhand manœuvres. As for the "impertinence" of the proceeding, the word scarcely strikes us as appropriate to an enforcement of the law by the highest official authorities; but, in a game of impertinence, the guardians are already showing that they are able very speedily to bring matters to a satisfactory equality.

There is the further assertion that the sudden adjournment of the Board left no funds for the relief of the poor, and put twenty-four persons who had been in waiting, on their invitation, for the election of a matron, to great inconvenience. Dr. Edmunds replies, that he or any other guardian would have been happy to advance the money required in case of need. That may probably be the case, but it does not meet the apparent presumption that the guardians were in such a hurry to insult the Poor-Law Board that they forgot altogether to discharge their ordinary business. The injury inflicted may have been trifling, but the spirit indicated is not the less significant. The guardians held themselves to be aggrieved by the resistance of the Poor-Law Board to their ingenious manœuvre, and proceeded to show their resentment by the first means which occurred to them. When they are cooler, they will perhaps remember that they will occupy a better ground for enforcing their demands if they will abstain from any but straightforward measures of opposition. By their present action they make it incumbent on the authorities to stand by the *ex-officio* guardians so long as they are liable to these insidious methods of assault.

The guardians, then, appear to us to have begun by putting themselves in the wrong; but the question remains, whether they have any substantial cause for complaint. So long as *ex-officio* guardians have seats, they must be supported; but is there any ground for the assertion that their influence has hitherto been a bad one? The complaint made by Dr. Edmunds is that, in obedience to "sensational writing," the guardians have launched into

unnecessary expenditure. Sensational writing has many sins to answer for, and we will endeavour to avoid it as much as may be. The extravagant measures adopted are the erection of a "vast infirmary at Highgate, and of enormous schools in Hertfordshire." Dr. Edmunds admitted on Thursday that on this question public opinion was very much divided, and in his letter he has little to say of the schools; and the statement made by Mr. Wyatt, if we may assume it to be accurate, shows how small a ground for complaint really exists. St. Pancras, it seems, had no schools of its own, and contracted with the Hanwell schools for the greater number of pauper children in the parish. The Hanwell committee having given notice of the termination of this contract, St. Pancras was forced to build schools for itself. The greater part of the necessary expenditure has already been incurred, and, if Mr. Wyatt be correct in his anticipations, the difference between the payments made to Hanwell and the cost of maintaining the children at the new schools will more than defray the repayment of the money borrowed for the building and the interest upon it. At any rate, the building of schools was simply a necessity, and the only question can be whether the provision made was extravagant. The case of the infirmary, upon which Dr. Edmunds insists at greater length, seems to be still stronger. The parish hospital was overcrowded, and the building was originally intended for a school. The sanitary condition of the place was so bad that erysipelas was threatening to spread throughout the wards. An additional ward had to be provided for contagious skin diseases on the male side; and, this being impossible on the female side, the women and children had to shift as best they could, when there were twenty in a ward, with ten beds. The doctor was forced to retire from low fever and diarrhœa, brought on, as one of the guardians now opposed to building a new infirmary expressly admitted, "by the bad drainage of the workhouse." The matron died from the combined effects of disease internally and a polluted atmosphere externally, and the gentleman who took the doctor's place during his absence was forced to retreat from horrible stenches which were affecting the health of convalescent patients.

Now it is perfectly open to Dr. Edmunds to maintain that the plans for the new infirmary were unduly expensive, although, according to Mr. Wyatt, the whole cost, including the purchase of the land, would be covered by a rate of three-farthings in the pound. But Dr. Edmunds does not condescend to any such argument. He complains of the removal of the infirmary to Highgate, though it does not appear that the room could be so easily provided elsewhere; and he is eloquent against the evils of the infirmary system. He says that it will break up the homes of the poor; that, "by massing together large numbers of sick people, it must greatly increase the number of the sick and make it difficult for those who recover to get free from reliance on parish relief." These arguments, whatever their value, are obviously quite irrelevant. It is not a question whether there should be an infirmary at all; there is one already, and the new infirmary will only provide for the numbers already treated, and for those who, with equal claims, are constantly pressing for admission. The sick are already massed together, and, in fact, are packed so closely that the sanitary condition of the present infirmary is disgracefully bad. The very object of building a new one is to diminish these evils in the only way in which they can be diminished, by providing sufficient accommodation. It might be better, if it could be done satisfactorily, that the poor should be treated more commonly at their own homes; but, as matters stand, it is plain that the real question is between crowding them, in defiance of all sanitary considerations, into a totally inadequate building, and providing a new one in which they can be properly treated. The evil of encouraging the sick poor to rely rather upon parish relief than upon their own prudence is certainly a very grave one, but the degree to which economy can be pushed in such matters is defined by a very simple consideration. When you have got a sick man to deal with, the best plan, in an economical as well as in every other point of view, is to cure him as quickly and radically as possible. Infirmaries should not be palaces of luxury; but they should be clearly directed to the extirpation of disease, instead of being so many centres of contagion. The St. Pancras Infirmary has unmistakeably sunk below the minimum point fixed by the most obvious sanitary principles; it is not objected to it that it is far from luxurious, but that it produces positively deleterious results. A hospital ought at least to be clean, well-drained, and sufficiently large to admit of a proper classification of the patients; and Dr. Edmunds has not given the least reason for thinking either that the present building is not scandalously insufficient, or that the proposed building would be larger than is necessary to secure these very moderate requirements. The meeting of the guardians, on Thursday, showed how much even Dr. Edmunds's views are in advance of those of his constituents. The proposal to seek for further information before condemning the schools, though the terms in which it was proposed showed a strong leaning towards an unfavourable conclusion, was rejected; and it seems that the Jacobins of this little legislature are able to overcome the moderate Girondins as represented by Dr. Edmunds.

It is undoubtedly difficult to distinguish between economy of the two varieties—that which would limit the relief afforded so as to prevent it from demoralizing the poor, and that which is simply opposed to spending money, even when there is every chance of its turning to profitable account. We are quite willing to believe that Dr. Edmunds and gentlemen of his stamp conceive themselves to be speaking in the former sense; but, unless they can advance more telling arguments, we are equally convinced that they are likely to be the instruments in the hands of a blind obstructiveness. Their professions of general principle are admirably correct, and correspond to the most orthodox doctrines of political economists and philanthropists. When we come to translate them into details, we find that they cover a simple and very natural objection to paying taxes under any circumstances. Some excuse will always be found by the more intelligent persons for proving that every proposed reform comes under the head of reckless extravagance; and so the sheer dogged weight of parochial stupidity manages to cover itself by their help with a decent veil of respectable platitude. We can only hope that, till some better grounds are shown for objecting to the proposed improvements, the Poor-Law Board will exercise their authority without flinching, and, if it should prove to be necessary, will apply for increased powers to Parliament.

A MAY POSY.

EXETER Hall is now pretty widely recognised as a generic name. It already includes more halls than either University can boast—Freemasons' Tavern, occasionally St. James's Hall, Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and no end of "Gospel Halls." The flowers of May, which formerly used to bloom only in the Strand, are now scenting the air of all the postal districts of London. Even St. Paul's Cathedral has this year been decorated with the flowering annuals of the Bible Society. Festoons of Presbyterians, United Free Methodists, Anabaptists, and Independents—the rich produce of the platform—hung about the stalls and surrounded the pulpit.

The prize of the season, however, has been taken, we are glad to see, by Exeter Hall proper. For it was there that on Monday, the 26th of April, was stuck, "conspicuous amongst the occupants of the platform," the gorgeous blossom of Africa, "little Dado." We are indebted to the public spirit of the United Methodist Free Churches for the introduction of Dado into this country. The prize drew all eyes toward it. The annual report referred to the presence of "little Dado." The audience had evidently come together to hear about Dado, and to see him. The mover of the first resolution prepared the way for Dado. At last the gatherer and cultivator of Dado, the Rev. Thomas Wakefield, stood up, amidst universal applause; the patient listeners believed that Dado's time had come; but the missionary talked six columns without uttering a word about the blossom of the Gallas. It was not until he had reached the end of a glowing peroration that the presence of Dado suddenly occurred to him, and he skilfully manipulated the sham peroration into a real one by declaring that he had forgotten "this little boy." The relieved feelings of the long-tried spectators found vent in a burst of cheers. "Let me," said the cultivator, "introduce to you my friend from Africa. His name is Dado." The little fellow, the reporter tells us, was here placed upon a chair by the speaker's side, and the exhibitor went at length into his history. It was no doubt interesting to the classes who compose the United Free Methodists to learn that the object of their patronage, like most of the heathen flowers brought to England for exhibition, "belongs to a high family." Dado, it appears, was out one day with his nurse and a slave boy, when they were decoyed into a hut by some people called Wakokomo, who are a sort of Fenian subjects of the Gallas. The Wakokomo, instead of shooting their landlords, steal their wives and their children, and sell them to the Turk. Of a Turk at Mumbas Mr. Wakefield obtained Dado; it was just at a fortunate crisis, for he was leaving Eastern Africa for Exeter Hall without any heathen spoil. Two brilliant notions struck Mr. Wakefield—first, that Dado would be just the trophy "to make an" anti-"Roman holiday" in Exeter Hall; and, secondly, that Dado would be a cheap and easy tutor for Mr. Wakefield himself. On this last use of Dado's acquisition he naïvely remarks, "I thought if I could get him to come with me to England I might, by conversing with him on the voyage, considerably improve myself in speaking the language." The cost of Dado was not mentioned; we suppose the Turk would not give him up for nothing. A dialogue between Dado and the missionary, in the tongue of Gallas, would have given liveliness to the meeting. On the principal end for which Dado was plucked up and transplanted, Mr. Wakefield says:—"I thought that you who are supporters of our mission would feel a particular interest if you could see a little interesting boy like that, a specimen of our East-African races." The Christians to whom the Apostles returned used to rejoice when they "heard" of the people who had been converted. The United Methodist Free Churches think "seeing is believing," and their missionary shows them a specimen of the children of the people who ought to be converted. As for Dado himself, whether he has been baptized—we beg pardon, whether "he has found peace"—does not appear. Dado's fame reached Exeter Hall before Dado himself, and the demands of United Methodist Free Churches men and women for his portrait were so numerous that it was impossible to supply them. A stock, however, was created against the day of exhibition; and Mr. Wakefield closed the moving of his resolution, "That this meeting rejoices in the spread of Protestant principles," with the apostolical appeal, "We have a few photographs with us to-night, and if there are any here who would like to grace their album with the in-

teresting picture of a distinguished foreigner, they may do so for one shilling." It is satisfactory to find that the study of the bald languages of Africa has not caused Mr. Wakefield to deteriorate in the knowledge and use of that rich penny-a-lining verbiage of which his native tongue is capable. Applause, says the reporter, followed this announcement, and shillings, we presume, followed the applause. The reporter, alas, cannot give us what would be the most interesting missionary fact of all—the real impression made upon poor Dado's own mind by all he has seen and heard since he came into the possession of English United Methodist Free Churches men. We cannot help believing that if the Apostle St. Paul had carried about Timothy and Titus in this way, and made shows of them to the brethren at Jerusalem, neither of them would have cared very much to be a Christian Bishop.

A fine orange-tinted flower was produced at the close of this missionary meeting. A Mr. Wirsop was "entrusted with a resolution," in which the United Methodist Free Churches were urged to increase their Protestant zeal. They must change it, Mr. Wirsop told them, from its present culpable "warmth" into a glorious and laudable "fever-heat." One result of the expected Papal Council may be a prohibition of their importation of little Dados. Mr. Wirsop's flower was remarkable for its classical form. Africa had in it a city called Carthage. Did not Cato, that heathen old Papist, close every speech he made to the Romans with the inflammatory ending, "Carthage must be destroyed"? "Therefore, even at a missionary meeting," cried Mr. Wirsop, "I would venture to conclude by saying, 'Let there be no peace with Rome.'" The audience perhaps imagined that some interesting form of pre-Christian Protestantism perished in the fall of Carthage, for they loudly applauded this truly Carthaginian sentiment. The "proceedings terminated," says the reporter; that is, the audience began to flock out into the street. Little Dado was taken down by his proprietors, and every one went home.

The most malodorous flowers at the May Meetings are those brought to the general posy by Anglican clergymen. Exeter Hall is very differently estimated by the Dissenters and by their "dear brethren of the Establishment." The former appear for the most part to take the whole May season as a genuine annual Pentecost. They are in great glee and good temper; they are keeping the feast; pastors and wealthy chapel-goers from the provinces rove from scene to scene of religious dissipation; their best clothes are on their backs, and there is warm brotherly glow, we believe, in their hearts. The Anglican clerics, on the contrary, who appear at these meetings evidently take the May season to be a time of fast and humiliation. They make use of it to confess the sins of their own order—that is, of all the members of that order except themselves; and they beseech their Dissenting brethren to give them absolution for belonging to that order, and all the praise they please for not being so bad as the Rationalists or the Ritualists. The Evangelical parson at a May Meeting generally begins by exhibiting the flower of his own charity to the assembled sectaries, and asking them to admire it, while he finishes by a little abuse of the Pope, a little more abuse of the Rationalist, and a very large and generous abuse of the Ritualist. This last abuse must be the flower of true charity, for how can the Dissenters doubt his love to them when he takes such pains to show them how he hates his brethren? Ex-Archdeacon Hunter, who has exchanged the comforts of North-West America for the toilsome labours and deprivations of a Bayswater church, held up this flower of "Evangelical" charity in its greatest perfection at the seventieth anniversary of the Religious Tract Society. Mr. Hunter finds even the S. P. C. K. too strong for him. But, whenever he sees the name of the Religious Tract Society in a book, he feels "that it is a guarantee for the doctrines it contains." He always says to himself, "Here I shall find nothing of Ritualism, nothing here of incense or nonsense; I shall find nothing here of Rationalism, or infidelity of any kind." It was a left-handed compliment to the Society to tell it that its books contained neither of the five things that are bad; their absence is scarcely sufficient to make a book good. We are afraid that the Sunday School children of Bayswater, whom the ex-Archdeacon is so careful to reward with prizes marked *cum permissu superiorum* of "the ministers and gentlemen whom he proposed as Committee for the ensuing year," will not be long in exchanging his prizes for the *Young Ladies' Journal*, the *Boy-Pirate*, and the tempting "Number One, with which Numbers 2, 3, and 4 are given gratis."

WHEELS AND WINGS.

WE do not object to velocipedes any more than we should object to a new fashion in ladies' dress. It is true that all the ladies, old and young, tall and short, thick and thin, are certain to adopt any new fashion; and if the velocipede attains equal popularity among men, we do not suppose it will do any great mischief, and indeed, if some of the thick men who practise it become thin, it may do good. The notion of supplying velocipedes to rural postmen does indeed resemble rather closely that of providing plum-cake for the poor persons who cannot get bread. We do not know whether the Government has obtained a tender for velocipedes for the public service, or whether it expects that any large reduction will be made in the prices at which they are offered by advertisers to private purchasers. But we should think that, if the Post Office is expected to work a halfpenny post by postmen mounted on velocipedes, the managers of that establishment will be reduced nearly to despair. The proposal may, of course, be considered with reference either to the postmen or to the recipients of letters. As regards the postmen, they would probably prefer to be supplied with boots, or great coats, or even with umbrellas, at the public cost. As regards the recipients of letters, it is to be feared that acceleration of delivery in fine weather will be balanced by delays in bad weather; and we would suggest that the general substitution of wheels for postmen's feet had better be deferred until there has been an improvement equally general in the construction of roads. It is, of course, no objection to this proposal to ask why it was not brought forward long ago. Nevertheless, we may observe that the present fashion of velocipedes does not prove their utility, and possibly affords some presumption the other way. To take a familiar example, the fashion of high-heeled boots has been chosen by ladies, and is perhaps liked by men. Opinions may differ as to whether this fashion is elegant, but no enthusiast will pretend that it is useful. A lady who can move about a room in a pair of boots with high and almost pointed heels, and a long train, performs an exercise of dexterity, but she would find the same costume highly inconvenient in a country walk. It does not follow, because a young and active man can learn to sit a bicycle in a fortnight, that rural postmen can reasonably be expected to acquire the same accomplishment in the intervals of their daily work. Many postmen are not young, and a man of middle-age may be active in the performance of an exercise to which he is accustomed without possessing any great facility for acquiring a new exercise. But it may be said that the postman can go on three wheels or on four, and that it is not proposed to compel him to go on two wheels, or be dismissed. We are informed on authority that it is easier to upset a tricycle than a bicycle, but still there remains, what we will venture to call in old-fashioned language, the four-wheeler available for the postman. But when the proposal is thus presented all novelty disappears. As long ago as 1830 a number of country letter-carriers in France were mounted on velocipedes, and whilst the roads continued dry and hard they worked well. But with bad weather came bad roads, and to the wet succeeded frost and snow. A little extra labour was all that was required to overcome the extra friction of the bad roads, but the wheels refused to turn on the slippery frozen surface. The country folks wanted their letters, and the wheels of the velocipedes would not move except on their own axis; so the postmen had to trudge on foot and leave their velocipedes behind them. The difficulty was probably not insuperable even in 1830, and the means of propulsion have been improved, as we understand, since that time. But so far as there has been any invention in the matter, it concerns only the reduction in the number of wheels, and we humbly think that a postman can hardly be expected to imitate successfully the young gentleman whom we see depicted in a book before us "preparing to go downhill." The most earnest advocate of speedy delivery of letters would be open to the consideration that there might possibly be an accident—we do not mean to the poor postman, but to the mail-bag. It strikes us that this proposal to supply bicycles to postmen is about as reasonable as it would have been a few years ago to propose to supply crinolines to housemaids. We quite believe what is stated in a published manual, that the preservation of the balance of the body in the saddle of a bicycle is much less difficult than it appears; and our minds are fully alive to the force of the observation that if we feel in danger of tumbling over on one side we can stand upright. The same consideration has sometimes induced men of average stature to adventure their precious limbs upon a donkey; for although this animal is difficult to ride, he cannot throw you if you put your feet upon the ground on either side of him. We have read in the *Pilgrim's Progress* that

> He that is down need fear no fall.

There used to be a story current at Oxford of a very tall man who was upset into shallow water in the sight of a multitude of people during the annual procession of the college boats. The very tall man had imperfect notions of swimming, and was in a great state of flurry at the peril in which he supposed himself to be of drowning. Accordingly, he began striking out promiscuously with legs and arms as for dear life, while a chorus of voices from the boats shouted to him to stand up. When at length he comprehended, and proceeded to act upon the advice, and rose to his full height out of eighteen inches of water, universal laughter was evoked by his ludicrous performance. It is a comfort to us to remember that if our bicycle becomes unmanageable we can always stand up, and we shall treat the mockery of spectators with indifference. But we cannot help thinking that if a postman started to deliver letters on a bicycle, he would be pretty much in the position of poor Power in the farce, where he used to put his head out of the window of a bottomless sedan-chair, and say that if it was not for the look of the thing he would as soon walk.

As the modern form of the velocipede originated in France, we may reasonably expect that it will receive a military application. Among ourselves a proposal to mount a corps of volunteers on bicycles would probably supply a needed stimulus to that branch of the Queen's service. Let us, at any rate, have prizes at Wimbledon to be shot for by riders on velocipedes, and let there be at least one light company on bicycles attached to each battalion, and prepared to skirmish to the front and occupy any beer which may be in the vicinity for the use and benefit of the corps. We are assured that a man may travel on a bicycle with much less expenditure of "vital force" than by walking, and this would be a highly

important consideration if a man could put his spare vital force into a bottle, and keep it to another day. There is, says the same authority, a large expenditure of power in supporting the body in walking, so that a small portion only is left for actual propulsion; whereas, if you put the body on wheels, the whole of its power may be exerted in propulsion. We are far from questioning that the velocipede may afford healthful and pleasant exercise, and some persons who are too lazy to walk may be tempted to acquire the power of locomotion by the bicycle. Walking is the simplest and most easily to be obtained of all exercises, and it has the merit of bringing various muscles into play to an extent which perhaps is not equalled in the use of the velocipede. Of course, if a man objects to expending power in supporting his body in walking, he can mount upon a bicycle, or he can go to bed. It is interesting to observe the dexterity which some performers have acquired with the bicycle, but we cannot help thinking that the postmen who are to use it might just as well be asked to fly; and we are gratified to learn, from the last report of the Aeronautical Society, that very considerable progress has been made in the art of flying.

It was announced at a meeting of this Society, held more than a year ago, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, that "the flight of man has become a fact of the day," and that the honour of the discovery of a means of flying belonged to an Englishman and a member of the Society. It is true that traditions exist of flying having been attempted in other countries, but one experimenter broke his leg and another his neck; whereas Mr. Charles Spencer has succeeded in taking short flights of a hundred feet with a machine of his own invention and construction worked by muscular force. This machine was exhibited last summer at the Crystal Palace, and we are told that, "by a preliminary quick run, the inventor was able to take short flights." We have not indeed any distinct statement by anybody who saw Mr. Spencer taking flights, but we are told that his father was a friend of Mr. Green, the aeronaut, and his godfather was Mr. Green himself; so we venture to express the hope that Mr. Spencer is married and has children, because we think that a son of his would be likely to be even more of a goose than he is. According to the official description of Mr. Spencer's invention, the weight of the body during flight is sustained by what are called aëroplanes, which are combined with two short wings moved by the arms. A speaker at the meeting said that "geese took up their legs and flew off," and so would Mr. Spencer; but we are not informed that Mr. Spencer did. The same speaker recommended that such flying should be practised as gymnastics, without minding what the Press might say about it. We should certainly wonder that a man who did not mind the chance of breaking his limbs should fear the ridicule of a newspaper. But perhaps Mr. Spencer could not rise high enough to hurt himself in falling. The only experiment which he made in the presence of spectators was in the transept of the Crystal Palace, and then he was suspended by a long rope. The chairman of the meeting said, and everybody will say, that "we all look forward to Mr. Spencer's flying with great interest." Mr. Spencer declared his intention to practise every morning, and as this was nearly a year ago, it may be hoped that by this time he is able to soar on other wings than those of his imagination. We do not indeed know that Mr. Spencer is not at this moment in the moon, but we do rather suspect that he resembles those persons who talk in a figurative sense of doing things "like a bird." For our own part, we agree with a speaker at the meeting, that the danger of breaking bones "appears a very serious objection to the practical utility of mechanical flying." But the invention, if it be one, of flying by an Englishman may console this country for having to seek instruction in the use of the bicycle from a Frenchman. We are indeed happy to be informed that no jealousy exists between the aeronauts of France and of England, and that "the two countries are going hand in hand in the matter" of making geese of themselves. When the world has completed the progress on which it has now entered, its inhabitants will be cherubs on wheels.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

THE strength of the Academy this season rests quite as much on its new building as on the works exhibited by certain of its members whom we refrain from naming. By common consent some of the worst pictures in the Exhibition are by Academicians and Associates. Of the former there are at least seven, of the latter there are at all events two, who could have little chance of a place on the walls had they to rely on merits instead of on vested rights. It is in mercy that such works, which usurp the best places and disfigure the Exhibition, are passed quietly by without notice. The President possibly hinted at some of these sad cases when he said that it might be hoped the Academy would find itself in a position to extend charitable aid to the less successful members of the profession.

Mr. Alfred Elmore, R.A., contributes seven works; he has seldom been in greater force, whether judged by the standard of quantity or of quality. His "Judith" is one of the noblest readings of the character yet given. The subject, as will readily be imagined, was seldom touched by the early and spiritual painters. Raffaelle did not include it within his Bible in the Loggia; the incident is not to be found in our National Gallery, neither can it be easily traced in books which treat of the history of religious art. But perhaps the very reasons which excluded the story from early annals might recommend it to periods of decadence. We recall figures of Judith in the galleries of Dresden, Munich, and Paris, but they are all rather late or absolutely modern, and accordingly the style is redundant and florid; indeed the treatment sometimes becomes absolutely revolting. And just because Mr. Elmore has not surrendered himself to these temptations of his theme, his "Judith" stands before us in simple dignity, the deliverer of her people. There is absence of horror, yet in the darkness lit fitfully by the moon we have mystery and the suggestion of tragedy. Calm resolve is in the brow and eye, and quivering terror in the blanched lips; to do the deed without flinching is evidently possible to that massive arm and firmly knit wrist. The type of features is southern, the skin is even swarthy; the artist may have found his model during his sojourn in Algiers. Great affluence of colour, such as Giorgione gets in shadow, has been thrown into this picture, though pitched in deepest tone. The execution is broad; there is no descent into realism, for appeal has been made, not to the eye, but through the eye to the imagination. The remaining pictures by Mr. Elmore are in like manner distinguished by deep, lustrous colour, and by elevation above common nature. Mr. Lewis, R.A., admits of interesting comparison, or rather contrast, with the painter just named. The two artists alike depict the Arab and the Turk on African soil, but most dissimilar is the treatment which they respectively adopt. Mr. Lewis, perhaps, is without parallel in Europe. Several Continental artists have taken a like line, Gérôme among the number, yet between Gérôme and Lewis, even when in Cairo, analogies are distant. Only it may be said of each that the products are sometimes more peculiar than pleasing, more clever than edifying, in any moral or intellectual sense. Few artists have so deliberately trifled with talents of first-rate order as the painter who sends to the Academy "The Money-Changer in a Cairo Bazaar," "An Intercepted Correspondence" within a harem, and "The Commentator on the Koran." Pictures, we repeat, become trifling when trivialities are dotted down to infinitude with little purpose; yet it is true that we gain the pattern of a trellis or mosaic, the texture of a silk, and the dazzle of a sunbeam. It must be admitted that these works are, as feats of a fine-pointed pencil, miracles after their kind. The harem, as might be expected, is somewhat indifferent as to morals, and withal far from unimpeachable in art. Here we encounter several of the painter's old models, familiar by this time to most Exhibition-goers; the execution is often inimitable, yet unequal, and in parts faulty; the details are more than usually scattered and incoherent, and the general ground-plan of the interior, with the figures diminishing in so-called perspective, presents absolute impossibilities. The five pictures contributed by Mr. Lewis would imply an incredible amount of labour within the twelve months, but we question whether any one among the number reaches the pitch of certain famous water-colour drawings in past years.

Academicians and others by turns ascend to historic heights and descend to the lower level of domestic *genre*. Thus Mr. Cope, R.A., gives his sublime thoughts to the one and surrenders his kindly affections to the other. This painter, in "The Price of Victory," invests the Duke of Wellington in wooden stolidity on a large scale; the colour is opaque, the whole treatment eminently inartistic; the work may be accepted as an historic signboard. Mr. Cope is more within his sphere in simple scenes calling forth tenderness, such as "The Domestic Chaplain." There is careful painting in this picture, though the shadows are rather black; the face of the sick girl blends suffering with resignation. Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., is another painter who varies his style with his subject. "Grinling Gibbons' first Introduction at Court" may have full much flutter of drapery and heat in colour, faults into which the artist has of late fallen; but the story, as usual, is happily told, and there is much admirable painting placed at the service especially of the ladies, who are richly endowed both at the hands of nature and of the milliner. Mr. Ward very properly becomes more grave and severe when he calls attention to "Luther's First Study of the Bible." The Reformer will be scarcely recognised robed as a monk, and still a youth of little more than twenty; moreover, the countenance and bearing have more of the subtlety of the serpent than could be looked for in this boldly-outspoken hero of the Reformation. But whatever controversy there may be as to the reading of the character, most critics will concede that the pictorial treatment is broad, bold, and vigorous. Historic works of this size and import are rare in our English school. Mr. Ward also exhibits a water-colour drawing—"Monk declaring for a Free Parliament." Here, again, he shows grasp of historic situations, power of concentration, and a shrewd eye for character. This small replica is on several accounts to be preferred to the original "Fresco in the Commons Corridor, Houses of Parliament." We may note, in passing, certain free but effective historic readings by Mr. A. Johnston—"Charlotte Corday" and the "Flight of the Queen of James II." This artist has been known not unfavourably for brilliant fancy figures, half rustic, half romantic. His style will admit of some sobering down ere it can settle into historic gravity. Like criticism might hitherto have been directed against the clever offhand manner by which Mr. Marcus Stone has been usually known, and yet assuredly the artist assumed a dignity and decorum not unbefitting history while painting that supremely clever picture, "The Princess Elizabeth obliged to attend Mass by her sister Mary." The composition is thrown off with facile felicity, and though it may threaten to fall asunder where the figures are scantiest, still the action has been kept together by connecting links, and the interest is nowhere allowed to flag through lack of incident.

The picture is lively, yet sufficiently quiet, and the historic event seems to happen naturally and, as it were, by accident; yet the artist makes his presence felt in the well-ordered marshalling of his characters and incidents. Perhaps there is something a little swellish in the bearing of the ambassadors, yet the part of the picture where these dignitaries are installed has been painted with such address that we would rather not find fault, but simply look and admire. Thus, while some of our Academicians, taking their ease, forsake the higher walks of art, and find refuge in *genre*, it is a hopeful sign to find that certain among our young and enterprising painters are struggling upwards into history. "The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey," by Mr. J. Pettie, A.R.A., shows how an artist, by giving his mind to more elevated strains of thought, may forsake trivial incidents, and betake himself to national incidents recorded by historians and dramatized by Shakspeare. Yet we do not suppose that even Mr. Pettie can hope that his picture is perfect; thus, while we look admiringly on that profound study of character given in the full face of Wolsey—every line a register of thought, craft, dismay—the question is not impertinent whence and from what data the likeness was obtained? The only portraits of the Cardinal exhibited at Kensington—namely, the one lent by the Royal College of Physicians, the other the well-known and engraved head in the possession of Christ Church, Oxford—are in profile. And, if we mistake not, no full-face of Wolsey exists, the reason assigned being that the Cardinal laboured under a defect of vision which he shrank from displaying by any full-face picture. The answer which it may be possible to give to the above query must materially affect the value of Mr. Pettie's picture as an historic transcript. The picture, as a picture, may be accepted as Mr. Pettie's master-work. Yet the style is in danger of mannerism; like the scratchy execution of Mr. Orchardson, the touch is less that of painting than of etching. As to colour, these broken greens, greys, and olives are nearer to nature north of the Tweed than to our own latitude. The artist has put the highest light upon the Cardinal's diamond ring; and verily gold and diamonds, when painted by Scotchmen, show more light and colour than the sun shining in Edinburgh.

Perhaps neither Mr. Pettie nor Mr. Orchardson has been before seen to greater advantage than now. "The Duke's Antechamber," as to execution and colour, shares the merits, together with the demerits, already assigned to Mr. Pettie in common with others in the Scotch school. But Mr. Orchardson displays traits peculiar to himself; indeed, his style has scarcely escaped eccentricity. This antechamber leads to the audience-room of a Medici or Mecænas, and in it, without sufficient reason, are congregated a motley crew, threadbare in genius—poets, players, musicians, and others—some needy and out at elbows. We will not dwell upon the clever offhand dash, upon the pointed portraiture of salient character, verging possibly on caricature, upon the expression thrown into heads and transferred to hands—all which merits will be generally conceded. But we have to observe upon the tone and morale which the artist has thought fit to assume. The scene lacks reality; the studies of character must have been made, not in the anteroom of a Duke, but in the green-room of a theatre. The characters, as the costumes, are but properties of the stage. We accept the picture as a fit measure of justice to a company of strolling players, but, instead of being a worthy portraiture of men of genius and of artists in the high sense of the word, it is a parody and caricature. We cannot but think that a painter who is himself in possession of rare artistic power should have done more honour to his vocation. He has used this well-chosen subject, primarily to produce an effective picture, with the incidental advantage of proving his own readiness and resource.

The outsiders are fighting hard for recognition, attesting their strength by well-trained work. We have already mentioned Mr. Marcus Stone; pictures by Mr. Storey, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Wynfield, and others remain for notice. Mr. Storey contributes three works—"Sister," "Going to School: Portraits," and the "Old Soldier"; neither can be said to be quite up to the high mark of the artist's picture last year. Mr. Storey's position, however, seems secure; in the "Old Soldier" we recognise the accustomed style—refinement in feeling, grace in action, balance in composing lines, with a silvery colour and grey haze in atmosphere approaching the manner of young Mr. Leslie. Each painter will have to pray for more strength and less prettiness. Mr. J. E. Hodgson made a great effort when he painted "The Arab Storyteller," which some have mistaken for St. John preaching in the wilderness. The subject is well chosen and carefully considered; central figures, whether preaching or telling stories, always give opportunity for action, and the circle of listeners around can be made to comprise varied character and strong expression. Mr. Hodgson has turned the occasion to good account; the audience is "mixed"; the artist evidently has thrown together his stray sketches in Tangiers; men, women, and children, of colours, creeds, nationalities, classes, conditions the most diversified, here come to listen with attention and gape in wonder at the Arabian Nights' entertainment recited in their presence. Mr. Lane, in his "Modern Egyptians," devotes three chapters to "Public Recitations of Romances"; he estimates that in Cairo there were not fewer than eighty-six persons who practised this calling. We are told, and can easily believe, that "much of the entertainment derived from these recitations depends upon the talent of the mohhaddit, who often greatly improves the stories by his action, and by witty introductions of his own invention." Mr. Hodgson's delineation, if not brilliant, is true; he has gone steadily through his task; the figures have the individuality of portraits, and the accessory landscape is literal as a sketch made on the spot. The same conscientious, persevering labour Mr. Wynfield brings to bear on a very different theme, "The Rich Widow." The lady, we are told, is "young, beautiful, and a great fortune." The story, it is said, has some foundation in history, otherwise the improbability would seem great that a respectable widow should thus find herself without lady companions in the presence of a crowd of importunate men. The picture, as we have said, is careful as to composition, colour, and execution; the whole is well meant. Before quitting Gallery No. II., in which we have found Mr. Storey and Mr. Wynfield, let us direct attention to Mr. Halswell's "Roba di Roma," a work which for vigour, colour, character, recalls the Spanish pictures of the late John Phillip. We have marked also for commendation two contributions by Mr. J. B. Burgess, of "Bravo, Toro" renown. "A Spanish Monk" is quite after the Spanish school; the figure is almost worthy of Spagnoletto or of Zurbaran, the Spanish Caravaggio. While we look in admiration at this "Spanish Monk," it becomes evident whence Mr. Burgess has obtained breadth, vigour, and deep-toned colour. M. Tourrier also is allied to the *Naturalisti*; the somewhat comic and coarse scene taken from Michelet's *Louis XI.* indicates that the painter's studies have been directed to periods of decadence. The artist will injure his position if he does not curb his excesses; "La Sérénade" was not worth the hanging, but as a foreigner M. Tourrier has obtained favour which this year is denied to Englishmen. Among the most inveterate of Naturalist painters, such as formerly revelled amid rude nature in the schools of Naples and of Spain, Mr. E. Nicol, A.R.A., has taken his stand. Yet we may congratulate the artist on having mitigated what has been obnoxious about his manner, when he painted that downright and honest work, "A Disputed Boundary." Perhaps we have still a little unnecessary dirt on the boots—a touch of nature as repugnant to good taste as the foulness of feet in Murillo's beggar boys, which provoked the ire of a great purist critic. We think, too, that the scene looks as if enacted on the stage rather than simply transacted in a house; the characters are a little forced and over-drawn. These are faults too often present in cockney schools of painting; simple, rustic nature is, in a vast city, often known only through the stage. It may be further objected that the artist's handling falls into inequality; in some passages the execution is excellent, in others incomplete. Still we accept this picture as one of the marked successes of the year; it is admirable for character, for realism, and for strength.

Loud complaints are still heard, not only as to the cruel exclusion of works for which there was manifest room, but as to the favouritism shown in the pictures admitted. Much of such discontent may be taken as a matter of course; grumbling always has followed and always will follow the opening of the Academy. But we feel bound to mention one instance, cited among others, which does seem to furnish ground for a grievance. A certain "Procession in honour of Bacchus at the time of Vintage" usurps, it must be admitted, an area vastly in excess of its deserts, to the exclusion, be it remembered, of perhaps half a dozen works. We will not repeat the reasons assigned for the alleged favouritism, but simply proceed to speak of this somewhat prolonged and tedious procession according to its merits. The painter, Mr. W. B. Richmond, is the son of the Academician of that name, and a pupil, we are told, of another Academician whose *début* in the Academy was made by an analogous work, not a procession in honour of Bacchus, but of Cimabue. The picture of young Mr. Richmond indicates the advantages which may accrue from good parentage and tuition. Some may object that the drawing is dubious, the execution faltering, that the best passages are compilations from the classic, and that the ambition shown is in excess of power to carry the conception to completeness. Such criticisms, though a little severe, would be scarcely unfounded. Still, on the other hand, it is unfair not to give the painter credit for nobility of conception, high range of poetic thought, and manifest struggle to gain a style ideal and elevated. We certainly cannot but feel grateful to an artist who shall thus bring some relief to the literal naturalism and pretty sentimentality which now afflict the English school. We recall a picture of much beauty and promise which young Mr. Richmond exhibited four years ago in the British Institution. He has in the interim made less advance in technicalities than might have been expected; we can only hope that his hand may yet gain power to express the thoughts which his mind shall conceive.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

THE coalition talked of some three years back has, to the surprise if not to the satisfaction of the operatic world, definitely come to pass. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson are no longer rivals but partners; and although Her Majesty's Theatre is built up again and quite ready for use, the house in Covent Garden has been selected as the arena for the exhibition of their joint enterprise. For reasons which seemed to us sufficiently obvious, we took no notice of the prospectus issued by the directors some time before the opening of the theatre. Mr. Mapleson had made over his company with so little ceremony as to warrant a belief that at least one or two of his principal singers would demand some explanations before submitting unconditionally to the new order of things. And so it happened. One of the most highly prized among them, Madlle. Christine Nilsson, protested; and thus the pledges of the official document, in so far as her name was mixed up with them, went for nothing. True Madlle. Nilsson has since come to terms;

but the part she will have to play during the season is materially different from what it might have been had she not taken means to vindicate her position and her interests. Her stipulations, it is said, have been agreed to without reserve; and one of them being the production of the new opera, *Hamlet*, for a specified period, subscribers may look forward with something like assurance to hearing that much talked of work in the Italian language. Rumour gave out, moreover, that this *sine quâ non* of Madlle. Nilsson's might possibly lead to another novelty being included among the attractions of the season. If Madlle. Nilsson is to have a new opera expressly got up for her, why not Madame Adelina Patti? Such at any rate, we are informed, was the reasoning of that popular lady; and few will be disposed to deny its validity. The opera said to have been suggested by Madame Patti is the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas, who, we need scarcely add, is also the composer of *Hamlet*. But the season being already far advanced, the production of both these works seems problematical. Nor can we think it at all desirable. M. Thomas is neither an Auber nor a Meyerbeer; he is not even a Gounod.

The advantages to be derived from the amalgamation of the opera-houses remain to be shown. That nothing remarkable has yet come out of it is positive. The fusion of the companies made it necessary to discard certain members of each, inasmuch as it would be impossible to find suitable employment alike for every one of Mr. Mapleson's singers and for every one of Mr. Gye's. So that on either side we miss the names of well-deserving favourites. The directors have begun by dispensing with the greatest artist, if also one of the oldest, on the Italian lyric stage. The first operatic season without Mario will be one to remember, if with nothing else to distinguish it. To Signor Mario's failing powers as a vocalist even his warmest admirers cannot be blind; but he is the most consummate of actors in tragic as in comic opera; and there are certain works in which his loss will be felt as a calamity. Then, as if to keep Signor Mario in countenance, the services have been dispensed with of a still more important personage—no other than Mr., now Sir Michael, Costa, who since the Royal Italian Opera was instituted has been its most powerful support. Whatever the cause of difference the result is to be deplored, and the more so inasmuch as the plan is now adopted of having two conductors instead of one. The effect of this can hardly be otherwise than to confuse, if not eventually to disorganize, the orchestra. In Signor Arditi Mr. Mapleson brought to the coalition the one man by general consent regarded as competent to replace the old experienced chief. Signor Arditi had fairly earned distinction at Her Majesty's Theatre. He had not merely shown himself familiar with the ordinary routine of Italian opera, but capable of understanding and worthily producing the neglected masterpieces of classic art. To him the musical public are indebted for *Fidelio*, *Oberon*, *Medea*, *Iphigenia in Tauride*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Il Seraglio*, and other works of the same calibre, the revival of which will make amateurs look back with regret to Mr. Mapleson's seven years of management in the Haymarket. When, therefore, the two houses became one, it was reasonable to suppose that, on the secession of Mr. Costa, Signor Arditi would have undivided possession of his seat. In place of this, however, we have Signor Arditi and Signor Li Calsi, whose method of conducting appears to differ as essentially as their ability to conduct. In other respects, although, for various causes, certain performers of known experience have retired, as they are replaced by others equally competent, the orchestra is still what it has been for twenty years and more—the first operatic orchestra in Europe.

Without further preamble, we may now briefly review what up to the present time has taken place. On the opening night (March 30) we had *Norma*, played, except in one important instance, exclusively by artists of Mr. Mapleson's company. Madlle. Tietjens was Norma; Madlle. Sinico, Adalgisa; Signor Mongini, Pollio; and Signor Foli, Oroveso; while Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra. These, and the new members of the chorus, who supplied a long and crying want at the Royal Italian Opera, represented Mr. Mapleson; Mr. Gye being represented by Signor Marino, in the minor part of Flavio. The performance (into particulars of which we shall hardly be expected to enter) was considered generally excellent, and the fitness of Signor Arditi to hold with credit a position which every one conversant in such matters knew had been none of his own seeking, was unanimously recognised. Bellini's hackneyed work was followed by Verdi's *Rigoletto*. In the cast of this opera the disparity between the resources of the two managers was less apparent, though again the director of Her Majesty's Theatre had considerably the advantage. Madlle. Vanzini, the *prima donna*, at any rate, was a member of the Covent Garden troop last year; and though her Gilda, compared with other Gildas we have known (not to appeal to so high a standard as the late Madame Bosio), was second-rate at the best, it was by no means devoid of merit. The other characters were allotted to Madlle. Scalchi, (Maddalena), Signor Mongini (Duke of Mantua), Signor Foli (Sparafucile), and Mr. Santley (Rigoletto)—all from the old house. That the music assigned to the Court-Jester would be admirably sung by Mr. Santley was anticipated; but few had looked for the extraordinary advance of our English baritone in the histrionic department of his art. Mr. Santley's Rigoletto was the most striking feature of the performance, although the splendid voice of Signor Mongini, now, in spite of manifest errors of taste and want of balance, foremost of Italian tenors, was heard to distinguished advantage in many parts of the opera, and especially in "La donna è mobile." The conductor on this occasion was Signor Li Calsi, Mr. Gye's former "*répétiteur*," under whose direction the accompaniments were given in such a manner as to make it difficult to believe that we were listening to the Covent Garden players. Thus the inexpediency of having two directors of one orchestra was early established. That the custom obtains at Berlin and elsewhere on the Continent is true; but it is bad, all the same, and has never within the memory of two generations been tolerated at the Grand Opera in Paris, where alone performances on a par with those to which we have been accustomed for so long a period at the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre can be heard. With *Fidelio*, which came next, the case was very different. Signor Arditi again held the conductor's stick, and, from the overture (the great *Leonora*, No. 3) to the *finale*, the masterpiece of Beethoven, in so far as orchestra and chorus were concerned, was well presented. The characters on the stage, with a solitary exception, were allotted to Mr. Mapleson's singers—Madlle. Tietjens (Fidelio), (Leonora), Madlle. Sinico (Marcellina), Mr. C. Lyall (Jacquino), Signor Foli (Rocco), and Signor Bulterini (Florestan)—Mr. Gye merely contributing Signor Campi, as the Minister, who does not appear till the last scene, when the dramatic interest has culminated. The single novelty was the Florestan of Signor Bulterini, one of the worst we remember, just as Mr. C. Lyall's Jacquino is the best. Signor Bulterini has a loud voice and sings loudly—which is all we have to say of him. With Signor Mongini in the theatre, it was lamentable to hear the soliloquy of Florestan in the dungeon-scene, and the tenor part of the trio and duet, thus sacrificed. Signor Mongini, however, has, doubtless, no wish to engross the entire repertory. Immediately after *Fidelio* we find him singing his best as the hero of an opera that has nothing in common with *Fidelio*—Manrico, in *Il Trovatore*, about which, beyond recording that the other characters were supported by Madlle. Tietjens, Madlle. Scalchi, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley (all Mr. Mapleson's), we need say nothing. This motley lyric melodrama stands much in need of repose; and if it were laid aside for years there would be little to regret. To Verdi succeeded Donizetti—not at his liveliest, but at his dullest. When the facile Bergamese—whose comic operas (although closely modelled on Rossini's) are perfect—wrote *Linda di Chamouni* for Vienna, he tried hard to please the German taste, but only succeeded in proving that the sentimental drama was not his element. Its more important pieces are alike ambitious and feeble, as much so as those in *Maria di Rohan*, his other Viennese opera. The concerted music is of course well written; but in the airs, duets, &c., "O luce di quest' anima" allowed for, there is scarcely a fresh thought to be discovered. That strangely-gifted and eccentric Hungarian, Madlle. Ilma di Murska, nevertheless, invariably contrives to make the heroine interesting; while Antonio is one of Mr. Santley's most effective parts and in the absence of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Madlle. Scalchi is perhaps as good a Pierotto as could now be found, with a voice as rich as that of Madlle. Grossi (Mr. Gye's contralto) and more flexible. Signor Naudin's Carlo is not remarkable; but Signor Campi's Marquis is especially remarkable both for its obtrusiveness and its utter absence of genuine humour. That King of France who said, "Je n'aime pas les bouffes qui ne me font pas rire," would hardly have liked Signor Ciampi. Once more in *Linda* we had a shifting of conductors, Signor L. Calsi holding the bâton, but failing to control the orchestra, which seemed either not to comprehend or not to pay attention to his "beat." Next, in due course came the *Huguenots*, with Madlles. Tietjens and Ilma di Murska, Signor Mongini and Mr. Santley, respectively as Valentine, the Queen, Raoul, and St. Bris. Of these, beyond the fact that the voice of Madlle. Tietjens betrayed symptoms that should forbid the too prodigal use of it in such exacting operas as those of Meyerbeer, we have nothing new to say. The other parts were sustained by Madlle. Vanzini, who, being a soprano, gave Urbain's air, "Nobil Signor," in the original key; Signor Bagagiolo, whose fine rich bass sounded well in a great deal of the music belonging to the fanatic, Marcel, but who sang without spirit and acted without intelligence; and Signor Tagliafico, still a Nevers without peer, although his resources are by no means what they used to be. Signor Arditi (happily) directed the performance; and the value of the new reinforcements of the chorus was sensibly felt throughout the opera, most of all in the noble scene of the "Benediction of the Swords."

About the performance immediately following we are able to speak in terms of almost unrestricted praise. The opera was *Il Flauto Magico*, the chief characters in which were represented by Madlles. Tietjens, Sinico, and Ilma di Murska (Pamina, Papagena, and the "Queen of Night"), Signors Bulterini and Foli (Tamino and Sarastro), Messrs. C. Lyall and Santley (Monostatos and Papageno). This, with one exception, Signor Bulterini *vice* Signor Bettini (by no means an improvement), was precisely the same cast as during the series of performances given by Mr. Mapleson at Covent Garden Theatre in the winter—a foreshadowing, as it were, of the coalition to come. So that, Signor Arditi being at the conductor's desk, though the performance was in Mr. Gye's theatre, the idea of Mr. Gye's company could scarcely once have occurred to any one, except, perhaps, when Signors Marino and Fallar, as the "two armed men," were endeavouring to sing the *canto fermo*, in front of the "Orrida Monte," near the end of the last act. Up to this time certainly the "coalition" had been a strange one, seeing that the most essential requirements were exclusively furnished by one of the parties coalescing. The unanimous feeling, however, seemed to be that this representation of *Il Flauto Magico* was calculated to raise expectations for the future. Even new

scenery had been expressly painted; and though many traditional accessories to the odd fantastic story were wanting—more than when Mr. Gye produced the opera, some eighteen years since, at the old Covent Garden, more even than very recently, when it was revived under Signor Arditi at Her Majesty's Theatre—yet enough was there to show that commendable pains had been taken in getting up the work. Mozart's enchantingly melodious music was for the most part sung extremely well; and, to name but a single instance, Madlle. de Murska, by her vigorous and splendid delivery of the almost impossible air assigned to Astrifiammante in the second act, roused the audience to enthusiasm. The weak feature of the performance, in addition to the Tamino of Signor Bulterini, was the execution of the part-music allotted to the three benevolent "genii" and the three attendants on the "Queen of Night"; but even here there were redeeming points. From the overture, that unparalleled combination of fancy with erudition, to the end, the orchestra was all that could be desired.

That which Beethoven pronounced the masterpiece of German lyric drama was followed by what, although composed by an Italian, is unquestionably the masterpiece of French lyric drama—*Guillaume Tell*. In the earlier days of the Royal Italian Opera the appearance of this great work was always an event. But of late it has been less cared for, and there have probably been as many unsatisfactory representations of *Guillaume Tell* as of any opera in the repertory. With Signor Li Calsi at the head of the orchestra, in place of Mr. Costa, it is not surprising that the performance on the present occasion should for the greater part have been mediocre. Such, indeed, was the case, at least in so far as concerned the orchestra and chorus. Inexperienced a conductor as he is, nevertheless the fault did not wholly lie with Signor Li Calsi. The orchestra knew the music by heart, and with a little attention might have played it as they have often played it before; but this was not the case with the chorus, which in the grandest situation of all—the meeting of the delegates from the four Cantons (*finale* of Act II.)—appeared quite perplexed. *Guillaume Tell*, however, did not belong to the repertory of Her Majesty's Theatre; and it was unreasonable to expect that the singers drafted from that establishment should be able to learn choral music so difficult within the short period allowed them for committing it to memory. The redeeming point was the superb singing of Signor Mongini, who, with the exception of Signor Tamberlik, approaches nearer to Duprez than any other representative of Arnold we can call to mind. Signor Mongini was not well supported, Signor Graziani being by no means imposing as Guillaume Tell, and Signor Bagagiolo, despite his fine voice, by no means effective as Walter. In Madlle. Sinico, on the other hand, there was a really competent Mathilde; and notwithstanding all shortcomings, music so original and picturesque as that of Rossini could not fail to make its impression. At the same time we should like to have spoken in a tone far less discouraging about the performance of such a work at the Royal Italian Opera.

The return of Madlle. Christine Nilsson and Madame Adelina Patti, the production of *Robert le Diable*, and the first appearance of Signor Bottero, a new "*buffo*," must form the subject of a future article.

REVIEWS.

VEITCH'S MEMOIR OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

(First Notice.)

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S reputation is at the present moment suffering excessive depreciation. This is to be attributed, as its immediate cause, to Mr. Mill's critical review. The more remote, but original, cause lies in the circumstance that his celebrity was, not too great, but one of indefinite attribution. In the money-market undue inflation is followed by a reaction to an equally unreasoning depreciation of all securities; indefinite credit breeding equally indefinite mistrust. So it is in literature. Sir W. Hamilton was known to the public as a "great philosopher." But no definite idea of the peculiar kind of greatness was entertained. So that when Mr. Mill's assault came, the greatness exploded, and the public "sold out" with as little reason as they had before "bought in." The crisis, however, will pass. Sir W. Hamilton will be restored, not to popular worship, but to a noble niche in the temple of fame. His place in that temple is that, not of the founder of a system, or of an innovator on established modes of thought, but that of a transmitter of what has been thought and said. As a scholar and a man of learning, his acquirements were unequalled, in this country, in our time. And a unique position is not only apprehended with difficulty, but is especially liable to misconstruction and detraction.

The present Memoir will do much towards reinstating Sir W. Hamilton in his legitimate place in general estimation. It is not very long. For though it might have been compressed, yet it contrasts favourably in this respect with the two-volume biographies in which the affection of sorrowing relatives is apt to entomb the memory of the departed. It is interesting. The writer, Professor Veitch, has succeeded in blending the domestic with the intellectual life of Sir W. Hamilton, in one graphic picture, as biographers rarely do succeed. It is in the proper key; respectful towards its subject, while free from the panegyrical and honorifical excesses into which the zeal of discipleship so frequently hurries the pen of the chronicler who is at once pupil and family friend.

Sir W. Hamilton's was not a life of incident. He was born in 1788, and died in 1856, in his sixty-eighth year. The span of life thus allotted to him was laid out with a rare consistency of pursuit. It was divided between his study and his lecture-room; between the acquisition and the dispensation of knowledge. It was not till 1830, in his forty-eighth year, that he was able to obtain the position for which he was so eminently qualified, and to which he may be said to have had a natural right—namely, a University chair. It is impossible, indeed, to read the record of his fruitless attempts to obtain a professorship, and his final success by a majority of four (eighteen to fourteen) over a very inferior competitor, without a bitter feeling of our national neglect of the interests of the higher education. Sir William was an Oxford man, a Snell Exhibitioner of Balliol, and was in the First Class in 1810. For six-and-twenty years after this he was competing unsuccessfully for poorly paid chairs in Scotland. By the time he was forty he had become widely recognised as the most learned scholar of his day in the history of philosophy. And all this while the richly-endowed chairs and headships of his own University were filled by men who neither taught nor knew any science; while fellowships—life-pensions better than many a Scotch professorship—were given away in batches to young men of five-and-twenty, whose whole stock of knowledge consisted of half a dozen Greek and Latin authors.

During these twenty-six years Hamilton, who had inherited no private fortune with the baronetcy, had to trust to the Bar for support. His professional practice was respectable, though not large. His legal acquirements were not inconsiderable, including a thorough knowledge of the civil law. His opinion in antiquarian cases, including the history of teinds, was esteemed. But while his political views, as a Whig, excluded him from any share in the numerous legal appointments at the disposal of Government, his intellectual pursuits and his scholarly repute were positive disrecommendations to the agents who have the making of the young advocate. The wearisome pacing to and fro of the Parliament House was soon abandoned, and with it the best chance of a brief, for those underground recesses in which were then stored the choice treasures of the Advocates' Library. There was open to him literature. But periodical writing was not then the regular and paying profession it has since become. And Hamilton's acquirements were of that solid kind that were not easily minted into current coin. Under compulsion he could write with great rapidity, yet he took up his pen with great reluctance, and required an outward stimulus to engage him in composition. Such a stimulus was supplied by his marriage in 1829, and, as a Whig, the *Edinburgh Review* was open to him. The *Edinburgh* occupied then a high position, being in the hands of a man of distinct literary taste, and a personal interest in questions of speculative philosophy—Mr. Macvey Napier. Mr. Napier lost no time in applying to Sir William, or rather compelling him to write, against his inclination. He even selected the subject, the *Cours de Philosophie* of M. Cousin, then at the head of the first philosophical movement in France after the discouragements of the Empire and the Restoration. The famous essay on "The Philosophy of the Unconditioned," which first made Continental thinkers aware that speculative knowledge was not extinct in Scotland, was hastily written under pressure from without. M. Cousin himself, of whose doctrine it was a refutation, admitted that it was a masterpiece, procured its translation into French, and commenced a correspondence which led to a warm friendship between him and Sir William.

From 1829 to 1836, Hamilton's biography is the history of his contributions to the *Edinburgh*. Each of them was an event. His article on Oxford, in 1831, contributed not a little to the fact of the Oxford Commission of 1852; and in one important particular determined the direction of the Report of that Commission. In 1836 came his successful attempt on the Chair of Logic. Instead of entreating his acceptance of this not very distinguished post—it had been held for some years by a Dr. Ritchie—Hamilton was under the necessity of propitiating a body of thirty-three respectable citizens of Edinburgh, chiefly engaged in trade. His testimonials, including an inflated one from Victor Cousin, were overwhelming. But they did not, it was complained by the Town Council, afford evidence of his being a religious man. He was reputed to be a great reader of "German philosophy." His philosophical style was "obscure"—to the Town Council of Edinburgh. He declined to "mendicate the votes" of the patrons by the personal solicitation either of himself or friends. It might have been thought that his candidature was as hopeless as it had been in 1820, when the author of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* was preferred to him as a Professor of "Moral Philosophy." It would have been so, but that a powerful champion was raised up in the person of Adam Black, then City Treasurer. Mr. Black's indignation was roused by the attempt to make the election one of theological party, and he came to the rescue. Professor Veitch also hints that, though Sir William was unflinching in his abstinence from personal canvass, his friends were more worldly-wise.

Sir William occupied the Logic chair for twenty years. From his appointment began a new epoch, not only in the University of Edinburgh, but far beyond its limits. Fresh active thought

* *Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Veitch, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

on philosophical themes had ceased as a power in Scotland. The impetus which Hume and Reid had given to speculation, and which Dugald Stewart had propagated, was apparently spent. Logic had ceased to be taught in the chairs nominally assigned to it, and the higher problems of metaphysics were entirely strange. The aim of philosophical teaching had come to be regarded, as in the English Universities, as a discipline of the faculties by means of composition on general themes. Philosophy had died of inanition. With Sir W. Hamilton began a new life for speculation, and a fresh impulse to the students. He had the art of inspiring and impressing young minds, opening up to them new fields of thought and vision, and giving principles and convictions which passed into their intellectual and religious life, to an extent which has very rarely been equalled by any academic teacher. In class drill, or disciplinal exercises, he was surpassed by many. He did little by way of interrogation, and had not even much power of oral explanation or illustration. Formal discipline lay in an inferior sphere. Hamilton's power consisted in inspiring in the students the interest he himself felt in the problems of philosophy. The Scottish speculation of the last century, when it is considered to have been most flourishing, had been too ignorant of the past. A superficial acquaintance with Aristotle, probably gained from a Latin version, was the utmost that either Reid or Brown had possessed. In Sir W. Hamilton the relation of present to past thought found, for the first time, a living exponent. He did not select striking or favourite parts of his subject, but was able to mark out from the outset the various departments of philosophy, and to develop each branch in its due subordination to the whole. He made a strong demand on the attention of every student. But when once this was given, the listener was naturally carried on from the more elementary to the more advanced parts of the subject. Those who had an aptitude for it were roused even to enthusiasm. The style of his lectures was naturally not so condensed as that of his published writings. It was a combination of passages of precise, technical, exactly correct expositions, with interspersed passages of mingled eloquence and quotation from Plato, or Pascal, or Malebranche, from Boethius, or Sir John Davies.

But Hamilton's class were not let off with the mere passive exercise of listening. There was plenty of work for them. He did not follow the usual practice of catechetical repetition. He required each student to prepare the last lecture in such a way as to be ready, if called up, to give an abstract of any part of it which might be selected by the Professor, without the prompting of consecutive questions. They were encouraged to add of their own, on these occasions, what was called "additional information," *i.e.*, subjects connected with the lectures. There were often several lectures in arrear, and the student had to be prepared to take up at any point. Some of the lectures contained long series of minute and extremely subtle discriminations, such as the thirty-three distinctions between mediate and immediate knowledge, and the thirty-one between the primary and secondary qualities of body. The effort of preparation for these oral examinations was a most invigorating one to those who made it, for it was impossible to remember the lectures without understanding them. The mere *memoriter* men were sure to break down. Besides this, essays might be sent in, extracts from which, strictly limited to five minutes, might be read before the class. Prizes for essays were also given, and awarded at the end of the session by the votes of the class.

The power of the teacher was seconded by the fascination of the man. He was unpretending, even silent, in general society. He did not shine as a talker. His manner as a lecturer was characterized by dignity, earnestness, simplicity. He did not assume the pomp of learned pedantry. His superiority was felt by the students, but not because he made it felt. Courteous and unaffected, ready to answer difficulties, he was warmly loved by pupils who never saw him but in the chair, and never exchanged more than a few unimportant words with him. During the session it was his custom to invite parties of students to his house in Great King Street. Dr. Cairns remembers one of these evenings when, assailed by successive groups of querists, he stood for hours with his back against his bookshelves, and met all comers with that unconsciousness of his greatness which was the charm of his society.

Hamilton had thus found his way, late in life, to his proper work. But the day was too far spent, and the happiness of unimpeded energy was broken up by failing power. In 1844 the strong man was struck down by paralysis. Though only in his fifty-sixth year, he had taxed his strength to the utmost, not to say abused it. His enormous accumulation of knowledge had been purchased by midnight study. At Oxford, in 1808, he had made a resolution to rise always at six. But it was not adhered to. Late hours and prolonged work at night became the rule. During session he gave three lectures a week, and each lecture was written the night before. The lecture-hour was one o'clock, and the lecturer seldom got to bed before five or six. Frequently he had to be up before nine in order to attend the Teind Court. This was too great a tax upon the strongest physique. Few students who have ventured on the practice have lived, like Leibnitz, to be seventy-eight. The seizure—hemiplegia of the right side—was sudden and severe. Though speech was rendered difficult, the mental faculties were untouched; his wonderful memory, in particular, remaining unimpaired. Though he rallied from the attack, he never became again the man he had been. Though he resumed not only the labours of the study, but the work of the classes, it was evident that the mind alone sustained the failing body in the effort. He had to be carried or assisted up the stairs to the class-room. He would have been glad to retire. But a Scotch professorship is attended with no retiring pension, and Sir William had no private means. Application was made under these circumstances to Lord Russell, and again to Lord Palmerston, to place Sir William on the list of Sir Robert Peel's fund, by which 1,200*l.* is annually granted to persons eminent in science and literature. The application was refused by both the Whig Premiers, not without circumstances of indignity. Lord Palmerston characteristically thought that novelists had a better claim to relief. Lord Russell offered Sir William 100*l.*, at the same time that he bestowed, unasked, 300*l.* on John Wilson (Christopher North), who had been a bitter enemy of the Liberal cause, and had held for five-and-twenty years a chair of Philosophy to which he never ought to have been appointed. Afterwards 100*l.* a year was obtained for Lady Hamilton, and this was all the recognition that Sir William Hamilton ever received from the country. He was accordingly compelled to drudge on with the duties of the class-room, long after he had ceased to be equal to the work they imposed. Even with the professorship, it is hard to conceive how he contrived to bring up a family, and to amass a valuable collection of books. The income of the professorship never amounted to 500*l.*, and this was burdened for the first seven years with a pension of 100*l.* to Dr. Ritchie. He was constrained to the humiliation of applying for some inferior legal office which he might unite with the professorship, such as that of Deputy Keeper of the Great Seal, or Clerk of the Court of Session. He was passed over on both occasions. He had chosen his vocation, and it was clearly enough intimated to him that he must abide by it—to know and to starve. Of barren honour he had enough. One honorary title he enjoyed, which was probably unique. Being a layman, he was a D.D. of Leyden. The fame of learning brought curious strangers. A man "engaged in trade," from South Shields, followed him from Edinburgh to Dumbartonshire, where he was spending the summer, to get him to write his name in a copy of the *Discursions*, and then returned without caring to visit even Loch Lomond.

In 1853 he had an accident; he fell and broke his arm, and his system received a shock from which it never completely recovered. He dragged himself painfully through the work of the session 1854-5, and spent his last summer, 1855, at Auchtertool, a retired spot in Fifeshire. The depression of health and spirits was now become sadly evident. The Memoir of Dugald Stewart, which he had engaged to write for his edition of the Works, weighed heavily on his mind. He returned to Edinburgh, and made a desperate effort to get through the work of the session. He succeeded. But the work had exhausted all his remaining force. He died on May 5, 1856, of congestion of the brain, aged sixty-eight.

Sir William Hamilton was not a sayer of good things, but characteristic traits of the man are scattered in abundance over the pages of Professor Veitch's interesting volume. Of the contributors of reminiscences the best are Dr. Cairns and Professor Spencer Baynes. Dr. Cairns suppresses, however, what we should most have liked to have had—his opinions on men and things uttered in perfect freedom. His daughter's record of his domestic habits is a most melancholy one, an account of the struggles of the vigorous mind with the prison-house of the body. To go up or down stairs was a labour to him, and he carried on his study in the room used by all the family. His power of absorption was so great that he had often to be spoken to more than once before he could be made to hear. He established himself on a sofa, with the books he required for the day within easy distance. There he made his first notes in pencil, and dictated what he wished to write afterwards to an amanuensis. The amanuensis was usually his daughter. In earlier years Lady Hamilton had alone discharged this fatiguing office. No account, however brief, of Sir William Hamilton ought to omit to pay a tribute to the devoted love and care by which he was attended, in sickness and in health, by Lady Hamilton. Without her he never would have done what he did. She had been much to him before his illness. In his helpless state she became well-nigh all to him. He did not talk on politics, though in the Crimean campaign he had the newspapers read straight through to him. Otherwise his relaxation was having novels or travels read to him. He was particularly fond of works of the imaginative type—*Frankenstein*, the *Ancient Mariner*, and Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. He was as fond of fairy tales as a child. He was easily moved by the pathetic and the comic. Even in the class-room his sense of the ludicrous sometimes overcame professorial propriety, and the fit of laughter was for the time absolutely uncontrollable. His reading had supplied him with rich bits of bathos, which he was fond of repeating with enjoyment. There was a tenderness about him which enhanced even slight words of affection. His family were devotedly attached to him, and people who stayed in the house were always fond of him. Nothing made him more angry than ill-treatment of animals; in driving, he was very careful of horses. We conclude with the odd fact that he could take laudanum in almost any quantity—500 drops—without being sensibly affected.

STEINMETZ'S HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.*

HERE is another of the class of cram books. Strange to say, however, it does not profess to be designed for candidates in any branch of any service, civil or military. Dr. Steinmetz is "Master of Modern History and Literature in Bedford Grammar School," and his "chief object in publishing this work is to furnish his pupils with a compendium for their instruction in Modern History." He tells us also, what we do not at all doubt, that "it will be very gratifying to him if sufficient useful and valuable information should be found in this volume to lead to its introduction, not only into other schools as a Text-book, but also into private libraries as a Book of Reference." Indeed with regard to his own pupils, Dr. Steinmetz goes so far as to "trust that it will become the means of their acquiring a fair knowledge of this branch of study." Dr. Steinmetz must have singular notions as to the adaptation of means to ends. That his book may be adopted as a Text-book in schools is not at all unlikely, because the worse a book of this kind is, the more likely it is to be adopted in schools. But that anybody in Bedford School or anywhere else could ever acquire a fair knowledge of modern history from Dr. Steinmetz's handbook is a dream of the very wildest kind. Indeed the Bedford boys seem to be even worse off in the matter of history than the Uppingham boys are in the matter of grammar. Mr. Thring was at least grotesque, and we could laugh at his gambols. Dr. Steinmetz is dull as well as blundering; we cannot even laugh till just at the end, when the Doctor climbs Mount Gerizim, and blesses the present sovereigns of Europe all round, save only Spain, where, for lack of a sovereign, he is driven to bless the nation instead. The book is so very bad that one half suspects that it is made bad on purpose because bad books of this sort answer better than good ones. A clear, accurate, interesting book, which boys and girls would delight in, seems strange and puzzling to ignorant masters and mistresses, and has a poor chance against Mangnall, Markham, and Maunder. So perhaps it is in sheer worldly wisdom that Dr. Steinmetz has carefully avoided making the least use of all the light that has been thrown upon history and cognate subjects during the present generation. We conceive that Dr. Steinmetz is a German, and perhaps no German could, if he tried, be quite so ignorant as some Englishmen. But the Doctor, to do him justice, drives native industry in this matter very hard. The positive blunders are many, but what angers one in books of this class even more than the positive blunders is the utter failure to bring out any of the great points of history—the lack of so much as an attempt to group and to narrate in such a way that the pupil may be interested at the time and may remember afterwards. The whole thing, even when not positively wrong, is dull and dead. No use whatever is made of the great discoveries of the day in those matters which give life to history. Historical geography, ethnology, comparative philology, are mysteries to teachers who have to unlearn; to children, who have only to learn, they are, if properly set before them, simply fascinating. In writing Dr. Steinmitz begins his book with the Goths and the Huns. A teacher who wished to interest his pupils might cut his story of the doings of the Goths even shorter than Dr. Steinmetz does, but whatever he left out, he would not leave out the fact that these same Goths are really near kinsfolk of our own, speaking a language essentially the same as our own. Show a child a verse or two of Wulfila; show him how the long words which look so strange are really the same as the short words which he himself uses every moment, and he will listen with interest, and attach a meaning to the word Goth ever after. But to load his memory with the mere names of Hermanic and Valens and Stilicho, without any attempt to put life into the dry bones, does no good at all.

It is certainly a painful duty which is cast upon us when we have to point out, week after week, year after year, the same errors, the same misconceptions, coming over and over again in the class of books to which Dr. Steinmetz's Handbook belongs. It really looks sometimes as if the labours of so many scholars were wholly fruitless, as if accurate historical notions were making no way, as if all that could ever be hoped for was the enlightenment of a chosen few. We believe, however, that there is hope after all, that truth does gradually dribble through the hard strata of ignorance and dulness, and we must remember how very many the strata are which divide the works of a real scholar from the handbooks which have most vogue in the ordinary class of schools. The thing however must be tried; we must have books for schools, books for children, either written or at least superintended by scholars of the highest order. They would have difficulties many and great to strive against; but they would gradually make their way in here and there, and they might perhaps in the end clear the field of rubbish. It is not of the learners that we have any fear, but only of the teachers. The more truth assumes the guise of a story-book, the more likely it is to succeed, because it is the more likely to come directly under the eyes of learners. Mr. Cox's little books must have given many children, and some parents and teachers, an intelligent idea of mythology. It is perhaps not too much to hope that some day a method of the same kind may throw light and life, and, if Mr. Arnold likes, sweetness too, into popular ideas of the Wandering of the Nations and of the mediæval Empire.

As for Dr. Steinmetz and the unlucky Bedford boys, no light or life or sweetness has as yet reached them. They have still to work in the dull old rut, to have every exploded fancy of our grandmothers still handed down to them. Perhaps we should not say every exploded fancy, for the fact of Dr. Steinmetz's German birth or descent does save us from one. The Bedford boys are not taught in so many words that Charles the Great was a French Emperor reigning at Paris. Marry this is somewhat, and on these occasions we are thankful for very small mercies. But Dr. Steinmetz teaches the Bedford boys to talk about France and Frenchmen a great deal too soon for any clear view of the history of Gaul and Germany, both under Charles himself and before the appearance of the Karlings. Indeed, as he makes Pippin "introduce a system of annual assemblies or parliaments called Champs de Mars, or Mai," we are not clear that he does not fancy that Pippin talked *lingua Romana*. And certainly very little will be gained if the Bedford boys, instead of thinking (as Mr. G. P. R. James, who wrote a "Life of Charlemagne," did) that Charles was a modern Frenchman who conquered Germany, are led to think that Charles was a German who conquered modern France. The point is to teach the Bedford boys and everybody else that France and Frenchmen did not exist at all in those times. Till we come to the days when there was a State roughly conterminous with modern France and speaking a language which is an older form of modern French, the use of those words simply misleads. So with Switzerland, Scotland, Austria, England itself, clearness and accuracy never can be gained till people learn to forbear using the modern names before they can be used in something like the modern meaning. Here is a specimen of Dr. Steinmetz's way of dealing with such matters:—

> When the empire of Charlemagne was divided, Switzerland fell to the share of the French; but they did not long retain this country, as it was soon added to the new kingdom of Burgundy. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, on the extinction of the dukes of Zæhringen, who, under the name of regents, had governed Switzerland in the place of the German Emperors, it was joined to the Empire as an independent province. In the following century, we find the country divided into a number of petty States, both secular and ecclesiastical, such as the dominions of the Bishop of Bale, the Abbé of St. Gall, the Counts of Hapsburg, Baden, Kyburg, &c. The towns of Zurich, Bale, Bern, and some others, had the rank of free and imperial cities. A part of the inhabitants of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden held directly from the Empire, and these were governed by their own magistrates; but they were afterwards placed under the jurisdiction of governors (landvœgte), who exercised supreme power in the Emperor's name.
>
> Such was the constitution of Switzerland when the Emperor Albrecht I., of Austria, the son of Rudolph of Hapsburg, conceived the project of extending his dominions by the annexation of this country, in which he had already had considerable possessions.

It is a small comfort that Dr. Steinmetz has heard of the kingdom of Burgundy, and his account of the condition of the Waldstätte, though not good, might have been worse. But the Bedford boys are evidently taught to think that Switzerland *eo nomine* existed from the ninth century. What may be meant by being "joined to the Empire as an independent province" is beyond us, and Dr. Steinmetz, as a German, ought to know that the original Switzerland was purely German ground, and that instead of Switzerland as a whole ever having been Burgundian — to talk of its being "French" is of course nonsense—a good half of the present Confederation lies within the old German boundary. Now what idea of Swiss history can the Bedford boys get from this sort of talk? Yet we cannot believe that they are so stupid that they could not understand, if any sensible person told them, how certain Germans in a corner of Germany were enabled by peculiar circumstances to become unusually independent of the Empire and still more independent of any intermediate lord, how they formed a League among themselves, how the League grew, how this League and its several members conquered certain *Welsh*-speaking districts, Burgundian and Italian, and how in the course of time their connexion with Germany was wholly dropped, while the conquered Burgundian and Italian districts have been raised to the rank of equal confederates with the original German States. Such a statement is no harder, but a good deal easier than the other, only it implies emancipation from that bondage to the modern map from which it would seem as if ten thousand geographical Garibaldis could not set us free.

We have seen that the fact of Dr. Steinmetz's German origin has saved him from falling quite so low into the depth on one or two points as purely insular blunderers are wont to fall. But it is strange that it has done nothing to save him from the most monstrous confusions with regard to the Empire. Sir Edward Creasy has read Mr. Bryce, but Dr. Steinmetz clearly has not. We have the vulgar talk about "German Emperor," "Emperor of Germany," and so forth throughout. And this sort of thing is all the queerer from being mixed up with stray bits of accuracy all along. For instance, Dr. Steinmetz knows that Maximilian introduced the titles of "Romanorum Imperator electus" and "Germaniæ Rex." So, to go back some centuries, Conrad the First is chosen "Emperor of Germany," and "assumes this new title." But presently, under Otto, we read:—

> Three important events especially mark his reign. Firstly, with his election as sole Emperor or King, to the total exclusion of his brothers from any share in the government, it became an established fact that Germany was to be henceforth an elective and undividable empire. Secondly, he was crowned Emperor of the Romans and King of Lombardy, titles that, for more than eight hundred years after, were united with the royal sceptre of Germany.

But a few pages further on we read:—

> Italy.—We have already had occasion to allude to the history of this country, whilst relating that of the German Empire, as after the elevation of Otho the Great to the dignity of a Roman King, the annals of the two

* *A History of Modern Europe, from the Invasion of the Barbarians to the Present Day* (A.D. 375–1869). A Handbook for Schools. By the Rev. H. Steinmetz, Ph. D. London: Longmans & Co.

countries were greatly interwoven. Though Italy was under the sovereignty of the German Emperors, their authority was scarcely more than nominal.

What can come of this sort of utter jumble? As for our own island, we are told that "in 449 or 450" "the Saxons and Angles founded the Saxon Heptarchy." This enlightened piece of description is immediately followed in the same paragraph by the incomprehensible remark that "Wallia was succeeded by Dietrich I. (Theodoric I.), (Derric), a prudent, brave, and noble king, and most probably a son of Alaric the Great." Here we have got back again among the Goths, but we never heard that Wallia or "Dietrich" reigned in Britain. Indeed as Dietrich we should decline all connexion with him, however much we might welcome him as Theodric. Elsewhere the early history of England is summed up in this intelligent way:—

Many battles were fought and much blood was shed, before the unfortunate Britons were driven further up the country, and their kingdom divided into seven provinces, called the Saxon Heptarchy.

The history of this period is enveloped in much obscurity, owing to the perpetual wars. We must therefore briefly notice, that during the reign of Ethelbert, King of Kent, the seven kingdoms were reduced to three. It was in the time of this monarch that Augustine introduced Christianity into Britain. After the death of Offa the Terrible, King of Mercia, and nearly four centuries from the arrival of the first German freebooters in Britain, Egbert, King of Wessex, united the three kingdoms into one, henceforth called England, after the Angles, the most powerful of the invading tribes.

Many battles were fought, but it is a little hard on the Bedford boys that Dr. Steinmetz could not strain a point to tell them of their own local battle in 571. The seven kingdoms being reduced to three is a novelty. Getting on a little further, Dr. Steinmetz tells us with all authority, "In the course of the tenth century, we consider only one king worthy of notice, and this is Athelstan." Alas for Eadward the Unconquered and Eadgar the Peaceful! Dr. Steinmetz has altogether put an extinguisher on their fame. That we get the conventional rubbish about "real heirs" and "usurpers" at all dates from the election of Ælfred to the election of John is a matter of course.

So much for Dr. Steinmetz's way of dealing with whole nations and periods. We will end by culling a few flowers in detail. The Eternal City on its capture by Alaric is thus condescendingly patted on the back:—

Thus fell Rome, a city which dated 1163 years from its foundation, and whose power had subdued and civilized a considerable part of mankind.

Augustulus in p. 16 somewhat oddly "resigns the throne and imperial title in favour of Odoacer," who is presently "obliged to surrender his empire to Theodoric." Theodoric, however, "imitates the example of Odoacer by calling himself King of Italy"—which there is not the slightest evidence that he ever did. Theodora (p. 21) was a "woman of doubtful character," "daughter of a bear-leader"—a description of her father's calling which, though not wholly inaccurate, has a very odd sound. At some time between 573 and 718 there existed a "new Lombardian [*sic*] Empire, over which a number of insignificant kings ruled." The Saxons and Slavonians are in p. 92 coupled together as "German tribes." At an early stage of the book we are told that "Louis Philippe had to make way for a nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte," which reminds us that we were once in a roomful of people who thought us very ignorant for maintaining that the *coup d'état* did not happen in 1848. But in the course of nine centuries Dr. Steinmetz learned a little better, and we get the story in its proper place. Hugh Capet, by the way, Dr. Steinmetz thinks, was "anointed at Rheims"; and Louis the Seventh was a "young and *licentious* king." The respectable Empress Theodora (not the bear-leader's daughter) was as "depraved" as her sister Zoe; and her uncle, the Slayer of the Bulgarians, is not worth naming, but is casually implied as one of "these warlike emperors." In 1453 "the *Anglo-Saxon* dominion in France was at last over," which reminds us that, according to Dr. Steinmetz, it was to "France" that William the Conqueror, from some unrecorded and inscrutable motive, went back after his coronation at Westminster. To jump on a bit, Pius the Second (p. 149) is passed by as one of "a succession of weak and worthless popes, whose actions greatly promoted the downfall of their own authority." Leo the Tenth fares better:—

This Pope played a prominent part in the affairs of Italy, and distinguished himself as an astute and energetic, but at the same time unscrupulous politician. One of his biographers writes thus: "Leo would have made a perfect Pope, if to the patronage he bestowed on learning and the fine arts, and to his own accomplishments in polite literature, he had united some knowledge in matters of religion, and a greater inclination to piety; to neither of which he appeared to pay any great attention." But even bearing in mind this important failing on his part, we must still affirm that, for a long course of years, no Pope had sat on the pontifical throne who could in any degree be compared to him.

The "important failing" in the Vicar of Christ reminds us of the words of Tate and Brady:—

> Sure wicked fools must needs suppose
> That God is but a name;
> This gross mistake their practice shows,
> Since virtue all disclaim.

Lastly, as we cannot mention everything, Dr. Steinmetz passes over the story of Duncan and Macbeth, as "being too well known, from Shakspeare's vivid but too highly coloured description, to need further comment." Directly after we come to Dr. Steinmetz's greatest achievement, the greatest historical discovery of the age:—

Malcolm III. . . married Margaret, *the daughter of Edward the Confessor*.

With this astounding piece of *scandalum sanctorum* we lay down our blushing pen.

ICELANDIC GRAMMAR.*

SELDOM has the human mind revelled in more misty and bewildering vagaries about any inhabited spot of the globe's surface than those in which it has indulged with respect to Iceland, especially as regards its language and literature. It is not much more than a hundred years ago that a scientific society of Copenhagen—the highest of all such bodies then existing in the Danish dominions—put upon record, in a pompous paper of scientific inquiries to be solved by the Master of Holar College, this query of truly Gothamite brilliance:—"How does the ice of Iceland become dry enough to be used for fuel?" And there is plenty more of such matter to be found in foreign writings, from the lucubrations of Anderson of Hamburg down to those of the *Oxonian in Iceland*, who, after professing an unimpeachable knowledge of the language, calmly proceeds to tell us, not that the sun shines upon the unpretending island, but that it "skins" it, or covers it in skin—"skinnar uppá."

We are saying no more than the sober truth when we assert that, with regard to Iceland, we have not been over eager to adopt the *stultitia caruisse* principle; and this for sufficiently obvious reasons. As a producing country it has had but few attractions to offer compared with those possessing a richer soil and a more genial clime, especially since the time when its lucrative fish trade, which in the middle ages produced wealthy cities along the whole Eastern coast of England, died away or passed into other channels. Commercial interest, therefore, gave no impulse to the study of Icelandic in this country; and where this *primus motor* of all modern enterprise is absent, a nation poor in marketable produce, although endowed with rich stores of literature, seems to share the great world's neglect with utterly illiterate savages. Such neglect is in our own case the less excusable, inasmuch as we know that the Icelandic language is, to a very great extent, the root of our own, and that, of all the Gothic languages, it has incomparably the most fully developed grammar, while, of all modern European languages, it has the oldest literature—one by the light of which, not only we, but the whole of Northern Europe, will some day have to read our ancient history and institutions. What could we know about our mythic ages if we had not the Eddas? How far would our knowledge of the earliest history of these realms extend if we had not the Sagas of Iceland? How many obscurities surrounding our ancient legal institutions may not be cleared up by the study of the early laws of Iceland? In speaking thus, we are not yielding to the dictates of a fond imagination or a wild enthusiasm. On this point we may fairly invoke the testimony of Dr. Dasent. In the preface to his translation of Rask's Grammar, he says:—"We shall find it [the Icelandic literature] of immense advantage, not only in tracing the rise of words and idioms, but still more in clearing up many dark points in our early history. In fact, so highly do I value it in this respect, that I cannot imagine it possible to write a satisfactory history of the Anglo-Saxon period without a thorough knowledge of the Old Norse literature."

As regards the intrinsic value of the language and its literature, apart from the service it renders to our philologists, our historians, and our antiquaries, let it suffice to adduce the testimony of Rask, the father of Icelandic, nay, of modern European philology:—"I study the language," he writes to a friend, "in order to learn from its writings how, in days of yore, men bore adversities, and broke through them. I study it in order to learn to think like a man, in order to invigorate my thought and strengthen my soul, that I may face dangers without blinking, and choose rather to quit life than to deviate from or abjure what I am fully and firmly convinced is right and true."

A main cause of the slow advance of the study of Icelandic in this country has been the want of all auxiliaries, especially of dictionaries. Björn Haldórsson's work was long the only one available, and it would be so still were it not for Egilsson's *Lexicon Poeticum*, which deals to a small extent only with the prose language; while the dictionaries of Eirík Jónsson and J. Fritzner are of next to no use for Englishmen, being written in Danish. Even Mobius's *Altnordisches Glossar*, a very accurate work as far as it goes, is too circumscribed in its scope to prove generally useful. Dietrich scarcely deserves mention by the side of these works. With such scanty auxiliaries, it is no wonder that we are advancing slowly, especially as the only creditable English work on the grammar of the language, Dasent's translation of Rask's *Anvisning till Isländskan* has been out of print for years, and is hardly to be procured; while Mr. Lund's Grammar, which is easily to be procured, is utterly worthless. Dr. Dasent's work, of which but few copies, we imagine, were ever printed, is not a very satisfactory one. It is, as it boasts, a faithful rendering of the original, but it is faithful to a fault. For to render an Icelandic grammar, written in Swedish and for Swedes, into exactly literal English, without even so much as attempting to adapt it to English wants, seems the reverse of judicious. What, for instance, can be more out of place, in a grammar professing to teach us Icelandic for the purpose of assisting us to understand our own language, than to explain to us how the vowels are pronounced in Swedish, and not even so much as to hint how far they can or cannot be represented by English sounds, or pronounced by English

* *A Grammar of the Icelandic or Old Norse Tongue.* Translated from the Swedish of Erasmus Rask by George Webbe Dasent. London: William Pickering. Frankfort-on-Main: Jügerslibrary. 1843.

A Short, Practical, and Easy Method of Learning the Old Norsk Tongue. After the Danish of E. Rask. By H. Lund. London: E. Thimm. 1868.

tongues? Or, again, what can be more eccentric than to devote an elaborate chapter to the "transition of words from Old Norse into Swedish," while persistently abstaining from mentioning how far the same phenomenon does or does not make itself manifest with regard to English? Such then is the state of Icelandic philology in our country at the present time. We have two Icelandic grammars to study it by—one scarcely to be had, the other scarcely worth having. And yet the interest felt in the language is increasing steadily; hardly a year going by without seeing some work translated from it into English. Is it then too much to expect that a grammar worthy of the name should soon be forthcoming to facilitate the progress of our studies? No one is likely to say that such transitions from the Icelandic into our language as Dr. Dasent has spoken of with respect to Swedish are unworthy of investigation. So much, indeed, might be said on the subject, that no chapter in the history of English grammar would be richer in its contents, or more varied in its nature, or more profoundly interesting, than a satisfactory analysis of the various phenomena which such transitions present. And we take this opportunity of saying, that by the aid of the Icelandic vowels and vowel-combinations we can lay down general principles to account for the great variety of sound or pronunciation in our own language—a variety which we are accustomed to hear branded as chaotic irregularity, but which in our opinion constitutes a great beauty of the English language. If we were not afraid of wearying our readers, we would illustrate our statement by means of examples. We must, however, content ourselves with this hint at present, in the hope that ere long we shall see the task done, and done well; and to whomsoever the lot may fall of performing it, to him English philology will be indebted for a right good service.

Unsatisfactory as is Dr. Dasent's Grammar, it is at all events not so bad as Mr. H. Lund's work entitled "A Short, Practical, and Easy Method for Learning the Old Norsk (*sic*) Tongue or Icelandic Language, after the Danish of Rask." The very badness of this unhappy production would have saved it from being noticed at all, if it had not decorated its unblushing front with the honoured name of Rask. Mr. Lund evidently knows nothing at all about what the language is like, nor does he seem to have any defined notion as to what any other language in the world is like. For when a man undertakes to write or translate a grammar, and proves himself so utterly ignorant of its forms as to transform the genitive case into the accusative, and the accusative into the genitive, varying this Vandalism by interchanging the dative and the genitive, and wildly carrying out these transpositions where verbs and prepositions are concerned, and all the time showing that he has no consciousness of his absurdity, he proves himself ignorant, not only of the particular language he maltreats, but of the general principles which rule all languages. On the whole, Mr. Lund's Grammar may be dismissed with the simple statement that it is far worse than useless.

Before concluding, we may as well advert to the prevalent confusion as to what name to apply to the language and the literature of Iceland. Up to the days of Snorri Sturluson, or up to A.D. 1200, the term "dönsk túnga," as an equivalent for "vor túnga" (our tongue), "íslenzkt mál" (Icelandic speech), had in Iceland the prevalence which, after this time, the term "norrœna" (Northern language) obtained, and which it maintained there, as well as in Scandinavia, or at least in Norway, all through the middle ages. In the course of this time the Scandinavians had so completely dropped the old idiom out of their living speech that they could not understand it except after laborious study; it was dead for them. The latter part of the seventeenth century witnessed an awakening interest for the old language; and, as it had once been the common patrimony of the whole North, Scandinavian students began, with various degrees of ingenuity, to invent for it such names as might convey the idea that they all had their share in it. Hence arose the term "Old-Northern," which was first adopted by the Icelander Runolf Jónsson in his "rudiments" of Icelandic grammar, A.D. 1651, and which has now obtained general acceptance throughout Denmark and Sweden. In Norway the matter stands differently. With the persistence of narrow-minded patriotism, Norwegians will listen only to the term "gammel Norsk" (Old Norse), as a general name for the Icelandic or Old-Northern tongue; but there is neither precedent nor authority for the term, which is entirely inadmissible except as a name for the language of Norway after the time when it branched off from the genuine Old-Northern tongue into a Norwegian patois; for Norse, Norsk, and Norwegian all mean one and the same thing. It is not a little astonishing that Dr. Dasent, of all men in this country, should have lent his aid to rob the land for which he has done so much of its fair and undeniable title to the literature it has produced. We are at a loss to know what possible reason he could have had for making the mistake. He surely knows well enough that Old Norse means Old Norwegian; and he also knows that not a letter of Iceland's literature belongs to that mediæval and depraved dialect. Why, then, adopt so misleading a title?

With the fullest right we apply the name Icelandic to this literature. Our point of view is neither a Dane's nor a Norwegian's; we have nothing to do with their jealousies or pilferings. We have got our Old English in contradistinction to anything but Icelandic. We know that the literature of this so-called Old-Northern language belongs to Iceland almost exclusively; for, both as regards quality and quantity, the old literature of Scandinavia bears to that of Iceland an infinitesimally small proportion. And to whom is the literature of which we are speaking due in its rise, progress, and perfection? Certainly not to Scandinavians. The language in which it is written, as yet an illiterate one, migrated to Iceland in the middle of the ninth century. It remained illiterate in Iceland for upwards of two hundred years, ere it burst into bloom in the writings of Ari the Learned, whereupon its literature rapidly grew to an amazingly vast bulk. And all that Scandinavians know about their ancient times they know from this literature of Iceland—a literature which they now study with unrivalled eagerness, and which, it is to be hoped, will soon be made the subject among us of more judicious and more exhaustive investigations than have hitherto been devoted to it.

OLDTOWN FOLKS.*

It is seventeen years since Mrs. Stowe first astonished the world by the amazing popularity of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It would be difficult to say in what degree the success of that book was due to the talents of the author, and in what degree to its fortunate adaptation to the passions of the time. Few people would doubt, we should imagine, that the last of these elements of success was a very important one, though it is difficult to account for *Uncle Tom's* popularity in countries lying far beyond the sphere of American politics without supposing that its intrinsic merits were also considerable. Mrs. Stowe at any rate might be pardoned for giving some faith to the more flattering hypothesis, and for attempting to follow up her first victory. We cannot, however, say that her more recent performances have done much to justify her venture. It is abundantly plain that she is a woman of talent, but it is not so obvious that she is particularly well qualified for writing stories of enduring merit. This last publication is a curious illustration of her strength and her defects. It appears in outward shape like an orthodox three-volume novel. It contains a story, or rather two or three stories, which ramble quietly through its pages, and are brought to a conclusion at the end. But our interest in the plot is at all times faint, and Mrs. Stowe is always allowing it to stagnate whilst she rambles off into more or less irrelevant discussions. No one, we may say at once, should take it up in any hope of being carried along in breathless interest after the fortunes of the imaginary actors; such readers will be speedily annoyed, and probably drop the book in disgust before discovering the fate of Tina Percival or Horace Holyoke. Mrs. Stowe, indeed, is apparently sensible of this weakness. She has, she says, an object beyond the mere telling of a story, and that object is "to interpret to the world the New England life and character in that particular time of its history which may be called the seminal period." New England, as she rather quaintly observes, has always been "a capital country to emigrate from," and the character of the American people in all the States has been largely coloured by the stream which has steadily flowed from the old Puritan settlements. In the first page of the story she further expresses her opinion—not a very original one—that "the life of any individual, however obscure, if really and vividly perceived in all its aspirations, struggles, failures, and successes, would command the interest of all others." This is very true, and for the reason, amongst others, that it would have the charm of reality. When a fictitious person tells us of all his aspirations, struggles, and so on, our interest droops simply because we know him to be fictitious. At any rate, the interest which we derive from a personal history is very distinct from that which is excited by a dissertation upon national character. A great artist is able to fuse the two into one. We learn more from Scott's portraits of Dandie Dinmont or Jeanie Deans than from pages of dissertation upon the characteristics of the border country; but we cannot honestly say that Mrs. Stowe possesses this rare power, or is able to personify in a living and moving human figure the essence of Yankee life. The two elements obstinately refuse to coalesce; and we have alternately a rather commonplace story and a description of the various social and theological types of New England. We could wish that Mrs. Stowe had not hampered herself with the conventional machinery of story-telling, but had avowedly given us anecdotes and reminiscences of the remarkable people whom she undertakes to describe.

We object, then, to the novel, that it is not a novel in any proper sense, and ought not to put on a misleading external appearance; but the book contains a great many very interesting observations, which would be all the more attractive if they were applied to real instead of imaginary characters and incidents. Many of the descriptions are obviously founded on realities very thinly disguised, and we should prefer to have the realities without the perplexing intermixture of fiction. The New England population had at least the merits of originality and vigour. It has contributed more than any other element of the American population to form the distinctive national type; and, frigid and unprepossessing as it was in some respects, it has now the charm which always gathers round objects at a certain distance; it was old-fashioned and individual enough to be picturesque after a rather grim fashion. The quiet life of villages still surrounded by primeval forests, and divided by miles of execrable roads from any large towns, was favourable to the development of peculiarities which have died out before railways and emigration. At the period

* *Oldtown Folks.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

of which Mrs. Stowe speaks, which is that immediately succeeding the Revolution, there still lingered customs which have disappeared as decisively as Miss Austen's phase of English society. The minister's wife was called Lady, instead of Mrs., Lothrop. The minister himself wore a cocked hat, a powdered wig, and lace ruffles, and preached the most admirable morality in Addisonian English. Indians still lurked in the woods, though no longer requiring the stern treatment of the early Puritans, and resembling the gypsies of English country life. The old Boston families held up their heads with aristocratic pride, and some ardent Tories were not afraid to declare that King George still reigned supreme within their houses. There were a few old manor-houses reflecting feebly the stateliness of their English prototypes. The social condition of the country villages, however, admitted the most perfect equality consistent with a respect for the minister, who was not yet reduced to be a mere stipendiary at will; every one was educated and tolerably comfortable, and no one was rich. People of every position met on friendly terms round the vast kitchen fires, heaped up with mighty piles of wood from the unexhausted forests, and discussed theology or family gossip without distinction of persons. The most characteristic peculiarity was the intense interest in theology which they inherited from their fathers; everybody, from the minister to the help, held the most definite creed as to election, freewill, and predestination, and was ready to define his position and defend it in the correct logical forms. Polly, for example, who is Miss Mehitable Rossiter's "help," was a decided Hopkinsian, which, it may be necessary to explain, is an American variety of Calvinist. Somebody, says Miss Mehitable, "gave Polly an Arminian tract last Sunday, entitled, 'The Apostle Paul an Arminian.' It would have done you good to hear Polly's comments. ''Postle Paul an Arminian! He's the biggest 'lectioner of 'em all.' 'That he is,' said my grandmother, warmly. 'Polly's read her Bible to some purpose.'" A farmer brings a load of wood as part of the yearly contribution to the support of his minister, and takes the opportunity of giving him a hint as to his sermons. "Ain't free agency," he says, "gettin' a little too topheavy in your preachin'? Ain't it kind o' overgrowin' sovereignty? Now, ye see, divine sovereignty hes got to be took care of as well as free agency. . . . This 'ere last revival you run along consider'ble on 'Whosoever will may come,' an' all that. Now, p'r'aps, ef you'd jest tighten up the ropes a leetle t'other side, and give 'em sovereignty, the hull load would sled easier." Parishioners of this discriminating turn of mind naturally liked strong as well as sound doctrine. "Ef I *pay* for strong doctrine, why I want to *hev* good strong doctrine," says one of them. "Ef I pays for hell-fire, I want to hev hell-fire, and hev it hot too. I don't want none of your prophesyin' smooth things. Why, look at Dr. Stern. His folks hes the very hair took off their heads 'most every Sunday, and he don't get no more'n we pay Parson Perry." A short fragment from a sermon of Dr. Stern's will show how well he earned his salary. He is arguing the question whether the heavenly hosts will rejoice in displays of vindictive justice in the punishment of the damned. His conclusion is that "all who are conscious that they cannot say 'Amen, Alleluiah' may know that they are yet sinners, and essentially different from saints, and altogether unprepared to go with the saints to heaven and join with them in praising God for the vindictive justice he displays in dooming all unholy creatures to a never-ending torment." The most popular summary of theology of this kind is summed up in a book by a certain Dr. Bellamy, of Connecticut. Amongst other inscrutable mysteries, it discusses the origin of evil, and comes to some very distinct results. The Almighty, it is said, might certainly have made a world free from sin and misery; why, then, did He not? "What will He get by it all?" The answer is, that the fall of angels and of man "will serve to give a much more lively and perfect representation of God than could have been given had there been no sin and misery."

Calvinists at this time were opposed, not only by Arminians, but by the Freethinkers, encouraged by the new French philosophy. Franklin, and many of the most conspicuous men at the time of the Revolution, set a much higher value upon Voltaire than upon President Edwards. Even in the remote parts of New England the modern modes of thought were beginning to influence the old type of theology. Mrs. Stowe, however, thinks that whilst it lasted it acted as a healthy tonic, and produced an active and vigorous-minded race, very superior to those who, like the Canadians, were kept on the less stimulating diet of a religion which excluded, instead of encouraging, inquiry. A man who believes in the harshest doctrines of Calvinism is face to face with tremendous questions which stir the very depths of his soul. He may be an unpleasant neighbour, but at least he will not be a trifler nor contemptible. It would be curious to compare from this point of view the effects of a similar creed in Scotland and New England. One result, which seems to be specially characteristic of America, was the effect of this stern theology upon a nervous and excitable race. Some of the characters in Mrs. Stowe's novel are oppressed by a constant melancholy, or driven to the verge of madness by the awful prospects which followed from their view of the future of mankind. The more comfortable and even-tempered managed to persuade themselves that as half the human race die in infancy, a large proportion would escape from the gloom which weighed upon their imaginations. Others revolted altogether, and became infidels, after the pattern of Mr. Ellery Davenport, the villain of the story, who seems to be drawn after the well-known Aaron Burr. Many escaped by the help of a kind of spiritualism; the imaginary hero is constantly seeing visions, of which he confesses that he is unable to decide whether they were anything more than waking dreams. He inclines, however, to the belief that they were real spirits who appeared and gave him comfort in various critical circumstances. When we find a school set to write essays on the problem whether it is possible to demonstrate the divine benevolence from considerations of natural theology, we may suppose that youthful minds would be violently excited, and often driven to very desperate remedies.

We have no space to dwell upon the accounts of the external life of the New England villagers, of the Thanksgiving Days, in which countless multitudes of pumpkin-pies and turkeys were consumed by jolly Puritans, of the egg-flip, which was not despised even by Calvinist ministers, and the dances, which were justified by the precedent of Mr. Ready-to-Halt and Miss Despondency in *Pilgrim's Progress*. There are many pleasant sketches of these and other manners and customs of the natives, and, in spite of the defects in artistic merit of the book, it is worth a glance from any one who wishes to understand a remarkable and almost extinct form of society, whose results are still important in the development of American character.

BROTHERS OF PURITY.*

THE primary aim of Professor Dowson in presenting us with a new translation of the quaint little book called *Brothers of Purity* is to supply a want in the ordinary educational course under his control. The *Ikhwánu-s Safá* is a standard Hindustáni work, which is used as a text-book by students both in India and in England. Its contents, however, are so characteristic of the proverbial wit and wisdom of the East, and reflect incidentally so much light upon the traditions, the modes of belief, and the manners of the Hindu race, as to awaken a degree of interest altogether beyond that which might attach to a mere manual of an Oriental dialect. The Hindustáni text from which the present English version was immediately drawn is not the original dress in which this curious compilation appeared, nor is Hindostan the land of its birth. From the preface of Ikrám 'Ali, the Hindu translator, we learn that the authors of the *Ikhwánu-s Safá* were Abú Salmán, Abú-l Hasan, Abú Ahmad, and others—ten men who dwelt in communion at Basra, and spent all their days in the investigation of scientific and religious matters. They wrote fifty-one works, chiefly upon the occult sciences. Amongst these was the present work, a moral treatise setting forth the fundamental truths or dogmas of ethics by way of dialogue or contention between men and beasts. The conclusion of the whole is to show from this contention the superiority and perfection of man. After much discussion of a varied and highly ingenious kind, the men get the best of the argument, which tends to show that "those points in which men prevail over the animals are those of the scientific or theological dogmas treated of by the writers in their fifty-one works." Thus their practical aim was that "heedless people by seeing this might have a desire to attain to those perfections." The original labours of these Arab sages have been noticed at some length by Professors Flugel and Dieterici in the *Zeitschrift des Deutschen morgenlandische Gesellschaft*. They form a kind of encyclopædia of the half-scientific, half-mystic lore of the East. It was upon the recommendation of Colonel John William Taylor, one of the most distinguished scholars of his time, Professor of Hindu at the Government College, Calcutta, that the translation of the *Ikhwánu-s Safá* into the Urdú language was entrusted, in the year 1810, to Ikrám 'Ali, then recently appointed to a subordinate post under Mr. Abraham Lockett of the Company's Civil Service. It was intended as a help to students of that dialect, and underwent sundry modifications with a view to its adaptation for that purpose. No abstruse words, the translator tells us, were to appear. Where the scientific phrases and speeches of the original text were peculiarly difficult, the pen was to be run through such passages, and only the pith of the matter was to be reproduced. The translation has been generally pronounced very pure and elegant, though a large proportion of Arabic words has been retained. The nature of the subject, as Professor Dowson pleads in extenuation, rendered the introduction of many Arabic terms of science a matter of necessity. Still foreign words, a common fault in translations of this kind, are often employed when pure vernacular words would equally have served the turn. The original Arabic work has been translated into German by Professor Dieterici of Berlin. When the project of an English version occurred to Professor Dowson, he was not aware that any such previous translation existed. There were, however, he subsequently found, three different versions in existence. One attributed to Mr. James Atkinson, the translator of parts of the *Sháh-náma*, was published in an Indian newspaper, and reprinted in the *Asiatic Journal* for 1829 (Vol. xxviii.). This version is described as spirited and accurate, but imperfect, and to all practical purpose buried. Another, published at Calcutta by Mr. T. P. Manuel in 1860, gives a fair idea of the work, but is hardly close enough to fulfil the purpose of the work now before us. A third version, by a Mahommedan gentleman, is spoken of, but has not been seen by the present translator. Professor Dowson has followed the excellent edition of the Hindustáni text published by Drs. Forbes and

* *Ikhwánu-s Safá; or, Brothers of Purity.* Translated from the Hindustáni by Professor John Dowson, M.R.A.S., Staff College, Sandhurst. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

Rieu, as well as their arrangement of chapters and paragraphs. It has been his object to adhere as closely as possible to the original text, while rendering the English smooth and intelligible to the reader, and in this design he has been throughout successful.

In speaking of "science," it must be understood that the sages of the East put forth an unfounded claim. There never was any such thing as Arabian science in the proper sense. Such scientific knowledge of nature as the Arabs possessed was but a poor travesty of Greek science, dressed up in the half-poetic, half-mystic disguise which seems congenial to the Oriental mind. The sages of Arabia and Persia only had their day till the discovery of the Greek originals superseded their borrowed paraphrases. Of the true masters of physical science none certainly can be named of genuine Semitic blood, though, as with the Aryans, there may have been among that race the gift of mathematical or purely abstract speculation. Through the middle ages, and until the revival of Greek literature, we had, as Renan has remarked, Spaniards or Persians writing in Arabic, and nothing more. They were like the Jewish writers of the same period—interpreters and paraphrasts merely. One page of Roger Bacon contained more true philosophy than all this second-hand rubbish. It was in moral science that the Semitic genius really showed itself. The Mosaic code, and even the Koran, though cast in a different mould from the broad and philosophical results of Greek speculation, embodied pure and lofty principles of ethical and political right. Later Semitic writings, affecting more of the scientific or theoretical temper of foreign schools of thought, could but wear stiffly and uncomfortably the garb and the shackles of a genius alien to itself. In the little work now before us it is curious to see the original impulses of native thought struggling with the influences of European culture, as well as with those of rival Oriental blood and speech. There is a cumbrous graft from Greek (possibly also from Latin) cosmical and natural science upon the stock of genuine Semitic mythology. Notions of animal life, its origin and destiny, which might have come from Aristotle or even from Lucretius, pictures of the primitive life of men, of their savagery and early struggle with the brutes, drawn probably from the Greek materialists, which seem to anticipate the dawn of the hardest school of modern anthropology, blend after a heterogeneous fashion with the cosmology of Genesis and the orthodox history of the Fall. In its structure the work seems referable far more to an Iranian or Indo-Persian than to a strictly Semitic range of ideas. The parts assigned to the animals, and the easy way in which the barriers of speech and reasoning are broken down in their intercourse and rivalry with men, are like what we are accustomed to meet in the fables of the somewhat shadowy Lukman, or the still more mythical Pilpay, or in the imperfectly naturalized counterparts of Æsop or Babrius. The mixture of alien creeds and schemes of philosophy brings in a frightful jumble of dates and orders of historical succession.

The first men, we are told, were few in number, naked and defenceless. They used to run away and hide themselves in covers, through fear of the wild beasts. Afterwards taking heart, they armed and fortified themselves, and succeeded in making some of the animals their slaves, and carried on a fierce and unrelenting war against the rest. This went on till God Almighty sent Muhammad, the last of the prophets, under whom sinners were brought to righteousness, and even many Jins obtained the blessing of pardon and the faith of Islam. An age after this, Bíwarásb, the "Brave king" and sage, became monarch of the Jins. "He was so just that in his reign the tiger and the goat used to drink water at one ghât. What possibility could there then be of any *thag*, thief, swindler, or rogue getting to dwell in his dominions?" The island called Balásághún, situated near the Equator, was the royal residence of this just king. To his Hall of Justice, accordingly, the chief of all the animals betook themselves to tell in detail before King Bíwarásb the tale of their sufferings at the hands of men. Immediately the King issued a command, saying, "Good! let messengers be sent quickly, and let them bring the men into my presence." Thereupon seventy men of different cities and races, wise and eloquent exceedingly, appeared before the King. One among them of the race of Hazrat 'Abbás was first heard in reply to the animals' complaint. Beginning with the creation of Adam "from a single drop of water, and his being made ruler over all the land and sea, with all things therein," the orator quotes texts from the Koran:—"All animals have been created for you; take your advantage from them, eat them, and make warm clothing from their skins and hair." "On the dry land and on the sea ride upon camels and in ships." "Horses, mules, and asses were created that you might ride upon them," and again, "Ride upon their backs, and remember the bounties of God." It is also to be understood "from the Bible and Testament," that animals were made for our sakes. "In every way we are their masters, they are our slaves." To this the mule, on behalf of the animals, pleads that God Almighty made all things in the earth and in the sky subject one to another, so that they might all together derive benefit and keep off evil from each other; and that it is only fraud or calumny to contend that either is master or slave to the other. The wise King hereupon empanels a kind of jury or court of the judges and lawyers, with "all the grandees and nobles of the Jins," before whom one of the men sets forth the perfection (literally "purity") with which God Almighty has formed the persons of men and made every member thereof in exact conformity to what was needed. Man's graceful form, his stature, his sense and wisdom, by means of which he can distinguish between good and evil, and by which even he can learn and declare the facts of the skies—all prove him to be the master of those who have none of these excellent gifts. The animals in turn gnash their teeth, weep, and implore the King to deliver them from the tyranny of their oppressors. Even the doctors and sages of the Jins add their testimony against the violence and injustice of the men. The Jins have had to flee from the face of men into woods and wilds, and have hidden themselves in hills, mountains, and rivers. Through the evil conduct of men, the Jins have entirely given up visiting inhabited places. So malignant and suspicious are mankind, that if any child, woman, or man is stupid, foolish, or sick, they say directly that the evil eye or the shadow of a Jin has fallen on him. But who has ever seen a Jin kill a man or wound him, rob him of his clothes or commit a theft, break into any one's house, pick pockets, tear sleeves, break open the lock of any man's shop, slay a traveller, rebel against a king, plunder any one, or make any one captive? On the second day there are assembled "judges of the race of Jupiter, lawyers of the race of Venus, wise men of the children of Bírán, sages of the race of Lukmán, experienced persons of the children of Hámán, intelligent persons of the children of Kaiwán, and persons of common sense of the children of Bahrám." The sage of Venus is for taking a legal opinion upon the case, and if it goes against the animals, would have them bought from the men and set free. "But who is to pay the price?" asks the *Sáhib-i-'azimat*, the practical man. "The King," replies the lawyer. But it is felt that there is not wealth enough in the King's treasury, and, moreover, some of the men may refuse to sell. The *Sáhib-i-'azimat's* own advice then is, that the King should bid all the animals run away together in the night, to which His Majesty himself inclines. But a wise man of the descendants of Lukmán thinks this very much opposed to sense. How is it possible when so many of the animals are locked up all night? Then, rejoins the Sahib, "let the Jins go this night and open the doors of the prison-houses, and untie the heel ropes of the animals, and bind the guards till all have got safely away." This highly practical remedy pleases everybody till a certain Kaiwáni sage declares that it is all bosh. It is not possible, and if it were it would only bring the enmity of man twofold upon the Jins. This leads the sage into a queer dissertation upon the origin of the Jins, and the causes of men's hatred towards them. In the end it is decided to send six messengers to summon representatives respectively from the wild beasts, the birds, the birds of prey, the insects, such as the earthworm, the scarlet fly, &c., the reptiles, such as maggots, ants, snakes, scorpions, and finally aquatic animals, among whom who should turn up but our old friend the "sea-serpent" (*Tinnin*), in form and bulk as palpable as if drawn by Olaus Magnus himself? Each sets forward his peculiar gifts and perfections. The lion, the leopard, the horse, the crocodile, the rat, the bulbul, the owl, the bee, and the parrot are heard in turns, upon the points of strength or beauty or instinct in which they respectively surpass mankind. But the tables are artfully turned upon them by the Greek doctors, learned *súfís*, and holy theologians. What clenches the argument on the human side is the higher destiny of man, at least of the true believer. All tribes of the beasts will surely perish at death. "But we shall all dwell in paradise in the society of the nymphs and youths." Nothing more need be said on the side of the "Brothers of Purity." The King sees nothing for the animals but patience and submission to their lot. "Let all animals be submissive and obedient to man, and let none depart from their allegiance." With the animals being satisfied and returning in peace to their homes, there is an end to this singular little work. There is much in its quaint and characteristic humour to reward the attention even of those who take it up with no kind of desire to make a closer acquaintance with the Arabic or the Hindustáni original.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION.*

IN this volume Mr. Scott Russell re-opens the question of a general national system of technical education for Great Britain and Ireland, which was carefully considered last year by a Select Committee of the House of Commons. It may be remembered that in March, 1868, a Committee of nineteen members was appointed to inquire into the provisions existing in this country for giving scientific technical education to persons requiring it. All the great agricultural, shipping, and manufacturing interests of England, and some of those of Scotland and Ireland, were represented on this Committee. Among its nineteen members there were at least three of the most advanced educational reformers in the House, and at least two of the special champions of the interests and aspirations of the working-classes; and there was a clear majority of Liberal votes. The Report of this Committee was presented to the House in July, 1868, and was noticed at the time in our columns. It stated, as the result of the examination of many competent witnesses and of much careful deliberation, that the present pressure of foreign competition is not mainly due to the superior opportunities of acquiring technical knowledge afforded to their populations by foreign Governments, but to much wider and more potent economical agencies, such as the lower rate of

* *Systematic Technical Education for the English People.* By J. Scott Russell, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co. 1869.

wages abroad and the absence of trade disputes; that though there is in Great Britain, and particularly in the agricultural districts, a deficiency of the means of scientific technical instruction, and though it is requisite that the means of such instruction be multiplied in the different centres of industry, and that the public expenditure upon such instruction be somewhat increased in aid of local efforts, it is not desirable to imitate the centralized organizations of technical education which are to be found in some foreign States; and that it is useless to undertake measures for the spread of scientific technical instruction so long as the condition of our general elementary and secondary education remains as bad as it now is; since, for want of effective primary education, our workmen and foremen are not in a condition to profit by any opportunities of scientific instruction which might be offered to them, and for want of effective secondary education our small manufacturers, proprietors, and managers of works are similarly incapable of making good use of the means of scientific instruction which exist or might be originated for their benefit. Consequently, before all other educational reforms, it is necessary for us to elaborate a national system of good general primary and secondary education.

These conclusions—which were stated with brevity, but with systematic and masterly care, in the Report of the Select Committee—are attacked by Mr. Scott Russell in a volume of twenty-five chapters, extending over four hundred and thirty pages. This volume, though it contains much interesting matter and many valuable tabular statements, is on the whole so badly arranged, and shows such a want of continuity of plan, that it will be best, in considering its contents, to follow the order suggested by the Report of the Committee. It is absolutely impossible, without adopting some more precise and continuous train of thought than any which can be found in his book, to criticize Mr. Scott's Russell's chaotic disquisition.

The following statement, which the Minutes of the Committee show to have been written almost *verbatim* by its Chairman, Mr. Samuelson, to whom Mr. Scott Russell appeals as one of the highest authorities in Great Britain on the question of technical instruction, gives the conclusions of the Committee on the relation of technical education to industrial progress:—

> The industrial system of the present age is based on the substitution of mechanical for animal power; its development is due in this country to its stores of coal and of metallic ores, to our geographical position and temperate climate, and to the unrivalled energy of our population. The acquisition of scientific knowledge has been shown by the witnesses to be only one of the elements of an industrial education and of industrial progress. Indeed, there is a preponderance of evidence to show that so far as the workmen, as distinguished from the managers, are concerned, it can be considered an essential element only in certain trades, or generally as enlarging the area from which the foremen and managers may be drawn. In all cases another and an indispensable element of industrial success is the acquisition of practical experience and manipulative skill. The evidence given before your Committee places beyond all doubt the fact, that these latter acquirements are possessed in a pre-eminent degree by our manufacturing population of every grade, according to their several necessities. They are obtained in our factories, our forges, our workshops, our shipyards, and our mines, which, in their organization and appliances, are the models which, with a few special exceptions, other nations have hitherto imitated and followed, but not surpassed. Although the pressure of foreign competition, where it exists, is considered by some witnesses to be partly owing to the superior scientific attainments of foreign manufacturers, yet the general result of the evidence proves that it is to be attributed mainly to their artistic taste, to fashion, to lower wages, to the absence of trade disputes abroad, and to the greater readiness with which handicraftsmen abroad in some trades adapt themselves to new requirements.

These conclusions are challenged and contradicted by Mr. Scott Russell. He asserts that "the pressing peril of this nation in regard to manufacturing pre-eminence is due to the culpability of the educated classes and of the executive Government in not having organized, as the Governments of other countries have done, complete education in all trade crafts." The arguments on which he bases this assertion are to be found scattered about in his third, fourth, seventeenth, nineteenth, and twenty-third chapters, and they appear, so far as we have been able to collect them, to amount to this. First, *à priori*, it is axiomatic that, subject to the indispensable preliminaries of general elementary and secondary education, "the value of a nation's work will vary with the excellence of the national system of technical education." No one will dispute the truth of this axiom, but most Englishmen who are not technical fanatics will dispute Mr. Scott Russell's application of it. They will agree with him, that work varies with the technical skill of the workman; but they will deny that, except in a few artistic branches, the present pressure of foreign competition is due to the superior skill of foreign workmen, and they will also deny that the only, or for this country the best, national method of producing technical skill in workmen is by organizing Government instruction in all trade crafts. A complete answer to Mr. Scott Russell's application of his axiom is to be found in the words quoted above from the Report of the Select Committee, and the answer could not be better put than Mr. Samuelson has there put it. But, secondly, Mr. Scott Russell argues *à posteriori*, that his own experience of foreigners, the results of Government inquiries, the evidence of what has been done by such States as Wurtemberg and Zurich, and the International Exhibitions of 1857, 1862, and 1867, prove that the peril of this nation in regard to manufacturing pre-eminence is due to the lack of Government instruction in trade crafts. Here, again, it is not so much Mr. Scott Russell's premisses that are questionable, as the conclusions which he thinks fit to draw from them. Granted that the workmen in some foreign countries are more polite, more intelligent, more civilized than English workmen, does it follow that this is due to systematic technical instruction? Was the efficiency of the foreign waiter and street-porter, whose thoughtful attentions Mr. Scott Russell regards with so much gusto, caused by their having gone through a course of technical lectures on the practical arts of waiting and street-portership? Mr. Scott Russell presents us with some interesting and amusing scenes and anecdotes; but they do not always illustrate, and they seldom prove, as he seems to think they do, the conclusions at which he aims. Tabular descriptions of the technical institutions of Germany and Switzerland, and authentic statements of the rapid advances in manufacturing skill which foreign nations have recently made, are useful to us; and, if we are wise, we shall learn much from them. But they no more prove that we shall retain our old monopoly of trade and our old manufacturing pre-eminence if we imitate foreign organization of technical instruction, than Mr. Scott Russell's description of the orderly rustic demonstration at which he once assisted proves that, if we cover the country with technical colleges, we shall never hereafter have any but rose-water revolutions.

Even if Mr. Scott Russell's arguments were unanswerable, and we were convinced by them that the future prosperity of England depends on specially educating every man for the trade which he is to follow, we might demur to the details of the scheme of systematic technical Universities, colleges, and schools which he considers necessary for our industrial and commercial regeneration. In chapter 12 (which, by the way, is little more than a repetition of parts of chapters 1 and 9), in chapters 13 to 16, and also in chapter 8, he develops his conception of an English technical University which shall do for all employments current in England that which he says the existing English Universities do for the professions of the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer—namely, provide at the public expense special instruction in the best way of discharging the functions of the particular business which each man intends to follow. He has displayed considerable ingenuity in trying to enumerate and classify all the different ways whereby Englishmen nowadays get their living, and for every one of these ways he would have special instruction provided in a regular hierarchy of institutions, beginning with a central Technical University, and reaching, through fifteen local Technical Colleges, down to the thousand local Technical Schools which are to come just above the ordinary elementary schools of the country. At the Technical University, he says, "there must be professorships of the best way of dealing with matter under the particular conditions of the destiny in life of each pupil"; and he then proceeds, with all the gravity of a real believer in the virtue of his own nostrum, to enumerate every profession and occupation that he can think of. He apparently intends this list to be exhaustive; otherwise he would not have reckoned among the employments for which technical professional instruction is required, that of "men of leisure who may not propose to become members of professions, but who hope to apply their knowledge to the advancement of human society." A list of occupations in which that of a Human-Society-Advancer is included surely ought not to have left out those of an author, a journalist, and a landowner. On Mr. Scott Russell's own hypothesis, if, before he wrote this book, he had had the advantage of attending, at a central Technical University, the lectures of the Head Professor of Bookmaking, he would have produced a book free from any blemishes of style or construction, as delightful to review as it would have been easy to write. Mr. Scott Russell is not at all appalled at the number of trades and professions which his wide experience has conjured up, with their millions of incumbents all clamouring for special technical instruction. On paper he is as ingenious as he is bold. By a masterly classification he reduces to the modest number of 101 the number of different Faculties which will be required in the Technical University to teach the specialities of every occupation under the sun. This certainly seems very reasonable. Only 101 professors to teach the best practical way of doing everything! We almost fear that in these details Mr. Scott Russell may have somewhat sacrificed efficiency to thrift. In like manner, he only demands twenty-five professors for each of the fifteen Technical Colleges which are to be situated in the fifteen chief industrial centres of England, and are to give technical instruction to youths between fifteen and eighteen years old; and in the same spirit of economy he announces that from twelve to eighteen teachers will suffice in each of the Technical Schools, of which one is to be placed in every town of 20,000 inhabitants, to instruct boys from twelve to fifteen years old. What sort of work lies before these professors may be gathered from Mr. Scott Russell's description of the technical instruction which would be given in one of the local Technical Colleges to a youth intending to be a merchant. It must be remembered that the time of the pupils' attendance at one of these Colleges is only between the ages of fifteen and eighteen:—

> The enterprising merchant is a man who occupies himself in any part of the civilized world, either in discovering new wants which the home manufacturer can supply, or new substances to supply home manufacture. His knowledge, therefore, of the wants of the one, and of the nature of the other, ought to be extensive and exact. In this way the education of the merchant might advantageously partake of that of the manufacturer. But it is also necessary that the merchant should possess extensive exclusive knowledge; it is his business to deal with all nations, and therefore an acquaintance with their character, language, laws, customs, climates, productions, weights, measures, and monies is essential. To a great extent also, the British merchant has been and may still continue a shipowner; he ought in this case to be a judge of shipping, and should know the laws, usages, practices of seafaring folk. The laws of political economy, currency, exchange, banking

and insurance are mixed up with the merchant's everyday business, and the more thoroughly he is acquainted with them the better he will be able to select the wiser course in the conduct of his world-wide affairs.

If science were the forte of a young merchant technically instructed on this plan, there can be little doubt what would be his foible. He would, we fear, be a Margites among merchants. The scope of the instruction to be given at the Technical University and the inferior Technical Schools is of course proportionately magnificent; and for all this superb system Mr. Scott Russell's financial estimate is very modest. If each locality will provide an adequate park, will erect a suitable edifice in the park, and will maintain that edifice, with its playground and gardens, in good order and condition, comfortably furnished, and well warmed and lighted, he estimates that in England (excluding Scotland and Ireland) everybody may be taught everything for the modest sum of one million per annum out of the Imperial taxes.

Mr. Scott Russell is of opinion that all education should be more or less technical; and he is at little pains to conceal his contempt for any education which is not specially intended to prepare a man for his profession. If he speaks with respect of Oxford and Cambridge it is because they "may be considered" technical schools for the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer. How often we miss the real virtues of things until they are pointed out to us by the keen eye of the critic! To many Oxford clergymen it is probably quite a new notion that what Oxford did for them was to prepare them for parish work; and there are perhaps not a few physicians and barristers who fancy that they were technically instructed for their professions in the great hospitals, or by special pleaders, and that Balliol or Trinity gave them only a general culture. But "any port in a storm." We shall be thankful if Oxford and Cambridge are spared by the technical fanatics, though it be under the false pretext of their being "technical for the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer." With such views, however, Mr. Scott Russell is saved the trouble of disputing the proposition of the Select Committee that it is useless to give technical instruction until we have reformed and organized our general system of education. To make education technical, and to teach everything technically, that is the reform of our national education for which he sighs. We say *everything*, for Mr. Scott Russell's views of what subjects can be technically and profitably taught to his students are bounded merely by the limits of an exhaustive tabular enumeration of all the sciences and all the philosophies. If any one wishes to have his respect for technical education raised, and his own vocabulary of things knowable increased, we commend him to the table in p. 257, which gives a summary of "human knowledge" as it is to be taught in the Technical University. No Athenian Sophist could ever have better demonstrated the easiness of omniscience. "A little knowledge," Mr. Scott Russell reminds us, "is a dangerous thing." And he argues from that excellent maxim, that narrowness of study is the great thing to be avoided in any system of education. We must remind him that there is another and an equally valuable application of the proverb. Many-sided superficiality is probably at least as dangerous as deep-searching narrowness. And if Mr. Scott Russell had not had his attention so exclusively fixed on that aspect of the proverb which favours the display of his theories, he might perhaps have escaped the pitfalls into which he tumbles when he ventures within the regions of Latin and Greek. It would not then have been necessary to remind him that "bi-annually" is neither good Latin nor recognised English; and we should not have had to ask him for an explanation of the following extraordinary vagary which appears in page 404:—

> There would be written over every skilled workshop the ancient Greek inscription:—
>
> Οὐδεὶς ἀ γεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω;
>
> No man ignorant of geometry enters here.

Mr. Scott Russell has, as he tells us, "had the triple advantage of University education in the humanities, a course of mathematical and theoretical education, and a thorough workshop training." In which part of this triple course did he miss the advantage of realizing the force of the old proverb, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam"? which, as he is no more felicitous in his translations than in his quotations of the dead languages, we will render for him into a good technical equivalent. "Don't try to be jack of all trades, or you'll be master of none!"

BLANC'S GRAMMAR OF ART.*

M. CHARLES BLANC, finding that the world in general is in a state of profound ignorance about the fine arts, has kindly resolved to teach it the rudiments of criticism. Paris, he says, fancies itself a second Athens, and yet its millionaires buy all sorts of monstrosities, and allow the works of the august sovereigns of art to pass into other countries. "So that France in the nineteenth century presents the incredible anomaly of an intelligent nation which professes to worship the fine arts, and which neither knows their principles, nor their language, nor their history, nor their true dignity, nor their veritable grace." And then he goes on to tell an anecdote about a dinner at which he met a number of eminent persons all of whom talked about art with that wildly anarchical diversity and that perfect ignorance which are usual in conversations on that subject. Every one claimed the right to extol what pleased his private fancy, on the ground that there is no disputing about tastes. Charles Blanc resisted this adage as a heresy even in gastronomy itself, and declared that the classic gastronomer, Brillat Savarin, would have revolted against it. However, the eminent guests went on gracefully enunciating absurdities, and the conversation might have ended, as such conversations do usually end, without benefit to anybody present, if a few gentlemen, more modest or more intelligent than the rest, had not inquired whether there existed a book which, without requiring too much time or labour from the reader, would give him elementary notions on the subject of art. M. Charles Blanc found on reflection that he could not recommend any such work, that in fact no such work existed in the French language, and thus the idea of this *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin* suggested itself to his mind.

M. Blanc observes that the education of the French public in art-matters is "complètement nulle"—that young men finish their classical studies without having the most elementary information about the arts of Greece and Rome:—

> Tel lauréat brillant et superbe achève ses études classiques sans avoir la moindre teinture des arts. Il connaît les affaires des anciens Grecs, leurs capitaines, leurs orateurs et leurs philosophes, leurs querelles intestines et leurs grandes guerres médiques; mais il ne connait ni leurs idées sublimes sur la peinture et la statuaire, ni leurs adorables dieux de marbre, ni leurs temples divins.

This is true; and it is as true of England as of France. The condition of the educated classes in Europe generally, with reference to the fine arts, is a condition of simple ignorance; and the ignorance, unfortunately, is of that kind which does not know that it is ignorant. This is due, we believe, to a very natural illusion. The fine arts do not appear to require any study whatever for their appreciation; they have an illusory legibility, and every one secretly believes that he requires no education in order to derive from them such benefit as they may be able to afford. And then this benefit seems vague and uncertain. When the artistic instincts are strong, men are drawn irresistibly towards the fine arts; but when these instincts are weak, or do not exist, it is difficult to persuade men that there can be anything in works of art to reward the devotion of their time. Greek literature is admitted to be a serious study because it is supposed to convey information; but Greek sculpture, it is believed, conveys no information, and is therefore useless. In fact, there exists all over Europe, with reference to the fine arts, a Philistinism difficult to penetrate and enlighten, a far stronger Philistinism than that which sometimes offers a feeble resistance to culture in literature. M. Charles Blanc says that in the knowledge of art the French nation is one of the most behindhand in Europe, whereas in England books which treat of the fine arts are read by every educated person. We fear that M. Blanc has here had recourse to an artifice very common in French newspapers and legislative assemblies—that of somewhat heightening the brilliance of English cultivation in order to throw a shadow on that of France; just as mothers tell their little girls how wonderfully good are those other little girls, their neighbours, without perhaps quite believing it themselves. We happen to be rather minutely acquainted with the sale of books upon art in England, and will only say that when they reach a thousand copies it is a great success. There is not a single writer on art in England, except Mr. Ruskin, who can consider himself quite sure beforehand that his books will pay. No English publisher will reprint review articles upon art; the thing has been tried once or twice, and the results have not been encouraging. In France, on the other hand, art publications of various kinds succeed better. Writers of note reprint their articles in volumes, which have a circulation of three or four thousand copies. There are periodical reviews in France devoted to art which succeed, and live, whereas our *Fine Arts Quarterly*, though liberally and intelligently conducted, was commercially a failure. We have not in all London such a publishing house as that of Madame Renouard, in the Rue de Tournon, where you may buy a little library upon art. And beyond this we venture to say that, although the French people are ignorant of art in the sense of having little acquired knowledge on the subject, we have generally found them open to artistic ideas, which cannot be said of our own countrymen. On the other hand, it may be said in our favour that we buy pictures more liberally; but there is a curious distinction between this kind of encouragement of art and the study of it. People go to Exhibitions to be amused, and they buy pictures in order to have the same kind of amusement in their homes, or to furnish their walls well; but this does not imply that they study art at all. Just in the same way they have coats-of-arms painted on their carriages, and crests engraved upon their plate, without taking the slightest interest in heraldry, and without even troubling themselves to learn the difference between impalement and quartering. M. Charles Blanc is old enough to have outlived the illusions of youth, and yet the publication of such a book as this proves either that the French are more studious of art than we are, or else that he is indulging illusory hopes of their teachableness. His book is a very valuable one, and does thoroughly all that it professes to do, but we doubt whether any English publisher would venture upon it.

It is odd that, when M. Charles Blanc speaks of writers on art who are generally read in England, he mentions Burke, Hume, Reid, Price, Alison, Hogarth, and Reynolds, and does not mention the writer who has been more read than all these men put together. Is it possible that Mr. Ruskin's name was passed over in

* *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin.* Par M. Charles Blanc. Paris: Renouard.

simple ignorance? We believe that it is not possible, but that M. Blanc does not recognise Mr. Ruskin, and intentionally ignores him. Orthodoxy does not recognise heterodoxy, and always affects to believe that it exists, if it is to be admitted that it exists at all, in such obscurity that there is really no occasion to take note of it. Now the fact is that, whatever may be Mr. Ruskin's failings, and in spite of the prevailing fashion of speaking contemptuously concerning him, he exercised a few years ago an influence so very powerful that even if it had wholly ceased it would yet remain of greater importance in the history of art than that of Burke, Hume, Reid, Price, &c. What we most object to in M. Blanc, and in the advocates of the classical doctrine generally, is their exclusiveness; we have no objection to practical classicism in art when it is genuine, but the doctrines of the school, as stated and enunciated by the writers who have advocated it, have been too narrow to be truly philosophical. The bigotry which excludes Mr. Ruskin from a list of influential writers on art is simply ridiculous; it is like the prejudice of the Chinese mandarin who ignores the civilization of barbarians, or of the orthodox Wahabee in the heart of Arabia who either is, or affects to be, ignorant of the Empires of the West.

In truth M. Charles Blanc, though really eminent as a connoisseur, is not a great critic, and is not likely to have much sympathy with great critics. We have read everything of his that has come in our way during the last fourteen years, but cannot remember a single original idea of sufficient consequence to make itself remembered, or strong enough to beget other ideas in the general mind of humanity. He is industrious and accomplished, he possesses an immense range of acquired knowledge about art, he is deservedly respected in Paris, and everywhere else where his labours in the field of art are known, and it may be doubted whether we have a single writer or connoisseur in this country comparable to him in traditional attainment. But with all this he occupies in art rather the position of a professor who hands down old knowledge and perpetuates old prejudices than that of a true critic. He has not the critical spirit, his mind naturally submits itself to authority, and loyally defends all long-established reputations; and submission to the authority of famous names is not a virtue in the critic, any more than it is in the man of science. A critic ought to be neither a worshipper nor an iconoclast.

In saying this about M. Blanc we have no desire to lower his position; we merely attempt to define it. A man may be a good practical bishop without the critical spirit; and in the fine arts, as in religion, there is need of men who make it their business to repeat intelligently and intelligibly truths long since ascertained, even though there may be some risk of perpetuating errors along with them. A book like this *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin* conveys hardly any new information, suggests hardly any new thought, but it puts old knowledge and old thought into a form more compact and accessible, and, considering the general ignorance of art amongst educated people, all this will be a novelty to many, and ought to be a boon to them. The book is admirably clear, though necessarily didactic; it avoids with great tact and judgment every approach to unpleasant dogmatism or tediousness. The tone throughout is that of a man of high culture, conveying truths which he believes to be valuable, but does not pretend to have discovered. There is, indeed, a certain advantage in feeling oneself quite free from the necessity of combating received ideas. A man who writes what nobody is likely to contradict is delivered from the irritations of antagonism, and easily preserves that dignity of manner and that suavity of tone which are so often imperilled by the earnestness and eagerness of the neologist.

The *Grammar of the Arts of Design* is the development, in more than seven hundred copious pages, with many illustrations, of a set of propositions which form the headings of its chapters. First, we have eight chapters on the great principles of art, and then come three books—the first on architecture, with a supplement on gardens; the second, on sculpture, with a supplement on gem and medal engraving; the third, on painting, with a supplement on line-engraving, etching, mezzotint, aquatint, woodcutting, and lithography. The headings of chapters form in themselves, when read consecutively, a complete essay upon art, marked of course by an extreme brevity, and yet not so laconic as Goethe's *Essay on Dilettantism*, which was probably written in the same way with the intention of subsequent development:—

> Architecture is the art of constructing according to the principles of the beautiful. Beauty in architecture answers to an idea of duty. Two other indispensable qualities are bound up with the beauty of architecture—namely, suitableness and strength. To these three terms, suitableness, strength, and beauty, correspond three operations of the architect, the plan, the section, and the elevation. Sublimity in architecture belongs to three essential conditions—size, simplicity of surface, straightness and continuity of line. The sacrifice of one of the three dimensions is an element of grandeur in architecture. Different sentiments are attached to grandeur in the different dimensions of architecture. Different races, according to their genius, have marked in architecture their preference for one or the other of the three dimensions.

These may be taken as specimens of M. Charles Blanc's propositions. Let us see how he develops one of them; for example, the proposition that the sacrifice of one of the three dimensions is an element of grandeur in architecture:—

> Tous ceux qui ont visité cette basilique fameuse par ses dimensions, Saint-Pierre de Rome, se rappellent le désappointement qu'ils ont éprouvé en y entrant pour la première fois. Ce qu'ils s'attendaient à trouver immense, ils ont trouvé presqu' ordinaire, et l'architecture les frappant au rebours des intentions de l'architecte, ils ont été surpris de n'être pas étonnés. Les Romains, il est vrai, assurent à chaque voyageur que l'émotion viendra plus tard et mesure petit
> averti par un commencement de lassitude que le monument est colossal; si l'on compare le prêtre à l'autel où il officie, on finit par se convaincre que les piliers sont prodigieusement énormes et hauts, que la coupole est une œuvre gigantesque; mais ce n'est qu'après bien des calculs, des comparaisons, des rapprochements, que le visiteur en vient à saisir par la pensée l'incroyable grandeur de Saint-Pierre, car tout semble conspirer d'abord à déjouer son admiration, et même lorsque ce visiteur désenchanté essaye, le lendemain, de retrouver l'enthousiasme qu'il s'était promis de ressentir, il retombe sous l'empire des mêmes causes, et la déception du regard résiste à la certitude de l'esprit. Où est le secret d'une erreur aussi décevante? Il est surtout dans la parfaite concordance des trois dimensions. La hauteur étant très-haute, la largeur très-large et la profondeur très-profonde, ces trois grandeurs se rachètent l'une l'autre et se neutralisent. Si la nef, par exemple, était beaucoup plus étroite, aussitôt l'élévation paraîtrait démesurée et la profondeur étonnante. Sacrifier une dimension pour agrandir les deux autres était ici un artifice infaillible, et, chose admirable! ce mensonge eût servi au triomphe de la vérité, puisqu'il aurait favorisé l'impression vraie, celle d'une incommensurable grandeur.
>
> Combien différentes les illusions qu'avaient su produire nos architectes du moyen âge! Guidés par le sentiment religieux, ils avaient sacrifié les largeurs aux élancements de l'ogive et aux profondeurs du sanctuaire; ils avaient donné à leurs dimensions des apparences merveilleuses et grandi outre mesure des cathédrales qui, dans Saint-Pierre de Rome, ne seraient guère que des chapelles. C'est ainsi qu'avec moins de matière ils émurent plus fortement l'esprit. Ils trompèrent nos yeux dans l'intérêt de notre âme.

The illustrations on wood are given liberally when necessary to the elucidation of the author's ideas, and have been chosen purely with regard to their utility in instructing the reader, not to make the volume pretty and attractive. The difference between the abstraction of antique animal sculpture and the realism of the modern is well illustrated by two figures, one of an antique lion, and the other of the well-known group by Barye—"Tiger devouring a Crocodile." So, again, the difference between a study and a picture is made clear to every intelligent reader by the engraving from a Virgin and Child by Raffaelle, and one from the study from nature by which Raffaelle prepared himself for his task. Again, there is a study by Filippino Lippi for a Saint Michael, from an exceedingly meagre and poor model, showing the need of the ideal. We have not space to enter into any minute discussion of the art doctrines advocated here, to do which adequately would require a volume as large as the one before us; but although M. Blanc is more strictly orthodox than we may claim to be upon art matters, we have no hesitation in very warmly recommending his book. It is full of information, it is most carefully and conscientiously written, it is perfectly clear and intelligible to any generally educated reader, and it fully accomplishes its design. If everybody knew as much about art as this book can teach him, the task of the art critic and the labours of the artist would be relieved to a great extent from the profound discouragement which is due to the feeling that so few are educated enough in art to understand them. We earnestly hope for the day when some copious and valuable text-book like this may be used in the ordinary training of gentlemen.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It hardly falls within the purpose and purview of an article like this to notice anything in the nature of an almanac or annual, however meritorious. The work which induces us to stretch our usual rule in order to include it is one of a somewhat unusual character, as well as of very exceptional value. The *American Year-book* * is unquestionably an almanac; it contains everything that is to be found in the most elaborate and in the least pretentious of the books which, under that name, are sold at every stationer's shop in England, and of which every town, and almost every bookseller of any importance, publishes an edition of his own. It unites the contents of an ordinary business calendar, of the less professional astronomical almanac, and of the most perfect political annuals. It is in the last capacity that it claims our notice, and in this character it can be compared with no work of our acquaintance so properly as with Mr. Martin's excellent *Statesman's Year-book*. Even to that it is in many respects superior; or rather its scope is wider, and its size so much greater that it has space for a much more ample collection of details than the smaller and handier manual can afford. But, besides this, it is a very complete almanac of the more ordinary kind. The business man will find in it every regulation of the law or of the administration that it concerns him to know, and will be enabled on most occasions to dispense with the use of a banking directory. The amateur astronomer will find the situations of the planets given in the manner most serviceable to him—designated, that is, not by their relation to points only to be ascertained by elaborate instruments and mathematical calculation, but by their places among the constellations with which every one who has given the least attention to the face of the heavens is familiar. The political student will find the Constitutions of every State in the Union, not set forth in full, so as to render the mastery of their provisions and their differences a work of dry and tedious labour, but briefly and practically explained. The professional man will find the name and general functions of every State and Federal Court, from Oregon to Florida, and from Maine to California, set forth in its proper place, with the names and residences of its judges and officers. The persons forming the Government of every State are named in order; the periods of their tenure of office, and the times of election, are given; the

* *The American Year-book and National Register for 1869, Astronomical, Historical, Political, Financial, Commercial, &c. &c.* Edited by David N. Camp. Hartford: Case & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

political, financial, and general statistics of each State are very carefully recorded; all that the *Almanac de Gotha* does for European monarchies and principalities, and all that Mr. Martin has done for the Governments of separate nations, is done by the *American Year-book* for the States composing the Union, and for the various Governments of North and South America, Europe, and Asia. The political history of the past year is also given; the finances of the United States are the subject of elaborate explanation and of complete statistical tables; in short, there is no public fact respecting the recent course of American politics that the reader may not learn from some page or other of this volume. A more complete and ample work of reference could hardly be desired, and we certainly do not know of any existing work equally comprehensive and convenient. A good deal of valuable statistical and general information regarding the recent fortunes of the South may be gathered from those parts of the volume which deal with the late Confederate States. It is sufficiently clear from these pages how great and general has been the ruin effected, less by the war than by the subjugation of the country, and its utter disorganization under the rule of adventurers at home and fanatics at Washington. Land, always cheap, has lost one-half of its value. Property of every kind is depreciated. Of the population there are no recent returns; but the state of the country, as shown by other facts, leaves little doubt that the numbers of the people have been reduced, and their industrial and productive power diminished in even greater proportion. For some reason or other, the cotton crops since 1860 are not generally stated—probably because they are very imperfectly known; but wherever a comparison is possible, the falling-off in every species of produce, and especially in the characteristic crops of the country, the chief source of its wealth, is terrible and surprising. Agricultural countries generally recover, for obvious reasons, easily and rapidly from the havoc of war. Economists make only one exception to this rule—where the population has been seriously diminished. The example of the South will introduce a new proviso into future treatises on this point. A country may recover quickly from the mere ravages of war, provided her people are neither killed nor starved, nor yet demoralized and disorganized. The white men of the South are broken-hearted: the negroes are thoroughly demoralized, and, even when they will work at all, are not to be relied on for that kind of steady and constant work which the peculiar agriculture of the South demands. Hence the exports of the country have fallen into comparative insignificance; the number of acres in cultivation is diminishing; the assessments show a general fall in the value of property; three dollars in paper is a fair price in 1869 for land which in 1859 fetched five or seven dollars in gold; and the whole tale of reports, statistics, and political observations is a tale of impoverishment, deterioration, ruin, and despair.

We have received the third and last volume of Lossing's History of the Civil War.* This work may no doubt be counted among those from which the future historian of the great Confederate struggle for independence will derive his materials; but it will certainly help him as little as any book of equal size and pretensions that we have seen. It is not merely bitter and unfair in its tone and biassed in its statement of facts; it repeats calumnies which have long since been abandoned in silence by every Republican who had any regard for his own character, and openly repudiated by all who had an honourable respect for truth and decency. The infamous proclamation by Mr. Stanton, imputing to the Confederate Government and its servants complicity in the murder of President Lincoln, is recorded, not only without a word of censure, but in language which implies that it was founded upon at least plausible evidence; while not a hint is given of the fact that the whole of the evidence was afterwards made public, and that the witnesses were convicted of the grossest perjury. In a similar manner the pitiful insinuation against Mr. Davis, that he was taken while attempting to escape in female clothing, is repeated, as if it had not long since been refuted and given up by every one except the persons who first circulated the falsehood. The story of Mr. Davis's last interview with General Johnstone is so perverted as to represent the conduct of both parties in a light exactly the opposite of the truth. The fact is that General Johnstone wished the President to secure his safety by taking command of the army, and capitulating as Commander-in-Chief, and that Mr. Davis refused, because he was trying to escape across the Mississippi and continue the war in Texas. It was for this purpose that he carried with him the remains of the Confederate funds; on which fact Mr. Lossing, without a tittle of evidence, founds a charge against him and his Ministers of intending to escape into Mexico with the treasures of the fallen Government. There is something unspeakably shameful in charges like these preferred against a man like Mr. Davis—notorious for an almost puritanical virtue both in public and in private life—after he has retired, with health ruined by the cruelty of his enemies, and heart-broken by the calamities of his country, into exile and obscurity.

A volume on American Fishing †, by one who is not only a practical angler, but has evidently given a good deal of attention to the habits and nature of fish, will have a good deal of interest for a large circle of English readers. Angling in America evidently differs in many respects from the sport as practised in this country. The fish most prized and most frequently caught in the more frequented waters are of a different kind. The bait and tackle used are peculiar, and the fashions of sportsmen are not quite the same as in England. But the observations of the writer on the structure, instincts, and senses of fish, and particularly on their powers of sight and hearing, are applicable as much to English as to American waters, and are by no means devoid of interest. He maintains that fishes can hear, which some authorities deny, but which an unlearned observer who has seen a shoal of minnows start from the shore as soon as a foot was placed on the pebbles some yards distant will be inclined to believe; though more scientific folks may tell him that it is the slight vibration of the ground, communicated to the water, which the creatures feel. He affirms that, like all creatures with convex eyes, and notably deer, fish are near-sighted, and distinguish motion more easily than form. To the latter, indeed, their eyes must be very insensible if they really mistake the artificial fly for the real one, as most readers will agree after looking at the drawings of both as they stand contrasted on our author's page.

*American Chess Nuts** is a somewhat eccentric title for a collection of problems, arranged according to the number of moves required to give checkmate, which fills a large octavo volume, with six problems on each page. A skilful chessplayer condemned to a lonely sickbed or to solitary confinement might find in this volume occupation for many months. The ordinary reader will probably recoil before the mere number of the puzzles which confront him, page after page, and which it would take him a lifetime to solve.

Another volume†, of more general interest, instructs the reader who has a talent for sleight of hand in the performance of a great variety of tricks with cards. Most of these require considerable skill in manipulation. A large proportion, for instance, depend upon the performance in the first instance of the trick called "forcing a card"—a trick against which most choosers are on their guard, and which, therefore, only a very clever manipulator can successfully accomplish. Some, however, and these not the least entertaining, depend merely on arrangement and calculation; and one or two of these bring out a result so unexpected, that it seems absolutely startling at first, and the spectator, even when the process is explained, finds it scarcely more credible than before. Tricks of this kind merely require care and attention and ordinary intelligence; the greater number demand a special skill and dexterity, and no book can teach an average card-player to perform them successfully.

The *Great Metropolis* ‡ is a descriptive account of New York, its business, its pleasures, and its appearance, its railways and tramways, its theatres and churches, prisons and hospitals, its traffic by day and by night, by street-car and by steamer, written by a man with sufficient graphic power to produce a very readable article, but without sufficient versatility or tact to prevent the article, when prolonged, repeated, and expanded to the dimensions of a book, from becoming wearisome. The work also contains notices of many of the notabilities of "the Empire City," written with that Republican freedom and unreserve which seems so strange to English readers, who can see no reason why a considerable fortune, a romantic career, a successful stroke in business, or a reputation not acquired in a public capacity, should render a man the common property of every penny-a-liner in the community, should deprive him of copyright in his own daily life, and give the public a right of way through the most private recesses of his mercantile and domestic relations. At the same time, the author is one of the most moderate of offenders in this direction; and his castigation of more unpardonable sinners, and of the "Jenkinses" of the New York press and the newspaper accounts of fashionable weddings, may well atone for his small share in an almost universal practice.

Of the notorieties of the "great metropolis," § none is, in his sphere, better known than the Rev. H. W. Beecher, the occupant of "Plymouth Pulpit", from whence proceeds a volume of sermons much less marked by the peculiarities of the preacher—by political declamation, and by levities which, in their close juxtaposition with sacred things, appear profane—than we could have hoped. It is evident that Mr. Beecher has been impressed by the effective homeliness of the earlier Protestant and Puritan preachers, and has striven to imitate it, without remembering that it was effective precisely because it was earnest and natural, while his imitation of it is awkward and offensive; first, because it is

* *Pictorial History of the Civil War in America.* By Benson J. Lossing. Vol. III. Hartford: Belknap. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *Fishing in American Waters.* By Genco C. Scott. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

* *American Chess Nuts: a Collection of Problems by Composers of the Western World.* Edited by E. B. Cook, W. R. Henry, and C. A. Gilberg. New York: A. W. King. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *The Secret Out; or, One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations.* By the Author of "The Magician's Own Book," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

‡ *The Great Metropolis; a Mirror of New York.* By James H. Browne. Hartford: American Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

§ *Plymouth Pulpit; the Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.* From Verbatim Reports by T. J. Ellinwood. First Series, Sept. 1868—March 1869. New York: Ford & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

affected, and next, because it is addressed to an audience who are so unused to illustrate the highest interests of life by reference to the lowest, that the attempt produces in their minds a sense of incongruity and absurdity—they are amused and not impressed. There is, too, a lamentable want of reverence and gravity—not of earnestness—in the tone of the preacher. He speaks as a sincere rather than as a devout man, as a man in earnest, but in earnest as men are earnest about daily concerns and material objects, not about those which inspire them with profound awe and solemn veneration—feelings which, we suspect, Mr. Beecher is quite incapable of realizing.

The *Annual of Scientific Discovery* * contains a good deal of useful, of interesting, and of curious information, consisting of matter partly original, partly compiled from more elaborate and detailed accounts, partly clipped from scientific journals; information of the progress made during the past twelve months in every branch of science and every department of mechanical industry; of the victories of the spectroscope, and the results of the expeditions sent out to watch the great eclipse of 1868; of the new theories and discoveries in chemistry; of the multitude of inventions to which these have given rise; and of the achievements in machinery which are the wonder and the boast of the age, and the peculiar pride of America. It is a somewhat rough and fragmentary, but a convenient record of the net results of scientific labour during the past year, necessarily imperfect, and serving rather as an index to the fuller information to be found in the archives of the Patent Office, in the scientific journals, and in the papers of the great Societies, than as a complete account of any of the vast number of new facts and theories which it notices; but interesting even to the unlearned, as showing how wide, how various, and how rapid is the progress of human knowledge and power, of man's insight into the secrets and mastery of the forces of nature.

A work by Mr. Parton, the eulogist of General Butler, which we noticed some months ago, denouncing the use of stimulants, and assailing the use of alcohol and tobacco, in the intemperate language and style which universally characterize the advocates of "Temperance," has called forth a very clever and entertaining reply † by a writer who appears to have taken pains to acquire what his antagonist wanted—a real comprehension of the facts and principles affecting his argument—and who has exposed with great force and clearness the inaccuracy of some of the favourite allegations of the Total Abstinence party, and the futility of the experiments on which they chiefly rely. He asserts that all the alleged evidences of the useless and noxious character of alcohol, derived from scientific experience, are vitiated by the radical error of inattention to the influence of quantity. Alcohol in large amounts, like thein in similar doses, is a narcotic poison, and, if given in such amounts, undoubtedly paralyses the digestive and other organs, and fails to be assimilated by them. Alcohol in small doses quickens the nutritive processes, strengthens the nerves, restores their powers when exhausted by fatigue, and in many cases has been proved beyond reasonable doubt to serve as food. Tobacco, again, in excess, or acting on an empty stomach, is a purely poisonous and narcotic agent; taken moderately and after a meal, it is shown to be in principle, as every smoker knows it to be in practice, a promoter of digestion. Both are useful aids to the nervous system in a state of life in which it is liable to be frequently and severely overtaxed. Such is M. Fiske's argument, supported by a careful record of facts, and a long list of eminent authorities. The work is interesting, at all events, as a spirited and effective attempt to turn the tables upon teetotallers, and to overthrow the formidable array of ugly-looking facts and misquoted statements by which they have perplexed the timid and imposed upon the ignorant.

How to Make Money ‡ is a sensible little volume, treating in a practical and homely form of some of the simple principles of political economy and commercial prudence, and may perhaps convey some elementary instruction in those principles to many on whom a more elaborate and scientific mode of treatment would be thrown away.

How a Bride was Won § is the title of another of Mr. Gerstäcker's splendid American tales of adventure, which, if they fall far behind the novels of Cooper in popularity as in merit, have yet never failed to please the insatiable appetite of boyhood for stories of enterprise and daring, and sketches of savage or half-savage life.

Gardening for the South ‖ is pretty accurately described by its title. It is a full and careful treatise on the care and management of a kitchen garden and orchard, adapted to the special conditions imposed by the soil and climate of the Southern and Middle States.

The Blameless Prince * is the story of a Queen who marries and gives her whole heart to a Prince who sustains a high character in the sight of the people, and retains to the last the affection and reverence of his wife, but is induced by the charms, personal and intellectual, of a lady whom he accidentally encounters at a distance from the Court to break his marriage-vow and deceive his trusting wife. The secret is well kept, until, after making up his mind finally to part with his mistress, the Prince is killed by the fall of a tree on his ride home. The mourning Queen and the desperate mistress meet at his tomb, and the latter betrays her secret. The Queen's heart is broken, and one day, at the unveiling of a statue erected to her husband's memory, the terrible conflict of feeling overpowers her, and she falls lifeless. It is impossible not to remark on the close resemblance of one-half of this story to a reality so recent and so impressive that it is sure to be present to the reader's thoughts at every page of the fiction; a resemblance which is rendered objectionable and offensive by the character of that half of the tale which is purely fictitious. There is much true poetry of thought and feeling both in this and some of the minor pieces; but hampered by a defective power of expression and command of versification which mar the effect.

A series of American school-books †, to which our attention is particularly called, carry the pupil, by a regular series of "spellers" and "readers," from the alphabet to a kind of anthology of moral, historical, and scientific lessons, original and selected, well suited to the higher classes of an elementary school. Our own idea is, we own, that the later volumes of the series are useless; that when a child can once read with ease, it is best to put into his hands books valuable for their own sake, and to make these the text of such further instruction in grammar, composition, and the meaning of words as may be afforded. For those who think otherwise Harper's *Series* seems to be well arranged, and it is decidedly superior to most works of the kind.

* *Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for* 1869. Edited by S. Kneeland, A.M., M.D., &c. &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Tobacco and Alcohol.* By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *How to Make Money and How to Keep It.* By Thos. A. Davies, Author of "Cosmogony," &c. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston; Trübner & Co. 1869.

§ *How a Bride was Won; or, a Chase across the Pampas.* By F. Gerstäcker. Translated by Francis Jordan, with Illustrations by Gaston Fay. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‖ *Gardening for the South; or, How to grow Vegetables and Fruits.* By the late W. N. White, of Athens, Ga. With Additions by Mr. J. Van Buren and Dr. James Camak. New York: Judd & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

* *The Blameless Prince, and other Poems.* By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Harper's Series. Willson's School and Family Readers. Willson's Readers, Intermediate Series. Willson's Spellers.* By Marcus Willson, Author of "Primary History," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 708, MAY 22, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 709, Vol. 27. May 29, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE IRISH PROTESTANTS AND THE LORDS.

THE Irish Protestants have determined to use all their efforts to induce the Lords to reject the Irish Church Bill on the second reading. They are preparing monster petitions, in which their passionate wishes, their horror, and their fears are to find utterance. To us in England it seems odd that any one can believe that such petitions will have any practical effect; but the truth is, that the excited, alarmed, despairing friends of Protestant ascendency do not think of practical effects or practical anything. They want a ray of comfort and hope, and the only ray they can get to shine on them streams from the Peers. They do not stop to ask how the government of the country could be carried on if the Lords thwarted the strongest majority of the House of Commons that has been known in recent times. They clutch eagerly at the bare legal right of the Peers to do as they please. They cannot and will not believe it possible that the Lords, their great, powerful, steadfast friends, should be able to do nothing for them. The Peers, they say to themselves, may not perhaps be quite the masters of the British Government, but they must be able to exercise some influence. In fact, the Irish Protestants are going through the process, so familiar in domestic life, of "getting the missis to speak for them." When, in the stern discharge of duty, the head of the household thinks it necessary to dismiss offending servants, the erring domestics not unfrequently think they have a means of getting the sentence reversed. There is some one with more tenderness and less reasoning, whose power is always great, and the greatness of whose power in the last resort is unknown and may be unbounded, and who may easily be induced to be a friend. If the missis will speak for them all may be well. They do not stop to consider, and they trust their kind protectress will not stop to consider, how the household is to be ruled, how order is to be preserved, how good examples are to be upheld, if certain offences are overlooked. They only cling blindly to the hope that missis can put things straight for them, and will get them out of their trouble if they leave everything to her. Happy is the nation where a second Chamber can inspire such a feeling, and where an hereditary aristocracy is looked on as the friend of the friendless. That the Lords cannot do the petitioners any conceivable good only makes their confidence in the Lords more touching. It will soften the blow which these disheartened Irish Protestants are destined to suffer if they can but think that "missis" spoke for them, did not desert them in the hour of need, was kind and true to them, and did her ineffectual best in their behalf. This is the programme for the rest of the Session, which, so far as the routine business of the Commons goes, promises to be dull enough. All the political interest of the day centres in the Lords. "Missis" is going to speak for the Irish Church. We know the end of her speaking as well as she does, as well as in the bottom of their hearts they also know for whom she is to raise her voice. We can no longer carry on the government of the British Empire with Protestant ascendency maintained in Ireland. The less must yield to the greater; that which is first in our thoughts and in the line of our duties must take precedence over that which is but second. Still there is a great interest, pathetic, dramatic, and social, if not political, attaching to the pleading of the Lords for the Irish Church, and to the whole behaviour of the Upper House under circumstances so delicate and so critical.

It is often said that the English system of government has eminent advantage over other forms. It is so much more plastic, and expresses and carries out so much more quickly the wishes of the people. If the country is not suited exactly to its mind, it can get what it wants in a few days or weeks. Nothing more is necessary than a change of Ministry, or, at worst, a change of Ministry accompanied by a general election. In despotic Governments the despot has to be convinced that a change is necessary, and it is very difficult to change the convictions of a mind nursed in prejudices and inflamed with the long use of power. In any republican system, although the people are sure in the course of time to get what they want, yet it is only after the efflux of a considerable time that a new President, or a new Senate or Congress, can be invested with power. This is all quite true; but the peculiarity of this view of the English Constitution is that it entirely leaves the House of Lords out of consideration. It takes for granted that the Lords will always do whatever the Ministry of the day may ask them. Far from being peculiarly plastic, the English Constitution would be one of the most rigid and wooden schemes of government possible if a body of hereditary nobles exercised a perpetual veto over the decisions at which successive Ministries, supported by successive majorities in the Commons, arrived. There is always some hope of convincing a single man; it is possible to induce him to think of his family and of his successors, and to make him act so that his dynasty may endure. It is always conceivable that a new set of advisers may get access to him, or that calamity and disappointment may teach him wisdom; but it is hopeless to think of convincing personally the majority of such an assembly as the House of Lords. In a republic there is always something to work for, even if the prospect of success is not very immediate. The time must come when a new President, or a new Senate, or a new Congress, will have to be elected, and to influence the opinion of the majority is, in the long run, to control the action of the country. But an hereditary assembly is open to no changes of this sort, and if it will not yield, it can only be made to yield by a destruction of its political character and power. Ordinarily the House of Lords yields quite enough to make it true that the voice of the people, expressed by the Ministry of the day, determines with the utmost celerity what course the nation shall take. And the House of Lords usually yields so quietly and imperceptibly that no one knows that it is yielding. But every now and then an occasion arrives like the present, when, if it yields, it must do so avowedly under compulsion. It must do what it extremely dislikes doing, simply because it cannot help itself. This open conquest of one part of the constitutional body seems to us, in theory at least, an evil which, when different forms of government are compared, ought to be noticed. When the Emperor of AUSTRIA yielded after Sadowa, and set himself to reconcile Hungary to his rule, the change was a change hidden in the breast of an individual, and the Emperor of AUSTRIA still remained all that he had been, although with new purposes and views. A Republican President is now in harmony with a Republican Senate and Congress in the United States, and things are much changed from what they were last year, when a President was impeached. But the change has been brought about in the ordinary course of things, and the position of the President, and of the Senate and of the House of Representatives is exactly as good as it ever was. But in England things do not go on so quietly and softly. The House of Lords must yield openly and avowedly, and no political body can yield under compulsion without some new element of weakness inhering in it. The only question is, How can the House of Lords yield so as to do itself least harm? We cannot doubt that the answer is to be found in the distinct recognition of its position. As Lord SALISBURY said last year, an hereditary body is debarred by its very nature from setting itself up to judge what is best for the nation, when the nation has pronounced its judgment for itself. This is the key to the whole position. The triumph over the Lords will be deprived of almost all its sting, almost all its danger, if the Lords themselves regard it not as a triumph at all, but as a necessary part of the constitutional system. The best thing that can happen in the interests of the Upper House is, that the Lords should distinctly admit the principle that when a general election has been held to decide a point, and the decision has been recorded in a Bill adopted by incontestable majorities in the Commons, the function of

the Lords is mainly reduced to explaining why, although they pass the Bill without hesitation, they protest against it and disapprove of it, and throw the whole responsibility of its consequences on the Ministry and on the other House.

Obviously, under such circumstances, very much will depend on the course taken by individuals. Whether the Peers adopt a dignified and courageous course, and avert the imputation of defeat by recognising that it is not for them to struggle, or whether they grow angry and rush into ill-considered and ineffectual opposition, will in a great degree depend on the tone given to their debates by the principal speakers. There are, we believe, good grounds for hoping that the leaders of the House will show wisdom, tact, and moderation. The three principal leaders of the majority, if Lord DERBY does not think fit to take an active part, are Lord CAIRNS, Lord SALISBURY, and Lord CARNARVON. Of these three peers, Lord CARNARVON actually voted last year for the Suspensory Bill, and Lord SALISBURY enunciated the doctrine that an hereditary assembly ought not to set itself against the clearly recorded decision of the whole nation. Lord CAIRNS will of course hold the leading brief for the Irish Church, and he will make an excellent advocate's speech, full of statements tolerably accurate, and of arguments tolerably plausible. But Lord CAIRNS is not at all likely to separate himself from Mr. DISRAELI. He will not be able, when he speaks of rejecting the Bill to rid himself of the anxious thought whether its rejection would really suit Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. DISRAELI's Chancellor. Now what Mr. DISRAELI must think of the Irish Church Bill is perfectly plain. He must long to get it out of the way, and to have done with a question which arrays against him a majority so compact and so overwhelming that all his spirit is taken out of him, until he does not even think it worth while to propose important amendments of which he has given formal notice. The task of Lord CAIRNS will not be to stop the Bill, but to convince the Irish Protestants that he is still their own Lord CAIRNS, that he has done his very best for them, and that if he could not help them it was because no one could. The Bishops will naturally do all they can for the cause they have made their own; but they will speak under the great disadvantage that every one will know that they are but taking a line which it is necessary they should take, and that, as the successful men of a profession, they are saying what the profession wishes should be said. The mild virtues of the CHANCELLOR and the seductive good-humour of Lord GRANVILLE will do all that is possible to soften that victory of a minority which must always ruffle the feelings of a majority. A brilliant hope, too, plays before the vision of the friends of the Bill and of the Government, and, half in amusement, half in triumph, they catch up and repeat the rumour that the real champion of the Irish Church, the really bitter and vigorous adversary of the Ministry, is to be revealed in Lord WESTBURY. The cause of the Irish Church is long past being damaged, but, if it could be damaged, its ruin could not have been more surely confided to any advocacy than that of a man whose every argument in its favour will provoke the reflection how very much better an argument he would have found against it if he had but been Chancellor. Some outbursts of bitterness there will be of course; some mooning dissertations on the Coronation Oath; some whisperings of panic-stricken Orange peers. But if the leaders on both sides keep their tempers, and from the outset insist on the true Constitutional position of the Lords, the Bill may not only pass, but may so pass that its passing shall not be regarded by the Upper House or by the public as a defeat of the Lords.

SPAIN.

THE restoration or continuance of monarchical government in Spain is settled, as far as the question can be decided by a vote. The election of members to the Cortes turned on the issue between a Kingdom and a Republic, in the same manner in which the majority of the present House of Commons was returned for the purpose of destroying the Irish Establishment. It is not improbable that within two or three months the Republic may have acquired some new adherents; but it may be presumed that the Cortes, who have resolved by three to one in favour of a monarchy, know the present wishes of their constituencies. The decision possesses whatever validity may attach to the modern and questionable ordeal of universal suffrage. The only disqualification imposed at the polling-booths was founded on immaturity of age; and, although republican enthusiasm is a passion incident to youth, it can scarcely be supposed that the result of the elections would have been materially affected if the age of voters had been fixed rather at twenty-one than twenty-five. The late division is the more significant because the preponderance of eloquence, if not of argument, remained with the defeated party. It appears that in Mr. CASTELAR the Spaniards possess an orator of extraordinary genius, whose very defects of logic, as well as his brilliant ability, suit the national taste. An historical attack on the successive heads of the House of ORLEANS may have borne but indirectly on the pretensions of the Duke of MONTPENSIER, but it tended to aggravate the prejudice which prevails against the probable successor of ISABELLA II. In a skilful anti-climax CASTELAR declared that, if the hereditary crown had been of gold, the elective crown of MONTPENSIER would be of silver, and that the circlet or badge of a Regency would be only of tin; and when he called upon the designated Regent to refuse the ignoble symbol, SERRANO himself, either by momentary impulse or of deliberate purpose, answered the appeal by an approving cheer. More than one ominous incident proved, before the debate was concluded, that the ostensible accord among the members of the Provisional Government is on the point of dissolution. Admiral TOPETE, who first gave the signal of insurrection in September, disclaimed the personal devotion to the cause of the Duke of MONTPENSIER which he had been supposed to entertain, and also in some degree exonerated the Duke and the Duchess from the imputation of having conspired against Queen ISABELLA. He added that the Cortes would understand him when he warned them against the possible settlement of the constitutional dispute by the violent act of some daring man. It was universally understood that TOPETE spoke of PRIM, who happened at the moment to be absent from the Chamber. It cannot be supposed that his suspicions of his colleague were merely founded on general character. As a member of the Government Admiral TOPETE must, if he is to be acquitted of inexcusable levity, have obtained information of the existence of treasonable or dangerous designs. It seems impossible that PRIM can remain silent in the presence of such a charge, or that the present Government can endure without considerable changes. At a later period of the sitting, Mr. AYALA, a member of the Cabinet, caused great irritation by asserting that the Republicans had taken no share in the overthrow of the late Government. Although the offence was given only to a minority consisting of one-fourth of the Cortes, AYALA thought it necessary to expiate his imprudence by resigning. As the decisive vote followed after all the untoward events which occurred during the debate, it appears that the resolution of the majority is irrevocably fixed.

If SERRANO has determined on refusing the Regency which he had at one time consented to accept, it may be presumed that he shares the distrust of PRIM which was more openly expressed by TOPETE. It was understood that the project of a Regency was intended as a compromise between the pretensions of the two chief members of the Government. SERRANO was to content himself with precedence, and with the ostensible control of the administration, while PRIM would retain, in the command of the army, the substance of power. It has often been suspected that PRIM, who has always been opposed to the candidature of MONTPENSIER, was not disinclined to form a political alliance with the Republicans; but the compliments which were lavished on SERRANO by CASTELAR seem to show that if any such intrigues have been commenced, they have not resulted in a treaty of union. The Republican orator, speaking apparently in the name of his party, offered SERRANO the Presidency as a reward for refusing the title of Regent; and the proposal, although it was impossible that it should be accepted, virtually involved a declaration of hostility to PRIM. The Republicans are probably well-advised in preferring a moderate and indolent opponent to a rival who, either as their ally or their antagonist, would seek to be their master. Every Spaniard who sincerely cares for liberty wishes to throw off the military supremacy which has outlasted several revolutions. If PRIM is less favourable to royalty than SERRANO and TOPETE, he is essentially a political soldier. The definitive refusal of the Regency by PRIM would render it necessary to adopt some alternative plan, for the majority will not concur in the appointment of ESPARTERO to the post which he held many years ago. If the dissensions of the Generals are patched up, there is no reason why the present mode of Government should not be continued until the monarchy is actually constituted; nor, indeed, would it be easy to justify any further delay in the election of a King. The Cortes rejected an amendment to the Constitution by which the choice would have been referred to the people, and they will never be more competent than now to apply to practice the principle which they have approved by their vote. If any interval should be necessary, Ministers may administer as easily as a Regent the vacant prerogative. The Cortes might easily pro-

vide for the discharge of all formal functions; and the executive authority has never been suspended. A Regency or Provisional Government prolonged for another year would provide the Republicans with a forcible argument, as well as with an excuse, for renewing the contest. A nation determined to be governed by a King, and incapable of finding an incumbent of the office, would present to the world a ridiculous spectacle.

Although the refusal of the crown by King FERDINAND of Portugal was unfortunate, the Duke of MONTPENSIER, who, by a natural process of elimination, is becoming the only possible candidate, probably wants no quality except the gift of popularity which is necessary to a constitutional King. The prejudices against him which strengthen the Republican party are probably founded on his position, rather than on his personal character. Like his former competitors, he is a foreigner, and the advantage of long residence as a naturalized Spaniard is barely a set-off against the defect that he is a Frenchman. It is scarcely his own fault that he owes his chance of elevation to the discreditable plot of his father and his father's Minister against the happiness and morality of an unoffending girl. The doubt whether the Duke of MONTPENSIER conspired against his sister-in-law may perhaps as well remain unsolved. The merit of patriotism might be obscured by the accompanying breach of domestic loyalty; but, when Mr. CASTELAR denounces the crime of profiting by the misfortunes of a near relation, he refers to a moral code which has seldom regulated the actions of princes. When the misconduct of a King is punished by dethronement, his subjects have a right to the services of the remaining members of his family. In the model Revolution which was contrived and managed exclusively by statesmen, a nephew and two daughters in succession occupied the throne which had become vacant through the misconduct of a false and fanatical King. It is not understood that the Duke of MONTPENSIER owes any special gratitude to a Queen who had always regarded him with natural suspicion. If he ultimately takes her place, he will be careful to avoid her conspicuous faults of private irregularity and of subserviency to priests. The House of ORLEANS has generally been respectable, and its principal members have inclined to anti-clerical Liberalism. The second Duke indeed, better known as Regent of France, carried to unusual excess the fashionable profligacy of the time; but he was a soldier and a statesman, and he despised the bigotry which disgraced the later years of LOUIS XIV. After an interval of fifty or sixty years, another Duke of ORLEANS emerged from obscurity by a display of revolutionary zeal which proved the activity of his ambition, if not the sincerity of his professions. LOUIS PHILIPPE rose far above the average level of princes, only falling short of greatness through the absence of chivalrous sentiment from his character. His descendants have maintained their dignity and acquired a great reputation under the most unfavourable circumstances. Nor is there any reason to believe that the Duke of MONTPENSIER is inferior in ability or in conduct to the other members of the family. If he becomes the founder of a dynasty, he or his children will be thorough Spaniards; and if their Government succeeds, they will enjoy all the advantages of the impression which royalty makes on the popular imagination; yet it seems that, in the first instance, the future King will be compelled to support the splendour of the Crown from his private resources. The Budget which has been submitted to the Cortes, while it exhibits a considerable deficiency, includes no provision of a Civil List. An additional expenditure for the express purpose of maintaining a Court would supply the Republicans with a plausible ground for agitation. In England a dignified and ill-paid ecclesiastical benefice is sometimes almost unavoidably bestowed on the owner of a private fortune. It would be an odd recommendation to a candidate for the Spanish Crown that he had accumulated a large property by judicious economy in a private station.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE prediction that the electoral contest in France would really lie between different sections of the Opposition has been signally verified. The Government will again command an immense majority in the Corps Législatif; it is in the composition of the minority that the revolution effected by the elections will be chiefly seen. In returning, as will certainly be the case, nine Opposition deputies, Paris has done no more than it did in 1863. Then, as now, the Government was beaten in every circumscription. But these two equally compact phalanxes are made up of very different elements. Of the men who represented Paris in the late Chamber only three will certainly represent it in the new. MM. ERNEST PICARD, JULES SIMON, and ERNEST PELLETAN alone among the old members command the undiminished confidence of the electors. MM. THIERS, JULES FAVRE, and GARNIER PAGÈS have failed to obtain an absolute majority. M. GAMBETTA has beaten M. CARNOT by upwards of 12,000, M. BANCEL has beaten M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER by exactly 10,000, and, out of the 30,385 voters in the Sixth Circumscription, only 4,851 were found to support M. GUÉROULT. It is impossible to mistake the significance of these changes. The three deputies who retain their seats were the most democratic of the former representatives. The partial failure of M. THIERS and M. JULES FAVRE shows that neither Parliamentary eminence nor reputation for statesmanship counts for so much, with the citizens of Paris, as extreme political opinions. The retirement of M. D'ALTON-SHEE makes the return of M. THIERS almost a certainty; but, if M. CANTAGREL succeeds in transferring his 7,437 votes to M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, M. JULES FAVRE has no chance of maintaining his position at the head of the Opposition candidates. M. GUÉROULT's ignominious defeat in the Sixth Circumscription, where in 1863 he obtained 17,492 votes, is attributed to his intimate relations with Prince NAPOLEON. The new Opposition is of a type which repudiates all connexion with the family of BONAPARTE, even where the name is supposed not to exclude a certain infusion of Democratic principles. This same antagonism has mainly contributed to the success of MM. GAMBETTA and BANCEL, and to the probable success of M. ROCHEFORT. The first of the three was an unknown man until his speech at the BAUDIN subscription trial last winter. His victory marks the preference of the electors for violent anti-Napoleonic oratory over the moderate Republicanism which laid up for itself so large a store of Socialist hatred in June, 1848. M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER's defeat gives striking testimony to the fact that a willingness to make the best of the Empire is the very worst passport to the heart of a Paris elector. "To vote for me," he declared in his address, "is to vote for constitutional opposition and against "irreconcilable opposition. Irreconcilable opposition would "lead you to disasters; constitutional opposition will lead you "to liberty." His late constituents accepted his account of the situation, and have declared unmistakeably that they prefer the threatened disasters to such liberty as can be enjoyed with NAPOLEON III. upon the throne. M. ROCHEFORT, if he enters the Chamber, will do so with no other claim than that of having lampooned the EMPEROR. If the choice of the electors in these three instances says little for their political philosophy, it leaves no doubt as to their political tastes. The voting at Lyons and Marseilles tells the same story. Lyons will have nothing to say to M. JULES FAVRE or M. HENON, and has returned MM. RASPAIL and BANCEL. If the latter should also be victorious at Paris, their places will probably be supplied by other deputies of equally extreme views. At Marseilles a second ballot will be necessary for both seats; but as M. GAMBETTA has secured 8,600 votes against 3,500 given to M. THIERS, it is to him, or to some one possessing similar recommendations, that the honour of defeating M. DE LESSEPS will fall. The circumstances of this election give it peculiar importance. The Government was so much alarmed at M. GAMBETTA's candidature that they took unusual pains to provide him with an opponent possessing strong claims on a commercial city. In M. DE LESSEPS, with the honours of the Suez Canal still fresh about him, they might have thought they had found what they were in search of. Nor was he by any means unwilling to accommodate himself to the supposed tastes of the citizens of Marseilles. He presented himself as "the energetic defender of all "liberties," and offered to take his "inspirations" from the "sentiments" of his constituents. The electors have apparently preferred a candidate whose "inspirations" are less conveniently flexible. In the other circumscription, the Government candidate is at the head of the poll, but as the united votes of the Opposition amount to 20,500 against his 14,000, his chances in the second ballot are extremely scanty.

The comment which has been frequently made in England upon these facts is, that France desires reform, not revolution. It is not easy to discover in what part of the returns the writers in question have found this moral inscribed. That a large majority of Frenchmen do not wish for a revolution is evident enough. It is true, indeed, that out of 7,301,941

votes, 3,248,885 have been given to the Opposition candidates, but that the judgment of the departments in this matter is as unmistakeable as ever, is a fact which admits of no question. Still this does but establish the negative half of the statement; as to the positive wishes of the departments, it gives us no information. As to the positive wishes of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles, on the other hand, we are not left in any uncertainty. The great cities desire revolution, not reform. Nowhere is there a trace, on anything like a large scale, of the reasonable and constitutional aspirations which have been gratuitously attributed to the French people. Indeed, to judge from the defeats sustained by almost all the leading members of the moderate Opposition, the wish for reform, as such, can scarcely be said to exist in the constituencies. At Nantes, for example, out of more than 30,000 votes, not 2,000 were one given to M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL; and yet, if there be any man more than another who embodies the principle which is alleged to have triumphed this week, it is the brilliant antagonist of Personal Government. M. HERVÉ has equally failed to secure the seat to which his services to the cause of constitutional freedom in the *Journal de Paris* gave him so good a title. These are not the only Liberal journalists who have been rejected; and if it be supposed that France has taken a sudden dislike to the profession which has hitherto played so large a part in her political history, we may draw the same conclusion from the defeat of such men as M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE and M. DE FALLOUX. So far as we have yet seen, there is nothing to be set against these facts except the success of M. OLLIVIER in the Var. But, as it suited M. ROCHEFORT's purpose to ensure his rejection in Paris by the hint that he was the official candidate, it was impossible to oppose him elsewhere. Consequently, there is nothing to show whether it was in the capacity of a friend of the EMPEROR, or of the member of the "Third Party," that he found 16,000 electors to vote for him.

The supporters of the Government in the press declare themselves thoroughly satisfied with the turn that affairs have taken. They argue that the issue between the Empire and revolution has now been plainly stated, and they anticipate that the alarm which will thus be excited will greatly strengthen the hold of the Government on the conservative feeling of the country. That there is considerable truth in this view of the situation is undeniable. There is no longer any substantial grievance weighing on the French peasant from which he can hope to escape by a general overturn. His debts are heavy, but they are due to men of his own class, or only a little removed from it, and he knows that no political changes would alter his neighbour's determination to get his interest on the money he has lent him. Indeed, if he has any dreams of a possible improvement in his condition, they are more likely to be connected with the Empire which has given him railways, and promises to give him roads, than with a Republic which is traditionally associated in his mind with foreign wars, forced contributions, and neglect of tillage. The victories of the Revolution have hitherto been gained over very inadequate resistance, and if the departments are determined to support the EMPEROR, they are not likely to find the position betrayed beforehand by timidity or irresolution at Paris. It must not be forgotten, however, that this is only one side of the picture. The other side is, that the Empire is at length face to face with a foe with whom it is impossible to compromise, and that this foe has gained a great accession of strength within the last year or two. That Paris is hopelessly hostile can ever be a pleasant reflection to a ruler of France, and there is too much reason to fear that the day when concession can be of much avail has passed away. The EMPEROR has refused to conciliate the constitutional Opposition when it was in his power to do so, and things seem now to have come to a pass at which any step he may take in this direction will be no longer worth the sacrifice it would involve. He would be forced to quarrel with his own friends in order to gain the support of a party which the elections have shown to be practically powerless in France. The satisfaction of the Imperialist writers at the result of the elections may perhaps be attributed to their perception of this fact. To them no revolution could be more disastrous than a reconciliation of their master with the Parliamentary Liberals. With the concession of a responsible Ministry their occupation would be gone, and in the withdrawal of the principal inducement to such an experiment they may see a legitimate cause for rejoicing. It does not follow that the EMPEROR has equal reason to congratulate himself on the work of the week.

ENGLISH POLICY IN CHINA.

SOME China Correspondence which has recently been issued, while it shows that there are two sides to the questions which have lately been discussed in Parliament, on the whole fully justifies Lord CLARENDON's stringent instructions. A general monotony, including much variety of detail, characterizes the numerous quarrels between the inhabitants of the country and their unwelcome guests. When a merchant or a missionary has contracted for the purchase of premises, it sometimes happens that, with or without the connivance of the vendor and the local authorities, a mob prevents the purchaser from taking possession of his property. Occasionally goods belonging to English owners are stopped in transit, notwithstanding the production of all proper documents; or a trader passing near a village is pelted or assaulted by natives who are as hostile to strangers as if they lived in the Midland counties. The Consular agent on the spot at once adopts the cause of his countrymen; and if a gunboat is within reach he requests the aid of the officer in command, who is only too happy to find exercise for the energies of himself and his crew. At the outset it would seem that the Chinese are for the most part in the wrong; but if the Correspondence accurately represents the state of affairs, there is no foundation for the charges which have been made against the upper classes. The gentry or literary graduates, who were lately denounced in Parliament, have had little or nothing to do with the outrages which have furnished an excuse for retaliation. In the only instance in which one of their body had instigated a riot, the culprit, when he was arrested in compliance with the demands of the Vice-Consul, was found to be a half-witted man of seventy, who was, even in the opinion of his accusers, scarcely a proper object of punishment. The officers of the Government, although they may probably not be disinclined to screen delinquents, almost always reply to the reclamations of the Consuls with courteous professions and promises; but experience shows that both the mandarins and the population are most deferential when a zealous lieutenant, with a Vice-Consul at his back, has taken a fort, or fired a few volleys of musketry among an armed village rabble. A petition from the inhabitants of a place called Tang-tun, which had been punished with lawless severity for some irregularity of the kind, is touching in the helplessness which it indicates. The villagers say that "on the 8th of this month some children, seeing your great "country's war-boats passing, were much frightened, and, run-"ning away, foolishly excited our people to attack them; for "which the great army has entered our village and punished us. "We repent our fault fully, and, prostrating ourselves, beg "undeserved that mercy may be shown us, and promise that, "men and women, we will one and all live peaceably and "quietly for coming generations under your favour. Trusting "that the great Consul will hear our prayers, &c." In this case, which is the worst recorded in the Correspondence, Commodore OLIVER JONES, acting apparently under the orders of Sir H. KEPPEL, the Commander-in-Chief, had burnt part of a village, and almost destroyed a town of 7,000 inhabitants, in consequence of some shots which had been fired on the boats of the gunboat *Cockchafer*. Admiral KEPPEL will perhaps hereafter be able to explain a seeming breach of faith with the VICEROY, who had undertaken himself to punish the offenders, receiving the promise of the Admiral to abstain from independent action. It is due to the Consul, Mr. ROBERTSON, to record his open disapprobation of Commodore JONES's unfortunate exploit.

In the vast Empire of China there are wide differences of character and civilization. Some of the collisions reported in the Correspondence occurred in the island of Formosa, where an aboriginal population under Chinese rulers is still so deficient in refinement as to practise cannibalism. It is not surprising that in such a country missionaries should be exposed to inconvenience; and the religious difficulty is aggravated by quarrels between English merchants and Chinese traders who formerly possessed a monopoly of the staple commodity of camphor. In consequence of various grievances for which no redress could be obtained, Mr. GIBSON, the Acting Consul, induced Lieutenant GURDON to seize a town and a fort as a security for the concession of a string of demands. The operation was effected with laudable skill and courage; but it is satisfactory to find that the civil and military officers have been sharply reprimanded, and that Lord CLARENDON has both removed Mr. GIBSON from his post, and instructed the English Ambassador to express his regret to the Chinese Government. Sir H. KEPPEL had previously directed the return of a large sum of money which had been exacted from the local authorities, but in other respects he ap-

proved of Lieutenant GURDON's conduct. It is perhaps desirable that pugnacity should be tolerated in sailors; but the naval Commander-in-Chief has shown, on more than one occasion, an imperfect apprehension of the rights which belong even to the Chinese. The English Government, in concluding the Treaty of Tientsin, insisted on the residence of an Envoy at the Court of Pekin, for the express purpose of avoiding the necessity of collision with the provincial authorities. It was thought expedient, as well as just, to support the Imperial Government by recognising its paramount right and duty of enforcing order. When Consuls and naval officers take the law into their own hands, they furnish the Chinese Government with unanswerable grounds of complaint. It is probably true that local action secures speedier redress, and Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK expatiates in an elaborate despatch on the difficulty of applying European rules of conduct to dealings with a nation which acknowledges a different standard of law and morals; yet, on the whole, it is impossible to justify systematic violation of the Treaty. The English Envoy, though he hesitates between two inconsistent lines of policy, has the merit of having strongly condemned the acts of Mr. GIBSON and Lieutenant GURDON. Prince KUNG addressed to him an indignant protest, concluding with the intimation that he might hereafter be induced to apply directly, through the Chinese Ambassador, to the English Government. As Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK remarks, "they are evidently making progress in their diplomatic education"; and he admits that, if the Minister on the spot will not do the Chinese Government justice, "they "are perfectly entitled to refer the matter in question "direct by their own mission to the Home Government, "and to notify to other Courts the steps taken"; yet, in his argumentative despatch to Lord STANLEY, Sir R. ALCOCK expresses a doubt whether the method of settling difficulties by local action is not preferable. The plan of direct application to the Central Government is, he says, "more consonant "with treaty relations and international law, but it is also "more damaging to the EMPEROR's power to govern the "Empire, and more costly to the foreign Power resorting to "it." According to his statement, the Imperial Government is almost always unwilling or unable to correct distant abuses; and he contends that the local authorities must be taught "to respect treaty obligations for their own sake, if they care "nothing for treaties or for the orders of their own Government." "Experience," he adds, "leads infallibly to the "conclusion that, where treaties have been imposed by force "on an unwilling Government, as all with China, they can "only be upheld by similar means." It is proper to state that Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK condemns in the strongest language the action of Consuls and naval officers without the direct orders of the Minister. Lord CLARENDON has expressed his readiness to extend the powers of the Minister, if he requires additional facilities for restraining his subordinates; and it cannot be doubted that the Admiral will be cautioned against the too ready indulgence of his professional instincts.

In diplomatic decorum and dignity the chief statesmen of China stand on a European level. In his interview with Sir H. KEPPEL, the Viceroy of CANTON bore himself like a polished gentleman, while the policy which he announced was equally prudent and vigorous. He had, he said, already ordered 4,000 troops to march against the village which had fired on the man-of-war's boats, and he trusted that the operation would have the happiest effect. In answer to some apologetic language of Sir H. KEPPEL, he remarked that officers would sometimes make mistakes, and that he had found it so with his own. "On taking leave the VICEROY renewed in the most "impressive manner his expressions of esteem and regard for "Sir H. KEPPEL, and trusted that on his next visit to Canton "His Excellency would do him the honour of dining with "him." On the following morning the VICEROY sent his card, with his farewell wishes, to the Admiral. It was in the course of the same day that Commodore JONES attacked the villages, in obedience to orders which had perhaps been issued before the interview. It is absurd and impossible to treat courtly magnates, who argue with the closeness of accomplished lawyers, as irresponsible barbarians; but the laxity of Chinese administration, and perhaps the latent dislike towards foreigners, will probably lead to the practical adoption of Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK's policy. For the present the experiment of exclusive reliance on the Imperial Government ought to be fully tried; and, if it is necessary to recur to occasional local pressure, all the Treaty Powers should, if possible, be induced to adopt one common mode of action. There is perhaps no part of the world in which the representatives of the great civilized Governments act so much in harmony. During one of the Consular combats with the Chinese, an American gunboat was present, for the purpose of countenancing the English demands. Any privilege which might be withdrawn from any one of the trading communities would be immediately refused to all foreigners. In the less civilized parts of the Empire it is consolatory to observe that Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries are equally liable to persecution. The relations between Europe and China will ultimately be determined rather by necessity or convenience than by deliberate policy. It has apparently not yet occurred to any Chinese diplomatist to demand satisfaction for the ill-treatment of the EMPEROR's subjects in Australia or California. A hundredth part of the injustice which has been inflicted on harmless and useful Chinese gold-diggers would, if it had been perpetrated at the expense of English or American traders in China, have been long since avenged with the aid of irresistible gunboats.

THE END OF THE ELECTION PETITIONS.

THE last of the Election Petitions is over, and the storm of justice which came in like a lion has gone out like a lamb. A petition with results more mild and gentle than that of the North Norfolk election can scarcely be imagined. The whole of the evidence was at last boiled down to the two simple accusations that Sir E. LACON had given too many pounds of beef on a certain day at lunch, and that Mrs. FELLOWES, the wife of a Conservative member, had, during the days of canvassing, expressed her intention to buy none but Conservative cloth. With lady politicians we have generally little sympathy. They may, as Mr. MILL says, be the regenerators of the politics of the future, but in our own days we observe that they almost always do harm when they interfere in politics; they are such fierce, such bitter, such unscrupulous partisans. But we cannot help having a sympathy with a lady who proclaimed a fancy for Conservative cloth, if Conservative cloth might be interpreted to mean cloth something like what cloth used to be. What a real comfort it would be to get any cloth that was not mere shoddy with a beautiful gloss on it! The beef question was surely one of the smallest ever submitted to a legal tribunal. The case of the petitioners resolved itself into an allegation that there was at least half a sirloin and a couple of ribs too much. The petition was dismissed with costs, and the great electioneering assizes of 1869 were over. What has been the general result of these assizes? Speaking briefly, and in round numbers, we may say that the seats attacked by petitions have been little over a hundred, that four-tenths of the petitions have been unsuccessful, four-tenths have been withdrawn, and two-tenths have ended in victory. Thirteen Conservatives and nine Liberals have been unseated on petition. This is all. The Judges have done no more than declare one seat out of every five attacked to have been attacked successfully. As a rule, petitions have been a gross failure. The petitioners have been lured on, hoping that their evidence might turn out better than it seemed, believing that at the last moment new evidence might be forthcoming, striving to persuade themselves that some queer point of law might be ruled in their favour. But they have learnt wisdom by bitter experience. It is, in language which we trust is appropriate in a Derby week, at least four to one against a petitioner. It is scarcely possible to conceive that henceforth petitioners will be forthcoming. The costs will be found to be very heavy, and the prospect of unseating a member very slight. The whole drift of the decisions is in favour of sitting members. They have been regarded as holders of a *primâ facie* title in fee simple, which it would need something very extraordinary indeed to override. There are, indeed, dangers which candidates are apt to run, but the Judges have, with great kindness and foresight, pointed out almost every danger a candidate need fear, and taught him how to guard against it. If an election were held again this year, candidates would profit by the decisions of the Judges, and would show that they knew exactly what is permissible and what is not. The main success achieved by the Judges is, that they have made it perfectly clear what may be done and what may not be done. Money must not be given to buy votes; meat and drink must not be given on the condition or understanding that the person who eats or drinks shall vote in a particular way; and voters must not be threatened with physical harm, or with immediate loss of employment, if they vote as they wish. If these simple rules are kept in mind, candidates may do very much what they like.

The tribunal which has thus ended its first session has in many respects fully answered the high expectations that were formed of it. Justice has been dealt out in a summary, striking, and effective way; the cost of petitions has probably

been reduced, and in each locality an impression has been produced that the best result at which the law could arrive has been attained. Nor has there as yet been any sign of the evil which the judges themselves feared, any indication that the unsullied probity of the Bench has been lowered in popular estimation, or that even the most wrongheaded believe that the judges have been guided by feelings of political partisanship. Nor is it at all fair to measure the good effects of the new system by the amount of bribery and intimidation which it has detected and punished. It ought also to be credited with the vast amount of corrupt practices which the mere dread of it prevented. There were hundreds of evil-minded and corrupt electioneering agents who were simply restrained from pouring out money and beer like water by the thought of the judges who would come down to the scene of corruption, and detect and expose the offenders. So far as the trials of these petitions have shown, there was not much direct bribery, or flagrant intimidation, or open treating at the last election; and there can be no doubt that the absence of these evils was in a great measure due to the fear which the judges inspired. At the next election, the lessons now set will not be forgotten, and in all probability there will be no bribery like the bribery of Dublin, of Norwich, or of Bridgewater, no wholesale treating like that of Bradford, no coarse tyranny of intimidation like that at Westbury. All this good has sprung and will spring from the new system; and, if we are to judge it fairly, we must acknowledge how excellent some of its immediate effects have been. On the other hand, we have no doubt that its general result is not to make money and beer and tyranny less powerful than they have been, but, on the contrary, to make them much more powerful, if only they are in the hands of those who will condescend to use discretion. The rich man may spend thousands and thousands of pounds in a borough, he may cheer the hearts of all supporters with good food and good drink, and he may make it understood that to vote for him means ease for the poor man, and to vote against him means ruin, and yet that to bring an election petition against him would be quite hopeless. This is the weak point of the position in which we now find ourselves. The check on corrupt practices is the presentation of petitions; but the law has been so interpreted as to make it mere folly to present petitions. Even under present circumstances, when it was not known how the judges would decide, and when inveterate habits of corruption were so strong in some boroughs that no apprehension of detection could arrest the proceedings of the old managers of bribes, only one seat in five of those attacked has been attacked successfully. For the future, when electioneering agents have studied the decisions, and seen exactly what they may do and what they may not do, either no petitions will be presented, or not one in ten will succeed, and petitioners will not like running the risk of costs, and going through the odium and the very dirty practices in the purchase of evidence which are found necessary, merely to be defeated after all. Petitions will, we may guess, be very sparingly presented, and then the check supplied by the judges will be removed, or very much mitigated in its effect. Corruption and intimidation will become a little more audacious each time, until at last good cases for petitions are discovered. There will then be some successful petitions, and a warning will be given. The evil for a time will diminish until again, as vigilance is relaxed, it begins to grow, and so the cycle will be repeated. We know tolerably well now what the system of trying petitions by Common-Law judges will do for purity of elections and what it will not, and if we come to the conclusion that its effects, excellent up to a point, are very limited in their operation, we must be prepared to rely on other agencies, and to seek for aids to electoral innocence either in new legislation or in the gradual improvement of the standard of political morality in the country.

The judges are not in any way to be blamed for the disappointment which their decisions have undoubtedly caused, although it is undeniable that at first they were inclined to regard the cases submitted to them from a point of view much more favourable to petitioners than that which they ultimately adopted. At the outset they were, without question, disposed to consider themselves as persons having it in charge to suppress evil practices at elections. They surveyed election practitioners from a moral elevation, and wished to put down bribery and treating and intimidation. As time wore on, they entirely gave up any notions of the sort. They ceased to act as agents of the public, or as representatives of electoral purity, and merely appeared as persons whose business it was to confirm a sitting member in his seat, unless a clear legal case could be made out against him. This is entirely in keeping with the province of the judge as known to English law. He exists to protect every one in possession, except those against whose possession a better title can be made out. It is no part of the duties of a judge to help society, or to improve morals, or to supplement legislation. He is simply a person taking 5,000*l.* a year to keep A. comfortable, until B. can show a clear legal right to make him uncomfortable. The judges protected the sitting member, unless the petitioners could clearly make out an undeniable case against him. The public have been disappointed at this, for they thought that the judges would do something more, and that they would help the investigation in the interests of the public, so that evil practices might be detected and punished. But the judges, after some hesitation, declined this function. It is contrary to all the traditions of English law for the judge to turn himself into counsel for either side. He is to wait and see how the game is played, and what forces and what skill each party brings into the contest. It is not in any way the business of an English judge to see that justice is done. He believes that he would lose all his influence and usefulness if he attempted anything of the sort. He is merely authorized to pronounce whether the plaintiff has made out his case against the defendant. That the recent decisions of the three Election Judges have been sound in law is beyond question; but the public did not understand exactly the grounds on which they were given, and so were disheartened at finding that corruption was not to be put down as much as was hoped. And it must be owned that this feeling was in a large measure justified by some of the earlier decisions, in which the judges had assumed a different position, and had appeared to countenance the notion that they were performing a moral duty in the interests of society. There is an undeniable discrepancy between the earlier and the later decisions; and although this is exactly what must happen in every department of law which is in course of formation, it naturally awakens some feelings of surprise and disappointment. In the early days of these election petitions, for example, Baron MARTIN laid down, at Bradford, that the mere expenditure of a very large and totally unnecessary sum of money in a borough threw a taint of evil practices on a candidate. This was a view quite inconsistent with the notion subsequently adopted, that a candidate might spend any number of thousands of pounds he pleased, so long as the petitioner could not fix on a particular act of bribery, or prove that when a man ate a sandwich he ate it, and was meant to eat it, with an intention to let his vote depend on it. The Bradford decision was reversed in the cases of Youghal and Westminster. A candidate is now held to be entitled to spend exactly as much as he likes in legitimate expenses, and everything is legitimate which is not demonstrably corrupt. Rich men may read the general conclusions to be drawn from the decisions with the utmost satisfaction; and they will soon be brought to believe that not only is money as powerful as it ever was, but that the judges have taught apt scholars exactly how to spend it. Whether we try to do something more for purity of election by fresh legislation is another question, but at any rate it is a good beginning for fresh legislation that it should have been proved conclusively what the new system of trying petitions will do and what it will not do. It will secure the cheap, speedy, and notorious punishment of specific acts of gross bribery, intimidation, and treating, if detected; and it will protect the sitting member if he has spent thousands and thousands of pounds, and has treated and intimidated, provided he remembers a few simple rules which the judges have laid down. This is the upshot of the decisions, and those who lament the poverty, as they term it, of the result may ask themselves what more the judges could have done unless they were to assume the novel character, not of arbiters between disputants, but of moral censors and ministers of public justice.

MR. FORSTER ON ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

MR. FORSTER, in his late speech at Bradford, expressed a natural hope that his defence of his country against the charges preferred by Mr. SUMNER might reach a portion of the American people. To those Englishmen who, from the commencement of the civil war to its end, thought it becoming to maintain an absolute neutrality in word as well as in act, it is satisfactory to find that an able and earnest partisan of the Northern cause refutes by arguments which, proceeding from such a quarter, almost amount to evidence, the wantonly unjust imputations by which the politicians of the United States seek to fasten a quarrel upon England. That Mr. FORSTER's speech should affect public opinion, or the expression of public opinion, in America, is in the highest degree im-

probable. The timidity or gregarious unanimity which seems to be a result of popular sovereignty has in this instance, as on other occasions, absolutely silenced dissent. Only three months ago, when it was reported on good authority that General GRANT held the opinions which have since been announced by Mr. SUMNER, the moderate Republican papers pointed out the impropriety of preferring demands which led by a logical, if not a practical, necessity to war; yet Mr. SUMNER'S extravagant appeal to popular prejudice was immediately adopted by all parties and all political writers as an authoritative statement of the national claims. It is true that there has since been a perceptible reaction on the part of journalists who feel that they have compromised their intellectual character and self-respect; but little attempt has been made to correct the wildest popular misconceptions. Mr. FORSTER'S speech will be searched, if it is noticed at all, for admissions to be used in the controversy against England. Mr. SUMNER'S speech was studded with quotations from Mr. COBDEN, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER himself, as zealous friends of America who had employed all their argumentative and rhetorical powers to vindicate the Northern cause. The references to English testimony were as secure from retaliation as they were characteristically ungenerous. The closest research would fail to disclose a single friendly expression towards England uttered since 1861 by any American except Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, whose after-dinner speeches are not likely to be quoted. The *New York Herald*, which Mr. FORSTER mentions as a journal hostile to England, was not more habitually insulting or bitter in its language, from the very commencement of the war, than the principal Republican journals. The vituperation which was professedly provoked by the ravages of the *Alabama* had reached its loudest before a plank of the vessel was laid. When the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the Federal House of Representatives applauded Captain WILKES for insulting the English flag, the utmost pettifogging audacity would have been puzzled to invent a claim for damages incurred by the act or default of the English Government. The unofficial leaning to the South of which Mr. SUMNER childishly complains was in a great measure caused by the incessant abuse directed by Republican writers and speakers against England. During the whole course of the war, no motion unfriendly to the United States was carried in either House of Parliament, and the leaders of both parties discouraged to the utmost of their power all discussion on the subject. The Lower House of Congress has more than once passed, without a dissenting voice, resolutions which had no possible object except to serve as affronts to England.

Mr. FORSTER'S account of his own exertions to procure the issue of the Proclamation of Neutrality might almost extract a retractation from Mr. SUMNER himself, if he were subject to the European weakness of shame. That a measure urgently promoted by the friends of the North was an unwarrantable concession to the South, is a proposition which is refuted as soon as it is stated. Mr. SUMNER'S distinction between war on land and war at sea would be entirely inapplicable to the circumstances, even if it were not an arbitrary novelty in international jurisprudence. Belligerents on land are necessarily at war on the sea; nor is it possible in a declaration of neutrality to distinguish between two fields of hostility. It might be contended with equal plausibility that during a mountain campaign cavalry were not entitled to belligerent rights, because they could only be used in the open country. As a matter of fact, the Confederacy possessed a coast line of two thousand miles, including numerous ports which would have remained open if they had not been excluded from intercourse with the outward world by a formal exercise of the rights of war. If the Southern ports had not been blockaded, the Proclamation of Neutrality would have been highly beneficial to the North; and the blockade which was actually enforced furnished a conclusive proof of belligerency. As Mr. FORSTER truly states, his own argument against interference with the Federal blockade was necessarily founded on the proof that it was efficiently maintained. No tribunal or writer on international law has ever alleged that a Government is liable for the private enterprise of its subjects who at their own risk attempt to break a blockade. The Proclamation of Neutrality, exclusively addressed to English subjects, operated as a warning that, in disregarding a lawful blockade, they would forfeit the protection to which they would have been entitled if their Government had refused to recognise a state of war.

The demands which are founded on the Proclamation of Neutrality, even if they had been otherwise admissible, cannot be preferred in good faith unless they are addressed to France as well as to England. The recognition of belligerent rights by Russia herself was equally comprehensive, and it was issued only three or four weeks after the declaration of England and France. The excuse that the English Proclamation was especially obnoxious because the Confederates afterwards derived resources from England involves the assumption that the Proclamation was not in itself a substantial grievance. It is true that arms were imported from England, and not from France, into the Confederate territory, and that English merchant-vessels attempted, with varying success, to elude the blockade; but if French makers of military stores could have undersold their English competitors, they would have commanded a preference in the Southern market; and it happened that the North was supplied, far more largely than the South, from English workshops. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS once declared that it was only with the aid of supplies procured from England that the Government of Washington had been able to conquer the South; and his assertion, if not strictly accurate, was nearer the truth than Mr. SUMNER'S counter-statement. The profitable though hazardous business of blockade-running necessarily fell into the hands of a population accustomed to maritime enterprise. The stoppage of the supply of American cotton had inflicted exceptional damage on English industry, and the enormous profits to be obtained from occasional cargoes of cotton formed an irresistible attraction to adventurous traders. The escape of the *Alabama* from the Mersey forms the only plausible ground of complaint during a four years' war which paralysed the principal English manufacture. In the subsequent admission of the *Alabama* to the privileges ordinarily accorded to ships of war, England once more occupied the same position with France. If the ship had been, according to law as well as in popular American phraseology, a pirate, France, as well as England, would have committed a wrong against the United States in affording hospitality to a corsair; yet it is notorious that the *Alabama* sailed from the port of Cherbourg on the evening before her final conflict with the *Kearsarge*. If Mr. FORSTER is accurately informed, the Emperor of the FRENCH urged in vain upon the English Government a proposal to recognise the independence of the Confederacy. It is at least certain that he would gladly have shared with England a policy which would have saved him from the mortification of a compulsory retreat from Mexico.

But for the discouraging result of long and uninterrupted experience, it might be hoped that the American people would reconsider demands which are absolutely without reasonable pretext. The unanimity of all parties in England on the question since the delivery of Mr. SUMNER'S discreditable speech has a significance which is perhaps imperfectly appreciated in Washington or in New York. In this country no feeling of ill-will has ever been entertained to the United States, nor have the strong sympathies with America of a large section of the community been concealed or overborne. Many of those who are most firmly resolved to decline both humiliation and the payment of Mr. SUMNER'S two or three hundred millions have, during and after the civil war, been considered by their opponents as violent American partisans; yet even the silly fable of a Cabinet discussion which imposed on Mr. SUMNER represented Mr. BRIGHT as opposed to extravagant and impossible pretensions. Mr. FORSTER, as might be expected, still addresses complimentary language to a personal friend who is the most prominent enemy of England. There is no harm in good-humour or in courteous words, but respect for a man or a nation is not less clearly shown by argumentative confutation and by protests against ostentatious injustice. It is admitted that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S professions, and even the civil expressions which were elicited in turn, furnished natural causes of irritation to a community conscious of opposite feelings. No similar excuse would exist if offence were taken at the indignant rejection of a demand which must have been intended as an insult. The adjournment of the controversy, although previous postponements have only tended to aggravate hostile feelings, seems at present to afford the only chance of avoiding a rupture.

THE NAVAL RESERVE.

MR. CHILDERS' experiment of giving the Naval Volunteers a taste of salt-water discipline aboard the fleet is success in more ways than one, and he has shown the importance he attaches to it by accompanying the men on their cruise. The Naval Reserve had become so much of a mystery that scarcely any one knew what materials it was made of, or what reliance could be placed on it. For some years after its

first formation there was a general sense of relief from the anxiety which had always before been felt when there was occasion to man a fleet. Sir CHARLES NAPIER's tinkers and tailors, cabmen and roughs, with whom he eked out the narrow complement of Coastguard men for his Baltic crews during the Russian war, gave us a specimen of what the old system inevitably led to. Independently of the Reserve, the difficulty has since been greatly diminished by the increased popularity of the naval service, but the establishment of blue jackets has to be so rapidly augmented on the outbreak of war that nothing but a trustworthy Reserve can ever fill the gap. But is the Reserve trustworthy? Are they good men and true, up to their work when afloat, and safe not to shirk when called upon? This question has of late been asked in a tone of suspicion which there were no definite facts to justify, and unfortunately it is one that can never be conclusively answered until the pinch is felt. All that can be done in peace time is to get opportunities of meeting the men face to face, and judging whether they come from the right class, to test their readiness by asking them to volunteer for service a little beyond the letter of their bond, and to ascertain from their discipline and alacrity on board ship whether they have entered into their engagements heartily and frankly with a disposition to fulfil their obligations to the utmost, or have merely accepted their retaining fee as a boon, with only a very hazy idea of performing their part of the contract. The experimental cruise with the Channel Fleet is, of course, not a conclusive test of the tone of the Reserve; but, so far as can be judged, every indication leads one to rely on the force as a really trustworthy source of strength.

The strength required to complete (together with the Coastguard contingent) the manning of the squadron was about 1,700; not much more than a tenth of the whole number on the register, though of course a very much larger proportion of those who are at any one time in England. Probably, as specially enthusiastic volunteers, they may be the cream of the force; but, considering the various engagements of the men, there may be enough behind to man many such fleets, ready if occasion should require it. If they were anything like a fair sample of the whole body, the reports are most encouraging. It seems universally agreed that they were as fine a lot of seamen as need be gathered on a man-of-war's deck, and though they had not, and could not have, all the smartness which a thoroughly-trained navy crew exhibits after a year or so in commission, there is no suggestion of any lack either of zeal or capability. The rapidity and intelligence with which they are said to have mastered the new drill with 12-ton guns is a sign that their hearts were in their work; and it is no disparagement to them to say that, after they had been some time at sea in one of HER MAJESTY's ships, they would learn to get in a reef in about half the time which it took them to accomplish the task. By no means the least important part of the experiment was that it was the first trial of the Reserve officers in the duties of the fleet, and it does not seem that the handling of the ships was much the worse for the substitution of the officers of merchantmen for the regular naval staff. Mr. CHILDERS will probably have something to say in Parliament about the experience he has gained, and, whatever it may be, it can scarcely be otherwise than encouraging, unless the reports from the fleet are singularly inaccurate. So far as it goes, this trial trip seems to establish the soundness of the Reserve organization. If every man could be found when wanted, or within a few months of the summons, we might man half-a-dozen such fleets as that which put to sea on this occasion with the Reserve alone; and even after every allowance for possible defaulters, the enormous strength gained by the system can scarcely be too highly estimated. The power to add a dozen or a score of ironclads to our active fleet immediately after the declaration of war might in many cases ensure an almost immediate triumph, and instead of waiting weary months for the men to make up the complement of a single ship, our only difficulty, if the Reserve is to be relied on, will be to find ships for the men at our disposal. And even this may indirectly be facilitated by the existence of the Reserve. One great cause of our slow progress in shipbuilding has been the enormous expense of keeping in commission at all times a fleet sufficient in itself to make a respectable show at a moment's notice. With a large body of men always available to meet any emergency, it may not be necessary to maintain the peace strength of the navy at so high a standard as has been required when there were no assured means of rapid recruiting. If this outlay were diminished, there would be something more than a poor ten or fifteen per cent. of the Navy Estimates available for the building of new ships; and with an ample supply of first-class vessels, of which only a few were in commission, and a reserve of men behind, we might be much stronger than with a larger force afloat, and neither ships nor men ready to increase its strength.

Except as a trial of the Reserve, the cruise does not seem to have done much to extend our very defective system of naval evolutions, and with scratch crews, got together at short notice, most of whom trod the deck of a man-of-war for the first time in their lives, it would have been out of place to experiment upon the manœuvres which the modern class of ships seems to call for. Indeed, almost all the work was done under sail, and the tactical evolutions which were practised under steam were of the simplest kind. From line abreast to column, from divisions to sub-divisions, and the like, were the only movements, and the echellon and other formations which have been proposed for the handling of a steam fleet in action were wholly omitted from the programme. What was done, however, is favourably reported of; and if the Admiral has as much to say for his crews as the representatives of the press who accompanied him, we may take it as settled, at any rate, that a first-class crew may be got out of the Reserve which it has been a little the fashion of late to disparage. If the cruise suffices only to check the professional carpers at a force which is half commercial and half naval, it will justify Mr. CHILDERS' policy, for carping in such cases is as mischievous as genuine criticism is useful. There is always a certain element, in any body of professional fighters, distinguished by its prejudices against anything like civilian intrusion. Neither in the army nor the navy is it a large or influential section, and the navy may be congratulated on reproducing the obnoxious type even more rarely than the army does. It is a pity that our Volunteer soldiers cannot be taken out on an expedition analogous to this cruise of the Reserve. A fortnight's march would perhaps teach them and their critics a great deal which both are now in need of learning, and we have no doubt that the broad result would be as creditable to the civilian soldiers as the recent cruise has been to civilian sailors. We hope, now that the plan has once been successfully tried, that it will be part of the annual programme of the Admiralty, and that in the course of a few years nearly the whole of the Reserve force will have been passed under review, and taught a practical lesson in the duties which they have undertaken.

THE BELFAST MEETING.

ONE is almost disposed to think that the recent translation of O'CONNELL's mortal relics has been accompanied by a transmigration of his spirit. *In nova fert animus*; we must chronicle a metempsychosis; and Mr. JOHNSTON, the Ulster Orangeman, is, according to his friends and audience, going to revive not only the last great agitator, but something more considerable and ancient, and, what is more to the purpose, more successful. The Rev. HENRY HENDERSON, at the late Orange meeting at Belfast over which Mr. JOHNSTON presided, sees in the occasion a necessity for reviving the old Scottish Covenant, and, while remarking that Protestants were loyal, he ballasted the avowal with a hint that loyalty has its limits. This indirect and clerical suggestion of rebellion was expanded by a bolder voice, that of an anonymous layman, who exclaimed, "We will make "JOHNSTON another CROMWELL, and kick out the Parliament." The Rev. Dr. BAYLEE blesses by anticipation the coming rebellion, and does not scruple to take a good thing, though it comes from the Devil's hands. Some liberated Fenian, it appears, in the pretty grateful way of his kind, had said that "many of the battle-trained children of Ireland"—trained, if anywhere, in SMITH O'BRIEN's cabbage garden—"would rise up and strike down another foe," meaning England. "GOD grant it!" piously ejaculated the Rev. Dr. BAYLEE of Monaghan. With the exception of Major-General DOBBS—who, being a soldier, perhaps knows what civil war is, and therefore said nothing about fighting—a very bellicose feeling was generally displayed by the orators at Belfast. If Mr. ENGLISH invoked "the principles of Derry, "Aughrim, Enniskillen, and the Boyne," Mr. MACRORY, who did credit to his sonorous name, goes further to the root of the matter, and appeals to the more substantial sieges and battles and blood of those sweet memories. The Repeal of the Union, it seemed to be assumed, would and ought to follow —and one of the resolutions declared this openly—as a matter of course, from the passing of Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill. The existing disaffection of the South is to be helped by a future and complementary disaffection of the North; and, as far as we can make head or tail out of the Belfast programme,

it seems to hint at an understanding, if not a union, between Fenians and Orangemen, and a common cause against the integrity of the British Empire.

There is nothing much to be surprised at in all this. It is Dean McNEILE's talk about the Canon Law translated into the language of the stump. Much the same violent sentiment, though not in language quite so offensive, was delivered by Lord HARROWBY at Birmingham a day or two ago. In England it is the old No Popery howl; in Ireland it is the last shriek of Protestant ascendency. The Ulster meeting, with its eighty, or a hundred, thousand of auditors, represents the thing, the system, which the Government measure means to put down. And on both sides the significance of the occasion is understood. One of the speakers was explicit enough on the only point worth his or anybody else's consideration. "They "would not profess themselves satisfied with any tinkering of "the Bill. They did not propose the acceptance of terms to "the House of Lords. Nothing but the absolute rejec- "tion of the Bill would satisfy them." Nor, in fact, would this satisfy them. The repeal of the Emancipation Act, and the revival of the old Reign of Terror and proscription, is what the Ulster Protestants want. And nothing short of this ought to satisfy them. Glebe houses and glebe lands they pronounce to be a shallow bribe. The two things, Protestantism and Romanism, cannot stand side by side. If one is up, the other must be down. They demand a new "crusade"; it is their own word. They forecast on the authority of some ancient prophesy, dating in the year '99, a blessed era when Protestantism is to overrun the land. Ulster was colonized to extirpate Popery; the whole of Ireland must be Ulsterized, and of course by the same good old means. This is good, sound, orthodox Orangeism, though at this time of day it suggests rather a sucked orange than any other condition of the historical fruit. It is not our business to remind the Belfast orators that all this is to play into Mr. GLADSTONE's hands. This is precisely what he wants. The PREMIER's argument is that Protestant ascendency and the dear delight of trampling down an enemy is not dead, and those who cheer Mr. JOHNSTON, and look forward to another Cromwellian raid, go very far to justify him. Lord HARROWBY even goes so far as to complain indirectly of the interference of the magistrates with MURPHY's mobs. Now, it is not our affair to point out how irretrievably this sort of menace and bluster damages the policy, supposing that a policy has been arrived at by the Opposition, which in some form or other must be attempted in the House of Lords. The last declaration of the intentions of the Lords, announced in what, for lack of another, we must style the Opposition organ, will be very displeasing to the Belfast Protestants. It is neither "expected nor desired that the Lords should reject the Bill." Its principle has been decided by an invincible and overwhelming majority of the constituencies. Even the *Standard* admits this, and then goes on to argue that "An overwhelm- "ing majority of the Lower House, and the antecedent ap- "proval of the country," these are not things to be opposed, and "in the end the Lords must yield to the pronounced "will of the nation." Even the second reading must be permitted; but, then, what the nation has pronounced about is the simple, single fact of "disestablishment and disendowment of "such parts of its revenues as the Irish Church holds in virtue "of its establishment." And it is added, we suppose on authority, that there are some amendments not essential to the principles of the Bill which the Lords must insist on. We may as well name them. The bonus left to the disestablished Church must be capitalized. This is the first point; and the second is, that the glebes of Ulster cannot be left to the Church, for a very curious reason, because these lands were given "to "the Church not as the Church of the State, but as the Church "of the Protestant settlers, and given on conditions which have "been fulfilled to the uttermost"—that is to say, that Protestantism has persecuted with all its powers as long as it could, and is quite ready and willing to persecute again, if the men of Ulster can get the chance. And, further, the disestablished body ought to have the same unlimited right of holding land with the Romanists. We shall not discuss these amendments; but, speaking summarily, it seems that the fight in the Lords is to turn upon what is meant by private endowments, and into an historical and archæological inquiry into the precise date at which the Irish Church as it is assumed its present character and *esse*—an inquiry precisely as futile as the date of the Reformation. Why for once we quote the *Standard* as a political organ, is to show that the Belfast decisions are directly in the teeth of the proposed policy of the Opposition. And this, at any rate, removes one difficulty. Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS cannot gird themselves to battle on the details of the Bill with much heart, when they are so very plainly assured by the only strong Irish party worth considering, that they will get no thanks or gratitude for their pains. It will be, or ought to be, once more a case of the traitor STANLEY, if Irish Protestantism will "not be satisfied with any tinkering of the Bill." The Bill will be passed tinkered or untinkered; but in either case, the Ulster Protestants will occupy precisely the same position towards the British Empire. This they have announced at Belfast. They have been robbed; they have been spoiled; their compact of union has been unjustly broken; henceforth they owe no allegiance to the Imperial Government other than Poland owes to Russia, or Venetia owed to Austria. Indeed, the Irish wrong is greater, because it is not only a political, but a religious, outrage and robbery. "A state of "irremediable chronic rebellion"—these are their own words —is what the Ulster men say must come of the passing of the Bill in any shape. And the *Standard* assures us that the Bill must be passed in some shape or other.

Had we not had some experience of the vanity of Irish talk, and did not some of us remember that precisely the same threats of rebellion, wars, and rumours of rising were used in nearly the same language at the passing of the Emancipation Act, we should say that there was something serious in this bluster and menace. And in a sense there is. To be sure neither the heads of the Irish Church nor the leaders of the forlorn hope in the Commons adopt this language, and every one of them was conspicuous by his absence from Belfast last Saturday. But with all this important abatement from the importance of the meeting, it shows that there are materials in the North of Ireland which may, if the right sort of demagogue can be developed by the present fermentation and seething, lead, not to anything so intelligible as an insurrection, but to a vast amount of ill-feeling. At present Government has got an argument, we do not say the strongest of arguments, but an argument to meet in the undoubted fact that the pacificatory measure does not seem likely to lead to peace. This is urged as to the present. But then as to the future, the Belfast meeting announces worse woes, and Ministers are met by the assurance that the pacificatory measure will only raise up Fenians of another description. The lesser and immediate evil the Government will say they can afford to disregard, and they will not be slow to avail themselves of the argument for passing the Bill whole and undiluted, that after all it is only opposed on principle by those who make no scruple of avowing their inchoate treason. A menace, however wild, of dismembering the Empire, and a threat, however tumid, uttered by a hundred thousand men, who can, and not after dinner, lick their lips at the thought of a state of irremediable chronic rebellion, is just the thing to set our backs up. The apparent apathy of the Irish Protestants helped Mr. GLADSTONE much, but even this apathy admitted of two constructions. This last and sudden outbreak of Orangeism will help him much more, for it can have but one meaning.

THE COURSE OF EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

WE are frequently treated to speculations upon the probable future of the population of America. Will the United States break to pieces sooner or later under their own weight, or will they spread north and south till they include everything from the Polar regions to the Isthmus of Panama? What will be the character and the political institutions of the vast population which in all probability will fill what is still known as the West, but will soon be the central region of North America? Prophecy on such matters is notoriously as unsatisfactory as it is tempting. Everybody likes to have an opinion as to what will happen a century or so hence, because there is no chance of his being confuted at present, and very little chance that any one will take the trouble to confute him after he is dead. The future supplies an unlimited fund of consolation for all who have stumbled in their calculations as to the present. We would by no means deter any one from so harmless an amusement. Americans derive infinite pleasure from calculating the numbers of the vast multitudes who for uncounted centuries are to listen to Fourth of July orations in the broad valley of the Mississippi, whilst their detractors may count up the many obstacles that oppose the realization of such a dream. Others may be content with a humbler task, which is not without its pleasures—that, namely, of showing that nobody knows very much about the matter. When we can't blow bubbles for ourselves it affords a gentle amusement to puncture those raised by our friends. It is indeed easy to prove that many elements must be taken into account in forming the horoscope of America, upon which it is simply impossible to arrive at any accurate judgment. One of these is the future of the emigration from Europe. No one can tell with any approach to certainty what will be its character or

its influence. Will the Americans of the future descend chiefly from an English, an Irish, or a German parentage? Will the negro survive and multiply, or will he have to struggle, not only against the American, but against a Chinese population? Can the native population hold its own, and is there any, and what, truth in the allegations that have been made of its stationary or even declining powers of reproduction in comparison with the incoming races? Will the national type of the different constituents of the population be preserved or blended into one, and will they gravitate towards different centres or interpenetrate each other throughout the country? To all these and many similar questions we can only answer, that nobody can speak with any confidence, and that a very large experience will be necessary before any degree of certainty is reached.

Thus, for example, some curious results have been lately stated in regard to emigration. It is generally said that the New England population, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence, were almost as pure a race as the inhabitants of the Mother-country. Indeed Americans, who do not often fail on the side of moderation of statement, occasionally declare that they not only spoke better English, but were more genuine Englishmen. However this may have been, the tables have been strangly turned. Up to the time of the war the immigration was reckoned at about 5,000,000, half of which came from the British islands—the great majority of this half being Irishmen, and the larger proportion of the remainder from Germany. The immigrants, together with their descendants, formed at least a quarter of the whole white population. The war only acted as a very slight check upon the influx of foreigners, which has since continued with unabated energy. There is, however, a marked change in the character of the immigration. The year 1854 was the first in which the German immigrants exceeded the Irish, and they maintained their superiority for some years. During the war the Germans fell off and the Irish increased; since that time it seems that the German element has again taken the lead. Last year, according to the most recent statement we have seen, the Germans formed about half, and the Irish only a quarter, of the whole; and, which is also worth noticing, the great majority came from Protestant districts. The Scandinavian races send a considerable contingent, and the English immigration has also increased. Any one who is acquainted accurately with all the statistics, and accurately appreciates the political, economical, and social condition of the various European races, possesses the materials from which some estimate may be made of the probable future of emigration. He will be able to say which of the rival constituents of the American population has the largest reserves to draw upon; whether Irishmen are likely to transport themselves, though not their island, some three thousand miles to the West, whether English artisans, as we might be disposed to infer from some recent manifestations at Preston and other manufacturing districts, are likely to follow the example of Irish peasants; and whether Hans Breitmann is likely to be reinforced by some millions of devotees of *lager-bier* and the Infinite; and, on the other hand, whether American principles of commerce and taxation may prove to exercise a deterrent influence. It is remarkable, indeed, that these zealous Protectionists are resolved, in the interest of the labouring classes, to protect everything except labour. In order, as they declare, to prevent the American labourer from sinking to the level of his depressed brother in Europe, they hamper their own power of production, and allow any amount of paupers to be imported. This intelligent policy may ultimately check emigration by diminishing the demand for labour; but it is scarcely possible that the most perverse ingenuity can permanently injure the attractions of their vast natural resources. In all probability, a great immigration will continue, though it is more difficult to guess at its composition, or to determine its effect upon the American character. One or two points, however, may be worth noticing.

In the first place, the rapidity with which Americans have developed a distinctive national type is a very remarkable phenomenon. If the New England population was really as homogeneous as is said—and it certainly appears, on their own showing, that every true Yankee had an ancestor on board the *Mayflower*, who also left a piece of furniture to his descendants by way of ocular proof of the fact—this is far from holding good of the population of the other States. Dutch and Swedes and Germans and Huguenots have mixed with every variety of British subject to form the groundwork of the population. Yet, in spite of many minor differences, there is no more pronounced national type than the American. We recognise him at a glance in any European country with a certainty which is scarcely so great in the case of any other people. If his outward appearance is not sufficiently distinctive, a few words are enough to betray him. It is singular, indeed, that a people drawn from such heterogeneous sources should have, as its characteristic weakness, a want of individuality, and a too close resemblance among the different units of the mass. It seems to imply that the circumstances in which a people is placed may have more influence than their hereditary peculiarities. Some eccentric theorists have imagined that the imported population derives a certain local colour from the soil, and that the Americans show certain symptoms of conforming to the Red Indian type. It may be said with more plausibility that the climate has a great influence in producing that peculiar variety of lanky and sallow humanity which our caricaturists delight in picturing. Undoubtedly the ruddy and succulent Englishman or German is rapidly parched into a different being by the extremes of American climate. Many moral causes, however, conspire in the same direction. Many of the Western States have received, if not the mass of their population, at least the most intelligent and active part of it, from New England. The infusion has leavened the whole mass, and the descendants of the Puritans have acted as the schoolmasters and political teachers of the rising generation. The enormous emigration of the last twenty years has, however, altered the conditions. In such towns as New York and Philadelphia there are huge lumps of a foreign population which has not as yet been melted down. Rural districts are to be found where the inhabitants are exclusively German or Swedish or Welsh. In many of the Western towns the German traveller may walk down whole streets, and fancy himself back in Fatherland. Is the assimilating power of the native population sufficient to absorb these foreign elements without being materially altered in the process? The better part of the German emigration consists of a singularly tenacious and plodding race, who take a very firm root in the land. Is it not possible that they may act upon the more vivacious and volatile Yankee at least as forcibly as he acts upon them? To add a strong infusion of the Teutonic element would remind one of pouring beer into a gin cocktail. The result of such an experiment is being tried on a large scale; and to all appearance it is likely to be continued for some time to come. When the emigrants were scattered widely over a large surface, they would easily conform to the manners and customs of the natives. Now that they form large isolated masses, it is scarcely possible that they should not produce a more marked influence. At the same time, the population of the States is now so large, and has assumed so marked a character, that a much greater immigration than formerly would be required to produce an equal effect. The inflowing stream bears a constantly decreasing proportion to the reservoir into which it is poured. Some of the large towns are to a great extent swamped by the Irish population; but the predominant element of the nation is as unmistakeably as ever the native American.

Another curious influence of the emigration is upon the religions of the country. The city government of New York is so exclusively under Irish and Roman Catholic control, that it gives away land to Roman Catholic churches, and favours the attempts of the priests to interfere with the system of education. It has even been asserted, with some appearance of truth, that the next great difficulty ahead will be a religious quarrel; and that the parties, instead of being Free-trade and Protectionist, or divided by their views of slavery, will be distinguished by their sympathies with different religious sects. The separation of Church and State has hitherto prevented any such disputes from affecting politics; but it does not follow that such antagonistic elements will not contrive to find some battle-ground for their natural animosities. The recent change in the character of the emigration, if it continues, would deprive the Roman Catholics of the principal source from which they have hitherto drawn fresh recruits, and would tend to postpone the anticipated difficulty. Germans, for the most part, take such matters pretty easily; and it is said that there are whole districts in the West, inhabited by Germans, where the population is respectable, quiet, and well-educated, but which have simply no churches or clergy of any description whatever. To pronounce any distinct opinion upon the probable religious future of the United States would be to claim the gift of prophecy; but any one would write a singularly interesting book who should do what Mr. Hepworth Dixon failed to do, and, instead of giving us the eccentricities of a few isolated communities, give us some real information as to the growth and relative influence of the great religious bodies amongst which America is divided.

The influence of emigration upon these and other questions opens many curious subjects of speculation, at which we cannot even hint. Meanwhile it may serve to remind us how many important changes are going on, as it were, surreptitiously, to which our attention is seldom called, and whose real influence it is almost impossible to unravel. We hear a great deal about the ups and downs of party struggles, and the rival merits of successive Presidents; but the silent action of the great movements of the population may be producing changes in comparison with which the temporary ascendency of Republicans or Democrats is a matter of little importance. To mention only one other circumstance, there is much to be said of the possible influence of the new Pacific Railway. The Chinese, it is said, are so frugal and hardworking as to cut out all rival populations. China contains, as we constantly say in figures whose significance we seldom realize, a third of the population of the globe. It is now brought close to the greatest field for labour in the world. Who can say what the consequences may be?

SPHINXES.

THERE are people to whom mystery is the very breath of life, the main element of their existence; without which they are mere insignificant nothings, while by its aid they are magnified into vague and awful potentialities. They are people who take the Sphinx for their model, and, like her, speak darkly and in parables; making secrets of every-day matters patent to the whole world in their simplicity, but which, by the magic of enigmatic handling, become riddles which the curious would give their lives to unravel. Nothing with these people is confessed and above board, and nothing is shown openly so that you may look at it all round, and judge for yourself what it is like and what it is worth.

The utmost they do is to uncover just a corner of something they keep back in the bulk, tantalizing you with glimpses that bewilder and mislead; or they will dangle before you the end of a clue which they want you to take up and follow, making you believe that you will be guided thereby into the very heart of a mystery, and that you will find a treasure hidden in the centre of the maze which will abundantly repay you for the trouble of hunting it out. Nine times out of ten you will find nothing but a scarecrow of no more value than the rags of which it is composed—if even you find that. They are people who repeat to you the most trivial things you may have said years ago, and who remind you of the most unimportant events, all of which you have totally forgotten; but they will speak of them in a mysterious manner, as if they had been matters of vital meaning at the time—things which would open, if followed up, a page in your private history that it were better should be forgotten. As it is a question of memory, you cannot deny point-blank what they affirm; and as we all have pages of private history which we would rather not have read aloud at the market-cross, you are obliged to accept their highly suggestive recollections with a queer feeling of helplessness and being somehow in their power, not knowing how much they are really acquainted with your secret affairs, or whether the signal they have flashed before your eyes is a feint or a revelation. Of the same sort, with a difference, are those who are always going to tell you something some day—people burdened with a perennial mystery which never sees the light. You are for ever tormented with these folks' possibilities of knowledge. You turn over in your own mind every circumstance that you think they could have got hold of; you cunningly subject all your common friends to crafty cross-examination; you go, link by link, through the whole chain connecting you with them; but you can find nothing that leads to the mere outskirts of the mystery—you can make nothing of it; and your sphinx goes on to the end promising some day to tell you something which dies with him untold. Your only consolation is the inner conviction that there was nothing to tell after all.

Then there are sphinxes of a more personal kind—people who keep their affairs a profound secret from every one, who wash all their dirty linen scrupulously at home, and double-lock the door of the cupboard where the family skeleton lives. They are dungeons of silence, unfathomable abysses of reserve. You never know more of them, mind or estate, than what you can learn from the merest outside of things. Look back, and you cannot recollect that you have ever heard them speak of their family or of their early days; and you are not acquainted with a living soul with whom they are connected. You may visit them for years without knowing that such and such a friend is their cousin, or maybe their sister. If they are unmarried men, they have no address save at their club; and neither you nor their most intimate friends have an idea of where they sleep. For all you know to the contrary they may be married, with a fine flourishing family snugly stowed away in some suburban villa, where perhaps they live under another name, or with the omission or addition of a title that effectually masks their real individuality. If this is their special manifestation of sphinxhood, they take as many precautions against being identified as a savage would do when out on a scouting expedition. They obliterate all traces of themselves as soon as they leave their office in the City, and take it as a terrible misfortune if the truth is ever discovered; though there is nothing disgraceful in their circumstances, and their wives and children are healthy and presentable. Most of us have been startled by the sudden discovery, in our own circle of friends, of the wife and children of some member of our society hitherto supposed to be a bachelor and unshackled. All the time that we have been joking him on his celibacy, and introducing him to various young ladies likely to make good wives if properly taught, he has been living in the holy estate a little way out of town, where he is at last stumbled on by some Œdipus who tells the secret to all the world, and blows the mystery to the winds. We may be very sure that the officious Œdipus in question gets no thanks for his pains, and that the sphinx he has unmasked would rather have gone on living in congenial secrecy with his unacknowledged family in that remote suburban villa, than be forced into publicity and recognition; that leading two lives and personating two men, the one as imagined by his friends, the other as known to his belongings, was a kind of existence he liked infinitely better than the commonplace respectability of being *en evidence* throughout. With certain sphinxes, no one but the officials concerned ever knows what they have done, where they have served, or what laurels they have gained. It comes out quite by accident that they were in the Crimea, where, like Jack Poyntz in *School*, they were heroes in their own way, though they don't talk about it; or that they performed prodigies of valour in the Indian Mutiny and obtained the Victoria Cross, which they never wear. This kind has at least the merit of being unboastful, keeping their virtues hidden, like the temple which the sphinx held between her paws, and to which only those had access who knew the secret of the way. But though it is hateful to hear a man blowing his own trumpet in season and out of season, yet it is pleasant to know the good deeds of one's neighbours, and to have the power of admiring what is worthy of admiration. Besides, modesty and mystery are not the same things, and there is a mean to be found between the secrecy of a sphinx making riddles of the most commonplace matters, and the cackle of a hen when she has laid an egg for the baby's breakfast.

The monetary or financial sphinx is one of the oddest of the whole tribe, and quite one of the most mysterious. There are people who live on notoriously small incomes; such as the widows, say, of naval or military men, whose pensions are printed in blue-books, and of whose yearly receipts therefore the world can take exact cognisance; yet who dress in velvet and satin, and go about perpetually in cabs and hired carriages, and are never without money to spend, though always complaining of poverty. How these financial sphinxes manage surpasses the understanding of every one; and by what royal road they arrive at the power of making two do the work of four is hidden from the ordinary believers in Cocker. You know their ostensible income; indeed, they themselves put it at so much; but they keep up a magnificent appearance on a less sum than that on which you go shabby and dilapidated. When you ask them how it is done, they answer, "by management." Anything can be done by management, they say, by those who have the gift; which you feel to be the utterance of the sphinx—a dark saying to which you have not the key. You calculate to the best of your ability, and you know that you are sound in your arithmetic; but, do what you will, you can never come to the rule by which five hundred a year can be made to compass the expenditure of a thousand. If you whisper secret supplies, concealed resources, your sphinx will not so much as wink her eyelid. How she contrives to make her ostensible five hundred do the work of a thousand, how she gets velvet and satin for the value of cotton and stuff, and, though always complaining of poverty, keeps unfailingly flush of cash—how all this is done is her secret, and she holds it sacred; and you may be quite sure of one thing—it is a secret she will never share with you or any one else.

The rapidly-working *littérateur* is another sphinx worth studying as a curiosity—we might say, indeed, a living miracle. There he stands, a jovial, self-indulgent, and enjoying man, out in society every night in the week; by no means abstinent from champagne, and as little given to early rising as he is to consumption of the midnight oil. But he gets through a mass of work which would be respectable in a mere copyist, and which is little less than miraculous in an original producer. How he thinks, when he finds time to make up his plots, to work out his characters, even to correct his proofs, are riddles unanswerable to all his friends. He must write faster than any living man has ever been known to write, taking the mere mechanical act alone, to get through all that goes under his name. And when is it done? Literary sphinxes of this kind go about unchallenged; indeed, they are very much about, and to be beheld everywhere; and one looks at them with respect, not knowing of what material they are made, or of what mysterious gifts they are the possessors. Novels, plays, essays, poems, come pouring forth in never slackening supply; the railway stations and all hoardings are made gorgeous by the announcement of their feats set out in red and blue and yellow; no sooner has one blaze of triumph burnt itself out than another blaze of triumph flares up; and nothing but death or a rich inheritance seems likely to stop their mysterious fecundity. How is it done? That is the secret of the literary sphinx, to which the admiring and amazed brotherhood is anxiously seeking some clue, but up to the present hour it has been kept jealously guarded, and no solution has been arrived at. There is another form of the literary sphinx in the "Nobodies" and "Anons" who speak from out the darkness, and let no man see whence the voice proceeds. They are generally tracked to their lair sooner or later, and the sphinx's head turns out to be only a pasteboard mask, behind which they hid themselves for a while, working much amazement among the wondering crowd while the clasps held good, but losing something of their fervid worship when the reality became known. Others, again, have kept their true abode hidden and their name a mystery still, though there be some who swear they have traced the footsteps, and know exactly where the sphinx lives, and what is the name upon his frontlet, and of what race and complexion he is without his mask. It may be so; but as every discoverer has a track of his own and a name of his own, and as each swears that his sphinx is the real one, and no other, the choice among so many becomes a service of difficulty; and perhaps the wisest thing to do is to suspend judgment until the sphinx of the day chooses to reveal himself by the prosaic means of a title-page, with his name as author printed thereon, and his place of abode jotted down at the foot of the preface.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT'S VISIT.

THE Viceroy of Egypt must be extremely fond of travelling, or extremely forgetful of slights. He is again making a tour among the great capitals of Europe, and his experience of 1867 has not induced him to omit London from his list of stopping-places. Englishmen, it may be hoped, will have longer memories, and will recall how the inattention of those charged with dispensing the hospitality of the nation, and the almost contemporaneous arrival of his nominal suzerain, combined to reduce his visit to a level of melancholy commonplace. Nothing but the intervention of an accidental peer saved us from the disgrace of allowing our guest to go to an inn, like a traveller who has neither friends nor interests in the people among which he finds himself. His reception at Windsor, though it was so far superior to that accorded to the Sultan that he was provided with a dinner and a bed, whereas the Sultan had to content himself with a luncheon, was entirely devoid of all the pomp and circumstance

which befits an occasion of this sort. The loan of a royal carriage or two did save him the necessity of paying his own cab-hire during his stay, and, when this has been said, the catalogue of our national courtesies is pretty well exhausted. He was caught, of course, by the enterprising conductors of the Crystal Palace, and used as a decoy to resuscitate the waning glories of the Dramatic College Fête, and this was perhaps the nearest approach that was made to anything like a public welcome. It is some satisfaction to remember that our shortcomings in this respect awoke some little shame in us even at the time. And lately, when the Viceroy has been entertaining the Prince of Wales after such a very different fashion, Englishmen have probably looked back with real regret to the opportunity which was missed two years ago. Feelings of this kind, however, are extremely evanescent, and unless some care is taken to fix them, June, 1869, may give rise to just as many regrets as July, 1867. If it does, we shall not have a third chance afforded us. The most long-suffering of guests will hardly care to be snubbed three times running.

It is probably useless to hope that Her Majesty will remember on this occasion that she is Queen of England as well as the widow of the Prince Consort. And yet, if the fact that she bears this twofold character could by any means be brought home to her, it might really exercise an appreciable influence on the reputation of this country abroad. From various causes, foreigners have almost ceased to remember that there is such a Power as Great Britain. England still counts for a good deal in mercantile calculations, but, except in houses of business, it is difficult to give any reason why its existence should be kept in mind. The theories of foreign policy which English statesmen have persistently preached for some years have led Continental politicians to treat with entire indifference the opinion of this country on questions of peace and war; and the state of suspended animation in which the Court has been living has been fatal to that pageantry which sometimes creates in the multitude the respect and consideration which statesmanship procured from the wiser few. Ordinarily speaking, a nation can only assert itself through its Sovereign. Royal hospitalities have a corporate character which attaches to no substitute; and, however active the Prince of Wales may show himself in supplying the Queen's place, England cannot be represented to the same extent by the heir as by the occupant of the throne. A theory was started, at the time of the Sultan's visit, that the warmth of his welcome by the populace was in some sort a compensation for the cold comfort vouchsafed to him at the palace, and it is by no means improbable that the cheers which greeted him wherever he appeared in public were intended, consciously or unconsciously, to discharge this function. But a makeshift of this kind is open to one serious objection. It is very apt to be taken as meaning a great deal more than it does. The courtesies of crowned heads are of a strictly formal character. They are measured by rule and compass, and they commit those who offer them to nothing beyond. The significance of a popular demonstration cannot be thus rigidly determined, and consequently there is always a danger that the object of it may hereafter be tempted to rely upon the material support of the nation which has given him a tumultuous and spontaneous welcome. If the Sultan left England under no delusion of this kind, it certainly was not the fault of the daily newspapers. It follows from all this, that the absence of the Queen from London on the occasion of a foreign Sovereign's visit is a loss which, whether it be great or little, does not admit of being repaired. We have never cared to swell the wail of regret which is annually raised by a few fashionable tradesmen because Her Majesty does not make it her first concern that they should have every opportunity of swelling their customers' bills. But entertainment of such visitors as the Viceroy of Egypt is as distinctly a part of her position as presiding at meetings of the Privy Council, or affixing her signature to State papers. It is one of those representative acts which can only be adequately performed by the Sovereign. We are aware, of course, that physical inability to do what is required has been pleaded on Her Majesty's behalf, and certainly no one would be so unreasonable as to desire the Queen to injure her health or seriously to interfere with her comfort. But it is not necessary that a hostess should be more with her visitors than is consistent with due regard to both these considerations. One or two ceremonial entertainments, from which the Queen might retire as soon as she felt inclined, would be sufficient to mark the fact that the Viceroy of Egypt was really her guest. There is all the difference in the world between staying at a house when the owner is at the other end of the island, and staying at a house when the host is obliged to go to his own room directly after dinner.

Supposing that the Queen does not herself bear any part in the reception of the Viceroy, we may still hope that something more will be done than it was thought necessary to attempt last time. A ball can hardly possess much interest for a Sovereign who does not dance, but the spectacle which was got up at the India House in honour of the Sultan was so unusually creditable to English taste that we could hardly do better than repeat it in honour of his great vassal. It will not be necessary to reproduce that singular chain of reasoning by which the Mahommedanism of the guest was adduced as a ground for saddling the revenues of India with the cost. The routine of State hospitality must always be wanting in variety, and, so far as a visitor can be enabled to consult his own tastes, with as little parade as possible, it will be only civil to allow him to do so. The needless multiplication of addresses and presentations is eminently productive of weariness in the victim, while, at the same time, it is wholly wanting in that ceremonial magnificence which is the fitting accompaniment of national displays. Where this last element can be introduced at all, the authorities will do well to be careful that it is introduced in proper proportion. The too common error of English pageants is that a very little splendour is made to go such a very long way. Nor is it desirable that the Viceroy should be too much left to the mercy of private entertainers. The ordinary hospitality of the palace may be appropriately supplemented by a few high officials; and if these are provided in sufficient abundance, there will be no need again to make him an advertisement for a very superior music-hall.

It may be objected, perhaps, that all this will be nothing better than so much unnecessary trouble. If the Viceroy of Egypt chooses to come to London, why should he not be allowed to do so without any further preparation than is involved in setting aside an empty house for his accommodation? We have already given an incidental answer to this inquiry. No Power can afford to disregard the good opinion of its neighbours, and, if it is not to do so, it must pay some attention to outside show. No doubt, it is not the highest way in which national greatness can be made manifest to the world, but so long as it is kept within due bounds, it has a place and purpose of its own. Something of the position which France has attained under Napoleon III. must be attributed to the care with which he has kept this fact in mind, and though an ancient monarchy may obtain a similar result on very much easier terms than an upstart Empire, it cannot afford entirely to despise such expedients. Some regard to the proprieties of life is required from nations as well as from individuals. In the present case there are special reasons which point in the same direction. No man is insensible to the fact that his host is treating him with all the respect he has it in his power to show, and an Oriental is not likely to be less alive to this fact than a European. He is accustomed to see hospitality very accurately measured out, and he will be sure to draw his conclusion as to the estimate in which he is held by England from the amount of respect which is shown him by the English Government. At Paris, where the Viceroy will stay before coming on to London, this natural tendency will be carefully taken into account. He is probably too shrewd a politician not to be aware that France has her own ends to promote in Egypt, and that the courtesies shown him will be far from being wholly disinterested. But every day's experience may teach us that men are largely influenced by attentions which, theoretically, they are quite sharp enough to see through. There is no need for us to disguise either from ourselves or from our guest that the goodwill of the ruler of Egypt is an object of considerable importance to Great Britain, as well on political as on commercial grounds.

THE COUNCIL OF DEANS.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has been holding an assembly which we believe has no parallel in ecclesiastical history. For that reason it has no title in ecclesiastical law; but we conceive that our forefathers would have called it a *Decanagemót*. He gathered together all the Deans that could be conveniently got together, to discuss matters interesting at once to present Deans and to an Archbishop who once was a Dean. Now in the popular mind there is something mysterious in the nature and office of Dean, and it is therefore not wonderful that a sevenfold degree of such mystery should attach to a body of Deans gathered together into one place. The Deans met; the Deans took counsel; but what sort of counsel did they take? We trust that it was *rede* and not *unrede*; but we do not know. Several newspapers reported their proceedings—as we are talking of an ecclesiastical Council, we suppose we should say their Acts—but no two newspapers reported them in the same way; one paper writes to contradict another, and Dean after Dean writes to contradict them all. What happened, then, we do not know, but we know what ought to have happened. And from the character of some of the party assembled we can fairly guess what did happen. There were Deans there who ought to be Deans, and Deans who ought not; Deans who understand the capitular system, and Deans who do not; Deans who are anxious for reform, and Deans to whom dignity and abuses are precious. The Dean of Canterbury writes to say that he did not say what the newspapers said that he said, but he does not tell us exactly what he did say. But if he said only what he said some time back in the *Contemporary Review*, it is much the same as when Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter—in other words, 'twas no matter what he said. These last questions, however, would seem rather to come under the province of the Dean of Saint Paul's, and may account for the overwhelming amount of labour under which Dr. Mansel—so the newspapers say—professed to be labouring. To explore the Final Cause of Cardinals, or to set forth the Objective Existence of Archetypal Residentiaries, would be worthy of the philosopher who so easily turned at Lord Derby's bidding from the exposition of heathen to that of Christian morals. The Dean of Westminster too was there, perhaps to persuade his brethren that his collegiate church is really a "metropolitan cathedral." Some of the order indeed shone by their absence. Carlisle sent its capitular chief; but his fellow of Ripon was no doubt more seriously occupied for the public good. Some other absentees might be regretted. A voice from Lincoln or from Wells might not have been useless to explain the practical working of that overflowing energy which seeks rest only in the alternation of labour, and which contrives, no doubt effectively, to discharge accumulated duties

which to men of less superhuman vigour might seem incompatible. But we should seriously like to know what was said by men who really knew what they were talking of, men who know their duty in theory and who carry it out in practice, who have shown that an English cathedral need not be a dead and lifeless institution nor its chief stall a mischievous sinecure. We should like to know what the Deans of Chichester and Ely found to say to their assembled brethren. As we do not know what they did say, we can only take up our parable a bit for ourselves. Though we know of no reason to suppose that any such measure as is said to have been talked of is really designed by the present Government, yet the Deans do well to set their houses in order, as one can hardly doubt that further legislation on the subject of cathedral establishments must come sooner or later. No party can be satisfied with things as they are. The Act of thirty years back did not go far enough in the way of mere havoc and revolution for the lovers of mere havoc and revolution. And for those who seek not havoc or revolution, but to reform institutions according to their original principles, that Act gave hardly more comfort; indeed it gave positive dissatisfaction. A few abuses it did reform; others it only made worse. Speaking roughly, it reformed the Deans, but did very little to reform the Canons. A Dean now can very seldom contrive to be a non-resident pluralist keeping away from his cathedral. The thing may be done if a man tries hard, but it needs a twisting of the law and a defiance of public opinion of which but few men are capable. The character of ecclesiastical dignitaries has certainly risen; it is only now and then that we find Deans shameless enough to pervert the trust of capitular patronage to their own enrichment, or ingenious enough to turn each of several incongruous offices into excuses for neglecting the others. Such relics of a past state of things must gradually die off. A Dean who has any respect for law and decency cannot now repeat the scandalous tricks of other days. The law in fact is not much to be blamed. What is wanted is greater care in those who make Deans. As it is, a Dean is seldom appointed because he is likely to make a good Dean. A conscientious Minister uses the post as a reward for a man who has done some good service in some other way. An unconscientious Minister uses it to satisfy some electioneering agent, some brawling partisan, some kinsman of a man in power. Neither looks out for a man who is really likely to discharge this particular office effectively. Some of our Deans turn out exceedingly well; but they turn out well by haphazard. But, to make sure of having all our Deans like the better members of the order, they ought to be chosen, not because of the services which they have done in some other way, but because of the services which they are likely to do in this particular way.

With regard, then, to the Deans themselves there is little need for legislation. With regard to the residentiary Canons and to the general constitution of the Chapters there is great need. First and foremost, every residentiary Canon must be forbidden to hold any other benefice with his Canonry; and if his Canonry is not of sufficient value to get the highest available capacity, it ought to be made so. The three months' residence prescribed by law is simply absurd. A man who comes for three months only had better stay away altogether. He has time to do a good deal of mischief, but he has time to do very little good. He cannot identify himself with the cathedral or devote himself thoroughly to its peculiar duties. His residence is a mere interruption to, or relaxation from, other duties elsewhere. As for the present numbers of the residentiaries, we do not see the need for any reduction. We believe that five clergymen of the character of which a Dean and residentiary Canons ought to be could easily be found for every cathedral in England. But if we had to choose between twelve, six, or four men keeping sham residence, and three, two, or one keeping real residence, we should choose the latter without a moment's doubt.

The question of income ought to be no difficulty. The incomes of residentiary stalls vary greatly in different churches. It is possible that it might be well to increase the income in some churches and to decrease it in others. But the incomes of Residentiaries everywhere range with those of the richer and not the poorer parochial benefices. A clergyman commonly thinks himself lucky if he gets a living ranging from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year, which, with a few exceptions each way, is the range of residentiary incomes. If the foolish notion about "dignity" and such like be cast aside, there is no reason why a residentiary Canon should be richer than a Rector.

Let Canons only be chosen well; let them be men of zeal, men of learning, men so chosen that each capitular body can supply every want in the way of preaching, of ecclesiastical knowledge, of help in every diocesan object, that the city and diocese can need, and people will learn that their offices are not useless. A body of this kind, a body of clergymen of a superior class, forming a centre of enlightenment to the diocese, and keeping up the mother Church as the model for all others, as the ecclesiastical home of every man in the diocese, is undoubtedly worth keeping up. But then, in order to keep it up, it must be understood that in appointing to a residentiary stall a Bishop or a Minister is not simply putting a thousand a year, or whatever it may be, into the pocket of some friend or supporter, but that he is appointing to an office of real moment to the diocese and to the Church in general. The shameless appointments made by Mr. Disraeli were enough to bring the whole thing into discredit. Stalls at Worcester and Westminster, instead of being given to men of learning or men likely to make themselves useful in any way, were wasted on Oxford Heads, men of no sort of distinction and already gorged with preferment, as mere wages of electioneering services. Mr. Gladstone acted on quite another principle when he placed so profound a theologian as Mr. Mozley in a stall at Worcester. But a profound theologian in a stall at Worcester can be of little use if he has other conflicting duties in a distant diocese. And nothing but the lowest form of Court favour can account for the appointment of a clergyman prominent only in the Court Calendar to a late vacancy at Westminster.

In all cases, again, the cathedral must be delivered from the strange state of isolation or independence, or whatever it is to be called, into which our capitular bodies have gradually drifted. Our cathedrals have too often sunk into the private chapels of a small body of clergymen. They must stand out again, as in many places they are beginning to stand out, as the ecclesiastical centres of each diocese. The cathedral must again be the church of the Bishop and the church of his flock. The anomaly must be removed which in many places makes the Bishop less at home and vested with less authority in what is technically his own church than in any other church in his diocese. In the Old Foundations the non-residentiary Canons, a most valuable body of men, must, as we have often said, be restored to the position out of which they have been gradually driven. And we should say that the Honorary Canons of the New Foundation should be raised to something like the same position, instead of the utterly anomalous position which they hold now.

Lastly, in any legislation it must be remembered that each cathedral and collegiate church is an institution with an origin, a history, and a constitution of its own, and that no legislation can be good for anything which is not based on previous inquiry into the state of each church separately. Like the Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, some general principles apply to all, but each church has its own peculiarities, which must be borne in mind in legislating for it. The reforms in points of detail which are needed in one place are not always the same as those which are needed in another. The great fault of the former legislation on the subject was that it was done by men who had the very best intentions, but who were utterly ignorant of the history and objects of the bodies for which they were legislating.

THE MORAL OF EPSOM.

A DEAF man at a theatre or an opera is believed to have a not unpleasant, if peculiar, satisfaction in witnessing what to him must be, in the strictest sense of the word, the spectacle. Something of a kindred sensation may well be credited to a looker-on at the Derby—not at the race itself, but on things in general connected with what the newspaper writers call our Isthmian game, our national festival and holiday, the flower of May, and all the rest of it. In the abstract there is nothing very remarkable about a horse-race in itself, nor, indeed, about a very first-rate horse-race in particular. A trial of speed between two or more four-footed beasts is but a natural and ordinary thing. There is, as those philosophers who like going into the root of the matter might say, a naturalness and *à priori* fitness in racing, be it of men, camels, or horses. Speed being an excellency of the animal, it is right and proper to develop speed, and all that belongs to speed, by every art of training. And human nature is so constituted that a struggle between fine natural powers, improved by skill, gives a real and by no means despicable pleasure to man. Horse-racing, as such, because it excites a natural emotion, is not unworthy of commendation. Admitting—which, by the way, is often admitted without much examination of the matter—that horse-racing has a manifest tendency to improve the breed of horses, we must be cynics or fanatics to make wry faces at the Derby. And if the Derby were a mere trial between some score of horses who since their noble birth had had a vast amount of pains and money spent on their education, who could complain? Then again we are not at all disposed to wax superbly moral on what those ingenious artists who do Epsom for the daily newspapers serve us up next morning as the Road, Race, the "Exodus," as they very oddly term it, after the race, and the humours of the course. The only fault to be found is the intolerable dulness and staleness of the whole funny story. It is so very vapid, so tediously monotonous, so extremely suggestive of the coldest of the second day's boiled cabbage. No fault, of course, in the ingenious artist who labours in his vocation; nothing to complain of in any contributor to the comic literature of the day, whether an hebdomadal or, as in this case, an annual joker of jokes. He pulls his face, and we laugh if we can. But somehow we can't laugh quite cheerily at Epsom. The horse-play of the day, like metaphorical horse-play, has an ugly suspicion of seriousness, and just a touch of hatred, malice, uncharitableness, and many another evil passion about it. The crowd, and the dust, and the irrepressible girls' school at Balham, and the excitements of Sutton, and the police in Epsom town, and Dorling's card, and the sea of heads, and the unavoidable dog, and the saddling, and the glint of colours, and Tattenham Corner, and the furze-bushes—it is all precisely as interesting as reading a page of logarithms, or repeating a recurring decimal a hundred times. All very true, very picturesque, very accurate, but overpoweringly dull. The favourite wins, though the more knowing ones wanted some other brute to win. Behold the triumph of skill, judgment, and tact! Or the favourite does not win. Behold the

vanity of science and of human wishes; and see how fickle fortune delights to confound the wisdom of the wise, the knowingness of the knowing! Very trite, not to say philosophical, preaching, whichever way the race goes. But this is not all, nor half of all. This year we are congratulated, as though some strange thing had happened to the Turf, that the owner of the winning animal, and several other owners, too, are genuine sportsmen. As the Turf organs say, it was not a bookmakers' race; and then we hear of pronounced eulogiums on one owner's honest intentions, and of another owner's fairness in giving outsiders a chance. And there are contrasts between Mr. A.'s habit of scratching and Sir X.'s, another owner's, book, perhaps against himself, and this or that confederacy, and some late Lord's exceptional, and perhaps diseased idiosyncrasy, in not betting at all. And then, as bystanders, we feel not exactly puzzled, but, like the deaf man at the play, very intent indeed on what we see.

And what we see has its drawbacks. The Derby, we believe, is a mere shadow and phantom and show; the real thing is somewhere else. *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.* The race itself is the least part of the real business. Supposing it to be a genuine *bonâ fide* affair—as it was, so everybody says, this year—we know nothing about its real significance by the mere fact that Pretender kept his head one yard in advance of some other fiery-footed steed. We hear of trials, and then we are told that those trials were, and that they are not always, genuine trials. And then we hear the results of these trials oozing out. Only the result is differently reported. And then we hear—some years, at least, we hear—of scratchings on the very eve of the race; that is to say, of withdrawing a horse, not because his chances are hopeless, but for the very reverse reason, because he may be, and often is, very likely to win; and also of private interest as against public interest; and of sales of favourites and non-favourites, judiciously, if sometimes unpleasantly, timed; and of prejudices against this or that horse, and of mysterious rises and falls in what is called the market; and over and above all towers the dim, impalpable, but most influential presence of something awful and impressive, called the leviathan book-maker, about whom we wonder in dull, stupid amazement, chequered with some regret and astonishment as we ask ourselves what that respectable beast mentioned in the Book of Job has ever done that he should be connected with a human being who looks, so far as we are favoured with any acquaintance with the calling, to be only a stupendous swindler and mere vulgar trader on the ignorance and stupid credulity of his kind.

And then comes the reckoning or settling day, and it is occasionally made a great boast that defaulters are not very numerous, or again, it is taken as a matter of course at Tattersall's, that this or that party was hard hit, or that such and such a confederacy were landed heavy winners, and so on. And then there are rumours, too often reduced to a certainty, of some noble house irretrievably ruined—some great historic name scandalously compromised—some Norman blood or Plantagenet peerage made a name of scorn, or contemptuous pity. Or, descending lower in the social scale, the police courts and Basinghall Street have their annals of the Derby, only they come out in the unpoetical form of embezzlement, and even robbing the till. This very day we are told of some poor devil of a coachman who cut his throat on Thursday because he could not pay his losings on Wednesday. While, at the same time, as though to complete the ugly process of disillusionizing, the very *Dii majorum gentium*, the Olympians of the Jockey Club, are at the direst feud on the most fundamental and cardinal point, the very essence of horse-racing—namely, whether racing as it is, is not only ruining the horse, by running raw and immature animals, but whether the whole thing is not a device for making money in the shortest possible time at the least possible risk to the producer of a mere marketable and venal commodity; that is to say, whether racing as it is, is not a commonplace sordid trade, even when not dishonourably engaged in, while it is notoriously a dishonest gambling as practised by what is called the Ring and the Turf.

These are not pleasant speculations, and they are calculated to take off some of the gloss of the Derby Day, and to dissipate something of the golden haze which conventionally gilds and glorifies the great national holiday. And it is not quite a sedative to these gloomy thoughts, to be told that these things are not necessary to racing, that time was when they were not, that racing and betting have no natural connexion. All which is quite true; but the fact is, that these things are, and that every year the thing goes on from bad to worse Sporting papers—for by a grim irony the thing still goes by the name of sport—increase, and so do sporting men; and so does the whole vast congeries of book-making, tips, prophets, welshers, sweeps, betting-houses, confederacies, parties, associates, agents, and investors, and Deptford Specs. A large—perhaps even a sensible—element of society is habitually and irretrievably demoralized by racing as it is, whatever racing as it ought to be, or racing as it might be, may be in the imagination of theorists. And so we are assured, and there are facts enough to prove it, that if a gentleman goes on the Turf—that is, engages in betting and book-making—it is simply impossible that he should escape without certain loss, and probable ruin—and for the best of reasons, because he is a gentleman; the arts of the Ring are reduced to a science and a law, but of this science the elements are, to a gentleman and an honourable man, simply impossible. He plays, and plays fairly and honestly; but the dice are loaded against him. This is, we fear, the real moral of the Derby. And though it is all very well to write affable hints to the crowds who throng the Epsom Downs not to be quite so drunken, brutal, indecent, cruel, vulgar, insolent, and rowdyish as they usually are, after all this is but scratching the very surface of the evil. The Derby day has more to answer for than the coarseness and license of the mob—the mob in mail phaetons, or the mob of cads and costers. It comes to this, that we have very nearly got to this stage of the matter, that a great national race, even the Derby or the St. Leger, can scarcely be separated in its results from a national disgrace and a social reproach.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society suggests the remark that the sea is now better known than the land. The water has been so perseveringly explored that the President has nothing to say about maritime discoveries accomplished or anticipated, except in the Arctic Ocean, whereas the African expeditions of Baker, Grant, and Livingstone are discussed year after year with unfailing interest. It is rather more than four centuries ago that Portuguese ships began to feel their way slowly and cautiously along the western coast of Africa. Every bay and headland of Africa has been long since surveyed and mapped, but of the interior we knew until lately little more than the Portuguese did when they found the Cape called by them of Good Hope. And in capability of extending our knowledge we do not greatly surpass them, for they marched through Abyssinia without the elaborate preparation which we deemed necessary. It is, indeed, rather surprising to find that the Portuguese are credited, not only with boldness in exploring, but also with accuracy in making maps. The expectation is now abandoned of seeing Livingstone emerge on the east coast of Africa, but Sir R. Murchison looks for him on the west coast. He supposes him to have followed the waters which flow from the western side of the Lake Tanganyika to the sea, and he refers to a Portuguese map of the sixteenth century in proof that there are such waters. This map was undoubtedly constructed from information which Portuguese settlers on the coast derived, or supposed themselves to have derived, from native travellers. It corresponds more exactly than might have been expected with recent discoveries as to the position and magnitude of the great lakes of Africa, but we hope that the probability of Livingstone's return does not depend upon the truth of the representation in this map of a connexion between the river Congo, or Zaire, and the great lakes. The map, however, deserves the particular attention of geographers, for it shows the position of two lakes on the Equator, corresponding to the Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza recently discovered, and also the position of another lake to the south, which may well serve for Lake Tanganyika. The book which contains this map was published at Rome in 1591, and it was founded on information supplied to the author by Duarte Lopes, a Portuguese who had resided several years in Congo. The interest of this book and its accompanying map, to the Geographical Society, is more easy to understand than its connexion with the question of the probable route of Livingstone.

As this country has ceased to send forth Arctic expeditions, the Geographical Society bestows the highest honour in its gift on Sweden. An expedition of last year attained the latitude 81° 42', the highest ever yet authentically recorded as attained by any ship. The Swedes are animated by the resolve to make further efforts, and if it be given to man to determine the real nature of the area around the North Pole, they are likely to achieve this honour. A scheme which was vainly pressed upon our Government has been undertaken by a member of the Society, who departed last month from the Clyde in a steam-yacht, with the intention of approaching nearer, if possible, to the North Pole than those who have preceded him. The gentleman who has gone on this adventurous cruise was a member of the last Parliament, and perhaps he may find the Arctic seas more agreeable than the House of Commons during a debate on the Irish Church. But it is hardly to be expected that an amateur will persevere so resolutely under hardships as to rival the great exploits of our professional seamen in Arctic waters. The determination to expend no more of the money of the nation upon Arctic enterprises is hardly likely to be altered while Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe are guardians of the Exchequer. But there will arise within a few years almost a necessity for Antarctic voyaging, in order to make preparation for observing the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882 amid the difficult and comparatively unknown seas of the Southern Polar region. The advance which has been made in knowledge of the ocean generally within a century may be measured by the fact that an expedition sent into the Pacific to observe the transit of Venus in 1769 "has," in the words of the Astronomer-Royal, "been ever since esteemed one of the highest scientific glories of England in the last century." We cannot now get glory by sailing into the Pacific, but we can get that which is more profitable, guano. Groups of islands lying between America and Asia, thousands of miles from either continent, are now visited in the guano season by correspondents of the New York journals. It is not much more than a hundred years ago that Anson's voyage round Cape Horn to China was looked upon as wonderful, and now Chinamen cross the Pacific by thousands to settle in California. Lately, too, the completion of a railway across the continent of North America has made the shores of the Pacific accessible to London tourists. There still remain vast regions of South America unexplored, but, speaking generally, discovery is now possible only on land and in the Old World. The interior of Asia has lately become better known to Europeans through the

combined operation of political and commercial causes. The frontier of China has retired, while that of Russia has advanced, and at the same time British trade has penetrated into countries hitherto inaccessible. A British tea-planter from Kangra has traversed the mountain-passes north of Leh, or Ladak, and has carried his caravan of merchandize into the Yarkand territory. As this is the first time that this success has been achieved, and as the region thus made accessible has been abandoned by the Chinese, it is inferred that our tea plantations of Hindustan may in future supply the inhabitants of the vast region formerly known as Chinese Tartary with tea, which, as Sir R. Murchison oddly says, "they have scarcely tasted since they threw off the Chinese yoke." As soon as trade is opened the process of exploration goes on rapidly, but there is hitherto no trade with the districts of Africa in which lie the great lakes, except that trade in slaves which Sir Samuel Baker is trying to abolish.

A large portion of Sir R. Murchison's address was occupied with geological discussion. We cannot help remarking that the discoveries of geologists, although of the highest possible importance, lack that popular interest which belongs to discoveries effected within the proper province of the Geographical Society. When Livingstone returns, as we trust he may, he will have a tale to tell which awakens the same kind of emotion as was felt by the citizens of San Lucar when the *Vittoria* anchored in that port, having gone forth on her voyage westward, and returning from the east. To Sebastian del Cano, who succeeded to the command of her after the death of Magalhaens, was given by the King of Spain for crest a globe, and for motto *Primus circumdedisti me*. Such an exploit can be performed but once, and there remains only to talk about it in after time. Yet it is not the fault of the existing Society that the ocean was so thoroughly explored before its time, any more than certain writers are to blame because Shakspeare thought of so many fine things before them. If the President and Secretary lament that they have no more discoveries to chronicle, there may be found, doubtless, in our navy, spirits who regret that they were not born before the Sea of Darkness had been illuminated in its most remote corners. The business of the present age is to complete the discoveries of the past by the application of more methodical processes and infinitely improved machinery of investigation. "The last Nile Expedition" has a value of its own, and although it is just possible that the excavations of the Suez Canal could have been performed by the same labour which erected the pyramids, it is not possible that these excavations could have been examined with the results stated by Professor Owen in any other age than this. He arrived at the remarkable conclusion, that "of fertile and habitable land Egypt is the most recent or last formed, and it is that which yields the most ancient evidences of social and civilized man." It may not be out of place to mention that the ancient Egyptians displayed, among other signs of civilization, an interest in geography; for one of their kings sent out a naval expedition from the Red Sea, which returned by the Mediterranean, having circumnavigated Africa, and it was from their priests that the Greeks derived the tradition of an island called Atlantis, opposite to the Pillars of Hercules, larger than Africa and Asia united, but which in one day and night was swallowed up by an earthquake and disappeared beneath the waters.

There is still plenty of work for every sailor and geographer in observing and recording details of ocean routes which were opened by those who lived before them. There is also ample field for interesting labours in the department of antiquarian geography, as we may call it, which has been so successfully explored by the Secretary of the Society. One product of his research is the map of Duarte Lopes, mentioned by the President. Another is the demonstration that Australia, with whose discovery we are accustomed to connect the name of Cook, or at furthest that of Dampier, was explored both on its eastern and western sides by the Portuguese. The Secretary has told us that "the knowledge of this fact lay dormant till the close of the last century, hidden in the testimony of some French manuscript maps, whose worth and importance, nay, even whose existence, appears to have been unrecognised till after the gallant Cook had completed his unrivalled series of explorations." The mention of the "insular continent" of Australia reminds us that there yet remains a field for terrestrial explorations, whence adventurous travellers may send home to future meetings of the Geographical Society narratives which shall gratify at once scientific and popular curiosity. It is remarkable that one of the early Portuguese accounts of Australia, which has been translated by the Secretary, is entitled, "Information about the Golden Chersonese." Yet until lately people who emigrated to Australia no more expected to find gold there than did a Scotchman expect to find it in his own country.

We part from the Geographical Society with the hope that it may be able to speak next year of new discoveries, and with the assurance that, if these fail, it will entertain us almost equally with discussion of the discoveries of bygone ages.

SCULPTURE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We interrupt the series of our notices of the Academy Pictures to speak of the sculpture in this year's Exhibition. Sculpture has never yet in England succeeded in obtaining equal honours with her sister art. Though the elder of the two, and by old confession the higher and the more intellectual, among us she has everywhere to yield the precedence to Painting. She hardly brings money to any of her followers, except through the prosaic practice of portraiture; her followers, with a few illustrious exceptions, are mostly untrained men, who in every point rank, and deserve to rank, below their brother painters; we must confess in sadness that they know little about her, and the British public, by a natural result, knows less. And nowhere, it is a notorious fact, has this apathy to Sculpture been more marked than it was in Trafalgar Square. The two series of cellars, and whatever, in pre-historic times, preceded them in Somerset House, are now, happily, things of the past. Those rooms, to the uninitiated, always seemed to have been constructed on purpose to allow the works of the three or four Academician sculptors to be tolerably seen, whilst the works of all outsiders were ingeniously doomed to a kind of limbo; exhibited, so far as the locality was concerned, but in every other respect worse than invisible. And when we look at certain names on the list of recent Academical sculptors, and compare their works with those which a few contemporaneous outsiders have produced, it would be absurd to wonder at an impulse which may have been only one of simple self-preservation.

However these things were, *nunc tandem redit animus*; and, in that splendid series of rooms which we owe to the wise liberality of the present Academy, Sculpture has at least found a handsome and an accessible habitation. Yet, even here, and with a full confidence that there was every desire on the part of the building Council to do justice to this art, we cannot help observing that the more flourishing and brilliant younger sister has still contrived to maintain her social supremacy. Two of the three sculpture-rooms form the entrance and passage halls to the remaining ten; and hence, although the light for sculpture requires even more elaborate arrangement than that for pictures, the light in these halls has been less arranged with a view to the contents, and more with a view to a general handsome effect, than elsewhere. The third room, or Gallery proper, is more strictly adapted for its purpose; or, we might rather say, is more adaptable, if the lower part of the large window were blocked up. We think also that a better distribution of the groups might be managed another year, so as to bring the better and more ornamental specimens together in a larger and more open semicircle. But we must couple this remark with the acknowledgment that on this occasion there were great difficulties in the way of a free disposition, and that the matter has, on the whole, been settled in a manner extremely creditable to the sculptor who was responsible. All we have to regret is that the materials were not more worthy of his care. But there are several exceptions, and to these we venture to hope that visitors will now pay that attention which is the first step in learning what to admire and what to avoid.

Royalty claims the first word. It would be an easy task to salute the bust of Her Majesty with a few phrases of general politeness or flattering epithet. But we shall not pay H.R.H. Princess Louise the poor compliment of treating her *en amateur*. There is much likeness to life, and the likeness is also rendered in a very pleasing way, in this head of a mother, justly loved and honoured, by a gifted daughter. The pose is natural, the drapery well imagined; the temptations to over-ornament or trick of handling have been resisted in a spirit honourably true to the demands of real art. It is a more promising piece of sculpture than Miss Durant's medallion below it. "Your Royal Highness's work," we would whisper, "is quite equal to the average level of English busts. But there is a much better level than this, indeed a wholly different one, both in likeness to character and in execution; and a bust which reaches this, small and simple though it be as a piece of sculpture, ranks with the great, the eternal masterpieces of the art." This level in art—or, to speak the truth, this level below which art is not—is conquerable by genius, and long labour, and indifference to flattery; qualities which must be born, not acquired; but there are also aids by which the artist may lighten the labour. To study a few thoroughly great models, and these only, to practise under the one or two (if they can be found) who really know their art, have been, in all times, the modes to which genius has had resort; nor does genius prove itself more decisively than by the evidence which it thus affords of the insight that recognises what is great, and the humility that gives up all to follow it.

It is not from the simple courtesy due to a foreigner that we next notice M. d'Épinay's "Youthful Hannibal Strangling the Eagle, symbolical of the Wars between Carthage and Rome." This group has been most carefully studied, and meets the difficult problem of presenting a good view on every side with success. The limbs (the legs in particular) and the body are modelled with much accuracy and closeness to nature. The difficult passage between the neck and the right shoulder may be singled out for special praise. The head also, carefully true to the persistent North-African type, is a creditable piece of ethnological art. Yet we must regret to find the group wholly insufficient for its aim. It would task the ablest sculptor of any age to render the death-grapple of the iron-sinewed eagle and the supple youth, even if he did not add to his task that of symbolizing thereby the war between two mighty empires. Some image of the material struggle may be gained from Landseer's noble picture, but we fail to find either of the required elements in M. d'Épinay's group. The boy's head has no ideal or elevated character—it is a Numidian, not a Hannibal; the eagle, the mere touch of whose claws would unfailingly have torn the muscles from the bone, clings to him far less like a foe than like the god's messenger sent for Ganymede; whilst so slightly

has such a combat been realized, that the pressure of the boy's thumb has been treated as sufficient to paralyse his mighty power. An honourable ambition has, no doubt, impelled the artist to attempt here what is well nigh impossible. If we may judge by a miniature bust (No. 1,258, Vestibule), his genius lies more in the direction of the graceful; nor, if this be so, need he regret his portion. Charm is much more the element of art than astonishment

Mr. Woolner's "Ophelia" (1,248), like all similar subjects, exposes itself to competition from that general idea of Ophelia's appearance which every reader has framed with more or less distinctness. Hence, although the modelling and the execution display the thoroughness of our leading sculptor, it is probable that his treatment will not commend itself so universally as in the case of a subject created by the artist himself, or less familiar to our minds. Mr. Woolner's *Ophelia, though on the brink of death, has no sentimentalism or pretty despair; in her madness she is still the* noble-natured Danish maiden, worthy of Hamlet in his saner and happier days. Her beauty of feature and limb is cast in a grand and powerful type. But a life-size scale is required to do justice to these qualities.

Few other specimens of inventive sculpture deserve notice. The "Venus" (1,144), the "Eve" (1,189), the "Oenone" (1,224), are models smoothly reproduced. Mr. Fuller's "Jael" (1,190) reminds one of the spurious sentiment of Mr. Story's work. Mr. Noble's "Amy" (1,207) and Mr. Durham's beggar (1,225) appeal to popular weakness and sentimentalism of a lower order; they are altogether unsculptural. Mr. Munro's "Undine" (1,249) overhangs like a precipice, rather than floats like a spirit. Two small groups by Mr. Adams-Acton (1,231, 1,234) seem to aim at the look of bad antique bronzes, exhumed after long oxidization; a trick which reappears in the animals by Mr. Boehm (1,197, &c.), figures designed in the showy, careless style which delights the British vulgar, always ready to take slovenliness for spirit. Four bronze panels, for Calcutta, feebly modelled by Mr. Philip (1,251), are on a level with these works, which do nothing but harm to the cause of art. "Throwing the Hammer" (1,203) is stiff, but has truth and energy. "Saved from the Wreck," "Comus and the Lady," the "Olympian Victor," "Sabrina," are fair pieces of academical design. Mr. C. Marshall's "Tryst" (1,246) is a pretty statuette, and true to Scottish character. Mr. Miller's "Viola" (1,186) is pleasing. Mr. Bell's "Last Kiss" (1,240), though, as usual with this artist's work, crudely modelled, yet displays, what is also usual with him, a definite and a really sculpturesque idea. These remarks may serve as our criticism on his group for the Albert Memorial, which is modelled on too small a scale to admit of more detailed analysis. The careful work bestowed on Miss Durant's "Ruth," as on her group of two children cut across at the waist (1,185), loses its effect through the singular alienation from good taste and feeling for charm which this artist too often exhibits.

The monumental work of the year is deplorable. Mr. Foley does not exhibit anything. Two recumbent figures show that without the ancient feeling it is of small use to adopt an ancient type. The one, to Lady Devon, is the least unsatisfactory; the other, to Archbishop Sumner, has a head apparently copied straight off from a cast after death (so repulsive and formless are the features of the good old man), and a body badly imitated from the rudest of the Gothic effigies. It looks like one of those figures whom Dante saw "lapped in lead," and who were not clothed so on account of saintly qualities. Yet this is by a full Academician! "Commerce" and "Agriculture," by Mr. Bursil, designed for the Holborn Viaduct, will justify the common sneer at the taste of the City. Dr. Livingstone, by Mrs. D. O. Hill, swaggers like a "border rowdy." India, for which the Government work is habitually jobbed in favour of bunglers, is to have the colossal Queen by Mr. Weekes (1,218), whose Sumner we have just noticed. We wonder how many hundred pounds the Indian Exchequer is to pay for this huge piece of coarse modelling. The kindest wish we can frame for the Dutch-looking lady whom Mr. Armstead presents as "Chemistry" (1,232) is that she may be lifted somewhere far above earth and criticism into the recesses of the Albert Memorial. We at once invoke Mr. Layard's love of art before the "King Alfred," by Mr. Philip, is placed within the Palace of Westminster. Better to wall up Barry's niches than that they should be filled with such rubbish. And if Mr. Layard's jurisdiction extended to Liverpool, we would predict a "happy despatch" for the marble Gladstone by Mr. Adams-Acton. This is a rickety-looking figure, huddled under a mass of what man-milliners call "frogs," with fidgety hands, and arms as inarticulate as those of a child's favourite doll. The face expresses neither energy nor eloquence nor force of thought; no man with such features could lead the House for a day. We are sorry that such a pitiable affair should represent the Premier in his native town; but, remembering the bust of Mr. Gladstone which Mr. Adams-Acton exhibited some years ago, we cannot be surprised at the unredeemed failure of his more ambitious effort.

Is it not provoking that works such as these, works so defective in style and life and beauty that they deserve only the criticism of silence, should be precisely those which will vex our eyes in public places, and confirm the general low impression of English sculpture? Busts hide in the corners of staircases; monuments lurk on church-walls; but public statues we cannot avoid. Yet those above criticized are but fair samples of what is going on all over the kingdom and its dependencies (as, for example, the feeble and style-less Oastler group, by the above-mentioned Mr Philip, just put up at Bradford, and engraved in the *Illustrated News*), and will go on, till patrons and committees have discovered that sculpture cannot be judged like cheese, and that good work is to be had only of good artists.

The busts and medallions seem to us to present a smaller number of interesting heads than usual. Nothing but a really good bust is a bearable thing; really good busts are, and always have been, very rare; the state of the art, in short, is not encouraging to sitters. Look round those here; how few have any similarity to the real human face, with its infinite play of surface and variety of texture! Most of them rely for their effect on coarseness, or smoothness, or unsculptural devices. We may briefly classify, under the first head, 1,167 (Brodie); 1,291 (G. G. Adams); 1,165 (A. Munro; 1,184 rather better); and 1,154 by Mr. Boehm; this being much the worst, as it unites the faults of coarseness and tasteless trickery. Altogether, Mr. Boehm seems to be aspiring, with success, to the level in art held by the late Baron Marochetti—unless that doubtful honour be destined for Mr. Story.

Busts of the textureless style are Nos. 1,168 (Marshall Wood); 1,243 (Durham); 1,262 (Mr. Thornycroft, a noticeably bad specimen); 1,266 and 1,286 (Theed); 1,282 (Wyon, a curiosity of tameness, the subject considered); 1,159 and 1,264 (Noble)—the worthless dregs of Chantrey's conventionalism. In the third class, where picturesqueness, a quality not compatible with sculptural style, is aimed at, we have 1,180 (Adams-Acton); 1,257 and 1,261 (Boehm), two children whose pretty faces, not unknown to the world, left the artist no excuse for his bad workmanship; 1,280 (A. Munro), a lady's head in a circle, which might properly serve as an ornament for the Sun Fire Office.

Some better pieces we have already noticed. To these let us gladly add Mr. Boehm's "Sir Coutts Lindsay;" "Mrs. Hornby," and a Lady, full length (1,220), both by J. W. Wood (not the maker of 1,168); "Lady A. Gower," by G. E. Ewing; "Mr. Bright," by N. Burnard; "Mr. Cowper," a posthumous likeness, by Mr. Butler, who has here shown much ability in dealing with a rather difficult subject. Perhaps none of these works, the last excepted, are thoroughly satisfactory in style; but we should have many more as good or better, from artists whom at present we cannot praise, if it were once well understood what a bust ought to be. Mr. Woolner, as on former occasions, furnishes us with a few such; though we should be glad if he had the opportunity of showing what might be done in the direction of grace and charm, as well as of forcible expression and intellectual weight. In these qualities his portraits of "Mr. Wilson" of Melbourne (1,151), and "Mr. Pease" (1,241), are conspicuous; one reads in them the mental characteristics which have given distinction to the originals—every line and curve of surface speaks as it does in nature. Fineness of a higher type, a greater air of sensibility, appear in the "Frere" (1,285); if compared with the "Lord Dartmouth" (1,286) close by, the wonderful difference between ability in reading a character, with skill in working it out in marble, and sculpture wholly wanting in these qualities, will strike the least practised eye. But Mr. Woolner has been fortunate in finding his highest success in his greatest subject, and the bust of Mr. Gladstone which fitly meets the spectator's eye on entering the magnificent halls of the Academy is a proof how far impressiveness and truth to life may be carried by the legitimate means of art. Sculpture, like painting, can give but one moment, it is true; every side of character cannot be taken at once. What marks the penetrative artist is that he rises to his occasion, that he gives the man in that aspect which is most characteristic of him. Mr. Gladstone's head is one which presents so much as to be of great difficulty to an artist. What we admire Mr. Woolner's bust for is that, with a far stronger general likeness than any other representation of the Premier has reached, this one places him before us pre-eminently as the statesman.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.

THE two Societies in Pall Mall which have sustained with honour the art of Water-Colour Painting will, we trust, never suffer diminution through any threatened rivalry from the Academy. We believe the best interests of art and of the public at large require that separate societies should be maintained for the express culture of the one branch of painting for which the English have made themselves famous throughout the world. It is notorious that Europe cannot produce another Gallery comparable to this of the Old Water-Colour Society. And amid many changes, by reason of the death of some members and the decadence or defalcation of others, this choice collection sustains to the present moment its supreme position. Here, from year to year, we have been accustomed to trace the various phases of an art which, within its limits, attains to qualities more pure and subtle than are usually permitted to the grosser medium of oils. And though the public may have had to deplore the loss of Copley Fielding, William Hunt, and David Cox, and the secession to the Academy of Mr. Lewis, some compensation comes in the acquisition of Mr. Thomas Danby and Mr. Holman Hunt. On the whole we have seldom seen the Society in greater force than in the present year, nor the art of water-colour painting, notwithstanding innovations of opaque or tempera, with other tricks and devices, in a condition more healthful or more true to nature.

Mr. Burne Jones has seldom shown himself so mysterious, miraculous, or mediæval "The Wine of Circe"—which obtains, as it deserves, a commanding position—is grand in theme and imaginative in treatment. Dosso Dossi, a painter of wild, nightmare

fancy, has, in a composition in the Borghese Gallery, depicted the enchantress Circe clad in rich turban and robe of state, confident in the spell of her necromantic art; the accessories comprise a magic circle, a coat of mail, a dog, birds, hags, and knights. Mr. Burne Jones has adopted a reading wholly different; the legend is less encumbered by circumstance, and perhaps all the more strong in its spell upon the imagination. Stealthily does Circe, with poison vial in hand, creep along, and we cannot but see, in her uncanny form and fiendlike intent, that mischief is brewing. Wild beasts of the forest prowl awaiting their prey; the black leopard, here at home, cowers as his mistress comes. The subject, as we have said, is grand; the treatment not a little peculiar. It cannot be a secret that persons scarcely yet initiated into the mysteries of ultra-mediævalism regard Mr. Jones's habitual performances as close upon the line which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. "St. George" is a saint supremely stiff, and the dragon seems some nondescript hybrid between a crocodile and a lobster. "What a fool!" exclaimed a young lady of strong-minded turn, "that dragon must be, thus to hold up its head meekly just that the spear may smoothly slip down its throat." Yet we confess that few pictures act more powerfully on the imagination than some of these; the joy may not be in a thing of beauty; the power of ugliness is verily vast; "like the basilisk, it fascinates, and is intolerable." Most people indeed may feel that the style of Mr. Burne Jones is difficult quite to justify on the side of simple nature; his art may be best accepted as something transmitted through long vistas and shadowy traditions of the past. Few will fail to recognise in these pictures, repellent though they may often be, deep significance, with very much of the earnestness we fondly cherish in the Italian pre-Raffaelites. Most people may possibly regret that qualities so rare should be marred by mannerism, yet it may be wise to accept what is set before us, and rest thankful. At all events, such art, if not quite justifiable, may be salutary as a protest against the low naturalism and the unimaginative literalness of modern schools.

"Cassandra Fedele" is the name given by Mr. Frederick Burton to one of the most refined and studious pictures of the year. This lady of noble family, born in Venice in the latter half of the fifteenth century, gave such signal proof of talent that at an early age her father provided for her instruction in Greek and Latin literature, in history, philosophy, theology, and eloquence; while, in the superlative language of eulogy, we are assured that music and poetry served only as her pastime. The Latin orations of Cassandra Fedele became famous, and special mention is made of one in praise of the Belles-Lettres at which the Doge and Senators of Venice were present. Thus it is easy to believe, in the words of M. Rio, that Cassandra Fedele "était devenue pour les Vénitiens une espèce de Muse nationale." Such is the character Mr. Burton undertakes to bring before our notice. The lady stands pensive, expectant of inspiration; her hands, musical in form as in action, are ready to vibrate in response to thought and emotion. A lute, fit symbol of a Muse, she is about to touch, and before her lies a volume of poetry. The surroundings of the chamber bespeak a life in converse with literature and art. The picture accords with the spirit of the theme; it rises, like the character depicted, above the level of common life. Specially subtle are the drawing, the colour, and the treatment. We recognise the presence of a beauty and of a balanced harmony in decorative accessories which recall pleasantly the school of Luini and the wall pictures in the church of San Maurizio, Milan. It is rare that we can trace among living artists a knowledge of historic schools, so exclusively are they given either to the model to be copied or to the fashion of the moment which it may be most profitable to follow.

Mr. John Gilbert has in his time been indebted almost as much to Rembrandt and Rubens as to nature herself. Thus a small drawing on the first screen from "Gil Blas" has evidently, in the management of light and of colour, much in common with the Dutch masters. The style of Mr. Gilbert may have been occasionally disfigured by rant and fustian, yet ever and anon we come upon touches worthy of a poet, as in the picturesque though not precisely Shakspearian "Burial of Ophelia." Solemnly and sadly they bear her away to her grave in the shadowy wood. The gravedigger in the foreground may be rather conventional and coarse; such figures, however, we have long learnt to tolerate in the clever compositions of Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Carl Haag is another painter who has a certain showy mastery over effect. His "High Priest at Nablous reading the Pentateuch" is large, elaborate, and pretentious; we admire the mechanism, yet dislike the art. We pass to the contributions of Mr. Watson, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Shields, and Mr. Pinwell, severally good in somewhat distinctive ways. Mr. Watson, when he paints, or rather plasters, "the peacock," though powerful, becomes garish. The ladies who assist in the ceremony of carrying this bird of bright plumage combine the charms of a dairymaid with the dignity of the Queen of the Adriatic. This clever and brilliant drawing, however, may recall less the style of Paul Veronese than of our own Mr. Calderon. Finer by far for pure art quality is Mr. Watson's unpretentious drawing, "The Family Pew." Mr. Lamont's one contribution, "Glasgerion," shows progress, notwithstanding that again he concocts sentiment with fog and smoke. The forms require definition, the figures accent, while the shadows need lighting up. This refined essence of poetry lacks substance; even imagination may need a substratum in fact. Mr. Shields continues, in a pretty little picture of children, to show himself the good draughtsman: he evokes expression out of form, but his colour is unpleasantly ruddy, and the execution rather muddled. This artist has done nothing so good as the "Bread Watchers" of a former season. Mr. Johnson still finds it to his advantage to borrow from the French; "The Burnt Letter" might pass for a tasteful Parisian picture. A word of congratulation is due to Mr. Pinwell on his first and favourable appearance within these walls; at the same time we would condole with the Dudley Gallery for the loss it has sustained. Hard indeed seems the lot which subjects the "General Society" to repeated reprisals. No sooner does an artist prove his power in Piccadilly than he is carried off as a prize to Pall Mall. It is not long since the capture of Mr. Lamont was effected, and now Mr. Pinwell follows. The new-comer announces his advent by three capital achievements, somewhat after the manner of Mr. Walker, brilliant and opaque, original yet eccentric. "A Seat in St. James's Park" is the best, "The Pied Piper of Hamlin" the most peculiar. "Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats" (N.B. this is poetry; *vide* Mr. Browning) come tumbling out to listen to the shrill notes of "The Pied Piper of Hamlin." The whole scene, as depicted in circumstantial detail by Mr. Pinwell, is to the last degree clever and comic. Perhaps the grotesque may dominate too strongly; the "pied piper" is turned into the mountebank, and thus the painter does violence to Mr. Browning's gracefully tripping lines:—

> Into the street the piper stept,
> Smiling first a little smile,
> As if he knew what magic slept
> In his quiet pipe the while.

The landscapes are up to accustomed standards; they are varied yet monotonous, original yet commonplace. The members, in fact, after their habitual routine, persevere with most praiseworthy intent in repeating whatever they can do well. Mr. Birket Foster occupies the place of honour by the largest picture we remember to have seen from his easel—"The Meet." But with greater scale he has not gained larger manner. The composition wants unity, the component parts are scattered, the execution is dotty rather than broad; indeed, the picture might with advantage be divided into a number of smaller pictures and put into separate frames. We need not add, however, that Mr. Foster cannot fail to be sparkling, charming, and clever. Other painters of landscape sink detail into tone, and seek expression through aspects of light or phases of colour. Perhaps little that is new, though much that may be good, will be expected from veterans like Mr. Richardson, Mr. Palmer, or Mr. Branwhite. In such drawings as "Loch Awe" Mr. Richardson repeats himself after a well-known recipe; his landscapes are as decorative on the walls as blue, red, and yellow bottles in chemists' windows. Mr. Palmer recounts "Pompeian Memories"; purple mountains and storm-clouds bound the distance; across the foreground a broad shadow sweeps, while among the ruined streets and temples of Pompeii glows golden light. The colour is intense, yet balanced. These are not so much "Memories" as visions. Mr. Branwhite produces a noble drawing, lustrous in deep-toned harmonies—"A Mountain-Stream, Evening." Mr. Newton seizes on the same time of day in "Shades of Evening." The plain sleeps in shadow, the mountain still glows in sunshine—an effect often attempted, but seldom perhaps with so just a relation in the contrast of cool and warm colour. Comparisons might be instituted between the kindred yet diverse styles of Mr. George Fripp and Mr. Thomas Danby, each colourists, each observant of atmospheric conditions; the one may suggest Copley Fielding, the other Turner. Mr. George Fripp has scarcely this year sought out new ideas, nor has Mr. Danby produced any results of which he has not before favoured us with the antecedents. Indeed, it appears to be only by way of rare exception that an artist is blessed with a novel thought anywhere, so much more easy is it to go on with what has proved a success than to open fresh ground. Very much, indeed, in this Gallery might be dismissed with the simple remark that we have seen it all before; still those who have joy in art, as art, come with untired zest to variations on well-known themes, just as the ear dwells on slight modifications in favourite melodies. The analogies often conjectured to subsist between colours and musical scales might receive illustration in such expressly chromatic compositions as "Genoa" by Mr. Holland; the artist plays with his pigments as a musician with notes of the piano or violin. Some of Mr. Holland's drawings, however, like the later works of Beethoven, are, save to the initiated, unintelligible. But genius, even though run wild, is better than no genius at all. This Society numbers among its younger members earnest students still on the look out for truths yet undiscovered. Yet it is now some time since that Mr. Boyce found out that red roofs and brick walls contrast well with cabbage greens; the drawings of this artist, if monotonous, must be accepted as student works. So too the landscapes of Mr. Powell. "Ben Nevis" is a grand study of cloud, mountain, and lake. An arduous task, assuredly, did Mr. Alfred Hunt, another observant student of nature, set himself when he essayed to map out from bird's-eye view "Loch Coruisk." The feat is more astounding than agreeable. The artist evidently was near to the catastrophe of finding the subject coming to pieces under his hand; the scene threatened to resolve itself into chaos. Yet among manifest merits may especially be admired decision of form just when in danger of being lost, the presence of colour in its absence, and the consciousness of light in shadow. Altogether we have here an abstruse problem nearly, but not quite, solved. Like criticism may be directed at the clever but eccentric drawings by which

Mr. Holman Hunt makes his presence felt for the first time within this Gallery. In "the Interior of the Cathedral at Salerno" the artist challenges difficulty and courts defeat. Only by infinite subtlety in form, light, and colour is confusion averted, and relative distance preserved. "Moonlight at Salerno," the remaining contribution of Mr. Holman Hunt, is for most people too blue; perhaps, however, scarcely for those who have watched the sea by night in southern latitudes. The artist has gained great lustre on a low scale, and this proves his skill; certainly his iridescent and opalesque colours are specially lovely. Such brilliancy seems to bear out a boast we used to hear, that the moon of Italy is as bright by night as the sun of England by day.

The Institute, alias the New Water-Colour Society, merits a word of encouragement in its recent endeavours to revert to nature, and return to ways of truth and soberness. The conventional high art, the stilted and vapid ideal, which have long taken possession of this Gallery, are fortunately giving place to styles simple, straightforward, and honest. Mr. Edward Corbould, however, stands out in brilliant and defiant exception to growing simplicity, and certainly the painter of anything half so fine as "Joan of Arc forsaken" need never look once at nature again. Mr. Guido Bach is also far too poetic to listen to common sense; he and his countryman, Mr. Carl Haag, dip apparently into one colour-box, and drink from the same perennial fount of inspiration, even to the dregs. Mr. Carl Werner—yet one more German who, with a shrewd eye for business, seeks fame and fortune in London—paints "The Memnons in Moonshine"; spectres illumined as by the Bude light, which might appear on the stage as companions to Professor Pepper's patent ghost. The Institute, in fact, has been, of old, privileged ground for such scenic effects. Here is a brilliant landscape trio, performed, by kind permission of the hangers, in one perpendicular line, wherein the executants are Mr. Aaron Penley, who plays variations on the "Lake of Llanberis"; Mr. Harry Johnson, who seems to have witnessed, after his usual good luck, a vision of blazing sunset on the "Coast of Porto d'Anzio"; while for Mr. Mogford is reserved something sentimental and sorrowful "by the sad sea waves," where a woman weeps. We fear the thing may have been perpetrated before, for truly there is nothing new under sunset. We have a more simple sentiment in some exquisite drawings by Mr. Hine. On the other hand, Mr. Edmund Warren, clever though he be, seems more and more to degenerate into an opacity of laborious detail abhorrent alike to art and to nature. Among truth-seeking figure-painters not yet misled by ambition we gladly call attention to Mr. Luson Thomas, Mr. C. Green, Mr. Kilburne, and Mr. Valentine Bromley. On the whole we incline to look favourably upon the fortunes of the Institute, especially if it will but forsake what is false and florid, and rest content with such simplicity and truth as may be found through strict study of nature

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

ROBERT LE DIABLE, the next work that calls for notice, was a fresh instance of an opera represented by Mr. Mapleson's singers upon Mr. Gye's stage. All the parts of importance, with the exception of Raimbaud, the least important, were assigned to artists from Her Majesty's Theatre. Madlle. Tietjens played Alice; Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, the Princess; Signor Mongini, Robert; and Signor Foli, Bertram. Signor Arditi, moreover, was in the orchestra. The performance generally was hardly more fortunate than that of *Guillaume Tell*, a short time previously. Mdlle. Tietjens, who had met with a severe accident at rehearsal, was still very much indisposed; nor is the Norman peasant girl just now a character at all fitted to the eminent Teutonic songstress, certain physical conditions needless to specify being indispensable to its adequate embodiment. Signor Mongini produces more than one striking vocal effect in Robert, but he has yet to perfect his conception and tone down his execution. Bertram is at present beyond the means, whether vocal or dramatic, of Signor Foli; and indeed, since the days when Herr Formes was in his prime, the like criticism may apply with more or less truth to every Bertram we have seen. About Signor Corsi, upon whom devolved the comparatively small part of Raimbaud, there is little or nothing to say. He should be styled the lesser Corsi, inasmuch as another Corsi, if not great, greater nevertheless than he, was yet to come from Lisbon. The best sustained character in the entire performance was that of the Princess; and the sensation of the evening was created by Madlle. di Murska, in the well-known concert-hacknied air, "Roberto, o tu che adoro" ("Robert, toi que j'aime"), into which she threw an expression as intense as it was natural. This exhibition of genuine feeling suddenly aroused the audience from an apathy that had prevailed from the beginning of the evening. Altogether the revival of Meyerbeer's once most popular work, which many amateurs (despite the *Huguenots*) still persist in regarding as his finest, was not encouraging; and we doubt whether its popularity will ever be renewed until the advent of some new and young phenomenon, to present us once more, as was done by Jenny Lind in 1847, with an ideal Alice.

Up to this period the result of the "coalition" was by no means equal to anticipation. The theatre, in repute at all events, had virtually gained little or nothing; while the public had been mulcted of nearly all those advantages to which it is accustomed to look from a rivalry conducted on either side with spirit and enterprise. Formerly, in the early season, at least some unknown singers were heard at one theatre, and an unknown opera or two at the other; but this time neither unknown singers nor unknown operas were forthcoming. With respect to singers, we have lost Signor Mario, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, M. Gassier, &c., all special favourites; with respect to operas, we have not had a single novelty; and with respect to conductors, in lieu of Mr. Costa at one theatre and Signor Arditi at the other, we have had Signors Arditi and Li Calsi, temporarily deposing each other, to the detriment of the orchestra and the advantage of nobody. If on one occasion people felt moved to exclaim—"after all the Covent Garden orchestra is still what Costa made it, still the orchestra of orchestras"—on the very next, in all probability, the judgment was reversed. This should not be at the Royal Italian Opera. *Noblesse oblige*: and the time when the musical director of that great establishment, parodying the motto of the French De Rohan, could proudly exclaim—"COSTA *suis!*"—is already beginning to be regretted.

On the evening of the 4th of May, however (a date to be always remembered in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre, as the date of the appearance of Jenny Lind), the house was crowded to the roof, and pleasurable excitement was visibly imprinted on every countenance. The piece announced was, nevertheless, one of the stalest of the stale—no other than *Lucia di Lammermoor.* But the lady put down for the character of the heroine was as young and fresh as the sadly worn opera of Donizetti was the opposite. How suddenly Madlle. Christine Nilsson rose to fame, when, two years since, she came forth as the pale and erring Violetta, none of our music-loving readers can have forgotten. Last year, when the performances took place at Drury Lane, she was the mainstay of her director, just as, the year before, at Her Majesty's Theatre, she had been his saviour. Within the short period during which we have known her, Madlle. Nilsson has become as renowned in France as in England; for, whatever our complacent neighbours may pretend, Paris of recent years has borrowed its tone in operatic matters from London—not London from Paris. It did so with Alboni; it did so with Adelina Patti; and now once more it has done so with Christine Nilsson, who till after her first engagement here had been allowed to remain in comparative obscurity at Paris. As the Viennese could not see Schubert for Beethoven, so the Parisians could not see Christine Nilsson for Miolan Carvalho. Madame Carvalho was not only mistress of the fair young Swede, who served under her at the Théâtre Lyrique; she was also (of course involuntarily) her evil genius. One brief summer London season, however, set matters right. Madlle. Nilsson returned to Paris with a cubit added to her artistic stature, and was immediately everywhere in request. The sequel—the engagement at the Académie Impériale, the opera of *Hamlet*, the Ophelia mania, and the remainder—need not be told. That *Hamlet* may speedily be brought out at Covent Garden is the unanimous wish. Every one is longing to hear and to see Madlle. Nilsson (for either is a privilege) in some new part. Not that the public are tired of witnessing her impersonation of Lucia, Martha, Violetta, and Margaret; but that the desire exists to test her in some part of her own original creation, her assumption of which is not likely to invite comparison with that of any of her predecessors or contemporaries. We have nothing new to say of her Lucia, except that while the voice seemed as fresh and sympathetic as before, and the singing more than ever brilliant and refined, the acting generally showed a sensible advance in histrionic power. There was at one time a certain marble-like coldness about Madlle. Nilsson's stage demeanour, even in situations requiring the most unreserved *abandon*; but this has apparently departed, and we have now a genuine lifelike portraiture of the unhappy bride, from the first scene, with the meeting and parting of the lovers, to the last, with the mental frenzy that culminates in suicide. A Lucy more comely to behold has seldom appeared on the operatic boards; and this used to make Madlle. Nilsson's assumed frigidity all the more provoking. The greater the satisfaction, then, felt by her many admirers at her evident resolve to become as thorough a mistress of one department of her art as of the other, an accomplished actress no less than an accomplished singer Madlle. Nilsson's second appearance was in M. Flotow's *Martha*—an opera in the French style, composed by a Russian, and as unlike the genuine French style (of Auber, for example) as pinchbeck is to gold. The Lady Enrichetta of the gifted lady stood in want of no improvement that we can imagine; and to describe her singing in the quartet at the spinning-wheel, or her delivery of the "Last Rose of Summer," of which she persistently, even when encored, adopts the Italian version, would be a waste of words. *Martha* is an opera for children, young and old, not for men and women. The music is insignificant from first to last. Admitting a certain liveliness in the first two acts, and especially certain graceful prettinesses in the second, which not the less owes its principal attraction to the Irish melody to which reference has been made, the rest, apart from the vulgar apostrophe to beer, put into the mouth of Plumkett, a nonentity who acts perpetually as foil to his brother nonentity, Lionel, is mere drivel. How *Martha* has kept the stage so long it is not easy to understand. Doubtless, "Qui sola, vergin rosa" (that eternal "Last Rose") has had something to do with it; but the real sinners have been the *prime donne*, from Angiolina Bosio downwards, who have delighted in warbling this sentimental ditty, and in seeing themselves adored by a half-witted gentleman-farmer. It is a pity that *Lady Henriette, ou le Marché de Richmond*, was ever metamorphosed from a ballet into an opera. Perhaps, one of these days, M. Flotow,

who seems to have spent some years of his life in considering and reconsidering, modelling and remodelling, his precious piece of work, will again transform it from an opera into an oratorio. There at all events it must rest at a standstill, seeing that from the lowest it will have risen to the highest sphere of the musical art, and can go no higher. To *Martha* succeeded *La Traviata*—tears after onions, for when the one has been given, the other seems to follow as a matter of necessity. In Signor Verdi's opera, however (the opera which introduced Madlle. Nilsson to an English audience), there is, notwithstanding the unsavoury incidents of its libretto, a considerable amount of dramatic expression, and no little music alike tuneful, original, and effective. The part of the heroine affords wide scope for an actor's talent; and in this, even more than in Lucia, Madlle. Nilsson finds opportunities for demonstrating the remarkable progress she has made since she was last among us. Guarding in a measure that reserved behaviour which in certain positions makes it difficult for us to believe that in her we behold the "unfortunate" whose end, while a matter of retributive justice, is yet, as things turn out, to be lamented, Madlle. Nilsson imparts a degree of animation to the earlier scenes which occasionally reminds us of Piccolomini, the first representative of the character in England (1856), though she never gives way to that unrestrained *laisser aller* which, in the eyes of uncompromising judges, was the cardinal sin of Piccolomini's too famous assumption. In the second act where, moved by the earnest solicitations of the elder Germont, Violetta writes the fatal letter which deprives her of her lover, and in the last, when, as the sequel of a crowd of unpleasant details, she dies in the presence of Alfredo and his father, Madlle. Nilsson showed herself fully equal to the dramatic requirements, and both surprised and charmed the audience. In short, her Violetta is now quite equal if not superior, to her Lucia. How admirably she gives the music—from "Libiamo, libiamo," and "Ah fors' e lui," with its *cabaletta*, "Sempre libera," of the first act, to the monotonous and lachrymose duet with Alfredo, "Parigi o cara," and the repugnant death-wail, of the last—we need not say. It would be difficult to imagine it given better. As the heroine of *Faust*—or *Faust e Margherita*, following the title adopted at Covent Garden—the voice, singing, features, and stage deportment of Madlle. Nilsson are familiar to English audiences. Her impersonation of this most interesting character is very much what it was last year, with the difference that to the scenes of the Cathedral and the Prison she brings a force and intensity which she has never before exhibited—at least in our experience. Her Margaret is now as poetically truthful as, judged simply from a musical point of view, it is irreproachable; and, without further comment, we may leave it to make its own impression. Madlle. Nilsson's companions in *Lucia* were Signor Bulterini, whose Edgardo was in some points more effective than could have been anticipated, Mr. Santley, whose Enrico is now the best on the stage, Signors Marino and Foli; in *Martha*, Signor Mongini was her Lionel, and Mr. Santley *his* Plumkett, Nancy—Enrichetta's friend and confidant—being represented by Madlle. Grossi, a *contralto*, whose voice, heavy, though rich in quality, is not well suited to the music; in *La Traviata* Signor Naudin played the extremely ungrateful part of Alfredo, and Signor Graziani that of Alfredo's father, if possible even a weightier infliction. There were two novelties in the "cast" of M. Gounod's opera. First we had a new Faust, in Signor Corsi, from Lisbon (already named), who by his performance of this character, the merits of his predecessor borne in mind, fully established his claim to the title of the greater Corsi, although hardly to that of the *great* Corsi. This gentleman, we believe, was in London, some ten years since, when Mr. E. T. Smith presided over the destinies of Italian Opera; but what are his antecedents and what were his achievements at that epoch we are unable to remember. He has a light tenor voice, which, when he does not force it (as he too frequently *does*), is agreeable enough; and he is quite at ease on the stage. Further than this, at present, we have nothing to say about Signor Corsi, unless it be that, on the whole, he made a sufficiently favourable though by no means strong impression. The other novelty was the Mephistopheles of Signor Graziani, about which the less said the better. Signor Graziani was master neither of the music nor of the character; and, indeed, the music is as much beyond the capacity of his voice as the character seems beyond the reach of his intelligence. Madlle. Scalchi was a very acceptable Siebel, and Mr. Santley, as usual, the Valentine of Valentines.

Close upon the appearance of one of the "stars" of the season (for it is evident that the "coalition" is to depend, not upon operas, but upon "stars") followed that of another—Madame Adelina Patti. Among the acquisitions made by Mr. Gye, since he undertook the direction of the Royal Italian Opera, foremost of all stands Madame Patti. This very gifted artist, who made her *début* here on the 14th of May, 1861, as a girl of scarcely eighteen, and by her performance of Amina, in the *Sonnambula*, at once took musical London by storm, has been the chief attraction of the theatre ever since. And no wonder, for, with endowments far beyond the common, she has studied her art perseveringly and conscientiously. Attractive and full of promise from the beginning, she has never been content to stand still, but has laboured to such excellent purpose that she now deservedly occupies a first place in the very first rank of her profession. That Adelina Patti was a genius could not fail to be discovered by all capable judges at the very outset of her career—a genius both as comedian and singer; and those who foretold great things of her future have not turned out false prophets. Her performance the other night, as Amina, her original *coup d'essai* in England, was from first to last enchanting. It seemed hardly possible that she could be better than before. Better, nevertheless, she was; refined and delicate touches, here and there, in almost every scene, showing how deeply she must have been engaged during the interval in perfecting that which, by those accustomed to look upon art as simply a diversion, was already recognised as perfection. We do not hesitate to say that the *finale* of the second act of the *Sonnambula*, as represented by Madame Patti, is equal to anything witnessed on the lyric boards for a generation past. No such Amina as her's, nothing, in fact, approaching to such an Amina, has been seen in our time; and we may well despair of anything worthier of its kind. Having said which, we forbear from entering into details that, in reference to a subject so familiar, would only tax the patience of our readers. Madame Patti was well supported by Signor Mongini, whose Elvino is thoroughly genial and good. As much cannot be said for Signor Bagagiolo's Rodolpho—very nearly the worst we remember; nor are we able to give one word of praise to the Lisa of Madlle. Locatelli, some of whose former achievements had led us to hope for a more than usually spirited representation of that by no means insignificant character. Madame Patti's next appearance was as Adina in *Don Pasquale*, and her third, as Rosina in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. As the scheming widow and the rebellious ward, all the world knows, she is equally charming. She acts both characters to admiration; and in Donizetti's comic music—a pale reflex in this particular instance (unlike the *Elisir d'Amore*, his masterpiece) of the comic music of Rossini—all the world equally knows, she is just as much at home as in that of Rossini himself. It is, indeed, her extraordinary versatility, her intimate familiarity with the various phases under which the lyric drama presents itself, that affords one of the most signal proofs of Madame Patti's genius. Of her Adina, as of her Rosina, we have spoken more than once at length; but while each is beyond reproach, we may suggest that in the "Lesson-scene" of the *Barbiere* she might introduce something else than the *bolero* from the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, which, brilliantly as she sings it, is quite out of place; and that for the inevitable "encore," she should cease to give the ballad of "Home, sweet home," which, whether Rosina be regarded as the heroine of Beaumarchais or as the heroine of Rossini, is equally inappropriate. Madame Patti appears to be in greater favour than ever with the public this year, if we may judge by the enthusiasm she creates at every one of her performances.

Any further reference to *Don Pasquale* and the *Barbiere* would be unnecessary but for the fact that a new "*buffo*" appeared in each—as the hero of the former, and as Don Basilio in the latter. Signor Bottero's reputation in Italy has been chiefly acquired at minor theatres, and especially as the representative of *Don Bucefalo*, in Signor Cagnoni's opera of that name. We have not yet enjoyed the privilege of making acquaintance with *Don Bucefalo*; and all we can say at present of Signor Bottero is, that both his Don Pasquale and his Don Basilio are, at the best, mediocre—as noisy, pretentious and obtrusive as they are destitute of humour. If these be criterions it is very difficult to account for so wide a Continental renown; but, perhaps, *Don Bucefalo* (which is to be produced this evening) will set matters right. Let us hope so. Meanwhile we have only to add that the parts of Dr. Malatesta and Ernesto, in *Don Pasquale*, are indifferently well sustained by Signors Cotogni and Naudin; that in *Il Barbiere* Signor Mongini surprised everybody by his very natural assumption of the character and his fluent delivery of a large part of the music of Almaviva; and that the other chief parts in Rossini's comic masterpiece were sustained by Signors Cotogni and Ciampi (Figaro and Don Bartolo), as of yore.

To conclude, the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera are eagerly looking forward to something new—whether it be *Otello*, with Madlle. Nilsson as Desdemona, *Dinorah*, or *L'Etoile du Nord* (the first the most desirable), with Madame Adelina Patti as the heroine, or the *Hamlet* of M. Thomas (for Madlle. Nilsson)—the rehearsals of which last, we hear, have already begun. The thirst for novelty, indeed, has become little short of intense.

THE DERBY.

ALMOST every year there is some one horse in the Derby, not necessarily the first favourite, but, for all that, the popular idol. Last year, despite the immense prestige of Lady Elizabeth, the public sympathies were all with Blue Gown; and this year Belladrum was the object of similar favour. Partly because Mr. Merry's horses are always trusted by the public; partly because of Belladrum's brilliant performances as a two-year-old; partly because he has been about the best-abused animal of the century; and partly because he so nearly succeeded in confounding his enemies at Newmarket in the Two Thousand. So, while it was generally feared that Pretender *must* win, it was almost universally hoped that Belladrum *might* win. Pero Gomez, naturally considered as the only rival to this pair from whom danger need be apprehended, has declined of late in public estimation because Duke of Beaufort, whom he defeated by a neck only in the Newmarket Biennial, was beaten out of sight a fortnight later by Pretender and Belladrum. It was also understood that he had lost his trial at Kingsclere, but if it is true that he was set to run Blue Gown at a difference of

12 lbs. only, it is not wonderful that he was beaten. Sir Joseph Hawley always tries his horses very highly; but such a trial as that would have reduced the Derby to that certainty so often predicted, so rarely accomplished. Setting aside these three—Belladrum, Pretender, and Pero Gomez—it was difficult to find any other candidates with even a faint chance of success. It was not possible to believe that any of the horses that ran in the Two Thousand and could not get within lengths of the leading pair could reverse that running at Epsom, and the rumours of a promising outsider were fainter than ever, though some of the Newmarket people entertained a high opinion of Rupert. Thus it must be confessed that the Derby this year awakened singularly little interest. It was so obvious that one of three—and, as the day drew nearer and the truth about Belladrum became better known, that one of two only—would win, that people accepted the fact as settled, and preferred to speculate on what might have a chance of scrambling into the third place. And the majority of the probable runners were so much on a par that there was a fine field for guess-work on this point. The result completely justified these anticipations. Pretender and Pero Gomez as nearly as possible ran a dead heat, and half a dozen horses made an equally close struggle for the third place. There was never a better finish for the Derby; there were never so many horses resolutely ridden out for place honours.

The paddock, as usual, attracted an inconveniently large assemblage of spectators, but those who had hoped to scrutinize Pretender and his stable companions, Thorwaldsen and Lord Hawthorn, were disappointed, for this trio only came into the enclosure for about a quarter of a minute, and were then summarily transferred to the vicinity of the starting-post, and appeared no more till the time arrived for the preliminary canters. The rest of the twenty-two starters (four more than last year) were paraded in the paddock, but the crowding and mobbing was so excessive that it was difficult for some of them to move about, and almost impossible, without making great physical exertions, to get a fair view of either Belladrum or Pero Gomez. The former of these two, indeed, was so much surrounded by eager spectators that his trainer had to take him elsewhere to be saddled; but it may be mentioned that a better-tempered string of horses was rarely subjected to so intrusive a scrutiny. They all bore the jostling and hustling with wonderful equanimity, without evincing any signs of nervousness or fretfulness, and to this cause must be attributed also the unwonted absence of false starts, for which the Derby of 1869 will be remarkable. Border Knight and Martyrdom were walked about and saddled near Hermit's tree, and, like Hermit, they were not much troubled by the number of their admirers. Ladas seemed not to have grown much, and went very stiffly on his hind legs. Rupert was remarked for his size and his colour; Ethus was rather admired, and his Sussex friends protested he was in fine condition. Duke of Beaufort and The Drummer never looked better, and De Vere was in beautiful condition. He is an elegant little horse, full of quality, but altogether too small for a race of this description. Pero Gomez was full of muscle and power, but never was and never will be a beauty; and turning from him to Belladrum the contrast was remarkable. As far as appearances went, nothing in the paddock could be compared with Mr. Merry's horse, who looked and moved like the real aristocrat of the party. Perry Down attracted a good number of admirers, but the recent victories of his trial horse, Trocadero, and of his stable companion, Consul, were the cause of much of the attention that was paid to him. Unquestionably, however, he is a fine, strongly-framed horse, and ran conspicuously in the race till his leg gave way. Besides those which we have named, the field included Ryshworth, Tenedos, Defender, Tasman, Alpenstock, The Ægean, Neuchatel, and King Cophetua. None of this string but Ryshworth had much claim to notice, and Ryshworth's temper is so villanous that even his owner, with all his patience, must be tired of trusting him. At the usual time they cantered past the Stand, and Belladrum was honoured with as hearty and spontaneous a burst of cheering as we ever heard on a race-course. His action was as grand as ever, and he pulled Daley nearly out of the saddle. Pero Gomez also galloped with great freedom and power, but nothing went better than The Drummer, if so well. No one could fail to notice Pretender's stride and the amount of ground he covered, but still he did not please. Strange to say, neither at Newmarket nor at Epsom has he gained many friends. The Newmarket judges would not allow that he had a single good point about him, and the Epsom judges gave a nearly similar verdict. There are, however, more things to be desired in a racehorse than elegance and perfect symmetry, and, in proof, the first and second in the Derby, Pretender and Pero Gomez, are as plain-looking a pair as can be seen. The canters over, the twenty-two passed through the paddock on their way to the starting-post—where, by the way, more people were congregated than we ever remember to have seen—and showed themselves so docile and manageable that, after one slight failure, and almost before the multitude was prepared for it, the starter dropped his flag, and the race commenced.

Pero Gomez appeared to us a little slow in getting off, but the pace was so slow that it did not much signify. Neuchatel and Lord Hawthorn made as much running as they could, The Drummer also being close to the front, while Pretender lay well up in the middle, Pero Gomez being some way behind, and Belladrum and Ladas conspicuous in the extreme rear. Coming down the hill, Pero Gomez improved his position, but at Tattenham Corner the usual scrimmage took place, of which Sir Joseph Hawley's horse was this year the victim. It is extraordinary how people can persist in talking about the excellence of the Epsom course, when every year, year after year, the chances of some of the Derby horses are either jeopardized or annihilated by the casualties at that detested turn. To be able to whisk round sharp corners is no merit in a racehorse, and is not a quality calculated to improve the breed; and yet, in the great race of the year, the best horse of the year is annually exposed to dangers from which he can be only saved by good luck and the acrobatic dexterity of his [illegible] And, with all this, the Epsom authorities actually projected, and partially laid out, a new course, with a more dangerous turn than the present. On this occasion Thorwaldsen swerved in front of the Duke of Beaufort, who very nearly blundered on his nose, and stopped Pero Gomez, who was just coming through. Wells, who had some difficulty both in steadying his horse and in maintaining his own balance, was then compelled to go round his horses and take another line, and at that critical point of the race such a mischance was equivalent to a loss of three or four lengths. Pretender in this way secured a considerable advantage, and on coming into the straight took up the running, his immediate followers being The Drummer, Ryshworth, Rupert, and Duke of Beaufort. All these were in the race at that point, and Rupert for one moment looked as dangerous as anything. He fell back, however, and then The Drummer was going so well and so strongly that the shouting in his favour commenced. Opposite the Stand Pretender and Pero Gomez, who had made up his lost ground, drew away by themselves, and fought out the remainder of the race with desperate determination. Inch by inch the ground was contested; and, as each jockey called on his horse for a final effort, it was responded to in the gamest manner possible. The issue was in doubt up to the last stride, and we thought that Pero Gomez had just got his neck in front; but the judge said No, that he was in front in the next stride after passing the chair, and that Pretender was rapidly tiring, but just managed to retain a slight advantage at the critical instant; and so Sir Joseph Hawley missed winning his fifth Derby by a short head, and we felt very thankful that the responsibility of judging the race did not devolve on us. Meanwhile an equally desperate battle was going on, a length behind the leading pair, for the third place; and this The Drummer, who ran for some way in difficulties, but with unflinching gameness, secured by a head from Duke of Beaufort, Rupert, and Ryshworth, who were so close together that the judge could not place a fourth. Alpenstock was seventh, Martyrdom eighth, and the positions of the remainder are unimportant. Ethus was far behind, and Ladas and Belladrum were last of all. Poor Belladrum! It was Lady Elizabeth over again. She got off last, so did he; she went leisurely up the hill, and the people looked for her to come with her fine speed at the top; so did he, and the people looked likewise; she never came at all, neither did he. The first hill effectually stopped him, and when he got to the top, instead of getting to full speed, he wanted to stop altogether to take breath. He never got near his horses, and toiled along in the rear in company with Ladas, who, we fear, is a very dear purchase for his youthful owner. And yet the pace was very slow—2 min. 52½ sec.—nearly ten seconds more than in Kettledrum's year, and as a consequence there was much less tailing off than usual. Horses that could not live the pace in the Two Thousand were in good positions last Wednesday up to two hundred yards from the finish, and up to the last moment it was difficult to say which of four or five would get the third place, and that only a length from the winner. Belladrum's performance is quite inexplicable after the brilliant speed he showed a month ago, and we can only account for it by supposing that on the flat course at Newmarket he scarcely felt himself troubled by his affection of the throat. The Duke of Beaufort ran a good honest horse, and Rupert ran much more prominently then we expected. Ryshworth was in front for a long way, but stopped as usual when the struggle came. Nothing was looking better than Perry Down before he went lame, and he would most probably have been in the first three. Of the winner we will only say that he fairly deserved his honours, but we much question whether he would have won if Pero Gomez had had good luck at Tattenham Corner. However, they are both sound, game, good horses, and we hope they may come fit and well to the post at Doncaster to fight their battle over again. The question which of them is the better will not languish for want of disputants during the summer.

The Derby day, in point of favourable weather, was one in a thousand, and in other respects it presented the same hackneyed aspects as ever. The course was in beautiful order; the sunshine was brilliant, and yet there was no dust; and the country looked charming. At Epsom, on such a day as last Wednesday, it may be said that every prospect pleases, and only Tattenham Corner and the arrangements of the Grand Stand authorities are vile. The former more closely concerns owners of horses, who seem to have made up their minds that there must be some victims every year, and wh[illegible] hope that the lot may fall on their friends' horses, and not on their own. The latter affect the suffering public, the inutility of whose remonstrances is so universally acknowledged that the sound of them is almost silenced. Man is born to suffer, especially an Englishman in search of pleasure. The managers of the Grand Stand at Epsom fully understand this truth, and are singularly successful in enforcing it. Their method of procedure is very simple. They first screw money out of their visitors at every step, at every yard, on every conceivable pretext, and then they hamper and obstruct them in every possible way in their goings out and in their comings in, in their efforts to mount from the bottom to the top or to descend

from the top to the bottom, in their struggles to get into the ring or to get out of the ring, and in their desire to obtain something eatable and drinkable at reasonable prices. In all its arrangements, in its entrances, and its passages, and its staircases, and its refreshment-rooms, the Epsom Grand Stand is ludicrously ill-adapted to the requirements of a great national festival.

REVIEWS.

CREASY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

When a book is written under great disadvantages, allowance must of course be made for the disadvantages. Still we cannot help taking into account how far the disadvantages are of the writer's own seeking. The remark was made by Lord Jeffrey, and before Lord Jeffrey it was made by Cato the Censor. If the Amphictyonic Council had ordered Aulus Postumius to write a book in Greek, he might have fairly asked for gentle criticism on any mistakes into which a foreigner might fall. But when Aulus wrote a book in Greek, no man constraining him thereto, he laid himself open, so Cato thought, to all the censure that might be inherently due to his mistakes. So when Sir Edward Creasy tells us that he writes at Colombo, and that at Colombo there is "no copious historical library," we are not surprised that his book lacks somewhat which it might have gained if it had been written within a stone's throw of the Bodleian or the British Museum. But then we cannot help asking whether a man who, by his own account, has neither a good library of his own nor access to a good public library has any business to write a History of England at all. Sir Edward Creasy tells us honestly that his book is made up from old lectures, that the manuscripts of his old lectures "do not in general give him the means for a complete set of references," and that Colombo contains no library from which he can now collect them. That is, as we understand Sir Edward Creasy, he has actually turned his lectures into a narrative without having those books at his elbow without which a careful writer would not venture to write or revise a line. Modern books sometimes reach him and sometimes do not; but we must say for him that he seems delighted with them when he does get them. Writing under these difficulties, we are surprised that Sir Edward Creasy has not written a much worse book than he has written. But under these difficulties it is certain that no good book can be written. Sir Edward Creasy does not despise his subject, for he shows a real liking for it and some understanding of it. But he trifles with it; the account of his way of writing it shows that he has no notion of the sort of work which is needful to produce a really sterling history. In fact Sir Edward Creasy has been rather too much in the habit of putting forth slight books in order to suit what is supposed to be the popular taste. He wrote a rather pretty book about Decisive Battles. When the English Constitution was thought to be in danger, he wrote a book on the English Constitution. When everybody was talking about the Turks, he wrote a History of the Turks. If our memory does not greatly fail us, when a French invasion was expected, he wrote a book on expected Invasions. A man who is used to do this kind of thing is not likely to sit down to really hard work. Sir Edward Creasy's History of England is not so flimsy as his History of the Turks, but it is very far from being what a History of England ought to be.

Sir Edward Creasy, however, has some good points; let us therefore do full justice to those good points. He writes in a fair, honest, candid spirit, with no violent prejudices one way or another, but with an evident wish to do justice to all sides. He has a very good appreciation of personal character; his portraits are by no means badly drawn in point of power, and his way of looking at men and their actions is fair and generous. Neither does he write in the interest of any political or theological party; in a struggle between a King and a Bishop he can see elements of right and good on both sides. His style is sometimes meagre and slipshod; but it is clear and unaffected, and without a particle of grandeur. He has an amusing way of patting his betters on the back, but it is done in simplicity and not in arrogance. And we must remember that the narrative is made up from scraps of lectures, and in lectures addressed to a youthful audience it is often necessary to point out the authors to be studied, and to *introduce* Hallam or Palgrave in a way in which it seems ludicrous to introduce them in a formal history. Altogether there is that in Sir Edward Creasy which, if he had written in some place where there was a copious historical library, and if he had really taken pains with what he wrote, might have enabled him to turn out something much better than what he has turned out.

The book then is made up out of lectures delivered, we fancy, from twenty to thirty years ago. Now, if it had been published twenty or thirty years ago, it might be judged according to the standard of that time. But Sir Edward Creasy does not equably represent the standard of that time. Neither does he represent the standard of the present time. He has, as we have said, read some of the things which have been published since, but not all. And the effect is odd. It seems to be quite a toss-up whether a given book reaches Colombo or not. It is perhaps hardly to be expected that all the publications of the Archæological Institute should reach Colombo. But the result is that we have another blind guide labouring at the earliest history of Englan in all the darkness of the days before Dr. Guest. Sir Franci Palgrave's Normandy and England seems to have reached him onl while he was correcting his proof-sheets; Mr. Freeman's Norma Conquest seems not to have reached him at all. But he has rea Mr. Bryce, and accordingly the Holy Roman Empire is trotted ou to be patted on the back:—

> The necessity which the Germans found of combining under one chie against the Hungarians caused the new revival of the Roman Empire, o rather, of the creation of "The Holy Roman Empire," which endured unti the present century. The rise of this empire, its relations with the Italian and especially its conflicts with the Papacy, are subjects which must not b neglected by the student who desires to comprehend the history of England or of any other State of Christendom, during an important part of th middle ages.

When we are told that the history of the Empire "must not b neglected," we are reminded of the Scotch minister who prayed the Almighty to take care of the Great and the Little Cumbrae, and "not to forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

And so it goes on; books seem to be alternately known and unknown. The first two Angevin Kings are done as they might be done before the wonderful portraits of them drawn by Professo Stubbs; and the Crusades, which Sir Edward Creasy condescendingly pronounces to be "remarkable enterprises," are done as the First Crusade might be done before Sir Francis Palgrave's fourt volume had made its way across the Indian Ocean. But t make up, when he reaches Henry the Third, he has read Dr. Shirley, and Dr. Shirley is accordingly patted on the back, as well as Mr. Bryce, the Empire, and the Crusades. Dr. Shirley's preface to the Royal and Historical Letters is pronounced to be "a most valuable contribution to our history," and elsewhere we are assured that "there is great value in his remarks," and that "the whole of his preface to the Monumenta Franciscana," which we had always thought was written by Mr. Brewer, is "well worth perusal." Dr. Hook too will doubtless be glad to learn that he "has written admirably on the men and measures of this period." So, to go back to older writers, we hear of "Mr. Hallam's eloquent observations" and Mr. Forsyth's "valuable remarks." Mr. Hartshorne has been less lucky; it is still, in the absence of copious historical libraries, believed at Colombo that "Edward II. was born in Wales, *in the new royal castle of Carnarvon.*"

These after-studies of Sir Edward Creasy have had two peculiar effects on his book. They do now and then help him to a reference by misadventure. Though the lectures which Sir Edward Creasy carried off with him to Ceylon contained no references, yet the books which have since followed him thither do; so it happens that, through the help of Sir Francis Palgrave or of Dr. Shirley, a line or two of the original authorities does now and then find its way into the pages of Sir Edward Creasy. But there is another effect also. When a man gets a new book anywhere, it is likely to occupy his thoughts for a while more than the old books. Its merits or defects will be for a season the thing uppermost in his mind. We are ourselves just now thinking more about Sir Edward Creasy than we are about Sir Francis Palgrave. And we can quite understand that the pleasure of getting a new book at Colombo must be still greater than the pleasure of getting a new book anywhere in England. So it is not wonderful if Sir Edward Creasy's head is very full of his new books when he gets them. He is in the same sort of state of mind as a child with a new doll, a girl with a new lover, or a Church with a new dogma. The new for a season puts the old out of sight. So Sir Edward Creasy, when he gets a new book, flies off at a tangent. Something or other strikes him, something of which he approves or of which he disapproves, and he gives a note to set forth or to dispute the new position, of a length quite disproportionate to the scale of the work. It thus comes about that important parts of the narrative are carelessly slurred over in the text, while incidental points are dwelt on in the notes with needless fulness. Thus in the years from 449 to 1154 we have references in abundance to Palgrave—who is obligingly described as a "most learned and able historian" and is somewhat condescendingly pronounced to be "quite right"—to Kemble, Grimm, Milman, Guizot, and Sir Edward Creasy himself, to say nothing of Dr. Latham and what Sir Edward Creasy calls "the excellent history of our country by M. de Bonnechose" (a book of grotesque blunders called "*Les Quatre Conquêtes de l'Angleterre*"); while there is but one single extract from Bæda, namely the story of Gregory meeting the English children, and one single extract from the Chronicles, namely a portion of the Lay of Brunanburh worked into the text. Now setting aside Dr. Latham, M. de Bonnechose, and Sir Edward Creasy, for all Sir Edward's other authorities we have a profound respect, as well as for his later lights, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Brewer, and Dr. Shirley. But we certainly think that nothing that could be done would be more painful to any of those great scholars who are still among us than to see themselves thus trotted out and glorified in the places of the original writers to whose study and illustration their labours have been devoted. And, after all, when we see Sir Edward Creasy patronizing Sir Francis Palgrave, we are irresistibly reminded of a proverb about teaching one's grandam to suck eggs.

To turn to the matter of Sir Edward Creasy's History, it is not very wonderful if, when he put together his lectures thirty years ago, he had no idea what the English nation was. The first sentence of the book might give us some hopes. "The land we live in has been called England for about ten centuries." To be sure

* *History of England from the Earliest to the Present Time.* 5 vols. By Sir Edward S. Creasy, M.A. Vol. I. London: James Walton. 1869.

it would be hard to find an instance of the use of the name "Englaland" before the eleventh century, but Sir Edward Creasy most likely believes, as some time ago people did believe, that the name was introduced by Act of Parliament in the days of Ecgberht. Still, bating the ten centuries, we could not think of a better beginning than the statement that the name England is comparatively recent. But instead of going on to tell us from the very beginning why it is called England, Sir Edward goes on with some geographic talk a good deal of which is to the purpose, and some patriotic twaddle none of which is to the purpose, and with the information that Arnold was "one of the ablest commentators on the history of ancient Greece," that Hallam was "the most discerning and most impartial of English historians," and that Niebuhr was "the greatest master of historical knowledge that modern Germany has produced." Indeed, throughout his opening chapter Sir Edward writes as if he were bestowing prizes at a competitive examination. We see that Arnold, Hallam, and Niebuhr have all got very good marks. But Sir Edward goes a step further. In the process of educating his grandam he goes up as high as grandmother Tethys and her venerable spouse. Byron told Ocean that "Time writes no wrinkle on his azure brow," but Sir Edward Creasy has found out a way to pat Ocean himself on the back and to assure him that he is "the mightiest instrument in the civilization of mankind."

By this sort of thing, and by a great deal about Phœnicians, Romans, and Britons, we are separated from Sir Edward Creasy's theory of the English people, which when we get to it runs thus:—

> Four races of men have principally formed our English nation; first, the Britons, who, as we have seen, were Romanised Celts; secondly, the Anglo-Saxons, who were Germans; thirdly, the Danes from Scandinavia; and, fourthly, the Normans, who were a composite race, originally Scandinavian, but largely mingled, before their arrival here, with the Frankish and Roman-Gallic populations of the Continent.
>
> Of these four races, the German (that is, the Anglo-Saxon), though only second in point of date of settlement here, is first in importance. The name, by which our country is best known in the world; the name, which is dearest and most familiar to us, is a German word. England is the land of the Engles or Angles—the German tribe that gave a new collective appellation to the southern and best part of the island, while the new and permanent appellations of many parts of it, such as Sussex, Essex, Middlesex, were taken from the Saxons, the other chief tribe of our German forefathers. Our language, though now apparently so different from German, was given to us by Germans, and is still essentially a German tongue. And although our institutions, our population, our national character, have been greatly modified by the admixture of other elements, they still have more of the old Teutonic type in them than of any other; and we can yet point to ancient Germany as the source whence the main stream of the English nation has flowed.

We mean to come back to Sir Edward Creasy another time. For the present we will stop with this, a specimen of the sort of thing against which we spend our lives in fighting. It is the usual blunder of putting the successive infusions which have more or less affected our nation and our history on a level with the one original stock itself. But there are some special aggravations. Our language, though apparently so different from German, was given us by Germans. Our language, let us tell Sir Edward Creasy, was given us by nobody. In the only sense in which the word "German" can be used in the matter at all, instead of our language being "given us by Germans," we are Germans, speaking a German tongue. But no word can be more misleading for any such purpose than the word German. Sir Edward Creasy has evidently no idea of any Teutonic tongue except the High-Dutch which we learn as part of a polite education. In this sense no doubt our language is very "different from German," not only apparently but really. But then with High-Dutch, we who "eat and drink" and do not "essen" and "trinken," have nothing directly to do. It is very likely that, when Sir Edward Creasy put together his lectures a generation back, the difference between High-Dutch and Low-Dutch was unknown. A generation or two earlier again Bishop Percy felt his way as one propounding a paradox when he ventured to hint that Celts and Teutons were not one people. Bishop Percy was in advance of his age; Sir Edward Creasy, thirty years back, was perhaps not behind his; but it is really too bad to dish up again now the præ-scientific philology which in præ-scientific days might be pardoned.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELS OF THE BUDDHIST PILGRIMS.*

MANY are the legendary accounts of the introduction of Buddhism into China. That most generally received is that Ming-ti (62 A.D.), the second Emperor of the Eastern Han dynasty, saw in a vision in the night "an image, nineteen feet high, resplendent as gold, and its head surmounted with a halo as bright as the sun," which approached his palace and advancing towards him thus spake:—"Buddha bids you send to the west countries to search for books and images, that you may obtain a knowledge of him." This dream, if dream it were, was doubtless suggested by the sight of a golden image of Buddha, which had previously been brought to China by General Hou kiu-ping after a successful campaign against the Hioung-nu. Be that as it may, the Emperor was not disobedient to the vision, but despatched an embassy to the West, which returned to Lo-yang laden with books and images.

The Chinese people were at this time peculiarly ripe for the reception of a religion, more especially for Buddhism. Their two great teachers—Laou-tsze, the founder of the Taouist sect, and Confucius—had not only awakened them to a sense of their depravity, but had created in their breasts a desire for something more than mere moral maxims and ritualistic observances, which were all that they had to give them, and caused them to long for a religion which should spiritualize their morality, and teach them the circumstances and conditions of the future state. Had not Laou-tsze, moreover, foreshadowed the Buddhist Nirvana in his "state of absolute vacuity," and the way to destroy Karma in his "indefinite impalpable Taou"? It has been suggested that a vague expression used by Confucius with reference to a sage who was to appear in the West may have contributed to the eagerness with which the embassy of which we have spoken was despatched, and the delight with which after it had succeeded its return was hailed. Upon this expression also has been founded the legend that, about the time of Christ, the Chinese so vividly expected the advent of a God in the flesh that they despatched envoys to the West to hail their expected Redeemer, that their envoys encountered Buddhist missionaries on their way from India, who announced to them Buddha as an incarnate God, and thus induced them to present him to their countrymen instead of the true Messiah. After an absence of eleven years the embassy sent by the Emperor Ming-ti returned, accompanied by the Indian Kâsyamâtunga, who, with his compatriot Tsu-fah-lan, who shortly followed him to China, translated five Buddhist works into Chinese, amongst which were the *Sutra of the Forty-two Sections*, the *Dasabhûmi Sutra*, and the *Lalita Vistara*. From this time Buddhism prevailed throughout the country. A succession of Indian priests arrived who translated the sacred writings and instructed the people in the laws of Buddha, and numbers were daily added to the worshippers of the golden image which Ming-ti, the Emperor, had set up. Temples were built in many of the large cities, and in 335 A.D. native Chinese were for the first time permitted to take Buddhist monastic vows. So rapid was the progress of the religion that in the year 350 A.D. there had been erected, in Lo-yang (the modern Honan-fu) alone, "forty-two pagodas from three to nine stories high, richly painted and formed after Indian models."

But, notwithstanding the success which the religion of Buddha had met with in China, it vexed the righteous souls of the more ardent of the new religionists, among whom was Fah-hian, the author of the travels before us, to observe the "fragmentary character of the rules of the Buddhist discipline as they were then known in China," and the imperfect translations into Chinese of the Buddhist Scriptures. It was determined therefore to send an army to Koutché, a kingdom to the westward of Lake Lob, to bring back a learned Indian priest, Kumâragiva by name, who might supply correct versions of the chief books as yet known in the country. This the army accomplished, and Kumâragiva, assisted by eight hundred priests, entered on his task, and to him we owe many of the standard translations of the Buddhist sacred writings now existing in China. While Kumâragiva and his associates were thus employed, Fah-hian resolved to go to India to collect the books that were wanting to form a complete code of the laws and ordinances of Buddha. On his return he published an account of his travels in a volume variously entitled "Fŭhkwŏ che," or an account of the Buddhist kingdoms; "Fah-hian chuen," or Fah-hian's narrative; and "Fah-hian hing chuen," or the narrative of Fah-hian's journeyings, which is the original of the translation before us. In the year 1836 M. Remusat published the only translation of the "Fŭhkwŏ che" that up to this time has appeared, of which work M. Julien, the first Sinologue in Europe, said it was 'très recommandable pour l'époque où il a été publié." If this was a just estimate of the work, then may we affirm, making every allowance for the greater facilities now existing for the accomplishment of the task, that Mr. Beal's is a very excellent translation. Chinese is confessedly a difficult language, and the Indian priests employed to translate their native works into Chinese have, either by inventing expressions or by giving them unusual significations, further complicated its intricacies; at every turn also we meet with long Indian names of places and men represented either phonetically by Chinese characters, or else translated into that language, with nothing to reveal them as such but the instinct of the translator and the nature of the context. We congratulate Mr. Beal on his success in this part of his undertaking. In almost every instance he has succeeded in unearthing the Indian name from its quasi-Chinese equivalent, and in so doing he has earned the thanks of that daily increasing section of the public which is interested in the geography of Central Asia. He has also not only thoroughly mastered all the information already acquired on the subject, but has succeeded, in the ample yet compact notes that accompany the text, in bringing it to bear on elucidating the obscurities and explaining the seeming anachronisms of Fah-hian's narrative.

In the year 400 A.D. Fah-hian, with all the earnestness of a religious enthusiast, carrying neither scrip nor purse, set out with nine companions on his pilgrimage to India. And it is a noticeable fact that, so completely had his religious belief humbled his national pride, throughout his book he applies the haughty title of Chung kwŏ, or Middle Kingdom, universally arrogated by the Chinese to their native land, to India, the home of his religion, and speaks of China as peen kwŏ, or Bordering Nation. From much the same cause he for the most part omits to describe the

* *Travels of Fah-hian and Sung-yun, Buddhist Pilgrims, from China to India.* Translated from the Chinese by Samuel Beal, B.A. Trin. Coll. Camb. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

features of the countries through which he passed, but fills page after page with minute descriptions of the different religious observances peculiar to the inhabitants. The difficulties he had to encounter between Chang-ngan, the modern Si-ngan, the place of his departure, and Khoten might well have deterred a less adventurous spirit, and served to render his progress slow. Arrived at Changyay, a frontier town in the province of Kansüh, he found the country in such an unsettled state that the roads were unsafe for passengers, and he was therefore obliged to accept the hospitality of the prince of the land until the danger was overpast. Thence he passed into the inhospitable desert of Gobi, where he tells us there are "sirocco winds which kill all who encounter them. There are no birds or beasts to be seen; but as far as the eye can reach the route is marked out by the bleached bones of men who have perished in the attempt to cross the desert." After travelling seventeen days in this dreary waste he arrived at the kingdom of Shen-shen, and thence proceeded to Khoten, and passing onwards by successive stages to Yu-hwui, crossing the Tsung-ling mountains to Toli and on to Oudyana, he entered India by way of Peshawur. As might have been expected from so devout a Buddhist, Fah-hian observed with great punctuality the different periods of rest established by the ordinances of Buddha, and at Yu-hwui "went into retreat." Mr. Beal has missed the meaning of the characters *gan chü*, here signifying *went into retreat*, and has translated them *rested*; but in this instance, as also generally in Buddhist writings, the expression *gan chü*, when used as a verb, has the signification we have attached to it. A very noticeable feature in the narrative before us is the extreme hospitality everywhere shown towards Fah-hian and his companions; only once do we hear of their meeting with a cold reception; for though, as we are told, at Oudyana the hospitality extended to them was limited to a period of three days, this fact did not arise from a desire on the part of their hosts to get rid of them, but was in accordance with a custom of the country. This custom, Mr. Beal informs us in a note, is as old as the time of Alexander the Great, and in reference to it he quotes a passage from Cunningham mentioning how Appollonius said that "after three days he would leave the King of Taxila, who had entertained him for that time." At each place relics of Buddha were eagerly sought for by the pilgrims—such as his alms bowl, his staff, his footprints; even the place where he pared his nails, the place where he dried his clothes, the places where he sat down, and the places where he walked about were gazed on by them with mingled awe and ecstacy. At Hidda Fah-hian had the happiness to behold a piece of the veritable skull of Buddha, which he describes as a bone of a "yellowish-white colour, about four inches square, and somewhat elevated in the middle." By this time Fah-hian had been separated, either by diversity of interest or by the stroke of death, from seven of his original companions; and now, in crossing the snowy mountains after leaving Hidda, Hwui-ying, one of his two remaining associates, succumbed to the excessive cold and the overwhelming difficulties of the route. Feeling his end approaching, he addressed Fah-hian thus:—"'It is impossible for me to recover; whilst there is time do you press forward, lest we all perish.' And upon this he presently died. Fah-hian attempted by cherishing him to supply warmth, and piteously invoked him by his familiar name, but it was all ineffectual to restore life." Disheartened, but not despairing, Fah-hian pushed forward with his solitary companion to Picha, and thence, by Mattra, Sankisa, Kosala, and Vâisâli, to Patna, and on to Benares, where, after visiting the Deer-park of the Rishis, celebrated in Buddhist history, he returned again to Patna. Up to this time he had been unsuccessful in the real object of his pilgrimage—namely, the obtaining of Buddhist works—for he found that in the north of India there was no written law of Buddha, but that its ordinances were handed down by oral tradition from one generation of priests to another. At Patna, however, he met with a large library, and there remained for the space of three years, learning to read and speak Sanskrit, and copying the Precepts. That time being accomplished, To-ching, his fellow-pilgrim, was so charmed with the religious bearing of the Indian priests that he bound himself by an oath to spend the remainder of his life among them; but "Fah-hian, desiring with his whole heart to spread the knowledge of the Precepts throughout the land of Han (China), returned alone." From Patna, then, he proceeded to Tamluc, near the mouth of the Hooghly, where he spent two years "writing out copies of the sacred books, and procuring impressions of the figures (used in worship)"; and thence, taking ship, set sail for Ceylon. It was now the object of Fah-hian's heart to return to his native land; as he says himself, he had "been absent from China many years; the manners and customs of the people with whom he had intercourse were entirely strange to him. The towns, people, mountains, valleys, plants and trees, which met his eyes were unlike those of old times. Moreover, his fellow-travellers were now separated from him—some had remained behind, and some were dead—to think upon the past was all that was left to him! and so his heart was continually saddened." But, notwithstanding this most natural desire, he stayed two years in the island, and during that time succeeded in adding many treasures to his store of books. At last he set sail, and in spite of adverse winds, fierce storms, and no small perils by sea, he landed on the coast of Shantung. After an absence of fifteen years, during which time he had traversed thirty different countries, "in the year Kea-yin [414—415 A.D.], being the tenth year of the reign of I Hi of the Tsin dynasty, when the star Sheou was just emerging from the summer mansion, Fah-hian, the pilgrim, returned home."

The narrative of the mission of Hwui-seng and Sung-yun loses much of the interest that would otherwise attach to it, from the fact that their route lay through the same countries which had been traversed by Fah-hian a century earlier. Although the object of their mission was ostensibly the same as that which induced Fah-hian to expatriate himself for fifteen years—namely, to obtain Buddhist books—their position as envoys rendered their reception in the different countries through which they passed of a much more formal and courtly character than that accorded to the pilgrim. In fact, it is as envoys that they figure throughout the narrative; there is no expression of that ardent desire after religious knowledge so conspicuous in the Fûhkwŏ che, while the constant references to charms and magical arts mark the stride which Buddhism had made since the time of Fah-hian towards its superstitious development of later years. Hwui-seng and Sung-yun travelled as far as Peshawur, and after an absence of three years returned to China.

THE LIFE OF SARPI.*

WHEN it was understood two or three years ago that a new Life of Sarpi was being prepared by a lady who had devoted herself to the study of Venetian MSS., a confident opinion was felt and expressed that the promised biography ought to be one of the most interesting in the world. Few persons have played so important a part as Sarpi in a great crisis of history, and of still fewer has so little been certainly known. Many books in many languages have been written about him, but there is still the widest divergency of view about the true nature of his character and religious belief, and even about some important events of his life. The narrow jealousy which, under the old *régime*, guarded all the Italian archives, as the archives of the Vatican are still guarded, from critical inspection, rendered it impossible for these disputed questions to be set at rest. And thus it has come to pass that two very different parties have claimed Sarpi as their hero, with neither of which can he have had any genuine sympathy. The patent facts about him were that he had written a history of the Council of Trent in a strongly anti-Roman sense, and that he had given the whole weight of his high ability and still higher reputation to support the Venetian Government against the encroachments of the Papacy. Two inconsistent but equally intelligible explanations of this conduct were ready at hand, and both have been adopted by different writers according to their predilections. It has been left for his present biographer, with that slight inaccuracy of mind not unusual in her sex, to combine both. On the one hand, Sarpi has been represented, both by friends and foes, as a concealed Protestant, and there is much to render such a notion a plausible one, and indeed to show that during his life he was not unwilling to encourage it. He even on one occasion told a Protestant diplomatist that he agreed with him in thinking the Pope Anti-Christ, though a contrary opinion is expressed in his writings. He was in correspondence with many distinguished Calvinists. Diodati, the translator of the Italian Bible, came to Venice to visit him, and spent some time in his company there. Bishop Bedell, who was Sir Henry Wotton's chaplain at Venice before he was raised to the Bench, knew him intimately, and stated, whether correctly or not, that it was his habit to omit the words of consecration in saying mass; and his history of the Council was first published, without his authority, in England by Archbishop De Dominis, who had joined the Anglican Church, and then held the Deanery of Windsor. Miss Campbell insists that he did not believe in the doctrine of the mass or of purgatory—not apparently perceiving that, if so, his conduct in daily saying mass, and continuing to the last to act as a priest and monk of the Church of Rome, was deeply discreditable to him. But the more general, which is also the more favourable, view of his career has been, both in his lifetime and since, that he was an honest but enlightened, or what would now be called a liberal, Catholic. There is abundant evidence of the existence of such a party in his day, sincerely attached to the Roman Catholic Church, but convinced that the extravagant pretensions of the modern Papacy, the means by which they had been upheld, and the objects which they aimed at, involved a grave departure from the principles of Christian antiquity, and had chiefly contributed to discredit Catholicism itself with thoughtful minds, and to alienate half Europe from the communion of the Church. Sarpi's outward professions are in accordance with this line of thought, and it would serve to explain his conduct. The Council of Trent had failed to place any effective check on the growing power of the Roman Court, and it was the ruling aim of the newly enrolled militia of the Jesuits to extend it in every way. Naturally, therefore, it would be the object of a Catholic of the Liberal school to counteract that power, and to curtail—or, if possible, crush—the influence of the Jesuits. And these were, in fact, the prominent objects of Sarpi's public life. That he sought to effect them by what has since been termed an Erastian policy can hardly be made matter of blame to him, for it might well seem at the time that the indirect action of civil legislation was the only available means of bringing about what the last Council of the Church had been unable to accomplish. And thus, while Protestants have eagerly claimed his name as that of a brilliant though baffled Reformer,

* *The Life of Fra Paolo Sarpi.* By Arabella Georgina Campbell. From Original MSS. London: Molini & Green. 1869.

some Catholics have raised him to a pinnacle of almost unexampled honour as a man who united more than the genius of a Bossuet to all the sanctity of a Savonarola. We should be glad to accept their verdict. But honesty is the truest policy, and in this case Roman jealousy of investigation has only served to shield one of the ablest and bitterest foes of Rome from merited obloquy.

Paolo Sarpi was neither a hero, a patriot, nor a saint. He was neither a liberal Catholic of lofty views, too much in advance of his age to leave his mark permanently upon it, nor a pious and persecuted Protestant hiding his light under a bushel. A man of rare genius and great learning of course he was; that we knew before. But he is now shown, on his own evidence, to have been also a profound hypocrite. His History of the Council of Trent, though his most celebrated, is by no means his only, published work. Till we turned to a note at the end of her volume, which we shall have occasion to refer to by-and-by, we supposed that Miss Campbell, who is needlessly diffuse in lauding Sarpi's mathematical and scientific labours, had never heard of his works on civil government, which are, however, among the most conspicuous monuments of his intellectual vigour. While his treatise on the Venetian Republic, published after his death, equals the power, it more than equals the baseness, real or reputed, of Macchiavelli's *Prince*. So far from having that ardent devotion to the cause of freedom with which his new biographer credits him, he is proved to have been a rigid and wholly unscrupulous absolutist. He not only advises strict censorship of the press and a despotic system of government, but advocates the Tarquinian policy of getting rid of men influential enough to be dangerous to the State, and suggests poison as the best means of doing so. When he was stabbed on the bridge of La Guerra, he exclaimed—which, by the way, Miss Campbell omits to tell us—"*Cognosco stilum Curiæ Romanæ*"; but the assassins, whether authorized by the Pope or not—and there is no direct proof of it—were only carrying out Sarpi's own principles. And it is not a little remarkable that, when most of his books were placed on the Index, the one maintaining this monstrous theory was spared. Secret murder for the interest of the Church had in fact been recommended by Catholic writers of the day, and St. Charles Borromeo and Pope Pius V. had approved it. In an age of fierce religious conflict it is conceivable that such a view might come to be conscientiously entertained, shocking as it is. But it is not conceivable that a religious man, or indeed a believer in Christianity, should deliberately advocate, not only despotism, but secret murder, for no better end than State convenience. Nor are we left to mere inference, however sure, as to the true nature of Sarpi's religious opinions. His private diaries are still preserved, and of course contain the most trustworthy record of his real sentiments. It is clear from them that he rejected not only the Divine authority of the Roman Catholic Church, but the Divine origin of Christianity, which is treated simply as a phase of human thought, important and interesting as such, but nothing more. His defence of absolutism and assassination was not therefore inconsistent with his religious belief, and in opposing the influence of Rome he was not, like some of his Catholic contemporaries and later admirers, seeking the emancipation of the Church from the yoke of Papal tyranny, but attacking the only power which, in his age and country, could offer any resistance, however feeble and uncertain, to the arbitrary domination of the State.

This is not, however, the view that we should gather from Miss Campbell's book. To her Sarpi is a persecuted confessor for the Protestant doctrine of justification. With a subject of surpassing interest, and with original sources of information, open to no previous biographer, at her command, she has written what, but for the interest of her subject, which the clumsiest handling cannot altogether suppress, would be one of the most wearisome volumes it was ever our lot to wade through. Nor are the reasons far to seek. The authoress is not only destitute, to all appearance, of any special qualifications for her self-imposed task, but she labours under several positive disqualifications. The very uninviting get-up and typography of the volume may perhaps be excused on the plea of economy, while the numerous misprints and the excruciating method of punctuation suggest, as the most charitable hypothesis, that there was no attempt made to correct the proofs. Still, the constant occurrence of such phenomena as "the poet *Catullus*," the "Book of *Cammon* Prayer," "Primes" apparently for Princes, "horotary" for hortatory, "*fedis*" for *sedis*, and the like, has an ugly look. It is still more difficult to account for the utter omission, in a work where such aids are peculiarly requisite, of anything in the shape of a table of contents or an index, while the headings of the chapters throw the least possible light on the obscure confusion of their contents. Nor is this the worst. The writer is not only guiltless of anything that can be called style; she has failed to attain any mastery over the idiom, not to say the grammar, of her own language, and her habitual use, or abuse, of the personal and relative pronouns would baffle the acutest interpreter of a corrupt Greek chorus. In the very first page we are informed that Sarpi was "a remarkable man of his own *or of any other age*"; and a few pages later we are told that it is a mistake "to represent the Republic either so cruel or so persecuting as other nations." Many sentences are so worded as to be wholly unintelligible, while many more can only be explained by a liberal application of the figure called by grammarians *σχῆμα πρὸς τὸ σημαινόμενον*. What, for instance, is to be gathered from the following extraordinary paragraph?—

> Much against his will, Fra Paolo was commissioned not only to hear confession in other churches besides those of his own order, but in company with the other Counsellors of the Cardinal to give judgment in cases of conscience. He did not leave any written condemnation *of it*, but that he did not approve of being himself a confessor, may be gathered from the fact, that his name having been duly sought by a member of the Church of Rome, who was at great pains to ascertain the truth, the name of Fra Paolo Sarpi is not to be found amongst those who heard confession. The power exercised by the Jesuits by constant confession was strongly censured by him, and one thing is certain that his confessions were chiefly made to God.

Does "it" mean confession—as the sense, if there is any, seems to require—or the Archbishop's asking him to hear confessions, which is the only meaning, if any, to be got out of the words? What, again, is meant by "his name being duly sought by a member of the Church of Rome?" and what possible bearing has the result on his approval, or disapproval, of confession? We should like, by the way, to know the writer's authority for the strange assertion, a page or two afterwards, that St. Charles Borromeo "endeavoured to prohibit the eating of meat on Sunday." Is it a misprint for Friday? One more instance of Miss Campbell's idiosyncracies of thought and construction may suffice:—

> A system of religious opinions which requires a man to write against his will by command in favour of the Pope Paul V. (and on more than one occasion Bellarmine declared that he did not agree with the Pope), cannot be orthodox Christianity, but is an upholder of falsehood. *It* is profound as the ocean, yet clear to its utmost depths, *it* is as high as the heavens, and yet is not beyond the reach of the most simple. *It* is wide as the universe, and yet cannot be bound within finite limits. *It* is divine, and therefore cannot be amalgamated with what is untrue.

We presume the "It" on which so much eloquence is expended means orthodox Christianity—that is, the Lutheran doctrine of justification; but, by all grammatical rules, it ought to mean a system which requires men to write against their will in favour of Pope Paul V. And this brings us to a still graver disqualification of the authoress for doing justice to her subject than any linguistic deficiencies. A really valuable life of Sarpi might be written, with command of the requisite materials, by a liberal and intelligent Roman Catholic, or an impartial outsider like most of the German critical historians. But the very worst person to undertake the task is an orthodox Protestant, in Miss Campbell's sense of the word, who gauges the merits and demerits of her characters by their holding right views on justification by faith and predestination, as against "the heretical opinions of Molina," and who can believe no evil of a man who cites authorities regarded as heretical at Rome, and always maintained his "disbelief in the supremacy of a Pope *to* a Council, as also of his infallibility." To such a mind the temptation to convert the life of Sarpi into a Protestant hagiography is too strong for any evidence to overcome. We are not, therefore, at all surprised to find Miss Campbell insisting, in the teeth of the clearest evidence, on "his enlightened opinions on liberty of conscience, and his thorough faith in the truths of the Christian religion," or to be told that it is a mistake to regard his History of the Council of Trent as the work of a partisan. She adds, indeed, to prove that it was not undertaken out of revenge for his attempted murder, that he "had written much of it in early life." But the only "evidence" for this, which she considers quite "sufficient," is the probability that when he was residing at Mantua, as a youth of twenty, Camillo Olivo suggested to him the idea of composing such a history. The precise truth about the matter can never be ascertained until the secrets of the Vatican are laid open; but the revelation is far likelier to diminish than to augment Sarpi's reputation for candour. Meanwhile it is abundantly certain that his history *is* "the work of a partisan." Of course Pallavicini's is a partisan work too. The only question is how to apportion the measure of studied inexactness between them. The history of the Council, like the biography of Sarpi, has yet to be written. And we must be content to wait for it till those who can be trusted to write impartially have access to the original documents.

And now we have a word to say, in conclusion, as to Miss Campbell's treatment of the too famous "Maxims on the Government of the Republic of Venice," already referred to. In the body of the work there is no allusion to the book, and we began to think she could never have heard of its existence. But in a note of nearly half a page, at the end of the volume, she thinks "it may be as well to observe that it was not written by him." It is certainly very necessary to observe this, if her estimate of Sarpi's character is the right one; and it was open to her to insist, if she pleased, that there are doubts on the subject, though we believe the weight of evidence in favour of the authenticity of the treatise is really quite conclusive. We have no space to enter at length on the question here, but a few words will suffice to show the utter worthlessness of such attempts at argument on the other side as Miss Campbell condescends to make. We are summarily informed that "no one of the learned has ever pronounced it his." Now, to go no further—and we could name many more authorities—it is expressly pronounced to be his by Daru, Botta, Cantu, and Ferrari. Ferrari, at least, is a sufficiently impartial witness. He has no theological antipathies to Sarpi, his interest in whom is purely political, and he is himself a professed atheist. He says: "Assai deboli sono gli argomenti con quali ne fu negata l' autenticità." It is true, no doubt, that the patriotic Venetians, who have always reverenced Sarpi as a national hero, reject the treatise, just as many Prussians reject the authenticity of the manuscript diaries of their hero Frederick the Great, for a precisely similar reason. To admit it would be

at once to hurl their idol from his pedestal. It is hardly too much to say that no single writer rejects the authenticity of Sarpi's treatise who is not, as a partisan, compelled to do so. But Miss Campbell is still less felicitous when she comes from general assertions to the citation of particular testimonies in favour of her view. She rests her case on a passage from Cicogna, telling us that "in a note in the handwriting of *Father Giovanni, an Augustinian*, on the article 'Canale,' is the following in *Gradenigo's Chronicles*"; and then follows the extract, saying that the treatise was written, not by Sarpi, but by the bastard Canale. What Cicogna really says is, "*Il padre Giovanni degli Agostini* in una nota di suo pugno nella *cronaca cittadinessa dei Gradenigo*, all' art. Canale, dice, un bastardo," &c., and then come the lines which Miss Campbell quotes. Observe, in the first place, the man's name was Agostini, not "Father Giovanni, an Augustinian"; and the work is the family chronicle of the Gradenigos, not "Gradenigo's Chronicles," which has no existence except in her own imagination. In the next place, Cicogna, though a laborious, is a very inexact, writer, and, like all Venetians, a devout admirer of Sarpi, so that the note in an obscure manuscript was very welcome to him. But it possesses no sort of authority. The chronicle is merely a private family history, and nobody knows anything of Father Agostini, unless he was the learned Franciscan of that name who published a history of Venetian writers, which does not reach to Sarpi, in the middle of the last century. If so, he was certainly not a contemporary witness. This is Miss Campbell's way of getting rid of an inconvenient document and ignoring a great controversy. But what accuracy could be expected from a writer who talks about the "*Decretals* of Gratian," meaning the *Decretum*, though the two things are clearly distinguished in a passage quoted from Sarpi on the very same page?

CHAUCER'S ENGLAND.*

THERE is one word, and one word only, which adequately expresses the weariness of mankind over books like this. They are "tootle." Mr. Matthew Browne is undoubtedly a clever man, and his *Chaucer's England* is no doubt a clever book, but its cleverness consists simply in the adroit and ingenious way in which he has managed to invest a host of commonplaces with an air the very reverse of commonplace. Its knowledge of Chaucer is the sort of acquaintance which a sharp-witted reader picks up with a book he has read over twice in his life, and knowledge of Chaucer's England there is none. In the place, however, of solid meat we have the daintiest cookery in the world. Never was chat so chatty; never did philosophy—and there is a good deal of "philosophy" in these pages—come so condescendingly down from the clouds. The talk is seldom tall, but it is charmingly Euphuistic. Here is, for instance, a little bit about love:—

> When the poet looks at the love of beauty in woman with all its concomitants of self-devotion and its mysterious issues of ever-new Being with still new concomitants of self-devotion again, he sees in it what is strictly divine and worshippable. He sees, that is to say, an outbreak or disclosure of the great inscrutable central fire of life which shoots up to the surface of Nature universally. He looks upon it without judging, without criticizing, without moralizing, making only one demand, and that he makes unconsciously as a skylark sings or a daisy flowers, namely that what has an infinite source and has infinite issues shall always have the infinite of symmetry in its individual forms.

To the reader unconsciously demanding, "as a daisy flowers," what this means, we can only suggest that by "concomitant of self-devotion" is meant a wedding present, and by "mysterious issues of ever-new Being" a baby. The book is, in fact, one which would rejoice the heart of Sir Piercie Shafton. The growth of towns is "the gradual civification of the actual surface of the land"; "the rosy cross—think of it!" is "flitting about under the uttermost gables of our civilization"; dogma shifts its ground from that of "institutionalized miracle"; Wiclif represents "the politico-moral insurgence of the time of Chaucer"; "what tells in the long run is the diffused ethic of a man's work." Here and there a flight of this kind is tempered with a "so to say," but in his grander moments Mr. Browne dismisses even this fleeting touch of pity for intellectual weakness. No qualification softens the statement that "we must represent to ourselves human progress under the image of a Shadow-Cone, in which at its greatest dilatation there is nothing that was not within the outline at the beginning; whilst all proceeds by laws recognisable but untraceable, and for ever mysterious and sublime." We soar here from the realm of Euphues to that of Elijah Pogram, but even this falls below the little bursts of scientific physiology which give such a piquant interest to these pages. "One of Griselda's reasons for being ready to give up her child to be slain is that it was his, her husband's. A reason founded on a mistaken scientific position—what would the poor lady have said of Parthenogenesis?" We are afraid she would have said that, if it proved what it seems it proves about the baby's paternity, it must be something dreadfully improper. We can't wonder, however, that with all Mr. Browne's resources English fails to meet such demands upon it as these, that "the image of Mary was, so to speak, *calquée* upon the image of Venus Urania," and that the beginnings of the social state are to be found in "the *essor* of valour and the *essor* of love." We do not know whether Mr. Browne will take refuge in the Somptuour's defence that

> Subtilte
> And high wyt mad him speken as he spak,

but from one end to the other of his book he makes us long that, like the maiden of Chaucer's exquisite sketch,

> Noone contrefeted termes hadde sche
> To seme wys.

We are tempted to linger over these flowers of style just because it is possible to treat them with an amused indulgence which we can hardly extend to the actual matter of the book. Its subject, it is only fair to remember, is not directly the poetry of Chaucer. Mr. Browne wanders indeed, in a facile and graceful fashion, from one sketch to another sketch of the well-known Prologue, and says a great many pretty, and some really sensible, things by the way. But he does not pretend to be attempting anything very serious in the way of poetical criticism. What he attempts is a picture of English life as Chaucer has painted it for us, or at least a series of vignettes of life in its social aspects in Chaucer's time; and if a remarkable capacity for loose generalization could have ensured success, Mr. Browne would have been successful. Unluckily such an attempt required a knowledge of history, and on all historical questions his ignorance seems complete. One very often meets a man who knows something of the history of his own country, but very little of the general history of the world; and now and then one meets with a man who knows a good deal about the history of great world-movements and very little about the history of his own country. But mediæval Europe and mediæval England are equally unknown to Mr. Browne. We hardly know three better tests of a knowledge of the larger field than the three subjects which he is continually fingering throughout his book—Feudalism, Chivalry, and the Troubadours. His acquaintance with the first may be judged by his acquiescence in a wonderful dictum of M. Comte, that "it was feudalism which introduced for the first time the Worship of Woman." This is worse than the reply of the small girl's who caught at the Curfew, and defined the Feudal system as "ringing a bell." The Troubadour movement he pronounces an ecclesiastical one, in happy unconsciousness that the cruellest of ecclesiastical wars had to be waged for its suppression. Chivalry, it seems, "was in its glory in the reign of Edward the Third." At no time certainly did it more clearly prove itself the most miserable and revolting of shams. The first thing to prove about chivalry is that it ever existed in real life at all. Edward's chivalry was as deliberate a fiction as the "chivalry" of Philip of Burgundy a century later, or the Highland tartans of George IV.; and the whole literature of chivalry, such "love disputes" as Chaucer's, was a sheer modern-antique, a mere Wardour Street revival of the Love-Courts which the first De Montfort had trodden out in blood in his crusade of Languedoc. But if on the general field of mediæval history Mr. Browne contents himself for the most part with repeating the loose talk of other people, as to English history he certainly has notions of his own. Other people have thought that "there is a sense in which it may be said that the history of England begins about the time of Chaucer, or in his own century"; but we can hardly fancy that any other people reached that conclusion by the remarkable process of Mr. Browne:—

> It may still be said that we tread the soil on which was spilt the blood of Caractacus, on which the scythed wheels of Boadicea's chariot moved to the battle-field. But who can get up any sympathy with the Druids? The mistletoe does not help us, nor the mystery of Stonehenge; they are as remote as the Aztecs. We should cut them dead if we were to meet them. We call ourselves Anglo-Saxons when we are on our stilts, but we must pass over many years from the time of Caractacus before we can feel in our very bones the England of our pride. Mr. Carlyle, fortune-telling backwards after the manner of modern historians, pronounces it to have been a good thing that William the Norman conquered Harold. But what school-boy ever read, or what man or woman ever remembered, the familiar words—"As soon as William had passed the Thames at Wallingford, Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury"—without feeling very enraged with Stigand, and thinking that Stigand ought to have cursed William with bell and book and told him to "get out of that." However, the Norman did in fact lay his hand on England, and left pretty strong finger-marks there. Then come forest laws, feudalities, resistance of the Kentish men, Domesday-book, the gradual remoulding of the Anglo-Saxon institutions by the supple administrative fingers of the Norman, the struggles between the King and the King's barons which began the break up of the feudal system, the resistance of offended or injured nobles and others to the forest laws, the true romances (more representatively true, I believe, than much history) of Robin Hood and Little John, and Adam Bell and Clym of the Clough; and Magna Charta; and the gradual modification of the Roman Catholic religion in practice by the spirit of the people; and the growth of London and Canterbury; and the fermentation of the best of the old Anglo-Saxon elements in the noble county of Kent; and the gradual appearance in the political arena of "the modern problem, the greatest happiness of the greatest number"; the confluence of the Romance and the English literary genius; the advent of a great monarch; the self-adjustment and reconstruction of the language, and its admission within courtly gates—and we are in the time of Chaucer.

It is impossible to do justice to such a conception of our national history as this. Even Mrs. Markham, who seems to have furnished its ground-work, has not ventured on the bold flight of making Caractacus an Anglo-Saxon, and bedewing the fields of Britain with his blood. It is interesting to know that the feudal system (we abandon "feudalities" in despair) was broken up, not by the Wars of the Roses, but by those very "struggles between the kings and the king's barons" to which dry-as-dust historians have attributed its real political existence in England; that Robin Hood stands on equal ground with Magna Charta; that English religion before Chaucer was "Roman Catholic"; that the accession of Edward III., the most absolutely empty and pretentious of all our sovereigns, was "the advent of a great monarch," and his reign the epoch of "the admission" of our language "within courtly gates." We had hitherto imagined that Alfred was an English author, that "William the Norman" tried to speak English, but

* *Chaucer's England.* By Matthew Browne. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

that Edward III. certainly spoke French. After this "we are in the time of Chaucer." Let us take a single man of the time of Chaucer, a man about whom Mr. Browne talks very eloquently indeed. "In his days printing was not, and mail coaches were not, *yet* Wicliffe was a diligent preacher and reformer." He was something more, a "Professor of Divinity" at Oxford, who "gave up his chair rather than omit the Protestant element in his teaching!" If Mr. Browne ever writes a Latin epitaph over an ordinary Doctor of Divinity, he may discover that "S. T. P." does not necessarily imply a Professorship at Oxford, and that there is a certain peril in leaving Dr. Shirley unread. If he ever makes acquaintance with St. Bernard or Joachim of Calabria, he may learn that "calling a Pope Antichrist" did not necessarily prove Wiclif "a Protestant." But we hardly know who is to set him right when he tells us that "Wiclif was twice promoted, once to a prebendary, and once to the incumbency of Lutterworth." Does he suppose that Wiclif was "a prebend" when he spent his time in those "polemicial labours" which his admirer commemorates with so much gratitude? We are tempted to venture from Wiclif on to Wickham, but it is perhaps only necessary to state that in his famous motto, "manners makyth man," Mr. Browne believes "manners" to mean "good manners." We are afraid, indeed, that our readers will hardly care to enter further on "the time of Chaucer." If they do, however, they will find some points on which Mr. Browne has displayed an information which the instances we have quoted would hardly lead one to expect. He knows a good deal about May-poles and Jack in the Green. He has shown much curious reading on the subject of knives and forks. He has examined with great minuteness the "auditarian" questions which are suggested by the drama and poetry of the age. The costume of Adam and Eve in the older miracle plays may, we think, be now regarded as definitely settled. It is some comfort to know that his readers may glean something about subjects such as these, even though Mr. Browne tells them nothing of Chaucer or of England.

THE BOOK OF THE LANDED ESTATE.*

A GOOD many features about this work seem to stamp it as a great book for great people, rather than one of those handy books which are designed for the service of the million. Its burden seems to be the snatch from Virgil, "Veteres migrate coloni," for its whole drift is the supersession of ignorant by skilled farmers, small farms and holdings being swept away and merged in huge territorial tracts. Indeed, if in Mr. Brown's model landed estate a single farm is left in dubious hands, it will apparently be that on which he proposes that young Squire Hopeful shall experiment, when he has added to his Eton and Oxford curriculum the special training in practical and theoretic farming which is to be gained at Cirencester or Edinburgh. Were we to accept first impressions, and to allow ourselves to be aghast at such improvements on a gigantic scale as are detailed and estimated for in pp. 104-5- the improvement, for example, of 10,000 arable acres, by draining and trenching, at a total cost of 120,000*l.*, or 12*l.* per acre; by means of which a rental of 11,000*l.* per annum is brought up to 21,000*l.*, and a market value of 363,000*l.* to 709,500*l.*—we should be tempted to close the book, and leave it and its lessons to the exclusive study of the "golden lads and lasses" who come into the world inheritors of whole counties, and who find in agents and factors a providential help towards spending the incomes wherewith they are overburdened. But although we are not prepared to say that Mr. Brown might not have done more wisely to cite modest instances and illustrations, rather than vast records of improvements which at first sight look immeasurably out of reach of every-day resources, it is only fair to state that he furnishes the painstaking reader with a great deal of practical detail that may be of use to average landlords, tenants, and agents. And if at times he sets up a somewhat impracticable standard —*e.g.*, in his ideas of due training for landlordship, factorship, and intelligent tenantship—he is in the main full of sound and valuable hints on matters of leases and yearly takings, draining, trenching, fencing, forestry, farm-building, road-making, and of engines and implements, steam and other; while he is always ready with an intelligent reason for whatever, from the vantage ground of experience, he takes upon him to recommend. Indeed, there is not a chapter from which any reader may not gain something; and the reader who has that luxury—which does not always go along with landed property—plenty of money lying idle in the Bank or the Funds, has but to study this book to be convinced that he cannot better secure for it an interest at once safe and ample than by bestowing it on judicious improvement of his estate. Such a one will be tempted to read more by an account at the threshold of the work of how a farm of 340 acres, renting at 1*l.* 5*s.* per acre, or 425*l.* per annum, was drained, trenched, fenced anew, and furnished with thoroughly good farm-buildings at a cost of 2,960*l.*, or 9*l.* per acre; and then, after having been kept in hand some two or three years, re-let on lease at 900*l.* a year, an advance of 475*l.* per annum, or fifteen per cent. interest on the outlay. A parallel instance of improvements on a smaller scale, with results proportionately satisfactory, is given by Mr. Brown in p. 4.

But the gist of the whole of the earlier part of the *Book of the Landed Estate* is, that to realize the profit of judicious improvements a landlord must meet with skilled tenants; and that to make an improved farm pay at an advanced rent, there will be need of talent and experience as well as capital. Obviously, in the presence of these, humdrum, old-fashioned farming will have to give way. Whether agricultural colleges or apprenticeship for three or more years to scientific farmers will yield the supply of enlightened young farmers on which Mr. Brown calculates, it may be hard to determine; but certainly to take improved farms, and farm them to a profit, will involve enlightenment in the tenant, quite as much as to improve them involves outlay on the landlord's part. We conceive that neither will be the worse for careful perusal of a book which raises a high standard for both, and which, more particularly, is candid and outspoken upon the important question of capital. At least "ten pounds an acre is required to work an arable farm with any prospect of success," and "farmers engaged in mixed husbandry realize, on an average of years, about ten per cent. per annum on the capital they have engaged in their business," after paying their rents and farming expenses. Mr. Brown strongly advocates the granting of leases to good tenants, on the principle that they will then expend their own money on the improvement of the farms which they rent; but, as yet, in the majority of cases, improvements are done at the landlord's cost, the tenant paying a percentage directly or indirectly. Nor can there be any reason why a landlord should shrink from this cost for the permanent benefit of his estate, either finding the money at first hand, or getting a loan from some one of the Lands Improvement Companies, returnable by a rent-charge on the estate, extending over from twenty-one to twenty-five years. With common attention to business, this course could not fail to result in profit.

There is much to justify Mr. Brown's argument, based on a consideration of the bearing which the limited extent of our country has on the value of land, that estates will ere long be worth more than double the money for which they can now be purchased. And it is easily credible that a wealthier, as well as a more enterprising and intelligent, class of tenants is now on the look-out for farms than formerly (p. 131). And the maxim, "raise your rents and your lands will be better farmed," is soundly based on the invariable observation that the worst-paying farms are those where the tenants lack skill and ability to profit by them. We can hardly fancy, however, that the day is imminent when any very large proportion of tenant-farmers will carry out at their own cost, even with the security of a lease, such a scale of improvements as our author recommends. If they are ready to pay interest of money upon improvements done, and if, as their own advantage demands, they will give their intelligent supervision to the carrying out of such improvements, this will as effectually lead up to the good time coming for landlords, which will certainly have been fairly earned by outlay of capital. And this is a safer course, it strikes us, on the landlord's part, than for him to take a particular farm in hand and get it into cultivation, and into a pattern condition, before letting it at an increased rent to a high-class tenant. No doubt such a course is sometimes necessitated by circumstances; and it is at all times a more sensible plea for such a course that you are aiming to let it to advantage in due time, than that you are keeping it in hand to be a model to tenants, who will probably laugh in their sleeves at the cost of your hobby. In this case, as we are reminded in an early part of the volume, *àpropos* of "home-farms," everything depends upon an honest and intelligent bailiff—a valuable animal when you can catch him. It is a maxim as old as Cato, that "male agitur cum domino quem villicus docet." But, as to getting a farm into condition, it is very doubtful whether it is not more prudent to carry out the necessary improvements while the old tenant is still in possession than to risk the usual fate of gentleman-farmers. Such, according to Mr. Brown, is undoubtedly the cheaper course, though the other, because in it there is no hindrance or obstruction from ignorance and stubbornness, will probably be the quicker process. One should be content to overlook a little tardiness, in order to avoid the risks of an experiment depending for its success upon such a combination of *sine-qua-nons* as an honest bailiff, skilled and zealous farm-servants (whose zeal, it is suggested, should be enhanced by a percentage on profits over and above their wages), the master's constant eye, and a strict debtor and creditor account with the other departments, such as the house and the garden, to which the farm-in-hand is apt to supply cartage, manure, and other articles. One of the first improvements which the tenor of all Mr. Brown's remarks points to is the curtailment of fences, and the bringing fields and farms to the best working dimensions. It is obvious that a farm of one hundred and fifty acres requires as much expense in buildings as one of two hundred; and, in the matter of fences, a farm of a hundred acres, subdivided into ten equal portions as fields, requires just as much trouble and care of hedges as a farm of three hundred acres, divided into twelve compartments. But, what is still more important, it is this curtailment of fences, and allotment of from five-and-twenty to thirty or more acres to each field, which gives free scope to the modern invention of "steam-cultivators," a very valuable assistance in profitable high-class farming. In his chapter "On Steam for Agricultural Purposes," Mr. Brown discusses these very fully, and, while fully recognising their capacity for opening up the land deeper than horse-ploughs, and their general satisfactoriness in grubbing, harrowing, and the like, considers that they have not yet reached that perfection and cheapness which will justify their superseding horse-power. Their great drawback

* *The Book of the Landed Estate; containing Directions for the Management and Development of the Resources of Landed Property.* By Robert E. Brown, Factor and Estate Agent, Wass, Yorkshire. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

is frequent breakages, and one of his suggestions for effecting "a great saving in the construction of the tackle" is previous trenching of the land, so as to remove stones and such like obstacles, and to allow the "cultivator" an easy passage. For cheapness, simplicity, wear, and versatility, we observe that he gives the palm to the apparatus of Messrs. Howard of Bedford.

It is indeed a problem of the utmost moment, this question of efficient "cultivators" at a reasonable cost. Our author says, with much truth, that the present mode of tillage is for the most part "a mere scratching of the surface-soil," and he lays down as the surest criterion and index of a farmer's intelligence "the depth to which he ploughs." Many farmers still act as if they thought that to go deeper than nine inches or so in ploughing were *quieta movere*, to stir up a hidden and dormant evil to the hurt of their crops. Yet it is really by deep ploughing, so as to break the subsoil and mix it with the upper, that intelligent and enterprising farmers grow those more abundant crops which enable them to meet the advanced standard of rents. It is, as is well enforced in this treatise, only in connexion with a system of deep ploughing and thorough opening of the soil lying above the drains that the costly process of draining can be thoroughly operative. When, in 1835, Mr. Smith of Deanston propounded his famous scheme, the two operations were understood to be simultaneous. It will be readily seen how much is to be looked for in this case from steam-cultivators and subsoil ploughs; and one is a little surprised (in days when haymaking machines, reaping machines, and so forth are in such request, to supply the scarcity of hands, in many parts of the country) that Mr. Brown advocates "manual trenching" in preference to "subsoil-ploughing." Certainly the records of his experience cited in pp. 96-7 go far to make good his case for trenching of some sort. In one case the trenched portion of a field yielded sixty-four bushels to the acre, while the untrenched yielded but forty; and the results of all the experiments with which Mr. Brown is acquainted convince him that "spade or fork trenching" to the depth of two feet, simultaneously with draining, and the constant application of all spare manure to the lower half of the turned-up land, will end in producing crops resembling in quantity and quality those of the market gardener, who trenches deep and manures deep also. And not only so, but he adds that this deep trenching and coincident manuring would obviate all those diseases in turnip and potato crops which arise from continual cropping of the same surface.

It must be confessed that there are one or two queries requiring a categorical answer, before simple folk can see their way to this kind of improvement on an extensive scale. Given the needful capital—which Mr. Brown admits should be not less than from fifteen to twenty pounds per acre to the tenant who farms according to this system—given, too, the supply of manual labour, which in many English counties is scarcely enough for even the old-fashioned demands upon it—whence is to come the sufficiency of manure to meet this proposed system of trenching and manuring two feet deep at least? We cannot say that the answer given by our author in p. 106 is quite satisfactory. It suggests how the supply may be kept up after the work is once done. But the starting-point is the *crux*. Who is to do that part of the work? The landlord, who, according to Mr. Brown's showing, will have had to pay out at least twelve pounds an acre on trenching and draining? A negative answer seems to be implied in his suggestion at p. 107:—"I would recommend that they should engage with wealthy tenants only, who could undertake the trenching of the land on their own account, as it would be so much to their own interest." It were uncandid, however, to omit to notice how very much help both landlords and tenants may obtain from these pages as to matters of detail. The chapter on manures, for instance, is exhaustive in its way; and in it occur no traces whatsoever of a desire to advocate out-of-the-way and expensive fertilizers in preference to that which is cheaper and ready to hand. We are taught herein how to make the most of road-scrapings, ditch-cleansings, and pond-mud, as well as of sewage and liquid manure. And the author enforces the wisdom of applying all the available manures of our own country before we have recourse to other countries for guano, which is apt to be often adulterated and always costly. Not that he undervalues the discriminating use of this latter:—

> There is no doubt [he writes] but that many of our farmers would benefit greatly by a more general use of guano. Previous to 1860 very few farmers in the North used any guano—they seemed to have an idea that it was useless as a manure, . . . a quack affair, made up to rob their pockets. Some of my elder tenant-friends had, and indeed still have, a very low estimate of the value of guano as a manure; they cannot conceive how such a small quantity can be sufficient manure for an acre. They say *there is nought like management.* "Management" in Yorkshire means farm-yard manure. This is like the old story of a Scotch Laird, who, when chemical fertilizers were first talked of, went to one of his tenants, and told him that a new manure had come to the country, and it was so strong, that the contents of a coat pocket were sufficient to manure an acre of land. "*May be that,*" said his old friend, "*but I doubt your waistcoat pocket will hold the crop.*"

A study of the *Book of the Landed Estate* will tend to remove such irrational prejudices, and also, in many passages, to set at rest questions often rife between landlord and tenant. Such are the restrictive clauses in leases—by which tenants are tied down to certain rotatory modes of cropping, clauses which Mr. Brown would omit in the case of intelligent and well-to-do tenants, who have gone in for such improvements of their land as have been above spoken of. Such, too, are the clauses in leases which not only prohibit a tenant from destroying game, but also from claiming recompense from his landlord for damage done "by the instrumentality of game themselves, or by reason of any increase thereof." The author pronounces that it is the tenant's own fault if he takes a farm with such restrictions; and he seems to be a fair and candid exponent of the well-conditioned tenant-mind when he says that, "though they do not like to have their crops reduced by hares and rabbits," most tenants "feel pleased at seeing their landlords shoot over their farms in a gentlemanlike manner."

It is impossible even to glance at a tithe of the useful information and advice contained in this volume, which will be certain to be the landlord and the agent's *vade-mecum*. Among the most interesting of the chapters which we have not noticed are those on "The Improvement of Waste-Lands," "Woods and Plantations," and "Farm-Buildings and Labourers' Cottages." We may be able to recur to the last of these, in connexion with Lord Cawdor's and other "Cottage Plans," on a future occasion.

ARTHUR CLIFFORD.*

WE put down this novel with a certain sense of gratitude to the author. It is not merely on account of its shortness, though novelists, if they are really anxious for the praises of critics, should pay more attention than they often do to moderating their demands on their attention; nor is it that the literary merits of the performance are of any remarkable order. It is like many hundreds of other novels which are published from time to time, neither very good nor very bad; it is grammatical, fairly well written, and the sentiments expressed are of most unimpeachable propriety. The story is perhaps told with rather more than average force; but, to say the truth, it supplies one more illustration of a fact which is constantly forced upon our notice—namely, that the number of people who can write tolerably well is almost unlimited, whilst the number of those who approach any high degree of excellence may be counted upon one's fingers. To speak in sporting phraseology, the field is amazingly numerous; but the favourites who can be said to be really in the betting do not seem to multiply in the same proportion. The critic is constantly oppressed by the over-growing difficulty of discriminating between shades of merit so closely matched, and by the doubt whether it can be worth while to discriminate at all. Almost all that can or need be said upon this point is that *Arthur Clifford* is a book of which the author has no need to be ashamed, but which will certainly not confer a crown of undying glory.

To what cause, then, is our gratitude due? The answer is very simple. The hero of this novel is a member of our own craft. He is a gentleman who, after a creditable career at Oxford, undertakes to support himself by writing for the press. He pursues this duty under circumstances of great difficulty. His father has been guilty of appropriating certain trust funds, after which he dies; and Mr. Clifford, to save the credit of his unworthy parent, takes the blame and the responsibility upon himself, and proceeds by a course of self-denying industry to replace the money. We need hardly say that he is successful, and we have much pleasure in commending to public notice the portrait of a virtuous and brilliant writer for the press. We repudiate in advance any supposition that we are actuated in this matter by an unworthy vanity. We admire, not because the picture is flattering to our sensibility, but because it is so admirably correct. The public, we fear, is scarcely impressed with a due belief in the thoroughly disinterested and noble character of most anonymous writers; even when their talent is recognised, it fails to appreciate the loftiness of their motives. It would be obviously impossible for us to seek by any direct means to give a truer view than that which generally prevails of our own merits; if, in the words of the poet, we should "voice aloud how good we are, how great should be," we should of course be accused, and it may be justly, of immoderate conceit. We must wait for other and independent authorities to praise us. But when that praise comes we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of calling attention to it, and at least holding up our own photograph, and then modestly retiring, leaving it to the public to draw their own conclusions. No one would be so uncivil as to ask us point-blank whether we consider it to be a good likeness. Therefore, without further preface, we will draw the curtain, and invite inspection for a lively representation of the modern newspaper writer.

Mr. Arthur Clifford, then, is a young gentleman fresh from Oxford. Desirous, for the reasons we have mentioned, of saving money, he lives in a remote lodging, with no furniture except a few chairs, plain deal tables, and one large book-case; with of course a chaotic mass of books, reviews, and Parliamentary papers. From this humble abode he searches the weak places of society, terrifies time-serving Ministers, and thunders through the columns of the *Daily Budget*. An editor of admirable benevolence—for even editors, be it observed, have a share of the virtue by which the press is permeated—has set him to write articles because he once knew something of his father. Even when the first article is a failure, this discerning gentleman sends him five pounds in payment—a precedent which, we may as well say, to prevent any misconception, is not invariably followed by well-regulated newspapers. Succeeding articles, we need hardly say, are more favourably received. Mr. Clifford is sent out as a Correspondent to New York, and the letters which he writes produce a marked sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. Returning, he begins to make his power felt, when a great opportunity luckily offers. A fearful job

* *Arthur Clifford.* By the Author of "Basil St. John" and "Love and Duty." Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1869.

is being perpetrated. "Clause 5" of a mysterious Act, the nature of which is never revealed to us, has been clandestinely inserted, and is being smuggled through Parliament, to favour the degraded creature of a corrupt Minister. Then Mr. Clifford arises in his wrath. He writes an article of tremendous power, which makes even the virtuous editor shake in his shoes. "The populace," as Mr. Clifford informs that gentleman when he shows symptoms of wavering, "the populace is made up of units, and each Englishman will face an unwelcome fact placed fairly before him, as this is placed; but they will not swallow their gilded pills; nor, as long as I have a hand to write, will I lift a finger to deceive them." The editor mildly observes that this tirade would be better suited for Parliament than for a newspaper-office. However, Mr. Clifford puts it to him that he must either publish the article without alteration or lose Mr. Clifford's services; and, thus gently impelled, the editor takes the plunge. The effects are tremendous. The country wakes from its slumbers. "One of the fiercest debates on record" is produced. And what is the cause? "One thing, and one thing only, the article in the *Daily Budget*." The Ministry trembles; the Clubs—of which institutions, by the way, the author takes the view which is popular with correspondents of country newspapers, that they are mysterious centres of all kinds of political discussion—can talk about nothing but the anonymous author. "He is a man with his eyes about him, whoever he is," proclaims one intelligent critic, "and I advise Thornton (the editor) to make the most of him. It's Junius without the coarseness." Soon, however, Mr. Clifford exceeds even that conventional standard of excellence. A book appears, under the title of *Moral Diseases*, which excites the most intense interest. "Metaphysics, society, abuses," as Mr. Thornton not very grammatically declares, are "all handled like a master." "All the fellows of the Athenæum" are delighted; and, though we are not treated to a specimen, or even a table of contents, we should say that they had excellent reason. So far as we can guess from certain hints, the book not only lays bare all the springs of the social evils of the day, but it gives a withering rebuke to scepticism, and generally puts mankind to rights. The author of the book, we need hardly say, is Mr. Arthur Clifford, who is fortunately enabled by circumstances to avow his performance a short time afterwards. By a lucky accident, the cloud which has hung upon his reputation is entirely dispelled; and it appears that he was entirely guiltless of any complicity in his father's misdeeds. The consequences are truly delightful. He becomes at once a lion of the first order. Invitations pour in upon him from every distinguished person in London. The culmination of his glory is described in glowing colours. The Duchess of Tewkesbury invites him to a dinner at her princely mansion in St. James's. The guests are all asked "to meet a distinguished man," and amongst those guests is the Bishop of Rutland, who, we need hardly add, is "the most courteous of men, and sought far and wide for any dinner where wit, agreeability, and beauty are gathered together." The whole party is converted into "a listening and admiring audience." The Duke of Tewkesbury appeals to him familiarly, and all treat him as one whose talents and character command the highest respect. Can human glory go further? To be asked by a duke to meet a bishop—or rather, for such is his inconceivable pitch of exaltation, to have a bishop asked to meet you by a duke—is a vision of splendour enough to turn the firmest head. It is little to say, after this, that articles under the signature of "Kappa," which he has adopted, are enough to make the fortune of any magazine; it is not much even to say that in four years he has paid off 5,000*l.* with full interest; and scarcely worth mentioning that he marries the lovely and accomplished lady whose proud parents had looked down upon him with disdain. Yet such is the fate which rewards a successful writer in the press, and that whilst he is yet scarcely of standing to take his Master's degree. It is sometimes said that historians should learn the manners of the day rather from novels than from barren collections of facts. If the historian of the future acts on this principle, and disinters *Arthur Clifford* from the library of the British Museum, he will draw a glowing picture of the honours which await the successful author in England. Who shall say after this that literary excellence is insufficiently rewarded?

It might be our duty, if we were the official guides of young men, to inquire how far this glowing picture is correct. Do young men come up from the Universities and immediately become the most powerful writers in the daily press? When they have acquired that position, does every Club in London anxiously discuss the articles they have written? Do invitations to all the pleasantest houses in town pour in upon them till they have not a moment to call their own? Do dukes ask bishops to meet them and listen delightedly after dinner to their disquisitions upon social and metaphysical topics? We do not feel obliged—as we are not speaking as University tutors—to give any categorical answer to these inquiries. We can only say that, before persons in authority advise young men upon the choice of a profession, they had better inquire into the accuracy of these representations. Of course, if a young man feels that he possesses the genius of Mr. Arthur Clifford, or of the late Right Honourable Edmund Burke, he should adopt a career for which he is so eminently suited, even if the prizes be a little less magnificent than those which are thus glowingly described. We can only hint, in the most delicate way possible, that dukes and bishops are not always so keenly alive as they might be to the merits of newspaper articles. Any shortcomings in this respect will doubtless be made up by the delights of a good conscience; for we are not about to dispute the inference, which will naturally be made, that the writers of articles are frequently men of the highest genius and the sternest principles of morality. If, to use the time-honoured phrase, only one reader of *Arthur Clifford* is persuaded of the truth of this assertion, the labours of the author will not have been quite thrown away.

It is necessary to say nothing more upon this point; and we have spoken sufficiently of the general merits of the novel. We will only remark, in conclusion, that the very original picture which we have described is awkwardly fitted in to a most commonplace framework. As soon as we read of a country gentleman of old family and embarrassed circumstances refusing his daughter to a virtuous youth on account of his poverty, we know only too well what is going to happen. Of course the father will be ruined, and the young man will make his fortune; and the worldly mother will be forced to relent. We rather resent the brilliant journalist being put through so every-day a series of events. We would suggest that if *Arthur Clifford* reaches a second edition—as, for the honour of the press, we must naturally hope it will—the cast of characters should be entirely altered, and Mr. Clifford rewarded with the hand, not of a ruined gentleman's daughter who has actually been driven by misery to live in Thurloe Square, but of the Duke's sole daughter and heiress. That, and that alone, would be a fitting climax to his affecting history.

LYLY'S *EUPHUES*.*

THE English language, as well as the English nation, has been compelled to fight several sturdy battles for its freedom. It has had at one time to contend with superstitions in style, at another with despots in thought; it has dethroned more than one literary sovereign, but it has never recalled him by any counter-revolution like that of 1660. John Lyly and Erasmus Darwin—the former indeed far more than the latter—prevailed during a season of vitiated taste; both were writers of no ordinary learning and vigour; both were desirous of having finer bread than could be made of wheat; both were unseated by the withering irony of satirists or parodists of their style; but Darwin lived to see his own downfall, whereas the evil that Lyly did lived long after him. Nor were such revolutions confined to them. Owen Feltham, at one end of a period, and Samuel Johnson at the other, "spoiled the language of our nation by words that end in -osity and -ation." And the *Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political*, of the one, and the *Rambler* and *Idler* of the other, now slumber on shelves among a host of other books that no gentleman's library should be without.

It was just to protest against the vices of Lyly's style, as it was right in Tacitus to brand with censure the "calamistros Mæcenatis" or the "tinnitus Gallionis." But more than even-handed justice—nay, a good deal of injustice—has been dealt to Lyly as a writer. Critics and readers who are not aware that *Euphues and his Anatomy of Wit* and *Euphues and his England* are two separate treatises, and who perhaps never read half a dozen pages of either, write or talk of them as the works of a coxcomb; and one Berkenhout, in his *Biographia Literaria*, calls them a "most contemptible piece of nonsense," whereby Berkenhout proved himself to be, so far as Lyly is concerned, what Dogberry desired himself to be written down. Scott, too, in his *Monastery*, has joined the tribe of gibers against Lyly; but *his* Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shafton, is a gross burlesque. For if we remove the masks and wrappers of the language, the writer of *Euphues* is a sound thinker, an accomplished scholar, and really a noble gentleman—one who in days of much license, and no little profaneness also, laboured to convince his readers of the worth of knowledge, and the dignity and beauty of virtue.

Euphues, in both portions of it, fairly understood, and not measured by the vices of its language, belongs to the family of which the *Cyropædia* is the first known and common ancestor, and which includes among its numerous posterity Barclay's *Argenis*, More's *Utopia*, Bacon's *New Atlantis*, Fénélon's *Telemachus*, and Berkeley's *Gaudentio di Lucca*. What differentiates *Euphues* from other members of the family is the excessive ornament in which his off-spring is clad. The Greek romance is remarkable for the simplicity and purity of its language. The *Argenis* is written in good, if not quite classical, Latin; *Telemachus* is composed in a kind of Xenophontean French, and the Latin romance of More, and the English one of Bacon, are worthy of the great names inscribed on their title-pages.

It is too often, if not universally, forgotten by his censors, that Lyly was neither the alpha nor the omega of the style that goes by the name of Euphuism. That style neither began nor ended with him. We may discover this overlooked fact by briefly considering the cause of his popularity, and that of the almost "mere oblivion" that succeeded it. So complete, indeed, has been the obscuration of his once burning and shining light, that we believe the latest sensational romance is not more a novelty to many persons than Lyly's *Anatomy of Wit* or his *England*. He might indeed have furnished one more instance to his contemporary Spenser of "mutabilitie." His fortunes are described in a sonnet of Shakspeare's:—

> Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
> But as the marigold at the sun's eye,

* *English Reprints: John Lily; Euphues the Anatomy of Wit; Euphues and his England.* Collated with early subsequent Editions. Carefully edited by Edward Arber. London: Alexander Murray & Son. 1868.

And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

For his popularity the causes are not far to seek. A tendency to "Italianate"—to borrow an expressive word from Roger Ascham—began with the revival of literature in the reign of Henry VIII. and prevailed, in greater or less degree, until it was superseded after the Restoration by an opposite tendency to Gallicise the English language. It began with Surrey and Wyatt; it did not quite cease until Dryden was at least half-way through his poetical career. In Elizabeth's reign Tasso and Ariosto were the models of Spenser, of Phineas and Giles Fletcher, and of all who wrote poems *de longue haleine;* Petrarch, and the numerous brood of Petrarchists, were the mirrors and models of English sonneteers—of the best, such as Raleigh and Drummond, as well as of the worst. Nor was poetry the only importation from the Arno, the Tiber, or the canals of Venice. The Queen and her courtiers adopted Italian fashions in music, dances, dress, and dishes for the table; and that as submissively, and with as plenary faith in their good taste and superiority, as the next century adopted French fashions. Lyly was no more the author of this tendency than he was the discoverer of printing, gunpowder, or the Copernican system. He found it at spring-tide; and, being a man of real genius, he infused into it additional vigour. The strength of the "Italianate" tide may be estimated by the angry protest of usually sober Roger Ascham against it; and the truth of his remonstrance is confirmed by the history of Florence, Venice, and Rome at the time, and by the testimony of Thomas Coryat, an eye-witness of the Italian manners, some years later. Ascham implores young Englishmen of rank starting for the grand tour—then, as ever since, regarded indispensable to the to-be-completed gentleman—to shun Italy, or if they must go thither, to make their stay there as short as possible. He hints, the nearer to Rome the nearer to perdition also; not because of her idolatries, but of her morals. He writes of the Italians of the sixteenth century as Seneca wrote of the Roman nobles, and Juvenal of the parasitical Greeks of their days. It is to be remembered, however, that the evil communications of Italy seem not to have existed, or not to have been dreaded by Englishmen, at the time of Milton's visit to the peninsula. No man of his age was more deeply versed in Italian literature than Milton; he was even consulted by the Florentine academicians on the niceties of their language; he exchanged sonnets with poets to the manner born and bred; he was applauded and caressed by both north and south Italians—poets, statesmen, princes, and philosophers. It would be profane to think Milton tolerant of manners that shocked Ascham. The inference is that the morals of the peninsula had undergone some change for the better in the course of about eighty years; and yet this is scarcely reconcilable with what is told of the temporal and spiritual Courts of Italy in the seventeenth century. Italy, however, long after Ascham denounced its profligacy, was the model of the English Court and the English wits. Her novels were the stocks on which many of the Elizabethan and Carolinian dramas were engrafted. Her Amintas and Pastor Fidos furnished the pattern of English pastoral poetry; and the works of her practical or speculative statesmen were consulted, and sometimes copied, by those who treated of civil government and the rights and duties of princes. The perverters of Italian eloquence, both in verse and prose, the *seicentisti*, were of later date than euphuism in England; nor can the nearly contemporary decline of Spanish eloquence have affected our writers of the sixteenth century. But the corruption was a general epidemic of the time. From about 1560 to 1660 the literature of Southern Europe tended to the vice of which John Lyly is incorrectly supposed to have been the author; and as fashion, no less than fame, gains strength by moving, France and England were speedily infected by the disease which reached a crisis in Marini, Gongora, the Hôtel Rambouillet, and the wits "that so did take Eliza and our James."

For the English Court the writings of Lyly—his plays scarcely less than his *Euphues*—became the glass of fashion and the mould of form. They were the *Academy of Compliments, Hints for Etiquette*, the *Complete Letter-Writer*, the *Manuals of Polite Conversation*. Ladies talked euphuism; gentlemen made love in euphuism; Court-preachers did not disdain to employ Lyly's phrases; and crabbed Chief Justice Coke would now and then sprinkle the arid wastes of the law with images that Lyly's Philautus might use, and Lucilla approve. The treatises, "carefully edited by Edward Arber," passed through ten editions in fifty-six years; of these the first four were issued during the last twenty-three years of Elizabeth's reign, the next four in the reign of James, and the last two in that of Charles I.—the latest edition being that of 1636, eleven years after that monarch's accession. Ten editions or reprints of the same work, at the rate of one in each *lustrum*, were a liberal allowance for an age when a reading public scarcely existed beyond the liberties of London and Westminster, or, if to be met with in provincial towns or country mansions, migrated from the capital periodically with great families when Parliament was prorogued, or when the plague dispersed the attendants on Courts, legal or royal. Even in the high noon of his popularity Lyly was the butt of satirists. Yet satire is in most cases an evidence of some kind of merit. Had he written "absolute nonsense," or been merely "a slight unmeritable man," "the gentle Shakspeare" would scarcely have singled him out for ridicule, nor would surly Ben Jonson have condescended to parody his language.

His fall was scarcely less signal than his rise. From 1636 we have no more editions of *Euphues* until 1868; and although some of his plays were inserted in collections of the old English Drama, they were not in any sense edited or collected until Mr. Fairholt published them, carefully revised, in Mr. J. R. Smith's excellent series of reprints, known as the *Library of Old Authors*, in 1858. The date of this penultimate impression of *Euphues*—his *Anatomy* and his *England*—is significant. It was a grave and earnest time that year, the eleventh of Charles I.—a time that had little leisure or taste for epigrams, conceits, tricks, or riddles in mother-English. Eloquence both within and without the precincts of Parliament was becoming serious, and even stern, in its character. Pulpits, then discharging some of the functions of the modern newspaper, were busied with other matter than compliments, or lessons conveyed in spruce and balanced periods. The almost countless host of pamphleteers wrote too much in haste, or too much under the influence of passion, to bestow much thought or pains on ceremonies of expression. Euphuism had found favour in three reigns, but the Court in 1636 was finding little favour with the mass of the English people, and the Arcadian reed-pipe of John Lyly was rendered inaudible by the trumpet of spiritual and temporal indignation. He, and those who copied him, had built on a foundation of sand. The shafts of ridicule had breached the walls of his house, and the tide of revolution swept it away into one of the many limbos that sooner or later await all that is unsound in either literature or science.

If language is the natural vehicle and garment of thought, assuredly the style of Lyly is among the worst, and fully merits the censure which Mr. Hallam has pronounced upon it—that "it is antithetical and sententious to affectation; the perpetual effort, with no adequate success, rendering the book equally disagreeable and ridiculous, though it might not be difficult to find passages rather more happy and ingenious than the rest." The passages cited by this distinguished critic in justification of his opinion of Lyly are neither the worst nor the best samples of his writing; and even as regards his style, this once overpraised and long overblamed writer has found in Mr. Charles Kingsley an advocate who has at least this merit—he has not contented himself with dipping into either the *Anatomy of Wit* or the *England*, but has evidently studied both works with unusual attention.

One of the glaring defects in Lyly's writing is the extravagant, and indeed perverse, use made by him of natural history. This defect very early in the day attracted notice. Michael Drayton, in a folio volume of poems, published in 1627, among other remarks on English writers of the seventeenth and preceding century, pronounces a severe censure on John Lyly, as

Talking of Stones, Stars, Plants, of Fishes, Flyes,
Playing with words and idle similies.

And it would be easy, though it would be tedious, to prove by extracts that Drayton has abundant reason for his complaint. There is scarcely an idle story in Pliny's Natural History, in Plutarch's miscellaneous writings, in Conrad Gesner, Aldrovandus, or any of the huge encyclopædias available to his hand, that Lyly does not press into his service. Had he, as Burton did, appended to his collectanea from such sources references to their authors, the short treatises he wrote would have amounted in bulk to at least a third of that goodly folio the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Whether he consulted the originals in all or many cases cannot be discovered, but he was undoubtedly a much-reading man, and if he did not keep a commonplace-book like Southey, he must have been gifted with a portentous and enviable power of memory. We defend neither his style nor his abuse of learning; but, admitting these faults, we agree with Mr. Arber and with Mr. Kingsley that Lyly is really a noble writer in his aims and his views of social, political, and domestic morals, and that his book should not be shelved or described as one not merely, as it really is, out of date, but, as it is often described, as of a depraved fashion — a prodigy in its own day, and worthless now. It is far more just, in our opinion, to rate him among writers who strove against the current of profligacy, corruption, and low political feeling which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, and which was at full spring-tide in that of her successor. Moreover, Lyly may be considered as an adjunct to the histories of these reigns. In his counsels and in his remedies may be discerned how deeply and widely the Court and the higher classes in the sixteenth century were infected by those vices, and we can the better understand the necessity for the strict Puritanism which in another half century swept away with an unsparing besom the corruptions of the Tudor and Stuart times. From the *Anatomy of Wit* and the *England* we learn, far better than from the sermons of the period, the fashions and features of the great as Lyly saw them. That there was some good ground for the seed which he scattered is clear, since, had it all been rock, or thorns and thistles, the popularity of his writings cannot be accounted for.

Of Lyly's plays, which like his prose works have within a few years been carefully revised by Mr. F. W. Fairholt (1858), we have not room to speak. The dramatic vein in them is feeble; but the lyrical is, if not powerful, certainly marked by tenderness in sentiment and elegance in expression. It is to be wished that he had given us more songs than he has done, since the few he has given are excellent. In this respect, indeed, Lyly bears some resemblance to one who differed from him in every other. Ben Jonson perversely, we think, suppressed his lyrical genius and cultivated his dramatic vein. His plays are literally works; his songs and occasional poems are flowers springing up in the generally arid dese[rt] of his plays. The affectation of Lyly disappears in his songs. I[n] them he is "natural, simple, affecting." English literature

tains one poet the less owing to the resistance of John Lyly to the promptings of his nature, and to his yielding to the siren of far-fetched allusions, balanced periods, and laborious conceits—such as mark alike the Greek rhetoricians of the empire, the Latin poets who wearied their venal and weary audiences by the *Orestes*, the Epics, the *suasoriæ* and *controversiæ* of the lecture-room, and the Spanish and Italian writers, to whom reference has already been made, who were more anxious to display their ingenuity in words than in accuracy or originality of thought. It is scarcely possible to imagine John Lyly again a popular writer—*non eadem est ætas, non mens*. Yet, if he once more obtains a few readers, he will owe them to the pains bestowed on his works by Mr. Fairholt the editor of his plays, to Professor Morley's collation of his texts, and to the "careful" editor of his prose writings, Mr. Edward Arber.

MADAME DE MONTESPAN ET LOUIS XIV.*

M. CLÉMENT contributes to the secret history of Louis XIV. a chapter that is well worth reading. That monarch habitually denied that he suffered his amours to mix themselves up with his policy. He even formally requested those of his courtiers whom he selected as his familiars to warn him frankly if they saw his caprices clash with the interests of his kingdom; and, whatever his faults, the great King could bear on occasion to hear the truth from those whom he respected. His pride, too, came in aid of his sense of duty, and we can well believe that a woman's counsel, openly tendered, would have been at least as frankly rejected. But there cannot be a question that, directly or indirectly, his mistresses counted for much in the events of his reign. Any interference in matters of state would have been the last idea of the timid La Vallière. Mademoiselle de Fontanges, "bête et sans esprit," had as little ambition of that kind as she had of intellect. Madame de Loudres, Madame de Soubise, and the rest were but so many passing fancies. But it is certain that Madame de Maintenon's advice in no small degree swayed his conduct in his later days, when the tide of fortune was running against him; and that it was very much owing to her that the spirit which had been so overbearing in prosperity showed itself so vacillating in adversity. And in the heyday of her prosperity Madame de Montespan, if she did not direct the policy of the kingdom, had much to do with administering its patronage. She literally forced from the King the *brevet* that made her Sybarite brother Vivonne Marshal of France, and her entreaties obtained for him the command of the discreditable expedition to Messina. Moreover, when the drain on the Treasury, and the taxes on the ingenuity of Colbert, became excessive, the war was often starved to feed the extravagances of the favourite. Thus the biography of Madame de Montespan becomes part of the history of France. But the story of her life and times has a still greater historical importance as commencing the prologue of the bloody drama of the Revolution. Louis XIV. was hard at work, all his reign, sowing the harvest which Louis XVI. was destined to reap. Almost omnipotent in its early years, he chose deliberately to abuse his enormous influence, and, by systematically outraging every social propriety, made morality and patriotism republican. For many previous generations neither Valois nor Bourbons had been saints; but it was reserved for Louis XIV. to defy decency, even as regulated by the elastic code of Court tradition. In so far he seems to have been innocent, that he held in all honest simplicity the convenient doctrines that the King could do no wrong, and that majesty is a fountain of honour whose waters, by a first law of nature, must be always pure. Legitimatizing his daughter by Madlle. La Vallière, he expresses himself thus:—

> Les bienfaits que les rois exercent dans leurs États étant la marque extérieure du mérite de ceux qui les reçoivent, et le plus glorieux éloge des sujets qui en sont honorés, nous avons cru ne pouvoir mieux exprimer dans le public l'estime toute particulière que nous faisons de la personne de notre chère et bien-aimée et très-féale Louise Françoise de la Vallière, qu'en lui conférant les plus hauts titres d'honneur qu'une affection très-singulière, excitée dans notre cœur par une infinité de rares perfections, nous a inspirée depuis quelques années en sa faveur.

Nor was he singular in holding this faith. Prudery made terms with what in a purer state of things would have been held to be a violation of all decorum, and in high places vice and virtue everywhere kissed each other amicably. Julie de Rambouillet, Madame de Montausier, prude *par excellence*, connived at the famous night of Compiègne, and, after the King's *liaison* had become matter of notoriety, remained the intimate friend of the mistress. The Queen quietly retired to apartments on the second floor, while the favourite engrossed those on the first, visited the palace that was building at Clagny for Madame de Montespan, and paid her a visit of formal condolence when her son by the King was on a sick-bed. The whole story from first to last shows a society rotten to the core, and proves that a baseness almost inconceivable to us had tainted every one, even those whom circumstances would seem to have placed high above all temptation. Our faith in the possibility of honesty is so shaken that even when we hear Bourdaloue and Bossuet denounce the morals of the Sovereign in no measured terms, when we read the frank letters of Colbert reproving his extravagant follies, and when we find to our astonishment that the King listened and was not offended, we cannot help suspecting (unjustly perhaps) that they must have sounded the ground before they ventured on it, and that the monarch considered his plain-spoken advisers as much an essential part of his State as the slave in the chariot at a Roman triumph. We have spoken of the behaviour of Madame de Montausier. M. de Montespan, when his wife's conduct grows into a public scandal, transports himself with passion, holds blasphemously unloyal language that scandalized beyond measure that abjectly loyal society, and dramatically insists on wearing mourning, and celebrating the obsequies of his departed wife. Here at least, we say, is an honourable man. But even if his conduct sprang from anything but pride, stung by the success of a rival who had robbed him of one of the most brilliant women in France, at least he thought better of his folly, and repented it at leisure. In his later life we find this outraged husband sitting down to cards at Versailles with the natural daughters of his wife, kissing their hands in the ceremonious fashion of the Court, while, laughing aside to his friends, he shows his sense of the humour of the situation, and his consciousness of his own dishonour. The King himself, indignant at the husband's show of indignation at the loss of his wife, sets his arbitrary power in motion to mark his disapprobation of it. When the Marquis stays raging in Paris, on the pretence of a lawsuit he has in the Courts there, the King sends instructions to his Minister to have the process summarily disposed of, and hints at the Bastille in the event of the Marquis lingering on. He superintends in person the drawing of the contract of separation between husband and wife. When the Marquis's regiment, which is in quarters at Perpignan, comes to blows with the citizens, Louvois sends orders to the Governor to arrange that the local Courts shall put the Marquis in the wrong, and have this modern Uriah the Hittite banished the country, which was accordingly done. And later, when exile has brought him to a better mind, it is only by slow degrees that he is suffered to fix his residence in Paris, or bring his son to be educated there. Then we have the proud house of Condé making it the object of their ambition to marry their son to the daughter of La Montespan. We see the highest nobility humbling themselves for her friendship. We see her when retired from Court favour—about as much of a sincere penitent as Satan on his sick-bed—corresponding closely with the excellent Huet, Bishop of Avranches, and living in the most unreserved intimacy with that paragon of virtue, her sister the Abbess of Fontevrault. How sincere the repentance was, we learn from the piquant account of the interview at which she and her sister, Madame de Thianges, the proudest woman in France, baited a trap for the impressible monarch with their niece and daughter, the lovely Duchess de Nevers.

Yet, after all, the general result of M. Clément's book is decidedly more favourable to Madame de Montespan than is the ordinary conception people have formed of her character, while that of the King suffers proportionately. We see Louis, while with his grand manner he is giving the tone to the first society in Europe, habitually sink the gentleman in the despot. We see him set his spies to dog his rivals, ostentatiously insult the wife he has vowed to honour, and cruelly drag the woman he professes to love, in a springless carriage over jolting roads, in the train of his armies. Madame de Montespan never was an engaging woman, and cannot be made attractive to us. It was passion more than love that she inspired in the King. Those of her children who did not hate her seem to have cared for her as a matter of duty, and the ties that bound the rest of the world to her were those of interest rather than affection. Yet M. Clément has brought the better side of her nature into a brighter relief than we have ever seen it in before. The materials left to illustrate her life can be but scanty at best. Voltaire tells us that both she and Madame de Maintenon had pledged themselves to write their memoirs. How far she ever redeemed the pledge we do not know. Her legitimate son, the Duke d'Autain, had a certain cross-grained sense of honour, and felt an eccentric shame in his mother's anomalous position, although he was only too eager to profit by it. This shame got the upper hand at her death, when she could be no longer useful to him, and he destroyed all the papers bearing on her career that he could lay his hands on. Thus the bulk of the letters addressed to her, as well as many of those she wrote, must have perished; but in his book M. Clément produces for the first time a good many that have been rescued, and a good many more that have hitherto been but little known. As we have said, their contents are, on the whole, to her credit. Whether she originally sought the King, or the King pressed his notice on her, still, in her position, and in the atmosphere of that Court, virtue would have been little less than heroism. She had just the style and the looks that fascinated Louis; she had the proverbial *esprit* of the Rochechouarts, and all the brilliant superficial gifts that almost forced her to enter in the race for the Royal favour, in a society where virtue and loyalty were held to be incompatible with each other. She was selfish, when, so far as we can judge, no one was otherwise; but when it did not conflict with her personal interest, she was always ready to do any one a kindness. Her religion was very likely superstition, but it would be unjust to call it hypocrisy. It seems habitually to have influenced her conduct, except with regard to the one great sin that made her career. With that exception, she was not inconsistent, and we may take as a fair epitome of her easy creed the remark she made to the Duchess d'Uzès, whom she surprised with some unlooked-for scruples—"Faut-il, parce que je fais un mal, faire tous les autres?" Before her rise—or fall—she was formally regular in her devotions; when she sinned most, she prayed most; and, when she had lost all hope of retaining the Royal favour, she

* *Madame de Montespan et Louis XIV: Étude historique.* Par Pierre Clément, de l'Institut. Paris: Didier.

set herself perseveringly to the task of "making her soul," only threatening a relapse under some such strong temptation as that of giving a niece to the King. If she was lavish to herself, she was profuse to others; her friends had no reason to complain of her neglecting their interests; and, although it is easy to say that money lightly come by may be lightly parted with, yet, allowing all that, few in her position have been so munificently charitable. It has been much the fashion, not only to undervalue her abilities, but even to brand her as grossly illiterate. As M. Clément remarks, Voltaire had formed a very different estimate of her. He pronounced that she wrote "avec une légèreté et une grâce particulières." M. Clément declines to go so far as this on the strength of the letters which he publishes, but he claims for her at least fair rank as a writer, even among the contemporaries of Madame de Sévigné. Reading the correspondence, and looking especially at her constant interchange of letters with the learned Bishop of Avranches, it is difficult to conceive how the story should ever have passed current that those which she wrote to the King were really by Madame de Scarron. If not actually brilliant or witty, her letters are almost invariably light and even sparkling. Perhaps among the most amusing and characteristic of the documents given in the appendix are the notes addressed to her by the little Duke de Maine, when under the charge of Madame de Maintenon. It is almost impossible to picture a child so formally precocious as to have written them, and yet their ideas and turns are often so infantine that you cannot fancy them written by his preceptress. One contains a most earnest entreaty for a watch like his mother's. Another concludes, "J'ai encore une prière à vous faire, qui est qu'on ne me mette plus de jupes; j'en marche mieux, et je vous la demande, ma belle madame." He complains of the baths at Barèges being heated till they make him cry; of Madame de Maintenon's waiting-woman refusing to let him have her mistress's clothes that he might dress himself up as a girl. But when, in the same letter, he talks of *tartuferie*, one asks if Molière's plays had become household words in the nursery, or if it is not rather the hand of Maintenon.

On the dark suspicions that rest on the character of Madame de Montespan, M. Clément does not pretend to throw much new light. The Princess Palatine, in her Memoirs, perpetuates the scandal that La Montespan, *ce diable incarné*, had poisoned her rival, La Fontanges, in a cup of milk. In the poison panic in Paris her reputation did not escape, and the daughter of the infamous La Voisin swore to her having had frequent interviews with her mother; and it seems clear that La Montespan had at least purchased love-powders to be administered to the King. It is certain that the inflexible La Reynie wished to have both her and her sister-in-law placed at the bar, and that they were only saved from this disgrace by the interference of Colbert. For the rest, although it is impossible to establish her innocence, it would be hard, on the evidence we have, to pronounce her guilty of a charge that was never proved, and which would have been so naturally suggested by the jealousy of her rivals. M. Clément, we think, has done justice to one of those characters whom history is apt, not unnaturally, to treat unfairly, and whom the undiscriminating contempt and dislike of posterity condemn to do perpetual penance for the false position they occupied in life. He treads discreetly on delicate ground; manages to handle pitch without being defiled, instead of, like Michelet, rather revelling in the contact; writes Court scandal without compromising the dignity of history; and treats with the tact of a Frenchman, and something of the *verve* of a Grammont, subjects where most Englishmen would be puzzled between coarseness and reticence.

GRATIUS FALISCUS.*

PROBABLY Gratius Faliscus is the only poet of the Augustan age with whose poem the best scholars are not generally familiar. There was perhaps a time when his short work on the Chase attracted more attention than it does now, for in 1654 a translation of it into English was published in London. We have never seen a copy of the translation, and therefore cannot pronounce upon its merits. But the original was also printed by T. Johnson in 1690, together with the treatise of Nemesianus on the same subject.

The diminutive volume of the Aldine series whose title is given below, contains the *editio princeps* of this author, and was printed from the only entire manuscript of the work which is known to exist. And it is the only edition which represents the manuscript with all its blunders and *lacunæ*. There is a second manuscript of the first 159 lines, which one of Gratius's editors had seen, but which is quite useless because it is plainly a copy from the other. It may be supposed, therefore, that there is enough in the text of Gratius to exercise the ingenuity of scholars both in the way of emendation and addition. But this is not the relation in which we wish to call attention to the *Cynegeticon* now. Our principal object is to point out, to those who may feel an interest in it, what may be learned from the reading of the poem; and to give those who will not care to read him for themselves some idea of the merits of this unknown writer. It consists of 540 lines, and is entitled the *Cynegeticon*, but whether the title is to be considered a nominative singular or a genitive plural seems very questionable. This point is, however, of less importance than the meaning of the word, which must not be taken, as might be supposed, to refer to "dogs" especially, but to hunting in general. In fact, it is as much entitled to be called, in English, "The Chase, a Poem by Gratius," as its better known and more popular namesake, "The Chase, by William Somervile." The poet begins, in fact, by telling his readers that his opening subject will be the instruments rather than the animals used in hunting:—

> Carmine et arma dabo venanti, et persequar artes
> Armorum; cassesque plagarumque ordiar astus.

There is no point of peculiar interest in his description of the best construction of nets, or the most durable materials for the purpose. In this part of the poem there is only one line that requires notice. And it will be seen how little is known of the author when we say that the name of the country of his birth or residence is only known, or doubtfully inferred, from his complaining of the flax of the district as being wanting in strength, in the following words:—

> At contra nostris imbellia lina Faliscis.

It is said that the word "nostris" implies that the author was a Faliscan. We think it must be admitted that the conjecture rests on a somewhat slight foundation.

This first part of the poem concludes with a digression in which the poet ventures the following apology for devoting sixty lines to the subject of nets:—

> Nonne vides veterum quos prodit fabula rerum
> Semideos? illi aggeribus tentare superbis
> Ire freta; et matres ausi tractare Deorum,
> Quam magnâ mercede meo sine munere silvas
> Impulerint. Flet adhuc et porro flebit Adonim
> Victa Venus, ceciditque suis Ancæus in arvis,
> Et prædexter erat geminisque securibus ingens,
> Ipse Deus, cultosque fert Tyrinthius orbes,
> Quem mare, quem tellus, quem præceps janua Ditis,
> Omnia tentantem, qua laus erit obvia, passi,
> Hinc decus et famæ primus patravit honorem.
> Exige, si qua meis respondet ab artibus ergo
> Gratia, quæ vires fallat collata ferinas.

We fear that the abruptness of the transition, no less than the style of verse, will recall to the reader's mind the *Georgics* of Virgil rather in the way of contrast than comparison. We are not in the position of editors of Gratius, and therefore do not feel bound, as more than one of his admirers has ventured, to express our feeling of astonishment that the poet has so nearly dropped out of notice. And yet there are some passages which will repay the reading, and will in fact bear comparison with the polished diction of Virgil. Of this kind are the lines which describe the invention of nets and hunting-poles under the direction of the goddess Diana, in the person of Dercylos, an inhabitant of Amyclæ:—

> O felix tantis quem primum industria rebus
> Prodidit auctorem; Deas ille an proxima Divos
> Mens fuit, in cæcas aciem quæ magna tenebras
> Egit et ignarum perfudit lumine vulgus,
> Dic age Pierio (fas est) Diana ministro.
> Arcadium stat fama senem quem Mænalus auctor
> Et Lacedæmoniæ primum vidistis Amyclæ
> Per non assuetas metantem retia valles,
> Dercylon. Haud illo quisquam se justior egit,
> Aut fuit in terris Divûm observantior alter.
> Ergo illum primis nemorum Dea finxit in annis
> Auctoremque operi dignata inscribere magno,
> Jussit adire suas et pandere gentibus artes.

After a few more lines devoted to the subject of arrows and javelins, the author proceeds to the main part of the poem, the description of the hounds, which has given the name to the whole work. After going through the various kinds of dogs, their breeding, their maladies, and the remedies to be applied, the author next proceeds to the horse, and in the middle of this part of the subject the manuscript breaks off abruptly, the last five lines being so obliterated, or so badly copied, that only about half of them can be made out. A specimen may suffice. The author begins the subject of colour as follows:—

> Venanti melius pugnat color; optima nigri
> -ra illi, badiosque legunt
> Et quorum fessas imitantur terga favillas,
> ntum Italiæ, sic Dii voluere, parentes
> et terras omni præcepimus usu
> illustrat prata.

The word *melius* in the first of these lines is undoubtedly a corrupt reading for some word indicating colour; whether *crura* should be inserted at the beginning of the second line we will not take upon ourselves to decide. *Badius* is variously interpreted *grey* and *bay*, but *fessæ favillæ* must, we suppose, mean *a light grey colour*. In the previous lines the author had only spoken of the different countries that were supposed to produce, or to be adverse to the production of, good hunters. So we must suppose that the poem extended to a much greater length, as there is little or nothing in the portion that has survived, descriptive of the style and qualities of the hunter.

A question may arise as regards this part of the poem, how far there is evidence that Gratius had seen the *Georgics* of Virgil, and imitated them. But there is really little to decide upon. The accidental coincidence of expression in the two following lines proves nothing. Gratius, in describing the horse he does not want, says,

> Quis Eleas potior lustravit arenas?

* *Hoc Volumine continentur: Poetæ Tres egregii, nunc primum in lucem editi: Gratii qui Augusto principe floruit, de venatione lib. i.; P. Ovidii Nasonis Halieuticôn liber acephalus, M. Aurelii Olympii Nemesiani Cynegeticôn lib. i., ejusdem carmen bucolicum, T. Calphurnii Siculi Bucolica, Adriani Cardinalis venatio.* M.D.XXXIIII.

and Virgil's praise of the racer is well known :—

> Hic vel ad Elei metas et maxima campi
> Sudabit spatia, et spumas aget ore cruentas.

Few of our readers, however, will, after reading what Gratius and what Virgil respectively say about the horse, be inclined to echo the sentiment with which one of the earliest of his editors concludes his annotations :—

> Mihi satis fuit Gratium illustrare; qui huc usque in tenebris delituisse videri potest, nec ullum omnino, quod sciam, interpretem nactus est: nunc fortasse commodius ac minori utique molestiâ legi poterit a studiosis. Gratius certe hujusmodi poeta est ut omnium manibus frequenter teri mereatur, non minus quidem quam Catullus, Virgilius, Horatius, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovidius, Manilius qui σύγχρονοι, aut certe haud ita longo inter se intervallo distantes fuisse existimantur.

The description of the best dogs for breeding will also remind any reader of the *Georgics*, and perhaps will suggest the idea that Gratius was an imitator of Virgil :—

> Sint celsi vultus, sint hirtæ frontibus aures,
> Os magnum, et patulis agitatos morsibus ignes,
> Spirent, adstricti succingant ilia ventres;
> Cauda levis, longumque latus, discretaque collo
> Cæsaries, non pexa nimis, non frigoris illa
> Impatiens; validis tum surgat pectus ab armis
> Quod magnos capiat motus, magnisque supersit.

We have selected some of the best lines from Gratius, and perhaps it may be thought that they will bear little comparison with the exquisitely polished diction of Virgil; but some readers will be more struck with the contrast exhibited in the abrupt introduction of the episodes and the equally abrupt transition from them to the main thread of the subject. The digression concerning the baneful effects of luxury is introduced *àpropos* of the question of the proper feeding of hounds, and the return from it to the main subject is a mere repetition of the idea:—

> Sic parvis componere magna solebam.

We will quote one other passage which will give some idea of Gratius's descriptive powers :—

> Est in Trinacriâ specus ingens rupe, cavique
> Introrsum reditus ; circum atræ mœnia sylvæ
> Alta premunt, ruptique ambustis faucibus amnes ;
> Vulcano condicta domus, quam subter eunti
> Stagna sedent venis oleoque madentia vivo.

The contributions to grammatical rules which Gratius furnishes are a single instance of *proximus* governing an accusative case; the use of *dorcas* as a masculine plural, as if it came from the Greek nominative δόρξ, which is used by Oppian; and several instances of the second form of the second person singular of the imperative mood, such as *petito, adesto*, which seem to point to the conclusion that there is no tenable distinction between the meaning of the two forms. He also appears to use without metrical necessity the accusative form *vulgum* in preference to the more common *vulgus*. In illustration of rules or exceptions in Prosody, we notice one instance of the final vowel being lengthened before two consonants of the following word in *generosa stirps*, and one instance of *que* being lengthened at the first cæsura of the verse:—

> Taxique pinusque altinatesque genistæ.

We must not conclude our notice of the *editio princeps* of Gratius without remarking that the editor has appended to it a poem descriptive of a boar-hunt and a subsequent banquet, by Adrian de Castello, the Cardinal who was Henry VII.'s ambassador at the Court of Rome at the time when the petition for the dispensation for the marriage of Henry, Prince of Wales, with Prince Arthur's widow was on the *tapis*. It consists of between 400 and 500 hendecasyllables, which are exceedingly creditable to the scholarship of the Cardinal Bishop of Bath and Wells, and which, as far as we know, are the only specimens of his Latin verse composition extant, though several letters in the Record Office testify to his excellent Latin scholarship. As the goddess Diana is one of the persons who figure in the hunt, the writer probably did not expect that his readers should interpret literally all that he says. The death of the boar by a javelin entering his mouth and coming out at his tail forcibly reminds us of the similar account in that veracious historian, Baron Munchausen.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW *takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.*

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped ; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 709, MAY 29, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. — Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—Monday next, May 31, St. James's Hall, Eight o'clock. Symphonies, Haydn, La Reine de France, and Beethoven's Grand in B flat, No. 4. Introduction, "Lohengrin" (Wagner), &c. Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, M. Vieuxtemps. Pianoforte Fraulein Mehlig. Vocalists Madame Volpini and Mr Santley. Stalls, 10s. 6d., and Balcony, 7s.; Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d.—Lamborn Cock & Co., 63 New Bond Street; Chappell, R. Ollivier, Mitchell, Hays, and Prowse, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

MUSICAL UNION.—RUBINSTEIN and LEOPOLD AUER. Tuesday Afternoon, June 1, at St. James's Hall.—Quintet in G, Spohr; Sonata Appasionata, Beethoven; Quartet, "God Preserve the Emperor," Haydn (demanded). Pianoforte Solos, various, Rubinstein (his last Performance this Season).—No persons admitted without a Ticket, and no more applications for Free Admissions can be attended to.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be had of Lamborn Cock & Co., and Ollivier, Bond Street; and of Austin, at the Hall. Early application for them is advised.

J. ELLA, *Director*, Victoria Square.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place on Thursday, June 3, at Three o'clock precisely, in St. James's Hall. The Programme will comprise a Sonata by Dussek (first time public); Studies by Cramer, Steibelt, Ries, and W. S Bennett (first time); Fugues by Eberlin, Scarlatti, Handel, and Bach (first time); Hummel's Grand Sonata in D major, Op. 106; a Romance, Barcarole ad Presto continue, by Mendelssohn; a Romance by Henselt; an Impromptu by Chopin, and Songs by Schubert, Haydn, Spohr, E. Sullivan. Vocalist: Miss Annie Edmonds. Accompanyist: Mr Benedict. Reserved Stalls for a Single Recital, 5s.; Balcony, 3s ; Area, 1s.—To be obtained of Madame Arabella Goddard, at her Residence, 26 Upper Wimpole Street; Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and of Mr. Austin, at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven.—Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "ROSSINI," "TITANIA," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI," &c. Open daily, at the New Gallery, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

SINAI, EGYPT, the ALPS, including a large New Picture of MONT BLANC.—An EXHIBITION of WORKS by ELIJAH WALTON.—Pall Mall Gallery, 48 Pall Mall (Mr. WM. THOMPSON'S), from Ten to Six. Admission (with Catalogue), 1s.

FREE CHRISTIAN UNION.—The FIRST ANNIVERSARY of the FREE CHRISTIAN UNION will be held as follows:

A PUBLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Large Hall, Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Tuesday Evening, June 1, at Half-past Seven, conducted by Ministers of various Churches.

Sermons by the Rev ATHANASE COQUEREL (in French), Pasteur of the French Protestant Church, and the Rev C. KEGAN PAUL, Vicar of Sturminster, Dorset. The Devotional Service by the Rev WILLIAM MIALL, of Queen's Road Chapel, Dalston, and the Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, of Little Portland Street Chapel.

The FIRST ANNUAL MEETING, on Wednesday Evening, June 2, at Half-past Seven, at Freemasons' Tavern, in which M. COQUEREL and others will take part. All Persons interested in promoting Catholic Union are earnestly invited.

Papers explaining the nature and objects of the Union may be had from Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—Notice is Hereby Given, that the next HALF-YEARLY EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on Monday, June 28, 1869. In addition to the Metropolitan Examination, Provincial Examinations will be held at Owens College, Manchester; Queen's College, Liverpool; Stonyhurst College; St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw; Queen's College, Birmingham; and St. Patrick's College, Carlow.

Every Candidate is required to transmit his Certificate of Age to the Registrar (17 Savile Row, London, W.) at least Fourteen Days before the commencement of the Examination.

Candidates who pass the Matriculation Examination are entitled to proceed to the Degrees conferred by the University in Arts, Laws, Science, and Medicine. This Examination is accepted (1) by the Council of Military Education in lieu of the Entrance Examination otherwise imposed on Candidates for admission to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst; and (2) by the College of Surgeons in lieu of the Preliminary Examination otherwise imposed on Candidates for its Fellowship. It is also among those Examinations of which some one must be passed (1) by every Medical Student on commencing his professional studies; and (2) by every person entering upon Articles of Clerkship to an Attorney—any such person Matriculating in the First Division being entitled to exemption from One Year's service.

May 28, 1869. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., *Registrar*.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 710, Vol. 27. June 5, 1869. PRICE 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE MEETING AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.

THE Irish Protestants have had their great Conference with the Conservative Peers. The Duke of ABERCORN invited an attendance of Protestants and Peers at Chesterfield House last Saturday, and at any rate the Protestants could not complain that they did not enjoy an opportunity of stating their case fully and fairly. Every topic on which timid or indignant Orangemen can wish to dilate was handled with unquenched fervour and at most exuberant length. The speakers all spoke in the same key. The Bill was wicked, was mischievous, was in the last degree treacherous. Ireland would be ruined by it, the British Empire would be ruined by it, all Protestantism in all countries would be ruined by it. In Yankee language, they piled up the horrors smart, and hoped that the breath would leave the quivering bodies of the terror-stricken peers. But they could not get the peers present to commit themselves. Those whom they addressed had, they were informed, been most deeply interested by all they had heard, and would think what was best to be done. This did not look much like fighting the Battle of the Boyne over again. The peers evidently had not made up their minds to imperil the interests of their order under the excitement of listening to the effusions of wild Orangemen. But, however disappointed they may have been, they were perhaps prepared for the disappointment. There was an ominous absence in the group of listening peers. Lord CAIRNS was not there, and they knew perfectly well what was implied by his not thinking it prudent to attend. They were asking the Lords to do what would involve the sacrifice of interests even far greater than any connected with the Irish Church. It is said that Lord CAIRNS when in Ireland had already told them this, and that his absence from the Chesterfield House meeting struck them with dismay, because it showed he really meant what he said. However that may be, they could guess what is likely to be the final decision, not only of the leader of the Conservative party in the Lords, but of all his foremost associates. It has indeed been since reported that the Conservative peers have made up their minds to reject the second reading. But this is incredible; and however much some of them may threaten, or whatever show of desperate courage they may like it to be thought that they are going to make, it is impossible to believe that they will run the enormous danger which such a course would involve. It is far more probable that they will throw all their strength into carrying amendments favourable to the Church. The general scheme for disestablishing and disendowing the Irish Church, they may say, must be taken as imposed on the Lords by the voice of the people; but the people had none of the details of the present measure submitted to them at the hustings; and the Lords are entitled to assume that, if the Bill can be made more just and fair to the Church, the people would recognise in any well-grounded modifications the expression of their true wishes. It will be time enough to discuss the amendments proposed by the Lords when we see what they are. They ought to be canvassed on their merits, and, without prejudice. If a case can be made out for them by solid argument, and by appeal to unquestionable policy, they ought not to be set aside in order to gratify the Ministry and the majority in the Commons. All that can be said is, that amendments of this sort are as yet in total obscurity. No organ of the Conservatives, or of the friends of the Irish Church, has, so far as we know, been able to propose any material amendment which will bear discussion. The only amendments reduced into a tangible shape, and accredited by the position of their proposer, are the amendments of Mr. DISRAELI, and his amendments were wholly inadmissible. They were, as Mr. GLADSTONE happily remarked, like the blessings which ended the trials of the Patriarch JOB. His possessions were taken away from him, but then, by the happy amendments introduced into his fortunes, all, and much more than all, taken away was restored to him, and his last state was very much better than his first.

The Irish Protestants at Chesterfield House were very furious, and those whom they represented have lately been still more furious. They have held many meetings lately, and their talk is of nothing but treason and civil war. They thirst for blood like giants in a pantomime. They roam about shouting Fee Fo Fum and scenting the blood of Mr. GLADSTONE. We cannot help liking the Rev. JOHN FLANAGAN, in his way, who has delivered his soul at Ballibay, county Monaghan. He is such a typical Orange gladiator. He does not mince matters in the least. Not only does he inform the QUEEN that she will commit perjury if she assents to the Irish Church Bill, but he tells her that she may expect to meet the fate of JAMES II., and drop her crown in the Boyne. He smells the battle from afar. He counts up his hosts, and he is quite prepared to face the British Empire. He has got an army of two hundred thousand men in Ireland, and of no less than a million and a-half, if he is allowed to include the remote dependencies of England. Possibly the odds may nevertheless be on the side of the British Government, but he trusts fervently in that Providence which he believes will, for once in a way, not declare itself on the side of the stronger battalions. Here is the real original rampant Orangeman seen at his best, or worst. The Church Militant never exceeded this outburst of ardour. Bunkum never took a higher or a nobler flight. And now what is the answer which he gets, and which he ought to get, from England? It is very simple. We are not going to ask him to reckon up his strength against ours, and to invite him to retire, like a candidate for a University constituency, if he finds the probable balance against him. We do not credit him with the amount of sense and good feeling which prompts University candidates to retire from a struggle likely to do more harm than good. We merely invite him, and those who admire him, and those who put his sentiments in a somewhat milder form, when they get over the Channel, to observe that such language is the very best justification for passing the Irish Church Bill that could possibly be given. It is precisely because Protestant ascendency has instilled [illegible] into the minds of men otherwise just and [illegible] that we wish it to come to an end. This abuse of political power in the name of religion is the very worst consequence of the system embodied in the Irish Church. It has [illegible] the minds of men. To defend the Irish Church in the spirit and with the language of Orangemen seems to taint even the minds of good and equitable men. We wish the Irish Church, as at present constituted, to come to an end, precisely because its unhappy history fills the minds of men with bad thoughts, and provokes them into intemperate language. Within the last year we have seen an English Archbishop actually praising the Irish Church because it is an embodiment of religious hatred. We have seen an Irish Archbishop, previously known as a man quiet, moderate, and gentlemanly, speaking of a Cabinet supported by the great majority of the English people as a set of garotters. We have seen an Irish Bishop striving to win a moment's applause by [illegible] on the PREMIER. The supporters of the Irish Church come forward as the true friends of such men. They want to cure the Archbishop of YORK of sentiments alien to a mind not generally illiberal; they want to save the Archbishop of DUBLIN and the Bishop of CORK from using language disgraceful to their order. They want to make the Rev. JOHN FLANAGAN as [illegible] an anachronism as a big fossil lizard. This is what they want, and this is what, if the Lords have listened to reason, they have every prospect of doing before the year is out. By next Christmas they may fairly hope this clerical firebrand will be as much out of date as if he were down several yards deep in an Oolite formation.

All these fierce Irishmen at Chesterfield House and elsewhere

keep asserting and howling over the inevitable ruin of Protestantism in Ireland. They take it as indisputable that their religion must die out unless it is provided by the State with an enormous amount of money. They speak of themselves as if they were converted Jews at Jerusalem, and could only be kept converted if they got their piastres regularly. What an uncommonly poor religion Irish Protestantism must be if they are right! Here is a religion which has had all the advantages of State support for three centuries, which is professed by persons holding nine-tenths of the Irish soil, and which, as its friends allege, is secured by the impassioned support of all the most intelligent, thriving, and prosperous part of the Irish population, and yet it is going to die out like the wick of a burnt-up candle if it is now placed on an equality with other religions. Supposing the Irish Protestants really believed in Irish Protestantism, would they dishonour their religion by the most distant approach to stating anything of the sort? They profess, further, to believe that, besides these great external and mundane advantages, they have got the overwhelming spiritual advantage of being in exclusive possession of the truth. The Gospel in its purity is committed to their sole charge, and yet this embodiment of truth, this genuine unadulterated Gospel, backed up by almost all the landed wealth of the country, by the inherited traditions of centuries, and by the vast preponderance of Irish education and Irish industrial energy, is to melt away like dew before the sun, unless the secular arm of the State will throw down all its adversaries before it. No body of sincere and moderately intelligent Protestants ever before spoke with such outrageous contempt of Protestantism. If they are right, they have got hold of the most puny, rickety abortion of a religion that ever offered itself as the child of the spiritual longings of civilized man. Is it true, then, that they are not sincere Protestants, or that Protestantism is the sickly ward of the State they represent it to be? There is no reason for believing either proposition. They are, doubtless, honest Protestants, and Protestantism is, we may trust, built on a solid rock. But the fact is that the peculiar history of their Church has nursed them from their cradle into a habit of regarding Protestantism, not as an expression of spiritual and intellectual truth, but as an embodiment of political supremacy. They hold it as the Normans held the fiefs, and manors, and honours of conquered England. To be a Protestant in Ireland is not to entertain certain views as to the destiny or duties of man, but to enjoy a kind of patent of nobility. Let us hope these Irish Protestants may themselves some day come to bless the misunderstood and unappreciated friends who, against their will, will have taught them to begin to look on Protestantism as a religion. We have not, we own, much hope of the Rev. JOHN FLANAGAN. He will, we fear, go down to his Oolite grave cursing Mr. GLADSTONE and the House of Commons, and possibly the House of Lords too, and the whole nature of things in the British Empire, because his enemies have tried to free him from the illusion that in this world and the next he must necessarily be justified because he has the Battle of the Boyne to his credit. But milder men and a younger generation may show themselves more accessible to the whisperings of reason, and may see and rejoice in the splendid opportunity they have given them of pushing forward Protestantism on its own intrinsic merits.

MR. MOTLEY.

If it is true that the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce and the Liverpool American Chamber of Commerce complied with established usage in presenting addresses to the American Minister, neither body can be severely blamed for continuing a courteous and harmless custom. Both the addresses were conventional, and therefore unobjectionable, in their language, with the exception of a reference to commercial policy which was perhaps indiscreet, and certainly unsuited to the occasion. It is not the business of an Envoy to criticize or approve, in his intercourse with foreigners, the domestic legislation of his own country; and it would have been well not to afford Mr. MOTLEY an opportunity for rebuking an intrusive suggestion. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce ought to have known that the dominant Protectionists of America derive their most popular argument from the fact that Free-trade would incidentally benefit England. The warmest advocates of the present tariff, represented by Mr. GREELEY, have for an entire generation been the bitterest enemies of England. The amiable writers in the *Tribune* constantly assert that the Free-Trade League is subsidized with that English gold which has, since the days of ROBESPIERRE, been so profusely created by Jacobinical mendacity. The language used in the Liverpool address will be eagerly quoted as an admission that political economy is exclusively advantageous to England. Mr. MOTLEY, on a previous day, was unable to accept a seat in the carriage of the Mayor of LIVERPOOL on the singular ground that he had not yet presented his credentials to the QUEEN; or, according to another version, because he was unwilling to compromise himself by accepting municipal favours. It is fortunate that the same scruple did not restrain him from answering the Chamber of Commerce in terms of the strictest diplomatic propriety. It may be hoped that the ceremony, which perhaps could not without slight have been omitted at Liverpool, will not be unnecessarily repeated in other towns which Mr. MOTLEY may have occasion to visit. Experience has shown that the expression of anxiety for the equitable adjustment of disputes has been systematically misinterpreted in the United States. The otherwise unaccountable violence which culminated in Mr. SUMNER'S disgraceful speech was the immediate consequence of the speeches and addresses made in honour of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON. English feelings of good will, however sincere, were in America unanimously attributed to cowardice; and consequently not a dissentient voice was raised when Mr. SUMNER demanded an act of national humiliation, together with the payment of a tribute of incredible amount. Mr. MOTLEY is not likely to imitate the error of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON in encouraging a degrading and dangerous mistake; and even if he were disposed to be as effusive as his predecessor, the Senate has taken care to show how far an American Minister may be from representing his Government. On more than one occasion during the singular negotiation recorded in the published Correspondence, Mr. JOHNSON assured Lord STANLEY or Lord CLARENDON that one more concession would ensure the approval of the Senate. If at any time it seems expedient to pay Mr. MOTLEY any public civilities, his literary reputation provides a suitable topic for complimentary phrases; and the Liverpool Chambers showed sound judgment in devoting a part of their addresses to a subject in which the utmost ingenuity could not discover a pretext for resentment.

If the Senate had not rendered the whole negotiation abortive, it would be difficult to read the diplomatic Correspondence with patience. From first to last Mr. SEWARD dictated the course of proceeding, while the English Ministers invariably complied with his successive and increasing demands. The arguments on either side are not contained in the despatches; and perhaps it may have been thought that, in the prospect of a reference to arbitration, it was useless to prosecute the controversy. The merits of the question will be publicly discussed, almost for the first time, in the debate which is impending in the House of Commons; and probably attention will be called to the inconsistency of the American Government in its respective dealings with France and with England. In November, 1862, the Emperor of the FRENCH, in a formal communication to the English Government, proposed that the Maritime Powers, which, as he truly said, had maintained the strictest neutrality, should, by the tender of their good offices, "assist the two 'belligerent parties in an endeavour to escape from a position 'which has no issue." Lord RUSSELL, in the name of the English Government, declined the proposal, on the ground that the offer would probably be rejected by the Federal Government. Although suggestions which would have been still more obnoxious to the North were only preferred in conversation, it must have been well known to Mr. SEWARD, and to Mr. SUMNER as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, that France would at any moment have gladly recognised the independence of the Confederacy but for the steady resistance of England. Yet the American Government has never varied its expressions of friendship to France, or the exacting tone of its negotiations with England. The text of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S Convention was published, in defiance of American usage, even before it was submitted to the Senate; and consequently the Massachusetts Assembly had an opportunity of passing an inflammatory Resolution against the conclusion of a Treaty.

The new Minister will apparently enjoy ample leisure, as it is understood that he is not instructed to resume negotiation. The English Government is fortunately relieved, by the contumelious rejection of Mr. SEWARD'S Treaty, from the obligation of proposing any alternative settlement. The Naturalization Treaty, containing the large concessions which had been not unreasonably desired by the American Government, has been approved by the Senate; but the San Juan Treaty has not been taken into consideration. As all disputed questions were arranged by Lord STANLEY or by Lord CLARENDON with the Minister for the time being, there is nothing for Mr. MOTLEY to discuss. Even at Washington no progress can be made

in the San Juan Treaty during the recess; and although the continuance of the provisional joint occupation of the disputed territory is inconvenient, there is little reason, while the Senate is in its present temper, to regret a further adjournment. Diplomatic communications are highly useful in removing accidental causes of difference between two communities which desire to maintain amicable relations. When one or both of the principals prefer a grievance to satisfaction or compromise, discussion only tends to create and prolong irritation. It is proper that an English Minister should reside at Washington, and an American Minister in London, because a suspension of official intercourse would be unusual, and probably significant of hostility; but the use of either Legation is principally negative. The unbounded publicity which prevails in both countries leaves an Ambassador nothing to discover for the information of his Government which may not be found in the newspapers. Mr. MOTLEY will hardly trouble himself or the Secretary of State by writing despatches to announce the friendly feelings of Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord CLARENDON, and the country at large to the people and Government of the United States; nor will a sensible and well-bred diplomatist annoy the Foreign Secretary with superfluous proofs that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON wholly misrepresented the sentiments of his countrymen. Immediately after the rejection of the Treaty it seemed probable that, in accordance with the suggestions of several American journals, some offensive proposal might be made for the surrender of English territory, especially as Lord STANLEY had expressed no indignation at a suggestion of the kind offered by Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON; but it almost seems as if an impossible demand had been preferred only for the purpose of expressing general ill-will, without any more practical object. The Washington Correspondent of a New York paper, with dramatic fitness, if not with historical accuracy, states that Mr. SUMNER is greatly amused with the indignation which he has provoked in England. In Europe, State papers and official speeches on international questions are not habitually composed in joke. It is a strange excuse for a declaration all but unanimously adopted by the Senate, that the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations is well known to be a mere rhetorician. If peace is ultimately maintained, there will be no advantage in discussing the method by which it has been secured; but there is always a danger that some unforeseen incident may lead to a rupture. If such a risk should practically occur, Mr. MOTLEY will have an opportunity of displaying the judgment and ability which he may fairly be supposed to possess. During his mission to Vienna, although he can have had no serious business to transact, he had the opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with the forms and traditions of diplomacy. As the Americans have never allowed their representatives in foreign countries to form a distinct profession, Ministers who happen to have acquired diplomatic experience possess a great advantage over mere politicians. His long and familiar acquaintance with English society ought to provide him with additional facilities for the effective discharge of his functions.

An American Minister may at the present moment devote himself to the discharge of his special duties with the complacent feeling that he represents as an ornamental Envoy, if not as a real Plenipotentiary, the most prosperous of communities. The internal animosities which survived the war have actually or apparently subsided since Congress became tired of the process of reconstruction. There is much probability that the formal restoration of Virginia to the Union will be completed, in consequence of the judicious policy adopted by the PRESIDENT. In conformity, as it is supposed, with the advice of General LEE, General GRANT has provisionally authorized a separate vote on two obnoxious articles inserted in the proposed Constitution for the avowed purpose of disfranchising the best citizens of the State. Notwithstanding the exertions of Radical agitators, it is believed that the disfranchising clauses will be rejected, at the same time that the Constitution is adopted by the necessary majority. Although the ultimate decision rests with Congress, it is probable that, if General GRANT's suggestion is adopted by the Conservative party in Virginia, public opinion will require the admission of the State to the full exercise of its federal rights. Since the death of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, and the disappearance of Mr. JOHNSON from political life, the angry passions which influenced the conduct of the Republican party have in great measure been forgotten. For the present the Southern Senators and Representatives will justify the expectations of the authors of negro suffrage by supporting the policy of their patrons. There can be little doubt that, sooner or later, the white population will recover their natural supremacy; but parties will in the meantime arrange themselves with reference to new issues, and the census of next year will readjust the balance of representation by [illegible]
to the power of the Western States. [illegible]
troversy acquires the importance which the subject deserves, the South and the West will find it their interest to combine against the selfish legislation of the manufacturing States. It is only because the vast territory of the United States forms a little world in itself that the anomalous taxes imposed on the masses of consumers by petty combinations of producers have been patiently endured. No perversity can seriously check the material progress which almost exceeds the boasts of grandiloquent patriots. In ten years the debt or its residue, if it is not swelled by the demands of some unnecessary war, will have become a comparatively insignificant burden, by the distribution of the charge over a larger and wealthier body of debtors. Within the same time it is not impossible that San Francisco may rival New York in trade and prosperity, while New Orleans will grow in proportion to the population of the great basin of the Mississippi. The touchy and exacting diplomacy which has so often threatened the maintenance of peace seems unworthy of a Republic which will in a few years be the most powerful nation in the world. The risk of disruption which might otherwise have been imminent has been indefinitely postponed by the injudicious and premature attempt of the Southern States to secede.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND THE BANK.

IT is strange that a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is a master of lucid speech should be driven to explain in the *Times* the meaning of his Parliamentary language; but the oddity is accounted for by Mr. LOWE's taste for the form of epigrammatic expression which is popularly known as a snub. With the impatience of a rapid intellect, he resents the dulness of his hearers in not understanding some novel statement, by repeating the same proposition in a more condensed and difficult shape. To the complaint that five quarters of Income-tax will have been paid in the current year he lately answered, with a complacency which represented the combination of a fiscal infliction with a verbal paradox, that on the same assumption there were always five quarters due in the year. Turnpike-keepers, according to a philosophic theory recorded by Mr. DICKENS, are misanthropes who have adopted the profession partly for solitude, and partly to avenge themselves on mankind by taking the tolls. There is a trace of the same kind of cynicism in Mr. LOWE's desire to bewilder the taxpayer's intellect, as well as to demand his money at the most inconvenient season. In his letter to the *Times* he is content with the sound argument that the last April payment, being in no way connected with the present Budget, ought to be left out of the calculation. The same amount would have been paid if the Income-tax had been either doubled or abolished, or if it had been determined to levy five years' taxes in a single sum. The true comparison is between payment in three or four instalments and a single collection in January; and Mr. LOWE shows that one half of the tax will be postponed, while only one quarter will be paid in advance of the period formerly adopted. The objection remains that a large demand will be made at one time, and that it will immediately follow the drain on private resources which is caused by Christmas bills. The advantage of receiving a quarter's interest on the instalment which would have been payable in October is purely imaginary, except in the rare cases in which provident taxpayers keep their money ready for the collector on a deposit account. In defending another provision of his Budget, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER professed a well-founded faith in the soundness of general principles even where it was difficult to verify the detailed results; but political economy, like law, disregards trifles; or, rather, it would proceed on a false assumption if it calculated interest on every petty sum which a man may keep in his desk, or add to his balance at his banker's. It is nearly certain that Mr. LOWE or his successor will be compelled, by the experience of a single year, to modify the arrangement by which all direct taxes are made receivable at the same time. It would be well worth while to incur some additional expense of collection for the purpose of separating the term at which the assessed-tax licences are to be issued from the period of collecting the Income-tax. The best excuse for the new arrangement is that it provides the means of reducing the nominal percentage of the Income-tax before the

agitation against indirect taxes has seriously commenced. The repeal of the duties on Fire-insurance and on different modes of locomotion will be highly beneficial, and perhaps Mr. LOWE's faith in the expediency of abolishing the Corn-duty may be justified by an ultimate reduction of price. It was on various grounds desirable to remove the last protective tax from the English tariff; but perhaps it would have been better to postpone the reform for twelve months than to add half a year's charge to the assessed taxes, and a quarter of a year's charge to the Income-tax. On the other hand, it may be suggested that it is prudent to conciliate general support to a fiscal project by distributing relief among as many classes as possible of the community. Corn-merchants, shipowners, and eventually consumers, will share the benefits which are bestowed on insurers, on cab-owners, and on travellers, and which are extended, in consideration of a payment in gross, to possessors of incomes and payers of assessed taxes.

In the course of the late discussion Mr. LOWE more than once exhibited a disregard of the arts of popularity which is more characteristic than laudable. If it was indiscreet to perplex the House with phrases which seemed to include five quarters in the year, the repeated expression of disregard to the interests of the money-market was equally useless and more impolitic. Truth is often sufficiently disagreeable in appearance without the addition of a repulsive costume. A Chancellor of the Exchequer is fully justified in confining his attention to the interests of the Treasury; but there is no need to affront capitalists and money-dealers who may be affected by his fiscal operations. Mr. LOWE's extenuation of the alleged inconvenience which is supposed to be a probable consequence of his proposed arrangements amounts to an admission that he committed a mistake in telling the money-market to take care of itself. It is to a certain extent true that the private deposits will be increased in amount at the time when the balances in the Exchequer are lowest, but practical authorities hold that the compensation will be insufficient; and if no harm was to be done, it was unnecessary to disclaim responsibility for an imaginary mischief. The contrivances by which the Savings' Banks are to be made applicable to meet the temporary wants of the Government would have been explained when the Budget was introduced, if they had not been a mere afterthought. It may be conjectured that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had overlooked some of the practical effects of his plan until it was criticized by the representatives of City interests. It may perhaps be practicable for the Government to act in some respects as its own banker, instead of relying for accommodation on the Bank of England; but when Mr. LOWE discovered that he was, in his official character, a great capitalist, he might advantageously have inferred that he could not safely regard with indifference the fluctuations of the money-market. As a banker, a Chancellor of the Exchequer is subjected to the serious disability of not being a lender as well as a borrower or holder of deposits. Much technical ingenuity will be required in avoiding the risk of loss from the alternate inflation and depletion of the balances; and the most skilful advisers and auxiliaries of the Government would be found among the bankers and dealers who are alarmed by Mr. LOWE's uncompromising language. It is his pleasure to declare that the Bank of England is a private institution, in the same spirit in which he formerly denounced school-inspectors as pedants, and school-managers as greedy claimants on the public purse. In a certain sense, it is of course notorious that the Bank is a joint-stock association, conducted for the benefit of its shareholders; but it is not less true that it is at the same time almost a department of the Government, providing a singularly effective and economical agency for receipt and distribution. All wise men consult as far as possible the convenience of those with whom they have relations of business, on the general assumption that they will have to pay in some form for any avoidable trouble or annoyance which they may cause. The Bank of England will endeavour to recoup itself at the expense of the Government for any loss which it may sustain through a change in the conduct of fiscal transactions. The Directors will probably not be influenced by merely verbal taunts; but Ministers, as well as private persons, ought to remember that civility costs nothing. In provoking adverse criticism from a Governor of the Bank who happens to be a warm supporter of the Government, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, new to his office, is almost certain to have committed a blunder.

During the interval which has elapsed since the introduction of the Budget, there has been time to ascertain the opinion which is formed of its merits; and, although the collection of all the direct taxes at the same time is generally condemned, the selection of taxes for reduction or abolition has received and merited approval. The benevolence or forced loan of next January may perhaps not be too high a price to pay for a saving of half the total cost of fire insurance, and for a supply of vehicles for hire in villages and at railway stations; and though the Income-tax for the year is really increased, an ostensible diminution is valuable as a recognition of a sound principle. It is provoking to reflect that, even in the absence of new provisions, there would have been a small surplus if Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI had not been bent on the pedantic crotchet of converting Consols into terminable annuities. The money would have been more advantageously spent as a contribution to the cost of the Abyssinian war; or, if it had been applied to the removal of the exceptional duty on hackney carriages, that portion of the deficiency would not have required to be met in the present year. If Mr. LOWE has the fortune of producing a second Budget, he will probably be able to substitute a still more cheerful statement for the agreeable surprise which he lately offered to the House of Commons. The further reductions of the Army and Navy Estimates will be not inconsiderable; and as three full years have elapsed since the great panic, it may be fairly hoped that the increased returns of exports indicate some revival of trade. The financial condition of the country, as distinguished from commercial prosperity, is essentially sound. Although the reduction of the debt has been recently suspended, a sum of ten millions, which in any other European country would have been charged to capital, has been applied from revenue to the exorbitant demands of the short Abyssinian campaign. If peace continues, the agreeable task of reducing the public burdens may be resumed at the point where Mr. GLADSTONE left it on his last retirement from office. The first duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1870 will be to repeal the remaining Abyssinian penny of the Income-tax; and perhaps the sugar duties may come next in order. It is fortunate that the conduct of the finances will probably be entrusted for a few years to statesmen who were trained during the period in which political economy was a national creed. While democratic communities in all parts of the world incline more and more to protective systems, not a single tax now remains in the English tariff which confers an undue collateral advantage on any class of producers. It is not impossible that sound traditions may survive the practical supremacy which still remains by sufferance to the wealthier section of society; and the risk of pernicious fiscal experiments will be still further reduced, if the House of Commons is careful to reduce, as far as possible, the burdens which press most heavily on the bulk of the population. The probable rise in the cost of sugar in Cuba, through the approaching emancipation of the slaves, furnishes an additional reason for dealing with the tax.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS AND THE EMPEROR.

THE Imperial Government has gained one advantage from the elections. The triumph of the Radical candidates in the great towns has proved that the alarm of the authorities at the BAUDIN demonstrations last winter had more to justify it than was generally thought at the time. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR had so often flaunted the possible resurrection of Socialism before the eyes of the middle-classes that the warning had almost become a joke. Well-to-do citizens have large capacities for being frightened when the danger is not too impalpable, but they are hardly imaginative enough to conceive that a system which they find so comfortable may have revolutionary forces working at its base, and threatening to bring it down about their ears. The elections in Paris and Lyons may bring conviction to sceptics of this class. The subversive passions about which the EMPEROR has talked so often that his hearers began to doubt their existence have suddenly started up in full force. Universal suffrage has been appealed to, and, as regards Paris, its answer is unmistakeable. The official candidates have been rejected by an immense majority of those who voted, and by a decided majority even of the registered electors, while of this majority something like half is exactly of that type the dread of which has for seventeen years been the best card in the EMPEROR's hand. The spectre about which so much has been said turns out to be made of veritable flesh and blood. The Democratic and Socialist Republic is no longer the dream of a few enthusiasts; it is the creed of thousands of Frenchmen, who ask for nothing better than an opportunity of proving their faith by their works. Who can now blame M. PINARD for turning Paris into a besieged city on the 3rd of December? who can wonder that the police lost their heads when the "Marseillaise" was sung in the streets a week or two back?

Whether the authorities knew the full truth or not, the elections have justified their precautions. That out of more than 400,000 registered electors, only some 86,000 should care enough for the powers that be to take the trouble of voting for their nominees; that more than this number are irreconcilably hostile to the Empire; that of those who are not so, the best that can be said is that they are admirers of M. THIERS or M. JULES FAVRE—are facts which the Government may fairly plead in its defence when it is accused of having too keen a scent for coming danger.

It remains to be seen, however, whether, in assuming these lifelike proportions, the ghost has not lost those mysterious horrors with which the thought of it was formerly surrounded. The elections of Sunday week showed that Socialism is again a reality; the elections of to-morrow will help us to ascertain whether it still excites the same blind and unreasoning consternation that it excited in 1851. In many of the fifty-nine constituencies where there has to be a second ballot the moderate Opposition, though it cannot return its own candidate, has it in its power to determine whether the victory shall lie with the Government or the Radical Opposition. The Liberal leaders have shown no hesitation as to the line to be followed in this position of affairs. They have made up their minds that, where the remedy is Personal Government, the disease itself must be encountered as the preferable alternative. M. THIERS in particular has been true to the programme of the Liberal Union, and has recommended his supporters at Marseilles to transfer their votes to M. GAMBETTA. But, after the unmistakeable evidence which the elections have afforded of the strength of the Republican party, will even M. THIERS's influence avail to secure for M. GAMBETTA the votes of the middle-class electors? This is, in effect, the question which will be answered to-morrow in other constituencies beside Marseilles. If, as seems likely, the Liberal Opposition stands by its leaders and its professions, and votes for a Socialist rather than for an Imperialist, the obvious inference will be that the Conservative reaction which ensured the success of the Empire has spent much of its force, in which case the one consolation the Government can find in the elections will be deprived of all its value. If, on the contrary, an official candidate steps in here and there because the middle-class Liberals are more anxious to ensure order than to regain liberty, the authorities will argue, with some show of probability, that if the elections were to be held over again, some of the constituencies which have shown a majority for the Opposition would now see cause to reverse their judgment, and to rally once more round the protector whom they have only deserted because they wrongly thought they could do so without danger.

If we assume that the more probable of these results will be the one actually shown by to-morrow's ballot, the next question that presents itself is the influence which the completed elections will exert on the policy of the Government. It seems hardly possible that the EMPEROR should continue to act as though nothing had happened. No doubt, like other autocrats, he has those around him who will be ready to prophesy smooth things. But though NAPOLEON III. has of late surrendered himself more and more to the guidance of his Ministers, he is very greatly their superior alike in keenness of vision and in breadth of conception. He is not the man to overlook the significance of the verdict which France has just given, or to rest satisfied without some new effort to meet the new demands which the situation makes on him. In 1863 the Imperial vote stood to the Opposition vote in the proportion of three to one; in 1869 it stands to it in the proportion of five to four. It is true that, as a matter of area, France is still Imperialist. The 4,000,000 voters upon whom the Government can count are distributed over the whole country; the 3,200,000 voters who have thrown in their lot with the Opposition are mostly collected in the larger towns. But it is a hazardous business to rule any people in the teeth of its most intelligent and best-organized classes, and that, too, just when it has been shown that they are gaining fresh strength every year. Yet this is what the EMPEROR must attempt, if he is to govern from 1869 to 1875 as he has governed from 1863 to 1869. Supposing him to shrink from such an experiment as this, he has, like an English Prime Minister, three courses open to him. He may conciliate the Liberals, properly so called, by the grant of "necessary liberties." Unfortunately, as we pointed out last week, the time for doing this to any purpose seems to have passed, and even if M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL is right, and the vote of Paris indicates impatience only, not Socialism, it must be remembered that the EMPEROR has as genuine a distaste for Parliamentary government as Professor BEESLY or Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON. Englishmen often speak as though it were wonderful why NAPOLEON III. should take so much trouble to be an Emperor when he might easily be a constitutional King. The simple explanation is that the position they marvel at his rejecting is in his eyes too contemptible to be worth taking. A second alternative is to conciliate the Socialist democracy. That he has for some time cherished some scheme of this sort is evident by his relations with the *Peuple*, and the bitter hostility of the Radical Opposition to the Parliamentary Liberals which is indicated by M. D'ALTON-SHEE's determination, in the teeth of his own professions, to oppose M. THIERS at the second ballot, certainly suggests a reconciliation between it and the EMPEROR on the basis of a common enmity. But the dangers of such an attempt are great and obvious. The fanatical hatred which the Radical Opposition bears towards NAPOLEON III. could only be changed into friendship, or even softened into indifference, by the adoption of an actively Socialist policy at home, which would alienate the whole property-holding class, and an actively anti-Papal policy in Italy, which would excite the implacable wrath of the clergy. Is it worth while to make two certain and powerful enemies for the sake of the chance, doubtful as it must be at best, of winning to his side the democrats of Paris and Lyons? If he rejects both these expedients, he may revert to the policy of the earlier years of his reign, and try to weaken the strength of the Opposition by giving the nation something else to think of. Much of the dissatisfaction manifested by the elections is probably attributable to the ill-success which has of late attended all the foreign enterprises of the Empire. A large number of Frenchmen consented not to be free at home, on the understanding that they were to be great abroad; and now they complain, not unjustly, that the EMPEROR has not kept to his bargain. It is likely enough that, if he were now to do his part handsomely, they would condone his past negligence, and allow politics as well as laws to be silenced by the clash of bayonets. Besides the loss of strength to the Opposition which would ensue from such a diversion as this, a war would have the further effect of making the EMPEROR additionally popular with his troops. If a great army is to be kept in good humour, it must from time to time have fame and promotion found for it; and when every other class seems falling from him, NAPOLEON III. has more cause than ever to keep this fact in mind. Where the risks on all sides are so many, an irresolute mind will usually either remain immovably balanced between them, or will make its ultimate selection almost at random. We do not think the EMPEROR will do the first; we are by no means sure that he will not do the last.

THE DEBATE ON THE THIRD READING.

MR. DISRAELI enlivened, or at least marked, the debate of last Monday by finding something new to say on the Irish Church. He must be tired, and he may well be disgusted, with a discussion in which he knows he can win no credit, and in which he must feel he is taking the wrong side. He sought, therefore, to escape from the twinges of his own intellectual judgment or conscience, and from the fanaticism and platitudes of his supporters, by taking refuge in a new set of paradoxes on Irish history. His last theory is that the Irish Church has been wantonly sacrificed to the ignorance of a Ministry who did not understand the true character of the Fenian rebellion. The rebellion, he thinks, was of purely American origin, and failed because no Irishman would have anything to do with it. Unfortunately, the Ministry, in their blindness, chose to treat it as a symptom of real Irish discontent, and, not knowing what other bone to throw to the dog, flung the persecuted Irish Church in its way. The dog will of course eat its bone, and the Irish Catholics, although thoroughly happy before, will permit themselves to be represented as likely to be made still happier by having the Protestant Church humiliated and robbed. This is the startling paradox on which Mr. DISRAELI has chosen to rely in order to conceal, if possible, from himself and others the position in which he really stands. Ireland not only has no grievance, but does not think it has any. It is only a foolish Liberal Ministry that whispers to EVE in Erin that there is something she might properly long for. The theory worked out by Mr. DISRAELI only such a short time ago has been discarded, and he no longer admits the melancholy of the Irish, and accounts for it by that proximity to the ocean on all sides which they share with so many inhabitants of small islands. He would not now allow they are melancholy. On the contrary, they are

well off, and they know it. They have been educated into this happy frame of mind by the genial influence of time and wise legislation. Slowly and surely England has laid the structure of Irish prosperity. Gradually Ireland has been made all that could be wished by forty years of a policy of conciliation. This gentle and most successful process has been rudely interrupted by the present Government, which, scared and panic-stricken by the Fenian rebellion, the character of which it wholly misinterprets, has introduced a revolutionary measure, the precursor of others still more violent and radical, as the only means of saving a country that did not need saving at all. This is the summary of what Mr. DISRAELI ventured to offer as his final judgment on the origin of the Irish Church Bill; and that he should have been bold enough to offer it shows how completely he has realized that a leading speaker in a popular assembly is quite safe in ignoring facts, however recent and however notorious, provided that at the moment he seems to make out something like a good case for his party. It was easy for Mr. GLADSTONE, in reply, to remind his hearers that Lord MAYO had given in the House of Commons a totally different account of the Fenian movement, and had said that its real danger lay in the amount of sympathy it awakened even among those who had no intention of taking any overt part in it. Not a single person of either party could have failed to remember that Mr. DISRAELI's Premiership was ushered in by Lord STANLEY's declaration that the Irish question was the question of the day, and that the first thing Mr. DISRAELI did was to announce that the Cabinet had an Irish policy which Lord MAYO was commissioned to reveal. Mr. DISRAELI did not run the risk, but faced the certainty that his paradox would fade away, like a ghost at cock-crowing, directly Mr. GLADSTONE dwelt on a few facts of indisputable notoriety. But he nevertheless thought the paradox worth starting. It enabled him to throw a vast amount of vague general blame on the Ministry, and to assume an attitude of conscious superiority towards them, while it saved him from all necessity of explaining to his party whether he was really prepared to ask the House of Lords to rally round the Altar and the Throne and the Orange flag.

Mr. DISRAELI always forgets, what Mr. GLADSTONE always remembers, that there is such a thing as the country, and that party speeches and party paradoxes and party triumphs are judged by a vast body of men who are not much affected by the passing struggles of the House of Commons. The speech which Mr. DISRAELI thought wise to make may have been adroit as regards his party, and not ineffective as regards the House of Commons, but the country could not get a single hint from it that was worth having, or find the slightest gleam of statesmanship in it. Mr. GLADSTONE, with all his faults, has the great merit of thinking and speaking in harmony with the Liberal constituencies. His speech was not, perhaps, a very brilliant effort as part of a Parliamentary debate, but it put the Liberal case relating to the Irish Church in a shape which will satisfy and confirm the judgment of the Liberal electors. After sweeping away Mr. DISRAELI's cobwebs, it went on to expose the hollowness of the assumption that the triumphant passage of the Bill through the Commons was not to be taken as the expression of the views of the English people. Mr. DISRAELI, who very seldom makes a constitutional mistake, is far too cautious to hint that a majority so often repeated just after a general election can be put aside as the fruit of a cabal or a clique successfully intriguing for office. But many of his supporters, in and out of the House, are constantly haunted by the idea that there is a great, dim, silent Protestant power in reserve, which is always just going to show itself, and which has shown itself already enough to rob the decision of the House of Commons of all its significance. This idea is not susceptible of being put into any definite shape, or of being tested by the touchstone of common sense. The most ardent of these believers in the gigantic might of concealed Protestantism do not affect to say that Mr. GLADSTONE would not have a large majority if a new election were held now. They can only fall back on an indistinct assertion that the forces of Protestantism are gathering; that there is a cloud on the horizon which will soon overshadow the sky; that something Protestant, of a most surprising kind, is going to come off much sooner than could be easily imagined. Mr. GLADSTONE invited his supporters to agree with him in thinking that they may be very sceptical about this fancied reaction. The voice of the House of Commons is *primâ facie* the voice of the nation, and not a single Liberal constituency has given the smallest sign whatever of wavering. It was quite right, even if superfluous, for the leader of the Liberal party to confirm his adherents in their confident determination, by making it clear that there are no grounds whatever for the arbitrary hypothesis that England is repenting of the course taken last November. As Mr. GLADSTONE put it, after last Monday night it was not the House of Commons, but the House of Lords, that stands face to face with the nation. Perhaps, too, as Mr. GLADSTONE was addressing the country rather than the House, it was prudent once more to insist upon what ought to have become a platitude with educated men by this time, that there is no such thing as a higher principle which those who earnestly set themselves to do the best they can for the nation can admit that they are violating. There is nothing higher than the highest expediency. If the good government of the British Empire demands the downfall of the Irish Church, there is nothing known to man here below more right or higher or nobler or more just than to promote the best system of conducting human affairs. To repress the impulses of an inopportune sentimentalism is just as much a duty in politics as it is a duty not to give money to a beggar in the streets to gratify a whim, or to purchase the cheapest of tickets to heaven. The Liberal party may be quite wrong in any of its conclusions, and so many wise and good men are Conservatives that Liberals should be always willing to own the possibility of error and to submit their opinions to every conceivable test; but Liberals would be content to eat very humble pie indeed if they ever admitted that there was something high and holy which other people had got hold of, but which was denied to them.

There was one portion of his speech in which Mr. GLADSTONE touched on a part of the history of the Irish Church Bill where what he said was quite true, but where what he said might have been expanded in order to give the whole truth. He said that the people of England had been brought into a frame of mind ready to do ample justice to Ireland, not only by the Fenian movement, but by finding themselves exposed to peril at home by the murderous outbreak at Manchester and the awful atrocity at Clerkenwell. There is much truth in this, but it is not the whole truth, and perhaps the whole truth ought to have been stated on such an occasion as that of the passing of a Bill which is eulogized on one side of the House, and stigmatized on the other, as revolutionary. But as Mr. GLADSTONE put it, an enemy might say that the simple fact is that England has been frightened into passing a revolutionary measure to please Ireland, because Irishmen hit on the successful notion, not of shooting soldiers and policemen in Ireland, but of murdering English policemen in an English town, and blowing up the houses of English artisans in the metropolis itself. Irishmen might very much misconceive language like Mr. GLADSTONE's. There was a great change wrought in English opinion by finding how very intense the feeling of Irishmen at their grievance really was, and nothing could have brought home to Englishmen the intensity of this conviction so much as finding it to be the cause of crime of a most appalling kind in English cities. But, in the first place, the appeal to English fears would have fallen wholly dead if it had not happened that an appeal was at the same time made to the English sense of justice, and if for many years changes of thought had not been going on as to religion and politics generally which had made it possible for England, when it asked itself whether a new policy towards Ireland might not be at once right and expedient, to answer in the affirmative. The Liberal constituencies have been having the seeds of a Liberal view on the Irish Church sown in them for the last twenty years, although they knew nothing of it, nor did those who sowed these seeds realize what effect they were producing. In the next place, the good results of acts of violence are always accidental. Up to a certain point a nation may be profitably frightened, but directly that point is passed, very different feelings come into play, and the wish to do justice fades away before the determination to maintain self-respect, and the resolution to resist extortion. Most Englishmen were bent on doing justice, and perhaps a little more than justice, to America in the matter of the *Alabama*, but when Mr. SUMNER chose to try how much kicking we would stand, and launched into an utter extravagance of statement and demand, the whole English nation fired up into a wholesome anger. Let the Irish profit by the lesson. The House of Commons, speaking in the name of the nation, has passed the Irish Church Bill, and remotely terror may have contributed to its passing; but any further attempts at intimidation or outrage will produce a totally different result, and the Irish will find themselves confronted by the implacable obstinacy with which Englishmen refuse to change

their position when their just pride has been wounded by their sincere efforts and desires to do what is right and just being repaid with attempts to overawe them.

NEW ZEALAND AND THE HOME GOVERNMENT.

LORD GRANVILLE'S despatch to Sir GEORGE BOWEN in answer to the application for a guarantee to a New Zealand loan, though it is pointed, vigorous, and logically conclusive, will not be considered by the colonists as satisfactory. Mr. FITZHERBERT, who represents the New Zealand Government, states that the colony will be compelled to spend 200,000*l.* a year for seven years, for the special purpose of arranging the affairs of the Maori population. As might be expected, the amount is too large to be raised in the form of revenue, and the credit of the colony is not sufficiently high for a loan to be raised at a moderate rate of interest. Mr. FITZHERBERT consequently asks for an Imperial guarantee on a loan of a million and a half, on grounds which have seemed to the Treasury and to Lord GRANVILLE inadequate to justify the demand. Nothing can be more natural than the antagonistic views of the Home Government and of the colonies on all similar questions. It is possible to frame two entirely opposite theories of a history which scarcely extends over thirty years. Mr. FITZHERBERT, expressing probably the opinion which prevails generally in New Zealand, contends that the Imperial Government, notwithstanding the concession to the colony of the entire management of its own affairs, is still bound by the engagements which had been previously contracted with the natives. It appears from Lord GRANVILLE'S letter that Mr. FITZHERBERT had in conversation further contended that the original emigrants had established a moral claim to Imperial aid by anticipating the French who were at the time preparing to settle in the islands. In his official letter Mr. FITZHERBERT confines himself to the argument that the transfer of authority to the colonists was made at a time when the relations between the new-comers and the natives were still unsettled. The colony was consequently never able to obtain a fair start, and certain obligations remain from which, according to the New Zealand agent, "Great Britain sought to free herself." A reference to the undoubted loyalty of the colonists, and to "their belief "that they formed part of a great Empire," may be interpreted as a hint that loyalty has its limits, and that Imperial rights imply a readiness to incur corresponding pecuniary burdens. In public as in private transactions, a proposal that a friend should back a bill is invariably regarded by the applicant as a request for the kind of accommodation which calls for the smallest possible return of gratitude. On the assumption that the collateral security is merely formal, the endorser will suffer no loss; and, if he is ultimately compelled to honour his signature, the demand may be easily attributed to unforeseen circumstances. If Mr. FITZHERBERT'S contention is well founded, the expenses of the Maori war ought to fall, in the first instance, on England; and it seems therefore not unfair to assume that he intends that the guarantee shall, to some extent, result in actual payment. A guarantee of a million passing through the phase of a loan into an absolute gift would be a benefaction of 5*l.* per head to all the English inhabitants of New Zealand; and it seems hardly worth while to maintain the temporary relation of patron and client at so costly a rate. If Mr. FITZHERBERT could have shown that the Mother-country is bound to put down Maori rebellions, he would not have been content with vague insinuations of a liability measured by a mere guarantee. It would have been impossible to prove a claim on the Imperial Treasury, and at the same time to admit that the Colonial Government was primarily responsible.

Lord GRANVILLE, in reply to the application, adopts an entirely different version of past transactions, and of the respective duties of England and of New Zealand. He states with literal truth that the first settlers were mere volunteers, and that the Home Government afterwards interfered for the purpose of providing them with orderly administration and protection; but it appears that Sir WILLIAM HUTT and his friends were only anticipating the decision of the Government when by their vigorous action they prevented France from converting New Zealand into a penal colony. It is not perhaps surprising that adventurers who have extended the limits of the Empire should consider that, although they may have been influenced by motives of private interest, they have performed a national service; but, if it were desirable to re-open the account, it would perhaps be found that the outlay which has since been undertaken by the Home Government has been enough to purchase the islands in fee simple. It is possible and probable that mistakes were committed; but, as Lord GRANVILLE observes, the colony was governed only with a view to the real or supposed advantage of the inhabitants, and no political or pecuniary advantage was acquired or sought by the Mother-country. The Imperial expenditure may, according to Lord GRANVILLE, be considered as the price paid by England for the territory lately appropriated by the colonists; and he adds that, "so far as there is any equitable "claim unsettled, it is not a claim on the part of New Zealand "against Great Britain, but the reverse; a claim, and a very "heavy claim, if we thought proper to urge it, on the part of "the Mother-country against the colony." It was in accordance with the wish of the colonists, which happened to coincide with the modern policy of England, that New Zealand was entrusted with the control of its own affairs. For a considerable time afterwards a large military force was maintained at great expense in the islands for the protection of the settlers, and it necessarily followed that the Imperial Government continued to regulate the relations of the white inhabitants with the Maori tribes. In deference to colonial remonstrances, the local Government was allowed eventually to assume the management of native affairs, and of course the colony thenceforth became liable to the burden of its own defence. From the recent speech of Dr. FEATHERSTONE, Provincial Superintendent at Wellington, it appears that some of the ablest of the colonists have acknowledged their mistake in demanding the withdrawal of the QUEEN'S forces. The local levies which have necessarily been substituted are at the same time more costly and far less efficient. Dr. FEATHERSTONE virtually admits that the colonists have no ground of complaint against a Government which merely complied with their wishes. The only fault of Lord GRANVILLE'S despatch is a tone of not unprovoked harshness, which will perhaps annoy the colonists as sensibly as the peremptory refusal of a guarantee. It is not difficult to understand why dependencies are prone to take offence when their estimate of their comparative rights and duties is not accepted at home. It is not a customary error of Lord GRANVILLE'S to be deficient in the suavity which renders force inoffensive. A few conventional compliments would not have impaired the validity of his decision, and they might have disposed the residents in New Zealand to give a more dispassionate attention to his arguments. As long as English statesmen have not finally resolved on the abandonment of the Colonial Empire, demonstrations of the irresponsibility of the Home Government ought not to be pushed to extremes.

Mr. RICHMOND, a resident of Wellington, has explained with much clearness, in a letter to the *Times*, the special difficulties which prevent the settlement of the Maori dispute. The resistance of thirty or forty thousand natives to a colonial community of more than five times the number has often been noticed as a discreditable paradox, but prudent politicians habitually see in a practical anomaly a demand for explanation rather than a ground for ridicule. New Zealand is divided, by legislation based on natural circumstances, into a number of self-governed provinces. The majority of the colonists, secure from molestation in the Southern island, are not disposed to afford active assistance to their Northern neighbours; and even in the island which is exposed to native disturbances the various districts are geographically isolated by hills and forests. The local Superintendents, with their Councils, frequently thwart the action of the Colonial Government; and "the safe settlements are not all of them unwilling to adopt the "Imperial attitude, and to protest in the interest of local self-"government against interference with those who get themselves into difficulties." It also happens that, in pursuit of profit or convenience, settlers, instead of remaining within reach of friendly neighbours, have penetrated into districts where they are largely outnumbered by the natives. The Hauhau fanaticism, which Mr. RICHMOND rationalizes into a passion for retaining independence, sometimes extends into regions where the Maoris are intermixed with English inhabitants. The colonists are far too fully occupied to share the taste for warlike pursuits which is shared by the Maoris with all uncivilized races. "Our industrious settlers sicken of militia service, and "are often seen in disturbed districts to risk their lives madly "in their old pursuits, rather than remain shut up in posts." Mr. RICHMOND, whose knowledge and ability deserve attention, defends himself and his fellow-colonists with doubtful success from the charge of undue sensitiveness to English comments on the affairs of New Zealand; but there is some justice in the complaint that the abdication of liability is not accompanied by the discontinuance of criticism. A suggestion that New Zealand should be allowed to raise a Volunteer Corps from the English army seems entitled to considera-

tion, if the simpler plan of paying the expense of a garrison not adopted in preference. If the volunteers were allowed to retain their military rank, and to return at the end of their term of colonial service, no burden would be thrown on the Treasury. The objections to the further proposal of guarantee for colonial loans have been forcibly stated by Lord GRANVILLE. Any inquiry which proved that such a security might be granted without risk would show at the same time that it was superfluous.

The policy of allowing the colonies to govern themselves, although it has thus far succeeded, is still an experiment. The process of concession can seldom be retraced, although New Zealand would probably be willing to purchase renewed protection even by a sacrifice of modern constitutional privileges yet it is uncertain whether the fabric of Empire will be long held together when all the ties by which it was formerly united have been relaxed or severed. The ancient system was happily relinquished in time, before outlying dependencies in all parts of the world had rebelled against the impracticable supremacy of the Colonial Office. When an intelligent colonist calls on English statesmen to say "what is to be the sequel, or for what "our race, scattered over the globe, are to strive as their "common future," it is impossible to give a definite answer. The future will solve the problem for itself, probably by converting autonomy into independence; but it is not expedient to accelerate the separation which may perhaps be inevitable. It would be a grave misfortune if American rancour against England were to extend to Canada, to Australia, and to New Zealand. Common ancestry and common language have during eighty years only inflamed the traditional animosity of a community which, until lately, had no history except of contest with England. There is no danger of future Wars of Independence, and it is possible that the nominal connexion which amounts to a perpetual alliance may be prolonged for a considerable time. The smooth words which may facilitate the attainment of such a result ought not to be grudged.

THE PATENT LAW.

IF the interesting debate on Mr. MACFIE's motion proved, what scarcely needed proving, that our existing Patent Law is extremely unsatisfactory in its working, it equally proved that the arguments against having any Patent Law at all are not less unsatisfactory. If it were practicable to discriminate between true and sham discoverers, and to ascertain with accuracy to whom the merit of every new invention really belonged, and if it were at the same time easy to secure to the man who increased the common stock of useful knowledge the fruit of his own brain, no one would dream of questioning the moral claim of an inventor to this peculiar kind of property, any more than we now question the justice of giving to an author a copyright in his own work. But when it is found or supposed to be extremely difficult to do justice to one man without causing much inconvenience and some occasional injustice to a thousand others, there is a strong temptation to sacrifice individual rights to public expediency. The advocates of a total repeal of the Patent Laws generally insist (as Sir ROUNDELL PALMER did in his ingenious speech), not only that they do a great deal of indirect mischief, but that the discoverer of the most valuable invention has no claim to any reward except the consciousness of having enabled a number of other men to make colossal fortunes. That such arguments should be used at all proves little more than an uneasy consciousness that the proposed repeal would work a certain amount of real injustice. Men who are strongly impressed with the expediency of ignoring the claims of inventors struggle to escape the reproach of injustice by stoutly denying the rights which they desire to disregard. We would rather see the subject discussed with more courage and frankness. There are undoubtedly instances in which private claims must yield to public expediency, and any persons who think the case of inventors to be one to which this rule is applicable would do better to say so openly than to try to persuade themselves and others that those who have created the means of making wealth have no claim to share in the fruits of their discovery. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER affected to dispose of the whole difficulty by saying that there were essential differences between copyright and invention; but a principle is not the less sound because you may illustrate it by a case which is not on all-fours with that to which you apply it. And the distinctions between copyright and invention are by no means so radical as is sometimes assumed. The Copyright Laws give an author a special monopoly because it is conceived that the production of a new work entitles him to a return proportioned to its merit, as tested by the demand for it in the market. The Patent Laws give an analogous monopoly to an inventor on precisely the same moral grounds. To say, as Sir ROUNDELL did, that a book was a new creation, whereas an invention was merely the application of the facts and the laws of nature which are common property, was to speak like a lawyer rather than like a philosopher or a man of science. Whatever other distinctions may be insisted on between copyright and invention, this, at any rate, will not bear a moment's examination. It may have a colour of plausibility in the case of a poem, a play, or a novel, though even there it is not altogether sound. But literature includes history, science, philosophy, mathematics, and the like; and every book on these and most other subjects, so far as it has any value, is based entirely upon facts and laws which are no more the creation of the author than are the facts and laws on which an invention may be founded. In each case there is creation in the same qualified sense. Say that a man creates what he reveals, or what he proves, and the author and the inventor are equally entitled to be called creators. Say, on the other hand, with perhaps more accuracy, that to proclaim a previously unnoticed truth is only to announce what has all along existed in nature and nature's laws, and some more modest title than creator must be assumed by author and inventor alike. The difference between the two cases is not a difference of principle, but of convenience. The thing created, either in the book or the machine, is the thought or the method; but property in a thought or a method is not what the law allows in either case, simply because it would be impossible to give effect to such an enactment. What the law does is to lay hold of the most profitable mode of using the idea, and say that for a limited time no one but the originator shall be at liberty, in the one case, to print the book or a colourable imitation of it; or, in the other, to manufacture or use the machine, or any colourable imitation of that. It is impossible, we think, to deny the abstract right of a real author or inventor, and more palpably impossible to deny it in the one case while you admit it in the other.

Apart from his abstract reasoning, there is much in Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's argument to show wide differences in practice between the cases of authors and inventors. It is undoubtedly true that in a vast majority of instances the patentee of an invention is not the person to whom the largest share of the merit belongs. The rule, equally in scientific discovery and in practical invention, has almost always been found to be that, when a great step in advance is completed, no one man can claim the entire merit. If one wins the race, there are mostly several competitors who get a place. Even NEWTON had rivals treading on his heels, and his great discoveries would not have been lost, though they would certainly have been delayed, if his marvellous intellect had never been directed to science. The thought of the world, as represented by a little cluster of inquiring minds, was fast ripening for the harvest which NEWTON was the first to reap. But no one on this account seeks to deprive NEWTON of his glory. And we do not see why the pioneers of practical invention should be deprived of the reward for which they work merely because what they have done is but to forestal what would have been accomplished, sooner or later, without them. The real vice of the Patent Laws is that they give a full fourteen years' monopoly to the first inventor who proclaims himself, even though it may be clear that he has not a week's start of a host of competitors. In order to make sure of adequately rewarding a very few real benefactors of mankind, you give an inordinate privilege to a great many who have done nothing at all in proportion to what they receive; and not only do you prohibit every one from borrowing the patentee's ideas, but you actually forbid a second inventor, who has arrived at the same result without ever having heard of the first, to make any use for fourteen years of the conclusions which he has worked out by his own unassisted thought and labour. This, of course, is a gross injustice, and the opponents of the Patent Laws say that no machinery can be devised by which it can be escaped. Another serious objection to the system, as worked in this country, is the indiscriminate grant of a patent to any one who claims it, leaving it to future litigation to determine whether the patent is good or bad. The law officers of the Crown receive an enormous amount of fees for patent business, and it is their function to determine in the first instance whether a *primâ facie* title to the privilege is made out. It might be supposed that, if the identical invention has been patented or publicly used before, or if, on the face of it, it is no invention at all, the application would be refused. Nothing of the sort happens. No examination of the records at the Patent Office takes place to ascertain the existence or non-existence of earlier patents for the alleged

discovery; and even when there is an opposition, and it is clearly proved (as in the case of the bullet which Mr. METFORD devised and Mr. WHITWORTH afterwards patented) that there is nothing new in the invention, the patent is allowed to go, in order that the claimant may have the privilege of a jury to try an imaginary right. This is the way in which the crop of litigation is raised which is so often pointed to as a reproach to the law. The present ATTORNEY-GENERAL, it seems, has introduced the innovation of rejecting the claims of patentees where the alleged inventions are palpably frivolous, but something much more decided than this is needed to make the preliminary investigation of any real value. The vast number of worthless and catching patents taken out merely as traps for manufacturers is perhaps the greatest nuisance incidental to the system, but it is by no means the most difficult to suppress.

All these evils must be cured, or sensibly abated, if the Patent Laws are to survive; and if this is to be done at all, it can only be by an effective preliminary inquiry. That there are difficulties to be encountered in such a scheme cannot be denied, but it is not yet shown to be so complete an impossibility as Sir ROUNDELL PALMER assumed it to be. With the best machinery a few patents would slip through which, on closer investigation, would be held to be bad; but even the clumsiest methods of *bonâ fide* inquiry would have sufficed to weed out some 90 per cent. at least of the existing patents. A mere search by proper officials at the Patent Office, with the aid of the excellent indexes which they possess, would settle the fate of the great majority of applications, and the opposition of rival inventors or manufacturers would expose a great many more if it were not understood, as it is now, that any opposition before the law officers is a mere waste of time. Under the existing system we have a tribunal which is not, as a rule, competent for the work, and which makes no real effort to do it. The law officers give up the investigation in despair; but it by no means follows that a scientific tribunal, with all the aids which the Patent Office could supply, might not be found extremely useful. The experiment, at any rate, has not been tried; and it is scarcely fair to inventors to deprive them of all protection merely because a perfunctory inquiry by an unscientific and busy lawyer may have failed to exclude from the list of patentees a formidable body of mere impostors.

We take it to be quite clear that the attempt to do justice ought not to be given up until the impossibility of putting the law on a satisfactory footing is clearly made out. Mr. MUNDELLA is probably as ingenious as most manufacturers, but he says that all the inventions in which he is interested came out of the brains of his workmen, and that they are sharing with him and the public the benefit of their discoveries. Apart from the serious inconveniences caused by the law as it is now administered, no one could desire to confiscate the ingenuity of artisans for the benefit of master manufacturers. As matters stand now, a poor patentee is generally helpless to turn his invention into money without the assistance of a capitalist; but to allow a master, because he is rich enough to use an invention, to pick the brains of a clever artisan without making him any acknowledgment, would be to aggravate the plutocratic tendencies of the age, which most serious thinkers would gladly mitigate as far as possible. The product of invention and thought is a very difficult kind of property to protect, but it is not on that account the less deserving of protection, if any means can be devised for granting it without too grave an interference with the commercial freedom which public expediency demands. The subject requires a more searching investigation than it has yet received. Lord STANLEY's Commission scarcely touched the root of the matter, and no attempt has even been made to test the feasibility of such suggestions as the Report contained. It is for those who attack the law to make out a conclusive case, not merely against the particular system in force, but against every possible scheme for securing to inventors the benefit of their own work. And this has certainly not yet been done.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE RAILWAY INTEREST.

EVERYBODY knows that in the process of canonization, as practised in the Latin Church, there is an official popularly, and not reverently, termed the Devil's Advocate. It is his business to scratch holes in the postulant saint's character. His function is the reverse of that of apostolic charity, which thinketh no evil. It is his business to think every evil. Of course the institution of this singular personage is only complementary to that of the suitors on the saint's behalf. Theirs it is to magnify his virtues and to exaggerate his holiness. There is nothing, theoretically, unfair in this; and the principle of it works among ourselves. There are those whose position and place in the economy of things is to beatify railway management. With them all Boards of Directors are inchoate, if not actual, saints; and they not unnaturally stigmatize anybody who wags a tongue against the perfection and sanctity of railway management as mere Devil's Advocates—hirelings whose venal business it is to disparage and vilify. There is no great harm in all this. All public institutions benefit by this collision of criticism. But there is great harm if a great public personage, and the head of an important State Department whose place is to adjudicate on vexed and disputed points, happens himself to hold a brief for the party alone concerned in the suit of merits and demerits, and if, in consequence of his partisanship, he considers his own officials and subordinates the natural and prejudiced enemies of the cause which he, very conscientiously perhaps, espouses. This is Mr. BRIGHT's case. He is a consistent, firm, and devoted champion of railway management as it is. He has more than once exhibited his bias. It is perfectly astonishing to Mr. BRIGHT that there are so few railway accidents. It is a popular delusion to believe in railway accidents. When it was suggested or clamoured that some improvements should be introduced into railway management, such as the establishing a connexion between the passengers and the guard, Mr. BRIGHT pooh-poohed the whole matter. Railways did very well. They were better when not interfered with. So was all trade. It was perfectly ridiculous to be so over-nice and scrupulous about adulteration, and false weights and measures, because, if a retail tradesman were to be subject to this sort of interference, his life and his business would not be worth a day's purchase in an obstinate and unenlightened country where the law perversely required him to be true and just in all his dealings. This is the right spirit with which a mere partisan and advocate might approach the whole matter of railway management. But then the question arises whether this spirit is exactly convenient, and conduces to the public good, when it is exhibited by the President of the Board of Trade. Mr. BRIGHT has a right to his peculiar view of railway arrangements, but one especial function of the Board of Trade is to stand between the railways and the public. Mr. BRIGHT stands by the railways, and against the public; a position which has just led to an ugly complication. Attached to the Board of Trade are certain official persons, men of very high scientific attainments, and great practical knowledge and experience. The duties entrusted to them by Parliament are, summarily speaking, to keep railways in check. They are all of them Colonels of Engineers—men not only of high rank, but of high character. They and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE belong to and represent one and the same State Department. They ought to represent the same duties—duties seriously and advisedly conferred on them by Parliament. As a matter of fact, Mr. BRIGHT, President of the Board of Trade, represents the Railway Interest, and nothing else, and considers his inspectors, the Colonels of Engineers, as so many advocates merely employed against the Railway Interest, and has treated at least one of them accordingly.

Everybody remembers the too famous Abergele calamity. It only killed thirty-one passengers and two railway servants. Colonel RICH was "appointed to inquire into the circumstances "connected with this accident." He inquired, and reported, and we, and probably every newspaper in the kingdom, called attention to his Report. This Report was sent to the Directors of the North-Western Company, for their "early and "careful consideration," and they were required, "as soon as "possible, to forward to the Board of Trade"—Mr. BRIGHT's office—"any observations which they might have to offer on "the subject." Whether such careful consideration and such observations have been made by the North-Western Directors, we are not aware. Their observations or defence have not at any rate been made public. No reply of any Railway Board to any Report of the Board of Trade Inspectors ever has been made public. As far as the public knows, the Directors always let judgment go by default, and show that they know that their best policy is to hold their tongues. But this Report of Colonel RICH has been made the subject of a question in the House of Commons. Sir H. SELWIN-IBBETSON asked Mr. BRIGHT whether his attention had been drawn to Colonel RICH's very remarkable Report, whether he had called upon the North-Western Company to explain, and, if not, whether it was his intention to do so. Certainly Sir H. SELWIN-IBBETSON had an ample and peculiar justification for his inquiry. His questions were only those which everybody else has been constrained to put; but he was the very man to urge them.

Haud ignarus mali. He has been present at many railway accidents, including this fearful Abergele accident. He would not attempt to dispel Mr. BRIGHT's happy security with respect to railway directors and railway accidents; but still he must say that somehow or other there were people who looked at railway accidents with a certain feeling of dread. And then he called attention to the particulars of Colonel RICH's Report one statement of which charged the Company with "a gross "fraud practised on the public."

Mr. BRIGHT replies that he regretted Colonel RICH's Report; especially did he regret Colonel RICH's observation that "he feared it was only too true that the rules printed and "issued by Railway Companies to their servants, and which "are generally very good, are made principally with the "object of being produced when accidents happen from the "breach of them, and that the Companies systematically allow "many of them to be broken daily, without taking the "slightest notice of the disobedience." This was serious certainly, and Mr. BRIGHT pronounced this to be an "imputation "which ought not to have been made, but which would "probably not have been made by Colonel RICH but for the "great excitement produced by the accident." As to Sir H. SELWIN-IBBETSON's other question, whether Mr. BRIGHT had called upon the Company to explain the charges made in the Inspector's Report, or whether he meant to do so, Mr. BRIGHT treated the matter with superb contempt, and vouchsafed no reply at all. His whole answer consisted in throwing a most serious imputation on Colonel RICH, and one which, if it be true, shows that that valuable public servant is unfit for his office. But what are the facts? Colonel RICH not only made the charge, but specified the proof of it. He showed that, as regards this very accident, there were admirable rules, but they were never enforced. For example, there is a regulation in print on this line—namely, "shunting within ten minutes of "the arrival of a passenger train"—but "the breach of this very "regulation led to this sad accident." There were also other rules regulating the business of the signalman, breaksman, and stationmaster, which, if they had been carried out, would have averted the Abergele accident; but they were not carried out; hence the accident. But do "the Companies systematically "allow their rules to be broken daily"? This is what Colonel RICH complains of, and he enforces his complaint by pointing to the system of feeing guards and porters, which is always winked at, and to the fact that the North-Western Company have no travelling or stationary inspector to look after the guards and overlook them in their duties, and see that they perform them. So that Colonel RICH not only casts an imputation on the Companies, but gives his proofs of the necessity of casting it. Mr. BRIGHT does not pretend to say that the North-Western Company have refuted, or even considered, Colonel RICH's charges; still less does he say that the Directors have met them with any indignation, or have succeeded in disproving them. Not a single counter fact does Mr. BRIGHT produce. He only regrets that the charge was made against his valued clients, the Companies, and suggests that Colonel RICH made it under excitement. Excitement; yes! All England was certainly excited; but Colonel RICH was calm, collected, and judicial; his language does not bear a trace of being excited or prejudiced; his Report is long and elaborate, and goes through the usual rigmarole of the doings of this breaksman and that signalman according to the card. If anything, it is rather tedious than excited. And as to the North-Western Company, he says that it is one of the best in the country, and that its general management is equal to that of any other line. But, in reviewing the details of this particular accident, Colonel RICH discovered a vast and general system of railway fraud of a very definite and grave description; and, as it was his duty to do, he exposed it, and called upon the authorities to reform it. And this is how he is met by Mr. BRIGHT. He is snubbed; he is told that he is partial, prejudiced, passionate, unjust, and goes out of his way to discuss points with which he had no business to concern himself. His influence and authority are compromised, and his judgment not only questioned, but severely condemned. And all this without a shadow of proof or argument advanced by Mr. BRIGHT impugning Colonel RICH's discretion or truth. We are by no means prepared to say that the Head of a great Department of State is bound always to uphold his subordinates. But, when he censures them, he is at least called upon to assign some reasons for that censure. And we are bound to add that, as regards the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, the present President has on more occasions than one, but in this Abergele matter especially, shown that he considers public feeling and public safety of less consequence than the private interests of the Railway Companies.

THE ETHICAL STANDARD OF CHARACTER.

IN a brief introduction to a second edition of her volume of *Biographical Sketches*, Miss Martineau has interpreted the favour which her work has won as signifying a growing willingness on the part of the public to refer the final judgment of the characters of eminent personages to an ethical standard. How far this may be a just explanation of a particular circumstance we need not here discuss, but such a remark opens up a vein of highly interesting reflection as to the conditions which mark and guide the ordinary estimates of the worth and respectableness of conspicuous people, who have, in one way or another, given the world some reasons for thinking well or ill of them in a more or less emphatic manner. It may be admitted, to start with, that everybody who is not exceptionally cultivated or else exceptionally latitudinarian by temperament, if wont to take the trouble to judge character at all, usually judges it by a single standard—by reference to a single principle or point of view. Perhaps the persons who are most lavish of such declarations of judgment are those whose standard is the consistent adherence to a given religious creed. The number of virtues which are assumed to flow from a declared assent to a certain set of propositions in theology would be amazing and incredible if one did not reflect upon the inevitable inclination which exists in human nature to identify rightmindedness upon the most precious subject with rightmindedness all round. Even if the vices of a man who happens to be rigidly orthodox are unfortunately too conspicuous to be denied or blinked, still it will generally be found that confessors of the same faith and the same branch of the faith hold the same vices of such a man to be venial which in anybody of a different description they would unhesitatingly pronounce to be mortal in the eyes of heaven, as well as unforgivable by men. With another set of people, again, or with the same people, the one test, to satisfy which is to get credit for all other things that command admiration, is soundness upon some social question. For instance, one of the most thoughtful and outspoken of American journalists has just been complaining of the evil effect upon public judgment which is being exerted by the old habit of measuring every man and woman in the United States by the degree of his soundness on the question of slavery. When this was the main question of the time, a large number of excellent folk thought of hardly anything else about anybody, except his or her attitude in this tremendous controversy. Slips of private morals, defects of temper, language, dignity, veracity, were all as dust in the balance when there was unflinching intensity of opinion on the desirableness of upholding or removing the "peculiar institution." The same rule of moral judgment is said to prevail still, when the excuse which there may once have been for it can no longer be anything but retrospective; so that men who do uncommonly questionable things, or even things that are unquestionably dirty, dishonourable, or criminal, go scot-free in the opinion and esteem of a large class of the community, just because in the old days they were staunch on the right side. Policy may perhaps in critical times prescribe a wide charity towards all who are of your own way of thinking, but this is clearly not a trustworthy substitute for sound and candid judgment as a general rule. Apart from the theological standard and the political standard, perhaps swiftly engendered prejudice, for or against, is the most universal principle of what is counted a judgment of character. People rashly trust to that erratic marsh-light or will-o'-the-wisp which they call their instinct. They cherish a truly imbecile faith in first impressions of sympathy or antipathy, and in extreme cases do not hesitate both to hold and declare opinions about this person or that which they formed on the strength of a glance, a tone of the voice, an overheard phrase, a line of the face, or something else equally unfit to support so wide and weighty a superstructure. It is a great comfort to think that this rough-and-ready fashion of judging character is reduced by the natural operation of things to a tolerably harmless condition. What comes lightly is said to go lightly; and we may say of these over-rash estimates, that they fall pretty softly upon everybody affected by them, either object or listener, and a certain indifference to floating reputation is thus far promoted.

Everybody who has thought about human life to any purpose perceives that a man's character is simply the most important thing about him, both to himself and to all who are round him. To him, as to them, the main question turns on what he is, rather than on what he has done or has failed to do. Then it may be asked what type, model, or ideal that is to which the most widely social and acceptable kind of man conforms; by being of what sort is a man's character the best, in the largest human sense? Miss Martineau's remark which we began by quoting perhaps points too exclusively to what is, after all, only a single element or side of this type, whatever we may decide it to be; and it is just because some of the most excellent and praiseworthy people in the world share the same exclusiveness, that it is worth while to remind them that character has other than its moral aspects. As character possesses other than its moral aspects, so a too close attention to these aspects either in any age or any person or set of persons, to the exclusion of the others which have fully as much right to be taken into account, is more likely than almost anything else to stunt the nature and dwarf the capacity of the critic, and of everybody who comes within reach of his influence. It is certain that no character can be satisfactory, still less can have any claim to be held an admirable type, which is not morally sound

and healthy. Considering that morality denotes the difference between right and wrong in action, it is tolerably clear that nothing can be more important than conformity to the requirements of this particular standard in the particular side of character proper to it. The first thing that we ought to want to know about anybody is, how deeply imprinted these moral distinctions of right and wrong are in his nature, and with what constancy we may reckon upon seeing them recognised in his conduct. The reason for the pre-eminence conferred on this special quality, in taking stock of people, is obvious enough. To have a keenish impression of the fact of the difference between right and wrong, and to pursue the motives and habits that conduce to right action and sentiment, are just the things which distinctively mark off a civilized member of society from tigers, foxes, and other creatures of rapine. It is precisely because conscience, duty, and the like have taken an established place among the stock of human conceptions that society is possible; and when we consider the good gifts which a state of society brings to us all, even to those who seem to profit least by it, there can be no difficulty in understanding the value that current language, expressing current feeling, sets upon the notions and practices which keep so valuable a fabric in good order and repair. In judging all men, and particularly men of such eminence as those with whom Miss Martineau has dealt, the morality of their general influence, alike through personal example and work actually done and left behind them and apart from them, is all important to a favourable or tolerant opinion. If, when the balance comes to be struck, it should not appear that their conduct has sprung from conscious and steady preference of what is morally right over what is morally wrong—nay, more than this, a preference, not only of right, but of the highest kind of right which the man's intelligence, fairly exerted, could be expected to receive and appreciate—then the verdict must unquestionably be condemnatory on the main issue. Its morality is emphatically the salt of character.

But then it is well worth remembering that character is not all salt. The identification of character simply and wholly with morality is as narrow as its identification with this or the other form of orthodoxy. It is a distinctive defect of earnest people, and we are perhaps now drawing terribly near to the reign of the Earnest, that they are nearly always indifferent to the many questions which wider minds ask about men, besides their moral conduct. They do not care to ask of anybody whether he is genial and sympathetic; whether he has a love of intellectual culture; whether he has fineness and delicacy of nature. They would not think the worse of a man who should have these excellent qualities, principally for the reason that they would be unconscious of their existence. But, in describing the character of such a one, it would never occur to them that these were matters worth setting down and taking into full account. The fact is that he who has nothing but his correct morality to recommend him is, of all men, least worthy of that general eulogy which is so frequently bestowed on such characters. And it is a mere pretence of taking a likeness to dwell on this feature and no other; such a likeness is no more a portrait than one of those snipped bits of black paper which may give an outline of the profile, but which leave out complexion, expression, mobility, and most of the other things which go to the total impression of the living countenance. The man is more than his profile, and, in character, he is more than a simple thermometer of moral rectitude. He has much more than the single quality of rising and falling in a particular groove. The ethical standard, used alone, leaves untested a score of fine qualities which, more strikingly than his rightness or wrongness, make a man what he is. Either in biography, therefore, or in that miniature form of biography which consists in criticizing or describing our private friends, it is the very thinnest of blunders to think only of the outlines, and leave out all the minor shades which in truth are precisely what impart their genuine significance to the outlines. To describe the form, colour, history, of a flower is to give no idea of the fragrance, which is possibly its chief charm and interest. And so in character, the most attractive or impressive of its influences may be, and not unfrequently is, something of which an exclusive attention to its moral side would have left us no sort of notion.

This consideration explains the profound delight which young men feel in such writings as Mr. Carlyle's essays on Johnson and Burns. Mr. Carlyle has sinned terribly in depressing the moral view of conduct and character, but this is an error which his readers will be pretty sure to correct for themselves, as life and its conditions become clearer in their eyes. And, after all, anybody can enforce the moral view, while it needs both a certain faculty of poetic vision, and a very wide range of human sympathy such as we do not secure in combination once in a generation, to reproduce a character and to judge it, or maybe deliberately to abstain from judging it, in all its diversified completeness. Hence the charm and the greatness of Shakspeare. He is never directly moral, yet his power of attraction is infinite, because he takes character all round, high and low, austere and jocund, in every shade, and with fulness of every quality. Above all things, he is not careful to refer character to any standard at all, but only to present it as it is; and this is why the poet has so much greater power over mankind than the professed moralist, though the one aims directly and urgently after the improvement of his fellows, and the other, when at his best, works without any such aim.

THE BLACK PARLIAMENT.

WHILE the members of both Houses of Parliament have been amusing themselves during the Whitsuntide vacation and the Epsom week, Scotland has been in the enjoyment of its annual Parliament of Parsons. The General Assemblies of the Kirk have been in full swing, and the metropolis of the North has suffered in consequence. Edinburgh presents a quaint appearance during this annual clerical visitation. The quiet grass-grown streets of the town swarm with clergy of all Presbyterian denominations. Country ministers, attended or followed by their wives, and their plump, healthy-looking daughters, oddly dressed, and fresh from the dairy of the country manse, meet you at every corner. The old Palace of Holyrood is furbished up for the occasion. The portraits of the early Kings of Scotland, taken from life many centuries before portrait-painting had penetrated so far north, are cleaned up in the picture-gallery, and look down upon the pious frolics of the Scottish Kirk. A carpet is thrown over the traditional spot where—so the cicerone tells you—Rizzio's blood still stains the floor of Queen Mary's boudoir, and a Royal Commissioner, as representing Majesty, holds Court and banqueting in the palace at an expense of some 2,000*l.* a year to the Exchequer. The General Assemblies are in full swing, and for ten long days and nights the Scottish clergy hold high carnival in the capital—a season of solemn feasting for them, but of much discomfort to the rest of the community. For not only are the streets of the city given up bodily to them, and the clubs and hotels taken by storm; not only are the ordinary arrangements of society altered for their convenience, and the day made melancholy and the night hideous by their continual presence; but even in the privacy of a man's own room there is no escape from them. You retire after breakfast with the newspapers, but the newspapers—what are they? Double copies of them all are published at this crisis, and they contain nothing—hardly even advertisements—nothing but the speeches made during the previous day and night by the ministers at the two General Assemblies. "It is," as Mr. Jefferson Brick says, "by such enlightened means that the bubbling passions of that great country find a vent." Day after day, night after night, the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland and of the Free Church carry on their grave deliberations. The tone and temper of the Covenanting times still linger in these venerable halls. The spirits of Gabriel Kettledrummle and of Ephraim Macbriar hover over the congregations and animate their controversies. Time-serving Peter Proudtext is there, willing as of old to reap where he has not sowed, to follow the Gospel for the loaves and fishes, and to make the best of this world and the next. Habakkuk Mucklewraith, too—"his brain a wee bit ajee, but a braw preacher for a' that"—still burns with a holy zeal to uplift his voice against "Popery, Prelacy, Antinomianism, Erastianism, Lapsarianism, Sub-Lapsarianism, and all the sins and snares of the times." And even the fierce enthusiasm of Mause Headrigg in a subdued form may be seen in the galleries, where the lambs of the sheepfold, with their knitting or their needlework on their knees, listen for many hours every day and every night to the truth as expounded by their pastors. But the truth is abstract, and becomes monotonous unless relieved by the piquancy of something personal. And this too is provided, though the lambs may have to withdraw. A clerical scandal from the outer Hebrides, or a case of alleged intemperance from the far North, is sure to turn up, and then the House is crowded, and there is a glorious contest. Counsel are employed, the wigs and gowns of the Bar mingle incongruously with the sober garments of the Kirk, and the subtle pleadings of the Forum take the place for a time of the fervid declamation of the pulpit. "Overtures" on Church patronage, questions as to "Quoad sacra parishes," reports upon augmentations of livings, and other matters affecting the interest or incomes of the clergy, rank second in importance to the special cases affecting the character of individual delinquents. These questions draw full houses, and they are discussed with zest. On the question of Church patronage, for instance, the Established Church Assembly carried on a debate for twelve long hours upon the Derby Day, and twenty-one reverend and honourable members lifted up their testimonies upon the subject. Some general questions come up for discussion in the course of business, but they are not so popular, and, as a rule, only one side is heard upon them. The reverend orators may represent anything in any light they please, and it seldom happens that any one will find it in his heart to controvert them. And if any erring brother should be contumacious, and think for himself and speak out his thoughts, his remarks are apt to be deemed irrelevant, and to be listened to in silence. Ecclesiastical Assemblies are often like packed meetings where none are admitted without tickets, and only friends of the cause are invited to attend. The clerical mind in the North will not look at general questions from more than one point of view. You cannot persuade a Scotch parson to form a judicial opinion upon any question. The training of his mental faculties, though it may be controversial, is never judicial. Speak to him on questions of practical philosophy or politics, and the chances are that he will answer you exclusively from the clerical point of view. He will not consider how such questions affect the people, but only how they affect the cloth. If he thinks that the Kirk will suffer ever so little by any measure which may be beneficial to the public, nothing will induce him to look on it with favour. Hence it comes that the deliberations of the Scottish Assemblies on questions of general importance are uninteresting both to the members of Assembly and to the public. The

former care little about them, and the Scottish laity agree with Clarendon that "clergymen understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind who can read and write."

It is a curious relic of the past this black Parliament of Parsons. The time was when it was omnipotent in Scotland. Now, except on matters purely ecclesiastical, it is powerless. There is still a sort of tawdry pomp about the formalities by which the Royal Commissioner opens the Assembly; and he drives about the streets of the town in a faded coach-and-four, while the Moderator, who represents the Speaker of the House, still wears knee-breeches and a cocked hat. But when that is told there is little else to tell. On politics the General Assemblies no longer exercise any influence. The Assembly of the Established Church discussed the Irish Church Bill. A leading lay member proposed a resolution that the Assembly should petition both Houses of Parliament against the Bill. He was supported by another, who announced that "they had nothing to do with the merits or demerits of the Irish Establishment, but as members of a Christian Church they were bound to lift up their voices against the measure." And in the face of a plain-spoken statement by one Liberal member that they were an assembly of monomaniacs, they carried the resolution by a majority of 99 in a house of 173. The people of Scotland have declared at the general elections in favour of the Irish Church Bill in the ratio of ten to one, and now the Established Church of Scotland in their General Assembly has declared against it in the ratio of nearly four to one. It is, therefore, not difficult to calculate the exact relation that exists between the opinions of the Established Church and those of the Scottish nation, and to estimate the amount of political influence that such a body ought to exercise. It was the same with education, a subject long treated as a shuttlecock specially invented for clerical disputation. Both Assemblies discussed it. The Free Church carried resolutions in favour of National as opposed to Denominational Education without one dissentient voice, showing that in this matter at least it is in harmony with the popular feeling in the country. The Established Church negatived a similar resolution by an overwhelming majority. This was to be expected. The Established Church, as we have indicated, is about as much in sympathy with the people of Scotland as with the people of Peru. It is only fair to add that, however much that body dislikes the Education Bill before Parliament, the Establishment now sees that the measure is inevitable. There were some hints about the necessity of a clause providing for the teaching of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, but a resolution to petition against the Bill even in its present mutilated form could not find a seconder. They stand therefore committed to Denominational Education and nothing else, but, as their view is diametrically opposed to that of the more popular Assembly, they neutralize each other.

If on politics their influence is small, on social matters it is even smaller. Individual ministers from remote parishes, given to intemperance or other kinds of evil living, may be subjected to the pains and penalties of ecclesiastical law, and suffer accordingly every year. And to that extent the General Assemblies leave their impress on society, whether for good or evil. But nowadays the relation of the ordinary Scotch minister, whether of the Established or of the Free Church, to the every-day society of Scotland is very different from what it used to be. In the old days the Scottish minister fulfilled the modest requirements once necessary for election to the much-prized fellowships of a well-known College. Well born, well dressed, and tolerably educated, he was on terms of equality with the lairds and their friends, and was a welcome guest in the country and town houses of all classes of society. But of late two agencies have been at work to cause a change in this respect. Since the Disruption of the Kirk in 1843, a somewhat different class of men have entered on the ministry. Though some of the old stock still devote themselves to the Church of their fathers, the majority of the parish ministers belong to a different circle. Men of the humblest parentage have gone to the Universities, and from them passed out into the Church. Some of these have done well in their profession, and have been useful parish ministers. But many of them settle down in the safe anchorage of a country manse, and never care to improve in mind or body. All the growth that was in them died out when they reached the haven of their content. They reached the summit of their ambition, and, like Dominie Sampson, lived "to wag their heads in a pulpit." Unaccustomed to the ways of society in youth, they dislike them in middle age, and prefer the secluded atmosphere of the manse, and the tender solicitude of their "most household and parturient wives"—to use an expression of Sydney Smith's—to the more worldly attractions offered to them by the great ones in the land. The other agency is the influence of the Episcopal Church. "It may be Apostolical succession," said a leading Scotch Episcopal divine, "that fills our churches, but I fear it is fashion." He was not far wrong. The Episcopal churches are the fashionable churches throughout Scotland, and Episcopacy is the fashionable form of belief. The majority of landowners are Episcopalians, and though they are bound to support Presbyterianism by Act of Parliament, they do not support it by their presence. They pay for the church they do not attend, and do not pay for that which they do attend. The Established Church fattens on the "teinds" sucked out of the land, and the Episcopal Church starves upon the extremely mean subscriptions which the landowners give to it. And not only is Episcopacy the profession of the landowners, but the bulk of leading professional men and more wealthy merchants adopt the same denomination. Many of them have been educated in England, and there got accustomed to the Church service, and prefer it to that which was good enough for their fathers. And if the men have not shown this tendency, their wives and daughters have done it for them. And it comes to the same thing in the end. From these two circumstances the hold of the Scottish Church on what is called society is small. The heart of the country is still strongly Presbyterian, but society is not. And thus it comes to pass that the General Assemblies exercise no more influence upon social than they do upon political matters.

If this be so, a question forces itself upon the mind, and demands an answer. What is the use of these Assemblies? Can they show cause for their existence? They do not exhibit the learning of Convocation; and they are not more useful. They are the highest Courts of the Presbyterian Church, and as such exercise some ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and exercise it badly. They form an excuse for the country parsons to come to town once a year, and rub some of the country cobwebs off their brains by contact with other brains, and they only cost 2,000*l.* a year or thereabouts to the State. They make Edinburgh somewhat disagreeable for ten days every year, but otherwise they do no harm. Whether or not that is a sufficient answer to the question is a matter upon which it is not for us, but for the people of Scotland, to pronounce a decision.

POOR-LAW AMENDMENT.

MR. GOSCHEN'S proposal for the amendment of the Act of 1867 throws some light upon the difficulties by which reform of the Poor-law is beset. The apology with which he introduced the measure to the attention of the House of Commons was surely unnecessary. That body has managed to do one good stroke of work in the Session; but it has scarcely earned a right to sit down in idleness, or to neglect one of the most important matters to which its attention can be called. Everything, indeed, shows that before long we shall be in need of more systematic and extensive changes than can be introduced at a moment's notice; the whole subject of pauperism, not only in the metropolis but throughout the country, will have strong claims upon the attention of Parliament; but the machinery already in operation requires some immediate patching and tinkering that it may carry us on satisfactorily till the adoption of a better system. The Poor-Law Board is getting into difficulties with restive guardians and grumbling ratepayers; and it is desirable that causes of quarrel should be removed, so far as it is possible to deprive angry men of a cause of quarrel. The qualification is a large one, for the guardians have left us little room for doubt as to their state of mind; they are already practising the attitude of village Hampdens, and are anxious for any opportunity of hurling foul scorn at Mr. Goschen's devoted head. A guardian indeed has his virtues, or perhaps we should say his virtue, for he considers the whole code of morality to be summed up in a dogged objection to expenditure. Keeping down the rates occupies in his mind the same position, amongst cardinal virtues, as doing as you would be done by occupies in that of the ordinary Christian. And we are far from denying that this view of the case has its merits. It is perhaps a necessary corrective to the good-natured impulses of the public. When the poor are suffering wholesale demoralization from indiscriminate charity, it is as well that there should be a class inclined to look at both sides of a halfpenny. The frugality of guardians is a great force, if only it can be turned on in the right place; it would act as an excellent drag upon the wheels, if we could regulate the time and mode of its application. Guardians, however, have a passion even stronger than their love of economy. They exhibit that jealous regard for their privileges which used formerly to distinguish the House of Commons. The *ex officio* guardians are to them what the King's Friends were to Burke. If they had the power, we have no doubt that they would commit reporters and impertinent journalists to the casual ward, as their great prototype sent them to the Tower. They grudge the establishment of Dispensary Committees, because they will not part with a fraction of their power. They hold it to be a personal hardship if a pauper is removed to a short distance from them; not only because they cannot overlook the expenditure, but because it deprives them of one of their subjects. Mr. Goschen relates a most instructive anecdote of the Unions in the City of London. If the two smaller of the three Unions into which the City is divided were incorporated in the larger, the effect would be to lower their rates to one-third of the present amount. The guardians, however, object decidedly to the proposal. They would rather bear undisputed sway in their own little section than be swamped in the larger body. They have a parochial pride, which they cherish as tenderly as other patriots cherished the national sentiment which made the Union unpopular in Ireland, or the love of their own State which led South Carolina to secede. To be a guardian of the West London Union is to hold so proud a position that no worthy citizen would barter his dignity for a seat in a general City Union, even to gain a reduction of two shillings in the pound. It is a curious study in human nature; one would hardly have supposed that the same sentiment which sanctifies the rocks of a Swiss canton to the patriotic inhabitants would gather round so unpromising an object as the West London Union, and that grocers and butchers would be ready to sacrifice even their money to the love of what, in our point of view, seems to be a mere geographical expression. We should like to know whether an inhabitant of the West London

Union, when transported to foreign climes, yearns after the lanes and alleys of his former abode, and feels his bosom thrill with emotion when he hears of the patriotic resistance made by his compatriots to their would-be oppressor, Mr. Goschen. We can only hope that none of them may take it into their heads to win undying fame by treating Mr. Goschen as Tell treated Gessler, and lay an ambush for him in some of the gloomy defiles leading into Chancery Lane.

The fact that guardians are susceptible to this emotion is worth remembering. We must be tender not only of their pockets, but of their hearts. But however singular and interesting may be the love of a particular segment arbitrarily carved out of this wilderness of brick and mortar, we cannot, from regard for it, sacrifice the interests of paupers. An objection on the ground of economy deserves attention; but we cannot go out of our way to flatter the self-esteem of every London Union. The outcry raised against centralization and other bugbears of the local press frequently covers nothing but a desire of the existing guardians to preserve their own petty privileges. Every step in reform seems hitherto to have resulted in the formation of new Boards, and every Board becomes in its own eyes a sacred institution, to be touched at the peril of the rash intruder. Mr. Goschen, it is obvious, will have to encounter a good deal of opposition, resting, in fact, upon grounds too childish to be openly avowed; and it is plain that genuine reforms cannot be effected without disregarding prejudices of this order. The general nature of his proposal is simple enough, and explains the real nature of the difficulties to be encountered. It is admitted, in the first place, that the workhouses are overcrowded, and that they do not fulfil the most essential requirement of securing a proper classification of the inmates. According to Mr. Goschen's figures, 28,640 persons were in one night sleeping in 27,840 beds. The amount of cubic space actually provided was so much less than the minimum which has been declared essential, that the excess of inmates above the proper number was 4,500. Children and infirm and sick paupers had to sleep in the same ward with ablebodied. Children who were constantly going in and out with their parents were mixed up with those who had been deserted, and introducing diseases and contaminating influences. The evils which led to the provision, by the Act of 1867, of separate lunatic asylums and fever hospitals are still in existence. That these evils urgently demand a remedy is beyond dispute. The recent increase of pauperism has of course thrown many difficulties in the way; but we are bound to remove these gross abuses; and if we wish it with sufficient intensity, we can manage to do it. Considering the vast sums which are thrown away in London annually, we ought to be able to secure a sufficient amount of accommodation to enable us to classify paupers judiciously, and treat them efficiently. Mr. Goschen admitted that he was startled at the enormous total of 1,400,000*l.* demanded for the various improvements; and his audience apparently shared his surprise. Yet it was only the other day that we were told that just five times that amount was spent annually in London upon charities the effect of which, for the most part, is to do positive injury, and increase instead of diminishing the mass of pauperism. Even the 1,400,000*l.* would be well spent if only it would secure an approach to more rational principles of administration. We have no desire, however, to depreciate the importance of the sum. It is hard, we fully admit, for parishes to find themselves suddenly saddled with an expenditure upon new buildings equal in amount to all that they have spent since the adoption of the Poor-law. We only say that it should be laid down as essential that the ends sought for should be attained in some way or other; whilst, of course, any mode of attaining them by a smaller expenditure should be welcomed if discovered. Whether so many new schools and infirmaries and fever hospitals should be built, is open to dispute; but it is plain that schools and infirmaries and hospitals and asylums should not, as at present, be muddled together, with the greatest possible amount of moral and physical contamination. We require to abolish, at any price, the existing workhouse, as a jumble of half-a-dozen incompatible institutions. The only method by which economy can be reconciled with efficiency is, according to Mr. Goschen, by the amalgamation of Unions. It will evidently be possible to secure some approach to classification by using the existing buildings. By bringing together three or four workhouses, and using them for different purposes, we should avoid the necessity of many of the proposed new buildings, we should get rid of a number of small Boards, and effect a considerable saving in expenses of administration. Without going into details, it is plain that such a scheme would enable the Poor-law Board to meet the rational objections of guardians to extravagant expenditure, and at the same time to secure the chief improvements demanded. We fear that Mr. Goschen would still have to count upon the undying opposition of patriots of the West London Union, and upon the hostility of various officials and Boards whose importance would be diminished. But as the hospitals and schools have to be got somehow or other, and the proposed plan offers a feasible method of doing it, we should hope that the irritable vanity of such gentlemen will be disregarded.

It is obvious, as Mr. Goschen admits, that these changes look in the direction of some extensive reforms. They increase the strength of the demand for an equalization of the poor-rates in the metropolis, and may lead to other changes in the Poor-law, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell. This is far from being an argument against them. Mr. Goschen will have sufficient power to secure a more effectual working of the Poor-law than we at present enjoy, and may turn the flank of some of the most annoying obstacles. But much will remain to be done; and one most probable and beneficial effect of the passing of the proposed Act will be to enforce upon us, before long, a thorough consideration of the whole system.

A DISSENTING PREACHER'S DIFFICULTIES.

A CURIOUS example of the working of the voluntary system has lately been presented in the Court of Chancery. A suit had been instituted by the trustees of an Independent Chapel at Reading, for the purpose of obtaining a declaration of the Court that the Rev. Samuel Clarke Gordon was duly dismissed from office as co-pastor of the chapel by a resolution passed at a meeting of the members of the congregation. The choice of Mr. Gordon as a co-pastor was very deliberately made, for we are told that during upwards of a year candidates for the office were invited to preach in the chapel; but nevertheless that choice began before long to be repented of. A year after it had been made, dissensions arose in the congregation. A large party, including a majority of the trustees, were dissatisfied with Mr. Gordon, while another party, including a number of ladies, were in his favour. A meeting was held, at which a resolution was passed dismissing Mr. Gordon from his office. Every person present, except one who remained neutral, voted for the resolution. Mr. Gordon's supporters protested against the regularity of the meeting, and abstained from attending it. Other meetings, smaller in number, were afterwards held by the supporters of Mr. Gordon, at which unanimous resolutions were passed in his favour. Ultimately a suit was instituted in the Court of Chancery, asking for an injunction to restrain Mr. Gordon from preaching.

There is a familiar but rather profane story of a Frenchman, who had been a teacher of his own language to undergraduates at Oxford, and was asked whether he would return thither and seek his livelihood in the same way. We do not know what were the Frenchman's reasons for declining to return to Oxford, but all who have heard the story will admit that he expressed them with uncommon force. It strikes us that the repugnance of any one who may have tried it, to preaching in this Independent chapel at Reading, would be nearly as strong as was felt by the Frenchman to teaching at Oxford; but, of course, a minister of religion would express his feelings in a wholly different way. If he said that he would much rather go to heaven than preach before such an exacting congregation as meets at Reading, we should quite believe him; because even if he had to preach in heaven—and it rather conflicts with our ideas of heaven to suppose that there would be either preachers or hearers in the abode of rest and peace—there would at any rate be some things ascertained which are now doubtful, and thus the limits of discussion would be narrowed. To take an example from a popular writer, it would be no longer open to a New England farmer, being in heaven, to remark by way of criticism upon a sermon there delivered, that if he paid for hell-fire he liked to have hell-fire for his money. We believe that in the Established Church incumbents are liable to receive anonymous letters from members of their congregations animadverting upon the sermons of their curates, and it may even happen that such letters are forwarded to incumbents when they have gone away on a holiday, and are received by them when they are lying on their backs half slumbering in the summer warmth, and wishing that under the groves and in the grassy meadow they might find rest. But we do not think that the troubles of the parson can be compared to the troubles of the Dissenting minister. It is hard no doubt to see, while you are giving out your text, that an elderly gentleman of stern aspect is sitting close to you in a llery, and adjusting his spectacles so as to get what sportsmen ll "a fair lay-on" at the desk before you, and to discover whether you are about to preach from an honest manuscript or from a print or lithograph, which may have been purchased, as advertisements suggest, for eighteen-pence. But we do not think that a preacher of the Establishment is often troubled with a formal protest against his doctrine, and, if he were, he might venture in many cases to imitate the independence of a late Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, who told a protester against his jurisdiction to protest and be quick about it, and go about his business. But in a Dissenting chapel it appears that it takes a man a year or more to preach himself into a pastoral office, and rather less time to preach himself out of it. We are told that a member of the congregation handed to Mr. Gordon a paper containing eight reasons for the resignation that was required of him, or, in other words, eight heads of objection to his sermons. There were 116 persons who voted for dismissing Mr. Gordon, and, so far as we know, they were all equally capable of giving reasons for their conduct. Now eight times 116 is 928. The multiplication table is here the highest eloquence, for how more forcibly than by using it can we picture the wretchedness of the minister who has to please every member of his congregation? We do not forget that there was a minority, including a number of ladies, which supported Mr. Gordon; but even this consolation is not unqualified, for we do not forget also that Mr. Gordon was unmarried, and that a time would be likely to come when all the ladies except one would begin to dislike his sermons. The ladies, moreover, would be able to claim the privilege of their sex to dislike without giving reasons. They would not even be called upon to say, as the objector who has got into print did, that Mr. Gordon's sermons were deficient "in unction,

in Gospel power, and in Christian experience." and that "the work of the Spirit" was not dwelt upon sufficiently. We do not exactly understand whether these, and six other objections which are stated, are all applicable to every one of Mr. Gordon's sermons. But it appears probable that a contributing member of the congregation would say that he paid for unction and he expected to have unction. Nobody can define seasoning, and yet a high authority has declared that it is seasoning which makes all the difference in pies. The public cannot exactly describe what they expect pies to taste of, but if they are not pleased at one shop they will try another. A skilful preacher will take unction, and Gospel power, and Christian experience, and mingle them with the body of his sermon, just as a cunning cook compounds oil and vinegar and mustard, and other ingredients, to dress a salad. The oil must be present throughout, clinging to every leaf, and making it slide pleasantly over the palate, and yet the most acute taste shall not be able to say decisively "here is oil." It must be equally impossible to point to a passage in a sermon and say that it is or is not unctuous, but one can tell on coming out of chapel whether one has undergone spiritual lubrication. But other complaints against Mr. Gordon are more easily capable of being tested. Thus it was alleged that in some of his sermons "there was nothing said to unconverted sinners." Now, with the help of a shorthand writer, it might be quickly ascertained whether Mr. Gordon did or did not in the course of a sermon allude once or oftener to coals; and, if he did not, members of the congregation might reasonably object that their supply of spiritual provender, although perhaps adequate in quantity, was inferior in quality to the article for which they supposed themselves to have contracted. They might say that they paid for coals, and coals they desired to have.

It appears that a sermon which will satisfy the demands of the majority of this exacting congregation must not be too argumentative, but adapted to ordinary comprehension; it must not set up too high a standard of Christian life, but must take account of the influence of trials; it must not verge too closely on Arminianism; it must appeal for its motive not to dry, rigid duty, but to Christian love; it must dwell on the work of the Spirit; it must have unction, Gospel power, and Christian experience, and it must "awaken" unconverted sinners. This, we believe, is all. For the sake of the judges of the Court of Chancery, we are happy to be able to say that it is no part of their duty to decide whether this catalogue of requirements is satisfied by a preacher. But the judge before whom this case came has decided that the will of the majority of the congregation must prevail, and that if the sermons of their minister are not sufficiently unctuous and awakening they may dismiss him, and may obtain, if necessary, an injunction from the Court to prevent his occupying their pulpit. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gordon will obey the decree of the Court, and will not either go himself or send his solicitor on his behalf to claim the position of minister in the chapel, so that he may not incur the censure passed upon a litigating pastor by the late Lord Justice Knight Bruce, "that he had attended Divine Service, so to speak, by attorney." The trustees of this meeting-house are at liberty to seek for unction and Gospel power and Christian experience where they please, and we wish that they may get them. The Court could find nothing in the trust-deeds of the chapel to countenance the notion that the choice of a minister by the congregation was irrevocable, or that he was to continue to hold his office for life or during good behaviour. The evidence adduced to prove a usage to the same effect failed to satisfy the Court. The trustees, who were plaintiffs, alleged that it was a fundamental principle of their communion, that in the absence of any special usage or agreement to the contrary, the power of electing and dismissing their ministers resided entirely with the body of church members, and that this power was to be exercised by the majority. The defendant, Mr. Gordon, on the other hand, alleged that, in the absence of special agreement, all appointments of ministers were for life, so long as the persons appointed abstained from preaching doctrines at variance with the tenets of the body, and were not guilty of immorality or other gross misconduct. Between these two conflicting views of the position of ministers in Independent chapels, the Court had to decide upon the evidence. The question would be purely one of evidence, as there can be no general rule applicable to all bodies of Dissenters. Many of these bodies have constitutions under which ministers hold their offices during life or good behaviour, and provisions regulating the procedure which is to be adopted to deprive a minister for misconduct. When any religious association has agreed on the terms of its union, and has constituted a tribunal to determine whether the rules of the association have been violated by its members or not, and what shall be the consequences of such violation, then the decision of such tribunal will be binding when it has acted within the scope of its authority, has observed such forms as the rules require, if any forms be prescribed, and, if not, has proceeded in a manner consonant with the principles of justice. The law was thus laid down by the Privy Council in a well-known case, and it is exemplified by many previous cases. Thus, in Dr. Warren's case, which arose in the Wesleyan-Methodist communion, Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst said that he was of opinion that the District Committee of the body had the power to suspend, and that they acted legally, and that he was not called upon to say whether they acted wisely, discreetly, temperately, or hastily. In the absence of a regular constitution, the will of the majority of church members must prevail, as it has done in the case of Mr. Gordon. But it might perhaps have been expected that in a numerous body like the Independents a regular constitution would have been established.

This question receives further illustration from the case of the French Protestant Church in the City of London, which has been before the Court of Chancery from time to time during the last ten years, and reappeared during the present week. The Master of the Rolls, when that case was originally before him, said that it depended "on the construction of the rules and regulations by which the institution was guided as applicable to the conduct of the minister"; and he decided that the minister was improperly dismissed. In that case there were rules and regulations under which the minister had rights, and a governing body had a power of dismissal. The Master of the Rolls considered that this body had acted rather as partisans than as judges, and therefore he was called upon to interfere. Thus it does not appear that there was any difference between Sir John Romilly and Lord Lyndhurst as to the principle upon which the Court proceeds, and both those judges were dealing with bodies having a regular constitution.

BRITISH COAST DEFENCES.

THE Royal Engineers have come very fairly out of the ordeal to which they have lately been subjected. It is somewhat unfortunate for them that the constitution of the Committee appointed to criticize their great work, the Coast Fortifications, should be subject to the reproach that many of the members were officers who had an interest in proving the excellence of the forts; but it would be unfair to make too much of the objection, seeing that the favourable Report is unanimous. It would have been nothing more than customary to find protests against some part or other of the decision appended to the document which has lately been laid before Parliament. The absence of any such record of varying opinion may be taken as proof of the general accord felt by the gentlemen who have declared that "the works have been constructed with a due regard to the conditions necessary to secure their stability and permanency," and that "the failures and mistakes have been much fewer and of less importance than might have been anticipated" in works of such magnitude.

The coast fortifications have been attacked by two sets of critics. On the one hand, it was said that the country was indulging in an unwarrantable extravagance, that we needed no such defences, or that at least they need not have been of such a permanent character. On the other hand, a whole army of engineers and writers for the press asserted that culpable carelessness had been shown in building works too weak to resist the powers likely to be brought against them, that they were already tumbling down or threatening to be swallowed up bodily by the marshes of the Thames and Medway. To the critics of the latter school a sufficient answer has been given, but the powers of the Committee did not extend so far as to include a general criticism on the original designs in relation to the position and magnitude of the forts. This is again unfortunate, and leaves many points of controversy unsettled. Is it indeed necessary to have these enormous and costly erections, bristling with heavy guns, on so many points of the British coast-line? In some respects we believe not, but as the works have advanced so far, and the most doubtful are those wholly or nearly completed, the wisest course will probably be to finish the whole series out of hand. England will then at least possess some of the grandest military structures in the world, and her principal harbours will, according to the best judges, be safe from all dread of molestation. The fleet will be freer to roam as may be advisable in war, without fear of finding its ports of refuge occupied by an enemy, its arsenals and dockyards burned during its absence. It is hardly consolatory to be told that an enemy landed on English soil will now be certain to march directly upon London; but, on the other hand, it appears that a landing would be more difficult, and far less likely to be attempted. The great object of fortification is to render the place fortified secure for at least a considerable time, and nothing can carry out this idea better than a body of defences strong enough to render any attack upon them so dangerous that it could only be regarded as a reckless undertaking. Portsmouth and Plymouth will soon be in a position to warn off a hostile fleet, and this is far preferable even to beating it. The other ports are less completely guarded, but then they are of less importance, and in their case also defensive power bears such a ratio to the value of the position that no enemy would think it worth while to attack them.

The plan of the Committee, in making their Report, was to take each position, sketch the history of its defences, and then go carefully into each one of them in detail, winding up with a summary wherein a general opinion is expressed. After the examination of the various works, there is a short summary embracing the Committee's views on the whole question. They consider "that great skill has been shown in adapting the original designs of the works to the altered circumstances of the times; that the arrangements for the service of the guns are good, and that the increase of resisting power in the works has kept pace with the increase in the power of the guns." But the said increase of power in works and guns has involved an increase of cost which, though perhaps necessary, is decidedly unpleasant. There is an increase in the demand for money of no less than 1,091,437*l.* since the amended estimates of 1862. The excess on the estimate of the Act of 1867 will be 481,437*l.*, and the total amount re-

quired to complete the works is now estimated at 2,832,599*l*., a sum of 5,118,838*l*. having been expended up to the 30th of June last. The total cost of our harbour defences will therefore be 7,951,437*l*. It appears, according to the Report of the Committee, that, generally speaking, this great cost has been unavoidable, and in that case it is certainly not too much to pay, considering the benefits to be obtained by the security given to the great depôts of our fleets. The ships which will be set free to cruise in distant waters will be worth far more than this sum, and not only so, but the addition of their strength to the active fleet may make all the difference of a naval battle gained or lost. We should, however, like to know exactly what Captain Moncrieff says to this matter; he was examined only on the question of the Thames forts, and his evidence, though cautious, admits of no other interpretation than that he is dissatisfied with the manner in which his system is to be partially applied to them. He says that, "by the adoption of the proposed plans, the principles of my system are entirely lost. . . . The raising of the crests of the parapets to such a height above the ground level precludes the idea of concealment, by making these batteries the most prominent object in the landscape. . . . I would respectfully submit that a hybrid fort, partly on my system and partly on another, is unsatisfactory to both systems. . . . If thought desirable, I am ready to submit plans for the placing in position of any number of guns in the vicinity of the present sites, the works to cover which would not exceed 840*l*. per gun." Now, considering that we are spending all but 8,000,000*l*. on the fortifications, we cannot but think that Captain Moncrieff's very moderate proposition might be accepted. The invention is of purely English, or rather Scotch, origin. Like Palliser's shells, it is being adopted in some form or other by every civilized nation. A very few hundred pounds would enable Captain Moncrieff to show us what are really his own designs for the formation of protected barbette batteries. He might be assisted by a small committee composed of officers drawn in equal proportions from the two scientific corps, and wh for the time being, should have no other work to do but to develop the Moncrieff invention in a practical form.

It is somewhat curious to observe the different methods of treating fortification questions adopted by various nations. Most of the Continental Powers are fortifying their coasts, but they try by every possible means to keep secret the position and strength of their forts. The result is, that their own public is in a state of complete ignorance, while the agents of other Governments have comparatively little difficulty in keeping their War Offices well informed. Blunder after blunder is made, and sometimes never corrected. It requires sharp criticism to make men confess that they have erred in designing the national defences. England, on the contrary, appoints numerous committees, publishes reports and maps, which are at the disposal of any one who likes to invest a few shillings in them; but, in the end, the light of public opinion is thrown upon all errors or blunders, and the designers are forced to correct them. It follows that foreign Governments know little more about our works than we do about theirs, and what they do know is, it may be hoped, of a nature to render them extremely disinclined to attack us.

In the course of their investigations the Committee found it necessary to make some very interesting experiments. One of them was intended to test the liability of shell piled in heaps to be exploded by the impact of an enemy's projectiles. Forty-two common 9-inch cast-iron shells were filled with powder, and piled within the experimental casemate at Shoeburyness, directly opposite the embrasure, so that any shot fired through the opening must strike them. Eight others were arranged on end, where they would most probably stand when raised from the shell stores below, before being put in the gun. A 9-inch Palliser loaded shell was fired at the pile from a distance of 70 yards, with a full charge of 43 lbs. One loud and violent explosion in the casemate was heard. Out of the fifty shells nineteen burst, others were thrown violently about, some even flying out of the casemate both to the rear and sideways. Four of the eight placed standing on the floor were thrown to the rear without exploding, the other four were scarcely disturbed. Some of the shells had been struck very severely by splinters, and one was even cracked, without having exploded. Splinters were picked up at 200 and 400 yards from the casemate on its flanks. Another experiment of the same nature was made, with similar results; and the opinion of the Committee was, that though common shells will explode when struck directly by heavy projectiles, there is no danger to them from any but the largest splinters. They imagine that Palliser's shells would be even safer, but this is somewhat doubtful.

Another important question into which the Committee entered was the prevention of damp in magazines by improved ventilation. The standing orders for artillery magazines direct that "magazines are to be aired upon every favourable opportunity, Sundays excepted." It naturally occurs to the officers in charge of a magazine that a favourable opportunity has arrived when the weather is fine and warm. Not a bit of it. The earth below a building is in summer colder, in its upper surface, than the surrounding ground which receives the rays of the sun. At one inch below the surface the daily variations of temperature are reduced one-half; at three feet they do not exceed half a degree. So it comes to pass that the heat of the outer air and ground in fine summer weather is always greater than the floor and the walls of closed buildings. Every one has experienced a chill in entering thick-walled buildings during summer. Here, then, you have a ready-made condenser, capable of reducing the current of warm air which enters when the door is opened below its dew point. It deposits part of its moisture, passes out and leaves room for more warm air, and then more condensation. We believe that this simple truth was first pointed out by Lieutenant Innes, R.E., in the sixteenth volume of the Royal Engineer Corps' Papers, and notwithstanding that it commends itself at once to every man who has ever so small an amount of scientific knowledge, notwithstanding also that he had successfully treated a provokingly damp magazine at Halifax on the new principle, it was long before his conclusions found acceptance. Of course the remedy is to keep the magazines hermetically sealed during hot weather, and to open them when the external air is cold and dry. Nothing would be easier than to issue strict regulations based upon the registers of thermometers inside and out, and so place the dryness of magazines beyond the region of haphazard.

The money spent upon fortifications may be considered as devoted to life insurance, but there is no reason why the ordinary rules of economy should not apply to this as well as to the other affairs of ordinary life. What the Department of Works has done it appears to have done well. Let us now see that the same authorities are ready to accept further improvements, otherwise they will fall short of deserving the gratitude and esteem of their countrymen.

AN AMERICAN FOX-HUNT.

UNTIL very recently Englishmen might have consoled themselves with the reflection that, however much they had fallen behind America in some things, there was at least one institution in respect of which they were still ahead of the United States, as of all the rest of the world. They might have taken a semi-barbarous pride in the belief that they were still superior in sport, if in nothing else. Americans might be the only really great and free people on the face of the earth; they might be the only people now capable of producing famous statesmen, preachers, authors, and generals; but we had at any rate one institution which they had never yet ventured to imitate. The joys of fox-hunting were not yet revealed to them. Hopeless as the English cockney might feel his case to be when he compared himself with the citizen of Boston or of Philadelphia, there was still something left for which our country gentlemen might thank heaven. But last March an event happened in the Western States the news of which will carry a sense of the pressure of American competition home to the heart of Leicestershire and the bosom of Bucks. Advices from Chicago inform us that on the 17th of last March a fox-hunt took place near the town of St. Louis, in Illinois, a town which is no doubt destined to be the future Badminton or Melton Mowbray of America; and which, if we may judge by the accounts of the sport afforded on this first occasion, as given to us in the *St. Louis Republican*, is likely next season to cause a perfect stampede of sportsmen from Leamington and Northampton to the Far West. The last hunting season in this country was no doubt a good one; and many of the runs of January and February, 1869, will be affectionately remembered by the squires of Lutterworth and the officers from Weedon; but we may safely venture to declare that the best run of the season with the Atherstone or the Quorn was not to be compared with this St. Louis fox-hunt, either in variety or piquancy of incidents. But there is so much difference of detail between the English and American methods of fox-hunting that the superiority of the American method cannot be adequately appreciated without a little description, which it may be hoped will tend to clear the reader's mind of prejudice, and enable him to take an impartial view of the American mode of hunting the fox.

The first prejudice of which an English reader must divest himself is the belief that to the sport of fox-hunting a Master of Foxhounds is necessary. Ordinary English squires could probably almost as easily imagine the existence of a son without a father as of a pack of foxhounds without a master; and although the master is the only absolutely essential functionary to the hunting of a pack of foxhounds, yet one is not apt to suppose that the master would be able to show his friends or subscribers very much good sport without the assistance of a huntsman, and one or more whips. But, in "inaugurating" this noble sport at St. Louis, the men of Illinois have struck out an entirely novel and most original line. They have arranged and organized their sporting staff on a different and vastly improved system. The chief personage in the sport does not, at St. Louis, write M.F.H. after his name, but receives the much more dignified titles of "Projector" and "Grand Marshal." The hounds do not, as in England, belong to him, or to any body of subscribers whom he represents; but a plan is adopted much more in accordance with the spirit of the age. *The hounds are jobbed.* Peace to the souls of Sir Richard Sutton and of the late Mr. Assheton Smith! We would not in the lifetime of those worthies have called attention to this matter, as it would perhaps have pained them. But, now that they are gone, no such delicacy prevents our pressing upon our readers the advantages of this practice of jobbing hounds; though it is unnecessary to describe these advantages in detail, inasmuch as many persons in this country have already adopted the parallel customs of jobbing their horses, their carriages, their pointers and retrievers, their clothes, and their servants; and the jobbing of foxhounds must obviously be even more convenient than the jobbing of these things, by so much as foxhounds are a more troublesome and wasteful class of instruments to keep in stock.

Next after the Grand Marshal and the Foxhound job-master,

the most important functionary in an American hunt appears to be the Special Correspondent of the local newspaper. The presence of a journalist is as necessary at a fox-hunt as at any other important or interesting meeting in America. But the reader may perhaps wonder what arrangements can be made at a fox-hunt for the convenience of the gentlemen of the press; how, in fact, the nature of the sport can permit of the proper facilities being afforded to them for discharging their important duties to the public. In order to understand this, it is necessary to bear in mind some important differences between an English and an American meet, or "*rendezvous*," as it is more elegantly termed in Illinois. In the first place, the Americans have most judiciously dispensed with the English practice of drawing a cover in order to find their fox. In Illinois the fox is purchased of a fox-catcher some time before the hunt is to take place, "is put for some weeks under the scientific supervision and charge" of a fox-keeper, and is eventually brought to the *rendezvous* "in a fox-waggon." It is probably while he is under the scientific supervision of the keeper that the fox acquires the art of climbing trees—an art which adds a novel variety of incident to the American sport, and which, as we shall see, the fox at St. Louis practised with the greatest *éclat*. But, at any rate, the advantages of the American method are obvious. As there is no drawing, there can be no blanks, and no tiresome waste of time in cover-beating. And indeed it is difficult to believe that our fashionable hunts will not next season adopt the American system, and start their foxes in prime condition from a fox-waggon. It cannot be supposed that in this scientific age intelligent and sport-loving Englishmen will long be content to allow that which is absolutely essential to their sport, the finding of a fox, to depend upon chance. No doubt, too, the whole influence of the ladies and of the local press will be thrown into the scale in favour of the fox-waggon system, since it will be remarked, secondly, that this system enables the start to take place from the top of a high hill, whence an almost bird's-eye view of the run can be obtained. The reader is now in a position to understand how it is possible for a Special Correspondent to attend and report upon an American fox-hunt, without the necessity either of being a first-flight man across country, or of knowing how to manage a balloon. And it may be interesting to him to learn that on this occasion, at St. Louis, the projector of the hunt was one Mr. Macdonald, who hired the hounds, bought the fox, fixed the hour and place for the rendezvous, and for the find, or *start*, as, under all the circumstances, it is perhaps more aptly named; that the foxhound job-master was one Mr. John Stumpf, "a rather old gentleman in grey suit," who brought "five or six dogs, named Carlo, Waltman, Pascha, Hector, and Pluto, to the rendezvous," and whom the Special Correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* represents as "regarding his dogs with affectionate interest, and expressing his confidence that they would kill the fox, *if they had a fair show*"; that the fox-keeper was one Barney O'Connor; and that the fox provided for the occasion was named "Ben Butler," a name "probably suggested by the silvery metallic glisten of his silken coat." Nor let the Leicestershire man be surprised at the small number of hounds—two couples and a half—considered necessary for the sport in Illinois. Doubtless the deficiency in numbers is more than counterbalanced by the superior excellence engendered in the hounds through the competition which is caused by the practice of jobbing them. But, however this may be, enough has probably now been said by way of preliminary explanation to enable the reader to enjoy a few short extracts from the narrative of the Special Correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*. This gentleman, who was mounted on "a smooth-running buggy from the St. Nicholas livery-stable, drawn by a three-minute mare," on receiving private information that the fox-waggon had started, and that the exciting scene was about to commence, set out for the hill where the start was to take place, and thus describes the event:—

> The hill is to the north of the road, and no fences render the ascent of the mild declivity troublesome. This spot was selected as there are no woods of any amount in the vicinity, and the view is unobstructed. On the top of this hill, about two o'clock, the hunters and spectators gathered. After some little delay, Mr. Macdonald gave the order for the hunt to begin. In tones of stentorian command he addressed the crowd. The fox was about to be let go. It would be taken to the brow of the hill, and there set at liberty; but in order to secure a successful hunt, it would be necessary to preserve order. The dogs were to be held—a boy to hold each hound—the horsemen were to form in line on the hill where they now were, and at a given signal to start forward. "Then," said the speaker, in a voice of heroic determination, "every man for himself." These words produced a visible effect, and some few of the horsemen looked nervously at each other, and evidently felt as if something serious was about to transpire. After some hauling and snapping, "Ben Butler" was flopped out of his barrel upon the ground, Barney O'Connor holding him by the chain. The next step was to give him a good start; so he was led across the field, Mr. Macdonald and two other parties accompanying, to the point before designated. During the route the fox was dragged over a few fences, the presumption being that the hounds would follow in exactly the same course, and so try the metal of the horses and riders. A piece of woods, a quarter or a mile or so from the crowd, having been reached, the fox was let go, a blow on the side being given him to convey the idea that the faster he went the better.

The reader will not fail to remark that, in this scientific method of opening the hunt, the sportsmen of Illinois have borrowed some characteristic features from several English sports. In the practice of bringing the fox up in a fox-waggon and starting him with a rap on the flanks, we see something akin to scenes which have been witnessed before now with Her Majesty's Buckhounds. The trick of hauling the fox over some fences, with the special design of affording better sport to the riders (or to the spectators), may remind old Oxonians of the Christ Church drag. The dodge whereby the necessity for the services of a huntsman and his whipper-in is obviated—namely, by confiding each hound to the care of a small boy to hold—seems to be remotely derived from our practice of using slippers at coursing-matches, and is at any rate an excellent contrivance, as it substitutes for the permanent and expensive employment of full-grown men, the cheaper alternative of occasional, and perhaps voluntary, child-labour. And, lastly, in the marshalling of the horsemen and requiring them to start by a given signal, it is easy to discover a feature borrowed from Epsom, and a feature, too, of which many an unlucky sportsman, who has been temporarily or permanently thrown out by getting a bad start from the wrong side of the cover, will appreciate the utility. The fox being thus started in the bran-new American fashion, the hounds were laid on, and the hunt commenced. Like the life of Achilles, it was short, but glorious. On arriving at the first fence, the hounds, with a consideration which would never be shown by an English pack, stopped short, and proceeded to offer a variety of diversion for the entertainment of the ladies and of the Special Correspondent. One sat down and bayed, another tried unsuccessfully to execute "circles of recovery," and a third proceeded to chase some loose horses which were in another corner of the field. All this time, the reader might suppose, the fox was making play across country, and the chance of a kill was ended. And so it would have been, no doubt, in the case of an English vermin. But at this interesting juncture the event occurred at which we have already hinted, which shows the superiority of the American to the English fox, and which afforded a charming variety in the sport never even dreamed of by English fox-hunters. The fox went up a tree! But we must again summon the Special Correspondent to describe such a scene as this, as he witnessed it, on arriving at the first fence in his buggy:—

> "What of the fox?" This was the question we asked on arriving at the spot; but nobody could answer it. On looking around, we saw a man on the other side of a moist soft field of nursery plants, gesticulating wildly. [This is apparently the American substitute for crying Tally Ho.] "What's the matter?" we shouted. "He's up a tree," was the reply, pointing upwards; and sure enough, on looking intently at a tree near him, we spied the fox seated among the branches, and calmly enjoying the scene.

But the enjoyment of this amazing fox was not destined to last very long. For now we come to the kill, or the *dénouement*, as it is called in America, which was as different from our English termination as was every other part of this strange sport. Suppose—if we may be permitted to suppose an utter impossibility—that a Quorn or a Pytchley fox should on any occasion ascend a tree, what would be done under the circumstances? The laws of English fox-hunting do not apply any solution to such a puzzle. There is probably not a squire in Leicestershire who could say offhand what ought to be done in the event of such astounding behaviour on the part of a fox; and we doubt whether even the great Tom Payne himself would have been equal to such an occasion. But the wary Illinois fox-hunter comes to his sport fully prepared for such an occurrence. He carries a revolver with him to the hunting-field, and thus is prepared to deal with the fox as he would with a man who had offended him in the streets of St. Louis or Chicago—namely, "to shoot him on sight." On the present occasion, the first sportsman who got within reach of the treed fox happened to be the judge of the St. Louis Probate Court, who, after a couple of shots, succeeded in bringing down the game, just as the Special Correspondent and the rest of the field arrived underneath the tree. As any reflections upon such a unique termination to the sport would be superfluous, we shall conclude by quoting, and earnestly recommending to the unprejudiced consideration of readers in the Midland counties, the excellent remarks of the Special Correspondent:—

> It may strike some minds as a little odd that, after so much elaborate preparation, the fox should have been so summarily disposed of. But Judge Vastine, no doubt, intended to illustrate the original idea of hunting before modern romance corrupted it. When we pursue anything, the object is to catch it, and the sooner the better; and this is the genuine American idea.

OUR FOOD PROSPECTS.

THAT important period of the year has now arrived when the aspect of the sky and the changes of the weather are regarded by observers more anxious than those who study only their comforts or their pleasures. The farmer whose crops flourish or are in jeopardy perhaps looks on with somewhat of stolid indifference, knowing that if the crop is good it will probably sell at a low price, while if it is a bad one he will obtain a high price; but the speculator in corn (and the activity shown at the end of last week demonstrates that late reverses have not exterminated the species), the merchant whose business depends on the prosperity of trade and the abundance and low price of food, the manufacturer whose very life depends on the ability of his workpeople to live in contentment on moderate wages, the stockjobber, and a crowd more, watch the weather as they do other signs of the times by which to govern their affairs. The corn-market, ruled for months past by the varying conditions of demand and supply, now enters on a fresh phase. Operations which up to this time have been based on calculations of the quantity of the home-growth and of importations from abroad now rest on speculations as to what the new crop will be; and all changes of the weather, favourable and unfavourable, are so well reflected in similar changes in prices during

this epoch of "weather markets," that it would almost appear to be a desirable simplification of affairs if the business were reduced to wagers upon the rise or fall of the barometer and thermometer, or the direction of the wind, or the number of inches of rainfall within a given time. This system would have the advantage, or disadvantage, of permitting outsiders to join in the game as they can in horse-racing, or in speculations in the share-market, without being troubled or deterred by complications of "cost, freight, and insurance," or "to arrive" transactions in commodities about which they know nothing. Not, perhaps, that such speculators as we have in view know anything about the stocks or shares that they purchase, but still they fancy that they do, which at any rate gives them confidence. Poor Mr. Stefanos Xenos, that innocent plucked dove who has just confided to us his tale of woe, though evidently a well-skilled man in mercantile affairs, ready to enter on the vastest transactions at a moment's notice, found the corn-market too much for even his great mind. Other speculators of weaker powers may therefore well be thankful to find such simple "events" as the rise or fall of the mercury on which to stake their money. There is, however, this little drawback to the contrivance—namely, that if it be the goodness or badness of the crops which are reckoned upon, it is not in the power of the finest summer weather to produce a good crop from an unhealthy plant; so that the speculator in corn, in making his reckoning, has to decide the previous question of what the autumn and winter may have done for the vitality and vigour of the plant before he enters on the question of what the summer weather does for it. Among the old school of farmers there was an opinion—almost, indeed, amounting in force to an axiom—that a good crop of wheat never followed a wet winter. The conditions of agriculture are now, however, so much changed, extensive and thorough drainage has left its mark so unmistakably on the face of the country, that we believe it would be very illusory to reckon on the truth of the old saying in these days. It is easy to understand that wet, retentive soils were so saturated with water in former times, when there was a rainy winter, that the seed rotted in the ground; it was offered the conditions of life of an aquatic plant rather than those which wheat loves. It is almost an axiom that the season cannot be too dry for wheat. Take, for an example, last summer in Great Britain, or the climate of the country which, from the experience of the last few years, appears to be most sure of its crop, and where the cultivation of corn is in consequence developing most rapidly—we refer to California. Provided that the three or four weeks' rains arrive in their season, a crop large in quantity and fine in quality appears to be a certainty. But even with the improved culture of this country, if the seed should have escaped the decay consequent on excessive moisture, and there should be a fair "plant," there is still the danger in a moist season that there should appear with the wheat so strong a growth of weeds as to rob the wheat of its light and air, thus "choking" it, and at the same time exhausting the soil. And if the moist winter is also, as this last has been, a mild one, then the insects escape death by frost, and the crops become a prey to the ravages of swarms a hundred or a thousandfold increased.

Altogether, then, it is not to be wondered at that the reports of the wheat crop are not quite so promising of plenty as they frequently are at this season. Mr. Turner of Richmond, whose opinions, however, in former years we have had to expose as fallacious, wrote last week to the *Times*:—

> Wheat got good hold, tillered well, and up to the end of April looked very promising. May brought us cold north and east winds, and although upon first-class land wheat still maintains a vigorous appearance, yet upon middling and strong undrained clays the cold weather has told very injuriously, and changed the colour of the plant from a pleasant healthy green into a sickly yellow. It is, of course, too early to form a precise opinion about the wheat harvest; but two points may be regarded as tolerably certain—there cannot be an early harvest, and the crop on the average cannot be a great one.

We think Mr. Turner is pretty near the truth this time, for although there appears generally to be abundance of plant upon the ground, yet it can scarcely be doubted that, as the season advances and the ears are displayed, it will be discovered that the cold, ungenial weather of the month of May has checked their healthy development, and that they have not attained the size necessary to the production of a large crop. If there should be a warm forcing June it will be interesting to observe whether the ears which were formed under the protection of the envelope in one of the coldest of Mays can avoid that stunting of growth which it is natural to expect. If they do attain to their natural size the crop may be expected to be above an average per acre, because the "plant" is regular, and even thick. This regularity of plant would compensate even for a slight deficiency in the heads, and thus, even if there were a slight deficiency in the ears, we may expect an average crop per acre. To arrive at the whole result of the crop something must be known of the acreage. Mr. James Sanderson helps us on this point. He says:—

> The excess of area under wheat last year, which alone yielded one-tenth of our average produce, will probably be reproduced this year. Under ordinary circumstances, and according to the principles of a rotation system of cropping, a large area under one description of crop cannot occur two years in succession. The failure of seeds, however, forced farmers to sow wheat on a large area of land that had thus failed. The failure of the root crops also added a large breadth to the wheat area, as farmers in many instances ploughed up the turnip failed fallows, and sowed wheat on land which would otherwise have been seeded with barley.

If this estimate be correct, and if the yield per acre be an average, the crop will be ten per cent. above an average; and even if there be a slight deficiency in the yield per acre, we may still look for an average crop of wheat. These are the data which must guide us to the formation of an opinion as to the future price of wheat, for so far it is too early to gather trustworthy information as to the crops of any foreign country which influences our markets. It may, however, be remarked that while the reports from the South of Spain promise a harvest of unusual abundance, those from the South of France complain of the unpropitious blooming time.

The first point to be considered is whether we have abundance to feed the country until the new harvest shall be available. As to this there can be no question. We started with a large crop in measure, still larger if estimated by weight, producing a very large percentage of flour on account of the fineness of the skin of the grain, and there was an extra acreage of ten per cent. Our importations have been on a large scale, reckoning from September 1, at the rate of 7¾ million of quarters per annum, the quantity required, according to Mr. Caird, being only 6,800,000 quarters of wheat and flour. These imports have gone into consumption because no large stocks remain, and as from universal testimony the consumption of bread has been small, it follows that a considerable quantity must remain in growers' hands. It is to be noted, on the other hand, that thirteen months' consumption have to be provided for (and were provided for in Mr. Caird's estimate), as we began on the new crop a month earlier than usual, and the next crop will not be ready before the average time. There is no reason to expect a lack of importations, for although there is but a small quantity likely to come from the Mediterranean or Black Seas, America is shipping freely on the Atlantic side, and the Baltic is in the full activity of its shipping season; and thus sufficient supplies of our home and of foreign produce to meet the demand may be expected in our markets between this time and the end of August. Apart from any anxieties as to the safety of the coming crop, there appears to be no justification for an advance in prices. As to the course of markets after the ingathering of the new crop, that depends on what it may yield, and that no man knoweth. The whole question is one of weather. There is no reason to be found in the present appearance of the plant, why it should not turn out an average crop, though it seems probable, from the check it has received and from its apparent lack of vigour, that it will not be a great one. Spring-sown crops it is too soon to speak of; suffice it to say that they do not suffer very much from moisture or low temperature at this early stage of their growth. Winter beans are in bloom, and promise abundance. The meadows are very promising for a good hay crop, and graziers have every reason to be contented with the progress of their stock. It is not, however, likely that there will be any fall from the present high prices of meat until the young animals shall have reached that early state of maturity which in these days fits them for the butcher. During the winter all lean stock was so determinedly got rid of and killed when producing perhaps 25 per cent. less weight of meat than usual, that there are now very few full-grown frames ready to be covered with meat. We have to grow the frames, as well as cover them with meat. So that, while the animals are growing, we must still pay dearly for the few that are ready, on account of the scarcity. In the same way, pigs were not fed or bred last year, and consequently bacon still fetches a high price, from the small supply. Pig food has fallen 30 per cent. in value; there is a large profit on fatting pigs, instead of the heavy loss of last year; and by the fall of the year we may expect to buy our bacon cheaper. Abundance of pasturage should give plenty of butter and cheese, and bring down the extravagant prices of those articles. Thus, while with fine weather it appears certain that the present moderate prices for bread will continue, it also appears certain that a considerable reduction will take place in the values of beef, mutton, and bacon.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

THE present Exhibition gives palpable proof of the change which for some little time has been coming over our English school of painting. Within comparatively few years we have seen a succession of art phases of which the traits are still patent in the leading features of the Exhibition. First, the old and conventional style to which painters were wedded twenty years ago is scarcely yet extinct. Then we may observe, not without satisfaction, that the reaction or revolt designated "Pre-Raffaellite" has left its marks both within and without the Academy. And now we witness yet another of the transformations that happen periodically in the history of art, under laws which out of things old re-fashion forms new. Thus this hundred-and-first Exhibition brings us into the presence of fresh developments; we see that Pre-Raffaellite elaboration, grown painfully wearisome, is giving place to breadth and generalization; we find that our artists, instead of bending in blind devotion to the early painters of Italy, are ready to surrender themselves rapturously to Titian and other masters of the romantic Renaissance; finally, we observe that the mediævalism which threatened to take possession of the English school is giving way to classicism, and accordingly we mark for better and for worse a tendency to exchange naturalism for idealism, to substitute individual forms for generic types, to surrender styles which were illusive to the eye in favour of treatments which appeal to the imagination. We will now proceed to examine some leading examples of the new school,

contributed by Mr. Watts, R.A., Mr. Leighton, R.A., Mr. Simeon Solomon, Mr. Albert Moore, and others.

The Academy is this year doubtless all the more pronounced on the side of classic form and Venetian colour because the hanging has been virtually committed to the school of Holland Park. Mr. Watts and Mr. Leighton, while showing themselves superior to selfish interests, have given proof that they are zealous partisans of their own principles and party. We believe them to have been at once scrupulously honest and unintentionally unjust; yet we scarcely know how to quarrel with what they have done, because we happen to admire the result. Mr. Watts contributes four pictures—"The Return of the Dove," "The Red Cross Knight and Una," "A Portrait," and "Orpheus and Eurydice." The first and last give best manifestation of the artist's genius. In the last the painter has seized upon the moment in the well-known legend when Orpheus, having redeemed his wife from torment by the spell of his lyre, beholds her caught back into the infernal regions. Anguish almost more than that which mortals suffer gives intensity to the scene; the composition is studious of accordant lines; the colour is emphatically Titianesque, only the objection may be raised that this is Venetian colour stained and blackened by three hundred years. Mr. Watts falls into a common error; in emulating the Old Masters he takes as his guide old pictures, forgetting that Titian painted, not what was old and time-subdued, but what was new and bright as the morning and living as actual nature. Turning to another poetic creation by the same painter, the eye rests on that solitary dove, weary of wing, wending her way across the waste of waters to the far-off home in the ark, her only refuge. The artist awakens interest in the fate of the poor bird, the spectator thinks of her long search from early morn to close of day; the dove is ready to drop into the sea that covers the earth, and there is no help in the silence and solitude. This suggestion of thought shows what power is obtained over the imagination even by materials the most scanty. Yet, as is often the case with this painter, the idea is the picture, for the execution barely suffices to give expression to the conception. Mr. Watts is strong in the act of creation, but weak and possibly hasty in hand, as if impatient of finish; content, evidently, to leave his picture while yet halting in the stage of grand suggestion. The artist takes us back to the generic style and the intellectual mode of study extolled by Reynolds. In the eleventh discourse we read, "The great business of study is to form a mind adapted and adequate to all times and all occasions; to which all nature is then laid open, and which may be said to possess the key of her inexhaustible riches."

Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., has, it is well known, matured an academic and eclectic style which presents points of approach to, yet of divergence from, the manner just described as characteristic of Mr. Watts. There are no painters among us better versed in historic precedents, none more intent on transfusing the principles and practice of the great schools into our modern phases of art. That either of them is absolutely successful it were of course absurd to pretend. Still, in Mr. Leighton's four contributions—"St. Jerome," "Dædalus and Icarus," "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon," and "Helios and Rhodus"—every mind at all prepared to receive themes removed from the routine of ordinary life will gladly welcome scholarly thought, classic form, and academic treatment. "Dædalus and Icarus" may be likened to a Greek cameo, so pure is the form, so clear the outline; yet the figure of Dædalus [illegible]

[illegible] pery is after classic types, while the repose preserved, even in agony, is entirely consonant with the spirit of Greek art. "Helios and Rhodus" softens into more expressly pictorial and romantic styles; the nude, treated with refined voluptuousness, is carried rather far, yet kept within permissible limits by delicacy and subtlety in outline and modelling. Such are the merits for which these works may be commended, yet, on the other hand, the defects are scarcely less apparent. It cannot but be felt that the forms are frequently so subtilized as to be refined away, and lost to breadth, decision, power. Classic artists, whether sculptors or painters, took care, by firm line, salient point, and sharp decisive shadow, to pronounce their figures boldly. These characteristics of the grand style become of still more importance now that the increased dimensions of the new building throw figures into greater distance. We cannot but think that even the "St. Jerome," Mr. Leighton's "Diploma work," grand though it is, would be better for more decision and force in the outline. And here we may proceed to remark upon the contrast between the otherwise allied styles of Mr. Leighton and Mr. Watts. Mr. Watts is a colourist, whereas Mr. Leighton, however much colour he may use, misses the harmonies, at least in the Venetian sense. Thus the "St. Jerome" would seem to be painted in emulation of Titian; but we feel the want of Titianesque blue, and of those moderating cool tones which in Venetian pictures are specially delicious. As to management of colour and the use of texture, it is curious to observe upon what totally different principles Mr. Leighton and Mr. Millais paint. Mr. Leighton eschews textures, he scarcely permits himself a reflected light or colour; and the law of complementary contrast in shadow, recognised by the painters of Pompeii, by the Roman school of Raffaelle, and especially by Veronese in Venice, would seem to involve a decorative treatment irreconcilable with Mr. Leighton's mode of procedure. Yet our English Academician gains high and rare results; art is a surrender and a compromise; to unite brilliant colour with pure form has always proved an impossibility, even to Tintoret. It is but right to make great allowance for the injury inflicted upon these works in the hanging. Mr. Leighton, himself one of the hangers, has, with oblivious generosity, excessive yet above all praise, committed, as it were, a species of art suicide.

Classic styles are rising, as we have said, into the ascendant. Thus, with Mr. Leighton and Mr. Watts may be associated Mr. Solomon, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Albert Moore, and Mr. H. Wallis. The "Toilette of a Roman Lady," by Mr. Simeon Solomon, comes as yet another sign of prevailing classic proclivities. The artist has evidently caught the manner of ancient Rome, as manifest in the mural paintings of Pompeii, even to the swelling throat, the majestic bearing, and noble type of countenance. Accordingly, though the colour may approach the decorative, the general style reaches a certain monumental dignity, immobility, and massiveness. Yet, judged historically, the picture allies itself to a period of decadence; the artist, however, has evidently striven to render his treatment acceptable to modern tastes. The picture attains, as we have indicated, to considerable grandeur, and the colour approaches splendour. Another happy result of this reversion to the classic is Mr. Poynter's "Proserpine," in the act of gathering flowers, according to traditional story. The artist here turns a poetic myth to modern uses; the treatment has none of the severity of ancient art, but much of the persuasive charm pertaining to romantic schools. We may, in passing, call attention to another illustration, somewhat extravagant, of the same story, "The Rape of Proserpine," by Mr. Stanhope. Mr. Sandys will, we should suppose, find it hard to reconcile an English public to "Medea," though this time the Hanging Committee has been induced to reverse the verdict by which this abnormal picture was excluded a year ago. The style is wholly exceptional; its merits may possibly be unexampled, but to the uninitiated the flesh would seem waxy and the expression spasmodic. Too spasmodic, also, especially for the nude, is "Andromeda," by Mr. Calthrop; repose, we have been taught, is essential to classic treatment. Other artists there are who follow a like bent. Thus, by the law of reactions, or of contraries, whereby Pre-Raffaelitism has flown to the opposite pole of classicism, Mr. H. Wallis, who of yore found sufficing grandeur in a "Dead Stonebreaker," now courts romantic beauty, even in the classic story of "Marsyas." Strange to say, the artist in this last consummation is lost to nature, and he would seem to seek compensation in colour. We may complete this somewhat lengthy list with a couple of works by Mr. Albert Moore. The "Venus," by this artist, is assuredly a novelty. Other Venuses may have erred on the side of being over alluring; this, on the contrary, if it has a fault, is only somewhat too repulsive. The best part is the torso, taken apparently from the Venus of Milo. The general manner is hard and crude, with this advantage, however, that like tempera and fresco, the artist gains by his method light and force, especially at a distance. By the same artist, "A Quartet," or "A Painter's Tribute to the Art of Music, A.D. 1868," deserves notice as a further [illegible] ultra sign of the times. This assuredly is a "tribute" passing strange; the first violin is all but nude, and the protection sought by another performer to his unclad torso and extremities is not the prescriptive and somewhat scanty fig-leaf, but an ample violoncello of noblest dimensions. Such draperies as seem permitted to this choice assembly are eminently diaphanous, with the strange disadvantage of revealing charms disagreeable to discover. Yet at least one figure may be extolled for classic symmetry and dignity. The artist, in common with certain of his brethren, has caught the merits with the attendant defects of the late Roman manner, as seen in Pompeii. The perversity is strange which often drives painters, not to the simple and pure, but to the most ultra and corrupt manifestations of the school they happen to affect. The classic mania which has set in has not yet reached its height; more alarming examples may be looked for.

Classic styles find, of course, numerous and strong opponents, partly from the followers of romance, and in part from such painters as may pay at least occasional devotion to religious art. Mr. Herbert, R.A., has strong claims to respect, though his somewhat hard, dry style may seldom warm to ardour. This studious Academician, with a son who follows in his footsteps, paints with literal truth, both as to detail and atmospheric effect, desert tracts of sand and of arid rock, such as may be seen in that faithful and brilliant picture "Gazelle Hunters of North Africa." Yet we prize Mr. Herbert most when he dedicates his serious, but somewhat severe, style to such themes as that of "Mary Magdalen, on the Day of Crucifixion, at the Tomb of our Lord." The head is bowed, the hands are clasped; there is the wasting away of watching, the agony of despair. Perhaps even the abstinence of colour is best in keeping with the desolation of soul; the face is blanched, and, after long hours of weeping, tears have ceased to flow. Mr. Herbert's mode of painting is peculiar to himself—it is thin even to poverty; yet in this picture deep expression reconciles us even to technical defects. Opposed, as we have seen, to the classicists, are not only religious painters like Mr. Herbert, but the followers of mediæval and romantic styles, such as Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Poole, and Sir Noel Paton. Mr. Poole, as we have already said, treats the Biblical story of "The Prodigal Son" after a picturesque manner. The painter is still more at home in the romantic, though by this time hackneied, scene, "Lorenzo and Jessica at Belmont." Mr. Poole usually puts subjects together with dramatic show and significance; moonlight spangled by stars is an effect here managed almost as poetically as in the dioramas formerly seen in the Regent's Park. Yet the intention is better than the execution. Sir Noel Paton, too, is a poet, save when he goes astray, as in following after

"Caliban." A figure thus abhorrent to nature and to art ought never to have been put on canvas. Even the realism, though inimitable after its kind, is unpleasing by reason of feeble polish and endless triviality; the colour, too, is wholly opposed to the scale adopted by the schools most esteemed. Finally, as representative of that ultra school of mediævalism which stands opposed to classic as well as to romantic styles, comes Mr. Donaldson, who is fortunate to obtain admission for two of his eminently anti-naturalistic compositions; the one "Vespers," the other "Music during a Banquet." The fatal faults of this artist—want of form and truth to nature—are too well known to need reiteration. Yet, especially in the last of these works, we recognise traits which often attach to mediæval revivals—rich harmonies in colour, intense expression, and mysteries unfathomable, which, when not absolutely ridiculous, may possibly be grand.

Twenty years ago Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt were as brethren passing together through the purgatory of Pre-Raffaelitism; how much of dross and how much of refined gold remains to themselves, or rather to their art, may be judged by the works they now severally contribute to the Academy. "The Birthday" and the "Portrait of a Lady," by Mr. Holman Hunt, are pictures of a style which some might think would be improved by still further refining through "purging fires." Yet "The Birthday" is a work of amazing power; the lady bears presents in her hand mournfully, as under the burden of sad thought and the shadow of dark misgiving. Why the figure should be so far removed from beauty we cannot say, especially as we may suppose that the artist could easily have added to the lady's charms had he desired thus to augment the interest of the spectator in her story. We fancy, however, as we turn to a certain volume, *Art and Poetry*, "conducted principally by artists" of a peculiar way of thinking, that it becomes evident that ugliness formed part of the creed of the distinguished brotherhood whereof Mr. Holman Hunt is all but the last survivor. Thus peculiar interest attaches to "The Birthday" as a specimen of a school, and as an index to mental idiosyncrasies which certainly have proved themselves close upon genius. In this figure the mental expression is profound, the colour intense, the realism forcible. On the whole, however, the art may be said to be more repellent than enticing. Now just the opposite is true of the manner of Mr. Millais, a painter who long since forsook his early devotion to ugliness in favour of a beauty which the world at large is able to appreciate. The artist has been ill, and therefore the six works before us—two being small water-colours—are, in size at least, of less than usual importance.

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colour-box might have been upset upon the canvas, yet it is consummate in art treatment, refulgent, transparent, but solid. Perhaps, for the painting of flesh, Mr. Millais is without rival; his pigments are more pure and liquid than those of Mr. Watts. "Nina" is a little too *négligée* in attitude, even for a child; but here, again, how consummate is the art for texture, transparency, dexterity, and what affluence of colour has been thrown into a background which seems to catch the subdued and balanced splendour of Oriental decoration. These triumphant powers are fitly moderated in "The Gambler's Wife," a work of touching tenderness which, with true taste and much pathos, combines technical qualities found more frequently in Continental than in British galleries. Mr. Millais, for colour and for touch, may be called the Veronese of our English school, though in composition he has never shown resource comparable with the exuberant Venetian.

We have directed attention to three distinctive phases presented by the Academy of the year. We have seen certain of our artists in the act of assuming classic styles, combining generic or ideal types with consonant elevation in treatment. We have marked others still addicted to mediævalism, seeking profound expression, stiff attitude, and colour deep in harmony as an old tapestry. We have also encountered painters of romantic proclivities, sensitive to sentiment, redolent in fancy, decorative in colour, and altogether musical. Thus, whatever may be the shortcomings of our English school—and they are many—at all events it continues to maintain national independence, and to give proof of abundant variety.

RACING AT EPSOM.

IT was bad luck for Sir Joseph Hawley, after having lost the Derby by a couple of inches, to lose the Oaks by the fearful state of the ground, to which we fancy Morna's defeat is attributable. The ladies' day at Epsom was, indeed, the most miserable that could be conceived. The rain fell incessantly; the course was very heavy, and for the last fifty yards was little better than a quagmire. Morna had been so highly tried that, after Pero Gomez's running in the Derby, her owner and trainer regarded her success in the Oaks as a matter of certainty. Had the race been run on the Wednesday instead of the Friday she would undoubtedly have won; but, as it was, after making the whole of the running, she literally and truly stuck in the mud at the finish, and could scarcely keep on her legs. There were fifteen runners, or six more than last year, and seven more than in 1867, but some of them must have been started on the chance of the favourites tumbling down in the dirt. With few exceptions the field was of most moderate quality, added to which the loss of form, so common to fillies at this season of the year, materially diminished the interest of the race. Year by year it is becoming more and more apparent that the spring is not the season for the great filly contest; and it would be an excellent piece of Turf reform if the Oaks should be postponed till the autumn, and be run at Newmarket, over the last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch course. The fifteen runners this year were Scottish Queen (the winner of the One Thousand), Morna and Brigantine (respectively second and third in the same race), Martinique, Toison d'Or, Miss Foote, Curieuse, Dryad, Crocus, Minaret, Teeswater, and four more whom we need not trouble ourselves to mention. Of these Brigantine was the best public performer as a two-year-old, but it was understood that her wind was affected, which is a fatal bar to success over the Derby course. She looked, however, uncommonly well, and having quite recovered from the slight ailment from which she was suffering at Newmarket, her friends were sanguine that she would avenge her defeat there. Of Scottish Queen's roaring there was not the shadow of a doubt, and it was only the extreme easiness of the Ditch mile that enabled her to win the One Thousand. Fit and well as she was, it was almost certain that, like Belladrum in the Derby, the first hill would be sufficient to stop her, while the moist and muggy atmosphere and the heavy going were additional impediments in her way. Morna was as perfectly trained as Porter's horses usually are, but she is rather deficient in substance, and strength was wanted this day, as well as quality, to struggle through the tenacious mud at the finish. Martinique was the most improved filly in the early part of the season, but she went amiss suddenly just before the One Thousand, and the time that has elapsed since seemed scarcely sufficient for her to have regained her form. Crocus, on the contrary, had made immense improvement during the month. At Newmarket she looked a mere scarecrow, and her coat was as rough as a Scotch terrier's, but now her appearance was altogether different. The others scarcely deserve separate mention. Dryad was decorated with a hood and blinkers, and partook of a bottle of spirits—whisky, we believe—before the race; but a jade will always be a jade, and we have little faith in either blinkers or whisky. Besides, on her public running she had no pretensions to take a prominent part in the race. Brigantine, for instance, gave her 10 lbs. last autumn over the Rowley mile, and beat her by two lengths; yet, at that very time, Brigantine's wind was known to be affected. Curieuse and Miss Foote are known as speedy animals over short distances, and Minaret looks built for coming in last—a position for which, in any important race, she might be not imprudently supported. The canters were speedily got over, and Martinique, Morna, Brigantine, and Crocus were all more or less admired. The first in particular is a mare of beautiful action. There was fortunately little delay at the post, the flag falling after one false start, and the story of the race is soon told. Morna made all the running; Scottish Queen was beaten just like Belladrum at the top of the hill, and though she did not give up so utterly as he did, she was out of the race, as far as winning or being in the first three was concerned, a long way before Tattenham Corner. On entering the straight Morna, Brigantine, Martinique, Crocus, and Teeswater were the only ones left with a chance, and, the first two drawing away, the issue became a match between them. Up to the Stand, Morna had considerably the best of the struggle, but there the deepest dirt began, and then Brigantine came out, and, Beadsman's daughter being quite unable to work her way through the mire, the daughter of Buccaneer passed her and won, easily at the last, by two lengths. Martinique, six lengths from the second, ran into third place, but only by a neck from Crocus, whose forward position testified to the improvement she must have made since the One Thousand. It is, we should fancy, a curious fact in equine history, that an animal should so completely recover from a serious affection of the throat as to be able to compass the Derby course, under the most unpropitious circumstances of weather and of going, with such success. There is no doubt that Brigantine "made a noise" last autumn; but we are informed that her malady suddenly left her during the winter, and that she is now perfectly sound.

The Epsom programme was this year materially strengthened by the generous liberality of Mr. Studd, whose firmness in compelling the directors of the Grand Stand Association to part with a portion of the money of which they relieve the public, and whose disinterestedness in applying the greater part of the sum thus gained to the improvement of the week's sport, cannot be sufficiently commended. Mr. Studd gives twelve hundred and fifty pounds—seven hundred and fifty to the Walton Manor Stakes, and five hundred to the Six Mile Hill Handicap. The penalties and allowances in the former race make it partake of the nature of a handicap; otherwise, in the present degenerate state of the Turf, it would be impossible to ensure a contest even for so valuable a stake. The distance is the last mile and a quarter of the Derby course, and all the best horses of the day were entered; but, from various circumstances, only eight came to the post. Blue Gown is taking a well-deserved rest, and Knight of the Garter has at last succumbed, for the present, to the effects of the work he has done in the early months of the year. Some horses were reserved for the other race enriched by Mr. Studd's bounty, and some were going to start in the Derby. Hence, despite the value of the stakes, it so happened that the field dwindled down to eight. These were Trocadero, Vagabond, who took all the allowances, both as never having won and as a gelding, Rupert, the dark hope of Newmarket, Lumley, Vespasian, See-Saw, Leontes (better known as the colt by Tim Whiffler, out of Hermione), and one of the Young Melbourne fillies, out of Maid

of Masham, bequeathed by Lord Glasgow to Mr. Payne. The conditions of the race were purposely framed to prevent it from becoming a certainty for any distinguished winner; for though nominally, the horses were to carry weight for age, yet a Derby or St. Leger winner would be penalized 14 lbs., a winner of a stakes of 2,000 sovs. would have to carry 10 lbs. or of 400 sovs. 7 lbs. extra, while maidens were allowed 7 lbs. and geldings 3 lbs. Thus Vagabond, though of the same age as Lumley, received from him 17 lbs.; and Blue Gown, had he run would have had to carry 10 st. Accordingly, as in the Middle Park Plate, the conditions were all in favour of the animals receiving allowances, as the days of weight-carriers have nearly passed. If Vagabond had run up to his private form, or even up to the public form he showed for a mile and a half in the Metropolitan Handicap, the race must have been at his mercy; but he is the most arrant cur that ever disappointed an owner or trainer and though he came sailing up the straight with a clear lead, and might have had everything beaten at the distance, he refused to move a yard when called upon, and appeared more inclined to jump over the rails than to pass the winning-post. Consequently he allowed himself to be beaten by Trocadero, a good, honest, wear-and-tear horse, who was unpenalized, although he must have won many stakes on the Continent of the value of a thousand pounds or upwards. Rupert made his *début* in this race. We noticed last week how prominently he ran in the Derby, and certainly, if he had been properly ridden, he would have been successful on the day before. When lying pretty well up with his horses, he was suddenly pulled back into the extreme rear, and then, when seemingly out of the race, was sent out again at the last moment, and made up an immense deal of ground, finishing third. Any one can imagine how difficult it is for a big unfurnished horse to recover himself, after having been once pulled out of his stride; but when we saw him come again, pass his horses one by one, and finish full of running, we felt convinced that there was the making of a racehorse in him. With health and a better rider, Rupert will distinguish himself next year over a long course. Far better, in point of numbers, was the field for the Six Mile Hill Handicap, for which nineteen started, including Hermit, Martyrdom, Trocadero (with 7 lbs. extra), and The Ægean. The remainder were of not more than average handicap ability, and Nine Elms, 5 yrs., 6 st. 10 lbs., the most favoured of all, secured an easy victory from Martyrdom, nothing else being near the pair. It appears as if Hermit, the luckiest Derby winner of modern times, would never again win so much as a fifty-pound plate. Though the speculative aspects of racing are out of our province, we may mention, as a curious fact, that out of nineteen runners not one could be selected as favourite; but this does not say much for their goodness.

There was little else during the week that claims remark except the two-year-old racing. The Woodcote is the first important two-year-old race of the season, and it will be remembered that last year Mr. Merry won it with Belladrum, who forthwith was elevated to a position among the Derby aspirants, which he held for nearly nine months. This year the race again fell to Mr. Merry, by the aid of Sunshine, a very light bay filly by Thormanby, out of Sunbeam, who beat her nineteen antagonists with consummate ease. She is not exactly a beauty, for her colour is somewhat against her, but she is finely framed, and with plenty of room for growth. She ran rather raw, and had to be roused up at the finish, but when once called upon, she raced away and won in a canter. Mr. Merry's good luck with his two-year-olds is as remarkable as his bad luck with his three-year-olds. We do not fancy that the field behind Sunshine was as good as that behind Belladrum last year; but still there were several—Mahonia, for instance, Elsham, and Bruce—who will much improve on their performance last week. Mr. Graham had nothing running, and we must wait awhile before attempting to judge of the relative merits of the leading two-year-olds. Pâté beat Guy Dayrell and Roquefort on the Thursday, because the distance exactly suited her, and Roquefort beat Pâté in return on the Friday, partly because the distance, three-quarters of a mile, was more suited to him, and partly because on such heavy ground it was impossible to expect the filly to give him 10 lbs. Pâté is a brilliant half-miler, but Roquefort, we are inclined to think, will prove a good horse over any considerable distance. Elferon ran more than once during the week, but is quite done up already by constant work.

Quite a panic was created on Monday by the propagation of a report that Mr. Sadler, the nominator of Pretender for the Derby, had died before the day of that race. His friends displayed an unwonted anxiety as to his bodily health, and the telegraph-wires were occupied during an entire morning by messages from Jones, London, to Sadler, Doncaster—"Are you alive?"—to which Sadler, Doncaster, replied with pardonable tautology—"I am quite well, and in good health." The fact is that if Sadler, Doncaster, had been removed from this world before May 26th, or even at five minutes to three on the afternoon of that day, Pretender would have been disqualified for the Derby, and the stakes and bets would have been paid to the owner and backers of Pero Gomez. Hence this strange exhibition of humanity on the part of the frequenters of Tattersall's. The rule that a nomination for the Derby should become void by the death of the nominator is so obviously unreasonable, that it will probably be abrogated at no distant time. The purchaser takes on himself all liabilities to which his purchase may be subject; he ought, therefore, in all justice, to acquire all the privileges also.

At the meeting of the Jockey Club, at the end of last week, Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Chaplin brought forward their resolutions on the subject of two-year-old racing. They had previously recommended them to the public judgment in a very able and argumentative letter published in the leading daily and sporting papers. They showed that though there are twice as many foals now as in 1843, and though the country is covered with a network of railways, the number of runners has not proportionately increased, but that there are four times as many two-year-old runners, six times as many short races, and only half as many races of two miles and over. While not disposed to believe that the breed of horses has degenerated at present, they expressed themselves as convinced that, if the present system should be persisted in for twenty years more, the degeneration so often prophesied would be surely effected. On these grounds they urged that no two-year-olds should be allowed to run before the 1st of July. Lord Derby was not present at the meeting, but addressed a letter to Sir Joseph Hawley giving his cordial approval to the proposed alteration. But Lord Derby went far deeper into the question of the evils that are threatening the very existence of the Turf as a national institution, and showed most convincingly that, bad as the early racing of two-year-olds is, it is only one of many Turf vices:—

> I take it that the deterioration of the Turf in public estimation, of which there is no doubt, is mainly owing to the fact that the majority of horses are now in the possession of men who run for profit and not for sport, who care nothing for the animal horse, who cannot afford to wait for a return of their money, but who, in the language of the Manchester school, prefer "a nimble ninepence to a slow shilling," and in whose hands a wretched animal, especially if not quite so wretched as he is thought, is as valuable as one of a high class, if not more so.

If these words are true, of which we have no doubt, we cannot be surprised at the non-acceptance of Sir J. Hawley's resolutions. Nay, more; we are surprised rather that even so limited a reform as the abolition of two-year-old racing before the 1st of May was adopted by a body so much interested in the retention of the present system. For Lord Derby's words apply unfortunately to many members of the Jockey Club as much as to many less distinguished owners of racehorses. Let any one look through the roll of the Club, and judge for himself. Some of its members, like Lord Derby, are in dignified retirement; some are in retirement by no means dignified. Of the thirty members whose colours are seen more or less frequently on race-courses, twenty at least are men who cannot afford to keep large studs without taking every legitimate means for getting their expenses back. Probably the three richest men on the Turf, after Baron Rothschild, are Mr. Naylor, Mr. Jardine, and Mr. Merry; and not one of the three is admitted into a Club on whose list names which there is unfortunately no occasion to specify are permitted to remain. It is scarcely likely that a body so constituted, among the active members of which wealth is almost the exception, and poverty or something worse than poverty almost the rule, should consent to a change the first result of which would be to increase considerably the expenses of a stud, to postpone the profits, and to make the competition for those profits more severe, and thus the chances of obtaining them more uncertain. Excellent as were Sir Joseph Hawley's resolutions in theory and spirit, it appears to us that he and Mr. Chaplin attempted to put the cart before the horse. Before we can hope to see the breed of horses improved, the breed of owners must be improved. Before the Jockey Club can reform the Turf, it must reform itself. Lord Derby pleaded his long and total retirement from the Turf as an excuse for not attending the meeting of the Jockey Club; but it strikes us that there are members of that Club whom he might not wish to meet. When merit, as well as birth, is considered in the selection or rejection of candidates for seats in the Supreme Council of the Turf, and when commoners who lavish thousands on racing are not superciliously excluded from it on account of their supposed connexion with commerce, better days may come. A better class of owners will be attracted to the Turf—men of substance, and not men of straw, men who will study the interests of their horses as well as of themselves, and who will use them otherwise than as mere instruments of gaming. It will not then be a matter of reproach that so many of our racehorses are in the hands of reckless spendthrifts, bill-discounters, publicans, and, for the matter of that, sinners too.

REVIEWS.

NEWMAN'S PAROCHIAL SERMONS.*

DR. NEWMAN'S Sermons stand by themselves in modern English literature; it might be said, in English literature generally. There have been equally great masterpieces of English writing in this form of composition, and there have been preachers whose theological depth, acquaintance with the heart, earnestness, tenderness, and power have not been inferior to his. But the great writers do not touch, pierce, and get hold of minds as he does, and those who are famous for the power and results of their preaching do not write as he does. His sermons have done more perhaps than any one thing to mould and quicken and brace the religious

* *Parochial and Plain Sermons.* By John Henry Newman, B.D., formerly Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. Edited by W. J. Copeland, B.D. 8 vols. London: Rivingtons. 1868.

temper of our time; they have acted with equal force on those who were nearest and on those who were furthest from him in theological opinion. They have altered the whole manner of feeling towards religious subjects. We know now that they were the beginning, the signal and first heave, of a vast change that was to come over the subject; of a demand from religion of a thorough-going reality of meaning and fulfilment, which is familiar to us, but was new when it was first made. And, being this, these sermons are also among the very finest examples of what the English language of our day has done in the hands of a master. Sermons of such intense conviction and directness of purpose, combined with such originality and perfection on their purely literary side, are rare everywhere. Remarkable instances, of course, will occur to every one of the occasional exhibition of this combination, but not in so sustained and varied and unfailing a way. Between Dr. Newman and the great French school there is this difference—that they are orators, and he is as far as anything can be in a great preacher from an orator. Those who remember the tones and the voice in which the sermons were heard at St. Mary's—we may refer to Professor Shairp's striking account in his volume on Keble, and to a recent article in the *Dublin Review*—can remember how utterly unlike an orator in all outward ways was the speaker who so strangely moved them. The notion of judging of Dr. Newman as an orator never crossed their minds. And this puts a difference between him and a remarkable person whose name has sometimes been joined with his—Mr. F. Robertson. Mr. Robertson was a great preacher, but he was not a writer.

It is difficult to realize at present the effect produced originally by these sermons. The first feeling was that of the difference in manner from the customary sermon. People knew what an eloquent sermon was, or a learned sermon, or a philosophical sermon, or a sermon full of doctrine or pious unction. Chalmers and Edward Irving and Robert Hall were familiar names; the University pulpit and some of the London churches had produced examples of forcible argument and severe and finished composition; and of course instances were abundant everywhere of the good, sensible, commonplace discourse; of all that was heavy, dull, and dry, and of all that was ignorant, wild, fanatical, and irrational. But no one seemed to be able, or to be expected, unless he avowedly took the buffoonery line which some of the Evangelical preachers affected, to speak in the pulpit with the directness and straightforward unconventionality with which men speak on the practical business of life. With all the thought and vigour and many beauties which were in the best sermons, there was always something forced, formal, artificial about them, something akin to that mild pomp which usually attended their delivery, with beadles in gowns ushering the preacher to the carpeted pulpit steps, with velvet cushions, and with the rustle and fulness of his robes. No one seemed to think of writing a sermon as he would write an earnest letter. A preacher must approach his subject in a kind of roundabout make-believe of preliminary and preparatory steps, as if he was introducing his hearers to what they had never heard of; make-believe difficulties and objections were overthrown by make-believe answers, an unnatural position both in speaker and hearers, an unreal state of feeling and view of facts, a systematic conventional exaggeration, seemed almost impossible to be avoided; and those who tried to escape being laboured and grandiloquent only escaped it, for the most part, by being vulgar or slovenly. The strong severe thinkers, jealous for accuracy, and loathing clap-trap as they loathed loose argument, addressed and influenced intelligence; but sermons are meant for heart and souls as well as minds, and to the heart, with its trials and its burdens, men like Whately never found their way. Those who remember the preaching of those days, before it began to be influenced by the sermons at St. Mary's, will call to mind much that was interesting, much that was ingenious, much correction of inaccurate and confused views, much manly encouragement to high principle and duty, much of refined and scholarlike writing. But for soul and warmth, and the imaginative and poetical side of the religious life, you had to go where thought and good sense were not likely to be satisfied. The contrast of Mr. Newman's preaching was not obvious at first. The outside form and look was much that of the regular best Oxford type—calm, clear, and lucid in expression, strong in its grasp, measured in statement, and far too serious to think of rhetorical ornament. But by degrees much more opened. The range of experience from which the preacher drew his materials, and to which he appealed, was something wider, subtler, and more delicate than had been commonly dealt with in sermons. With his strong, easy, exact, elastic language, the instrument of a powerful and argumentative mind, he plunged into the deep realities of the inmost spiritual life, of which cultivated preachers had been shy. He preached so that he made you feel without doubt that it was the most real of worlds to him; he made you feel in time, in spite of yourself, that it was a real world with which you too had concern. He made you feel that he knew what he was speaking about; that his reasonings and appeals, whether you agreed with them or not, were not the language of that heated enthusiasm with which the world is so familiar; that he was speaking words which were the result of intellectual scrutiny, balancings, and decisions, as well as of moral trials, of conflicts and suffering within; words of the utmost soberness belonging to deeply gauged and earnestly formed purposes. The effect of his sermons, as compared with the common run at the time, was something like what happens when in a company you have a number of people giving their views and answers about some question before them. You have opinions given of various worth and expressed with varying power, precision, and distinctness, some clever enough, some clumsy enough, but all more or less imperfect and unattractive in tone, and more or less falling short of their aim; and then, after it all, comes a voice, very grave, very sweet, very sure and clear, under whose words the discussion springs up at once to a higher level, and in which we recognise at once a mind face to face with realities, and able to seize them and hold them fast.

The first notable feature in the external form of this preaching was its terse unceremonious directness. Putting aside the verbiage and dulled circumlocution and stiff hazy phraseology of pulpit etiquette and dignity, it went straight to its point. There was no waste of time about customary formalities. The preacher had something to say, and with a kind of austere severity he proceeded to say it. This, for instance, is the sort of way in which a sermon would begin:—

> Hypocrisy is a serious word. We are accustomed to consider the hypocrite as a hateful, despicable character, and an uncommon one. How is it, then, that our Blessed Lord, when surrounded by an innumerable multitude, began, *first of all*, to warn His disciples against hypocrisy, as though they were in especial danger of becoming like those base deceivers the Pharisees? Thus an instructive subject is opened to our consideration, which I will now pursue.—Vol I. Serm. x.

The next thing was that, instead of rambling and straggling over a large subject, each sermon seized a single thought, or definite view, or real difficulty or objection, and kept closely and distinctly to it; and at the same time treated it with a largeness and grasp and ease which only a full command over much beyond it could give. Every sermon had a purpose and an end which no one could misunderstand. Singularly devoid of anything like excitement—calm, even, self-controlled—there was something in the preacher's resolute concentrated way of getting hold of a single defined object which reminded you of the rapid spring or unerring swoop of some strong-limbed or swift-winged creature on its quarry. Whatever you might think that he did with it, or even if it seemed to escape from him, you could have no doubt what he sought to do; there was no wavering, confused, uncertain bungling in that powerful and steady hand. Another feature was the character of the writer's English. We have learned to look upon Dr. Newman as one of the half-dozen or so of the innumerable good writers of the time who have fairly left their mark as masters on the language. Little, assuredly, as the writer originally thought of such a result, the sermons have proved a permanent gift to our literature, of the purest English, full of spring, clearness, and force. A hasty reader would perhaps at first only notice a very light, strong, easy touch, and might think, too, that it was a negligent one. But it was not negligence; real negligence means at bottom bad work, and bad work will not stand the trial of time. There are two great styles—the self-conscious, like that of Gibbon or Macaulay, where great success in expression is accompanied by an unceasing and manifest vigilance that expression shall succeed, and where you see at each step that there is or has been much care and work in the mind, if not on the paper, and the unconscious, like that of Pascal or Swift or Hume, where nothing suggests at the moment that the writer is thinking of anything but his subject, and where the power of being able to say just what he wants to say seems to come at the writer's command, without effort, and without his troubling himself more about it than about the way in which he holds his pen. But both are equally the fruit of hard labour and honest persevering self-correction; and it is soon found out whether the apparent negligence comes of loose and slovenly habits of mind, or whether it marks the confidence of one who has mastered his instrument, and can forget himself and let himself go in using it. The free unconstrained movement of Dr. Newman's style tells any one who knows what writing is of a very keen and exact knowledge of the subtle and refined secrets of language. With all that uncared-for play and simplicity, there was a fulness, a richness, a curious delicate music, quite instinctive and unsought for; above all, a precision and sureness of expression which people soon began to find were not within the power of most of those who tried to use language. Such English, graceful with the grace of nerve, flexibility, and power, must always have attracted attention; but it had also an ethical element which was almost inseparable from its literary characteristics. Two things powerfully determined the style of these sermons. One was the intense hold which the vast realities of religion had gained on the writer's mind, and the perfect truth with which his personality sank and faded away before their overwhelming presence; the other was the strong instinctive shrinking, which was one of the most remarkable and certain marks of the beginners of the Oxford movement, from anything like personal display, any conscious aiming at the ornamental and brilliant, any show of gifts or courting of popular applause. Morbid and excessive or not, there can be no doubt of the stern self-containing severity which made them turn away, not only with fear, but with distaste and repugnance, from all that implied distinction or seemed to lead to honour; and the control of this austere spirit is visible, in language as well as matter, in every page of Dr. Newman's sermons.

Indeed, form and matter are clearly connected in the sermons, and depend one on another, as they probably do in all work of a high order. The matter makes and shapes the form with which it clothes itself. The obvious thing which presents itself in reading them is that, from first to last, they are a great systematic attempt to raise the whole level of religious thought and religious life. They carry in them the evidence of a great reaction and a scorn-

ful indignant rising up against what were going about and were currently received as adequate ideas of religion. The dryness and primness and meagreness of the common Church preaching, correct as it was in its outlines of doctrine, and sober and temperate in tone, struck cold on a mind which had caught sight, in the New Testament, of the spirit and life of its words. The recoil was even stronger from the shallowness and pretentiousness and self-display of what was popularly accepted as earnest religion; morally the preacher was revolted at its unctuous boasts and pitiful performance, and intellectually by its narrowness and meanness of thought and its thinness of colour in all its pictures of the spiritual life. From first to last, in all manner of ways, the sermons are a protest, first against coldness, but even still more against meanness, in religion. With coldness they have no sympathy, yet coldness may be broad and large and lofty in its aspects, but they have no tolerance for what makes religion little and poor and superficial, for what contracts its horizon and dwarfs its infinite greatness and vulgarizes its mystery. Open the sermons where we will, different readers will rise from them with very different results; there will be among many the strongest and most decisive disagreement, there may be impatience at dogmatic harshness, indignation at what seems overstatement and injustice, rejection of arguments and conclusions, but there will always be the sense of an unfailing nobleness in the way in which the writer thinks and speaks. It is not only that he is in earnest, it is that he has something which really is worth being in earnest for. He placed the heights of religion very high. If you have a religion like Christianity—this is the pervading note—think of it, and have it, worthily. People will differ from the preacher endlessly as to how this is to be secured. But that they will learn this lesson from the sermons, with a force with which few other writers have taught it, and that this lesson has produced its effect in our time, there can be no doubt. The only reason why it may not perhaps seem so striking to readers of this day is that the sermons have done their work, and we do not feel what they had to counteract, because they have succeeded in great measure in counteracting it. It is not too much to say that they have done more than anything else to revolutionize the whole idea of preaching in the English Church. Mr. Robertson, in spite of himself, was as much the pupil of their school as Mr. Liddon, though both are so widely different from their master.

The theology of these sermons is a remarkable feature about them. It is remarkable in this way, that, coming from a teacher like Dr. Newman, it is nevertheless a theology which most religious readers, except the Evangelicals and some of the more extreme Liberal thinkers, can either accept heartily or be content with, as they would be content with St. Augustine or Thomas à Kempis—content, not because they go along with it always, but because it is large and untechnical, just and well-measured in the proportions and relative importance of its parts. People of very different opinions turn to them, as being on the whole the fullest, deepest, most comprehensive approximation they can find to representing Christianity in a practical form. Their theology is nothing new; nor does it essentially change, though one may observe differences, and some important ones, in the course of the volumes, which embrace a period from 1825 to 1842. It is curious, indeed, to observe how early the general character of the sermons was determined, and how in the main it continues the same. Some of the first in point of date are among the "Plain Sermons", and though they may have been subsequently retouched, yet there the keynote is plainly struck of that severe and solemn minor which reigns throughout. Then theology is throughout the accepted English theology of the Prayer-book and the great Church divines—a theology fundamentally dogmatic and sacramental, but jealously keeping the balance between obedience and faith, learned, exact, and measured, but definite and decided. The novelty was in the application of it, in the new life breathed into it, in the profound and intense feelings called forth by its ideas and objects, in the air of vastness and awe thrown about it, in the unexpected connexion of its creeds and mysteries with practical life, in the new meaning given to the old and familiar, in the acceptance in thorough earnest, and with keen purpose to call it into action, of what had been guarded and laid by with dull reverence. Dr. Newman can hardly be called in these sermons an innovator on the understood and recognised standard of Anglican doctrine; he accepted its outlines as Bishop Wilson, for instance, might have traced them. What he did was first to call forth from it what it really meant, the awful heights and depths of its current words and forms; and next, to put beside them human character and its trials, not as they were conventionally represented and written about, but as a piercing eye and sympathizing spirit saw them in the light of our nineteenth century, and in the contradictory and complicated movements, the efforts and failures, of real life. He took theology for granted, as a Christian preacher has a right to do, he does not prove it, and only occasionally meets difficulties, or explains; but, taking it for granted, he took it at its word, in its relation to the world of actual experience.

Utterly dissatisfied with what he found current as religion, Dr. Newman sought, without leaving the old paths, to put before people a strong and energetic religion based, not on feeling or custom, but on reason and conscience; and answering, in the vastness of its range, to the mysteries of human nature, and in its power to man's capacities and aims. The Liberal religion of that day, with its ideas of natural theology or cold critical Unitarianism, was a very shallow one; the Evangelical, trusting to excitement, had worn out its excitement and had reached the stage when its formulas, poor ones at the best, had become words without meaning. Such views might do in quiet, easy-going times, if religion were an exercise at will of imagination or thought, an indulgence, an ornament, an understanding, a fashion; not if it corresponded to such a state of things as is implied in the Bible, or to man's many-sided nature as it is shown in Shakspeare. The sermons reflect with merciless force the popular, superficial, comfortable thing called religion which the writer saw before him wherever he looked, and from which his mind recoiled. Such sermons as those on the "Self-wise Enquirer" and the "Religion of the Day," with its famous passage about the age not being sufficiently "gloomy and fierce in its religion," have the one-sided and unmeasured exaggeration which seems inseparable from all strong expressions of conviction, and from all deep and vehement protests against general faults; but, qualify and limit them as we may, their pictures were not imaginary ones, and there was, and is, but too much to justify them. From all this trifling with religion the sermons called on men to look into themselves. They appealed to conscience; and they appealed equally to reason and thought, to recognise what conscience is, and to deal honestly with it. They viewed religion as it projected on a background of natural and moral mystery, and surrounded by it—an infinite scene, in which our knowledge is like the Andes and Himalaya in comparison with the mass of the earth, and in which conscience is our final guide and arbiter. No one ever brought out so impressively the sense of the impenetrable and tremendous vastness of that amid which man plays his part. In such sermons as those on the "Intermediate State," the "Invisible World," the "Greatness and Littleness of Human Life," the "Individuality of the Soul," the "Mysteriousness of our Present Being," we may see exemplified the enormous irruption into the world of modern thought of the unknown and the unknowable, as much as in the writers who, with far different objects, set against it the clearness and certainty of what we do know. But, beyond all, the sermons appealed to men to go back into their own thoughts and feelings, and there challenged them; were not the preacher's words the echoes and interpreting images of their own deepest, possibly most perplexing and baffling, experience? From first to last this was his great engine and power, from first to last he boldly used it. He claimed to read their hearts; and people felt that he did read them, their follies and their aspirations, the blended and tangled web of earnestness and dishonesty, of wishes for the best and truest, and acquiescence in makeshifts, understating what ordinary preachers make much of, bringing into prominence what they pass by without being able to see or to speak of it, keeping before his hearers the risk of mismanaging their hearts, of "all kinds of unlawful treatment of the soul." What a contrast to ordinary ways of speaking on a familiar theological doctrine is this way of bringing it into immediate relation to real feeling:—

> It is easy to speak of human nature as corrupt in the general, to admit it in the general, and then get quit of the subject, as if, the doctrine being once [illegible]itted, there was nothing more to be done with it. But, in truth, [illegible] [illegible] of the doc[illegible] [illegible]upt[illegible] [illegible] the structure of our minds, part by part, and dwell upon and draw out the [illegible] of our weakness, inconsistency, and ungodliness, which are such as can arise from nothing but some strange original defect in our original nature. [illegible] We are in the dark about ourselves. When we act, we are groping in the dark, and may meet with a fall any moment. Here and there, perhaps, we see a little, or in our attempts to influence and move our minds, we are making experiments (as it were) with some delicate and dangerous instrument, which works we do not know how, and may produce unexpected and [d]isastrous effects. [T]he management of our hearts is quite above u[s]. Under these circumstances [i]t becomes us to look up to God. "Thou, God, seest us." Such was the con[so]lation of the forlorn Hagar in the wilderness. He knoweth whereof we are made, and He alone can uphold us. He sees with most appalling distinctness all our sins, all the windings and recesses of evil within [illegible] only comfort to know this, and to trust Him for help against ourselves.—Vol. i. Serm. xiii.

The preacher contemplates human nature, not in the stiff formal language in which it had become conventional with divines to set out its shortcomings and dangers, but as a great novelist contemplates and tries to describe it; taking in all its real contradictions and anomalies, its subtle and delicate shades; fixing upon the things which strike us in ourselves or our neighbours as ways of acting and marks of character; following it through its wide and varying range, its diversified and hidden folds and subtle self-involving realities of feeling and shiftiness; touching it in all its complex sensibilities, anticipating its dim consciousnesses, half-raising veils which hide what it instinctively shrinks from, sending through it unexpected thrills and shocks; large-hearted in indulgence, yet exacting; most tender, yet most severe. And against all this real play of nature he sets in their full force and depth the great ideas of God, of sin, and of the Cross; and, appealing not to the intelligence of an aristocracy of choice natures, but to the needs and troubles and longings which make all men one, he claimed men's common sympathy for the heroic in purpose and standard. He warned them against being fastidious, where they should be hardy. He spoke in a way that all could understand of brave ventures, of resolutely committing themselves to truth and duty.

The most practical of sermons, the most real and natural in their way of dealing with life and conduct, they are also intensely dogmatic. The writer's whole teaching presupposes, as we all know, a dogmatic religion; and these sermons are perhaps the best vindication of it which our time, disposed to think of dogmas with suspicion, has seen. For they show, on a large scale and in actual working instances, how what is noblest, most elevated, most poetical, most free and searching in a thinker's way of regarding the wonderful scene of life, falls in naturally, and without strain, with a great dogmatic system like that of the Church. Such an

example does not prove that system to be true, but it proves that a dogmatic system, as such, is not the cast-iron, arbitrary, artificial thing which it is often assumed to be. It is, indeed, the most shallow of all commonplaces, intelligible in ordinary minds, but unaccountable in those of high power and range, whether they believe or not, that a dogmatic religion is of course a hard, dry, narrow, unreal religion, without any affinities to poetry or the truth of things, or to the deeper and more sacred and powerful of human thoughts. If dogmas are not true, that is another matter; but it is the fashion to imply that dogmas are worthless, mere things of the past, without sense or substance or interest, because they are dogmas. As if Dante was not dogmatic in form and essence; as if the grandest and worthiest religious prose in the English language was not that of Hooker, nourished up amid the subtleties, but also amid the vast horizons and solemn heights, of scholastic divinity. A dogmatic system is hard in hard hands, and shallow in shallow minds, and barren in dull ones, and unreal and empty to pre-occupied and unsympathizing ones; we dwarf and distort ideas that we do not like, and when we have put them in our own shapes and in our own connexion, we call them unmeaning or impossible. Dogmas are bu expedients, common to all great departments of human thought, and felt in all to be necessary, for representing what are believed as truths, for exhibiting their order and consequences, for expressing the meaning of terms, and the relations of thought. If they are wrong, they are, like everything else in the world, open to be proved wrong; if they are inadequate, they are open to correction; but it is idle to sneer at them for being what they must be, if religious facts and truths are to be followed out by the thoughts and expressed by the language of man. And what dogmas are in unfriendly and incapable hands is no proof of what they may be in those who approach them as things instinct with truth and life; it is no measure of the way in which they may be inextricably interwoven with the most unquestionably living thought and feeling, as in th sermons. Jealous, too, as the preacher is for Church doctrines as the springs of Christian life, no writer of our time perhaps ha so emphatically and impressively recalled the narrow limits within which human language can represent Divine realities. No one that we know of shows that he has before his mind with such intense force and distinctness the idea of God; and in proportion as a mind takes in and submits itself to the impression of that awful vision, the gulf widens between all possible human words and that which they attempt to express:—

> When we have deduced what we deduce by our reason for the study visible nature, and then read what [illegible] His [illegible] id, and find the two apparently discordant, this is the [illegible] ng which I think we ought to have in our minds—not an impatience to d[illegible] beyond [illegible] to weigh evidence, sum up, balance, decide, r[illegible] the two voices of God, but a sense of the utt[illegible] as we are, our plain and absolute incapacity t[illegible] mplate things *as they really are*, a perception of our emptiness before the great vis[illegible] God, of our "comeliness being turned into corruption, and our retaining no strength," a conviction that what is put before us, whether [illegible] nature or in grace, is but an intimation, useful for particular purposes, useful for practice, useful in its department, "until the day break and the shadows flee away", useful in such a way that the one and the othe[illegible] be used, as two languages, as two separate approximations towards the Awful Unknown Truth, such as will not mislead us in their respective provinces—Vol ii Serm. xviii
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> "I cannot persuade myself," he says, commenting on a mysterious text of Scripture, "thus to dismiss so solemn a passage" (*i.e.* by saying that it is "all figurative"). "It seems a presumption to say of dim notices about the unseen world, 'they only mean this or that,' as if one had ascended into the third heaven, or had stood before the throne of God. No, I see herein a deep mystery, a hidden truth, which I cannot handle or define, shining 'as jewels at the bottom of the great deep,' darkly and tremulously, yet really there And for this very reason, while it is neither pious nor thankful to explain away the words which convey it, while it is a duty to use them, not less a duty is it to use them humbly, diffidently, and teachably, with the thought of God before us, and of our own nothingness.—Vol. iii Serm. xxv.

There are two great requisites for treating properly the momentous questions and issues which have been brought before our generation. The first is accuracy—accuracy of facts, of terms, of reasoning; plain close dealing with questions in their real and actual conditions; clear, simple, honest, measured statements about things as we find them. The other is elevation, breadth, range of thought; a due sense of what these questions mean and involve; a power of looking at things from a height; a sufficient taking into account of possibilities, of our ignorance, of the real proportions of things. We have plenty of the first; we are for the most part lamentably deficient in the second. And of this, these sermons are, to those who have studied them, almost unequalled examples. Many people, no doubt, would rise from their perusal profoundly disagreeing with their teaching; but no one, it seems to us, could rise from them—with their strong effortless freedom, their lofty purpose, their generous standard, their deep and governing appreciation of divine things, their thoroughness, their unselfishness, their purity, their austere yet piercing sympathy—and not feel his whole ways of thinking about religion permanently enlarged and raised. He will feel that he has been with one who "told him what he knew about himself and what he did not know; has read to him his wants or feelings, and comforted him by the very reading; has made him feel that there was a higher life than this life, and a brighter world than we can see; has encouraged him, or sobered him, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed." They show a man who saw very deeply into the thought of his time, and who, if he partly recoiled from it and put it back, at least equally shared it. Dr. Newman has been accused of being out of sympathy with his age, and of disparaging it. In reality, no one has proved himself more keenly sensitive to its greatness and its wonders; only he believed that he saw something greater still. We are not of those who can accept the solution which he has accepted of the great problems which haunt our society; but he saw better than most men what those problems demand, and the variety of their often conflicting conditions. Other men, perhaps, have succeeded better in what they aimed at; but no one has attempted more, with powers and disinterestedness which justified him in attempting it. The movement which he led, and of which these sermons are the characteristic monument, is said to be a failure; but there are failures, and even mistakes, which are worth many successes of other sorts, and which are more fruitful and permanent in their effects.

GRAHAM'S BOOK ABOUT WORDS.*

ANOTHER "Book about Words." Hardly a week passes but some "Book about Words" comes before us in the way of business—a fact which at least seems to show that the study of language is gaining a hold on the public mind. And the state of mind in which Mr. Graham writes is remarkable. It was, we think, Pascal who, when a boy, invented the science of geometry for himself and worked out a great number of propositions quite rightly without having seen or heard of Euclid's Elements So Mr. Graham, unless he strangely belies himself, knows nothing of Grimm's Law from books, but he has gone a good way towards finding it out for himself by his own mother-wit. He very often makes the truest remarks about the interchange of letters, but he makes them as remarks, as if they were something which had struck himself, but which might or might not have struck anybody else.

> Affinities [Mr. Graham tells us] also exist between certain letters of the alphabet, and this relationship may be often seen in words transferred from one language to another. For example, the labials, or lip-letters, are frequently interchanged Many English words beginning with an F are derived from Latin (or French) words having a *P* initial

He then gives a list of words, most of which, as *father*, *fish*, *foot*, *few*, are very well chosen, only it is plain that Mr. Graham does not fully distinguish between words derived from the Latin and words cognate with the Latin. "Another affinity," he goes on to say, "may be observed between *g* and *w*." This he shows by pointing out that "many French words beginning with a *g* guttural represent that letter in English by a *w*." *Garde*, *gaultier*, *guerre*, &c, are of course the examples, but it is not clear whether Mr. Graham knows that these are Teutonic words which have got into French. So again, he says most truly, "A relation is also to be seen between *c* guttural and *h* aspirate. The *c* hard initial in the Romance languages is represented in the Teutonic languages by an *h*." We have of course *canis* and *hound* and other examples—but why not the most perfect of all, *καρδία*, *heart*, *herz*? Mr. Graham seems somehow to shirk Greek. So we are told, most truly, that "the German *z* initial often corresponds with the English *t*," and that "the German *t* initial corresponds with the English *d*." All these positions are very true, except that the relation between *g* and *w* of which Mr. Graham speaks is of a different kind from the others. The odd thing is that he seems to put out all these truths as original and unconnected observations of his own. Does he know, or does he not know, that they are all merely parts of a well-ascertained system, about which no philologist has any doubts? Mr. Graham is something like the Spartan Isidas, whom the Ephors crowned for the valour which he showed in battle, but at the same time fined for going to battle without proper armour. So we are ready to crown Mr. Graham for having gone so near towards finding out Grimm's Law for himself, but at the same time we must fine him for not knowing that Grimm's Law has been long ago found out by other people. The state of mind is a curious one. We believe it is really not uncommon for students to make out detached pieces of Grimm's Law for themselves, just as Mr. Graham seems to have done. It is a thing very likely to happen when a learner who has some native philological tact is put, as in the present state of things he often will be put, under a teacher who has none. But such learners commonly come across the fully developed Grimm's Law sooner or later, and they then thankfully accept the finished shape of their own crude attempts. The odd thing is that a man should have reached the stage of writing a book, and a book which is certainly above the average of such books, without ever finding out that the whole thing was put into shape long ago.

Mr. Graham, then, is præ-scientific, but he is præ-scientific of the better sort—of the sort which, as we have said some weeks back, is not stiffly holding out against the truth, but gradually feeling its way towards it. Against such inquirers we have nothing to say, except that we doubt whether they have reached the stage at which they ought to write books. Now, does such a book as Mr. Graham's do more harm or good? We are not clear. Mr. Graham, though he makes some blunders, makes far fewer than usual. The particular propositions in his book are much oftener right than wrong. But, besides that he sometimes is wrong and seriously wrong, the whole thing lacks the order,

* *A Book about Words.* By G. F. Graham. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

clearness, and simplicity of a scientific treatment of the subject. We do want A B C books on most subjects; we specially want an A B C book of philology in general, and of English philology in particular. But then such an A B C book ought to embody in the simplest form the results of the latest and deepest philological research. Now Mr. Graham's book is a great improvement on the kind of thing which was usual some time back. Mr. Graham is many degrees above Lindley Murray and Mr. Washington Moon. He gives us what thirty years ago only a few very eminent people could have given us. Still, after all, it is not the real article. Then the question comes, Does anything short of the real article do more good or more harm? That is to say, Does it pave the way for something better, or does it simply hinder the way for something better? We do not profess to know. Most likely no universal assertion would be true. Such a book as Mr. Graham's most likely paves the way in some cases and hinders it in others.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Graham should have got beyond the regulation talk about "Saxon" and "the Saxon element," and the "English" language being formed at some late time or other—with Mr. Graham it is as late as the time of Edward the Third. It was not to be expected that he should fully understand the distinction between High-Dutch and Low-Dutch, or do otherwise than confound them under the general head of "German." If he had done otherwise, he would not have been præ-scientific, but scientific. Still it is weary and disappointing work to have to point out, in book after book, the same failure to master the very first elements of the subject, and that even when the author has, like Mr. Graham, given some thought and care to his subject. For instance, Mr. Graham has a chapter "On Latin and French Words," in which he draws some accurate distinctions, and makes remarks on many particular words which are very much to the purpose. But the whole is spoiled by the notion about a "Saxon element," and about "English" being formed in the fourteenth century. With such a way of talking, it is of course impossible to give any historical view of the successive Latin infusions into our language. First of all, there are the three or four words—to be safe, we will say the half-dozen words—which came in from the very beginning of the English Conquest. Then there are the ecclesiastical words which came in with Augustine. Then the reign of the Confessor gave us at least one word—namely, *castle*. Then there is the infusion which was a direct, though not an immediate, result of the Norman Conquest. These again form two classes. There are those words which have been thoroughly naturalized, which have thoroughly taken the form of native English words, and which it needs philological knowledge to distinguish from native English words. Such are *pray*, *money*, and *please*, which look just as natural as *say*, *honey*, and *tease*. There are others, even of what we may call the Norman class, which are not thus thoroughly broken in, but which still keep about them the signs of their foreign birth. Lastly, there are the inventions, needed and needless, of the time since the so-called Revival of Letters, which will again fall into several easy subdivisions. But it is clear that Mr. Graham, with his notions about "Saxon" and "English," could not possibly draw out an historical sketch of this kind. Nor could he bring in the fact that there is a real, though a very small, British infusion into English dating from the very beginning. And yet, after all this, the plain, simple, scientific truth begins to dawn on the m[ind] of Mr. Graham, just as it begins to dawn on the mind of Sir Edward Creasy. "In truth, Saxon is not so much an element as the very basis and foundation of English." When Mr. Graham has got so far as this a few more moments of thought will tell him that, as Mr. Graham when he was a little boy cannot be rightly called an "element" in his present self, so neither can he be rightly called his own "basis and foundation."

In the early part of his work Mr. Graham seems rather too much inclined to go after Mr. Wedgwood's *bow-wow* theory, which, soon as it breaks down, certainly has its attractions. As he goes on, he often reminds us of Archbishop Trench, frequently carrying out ideas started by him in greater detail and with greater richness of example. He also sometimes makes the same mistakes. It was more pardonable when the Archbishop wrote than it is now, not to know the real origin of the word *King*. The Archbishop founds a view upon it; while Mr. Graham first calmly puts it among "a numerous Saxon family," of which *ken*, *know*, *can*, and *cunning*—anything, in short, except *kin*—are the other kinsfolk. Afterwards Mr. Graham gives his view also, which improves on that of the Archbishop, and is at all events ingenious and comforting to Dutchmen of all sorts, High and Low.—

> It is worthy of observation that all nations do not express the same idea by the same form of word, *i.e.* that in different languages the same idea is often represented by a word of a distinctly different root. How comes it, we may ask, that the Romance languages of Europe, viz. French, Italian, Spanish, &c., all use forms of the originally same word to express their idea of "*king*," namely, roi, re, rey? These languages being off-shoots of Latin, the above words are all derived from the Latin "rex," from "rego," "I rule," or exert physical power. Now in the Teutonic languages of Europe—Dutch, German, English, &c.—we find this idea in a very different phase. "Konig," "Konig," "King." The root of these words may be found in "kennen," "to know." From this it would appear that the idea of a ruler in one class of nations was a physically strong man, who, by means of his bodily strength, could force his subjects to do his will. The Saxon for "king" was "cyning," from "cnawan" to know, *i.e.* one who "knew" better than his subjects or followers—who was superior to them in knowledge. We may, perhaps, conclude from this that the Romance nations regarded strength or physical power as the distinguishing quality of a ruler; whereas the Germanic tribes saw in their leader one who was able to guide them aright by his superior thought and judgment. The Romans looked to the hand, the Germans to the head, in this matter. Is it not likely that attention to such differences may throw some light on national characteristics?

We have a vague notion that it was Mr Carlyle who first started this most grotesque blunder; it is certain that Mr. Gladstone as well as Archbishop Trench fell into it. Whoever it was, it is very odd that so many people should have conspired to forbear reading Allen and Kemble, and to forget the ending of a Teutonic participle. In another place Mr. Graham enlarges, properly enough, on the fact that the popular names of foreign towns often differ from the real ones. But the instance which he chooses is funny enough. *Aix-la-chapelle*, he tells us, has been called *Aachen* "by the Prussians" from time immemorial. This is surely carrying bondage to the modern map further than we ever saw it carried before. What the "Prussians," strictly so called, may have called Aachen when the Prussian language was still spoken we have no means of knowing.

Our old friend *Church*, which turns up everywhere to vex us, turns up again in Mr. Graham in a very old-fashioned shape:—

> This word, though consisting of only one syllable, has in it the elements of two roots. It is of Greek origin, and signifies literally "the Lord's House." Κύριος (Kyrios) is the Greek for "Lord;" and οἶκος (oikos) means, in that language, "house," or "dwelling." Putting these two roots together we get "*Kyri-oik*." This, by a natural law, would contract into "kyrik." In Scotch we find "kirk," and in German "kirche." In English the guttural sound is softened, and the word appears as "*church*."

The *kyri-oik* is at all events quite new and really ingenious.

The universal misspelling of the word *Island*, one of the points on which we have hopelessly to bow to the printers' yoke, is dealt with by Mr Graham as well as by other people:—

> As an illustration of corruption arising from a false notion of its derivation, we may take the word "island." How did the *s* get into it? This *s* is not sounded, and yet it must be written. In the one word "island," there is a mixture of Latin and German. The first syllable is of Romance, and the second of Teutonic origin. The Latin for "island" is "insula," from "in" and "salo," the "salt," *i.e.* in the salt (sea, understood).

Thus far Mr. Graham seems really to believe that the word is a mongrel, but directly after, he proceeds to tell us quite rightly about *Ea-land*, and goes on:—

> In the earlier editions of *Paradise Lost*, the word always appears written "iland" (without the *s*), which points more clearly to its Saxon derivation, and is nearer in spelling to the modern German—"Eiland." The "*s*" was afterward inserted, from a mistaken notion that the word was of Latin, and not German, origin.

The notion that *insula* has something to do with *in salo*, and not with νῆσος and *ynys*, pretty well measures Mr. Graham's progress in Latin philology. One or two things in the book seem to show that it is meant for a somewhat lower class of readers than most books of the kind. For instance, Mr. Graham thinks it needful to give warnings against confounding *i* and *e*, and against sticking on an *r* to words which end in a vowel. Then there is something curious about this remark, "'*Bus* is now all we have left (at any rate, in ordinary conversation) of '*omnibus*.'" One is tempted to ask, as Mr Arnold asked of Mr. Francis Newman, "With whom can Mr. Graham have lived?" and it seems plain that Mr. Graham could hardly give so good an account of his early companions as Mr Newman could have given. It must be comforting both to Mr Arnold and to Mr. Newman to learn that "the word *fellow* in some cases retains a certain respectability, as when we speak of the 'Fellow of a college.'" We are not surprised at Mr. Graham's somewhat doubtful view as to the respectability of Fellows of Colleges when we read the following description of their every-day talk.—

> The Univ[ersities] also have their slang terms. The *graduates* use "crib" for a house, "dead [man]" [for an e]mpty wine-bottle, "governor," or "relieving-officer," for a father, "plucked," for defeated or rejected in an examination; and "row" for a disturbance.

We presume then that the Undergraduates of the present generation have mended their ways, and that, though they have cast aside their caps and gowns, yet their speech at least is more correct than that of their seniors. But that "governor," and above all "row," is peculiar to either Graduates or Undergraduates is quite news to us.

SISTERHOODS AND CONVENTS.*

WE have a decided objection, as a rule, to tales written "with a purpose," and especially a controversial purpose. They are always one-sided and almost always unjust. As for any argumentative force, they are of course utterly worthless. Now the book before us is emphatically, and indeed confessedly, written for a purpose, or rather for two purposes. In the first place it is designed to show the miserable failure of "Protestant Sisterhoods," and the admirable and all but invariable success of "Catholic Convents"; in the second place, it is intended to rebut any unfavourable inferences that may be drawn from the recent Saurin trial. The authoress certainly tells us in the preface that nothing could be further from her thoughts than to write "a retort on the Saurin case," and the disclaimer is repeated with tiresome iteration throughout the volume. But considering the frequent and pointed references to that case, and that a final chapter is expressly devoted to examining it and answering the comments of various newspapers, one cannot but feel that "the lady doth protest too much," though her unwillingness to allow that she has been

* *Five Years in a Protestant Sisterhood and Ten Ye[ars in a] Catholic Convent.* An Autobiography. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

labouring to prove what she has so conspicuously failed to establish is not unnatural. Nobody can object to her taking up the cudgels in defence of Mrs. Starr, if she thinks it desirable to do so; of the value of her defence we shall have something to say presently. But to the first and largest portion of her volume, describing her experience of Anglican sisterhoods, there is a fatal objection to be taken *in limine*. This is not a mere controversial tale, but a direct indictment of the gravest kind against certain persons, two especially, whom no one of the most ordinary information could have a moment's hesitation in identifying, even if there were not abundant indications, both in the preface and elsewhere, to guide him. Controversial novels are bad enough both as a matter of fairness and of good taste. Still, if people choose to write stories like *Father Clement* or *Father Oswald*, and find readers weak enough to be influenced by them, one can only regret the silliness and injustice of the procedure, and feel sure that in a game which two can play at the mischief will sooner or later cure itself. But the present volume while including all the worst faults of a polemical novel, expressly claims to be something more. It is an "autobiography," and the authoress assures us that, while "concealing the names of *persons* under fictitious titles for obvious reasons," she has "limited herself, as closely as possible, to the relation of circumstances of which she has had personal experience." She does not profess to be writing a story simply, but a narrative of actual facts, and claims authority for her statements accordingly, not as a fancy picture of Anglican convents and Anglican confessors, but as the deposition of a witness as to her own experience of them. Clearly, therefore, the whole value of the narrative hinges on the literal truth of the evidence volunteered. But this the deponent, who has thrust herself into the witness-box, gives us no opportunity of testing, since she has "for obvious reasons" concealed the names of the persons concerned as well as her own. That is to say—for it would be absurd to affect ignorance on the subject—she calls Dr. Pusey "Dr Smithson," Miss Sellon "Miss Jones," but no single reader can doubt, or can be intended to doubt, who are meant to be described under this transparent *alias*. The reasons for adopting it are, indeed, "obvious" enough. If the real names were used the writer would be liable to prosecution for libel, and might be called upon either to retract her statements—which are highly injurious to the characters of those concerned, Miss Sellon especially—or to prove them. We have heard something of the kind before. Two ladies, if we remember right, who once belonged to Miss Sellon's community, have published works under their own names containing various charges against her treatment of them. One of these works, by a Miss Goodman, is several times referred to with approbation in the present volume. Now we have no complaint to make against the conduct of these fair critics, whatever we may think of their discretion or good taste. Their statements were publicly brought forward, and could be publicly challenged. But what is to be said of an anonymous writer who brings far graver charges than any previously alleged, while, by giving fancy names—which, however, nobody can misunderstand—to the incriminated person, she makes it impossible for her indictment to be either verified or disproved? Of such conduct there can be no two opinions among upright men of any creed. It is at once contemptible and immoral.

We are not going to follow the writer through her description of Anglican Sisterhoods. If it merely claimed to be an imaginary picture, we should say it was in many respects a wildly improbable one. As it claims to be an authentic record of facts, it is enough to say here that we require further evidence before acknowledging its correctness. We know something of Dr. Pusey and of Miss Sellon, who have long been before the world, and we know nothing of their anonymous assailant. Meanwhile, it is obvious to observe that, even if every syllable of this malicious gossip could be authenticated, it would prove nothing to the writer's purpose. She tells us that "women are seldom close reasoners," and if any fresh illustration of so trite a truism were required, every page she has written would supply it. Because the Superior of one sisterhood was incompetent, and the community—which appears to have been the first of the kind established in the Church of England—imperfectly organized, and the Superior of another eccentric, selfish, and tyrannical, therefore there is no sort of resemblance between "a Protestant sister and a Catholic nun."—Q. E. D. And this, too, when the Saurin case is fresh in people's minds! Yet this is the whole argument of the book. Miss Sellon's alleged eccentricities prove all Anglican Sisterhoods to be a delusion and a sham, just as though all fruit was proved to be poisonous because a particular consumptive patient had died of a surfeit of unripe peaches. We may add that the writer seems to be strangely ill-informed about very simple matters in her new communion, on which she kindly condescends to enlighten the ignorance of her Protestant readers. "In the Catholic Church, vows"—and the context suggests that life-vows are meant—"are an *essential* condition of the religious state." Has the writer ever heard of the Béguines, who take no vows at all, or of other communities for works of mercy, where vows for a year only or five years are made, as is, we believe, the case in some of the Anglican Sisterhoods? Again, we are told that in Catholic convents there is *always* a "postulancy" of about six months before the newcomer is allowed to enter the noviciate. It may be so in England, though we doubt it. But we happen to know, on the best authority, of foreign convents, and these, too, of very severe Orders, where there is not a single day's postulancy, and the new candidate takes the veil as soon as she enters the house. There is, in fact, abundant evidence that the writer's acquaintance with Anglican convents is exclusively derived from those of which she was formerly an inmate, and her sole acquaintance with Catholic ones from that to which she now belongs. She occasionally parades her knowledge of Latin, and even goes out of her way in one place to quote a line of Horace. Yet one of her complaints of the arrangements of her first Anglican Sisterhood is that "the Hours were *not* marked by their Catholic titles. Tierce was called the Third Hour; Sext, the Sixth Hour; None, the Ninth Hour. There was," she naively adds, "a reason for this which I shall explain presently." The obvious reason, that "third" is English for *tertia*, "sixth" for *sexta*, and "ninth" for *nona*, she is apparently not aware of. Yet "the Hours" are said in Latin in every Roman Catholic convent, though probably not one nun in ten understands a word of it; and this, to the benighted intellect of Protestants, may seem hardly a more edifying method of devotion than being left for a fortnight to "reflect on four walls and one's own thoughts," which is here stated to be the Protestant manner of conducting "a retreat." Some notion of the style of controver-

part of the offices of that Church" (of England), because "it is significantly placed at the end of the Book of Common Prayer, as only an occasional service"; while the fact that Roman Catholic "priests were put to death for saying mass in Elizabeth's reign should at once convince any unprejudiced mind that no celebrations, whether high or low, were contemplated by the Reformers of the Anglican Church."

The first part of the book being devoted to describing the miseries of Miss Sellon's rule, the latter part depicts in glowing colours the unspeakable happiness of Catholic convent life in Ireland. It is highly characteristic of the writer's manner of arguing, that she meets the charge of idleness, often brought against the contemplative Orders, by observing that since the destruction of religious houses at the Reformation, many of the contemplative communities, including her own, have been obliged to assume some of the duties of the active Orders, in other words, the purely contemplative life is shown to be an excellent thing, because many of the professed contemplatives have ceased to practise it. The popular notion about "the mental calibre of a nun" is similarly disposed of by the fact that in England many nuns are obliged to undergo the examination of Government inspectors, while in Ireland they are under the National Board; "hence they cannot be uneducated." Clearly the authoress has learnt her logic in Ireland. The general inference intended to be drawn from this portion of the volume is that Miss Saurin's case was a rare, if not singular, exception, and that she herself was throughout wholly and solely in the wrong. A special chapter is added at the end to point the moral by overhauling the comments made on the trial—some, no doubt, foolish enough—by several religious newspapers. The argument might have been more convincing if, instead of arbitrarily assuming the guilt of Miss Saurin and the spotless excellence of Mrs. Starr, there had been some attempt to prove it. A great deal is made of the circumstance that Miss Saurin had a right of appeal from the Bishop to the Metropolitan, and from him to the Pope, and neglected to use it. This will hardly surprise any one who remembers the ludicrous miscarriage of justice in the Commission tardily extorted from the bishop, and the fact, which is here slurred over, that he had already obtained authority from Rome to dispense her from her vows without her own consent. No allusion whatever is made to the fact that the two worst charges against Miss Saurin—of habitual theft and habitual cruelty to children—completely broke down, or rather were conclusively disposed of by the sworn evidence of her alleged victims in the witness-box. No doubt one swallow does not make a spring, and if convent life can be shown to be in principle defensible, a single Mrs. Starr will not suffice to upset the principle, any more than the tales told here of Miss Sellon, supposing them to be true, would prove all Anglican convents to be nurseries of humbug and oppression. One thing, however, the Hull Convent case does unquestionably prove—namely, that any conventual system, be it Roman or Anglican, which makes the "Reverend Mother" a virtually irresponsible autocrat, carries its own condemnation with it. And such, notwithstanding the vaunted appeals to Bishop and Archbishop of which we have heard so much, appears to be really the case with the Order to which Miss Saurin belonged. Very few men placed in such a position, and still fewer women, would fail to become petty tyrants.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.*

WHEN we have said that this is a new novel by Mr. Anthony Trollope, we might almost be excused for saying nothing more. Everybody knows the peculiarities of his literary manufacture better than we can describe it. His writings always remind us of the glowing descriptions in advertisements of the article of food called *Revalenta Arabica*; which is declared to afford a thoroughly wholesome diet for invalids, to be easily digestible, and yet never to pall upon the appetite. People who like highly-spiced meats must go further; but we can take up

* *He Knew he was Right.* By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: Strahan & Co. 1869.

any one of Mr Trollope's novels at random, read any quantity with perfect content, and leave off at any point without the smallest reluctance. To our taste, indeed, the various novels which deal with the inhabitants of Barset are distinctly superior to the rest; and on one or two occasions Mr Trollope has sunk into positive insipidity. But, for the most part, we know not whether to wonder most at his marvellous abundance or at his strange uniformity of merit. If we were placed before the shelves which in some comprehensive library groan under the weight of his collected works (we imagine that in the British Museum there must be room for such a collection), we should revere one of the most singular monuments we know of human industry, directed to a good purpose, for certainly no one can deny that it is a good work to afford so much innocent amusement to so large a class of readers. The novel called *He Knew he was Right* will add two more volumes to the existing Trollope Library, and we may say that it appears to us to be on the whole rather superior to the average. We will not attempt to estimate what is the precise value thus indicated; but as the novel, in spite of its merits, illustrates also some of the weaker points of Mr. Trollope's style, we will venture to dwell a little upon one or two defects, always admitting frankly that, in spite of them, it is a very readable book. It would be sanguine, indeed, in a critic to expect that an author will take his advice; and yet it seems to us that Mr Trollope might so easily avoid certain errors, that we cannot help pointing them out, when so good a text is p[illegible]vided. Th[illegible] tolerably obvious, and seem to proceed from an undue ext[illegible] of a very sound rule. Thus, for example, we do not complain [illegible] an instant of Mr Trollope's tendency to extreme real[illegible]. By all means let us have people represented exactly as we s[illegible] in every day of our lives, with no violent catastrophes an[illegible] terrible passions. Whether this is the highest style of art or not, [illegible] t que[illegible], but undoubtedly it is that for which Mr. Trollope is best fitted, and most of his success is due to the accuracy with which he has measured his own abilities. But Mr Trollope seems to us to draw some delusive inferences from the theory upon which he acts. He is so anxious to avoid heroes that his characters become absolutely mean. He is so much afraid lest they should deviate from the beaten track that he will not allow them to show [illegible] mary strength of character. For fear of their breaking out of the highroad, he will scarcely allow them a will [illegible] own. He has painted we know not how many lovers in the character of asses between two bundles of hay. Having apparently observed that men are generally less romantic in their love-affairs than novelists have described, he makes them so feeble-minded that they are in a constant state of oscillation between rival charmers. There is an unlucky clergyman, who fills a subordinate place in the present novel, who is fought for by two sisters. For years he has remained in a position of equilibrium, then the eldest sister gets a chance, and forces him into a semi-declaration, the youngest manages, by a brilliant stroke of intrigue, to carry him off to the very verge of matrimony, and finally, at the last moment, the eldest takes up the running, and wins by a head. We by no means deny that there are many persons of this preposterous imbecility, we only say that they are really very uninteresting heroes of a story. If a man has so little vigour of mind that he really cannot decide whom he wants to marry, we do not take much [illegible] following his [illegible]. Even when Mr. Trollope allow[illegible] his heroes a little mor[illegible] he half repents, and tries [illegible] explain it away. It [illegible] racteristic of Mr Trollope [illegible] when Mr [illegible] denny r[illegible] ames makes a personal assault on [illegible] he i[illegible] ot allowed to plant a knockdown blow, bu[illegible] dulged in a confused scuffle. We admit that scuffl[illegible] ooner than knoc[illegible] blows, but surely a novelist should not interpret the rule which commands fidelity to nature in such a way as not only to confine himself to possible, or even to probable, events, but even to keep to the very commonest events. A hero might be allowed, for once, to do a vigorous action thoroughly well. If the author's models are to be living beings, they need not be the first persons that he meets in walking down the Strand. Th[illegible] heroines are of necessity made a little more interesting; yet [illegible] to them character is doled out with a grudging spirit. A young lady in *He Knew he was Right* is allowed to refuse a rich heir to a peerage in favour of a poor writer in the daily press, but when she has gone so far, Mr. Trollope becomes a little frightened. We shall be in danger of thinking too highly of her. Accordingly, we are told with extreme care that she doubts very much as to the propriety of her step, that she fully values the charms of rank and wealth, and, which is more annoying, that if the peer had put the question a second time, she would probably have accepted him. Indeed, even after the matrimonial prize has been carried off by another lady, and her former lover is soon to be made happy, we are scrupulously informed of the qualms which assail the virtuous heroine, and her half-formed doubts whether she would not have accepted the peer if he had made a little more display of his advantages. All this is natural enough, young ladies may often have such doubts and difficulties, and be very estimable, and even very courageous, in spite of them. But it is a gratuitous lowering of his heroine to bring out all her worldly propensities, and to impress upon us that she acts rightly at last rather by accident than from strength of principle. Surely Mr. Trollope might for once describe for us such people as exist, though it may be less commonly, with vigour enough to make an independent resolution and stick to it without repining.

The central story of the book brings this out in a rather different way. Mr. Trollope has taken the rather unpleasant subject of a desperate quarrel between a man and his wife, which has its origin in a groundless suspicion, and ends in a separation and the final death and madness of the husband. The story is painful in itself, and, to make it tolerable, we should be able at least to sympathize with one of the persons concerned. There should be some generosity of sentiment, some struggle against the obstacles raised by a foolish pride, and something to permit us to respect the sufferers and make allowance for their misunderstanding. Unluckily Mr Trollope has managed matters so as to give us a hearty contempt for both husband and wife. The husband takes up a silly notion about his wife's liking for a man old enough to be her father. He refuses to make it up on any terms short of her absolute submission to his arbitrary will. He sets a private detective to watch her without the least justification, and descends so low as to adopt this ex-policeman [illegible] his adviser, and to ask him what legal measures he is to take, and even to consult him as to the provision to be made for his infant son. He then carries off the baby by a stratagem, and tries to bully his wife through her maternal affections. On the other hand, the lady is equally unreasonable throughout the quarrel; she refuses to make any real advances to her husband, and insists upon being civil to the gentleman against whom his suspicions are aroused, merely by way of asserting her liberty and defying her relations. We do not object to this for a moment as improbable. Doubtless it would be possible to quote cases from the Divorce Court showing equal folly and wickedness on the part of husbands and wives. But it is a great mistake in art to render the people in whose fate we are supposed to take an interest so intensely contemptible. Undoubtedly people might act in the manner described, but no one would act so who had the slightest strength of character or capacity for deep affection. The husband is a really marvellous compound of meanness, weakness, and obstinacy, and the wife, with whom Mr. Trollope expects us to sympathize, is scarcely better. The husband, indeed, becomes so absurd in his conduct that he has to go mad in order to make his actions tolerably intelligible, and there are some scenes which are forcibly described and meant to be very pathetic during his final illness. Unluckily, we have learnt to despise him so heartily that we only wish for his speedy death, and the lady is so selfish and mean-spirited that we rather grudge her final dismissal to comparative happiness. There were the elements, in short, of a good situation, but before we can be really interested in such a story, there must be some kind of plausible ground of quarrel, and one at least of the actors must show some signs of magnanimity and tenderness. Mr. Trollope's dislike of exaggeration unluckily seems to have grown into a positive dislike of any vigorous character, and consequently, instead of a heartrending quarrel between two well-meaning people, he treats us to a series of wretched squabbles between a couple of shallow and touchy fools, which becomes simply repulsive. He has, indeed, avoided the old and unpleasant trick by which novelists used to represent two people as separated by a misunderstanding which a word would have cleared up, but, unluckily, the very fact that there can be no mistake on either side as to the paltry nature of the dispute makes it all the more [illegible]. In short, he has succeeded in being probable at the price of dep[illegible]ving his characters of every quality which [illegible]uld attract our sympathies. There are, we repeat, people who fall out from pure absence of soul or intellect, but they are scarcely the persons whose adventures will bear detailing through a great number of pages.

One other fault of the story may perhaps be connected with the same principle. In real life we seldom find a plot which fulfils the proper dramatic conditions. The thread of the story is complicated and intersected by the interference of a number of secondary characters, each with an interest of their own. Mr. Trollope resolves to imitate reality in this respect also. Instead of following the fortunes of his chief actors, he plunges into all [illegible]r of episodes and digressions. Besides the story of the quarrel, there are no less than four other couples, the history of whose loves is related at length. There is a peer who marries an American lady; the lovely Nora who marries the penny-a-liner; the charming Dorothy who marries the heir to the chief fortune in the book; and the clergyman of whose hard choice between two sisters we have already spoken. We are constantly skipping from one of these stories to another; each of them is more or less remotely connected with one or more of the others; and, in short, we have such a complication as would be frequently produced in a real biography if to the life of the hero we added those of his sisters and brothers, and of all the young gentlemen and ladies who at different times made love to them. But the fact that there are such complications in real life is a very bad reason for dwelling upon them in a fiction. If Mr. Trollope had confined himself to any one of these stories, his book would have had a certain unity, and, what is no slight advantage, would have been reduced amazingly in length. We would not exclude all episodes, or insist upon the neatness of construction which would be appropriate in a French novel, but we certainly resent the way in which our attention is constantly distracted, though we may admire the skill with which Mr. Trollope manages, like a circus rider, to combine five separate courses of action. After all, it is pleasanter to see a good performance on one horse than an indifferent performance on five.

These evils are natural consequences, it may be, of Mr. Trollope's superstitious adherence to facts which almost excludes

even the selection of the most attractive facts. But it is only fair to add once more that the lovers of his style will find many descriptions excellently worked out, and many very clever subsidiary characters. Two American young ladies deserve honourable mention as excellent types of their countrywomen, though the Americans by whom they are surrounded strike us as resembling rather too closely the conventional Yankee, who has been at least sufficiently described.

CHERRIER'S HISTORY OF CHARLES THE EIGHTH.*

(Second Notice.)

M. DE CHERRIER'S first volume is mainly occupied with the events which happened before Charles's expedition into Italy. In the last chapter the King has not yet reached Florence. Several chapters are occupied, and well occupied, with the early part of Charles's reign, and with all those chaotic disputes of which we spoke briefly in our former article. The one thing which we suppose everybody carries off from the accounts of this confused time is the wonderful way in which Charles puts away Maximilian's daughter and marries Maximilian's wife. There is something so irresistibly ludicrous in the whole story; the proxy marriage of Maximilian with Anne of Britanny, with the grotesque ceremonies which attended it, is queer enough in itself, but it is queerer still when the new-made Augusta almost immediately transfers herself to the King of France, who sends her *quasi* step-daughter out of the way to make room for her. To be sure, Charles's wooing was somewhat in the vigorous style of Iarbas, and the Lord of the World was not forthcoming at the proper moment in so very remote a corner as the Armorican peninsula. Thus began the first stage of that annexation of Britanny to France of which we had something to say when we reviewed the excellent work of the Count of Carné last year. Still the acquisition of this great province, though of far more real value to France, was by no means so showy as the great enterprise of Naples and the endless shadowy enterprises of Constantinople and Jerusalem which lay beyond it. To these birds in the bush, three birds in the hand, Roussillon, Artois, and the County of Burgundy, were deliberately sacrificed. Then comes the expedition to Naples, which M. de Cherrier introduces by a sketch of the state of Italy at the time. The subject is not a new one, but M. de Cherrier's account can be read with pleasure even though so many have gone before him. He treats it in a calm and judicious way, and at some stages of his work he has had the advantage of consulting unpublished documents. From these he has drawn some new facts, for instance, he has brought out in his second volume the fact that the Venetian Government lent itself to a plot for the assassination of Charles the Eighth on his return from Naples. In fact, when we see the sort of men and the sort of governments with which Charles had to deal, though the folly of his enterprise stands out more and more clearly, yet we cease to wonder at it, we almost cease to blame it. Ludovic of Milan and Pope Alexander invited him, Florence was his old ally, Venice did not discourage him, a party in the kingdom which he sought to win was zealous in his cause, and the nation at large seems to have thought that any change must be for the better. Things being in this state, the wonder would have been if a prince of Charles's disposition had stayed at home. And we cannot help feeling a certain sympathy for him when everybody gradually turns against him, when those who had invited him into Italy bar the way against him as he is going home, and when he finds that the cession of provinces has not bought the friendship or the neutrality of Maximilian and of Ferdinand the Catholic. Maximilian indeed, after the manner of Maximilian, flashes across the scene for a moment in his genuine character of a royal *Landsknecht*. But Ferdinand had already begun steadily to plot the mischief, both against friends and against enemies, which he so shamelessly carried out in the time of Charles's successor. Everywhere, in short, except in Naples itself, Charles meets with worse men than himself, men who must have thoroughly puzzled him by a depth both of cleverness and of wickedness quite beyond his understanding. In Naples itself indeed we can well understand that any change, any foreign conquest, must have been felt as likely to be an improvement on the tyranny of Ferdinand and his son Alfonso. Then come those shiftings of scene, those changes of persons and rulers, which seem almost as if they could not be a portion of real history. That old Ferdinand should die was not very wonderful, still it does not happen every day that people die at so very opportune a moment. And what follows is really like a piece of tragic romance. Alfonso, succeeding to the crown just as his enemy was arming against his kingdom, persecuted by the Erinnyes of his crimes, and seeing their avenger in the foe that was drawing near, driven in sheer remorse and fear to lay aside the crown to which he had just succeeded, and striving to hide his fears, his crimes, and his mental horrors, in at least the likeness of religious penitence—the picture of such strange workings of the human mind as these might have made a worthy subject for Grecian tragedy. Then comes the young Ferdinand, on whom the task of defending the rights of his house was so suddenly and so unfairly cast. Guiltless of the crimes of his father and grandfather, he has to bear their immediate punishment. No one can refuse to sympathize with him when he makes his last noble appeal to the people of his capital, and, finding no response, goes forth into his momentary banishment. Then the tide turns; the Neapolitans find how deeply they have erred in welcoming the foreigner; the King returns to his capital, and, by a series of gallant enterprises, is winning back his kingdom, when his life suddenly ends in his strange marriage and mysterious death. The wind-up of the story and of the dynasty, the reign and fall of Frederick, the victim of his kinsman of Aragon, does not come within the immediate range of M. de Cherrier's work, though of course he glances at it in the Appendix which is devoted to a sketch of the Italian wars of Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First. There is hardly a more taking or more picturesque tale in the whole range of history than the fates of these two gallant and loyal princes, doomed to pay the penalty for the sins of their house. And an element of grotesqueness is added to the tragedy when we think of one so very small as Charles the Eighth being the instrument destined to bring about such mighty changes.

The same elements of tragedy mingled with grotesqueness are found wherever Charles goes. He is like a child, or rather like a monkey, whose touch has set to work a piece of complicated machinery on which he gazes in fright or in mere puzzledom. We meet everywhere with the strangest results and the strangest cases of companionship. Look at Florence at the thought of the coming of the French invader, a nominal ally, but one who seriously believed that he became the lawful master of a friendly city simply by riding into it with his lance upon his thigh. Who could have expected that the coming of such a guest would lead to the deliverance of Florence from her own tyrants, and to the deliverance of Pisa from the tyranny of Florence herself? Who would then have expected to find French officers and soldiers so zealous for Pisan freedom as, in its cause, to disobey the orders of their own King, or to find that King so weak or so careless that his orders could be safely disobeyed? Then we have the grand figure of Savonarola in all the dignity of the reformer, the prophet, and the martyr; but in him too there is an element of grotesque incongruity when he goes on to the last looking for the deliverance of Italy and the reformation of the Church at the hands of Charles the Eighth. If, however, Savonarola could be beguiled into expecting great things from Charles, surely Charles himself may be forgiven for fancying that great things were not beyond his power to do. Then the first act of the Milanese tragedy comes within the reign of this unlucky general disturber. The betrayal, the fall, the long and dreary imprisonment of Ludovic, belong to a later stage, but we get the touching story of Gian-Galeazzo, his wife and his children, the victims of the selfish ambition of their kinsman at home, comforted for a moment, but little benefited, by the impotent good-nature of the mightier kinsman who had come from afar. Charles visits his cousin; he feels for him, he talks about him, but Gian-Galeazzo only loses his Duchy and his life all the sooner. At Rome there is somewhat of tragic grandeur in the mere amount of the wickedness of Alexander the Sixth and his son. But there is a ludicrous element too—first, in the abject fear of the Pontiff himself, and secondly, in the way in which, when he has secured himself, the wily Borgia contrives to bamboozle the puzzled and gaping King of France. Then, thrown into the general mass, we have the touching story of the banished Turkish prince, handed about from one keeper to another, and at last put out of the way by the policy of Alexander. Even in the less important relations of Charles with Savoy and Montferrat we at least have the grotesque element strongly prevailing. Charles, we have no doubt, always meant to be an honest man, but Francis himself, first gentleman of France and of Europe as he was, could hardly have played a shabbier trick than when Charles borrowed the jewels of princesses who had given him a hospitable reception, and then sold or pawned them for his own purposes. The whole story is a mass of incongruities, the events are so great, but the chief instrument in them is so inexpressibly small; the background of the picture is so splendid, but the central figure is so grotesquely contemptible. Altogether the tale is a noble one for any historian, and though M. de Cherrier might sometimes perhaps have brought things out with more of force and liveliness, he has, on the whole, done justice to his theme.

M. de Cherrier has printed several curious documents in his Appendices. We have some doubts as to his view that Mahomet the Second planned a "fusion of races" among the different inhabitants of his empire. Mahomet was a far-seeing statesman, and he was not a Mussulman fanatic. He saw, as M. de Cherrier says, the importance of the Orthodox element in his dominions, and the importance of keeping it separate from Western Christendom. The recognised position which he gave to the Byzantine Patriarch and to the rest of the Greek hierarchy was a masterstroke of policy, and one the effects of which are felt to this day. But it implies in its very nature, not the fusion, but the keeping asunder, of the two chief religions of the Empire. We do not see what is proved by the fact that Mahomet struck coins with Greek inscriptions, or rather with a mixture of Greek and Arabic, ὁ Μελῆκις πάσης Ῥωμανίας καὶ Ἀνατολῆς Μαχαμάτης—a legend which reminds one of the western use of *Basileus* and the eastern use of Ῥήξ. Perhaps a very strict Mussulman might not have issued such a coinage or assumed such a title; but its convenience was obvious, without supposing any ulterior objects.

M. de Cherrier has reprinted the decree for the forty days' torture of condemned traitors put forth by Galeazzo Visconti in 1362. It came from the Chronicle of Peter Azarius in Muratori, xvi. 410. Sismondi attributes it to Bernabos, who was quite capable of it, and M. de Cherrier to Bernabos and Galeazzo toge-

* *Histoire de Charles VIII, Roi de France, d'après des Documents Diplomatiques inédits ou nouvellement publiés.* Par C. de Cherrier. 2 vols. Paris: Didier & Co. 1868.

ther. But it is plain that it was the personal act of Galeazzo. "Conversus autem Dominus Galeaz ad conterendam nequitiam proditorum et ad compescendos cujuscumque perfidiæ motus, mandavit rectoribus suis ut infrascripta tormenta exsequerentur et infligerent in personis proditorum suorum et complicum." Then follow the details of prolonged torture and mutilation which makes one shudder to read. M. de Cherrier, by the way, by a very common mistake, makes Bernabos and Galeazzo Dukes, which they never were. Azarius, one may note, makes the genitive of *Bernabos* Bernabovis, a form of declension which one would hardly have thought of.

More immediately connected with M. de Cherrier's subject are the documents printed at vol. ii. pp. 492, 493, which make it plain that in June 1495 the Council of Ten seriously entertained a scheme for the assassination of Charles the Eighth. In the same volume will be found the very amusing account of "Les Merveilles de Rome," sent home by order of Charles and printed for the benefit of his subjects.

MISS EDEN'S HOLIDAY IN AUSTRIA.*

MISS EDEN, whose agreeable *Glimpse of the War in Bohemia* we received with welcome the season before last, has now given us an account of a very pleasant holiday passed by her in the Austrian Tyrol in the summer of last year. That strong sympathy with a depressed and struggling cause which breathed through her earlier work had apparently its effect in determining the writer's choice in favour of her recent track of travel and adventure. The same warm partisanship and quick sensibility on the side of all things and persons Austrian is manifest throughout the present frankly written and chatty little tale of travel. Miss Eden writes with the simplicity and unconsciousness of effort which most pleases us in narratives of this kind. Without the slightest attempt at display, or the least hovering even upon the edge of the literary precipice of fine writing, she can make of the incidents of ordinary travel a series of pictures which please us by their *naïveté* and truth if they do not startle us with their novelty or strangeness. With enough of a lady's natural instinct for romance to enjoy whatever is picturesque in scenery, or fanciful in local legend or record, she is most keenly alive to every touch of nature in the life of the wayside peasant, or in the manners of the chance travelling companion. Her ready pencil is at hand to lend reality and permanence to the impressions of the moment. The sketch of the pretty village of Lauffen which forms the frontispiece, and the snowy peak in the background of Salzburg which adorns the title-page, form an artistic prelude from which the mind of the reader passes with pleasure to the contents of the clear and smoothly-written volume before him.

Miss Eden's route began by way of the long sea voyage from the Hermitage Wharf, by the Thames side, to Rotterdam. It was near being prematurely cut short by the explosion of a spirit-lamp stupidly smuggled on board by a steerage passenger to warm her children's food. A curious figure this woman presented, coming up the gangway, "her stuff dress, nearly burnt to rags, hanging about her." Luckily for their night's rest her fellow-passengers on board the *Batavier* were in ignorance of the risk they had run. Slowly ascending the stream, with just leisure enough for a sunset glimpse of the glories of Cologne, and a passing enjoyment of the well-known picturesque part of the river between Cologne and Bingen, our author and her German travelling companion, parting from sundry friends and the pleasant captain of "Rhine steamer No. 26," landed at Mayence—too late, however, to do more than catch at the wicket the murmurs of the ceaseless devotions of the Convent of Perpetual Prayer, the hour of admittance being overpast. Next day starting alone, but enlivened by agreeable companionship picked up in the train, and charmed out of the possibility of sleep by the romantic view of the distant range of the Saltzkammergut, Miss Eden was ushered, at Salzburg, by the politest of Customs' officers, once more into "dear Austria." The delight of rejoining friends, enhanced by the comforts of the Goldenes Schiff, with the picturesque beauties of the old town, made her stay here very delightful. It was diversified by a two days' trip to the beautiful district of Berchtesgaden, a little bit of Bavaria which abuts into the middle of the Imperial preserves. Abounding as it does in game, which is strictly preserved, this intrusive little angle of territory is tantalizing, like Naboth's vineyard, to so keen a sportsman as Franz Joseph. What strikes the English novice, on entering German soil, is the utter absence of flocks of sheep. An unhappy Frenchman in the *coupé* of the same diligence with our author, burning with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, but not knowing a word beyond his mother tongue, continued to insinuate the problem "why mutton is rarely or never seen on Austrian tables." It is true, as our travellers found, that excellent mountain mutton is met with at times equal to any Welsh of our own, and in colour and flavour hardly inferior to venison. There are also, in the plains of Southern Germany, great numbers of sheep. But, as a rule, mutton is never willingly eaten by Germans. To a healthy English palate the taste and look of the stuff are alike disgusting, and the very servants prefer to it the coarse and stringy beef out of the soup.—

Contrary to the express orders of the master of the house, we sometimes contrived a small joint of mutton for dinner, for a treat to our English appetites; but when it came on the table and was cut, we used to look guiltily at each other as we tried to eat it, and pretend it was excellent, though the fact was we hid great pieces away, as in our school-room days, under potato skins or pieces of salad. Anything so rank, so stringy, so disgusting, I never ate. After trying it twice, we gave in, and had to adopt thankfully the Austrian view, that their insipid veal and perpetual beef are, after all, most wholesome, even for sick people or young children.

In the end of autumn, when all the grain was harvested, and all the hay cut that could possibly be mowed off the rich pastures, I saw a few flocks of sheep on them. The very sight of them was enough to indicate that the mutton must be bad. The sheep themselves appear to be aware of it, for they have a sneaking, dissatisfied look, and always keep in a crowd, trying to hide themselves. Except in very old pictures, and in engravings in Bibles centuries old, I never saw such animals, with long flapping ears that would have gained any rabbit a prize for lop-ears, long legs and arched backs, like New Forest pigs. Even in the bitter winter weather they have scarcely any pretence of wool on their backs, certainly not nearly as much as a month-old lamb. About Salzburg these were the only sort of sheep I saw; but I was told that great efforts are being made to introduce a better breed. Large sums have been given for some from England; and with the wonderfully rich pastures and mountain fields that they have here, what a rich return their introduction may make to the country!

Next to Baron Beust, the person most to be admired, albeit least to be envied, in Germany is, Miss Eden thinks, "an Englishwoman at the head of an Austrian household who can really keep things tolerably together." The amount of prejudice and ignorance on the part of the servants, the dread of fresh air and free circulation, the Saints' days on which they won't work, and the Sundays on which they will, the greasy cooking, the beloved heavy puddings, the wonderful joints of meat, the dreadful knives that won't cut and the good beer that won't keep—"all these things are enough to turn the brain of a refined practical Englishwoman." The higher classes, or the nobility, are found in their domestic life, no less than in their freedom from prejudice and slatternliness, much the same as the corresponding classes in England. It is in the middle class, among the wives of professional men, that discomfort, want of elegance, and general dowdiness, make the home repulsive. In the afternoon, after dinner, coffee, and an hour's sleep, you sometimes meet the Frau Doctorin or the Frau General on the esplanade, or at the bath rooms, but in general they are too tired with looking after the kitchen and the scrubbing of the floors, or seeing that baby is not drowning in a tub of water or choking itself with sour *semmel*, to permit themselves such an indulgence, or to leave room for culture of any kind. The greatest sensation of all, to an English lady of orthodox training and natural curiosity, is to handle for the first time a real live mummy baby. "It is a most wonderful circumstance, but you may reside any time in a German village, while holding daily intercourse with inhabitants of every age and size, yet never see a baby!" The cause of this mysterious absence is traced by Miss Eden to the mummy system of nursing—*i.e.*, to the fashion of swaddling, which was known of yore in this country also. The landlady rejoicing in a baby of six months old gave the writer the opportunity of penetrating the secret of its multitudinous bands and wrappings, which she has duly described for the edification of the curious in such matters. No wonder that the traveller from England is struck with the pale faces, sickly air, and twisted limbs which so frequently meet the eye in Southern Germany. Set free after the first year from their mummy cases, the hapless *Kindchen* enter upon another period of denial of liberty, motion, and fresh air. The boy, if he can walk, is thrust into corduroy trousers, waistcoat, and jacket, with usually a blue apron. "It is quite distressing to see little roly-poly children, just able to toddle about, dressed up like figures in a pantomime, with their pale, weird faces, and lank colourless hair, in keeping with their strange attire." It makes one sick to see the numbers of idiots, dwarfs, and horribly-deformed people that one meets at every turn. These sights are naturally more common in low-lying districts, as in the lovely lake village of Hallstadt. But where nature is not specially to blame, as at Salzburg itself, an ill-favoured and sickly population tells of the ill effects of hygiene neglected, of close rooms, stifled by stoves and reeking with perpetual tobacco-smoke. The broad and complicated necklace, often of seven or eight chains of silver, which sets off the quaint dress of the Tyrolese and Styrian peasant, is worn in a great measure to hide the frightful goitres and swollen throats which deform the lower orders. The very last thing to promote a robust or hardy physique is the inveterate habit of cowering over the stove, which, in a country rich in timber, is a luxury within reach of the poorest. Another odd characteristic of what to an English labouring man would seem beyond even woman-like softness is seen in the red umbrellas of the peasantry glancing in and out of the yellow, green, and scarlet foliage during the autumn rains of the vintage. The degradation of the peasant women is sadly enhanced by the pressure of the conscription. "It is revolting to see them transformed into horrible-looking objects employed as scavengers, ostlers, and ploughmen." Others may be seen threshing and mowing, looking coarse, masculine, and brutal, half the men being away soldiering. Nowhere in Austria is there any mitigation of manual labour by the help of steam. Often indeed in Bodenbach our author used to see luggage trains pass with engines, carefully covered, from Ransome's and other well-known engineering firms, but their destination could not be made out. Not one was ever seen working. Miss Eden has some sensible remarks on the odious pressure of the "blood tax" upon the population of Austria. Not the least evil is the swelling, by discharged soldiers, of the vast army of beggars. Popular prejudice runs proverbially against the Bohemians as the worst of this class. "People say they are such thieves," though

* *My Holiday in Austria.* By Lizzie Selina Eden. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

Miss Eden puts in a good word for the Bohemians as making the best servants. They are decidedly active, clever, and intelligent. A good story is told by her of three beggars. A North German, a Sláv, and a Bohemian, when travelling in company together, entered a house in which they saw a beautiful watch lying on a table. Shortly after leaving the house, the North German remarked, "That was a beautiful watch." "Yes," said the Sláv, "and we might have taken it." "I have got it!" triumphantly exclaimed the Bohemian.

Besides her acute and practical observations of the habits and manners of the people, Miss Eden's pages show signs of her appreciation of natural scenery, and of the prominent objects of industry and art. The lively sketch of her visit to the great salt mines and works of Saltzburg, and her recognition of what is rare or beautiful in the flowers and insects of the country, with her quiet unaffected pictures of the loveliness of mountain, lake, and fell, are instances of this graphic power. Her account of the *riesen*, or extraordinary timber shoots of Brunn, whereby the huge stores of roughly-felled trees are shot down for miles with lightning-speed into the lake, to be floated down the Danube, is no less deserving of notice. The sense of enjoyment, as well of kindly feeling for all persons and things with which her holiday trip brought her into contact, makes itself agreeably felt throughout her narrative, and imparts itself in a way that it is hardly possible to resist to the mind of the reader.

HENDERSON'S LATIN PROVERBS AND QUOTATIONS.*

THIS volume is one which, although in many respects meritorious, rather suggests than supplies a deficiency. Mr. Henderson, its editor and compiler, died before the sheets were through the press, and, if we may judge by his preface, his work does not claim to be so much a systematized text-book, capable of serving as an adage-dictionary, as the expansion, for the amusement of general readers, of a manuscript collection made for private use There are certain tokens to be found in the volume that its author did not sufficiently discriminate, in the conception of his task, between proverbs bearing the stamp of antiquity and spurious articles of questionable Latinity. To say nothing of the insertion, amid terse sayings of Cicero and Pliny, Plautus and Terence, Horace and Juvenal, of stray bits of the Latin Bible, like Cæco cæcus dux," and "Canis reversus ad vomitum," it will cost any reader with the slightest amount of scholarship an inward pang, as bad as a twinge of gout, to come across such a "proverb" or "quotation" (we give the writer his choice under which head to class it) as "In puris naturalibus," "stark-naked", and "Malo malo malo malo," "I would rather be in an apple-tree than a bad man in distress." And when we add to these solecismal samples of canine Latinity the bad grammar, syntax, or prosody which are endorsed in such sentences as "Ense cadunt multi, feriunt sed *crapula* plures," and "Nux, asinus, mulier verbere opus habent," enough has been said to caution the unwary against accepting a collection, which has so much of bad and indifferent mingled with a great deal that is sound and good, as one that it would be safe to stereotype, even if we could overlook the defect of references, which, had they been added, would at least have doubled the value and interest of the book. But, to tell the truth, so little has been done amongst us hitherto for Latin proverbs, that severe censorship would be unwise even in cases where there was more affectation than there is here of exhaustive research, and where the premature removal of the author did not condone errors and omissions.

From whatever point of view we regard Mr. Henderson's work, it is clearly entitled to the praise of a good design; it is the first impulse of a movement the result of which must, some day or other, be a satisfactory manual And it has this merit at any rate, that if—as we should infer, though in utter ignorance of his antecedents—the author's Latin scholarship was rather wide and superficial than deep and recondite, he certainly brought to the illustrative part of his work a familiar and ample acquaintance with the gems of English literature. Many a good Latin scholar might be warranted to compile a capital handbook of Latin Adagia, whose lesser acquaintance with his own country's poets and prose-writers would not suffice for adorning his Latin "instances" with the appropriate English parallels which Mr. Henderson scatters not less liberally than discriminately. There is much importance in this at the outset. As far as we know, there is no English collection of Latin adages pretending even to dry and naked completeness; and, if there were, it would need the gilding of happy parallelism from modern languages and literature to make it popular. Dr. Wilhelm Binder's German collection surpasses Mr. Henderson's in giving the authority for every proverb which he prints; but nevertheless his manual is dry and stiff and uninviting, so that only a real taste for research and "Notes and Queries" will sustain a reader through more than a score of its pages. Now the book before us is readable, irrespectively of its Latin. The illustrations spice the text, and, being generally apposite as well as various, conduce to fix the interpretation, and to point home the application. When Mr. Henderson quotes from Lucretius,

> Medio de fonte leporum
> Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angit,

he does not omit to bring to bear on the beautiful original parallels from Gay, Shelley, and Hood, all touching the same chord, all equally telling and apposite. Even such an adage as "Vestis virum facit," which is from Quinctilian (*Inst.* viii. 5), and represents the *εἵματ' ἀνήρ* of the Greek, and "the tailor makes the man" of English, Dutch, and German proverbial philosophy, he contrives to cap with a quotation from the pages of our Laureate:—

> Let never maiden think, however fair,
> She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

Sometimes, where the Latin adage or quotation is unauthenticated, we are apt to doubt whether it may not be an afterthought suggested to a cunning modern by a snatch from contemporary proverb-lore, or poetry. The proverb given in p. 102, "Equi dentes inspicere donati," "to look a gift-horse in the mouth," looks very suspicious, and, were it not that it may be traced back to St. Jerome, would bear on its face a later date than the rhyming adage quoted by Archbishop Trench, "Si quis dat mannos, ne quære in dentibus annos." And did we not know that the touching sentence "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse" was in existence before Shenstone's day, who inscribed it on his cousin's monument, one might fancy it an expansion by a modern craftsman of Moore's verses, which our author quotes by way of parallel:—

> To live with them is far less sweet
> Than to remember thee.

Only those who have experience in proverb-hunting can tell what a boon consists in the appendage of even an abbreviated name. It is but the outstretching of a finger-tip, yet it often settles the question of giving up the search, or pursuing it to discovery. Give us the author's name, and 'tis odd if index or glossary cannot furnish chapter and verse. Nay—apart from the

[illegible] in and humour. "Slow waters run deep" is traced to the Latin historian Quintus Curtius, whose proverb, "Altissima flumina minimo sono labuntur," is given in p. 18, with a curiously close parallel from Shakspeare. To the same author we trace "the bark that is worse than the bite," 'Canes timidi vehementius latrant quam mordent"; another Latin form of which is Lucan's "Audendo magnus tegitur timor." Sometimes, where an author's name is omitted, something in the ring and rhythm of a proverb helps us to guess it; *e.g.*, in p. 21, we should have little hesitation in attributing to Ovid the pentameter "An nescis longas regibus esse manus?" This is the original of the French "Les rois ont les mains longues," and of Shakspeare's "Great men have reaching hands." But it is helpful to get at its drift from the context, which is found in Ovid's Epistle of Helen to Paris, where the timid frail one is reminding her stealthy wooer that, though Menelaus is abroad, he has plenty of spies about home:—

> *Sic meus hinc vir abest, ut me custodiat absens;*
> *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*

And there are hundreds more of adages and quotations to which it would be exceedingly interesting if we could attach, preferably indeed an exact, but, failing that, even an approximate authority. Towards the end of the volume under review we find "Vino vendibili non opus est suspensâ hederâ," the obvious counterpart of "Good wine needs no bush." The compiler attaches no name to it, and we suspect that the adage in this shape is scarcely of classical mintage. But the allusion is undeniably classical. Roman taverns sported an ivy bush outside the door, in token of the god whose brows its leafage and berries begirt. Kelly, a modern proverb-collector, traces to this custom the origin of our slang epithet, "bosky," and without doubt we may fix upon the modern proverb, as well as its original, the unstrained interpretation, that where good liquor is kept the fact will be known by its bouquet and its good repute, without the instrumentality of any puff or signboard. We could have wished that Mr Henderson had given us a clue to the authorship of "Dat deus immiti cornua curta bovi" (our "Cursed cows have short horns"), or of the more classic-looking adage, "Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim," or of some two or threescore other unaffiliated saws. Some proverbs carry on their face a post-classical date, though perhaps an ante-classical allusion, as may be seen in the alternative for "Deus ex machinâ" given at p 83, "Cum duplicantur lateres, venit Moses"—a proverb which Archbishop Trench compares with "Man's extremity, God's opportunity." And many more are of Greek origin. We do not mean those which Roman industry borrowed in classical times, in common with much more of its literature, from Greece, and of which the pages of Plautus will exhibit endless examples, but scraps from Latin translations of Greek phrases, due to the diligence of Erasmus and searchers of his date, such as are "Asini vellera quærens" (p. 28), referable to the [illegible] of Aristoph *Ran.* 186, or "Ignavis semper feriæ," the Latin version of *ἀεργοῖς αἰὲν ἑορτά* in the 2[illegible] verse of the "Gossips" of Theocritus. But readers, learned [or] unlearned, will meet in this volume a host of Latin prov[erbs] with which they will be entitled to claim acquaintance through intimacy with their offspring. Quinctilian's neatly-turned adage 'Celerius occidit festinata maturitas," is the earlier type of our coarser proverb, "Soon ripe, soon rotten." Publius Syrus is entitled to the parentage of a whole string of English saws, such as "Good company on a journey is worth a coach," from his bequest to posterity of the most true and trite maxim, "Comes jucundus

* *Latin Proverbs and Quotations, with Translations and Parallel Passages, and a copious English Index.* By Alfred Henderson. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

in viâ pro vehiculo est"—a maxim which the genius of Shakspeare appreciated and reproduced in other places, as well as in his admirable stave, "Jog on, jog on the footpath way." Cicero's "Arcem e cloacâ facere" (*Pro Planc.* 40, § 95), "a citadel out of a sewer," or, as Mr. Henderson puts it, "a palace of a pig tye," will come home to us as an early edition of "the mountain of a mole-hill." The phrase, "Duos parietes de eâdem fideliâ dealbare," from the same writer's Epistles (*Ad Fam* vii. 29 fin.), correctly translated, "to wash two walls from the same lime-pot," is, like that of Plautus (*Cas* II. viii 40), "In saltu uno duos apros capere"—our own "killing two birds with one stone," in another and a more expressive dress. Strange to say, the editor does not credit either of these adages to its owner. In Cato's "Homines nihil agendo discunt male agere," we see the germ of Dr. Watts's admonition anent idle hands, though his wording is rather after the manner of St. Jerome's variation of the same maxim—"Facito aliquid operis ut semper te diabolus inveniat occupatum." In the o'er-true word of Cicero (*De Invent.* i. 56) quoted at p. 195, "Lachrymâ nihil citius arescit," is found the unwitting ancestor of Byron's "Fresh tears may dry the bright blue eye," and the mimic, Publius Syrus, in his "Casta ad virum matrona parendo imperat," is beforehand with our adage about "stooping to conquer."

There are one or two conspicuous omissions in this collection, for which amends might be made without adding to its bulk, if the publishers would retrench with judgment the superfluous and superogatory matter of the present volume It ought, for instance to contain Cicero's "Epistola non erubescit," an adage that has its children in the French and Italian literatures It ought still more to include so telling a variation of "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," as "De calcariâ in carbonariam decurrere," from Tertullian's *De Carn Christ*, for it is a better counterpart of our English adage than "De fumo in flammam," p. 77 And we marvel yet more that Mr. Henderson should have overlooked the Latin form, due to St. Jerome, who got it from the Greek of Plutarch, of the modern saw, "Nobody knows where the shoe pinches so well as the wearer," "Nemo scit præter me ubi soccus me premat" (*Ad Jovin.* i. 29). A reference to Plutarch will show that the saying originated with Æmilius Paulus, who when his friends blamed him for divorcing his wife and giving no reason for so doing, pulled off his shoe and said, "Is it not handsome? is it not new? yet none knows where it wrings the foot but he that wears it."

It is because by many Latin and Greek proverbs of antiquity hangs just as quaint a tale as this, that it is to the interest of all friends of literature to call for as good and gossiping a manual of the proverb-lore of each language as can be made. As we said at starting, this volume can only be regarded as a first move in the right direction, and its value lies rather in its apt parallels than in its far from exhaustive or discriminative list of originals. Nevertheless it is a volume well worth adding to the library, whether for such help as it does afford in tracing the genealogy of a proverb, or for the entertainment of a leisure-hour in the coincidences and divergences of ancient and modern gnomology It is very handsomely printed, and might, with a little pains, be made even more handy and useful than it is in its present form.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GUSTAVE SERVOIS, the accomplished Secretary of the Société de l'Histoire de France, whose thorough acquaintance with the political and literary history of our neighbours during the seventeenth century is well known, has just issued a new edition of La Bruyère.* Amongst the *moralists* of the Louis Quatorze epoch none stands out so conspicuously as the author of the *Caractères*. Pascal is more of a theologian; Nicole is Pascal diluted; La Rochefoucauld's cynicism gives to his pungent aphorisms a disagreeable character; and whilst admiring the truth of some of his remarks, we are offended by the view which would represent selfishness as the mainspring of all human action La Bruyère's code of morality is far from being an easy one, but it allows a little more for our weaknesses than that of Pascal; he combines the *vis comica* of Molière with the terseness of La Rochefoucauld, and his style has an energy of which very few of his contemporaries can boast. The second volume of M. Servois's excellent edition, just published, contains the last chapters of the *Caractères*, the posthumous dialogues on Quietism, and the correspondence—if we may give that name to a few letters, chiefly preserved in the archives of the Condé family, and now printed for the first time by permission of the Duke of Aumale. Annotators have, it is well known, endeavoured to identify the persons described by La Bruyère under the names of Theotimus, Theodectes, Diphilus, &c. M. Servois carefully discusses this rather obscure subject, and his appendix gives us a number of interesting details about French society two hundred years ago.

When, between 1820 and 1830, the *romantique* movement took place in France, considerable attention was bestowed upon the dramatic literature of foreign countries. Few Frenchmen at that time knew anything of German, English, or Spanish writers. Schiller and Goethe had been introduced to our neighbours only through the scanty extracts translated in Madame de Staël's work on Germany, the imperfect version of Le Tourneur was the sole means which those who could not read English had of studying Shakspeare; and, as far as Spanish literature is concerned, Corneille and Molière were certainly far more familiar with it than the contemporaries of M. de Chateaubriand and M. de Fontanes. A complete revolution, however, soon occurred in this respect, and under the name of *Chefs d'œuvre des Théâtres étrangers*, a collection of dramatic masterpieces was issued, to the intense horror of the enthusiastic worshippers of Racine and Voltaire. M. Guizot took charge of Shakspeare, M de Barante translated Schiller, and M. de la Beaumelle rendered into French some of the principal plays of Lope de Vega. The two first-named portions of the series have retained all their original popularity; but M. de la Beaumelle's share in the undertaking failed to satisfy scholars and men of taste. Accordingly, the present publishers of the *Chefs d'œuvre des Théâtres étrangers* have entrusted the Spanish dramatist to M. Eugène Baret*, a writer thoroughly acquainted with the style and genius of Lope de Vega; and, if we may judge from the contents of the first volume now before us, French readers will soon be able to form for themselves a really correct idea of his works. Besides a biographical introduction, M. Baret gives us here translations of seven plays, prefacing each of them with a short notice stating the subject, explaining the allusions, and showing how the poet has illustrated both the history of his own country and the manners of his times. We are glad to see that the publishers entertain the idea of reprinting the entire collection of the *chefs d'œuvre*. Goethe, Lessing, and Calderon are announced as in the press.

M de Pontmartin's *Nouveaux Samedis*† continue with the same regularity as M. Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis*, and it is amusing to see the most celebrated literary productions of the day judged from two diametrically opposite points of view. In the present volume, M. de Pontmartin examines the best works of M. Guizot, M. Renan's *Questions contemporaines*, the novels of Mrs. Craven, and a number of other topics, which enable him to say what he thinks of modern French society, of Cæsarism, Christianity, and democracy. As a representative of the fusion of the two branches of the Bourbon family, with a decided leaning towards the elder one, he takes the pessimist view of things. What has become of dramatic literature, for instance? Thirty years ago the lifeless pasticcios of Soumet and Raynouard were considered masterpieces compared with the monstrous dramas of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas. When, ten years later, the stage was invaded by pseudo-historical tragedies carved out of the *Trois Mousquetaires*, critics looked back with regret to the days of *Angèle* and *Lucrèce Borgia*; now we have got a little lower still, and M. Émile Augier's *Paul Forestier* makes us long for compositions even half as good as the crude seven-act dialogues which entranced the *habitués* of the Porte Saint-Martin. The *Nouveaux Samedis*, though rather onesided in their general drift, are nevertheless distinguished by a considerable amount of sound criticism, and cannot fail to interest the reader.

The ladies ought to club together and raise at least a statue to M Guy de Charnacé Who are those fair ones described in the *Femmes d'aujourd'hui*‡ under the names of Edith, Armide, Flamen, Manon, Cinderella? We know not, except in the case of the one who opens the gallery; and when we say that even the notorious Theresa obtains from Count de Charnacé a mention which is by no means unfavourable, we shall have given sufficient proof of his catholic disposition. The introductory chapter, entitled "Polyhymnia," is the best in the book; but the most dissimilar and opposite characters are even here brought into close contact—Mrs Craven next to Madame Michelet, Daniel Stern (the Countess d'Agout) side by side with Madame de Gasparin. The dithyrambic style adopted by the author is wearisome by its monotony, and never did any *Précieuse* of the time of Molière write such *amphigouri* as we find in the three hundred pages of this tedious volume.

Some one said, a little while ago, that the restoration of the Bourbons had given fresh youth to France, and a critic thereupon remarked upon the strange notion of a period of rejuvenescence connected with a King so gouty that he could not walk, and Cabinet Ministers the youngest of whom was more than sixty. Yet there is no doubt that a new and vigorous life was infused into the French nation when constitutional government took the place of Imperial despotism, and with that life neither the infirmities of Louis XVIII. nor the antiquated notions of his advisers had anything to do. If we wish to form a correct idea of the wholesome agitation which prevailed amongst our neighbours between 1815 and 1848, let us turn to the stirring pages of M. Duvergier de Hauranne's *Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire*.§ The ninth volume, just published, begins with the year 1826, and takes us down to the close of the Session of 1828; that is to say, it places before us some of the most important events which took place during the reign of Charles X. The Greek Revolution and Missolonghi, the efforts of M. de Villèle to re-introduce absolutism, the dismissal of Messrs. Guizot and Villemain, the dissolution of the reactionary Cabinet, and the accession of M. de Martignac—such are the landmarks in this most interesting octavo. M. Duvergier de Hauranne's style is extremely animated; he excels chiefly in describing the inci-

* *Les grands Écrivains de la France. La Bruyère.* Publié par M G. Servois. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *Œuvres dramatiques de Lope de Vega.* Traduction de M Eugène Baret. Vol. 1 Paris: Didier.

† *Nouveaux Samedis.* 6e Série. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris. Lévy.

‡ *Nouveaux Portraits.* Par le comte Guy de Charnacé. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire en France.* Par M. Duvergier de Hauranne. Vol. 9. Paris. Lévy.

dents of Parliamentary discussion, and in giving us the physiognomy of the several political parties. In this respect he strikes us as far superior to M. de Viel Castel, whose *Histoire de la Restauration* is too tame and colourless.

The well-known Oriental scholar, Herr von Hammer, many years ago translated into French the poem of Antar. After having finished his version, however, he locked it up, and the pressure of other literary work caused him to forget his endeavour to make European readers acquainted with what may be called the Iliad of the Arabs. Fortunately, M. Poujoulat, the friend and *collaborateur* of M. Michaud, the historian of the Crusades, happening to be in Vienna about the summer of 1852, saw Herr von Hammer, who presented him with the MS. copy of his translation, leaving him to revise and publish it in the way he thought best. A French work written by a German must needs require a little pruning and correction. M. Poujoulat accepted the tedious task thus laid upon him, and the result is a series of *brochures* containing the various episodes of which the poem of Antar is made up.* The only complete MS. of the original work was brought from Egypt in 1802, by Herr von Hammer himself; it now belongs to the Imperial Library at Vienna, and fills no less than thirty-three folio volumes, comprising four thousand pages. Up to the present time the poem of Antar was known to French readers only through a few scanty extracts imperfectly translated, and unsatisfactory in every respect. It is obvious that a literal version of the entire epic would be unnecessary, and would only weary and disgust the reader. M. Poujoulat has made a judicious selection from the most remarkable passages, and he has given us quite sufficient to enable every student to appreciate one of the choicest productions of Oriental genius. Three out of the ten parts of which the version is to consist are now published.

If we were rash enough to suppose that no production of contemporaneous French literature could escape us, M. Vapereau's *Année littéraire et dramatique*† would be enough to undeceive us. Although we knew, for instance, that Positivism had made important conquests throughout the domains of literature, we were not aware that a modern Lucretius was now endeavouring to celebrate in French Alexandrines the approaching downfall of revealed religion and the triumph of materialist doctrines. Almost every page of M. Vapereau's instructive handbook furnishes us with facts which had utterly escaped our notice, and it must be rather galling for authors—who, as we all know, are rather irritable—to believe that, were it not for the *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*, no one would even suspect their existence. This is the eleventh instalment of a work which will be profitably consulted by the future historian of the nineteenth century; it is arranged under the same heads as the previous volumes, it is equally complete in biographical details, and has those alphabetical indexes which are so useful for prompt and accurate researches.

One of the writers noticed by M. Vapereau is M. Chasles, whom he calls a French reviewer cut according to the English pattern, and about whom we had occasion some months since to say a few words.‡ It is perhaps hardly correct to place the amusing lecturer of the Collége de France in the same line as the contributors to the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, or even *Blackwood*, although, in his way of discoursing *de omnibus rebus*, he reminds us a little of our friend Cornelius O'Dowd. His recent volume is a series of short articles so varied in their character that it is almost impossible to give here any adequate idea of them. From a discussion on the present state of Russia and its progress westward, we pass to an interesting notice of Polish poetry; then comes an essay on European caricature, a chapter about books and manuscripts, &c. &c. *Encore sur les Contemporains* is a miscellaneous farrago containing nothing very new, but written in a light, easy style, and with just enough learning in it to make it worthy of a professor of the French University.

M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's *Année géographique*§, like M. Vapereau's volume, deserves a brief mention. For completeness, accuracy, and abundance of details, it would be impossible to find any publication superior to it. Not only does the reader get some interesting particulars respecting the most recent travels in every part of the world, but a *catalogue raisonné* of all the publications bearing upon geography and ethnography enables him to refer at once to any special work he may require, and a number of statistical tables condense the enormous mass of facts scattered throughout the most important geographical treatises and *impressions de voyages* issued during the course of the previous year. Amongst the names which figure in M. de Saint-Martin's necrological list we find those of Mr. Spence Hardy, well known as an Oriental scholar; Count d'Escayrac de Lautur, whose *Mémoires sur la Chine* have obtained some success; and Sir James Brook, the Rajah of Sarawak.

On the subject of penal legislation M. Thonissen has written one of the best works which we have seen for a long time.‖ In jurisprudence, as well as in every other branch of human knowledge, it used to be taken for granted that we need not go further back than the Greeks and Romans. The Areopagus and the Forum contained, many people thought, all the original germs of modern law, and no one suspected that we could learn, nay that we had learnt, without being aware of it, anything from Egypt, Hindustan, or Palestine. M. Thonissen has endeavoured to dispel this prejudice; in fact, the two volumes he now publishes leave entirely out of the question both the Romans and the Greeks, in order to deal exclusively with the remoter nations we have just named. As far as Hindustan is concerned, we need scarcely say that the *Mânava-Dharma-Sâstra*, or collection of laws ascribed to Manu, is the principal text commented on by M. Thonissen; he also refers occasionally to the interpretations and glosses of subsequent writers, and he quotes largely from the code of Yajnavalkya. But at the same time he shows the immense difference which separates the laws of Manu from the rules and observances laid down in later days, and he points out that although the Mahomedan invaders, and after them the Europeans, have introduced new penal enactments of a character which neither Brahminism nor Buddhism ever suspected, yet these innovations are merely tolerated by the Hindus, who still cling enthusiastically to the code of their old lawgiver as to a perfect model which it is both presumptuous and wicked to try to equal. The second part of M. Thonissen's work treats of Egyptian criminal law, and the numerous quotations given at the foot of each page prove that the learned writer has carefully consulted the books of Messrs. Mariette, Lepsius, De Rougé, Oppert, &c., to say nothing of works of an older date, like those of Letronne and Champollion. It is the legislation of the Jews, however, which occupies the greatest amount of space in the present volumes. M. Thonissen has discussed it from every point of view, and, not satisfied with the details supplied by the Old Testament Scriptures, he has gone for information to the Talmudic writings, to Josephus, and to those modern critics who, like Selden and Casaubon, have explained or illustrated the Pentateuch.

At last, after a long interval of suspense, and after an act of petty and ridiculous spite which placed the Government of Napoleon in the most odious light, an absurd restriction has been removed, and the Duke of Aumale is allowed to publish his *Histoire des Princes de la maison de Condé*.* When the victor of Austerlitz persecuted Madame de Staël and ordered the suppression of the *De l'Allemagne*, there was at any rate some faint shadow of an excuse for this measure. The seizure of the Duke of Aumale's work cannot be justified on any plea whatever. If it had been the most paltry production imaginable, it would have risen into immediate popularity from the circumstances connected with its appearance; yet it possesses abundant intrinsic merits. The author begins his first volume by drawing a comparison between the leading characters of the sixteenth century and those of the seventeenth. The former—our remarks are confined, of course, to France—stand conspicuously apart by their originality and their independence. Each one seems to bear a stamp of his own, and to be distinguished from all his contemporaries. The latter have a kind of family likeness; they are cast, so to say, in the same mould; and even their genius has a sort of regularity which strikes us as lacking in grandeur and power. The origin of the Bourbon family then comes under consideration, and with the thirteenth child of the Duke of Vendôme we are introduced at last to the chief of the Condés. Every one knows the important part played in the wars of religion by the princes of that illustrious house; they were for a long time the leaders of the Huguenots, and they distinguished themselves both as politicians and as soldiers. The two volumes just published do not take us further than the death of Henry IV.; they include therefore only the biography of the first Condé and part of that of the second. The author has been able to make use of many valuable documents belonging to the family whose history he undertakes to write; some of them are printed *in extenso* in the appendices, together with other letters and State papers preserved either in the British Museum or the Record Office, and the various collections of Paris or Geneva. The work is illustrated by two maps and two portraits.

The campaign of Sadowa has given rise to a whole library of *brochures*, two of which are now before us. M. Paul de Katow, *collaborateur* of the journal *Le Monde Illustré*, presents us merely with the description of the war, and all the anecdotes he could collect whilst engaged as Special Correspondent of a French paper.† M. Julien Klaczko aims higher; he publishes a professedly diplomatic sketch‡, and he endeavours to trace to its first causes the supremacy which Prussia now enjoys on the Continent. How the question of the Papacy and of French intervention in Italy has been mixed up with the affairs of Germany, and how the Treaty of Villafranca has through a series of complications brought about the present threatening aspect of the political horizon, will be apparent to those who read M. Klaczko's essay, contributed in the first instance to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

M. Fermé has published two small volumes, entitled respectively

* *Aventures d'Antar, roman arabe.* Traduction publiée par M. Poujoulat. Parts 1–3. Paris: Amyot.

† *L'Année littéraire et dramatique.* Par G. Vapereau. 11e année. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Encore sur les Contemporains.* Par Philarète Chasles. Paris: Amyot.

§ *L'Année géographique.* Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‖ *Études sur l'Histoire du Droit criminel des Peuples anciens.* Par J. J. Thonissen. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Histoire des Princes de la maison de Condé.* Par M. le duc d'Aumale. Vols. 1, 2. Paris: Lévy.

† *Sadowa; les Prussiens en campagne.* Par Paul de Katow. Paris: Le Chevalier.

‡ *Les Préliminaires de Sadowa.* Par Julien Klaczko. Paris: Amyot.

Strasbourg and *Boulogne*.* In reproducing without a word of comment all the *pièces justificatives* connected with the attempt made by the present ruler of France to upset the throne of Louis-Philippe, he has not infringed the letter of the law; but at the same time he cannot be regarded as an admirer of Imperial institutions when he drags once more to the daylight the antecedents of Napoleon III.

We can here do little more than name M. Victor Hugo's new romance.† There is no doubt that the author of *Notre Dame de Paris* cannot write a volume, or even a few pages, without leaving somewhere the stamp of his genius. *Les Misérables* contained several striking chapters, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* could boast of many highly-wrought episodes, and even in *L'Homme qui rit* there is no lack of M. Hugo's usual energy; but, on the other hand, the author's less agreeable characteristics were never, we think, more glaringly conspicuous than in the present work. It is difficult to imagine how a man who has spent so many years on English soil, and who must know something both of English history and of English institutions, should give such a caricature of the reign of Charles II. and of the society of the seventeenth century. But even apart from this, *L'Homme qui rit* abounds in offences against the true principles of art. The characters are for the most part either unnaturally good or monstrously bad, and the style exhibits all the author's characteristic fondness for incongruous metaphors and startling images.

If we must have sensational stories full of horrors and improbabilities, we should prefer applying to writers who, like M. Gaboriau, aim at nothing else but excitement pure and simple.‡ *Les Esclaves de Paris* has no pretensions to teach philosophy or to recommend Red Republicanism; it does not form part of a triology destined to illustrate a grand social thought. M. Gaboriau's sole purpose is to amuse, and he does so thoroughly. It is hard to believe that what he calls *le chantage*—that is to say, the art of worming out people's secrets and trading with them—is as extensively practised in Paris as our novelist suggests, but *chantage* has afforded the groundwork for two interesting volumes.

M. Louis Enault's *Pupille de la Légion d'Honneur*§ is a story illustrating the old maxim of virtue triumphing over difficulties, and being at last properly rewarded. Under the title of *Un Crime littéraire*, M. Gaston Lavalley also has published a novelette‖ which both morally and artistically is quite unexceptionable. We are glad to see a few writers of fiction, at all events, abandoning the traditions of the Feydeau school, and adopting a healthier style.

* *Strasbourg, Boulogne, d'après les documents authentiques*. Par Albert Fermé. Paris: Le Chevalier.

† *L'Homme qui rit*. Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *Les Esclaves de Paris*. Par E. Gaboriau. Paris: Dentu.

§ *La Pupille de la Légion d'Honneur*. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‖ *Un Crime littéraire*. Par Gaston Lavalley. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 710, JUNE 5, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 711, Vol. 27. June 12, 1869.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THERE is reason to hope that the risk of a collision between the two Houses may still be averted. The time which has been afforded for reflection has certainly not in all instances been wasted, and it is believed that some eminent prelates are disposed to restrain the ardour of impetuous laymen. If the majority, under the rash guidance of Lord DERBY, persists in its intention of throwing out the Irish Church Bill, the general duty of the Government will be clear, although there may be some difference of opinion as to the course which ought to be immediately adopted. As a responsible statesman, Mr. GLADSTONE is bound both to give effect to the decision of the House of Commons and of the country, and to save the House of Lords, as far as possible, from the consequences of its own indiscretion, by giving a plausible opportunity for resipiscence and retractation. The preponderance of argument in favour of the Bill will be more overwhelming in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons, because the necessity of ultimate concession is even more demonstrable than the expediency of abolishing an indefensible institution. Lord DERBY's followers have apparently thought that their former chief has still a moral claim to the allegiance from which he formally released them fifteen months ago. It had previously been rumoured that they were discontented with the leadership of Lord CAIRNS, who was content to be the lieutenant of Mr. DISRAELI; and it would have been only by a painful effort that the body of Conservatives could have acquiesced in a measure of which they not unnaturally disapprove. Mr. GLADSTONE might himself feel a certain sympathy for an error which would be logical, if it were allowable to deduce practical inferences from conventional propositions. The two Houses possess equal powers, as two Knights Templars, in the legendary days of their poverty, possessed equal property in the horse which carried them both on its back. It is conceivable that the occupant of the crupper may have insisted on his right to turn to the left, when his partner with the bridle in his hand had already chosen the right-hand track; but eventually he must have discerned the truth of the maxim that one must ride behind. Having liberated their consciences by a protest, the mass of the peers will probably on a second trial submit to the laws of necessity and of nature. As Lord SALISBURY reminded them in a recent debate, the paramount authority rests, not with the House of Commons, but with the nation. Taunts and menaces would only tend to convert useless and obstinate resistance into a point of honour. Some of the volunteer advisers who disguise their counsels to Mr. GLADSTONE in the form of imaginary rumours of his intentions, suggest the extravagant course of a fresh appeal to the country, not on the abolition of the Irish Establishment, but on the existence or constitution of the House of Lords. It is difficult to say whether the dissolution of a devoted House of Commons on a revolutionary issue would be more criminal or imbecile. The figment of a reaction would be for the first time accredited by a wanton repetition of the question which was so distinctly answered at the last election. Violent language in the House, or out-of-door disturbances, would enlist the sympathies of the great body of Conservatives on the side of Lord DERBY and his adherents, although their policy has hitherto been almost universally condemned. When the party which has right on its side happens also to be the stronger, it would commit a great mistake if it were deliberately to put itself in the wrong.

Although a Bill which has been rejected in either House cannot according to the forms of Parliament be re-introduced in the same Session, the Government may by a simple contrivance divide one Session into two. A prorogation, followed by a summons to Parliament to meet for the despatch of business, would enable the House of Commons to pass another Irish Church Bill copied word for word from the present measure; and in two or three weeks the Bill might pass through its stages without renewed discussion. Mr. DISRAELI, who may be supposed profoundly to disapprove of the tactics of Lord DERBY, would not waste time in again proposing the amendments which he scarcely troubled himself to support when the present Bill was in Committee. The marked silence of the Opposition, when Mr. GLADSTONE was welcomed with cheers by his party on Monday last, indicates the general disposition of the House of Commons to maintain its own supremacy in any conflict with the Upper House. If the Bill had been carried by a bare majority, the defeated party would have welcomed the reversal of a doubtful judgment, but no section of the House is inclined to surrender its ultimate control of policy and legislation. If the Bill were again presented to the House of Lords at the beginning of August, there would be a reasonable probability that it would be accepted; and a second refusal would justify the Government in adopting vigorous methods of coercion. It is desirable that as little time as possible should be allowed for agitation in England or in Ireland. The autumn of 1831, after the rejection of the first Reform Bill, was a troubled and alarming season. If the peers persisted in their refusal to pass the Irish Church Bill on a second occasion, the consequences would be scarcely more serious than if Mr. GLADSTONE were at once to postpone further legislation to the spring of 1870. The noisy exultation of the Orangemen might do incalculable harm if they were allowed to boast for seven or eight months of a Parliamentary victory. Even if their patrons in the House of Lords were ill-advised enough to reject the Bill a second time, the certainty that measures would be taken to overcome a factious opposition would temper the enthusiasm of the most reckless partisans, while it would at the same time temper the excitement of party which may find itself for the moment disappointed and baffled.

In the last collision between the two Houses the Lords were on the main question substantially in the right, although it was doubtful whether their unusual interference in financial legislation was consistent with the best constitutional precedent. Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal to abolish the Paper-duty was disapproved by many of his political supporters, and by at least two of his principal colleagues, because the repeal involved a large increase of a deficiency which was otherwise considerable. When the Lords rejected the Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE was eager to fight out the quarrel, but he was firmly overruled by Lord PALMERSTON, who had not approved of the proposed sacrifice of revenue; yet the House of Lords, although it had displayed its power and performed a public service, had little reason to congratulate itself on the result of a temporary victory. In the following year, although his Budget again exhibited a deficiency Mr. GLADSTONE, with the support of the House of Commons, compelled the Lords to submit to the repeal of the duty by including all his financial provisions in a single Bill. In all similar trials of strength experience sooner or later confirms the truth of the proverb that the weaker must go to the wall; and prudence suggests the expediency of evading a contest which has only one inevitable result. But for the wise moderation of Lord PALMERSTON, the resistance of the House of Lords to the repeal of the Paper-duty would have been overcome by some more violent and humiliating method. In the present dispute it would be imprudent to rely on Mr. GLADSTONE's perfect exemption from the weakness of resentment and irritation; and, if the peers are too proud to care for their own safety, they ought, for the sake of their clients, the Irish clergy, to consider that the Minister whose overtures they reject has something of the temperament of TARQUIN's Sibyl. In the present instance, although the display of virtuous indignation and impetuous resolution would be loudly applauded, undisputed command of a great majority ought to produce the cheerful moderation which naturally accompanies conscious strength. It is not impossible that even on the Ministerial benches there may here

and there be a certain sympathy with the cause of the Irish Church, if not with its imprudent champions; but every member of the majority holds his seat on the implied or expressed condition that he will help to destroy the Irish Church by whatever methods may be adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE. If there were any doubt of the terms of the bargain concluded at the election, the constituencies would, on appeal, unanimously confirm Mr. GLADSTONE's version of the contract.

It is not even technically correct to assert that the House of Lords possesses equal and co-ordinate power with the House of Commons, for the more popular assembly, through the Minister of its choice, disposes of the prerogative of the Crown which may at any time readjust the balance. By an exceptional and yet legal process, the Government can at any time fill a contumacious House of Lords with a majority of its own supporters. The experiment was practically tried a century and a-half ago, and Lord GREY was prepared in 1832 to repeat it on a larger scale if the mere intimation of his purpose had not sufficed for the attainment of his object. By one of the tacit assumptions which are necessary to lubricate the wheels of the Constitution, it is understood that a Minister shall not, except under pressure of imminent necessity, pack the House of Lords for a special purpose, but the check on his discretion involves the correlative obligation to give way in time. The recent debates on the comparatively unimportant question of enabling the Crown to create life-peers have given the peers an opportunity of reflecting on the character and functions of their House, and thoughtful men can scarcely have failed to arrive at the conclusion that it would be rash to precipitate a dead-lock. The well-known fact that bayonets are never, except by a figure of speech, crossed in battle, is due to an instinct of self-preservation which statesmen ought to possess as fully as soldiers. The weaker combatant only avoids a murderous collision by retreating in time; and in the present crisis the recall ought, if possible, to be sounded before Mr. GLADSTONE has advised the QUEEN to create a hundred peers whose votes may be relied on. It may be hoped, on the other hand, that he will leave an opening for repentance before he finally throws on the Opposition peers the responsibility of deteriorating the position of their order. An extraordinary Session held for the peremptory adoption of the Irish Church Bill would provide a pretext to hesitating members of the party for refusing to follow Lord DERBY a second time to the breach. As the Ministers are not exposed to the temptation of showing deficient firmness, they can well afford to be temperate and courteous, and not even to bare too ostentatiously the steel gauntlet which their adversaries well know to underlie the velvet glove. It has probably not occurred to any politician that the doomed Establishment of Ireland is in the smallest degree interested in the efforts of the House of Lords to prevent or delay its extinction.

CONSERVATIVE PEERS IN COUNCIL.

THE peers under the immediate guidance of Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS have arrived at what is generally thought to be a dangerous resolution. They have determined, if they can, to reject the Bill on the Second Reading. It took the public by surprise to learn that this should be their decision, as it was thought that regard for the interests of their order, deference to constitutional usage, and a perception of what would best serve the Irish Church would alike induce them to let the Second Reading of the Bill pass without serious opposition. They have, it seems, thought otherwise, and there appears to be little doubt that, having made and announced their decision, they will persevere, and will use every effort to throw the Bill out. They may fail, for a considerable section of the Conservative party seems inclined to a milder course, and will either vote for the second reading or will not vote against it. But Lord DERBY and his friends, who have, it must be owned, immense influence with the peers, will get a majority against the Bill if they can. The importance of the step they are taking must, we should suppose, be perfectly obvious to them, and numberless instructors have all this week been trying to bring it home to them. Still they appear to stick to their purpose, and it is not to be supposed that they do so without some degree of thought and deliberation. Passion, pique, and prejudice, the exigencies of party, and delusion as to public feeling, may account in a great measure for their conduct, but they do not account for it wholly. They are to be credited with having some sort of reasons for acting as they intend to act, and it seems to us worth while to examine what these reasons can be. The first thing in effective warfare is to understand thoroughly the position of the adversary, and the supporters of the Irish Church Bill cannot do better at the present juncture than set themselves to imagine on what grounds a Conservative peer, who gave himself the trouble to reason out a defence for rejecting the Bill, would conceive himself to be acting. His reasons cannot of course seem valid to those who entirely differ from him. After every endeavour to do justice to the views which we may suppose to have influenced Lord DERBY, we still consider the course suggested by Lord SALISBURY and Lord CARNARVON infinitely preferable, but it would, we think, be a mistake to suppose that Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS are acting without reasons which, from their point of view, must seem to possess considerable weight.

The first of these reasons we imagine to be, that they cannot bring themselves to believe that they could adopt with success the alternative course suggested to them. What is proposed is that they should allow the Bill to pass the second reading, and then alter its character by amendments. They may very well say that this is an illusion. They hear it proclaimed by the Liberal party generally, and by the Ministry, that no amendment of any importance can be made in the Bill if its general principles are admitted. As Mr. GLADSTONE repeatedly said in the Commons, the whole Bill hangs together. The Lords might of course invent quite a new Bill, and introduce it in the shape of amendments, but they cannot alter the present Bill so as to leave it substantially what it is, and yet, to use a favourite expression of their supporters, "take the [illegible]ng out of it." The Conservative organs which recommend trusting to amendments always use language of the most [illegible]r and the most studied vagueness. They say that amendments must be introduced which will protect the interests of the Church, which will undo the work of spoliation, and so forth, but they never say what such amendments could be like. Amendments like the amendments of Mr. DISRAELI—amendments designed, not to protect individuals, but to give the new Church body a large capitalized fund as a source of perpetual endowment—are the embodiment of a totally different measure from that which has passed the Commons. There might be amendments perhaps with regard to very tiny details, such as an amendment giving over the glebe-houses free of charge, which would not militate against the principle of the Bill, but it would seem such a very small mouse to come out of a mountain if getting rid of a building-charge were the only result of the championship of the Irish Church by the Conservative peers. The amendment which would most please their supporters would perhaps be one altering the Ministerial proposal about Maynooth. But, if compensation is to be given to Maynooth, the Lords could scarcely take their stand against the Commons by insisting that an additional burden should be imposed upon the British taxpayer. If no compensation at all were to be given to Maynooth, which would be the amendment most gratifying to the ultra-fanatics of the party, then either the Lords must propose also to take away all compensation to the Presbyterians, which would be very offensive to Orangemen, or they must treat the Roman Catholics with an odious and offensive inequality which a very little political foresight must warn the leaders of the Conservatives would hereafter be a source of great difficulty to them. If, then, no substantial amendments can be devised, the Bill must be either suffered to pass into law very much as it now stands, or it must be altogether rejected; and, seeing this, those who detest it may think that if a stand is to be made against it, it must be made against it as a whole, and at the outset of the discussion.

In the next place, the Conservative peers may imagine that they are likely to gain more than they will lose by boldly rejecting the Bill. They are invited to pass the Bill because it has passed with the approbation of overwhelming majorities in the House of Commons; but they may say that the worst that can happen is that they will be forced to pass it after a struggle, instead of bowing at once in humble subserviency to the Commons. There is a notion afloat among many of those who form the circle in which these Conservative peers move, that the House of Commons does not fairly represent the nation in this matter. There is apparently no ground whatever for entertaining this opinion. If the constituencies were not in entire accordance with their representatives, they would soon let them know their minds as they did in the days of Lord MELBOURNE, when the attack of the Whig Ministry on the Irish Church was foiled because the Whig county members informed the Government that their constituents did not really like what was being done. Nothing of the sort is going on now, and the electors are in perfect harmony with the elected. But Conservative peers who secretly see and acknowledge this, and appreciate its consequences, may argue with them-

selves that it is possible the tide of opinion will be turned when it is seen that, to carry the Bill, it will be necessary to resort to extremities in order to overpower the peers. The nation, they may fancy, goes with the Government, because the Government has had a career of unchecked success; but when it is shown that there is a centre of strong opposition to the Government, opinion may waver, and people may ask whether they are really prepared to crush an honourable, independent, and respected body of Protestant peers in order to please the Irish Roman Catholics. Even if the nation continues to support the Ministry, and the Bill is sent up again to the Lords, the peers may say that to yield then will not be the same as to yield now, for they will have appealed to the nation against the Commons, and, if they bow, they will manifestly be bowing, not to the Commons, but to the nation. This, they may urge, will be the course most likely to uphold their dignity, and to win general respect. If they yielded without a struggle to the Commons, they would be thought a set of poor creatures, whose political [illegible] over, and whose constitutional independence [illegible] sham, acknowledged by themselves to be a sham. Whereas, if they show a bold front, they will get credit for their boldness, they will animate their friends; they will assert their title to exist, and if they yield on the next trial of strength to the wishes of the country, they will be regarded with the feelings of respect and tenderness which Englishmen habitually show to those whom they have forced to yield after a fair and honourable contest.

Lastly, it must not be concealed that the Conservative peers think, not without some show of reason, that the Irish Church Bill cannot be taken by itself. It seems to them part of a general series of revolutionary measures that they see looming before them. They think that the Church of England will soon be attacked, that their landed properties may soon be endangered, and that every year changes, all in a democratic direction, will be made in the administration of public affairs. They see dimly a vague immeasurable peril menacing them and their order and their families. They do not know to what revolutions a measure avowedly revolutionary may not lead. Against this advancing power of democracy, against these unknown schemes of social and political change, they feel that they have elements of resistance and a great dormant force in their vast possessions, in the charm of their names, in the traditions cherished towards historical families by a nation passionately fond of its traditions. But if they never do anything, if they let every opportunity of resistance go by, if they do not inspire confidence by showing a belief in themselves, their force may be frittered away before any effective use can be made of it. To be bold—to be even, as others think, somewhat over-bold—now will be true wisdom in the end. They will thus form a body of resistance to violent change which will show its strength in Parliament, and still more in the country, and, by showing strength, will gain strength. They will teach the Liberal majority in the constituencies that there is an antagonistic force to them which is not to be despised. In calculating the political future, the lovers of revolutionary measures will know that they have to deal with a body of men, possessed of vast influence, who are determined to defend their interests. This may perhaps only whet the ardour of revolutionists, but it will confirm, encourage, and consolidate the enemies of revolution, and it will attract some considerable portion at least of that large neutral wavering mass which has no decided opinion, but which always takes care to keep clear of a party that owns itself weak and beaten, and which always in times of panic flies for protection to men of spirit and determination. To reject the second reading of the Irish Church Bill may, therefore, be part of a much wider issue, and be the first step towards organizing a resistance to revolution which, if no such organization exists, will have its own way entirely. Such, we imagine, are the considerations which have weighed with Lord DERBY and his friends, and, although they are not likely to influence persons out of the high Conservative circles, and do not inspire in us a moment's hesitation as to the expediency and necessity of carrying the Bill, yet they are considerations which, we think, deserve some attention from all who wish to appreciate correctly the real nature of the present crisis in English politics.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE second ballot has relieved the French electors from the discredit of rejecting the ablest members of the Opposition. M. THIERS will, however, be almost the only representative in the Chamber of the Orleanists or Parliamentary Liberals who alone maintain in France the principles which have for many generations been in England associated with liberty; for the theories of M. JULES FAVRE and of other moderate and sincere Republicans have never been confirmed by practical success. An able and well-known English writer has suggested both ingeniously and truly that M. THIERS and his friends are on almost all practical questions heterodox, if they are judged by the standard of the Liberal creed. They support the temporal power of the POPE and the French occupation; they are hostile to German and Italian unity; and M. THIERS himself is an inveterate opponent of Free-trade and of political economy in general. It may be added that as an historian he has done more than any contemporary writer to propagate the superstitious belief in the First NAPOLEON which was the chief foundation of the revived Empire; yet it may be permitted, to those who have but a faint belief in M. THIERS' political wisdom, to remember that the question is not whether his opinions are to prevail, but whether the policy of France is to be regulated by an Emperor or by a Parliament. If there must be an absolute ruler, NAPOLEON III. is a better statesman than his eloquent adversary; but the EMPEROR and the Red Republican members of the Legislative Body are equally hostile to constitutional government. FOX, who was as ignorant of economy, as factious and as prejudiced, as the most obstinate Orleanist in France, is not without reason regarded even in the present day as the hero or patron saint of the hereditary Liberals. The Parliamentary system which lasted from 1815 to 1848 furnished the French nation with its only experience of liberty, and it seems desirable that the sole survivor of that political generation should have an opportunity of protesting in the Legislative Body against the personal government which has succeeded. It is unfortunate that younger and sounder supporters of free institutions should have discovered, by their failure at the election, how little the educated classes in France are in sympathy with the mass of the nation. Napoleonist peasants and Socialist artisans are equally indifferent to the merits of candidates such as M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE or M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL. They can understand a docile nominee of a Prefect, or a revolutionary libeller, and they like them the better because in their case political sympathy implies no feeling of personal respect. An accomplished gentleman who thinks for himself offers a kind of insult to the popular passion for equality. It is felt that M. ROCHEFORT and M. GAMBETTA, even though they may possess personal ability, are not too proud to express in the coarsest form the anarchical aspirations of the rabble. M. THIERS is probably returned on the second ballot because the Government would have greatly preferred the success of a noisy demagogue. M. JULES FAVRE, himself a sincere Republican, has given M. ROCHEFORT the triumph which AJAX conceded to ULYSSES, of having contended with the greatest orator and lawyer of his party, although he has been ultimately defeated.

The disturbances which have for the first time since 1851 occurred in Paris are rather ominous than formidable; yet the result of the election bodes ill for the stability of the BONAPARTE dynasty, while it is in the highest degree discouraging to the friends of constitutional government. A moderate Opposition, although it might have been unable to extort from the EMPEROR the concession of Ministerial responsibility, would have prepared the way for Parliamentary supremacy in a future reign. The RASPAILS and GAMBETTAS will have no serious desire to reform a Constitution which they propose to overthrow. Notwithstanding the present popularity of their professions, it is scarcely probable that the nation at large has renounced the antipathy to revolution which it displayed twenty years ago. NAPOLEON III. has always affected the character of a champion of social order against enemies whose existence had almost been forgotten. The adversaries whom he had long denounced are now sufficiently visible; but it may be doubted whether he will prefer a life-and-death struggle to a combat conducted according to the ordinary rules of warfare with belligerents who might, at the worst, have been contented with a compromise. The hostility of the great towns would have been still more unanimous if the city constituencies had not been in some instances diluted by the arbitrary inclusion of country parishes in the same electoral districts. Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles have virtually voted for a new revolution; and even in country places the devotion of the peasantry to the Empire is perceptibly relaxed. A Government majority of only three to one is justly regarded by the Liberal party as a check to the system of personal government; but while they celebrate a party triumph, moderate politicians can feel little confidence in the representatives of Parisian Jacobinism. The French Correspondent of the *Times*, himself perhaps a defeated candidate, draws the true moral from the recent election, in the indignant contempt with which he denounces

universal suffrage. Inviting or rejecting the domination of a master, the multitude is always and everywhere opposed to the natural supremacy of intelligence and station. The supporters of the extreme Republican candidates have not even desired to return members capable of governing the country as England is governed by the leaders of the House of Commons. It was hoped that M. ROCHEFORT would be as calumnious and seditious in his speeches as in his printed lampoons, and that, after provoking some act of violence on the part of the Government, he would fulfil his blustering pledge of taking his post in a barricade. The cottage freeholders who follow the village Mayor and the parish priest to the polling-booth display in a safer form the absence of sound political instinct which they share with the revolutionists of the towns. In the country the notaries, the money-lenders, and the small shopkeepers are scarcely numerous enough to constitute a middle class; and in the great towns the traders and the owners of property are practically disfranchised. When the suffrage was, under the shortlived Republic, comparatively free, the Assembly found it necessary or expedient to purge, by an act of exceptional violence, the constituencies to which it owed its title. The PRESIDENT, when he took possession of absolute power, revived universal suffrage as the natural correlative of despotism, although he must have been aware that under other circumstances the alternative of anarchy might be preferred to absolutism. For eighteen years it has been found possible to coerce the great majority of voters, and to exclude the Legislative Body from all share in the Government. Whenever universal suffrage in France ceases to be a fiction, it will not reform the Empire, but destroy it. The professions of devotion to the principle of promiscuous voting, which are echoed by one party from the other, are remarkable specimens of conscious, or unconscious, cant. The Republicans know that, notwithstanding the progress which they have achieved, they are still in the minority, and the EMPEROR must feel that the pedestal of his power has been dangerously reduced in area. The friends of freedom and Parliamentary government are excluded from political power in the future as well as in the present. If they could obtain admission into the Legislative Body, their ability might secure them influence; but with almost the solitary exception of M. THIERS, they are contemptuously rejected by the constituencies. In the United States, where local institutions and material circumstances render both Kings and Parliaments unnecessary, the chief characteristic of universal suffrage is the coarseness and corruption of representatives who are only tolerated because they exercise little political power; yet in a country where, beyond the limits of the great cities, pauperism is unknown, and social inequality but trifling, it would have been impossible to restrict the franchise. The Legislative Body of France is even more powerless than the House of Representatives at Washington, but if at any time it becomes a sovereign assembly, it will be compelled to reflect the opinions either of uneducated petty proprietors, or of clubs of Socialist workmen. In such a contingency, it is not improbable that the EMPEROR's intelligent dictatorship may be remembered with regret.

In estimating the results of the election, all parties necessarily assume that universal suffrage is irrevocably established. According to the most plausible calculation, the total majority of voters for the Government is only 800,000 out of 8,000,000, although the proportion of parties in the Legislative Body will be in a far greater degree favourable to the Government. It might well have happened that a considerable majority of the Assembly might have been returned by a minority of electors; for the unanimous opposition of a populous electoral district only affects the return of a single member, although the votes might outnumber the collective majorities in a score of contested circumscriptions; yet the EMPEROR, who has always boasted of the vote of the people, may well be alarmed at the discovery that the scale of numbers is now so nearly balanced. The semi-official papers contrive to give the Government a large majority, by counting as supporters all the members who are not directly hostile to the dynasty. To four millions and a-half of Government votes they add upwards of a million given to so-called dynastic candidates, who are supposed to be friendly to the Government, although they received no official support; but for their immediate purpose the apologists are compelled to reckon the members of the Third Party, and their leader, M. EMILE OLLIVIER, as supporters of the Empire. It is admitted that the Opposition, properly so named, represents two millions and a half of voters, all of whom, according to the rash contention of the Imperialists, must be opposed, not only to the policy of the Government, but also to its fundamental principle. The EMPEROR himself has hitherto regarded as his most formidable enemies the Orleanists and the other advocates of Parliamentary government, and he may perhaps think it easier to deal with antagonists who are as hostile to society and to property as to himself, but the fact remains that he can only count on a greatly diminished majority, which will be inferior in vigour and in ability to the Opposition. It appears scarcely probable that he will try the dangerous experiment of solving domestic difficulties by foreign adventure. A war, while it would alienate the quiet population of taxpayers, would be eagerly seized by demagogues as a pretext for attack. The EMPEROR's diminished popularity is generally attributed to the failure of his foreign policy in Mexico, and during the contest between Austria and Prussia. An unnecessary war with Germany, unless it were attended with extraordinary success, would be a more dangerous mistake. The establishment of the Empire was greatly facilitated by pacific professions, and there is nothing to prevent the inveterate enemies of the Government from proclaiming in turn that the Red Republic is peace.

THE SECTIONS OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

THE difference of opinion which is manifesting itself among the Conservative peers as to the tone which the House of Lords ought to adopt with regard to the Irish Church Bill evidently only reflects the divergence of tendency and opinions traceable in different sections of the party. No great political party is really ho[illegible]ous throughout, and a critic might easily show that there are at least as many sections of the Liberal party as there are of the Conservative. But the differences which, under one set of circumstances, divide a party without interrupting its outward coherence, or preventing it from acting as a whole, may easily, under other circumstances, split a party into fragments outwardly marked off from each other. Current events show that there are at least three main sections of the great Conservative party and how these different sections stand to each other now, and are likely to stand to each other in a future not very remote, is a question of considerable interest for English politicians of this generation. First of all, there is the ruck of the party, or, if that is too invidious an expression, the main body of honest, well-to-do, hereditary Conservatives. They are born to look at politics in a certain way, and to carry Conservative opinions into every department of their happy, noiseless, unimaginative lives. They are the squires, the minor nobles, the good old Tory churchmen, the unimpeachable, unremarkable, self-satisfied families of county life. They toil not, neither do they spin. They think not of the age into which they are born, and stand aloof alike from the evil and the good of their generation. Sustained by an honest pride, and a love of duty that is persevering but easily satisfied, they go through a happy round of small but meritorious observances, and are never troubled with a doubt as to the sufficiency or insufficiency of their political creed. Sometimes they feel strongly, as many of them now feel about the Irish Church, and as in their hearts they felt about the Reform Bill. But without leadership, and the sense of comfortable obedience to men of higher calibre than themselves, they labour under a secret consciousness of want of power, which bids them seek a recompense in cultivating their local importance. It is very seldom that they can get a man of real ability to reflect their views adequately, and yet to irradiate them with something above the mediocrity which experience teaches them is unhappily congenial to their ranks. By a piece of good luck they have got a truly representative man like them, and yet superior to them, in Mr. GATHORNE HARDY. With exalted intelligence and indomitable courage he sets before Parliament and the nation the inmost feelings and the traditional opinions of the honest, mediocre, everyday Conservative. He equally with the silliest young aristocrat of his party adopts the unadulterated, unhesitating tenets of the party, of uncompromising but legal and honourable resistance. Shoot down the Irish till they spin cotton is the simple maxim of his school. Such men are a great power in England, and theoretically all constitutional philosophers agree in congratulating England that there is such an element of peace, sobriety, and moderation in the country. It is thus that the dim, confused views of farmers, curates, and most first-class passengers on suburban railways obtain an authoritative and respectable expression; and if we once get away from the circles of educated Liberals in London, and of enthusiastic Nonconformists and Radicals in large boroughs, the old-fashioned, unreasoning, deeply-feeling Tory element seems so strong everywhere that we may well wonder how it happens that in the face of it the Government of England has for many years been always in the hands of the opponents of Toryism, or in the hands of Tories who, to retain office, have been

obliged to borrow the ideas of those whom they profess to dislike and despise.

Quite a different section of the Conservative party is composed of the very great peers, the landowners owning almost entire halves or quarters of counties, men born to take a leading position in English social and political life, and to rule the neighbourhoods in which they live. They expect to take a prominent part, not only in local but in Imperial business, and they come to Parliament to represent themselves as much as to represent the peerage generally. The existence of such men in the English aristocracy gives it dignity and importance, but locally often exhibits it in its worst side. It is not, we think, conducive to the happiness of life, or to its refinement, or to the self-respect of honourable men, that such an influence should be exercised by one peer in any part of England as is exercised in his own territory by the Duke of BEAUFORT. But such men appear in a much more favourable light when they apply themselves with competent ability to the business of public life and take advantage of their great social importance to make themselves masters of the affairs of the country. Lord DERBY furnishes an example of this section of the party fully equal to any that could be desired. The object of this section is one which, it must be owned, is quite a legitimate one. They wish to have a fair share, at the very least, in the government of the country. They want to rule, to show their power, and to test their ideas, in the actual administration of business. They naturally decide, in a great measure, what the Conservative party shall do, and what it shall not do, in critical moments. They lean, therefore, to an alliance with whatever is adventurous in their party; they welcome outsiders, and even very irregular and doubtful Conservatives, if they can thus strengthen their hold on the public, and make their rule more popular. In recent years they have found such an ally in Mr. DISRAELI. It was the countenance and support of Lord DERBY that made Mr. DISRAELI's leadership possible, and the two were strong enough at a critical moment to impose on the great bulk of the party a measure wholly distasteful to them, and utterly alien to their principles and traditions. They have always seen that great cleverness, and manifest, undeniable ability, recognised by the public, were what they wanted in those who were to help them to rule, and not something of an approximation to their own hereditary importance. They have now installed Lord CAIRNS in the leadership of the House of Lords, indifferent to the reluctance of smaller peers to be ruled over by an Orange barrister, and only desirous to create and keep alive the impression that their party offers a special and exceptional career to men of great ability. In the same way they were content for years to uphold the leadership of Lord LYNDHURST. The public respected the party for being led by a man of such eminent powers of mind, and the party gained lustre by offering so brilliant a position to a man who had made his own fortune. In ordinary times these rulers of the Conservatives, the men of exceptionally great territorial importance, and the men of exceptionally great intellectual eminence, lead the mass of the party as they please. Sometimes they suddenly, as in the case of the Reform Bill, impose on this pliant body a great sacrifice, and make an immense demand on their devotion. Sometimes, as at present, they throw themselves into the passions of their humbler supporters, and raise a great shout of good old Tory battle.

But they are not unopposed or free from all control, for there is a third section of the party, small in numbers generally, but of high political consideration, and able in a gentle way to appeal, not unsuccessfully, to the mass of the Conservatives. These are the Parliamentary leaders who, being by birth or accident or conviction Conservatives, yet look on Conservatism as only one side of English politics, who understand Liberals, and are, to a great extent, in harmony with them, and who always live in an atmosphere of good sense, and think of the nation as much as of their party. Lord STANLEY, if he is to be called a Conservative at all, is one of the most conspicuous of these men. He would at the present moment be a very damping chairman at an exuberant Orange gathering. But it is perhaps not fair, either to him or to the party, to put him in any classification of Conservatives. The prominent members of the section of Conservatives of which we are speaking are Lord SALISBURY and Lord CARNARVON in one House, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON in the other. They are men of different degrees of ability, certainly, but they all agree in the mode in which they judge, and in the spirit in which they approach, public affairs. They may be described as Liberals who on many points come to Conservative conclusions, but their idea is to look to what the nation wants, not to get a Conservative triumph. Lord SALISBURY was one of the most zealous debaters on behalf of his party, but when he got into office he governed India with a passion for progress altogether out of the compass of ordinary Whig officials. Lord CARNARVON gave up office rather than aid in passing Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill; but when the Suspensory Bill came before the Lords, he separated from his party because he felt himself driven back into an examination of the principles which the maintenance of the Irish Church involves. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON are men of much less mark, but they are on the same plane of political thought. We should like to know what political compromise Sir JOHN PAKINGTON would not accept, or what office he would not at ten minutes' notice think himself competent to hold. Not that he is a mere office-seeker, but he feels as if nature had made him *in omnia paratus* to a really remarkable extent. This is the line of Conservatism, it may be added, which is substantially taken by the only Conservative organ that ordinary people ever see. The *Standard* fights, of course, for its party, and worships its leaders, but it always considers how questions may be regarded by persons who are aware that Conservatism is not the only conceivable type of political opinion. And it is admirably seconded in this by its excellent staff of foreign Correspondents, who not only give the greatest amount of readable information as to foreign countries which is to be found in any one periodical, but treat every subject in a vein of gushing Liberal enthusiasm. How great is the practical influence of this section of the Conservatives no one exactly knows. It may possibly next week show itself greater than is expected; or it may very probably seem to be almost eclipsed, now that an appeal has been made by determined leaders to the passions and prejudices of the mass. But in quieter times, and under more favourable circumstances, it may grow very rapidly, and in the next ten years it is conceivable that the real guidance and leadership of the party may rest quite as much with the section now represented by Lord SALISBURY and Lord CARNARVON as with that now represented by Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS.

COLONIAL POLICY.

MR. ADDERLEY has recently published the first part of what is intended to be a sort of constitutional history of our colonies, combined with an exposition of his own theory of colonial government. Something of the same sort was done by Earl GREY, after he had long administered the Colonial Office; and one of Mr. ADDERLEY's main objects is to demonstrate the fallacy of Earl GREY's policy, and to set up a rival theory of his own in its place. Mr. ADDERLEY's long devotion to the subject entitles his arguments to consideration, even from those who are unable to see in them much more than transparent fallacies; and, apart from the special views of which he has made himself the advocate, his narrative may be accepted, as far as it has yet gone, as a substantially accurate account of the relations which have from time to time existed between Great Britain and her numerous offspring.

The changes in this respect have been very remarkable. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS revived an almost forgotten fact when he reminded the men of our day that the early colonies of this country were almost entirely independent except in their external commercial relations. The *régime* of Protection determined alike our home and colonial policy. The colonies communicated only with the Board of Trade, and so long as they supplied us with an exclusive market no one thought of meddling with their own management of internal affairs. As the natural correlative of this independence the colonies assumed the duty of self-protection, and instead of murmuring at the withdrawal of British troops they were apt to resent as an encroachment the appearance of English red-coats to save them from dangers which they considered themselves well able to ward off by their own unassisted efforts. The Protection theory of colonial government broke down with the insane attempt to impose taxes by Imperial authority; and when the failure of the system was manifested by the successful revolt of the North American colonies, an entirely new method of administration was attempted. For a long time protection was continued more as a boon to the colonists than to ourselves, but the leading idea which came into vogue was no longer that of political independence, but of centralized control. The assumption of the right of more energetic interference on the part of the Mother-country necessarily led to the not yet exploded theory that the colonies were entitled to rely almost exclusively on England for their defence. British troops maintained at the expense of this country were not only tole-

rated but expected by all our colonies, and the new *régime* was based upon the idea that it was the function of England to govern and to defend all her outlying provinces. The system sapped at once the old sturdy self-reliance of the provincials, and the striving for political liberty which had been so marked a characteristic of what are now the United States. For infant settlements the plan was sufficiently unobjectionable; but no statesmen could have expected or desired the continuance of a relation which could not fail to enervate the colonial mind. And one after another our provinces began to outgrow this maternal coddling. Demands were made for more and more of the powers of self-government without any corresponding relaxation of the demand for protection, and after a short interval we drifted into the transition period with which Lord GREY's name is so largely associated. Constitutions were granted freely framed on the English model, but in two important respects they all differed from their prototype. In the first place, the power and influence of the Crown, which had been constantly dwindling in our own Constitution, was represented in the case of the colonies by the far from unobtrusive action of an English Minister, while, on the other hand, the colonists, though greedy for self-government, still claimed as of right to be relieved by England from the duty of self-defence. There was a sort of balance in this arrangement, and Lord GREY considered that England might well afford the rather considerable military expense entailed upon her, in consideration of the substantial control which she still exercised over her half-emancipated children. And during this period a large leaven of the old protection theory remained. Colonial ships and colonial goods were favoured by discriminating privileges, and the colonists certainly did not submit to what they would now regard as dictation without getting a very substantial equivalent. But this, like the former system, was essentially transitory, and though the Crown (represented by the Colonial Office) still exercised its authority more energetically in their affairs than in those of Great Britain, it has for many years been abating its pretensions, and allowing the provincial Legislatures to assume an almost complete independence. The adoption of free trade largely increased this tendency, and the present policy of withdrawing British troops and looking to the colonies to defend themselves in the absence of special emergencies, is a natural consequence of the now-prevailing policy, though not always recognised as such by even the most independent of our colonial possessions.

Mr. ADDERLEY raises the question, what is to be the [illegible] of all these changes? Increasing strength and a growing desire for complete self-government can have only one of two goals. Either the colonies will become, at some future and probably distant day, independent of the Crown of Great Britain, or else they must assume the position rather of allies than dependents, with something in the nature of a federal bond to unite them to the Mother-country. This alternative is beginning to be understood in the North American provinces better than it is at home; and, while the idea of an actual severance is repugnant to their feelings, the necessity for some better link than the Colonial Office supplies is becoming apparent to many of their leading statesmen. Something of this sort seems at one time to have commended itself to Mr. ADDERLEY, but he fears that, however acceptable it might be to Canadians and Australians, any participation by such distant kinsmen in the conduct of Imperial affairs would be too great an innovation to commend itself to Englishmen. Practically contradicting his own condemnation of Lord GREY's policy, Mr. ADDERLEY assumes that the only possible bond that can permanently unite England and her colonies must be supplied by the ultimate supremacy of a purely British Parliament. There is not much assurance of permanence in such a system, and the best-disposed colonies are apt to resent this kind of home control as almost an impertinence. It would be otherwise if they had a voice in the central body, and though a change of this kind is not to be anticipated at present, we are by no means satisfied that some form of confederation between England and the principal colonies may not be the ultimate issue of the constitutional government which has been conceded to them. Mr. ADDERLEY has persuaded himself that colonial self-government, subject to a continually decreasing measure of English control and influence, may go on for ever without either ripening into a Constitution which shall embrace the whole Empire or culminating in ultimate independence. We believe that to one or other of these conclusions our whole colonial history is pointing; and now that Canada is as near in time to London as Edinburgh once was, there are no physical difficulties which can be regarded as insurmountable in the way of a closer and more equal political connexion. But for the present these are mere speculations, and though we may foresee that the tide must in course of time drift us into the one haven or the other, Mr. ADDERLEY is probably right in assuming that the existing relations may last for many years to come without material alteration. In the form which they have already nearly reached, and which they are certain soon to assume, they will be in many respects advantageous to both parties to the bargain. The colonies, practically self-governing and taking their own share of the duty of defence, will no longer impose unreasonable burdens on this country, while something a little closer than the most intimate alliance will continue to knit their fortunes with ours, both in peace and war. Mr. ADDERLEY's mistake is, we think, assuming that a union so very little more than one of sentiment can be expected to sustain itself in all emergencies without some more definite political connexion. If we are destined to lose what little remains of English supremacy, it will become a necessity either to acquiesce in the loss or to replace it by some form of confederation; and the ultimate dismemberment or perpetual union of the various parts of our Empire as it exists will turn upon the question, which another generation may have to solve, whether federal relations in some shape may or may not be found to be practicable. If not, the present phase of colonial government seems not less transitory than those which preceded it.

REACTION.

In various ways we hear a good deal of the Reaction against the Irish Church Bill. It were strange if we did not hear of it. Reaction makes noise enough to be heard. In every variety of tone, and with every conceivable and inconceivable oddity of gesture and gesticulation, Reaction now howls and roars, and now pipes and whimpers and screams. In Ireland, as befits Ireland, Reaction roars in 'Ercles vein, threatens civil war, and rejoices in the revival of the savoury memories of the Boyne and Aughrim. Mr. JOHNSTONE shouts Ha, ha! and neighs for the battle. But Ulster has lately flowed over into Middlesex, and a band of Ulster Protestants have fraternized with Mr. COLQUHOUN and gentlemen of his set, and the National Club, Whitehall Gardens, echoes with the genuine brogue and bluster of Orangeism. The deputations from Ireland do not earn our English hospitality for nothing, and the first appearance of Mr. MACROLY and a good many other decidedly Ulster names on English platforms, at great City meetings, great meetings at the various large towns, great meetings in Protestant Tyburnia and Westbournia, and still more Protestant Cheltenham, let us know, if we are disposed to know, what manner of men the HAMILTONS and BUTLERS and GROGANS and VANCES and VANDELEURS are. We can hardly understand that all these meetings and deputations mean more than this. The Irish Orangemen and Protestants of the peculiarly Irish Protestant type have come over to England, and have made many speeches. The old No Popery blusterers familiar to us in England have also been equal to the occasion. Dr. TRESHAM GREGGS has poured out the lava floods of his fiery vituperation in Dublin; the babbling springs of the eloquence of Mr. CHARLEY and Mr. HARPER have been perennial about Hanover Square. But there is nothing new in all this. It hardly comes up to the notion of Reaction. There might be a reaction, but upon the plainest notion of the word, Reaction means that somebody or somebodies, or some considerable section of the community, have changed their minds. Is it so? How do we stand differently from where we stood last autumn? Then, as now, there was a very considerable, and in a certain sense important, majority, not only in the English counties, but in several large towns, against Mr. GLADSTONE; and in many other places there was an active, though not a large, minority in the elections, as in the metropolitan boroughs. What exists now existed then. Mr. MORGAN HOWARD made many speeches about Lambeth last year, as he is making many speeches about London generally this year. The sentiments of Mr. R. C. L. BEVAN and Mr. FOWLER were well known, and certainly were appreciated by a good many City men during the elections; neither those opinions nor the appreciation of them have changed. We have now the same men in the same attitude. But Reaction, if it means anything, ought to be able to point either to its converts from the opposite faith, or to some distinguished names borne by those who twelve months ago were inactive or irresolute or uncertain about the Irish Church Bill, or who had declined to pledge themselves, but who now are openly with the No Popery and Protestant Ascendency party. Is it so? Is it not rather the other way? Is there not a significant absence of notables from the echoing halls of Willis's Rooms and St.

James's Hall? Last year, if we remember rightly, a fervid, but astute, Archbishop, who thinks that he knows the beats of the popular pulse, announced that "We in the House of "Lords should know how to deal with the Bill when it got "there." Well, the Bill has got there, and we in the House of Lords do not seem quite to have made up our minds what to do with the Bill. At any rate Dr. THOMSON has not made a political speech or stood on a political platform from that time to this. Last year the clergy assembled and pronounced and threatened. We do not observe at any of these London meetings the presence of any of the clergy of mark, although to a man, or nearly so, they dislike the Bill. Not that the clerical trumpet has not been solemnly invoked; we know that the sword of the LORD and of GIDEON has been specially appealed to. Last Saturday's *Globe* contained a long and serious admonition to the clergy to be up and doing during the present week—that is, to tune the pulpits; and copies of the *Globe* containing this authoritative mandate were sent about largely to the English incumbents, of course post-free; with what result their congregations may have had, or will have, the opportunity of judging. The Reaction seems to be that whereas last year a great many people thought it not impossible that Mr. GLADSTONE might get no majority at all, and not at all unlikely that the majority would be small, and were in consequence very active and energetic before the elections and in the elections, now that the verdict has been pronounced their agitation ceases. If there is a Reaction, it seems that, in many very important particulars, the Reaction is rather the other way.

It becomes, therefore, a curious inquiry to see what account the Orangemen and the English No Popery people give of the rise and progress of this imaginary Reaction of theirs—how it has come about, and what enlightenment has at last broken upon the general public. The only intimation of the reasons for this change which we have found are curious and recondite enough. The speakers at the recent meetings seem to put it in this way. The majority in Parliament consisted principally, besides the Irish Romanist members, of Scotch members, and of English members for constituencies where Dissent and principles akin to Dissent prevailed. These constituencies were deceived, and have now found out their mistake. The Scotch Presbyterians thought that their brethren and co-religionists the Irish Presbyterians were in favour of disestablishment and disendowment, and they now discover that the Ulster Presbyterians are very much in favour of the Regium Donum, whatever they thought last year, or think now, about bishops, priests, and deacons. But the Scotch Presbyterians are now with their Irish brethren; only, unfortunately, there are no hustings and no elections on which to show their change of opinion. So, again, last year the Dissenters voted for Mr. GLADSTONE's nominees because they thought that he was going to pull down, disestablish, and disendow the bloated English Establishment offhand and at once. They now find out, as they might have found out then, that he is only going to treat Maynooth and the Roman Catholic community with equal justice, and this they now, though very tardily, discover to be trafficking with the Scarlet Lady, bowing down to the abominations of Babylon and all the rest of it. Thus the Scotch Presbyterians and the English Dissenters did not know last year, but they do know it this year. Hence their altered sentiments. This is the real and important genesis of the Reaction, and this account of it deserves the credit of ingenuity. But suppose all this to be true, and it never can be proved, what does it amount to but that the constituencies at the late general election do not represent the national sentiment? And then the difficulty occurs that the great political party which opposes the Irish Church Bill is responsible for the new constitution of household suffrage, the very first result of which is the return of a Parliament which does not, *ex hypothesi*, represent the nation. To say that the constituencies last year were under a delusion, did not know what they were about, and were unable to understand what their votes meant—which is what we are now told —is but a sorry compliment to Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI. If there is any party in the State to which this view of the situation pays a compliment, it is to that of Lord SALISBURY; but then Lord SALISBURY is not in favour of the unconditional rejection of the Bill. Altogether, this explanation of the Reaction only increases the complication for the Orangemen.

We are, however, perhaps wrong in attributing to Reaction this merely shadowy and conceptional existence. Reaction at any rate discharges some corporeal functions, and exhibits some of the outward signs of material and active life. Reaction eats and drinks. It has begun its ephemeral existence by a morning meal; and the *déjeûner* of Wednesday at Willis's Rooms is a sign that Orangeism, like love, cannot survive without corn and wine. The "supporters of the United Church of "England and Scotland in London" have feasted deputations from the Irish Church and the Hiberno-Presbyterian Church. But just as at the City meeting it was a Wesleyan who took the chair, so at Willis's Rooms the Church of England was not. The Dean of Ripon, Dr. M'NEILE, was the solitary representative of coldly sympathetic Anglicanism; but we must do him the justice to say that this "great and "good man" made up for the Laodicean indifference of his spiritual fellows and brethren. And then there was Dr. CUMMING, who of course hangs on to the coat-tails of Establishmentism wherever it is to be found, and probably agrees with Dr. M'NEILE that Holy Russia, where the CZAR is *mixta persona*, half king and half priest, or perhaps that the Lamaism of Thibet, is the true ideal of the union of Church and State. The House of Commons was not unworthily represented by Mr. NEWDEGATE, who saluted himself as the foremost Constitutionalist of the day, and all the available Irish Bishops were present to eat and to drink and to talk. Nobody can complain of this. But we must respectfully suggest that we cannot see the good of this sort of demonstration, except as regards the spread of the unwholesome practice of eating and drinking largely before dinner. The *déjeûner* is a sufficient symbol of what is meant by Reaction. It is a good thing perhaps, but comes at the wrong time of day. The speakers on Wednesday were quite equal to their old reputation; but now they seem out of place and time. All that they said this week they said last year. The very same arguments, the very same vague terrors and doubts, the old quotations about the Canon Law, the same pious and, in a sense, not unnatural, horror of Maynooth. The orators had months upon months for enforcing their views on the public mind, and all through last year they turned their tongues and pens consistently to the task. And with what results? A majority of 115 against them in the House of Commons. To go on with all this eloquence and vituperation now looks very much like flogging a dead horse. The speakers impress those who were impressed before and are impressed still, and who want no more impressing; but when they ask us to believe that they are impressing their opponents, that the tide is on the turn, and that the national sentiment is with them, we ask for some tangible evidence of their loose, hazy assertions, even from the Dukes of RUTLAND and ABERCORN and Lord HARROWBY. If noble lords and senators like to bask in a fool's paradise, it is idle to grudge them their sun or parhelion.

It is some relief at least to common sense to turn from the haze and afterglow of Willis's Rooms to the manly, vigorous, blustering talk of Orangeism when not on its pretty behaviour in Whitehall Gardens and Pall Mall. Commend us rather to the man, especially the spiritual man, of Killyman county Tyrone. At Killyman they don't talk of Canon Law, but of that *ultima ratio* of good Protestantism "ready to take the Minié "rifle and to march to the Boyne as their fathers were." This was the lay Chairman's keynote, as the reporters call it, and the drum ecclesiastic beat in unison. As the Rev. Mr. ELLIS remarked, "they were there to tell Mr. GLADSTONE that if he used brute force, so could they." Or, as the Rev. LESLIE CARTER expressed it with a difference, Orangemen of the North would know the reason why. And "as only the Channel "rolled between them, they would march to the House of "Commons, and compel their enemies to be silent." We trust this threat will not be lost on the Admiralty and the Channel Fleet. The Rev. HENRY HENDERSON declared that, if the Government pursued their present policy, they would have another Derry and another Boyne, and that eminent pastor of Presbyterianism and peace, the Rev. R. C. DONNEL, has gone so far in his martial preparations for rebellion that he sees his way to getting "those guns"—they must by this time be valuable pieces of ordnance—"which chased Papist JAMES from the walls of Derry, and they should have them to fight for the truth, for their GOD, and for their Bible." If we are to have threatened rebellion, and the glorious promise of civil war, we must say that we prefer it hot and strong, and with the genuine usquebaugh twang from "renowned Killyman," rather than spouted by gentle Lord HARROWBY in the mild and diluted tea-drinking at Willis's Rooms.

MAZZINI AND ITALY.

MAZZINI has lately addressed a letter, marked with his peculiar eloquence, to his "enemies," consisting of the Italian Government and of the supporters of the monarchy. For forty years his enemies, though they have differed in person and in nation and in character, have so far occupied the same position that they have been the constituted authorities of the whole or of parts of Italy. His earliest efforts were directed against CHARLES ALBERT of Piedmont, who, having abandoned his early Liberal professions, was excusably supposed to have become a vassal of Austria. The Dukes who reigned under foreign protection over central Italy, the King of NAPLES, and above all the POPE, were necessarily regarded by the enthusiastic advocate of national unity and freedom as objects of uncompromising hostility. Notwithstanding his many errors of judgment, and partly through the force of his passionate intolerance, MAZZINI did much to create a sentiment of national patriotism; but his sectarian fanaticism regarded the form of a republic as not less indispensable than the substance of unity and independence. It was in vain to remind him that regular troops could only be encountered by regular troops, and that, while Republican agitators were prating of knives and of daggers, the King of SARDINIA had the power of aiding the cause with a hardy and disciplined army. On the eve of the movement of 1848, MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, in the name of a secret society of Italian patriots, obtained from CHARLES ALBERT a pledge, afterwards faithfully redeemed, that he would give his life, the lives of his sons, and the resources of his kingdom to the struggle with Austria, as soon as the fit moment arrived. When, in 1848, the KING invaded Lombardy and Venetia, MAZZINI held aloof; and even now he is not ashamed to designate the Royal adventurer as the betrayer of Milan. Ten years later CAVOUR resumed, by the acquisition of Lombardy and of the Duchies, the enterprise which had been interrupted at Novara. Naples and Sicily were next won by GARIBALDI, and the Roman Legations by CIALDINI; and, finally, Venice and its territories were annexed to the kingdom of Italy, in consequence of the events of 1866. It might have been thought that the all but complete attainment of Italian unity would have satisfied in some degree the most sanguine patriot; but MAZZINI hates a King of Italy as bitterly as if he were an Austrian Viceroy, and he denounces as treason the compulsory acquiescence of the Government in the French protectorate of Rome. "You have," he says, "abandoned "Rome to the Papal phantom, and silently submitted to be "told by a French Minister that she should never be yours." "You possessed a frontier line, unique in Europe, and almost "insuperable; and you have broken it by yielding up Nice and "Savoy to the foreigner who already held Rome." In other words, the Government and the nation have shrunk from engaging in a desperate conflict with a potentate of overwhelming superiority of force who was also an acknowledged benefactor. There is not the smallest reason to believe that an Italian Republic, even if it had adopted a bolder policy, could have offered effectual resistance to the power of France. The unique and insuperable frontier of the Alps offers no sufficient defence as long as it can be turned by troops landing on the South-Western coast. Any attempt of the Government to assert its independence would be hampered by the internal disaffection which is incessantly propagated by MAZZINI and his partisans. He states indeed that he opposed a rising which had been prepared at Milan for the 18th of April; but he boldly announces that, when occasion serves, his party will meet force by force. As if with a consciousness that the chronic prosecution of the business of conspiracy requires an apology, he offers to abstain from secret machinations if he is allowed to propound his Republican doctrines in the press and at public meetings; and he even intimates that he would relinquish the agitation for political changes if his country were not dishonoured by the Roman occupation. There are generally concessions which would satisfy malcontents and rebels; but no established Government can allow a private man to dictate its policy, with the alternative of insurrection if his views are not adopted.

The Federal Council of Switzerland, on the demand of the Italian Government, has lately induced the Council of State of Ticino to refuse MAZZINI permission to reside within the limits of the Canton, and, as might be expected, the subservient timidity which refuses hospitality to exiles affords an excuse for indignant remonstrance. As a general rule, it is perhaps expedient that political refugees should be allowed an asylum in neighbouring countries. French Republicans, from time to time, plot in Leicester Square, and Irish Fenians in Paris; but small neutral Powers, such as Belgium and Switzerland, are compelled to pay some deference to the complaints of neighbouring Governments. Although it is probable that the sympathies of a Republican people are on the side of MAZZINI, it is not the business of the Swiss to remodel the political institutions of Italy. MAZZINI's arguments for a Republic are legitimate, though not conclusive; but they have no bearing on the right of conspiracy and rebellion. If he were contented to trust to reason alone, or rather to boldness of assertion, he might perhaps persuade his countrymen that in America "public offices are bestowed on merit and virtue." The Americans themselves, if their all but unanimous testimony can be believed, have found by painful experience that under their political institutions merit and virtue are fatal disqualifications for office. In the greatest States the votes in the Legislatures are habitually sold, and private and public character are equally disregarded in the choice of Federal Representatives. The "stratum of corruption" which the Italian monarchy is "superimposing on the many, with which the heart of the "nation is burdened," can scarcely be denser or grosser than the similar formation which is annually deposited by universal suffrage as a burden on the heart of the city of New York.

It is not altogether improbable that MAZZINI may be justified in his anticipation of a future Republic in Italy, and in some other European countries. Spain has lately found with surprise that it is becoming difficult to establish a new dynasty after the overthrow of a throne; and it is nearly certain that if the French Empire is destroyed, a Republic will be preferred to a constitutional monarchy. It would seem that the confident expectation of success ought to supersede the necessity of Republican plots and rebellions, and, according to MAZZINI, the Roman question would be easily settled by the national will operating under Republican institutions. In the meantime it is hardly worth while to quote a tirade of LAMENNAIS, to the effect that those who win back their confiscated rights are likely to be denounced as rebels—"Rebels against whom? "There is no rebellion possible, save against the true Sove-"reign, and how can the people rebel against the people?" Revolutionary logic always disregards history as well as probability. LAMENNAIS died before the people of the Southern American States rebelled, as their act was described, against the people of the North. The not impossible case of a monarchy approved by the great majority of the people would not disturb the convictions or the policy of a genuine revolutionary agitator. In 1848, the most earnest and consistent French Republicans opposed the convocation of a National Assembly, on the express ground that the majority would probably be opposed to the Republic. If it were possible to ascertain whether MAZZINI's opinions are held by the greater number of the whole population of Italy, the question would still remain whether the monarchy may not more truly represent the real interests and the genuine will of the nation. The revolution which has liberated Italy was organized and completed by the educated classes, when the Lombard peasantry was tolerant of Austrian dominion, and while the BOURBON tyrant was popular with the rabble of Naples. The Piedmontese, who alone contributed a serious military force, are, notwithstanding their discontent with the removal of the Court from Turin to Florence, still warmly attached to the ancient Hous of Savoy. If the Southern provinces and Sicily were polled, it is possible that the fallen dynasty might be preferred both to the reigning family and to the unknown Republic; and the majority of the clergy throughout Italy prefer the supremacy of Rome to the greatness and the unity of the nation. Intelligence and discipline have, with the powerful aid of France, and afterwards in concert with Prussia, prevailed over local prejudices and indifference; and even if MAZZINI were to succeed in establishing a Republic, he would but inherit a national unity created by his present antagonists. He may indeed boast that, with GARIBALDI and other gallant associates, he once occupied, in the name of the Republic, the capital which is still out of the reach of the KING and his Government. The Triumvirate is not to be blamed for yielding to the irresistible force of the French army; but it is idle to reproach the monarchy with inability to retrieve the loss, or to impute to the Government as crimes the melancholy results of revolutionary folly which were attained at Aspromonte and at Mentana. Errors have undoubtedly been committed in domestic and foreign policy, and more especially in naval and military administration; but conspiracy is a clumsy and mischievous remedy for political mistakes.

The constant refusal to acknowledge the difficulties which surround the Roman question is characteristic of MAZZINI and his sect. The POPE himself, in his Allocutions, scarcely exceeds the Republican zealots in habitual disregard for existing

facts. Even if the French garrison were withdrawn from Rome, the violent overthrow of the temporal Papacy would involve Italy in dangerous internal dissensions, and perhaps in the grave inconvenience of a religious schism. Sooner or later the risk must be faced by any Government which may at the time represent the Italian nation; but the wisest statesmen will not be hasty to precipitate the conflict. A Republic might possess some advantage over a monarchy in the contest, inasmuch as it would oppose political to religious fanaticism; but the destruction of the power of Rome would not be accomplished without serious internal convulsions. Although MAZZINI earnestly, and no doubt sincerely, disclaims the wish to found his Republic on terror or on anarchy, he would, in attacking at the same time the Church and the actual institutions of the State, be forced to rely on the aid of the professed enemies of property and of order. The extreme Republicans of France and Spain have loudly proclaimed the wildest doctrines of revolution, and some Italian democrats took part in the most extravagant discussions of the Peace Congress which undertook at Geneva to promote universal war. The Italian Government would, perhaps, display prudence as well as boldness if it were to accept MAZZINI'S challenge by permitting him to propagate his opinions by public discussion; but it is difficult for those who are accustomed to unlimited license of speech to judge of the danger of rhetorical appeals to an inflammable population. In the United States the law recognises no political offence short of insurrection; and English practice is almost equally liberal. In Ireland it becomes from time to time necessary to impose a certain restraint on oral sedition, although, as a general rule, speakers as well as writers indulge with perfect safety in the propagation of treason. As Englishmen are but spectators, with no right to interfere in Italian disputes, it perhaps matters little that they are incapable of understanding how Italy can derive advantage from plots against the Government.

THE MOLD RIOTS.

IT is so seldom that we have riots attended with loss of life in this country, and the sight of soldiers firing on an infuriated and violent mob is happily so rare, that it is only right that an occurrence like the fatal affray at Mold should be scrutinized with great jealousy. Colliers are everywhere a turbulent and ignorant set of men, and in Wales the wild, violent character of the people, added to the coarseness of a rude class, produces a very savage compound. The Welsh collier stands alone. He is rude, jealous, ignorant, and easily provoked. The Mold colliers had, or fancied they had, a grievance against an English manager, and proceeded to exercise very summary injustice against the object of their hatred. They deported him and his goods, and also committed an assault. For this offence six or eight of the colliers were arrested and punished, not very severely, two only being sentenced to imprisonment. The evil spirit of Mold was fairly roused, and it was determined by the colliers that the prisoners should not go to gaol. This determination became known to the local authorities, and a small military force was despatched to aid the police in getting the convicted rioters off by railway. Everything was prepared on both sides. On the side of order were the magistrates, police, and soldiers. On the other side were ranged a mob of two thousand people, full of rage and vengeance. It was not *furor arma ministrat*, but the provident care of the road surveyor, which provided an inexhaustible store of the choicest pebbles and small rocks, which the brutal insurgents availed themselves of to the uttermost. They riddled the railway station; they put the police and soldiers, or at least most of them, out of all fighting powers with great celerity. And the summary of the scene described by the Chief Constable is this:—Volleys of stones darkened the air; the police and soldiers were knocked over on every side; Captain BLAKE, the officer in command, was appealed to for an order to fire; he refused; the mob only got more violent, and the lapidation more severe; the railway was assaulted and mastered, and the civil and military force surrounded. The soldiers, maddened with their wounds and the fall of their comrades, of course wished to fire, but Captain BLAKE, though himself wounded, gave no sign; so far did this tenderness to the savage mob prevail, that it is in evidence that the officers clung to their men who were levelling their rifles, and prevented their firing. Matters got worse and worse, as the rioters saw that they were treated with such entire impunity, till at last Captain BLAKE ordered his men to fire. They fired over the heads of the people, and the result was killing an innocent looker-on, though it seems that at length the soldiers took some aim and killed four people. All this lasted at least a quarter of an hour. Fifteen minutes is, perhaps, a short time; but just let us picture what fifteen minutes means with some hundreds of very willing hands dealing lumps of stone into men whose order, position, and uniform made them the easiest of marks.

We are told to admire the patience of the soldiers, and the admirable fortitude and courage of their officers; and we are, we believe, also commanded to survey with sympathy that respect for human life which was displayed by the Mold magistrates in declining to read the Riot Act, and in putting off to the last moment their call on the military to use their rifles. Our hearts may be as hard as the stony pebbles which the Mold colliers used with such deadly effect, but we entertain no such feelings. Rather we own to a very distinct and solid indignation against both officers and magistrates for their foolish and long-suffering abstinence from doing their duty. No doubt there is a sort of justification for them. That old superstition of reading the Riot Act had not been complied with. And here we venture to ask how many of our readers know what the Riot Act is, and can recite its provisions, which we trust are not sixty seconds long? Captain BLAKE was waiting for the magistrate's order; and the magistrate was waiting perhaps for this bogey Riot Act, perhaps for his spectacles. It was the old story of the Earl of CHATHAM and Sir RICHARD STRAHAN. But, as Mr. Secretary BRUCE observes, it was not necessary to read this precious Riot Act; in point of fact, after all it was not read here at Mold, perhaps for the best of reasons, because it was not there to be read. And now to apportion the blame. Captain BLAKE would not suffer his men to fire because he had not received the magistrate's order. This is the military superstition that soldiers in the presence of civil authorities and a breach of the peace are no longer ordinary citizens with all the rights, duties, and responsibilities of citizens to quell a riot, to arrest rioters, and to use such arms, if any, as they happen to have in hand for those objects and for their own personal defence. Military men think that when summoned by the civil power they are under the orders of the civil power, and cease to have any duties except those which the magistrate calls upon them to discharge. The distinction is this, that soldiers may do all these things on their own military or even private responsibility, but that when called upon by the civil power they must do

Just as in a street we may collar a pickpocket or a garotter; we may, or may not do it, according to our own sense of duty; but when called upon by a police constable, we must aid and assist in securing the QUEEN'S peace and arresting felons. Such is every private soldier's duty as a citizen in the eyes of the common law. But a soldier is subject to another authority. He cannot while on duty do any one of these things without orders from his commanding officer. On Captain BLAKE, therefore, devolved the double duty, first of quelling a riot, as he and everybody else ought to do, and next, as by military law he had acquired a special responsibility, of preserving the lives of his men, and of using such means, and with such despatch and energy, as should disarm those who were wounding and disabling his soldiers by scores and every minute. We regret to say that by a mistake, perhaps a venial one, Captain BLAKE discharged neither duty. He did nothing for at least fifteen minutes to keep the public peace; rather he did everything to encourage the rioters, by allowing them for a quarter of an hour to make a target of the supposed defenders of order; and he did nothing because he was not asked to do so when there was no necessity that he should be asked. This was his mistake as a citizen; and as a military man, we should rather be disposed to a suspicion that he might, under military law, be made responsible, if any charge for neglect of duty and needlessly imperilling the lives and limbs of his company were to be brought against him.

The result is, that Captain BLAKE did less than his duty because he was hampered by the superstition—as we have already called it—of the necessity of a military force being empowered by the magistrates to defend their lives; and that the Mold magistrates again did less than their duty, because they were hampered by the other old superstition about reading the Riot Act. On the whole, it may be considered that these twin superstitions have their value in putting a wholesome antecedent check on military zeal, and what perhaps may be the dear delight of pulling a trigger against a noisy and turbulent crowd; but in our careful regard that a riot should grow into very portentous dimensions before we attempt to deal with it by force, it may happen, as it did on this melancholy occasion, that we have done great wrong to the unfortunate policemen and soldiers who, while guardians of the peace, were restrained from defending either the peace or their own lives and limbs.

THERE are few topics which furnish more fruitful material for conversation and discussion of all kinds than literary style. It is a subject on which every reader thinks himself entitled to have an opinion, and with respect to which few see any reason why one man's opinion should not be as good as another's. If your neighbour at a dinner-party chooses to remark that he (or she) thinks Mr. Tupper's style incomparably superior to Tennyson's, you accept the remark with the same unruffled tranquillity with which, a few minutes earlier, you may have heard the preference given to peas over asparagus, or mackerel over salmon. It is generally esteemed a *dilettante*, indolent sort of topic. Concurrently with this, two other notions are commonly held—first, that the style of an author can be criticized independently of his matter; secondly, that a good style is the result of luck, or chance, or genius, or something equally inexplicable and unamenable to rules and laws. And thus it is not unusual for a person to say that he regards a writer as contemptible in intellect, in knowledge, in truth, but as having an admirable style.

We do not entirely hold with this way of looking at the subject. True, the positive material, the amount of thought and experience which an author contributes to the world, is the chief thing to be considered in estimating the value of his work. With bad material, or with lack of material, a writer is at once condemned; while it would be much too bold a thing to say, having the examples of Kant and Bentham before our eyes, that a bad style necessarily means a bad book. But yet we are quite sure that style is a much more solid and important thing than is often supposed, that what are held to be superficial beauties, pleasing to the ear or to the imagination, do, if genuine, indicate some mastery over realities unknown to those who have not such grace or beauty of language; and, in fine, that the subject is one practically useful to discuss, not merely with a view to the increase of literary enjoyment, but also with a view to the increase of knowledge, and the classification and development of experience.

Style is of least importance where the subject-matter is naturally clear and definite, as is the case in most branches of physical investigation. In botany or geology, no such subtlety of reasoning is implied in the fundamental conceptions as would necessitate conspicuous powers of illustration and exposition. To make discoveries in these sciences does indeed need fertile and profound imagination; but the discoveries, once made, are communicated to others with less difficulty than is the case with the speculations of history or philosophy. And yet even here the results of a good style are considerable in this way, that the theories thus communicated take a far greater hold of the general mind, and spread themselves much more widely through the nation, than where they are not recommended by similar advantages. Thus the style of Sir Charles Lyell would generally be considered as admirable—a praise which would hardly be given to Sir Roderick Murchison, profound geologist though he be. And has not the consequence been that Sir Charles Lyell's conceptions have taken possession of the non-geological world to a much greater extent than those of Sir Roderick Murchison? Common people reverence Owen from a distance, while they apprehend and take the highest interest in the writings of Darwin and Huxley. Granting that the novel views of the two last-named inquirers may have something to do with this, has it not also resulted very much from the fact that they have stooped, as Owen has never done, to the ordinary intelligence, and fitted in their doctrines to the sentiments of mankind? For this is the test and almost the definition of a good style, that the thoughts sought to be conveyed are rendered applicable to as large a number of different dispositions as the nature of the thoughts renders possible. And thus a good style implies (and will often supply to others) considerable knowledge of mankind. And though it i[illegible] th[illegible] [illegible] superficially better style by lowering their thoughts, by emptying them of their difficulty, and, with their difficulty, of the best part of their substance, yet this does not diminish the merit of such good writing as does not swerve from the height of a genuinely noble conception. For example, the late Hugh Miller had a more poetical, and what some might think a more striking, style than Sir Charles Lyell, but it would not be just to put him above Sir Charles Lyell in this respect without taking into account the much less difficulty of the conceptions which Hugh Miller undertook to expound and illustrate. It should, however, be added, that Hugh Miller's works have a source of interest apart from geological speculation, as the record of a man who rose to a very considerable point of excellence by his own ability, without any of the helps which society supplies to those born in the higher or middle ranks.

It is, however, when we leave physical and scientific writings, and come to those which involve knowledge of and sympathy for man, that style attains its highest influence and development. It is, in fact, one of those inexplicable things, like the tones of music or the colours of a picture, which have a power of conveying in a moment thought and feeling which no laborious effort at explanation could possibly convey. It is distinct from rhythm, and yet closely allied to it. How can we express what such a power is? We speak of chords in the human mind, and the metaphor appears to be not far from the truth. It would seem that, as in material things there is a certain arrangement and collocation of particles such that, when one chord or piece of glass is struck and gives a ringing sound, the vibration will be communicated to all of similar texture, and they will return the sound, so there are in the human body collocations of nerves, and in the human soul unnoticed, but not slight or transient, dispositions of feeling, whence influences are communicated by a mutual interchange—influences which form their own end, and are not, like words, merely the means of propagating other influences. And if the object of an historian is, as it is, to make us understand men—and not merely men, but man, the common human nature—then that surely is no superficial merit in an historian which adds to his power of expressing that which is the very subject of his study. And we have mentioned historians because of all forms of study which have man for their object history is the most definite and material; and what we have said is even more true of philosophy, of poetry, and of painting. Yet in all these there is a certain contrariety and discrepancy of object, as regards the style, which does not exist in scientific writings. No fulness of matter is any impediment to clearness of style in a scientific writer; but there are delicate chords in man which are of themselves unintelligible to many, and the writer who tries to express these must, without any fault of his own, lose that universal intelligibility which he cannot but desire. And what happens in consequence of this is, at times, even worse; there are writers who, finding that others will not understand their noblest thoughts, give up the effort at universal intelligibility, and make the expression of their thoughts bizarre and needlessly difficult. This has, we think, happened to two most distinguished writers of the present day—Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Browning. No living writers have a greater compass of material in the knowledge of human nature; and the early writings of both—*Paracelsus*, for instance, and the essay on Burns—had in them, necessarily, something remote from common apprehension, but yet nothing of wilful obscurity. It is hard not to think that, together with that more powerful flow which characterizes the later writings of both, there has not been mingled that contempt for the common reader which displays itself in a carelessness of being understood at all by the vulgar. And we fear that in his contempt Mr. Carlyle has by this time advanced so far that his writings of the present day are no longer understood by persons even of more than vulgar capacity. When Mr. Carlyle points to the English peerage as the salvation of the country, we suppose we must believe that there is some valuable meaning at the bottom of his utterance, but for the life of us we cannot make out what it is. Mr. Browning has of late recovered himself from that abyss of profound unintelligibility into which he at one time plunged, but we would appeal to any one whether he had not, at the time when he wrote the following stanza, a very considerable contempt for the ordinary understanding—whether he did not laugh in his sleeve at the thought how he was bothering and bamboozling the simple public:—

> Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats;
> Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup;
> Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,
> Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
> What porridge had John Keats?

This stanza occurs at the end of the poem entitled "[illegible]pularity," which is one of those chosen by Mr. Browning [illegible] for the volume of his selected poems, and therefore one, we suppose, peculiarly calculated to edify the general reader. And the worst of it is that the general reader is sometimes a person who looks upon these oddities of style as something exceptionally splendid, and adopts them on his own account in productions which, as they have none of Mr. Browning's sense and cleverness to support them, are marvellous and lugubrious in the extreme.

It is, however, for the sake of future ages, rather than for our own, that such eccentricities as these are to be deplored. The novelty of the thing serves to carry it off at first; the very fact that many cannot understand it lends it the greater zest in the eyes of those who fancy they do understand it, and even if the enthusiasm of the few cannot extend itself to the many, which however it often does, yet it offers in itself much compensation. But as for future ages, though we of this present age should feel bound to assure them that the Latter Day Pamphlets or "Christmas Eve" contain matter most worthy to be read and studied, we tremble to think of the possibility there is that the difficulty of the task may prevent their testing our judgment.

The truth as respects Mr. Carlyle is, we are inclined to think, that his greatness has in no way diminished throughout his literary career, it is not that he is the decay of his former self, but that his genius, instead of being wrought up and elaborated with the care and constant attention to the understanding of mankind which is necessary for the permanence of its influence, now displays itself only in those misty, gigantic forms which more fitly belong to the birth and first origin of genius. It ought to be with genius as, according to La Place's hypothesis, it was with the creation of the solar system. At first a nebulous mass, loose and chaotic, with no form, with nothing inherent in it but matter and power, it gradually solidifies, becomes concrete and visible, divides into various parts with various functions, sends out ever new manifestations of itself (that hidden self which is the power that existed in it originally and endures throughout), becomes continually more complex, more apparent, fixed and diversified. But in that miniature solar system of which Mr. Carlyle has been the framer it is as if some foreign force, some wandering planet or star, had entered and shattered his matured combinations into their original and elementary atoms; so that his intellect produces no distinct shapes, but hovers ghostlike about our world of human thought, an enormous spiritual force, yet not directed towards any determinate end. For all that, the

melody which was one of the earliest impulses that he gathered up into his being still remains and gives occasional signs of its presence. It is impossible to read even the wildest of his recent writings and not to feel that here there is a true poet; the marvellous music remains in sentences from which every other trace of form and definiteness has vanished. Such music belongs certainly not to Mr. Browning; the only writer of the present day who can at all be thought to equal it is one whose genius has undergone a similar change with that of Mr. Carlyle himself—Mr. Ruskin. But Mr. Ruskin has, we think, suffered more real deterioration than Mr. Carlyle, or at least his works have suffered this. His recent works have concerned subjects which he has not proved or measured, and thus, while the vagueness of Mr. Carlyle is the vagueness of the prophet, the vagueness of Mr. Ruskin has in it much of the vagueness of ignorance. And as we have said something against obscurity of style, we may conclude by remarking that the opposite error, that of too great simplicity, is at once more common and, as less rarely seen to be an error, more injurious. Man is mysterious and not simple, and any attempt, historical or philosophical, to treat of man in a style that contains nothing of mystery is sure to fail, even if not recognised to be a failure. It has always struck us as most instructive that Mr. Mill—who, of all writers, endeavours most to combine profundity with intelligibility, but with a leaning to intelligibility—should have been obliged in that one of his works which preeminently treats of man as man, the Essay on Liberty, to lay down at the outset an exception to his great principle, more extensive than the principle itself. For, after advocating the entire personal liberty of every one not an offender against the public good, he adds that of course there must be excepted all children and all nations that have not reached the civilized stage, who together make up a larger proportion of the human race than we should like to reckon. Without practically dissenting from the main thesis of Mr. Mill's book, this largeness of exception makes it evident that there is a mysteriousness in the subject which he has not cared to recognise, and that plain and intelligible terms cannot compass the whole nature of man. So that the end of the whole matter is, that while historians and philosophers should endeavour to push back the bounds of obscurity and mystery as far as possible, yet these qualities cannot be entirely dispensed with, and the attempt entirely to dispense with them—to treat of man (as Mr Mill seeks to do) in a style containing none but clear and distinct terms—results in inadequacy.

NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES

THE late quarrels between England and America have brought into prominence certain considerations which may be of more than merely transitory interest. They have revealed, not by any means for the first time, a fact which it may perhaps be salutary to remember; the fact, namely, that a considerable number of persons consider it in the light of a duty to regard us with something like persistent hatred. They do not confine themselves simply to feeling a resentment, justifiable or foolish, against certain acts of our Government which were held to be unfriendly, but they proceed to draw the general inference that Englishmen, as a nation, are proper objects of antipathy. An American will occasionally tell us, as if it were rather a gratifying and wholly a creditable circumstance, that whilst he makes many distinctions in favour of individuals, he regards us *en masse* with the same sort of feeling which Nelson cherished towards Frenchmen. That simple-minded hero, if we remember rightly, summed up the whole duty of his subordinates in two great commandments—that they were to obey orders, and hate Frenchmen as they hated the devil. Of course, when the feeling is directed against ourselves, we recognise its exquisitely unreasonable character. We are conscious of many faults, and are by no means in the habit of concealing them; but we cannot admit that we are so destitute of compensating virtues as to justify any people in taking us to be indiscriminately hateful. It may be that we are not guilty to the same extent of any such unreasoning sentiments ourselves. Englishmen, at any rate, are not so much inclined to follow each other like a flock of sheep, and to adopt a universal creed of any kind without exception or moderation; if some of us are foolish enough to cultivate blind prejudices against foreigners, they always find compatriots ready to take the opposite side of the question, and to rebuke them with sufficient energy. Yet individuals are often enough to be found who regard particular classes of foreigners with bitter hostility. If the old hatred of the French has died out to some extent, it still works in many provincial towns; and there are people who are ready to retort upon our American detractors with a hatred which, *primâ facie* at least, is equally unreasonable. It is perhaps worth asking what is the real value to be attached to such manifestations of national sentiment.

The first remark which occurs upon the subject is that it seems to be absurd to hate people for displaying peculiarities which are the natural result of the circumstances in which they are placed. It would be ridiculous in an American to condemn us for retaining many old prejudices, foolish though some of them may be, considering the strength with which the whole course of our history has tended to fix them in our character; and equally ridiculous in us to condemn the inhabitants of a new country for the want of certain refinements which are the slow product of an ancient and continuous civilization. The remark, indeed, is not sufficient by itself. We hate a thief and a murderer, though the circumstances under which he was raised may have put it almost out of the question that he should be anything better. As Christians, indeed, we are bound to hate nobody; and moralists have argued that if it were possible to place the vilest of mankind on some desert island, where they could do no harm either by practice or example, we ought to wish them to be as happy as their condition would admit. As a matter of fact, however, very few people are sufficiently good Christians to distinguish between a man and his qualities; we cannot contrive to love a criminal and hate his crimes; if we loathe cruelty and vice, we equally loathe the concrete embodiment of those tendencies; and therefore, if we could say of any nation that it was intrinsically worse than its neighbours in a moral point of view, it would be excusable, if not strictly justifiable, to regard it with disgust, and that without taking into account the causes to which its demoralization was owing. Here, however, we are met by the obvious facts. No one can say that the difference between civilized nations is so marked, and marked so distinctly in one direction, as to justify one in regarding another with simple contempt. We have passed the time at which we could summarily set down the French as a frivolous and immoral people, whose gaiety was explained by their natural fitness for slavery, and whose manners and customs resembled those so tersely summed up by a proverbial navigator. We allow that many of our prejudices were founded on the most profound ignorance, and that probably no living man could give an impartial verdict as to the general question of the relative merits of Frenchmen and Englishmen. In the same way we often hear an American detailing the string of commonplaces which he has learnt from his party, and naively explaining our indifference to them by the innate stupidity and wickedness of our nation; meanwhile we know perfectly well that the same man in England would have run over another set of phrases with equal glibness, plagiarizing from the *Daily Telegraph* instead of the *New York Tribune*. The character and intelligence of the man would have been essentially the same; but he would have worn a different set of colours. The amazing moral superiority which he arrogates to himself depends simply on his having happened to learn certain political formulas by heart, and is so far purely superficial. There are, it is true, certain marked differences of national character, but they are not such as to establish a distinct superiority on either side, nor do they supply the grounds on which that superiority is claimed. If an American claimed to be quicker-witted than an Englishman, we should have to inquire into the truth of the supposed fact, and see what is to be set against it on our side. But when he claims to be the exclusive possessor of certain political truths, he is really boasting that he happens to read a different set of newspapers from other people, and might as well pride himself on shaving his upper lip instead of his chin. It is, indeed, a matter of the utmost importance what political principles are current in a nation; we only deny that, as matters are at present, the difference of opinions on such subjects corresponds to any distinct difference in the moral or intellectual standard of those who hold them. The British shopkeeper is not intrinsically better or worse than the shopkeeper on the boulevards or on Broadway. We can see many profound differences between them, but we cannot place them with any confidence in order of merit.

If civilized nations are on the whole approximately at the same level, we feel it to be as foolish to hate savages or the semi-civilized races as to dislike animals or children. They are at an imperfect stage of development, and in fact excite no antipathy, unless in some few exceptional cases. And this suggests what is the real cause of such national antipathies. It is not that we seriously believe another race to be less moral or less intelligent than ourselves, for in that case we should hate the Chinese or the negroes more than Frenchmen or Americans. We really hate nations because they are so nearly our equals. It is felt to be intolerable that people who do not enjoy the blessings of the British Constitution, and who cannot even talk intelligibly, should be in many ways as good as ourselves. A wretched being who, with unaccountable perversity, says *oui* when he means yes, shows himself to be capable of building towns and making railways, and even fighting battles, as well as we could do it ourselves. This is the inexpressibly provoking thing about foreigners; and it is to relieve ourselves from the uncomfortable sensations which the circumstance produces, that we brag so loudly about our supposed points of superiority. Our ostensible reason for the antipathies we cherish is the belief that our neighbours are really degraded beings; but the real cause of the antipathies is the uncomfortable sensation that, however superior we may be in some points, they manage to keep tolerably abreast of us in the race for national excellence. Englishmen were hated on the Continent so long as they presumed to interfere in Continental matters, and were hated by their allies at least as much as by their enemies. If we consent to reduce ourselves to insular insignificance, and allow our commercial supremacy to be entirely upset, we may take such comfort as may be in the thought that people will begin to do us justice, as they would to specimens in a museum, or monkeys in a zoological garden. Even the Americans, when they have taken Canada, exacted four hundred millions of compensation from us, and set up an independent Republic in Ireland, will begin to be a little sentimental about the old country, or such fraction of it as may still be left on its legs.

National antipathies, then, are likely to be strong in proportion as they are unreasonable; that is to say, in proportion as they are founded on no real superiority. There are, however, other elements

in the dislike which we feel for another nation which tend to disappear with increased means of communication. What we may call errors of mental perspective tend to distort the idea which each nation forms of its neighbour. If we endeavour to appreciate the conceptions which a commonplace half-educated man takes of a foreign country, we must begin by narrowing and confusing our intellects. In the first place, he thinks of the whole nation as of a single unit, which is embodied in some such conventional figure as John Bull or Brother Jonathan. Every peculiarity handed down by [illegible]

John Bull is supposed to be always humbling himself before a lord, and Brother Jonathan to be perpetually whittling a stick and chewing tobacco. This kind of anthropomorphism, by which the type is put for the whole, is natural and convenient enough. But, in the next place, as the foreign nation is generally heard of in its relations to the [illegible]

Englishmen who get up every morning, eat their breakfast, do their daily work, and go to bed without ever remembering the existence of the Atlantic ocean. We have succeeded in impressing upon our minds with more or less distinctness that there are a good many people in France and Germany, and that they have other things to do besides following the details of English politics. But this is a comparatively modern discovery, which can hardly be said as yet to be generally understood. During the preceding period of ignorance it is a natural tendency to exaggerate enormously the interest with which we are regarded by others [illegible]

deal of ignorance, directed by occasional outbursts of passi[illegible] our interests happened to be visibly concerned, foreigners have kindly attributed to us designs of profound and perfidious policy which are totally beyond our capacity; and we are only too ready to repay the misconception in kind. If this source of confusion tends to disappear, and we come to realize the fact that nations take up a larger space than is represented on the map, and have more opinions than those uttered through their Foreign Ministers, the most fertile source of irritation will disappear; and if we also come to believe that the differences of virtue are not so enormous as we sometimes fancy, national antipathy may in time be replaced by a more healthy kind of national emulation. It has always had this ingredient of good, that it has been the means by which nations have been encouraged to develop their own characteristic excellences, and the imaginary foreigner has supplied a useful background as a kind of foil to set off our supposed merits. The reaction between the intellects of different countries has been amongst the most potent causes of progress; and it is desirable, not that it should be destroyed, but that it should be accompanied with as little as may be of unreasonable dislike.

BORED HUSBANDS.

THE curtain falls on joined hands when it does not descend on a tragedy, and novels for the most part end with a wreath of orange-blossoms and a pair of high-stepping greys, as the last act that claims to be recorded; for both novelists and playwrights assume that with marriage all the great events of life have ceased, and that, once wedded to the beloved object, there is sure to be smooth sailing and halcyon seas to the end of time. It sounds very cynical and shocking to question this pretty belief, but unfortunately for us who live in the world as it is, and not as it is supposed to be, we find that even a union with the beloved object does not always ensure perfect contentment in the home, and that bored husbands are by no means rare.

The ideal honeymoon is of course an Elysian time, during which nothing works rusty or gets out of joint; and the ideal marriage is only a life-long honeymoon, where the happiness is more secure and the love deeper, if more sober; but the prose reality of one and the other has often a terrible dash of weariness in it, even under the most favourable conditions. Boredom begins in the very honeymoon itself. At first starting in married life there are many dangers to be encountered, not a shadow of which was seen in the wooing. There are odd freaks of temper turning up quite unexpectedly; there is the sense, so painful to some men, of being tied for life, of never being able to be alone again, never free and without responsibilities; there are misunderstandings to-day, and the struggle for mastery to-morrow—the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which may prove to be the tempest that will destroy all; there is the unrest of travelling, and the awkwardness of unusual association, to help in the general discomfort; or, if the happy pair have settled down in a vale and a cottage for their month, there is the "sad satiety" which all men feel after a time when they have had one companion only, with no outside diversion to cause a break. But the honeymoon at last draws to a close, and the relieved bridegroom gets back to his old haunts, to his work, his friends, and his club; and though he takes to all these things again "with a difference," still they are helps and additions. This is the time of trial to a woman. If she gets over this pinch, and is sensible enough to understand that human nature cannot be kept up at high pressure, even in love, and that a man must sooner or later come down from romance to work-a-day prose, from the passionate lover to the cool and sober husband—if she can understand this, and settle into his pace, without fretting on the one hand, or casting about for unhealthy distractions on the other—she will do well, and will probably make a pleasant home, and thereby diminish the boredom of life. But, unfortunately, not every woman can do this; and it is just during this time of the man's transition from the lover to the friend that so many women begin to make shipwreck of their own happiness and his. They think to keep him a romantic wooer still, by their tears at his prosaic indifference to the little sentimentalities once so eagerly accepted and offered; they try to hold him close by their flattering but somewhat tiresome exactions; their jealousies—very pretty perhaps, and quite as flattering—are infinite, and as baseless as they are infinite; all of which is very nice up to a certain point and in the beginning of things, but all of which gets awfully wearisome as time goes on, and a man wants both a little change and a little rest. But women do not see this; or, seeing it, they cannot accept it as a necessary condition of things; wherefore they go on in their fatal way, and, by the very unwisdom of their own love, bore their husband out of his. Or they grow substantially cold because he is superficially cooler, and think themselves justified in ceasing to love him altogether because he takes their love for granted, and so has ceased to woo it.

If they are jealous, or shy, or unsocial, as so many women are, they make life very heavy by their exclusiveness, and the monastic character they give to the home. A man married to a woman of this kind is, in fact, a house prisoner, whose only hours of freedom lie beyond the four walls of home. His bachelor friends are shut out. They smoke, or entice him to drink more than his wife thinks is good for him; or they induce him to bet on the Derby, or to play for half-crowns at whist or billiards, or they lead him in some other way of offence abhorrent to women. So the bachelor friends are shouldered out, and when the husband wants to entertain them, he must invite them to his club—if he has one—and pay the penalty when he gets home. In a few years' time his wife will be glad to encourage her sons' young friends to the house, for the sake of the daughters on hand; but husbands and sons are in a different category, and there are few fathers who do not learn, as time goes on, how much the mother will allow that the wife refused. If bachelor friends are shouldered out of the house, all female friends are forbidden anything like an intimate footing, save those few whom the wife thinks specially devoted to herself and of whom she is not jealous. And they are very few. There are perhaps no women in the world so exclusive towards their husbands as are Englishwomen. A husband is bound to one woman only, no doubt; but she thinks him also bound to have no affection whatsoever outside the house and family. If he meets an intelligent woman, pleasant to talk to, of agreeable manners and ready wit, and if he talks to her in consequence with anything like persistency or interest, he offends against the unwritten law, and his wife, whose utmost power of conversation consists in putting in a yes or no with tolerable accuracy of aim, thinks herself slighted and ill-used. She may be young and pretty, and dearly loved for her own special qualities, and her husband may not have a thought towards his new friend, or any other woman, in the remotest degree trenching on his allegiance to her, but the fact that he finds pleasure, though only of an intellectual and æsthetic kind, in the society of any other woman, that he feels an interest in her life, chooses her for his friend, or finds community of pursuits or sympathy in ideas, makes his wife by just so much a victim and aggrieved. And yet what a miserably monotonous home is that to which she would confine him! He is at his office all day, badgered and worried with various business complications, and he comes home tired, perhaps cross—even well-conducted husbands have that way sometimes. He finds his wife tired and cross too; so that they begin the evening together mutually at odds, she irritated by small cares, and he disturbed by large anxieties. Or he finds her preoccupied and absorbed in her own pursuits, and quite disinclined to make any diversion for his sake. He asks her for some music; she used to be ready enough to sing and play to him in the old love-making days; but she refuses now. Either she has some needlework to do, which might have been done during the day when he was out, or baby is asleep in the nursery, and music in the drawing-room would disturb him—at all events she cannot sing or play to-night; and even if she does—he has heard all her pieces so often! If he is not a reading-man, those long, dull, silent evenings are very trying. She works, and drives him wild with the click of her needle; or she reads the last new novel, and he hates novels, and gets tired to death when she insists on telling him all about the story and the characters; or she chooses the evening for letter-writing, and if the noise of her pen scratching over the paper does not irritate him, perhaps it sends him to sleep, when at least he is not bored. But dull, objectless, and vacant as their evenings are, his wife would not hear of any help from without to give just that little fillip which would prevent boredom and not create ceremony. She would think her life had gone to pieces, and that only desolation was before her, if he hinted that his home was dull, and that, though he loves her very dearly, and wants no other wife but her, yet that her society only—*toujours perdrix*—without change or addition, is a little stupid, however nice the partridge may be, and that things would be bettered if Mrs. or Miss So-and-So came in sometimes, just to brighten up the hours. And if he were to make a practice of bringing home his men friends, she would probably let all parties

concerned feel pretty distinctly that she considered the home her special sanctuary, and that guests whom she did not invite were little else than intruders. She would perhaps go willingly enough to a ball or crowded soirée, or she might like to give one; but that intimate form of society which is a mere enlargement of the home life she dreads as too much like the supplementing of deficiencies, and thinks her married happiness safer in boredom than in any diversion from herself as the sole centre of her husband's pleasure.

The home life stagnates in England, and in very few families is there any mean between dissipation and this stagnation. We can scarcely wonder that so many husbands think matrimony a mistake as we have it in our insular arrangements, that they look back regretfully to the time when they were unfettered and not bored, or that their free friends, who watch them as wild birds watch their caged companions, curiously and reflectively, come to share their opinion. Wife and home, after all, make up but part of a man's life; they are not his all, and do not satisfy the whole of his social instinct, nor is any one woman the concentration of all womanhood to a man, leaving nothing that is beautiful, or in its way desirable, on the outside. Besides, when with his wife a man is often as much isolated as when alone, for any real companionship there is between them. Few women take a living interest in the lives of men, and fewer still understand them. They expect the husband to sympathize with them in the kitchen gossip and the nursery chatter, the neighbours' doings and all the small household politics, but as a race they are utterly unable to comprehend his pleasures, his thoughts, his duties, the responsibilities of his profession, or the bearings of any public question in which he takes a part. But even if this were not so, and granting that they could enter fully into his life, and sympathize with him as intelligent equals, not only as compassionate saints or loving children, there would still be the need of novelty, and still the certainty of boredom without it. For human life, like all other forms of life, must have a due proportion of fresh elements continually added to keep it sweet and growing, else it becomes stagnant and stunted, as everything else would be. And daily intercourse undeniably exhausts the moral ground. After the close companionship of years no one can remain mentally fresh to the other, unless indeed one or both be of the rarest order of mind, and of a practically inexhaustible knowledge. Save these exceptional instances, we must all of necessity get worn out by constant intercourse. We know every thought, every opinion, and almost every square inch of information possessed, we have heard the old stories again and again, and know exactly what will lead up to them, and at what point they will begin, we have measured the whole sweep of mind, and have probed its depths, and though we may love and value what we have learnt, yet we want something new—fresh food for interest, though not necessarily a new love for the displacement of the old. But this is what very few Englishwomen can understand or will allow. They hold so intensely by the doctrine of unity that they are even jealous of a man's pursuits if they think these take up any place in his mind which might else be theirs. They must be good for every part of his life; and the poorest of them all must be his only source of interest, suffering no other woman to share his admiration or obtain his friendship, though this would not touch his love for themselves or interfere with their rights. But this is a hard saying to them, and one they cannot receive, wherefore they keep a tight grasp on the marital collar, and suffer no relief of monotony by judicious loosening or by generous faith in integral fidelity. The practical result of which is that most men are horribly bored at home, and that the mass of us really suffer from the domestic stagnation to which national customs and the exclusiveness of our women doom us as soon as we become family men. It must, however, in fairness be added, that most men obtain some kind of compensation, and that very few walk meekly in their bonds without at times slipping them off, with or without the concurrence of their wives.

RESPONSIBILITY IN TIME OF WAR.

AMID the shame and indignation which accompany unexpected defeat, it seems vain to require from any people a cool judgment on the causes of the national disaster. Let a system palpably break down, or let statesmen be ever so much in fault, it is easier to condemn the general than to look beyond; and the political death of an unlucky commander is the favourite way, in modern days, of appeasing the popular cry for vengeance on those who brought the humiliation. It is but eight years ago that we saw a great republic sending forth a mass of undisciplined battalions, without organization, almost without a staff, to reconquer revolted provinces including millions of inhabitants; and when Bull Run came to prove that numbers in arms do not alone make an army, M'Dowell, because he failed to achieve the impossible, was practically ostracized for the rest of the war, whilst those who directed or served under him lived on to become trusted and honoured. M'Clellan was condemned in turn, because he strove, by making war slowly of set purpose, to gain the time for organizing his troops which he was denied before opening his campaign. We can claim but little advantage over our kinsfolk in this matter. The black winter of 1854-5 found Parliament and people chafing under our check before Sebastopol, and looking for a scapegoat as eagerly as in the days of Byng. If the reputation of the Alma victory and his own high personal character saved Lord Raglan from supersession, this was only at the cost of a change of War Ministers, and of a practical belying of all confidence in our commanders, by giving the Field-marshal a sort of keeper as Chief of Staff, and removing the only engineer who understood the work before us, whose prophecies as to the mistakes we were committing in the direction of our attack were destined to prove of bitter truth in Redan failures long after. The French appear to be even less wise under such trials than ourselves, if we may judge either by the way in which they guillotined unfortunate generals when the guillotine was in fashion, and shuffled commanders successively into power in the days when the star of the Republic [illegible] before Suwarrow in Italy, or by the persistent in-

[illegible]

teaching led them to connect with that great disaster. A fresher instance than any of these, of the disposition to saddle national calamities upon luckless generals, has just come under the notice of all Europe in the Austrian Official History of the War of 1866. The main object of the writers would appear to be to prove Benedek's incompetence to have been the sole origin of the Bohemian defeats, and this in the face of the opinions of all other critics. The worthy veteran Jomini declared, in the last essay which flowed from his fertile pen, that the causes of the Austrian collapse were the better organization, the better armament, and the better strategy of Prussia. If this assertion of a disinterested and skilled observer be accepted as true, it follows that, however completely Benedek failed, he is not by any means to be held singly responsible for the fall of Austria's military power, and that bad administration or false principles of government may be as fatal to the reputation of an army as the worst mistakes a captain can make.

Libraries have been written on strategy and tactics, and oceans of pamphlets on military organization, but without any systematic attempt, so far as we are aware, to define the limits of the responsibility of those who are concerned in the great transactions of war, and to assign to the general, the Government he represents, and the subordinates who obey him, their respective functions in the military hierarchy in such a manner as to give the State the fullest advantage of the services of all. This question, hitherto left untouched, yet so important in its bearings on all military reform, has been at last approached in a liberal and philosophic spirit by one of the most practical soldiers and successful generals of this age of war, the Archduke Albert of Austria, a personage whose functions and character seem to be so completely misunderstood by some of the most important of our contemporaries that we shall endeavour later to say a few words upon them. For the present our task is to glance at his remarkable essay on the subject already referred to, *Ueber die Verantwortlichkeit im Kriege*, which, though brief, is so clear and masterly as to show that he has not only inherited the rare military qualities of his father, the Archduke Charles, but, like him, is a profound thinker and lucid writer.

The excuse which the Archduke makes for his work—which, though published anonymously, has been from the first unhesitatingly attributed to the true author—is twofold. The immense responsibility which attends all who stir up hostilities is proved by the anxiety always shown in modern days, by each party to a war, to prove that it was forced upon it against its will; and so confused are men's minds on the subjects of international politics, that the guilty party (it is needless to point out the reference here to the events of 1866) too often imposes its own defence on the world as truth. And again, as to the events of an unfortunate campaign, popular passion frequently errs most widely in its estimate of the true causes, and the very knowledge that it does so weighs upon brave men beforehand, and may dangerously enfeeble them action in the hour of trial.

The greatest of all human responsibilities must ever be that of the general-in-chief in a decisive campaign. To understand what its actual degree is, and from the study of the question to learn not to demand what is impossible, is the duty of every statesman aspiring to the first rank of power. It is even more the duty of the historian, and the subject has the highest interest of all for those who have held, or who may live to hold, such commands as are spoken of. And to study it with any good effect, it is needful to remember that a generalissimo is but a man, of like weaknesses with other men. He cannot control his own health, nor the weather, nor the involuntary mistakes of others. A telegram wrongly deciphered, a message miscarried, an attack of physical weakness, may be the cause of a lost action. Soldiers in the field understand this better than persons removed from it, and make more allowances for mishaps, as they are less prone to create an idol of a chief for a single stroke of success. Hence the memory of really great generals lives in the affections of the grandchildren of those who followed their standards, and their names become household words from this genuine attachment, when the popular adulation which follows isolated successes is long forgotten.

On a careful review of the realities of the problem, as observed in past history, it is apparent that the commander of a popular army raised suddenly for a popular cause (we may instance France in 1792-3, or America in 1861-2) should have little demanded from him, for his real responsibility can, if honestly judged, be but small. But if such an army be maintained and trained for years (as were those of America towards the close of the civil war), the powers of the commander necessarily grow larger and his responsibility increases. Lastly, where a general has for years commanded and trained a disciplined force ready for combat (Radetzky, in

Italy, is cited by the Archduke), the greatest demands are justly laid upon him when war breaks out, and, if he proves equal to them, he has the opportunity of winning immortal renown. The circumstances should, however, have been completely in his favour; for if he has had beaten troops to reorganize in too short a time, or political difficulties have hindered his free action, he is not to be charged—as historians are too apt to charge him—with a failure which may be the inevitable result of causes beyond his control. Similarly, a generalissimo may be charged with any lack of the preparations which he has had the power to complete after receiving his command; but too often he is blamed for the want of equipment and training which should have been furnished long before, as well as for that resulting from a deficiency of his own executive powers of supply, before active operations invest him with that supreme local authority which cannot then be denied. Unfortunately, the world judges of men so placed chiefly by the results of the campaigns; except in the case of those who, like Napoleon, have already established their claims to genius. Then, indeed, it is discovered that a general in a lost campaign, such as that of the French Emperor in 1814 in the East of France (and, let us add, of Soult in the South at the same time, and of Lee in 1864), may show more courage, energy, and resource than in the most brilliant days of success. Finally, it must be observed that statesmen must not only bear the responsibility of the proper preparation for war, but must give their chosen commander full confidence during its course. War, in fact, is but a violent form of policy for the supposed good of the State, and during its continuance the operations of the field should form an integral portion of the general combinations, and the well-being of the army must not be made subordinate to any supposed independent advantage.

As to the division of responsibility between the commander and his staff, it is enough to say that the former must needs be accountable for all orders issued in his name. Yet, as many minor decisions must be made by the departments without consulting him, it follows that he is bound to keep himself informed of all that are really important, and either to choose proper assistants for himself, or to refuse absolutely to employ those nominated by others, if not fully trustworthy. How little this principle has guided our own administration, even at the most important crises, will best be understood by those who read the Waterloo volume of the Wellington Despatches.

As to the subordinate generals, those in the higher posts, whilst owing implicit obedience to their chief's orders, should have large independence within proper limits, and must often be responsible in a high degree for their method of interpreting their instructions. The larger the army and the more numerous and considerable its subdivisions, the higher becomes this responsibility, and the less of detail should be attempted in the instructions of the general-in-chief. He should take care that his lieutenants fully understand the general purpose of his orders, and the end to be attained by their execution. This known, a considerable freedom of action should be reserved, with a proportionate responsibility as its consequence, for the chiefs of corps, or even divisions. And this principle of independence (as will appear presently) within certain limits should be carried down in the army to the rank of non-commissioned officer. As the grade is higher, so the responsibility and the accompanying range of action should become wider. Orders should be clear, but all useless details should purposely be excluded. The forgetfulness of this true principle will of itself invariably hinder the activity and force of an army; and the burden of self-imposed responsibilities which high commanders are apt to assume has the double evil, in time of real service, that it both weighs them down with useless work, and deprives their subordinates of the energy and independence of thought necessary to the success of the whole machine. The evil which the Archduke attacks he traces developing itself at various times in the last century in overladen books of drill, martinet training, useless show parades, and the devotion of generals to the most insignificant and formal details of the service. With these errors he classes the ordinary peace manœuvres, "carried out on open plains, prepared from the book beforehand, and conducted with no more regard to the features of real war than if performed by so many puppets on wires." These monstrosities he believes to have almost disappeared from Europe. We confess to some uncomfortable feeling that the Archduke must have been over here lately in disguise, witnessing certain reviews of our own, and that, under cover of the past, he may be satirizing the present. Upon this subject the illustrious writer takes occasion to point out the opposite error, into which the press so readily falls, of running down the necessary discipline of a national force as useless. Pedantry he believes to be virtually all but extinct. Good discipline may be fully maintained without it, and good discipline is absolutely necessary to make any troops valuable. The Archduke cites instances witnessed by himself where well-trained soldiers, when shaken by fire, were rallied at once on their commander giving them an ordinary parade order in a calm but audible voice.

As to the lower officers of an army, the principles already laid down should, as before said, be carried out in all grades, the limits of independent action naturally lessening, as the charge grows smaller, down to the simple implicit obedience which is required from the private sentinel. It is the business of commanders in time of peace to act on such a system that the vigour and energy of each fraction of an army may remain intact from undue dependence upon superior authority for each trifling decision. It is only by practising this habitually in peace that the full military power of a national force can be reckoned on in time of war. To attain this end it is necessary for the higher authorities to reverse certain practices formerly too common in European armies, and especially to discountenance thoroughly the abuse which superior officers are apt to make of their power by taking to themselves duties and decisions which belong not to them by right, but lie strictly within the sphere of those below them. All useless references for authority should therefore be discouraged. Mistaken and arbitrary decisions on the part of officers in high posts may be severely visited upon them if necessary; but such errors should never be made—as is too often the practice—the excuse for limiting the responsibilities proper to their positions. Routine returns and the like documents should be chiefly the work of very subordinate commanders, so as not to occupy the time of those whose duties are rather to direct and decide for others. And as in the higher grades, so throughout, orders should be brief, clear, and to the point, and should have regard rather to the end to be attained than to the means—the substance, in fact, and not that form which officials so often mistake for it. If, by a constant attention to these principles in the quiet days of peace, the regeneration of a discouraged army be steadily carried on, there will be a gradual growth of a spirit of activity and life in its members; and, when war comes, superior officers will not find themselves overweighted with the care of petty details, nor those below them be found timorous and unfit to face the unusual responsibilities which war is certain to bring with it.

Such are the main thoughts to which the Archduke has given utterance. How far much that he says might have been suggested by our own organization, how far the remedies he would have applied in Austria, the maintenance of discipline combined with the extinction of the old martinet and pedant elements, are needed among ourselves, can be merely suggested here to the consideration of the thoughtful. This is no theoretical essayist that speaks, but a successful practical soldier, whose words carry with them more weight because they are in some sort a protest against a system of administration with which he himself is mixed up. Appointed generalissimo of Austria in the dark hours that followed Königgrätz, as was his father after Austerlitz, he voluntarily resigned his commission in order to smooth the course of the Emperor in his new career of liberalism, by transferring the army to the charge of a constitutional Minister. He remains employed solely in the capacity of Inspector-General, outside the War Office, which is independent of and separate from him. The essay we have followed shows that he is far from believing that all that might be done has been done to regenerate the national forces of his country, and it reads like a warning beforehand against making a future general-in-chief responsible for an organization he has in no way controlled. We dwell on this because the Archduke's position seems strangely misunderstood in this country. It is hard, indeed, that journals of the class of the *Pall Mall* and *Spectator*, not to mention the *Daily News*, should, in their notices of the now famous despatch of Bismark, charge an alleged mistake of judgment, or want of honesty, on the part of the Austrian War Chancery, to the very man who has long since resigned his charge there, and is clearly at issue with the present administration of the office.

MR. SPURGEON'S PROVERBS AND JINGLES

MR. SPURGEON has published a book. By a long list of advertisements subjoined to this publication we learn, what we did not know before, that Mr. Spurgeon is a magazine editor, and a very voluminous author, not only of sermons, but of all sorts of things in print. The book now before us is called *John Ploughman's Talk; or, Plain Advice for Plain People.* Its eulogists assure us that it is a very racy volume; and a critic who writes in the *General Baptist Magazine*, and affects the alliterative and the antithetical—this itch of the letter is catching—describes it as "vivacious, but not vulgar; caustic, but not cynical; witty, without any wantonness; racy, but yet never running into mere rattle; full of the best counsel, but signally free from any article of cant." To borrow a pen feather from this Baptist goose—we mean swan—we should, if we were inclined to be cynical and rather unfair, be rather disposed to say that Mr. Spurgeon's *John Ploughman* is pert, and yet puerile; vulgar, but not vigorous; bumptious, but not brilliant, forced, but not forcible; egotistical, and yet empty; dull, but not deep, pretentious, but not profound. What Mr. Spurgeon strives after is a combination of Sancho with Poor Richard, and the result is Tupper without his metre, and Franklin without his matter. The volume is a collection of what the author calls semi-humorous articles from Mr. Spurgeon's magazine called, we know not why, the *Sword and Trowel*, and assumes to be proverbial talk delivered in the person of a rustic ploughman, who discourses about all things in general and nothing in particular—divine and human, secular and profane, social and domestic. But we may as well give some specimens taken at random from Mr. Spurgeon's comic philosophy.

About Hope:—

He pulls at a long rope who waits for another's death. He who hunts after legacies had need have iron shoes. He that waits for dead men's shoes may long go barefoot. He who waits for his uncle's cow need not be in a hurry to spread the butter. Jack Shiftless was told that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and that made a spoon of him, so that he is no more use at work than a cow at catching hares. . . . Hopes that grow out of graves are grave mistakes.

A good word for Wives :—

Jack is no better than Jill as a rule. . . . Where hearts agree there joy will be. United hearts death only parts. They say *marriage* is not often *merry-age*, but very commonly *mar-age*.

On Thriving :—

Always at it grows good cabbage and lettuce where others grow thistles. Plod is the word. He who plods on, the clods on, rods on rods will turn of the sods while laziness nods. . . . . Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald. Straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. Small mites eat the cheese. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth, there are many thieves down the red lane.

Things not worth trying :—

Dip the Mississippi dry with a teaspoon ; twist your heel into the toe of your boot ; send up fishing-hooks with balloons, and fish for stars ; get astride a gossamer and chase a comet, choke a flea with a brickbat, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

This last remark Mr. Spurgeon credits to an American joker, but it is the model of much of his own platitudes. Artemus Ward is the best specimen of this kind of fictitious humour; but, ingenious though it looks, and grotesque, it is the very easiest of all writing. Shakspeare laughs at it when he talks of the butter-woman's jog to market; and it was prevalent in Shakspeare's days, and he often practised it himself, and some of the old Puritan writers whom Mr. Spurgeon has certainly read were great hands at it. As Jaques would say, Mr. Spurgeon is full of pretty answers, he has been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned posies out of rings; he answers right painted cloth—that is, he is rich in mottoes, sententiousness, proverbs, and dainty devices. His morality is as sound as a copy-book, and his quibbles and conceits are quite worthy of Touchstone. Not that Mr. Spurgeon does not say occasional good things, though whether they are his own, or genuine old proverbial lore, we cannot venture to pronounce, as his practice is to mix up borrowed and original jests higgledy-piggledy.

About Thoughts :—

An arrow may fly through the air, and leave no trace, but an ill thought leaves a trail like a serpent

Which, by the by, a serpent does not, though a slug does. This again has a seventeenth-century twang about it:—"Thoughts are toll-free, but not hell-free." But we believe that Mr. Spurgeon quotes himself when he says, neatly enough, "a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window keeps a very small stock within"; and there is something of homely wit and wisdom in the genial saying, "Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; for lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads" "Beware of no man more than of yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us." In a word, as in all these bundles of conceits, the verdict must be that which Martial gave as to his own epigrams:—

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

Were it not that Mr. Spurgeon occasionally breaks out with passionate insolence against all other teachers of religion as, *ipso facto*, knaves and hypocrites and impostors, because they do not conform to the Tabernacle type of teachers, we should be almost disposed to part with him in good temper. But what can be said in sufficient condemnation of the narrow-mindedness and bigotry of the little shabby sectarian spirit which says of all Churches—Latin, Greek, and Anglican—not to speak of the unattached Oriental communities of Christians, or of the diffused historical Christianity of sixteen centuries?—

Never believe in any priest of any religion, for before a man could be bad enough to pretend to be a priest, he must have hardened his heart and blinded his conscience to the most horrible degree. Our governors imprison gipsies for telling fortunes, and yet they give fat livings to those vagabonds who deceive the people in much weightier things. "Bad company," said the thief, as he went to the gallows between the hangman and a priest; a very honest speech, and a very true word.

It may be worth while to consider how it is that the sort of proverbial literature which Mr. Spurgeon has tried to revive is so much out of date. It survives, if at all among us, only in its worst form, in the melancholy productions of the weekly comic press, and in the burlesques of our modern London theatres. The emblematists of old Teutonic art have of late years been looked at, but they have met with little approval. The fact is, that quibbles, verbal or pictorial, irritate sound taste. Hobbes spoke of laughter as a sudden glory; but puns and forced antithesis and mere verbal joking are addressed to the lower faculties. It is the mere ear, or the mere eye, which is affected; and the inward man rebels at this pandering to the senses rather than the faculties. It is not a sudden glory, but a sudden contempt, which is provoked by the acrostic-mongers, punsters, and the writers of travesty. As we listen to a burlesque of the present day, we feel, or fancy that we feel, something of the ineffable smallness of intellect, the minute misery which it must cost a professor of the art of quibble to torture and contort words, and to debase thought, by grinding articulate speech into puns. We resent the affront, and scorn the tedious ingenuity. This sham humour addresses only a barbarous, or at the most a half-educated, stage of the human mind; or—which it is to be feared is our own case—it flourishes in the Lower Empire age of popular intelligence. A taste for burlesque is a sure sign of intellectual decay. And proverbs, as we all know, are invented, and are rife where the powers of mind are not rightly adjusted. There is scarcely a common proverbial saying which may not be capped by its contradictory, and in either case the proverb only expresses a half-truth, and is the result of a coarse and inadequate generalization of human life and manners. The moral which a popular proverb conveys is usually worthless, because it is unbalanced, and its morality becomes valueless, if not, as it usually is, mischievous, because it is not weighted and checked by an opposite and compensating truth. A proverb exactly hits the mental level of a shallow thinker or a narrow dogmatist; and while an aphorism is the result of measured and balanced thought, a general proposition in morals is usually fallacious, and therefore misleading. *In generalibus latet falsitas;* and one service which the schoolmen rendered to thought, and which has been lost since their labours have been ignorantly proscribed and idly ignored, was in their system of distinctions, qualifications, and abatements of a proposition. A proverb is the refuge of the unargumentative, and if a pistol will not fire, it may be used to knock a man down. There is no arguing with a proverb-monger, because he only deals with assumed universals. A common ground is lacking to the disputants, and the proverb, instead of being the result of philosophic experiment, is rather the expression of vulgar empiricism and half-knowledge.

To turn for a moment to Mr. Spurgeon. His *John Ploughman's Talk* confirms our view of what goes to make up the success of a popular preacher. As is the book so is the man. Mr. Spurgeon, we believe, exaggerates and intensifies the popular style. He deals in broad sayings, in plain speaking, in strong, vigorous, unqualified expressions This is what an effective sermon should be, and is the essence of a proverb. A preacher cannot waste—if it is wasting—his time in looking out for counter views, in making allowance for qualifications. He scorns limitations and distinctions. The proverb and the preacher are here at one. Hence it is that people preach best in their youth, and that many a good preacher gets afraid of the pulpit, and in mature age suspects his old telling talk, and the confident, decisive, and therefore attractive matter and manner of his earlier years, as a larger experience of men and things makes him reflective, cautious, and, as his hearers say, timid and uncertain and hesitating. A man with ripe views, or rather whose views are getting constantly modified and checked as he sees more of life, cannot preach well. It requires a certain narrow-mindedness to preach what is called effectively Youth is the season for vigorous language and earnest convictions, and for confidence and decision. And as it is with intellectual, so is it with æsthetical, qualities. A formed judgment revolts at the crudities and unmigating assumptions, and, in all senses of the word, the presumptions of the earlier stages of intellectual growth, and revolts also at an over-confident and blustering manner. A man must have something, perhaps much, of the feminine nature to preach well. A woman of good feelings and intentions feels it to be a moral duty to express exactly what is in her mind—what are her convictions—only because they are her sincere and honest convictions. So must the preacher, if he to preach well—that is, to preach sermons that will tell. His concern, he thinks, is not so much with what may be said on the other side, nor even to recognise that there can be any other side, but, because a thing is in him, to out with it, as he would say. This is Mr. Spurgeon's manner. It is in his book as in his sermons. It is simply unfaithful to suppose that there are two sides to any question, and to be in earnest is only to be quite certain of your own line, and immeasurably scornful of everything else. A preacher, to be very popular with congregations such as most congregations are, must be dictatorial and magisterial, contemptuous, violent, and addicted to strong language. Whether these qualities are faults or excellences far be it from us to say, but they are Mr. Spurgeon's, and he is a popular preacher, and he has published a book full of abrupt, unproved, and unargumentative assertions. And proverbial philosophy, as it is oddly called exactly because there is no philosophy in it, consists of assumptions of this coarse and impetuous, but telling, character.

COMPOUNDER WINS.

THE House of Commons is quietly proceeding to restore the Compound Householder to life, and it is likely to be diverted by more exciting topics from discussing the question of who killed him. Each leader of party has exclaimed by turns to the restless ghost which rose before his appalled eyes—

Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

The hand that did the deed was undoubtedly not the hand of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, and it is equally beyond controversy that Macbeth did not stab Banquo. The language of Ministers and ex-Ministers in the House of Commons rather leads, indeed, to the inference that nobody killed the Compound Householder, but that he perished by a lamentable fatality; but in hustings' speeches the same Ministers, or some of them, do not scruple to charge his murder against their adversaries. However, if he is coming back to life, it cannot be necessary to decide who killed him, and we think that the House of Commons upon warm evenings will not be disposed to pursue a barren and interminable inquiry.

The conduct of what is called the Assessed Rates Bill by Mr. Goschen has been a creditable, but necessarily unsuccessful, effort to imitate performers upon a tight-rope or a bicycle. A few years ago Mr. Goschen was invited to come and make a speech at an annual boating dinner, and it appeared that one of his claims

to the attention of th company was that he had never been in a boat but o It may be thought that the difficulty which Mr Gosch felt in balancing himself in a sculler racing-boat was led to his mind when he undertook to restore the practice of compounding while preserving the principle of personal payment of rates. He assured the House of Commons that he approached this subject with the most anxious desire not to interfere with the electoral machinery established by the Reform Act of 1867. The man who walks along the greasy pole at a seaside regatta has the most anxious desire not to tumble into the water before he reaches the leg of mutton at the end Mr. Goschen desired to avoid reviving the political discussions which were so active about two years ago, but nevertheless he would be compelled, in fact if not in word, to invite the House to dest y that which it was then supposed to be particularly desirous to preserve. Mr Goschen told the House, when he introduced his measure, that the change which he proposed was not at all violent, but went on the acknowledged principle that payment by the landlord was payment by the tenant, if the former was authorized by the latter The House had solemnly declared that the tenant must pay the rates, but if the landlord paid them it would come, said Mr Goschen, to the same thing In order to understand Mr Goschen's proposal, it must be remembered that by the Reform Act of 1867 it was enacted that where the owner was rated, at the time of the passing of the Act, in respect of a dwelling-house in a borough instead of the occupier, his liability to be rated in future p rates should cease, and the occupier was t ated in r the dwelling-house he occupied. Th the legal liability to pay the rate would rest upon the occupier Th portant safegu of the Constitution, which was called personal payment rates, being thus embodied in the Act, it passed seers of the poor proceeded to collect rates from small occupiers in pursuance of it The small occupiers being called upon to pay rates, stated in strong, and often in profane, language that they could not or they would not Hereupon the overseers issued summonses by thousands, and the defaulting occupiers sent their wives to answer for them, who surrounded the bewildered magistrates and demanded, not without inarticulate shrieks, exemption or indulgence. The Committee of the House of Commons which sat last Session upon this subject received a good deal of evidence, but we do not find that they were attended by a deputation of wives and mothers from Bethnal Green If they had been, they would perhaps have seen that the economical arguments against compounding, however forcible in the closet, will not bear contact with the realities of English life The Reform Act was passed as a concession to the class of small householders, and yet it was so framed as almost to drive those hou cholders, where they were most numerous, into resistance to the law.

We are almost tempted to wish that Mr Disraeli had remained in office, in order that we might have seen how his Government would have manipulated their own Reform Act. If there be a person capable of at once maintaining and abrogating a principle it is Mr Disraeli, and we really should have liked, if quite agreeable to him, to have seen his performance on the greasy pole. But the task devolved Mr Goschen, and he bega vith confident alacrity. Th nall occupier must be rated and must pay the rate, but he might be allowed to deduct it from his rent. Further, it was considered that the small occupier usually occupies by the week, and it could not be right that he should be called upon to pay rate for a prospective period, during which h might be ejected from the tenement It was accordingly proposed to divide the rate into instalments, so that a weekly tenant should not be called upon to pay an amount of rate greater than two weeks' rent. This proposal, it must be allowed, did not affect the principle, or supposed principle, of the Reform Act, and it was a partial adoption of the view of those opponents of compounding who maintain that if the rate be collected in sufficiently small instalments, it can be paid as easily as the rent—which is manifestly true. Mr. Goschen further stated that he did not intend to interfere with voluntary arrangements by which the landlord paid the rate. Legal compounding was, for high constitutional reasons, abolished by the Reform Act, but illegal compounding was to be encouraged by the Legislature. As things stood, the landlord would not agree to pay the rate for the poorest class of tenants, because he calculated that if he did not do so, they would get excused by the proper authority from paying it. But if the poorest class of tenants were empowered to deduct the rate paid by them from their rent, then, as the landlord would know that he must pay the rate ultimately, he might as well agree to pay it in the first instance. Thus the Bill would not interfere with voluntary arrangements, but it would rather render it more probable that landlord ould adopt them." The inducement to landlords to enter into these voluntary arrangements, even independently of the Bill, was, however, considerable; for parish officers came to Mr. Goschen, and told him that owners were indemnified for undertaking to pay rates by lower assessments of their property, which were of course illegal. Thus Mr Goschen told the House of Commons, when he introduced his Bill, that the law was habitually broken, but that he proposed to afford some additional encouragements and facilities for breaking it. Let readers bear in mind that the small class of occupiers who are concerned in these arrangements are the class for whom opportunity was to be provided of developing fine moral qualities under the system of personal payment of rates. They were invited to pay their rates in the sight of Heaven and of men, but they seem to prefer that their landlords should pay and charge it in the rent. On the 25th of February Mr. Goschen had advanced as far as this, that compounding was and remained abolished, and that it would be convenient that it should be more generally practised. He was beginning to walk on the greased pole with commendable steadiness, and he might have reasonably expected, after further practice, to reach the leg of mutton, when he seems suddenly to have bethought himself that it would save a great deal of trouble to scrape off the grease.

On Monday last Mr. Goschen moved the second reading of his Bill, which has undergone considerable amendment. I announced that the Government propose to re-authorize the practice of compounding, by permitting agreements between owners and overseers for the payment of rates, in consideration of a definite commission to be allowed to the owners. Thus the owners will take upon themselves the liability to pay rates, and the occupiers will be relieved from it. There may be differences of opinion as to the limit of yearly value of tenements to which the new system of compounding should be applicable, and as to the percentage of the commission to be allowed to owners. But the principle of personal payment appears to us to be irrevocably gone, and we can only hope that the small occupiers will be able to develop their moral qualities under some other stimulus The British Constitution will have to do as it best can without the much prized safeguard of personal payment of rates, and the prophets vho laid odds upon Compounder may congratulate themselves on the gacity. Mr. Goschen has endeavoured, as he says, to ffect conomical reform without reviving a political con- But overwhelming necessity compelled the measure, and it must be allowed to produce its full result, nor will people outside the House of Commons be prevented from mentioning what that result is Within the House it is proper to speak of the coming to life of the Compound Householder with the same sort of indirectness with which people are apt to speak of death But although we would not be so exacting as to require an admission from the Opposition that the Compounder is alive, we really do think they ought to abstain from further discussion of the ques- t who killed him. Mr Bright's account of the matter is that the Compounder became the victim of the difficulties of Parliament But notwithstanding the concurrence of all parties in his extinction, he has the audacity to continue to exist, and indeed we may venture to predict that he will live as long as the British Constitution, with or without safeguards. The Compounder, however, is not by nature presumptuous or intrusive, he desires to respect everybody's feelings, and he merely asks permission to remark, "No offence to anybody, but here I am again!"

MAGAZINE-WRITING AND DIGNITARIES.

THE Poetry Chair at Oxford was recently commented upon with great discrimination by a wise and experienced critic. He began by welcoming the innovation of adopting an English instead of a Latin dress for the lectures of the Professor But, although admitting that the late occupant of the chair might be reasonably accepted as a law unto himself, he expressed a hope that future Professors would use their position with a considerably different aim. He regretted the chance of their contenting themselves with the production of merely brilliant essays, that find "a not inappropriate future in fashionable serials." And he pointed out that works of a consecutive and permanent character would be more in keeping with the dignity of both the chair and the University.

A similar train of thought naturally arises when we observe the extent to which various titled persons, and especially Church dignitaries, are just now deeming it advisable to contribute to magazine literature. As in the case of the Poetry Chair, there are two sides to this new development It is something to witness the spectacle of several Heads of cathedral Chapters violently rebelling against a life of picturesque repose. It is something to find that a Prime Minister *in posse* (and now *in esse*) has read *Ecce Homo* with much interest, and that the MacCullum More has distinct views on "Christian Duty in Matters of Religious Difference." But could we not enjoy these causes of satisfaction without being made to wince under a feeling, we do not say of the ludicrous, but of the singularly *mal-apropos?* For there assuredly is an incongruity when a man who has deservedly risen to a high place in his profession, and who may naturally be supposed (if he does work at all) to be working at some grave and permanent task, steps down into an arena of literary competition where the prevailing tone is light and transitory, and in which he might be thought to have won his spurs long ago. There is the same sort of unfitness in this as if a man who had been a good football player in his youth should not know when to leave off as he grew older. A man should not play at football too late in life. He may escape hacking or shinning. He may find things move smoothly enough. But it is not pleasant to observe that things are being made smooth for him out of deference, and that meantime the game is interfered with.

To justify the literary incongruity of which we have spoken, two things ought to be made out. It should be clear that signed articles by titled persons are for the advantage of the public, and also that they are consistent with the proper dignity of place and office. But are such articles for the advantage of the public? We are not speaking of this or that highly exceptional article, though for our own part we do not see the necessity

of drawing any line of distinction at all. But we are treating the question generally, and the view we should feel disposed to take of it is that writings of this nature are not eminently likely to be for the public advantage. Whichever side we adopt, however, it is clear that we must look to the nature of things, and to the articles themselves. It is not in the nature of things that literature of the sort now under discussion should be particularly useful. When a gifted prelate, who has been writing sermons all his life, and preaching them with the utmost success, finds that sermonesque papers from his pen will be unusually acceptable in a magazine, it is not likely that he will take any extra pains, anything that can be called serious labour, in the preparation of them. Will he not choose an easy, elastic subject, and treat it *currente calamo* easily, popularly? That he will do so it would seem natural to expect, and this is corroborated by the evidence of a paper now before us. It is the work of an eloquent Bishop, and it bears his signature; the subject is "Jacob," and Jacob comes sixth in an alliterative series of "Heroes of Hebrew History." Now it is, we should think, quite impossible for this right reverend author to compose anything devoid of a certain graceful movement and easy flow. Nor are such characteristics wanting in this semi-biographical memoir of his sixth hero. But what are we to say about the quality and texture of this article? There is one word, and only one, in the language which will come near a true description of it. We do not think that the very able author of "Jacob" will mind our using it, and we are almost certain that he will agree with us in its application. The article is *mild*. It is so mild that we should have been puzzled to explain how it got into its place at all had we not perceived that it was a mitred article. The old delusion that a "rose by any other name will smell as sweet" has been long since exposed. And, when you come to investigate the aroma of an article, it will be found that the name goes a very, very long way indeed. We can scarcely regard it as a state of things likely to prove essentially beneficial to readers of magazines that archbishops and bishops contribute to them.

In the same periodical that contains "Jacob," there is a paper forming part of a series of "Pamphlets for the People," by a Dean. The prominent feature of this article, called "Right Views of Life," is a very successful mastery of the popular tone and style. We do not make out that the paper is a particularly useful one. The contrast between ideal and fact is made much of. We are told of the top of a cliff, breezy and open, good for sea views and many more things—that is the stratum of opinion. Presently you come to a "fault" in the cliff summit, the stratum breaks off suddenly; "you look down, down, down, and you find it (the stratum) again with some difficulty in the gutter, fouled and obliterated"—this is the stratum of action. Now, whether this is useful or not, it is at any rate smart with the smartness of magazines. When we read such writings, and see advertised by the same author in a recent magazine list "A Week on the North Coast of Cornwall," and presently after, "Cornwall Again," we feel that there may after all be some things less suitable than picturesque repose is to great place and office.

For, to turn to the question of suitableness and dignity, this ...oderate activity in minor penmanship, if not imperatively called for by strong and distinct reasons, has an unpleasant air about it. To begin with, it looks like pushing, and that is never dignified. We dare say that an undue use of the prestige of position was the very last thing that occurred to the minds of the excellent writers we now have in view. But we are speaking of appearances—of literary tone and manners. It is recorded of Sir Lancelot and the King that they

> In open battle or the tilted field
> Forbore their own advantage, and these two
> Were the most nobly-mannered men of all.

Now when, in one year and in the same magazine, there appear no fewer than twenty-seven articles, about twenty of which are by bishops and deans, and the rest by a great Minister and a great duke, all bearing their authors' signatures, it certainly does look as if, in the tilting field of monthly literature, King Arthur's rule were not quite strictly observed. There must have been a great many young knights of the pen "killed in the tilt" that year. no matter how "full of lustihood" they might be, the great old warriors with their prestige of armorial bearings and the Dragon of the Pendragonship did not bate one jot of their advantage, but drove them all back neck and crop to the barrier. That, at least, was the look of the thing.

But what are bishops and deans to do then? If they have something useful to say, and wish for a large public to read what they have to say, are they to hold their peace for no other reason than that they are great officers of the Church? Is it not a thing both lawful and expedient that they should utter themselves in a magazine, and give to what they utter the *imprimatur* of their name and office? These are questions which it is best to meet by another question. What is to prevent men of great place, who wish to deliver themselves for the benefit of the multitude, from writing anonymously in journals, or from writing a book? A man in high ecclesiastical office might write in an anonymous journal, as many such men do, and might gain as wide a hearing as heart could wish, while at the same time he would completely avoid the undesirable appearances which have been touched upon. There is no silencing the "foolish vulgar"; and the foolish vulgar will persist in wondering what a writer with a distinguished appendage to his name may reckon on getting for his magazine article. That is a question which we should no more think of asking than we should be curious to know how much a bishop would give for a new mitre, supposing he wanted to buy one. But mitres and coronets and shovel-hats should be serenely removed above all possibility of dubious reflection, even when it proceeds from the guesses of the foolish vulgar. For these inquisitive people do not confine themselves to the single inquiry mentioned above. They go on to ask what are the duties of the offices which admit to so free an extent of the pleasing task or relaxation involved in the production of slight literature, and a good many questions besides into which we shall not attempt to follow them.

It is worth while to add, however, one word more. If the graver departments of anonymous literature will not suffice to exhaust the superfluous activity of dignitaries, do not books supply the more fitting alternative resource? The books, deserving the name and place of English Classics, now produced by the foremost officers of the most learned Church in Christendom, are not so many but that we could well afford to have their number added to. We should not have liked to ask the Dean of St Patrick's what his candid literary estimate might be of a paper like the "Heroes of Hebrew History", nor to put the witty Canon of St. Paul's on the scent of that apologue about the "cliff and the gutter." For we have no doubt that the ecclesiastical magazine-writers do, after all, approach nearer to the ideal of earnest Churchmen than either of those their famous predecessors in Church office. But we should have been much interested in asking a man like the late Dean of St Paul's whether the design of the *Latin Christianity* would not have been injuriously risked, and its style and execution materially interfered with, by the frequent production of such ephemeral and flimsy writing as will often pass current in a magazine, and will certainly pass current with the aid of a well-known name and office to back it up. We should be the very last to insinuate of any of these industrious, though as we think mistaken, writers that,

> *Eager of a name,*
> *He thrusts about, and justles into fame.*

Of more than one of the number that satire could not be true, possessing as they do reputations which the most brilliant magazine success could do nothing to enhance. But we do not hesitate to submit to their consideration that they are damaging their chances of usefulness in higher literature, and placing great office in a seemingly false position, for the sake of a public advantage which to us appears uncertain in the last degree.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

V.

WE propose to devote the present article to portraits and to foreign pictures, after which we shall conclude the series by a paper on *genre* paintings and landscapes. It was usual to vote the portraits in Trafalgar Square a nuisance, but in the new building the number is no longer too great to preclude the possibility of easy and pleasing distribution. It were absurd to decry a portrait simply because it is a portrait, for some of the most consummate works known in the whole range of art history are portraits and nothing more, such as the so-called Gevartius in our National Gallery, by Vandyke, Leo X, by Raffaelle, and La Bella of Titian, severally in the Pitti: Innocent X in the Doria Palace, Rome, by Velasquez, the Daughters of Earl Waldegrave, and the Duchess of Devonshire with her Infant Child, by Reynolds. Therefore, if people grow disgusted with the portraits in the Royal Academy, the cause must be either that their knowledge does not reach to the appreciation of such simple art elements as form, character, light, shade, and colour, when dissevered from incident and story, or else that portrait-painting in our day has sunk beneath the dignity of a noble profession. We believe that neither of these causes separately, but rather both combined, have led the public generally to decry the portraits of the Royal Academy.

The Academy has sometimes been designated a private Society of portrait-painters, and it has now, for the fourth time, a portrait-painter for its President. Sir Francis Grant has been known to warn students against contemporary criticism, perhaps he and others would prefer to be judged by posterity. And yet we do not see that his eight contributions to this year's Exhibition have much to fear. For example, the full-length of "Mrs. Gathorne Hardy" (142) possesses rare art qualities; the bearing of the figure is ladylike, the whole treatment quiet and refined; indeed, in the management of greys and the use of silver tones, this work has somewhat in common with Reynolds. We also have been accustomed to admire such clever sketchy facility as is apparent in the portrait of Lady Madeline Taylour (310); it needs a true artist thus to throw off a likeness with the free play of the pencil. Again, it is known that Sir Francis has a special vocation for subjects such as the Equestrian Portrait of the late Earl of Harrington (202), and "The Belvoir Hunt" (143). Perhaps we can seldom expect a profound reading of character, yet the President has a graceful pleasant way of showing off the ladylike and gentlemanly traits in a figure. There are other Academicians who bring into portraiture—to borrow a thought from Reynolds—the noble intent, the large manner, caught from a higher sphere. Among these

may be ranked Mr Elmore, Mr. Millais, and Mr. Watts, all three secure for portraiture colour, and it may be questioned whether a great portrait-painter can exist who is not a colourist. The truth of the conjecture may receive illustration in the failure of two otherwise admirable portraits—that of "The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge" (72), by Mr. S. Laurence, and that of "Mr Robert Browning" (370), by the same painter, there are here present most of the qualities essential to a good portrait except that of colour. The flesh is, in fact, opaque and colourless. A certain hardness and dryness of manner afflicts Mr. Poynter occasionally, as, for example, in the head of "Alexander Walter, Esq" (269). There are painters, indeed, who would do well to remember the satire once spoken, that for a portrait the first requirement is that it shall be a good picture; the second, that it shall be fairly like the sitter. We should imagine that supreme colourists such as Mr. Millais and Mr Watts are almost inevitably led to sacrifice the likeness to the pictorial effect, and yet those great masters of the art, Titian, Tintoret, and Moroni, seem to have reconciled literal facts with rapturous harmonies. Mr. Millais has turned the portrait of "Nina, daughter of Frederick Lehmann, Esq." (127), into a charming fancy picture; his treatment of "Mr. John Fowler" (225) does not strike us as fortunate, yet the canvas reflects colour from Venice. Mr Watts, who through study of the old Italian Masters, together with a noble conception of the aim and scope of modern art, has thrown into portraiture more than common significance, is this year not at his best. "A Portrait" (327), indeed, shows unexpected allegiance to the modern French school; the manner is strong by reason of the loading of pigment in the lights, the colours glazed into the shadows are but stains, the just relation between colours in light and shade is lost. Mr. Richmond, R A, since he forsook black and white, has made strenuous though abortive efforts after colour. He contributes eight pictures which for the most part are at once ruddy and black; to gain red the painter will, in default of more rational devices, intrude even a red curtain. We give preference, among a rare choice of dignitaries, to the "Venerable Archdeacon Bickersteth" (734), chiefly because the head and figure recall those inimitable studies in light and shade the absence of which in the Academy we have to deplore. For the intelligent reading of character, the subtle and tender modulation of form, we know nothing more admirable than the crayons by Mr. Richmond in former years, such, for example, as the study of the head of Mr. Keble.

The Academy, fortunately for the varied tastes, features, and figures of sitters, is able to present divers styles of the portrait-painter's art. The Academician who succeeds in painting a lady of sixty is scarcely the man for a girl of sixteen, and the artist who can indent lines of thought on the ample forehead of a philosopher, may not have the smooth sweep of pencil most agreeable to the polished man of society. Mr Wells, A R A, may, we fear, be ready to yield to the temptations which beset the fashionable portrait-painter, among his present efforts we lack that solid, sober, student work which gained him entrance to the Academy on the strength of one of the most masterly portrait compositions we remember, "Volunteers at Firing-point." Yet are we inclined to assign little short of the highest position to the picture of "Charles Magniac, Esq., M.P." (68). The head is finely modelled, the figure poses easily within the canvas, the accessories, including velvet coat, cabinet, objects in lapis lazuli, &c., are painted with sufficient realism, and the whole composition, sustained in active yet quiet colour, is brought together into balance and repose. Mr. Sant, A.R A, is another painter who makes his sitters rejoice under brilliant blandishments of the brush. Yet the portrait of "Mrs Henry Bevan" is simple, grey, and quiet, while the full length of "Madlle. Helda de Bunsen" (173) has a grace in carriage and a gleam of sunlight glancing on the face, which seldom fail to gain general applause. As a companion to the last picture hangs one no less attractive, the portrait of "The Duchess of Athol" (169), by Mr. Buckner. The drapery is silvery and fluffy, the form unsubstantial, the whole picture is evanescent and artificial. There are, in fact, in the Academy portraits upon which we gaze with the same sort of admiration that we bestow on the dressy shop-fronts in Regent Street. The milliner verily is an artist, and there are artists who are milliners. We would commend for refinement and finish portraits by Mr Lehmann and the Hon. H. Graves. Mr. Weigall too, though he has failed in painting men, is to be praised for a "Portrait" (356) of an old lady; this quiet, thoughtful picture is a careful study of character; the head and the hands are brought into accordant expression. Among the eccentricities of genius may be mentioned a "Portrait" (489) by M. Legros, dry and leathery in skin, repellent in character; also "Liszt" (771), by Mr. Healy; the musician-monk carries a candle—symbol perchance of light in a dark world; the large brain—skull rather than face—seems burdened with thought and intent on a mission. The picture has more individual character than direct art merit. The Scotch school of portrait-painting is not extinct with the death of its great exponent, Sir Watson Gordon. Mr Macnee, R.A, has a simple, firmly-painted picture, "William Jackson, Esq." (177), Mr. Macbeth brings vigorous vengeance upon "the late Sir David Brewster" (222), while, in a style of romance and colour, Mr. Herdman places "Lady Clinton" (486) gracefully in the midst of green fields and trees. We must not forget "Mrs. Barstow" (714), a remarkable achievement by Mr. Sandys, admirable for fidelity, and even for flesh tones. Other portraits in the Academy may be thought to recall Titian, Vandyke, or Reynolds; this work, which after its kind is unsurpassed, can be compared only with Van Eyck or Memling.

Foreign pictures have this year become a distinguishing feature in the Exhibition. In a recent review of the French and Flemish Gallery we spoke of several of the masters who again appear here. Our present notice must be brief. We have marked for observation twenty-seven painters represented by thirty-eight pictures. Of these we can speak only of the chief. M Alma-Tadema, the Dutchman, has become familiar even to Englishmen; he is taken up by the dealers; there has been an extensive importation of his works to this country. The artist received a second-class prize in the Paris International Exhibition; in our Academy, the comparative standards being different, he naturally rises to the foremost rank. Certainly nothing after their kind can be finer than "Un Amateur Romain" (154) and "Une danse Pyrrhique" (421). The classic revival, of which signs are springing up, not only in England, but throughout Europe, receives in these realistic yet imaginative pictures, powerful manifestation. They are remarkable for conception, drawing, handling, and colour, and what was at one time eccentric and repulsive in the artist's manner is abated. We think it fortunate that the English public has not to endure more than one specimen of the kind of thing that passes at the present moment for religious art on the Continent. "The Evening of Good Friday on Mount Calvary" (439), by M. Victor-Louis Mottez, years since a pupil of MM. Ingres and Picot, serves as a painful example of what is weakly, spasmodic, affected and false in the spurious schools of sacred art. Such a work can teach only those qualities which it is the duty of every honest painter to avoid. M. Mottez belongs to the past, he was born at Lille as long back as 1809, and became Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1846, but he obtained no place in the last *Exposition Universelle* at Paris. Madame Jerichau does not obtain admission for more than two pictures; and really the "Italian Girl spinning" (166) is fairly good, nothing new can be said of an artist who exhibits wholesale everywhere; the persuasion each year grows stronger that such works must be multiplied by machinery. To the same rude Scandinavian school belongs "Jalousie," by M F Fagerlin; a capital rustic picture, which stood well in the Swedish department of the Great Paris Exhibition. We find in our catalogue of that Exhibition a note commending the truthful transcript here given of national peasant life, the plain honesty of the painting, and the independence of the style. The picture is evidently allied to the school of M. Tidemand, the Norwegian. Neither M. A. Legros, who may be said to represent French naturalism, nor M Rudolph Lehmann, who blends the schools of France and Germany, can be any longer classed among foreigners; each appears to advantage in the present Academy. It is scarcely needful that we should speak in detail of the works of M Frère, M. Baugniet, M. Merle, or Madlle Rosa Bonheur, the English public cannot have too many opportunities of testing the distinctive traits of national schools thus represented by rare master-works. By less well-known artists we note two works, rare in quality, "Grace before Dinner" (841), by M Michael, of Berlin, and "The Room of Antiquities in the Louvre" (825), by M Navlet, also we must not overlook water-colour drawings and lithographs remarkable for power, movement, and mastery, by M Theodore Horschelt, the Bavarian who gained, in Paris in 1867, the distinction of a "Premier Prix."

Landscape-painting, as practised on the Continent, is this year represented within the Academy by three, if not four, distinctive schools. First, the great French school is present in two of its most famous masters, M Corot and M. Daubigny, each distinct from the other. We cannot pass over that strongly characteristic work by the latter, "Un Passage sur les bords de l'Oise; soleil couchant" (158), the treatment is broad and intentional; there is conscious presence of colour in the deepest shadow; within somewhat circumscribed limits of light and colour the relations are true; a solemn unison of tone is studiously maintained. Then, again, "Les Nymphes" (152), and "Figures with Landscape" (422), are excellent examples of M. Corot, an artist singular in genius, supreme in eccentricity. These pictures, which stand at the antipodes to our English landscapes, show how much motive and expression may reside in monotone. Variety of colour, sparkle of light, accident in detail, are all sacrificed for unison of tone, balance in composition, and oneness of expression. The sacrifice thus made may be deemed too great for the good attained. We doubt whether a distinctive national school for Italy can be made out of the landscapes of Signor Vertumni, Signor Borgia, and Signor de Tivoli; the style is obviously allied to the French, and strangely divided, wide as the poles asunder, from the historic manners of Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, or Claude. Signor Vertumni's "View in the Pontine Marshes" (845) is solemnly impressive. These Italians seem proud of their malaria districts; they have sent three of these pontifical swamps to the Academy. Again, among the national schools of Europe, it is pleasant to recognise the pastorals of Holland, dewy and green, emerald touched with gold, in that capital landscape of a "Dutch Meadow, with Cattle" (232), by M De Haas, an artist deservedly of high repute throughout Europe. This Dutch manner, it will be observed, is distinctive; different from that of Troyon or Bonheur in France or of Cooper in England. Historically speaking, the style is derivative from Paul Potter and Karl du Jardin. Lastly may be distinguished, in three

Mountains, California" (309), by A. Bierstadt, the American—the heroic and melodramatic landscape of Germany. We do not stop to inquire what right the Americans have to Mr. Bierstadt. The fact is, the painter is German by name, parentage, and education; his art, which could not possibly have originated in America, was learnt in Dusseldorf. These distinctive national schools of landscape are now brought, almost for the first time, within the arena of our English art. In our next and concluding paper we may institute some comparison between foreign and English modes of delineating nature.

The precise policy which should govern the Academy in the admission of foreign pictures will require anxious reconsideration. The advantages to be derived by the immediate presence of Continental schools is obvious; indeed, Sir Charles Eastlake and others advocated the creation of a special class of honorary members, to be chosen from the most distinguished artists of the Continent, and we find a recommendation from the Royal Commissioners that such "honorary foreign members" "should be entitled to send a certain number of pictures to the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy." In fact, measures thus generous, not to say politic, have been urged among the advantages likely to accrue from a new building. But then we have to observe that it was always assumed that the foreign artists thus privileged should be illustrious, not obscure. Now how stands the case at present? what is the quality of the pictures which have driven out the works of our native artists? We have already shown our appreciation of these works, yet, if collected together, they would make a poor show in the dealer's Exhibition in Pall Mall, known as "the French Exhibition." Let us submit these pictures to another test—the standard supplied by the awards made in the last International Exhibition. Thus the recipients of the "Grands Prix" were Cabanel, Gerôme, Meissonier, Rousseau, Kaulbach, Knaus, Leys, and Ussi; yet one and all are wanting to our Academy. Again, conspicuous only by absence are such great painters as Breton, Français, Fromentin, Millet, Robert-Fleury, Hamon, Hébert, and Comte, among the French; Piloty, Achenbach, and Leu, among the Germans; and Gallait, Leys, Stevens, Willems, and Israels, among the Dutch and Belgians. Thus we are scarcely astonished to find that it is the unillustrious who have met with favour in England; so insignificant indeed are some of the painters who seek among us honours denied to them at home that, though possessing a tolerable knowledge of Continental schools, we have been driven to dictionaries and catalogues, and still these foreigners can give no satisfactory account of themselves. The Academy is in a dilemma; it is to be hoped that it will not be duped a second year. On the one hand, it is evident that the new building is not greatly in excess of the growing requirements of our own painters, and moreover it is manifest that the rejection of two or three thousand English pictures implies prospects blighted, and the hopes of long years indefinitely postponed. On the other hand, we think it cannot be questioned that for the sake of interchange of national courtesies, and for the removal of what may possibly be narrow and exclusive in our insular art, it is wise to provide for the reception of choice and representative works from the schools of the Continent. The Academy seems to have been actuated by the best intentions; and self-interest may be found a sufficient safeguard in the future against the wholesale admission of second-rate products by unknown foreigners.

THE *GRAND PRIX* AND ASCOT.

DESPITE the value of the great Paris prize, and the increasing number of entries for it, it has quite failed hitherto to attain to that importance, as an international event, which was contemplated by its founders. The first hindrance to its success was the magnitude of the forfeits, but that has been obviated by permitting nominators to pay 4 sovs. only, if they declare by the first of May. The prudence of this proceeding is shown by the fact that the entries, which had fallen as low as 77, rose this year to 170, while for next year they amount to 211. Another objection that has been made, on account of the race being run on Sunday, is probably more affected than real; but the true cause of its failure to attract the best English horses is the time of the year that has been chosen for its celebration. There is only an interval of one week between our own great meetings of Epsom and Ascot, affording but just sufficient breathing-time for our three-year-olds engaged in the valuable stakes at either place. Heavily taxed as are the energies of horses nowadays, it is too much to expect that they can be deprived of this short and necessary rest, and endure a long and tedious journey, as well as a sea passage—in itself enough to knock up the majority of horses—and then hurry back, the day after the *Grand Prix*, to be in time for Ascot. Most of those who have attempted this over-work have failed. Lord Clifden failed; the great Blair Athol failed; and The Earl did not run at Epsom, and so went over comparatively fresh. Gladiateur succeeded, but, then, what could Gladiateur not do? Whether he was trained or untrained, whether his leg was swollen to twice its natural size or was reduced to proper dimensions, whether he lost the start or gained it, signified but little. When once he got into his mighty stride, nothing could live with him. Besides, Count Lagrange's horses have acquired a happy knack of crossing backwards and forwards between France and England without suffering ill effects. From their youth up they are taught to travel by land and sea; but the trip from Dover to Calais generally incapacitates our horses from showing their best form for days afterwards. Thus we are not surprised at so few representatives of England being found among the entries for this year's race, and next year there is a similar falling off. The increased number of subscribers testifies to the rapid growth of Continental racing. Only three horses went over from England on this occasion—The Drummer, Ryshworth, and Tim Bobbin. The French horses were Consul, winner of the French Two Thousand and Derby, Curieuse and Boulogne, his stable companions, Glaneur, Péripétie, Ostrogoth, Clotho, Cerdagne, and Wild Oats. On public running the race seemed to be a certainty for The Drummer, for he beat Perry Down a long way in the Derby, and Perry Down was tried superior to Consul, who in turn beat Glaneur easily in the French Derby. It was whispered that Wild Oats was quite sound again; but if Matthew Dawson could not train him, it was hardly likely that any one in France could do better, and the Longchamps course does not at all suit horses with doubtful legs. Nothing need be said of the remainder of the field, except Glaneur, as it was obvious that they could have no chance. Though Glaneur was, as we have said, beaten by Consul in the French Derby, he has run so well since that his friends were confident that that defeat was accidental, and on the *Grand Prix* day he was by far the most popular candidate of the twelve. It was no secret that The Drummer, like Lord Clifden and Blair Athol, had suffered from the journey, and was by no means so well as could be wished. But, despite that, he would probably have proved himself to be good enough to beat all that were opposed to him had he not met with an accident at a critical point of the race. Boulogne struck into his heels, and The Drummer as nearly as possible went down on his nose. He was of course knocked completely out of his stride, and Fordham had to ride him hard to get him to work again. For all that, he ran with such unflinching gameness that he gained upon Glaneur (who had taken every advantage of the accident) at every stride, and in ten yards more would have passed him; but, as it was, he just failed to get up, and was beaten by a short head. Ryshworth, who must have run with unwonted spirit, was only a neck from the second, and Consul was a moderate fourth. Wild Oats was lame before the race, and walked in with the crowd. Fordham thus just missed winning this great race for the third year in succession, he having carried it off last year on The Earl, and the year before on Fervacques. Glaneur is by Buckthorn, once the property of Lord Palmerston, and belongs to M. Lupin, who has frequently run horses on the English Turf, and who won the Northamptonshire Stakes and Goodwood Cup a few years ago with Dollar. The issue of the race shows that the French three-year-olds are a long way behind the best English three-year-olds, for, but for his accident, The Drummer, though coughing, must have won, while in England he has yet to prove his claims to a place in the first rank.

There was, as usual, a brilliant programme for the first day of Ascot, though the Ascot Stakes can no longer be considered the race of the meeting, the number of subscribers having gradually dwindled away from 218 in 1848 to 40 in the present year. The numerous other attractions in the way of weight for age races, to which such large sums of money are added, have brought about this result, as well as the institution of the great autumn handicaps, for which so many animals are annually reserved. The Prince of Wales's Stakes, worth nearly four thousand pounds, must have the first claim to notice, although the number of runners was lamentably small. There were in fact only five—Pero Gomez ([illegible] lbs extra), King Cophetua, Consul, Typhon, and Martyrdom. Pretender was in the paddock, looking none the better for his exertions in the Derby, but he would have had to carry 9 lbs. extra, and at the last moment it was decided not to start him. We may mention, by the way, that Pretender very nearly met with the fate of Klarikoff on his journey southwards, the train being delayed for several hours in consequence of his box being discovered to be on fire. With the St. Leger in prospect it was doubtless prudent in Mr. Jardine to withdraw his horse, particularly as Pero Gomez was looking uncommonly well, and, as it happens, he would probably have been neither first nor second.

The Duke of Beaufort was also an absentee, having several other engagements during the week. King Cophetua was started [illegible] make the running for Pero Gomez, and Consul (who looked none the worse for having been racing at Paris two days before) and Typhon went, we suppose, on the chance of getting the money allotted to the second or third. The race was run at only a moderate pace, King Cophetua making such running as he could. Pero Gomez lay throughout in a good position, and Martyrdom was kept in the rear. Three-quarters of a mile from home they were all nearly abreast, but before coming to the turn for home Fordham took a judicious pull at Martyrdom, and steadied him. Half-way up the straight Wells was obliged to ride Pero Gomez, and for an instant Typhon looked dangerous, but at the distance Martyrdom was brought up, and, fairly outstaying Pero Gomez at the finish, won very cleverly by a length, thus recompensing Lord Calthorpe and Captain Machell for their previous disappointments with him. He certainly showed to much more advantage over a longer course than we could have anticipated, and unless Pretender is a better stayer than Pero Gomez, of which we have considerable doubts, the St. Leger presents a much more open appearance than was anticipated. We do not think that, without the extra 4 lbs., Pero Gomez would have won on this occasion, and it

is probable that a mile and a quarter is as much as he cares for Only four ran for Her Majesty's Gold Vase, the distance, two miles, quite frightening horses of the present day. These four were Morna, Lancet, St. Mungo, and Thorwaldsen. The latter was ridden in blinkers, and was started with the assistance of a large hunting-whip, from which we infer that his temper is not of the most placable. The pace was, as usual in these races, miserably slow, and St. Mungo unfortunately broke down badly in the moment of victory. Lancet was beaten at the distance, and Thorwaldsen fairly wore down Morna, who does not look at all like a two-miler. Indeed, with all their quality and racing-like looks, there is a certain deficiency of substance about nearly all the Beadsmans that suggests absence of staying power. Not only had Sir Joseph Hawley the mortification of running second in both these races, but for the third great race of the day, the Ascot Stakes, as again on Thursday in the Gold Cup, he was second also, There was a very fair field for the Ascot Stakes. Ambitious and The Dean, the respective schoolmasters, or assistant-schoolmasters, of Pero Gomez and Pretender, Cecil and Sycee, noted handicap horses, Ruric, second for the Ascot Stakes last year, King Alfred, whose performances require no recapitulation, Make Haste, Our Mary Ann, and Choral, were decidedly a string of competitors above the average for a race of this kind. There was also an animal called Bête Noir, of whom very few people appeared to know anything, where he came from, how he was bred, or what he had done. The handicapper, we presume, must have been in a similar state of blissful ignorance, for he indulged him with the lenient impost of 5 st. 7 lbs. But this Bête Noir, when known as the colt by Marsyas, out of Leprosy, won two Nurseries at Stockton last year, carrying very respectable weights, and beating animals of some pretensions, such as Good Hope, the colt by Carnival out of Allington, The Clipper, and others. And this Bête Noir, being now treated as if he were a plater of the lowest order, had no difficulty in winning very cleverly at the finish, after a pretty fast race, in which nearly the whole of the running was made by Ambitious. King Alfred was third on sufferance, and the rest were widely scattered. It ought to be a maxim with handicappers never to admit at a feather weight an animal that has won a good Nursery. Sir Joseph Hawley has thi[s year been] second for the One Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the Gold Vase, the Ascot Stakes, and the Gold Cup—rather a heavy list of disappointments.

Notwithstanding these reverses, the cherry jacket was twice successful on Tuesday, with Vagabond in the first race, who went twice as fast as any of his twelve opponents, and won in a canter, and with Wait in the Maiden Plate, who won a good race by a head from Flyaway Jack, and twenty-one others. Sir Joseph Hawley won this same race, for which there is always a large field, in 1866 with The Palmer, and the year after with Rosicrucian. The Twelfth Biennial was the principal two-year-old race of the day, and the eleven starters included Countryman (brother to Rustic), a powerful but somewhat heavy looking colt, Nobleman, by The Marquis, Mont Blanc, and the winner, a colt by Thormanby out of Bluebell. This was a great day for the Thormanbys, the Gold Vase and both the two-year-old races having been carried off by his stock. The Fifteenth Triennial was left to Formosa, Restitution, Blueskin, and The Laird, and the beautiful daughter of Buccaneer won cleverly from Baron Rothschild's horse. We must add that two once celebrated horses appeared to-day after a long retirement. Plaudit and Rosicrucian ran for the Queen's Stand Plate, which attracted an excellent field, including King Victor, Normanby, Lumley, Honesty, and Mahonia. The winner turned up most unexpectedly in Gertrude, who ran second to Guy Dayrell for the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate. King Victor was second, only a head from Plaudit. Indeed, Rosicrucian and Plaudit both looked formidable opposite the Stand, where the former gave way, and was at once eased. He is as handsome as ever, but looked very big, and, it is to be feared, cannot stand really hard work. Plaudit, however, ran so well that there is no reason why he should not win some races over short courses. Normanby, first favourite for the Derby of 1870, was amiss, and could only get fourth place, while Lumley, who could do anything last year, can do nothing now, and finished the absolute last.

Ascot is too important and too popular a subject to be exhausted [in a] single paper, and the remarkable racing for the Cup on Thursday, which is of course the centre of the attraction of Ascot, and the conclusion of the meeting on Friday, will give sufficient materials for a second article.

REVIEWS.

VEITCH'S MEMOIR OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

(Second Notice.)

WHEN we turn from the social, external life of Sir William Hamilton to his intellectual life, we find it full of a peculiar interest. It is, indeed, to the student and the scholar that it most directly appeals. But even the practical and the busy will not look upon this silent and secluded, yet energetic, existence without some of that "loyal respect" by which Mr. Carlyle was touched before his personal acquaintance with Hamilton began. The house in Howe Street, in a fine silent neighbourhood, with a North light which was economized by having no curtains to the study, and quartos lying about on the window-sill, were the outward symptoms of the inhabitant who was gradually revealed to Mr. Carlyle as

> a man of good birth, though of small fortune, who had deep faculties, and an insatiable appetite for wise knowledge, who was titularly an advocate, but had no practice, nor sought any; had gathered his modest means thriftily together, and sat down here with his mother and cousin and his store of books, frankly renouncing all ambitions except what I well recognised to be the highest and one real ambition in this dark ambiguous world (p. 122).

It may perhaps be thought that the controversy about Sir W. Hamilton's merits is too recent, and has been too unfriendly, to allow an impartial estimate to be made, or, if made, to be attended to. It seems to us that such an estimate is not only possible, but that it has been facilitated by the previous debate. And a true diagnosis of Hamilton's intellect is a full and sufficient answer to the sentence of degradation as a "philosopher" which has been passed upon him since the publication of Mr. Mill's *Examination*.

There have been—nay, even still are—scholars, in the widest sense of the word, men who have a universal acquaintance with the fine literature of all ages. But scholars are usually not only not philosophers, but have a secret aversion to what seem to them the arid and thorny wastes of speculative discussion. Men of the Erasmus type have a horror of metaphysics. On the other hand, the typical metaphysician is seldom a man of much reading. Hobbes, Locke, Reid, Whately, were not scholars—nay, were content with a very limited knowledge even of what had been written on the subjects they discussed. Minds which have any degree of inventiveness are usually too much enamoured of their [own specula]tions to care to know what others have thought, as great talkers are apt to be bad listeners. Each type of mind has its weakness. The weak side of the scholar type is that the scholar omits from his reading the strongest and most original books. The defect of the original thinker is that he exaggerates the importance of the merely new, attributing a value to that which he excogitates for no other reason than because he has thought it.

The characteristic distinction of Sir W. Hamilton's mind is the equilibrium in which the acquisitive and inventive faculties held each other. No professed metaphysician in our time has known so much of past philosophical opinion. No one so deeply read in philosophical literature has retained so much vigour of judgment and ingenuity of original thought. When occupied upon any subject, it was a necessity of his mind to ascertain all that others had said upon it. His appetite for books was insatiable, and his love of them for themselves was great. Yet he never fell into the [miser's] delusion of substituting the gold for that which the gold can purchase. Books were to him always a means, not an end. He looked upon reading as an aid to thinking, and he read, not to remember, but to know. "My acquaintance with Sir William Hamilton," says De Quincey, "soon apprised me that of all great readers he was the one to whom it was most indispensable that he should react by his own mind on what he read." The intelligence was ever active to vitalize the passive process of reception. What he read he digested and subordinated by the judgment. His logical cast of mind compelled him to place and arrange as he read. He even carried it so far that in the study of any subject he did not read books as he got them, but divided and arranged its points before beginning his researches. Intense attention and thought, the power of referring each thing to its class and place, had been at work in the first process of storing, hence each impression remained clear and distinct, the more recent not obscuring the more remote, but all lay side by side, capable of ready recall and immediate application. This fulness and orderliness of methodical knowledge was specially tested in the class-room in those days when students rose to give voluntary [acco]unts of men or tenets of which no notice had been given previously. This necessity of knowing all that had been thought on a subject before writing on it was an impediment to the readiness of his pen. When he had once begun to write, he could write with great rapidity, but it was a difficulty to begin. The love of research led him so far that he would amass more material than he could use. Hence his finished productions are few, and are contained entirely in the volume entitled *Discussions*. Even in the papers in this volume there is a great difference in point of elaboration. Out of sixteen articles which the volume contains, only some four or five can be regarded as fully adequate to that ideal of exhaustive treatment which the author set always before him, but seldom had the time to exemplify. The articles entitled "Philosophy of the Unconditioned," "Philosophy of Perception," "Logic," "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," besides their other merits, may be pointed to as having for the first time in this country set the example of writing up to the level of the information extant on the subject.

If this is a just account of Hamilton's mental habit, the censure so commonly passed upon him, that he has added no new truth to philosophy is seen at once to be inappropriate. Instead of denying the truth of the censure, and attempting to refute it by alleging the doctrine of the quantification of the predicate, or any other of his logical theories, we are willing to admit that it may be true. Yet, even admitting that he struck out no new truths, properly so called, the services rendered by Sir W. Hamilton to the cause of philosophy may justly rank with those of a

* *Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Veitch, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

the most eminent names in its history. His friends and advocates may well be content to rest his claims on what is indisputable—his philosophical learning, in the sense in which it has been explained above. Exhaustive possession, methodical arrangement, and intelligent appreciation are what is meant by the term "learning." These are precisely the elements in which speculative philosophy in this country, including Scotland, was weak. If we look back to the early years of the century, that generation seems brilliant with the names of poets, thinkers, talkers of surpassing genius. Strong, masculine, original conception marks even their fragmentary utterances. But knowledge they had none. Anything worthy of the name of study or work was unknown to them. Hence the want of catholicity of view, the note of provinciality, which we now find in their writings. They see no subject as a whole, but take a magnified view of some one of its parts. In our own day we have another phase of the same mental defect—a defect which almost appears to be a national characteristic, so persistent is it under a variety of forms. The practical readiness with which Englishmen undertake to do, to say, and to teach, without any adequate information on the matter in hand, is strongly marked in our art and literature, and is nowhere more apparent than in our leading philosophical writers. The term in current use well expresses the quality of this staple commodity. It is "thought," and the writer is complimented as a "thinker." Against this tendency of philosophical speculation in this country, which places its ideal in "originality," Sir William Hamilton may be regarded as a reaction and a protest. Instead of that superficial knowledge of the past, and that disdainful attitude towards it, which is the characteristic of "modern thought," he stood up to show that it is only in the light of the past that a true apprehension of the present is possible. For the narrow world of contemporary impression, dignified by the name experience, which bounds the horizon of our "thinkers," Hamilton aimed to substitute the experience of the race, as recorded in books. The conceited neglect of the historical aspect of philosophical questions throws away the only data for a solution of the questions themselves, as the very terms in which the questions must of necessity be stated depend for their meaning on their history. Hamilton may be justly said in this respect to have restored and vindicated the true method of philosophical inquiry. The unlaborious interrogation of consciousness which had constituted the method of the Scottish philosophy of the last century sank at once on Hamilton's appearance. For the first time in the history of British speculation an encyclopædic enumeration of the departments of intellectual philosophy, a statement of their mutual relations, and of the questions appropriate to each, was brought forward. This habit of mind has not yet become, as it has in Germany, a law rigorously incumbent on all who undertake to write, but that the existence of such a requirement is no longer unknown among us, even in the walks of speculation, is in great measure due to the precept and example of Hamilton.

In vindicating, however, his merits as a philosophical teacher, and defining their kind, we must be careful not to fall into an exaggeration of their degree. We ought not to correct an exaggerated depreciation by its opposite. When we find so eminent a critic as Mr. John Mill contrasting Hamilton with Whately, and assigning to Whately the superiority in the origination and diffusion of important thought, it is but justice to point out the partial stand-point from which alone such a judgment is possible. No doubt Whately was, as Mr. Mill says, "an active and fertile thinker." He is also an eminent example of the confusion which is inevitably imported into philosophy by "active and fertile thinking" not grounded on knowledge. Whately's services to logic as an instrument of education should always be gratefully acknowledged. But no competent person ever read Hamilton's article on "Logic" (reprinted in the *Discussions*) without feeling that Whately is a child in the hands of a giant. It is not merely that the one has more reading than the other, but that complete knowledge gives him a mental grasp of the subject which "fertile thinking" can never confer. In Hamilton's article on "Logic" we feel that we are once more on the great highway of philosophical tradition, coming down in steady descent from Aristotle and the Stoics, instead of in the flowery by-paths in which the "thinkers" on logic had lost themselves. In Whately we admire ingenious suggestion on isolated points, and lucid statement of received doctrines. But no sooner do we approach, under Whately's guidance, any of the involved and controverted questions, than we are aware of a confusion of vision and an imbecility of grasp which leave us groping in the dark. The contrast is great indeed with the complete comprehension of Hamilton, in which every difficulty and every question has its proper place assigned to it, and where, though we may admit that problems are not always successfully solved, yet all the recorded solutions are brought up before us for comparison and judgment.

But, in attributing to Hamilton complete knowledge, it may be as well to say we do not intend to attribute universal knowledge. Learning is not omniscience. It is not to detract from any man's honours to say that he is subject to the conditions of humanity, and that he cannot live long enough to possess himself of the whole of any of the greater branches of learning. There are limitations to Hamilton's philosophical acquirement, simply because the accumulated stock of historical facts is too great to be appropriated by any memory, however capacious. He does not seem to have been in full possession of the recent German schools—Hegel, Schelling, Fichte. Of Kant he seems to have had more, but not a familiar, knowledge. Plato and the Platonists were, to say the least, not so well known to him as Aristotle and his commentators. His knowledge of Aristotle is evidently subject to considerable limitations. He had not the advantage of that vast growth of German monograph which, since Trendelenburg edited the *De Anima*, has illustrated so many dark corners of Aristotelian lore. These are considerable deductions from the whole *cognoscibile*, yet there are more to be made. He had studied for the medical profession, and with that view had attended classes in natural philosophy, chemistry, &c. But this was in his youth, and before going to Oxford. Though he was learned in the history of medicine, there is no evidence that the principles of physical inquiry had ever taken hold of his mind. To what extent mathematical processes were familiarly known to him we do not find any direct evidence, but it may be indirectly inferred, from his criticism of Whewell, that he saw in them rather an instrument of mental discipline than an organ of thought. Hamilton's biographer dwells upon the parallel between Hamilton and Leibnitz. The resemblance is one that must occur to every one. Yet Leibnitz's mathematical and physical acquirements not only count as an additional province of knowledge possessed by him, but gave him an undoubted superiority when he turned his mind to metaphysical speculations.

When all these deductions are made, what remains constitutes a vast possession of learning, understanding by the term not mere acquisition, but acquisition impregnated by a living mind, and subordinated to a rational judgment. We cannot trace—his biographer does not attempt—a complete outline of Hamilton's knowledge, but we may indicate its extent by scattered portions of his reading. The literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a favourite study with him. He made collections for the history of Luther, or Luther's opinions—collections which, if published, would occupy a large volume. The constitution and history of European Universities was a subject to which he had devoted much time, and the problems of the higher education were always present to his thought. Of the seventeenth century he perhaps knew less. Yet he had studied the Thirty Years' War, and had lectured upon it, and the theological controversies connected with the names of Petavius, Salmasius, and Blondel engaged his interest. The modern Latinists, Buchanan, Balde, Sannazaro, Vida, Fracastorio, are familiar to him, and he is reported (by Professor Baynes) to have matched Dr. Parr on one occasion in this field, which Parr had selected for conversation in the hope to reign alone. He read two papers before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the Greek aorists, in which he is prodigal of reference to the grammarians, Greek and Latin. His Commonplace Book bears witness to a course of reading as varied, inquisitive, and resolute as was ever accomplished by man. In this folio of some 1,200 pages two-thirds are filled with references on metaphysical topics, and the remaining third with logical references. There are indications in it of the thoughts of the men of nearly all times and nations who have risen above the common routine of life to an interest in the great questions of speculative philosophy. It is not, like most commonplace books, a chaos, but is planned in exactly logical divisions and subdivisions. It must be, from Professor Veitch's account of it, a transcript of Hamilton's own mind, and we should think capable of publication. Next to this Commonplace Book his library may be regarded as the reflex of his mental tendencies. He did not collect as a book-collector, but bought for his own uses and necessities. Naturally the strongest part of the collection was the philosophical. The collection of Logics numbered over 400 volumes, and, in addition to the older and rarer treatises, included every work of importance which had recently appeared at home or abroad. Among the Greek classics appeared a valuable collection of the Scholiasts on Aristotle, bought at Heber's sale in 1834. The collection of modern Latin was also richly stored. Biographies, ana, dissertations, mélanges, had been industriously sought out, and there was a special collection of books on the theory and history of education.

In assigning to Hamilton the distinction of being the learned philosopher of this century, we have been careful to include that quality without which learning ceases to have intellectual value—namely, that it be thoroughly informed and governed by the critical faculty. A charge has been pressed against Hamilton which, if proved, would be a serious abatement of his claims to this highest kind of learning, even if it did not compromise them altogether. Mr. Mill has brought forward passages from Hamilton's writings in which the contradictions and inconsistencies are, or appear to be, irreconcilable with the supposition that he had so far mastered the matter of what he read as to be in possession of a matured and uniform scheme of thought. And this internal contradiction is not confined to subordinate topics, on which the memory may be forgiven if it be treacherous. If there are any principles which Hamilton urges as important, and which he considers as characteristic of his philosophy, it is the two doctrines known respectively as the Relativity of Knowledge, and Natural Realism. Nearly all those writers who have commented upon the clash of ideas thus signalized by Mr. Mill in his *Examination* have resigned the seeming contradiction as unmanageable, and have accounted for it in various ways, but all more or less damaging to Hamilton's reputation as a philosopher. Mr. Grote proposed the solution that Hamilton held both the opinions in their natural sense, and enforced them at different times by argument, his attention never having been called to the contradiction between them. Professor Veitch, in an appendix to the *Memoir*, undertakes the position that there is no inconsistency between the two doctrines.

The theory called by Hamilton "Natural Realism" conceives us as knowing the external world as it is really and in itself, and the qualities of matter as absolute attributes or modes of a not-self. It is the theory supported by Hamilton in contrast to "Idealism," which conceives what we call the external world as a phenomenon of consciousness, a mode of self to which habit leads us to attribute externality. Natural Realism thus makes us cognisant of absolute qualities. It supposes the mind to have knowledge of an object as it is in itself, and not in relation—of an object which would remain what we know it to be, if our knowing faculty were taken away and annihilated. Thus the human intelligence is in contact with an absolute object. We may well ask, How is this theory reconcilable with that of the Relativity of all knowledge? Professor Veitch's explanation is as follows:—There are two real objects—sensible reality and supersensible reality. Natural Realism asserts or assumes our cognition of sensible reality. The doctrine of Relativity denies our cognition of supersensible reality. There is thus no contradiction between them. Whether or not this be Hamilton's meaning we cannot pretend to say. But if it be so, it seems to leave the inconsistency between the two opinions as wide as ever. Mr. Mill had suggested, in palliation of the discrepancy, that Hamilton had used the phrase Relativity of knowledge in some extremely narrow, or some non-natural, sense; in fact, that he did not hold the tenet of the Relativity of knowledge at all. Professor Veitch's defence of Hamilton consists in adopting for him the other horn of the dilemma. It amounts to saying that Hamilton did not hold the doctrine of Natural Realism in any true sense of the word. Professor Veitch seems to admit that Hamilton did not consider that we know any object as other than what it appears to be to our faculties. If this be so, what becomes of the antithesis, so much insisted on by Hamilton, between Natural Realism and Idealism?

Should this volume reach a second edition, as we have little doubt it will do, we would suggest for consideration the omission of the Appendix (Note A), the angry polemical tone of which jars not a little unpleasantly with the calm record, and the even tenor, of the life of the student and the scholar.

CREASY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

(Second Notice.)

SIR EDWARD CREASY begins with the Phœnicians. It is a certain satisfaction to learn that he has "a high admiration for the learning and abilities of the late Sir G. Lewis," but he believes in the Phœnicians all the same. From the Phœnicians he gets back to the Stone Period, and the primeval antiquaries come in for a patronizing nod. "The ancient burial-places and the relics contained in them . . . of late years have been examined and compared one with another, with remarkable industry and sagacity." On these matters Sir Edward's great authority seems to be Dr. Latham; he does not tell us whether he believes on Dr. Latham's authority that the Brittia of Procopius is somewhere else and not Britain, or whether he sees in the *by* of Tenby a sign of Scandinavian occupation. But if he has read Dr. Latham, he has not read Dr. Petrie; we only suppose that he has not read Mr. Keane, because Mr. Keane would doubtless have come in for a pat on the back if he had. The following passage is indeed amusing to read in 1869:—

Whether the Phœnicians communicated to the rude Celts, whom they found here, other arts, and whether they imparted to them aught of the science and of the religious ritual of Asia, is and must ever be mere matter of speculation. We have no certain evidence on the subject. Many have thought that the ancient architectural structures that are found in the British isles, and especially the round towers of Ireland, were raised by men of Eastern race, or, at least, by disciples of Oriental teachers, and that these mysterious edifices were designed for the services of the same creed, that prevailed in lands beyond the remotest waters of the Mediterranean. The supporters of these theories refer to some fragments of old poems (one of which purports to be copied from a Carthaginian writer), and which speak dimly of "Ionian Islands," of "holy headlands," and of mystical orgies, in the far North-Western Atlantic. The truth of these speculations is possible, of some it is probable; but of none can it be demonstrated by such proof as is sufficient to make history. With the immense mass of indisputable English history before us, which we must abridge so closely, we cannot linger on these imaginative legends, however much they may attract the ethnologist, the antiquary, and the poet.

After some talk about Nebuchadnezzar and the Battle of Chæroneia we come to another patting on the back of "one whose authority on historical subjects is of the highest order," and who from a note turns out to be no other than Niebuhr. By him "it has been well said" that "the history of all modern nations will be found to have grown out of the Roman." "This," Sir Edward Creasy thinks, "is emphatically true with regard to our country, which once formed part of the Roman Empire, and the consideration of who and what *our* conquerors were forms an essential part of the history of our island." Now have we really to explain again for the ten thousandth time that though our country once formed a part of the Roman Empire, yet our nation never did, and that, however essential a part of the history of the Island may be the consideration of who and what its conquerors were, that consideration has only an indirect and incidental bearing on the history of our own people? In short, in exact opposition to what Sir Edward Creasy says in his margin, "English History" does not "grow out of" Roman History. Instead of growing out of it, it supplants it; a knowledge of Roman Britain is indeed needful for a knowledge of English History, not however because the Romans were "our conquerors," but just because they were not. A knowledge of Roman History and Roman Law is indeed important to the student of English History, but mainly because, as Sir Edward Creasy begins to see a little later, of its indirect influence through Roman missionaries and partially Romanized Normans.

Again we may say that this sort of confusion would have been pardonable a generation back, and Sir Edward Creasy's book really belongs to a generation back; the fault is the palming off upon us of the thoughts and the knowledge of a generation back as if they were fit intellectual provender for the present generation. After all the labours of Mr. Kemble and others, it is really too bad to give us such a paragraph as the following:—

The existence of nobles deriving their rank, not from birth or property, but from the personal grant of the sovereign, is clearly traceable in the Roman Empire during its latter centuries, and it is from the Romans, and not from the Celts, or Germans, that modern Europe has derived this remarkable institution. In other words, the branch of royal prerogative by which a modern king confers nobility on a favoured subject is of Roman origin.

No doubt there is a Roman element in feudalism. The fully developed feudal relation arises from the union in the same person of the Teutonic relation of the *comitatus* and the Roman relation of tenure of land by military service. But it was precisely because in England we had from the beginning the Teutonic element in feudalism apart from its Roman element, that feudalism was in England a plant of so much later and so much more stunted growth than it was in countries where Roman influences had freer play. In short, throughout this part of his book, when Sir Edward Creasy is right, he is right, as it were, by accident. For instance he gives its true meaning to the phrase of the "Saxon Shore," but he actually adds that "for the purpose of the present text, it is immaterial whether we so understand it, or suppose that the Shore was called Saxon from Saxons having settled there." When Sir Edward Creasy wrote his lectures, it was no doubt creditable to hit on the right meaning anyhow, but at this time of day we know very well that the difference between the right and the wrong meaning is not at all "immaterial," but is just the gist of the whole matter. Here again:—

The Germans, who settled in this Island during the fifth and sixth centuries, are usually spoken of as Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. The collective name of Anglo-Saxon has been given to them by modern historians, for the sake of distinguishing them from the Saxons of Continental Germany, and it is a name which it is convenient to employ.

Sir Edward Creasy then looks on "Anglo-Saxon" as a modern name which it is convenient to employ. In truth, as many people know by this time, it is an ancient name which it is inconvenient to employ. If Colombo contained a copy of the Codex Diplomaticus or of the Monumenta Historica Britannica, Sir Edward Creasy might find out that "Rex Anglo-Saxonum" is a perfectly good and lawful contraction for "Rex Anglorum et Saxonum." And a moment's thought might teach him that it is not convenient to employ it, both because its correct use is so very narrow that it is practically of no service, and also because modern writers have chosen to use it in the inaccurate and misleading sense which Sir Edward Creasy thinks is convenient.

It will be seen that Sir Edward Creasy here calls the English "Germans"; we have already spoken of the way in which his whole talk in this part of the book is about "Germans," "Germany," "Germanic." In the following passage he is feeling his way in an amusing fashion:—

There has been, and there continues to be, much learned controversy as to the exact localities on the Continent whence the Germanic conquerors of Britain came, and as to their precise degrees of affinity one with the other. Without entering into these deep (though very valuable and interesting) discussions, we may be safe in adopting the general statement, that the Anglo-Saxons were Germans of the sea coast between the Eyder and the Yssel, of the islands that lie off that coast, and of the water-systems of the lower Eyder, the lower Elbe, and the Weser. It is important to observe that these are all parts of Germany with which the Romans were less acquainted than was the case with the parts of Germany that lie near the Rhine and the Danube, the two boundary rivers of the Roman continental empire in Europe.

That is to say, in plain words, they were Low-Dutch and not High, but it is clear that Sir Edward Creasy does not know the difference. Some way on he tells us that, at the time of Augustine's coming into Britain "the German then spoken by the Franks differed little from the German then spoken by the Anglo-Saxons." The exact amount of difference between English and Frankish in the sixth century would require a first-rate philologist exactly to expound; it is plain that Sir Edward Creasy has not mastered the A B C of the matter.

In Sir Edward Creasy's eyes "the term Heptarchy is so familiar and so well-understood that there is no risk of the use of it misleading any one into the idea that the number of independent Anglo-Saxon kingdoms in this island before Egbert's time was always exactly seven." We need not stop to point out that "Heptarchy" is just one of those misleading words which no accurate writer ever thinks of using; it is more important to mention that Sir Edward Creasy actually quotes with approval Milton's famous saying about the "kites and crows." Starting from this text, the whole story of the English Conquest, the whole story of the fluctuations of power between Wessex, Mercia, and Northumberland, all the details which in the hands of so many living scholars are at last growing up into a breathing and moving picture, are by Sir Edward Creasy utterly wiped out. He has found a great deal to tell us about Phœnicians and Babylonians

* *History of England from the Earliest to the Present Time.* 5 vols. By Sir Edward S. Creasy, M.A. Vol. I. London: James Walton. 1869.

and Greeks and Romans, and he assures us that "the conquering advance upon Persia of the Macedonians under Alexander the Great, though ultimately beneficial to mankind, brought heavy calamities on the generation then in being." But of the calamities brought on the generation then in being by the advance of the English under Hengist and Ælle and Cynric and Ceawlin and Ine, ultimately beneficial as that advance undoubtedly was to mankind, Sir Edward Creasy has not a word to tell us. The grand drama of Anderida and Badbury and Deorham and Fethanleah—the process, in short, by which England became England—might, as far as he is concerned, have as well never happened. This again was pardonable when the lectures were first written, but there is no excuse for cooking them up again now after such a flood of light has been thrown on this portion of our history, but a flood of which no rays seem as yet to have found their way to Colombo.

In the same spirit the great war of Cnut and Eadmund is cut short in two or three lines, and the reigns of the sons of Cnut are cut shorter still, without a word as to the mysterious and disputed fate of Ælfred. The last serious attempt at dividing the English Kingdom is perhaps referred by Sir Edward Creasy to his kite-and-crow land. Of course the excuse will be that there is no room for everything, but surely, in a History of England, Cnut, and even Cnut's sons, are of more importance than Nebuchadnezzar.

With all this, we need hardly add that the crop of particular blunders is not small. Very few people can spell the name of our primitive Parliament, though where the great difficulty is it is not easy to see. But Sir Edward Creasy has a form of his own which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere—namely, "Witangemote." Would he, in writing Latin, call it the "Sapientes concilio"? We trow not, but then ignorance of Latin is confessedly mortal sin, while ignorance of English hardly venial sin. Elsewhere he talks of "the Witans," on the same principle on which our translators of the Bible talk about Cherubims. Then we have the common blunder of "Earldorman," through the vulgar confusion between "Ealdorman" and "Eorl." The blunders of fact are endless. Cnut, for instance, "had inherited" the Crown of Denmark before he won that of England, and he also "conquered Sweden." "William de Jumiège" [*sic*], a very respectable monk, is a "Norman lord"; the young William's faithful guardian Count Gilbert, who was murdered for his faithfulness, tries, in Sir Edward Creasy's version, "to seize on the sovereignty for himself." William's fleet is "collected between the mouths of the Seine and the Orme [Orne]," which is true, but it is rather like saying that the battle of Senlac was fought between Lewes and Dover. Nearly every detail of William's great campaign is wrong, but it is due to Sir Edward Creasy to say that he has a clearer notion of the nature of the spot which he oddly calls "Mount Senlac" than most people have. The battle itself he fairly understands, but even here we have such careless slurring over of things as to hide Gyrth among "some of Harold's officers." This is queer, for the one thing that Sir Edward Creasy can do, when he tries, is to understand and draw a personal character, and one would have thought that the dramatic scene in Waco, whether true or false, would have struck him. But then there was most likely no copy of the Roman de Rou in bookless Colombo. "Prayers were read" in the Norman camp, as if they had read "Dearly Beloved," and we venture to guess that they were read by William Fitz-Osbern, whom Sir Edward Creasy a few pages on oddly consecrates Bishop of Hereford. And so the thing goes on. Everybody of royal birth is "Prince" or "Princess"; Ælfred in the ninth century, Edward in the thirteenth, are alike talked of as if they had been Brunswick Royal Highnesses. Ælfred especially, by some more mysterious process than all in

of his uncle being his natural heir, and elsewhere he is described as "Edgar, son of the dead Prince Edward (commonly known in history as Edgar Atheling)." We presume, then, that Sir Edward Creasy thinks it his special business to correct the rude Court Circular of the eleventh century by the more polished pattern of the nineteenth. Elsewhere we hear of "the Godwin sway" and the "Godwin family." Sir Edward clearly thinks that Godwin is a surname, or perhaps the title of an Earldom. We did once, in another book, see the words "Harold, Earl Godwin," just as one might say "John, Earl Russell."

Sir Edward Creasy in one chapter crosses the sea to talk about "Pepin le Bref," so we suppose that he thinks that French was the language of Germany in the eighth century. Some centuries later, Lewis the Eighth, in his father's lifetime, appears as the "French Dauphin" (p. 333). This blunder is a test alike for writers and

mingles up his confusions with glimmerings of truth :—

> Clovis (who reigned from A.D. 481 to A.D. 511), extended his rule over nearly the whole of Gaul; and he may be regarded as the founder of the French monarchy, though it was repeatedly subjected to temporary dismemberment, and though the country was not known by the collective name of Francia till a much later period.

Undoubtedly not—not for some seven or eight hundred years. But Sir Edward Creasy does not seem to know that "Francia" is from a very early time a perfectly good word, though of course not a word translating the modern "France." If Sir Edward Creasy had a library to refer to, he might perhaps find out something about the "Francia" of Eginhard, about "Francia Teutonica" and "Francia Latina"—things which are understood now, though perhaps they were not understood when Sir Edward Creasy used to lecture. Presently "Rolf becomes Rollo," as if he had changed his name. He did change his name at his baptism, but as Cnut is never called Lambert, as Swegen is hardly ever called Otto, as Guthrum is but rarely called Æthelstan, so Rolf is never called Robert. But surely one need not tell anybody that Rollo is simply the Latin shape of Rolf, and that Sir Edward Creasy might just as well talk about Cnut becoming Cnuto. Why modern French writers talk about *Rollon*, instead of the grand old French form *Rou*, it is not for us to guess.

It is a pity that Sir Edward Creasy has done his work in so careless and slovenly a way, or rather that he attempted it at all under circumstances under which it was impossible to do it well. For ever and anon we see glimpses of better things even in points of detail. For instance, he quite understands that shires are older than kingdoms, that the kingdom is not divided into shires, but that it was formed by aggregation of independent shires. He therefore properly enough rejects the notion of England being divided into shires by Ælfred or by any other one man. But then he fails to see the wide difference in this matter between different parts of England. He does not see that in Wessex the old shires abide to this day, while in Mercia, which was at first far more than Wessex the land of independent shires, the old shires out of which the Kingdom was formed have been utterly wiped out and have given way to shires which really are artificial divisions of the Kingdom. Northamptonshire was made by some man, most likely by Eadward the Elder. But Dorsetshire never was made. Mr. Barnes, we have no doubt, "'specks it growed."

So again we hail such glimpses of the Obvious as that "the Anglo-Saxon and English are essentially the same language," and even as "the Anglo-Saxon stage of English." They are signs that, if Sir Edward Creasy lived somewhere where there is "a copious historical library," he might soon come to learn a good deal. His notes, the eagerness with which he seizes on any new light, show that he is not above learning. And that is a great deal to say; readiness to learn to the end was perhaps the noblest feature in the noble character of Hallam. We trust that either a copious historical library may soon be translated to Colombo, or else that Sir Edward Creasy may soon be translated to some other place where there is a copious historical library. We feel sure that if he only had the chance, he would make good use of it. We take kindly to him in many things. He tries to be fair, and he commonly succeeds. His account of Henry and Thomas is shallow enough, but there is a visible attempt to do justice to both sides which is thoroughly praiseworthy. His account of Edward the First is really worth reading. But we must at the onset set forth the plain truth, lest either Sir Edward Creasy or anybody else should think that this book fills up the gap of which Sir Edward Creasy complains in his preface. We do not know whether his book has "unity and entirety of organism and purpose," because we do not know what "unity and entirety of organism and purpose" may be. But when he says that such a history must have "artistic proportions," that it "must have animation as well as accuracy," we can answer that to our taste Sir Edward Creasy's book has no artistic proportions, that it has very little animation, and no accuracy at all. It is probably as good a book as its author could put together without the needful pains and without the needful materials. But history ought not to be trifled with in this way. Bricks, at least of the Egyptian sort, cannot be made without straw; but if a man goes of his own free will into a land without straw, and there of his own free will sets about making bricks, then, if his brick-making proves an utter failure, he has no task-master to blame but himself.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.*

SCIENCE advances by singularly irregular steps. Sometimes it is one department, and sometimes another, that seems to monopolize for the moment the spirit of progress. Of late, to borrow a sporting phrase, spectrum analysis has been making all the running. So beautiful and so startling, so delicate and so far-reaching, have been the recent developments of this method, that a broad margin of thought outside the world of science proper has been busying itself about it, and striving to get some insight into this new channel of discovery. And this has not been easy for the outsiders. The researches of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, Angström, Huggins and Miller, Lockyer and Frankland, are to be found in the papers of scientific societies; but a compendious account of the whole investigation, fitted for popular reading, was wanting, and even those who moved within the genuine scientific circle had begun to feel the need of a manual which should lead them to the latest sources of information on the subject.

Mr. Roscoe has been the first to supply this want, and the task could scarcely have been committed to better hands, nor could his work have been produced in better style than it has been by his publishers. The illustrations—no unimportant part of a book on such a subject—are marvels of wood-printing, and reflect the clearness which is the distinguishing merit of Mr. Roscoe's explanations. The fact that the book is remarkably opportune in its appearance implies that it has the defects which are inseparable from pioneer treatises on progressive subjects. Precisely because spectrum analysis is the specially advancing subject

* *Spectrum Analysis*. By Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

of the day, it is incapable of being presented in a complete and finished shape. Even while Mr. Roscoe's book was going through the press, new discoveries were falsifying some and superseding others of the conclusions which he treats as established, and we must look for a second edition, after this branch of science has reached a stage of comparative repose, to give a thoroughly connected and systematic narrative of what spectrum analysis has done. The method which Mr. Roscoe has followed has, we think, aggravated the defects to which we refer. He has taken as the basis of his book a series of very excellent lectures which he delivered about a year ago. In some instances (more especially with reference to some portion of Mr Huggins's work) he has introduced corrections, bringing his text into harmony with the knowledge of to-day, but for the most part he has left his lectures unaltered, adding at the end of each an appendix of subsequent discovery. Possibly it might have been difficult to rewrite the text by the light of our present knowledge without an amount of delay to be deprecated alike in the interest of publishers and readers, and we are glad to welcome the book as it is, as an instalment of the more perfect treatise which we may expect hereafter.

Some of our readers may want to know what spectrum analysis is, and most of them will probably be glad of a slight sketch of the subject as Mr. Roscoe has dealt with it. In his first lecture the author describes the well-known discovery of Newton, that the white solar light is composed of a bundle of differently coloured and differently refrangible rays, which, when dispersed by a prism produce the rainbow-like band which is known as the solar spectrum. The dark absorption lines which traverse this spectrum, first observed by Wollaston, and afterwards mapped by Fraunhofer, are the foundation of all the subsequent discoveries worked out by spectrum analysis. A dark line at a particular position of the spectrum could only mean the presence of some substance capable of absorbing that particular kind of light, and when that inference was recognised, the science of spectrum analysis began to exist. But another step had to be made before this interpretation of the Fraunhofer lines became fruitful as a method of analysis. It was noticed some forty or fifty years ago, by Herschel and Talbot, that various substances, when heated sufficiently to give off incandescent vapour, produced a spectrum just the reverse in kind of that obtained from the sun. Instead of a bright band of rainbow crossed by dark lines, there appeared a few bright lines on a background of dark [illegible] and several of these were soon affiliated on [illegible] alkaline and metallic salts. Later on, Wheatstone and others, by using the intense heat of the electric spark, identified the bright lines which indicate several of the metals when in a state of incandescence. One specially characteristic line which was seldom missed in the spectrum of any incandescent vapour was traced, first by Swan, and afterwards in more detail by Kirchhoff, to the presence of sodium, and was found to be identical in position with [illegible] well-known dark line in the yellow part of the solar spectrum. This was the dawn of the great discovery by which spectrum analysis was made applicable to solar and stellar investigation. The question suggested itself at once whether the same substance which produced the bright line in the one case could be the cause of the dark line in the other, and by pursuing this track of investigation Kirchhoff arrived at the famous law (now requiring some little modification) which lies at the root of the cosmical branch of spectrum analysis. Every substance, when interposed between the eye and a luminous body, absorbs precisely the same kind of light which it emits [illegible] heated to incandescence. Solids and liquids, as a rule, give [illegible] nuous spectra, and consequently are capable only of causing general absorption. Gases and vapours, as a rule, give out, when heated, discontinuous spectra composed of one or more bright lines, and each gas or vapour absorbs precisely the same light which it produces, and makes on the solar spectrum a dark line ranging with perfect accuracy with its own characteristic bright lines. It was only necessary to compare the Fraunhofer lines with the bright lines produced by different substances in the electric arc, to determine at once what the substances were which caused by their absorption the dark lines observed in the solar spectrum. In this way the presence of hydrogen, as well as sodium, magnesium, and a great number of other metals was detected in an absorbing condition in the sun. But what was the sun, and how were these absorbing substances placed in relation to the luminous surface? The first hypothesis of Kirchhoff, and indeed of almost every one else, was the very natural one that the sun was surrounded first by a layer of incandescent matter assumed to be solid or liquid, because it gave out a continuous spectrum, and that outside of this floated a comparatively cool absorbing atmosphere containing vapours of all the substances whose characteristic lines were seen upon the sun. This hypothesis is now utterly displaced by Mr. Lockyer's recent work, but it served its turn, and did an immense amount of good work in leading the way to riper knowledge. Rival theories about sun-spots—all of them perhaps destined to be modified—were founded on this common hypothesis, and until the chromosphere made itself known it never occurred to any one to doubt the existence of the supposed cool absorbing atmosphere surrounding the solar photosphere. Long before any bright lines had been obtained from the sun, the spectra of comets and nebulæ had been observed by Donati, Secchi, and Huggins, and found to give the isolated bright lines which indicate the presence of incandescent gas or vapour. Hydrogen and nitrogen were especially identified by comparison with the spectra produced in the laboratory from these substances, but for a time the scientific world rested content with the theory that the sun was a molten mass with only cool absorbent vapours round about it. The eclipse observations and the work of Mr. Lockyer have demolished this provisional hypothesis, and the spectroscope *now tells us that* the solar photosphere is surrounded with incandescent gas, chiefly hydrogen; that the substances which produce the absorption lines are not in general mixed with the hydrogen or, as was universally believed, floating in a circumambient atmosphere, but are intermingled with the mass of the photosphere; and that, as these give the characteristic gaseous lines, the photosphere itself, in its upper region at any rate, must also be made up of gas or vapour. It would have been a puzzle to understand how anything but a solid or liquid could give the continuous light emitted by the photosphere, but an opportune discovery of Dr Frankland's had some time since removed this difficulty. He found that the rule that incandescent gases give discontinuous spectra is not of universal application, and that a gas under certain conditions may produce a continuous spectrum. Nor is it at all necessary to suppose that the light of the photosphere (varying as it does in brilliancy in different parts of the spectrum) is the product of a single substance. What it is the spectroscope will probably soon reveal. But these remarkable facts are far from all that the spectroscope has recently told us about the sun. The researches of Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer upon the spectra of hydrogen and other substances have exposed some very prevalent errors. It was imagined by almost all previous observers, and indeed is assumed throughout in the text of Mr Roscoe's lectures, that each substance always gives out the same spectrum, with only some variations, due, as was generally supposed, to greater or less intensity of temperature and consequent brightness. A good [illegible] of these changes noted by Plucker and Hittorf had been ascribed almost entirely to temperature, though these observers had also taken variations of pressure into account. The most recent experiments—those of Frankland and Lockyer—have shown that the spectra of all or nearly all the substances observed vary with pressure, and it has been found practicable by comparison with these results to show that the hydrogen in the chromosphere must be in a state of extreme tenuity. One more revelation of the spectroscope is too interesting to be passed without notice. It had been suggested some time since, by Mr Maxwell, that light coming from a luminous body rapidly approaching the earth would be more refrangible than if the radiating source were at rest, and the change in refrangibility affords on this theory an easy means of estimating the rapidity of the approach. Some singular appearances in the spectrum of the solar chromosphere and prominences observed by Mr. Lockyer have established the fact of extremely rapid motion in the hydrogen of which it is composed. Sometimes the single line bulges out into two lines, one more and the other less refrangible, representing the approaching and receding sides of a cyclone of blazing hydrogen, and the velocity has been found to reach in some instances more than a hundred miles a second—that is to say, a speed some thousands of times greater than the rate of any terrestrial hurricane. Uprushes and downrushes on a similarly grand scale have been detected in the same way, and each day seems to add to our knowledge of the constitution of the sun.

Part of what we have been describing is unfortunately too recent to appear in Mr. Roscoe's book, and much more of it has of necessity been added in appendixes after the text was completed, but there are many scarcely less interesting results of spectroscopic work which were ripe enough to take definite shape in the lectures when originally delivered. The remarkable delicacy of spectrum observations in detecting the faintest trace of any known substance is beautifully illustrated, and the practical use of the method made, at Mr. Roscoe's own suggestion, in the manufacture of Bessemer steel is one of the most interesting applications of new scientific discovery to the service of mankind. There are many other sides of the subject on which we have not space to dilate, and for which we must refer our readers to the work itself, always, however, with this caution, that if they desire to know with accuracy the point to which science has at this moment advanced, they must look beyond the text into the appendixes, and sometimes, when they have the opportunity, a little beyond them.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.*

FIFTY-FIVE years since, on the 26th of January, 1814, a needy and almost friendless actor made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, and showed to the playgoing public at one stroke almost, and certainly by a single performance, that a new luminary then and there had risen on the theatrical horizon. The success commenced by Shylock was confirmed and surpassed by rapidly succeeding representations of the highest and most arduous characters of the English drama, characters on which John Kemble, Henderson, and George Frederick Cooke—to go no further back in stage annals—had respectively set their seals, and in which, until that memorable evening, they were imagined to be secure from rivalry. In tragedy at least a Garrick *redivivus* had come to light, and so long as the names of great actors are held in remembrance, that of Edmund Kean was on that January evening granted a patent of perpetuity.

Seldom, if indeed ever, has a player served so severe an apprenticeship to his art as Edmund Kean did. From his infancy to his

* *The Life of Edmund Kean, from Published and Original Sources.* By F. W. Hawkins. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

twenty-sixth year his days were passed in struggles with toil, want, uncertainty for the morrow, and recurring disappointment. For this poor waif and stray the comforts of home and the tenderness of parents were unknown. Endowed, as his acting showed, with an irritable and susceptible temperament, his feelings were constantly on the rack, his irritability was almost chronically excited. He was in bondage to his mother—a greedy, disreputable woman, who used him as if he had been her serf and not her child. He was in bondage to managers, who with few exceptions oppressed or cheated him; in bondage also for the bare necessaries of life—"food, clothes, and fire." Sometimes the cup of better fortune was held in mockery to his thirsting lips, and then proffered to some one born under a less malignant star. The light thrown on his path on one or two occasions served only to render the darkness in which he wandered more visible. It may be true that many brother-strollers may have undergone as much, but they were at least not companied in their misery by the consciousness of genius. They had probably forsaken some calling, or disobeyed some duty, in taking to the stage. But Kean's inward monitor prompted him rightly, *his* calling, *his* duty, were scenical. He had a vocation, but apparently the exercise of it was denied to him. And in those twenty-four years—he had been brought on the stage in his third year—when he probed every recess of vagabond life, when he was browbeat by actors who, *post fortunam*, would have tied his shoe-strings, and rejected by managers who afterwards walked unbonneted before him, were laid the foundations of that excess which ruined him in fame and self-respect, impaired his intellect, made his great gifts vain, and at the age of forty-six years sent him prematurely to the grave, an infirm, poor, and really aged man. None of the tragic scenes in which he played with such pre-eminence equalled in terror o pity the real scenes of Edmund Kean's earlier and later years.

Our present business, however, is with the latest biographer o this most gifted but unhappy man. Of such a man a good Life would be most welcome, as Mr. Barry Cornwall's, meritorious as it is in many respects, does not contain more than a mere record of the man himself, whereas the career of Kean is an important and interesting episode in stage-history. When Mr. Hawkins's volumes were first announced, we had some hope that this void was at last to be supplied. Nearly everything, contemporary or posthumous, likely to be written about Kean was already in print. The prejudices or passions that swayed contemporary opinion were long ago dead. A generation that knew not the great actor had sprung up, and might desire to learn how he looked and moved; what the secret was of his undoubted influence, how he held in bondage the eyes and the ears of the spectator; what manner of man that was who, by general consent, stood level with Kemble and Sara Siddons, and was admitted to be, even by Garrick's widow, the only successor to her beloved David.

Our hopes have been completely disappointed by Mr. Hawkins's volumes. With the exception of a few particulars of Kean's last illness, derived from Dr. James Smith—"clarum et venerabile nomen," henceforth, to every one taking interest in the actor—the 840 pages we have waded through have told us nothing that we knew not before we read them; have generally "marred a curious tale in the telling," have thrust improbabilities upon us, have perverted facts, have exhibited ignorant prejudices to an amount we had fondly believed impossible. These pages, in short, compose one of the most useless and unnecessary book that it has ever been our ill luck to meet with.

Mr. F. W. Hawkins puts forth in his preface what may appear to the unwary reader of his *Life of Edmund Kean* a modest and becoming plea for indulgence:

> As this Life bears internal evidence of an inexperienced pen, I hope that my deficiencies in literary art will be ascribed to their actual source. But subscribing as I do to Goethe's maxim, what have I to fear? As one servant cannot serve two masters, so my readers cannot condemn this book and share the opinion of the great German poet at one time, for I have performed my task *con amore*, and has not Goethe said that enthusiasm is the *one* thing necessary to history?

It is not very easy to construe this sentence, which reads like an oracle drawn up by some inferior priest at Delphi or Dodona, but let that pass. Mr. Hawkins's style is not, like Master Froth's face, "the worst thing about him." Before admitting his appeal for his "Virgin Tragedy," his "Orphan Muse," it is necessary to look into the appellant's claim for allowance. "The actual source" of his "deficiencies" is the writer's utter incompetence for his

least as Goethe has told us that the historian should write "sine ira et studio," especially when, as he adds of himself, "quorum causas procul habeo"—when the passions of the moment and the caprices of fashion are long since passed away. Now the enthusiasm which Mr. Hawkins hopes will protect him against gainsayers is singularly made up of passion (*ira*) and purpose to disparage great names (*studium*). The Kembles he never mentions without some covert or open sneer. He records with evident relish Kean's hasty remarks on that "Jesuit Young," and that "player, but no actor, Macready"—remarks that were most probably made in some moment of irritation, or perhaps when the maker was in his cups. Mr. Hawkins has indeed a little more charity for Mrs. Siddons than for her brother John, but he doles it out very penuriously, much as a miser deals out his halfpenny to the church-plate. Indeed one might suppose, from Mr. Hawkins's tone in writing of them, that every one of Edmund Kean's distinguished contemporaries, and even some of his predecessors also, must have been the actor's natural enemies. He is delighted to record Kemble's failure in Sir Giles Overreach, and Cooke's inferiority in the wooing and winning of Lady Anne. The souls of the once celebrated Wolf Club would seem to have all entered into Mr. Hawkins's bosom. The members of that by no means "highly respectable society" determined, in their day, that their idol should be guarded against every rival that threatened him, and none but decidedly third-rate merit be permitted to *second* him on the stage. Perhaps, as Mr. Hawkins scarcely knows the alphabet of stage-history, he may never have heard of the name of *Me*[illegible] whom the Wolves howled off Drury Lane boards, and whom, had the name been known to him, he would doubtless have ranked with John Kemble or Charles Young.

We are really embarrassed by the number of notes made on the margin of our copy of this Life of Kean—notes of interrogation, notes of surprise, together with sundry monosyllables which its author might not thank us for transcribing. But we must afford our readers a sample or two of his quality. In his first volume, at page 332, he writes:—

> Upon the [illegible]ncement of his third season we find Kean occupying the house for[illegible]rly [illegible]nited by Lady Rycroft, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. The house in Cecil Street, in which Kean had exchanged the comfortless [illegible]t for more cheerful apartments, had been abandoned at the instance of [illegible] Kean, whose tastes were altogether at variance with those of her husband. The lady wished to divest her new station of the slightest colouring of less exalted associations, and delighted in entertaining company at Clarges Street, "persons of distinction" finding especial favour in her eyes. Edmund had no affection for such an atmosphere, and sought more congenial society at the Coal Hole, where he contributed a little to the duty upon brandy, and enjoyed his favourite repast of a rumpsteak the more because it was not served up in the "style" insisted upon by Mrs. Kean in Clarges Street.

There is some truth in these sentences. The "atmosphere" of decency, let alone "persons of distinction," was not congenial to Edmund Kean. "Mrs. Kean's tastes," fortunately for her, "were at variance with those of her husband." The society at the Coal Hole would probably not have improved either the furniture or atmosphere of Clarges Street. But Mr. Hawkins is among the writers who, when they get hold of facts, cannot use them, or discern their meaning or their connexion. He thus writes of Mrs. Kean (vol. i. p. 78):—"Miss Chambers was a member of a highly respectable Waterford family, who had forsaken the scholastic profession for the stage." Was it not natural for a woman so bred, and apparently well educated, to rejoice in her rescue from the Bohemian sort of life to which her husband's career as a strolling player had subjected them both? Would she have stood better in the biographer's estimation had she, like her husband, preferred to live *en Bohémienne* in London, after she had obtained the means of living in more decent fashion? Ought she to have made a Coal Hole of the house in Clarges Street, or accompanied him to his rumpsteak and brandy at his club?

Mr. F. W. Hawkins is so enamoured of this statement as to repeat it in his second volume, p. 294, only with a difference for the [illegible]orse:—

> Whether Mrs. Kean were a party to this extravagance I cannot speak [illegible]ith certainty; but this I know, that for years before the breaking up of the home in Clarges Street, she had maintained considerable control over money matters, and her love of display, and her prodigality, and her desire to keep up a fine establishment may be referred to as additional reasons for the comparative poverty to which the tragedian now found himself reduced.

Again Mr. F. W. Hawkins shall be his own commentator:—

> In thirteen years [he says] 200,000*l* had been expended [in 1826-7 he had not a hundred left]. How he had contrived to make away with such a [illegible]m—for he never gambled—is problematical. The fact that he never turned [illegible] deaf ear to a tale of distress; his peculiar and magnificent generosity to [illegible] poorer members of his profession, the liberality of his subscriptions to [illegible]nevolent institutions; his exertions on behalf of public charities; his gratuitous performances for needy managers, and his *writing cheques when under the influence of drink, and when he knew not what he was doing*—these [illegible]nt to a certain extent for the rapidity with which his piles of gold dwindled down.

When a man in drink signs cheques we see very little that is "problematical" (in whatever sense Mr. F. W. Hawkins may employ that word) about the cause of his gains disappearing; and the expenses of the house in Clarges Street, about which he knows so much, need hardly be included as an item in the account. Whatever may be the source of Mr. F. W. Hawkins's knowledge, we have ascertained from very good authority that it was not Mrs. Kean's housekeeping or her love of fine company that in any material degree contributed to this "prodigality that cannot be extenuated." With regard, indeed, to Kean's open hand to real or feigned distress, Mr. F. W. Hawkins is in the right. Kean dispensed his bounty as readily and indiscreetly as Timon of Athens.

The biographer, indeed, like Caliban, has "two voices—his forward voice is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to *detract*." Poor Mary Chambers at least might have been spared his "ærugo mera" and "nigræ succus loliginis" in consideration of what she underwent in either fortune—of her loneliness during years of separation, of her generous oblivion of deep wrongs at the last.

It would weary our readers were we to repeat the hymns of triumph chanted in these volumes over the decline and fall of the Kembles. Mr. F. W. Hawkins is in one respect indeed generous; he allows that classic John played one part well—Penruddock. Leaving this hapless family to their fate, our next remarks apply

to his account of Kean and Young when acting together at Drury Lane. As he pleads inexperience in extenuation of his deficiencies, we will give him the benefit of supposing him too young to have been an eye-witness of their joint performances in 1822-3. If he did witness them, his plea falls to the ground, and his book is even more incorrect than we think it. In the table of contents there are the following entries – "Inequality of Kean and Young," "Second Defeat of Young," "Termination of the Contest between Kean and Young." And he thus describes the incompetent Mr Young in Iago. He indeed fortifies one part of his description by a very fine sample of Hazlitt's criticisms on *Othello*; but Hazlitt, though he colours highly and sometimes unfairly, at least understood what he was writing about (vol. ii. p. 245). After a passing compliment to John Kemble, whose acting we are told was "utterly soulless," and something dubious about Barry Cornwall as "a favourer of the classic school of acting,' he proceeds with infinite glee:—

> Well, Young *did* venture into the lists, and he *did* learn a lesson which was useful to him as long as he remained on the stage. His Iago partook of that scowling blood-thirsty aspect which Kean had virtually banished from the stage. All the intellectual activity, all the fascinating gaiety with which Shakspeare has clothed Othello's ancient, were lost to view in Young's performance, in which, adopting the old established tragic fashion, he carried his purpose in his face and brought out all the villany into the foreground. Was this Iago?

Certainly not, neither was it Charles Young's version of Iago. In spite of this idle rant about "scowling blood-thirsty aspect," "absence of all intellectual activity, fascinating gaiety," &c., Young represented Mine Ancient as a blunt soldier, more at home in the tented field, in camp or barrack, than in the company of magnificos or ladies, and displaying the beauty, if somewhat cynical, humour of an unpolished soldier. Of the ordinary melodramatic villain of the stage there was no trace in Young's impersonation. Such villany as he did exhibit was reserved for the soliloquies, and even in them very sparingly used. If Young drew from any one in this character it was not from the classical school of Kemble, but from the natural school of George Frederick Cooke. In the great scenes with Othello, Young was cool and calm as a gamester who knows that he has the game in his hands, and there was a plausibility in his manner that almost justified the easy credulity of his unfortunate general.

Mr. F. W. Hawkins's account of Young in Pierre is even more incorrect than his description of him in Iago. He is in the right in saying that Kean in Jaffier displayed "great beauty and tenderness, and some coruscations of a proud and noble spirit", but we need neither Mr. Hawkins nor his ghost to tell us that Kean excelled in tenderness and coruscations of a noble spirit. In this play Young, in the estimation of the spectators at least, divided the applause with his competitor. In Pierre also, as in Iago, his soldierly bearing, his noble voice, his spirit and full comprehension of the character, were conspicuous. The same can be said of his Clytus and his Iachimo, and in both these parts he shared and shared alike the honours of the night with Alexander and Leonatus Posthumus. When Young's "second defeat" took place is known only to Mr F. W. Hawkins, and how he profited by the "lesson" which is said to have been "useful to him as long as he remained on the stage," appeared when he returned and when Kean migrated to Covent Garden in 1828, where Young repeated his failure in Iago—with great and general applause—but without any signs of conviction or penitence.

One more instance of the biographer's ineptitude, and we close his volumes —

> Kean's second season at Covent Garden was brought to an abrupt close early in 1829. Having been obliged in consequence of illness to suspend his professional labours, the tragedian found himself once more encamped on the banks of his favourite Loch Fad.

There is no medium in Mr. F. W. Hawkins's likes and dislikes. When he writes of the Kembles, of Young or Macready, his words are very swords; but they are softer than butter when he encounters a failing of poor Edmund Kean's. His account of what really took place on the abrupt close of the Covent Garden engagement—which, as we shall see presently, was not really *closed*, but merely suspended to a more convenient season—is the perfection of euphemism, as perfect as George Frederick Cooke's allusion to *his* "old complaint." Mr. Hawkins has apparently put too much trust in Genest, who says under "January 12. *Richard II* revived. Richard—Kean, &c The play was changed to the *Beggar's Opera* owing to the *indisposition* of Mr. Kean"; but he seems to have overlooked that the word "indisposition" is significantly underlined. Genest knew, what Mr. F. W. Hawkins, to all appearance is ignorant of—indeed, though usually minute enough wherever his hero is concerned, he does not mention the play on that occasion at all, or any circumstance connected with the "illness"—that Kean, in the interval between the morning rehearsal and the intended evening performance, got (in plain English, and not in euphemistic phrase) dead drunk. Repentance indeed came with the morning. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself, spoke of soon repairing his fault; but Mr. Charles Kemble, seeing how ill he was, and how unable he must be to appear again during the season, insisted on his departing, as soon as he was able to travel, to the Isle of Bute, and offered to suspend—not to cancel, with Mr F. W. Hawkins's good leave—the remainder of his engagement until the reopening of the theatre in the following October. The version of the story conveyed in the volumes before us is a pure perversion of the real fact. So far as regards Kean's offer to give his services for three nights gratuitously to Covent Garden, his biographer may be in the right. Miss Foote was at the same time performing for six nights "gratuitously," and we believe other performers did so also, for the theatre had very recently been on the verge of the Bankruptcy Court, and was rescued from that abyss only by the exertions of Miss Fanny Kemble. Now, either Mr. F. W. Hawkins is ignorant of the fact, or he has suppressed it. Kean *owed* the residue of his engagement. His absence from London, from January 12th to the following May or June, had inflicted a severe loss on the theatrical treasury, since his place could not be supplied, and even had Mr. Macready been disengaged, he could not, in the public estimation at least of those days, have filled the room of Kean in Shylock, Overreach, Richard, and Othello. Why, as Mr. F. W. Hawkins asserts, "Mr. Charles Kemble did not come out of the matter with credit" is a mystery, as well as many other statements in this biography. The services of Edmund Kean were morally, and, but for a defect in the law, legally also, the property of Covent Garden Theatre, so long as his contract was unfulfilled. Mr. Kemble was only protecting the rights of the management. Mr. Kean broke faith and forgot his promises, and before he reached, not as Mr F. W. Hawkins says, "on arriving in London on the 22nd of November," had signed another contract with Mr Price, then manager of Drury Lane.

We close our remarks on this very unsatisfactory record of a great actor with a friendly hint to those who may intend to read it. All that relates to Kean's early struggles, and until he came to London in January, 1814, is deeply interesting, and on the whole a respectable compilation. After that date the reader will do well to look out for such passages as are marked by inverted commas, for they consist of extracts from the journals of the time and the notices of Kean by writers competent to report of him during his six or seven years of unimpaired vigour. By attending to these extracts a great deal of instruction will be gained, and a great deal of weariness avoided by passing lightly over the biographer's own dissertations. In spite of these disappointing volumes, we are still of opinion that there is room for a short Life of the greatest tragedian of this century, but it must be executed by some one less "enthusiastic" and better informed than Mr. F. W. Hawkins.

CATALOGUE OF DUBLIN GRADUATES.*

AS the constitution of the English Universities is a standing puzzle to foreigners, it is no less a standing puzzle to Irishmen. The relation between the University and the Colleges is, on the first blush of it, a profound mystery to both. The one cannot understand a University containing many Colleges, the other cannot understand the existence of Colleges at all. We have known very intelligent foreigners talk about a "Fellow of the University of Oxford," and they may be forgiven when we remember that there are such mysterious beings as Fellows of the University of Durham, and that Oxford itself does, or lately did, contain Vinerian Fellows who were not Fellows of anywhere in particular. We remember trying to explain the matter to a Swiss friend by likening the Colleges to the Cantons and the University to the Confederation, and, to express their practical relations to one another, the illustration did fairly well. But we had to guard against new misconceptions by further explaining that our illustration, while practically true, was historically false—that while the Confederation was formed by the union of Cantons older than itself, the Colleges have grown up within a University older than themselves. An Irishman's difficulty is not the same as the difficulty of the Continental, but it is a difficulty which he finds quite as puzzling. The difference between the University of Dublin and Trinity College, Dublin, is one so subtle that he has not tried to master it, and indeed why should he try to master it, when a vote of his own House of Commons talks about the "University of Trinity College"? But there are Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and there is a Trinity College in each. But whereas Trinity College, Dublin, is the whole of the University of Dublin, and can hardly be distinguished from the University of Dublin, it is plain that Trinity College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, are far from being the whole of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge respectively. This is very puzzling to the natural Irish mind. We have known an Irishman, anxious to do the right thing, and used to the formulæ "S.T.C.D." "F.T.C.D." "S.F.T.C.D.," direct a letter to a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, as "F.T.C.O.," without stopping to think how many sets of letters he would have to devise if he wished to do equal honour to the Fellows of every College in Oxford and Cambridge. But there is at least this comfort, that the puzzledom is mutual, or rather that the puzzledom on the English side reaches higher. The Irish difficulty of understanding the English Universities is a mere popular difficulty. We have no doubt that every Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, perfectly understands the difference between his own position and the position of his homonyms at Oxford and Cambridge. But the better a man understands the system of Oxford and Cambridge, the more mysterious does he find the relations between the University of Dublin and Trinity College, Dublin. It is not that he is puzzled at the mere fact that the University of Dublin contains only a single College. Dr. Todd, the learned editor of this Catalogue, need hardly have gone about to prove that a University which contains only one College, or

* *A Catalogue of Graduates who have proceeded to Degrees in the University of Dublin, from the earliest recorded Commencements to July, 1866, with Supplement to December 16, 1868.* Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Foster. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

which contains no College at all, may still be a full and perfec University. Colleges are a mere accident in [any University There was a time when the Universities of Oxford and Cambridg contained no Colleges at all; there must have been some momen in the thirteenth century when they contained only one Col lege each. But the puzzling thing about Dublin is the mysteriou way in which the University and the College are mixed u together. It is not merely that they accidentally consist of th same persons, which would be quite consistent with perfect dis tinctness as corporations. It is the two institutions themselve which seem so strangely intermingled. What can be strang than the power which the Provost and Senior Fellows—th Board, as we believe it is called—of the College exercise, as Pro vost and Fellows, in purely University matters? According t Oxford and Cambridge notions, the Provost and Fellows of th College would, in any University matter, be simply so man Doctors or Masters, differing in nothing from Doctors or Mas ters who are not members of the College corporation. Wha if another College should be founded in the University? Woul the Head and Fellows of one College retain an exclusiv power not shared by any of the members of the other? Legisl tion would doubtless soon settle the difficulty, but it does n seem that, without special legislation, it could anyhow settl itself. Now we need not say that in Oxford and Cambridge ne Colleges have been founded, and new Colleges may still be founded without any difficulty of the kind. The members of the ne societies hold, as a matter of course, exactly the same position i the University as the members of the old societies. Then, whe from the constitution of the University and the College, we tur to their history, we find that the College is actually the older o the two. Trinity College, Dublin, is solemnly and formally described as the Mother of the University—"Mater Universitatis" It seems that the learned men of Dublin have, as they well might, disputed a good deal as to the exact force and nature of this singula motherhood. To an Oxford or Cambridge man the one idea which it conveys is that Trinity College is its own grandmother.

These things are a puzzle to us. We understand a University without any Colleges; we understand a University with several Colleges, we understand a University with only one College because as yet one College only happens to have been founded. But we do not understand a University whose corporate being seems to be irrevocably mixed up with the corporate being of one College. It is plain that, if every College in Oxford and Cambridge were suppressed, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge would go on all the same. They would be simply brought back to the state in which they were before the Colleges were founded. But if Trinity College, Dublin, were suppressed, what would become of th University of Dublin? We suspect that something would happen nearly as awful as what would have happened if Speaker Abbot had really named a member. Would it not be something like the case of the German Primate who, as an Elector, cursed and swore? When the Devil took the Elector, what would become of the Archbishop? Now here we think that we have a fair right to complain of Dr. Todd, whose name is put at the end of the preface to this volume. Dr. Todd is well known as one of the chief living lights of his University; he has made him-self a name in more branches of learning than one. He could have told us all about the whole matter, and he has not told us. And it is the more provoking, because he has gone so very near to telling us without telling us. His preface reminds us of the books which one sometimes comes across written by Free-masons. They tell us everything about Freemasonry except what Freemasonry is. So Dr. Todd tells us everything about the rela-tion between the University and the College of Dublin except what the relations between them are. This is a great pity, because he so evidently has the whole matter at his fingers' ends down to the minutest details. We could wish that the space which he has given to refuting the errors of a certain Dr. Miller had been given to a full and clear setting forth of the matter in his own person. But we gather that Trinity Col-lege, "Mater Universitatis," was founded before the University; that its Provost and Fellows received from their foundress, Queen Elizabeth, the power of making statutes (under certain restrictions) for the University as well as for the College; that Elizabeth also gave them the power of electing the Chancellor; that the power of electing the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, vested by Elizabeth in the whole body of the University, seemingly Undergraduates and all, was transferred to the Provost and Fellows by Charles the First; that the Provost is ex-officio a member of the Caput, with a veto on all Graces; lastly, that a Charter of the present Queen has incorporated, not the University but the Senate of the University, leaving Bachelors and Undergraduates no one can tell exactly where, and that, notwithstanding this incorporation, the Senate can only entertain such matters as are brought before it by the Provost and Fellows. This, it is plain, amounts to much more than the mere accident of there being only one College in the University. The University and the College are throughout con-founded; the College, not the University, elects and legislates in matters which are of purely University concern. Those Doctors and Masters who are not Fellows are shut out from various rights which belong to all Doctors and Masters of Oxford and Cambridge as a matter of course. If other Colleges were to be founded in the University, there would be a still greater anomaly in the Provost and Fellows of one College electing the Chancellor of the University and discharging other purely University functions.

The notion that other Colleges besides Trinity might be founded in the University of Dublin seems to have been entertained from its foundation. But no attempt appears ever to have been made to establish a second College really independent of Trinity College. Dr. Todd mentions several abortive attempts at University exten-sion made in the course of the seventeenth century; but the insti-tutions which were set up were not independent Colleges, but rather what we should call affiliated Halls—houses for students the freehold of which remained in the College. Of one institution called Trinity Hall, which fluctuated between a Bridewell, an academical Hall, and a College of Physicians, the history is some-what amusing. In the other case, in Charles the First's time, some suppressed Roman Catholic institutions, a Capuchin convent, a Jesuits' College, and a parochial chapel, were turned into a house of students called New College. But New College vanished in the rebellion of 1641, and during the few years which it existed it was mere dependency of Trinity College; that corporation settled ome of its graduates as tutors and governors for the outlying students. That these should be the only attempts ever made at setting up new academical institutions only shows how completely Trinity College is identified, or rather confused, with the Uni-versity. If the College be "Mater Universitatis," it is a parent of the school of Kronos, which swallows up its own child.

Dr. Todd confirms a remark which we have often made—namely, that some of the worst doings of James the Second had abundance of precedent. It was nothing new for the Crown to interfere with free elections in Colleges and other bodies by recommending candidates for vacant offices. What was new was recommending a man at once legally unqualified and personally scandalous, like Anthony Farmer. James acted at Dublin in much the same way in which he acted at Oxford. Dr. Todd says:—

> It is only fair to say that the power of nominating and restoring Fellows by mandamus was exercised without question by King Charles I. on several occasions, but those so nominated were men of education, and generally fit for the office, whereas the nominees of King James II. were men of bad cha-racter, illiterate (with perhaps one exception), and who refused to take the oath prescribed by the Statutes.

In 1708 Dublin seems to have been much disturbed by a speech of one Edward Forbes, of which Dr. Todd tells us as follows:—

> At a later period the Masters of Arts seem to have acquired, or usurped, a ower, not recognised in the University Statutes, of addressing the Senate, d making motions, or proposing resolutions. This was a serious innova-ion, and led to disastrous consequences. A remarkable instance is on record. A Master of Arts, one Edward Forbes, at the Summer Commence-(12th of July, 1708), the same day on which he was himself admitted o the degree of M A, took occasion to give utterance to some very disloyal ntiments respecting the title of Queen Anne to the throne. He is reported have said that she had no better right to sit on the throne of Great Bri-n than her predecessor, using the offensive phrase that the title of both " We ave no means of knowing what pretence Forbes had for addressing the sembly at all, or why he was allowed to do so. He seems to have spoken Latin, as the University Statutes required; and his words gave the reatest offence. They were regarded as an open defiance to the loyalty of e nation. Forbes was expelled from the College by the Provost and Senior ellows, and suspended from every Degree, *suscepto vel suscipiendo*, and then fterwards at a meeting of the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, and Masters, 2nd ugust, 1708, deprived and degraded by the University.

On the process of expulsion Dr. Todd comments:—

> It will be seen that Forbes was first expelled from the College by the Pro-ost and Senior Fellows, and suspended from his Degrees, afterwards de-prived and degraded by the University. It was necessary that he should be irst expelled by the College, by which expulsion he ceased to be a student, nd lost the right to a Degree which the Charter of Elizabeth gave him. The ersity was therefore free to deal with him as if he had never been a member of the College.

We read of much ado about this matter, of protestations of loyalty made by the College, and of resolutions of the House of Commons n honour of the College. Yet after all, unless Forbes said some-thing which Dr. Todd does not mention, where was the great offence? Where was the wickedness of "those wicked words *odem nititur fundamento*"? Surely the title of Anne rested on just he same grounds as the title of William, and those were the best grounds on which any title could rest. William and Anne and ll their successors have reigned by a good Parliamentary right, which it is clear that the Jameses and Charleses, succeeding in the eeth of Henry the Eighth's will, never had. Where the wicked-ness of Forbes's words lay is altogether beyond us.

MR. CALVERLEY'S THEOCRITUS.*

THEOCRITUS is a poet so thorough, so various, and in many points so much to be admired and studied, that it were a thou-sand pities to cavil at the form of any attempt to turn him into English. The more so when, as with Mr. Calverley, great gifts taste, scholarship, and fellow-feeling with the Syracusan bard brought to the task. Whatever may be thought of blank verse as an equivalent for Theocritean measures, it was supererogatory Mr. Calverley to offer any justification for what his own success does so much of itself to recommend. A first-rate performer pon an ordinary instrument commands greater favour than a ere strummer upon one that is better chosen, and besides this, y the wholesome interfusion of other metres, especially when terlocutors in the blank-verse idyls vary the narrative or ialogue with song, the present translator successfully escapes monotony, and presents to English readers a delightful poet in guise almost as easy, changeful, and graceful as his own. This saying much, seeing that we rate very highly the genius of Theocritus; yet not too much, if we institute a candid com-

* *Theocritus.* Translated into English Verse. By C. Calverley, late ellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, Author of "Translations into English and Latin." Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. 1869.

parison between the translation and the original Chapman translation, which was reviewed in these columns some year ago, left little to be desired; but Mr. Calverley is a nicer and exacter scholar, possessed of a wonderful aptness at squaring things old and new, and imparting to his version an air of modern life which bespeaks the man of the world grafted on the scholar. As we turn over his pages we meet at odd corners little features and touches that remind us of his earlier poems and translations, and recognise sparkles of the same happy humour and perception which at once gave him a rank above mere translators. The same quaint fancy for odd analogies crops out in his Theocritus. The ancient poet is brought near to us, and seems more like life, when his translator ventures, in Id. v. 83, to translate τὰ δὲ Κάρνεα καὶ δὴ ἐφέρπει, "the Carnival is near," and καλὸν κρέας (ἀμνίζοι), ibid. 140, "an elegant lamb's fry." So, in xiv. 17, the much discussed words βολβὸς τις κοχλίας look very natural as "we'd oyster-soup"; and in the next idyl we realize the garotter of Alexandria (48), παρέρπων Αἰγυπτιστί, "creeping Thug-like up." Gorgo's name for her spouse Diocleides, φθόρος ἀργυρίω, "that pick-pocket," might perhaps have been more fairly "that dip-pocket," and though it is quite in Mr. Calverley's own vein, few translators would have been bold enough to render the play on words in Idyl xxvi. 26 ("The Bacchanals"),

> ἐξ ὄρεος πένθημα καὶ οὐ Πενθῆα φεροίσαι.
> And planted not a *king* but *aching* there

But this is characteristic; and, while there is nothing else so fanciful as this, there are a hundred other niceties of fancy and resemblance pressed into the translator's service with the happiest effect.

But it is not in these minutiæ alone that Mr. Calverley displays congeniality with his original. Much time has been spent by commentators in discussing how many and which poems of Theocritus are strictly pastoral. To us it seems that to go too carefully into such a question is to limit his genius. There is infinite variety in his subjects, and in their treatment. They are far from being all *bucolic* in character, indeed not all can be designated as "idyllic," "The Praise of Ptolemy," "The Hiero" and the poems in commemoration of Hercules being manifest exceptions, but perhaps we may say that in each and all there are idyllic features, *e.g.*, in xvi. 90-2 ("The Value of Song"), where we find such as the following:—

> And fair and fruitful may their cornlands be!
> Their flocks in thousands bleat upon the lea,
> Fat and full-fed their kine, as home they wind,
> The lagging traveller of his rest remind

There is hardly a poem extant of Theocritus which does not enshrine some such gems of description; and it is safe to say that, with scarcely an exception, they are pictures or scenes, painted in vivid words, and peopled with *dramatis personæ* that are mute or voiceful as the case may be. To represent these pictures and persons we want a translator skilled alike in pictorial and in dramatic effects, and such a one indubitably is Mr Calverley, uniting as he does, to high powers of description and a keen sense of natural beauty, much perception of character and skill in portrayal of the serious as well as the ludicrous. Into description he throws not only the life, but also the grace, with which Theocritus clothes it. Thus, in the beginning of that exquisite idyl ("Harvest-Home, or the Thalysia"), the Seventh, he has completely realized "Byrrhina's rill," and the avenue beside it, where,

> Poplar and elm
> Shewed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed
> By tufted leaves,

and further on in it "the sombre boughs," where "sweet cicalas chirped laboriously." Some portions of the Fifth Idyl ("The Battle of the Bards") present a field for descriptive talent, and that poem, being in thirteen-syllable rhyming couplets, affords Mr. Calverley full scope for doing justice to his author. Perhaps, however, the most quotable examples are to be found in the "Hylas," the description of the fountain in which strikes us as very nearly perfect in the translation before us. The metre, which is Southwell's six-line stave, is used by him with remarkable felicity in turning also the Twenty-third and Twenty-sixth Idyls. Let the reader who has kept up his Greek compare vv. 41-4 of Id. xiii., κυάνεόν τε . . . ἀγρωστις, with what follows here:—

> There rose the sea-blue swallow-wort, and there
> The pale-hued maidenhair, with parsley green
> And vagrant marsh flowers, and a revel rare
> In the pool's midst the water-nymphs were seen
> To hold, those maidens of unslumbrous eyes,
> Whom the belated traveller sees and flies.

For this kind of idyl we can imagine no better metre, and it is as effective in representing the debarkation of the Argonauts, and the after-wanderings of the bereaved Hercules, as it is for the scenery of the fountain. The translation of the whole idyl is faithful, vivid, and picturesque. But in truth it is only want of space that bars the citation of other equally true descriptive passages from the First Idyl, from the Eleventh, and from divers others. Foreground and background in all of these mimic pictures have been carefully painted by Theocritus, and it would be an exacting critic that could find a flaw in this skilful copy. Even such minute particulars as the attitude of the Cyclops, as he pours forth his lay to Galatea,

> καθεζόμενος δ' ἐπὶ πέτρας
> ὑψηλᾶς, ἐς πόντον ὁρῶν, ἄειδε τοιαῦτα·

are neatly reproduced in the words

> He sate him down
> On the tall cliff, and seaward looked, and sang.

But, to come to the dramatic aspect of Theocritus, it is curiously various and multiform. In one class of idyls we have the fervid utterances of the love-lorn sorceress (Idyl ii.), in another and larger class the amœbæan contests of herdsmen and shepherds for the prize of pastoral minstrelsy; and in yet another the mimetic and comic dialogues between Thyonichus and Æschines, the gossips Gorgo and Praxinoa, and the two starving fishermen who discuss a dream in the Twenty-first Idyl. In "the sorceress" there is something tragic, and still more that has pretensions to pathos. And it must suffice to say that what there is of these in Theocritus's model is preserved in the copy. Into the amœbæan raillery of the "herdsmen," goatherds, and shepherds in some of the earlier idyls Mr. Calverley throws plenty of life and spirit. Witness the mock strife between Cometes and Lacon, from which the following is a snatch:—

> COMETES. There's some one ill of heartburn. You note it, I presume,
> Morson? Go quick and fetch a squill from some old beldame's tomb.
> LACON. I think I'm stinging somebody, as Morson too perceives—
> Go to the river and dig up a clump of sow-bread leaves

And again how, in Idyl iv., Corydon rates the heifer that will not keep away from the olive-shoots (46-9):—

> Back to thy hill, Cymætha! Great Pan! how deaf thou art!
> I shall be with thee presently, and in the end thou'lt smart
> I warn thee, keep thy distance Look, up she creeps again!
> O if I had my cudgel, I'd lay about her then.

The "Gossips"—or, as Mr. Calverley calls them, the "Two Ladies of Syracuse"—are far too good company for us to tantalize our readers by a bare specimen of their conversation. But our translator will, if they list, take them in Gorgo's and Praxinoa's company to the grand spectacle of the Adonis, after the preliminary gossip about their husbands, their pelisses, the baby, and so forth has been duly gone through. Life is the same in the nineteenth century after, as in the latest centuries before, the Christian era, if only we look at it in the same ranks, and even those who have no Greek learning will find abundant interest in the talk and tribulations of these sightseers. It is the same with the quaint idyl of "The Fishermen"—in which, by the way, are two lines which have puzzled annotators, but to which the translation before us gives, without going out of the way, a plausible interpretation Asphalion, after describing his own rough bed in his cabin by the sea, adds

> τὸ δὲ λύχνιον ἐν πρυτανείῳ·
> φαντὶ γὰρ αἰὲν ἄγραν τόδ' ἔχειν·

and he seems to make the remark by way of contrast to the enforced leisure which darkness and night-time vouchsafed to him and his comrade. It was otherwise, he says, in the public halls, where there were funds for lighting up the hours of darkness:—

> In rich men's halls the lamps are burning yet;
> But fish come always to the rich man's net.

The last line is simply an illustration drawn from Asphalion's calling. There are some good samples of monostich dialogue to be found in the idyl which comes next after "The Fishermen", and we commend the completeness with which the Bebrycian King's retort on Polydeuces, v. 59, τῆς σῆς γε μὲν οὐκ ἐπιδαίνω, is rendered in the English "And I'm not trespassing." But the most striking achievement in this way of Theocritus is in an idyl which is not very often read in the original, and indeed requires a little shading off and refining in translation to be quite presentable. As Mr Calverley gives it, it cannot be found objectionable; and thus he confers a kindness upon the bard whom he has undertaken to present to English readers, by enabling them to see what skill, constructiveness, and reality Theocritus has displayed in this idyl, "A Countryman's Wooing." It may be doubted whether there is anything cleverer in what remains of the poet, clever though almost every line we possess of him undoubtedly is. The whole piece might be an illustration of the proverb that "twenty nay-says make one yea-say"; but the persistence of the rustic lover, and the squeamishness of the rustic belle, are represented with infinite adroitness and vraisemblance. We extract ten lines from the confabulation of Daphnis and the Maiden:—

> M. Many have wooed me, but I fancied none.
> D. Till among many came the destined *one*.
> M. Wedlock is woe. Dear love, what shall I do?
> D. Woe it is not; but joy and dancing too.
> M. Wives dread their husbands: so I've heard it said.
> D. Nay! they rule o'er them. What does woman dread?
> M. Then children—Eileithyia's dart is keen.
> D. But the deliverer, Artemis, is your queen.
> M. And bearing children all our grace destroys.
> D. *Bear them and shine more lustrous in your boys.*

The Greek of the last line is ἢν δὲ τέκῃς φίλα τέκνα, νέον φάος ὄψεαι υἷας; and it may fitly stand for a pattern of the neatness, spirit, and faithfulness of the rest.

Throughout this work, indeed, there is a judicious union of these qualities, mixed in sound and sensible proportions. Nothing, for instance, can be more true and faithful than the rendering of epithets, *e.g.* λιπαρόχρων, "the lustrous-limbed one," ii. 102; λευκίτας ὁ κορυπτίλος, "You with the glossy coat and dangerous ...st," v. 147; and the "Epithalamium of Helen" (an idyl so turned as to rival the late Sir E. Head's version of it in grace and spirit, while it outrivals it in faithfulness) will yield a whole crop of the happiest representative epithets to any reader who will note them. For Theocritean proverbs, on the other hand, Mr.

Calverley's way, and we think it a right one, is to substitute the nearest English current equivalent—*e.g.*, in Idyl x. 11, χαλεπὸν χορίω κύνα γεῦσαι reappears as "If but the cat taste cream"; and so with the many other instances of cited proverb-lore which show that Theocritus, like Shakspeare, did not undervalue "the people's voice." By the substitution of modern saws Mr. Calverley evinces a kindred feeling and genius, and adds to the life and reality of the work he reproduces. His work strikes us as singularly free from mistakes. Taken from Briggs's text, it Englishes Theocritus as we were wont to read him in schoolboy-days; and we are glad to see that he has made very good and acceptable sense of passages upon which the latest German editor, Fritsche, has tried his emendatory hand with no great success, and with a too hasty condemnation of English editors and translators. A slip or two may be found; *e.g.* in Idyl iii. 50, "I envy *Jason*," which can hardly pass muster as an equivalent for ζαλῶ 'Ιασίωνα; and we suppose that, in the fourth verse of p. 10, for "in Dias" one should read "in Dia."

But it is rare to find an English translation as free from even slight errors as this is; and, inasmuch as we accept to the full Dr. Donaldson's estimate of Theocritus as a poet of the highest original genius, and as the taste of the day as regards poetry is for the idyllic rather than the epic or didactic forms of it, we felicitate the reading public upon having gained a new version of him by a ripe scholar and a poet of a curiously congenial taste for scenery and word-painting.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN INQUISITION *

A REALLY full and impartial history of the Inquisition, from its first origin in the thirteenth century till it sunk under the crash of the French Revolution into its dishonoured grave, is still a desideratum in our language. The volume by Dr. Harris Rule which we had occasion to notice last year suggests the deficiency rather than supplies it. It is difficult for a Protestant to write with any semblance of moderation on the one point of the indictment against Rome where it is next to impossible to exaggerate the facts, and quite impossible to make out even a plausible defence. Least of all could such reserve be expected from a Wesleyan minister who finds the Holy Office prefigured in every chapter of the Apocalypse. The present work is so far more satisfactory that it comes, not from an English Protestant, but from a South American, and apparently a Roman Catholic, born at Santiago, the capital of Chile. He gives us, from the original documents of the Inquisition itself, preserved in the National Library of Lima, a chapter of the history of that institution in the last century—in the days, that is, of its decadence and comparative mildness—so horrible in the bare recital that we wish he had not done his best to weaken its effect by the copious garniture of expletives and tirades which decorates almost every page. It is fair to say that Señor Mackenna has been singularly unhappy in his translator, who may or may not understand the Spanish language, but is conspicuously ignorant of his own. It is weary work to peruse a writer who is always talking about "the *conspiration* of silence," the "*sackage* of the record office," the "amount of *illustration*"—meaning, probably, enlightenment—among the people, and who speaks of "Llorente, the terrible historian of the same institution, of *which*, by his office, he was the depository of *its* archives"; not to add that Mr Duffy has improved upon the sufficiently vituperative comments of his author by a running accompaniment of still more vituperative notes of his own to point the moral against the "whole of the great body of the clergy of the Catholic Church." Still, after full allowance has been made for Mr. Duffy's blundering self-sufficiency, and his almost incredible ignorance of English and, we suppose, of Latin—for hardly a Latin word is quoted that is not misspelt—it is clear that the best translator could not have made his author other than prolix, pedantic, and wholly deficient in the first rudiments of literary composition. The book reads throughout like the essay of a precocious and absurdly egotistic schoolboy. The dedication to the memory of the first Archbishop of Santiago, who seems to have been a member of the writer's family, is but an average sample of the bombastic language of the whole volume:—

> To his immaculate virtue, his sublime humility, to his infinite charity and holy teaching, who guided us from our childhood in the path of tolerance and love, eternal base of true religion. These pages, which, by a sad contrast of past times, remind us of the execrable abominations of hatred and absurdity, I dedicate with profound and sincere veneration.

It is only on account of the importance of the subject, which survives in spite of every possible error of taste, style, and method in both author and translator, and the solid basis of authentic testimony on which the story is founded, that we have called attention to a volume in a literary point of view so utterly worthless.

Señor Mackenna tells us that he was led to put together this account of the process against Francisco Moyen from the original *autos* preserved at Lima, by the appearance of a work in vindication of the Inquisition from the pen of Saavedra, a prebendary of Santiago, and still more by finding that this work was selected by the directors of the Jesuit College at Santiago as a text-book to be read to their pupils during dinner, and had received the express approbation of the authorities of the archdiocese. He adds that the author is affirmed by all who know him to be "a learned man, a famous theologian, and a modest and Christian clergyman," which makes his uncompromising defence of the Inquisition, as "a natural expression of the nature of Christian society, and of the nature of man," the more unpleasantly significant as a moral fact. Señor Saavedra is content to trace the origin of the Inquisition to Theodosius the Great, but his critic reminds us that the Peruvian Bermudez had been even bolder in his claim of venerable antiquity, for he informs his readers that "God, as *the first Inquisitor*, tried the cause of Adam." Saavedra reckons among the advantages of the Inquisition, that it was not only established in defence of the Christian faith and of public order, but also "for the benefit and individual security of the heretics themselves," and it thus gave to the people a lesson of moderation and humanity, and pointed out to kings the path of mercy! This is rather startling, but one is still more surprised to learn that the Holy Office was a main agent in promoting the revival of literature and science. On that point the ingenious Prebendary shall speak for himself:—

> It is said that the Spanish Inquisition operated as an obstacle to science. But history says the contrary, for it was exactly only but a short time after it was established, and during the period of its development and while in its greatest vigour, that the sciences began to flourish, universities were founded, and the art of printing introduced; it encouraged the study of the classics, it favoured poetry and the fine arts, books were imported, men celebrated for their learning were invited from foreign countries, the nobles dedicated themselves to studies which had been for a long time neglected, and throughout Spain there reigned an activity for scientific investigation very remarkable. The epoch in which Spanish literature shone with its greatest splendour was from the latter part of the fifteenth century to the end of the seventeenth, and this likewise was the period in which the Inquisition displayed its greatest energy and power. Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Fr Luis de Leon, Solis, Santa Teresa, Luis de la Puente, Rivadeneira, and the three greatest historians of Spain, Pulgar, Zurita and Mariana, belonged to this time, and their works were printed with the licence of the Inquisition

This is a curious parody of the old argument, *post hoc, propter hoc.* For the Spanish Inquisition is gravely maintained to have originated the very movement which it was established for the purpose of repressing, and which it did so successfully repress that for theology, science, history, and, in fact, all but the lightest literature, which alone could escape suspicion of heresy, Spain, during the period of its power, has no single name to show. Señor Mackenna may well observe that it would be as reasonable to trace freedom of thought and of the press to the action of the Roman Index, or to say that the gag was invented to increase our facility of speech. We will not say with him that poor Saavedra's "vertiginous ravings are unfathomable," because we have no taste for sublimated Billingsgate; but one is certainly rather taken aback to hear a cathedral dignitary in the nineteenth century openly defending the capital punishment of heretics on the Scriptural ground that God ordained it in the Mosaic law, and that our Lord told Pilate that his power over life and death was given him from on high. After this we are prepared to learn that torture is also a natural right which may be defended both on philosophical and historical grounds, and that exhuming the bones of dead heretics in order to strew their ashes on the burning pile gave "a salutary example" by inspiring in people's minds a greater detestation of the crime. It appears from an extract in the Appendix that the delation of heretics was accounted, under the sway of the Inquisition, one of the first of Christian duties; and that the first inquiry of a confessor to his penitent was as to his knowledge of any heretics. Indeed this edifying question seems only recently to have gone out of fashion in South America, if we may judge from the following note:—

> We have already mentioned that Stevenson had declared that he took from the secret archives of the Inquisition at Lima various denunciations of heretics made by their own confessors, but apart from this there exists at the present time a respectable gentleman in Santiago, who, having confessed himself in Lima, in 1817, when he was only seventeen years old, found himself obliged to hold a profound theological discussion with his confessor, who was a Father Porras, of St. Domingo, respecting whether he ought to denounce or not the ill-fated and clever Chilian Don Joaquin Eyana, at that time banished to Lima, and a great admirer of Voltaire and the French philosophers.

Father Porras, however, did not press the point, as the Holy Office had been abolished five years before.

We are not going to follow the author through the loathsome details of the capture and inhuman treatment of Francisco Moyen, a young Frenchman, seized on the idlest pretexts, and kept twelve years in the prisons of the Inquisition of Lima, when he was finally declared *innocent*, and sentenced to ten years more imprisonment in the dungeons of the Holy Office at Seville! Happily a shipwreck on the way to Spain released him from his lingering martyrdom. If our readers wish to know the kind of charges which the Inquisitors were unanimous in regarding as proof of formal heresy, we may mention that one of them was his calling a mule—which has no soul—"a creature of God," and another, his saying that, "in the *Ave Maria*, it should not be The Lord *is* with thee, but The Lord *was* with thee." Among the forty counts of the indictment against him, of which these are fair samples, there were, however, two of a more serious nature, which evidently contain the real explanation of the treatment he received. We will give them as they stand in the *autos*, with the accompanying decree of his judges:—

XV. The Pontiffs.

> Upon another occasion, in the presence of various persons, the said accused repeated the same proposition as in the last charge, added that the Pope canonized, or did any other thing for the sake of money, because it is known that his Holiness does not canonize many that are canonizable, because there is no money forthcoming.
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> They said they were agreed: that the first part of the charge had the same censure as the one antecedent, and that the second part contained scandalous doctrine, temerarious, heretically blasphemous and formally

* *Francisco Moyen; or, the Inquisition as it was in South America.* By B. Vicuña Mackenna. Translated by J. W. Duffy. London: Sotheran & Co. 1869.

heretical, and injurious to the Pontiffs and to the Church, constituting the accused a heretical blasphemer, and formally a heretic.

XXXIV.—The Luxury of the Clergy.

The accused, in a conversation about the ecclesiastics, several times spoke of them in general in a mocking and disrespectful manner, particularly of the pomp and ostentation of the Señors Bishops, Archbishops, and the Holy Pontiff, wondering that they rode in rich coaches and had large incomes, when St. Peter and the other Apostles and Evangelists went about covered with poor clothing, asking alms and preaching the Gospel.

They said they were agreed that this charge contained scandalous doctrine, offensive *piarum aurium*, insulting to the Pontiffs, to the Ecclesiastical Prelates, and to the State, temerarious, partaking of the heresy of Wickliff, and constituting the accused vehemently suspected in the faith and of the Wickliffian heresy.

The Appendix contains some painfully instructive extracts from the manual of Inquisitors used in Spain and Portugal, most of which, however, were given in Dr. Rule's volume already noticed in our columns. The revolting hypocrisy of "earnestly beseeching" the civil authorities not to punish the heretics delivered into their hands is expressly recognised and enjoined. The sole ground for this injunction is, that otherwise the judges would incur "irregularity" by the old Canon Law. Any civil officer who had acted on the formal recommendation to mercy would have thereby incurred suspicion of heresy himself, and have been dealt with accordingly. Yet Prebendary Saavedra is silly or audacious enough to appeal to this hypocritical formality in proof of the merciful character of the Inquisition. Those who wish to gain some acquaintance with a code of rules drawn up with admirable sagacity not so much to secure the conviction of the guilty as to preclude the escape of the innocent, will do well to study the extracts given here. One specimen passage from the chapter on the kind of testimony to be received against those accused of heresy is all we can find room for here. It will probably be enough for the digestion of ordinary readers:—

1st. In causes of heresy with respect to the faith the testimony of the excommunicated is received, as also that of the accomplices of the accused, of the *infamous*, of the criminals accused of any crim[illegible] in short, also that of heretics, always provided that these tes[illegible] against the accused but never in their favour

2nd The testimony of *false witnesses* against the accused is also admitted; so that should a false witness retract his first declaration favourable to the accused, the judges must attend to the second This law is peculiar to the process against heretics, because in the ordinary tribunals it is the first declaration that is valid. It is to be understood that the second declaration is only of value when it is to the prejudice of the accused, should it be in their favour, the judge must only admit the first. Let us suppose, for example, that So-and-so has said that the priests were the inventors of purgatory, and afterwards denies his accusation, the first declaration will remain good, notwithstanding the posterior retractation, if in case that the second declaration weakens the force of the first, and he that retracts must be punished for being a false witness. The judge must be careful not to give too much credit to such retractations, because in that might result the impunity of heresy.—*Directory and Annotations*, book iii note 122

3rd. Against the accused is also admitted the declaration of domestic witnesses, that is, of his wife, of his children, of his relations and servants, but *never in his favour*; and thus it has been ordered because these declarations are of much weight —*Directory*, part iii question 70

4th. It is an opinion agreed to by all moralists that in causes of heresy a brother can declare against a brother, and a son against his father Father Simancas wished to exempt from this law the father and the children, but his opinion is not admissible, because it would render erroneous the most convincing reasons, which are, that we ought to obey God in preference to our fathers, and that if it is lawful for one to take away the life of his father when he becomes an enemy to his country, how much more ought he to denounce him when he becomes guilty of the crime of heresy? A son, accuser of his father, does not incur the penalties fulminated by the law against the children of heretics, and this is the premium for his delation.—*In premium delationis*, *Annot.* book ii. note 12.

One word more, and we have done. The *Tablet* the other day made itself very merry—for to the Ultramontane mind heretic-burning is one of the liveliest topics of amusement—over the alleged discovery of the calcined remains of former victims of the Inquisition at Madrid, which it declared to be simply "the *débris* of an old building." Our contemporary gives no authority for its contradiction of the received account, and its own reputation for accuracy is not such as to enable its readers to dispense with proof. But the writer must be perfectly aware that it is not really of the slightest consequence whether or not the particular relics dug up at Madrid were the charred bones of heretics, for of the fact of their being immolated by wholesale there can be no shadow of a doubt. The simple fact that Torquemada alone burnt 8,000 of them at the lowest computation, and over 10,000 according to the more common reckoning, besides torturing and imprisoning some 90,000 more, is sufficiently eloquent without any additional illustration from the spectacle of exhumed corpses. To say that "it was the work of the State, not of the Church" is a mere subterfuge, though De Maistre originated it. The Spanish Government no doubt utilized the Inquisition for its own purposes, but it used an instrument ready made and put into its hands by the Church, and which has existed equally in every other Catholic country, the Roman States included, where the ecclesiastical authorities could get their way. In South America, as Mackenna tells us, it held its own, not by the good-will of the State, but in spite of it, though the civil power was none the less compelled to obey its behests and do its bloody work.

AUSTRALIAN VIEWS OF ENGLAND.*

WE have often thought that an amusing book might be made by a republication of the letters of some intelligent newspaper Correspondent. We do not speak of those accounts of campaigns or revolutions by qualified eye-witnesses which form useful chapters of contemporary history; they have merits of their own of a special kind; but it would often be interesting, after the lapse of a few years, to recall the impression made upon a sensible observer by a contemplation of the more ordinary course of affairs. It would be curious to remark how fallible are even the acutest prophets; how many events passed almost without notice which were destined to exercise a marked influence upon the time; and how many questions, on the other hand, attracted the liveliest interest which have sunk into profound and undisturbed repose. The collections of private letters, which illustrate former periods, have generally the fault that we cannot infer much from their silence; we do not know how much knowledge the correspondents may have assumed in each other, nor whether they have passed over significant incidents from a want of appreciation or from any merely private motive. It is common, for example, to remark upon the entire want of any perception of the coming changes in letters written from France in the years which preceded the outburst of the Revolution. The fact is, indeed, curious; but it may sometimes be due to the natural preference of a letter-writer for dwelling upon amusing personal interests, rather than upon general political speculations. A newspaper Correspondent, on the other hand, is bound to be more or less philosophical, it is his special duty to mark the signs of impending changes; and if he fails to dwell upon the most significant events, we may be sure that it is from absence of the ability to discern them, instead of absence of desire to record them. Moreover, we forget so rapidly the sentiments which were familiar to us only a few years back, that it is curious to have them recalled by unimpeachable testimony; and though the process may often be humiliating, it possesses some very palpable advantages.

For these reasons we should be disposed to welcome the little volume whose title we have quoted below, which is a reprint of certain letters written from England, in the years 1861 and 1862, to the *Sydney Morning Herald*. They should have the additional merit of showing us, what is seldom brought before us, the opinions, namely, which our colonists entertain of the Mother-country. The letters are indeed not very remarkable, and we fear that we cannot contradict the modest avowal of the author, that they "have no claim to literary excellence." Still it may be a good thing to see what an intelligent Australian had to say about England seven years ago. We do not know how large a section of his fellow-colonists he may represent, though, if the ordinary descriptions of colonial sentiment be true, we should infer that they were a decided minority. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, if we may assume that it was in general sympathy with its Correspondent, entertained very different views from those of its namesake in England. Mr. Parkes, so far as we can understand, for he does not express himself very decidedly, is a believer in Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinions as to the expediency of the complete separation of the colonies from the British Empire. He attended one of those depressing debates in which the House of Commons is engaged in discussing an abstract proposition concerning countries about which the majority knows next to nothing, and cares as little. As in duty bound, Mr. Parkes sat out the debate; and the House, which had been tolerably well filled at its commencement, dwindled, as he informs us, to twenty-seven whilst it proceeded, and was counted out directly after its conclusion. It we desire to keep up a close connexion with Australia, it is certainly to be hoped that as few reporters as possible may be present at Parliamentary debates on behalf of Australian newspapers. Their observations will hardly tend to increase the colonists' sense of importance in the eyes of the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Parkes, indeed, does not seem to have a very high opinion of the state of political knowledge in England. His visit taking place in the Palmerstonian epoch, he was struck with the indifference displayed as to such subjects as the extension of the franchise. He quotes a letter written by Mr. Miall in November, 1861, refusing to attend a Reform conference on the ground that the whole country had given itself up to a strong delusion, and cared little for any questions of the kind. "Since the outburst of the Russian war," said Mr. Miall, "political demoralization has been both wider in its sweep and more rapid in its action than in any like period of our modern history." The English nation, as Mr. Parkes declares, "cares nothing about politics in the abstract, or what is called political principle." A few people have hobbies, especially about matters in which their pockets are concerned; Nonconformists dislike church-rates; and commercial men are sincere in denouncing Protection; but the period, he thinks, is marked by a dying out of the strong passions of former days, though he admits that they may revive at some future epoch. As may be supposed from his general tone of sentiment, Mr. Parkes was a strong sympathizer with the Northern States, and records with much disgust the affectionate manner in which Mr. Gregory shook by the hand "the old slave-master," Mr. Mason, on a report of General M'Clellan's surrender. In short, Mr. Parkes's view of the country was pretty much what we are accustomed to expect in the more respectable part of the Republican press in America. There is, indeed, no animosity against England; but he evidently regarded us with a certain kindly contempt, as poor ignorant aristocratic people who had fallen aside from our old zeal, and showed a want of any ardent sympathy with causes which deserved our respect. We must leave to our readers to decide, according to their individual tastes, how far this criticism is well founded; only remarking, by the way, that it is curious to contrast the political apathy which struck our writer so forcibly seven

* *Australian Views of England.* By Henry Parkes, late Colonial Secretary of New South Wales. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

years ago with the great changes which have since taken place. The fires have revived more quickly than Mr Parkes could have anticipated. Taking these remarks, however, for what they are worth, it is odd to remark what are the great subjects of interest for an ardent Australian democrat. In the opening letters we have some remarks on the death of the Prince Consort, for whom Mr. Parkes finds it difficult adequately to express his admiration. He dwells upon the many virtues of the departed Prince; he declares that from one end of England to another the effect was one "of universal visible grief." The loss is to be seen everywhere, he says, "in the grief-burdened faces of the people." The English working-men were specially suited, he thinks, to appreciate the services of the Prince Consort, because—whatever he may precisely mean—"there is a very kingliness in the true type of the English mechanic." As an outward and visible expression of the national sorrow, "England is becoming a land of statues" In a few years "every English child will have some local statue of Albert the Good, benignly crowning its earliest associations." Nor is his loyalty confined to this member of the Royal Family. He speaks affectionately of Albert Edward, who is now (that is, in 1862) "completing his princely education by a course of travel in the lands of classical and sacred story." The Prince of Wales, he believed—for newspaper Correspondents are fallible—was about to ascend the throne, in consequence of the expected abdication of our "idolized Queen." He pushed into a railway-station to catch a glimpse of Prince Arthur, and, though reluctantly admitting his likeness to "other little boys," was evidently much gratified by the glimpse vouchsafed to him.

This is perhaps the most characteristic part of the book. It is curious to see a gentleman who is evidently an ardent democrat, who speaks with profound admiration of Mr. Goldwin Smith's arguments on behalf of colonial emancipation, and declares that his opponents have entirely failed to meet them, express notwithstanding an involuntary loyalty to the Royal Family in which many Englishmen of far more Conservative sentiments would scarcely be able to equal him. We do not ask what is the precise value of this sentiment, for the question would be a very difficult one, but it is worth taking into account, when we discuss the relations subsisting between ourselves and Australia, that the loyal instinct survives in so much strength even amongst those who almost openly advocate a separation from us. When Mr. Parkes speaks of English pauperism, of English blindness to the merits of democracy, and of the generally effete character of much of our political sentiment, we might almost take him for a Massachusetts Radical. To all appearance he would listen with approval to a Sumnerian oration on the manifold crimes of Great Britain. When, on the other hand, he comes within the attraction of royalty, he speaks with a strength of sentiment to which we are scarcely accustomed at home. It would perhaps be unfair to suggest as a partial explanation of the apparent inconsistency that he lavishes most of his praises upon those members of the Royal Family who, in his opinion, will no longer exercise an influence upon our politics But it is evident that, whatever Mr Parkes's private opinions may be, the people for whom he writes have by no means become dead to the power of a loyal appeal.

We may mention one other criticism upon English manners which has by no means become obsolete, and to which we have lately had our attention called. Mr. Parkes went to the Oxford Commemoration, with a due respect for the historical associations of our ancient Universities. He expected to see the flower of the English youth of the upper classes, and to take a lesson in polite manners, of a refinement impossible to persons brought up in a new country. He expected—it was rash, if natural—to "see some classic turn given to the latest slang, some freshness of wit infused into the dispensations of popular displeasure!" We need hardly say what he did in fact hear—a wild and meaningless hubbub, which he kindly describes as the ebullition of animal spirits, a series of howls for "ladies in blue" and "ladies in pink," and the other time-honoured disturbances by which young gentlemen at our Universities show their right to be considered as the best specimens of English education That they cheered Jefferson Davis, hooted Mr Bright, and chaffed the Portuguese Ambassador because he had two Christian names, were matters of trifling importance, though they seem to have shocked Mr Parkes a good deal It did not show much literary cultivation that there should be a shout on the name of Mr. Henry Taylor, "Who is he?" These matters may be set down to political prejudices, good or bad, and to an ignorance which is not criminal, if it is not creditable; but the hideous roar of a crowd of undergraduates, permitted to insult University authorities and interrupt all proceedings for the whole time of the meeting, is thoroughly disreputable, and we hope that the remarks made upon it by unprejudiced foreign observers may come to the ears of those who are responsible for the insubordination exhibited.

MRS. HARDCASTLE'S ADVENTURES.*

TWO things are necessary for a good plot—a clever complication of incident, and an adequate basis to rest it upon. That nothing is stronger than its weakest part is an axiom as true in literature as in mechanics. It is a waste of power to pile up the agony, or the mystery, or the ingenuity, if the foundation on which it all reposes be flimsy, trivial, and insignificant. The organic weakness of the fabric only becomes more apparent. This is the mistake which Lady C. Thynne has made in this work. It reminds one of a pyramid standing on its apex. Three whole volumes are devoted to the elucidation of a mystery which proves after all to be nothing but a mare's nest. To say the least, such a result is disappointing. One submits to be mystified in a novel, and to grope from chapter to chapter in a twilight of vague surmise, on the implied condition that one is to be rewarded by something solid and substantial at the bottom of all this elaborate mystification. Nothing is more irritating than to find that one has been tricked into wading through three volumes of much ado about nothing. If there be such an offence as obtaining readers by false pretences, it is committed by the novelist who raises expectations, say of a murder or a bigamy, and then palms off upon the reader some peccadillo or trumpery entanglement. If mystery is imported, it should be a mystery with some stuff in it, not a mere cobweb which by the exercise of the smallest common sense would have been brushed away at the outset of the story. It is not only inartistic, but highly impolitic, to experiment on the reader's curiosity with a windbag. He will take care not to be duped twice.

Having indicated the principal defect of this work—namely, its want of a knot worth the labour of disentangling—let us at once say that it is written throughout in a pleasant and lady-like tone, and that the story is told with no little skill. The heroine is a fascinating governess, domiciled in the family of a Lancashire manufacturer, and endowed with a splendid soprano voice. The antecedents of Theresa Oliver were wrapt in profound obscurity, nothing being known of her but that she had come to Mr. Morgan's on the casual recommendation of a Paris banker. The presence among them of a young lady of great beauty and refinement, and a splendid talent for operatic music, could not fail to excite the curiosity of the small circle who frequented Branston Fold. By common consent it was agreed that Miss Oliver "had a history," but what that history was no one could make out, for on the slightest allusion to her past she enveloped herself in impenetrable reserve. The only frequent visitor at Mr. Morgan's house was John Hardcastle, a thriving young brother manufacturer, to whom he acted as a sort of commercial Mentor, and whom he would gladly have seen united to his daughter Jane In this hopeful little project he is encouraged by the wily Theresa, who artfully insinuates that these frequent visits are inspired by a tender interest in her pupil. Consequently the worthy man is rudely disillusioned when one fine morning John Hardcastle arrives to ask his consent to a marriage, not with Jane, but with her governess We may notice, in passing, the somewhat novel view of Lancashire character disclosed in these pages. The Manchester man is usually credited with an unusual amount of shrewdness. One can quite imagine, however, that in a matter of domestic tactics he should be outwitted by a designing woman What is less easy to understand, even making due allowance for the blinding effect of love, is the readiness of a Manchester man to marry a young lady of whose antecedents he was utterly in the dark, and without even venturing an inquiry on a subject of such vital moment to his happiness One would have thought that an equivocal position, and the possession of an exceptionally splendid soprano voice, were of themselves circumstances suggestive of caution. The guileless simplicity of her hero-manufacturer seems to us to show that our authoress wishes to exhibit the reverse side of the type of character popularly attributed to Lancashire Or perhaps she merely means to illustrate the omnipotence of female influence, and to show how the acutest dealer in cotton becomes the veriest idiot when pitted against a woman. However it may be explained, John Hardcastle's matrimonial leap in the dark proves, as might be expected, a mistake. Unluckily, it is not possible to sympathize very keenly with the sorrows of a man who deliberately, and without inquiry, marries a governess with a magnificent voice, and a past buried in mystery. Such an act of temerity puts him fairly beyond the pale of sympathy, except of the most gushing kind. Men of the world will think that he ought to have counted its cost beforehand, and to have been prepared with philosophic calmness to find himself the husband of an interesting murderess, or a bankrupt, or a bigamist, or in some other desperately unpleasant fix As it is, our authoress lets him off cheaply—rather too cheaply, we think—to enforce with proper emphasis the duty of circumspection in so momentous an affair as marriage. However, as it is only by degrees, and after inflicting on him much mental anguish, which ultimately brings him to an early grave, that the innocent character of his wife's prænuptial adventures is established, he may fairly be considered to have atoned for his indiscretion.

It is not long before he begins to discover that it has been an indiscretion. The old-fashioned home of the Hardcastles, and the society of his two maiden sisters, soon become insufferable to the aspiring ex-governess. She longs for a more fashionable sphere, and persuades her indulgent husband to buy a smart country seat in the neighbourhood. As the mistress of Walton Grange, she mixes in county society. But the inconvenience of mysterious antecedents is much more liable to be realized by a popular county lady than by an obscure governess. As before her marriage every one was sure that she had "a history," so after marriage she is perpetually falling in with persons "who fancy they have seen that face before," or still more vividly impressed with reminiscences of the splendid soprano. Almost every one starts, or turns pale, or shows confusion, on being suddenly introduced. In particular, a certain young Lord Blair, the great man of the neighbourhood, recognises in the lady Teresa Nardi, a beautiful opera

* *Adventures of Mrs. Hardcastle.* By Lady Charles Thynne. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869

singer with whom he had been desperately in love at Milan. Being a man of high principle, he is naturally surprised to find that Mr. Hardcastle has been kept in the dark as to his wife's former career, and it is with great reluctance, and after much good advice, that he consents to pledge himself to secrecy. A much more unpleasant recognition awaits Mrs. Hardcastle when she is identified at the Paris Opera House by M. Brissonet, a gambling adventurer who had been the impresario of the Milan theatre, and who held a promise binding the fair Teresa to marry him in three years' time. For a gambler, M. Brissonet is remarkably moderate in his demands. For the sum of 40*l.* he is willing to waive his claims for a time. On reflection, he discovers that he has asked too little, and follows his victim to Walton Grange to extort another hundred. In this strait, Mrs. Hardcastle has recourse for the money to Lord Blair, who vainly implores her to make a clean breast of it to her husband. Affairs are brought to a crisis by a further demand for 500*l.* We may remark, in passing, that the figure named in these repeated requests for hush-money indicates an amount of forbearance on the part of the needy adventurer for which we were not prepared. On his journey to enforce this last demand, M. Brissonet meets with a railway accident, which lays him on a sick-bed at Canterbury. There, Mrs. Hardcastle, taking advantage of her husband's absence from home, resolves to visit him; and, against his better judgment, Lord Blair, with his cheque-book, is induced to accompany her. For a consideration, M. Brissonet is persuaded to give up the compromising paper, and Mrs. Hardcastle returns to her home, only to find that in escaping from Scylla she has fallen into Charybdis. Finding her absent, and tracing her to London in company with the young lord, John Hardcastle jumps to the conclusion that she has eloped with Lord Blair, and with the only gleam of energy which marks the typical Lancashire man in his conduct, breaks up his establishment, and retires to the seclusion of an injured husband. With his characteristic tendency to implicit trust in appearances, he refuses to listen to a word of explanation; and it is not until Lady Blair, the mother of the supposed seducer, writes a long and temperate letter, clearing up the whole matter, that he can be induced to listen to reason. Of course Lady C. Thynne does not mean to imply that the Lancashire man is more amenable to reason from the lips of a peeress than from other less influential lips. Anyhow, this last appeal is successful, a reconciliation is effected, and Theresa returns repentant, and at last no longer reticent, to nurse her husband on the death-bed to which the worry caused by her concealments had consigned him.

After all, it is not very easy to see what the adventurous Mrs. Hardcastle was so anxious to keep from her husband, still less, why she was so bent on keeping it from him. The fact of her having sung in public was not likely to have damaged her in his estimation, the position of a *prima donna* being decidedly more brilliant than that of a governess. Nor was there anything in her relations with Lord Blair, and his boyish attachment to her, for which she need have blushed. Even the mysterious paper which gave M. Brissonet his hold over her fails to furnish any adequate motive for such perversely eccentric conduct. On the contrary, the existence of such a document was much to her credit, as no reasonable husband could have doubted, since it had been signed to procure for her mother the means of living. The utmost extent of her apprehensions could not have gone beyond the possibility of an action for breach of promise, and even this was an imaginary danger, since a promise of many years' standing made in Italy between two foreigners was hardly likely to become the subject of investigation by a British jury. Even the most helpless and weak-minded of heroines could hardly have sacrificed her own and her husband's happiness to so transparent a bugbear, much less a lady who is represented as the very opposite of such a character. There are, no doubt, people constitutionally secretive, capable of making mysteries of anything and everything, however trifling, out of the mere love of mystery. They cannot blow their nose without investing the proceeding with an air of mystery. Mrs. Hardcastle may have evinced this psychological peculiarity; but then a lady of a gratuitously furtive turn of mind is hardly the person whom a judicious novelist would adopt as heroine. One is provoked at being misled into a moment's speculation over actions prompted by such trivial and unintelligible motives. And this, as we intimated at starting, is very much the impression which this novel leaves. The puzzle is ingeniously dovetailed, but the key to the puzzle is wholly inadequate. Another, and perhaps a more serious, defect of this work is that the principal characters in it are depicted in such a manner as to preclude the reader from feeling a spark of sympathy with any of the three. John Hardcastle is such a very poor creature, that it requires a violent effort of imagination to accept him as the representative of the intelligence and independence of the North. Lord Blair is a nice young man, of excellent principles, but no great sense, thoroughly qualified to shine at the tea-table or upon the croquet lawn, but quite unsuited for such grave matters as lending married ladies money, and taking journeys with them to get them out of scrapes. As for Mrs. Hardcastle, she is unpleasant almost to repulsiveness. We hardly suppose Lady C. Thynne intends one to admire her heroine, but she writes as if she had a sneaking liking for her. Heroines of fiction are not bound to be virtuous; a dash of vice in them is quite admissible—witness Becky Sharp, who certainly had her little moral failings. But then Mrs. Hardcastle has none of Becky Sharp's delightful cleverness and *verve*. So far as we can pretend to understand her, she is merely sly, selfish, insincere, and silly. Her metamorphosis at the end into a devoted wife is a very imperfect atonement for her life-long distrust of her husband, and her utter want of self-respect in soliciting money from an old lover. Some of the subordinate characters are much more pleasing, and much better drawn. The two maiden sisters of John Hardcastle are natural and lifelike, and, to use a horrid phrase, very happily differentiated. There is real insight in making the elder sister, who is gentle and timid, acquiesce at once in the theory of her sister-in-law's guilt, while the younger, whose original prejudice against her was much stronger, from her own frank and candid disposition, stoutly maintains her belief in her innocence. If her brother had had more of Sarah Hardcastle's spirit, he would have been more interesting and more like what a Lancashire man is popularly imagined to be; but then there would have been comparatively little to write about "Mrs. Hardcastle's adventures."

The odd thing is, that Lady C. Thynne has overlooked the fact that the title of her book is a misnomer, and that her heroine was never Mrs. Hardcastle at all. Having been married under the name of Theresa Oliver, while her real name was Nardi, she was never legally married. This will serve to point the moral of the risk which young ladies with "historical" antecedents run, when they condescend to so commonplace and prosaic a formality as marriage. Of all "Mrs. Hardcastle's adventures," this strikes us as being by many degrees the most serious.

The Rev. Dr. BAILEY *of Monaghan calls upon us to correct "a very injurious misrepresentation of his views" which appeared in the* SATURDAY REVIEW *of May 29, in an article on the "Belfast Meeting." Dr.* BAILEY *says that "the pious ejaculation of 'God grant it!'" uttered with reference to a contemplated civil war in Ireland, were the words, not of him, Dr* BAILEY, *but of the Fenian* Mr. KICKHAM. *That is to say, Dr* BAILEY *complains that we attributed to him language which he was quoting from* Mr. KICKHAM. *We are very glad that this is the case, and, though we are by no means called upon to do so, we allow* Dr. BAILEY *to make this statement. But if* Dr BAILEY *will be at the trouble of consulting the* STANDARD *of May 25, from which we quoted, he will find that the inverted commas in that journal's report of his speech at Belfast give the words "God grant it!" not as any quotation from* Mr. KICKHAM *made by* Dr. BAILEY, *but as the words of the speaker himself—namely, "*Dr. BAYLEE *of Monaghan," which it appears ought to have been "*Dr. BAILEY." Dr BAILEY *therefore ought to have addressed himself to the* STANDARD, *rather than to us.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—Madame AUSPITZ-KOLAR, Pianiste from Vienna (on Tuesday next, June 15, at St James's Hall) with AUER from St Petersburg Ries, Bernhardt, and Demunck. Quartet in C, Mozart; Quintet, E flat (Piano, &c.), Schumann; Quartet, Andante and Scherzo (posth.), Mendelssohn; Air, Violin Solo, Bach; Solos, Pianoforte. Tickets, 10s 6d each, to be obtained of Lamborn Cock & Co, and Ollivier, Bond Street, and of Austin, at the Hall.
J. ELLA, *Director*, Victoria Square.

MR. KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, in St James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 16 at Half-past Two o'clock. Mesdames Adelina Patti, Vanzini, Grossi, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, Lancia, Sainton-Dolby, Drasdil, and Titiens; MM Mongini, Reichardt, Vernon Rigby, Jules Lefort, Foli, and Santley. Violin, Madame Norman-Neruda; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Harp, Mr John Thomas; Pianoforte, Mr Kuhe. Conductors, MM Arditi, Bevignani, W Ganz, Pinsuti, and Mr Benedict. Sofa Stalls, One Guinea; Side Sofa Stalls, 15s; Stalls, 10s 6d; Balcony and Orchestra, 5s; Area, 3s; Gallery, 2s.—May be obtained of Mr Kuhe, 15 Somerset Street, Portman Square; Messrs Chappell, Mitchell, Lamborn Cock, and Ollivier, in Bond Street, Keith, Prowse, & Co, 48 Cheapside; Hays, 4 Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's, St James's Hall.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD and LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL, St James's Hall, Thursday, June 17, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Compositions by Wilhelm Friedmann Bach, [illegible], C Potter, W. S Bennett, Moscheles, J S Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Mendelssohn, J Field, Schubert, and Chopin. Vocalists, Miss Annie Edmonds and Mdlle. Chameroiszow (her first appearance). Conductor, Mr Benedict.—Tickets to be obtained of Madame Goddard, 26 Upper Wimpole Street; Chappell & Co, 50 New Bond Street; and Mr Austin, St. James's Hall.

WILHELM FRIEDMANN BACH.—At her THIRD and LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL, St James's Hall, Thursday, June 17, at Three o'clock precisely, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will Play a grand Fantasia by W Friedmann Bach (eldest son of John Sebastian Bach). This Fantasia, which only exists in MSS, has never been heard before in public. Madame Goddard will also play a grand Sonata by Clementi (in A), dedicated to Cherubini, Studies by Ries, Thalberg, Potter, and Moscheles; [illegible] mance by W Bennett; an Impromptu by Schubert; a Nocturne by J Field; and a Valse by Chopin.—Reserved places to be obtained of Madame Goddard, at her Residence, 26 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square; Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and Mr. Austin, St James's Hall.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven.—Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*

THE INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS, 53 Pall Mall.—The THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN daily, from Nine to Dusk.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, *Sec*

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "ROSSINI," "TITANIA," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI," &c.) Open daily, at the New Gallery, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

SINAI, EGYPT, the ALPS, including a large New Picture of MONT BLANC.—An EXHIBITION of WORKS by ELIJAH WALTON.—Pall Mall Gallery, 48 Pall Mall (Mr. W. M. THOMPSON'S), from Ten to Six. Admission (with Catalogue), 1s.

EXCAVATIONS at JERUSALEM.—An EXHIBITION of Ancient POTTERY, GLASS, and other Relics found in the Shafts of Lieut. WARREN; with Models of JERUSALEM, PHOTOGRAPHS, &c.; is NOW OPEN at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 712, Vol. 27. June 19, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE DEBATE.

THE main question which has been debated this week with so much fulness and so much ability by the Lords was not whether the Irish Church should be disestablished and disendowed, but whether the Lords should pass the second reading of the Bill. It must be owned that the cause of those who were prepared to throw out the Bill on the second reading fell during the two first nights of the debate, so far as the lay Lords went, into singularly weak hands. The Peers who were ready to advise the House to run the enormous risk of quarrelling with the Commons and with the nation, who thought that the Lords ought to reject without further consideration a Bill supported by majorities so large and so unwavering in the Commons, were Lord HARROWBY, Lord CHELMSFORD, and the Duke of RUTLAND. It was thought politic by the Opposition to put forward Lord HARROWBY as the main opponent of the measure, in order to show that the attempt to throw out the Bill was not a mere party manœuvre; but the event showed that it is a mistake to hand over the conduct of a case to a weak advocate merely because his antecedents will gain him credit for impartiality. Lord HARROWBY's speech was simply deplorable if meant to act on the minds of men at such a crisis. It was an old-world tale, to the effect that PITT and PEEL and PLUNKET and GRATTAN never dreamt of such a Bill, but that a Mr. DILLON (who was either dead or alive, Lord HARROWBY did not know which) had bargained for it with Mr. GLADSTONE, and that its details had all been stolen from Mr. MIALL, and that it was contrary to the Coronation Oath and the Act of Union—which did not really signify, but yet was slightly material—and that the great thing was for the Lords to check democracy. These were actually the grounds on which, at this time of day, a peer picked out to give the keynote to a great party combination invited the Lords to enter on the most serious struggle their House has ever braved. The Duke of RUTLAND did certainly come to something definite. He wished the Bill to be rejected because by it the money of the Church was given to Maynooth. It is needless to say that nothing of the sort is done by the Bill; but even if it were, there would be nothing more necessary than to get the Maynooth compensation from some other source, and then the Bill would express the national will. To reject a Bill altogether on account of one clause in it which might be easily amended shows an appetite for a useless fight worthy of an Irishman at a fair. Lord CHELMSFORD took a much easier line, for he escaped out of argument into the recesses of his conscience. He avowed that he considered it quite immaterial whether the Bill expressed the national will or not; nor did he think it necessary to trouble himself about the future. The Bill was wicked, and he would vote against it. Exactly the same line was taken by those of the bishops who were for rejecting the Bill; but to be careless of consequences, and to go on recklessly for principles, seems suitable, and in a certain sense not discreditable, to bishops. An ex-Chancellor might be supposed to be capable of looking forward for a few weeks, and of thinking what was best to be done under a given set of circumstances.

The Ministerial speakers shone by the side of such poor opponents, and Lord GRANVILLE gave universal satisfaction by the neatness with which he made the best of a difficult position. It was perhaps a piece of superabundant frankness to own that the Ministry had rejected amendments in the Commons to which they were not really averse, in order to have something to yield in the Lords. These little games should be played perhaps, but not revealed. All the Opposition speakers, however, allowed that Lord GRANVILLE had put as much gilding on the pill as possible. Nor was there anything in the speeches of the other Ministerial speakers to awaken much irritation or to excite much comment, although Lord CLARENDON told the Peers a disagreeable home-truth when he reminded them that they really disliked Lord DERBY's Reform Bill much more than the Irish Church Bill, but swallowed it because it suited their party to get it passed. The only speaker who entirely failed to sustain the expectations formed of him was Lord PENZANCE, who laid down some extraordinary propositions in singularly senseless and inelegant language. There is a total want of anything like political logic and principle in the mind of a man who could avow that he would perpetuate what he called a "moral deformity" in Ireland, if he could believe that its removal would in any way tend to deprive England of having in its Established Church a happy medium between infidelity and enthusiasm. The true spirit of Protestant ascendency breathed in every word of what was equivalent to the old familiar declaration that Ireland ought to suffer any kind of evil the alleviation of which would sacrifice any good which an Englishman chooses to fancy he enjoys. It is not perhaps saying much to say that the palm of the debate on the first two nights rested among the lay Lords, with those who, belonging to the Opposition, took the wise and sensible line that the Lords would be extremely foolish if they did not pass the Second Reading. The best of these speeches was undoubtedly that of Lord GREY, because he put his main point with the greatest force and cogency. To his opinions on the Irish Church we cannot attach any value, for they amount to this—that the Irish Church is a very bad thing, but that it is a low, factious, unstatesmanlike course to touch it, unless at some undisclosed time and in some undisclosed way of which Lord GREY would possibly approve. But Lord GREY was treading on new ground, and on ground whither it was profitable for his hearers to follow him, when he invited them to consider how hopeless it was to suppose that the opinion of the nation would undergo a sudden change at the last moment as to the Irish Church, when this opinion had been slowly and silently growing for thirty years. It was also a useful parallel to remind the Lords that it was by rejecting the Reform Bill of Lord GREY that the Peers then lost all chance of mending it, and that the Ministers of the day found themselves unable in the face of a great popular excitement to concede amendments to which they had no real objection. Lord CARNARVON and Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE added the weight of their authority on the same side, and the adhesion to their views of the Duke of RICHMOND was made in a high degree valuable by the courage in separating himself from old colleagues and friends that is displayed.

It was high time that Lord DERBY should come to the rescue when he opened the debate on Thursday night, but excepting that he spoke with great earnestness, and that his presence and example animated his followers, there was not much in his speech to change the opinions of any one. He went back in the strangest, most unpractical way into old historical reminiscences to show that the property of the Church had been protected by the Lancastrian kings. He took up ground abandoned even by Lord HARROWBY, and asserted that the Act of Union bound the Imperial Parliament irrevocably. Stranger than all, he revived Lord HARROWBY's statement that the Bill was an [illegible] scheme, as if it signified in the least [illegible] who first thought of its provisions, wh[illegible] passed through the House of Commons by enormous majorities. But Lord DERBY has held high office, and knows something of the working of the Constitution, and he was aware that he must do something a little more than merely indulge in historical quotations or insinuations that all the Cabinet is governed by Mr. BRIGHT, who, in his turn, is the mouthpiece of the illustrious arch-spoliator, MIALL. He had to explain to his colleagues why it was that he advised them to run the great risk of rejecting the Bill on the Second Reading; and he took the ground that it was hopeless to propose any amendments, because in the House of Commons the Ministry would listen to no amendments. Lord SALISBURY, on the part of that section of the Opposition which supported the Second Reading,

answered this argument, and answered it in a manner that was, we think, perfectly conclusive, although he could not in his position urge one of the strongest reasons for seeing a difference between the amendments which the Lords may make and those which were made in the Commons. He could not so wholly separate himself from his party as to criticize Mr. DISRAELI's amendments, which were not amendments at all, but which amounted to a new scheme for increasing the endowments of a Church that was to be disendowed. But, as a reply to Lord DERBY, the answer of Lord SALISBURY was complete. Either the amendments to the Bill which the Lords may make will be rejected, or they will be accepted. If they are accepted, evidently the Lords will have done very much for the Irish Church; if they are rejected, then the onus of letting the Bill drop for this year will be thrown on the Ministry. Lord SALISBURY pointed out also that the Lords have a great power of driving a Government into a compromise; because the Lords can only be vanquished by something like a *coup d'état*, and the nation would neither understand nor support a *coup d'état* undertaken merely to uphold the opinions of the Ministry on some little question of detail. This is all quite true, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that the views of Lord SALISBURY may have prevailed with a number of Conservatives sufficient to secure the Second Reading, although it may be found difficult hereafter to make any other amendments in the Bill than such as will comfort the Lords with the persuasion that their efforts have not been wholly without fruit.

THE SPEECHES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS.

THE most powerful speakers against the Bill have been found among the Bishops, but then the Bishops had an enormous advantage. They had a kind of sacerdotal privilege of talking beside the mark. They left to CÆSAR the things that were CÆSAR's. They considered themselves to have nothing to do with the secular and earthly question whether the Lords can successfully reject a Bill heartily supported by the nation, and addressed themselves to the nobler and more abstract question whether the Irish Church deserves its coming fate. As the Archbishop of DUBLIN said, his remarks "moved in "another sphere" than that of calculations of the interests of the House of Lords. In their own line the Bishops opposed to the Bill spoke exceedingly well. There was vivacity in the speech of the Bishop of DERRY; there was energy, stir, and spring in the speech of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH; and there was great feeling and much grace of language in the speech of the Archbishop of DUBLIN. Very few speeches among recent speeches in Parliament read so well, as regards language and the framing of periods, as this speech of Archbishop TRENCH; and although it was perhaps too studied and polished, yet it was irradiated with the play of a deep and earnest religious feeling. If it did not convey the impression of coming from a strong mind, it did convey the impression of coming from a mind sensitive, refined, and not unfitted for a crisis which will demand in the leaders of the Church, as the first qualification, the power of sympathy with others. Strong, however, as was the language used by the bishops who wished that the Bill should be altogether rejected as an unholy thing, and sincere as was indisputably the feeling that animated them, none of them produced so great and so immediate an effect as was produced by the speech of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY in favour of the Second Reading. The declaration of a man in such a position, that he believed that the Bill, if taken into Committee, might be made a good Bill, necessarily affected the minds of many. It must be owned that, if his speech is examined, it is difficult to gather from it what are the amendments consistent with the principle of the Bill which he thinks could be carried, and which, if carried, would make this bad Bill a good one. The amendments which the Archbishop actually suggested were that the glebe-houses should be given over free from the charge on them; that 1560, not 1660, should be taken as the date to which private endowments should go back, and that a little should be taken off the compensation to Maynooth, on account of the short time the students stay there. We suspect that these are very much the amendments which Lord GRANVILLE said the Ministry had cunningly left for the Lords to make; and if these are the amendments which would make the Bill a thoroughly good one in the eyes of the PRIMATE of the English Church, the Bill may be very easily improved. The speech of the Bishop of ST. DAVID's was altogether in a different tone and on a different level. It was the speech of a churchman whom experience and study and a patient searching into the foundations of things have made liberal and wise and courageous. It needed all these qualities in a bishop to announce that he was going to vote for the Second Reading, because he thought the present position of the Irish Church ought not to continue, although he would have preferred the concurrent endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. And scarcely less were all these high qualities needed when the Bishop denounced as heathenish the notion that to apply Church property to the best use was sacrilegious, and when he assured his hearers that they need not be afraid of the Papal power if only they would be true to Protestantism and leave off comparing the Protestant Dissenters of Wales with the Romanists of Ireland.

There were, it may be acknowledged, two points unfavourable, not to the Bill, but to the arguments generally used by its supporters, which the speeches of the Bishops brought into prominence. They showed some reason to think that the ease with which the new Church Body can be formed, and the success with which the voluntary system can be worked by the disendowed Church, have both been overrated. The Archbishop of DUBLIN pointed out very forcibly how many and how complicated would be the questions to be decided by men of different religious parties, unaccustomed to common action, and with their minds inflamed and irritated by recent defeat before the Church Body could be formed. The Archbishop most properly pledged himself to do his very best if the unwelcome task of having to aid in forming the new Church Body is imposed on him. But there can be no doubt that this task will be a very arduous one, and that many whose concurrence is essential will abstain, at any rate for some time, in assisting in doing what they will consider to be the work of those who have spoiled and wronged them. Rough things will not be made smooth by fine words, or by shutting our eyes to them, and it appears probable that the present great irritation in the Irish Protestants against the Bill will create a serious obstacle to the formation of a new Church Body in the time limited by the Bill. Like other obstacles, this may be overcome, but it is an obstacle [illegible]h before long may cause anxious attention. In the next place, there is, it must be allowed, some truth in what the Bishops said as to the chances of the Church under a voluntary system. There are two hindrances to the Irish Church as a voluntary Church; it is a mild, reasonable Church, and it will largely depend on the landed gentry. The surest way to get money is to get it out of the mass of the people, and the way to get it out of the ignorant and superstitious is to frighten them and preach a very terrible creed, and to keep it constantly before their minds that if the terrors of the creed are to be mitigated, money must be forthcoming. English Churchmen cannot do this, for the English Church deals with religion in a different spirit, and addresses itself to minds capable of b[illegible]nfluenced by anothe[illegible] of motives. Then, again, i[illegible]pleasant for a Church to have to depend principally on the landed gentry, of all clas[illegible]s the least willing to give to great objects, and with the least spare cash in proportion to their incomes to give in the cause of religion or charity. As the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH put it, with a contemptuous scorn of the Irish gentry and nobility that could not be surpassed, they will begin by keeping a tame Levite in their houses, and when they are tired of him, and grudge him his pittance, they will run over to England, where they can get the ministrations of the gospel of t[illegible]lvation for nothing. The fate of the Episcopal Church in Scotland is very much in accordance with these dismal prognostications. There the greatest landowners are Episcopalians, and sometimes, to show their grandeur, keep a tame Levite in the house, but the Episcopalian Church is left to starve. This is certainly a great danger ahead for the Irish Church. After it is disendowed, its members will have most abundant means to support it, but they will principally be of a class whose view of a Church is that it should be a safe, respectable institution, kept up for them by some sort of lucky accident. This is all true, but then it is impossible to suppose that the Church of a small minority is to be endowed largely with national property merely that it may give such people what they wish for.

The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH produced an effect on his audience which has rarely been equalled by any one who has spoken in Parliament for the first time, and he threw a heart into the Opposition which it scarcely had before, and which died out of it when the defence of the cause passed into other hands. But on the main question of the debate he had not much more to say than the other bishops who opposed the Second Reading. He even went further than most of the Bench would be inclined to go. For he owned that the nation had pronounced distinctly against establishment. He aban-

doned establishment, not willingly, but because not to abandon it was to fight for something utterly hopeless. But he thought that the nation had not pronounced in favour of disendowment, and that disendowment was so utterly wrong as to necessitate the rejection of the Bill. This view gave an opening for oratory which might have been impossible if he had pursued the conclusions of common sense, and asked what was the course by which the greatest amount of endowments could be saved to the Irish Church. The Bishops of RIPON and TUAM added little to the arguments or statements of their predecessors, except that the Bishop of TUAM could speak of Protestantism in the South of Ireland from the experience of a quarter of a century of parochial work. His experience proves to have been that the Protestant clergyman has a usefulness of his own as a poor but benevolent gentleman, and as a slight aid to Roman Catholics against the oppression of the priests. That a man doing such a work, although it may be a work different from what would naturally seem to be his especial province, should be lost henceforth to the South of Ireland, is a distinct national loss. But every one is perfectly aware that it is quite impossible to make great changes, and carry out great principles, without causing inconveniences and imposing sacrifices that are most lamentable. Does the Bishop suppose that, when Protestantism triumphed and monasteries were suppressed, there were not extinguished in many peaceful neighbourhoods centres of gentleness and piety and learning, or that, when the Presbyterians were turned out of their English livings, there were not many parishes which had to deplore the substitution of the roystering, swaggering Levite of a Cavalier landowner for a simple, austere, GOD-fearing minister. If the Bishop, and those who talk as he talked, would only ask themselves whether Ireland is to be governed in religious matters on principles which England would not permit for a moment at home, and which she applies nowhere else in all her wide dominions, in order that in remote Irish villages there may be a gentlemanly safeguard against Ultramontanism, we know perfectly well what the answer would be. The answer would be that this was not to be expected for a moment. But men like the Bishop of TUAM naturally speak under the influence of personal memories and local associations. It might have appeared unnatural, and almost unseemly, that a Bishop coming from such a part of Ireland should have argued on general principles. To speak and vote against the second reading is part of the character assigned to him. But he may be very glad if he votes and speaks as he ought to do, and yet does both ineffectually, and if the good sense of lay peers rescues him from having thrown away the last chance of making somewhat better terms for his Church.

MR. MOTLEY'S INSTRUCTIONS.

THE summary of Mr. MOTLEY'S instructions, which has been published with the sanction of the American Government, though it contains nothing unexpected, is thoroughly unsatisfactory. It would perhaps have been useless to resume negotiation at present, but the professed hope that the English Government will after a time take the initiative might almost be construed into a covert demand of voluntary humiliation. The passage in the summary which relates to the Proclamation of Neutrality is scarcely intelligible, except on the assumption that it is intentionally inconsistent; but it would seem that Mr. MOTLEY is at the same time to admit that the declaration of neutrality affords no substantial ground of complaint, and to urge that nevertheless it resulted in losses which require reparation. As England has already accepted the only form of convention which has been proposed by the American Government, it evidently rests with the Power which has contemptuously refused to ratify its own treaty to propose some alternative form of settlement. The PRESIDENT and his SECRETARY of STATE are fully aware that claims of redress founded on the declaration of neutrality will never be admitted as proper subjects for compensation or for reference, and it can scarcely be doubted that reasonable Americans have been satisfied by the recent discussion that the demand is wholly untenable in law and justice. It is perhaps not seriously intended that Mr. MOTLEY should do more than keep the question open until popular opinion in America has decided in favour of peace or of war. There is nothing to prevent a just and equitable arrangement but the almost universal hostility to England which, alternately ebbing and flowing but never permanently subsiding, is habitually watched and utilized by the managers of political parties. If at any future time the majority of the people should wish to terminate the quarrel which has been fastened on England, the Government of the day and the Senate can easily give effect to the general wish. The overbearing tone of the instructions to Mr. MOTLEY was probably necessary to suit the national taste, and they indicate no desire of an immediate rupture. His own cold and measured replies to the ill-timed Addresses of the Liverpool Chambers of Commerce have been sharply criticized in America on the erroneous assumption that they exceeded the narrowest limits of courtesy. On one point at least Englishmen may heartily agree with Americans, though from an opposite point of view. It would be a gross blunder to thrust public professions of goodwill on a Minister who could not reciprocate the simplest civilities without exposing himself to reproof and disavowal. Expressions of friendship to the United States are invariably received with insult, as proofs of timidity or of weakness; and it is not fair to expose a diplomatist to the alternative of being either rude or unfaithful to his trust.

The temporary reaction which was produced by Mr. SUMNER'S extravagance, and by the unanimous protest of all parties in England against his insolent demands, is rapidly disappearing; but it may perhaps leave behind it some useful results. Dr. WOOLSEY'S lecture at Yale College, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S deferential speech at Ithaca, and Mr. FORSTER'S plain account of the history of the Proclamation, have convinced all candid and temperate Americans that the recognition of belligerency was a thoroughly justifiable act. An elaborate confutation of Mr. SUMNER'S speech, published in the *Baltimore Southern Metropolis*, though it is fuller and more conclusive than Dr. WOOLSEY'S lecture, will probably be repudiated as an exposition of American opinion, because it is tainted with the suspected air of Maryland. The same unanswerable facts and arguments had been repeatedly urged by English writers; but Mr. SUMNER has the merit of having for the first time, and against his will, secured a hearing for the truth. He was probably disappointed to find that the intelligence of the more respectable journals revolted against his formal repetition in the Senate of the monstrous accusations and pretensions which had been frequently anticipated in their own columns. Having repudiated and confuted Mr. SUMNER'S fallacies, the same writers are now reverting to their habitual tone of depreciation and scarcely suppressed menace. The Republican leaders are at the same time considering the comparative expediency of selecting enmity to England, or some domestic question, as the issue on which the autumn elections are to be contested. Mr. BUTLER, who hopes shortly to be chosen a Senator for Massachusetts, has already commenced the agitation by a characteristic proposal for the discontinuance of commercial intercourse with England. As becomes his character, he is careful to rest his case on general animosity, rather than on any special pretext. Admitting that the concession of belligerency affords no ground of remonstrance, and being estopped by his former devotion to slavery from taking up Mr. SUMNER'S philanthropic pretext for enmity, Mr. BUTLER candidly goes back to the good old legend of GEORGE III.'s Hessian mercenaries, and of the employment of Indian allies, which was ninety years ago denounced by CHATHAM. For these and similar reasons Mr. BUTLER recommends a commercial excommunication, which, as he cheerfully suggests, would starve the English poor, and so through bread-riots, ending in insurrection, cause a ruinous revolution. The immediate incidence of Mr. BUTLER'S amiable project deserves the notice of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, who thinks it consistent with his dignity to accuse his own political opponents in England of an imaginary crime before a foreign and unfriendly audience. Only strong prejudice could have induced an able and honest Englishman to tell his American hearers that the Tories would welcome a rupture with the United States, although Mr. DISRAELI and Lord STANLEY systematically discouraged during the war all expressions of sympathy with the Confederate cause. Even if his charges had been just, it is not on the Conservatives or on the aristocracy that Mr. BUTLER'S vengeance is in the first instance to fall. The artisans who endured the cotton famine with patience for the sake of the North are now, if the Republican leader has his way, to suffer a bread famine wantonly created for the avowed purpose of driving them to distress and despair. The proposal is of course insincere, as well as intrinsically absurd, because Mr. BUTLER knows well that the Western farmers and the Chicago corn-dealers will not in time of peace deprive themselves of their best market, even for the purpose of causing bread-riots among the Lancashire cotton-spinners. The significance of the speech consists, not in its substance, but in the proof which it affords that one of the most crafty and successful of political adventurers thinks that there is something to gain by expressing his desire to starve the people of England. If Mr. SUMNER, with the more decorous, though not more scrupulous, Re-

publican leaders, adopts Mr. BUTLER's tactics, every village and town in the Northern States will within two or three months resound with denunciations of England. It must be said in Mr. BUTLER's defence against Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, that if a war of the last century is a sufficient reason for a new conflict, Mr. SMITH's apologetic statement that the American war was conducted by a demented King and a narrow oligarchy is substantially inaccurate. The English people, whatever may have been their political privileges, were unanimous in opposing the colonial demand for independence, and the KING, who had not then become insane, only represented the national feeling. It may also be allowed that Mr. BUTLER comes nearer the truth than Mr. SUMNER when he dwells on the misdeeds of the Hessians as well as on the exploits of the *Alabama* as a ground for the reprisals which he recommends. It is almost impossible to impress on the short memories of newspaper readers the undoubted fact that American animosity and vituperation had reached a height which it was impossible to transcend long before a plank of the *Alabama* was laid.

The duty of the English Government, if not agreeable, is fortunately simple. The differences of opinion which existed as to the policy of Lord STANLEY and Lord CLARENDON in their conduct of the negotiations have lost all practical importance. A pliability which might have been deemed both excessive in itself and inexpedient for its immediate object, has produced the incidental advantage of proving to the world that the ultimate failure was not the fault of England. Concession produced constantly increasing demands and a contumelious rebuff. There is no danger that the only remaining course of patient firmness will give any just ground for offence. Even American susceptibility can scarcely have found any pretext for resentment in Lord CLARENDON's cautious answer to Lord STRATFORD's prudent remarks; yet Mr. SUMNER and Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON would perhaps have been surprised to find that they were classed together as the two eminent persons who had done most to remove erroneous impressions. It is perfectly true that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON elicited the friendly feelings of Englishmen to America, and that Mr. SUMNER gave them an opportunity of showing that, if they were willing to conciliate, they were determined not to yield to insult or to menace. No similar triumph, voluntary or involuntary, awaits the present American Minister. Even if he shared the desire of his predecessor to renew friendly relations with England, recent circumstances have shown how limited is the effect of his commission. Although no envoy from the United States would command more personal respect or esteem than Mr. MOTLEY, there is no disrespect in saying that in political position he is not yet the equal of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON. The late leader of the minority in the Senate was so universally respected by his colleagues, that they publicly resented an insult which Mr. BUTLER, in the conduct of the impeachment, had offered with his usual coarseness to the Democratic Senator for Maryland. The confirmation of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's appointment as Minister to England, at a time when the PRESIDENT's other nominations were almost uniformly rejected, was a proof of personal confidence as well as a preliminary approval of the settlement which, as the Senate well knew, he would be instructed to negotiate. It is impossible that Mr. MOTLEY can receive from his own party so peculiar and exceptional a compliment; but, as it seems that for the present he will have nothing to do, his virtual want of full powers is not a cause for regret. If the Convention had been ratified, the probable rejection of the *Alabama* claims by an arbitrator who was guided by the rules and precedents of international law would perhaps have embittered the dispute even more effectually than Mr. SUMNER's speech.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IT would be a curious though barren inquiry whether Mr. BRIGHT's occasional violations of propriety are unconscious or wilful. It is difficult to believe that a man of genius, practised in affairs and accustomed to associate with statesmen, should be unable to appreciate either the duty of official reticence or the utility of good manners. Perhaps Mr. BRIGHT may have persuaded himself that a certain bluntness of language is acceptable to the mass of his followers; or he may desire to assert, by indifference to the feelings of his colleagues, and by calculated rudeness to his adversaries, the independence of his present position. The late insult to the House of Lords is not perhaps in worse taste than his jeers against the Bishops at Fishmongers' Hall, nor is it as dangerous as his speech on the ownership of land in Ireland; but, if it had produced any effect, it would have tended to prevent the adoption by the House of Lords of the principle of the Irish Church Bill. In former times Mr. BRIGHT, in his anxiety to facilitate a great political reform, has so far imposed restraint on his own character and disposition as to recommend a liberal and conciliatory mode of dealing with the Irish clergy, and even with the Church as a corporate body. His proposal of awarding out of the reclaimed endowments a gross sum to each of the three great religious bodies was equally sagacious and just; nor is Mr. BRIGHT especially responsible for the omission of the provision in Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill. His speech on the second reading, while it was, as might have been expected, singularly eloquent, was entirely inoffensive. It seemed that a sense of responsibility inspired by a grave occasion had for the time superseded the instinct of pugnacity, which has since revived at the most inopportune of moments. Even if Mr. BRIGHT had offended the feelings of the House of Commons, he could not have alienated the compact majority which was returned for the express purpose of supporting Mr. GLADSTONE. It was not equally certain that he might not confirm wavering peers in their determination to prefer their own convictions to political expediency; but the temptation to affront the House of Lords when it was in a painful and embarrassing position was irresistible, and perhaps not unwelcome. The inhabitants of Birmingham are now satisfied that their patriotic representative has not been won over by the blandishments of aristocracy and fashion. If his coarse attack on the House of Lords had been less entirely wanton and unprovoked, it would not have served the purpose so effectually. It has been suggested on plausible grounds that Mr. BRIGHT wished to secure the rejection of the Bill, for the purpose of creating an agitation against the House of Lords; but it is equally probable that he may have desired to deprive the peers of the credit of a prudent conformity, by attributing their possible acquiescence to fear. The vanity and narrowness which are oddly combined with Mr. BRIGHT's great intellectual power prevent him from appreciating the motives or the capacity of his opponents. It is possible that he may mistake the dispassionate wisdom of the Bishop of St. DAVID's, or the vigorous sagacity of Lord SALISBURY, for hypocritical cowardice. Mr. BRIGHT deals with political controversies at home in the same spirit which inspires the SUMNERS and the BUTLERS of America in their treatment of international relations; yet experience shows that good manners are in the long run conducive to practical success.

A disputant who calls his adversary a fool has always the satisfaction of giving pain, and even of telling a portion of the truth. All men, and all bodies of men, are capable of some degree of folly, and the House of Lords includes some simpletons, a few unprincipled spendthrifts, two or three hundred commonplace gentlemen, and not a few theoretical and practical statesmen. An average peer is perhaps exceptionally liable to overrate his own importance, and, on the other hand, he has generally been trained in habits of courtesy and self-respect. If the peers were paired off with an equal number of the members of the House of Commons, on the principle on which boys choose sides at cricket, it would be found that there was little difference in the respectable mediocrity of the majority, or in the ability of the leaders. As orators, Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GLADSTONE may happen to be superior to any competitors in the Upper House, but the speakers in this debate have, on the average, been fully equal to those who preceded them in the discussion. The statement that "the "House of Lords is not very wise" is only true in the sense in which the same proposition would apply to the House of Commons, or to any assembly in Christendom. If Mr. BRIGHT had not been blinded by prejudice, he might have inferred, from the existence of the House of Lords, that its traditional policy had been marked by extraordinary wisdom. A vessel which has lived through innumerable storms must necessarily have been managed with some regard to the laws of navigation. The habit of calculating the possibilities of resistance affords in itself a sound political training. The crude and insolent menace of a revolution in the event of the rejection of the Irish Church Bill would have been more effective if the threatened destruction of the House of Lords had not been obviously unconnected with the condition suggested. Mr. BRIGHT advises the constituencies to consider, if the Bill is thrown out, what is the use of a Constitution in which the will of the people as represented in the House of Commons is not immediately supreme; but, whatever might have been the fate of the Irish Church Bill, the same objection would remain as long as it was possible that the House of Lords might dissent from the conclusions of the House of Commons. The use of an existing Constitution is in

well-governed States taken for granted, until on rare occasions it becomes expedient to recast political arrangements. If Mr. BRIGHT really holds the opinions which he expresses, he ought to be already prepared with a plan for abolishing the House of Lords. The contemptuous toleration which he offers, in case of submission, must be entirely inconsistent with his principles.

Mr. BRIGHT is perhaps deficient in sensitiveness rather than wilfully disloyal to his colleagues. Having notoriously entered the Cabinet against his wishes, he claims the right of remaining a demagogue, even though he has condescended to become a Minister. He has at different times propounded a finance scheme of his own, and an Irish policy of his own; and now, without consulting the convenience or the feelings of the members of the Government, he stirs up the passion of the multitude against the House of Lords. The jurisdiction of Cabinets, as of other select bodies, over their members limited by the sanctions of which they can dispose. To coldness and tacit disapproval Mr. BRIGHT would be wholly indifferent, and dismissal offers no terrors to an unwilling associate. As in many similar cases, a troublesome friend is tolerated because he would be more dangerous as an enemy. On three or four occasions Mr. BRIGHT has compromised the Cabinet by his independent action, but it is probable that his official position has interfered with many impulses of violence. The PRIME MINISTER is probably not unwilling to have in the Cabinet a powerful ally against the advocates of moderate counsels; and the advantage of ruling the Radical party through its acknowledged chief must be obvious to all members of the Government. After any outburst of violence or insult, it is easy to assure either House that the Government is not answerable for the unofficial language of a single Minister. Lord GRANVILLE's amiable and courtly apologies for such documents as the letter to the promoters of the Birmingham meeting have, on ordinary occasions, a pleasing and humorous effect, but on Thursday evening he betrayed the embarrassment in which Mr. BRIGHT had involved the Cabinet, by unaccustomed awkwardness and irregularity. Mr. GLADSTONE for once excelled his accomplished colleague in readiness and tact; and, it may be added, that Colonel NORTH's plain question was far more judicious than Lord CAIRNS's five-and-twenty minutes' speech.

It may be doubted whether the more prudent Conservative leaders would desire the exclusion of Mr. BRIGHT from a position in which, while his impetuosity is partially hampered, its periodical outbreaks must always be inconvenient to the Government. If he were out of office, his hostility to peers, to bishops, and to landowners would be more frequently and loudly expressed. It is possible that his ferocious virtue may be softened in time by contrast with the polished wisdom of statesmen who are, with one doubtful exception, assuredly not democratic enthusiasts. The half-dozen peers who are allowed to possess a certain degree of merit are probably the same who sit by Mr. BRIGHT's side in the Cabinet, and by degrees it may dawn on his imagination that there may be respectable qualities even in independent peers. The popular ANTÆUS cannot be prevented from occasionally touching the earth, and in the Cabinet he will find it comparatively difficult to use his giant's strength like a giant. If Mr. BRIGHT's Birmingham letter had any purpose except to please his constituents and himself, his calculation has been disappointed. There is no reason to suppose that his gratuitous provocation has induced a single peer to vote against the second reading, although it may have satisfied the party of resistance of the justice of their preconceived resolution. It may be lawful to learn from an enemy, but judicious belligerents consider his probable wishes and motives, instead of either following his ostensible advice or adopting the exact negative of his suggestions. If any member of the House had been weak enough to be afraid of seeming to be frightened, he could scarcely have failed to understand that, if he wished to set Mr. BRIGHT at defiance, he need not vote against the second reading. Any amendment of which the House of Commons was likely to disapprove would serve the purpose of provoking the threatened collision, though in a less dangerous shape. It is possible that some thoughtful members of the House may even have been capable of recognising the admixture of truth in an offensive taunt. As it is said, with a kind of paradoxical accuracy, that calumnies are always well-founded, insults also are pointed by an intuitive perception of the weaknesses which invite attack.

FRANCE.

THE riots which have followed the French elections, having no ostensible purpose, are naturally attributed by all parties to the section of their enemies on which they especially desire to cast discredit. Even the Orleanists, who have never been in favour with any mob past or present, have, it seems, bribed men in blouses with little packages of forty sous, which have or have not been found on the persons of some of the prisoners. It would be interesting to understand the mode of reasoning by which it is assumed that the friends of Parliamentary Government persuade themselves that it is worth their while to pay a body of noisy vagabonds for bawling out the name of a Jacobinical pamphleteer; but perhaps the relation of imaginary motive and alleged effect is not quite so remote as when PITT, according to the most approved Republican writers, paid the expenses of the September massacres. A more popular theory represents the EMPEROR himself or his Ministers as the real authors of the late disturbances; and the encouragement which was lately offered to anarchical speeches and to Socialist writings furnishes a pretext for an imputation which is nevertheless probably unfounded. It was intelligible that on the eve of the elections the middle classes should be reminded of the dangers from which, if official assurances are true, they were saved eighteen or nineteen years since by the suppression of the Republic. Since 1851 no shopkeeper has been obliged by a tumult to close his shutters, nor have the aspirations of artisans for the destruction of capital been until lately publicly expressed. It is not known how far the experiment of tolerating agitation succeeded in influencing the votes of capitalists and traders. The electors of the great cities are counted by tens of thousands; and the large majority are workmen, who perhaps regard the prospect of a political convulsion with indifference or complacency. The owners of property and the employers of labour may possibly have supported the official candidates, or they may have abstained from voting, although it is generally believed that they incline for the most part to the moderate Opposition. If their passive or active adhesion to the Imperial Government is thought important, it cannot have been deemed expedient to disturb their confidence in the permanence of order and security. An Emperor who allows mobs to assemble night after night in the streets of Paris and Nantes runs the risk of being thought no better than a constitutional King. The least that an absolute ruler can do is to give protection in exchange for liberty. It is highly improbable that the Government should deliberately tamper with the dangerous element of a riot in Paris. It is true that the garrison is a formidable army, that the strongholds of former insurgents have been demolished, that the new streets are open to the movements of cavalry and artillery, and, above all, that NAPOLEON III. is not likely to follow the example of CHARLES X. or LOUIS PHILIPPE; yet it is not forgotten that two successive dynasties have been overthrown by the rabble of Paris, which has never forgotten the more famous epoch of its own disastrous domination.

The investigations which have already commenced will probably prove that the mob of rioters was simply a riotous mob. The cries which were uttered in honour of M. ROCHEFORT seem to indicate the absence of conviction or serious design, for the ingenious libeller who has lately become notorious represents no political opinion. If the troops had been withdrawn, or if the EMPEROR, like his predecessors, had run away, leaders would have been forthcoming to profit by a casual revolution; nor is it impossible that a few obscure journalists may have remembered how in 1848 the writers of two newspapers coolly assumed to themselves the Government of France. Even in England Mr. BEALES and his associates proved two or three years ago that a great city can always furnish the materials of disorder; and the traditions of Parisian insurrection are far more popular and exciting than the memory of Lord GEORGE GORDON. Two sons of M. VICTOR HUGO, who have, it seems, thought it prudent to retire to Belgium, may perhaps have employed themselves in propagating the hereditary doctrine that it is always meritorious to rebel against Governments and to shoot policemen. The heroes of M. HUGO's most voluminous romance exhibit a noble patriotism by sacrificing their lives on a barricade in an absolutely hopeless struggle, after putting to death many soldiers who were discharging their duty. The rioters of last week were happily less bloodthirsty and less bold, perhaps because it is not easy to barricade an open boulevard in the face of three or four squadrons of cavalry. Their intention was probably to do as much mischief as was compatible with the circumstances, and, in the improbable contingency of

success, to proclaim the Red Republic. If it should appear that police spies had a share in instigating the disturbances, it would not be surprising that those respectable functionaries have, as usual, laboured in their vocation. A Minister or Prefect would have shown himself even more imbecile than perfidious if he had taken a part in the organization of a riot.

As the Legislative Body will not, except for formal purposes, meet for some months, the EMPEROR will have time to [illegible] whether his policy is to be modified in consequence [illegible] the elections. [illegible] the dismissal of M. ROUHER are founded only [illegible] conjecture, and it [illegible] improbable that a change should be hastily effected which would almost amount to an admission of Ministerial responsibility. Mr. DISRAELI, with strict propriety, [illegible] when the [illegible] stituencies had decided [illegible] his opponent. The retirement of M. ROUHER, followed by the accession of Prince NAPOLEON [illegible] M. EMILE OLLIVIER, would be an act of deference to the Opposition, which only constitutes one-tenth of the Legislative Body, and yet it is not certain that either of the [illegible] candidates for office would be more popular than the [illegible] Minister of State. The adverse elections have imp[illegible] want of confidence, not in any member of the Cabinet, but in the EMPEROR, or in the Imperial system. If it is intended that the Legislative Body shall be elevated into a Parliament, M. ROUHER would be one of the most efficient of Parliamentary leaders. If the [illegible] tutional tradit[illegible] England were [illegible] cable to France, it [illegible] tively easy to [illegible] govern the country [illegible] three to one [illegible] Lower House, with the [illegible] of a Senate, but [illegible] certain that represe[illegible] pared to [illegible] would [illegible] if they were [illegible] sovereign power, be proportionally [illegible]. The majority is returned to support the absolute [illegible] of the EMPEROR, and not to share his responsibility. In one of the clever apologues which purport to represent political facts, the [illegible] of rural districts are represented as finding fault with the EMPEROR for not choosing his Deputies himself, instead of giving the people the trouble of voting. The Opposition, as far as its different sections have a common purpose, is bent on asserting the right of the Legislative Body to control the choice of Ministers and the general policy of the Government. If the majority found that the principle of representative government was admitted, its members would find a difficulty in understanding the nature of their own mission and doctrine. On the whole, it seems probable that the EMPEROR will persist in maintaining personal government. Before the next election his son will be of an age to take a part in public business, and if he should display the ability and vigour of his family, he may [illegible]sibly [illegible] the popular enthusiasm which hailed the [illegible]blishment of the Second Empire. A dynasty which has maintained itself for [illegible] considerable time may alter the character of its administration with comparative impunity. When Austria adopted a Constitution, there could be no question of removing the ancient House of HAPSBURG. If a constitutional government were restored in France, political critics would inquire what was gained by substituting the BONAPARTES for the liberal Princes of ORLEANS.

The controversies suggested by the late returns have not yet subsided. It is certain that nearly all the principal Orleanists have been defeated, although the election of M. THIERS on the second ballot was anxiously desired by the entire body of the Opposition. On the other hand, it is perhaps true that the numbers of the Socialist voters were too highly estimated in consequence of their success in some of the great towns. The actual supporters of RASPAIL, of GAMBETTA, of ROCHEFORT, and of the other chief revolutionists, may perhaps not have been more than a hundred thousand, or one per cent. of the whole constituency. How many advocates of [illegible]narchy may have been scattered over the electoral districts where there was no Socialist candidate, it is impossible [illegible] ascertain. The populace of the cities is probably inclined to Jacobinism, while the rural departments still prefer [illegible] Empire to a Republic. There is no reason to believe that [illegible] constituency in France has returned a member for the express purpose of representing the system of regulated liberty under Parliamentary government. M. THIERS finds favour with the Parisians, not as a former Minister of a constitutional King, but because he is the most formidable opponent of the EMPEROR and his Ministry. If the second ballot had followed the riots, it might possibly have appeared that the Government had recovered a portion of its former popularity. The unity of the Opposition is proved to be a fiction as often as the legitimate consequences of revolution assume a visible form. The most discontented father of a family prefers the EMPEROR, with all his shortcomings, to the ruffians who affect to imitate the exploits of 1848. [illegible] possible that, under the influence of immediate alarm, the Duke of PERSIGNY may have found readers for the curious letter in which he illustrates recent history by the examples of BRUTUS, of PUBLICOLA, and of DEMOSTHENES at Chæronea. The timid shopkeeper has a confused association of quotations from the French translation of PLUTARCH with the terrors of the great Revolution.

BANKRUPTCY.

THE Bankruptcy Bill has passed through Committee, and approaches much more nearly to what such a measure ought to be than it did in the shape in which it was at first introduced. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL has shown judgment and temper in his consideration of the various proposals which have been made both by lawyers and merchants, for the improvement of the Bill, and though there still remain [illegible] defects to be remedied, there is everything to encourage the hope that further progress towards sound principles may be made before the Act receives the Royal Assent. The alterations, however, have not all been improvements, and the worst feature of the Bill, the hard and fast line drawn between bankrupts who do, and those who do not, pay [illegible] pound, remains as yet unchanged, to await the further [illegible] which it may receive in the House of Lords. The original proposal was that a bankrupt, [illegible] should receive his discharge [illegible] of two events—if he [illegible] paid ten shilling in the [illegible] special resolution of creditors were passed expressing their opinion that the bankruptcy had arisen from unavoidable misfortune, and their desire that a discharge should be accorded. The discharge, when so given, was to free the bankrupt from all provable debts, with the invidious though traditional and not very important exception of debts to the Crown. These provisions were accompanied by a clause, novel but thoroughly sound in principle, by which a bankrupt who failed to obtain his discharge was to be free from the attacks of his creditors for a term of five years, and if within that time he succeeded in making up the ten shillings in the pound, was to be discharged as completely as if his estate had realized that amount in the first instance. It was pointed out, in our pages and elsewhere, that indulgence of the kind granted by this last clause to an undischarged bankrupt was all that any man who had not paid his debts could fairly ask for. It is one thing to give time and opportunity to an insolvent trader to redeem his fortunes, and quite another to confiscate one half of the debt due to an honest creditor for the benefit of a person who may or may not be an honest bankrupt. Inability to pay is the only conceivable plea for relieving a defaulting debtor from the obligation of returning what he has received in money, or money's worth, from a too confiding creditor, and when the inability ceases the relief ought to cease with it. Policy and mercy equally require that a man without property shall not be persecuted all his life by claimants whom he has no means of satisfying, and this end is completely assured by allowing a reasonable respite in time for the bankrupt to recover himself, and by depriving creditors of the power of inflicting imprisonment. But honesty and justice equally demand that, whenever a bankrupt shall acquire the means of paying his unsatisfied debts, he shall apply his newly acquired wealth to that purpose, instead of living in luxury on what is really the property of others. All reason and fairness pointed to the excision of the clause which granted a discharge to any man who paid only half his [illegible], and it was fully brought before the mind of the House of Commons that continued liability for the full amount (relieved only by personal protection) was the rule in almost every civilized country, and had been the rule in England also until comparatively modern legislation had [illegible]dulged bankrupts with a discharge in full as a sort of set-off against the severity of the law which sanctioned imprisonment for debt—a law which is now almost entirely [illegible]pealed, and before this Session is over will be completely [illegible]rogated. The House of Commons, however, appears to [illegible] not quite ripe for so large a reform, and the unanswerable arguments of Mr. JESSELL and Mr. RATHBONE in support of it failed of effect, though not without evoking considerable support. We take this principle to be rather postponed than rejected, and we are satisfied that until it is accepted and applied in its integrity, though with every possible consideration and protection for a bankrupt who remains unable to satisfy his creditors, we shall not have a bankruptcy law that will survive more than a very few years. This is just one of the matters on which the acumen and judgment of the House of Lords may be usefully brought

to bear, and we do not yet despair of seeing a principle substituted for a mere expedient before the present Bill assumes it final shape.

Another glaring defect to which we directed attention has been removed with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S concurrence. It so happened that, when the Bill was introduced, the country had in Mr. Commissioner BACON a public servant who by common consent was better qualified to discharge the duties of Chief Judge in Bankruptcy than any other man in the kingdom. It also happened that the existing Court of Appeal for Bankruptcy was a Court which enjoys ample leisure, and which has for many years disposed of the Bankruptcy business with an amount of despatch and efficiency which could not be surpassed. In this state of affairs every one was astounded to find that the Bill contained clauses transferring the appellate jurisdiction from the Court of Appeal in Chancery to the much more fully occupied Judges of the Common Law, and so restricting the choice of the Chief Judge as to exclude the best possible selection. The singularity of the proposal was aggravated by the fact that it involved the continued payment of Mr. BACON'S salary, without retaining the benefit of his valuable services—an excellent arrangement for him, but a very bad one for the country. Mainly on the suggestion of SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, but with the hearty concurrence of every lawyer in the House, SIR ROBERT COLLIER consented to modify his Bill by accepting as Chief Judge Mr. Commissioner BACON, and by retaining to the Court of Appeal in Chancery its old Bankruptcy jurisdiction.

The most important of the other discussions in the Committee were those which arose on the composition clauses. Both commercial and legal opinion are somewhat divided on this subject. That there are some cases in which the interests of creditors and debtors alike are better served by an inspectorship or composition deed than by a bankruptcy is not disputed. Neither can it be doubted that the great majority of these arrangements by deed are corrupt and unjust contrivances for the purpose of defrauding the general body of creditors, and too often of securing a secret bonus for the influential friends of the bankrupt, who figure as the leading creditors at the meetings called together to sanction a composition. How to escape the mischiefs of these deeds without abolishing them altogether has always been a great crux, and neither the clauses of the Bill nor the amendments proposed to them have solved the difficulty. The proposal of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was to allow of liquidation by arrangement without bankruptcy on the vote of a large proportion of creditors, but only on condition of a *cessio bonorum*, which would make the arrangement equivalent to bankruptcy in everything but the stigma of the name. If a case occurred in which a valuable business would be sacrificed by a compulsory liquidation, the Bill afforded no opportunity to the creditors to get the benefit of it by continuing the trade under inspection, or by striking a bargain with the bankrupt and his friends to grant a release in consideration of a certain percentage of their claims. The abuses that had attended arrangements of this kind were, it seems, considered (and we are not prepared to say wrongly considered) so flagrant as to outweigh the occasional advantage of such proceedings when conducted with exceptional fairness. The discussion closed with a promise of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to meet the case if possible by a new clause. It will not be easy to frame an enactment which will reconcile the conflicting views that prevail on the question, or satisfactorily deal with the serious objections either to a system of arrangements at all like that which now exists, or to a Bankruptcy Bill entirely devoid of any such provisions. If inspection and composition deeds can be freed from the frauds which ordinarily taint them, they ought not to be utterly excluded from any system of compulsory liquidation of the affairs of insolvents, and we shall wait with some interest for the clauses by which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL hopes to cleave his way through this formidable obstacle. With or without them, the Bill is a decided advance on any previous measure, and promises to mitigate, if it does not remove, the many defects which have marked every successive stage of our Bankruptcy Law.

THE AGITATION MEETINGS.

IF we have sought in vain, even in the Lords' debate, for an intelligible account of what is meant by the alleged reaction and change of opinion in the country on the Irish Church Bill, it is futile to attempt to discover it in the fervid oratory of the speakers at the monster meetings which are now of daily recurrence. But there are certain facts to face, and to harmonize and account for as we can. Before the General Election the principle of the Government measure was, very distinctly and intelligibly, disestablishment and disendowment. For ourselves, though it is superfluous to go back into such old-world matters, we never concealed the fact that, with the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S of the present time, with Earl RUSSELL and Earl GREY of two or three years ago, with PITT in the old time before us, we should have preferred the statesman's policy of a triple endowment, and, for the matter of that, were it not a sort of contradiction in terms, of a threefold establishment. But let that pass. Mr. GLADSTONE, under whatever influence, pertinaciously resisted the policy of levelling up, chiefly perhaps because it was known to be, to some extent at least, that of his rival, Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. GLADSTONE went to the country on the conjoint and inseparable issue of Disestablishment and Disendowment. And we must say that the Irish Church, by its authorities, played into his hands. The great Dublin Conference would not consent, to use Bishop THIRLWALL'S language, to be *an* Established Church; they desired to remain *the* Established Church, or to be extinguished. All or none was their choice. Here at least both parties understood each other; the point itself was of the most primary simplicity—and so was the decision of the country. And where there is reason, or the power of reasoning, in the opponents of Government, this point is at least admitted. The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH himself admits it, and with commendable frankness. He cannot deny that the constituencies expressed themselves with the most indubitable certainty and explicitness on disestablishment. It could not be otherwise. Disestablishment is a single, simple, and unconditioned idea, and admits of no qualifications or modifications. To disestablish can be answered but by a simple Yes or No. One-half of the controversy is therefore got rid of by merely enunciating the terms of the question. Not that the speakers at the meetings have the sense or the honesty in all cases to admit that the voice of the constituencies decided even thus much. It is a curious fact that every one of the speakers who protest against disestablishment either uses the word as equivalent with disendowment, or, in talking against disestablishment, argues against disendowment. The fallacy is an obvious one, and we need not go back to our WHATELY to expose it. However, we may satisfy ourselves that it is not even pretended that the elections have not pronounced very emphatically on disestablishment. "I distinctly recognise the fact that the "nation has pronounced—and I believe irrevocably pronounced—in favour of the disestablishment of the Irish "Church." After this admission of Bishop MAGEE, it is superfluous to pursue the wrangle.

It is granted, then, however unwillingly, that there is no reaction in the country against disestablishment; is there any change in the popular sentiment as regards disendowment? The argument, so far as we can winnow any argument from the rhetorical chaff that is flying about, stands thus:—Mr. GLADSTONE has deceived the country. The Bill is not in accordance with his promises. He promised one thing, he has given us another. He undertook to disendow the Establishment; he is endowing Maynooth. He undertook to take away the property of the Irish Protestant Establishment; under cover of bestowing it on any or every thing except religious institutions, he is in fact giving it to the control of Papist authorities—to Guilds, Confraternities, and Sisterhoods, who must in Ireland have the management directly or indirectly of all these Lunatic and Blind Asylums, and the rest of it. At the elections the constituencies perhaps consented that PAUL should be robbed, but they were not told that PETER was going to be subsidized. The Lord CLAUDS and the Lord GEORGES owe us, what they will not pay, some thanks for putting their argument into an intelligible shape and manageable form, but this must be their meaning. How do we answer them? First, that they cannot show that this distinction between what Mr. GLADSTONE was supposed to have undertaken to do, and what he has done, has possessed itself of the popular mind. Here and there a small Wesleyan says that had he but known that Maynooth was to have its debt forgiven, or to be presented with a lump sum to start with, he would never have sat on the Chelsea or Lambeth Committee which helped to return one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers. This only shows that the aforesaid Wesleyan Committeeman could not, or would not, see quite so far as his nose last autumn. But about this notable distinction which is now so clearly seen at the monster meetings, how comes it that it is not seen among the Liberals of the House of Commons? To say that they are so universally blinded, so generally unfaithful to their Protestantism, so bound and manacled by Mr. GLADSTONE, that they cannot see or will not see what is so plain and clear to the Wesleyan and "No Popery" talkers on

the platforms, is not to say much for the intelligence either of the senators or of the constituencies who elect them. But this is beside the question. The argument now so clamorously urged requires the production of a large class of politicians, out of Parliament at least, who are in favour of disestablishment, in favour of disendowment, but object to the particular kind of endowment—which we are told is in fact Papal endowment—proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE. This is the class we ask to see in the flesh, to have their names and numbers and personality pointed out. Because it is of no use to talk about reaction and the changed voice of the country, or of those simple souls who never had the issue fairly before them. These are impersonalities. We want to know who is reacting, whose voices are changing, who the men are who have been deceived and taken in by Mr. GLADSTONE. And in answer we get our old friends, who all along and from first to last were opposed to the whole thing—disestablishment, disendowment, and all the rest of it—and who desired the continuance of Protestant ascendency, and in their heart of hearts wanted the repeal of Emancipation, and secretly hankered after the revival of persecution and the Penal Laws. Reaction, therefore, when hunted back to its last earth, means that they who disliked the principles of the proposed Bill last year naturally enough this year dislike those principles when embodied in the terms of an enactment. This is really what the alleged Reaction comes to. So that, after all, the arguments on the monster platforms, when most favourably stated, amount to a strong suggestion for discussing the details of the Bill strictly, and even stringently, in Committee, but, so far as they are sound, also go to the full extent of proving the necessity of giving it a Second Reading.

In what we are saying we by no means admit that there is the shadow of injustice, or the suspicion of favouritism, in the proposed dealing with Maynooth; but we do admit the existence in the country of a headlong No-Popery prejudice; and the fact that there are so many people, to use the expression of one of their own prophets, who "refuse to stand by quietly while Antichrist is robbing "the Established Church," would at least justify the Lords, as it might have justified the Commons, in dealing more generously and liberally with the Establishment in the matter of disendowment. The proposed bonus to Maynooth might justify a larger bonus to the Establishment. If that were the aim of the meetings, as it is the aim of the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S and the Duke of RUTLAND, we should say that such an argument deserves most careful consideration. But unfortunately it is not the tone of the Reactionists and the monster meetings. As before, all or none. It is not that the Presbyterians and the Wesleyans and the Ulsterites love the Establishment much, if they love it at all, but that they hate Popery more. They care nothing, or next to nothing, for Archbishop TRENCH, but they care very much about Cardinal CULLEN. The organists and vergers of Armagh might fast, and fast for ever; but what they grudge is that the Christian Brothers or the Sisters of Charity should have any bread and onions. An appeal, forcible if not quite unanswerable, has been made by such men as the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Duke of RICHMOND, and the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S for treating the disendowed Establishment with something more of generosity and liberality; but this is not what the great meetings want. They want Irish Romanism to be proscribed and starved, and, if they dared, openly persecuted and kept down. They object, as they say, to "Maynooth being permanently endowed with "funds taken from a Protestant Church"—this is now the language of the Wesleyan organs; but this is only half the truth. "They have always objected to the Maynooth "Grant," as they add. Here is the real pinch. They are only using the Establishment as their stalking-horse against old game. The worst aspect of the present noisy agitation is that the Irish Church, as it stands, and still more as it will stand as a disestablished community, is likely to be inextricably entangled with a blundering, noisy, turbulent, No-Popery faction. If it is to continue to exist at all, it ought to exhibit distinctive claims on the old solid ground which its best friends claim for it, not as a mere Protestant faction, but as equally removed from Popery and Puritanism. This is just the character which the monster meetings deny to it, and which they seem likely to prevent it from ever developing. If the Irish Established Church is only what its new allies and defenders represent it, it has no *raison d'être*, it ought to be absorbed by its more energetic sister, as for their own purposes they call it—the Presbyterianism of Ulster and Aughrim and the Boyne. And the chances of its coming to this are not likely to be decreased when it comes to be only a voluntary institution.

THE LIFE ASSURANCE BILL.

THE enormous frauds committed by so many of the managing bodies of Joint-stock Companies have again and again suggested the remedy of a compulsory system of returns. Already the existing law has a multitude of provisions directed to the object of making wilful fraud and concealed insolvency impossible in these cases, but little success has hitherto attended these laudable attempts. The ingenuity of the framers of Acts of Parliament has been baffled by the greater ingenuity of the conductors of bubble Companies. One more effort is now being made to enforce honesty by legislative provisions. A Bill is passing through Parliament the purpose of which is to enable assurers to know whether the Company which they trust with their premiums is likely to redeem its promises, and to pay the sum assured when the contingency of death arrives. If there is any class of Companies to which stringent regulations ought to be applied, it is to Insurance Offices. From the nature of their business they are necessarily paid in advance, and the answer to the all-important question whether is it safe to rely on the solvency and honesty of those who undertake to provide for the needs occasioned by the death of the assured, rests at present upon little else than general reputation. And the mischief is fearfully aggravated by the fact that an insurance office may be really insolvent and incapable of meeting the liabilities hanging over it, and yet go on for many years with an abundance of ready cash at command. For the first twenty years of its existence any insurance office which has a moderate amount of business must be receiving in premiums far more than it has to pay in losses, and the semblance of solvency may be kept up long after it has become certain, to all who are in the secret, that there is no chance of its engagements being ultimately kept. It is only after a long existence that the ratio of losses to premiums attains its normal amount; and when the insufficiency of the assets is at last disclosed, it is too late to save some thousands of victims who have entrusted the office with the most important investments they can be called upon to make. Nor is this postponement of liability the only thing which cloaks the insolvency of many assurance offices. Their whole system of accounts is based upon the estimates of actuaries, and there is nothing more unsound than the principle on which too many of these officers calculate the assets at their command. Future business is assumed to supply the means of covering expenses properly chargeable against the assets actually realized, and statements of profits are often put forth which have no foundation but the hope of future prosperity. That these are not imaginary evils has been unfortunately demonstrated by the number of Companies of this description which have been wound up by the Court of Chancery; and all the reputable and established offices must be quite as anxious as Parliament or their customers can be to enable the world to distinguish between offices which really assure, and offices whose function is limited for the most part to the receipt of premiums. Probably very few even of those who were well informed on the matter were prepared for such a return as has recently been made to the House of Commons on this subject. In the last twenty-five years 272 Insurance Companies have been formed. Of these more than half (152) have been wound up or have discontinued business, and the cessation of business means, of course, the non-payment of policies. Besides these, 44 more have been absorbed by other offices, leaving only 76 out of 272 still subsisting as independent Companies. Nor is this perhaps the whole of the dismal story. The proportion of Companies formed before 1862 which have broken down is 85 per cent., while of the more recent Companies only 53 per cent. have as yet come to grief. Of course the older Companies have lived long enough to reach the period of trial, but it cannot yet be said that those formed under the Act of 1862 will ultimately show a better percentage, though any one who is so minded may indulge the hope that recent Companies are more prudent and honest than those of twenty years ago.

Whether the Bill which has been introduced will suffice to cope with this serious evil may, by the light of past experience, seem doubtful, but no one can question the importance of the object which it has in view, or the zeal with which its framers have sought to ensure success. No measure approaching this in its searching stringency has ever been proposed, and, though it may possibly raise objections in the minds of economists of the *laissez faire* school, we have seen enough in the last few years of the policy of letting dishonesty alone, to justify almost any interference, which promises to check the tide. Returns, in forms which appear to exclude the possibility of evasion, are proposed to be annually required from every Life Assurance Com-

pany. If the forms given in the schedule of the Act are found to be insufficient to elicit the requisite information in the case of Companies doing special business, the Board of Trade is empowered (though only with the consent of the Company concerned) to alter them so as to make them more effective in carrying out the objects of the Act. If the returns are false in any particular to the knowledge of any one who signs them, the offence is to be punished by fine and imprisonment. In addition to this the Board of Trade is authorized on the requisition of twenty or more policy-holders of three years' standing for amounts not less in the aggregate than 20,000*l.*, to direct an examination into the affairs of a Company. Probably the Board of Trade will in this matter do nothing, with its accustomed energy. Still these provisions are on the face of them sufficiently stringent, and though it is impossible to gauge beforehand the powers of evasion which necessity may develop in Boards of Directors, we are bound to say that, short of absolute falsehood involving penal consequences, we cannot see how a Company can under the proposed system contrive to misrepresent its position. The first return is to state the income and expenditure of the past year, showing the balance at starting, the premiums on policies, the consideration received for the grant of annuities, the income from invested funds, and the aggregate receipts from all other sources. On the other side are to be given the claims under policies, the payments for annuities, commission and management expenses, the dividends and bonuses which may have been paid, and a list of all miscellaneous payments on other accounts. A second account is to be the balance-sheet up to the date of the return, and it is so framed as to include among the assets only sums actually due, without any entry for prospective and contingent premiums, unless the Directors have the hardihood to include this, which is often the most imposing item to their credit, under the entry of "other assets to be specified." On the other side of the balance-sheet the prospective liabilities for future deaths are equally excluded, so that the Companies will not be compelled to disclose in their annual accounts the possible discrepancy between the amount of the liabilities which they have undertaken and the assets on which they can depend to meet them. This of course is the most essential point of all, and, if it were not provided for, the official accounts would be quite as likely to mislead as to protect assurers. But this matter has not escaped the attention of the framers of the Bill. It seems, perhaps with reason, to have been thought oppressive to require an actuarial estimate of this character to be made every year; but once in five years in the case of future Companies, and once in ten years in the case of existing Companies, an actuary's report is to be made in the form prescribed by the Act. There is no provision as to the time when the first of these reports is to be made, and it would be a very beneficial amendment to require all Companies to comply with the regulation within a year after the passing of the Act. The interval of ten years allowed to existing Companies between successive returns is moreover unreasonably long, as no well-conducted Company ever fails to prepare such statements for its own use much more frequently than the Act would require it to be done. Under the clauses as they stand, an existing Company which is now hopelessly insolvent might go on increasing its liabilities for ten years more without ever disclosing its real position, and unless this clause is made somewhat more severe all the immediate benefit of the measure will be lost. If this defect is corrected, the actuarial returns, though they may possibly be so framed as to deceive the uninformed public, will be in a shape to enable any one who is familiar with accounts of this description to ascertain with certainty the solvency of the Company. Nothing is easier than to estimate the value of a mass of existing policies, subject to a certain small margin of error for bad selection of lives; and if sound life-tables are used, and a proper rate of interest taken, the present value of the policies of an office can be calculated with sufficient nicety. But then, in order that these policies may realize their calculated value, the office must be kept open at a certain annual outlay for management expenses, and it is a common practice with some accommodating actuaries (and the weak offices know well where to find them) to make little or no allowance for these expenses, on the assumption that they will be covered (as they may or may not be) by the profits of future business. In other words, the goodwill of the trade is brought in as an actual asset, and the result is falsified accordingly. To guard against this and similar devices, the Bill requires the actuary to state the principle on which he has worked out his results, what tables of mortality he uses, what rate of interest he assumes, and how he deals with future expenses. With these data honestly given, the returns will speak for themselves, and no ingenuity will enable a Company to conceal from skilled critics of its accounts the insolvency which may be its real condition. The schedules of forms have throughout been framed with the utmost care, and, difficult as it is to foresee the length to which evasion may be carried, we cannot feel much doubt that, with the slight alterations we have suggested, the Bill may turn out to be a genuine protection to a class (if assurers can be called a mere class) who have been more cruelly plundered than any other section of the community. We trust that the Bill may gain rather than lose in efficiency in its further progress through the Legislature; and we are satisfied that, if it does, it will conduce to the benefit of the many sound offices no less than to that of the public.

THE LIBERAL CATHOLICS OF GERMANY.

WE have lately given our readers an account of some remarkable articles which appeared three months ago in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* on the subject of the approaching Œcumenical Council. The writer explained with admirable clearness and precision the programme of the Ultramontane party, as it may be gathered from their chosen organ, the Roman *Civiltà*, and the inevitable results of their anticipated triumph. But he implied throughout that this triumph could not be achieved without strenuous opposition, though it seemed as if the weight of authority would preponderate on the side of the extreme Romanizers; and he especially insisted that the great body of German Catholics would feel such a result of the Council as an outrage on their deepest convictions of truth. No one who has any acquaintance with the recent intellectual history of Germany, and the present position of rival schools of religious thought in that country, could doubt that he was right. Between the leading minds of German Catholicism and those whose policy is represented by the Congregation of the Index, and freely uttered in the columns of the *Civiltà*, there is a great gulf fixed. But for a long time past the large party of what, for want of a better name, we may call without offence Liberal Catholics, have, with individual exceptions here and there which stand out in honourable isolation, been slow to give open utterance to their thoughts. They seem to have felt that it was almost hopeless, in the present temper of the dominant section of their co-religionists, to attempt to gain a hearing, and they have probably been confirmed in that impression by the torrent of rabid abuse which has overwhelmed the bolder few who have dared to call their souls their own. It was obvious, however, that, as a question of prudence, this reticence must have its limits, unless Catholicism and Ultramontanism were to be suffered to become convertible terms. Another proclamation of the Council, followed up as it has been by open-mouthed announcements of the uses to which they wished to put it from those who are supposed to have the Pope's ear, constitutes a crisis whereby the thoughts of many hearts seem likely to be revealed. At all events, the statements of the writer in the *Allgemeine*, already referred to, as to the mental attitude of his Catholic countrymen, have already received a striking confirmation in the columns of the same journal. A long address to the Bishop of Trèves, issued by a body of "orthodox but educated Catholics" at Coblentz, which is being largely signed by laymen of character and position in the diocese, is now before us. It contains, on the one hand, a vigorous protest against the leading principles of Ultramontane theology, while, on the other hand, it is an indignant assertion of the equal claims of the protesters to be regarded as good Catholics with those who are never weary of stigmatizing them as virtual apostates from the faith. Considering how very seldom any other aspect of Roman Catholic opinion is openly exhibited in this country than that of which Archbishop Manning and the *Dublin Review* are representatives, our readers may be interested to hear something of the views of a very different school as embodied in a document which they have themselves put before the world. There are of course many Englishmen to whom Popery is Popery, and who cannot see much difference between one Papist and another. But, to those who look a little further below the surface of things than Mr. Colquhoun and Lord Shaftesbury, the contrast between such a belief as that expressed in the address of the Catholics of Trèves and the current theology of Roman Catholic periodicals—for they are all now in the hands of the same party—in England, will probably appear not undeserving of notice.

The Address opens by assuring the Bishop of the profound sense of conscientious duty which has constrained the subscribers to make this public declaration of their sentiments, and the more so as he had himself observed in a recent Pastoral that, while bishops alone would have, as successors of the Apostles, the right of voting in the Council, all members of the Church, laity as well as clergy, would have a claim to be heard, and their experience and judgment would naturally exercise a weighty influence on its decisions. There is, they add, a considerable party in the Church whose leaders are not bishops, but laymen and members of religious orders, who are straining every nerve to give the future Council a particular direction after their own mind. And these men not only identify their own wishes and pet theories with the faith and needs of the Church, but denounce all who decline to accept their opinions as dogmas as "Liberal," in con-

tradistinction to "real" (*eigentlichen*), Catholics. They have an organ in the Roman *Civiltà Cattolica*, where they ventilate their views, which are again copied thence into the newspapers conducted by members of religious orders in Germany. The passage we quoted from the *Civiltà* in a former article is then given, stating the desire of all true Catholics for the definition of Papal infallibility and the bodily assumption of the Virgin. And they point out that the importance of these statements lies in the fact of their occurring, not in an ordinary and unofficial newspaper, but in what claims to be a special organ of the Holy See, and is known to express the aims of a great and powerful organization (the Jesuits). Under such circumstances, it would be impossible for those who believe themselves to be no less true children of the Church than their opponents to pass over in silence the proclamation of principles which they regard as erroneous and fraught with the gravest danger. They feel bound to come forward and solemnly assure their Bishop that they "do not share these views, hopes, and wishes of the self-styled true Catholics, on the contrary, they are most decisively opposed to them." Their gratitude to the Holy Father for summoning the Council rests on very different grounds, which they proceed to explain. On looking, they observe, at the present condition of Christendom, we do not see the upgrowth of any specific heresy such as led earlier Councils to define the doctrine of the Church. The infidelity of our own day rests on philosophical opinions the falsehood of which has long since been clearly shown by reference to the great Christian verities, and union with our divided Christian brethren would hardly be facilitated by increasing the number of doctrinal definitions which divide us. The needs of our own time are of a different sort, and the inexhaustible resources of the Church are equal to coping with them. They are such as these—"the liberation of the Church from State control, the restoration of an independent and harmonious movement of the two orders (natural and supernatural) in which, according to God's will, the life of man develops itself, the organic regulation of the part to be taken by the faithful in matters of Church life, the reconciliation of our separated brethren to the Church, the overcoming of social distress, the ascertainment of the true attitude of the clergy and of individual Christians to general cultivation and to science"; those are the crying religious needs of the present, and we look, add the memorialists, for a solution to a Council inspired by the intelligence of the whole Church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It will hardly be possible for the General Council to enter on all these points; much must be left for the separate branches of the Church to develop for themselves. But it would be a matter of sincere congratulation if the Council should give new life to the common organization of the Church by restoring everywhere the regular action of national, provincial, and diocesan synods which has lain in abeyance for centuries. Such synods, when their decrees have been based on free and searching deliberations, and adapted to the requirements of real life, have always been most serviceable to the interests of the Church.

If we turn to the relations of Church and State, and the for conditions of modern society, it seems to the framers of the Address to be of the last importance, for the freedom and independence of the Church, that the Council should unmistakeably proclaim her sincere abandonment of all desire for a return to mediæval systems. The State, no doubt, has a religious basis, for all authority is based on the recognition of a living personal God, but its sphere is limited by the obligations of the natural and moral law, and that State is most truly Christian which accepts the limitation, and gives full liberty and protection in spiritual matters to the Church and the separated religious bodies which are content to respect its authority within its own domain. The Address proceeds to notice the relations of clergy and laity, and strongly deprecates any weakening of the bond of sympathy between them based on a common education. This is of course a protest against the policy of the German Jesuits in substituting theological seminaries for the training of the Universities. "A narrowing of theological education, and exclusion of theologians from the studies which lead to the original sources of faith and Church development, would be a grievous injury to the ecclesiastical culture and life." These matters are best left to the jurisdiction of national synods. The dangers which threaten the Church from the side of infidelity and the social necessities of the time are an urgent call for the closest union between pastors and their flocks, and hence "an organic association of the laity with the Christian and social life of their parish" is imperatively required. These considerations are strengthened by a reference to the ardent desire which animates the Pope, the Episcopate, and all the faithful, especially in Germany, for the reunion of the Protestant Confessions with the Church. For this desire can never be realized till the most decided steps are taken to disabuse Protestants of the prejudices and mistrust they feel towards their Catholic brethren. And, it is urged, how many of their prejudices would vanish if they saw the Church again quickened by a true corporate life, meeting the social wants of Christendom, and thus learnt to forget their suspicions of a grasping and tyrannical hierarchy seeking dominion over the purses and the souls of its people.

The Address here turns to "another weighty question," namely, the *Index Librorum prohibitorum*, and the attitude of the modern Church towards intellect. It is fully admitted that the ecclesiastical authorities have the duty of watching over purity of faith; but then it is added that the present practice of the Index in putting books supposed to contain some error into a condemned catalogue, and forbidding the faithful to read them without express permission, in no wise subserves that duty, while it is consistent neither with the dignity of the Church nor with the advance of knowledge. It wholly fails of its purpose, because it is impossible to classify *all* erroneous writings, the censure depending on the accident of somebody denouncing them; because the authors or books are condemned without specifying the particular error, so that no one is the wiser for the sentence; and, lastly, because the great majority of educated Catholics, as is notorious, neither can nor do pay any attention to it. It is inconsistent with the dignity and spirit of the Church, because good Catholics who, with the best intentions, have unwittingly fallen into some error, or have given offence at Rome without any error at all, are put into the same category with authors of the most scandalous works, and branded with a stigma, while they really deserve the thanks both of the Church and of science. It is injurious to the advance of knowledge, because the fear of having one's good name blasted by condemnation for [illegible] accidental slip, or perhaps through the officiousness of a theological opponent, presses like a leaden weight on the investigations of Catholic students. These objections might of course be copiously illustrated from the recent history of German literature, but the memorialists wisely confine themselves to a general statement of principles, adding, "We therefore entertain the hope that the approaching General Council will abolish the *Index*." The Address concludes in the following words:—

> These are the wishes our conscience constrains us to express. We think they have as good a claim to be heard as those of the other party. A sense of duty has led us to come forward with our names, quickened, on the one hand, by perceiving the widespread disgust excited in Catholic circles by the utterances of the *Civiltà*, on the other, by the deplorable timidity which keeps so many silent who ought to speak out. The unhappy schism of the sixteenth century was immediately preceded by a General Council, without its exercising any favourable influence on the result. If the Christian peoples of our own day are really to be won to the Church by this Council, the teaching and ruling Church must not be left to rest on the magisterial and one-sided *dicta* of a party, but be thoroughly informed as to the true state of men's minds by open and clear avowals, and thus put in a position to meet the real requirements of the time. And we, who, as true sons of the Church, are resolved to live and die in communion with her and the See of Rome, which is our centre, and in filial obedience to your Lordship as our Bishop, have felt it a sacred duty to contribute to the best of our ability towards this end.

It is not necessary to offer any long comments of our own on this remarkable document. Our main object has been to bring under the notice of our readers a powerful and growing phase of Roman Catholic opinion, which to many of those who are not familiar with the subject will perhaps be new. That the present Address emanates from only one diocese is true, but there can be no doubt that it strikes a chord which will reverberate through Catholic Germany, and find [illegible]ponse in the convictions of a large portion, probably a large majority, of the clergy, though, for obvious reasons of prudence, it is only signed by laymen. Two things will occur to every reader on the surface of the document—its studied moderation of tone, and the incisive clearness with which it negatives all the characteristic points of the Ultramontane programme. That the party of the *Civiltà* will be able to carry through their policy at the Council in the face of so strenuous and intelligent an opposition, supposing—as there seems good reason to suppose—that the German bishops are in harmony, as a body, with the sentiments of their people, is hardly conceivable. In any case it would be difficult to overrate the significance, for the future of the Roman Catholic Church, of the trial of strength which is imminent between the two parties within her pale. At a critical moment in her history Ultramontanism has put forward its extremest pretensions with a hitherto unexampled audacity, and with the avowed object of enforcing them on infallible authority upon all who profess her creed. Should the attempt be foiled, it must be long indeed before the party can recover from the effects of what could only escape being a fatal blunder by proving itself a

SPITE.

THE idea of malice occupies the mind long before the word, in all its terrors, is familiar. "'You did it on purpose,' whines the fretful child" under loss or vexation, experiencing at once an added bitterness and a sense of dignity in being the object of malignant design; and henceforth he realizes himself more distinctly as a citizen of the world, a sharer in its trials, already an object of spite, one that will in due time have enemies, who, if he fails, will be the cause of his failure. There are few people who, when things go wrong with them, do not attribute more than is probable to active ill-will on the part of others. Malice is no doubt a power in the world. To work towards a neighbour's downfall, for the disinterested satisfaction of seeing him fall, is the occupation of some persons; but such a solution of ordinary difficulties amongst ordinary people is seldom necessary in civilized society. Persons guilty of the tragic forms of malice are the highest or the lowest among men; on the one hand, kings and conquerors, statesmen pitted against one another at a crisis, heads of factions who must crush one another with a plot; on the other hand, the clown pulling up his parson's tulips or firing his neighbour's stackyard, the operative scarring the pretty jilt's face with vitriol, or blowing up the non-unionist's house and household. People's attention must be fixed long on a single object, their passions concentrated, their thoughts restricted to a narrow circle, for malice to achieve its triumphs, just as venom intensifies itself in dark holes and obscure corners

among ruins and waste places of the earth. In the freer currents of social life, where there is a wide choice of interests and associates, where circumstances combine against the unwholesome fascination of antipathies, human nature is spared these temptations. Nor has it the needful strength and courage. Malice of the broad typical quality does not consist in mere malignity; there must be active mischief, a more than willingness to lend a helping hand. Like Thersites, "it will learn to conjure and raise devils, but it will see some issue of its spiteful execrations." And the opportunity to do mischief, vigilantly watched for, generally presents itself; but this watchfulness men are deterred from, if by no higher motive, by superstition, which reminds them that it is safest not to give the reins to ill-judging. Vindictive persons, says Bacon, live the life of witches, who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate. And we see that it is so. There is the feeling that ill-wishes recoil, that our own good things are imperilled if we seriously set about diminishing our neighbour's stock, hence people are amiable in proportion to the interest they have in things remaining smooth and comfortable. Malice does not pay to common people; it is only magnificos and such great folks who find it the one lasting pleasure of life.

But society finds a substitute for malice—a domestic, creditable, neighbourly form of the great vice—in spite. We scruple to call anybody malicious except in history or the newspapers, but with spite we are on more familiar terms. We see traces of it on the faces of some of our acquaintances, in the speech of others, in the actions of some few; nay, we may even detect some grains (when sorely tried) in ourselves, if we are curious in our investigations. Spite does not care to ruin anybody; only it is apt to reverse the apostolic precept, and most especially makes no hand at rejoicing with those that rejoice. It draws unflattered portraits; it picks holes; it finds self-compensation in the misfortune of others. For here, again, it does not do to define spite as mere ill-wishing, even in its most trifling and restricted form, unless action comes in. Narrow sympathies are perpetually immersed in barren discontent with what interferes with one's own convenience—discontent which issues in positive gratification where another's pain brings relief to self. There are many worthy people, devoted to those nearest to them, helpful to their immediate surroundings, who will take cheerfully as a gift of Providence the news of a distant acquaintance's broken limb or fallen fortunes, if these disasters save them from an unwelcome guest or from the derangement of summer plans. In fact, most persons are made so. It is a sign of peculiar sweetness and nobleness of nature when it is otherwise. Yet we deny that these defective sympathies are spiteful, because their satisfaction arises solely from one's own relief, and not from another's pain; such people would be even better pleased if another's good fortune, rather than his ill luck, had delivered them from a quandary.

There are people distinct from these, who do like mischief for its own sake—people who are companionable, who have their good moral points, but who, as we often observe, seem to be not only indifferent to the evil which occurs to others, but actually pleased to find themselves the cause of transient human suffering. They like to abash sensitiveness, and exercise ingenuity to bring this about; when the humour is on them, they say things for the mere pleasure of giving pain, probing a wound, and curiously watching the deportment of the sufferer. There are many more who entertain a sort of general spite against humanity, and enjoy its smaller humiliations, losses, and vexations, who see something ludicrous in everything that alarms, disconcerts, and exposes, as though wit lay in the fact of one person being vexed while another looks on, to whom your being too late for the train, or breaking your horse's knees, or being put out of countenance, are exhilarating circumstances, although they are in no way benefited by your discomfiture; who from their own snug shelter will enjoy the spectacle of a wet, dripping holiday, when weeks of eager anticipation issue in the damp wretchedness of plodding thousands. This pleasure in witnessing disappointment is especially the diversion of spoiled and pampered youth, which has not yet realized the possibility that its own turn may come, and looks upon all misfortune, great and small, in the light of a spectacle in which it has no other concern than as spectator. Time bringing coward fears, if nothing better, does much of itself to cure this heedless and hardhearted malice. The smooth brow and rounded contour which told nothing of what passed within become vehicles of softer expression from the mere encounter with inevitable sorrow, the countenance which before was merely impassive catches the gift of pity, though self may still have the greatest share of it. But if otherwise, if the malice is anything more than thoughtlessness, then spite imprints a mark on the features which says more plainly than any other vice, Beware! For spite, even where it wishes no great ill and is kept in check by conscience, even where it consists in the mere *soupçon* of malevolence, is absorbing. It broods, and thus the features are moulded into a sympathy with the inner mind which no temporary transient misdoing imparts to them. It prompts thought to dwell most on what it hates or dislikes most, it dominates over reverie.

Happily, however, these are not common physiognomies. That particular malevolent cast of eye and twist of lip are distinctive marks as rare as, on the other hand, are natures that are wholly foreign to some touch of the infirmity. Some few persons we may all know so free from this gall of bitterness as not only never to our knowledge to have said an ill-natured thing or betrayed a spiteful bias, but of whom we are confident that such a thing never happens either in sport or under provocation; who never teased even in boyhood; for teasing is the domestic form of the vice which should touch the consciences of the majority. Teasing is undoubtedly a malicious practice where it inflicts annoyance designedly, though it may not be recognised as such because it constantly goes with liking, and is agreeable to the teaser in proportion to his interest in or attachment to his object. A pet son will tease his mother; a brother will tease his idolizing sisters, with the intention of vexing them, and will not stop till he has succeeded; yet all the while the entire party live in habitual ignorance of the motive at work, in a satisfied understanding that this is a sign of affection, and that the pain of the process is undesigned or inevitable; just as it was generally taken for granted that Tom Tulliver was fond of animals because he liked to throw stones at them. In some aspects of family life the illusion can scarcely be more than one-sided; but there can be no doubt that the bullying elder brother who torments his junior, finding the process more amusing with him than with a stranger, supposes in himself a fraternal fondness. Social as opposed to domestic teasing can hardly be wholly unconscious, but it is assumed to be legitimate—a necessary stimulant to the intercourse of friends, or a means of turning ill-humour to account. Thus Swift reports complacently to Stella how he had teased Prior the evening before because he himself was not in force:—"I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six. There was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain, without any fine manner. Prior swore I should never read any of his again, that he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world." Of course this would be as good as a play to the bystanders, especially as there are two courses open to the victim of spite—the *natural* and the dignified; and curiosity is awakened. Prior may have done wisely to defend his verses at the expense of his temper, but he not the less followed nature's impulse and made the desired sport. When Lord Chesterfield warns his son against wit, the spitefulness which was then its social garb was probably *in his mind*. "A wit," he says, "is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it, and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit in company as a woman is of a gun that she thinks may go off of itself."

All persons who for any reason preferred a quiet life had in those days to use much the same argument against the loud social aggressions of spite. Thus Barrow on the malignity of so-called zeal:—"A quiet sectary doth to most men's fancy appear more lovely than he that is furiously and factiously orthodox." In fact, wit was not wit without a dash of spite.

> Spiteful he w[...], though he wrote [...],
> For still there [...] some thinking to ill-natu[re;]

and we are led to suppose that not only in books, but face to face, the science of provocation was carried to its highest pitch of spitefulness, and that the teasing was of that rough order described as "unflinching frankness." And this is the most piquant form of joke still to a public-house audience, who like to hear an unpopular member reminded that "there's things folks 'ud pay to be rid on besides vermin." We would fain hope that such pleasantries are confined in our day to boors, but fiction is at pains to assure us that the drawing-rooms of fashionable life still echo to similar utterances. Novels which profess to represent the manners of society amaze us constantly with these complacent pictures of vulgar spite. It was only the other day that we met with a heroine who, feeling herself "sat upon" by three elderly ladies at an evening party, chose to mistake one of them for a man, looking her in the face as she did so, to pity another for the chill of her low dress, as she must be seventy years of age, and to talk at the third with such malignant point that her victim was driven from the field, leaving her witty opponent victorious, and receiving the congratulations of an eager circle of observers.

It is a testimony to the self-control which civilization confers that spite is not the universal salt of conversation which all literature represents it to be. The fact is that tone and manner can convey the shades of ill-will much more delicately than most pens. If we are not intrinsically more amiable than our forefathers, we have at least found out this more refined method of annoyance. People used to be thick-skinned, and could give and take in a way which would now be extermination. Uncivil things may be so curiously concealed and wrapped up that it is only when too late that the point is detected, and the retort which springs to the dawning intelligence dies in its birth. It is by such arts that the cynical member of polite circles knows how to keep his hold of intercourse with sensitive persons whom it amuses him to irritate. Courtesy, the show of pleasing, cannot be dispensed with in decent society, whatever novelists may say. Dr. Johnson must have mended his manners, must have suppressed many a sneer and ugly spiteful snub, had he lived in these days, and of course he would have mended them. Now, perhaps, the most effective theatres for such performances are the hustings for vulgar spite, and the House of Commons for refined exquisite malice. People may be civil to one another at home, without the assistance of Christian charity, when they have elsewhere a fitting arena for their spleen, and an antagonist at once worthy of their wit, and sensitive to its stabs. We hear of old maids and tea-tables, we see calm private spite now and then setting itself to some long-planned attack. But what can match

in venom the scene when Greek meets Greek in the crisis of debate, when courtesies are flung aside, pungent recriminations take their place, and personalities set in." Then on either side quickened memory from "hiding-places ten years deep" drags forth the damaging fact, the broken pledge, the fatal periods of youth's heedless rhetoric. Then the blunders of a life are set in the glare of five hundred pair of eyes, exposed as a folly, magnified into a crime. And always the practised hand strikes where the nerves are most sensitive, the vigilant eye notes how each stroke tells, and gleams the keener as anguish betrays itself, while, in rapture's sympathy, "the many rend the skies in loud applause."

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE Mayor of New York seems to suffer, like our own magistrates, under the affliction of being called upon to give advice. We read that a young man from the country, suspecting that he had been imposed upon by an artist of the town, went before the Mayor, and propounded to him this question, "Two men what ain't no relations can't have the same grandmother, can they?" The Mayor endeavoured to avoid answering, but the countryman was not to be put aside. He had gone to a person named Mumler, who practised in New York as a "spiritual photographer," and had paid him ten dollars for a portrait of his deceased grandmother. He was so much gratified with this work of art that he returned to Mumler's shop to order a portrait of another deceased relation, but he encountered at the door a man who was affectionately contemplating the features of *his* grandmother, which had just been produced by the same process and at the same price. The countryman found to his astonishment and disgust that not only the process and the price, but the features in the two portraits, were the same. Now we are quite aware that a man cannot marry his grandmother, and therefore the possessors of two shadowy likenesses of what appeared to be the same lady could hardly be regarded as rival candidates for her favour. We should not apprehend that what is usually called "a difficulty" would arise out of this competition for a grandmother, but we certainly had supposed that the only common relation of all men was an uncle, and it is rather aggravating to find that any man who happens to have ten dollars in his pocket, be he good-looking or ugly, genteel or snobbish, may make himself appear to be a member of one's family. The doctrine of universal brotherhood, however beautiful in theory, requires considerable limitation before it can be reduced to practice. The aggrieved countryman having stated his complaint, the Mayor expressed an unqualified opinion that Mr. Mumler's proceeding was a "swindle," and he directed a functionary who bears the formidable title of Marshal Tooker to visit Mr. Mumler's shop, and desire to be supplied with a spiritual photograph of the Marshal's father-in-law, who is yet alive. Mr. Mumler furnished the required portrait, and thereupon Marshal Tooker took him as a cheat and brought him before the Mayor. Mr Mumler, however, was not deserted in this emergency by his admirers, for in the number of the *New York Tribune* which notices his arrest we find a letter of a correspondent which declares him to be "a true man, a noble and beautiful specimen of our race," and as much above trickery or swindling as the editor of the *Tribune* is above picking pockets. The writer goes on to declare that the portraits of our grandmothers are "holy revelations," and that Mr. Mumler is "an instrument in the power of the honourable dead"—a statement which seems to have been made in oblivion of the fact that the father-in-law of Marshal Tooker is alive.

The examination of Mr. Mumler on this charge lasted several days, and was conducted with that latitude of evidence and exuberance of oratory which marks legal proceedings in America, especially when the public takes strong interest in them. The devotees of spiritualism rallied in support of Mr. Mumler, and Judge Edmonds, who is an enthusiastic believer in this new religion, testified that during the pendency in Court of an action upon a life policy, he had seen the ghost of the insured dimly hovering behind the back row of seats, and watching the trial of the question whether he committed suicide. It would be highly convenient, in an intricate discussion on the construction of a will, if the testator in the cause could be persuaded to appear and explain his meaning; and as every other point in connexion with our proposed Law Courts has been discussed, it may perhaps be worth while to consider which of the two sites is most convenient for communication with the world of spirits. But to return to New York. We cannot help thinking that a judge would do wisely to keep away from spiritual photographers, because the revelations which they are able to make may possibly prove embarrassing. It does not clearly appear whether these artists undertake to produce only spiritual photographs of deceased persons, for an assistant of Mr. Mumler swore that he told Marshal Tooker that the face dimly seen in the corner of the Marshal's own photograph would be that "of the person most in sympathy with him"—a description which hardly suits a father-in-law, and would be totally inapplicable to a mother-in-law. The Judge enjoys a wider range of sympathy than the Marshal, for he was twice photographed by Mr. Mumler, and on each occasion there appeared in the corner of the picture "a dim outline of a female face, sufficiently distinct, however, to show that the lady was very beautiful." The reporter goes on to remark that spiritual manifestations must have abounded on that occasion, for the faces were entirely different, although both were charmingly pretty. We cannot help thinking that even a Lord Chancellor, who is above all other Judges, and therefore is entitled to larger privileges, would feel that the number of charmingly pretty women who are competing for the honour of being most in sympathy with him must have its limit, and this feeling would perhaps remain even if he had the same offer as was made to Judge Edmonds, of an allowance if a quantity should be taken. The Judge stated that he was charged ten dollars for the first sitting, and only five dollars afterwards. The Judge further stated that he had resolved never to form an opinion without knowledge, for whenever he had done so "he had made an ass of himself." But he expressed the opinion that spirits have so much materiality as to be visible to the human eye, and this opinion was founded on knowledge, for he had seen in Court the spirit of a man whose death was the basis of a suit, and had been told by the spirit that the man had committed suicide. The first spirit he ever saw was that of Judge Talmage, who was leaning against a window-casement, and he saw the window-casement plainly through the body of his learned brother. Another witness produced a spiritual photograph which he had had done by Mr. Mumler. His own likeness was good, but the person most in sympathy with him was so shadowy as to be unrecognisable. After discussion, however, in Court, it was agreed that the face resembled that of Judge Dowling (who was hearing the case), only it was better-looking. We have heard nothing like this since an English Judge asked a shoemaker whether a certain pair of shoes were more fashionable than the Judge's own, and was answered, "Oh yes, my Lord, much more fashionable than those."

The celebrated Barnum was called among other witnesses for the prosecution, and he stated that he had devoted a portion of his life to the detection of humbugs. About seven years ago Mr. Barnum was composing a book on humbugs, and he wrote to Mr. Mumler that he wished to purchase specimens of his so-called spirit photographs for the Museum of humbugs established by him, Barnum. Spirit photographs were accordingly supplied by Mr. Mumler at two dollars apiece, and they were hung by Mr. Barnum on the walls of his Museum for three or four years. Among them were spirit photographs of Napoleon Bonaparte and Henry Clay, and the positions of the figures were exactly like the well-known engravings of these personages. The title of Mr. Barnum's book was *The Humbugs of the World*. All the chapter relating to spirit photographs referred to Mr. Mumler, who does not seem to have objected to the celebrity thus bestowed upon him. The spirit photographs which were hung upon the walls of Mr. Barnum's Museum were labelled "humbug," and the compliment thus conveyed was not repudiated by Mr. Mumler. It was attempted in cross-examination to obtain from Mr. Barnum an admission that he was himself a practitioner in the same line as Mr. Mumler, but Mr. Barnum treated the epithets "cheat" and "swindler" as wholly inapplicable to his own proceedings. He said that he had never been in any humbug business where he did not give value for the money. The woolly horse was a remarkable reality and curiosity. It was not a horse "woolled over," but was born exactly as it was exhibited. As regards the mermaid, Mr. Barnum only said that it was represented to the public exactly as it was represented to him, and we should like to know what Mr. Barnum was expected to say more. He never had reason to doubt that it was what he represented, nor could he have had reason unless he had entered upon a delicate and difficult investigation. We have heard that there was once exhibited in this country a merman who was declared by an Irishman who visited him to be a countryman of his own. But Mr. Barnum, so far as we know, had never heard that his mermaid was not a daughter of the sea. Among a people so polite as the Americans, it would be intolerable that the fair stranger should be troubled with questions as to her birth, parentage, or the reality of her scales and tail. You might just as well ask a lady whom you met in society as to the reality of her complexion or her hair. Mr. Barnum was not bound to put impertinent questions to the mermaid, and indeed we may go further and say that he was bound not to put them. When, therefore, it was proposed by counsel to ask Mr. Barnum whether the mermaid was precisely the same as he had represented, the presiding Judge properly ruled that this question could not be put. For how could Mr. Barnum have answered it if it had been put? He did, indeed, state positively that the horse was not "woolled over"; but he could scarcely state, except as matter of hearsay or belief, that the mermaid was not scaled over, and neither hearsay nor belief are admissible in a court of law. The Judge must reject what is called secondary evidence; but if the mermaid had returned to her watery or other home, it was no longer possible to investigate the reality of her tail. Mr. Barnum, being further asked whether he had ever taken money for the exhibition of spurious curiosities, admitted that he might have given the public "a little drapery" sometimes; but we feel tolerably certain that he gave no drapery in the instance of the mermaid. Mr. Barnum had doubtless learned to repress curiosity at an early period in his successful life; and therefore, when he bought the nurse of George Washington, and paid one thousand dollars for her, it was remote from his thoughts to inquire how old she was. To ask a female her age is as impertinent as to ask whether her head or her tail is real, and Mr. Barnum is a well-bred man. The statement in the bill of sale that this woman had nursed George Washington had never been disproved, and Mr. Barnum had accepted it, and bought the woman at the price put upon her by her owner. Mr. Barnum says, indeed, that "before

she got through," he began to have some doubt whether she had nursed Washington, but he did not put himself out of his way to suggest this doubt to the public mind.

In order to get all possible talk out of a trial, it is the custom in the United States to allow both the defendant and his counsel to address the Court. Mr. Mumler made a clever hit by stating that the face which appeared on Marshal Tooker's picture was "the most villanous he had ever seen," and it was therefore necessarily the likeness of the person most in sympathy with the Marshal. The counsel for Mr. Mumler referred to spiritual manifestations in the Bible, particularly that which was perceived by Balaam's ass, and he thus drew upon himself the answer that the perception of such manifestations by asses was not confined to ancient times. Mr. Mumler was charged with obtaining money by a false pretence, and if it could have been proved that the dim face on Marshal Tooker's picture was produced by mechanical means, the charge would have been made out. But the numerous photographers who were called as witnesses could only prove that such faces could be so produced. It is difficult to see how the case could be carried further, unless the Court adopted the argument of counsel that the Bible was part of the law, and the Bible showed that spiritualism was false. The result was that the prisoner was discharged, and was hailed as a conqueror, by those who would have considered him a martyr if he had been sent for trial. We should expect that his business will be increased by this prosecution, and we would venture to suggest that he should devote a portion of his profits to augmenting his stock of grandmothers. Young men from the country may possibly help themselves to the redress which the law cannot afford them. It is prudent to tell every purchaser to take home his picture and keep it a little time, and then he will begin to see that the shadowy face is very like his grandmother. We have little doubt that the purchaser would begin to see this, provided that the growth of his opinion was not disturbed by finding that a neighbour had brought home a picture of his grandmother exhibiting the very same face.

PARISIAN CRIMINALS.

NOVELISTS have continually tried to enliven their pages by pictures of the enemies to society who lurk in the holes and corners of civilized cities. Since Fielding took Jonathan Wild for his hero, innumerable attempts have been made to describe the professional criminal, but for the most part with very poor success. Indeed failures are not surprising. There is some touch of the poetical in the ideal ruffian who maintains himself in the midst of us in defiance of legislators and police, we think of a bit of wild nature surviving in the midst of a highly cultivated country, and fancy that even the London pickpocket must have something of the grace of the outlaw with his foot upon his native heath. Unluckily the reality is too far from the fictitious personage; our criminals are for the most part as unlike their pictures as the drunken Red Indian of the present day is to Cooper's noble savages, or as the genuine cattle-stealer of the last century to Sir Walter Scott's Rob Roy. They are squalid, prosaic, and hideous beings, whose intellects are little more than animal cunning, and whose instincts are too gross for any decent veil of fiction. Therefore, for the most part, their describer takes refuge in sheer unreality, and gives us types like George de Barnewell in the model novel, or the charming highwaymen after whom that philosophical hero was portrayed. Yet the readers of a late article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by M. Maxime du Camp may perhaps be inclined to fancy that the school of writers who deal in the terrible and revolting might add a powerful chapter or two to the mysteries of Paris without straying too far into the regions of pure fancy. M. du Camp has evidently a close acquaintance with his subject; he has talked with some of the leading men in the criminal profession; he has visited their favourite haunts; he has picked up something of their language; and he gives us an elaborate classification of their favourite pursuits. If, in some respects, the French criminal is little above the wild beast in his propensities, he has yet a certain grim picturesqueness about him which would repay a careful student of human nature. There was, for example, a certain sense of humour about one Beaumont, who got himself up in splendid official costume, with a black coat, a white cravat, and a voluminous portfolio under his arm, and ordered a soldier to accompany him with an air of undoubting confidence. Placing him as a sentinel before the door of the chief of the *service de sûreté*, with orders to admit no one, M. Beaumont repaired to the official apartment, walked off with the valuables, and, dismissing the soldier, disappeared into utter obscurity, sending the same evening a civil note of apology for the trouble which he had given. M. Beaumont, we are almost glad to say, escaped with his plunder from all pursuit. The celebrated Jadin, again, appears to have acted the part of a Robin Hood in modern life. In following his profession of *cambrioleur*—a peculiar variety of burglar—he was in the habit of breaking into rooms, and when he found them specially poverty-stricken, leaving behind him a respectable contribution for the benefit of the fortunate inmate. The delicacy of feeling thus displayed did not imply that he was above doing his work in a more businesslike spirit when occasion demanded, for Jadin was unfortunately executed for murdering a young girl whom he surprised in one of his visitations. A slight touch of good feeling may perhaps be put to the account of another gentleman who was accused of complicity in a murder of peculiar atrocity at St. Cyr. He pointed out to the President of the Court that he was innocent of any premeditation, inasmuch as he had come without arms to the scene of operations, and had only picked up a stone on the way to help in demolishing the victims. "Why, then," said the President, "did you accompany men whom you knew to be intending a crime?" "*Dame*," was the reply, "*entre voisins, il faut bien se rendre de petits services.*" Other stories are of a more unmitigatedly revolting character. We have lately been treated to discussions as to the intuitive sense of morality possessed by the whole human race. What sort of moral sentiment could lurk in the breast of the criminal who went to see his brother executed, and occupied himself in picking pockets of four watches and a purse? or of the horrible ruffian of twenty-one who, after murdering his mother with fifty-six blows of a knife, lay down on the bed by the corpse, and, in his own words, "passed a good night"? Much as the plea of insanity has been abused, we would be glad to think that it was possible to set down the crimes of such monsters to some irresistible moral disease.

The heroes of these stories were amongst the aristocracy of their profession. They rejoice in the proud title of *escarpe*, the name given to the genuine assassin who murders systematically by way of opening proceedings, and not as a matter of occasional expediency. Below them are numerous classes of criminals, each devoted to some speciality, and frequently displaying the same sort of skill which we admire in the artisan whose facility in his own branch of work has become an instinct. For the most part, we recognise them as analogous to English criminals of different varieties, though peculiarities of national custom open different modes of attack in the two countries. The *faiseurs*, who are the most intellectual members of the profession, are the swindlers, capable of anything from cheating at cards to getting up sham companies. M. du Camp mentions a certain *Mutifian*, who called himself *Comte de Belair*, professed to be the son of a general of the First Empire, and lived in the very best society on the profits of skilful thefts and gambling. Another, a certain *Piednoir*, is at the present moment living in great comfort in a large Dutch town. Far below these are the *francs bourgeois*, who get admission into houses as beggars for the purpose of stealing, the *tireurs*, or genuine pickpockets; shoplifters, who are subdivided into many classes, such as those who profess to buy, and take the opportunity of helping themselves under various pretences, and those who venture to break into shops at night; the *roulotiers*, who steal baggage off carts, and numerous others, whose special skill lies in robbing children, in changing mock jewels for genuine, in cheating *restaurateurs*, or in various other departments of business. Between this rabble and the true assassin there is a carefully graduated scale of malefactors. The burglars form the lowest stage. The highest rank of these is the *caroubleurs*, who use false keys. Above them are the *sorgueurs*, the descendants of the old highwaymen. M. du Camp describes one of the last survivors of these gentlemen, who is still in prison at Belle-Isle. His massive lower jaw, moveable eyes, retreating forehead, and long powerful arms give him, says M. du Camp, the appearance, of a huge chimpanzee. Between the *sorgueurs* and the *escarpes* there still intervene the *assommeurs*, who correspond apparently to the English garotters. They are, it seems, rather more objectionable than their analogues, from a habit of depositing their victim in the river. Another pleasant invention employed by these ingenious persons is an eel-skin filled with sand; with this they can strike a heavy blow, and then, emptying out the sand, they have the appearance of being totally unarmed. To read this description may give a nervous visitor to Paris the same sort of shock which an invalid sometimes receives from a medical work revealing hitherto unsuspected varieties of disease. The cockney will tremble as he walks along the boulevard and runs over in his mind the list of professional criminals who may be lying in wait at every corner.

Such a person, however, may more profitably reflect on the question whether we are at all better off than our neighbours. M. du Camp accounts for the numerous army of crime by a theory which we fear will hardly bear inspection. He says that it is owing partly to the want of emigration from France. To this we may reply, only too conclusively, that, in the first place, emigration is confined to decently honest people in England and Germany, and leaves the dregs behind, and, in the next place, that we to all appearance have as large a list of criminals in London as in Paris. It is indeed impossible to arrive at any satisfactory statistics on the subject. M. du Camp gives us a set of figures as to the number of arrests in Paris during the last few years. In 1867 it amounted to over 35,000, whereas ten years before it was only 20,726. This, however, only gives a very indirect impression as to the numbers of the classes living in crime. It includes apparently arrests for drunkenness and for simple vagrancy, and it would be difficult to compare it with English statistics of a similar kind, without knowing many facts as to the efficiency of the police, the causes which justify arrest, and other varying circumstances. The chief subject for remark is that the numbers have so rapidly increased of late years, and especially in the last two years. The absence of emigration can evidently have nothing to do with this, as emigration was no more active ten years ago than it is now. The true explanation would seem to be simpler. The increasing attractions of Paris and the great facilities of travel are constantly drawing a larger supply from the rural population in search of high wages and the various charms of the capital. A similar gravitation towards the

large towns is conspicuous not only in France, but in England and America, though in France it has been more systematically encouraged. The natural result is, that many of the immigrants fail to obtain employment, and go to swell the ranks of the poorest, and sometimes of the criminal, class. Nothing is more common than to find poor people who have come up from the country to London from a vague hope of improving their position, and have only fallen into deeper distress. The same result is, we presume, at least as common in Paris, and the commercial depression of the last two years has no doubt increased the effect. The sudden swelling of pauperism in the English metropolis has been coincident with the increase of crime in Paris, and is due in great part to similar causes. The chief moral of M. du Camp's investigations would seem to be tolerably obvious. He shows with great force the enormous difficulties of dealing satisfactorily with the criminal class. A man or boy who has once acquired a taste for living on crime is, as a general rule, bound to an almost hopeless servitude. The Jews, according to M. du Camp, show a certain superiority in this respect, which is evinced by the fact that one Jewish rogue never preys on another, and still more by the Jew occasionally saving money and retiring on the proceeds of his profession. This is above the power of most persons who have once tasted blood. They become as incapable of leaving their trade as a tiger of living upon cabbages instead of deer. A thief who has made a successful *coup* immediately proceeds to spend it in debauchery. He may be recognised by a sudden outburst of tawdry finery, and throws away his money upon his mistresses and companions. He returns to his career as certainly as the savage who has received a superficial smearing of civilization throws away his clothes and takes to the bush as soon as it comes within sight. A human being becomes simply a machine for performing one special piece of roguery, and we can no more turn him to account in any other way than we can make a spade out of a skeleton key. The problem, therefore, comes to this — when a man has only one talent, which is prejudicial to society, and no virtues worth mentioning, how are we to make him useful? A versatile thief might give hopes of being fit for honest industry, but nothing seems to be more remarkable, in the French as in the English predatory animal, than the limited nature of his capacity. He resembles a wild beast, which can only get its living after a single fashion; the ant-eater can only subsist by inserting his long tongue into an ant's nest, and the thief has the one available talent of gliding his hand imperceptibly into the human pocket. The thief's pleasures are equally limited, the most mentionable being attendance at certain singing-halls and drinking-shops, which appear to be very similar throughout the world. If it were not for a certain soft-heartedness we might hang all the thieves or shut them up for life, and then make a fair start, though perhaps the vacuum would be speedily filled again from the surrounding masses of misery. As it is, the evil cannot be finally cured without raising the whole standard of life in the lowest classes. A strict and effective police supervision is evidently required to keep it within bounds, and there is little use in wasting sentiment over restrictions on the liberty of such barely responsible persons. Short terms of imprisonment are evidently thrown away; we want vigorous measures in dealing with a class in which even the rudiments of a moral instinct are almost indiscernible; and no means will be effective without a supplementary scheme for cutting off the supply of infant recruits who are constantly drifting into the ranks of crime from the vagabond population of the streets.

MR. CARDWELL AND THE ARMY RESERVE.

FOR nearly three years the *Saturday Review* has been the advocate of a consistent and definite plan for re-organizing the army in accordance with the spirit, the wants, and the examples of the time. In that period the progress made in the subject by public opinion has been rapid in comparison with the rate at which the mind of a people generally moves when great changes are contemplated, and when the matter does not, by its urgency or its exciting nature, exercise unwonted pressure. When General Peel effected his trifling and shortsighted contribution to the reorganization of the army, we believed, and said, that he had lost a great opportunity for achieving an important reform; and we still think that he might have done, as the leader of opinion, with safety and advantage to the country, and with infinite credit to himself, what Mr. Cardwell, as the follower of opinion, is now meditating. The problem was, how to combine efficiency with economy; and, confident of the conclusion to which the practical spirit of the country, when fairly roused, would tend, we ventured long ago to prophesy that the scheme of forming a main reserve of soldiers who had already passed a shortened period of service in the ranks would become the rule. This seems likely to be fulfilled in much less time than we had ventured to expect, and as, amidst the numerous and diversified modifications of this principle which have emanated from public speakers and writers, our ideas on the subject have become only part of a confused mass of thought, we are not sorry for the opportunity which the speeches of Lord Elcho and Mr. Cardwell on the Army Reserve afford us of again setting forth our opinions. But, while we may reasonably suppose that the consistent expression of those opinions has not been without its effect on the public and official mind, we must disclaim all absurd pretension to a monopoly of originality on a subject where the examples of foreign Powers, patent to the world, formed the common source of those ideas which required only a competent knowledge of our own military system, with its defects and its requirements, to mature into a practicable plan.

Lord Elcho is quite right in thinking that the main want of the time is that of a sufficient reserve. Other deficiencies, of organization, of administration, or of material, may be made good at need by energy, courage, and resource, though, it may be, at heavy cost. But the want of practised soldiers to meet a skilful enemy is what neither wealth nor numbers nor hardihood can remedy. When on the one side are arrayed training, confidence, coherence, and purpose, while on the other these are wanting, mere enthusiasm and patriotic spirit cannot redress the balance; and nobody, we presume, would pretend that our Militia and Volunteers have hitherto attained to such a degree of proficiency or of discipline as would render them equal in manœuvring to the troops of Prussia or France. Even the manner in which the different kinds of force should be employed, whether in the field or in garrison, as skirmishers, or general line, or reserve, is still matter of debate; and if an enemy's army were to land and aim at London by the route on which the advantages for defence are greatest, and the means of opposing it have been best considered, it is but too likely that the time for prompt action would be passed in confusedly considering how to act. So much of this formidable perplexity as would arise from the disparity in military efficiency of the various parts of the whole force would be obviated by the possession of a reserve equal in quality to the active army; while, in presence of the enemy, the value of fully trained over imperfectly trained soldiers is scarcely to be estimated by arithmetic. Even for defensive purposes, therefore, a reserve of regulars is of incalculable importance; while in a campaign on foreign soil we should have a force at once trustworthy and disposable, instead of being dependent on such precarious resources as volunteers from the Militia, or recruits from the general population of the kind that appeared in the Crimea in the second period of the war. But, while highly approving Lord Elcho's main design, we doubt, with Mr. Cardwell, the policy of the measure by which he proposed to effect it, derived from Sir Hope Grant, and consisting in an enlistment for twenty-one years divided into three equal periods — the first to be passed with the colours; the second in the First Reserve, with liability to be called to the ranks in time of war, the third in the Second Reserve, for home defence only. No doubt a prolongation of that limited degree of liability to service which depends on the chance of war arising in any given interval would be no great additional hardship, and could not seriously interfere with the industrial pursuits of the citizen soldier. But on the popular mind, the idea of enlisting for so long a period, and of accepting responsibilities which would seem much more burdensome than they really were, would certainly have a deterrent effect, and we should prefer to re-engage men for the third term of service, if it were desirable (which we doubt) to retain soldiers so long, while younger men were forthcoming. So far, then, we think Mr. Cardwell's ideas preferable to Lord Elcho's, and the reluctance of the Minister to state definitely the measures of reorganization which he may be ultimately disposed to adopt is itself of good augury, as showing his sense of the necessity of carefully deliberating on the whole scheme in all its bearings, before committing himself to any part of it.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cardwell did announce certain convictions of his own which cause us considerable misgivings. To us, and to most others who have discussed the subject, it has generally seemed a necessary condition of a shortened period of service that troops should be specially enlisted for service in India and the Colonies, while the regular army should be kept at home and in such neighbouring dependencies as may be considered home stations. In this way many great advantages might be expected. Large numbers of recruits would be attracted to the ranks whom the prospect of distant foreign service would deter. A uniform system of discipline and training might be established and maintained throughout the army. The health of the army would be unbroken by the vicissitudes of climate. And the great expense of frequent reliefs would be avoided. But Mr. Cardwell considers the importance of having no separate enlistment for India to be so great that he proposes to regulate the shortened period of service which he contemplates by that which will be sufficiently long to allow of reliefs for India. He thinks Indian service should last five years, and therefore appears inclined to make the first period of service in the army seven years, two of which, we suppose, would be allotted to the preparatory training of recruits in the regimental depots. This we think too long — needlessly long for the acquisition of soldiership, and likely to lessen the chances of success in trade or mechanical labour on returning to civil life. In fixing the period, he seems to have been mainly influenced by the consideration that five years' Indian service is as much as the average soldier can endure. We imagine it is more than the average soldier can endure without injury, and that the result will be a lowering of the average health and efficiency of an increased number of regiments. Mr. Cardwell says that to have a separate army for India would be a complete reversal of a policy recently and deliberately adopted. True; but it was adopted at a time when ideas totally different from those now dominant prevailed; the wisdom of it was gravely doubted at the time, and has been gravely doubted since; and though there are always difficulties in the way of retracing steps so important, yet that is

a very inadequate reason for marring an entire scheme of re-organization by changing one of its main conditions. That men specially enlisted for India would, as Mr. Cardwell says, bestow their sympathies exclusively on the service to which they gave their lives, may be true, and would be, in its degree, an evil; but an evil by no means comparable with the disadvantages which, as we think, will in the other case be entailed on the whole army. Then Mr Cardwell grudges that the army should lose the benefit of that experience which, he says, five years of Indian service gives. So far as that service may be a period of war, it must of course impart experience of a right kind to the troops employed but so far as it is a period of peace, it is, we believe, anything but a benefit. It is a period when discipline is impaired by yielding to the conditions of the climate; when ideas and customs at variance with those which should prevail in a European army are acquired, and when injurious indulgence and excess are taught by example more general and pernicious than is to be found in home service. Another objection which Mr. Cardwell makes is that we ought not to have an army whose services the Queen could not command wherever they might be needed. But we see no reason why the terms of a separate enlistment for India should not be such as to admit of the troops there being employed elsewhere, and such a condition would, we imagine, be regarded as a boon rather than a hardship, as was lately proved when troops in India were required for service in Abyssinia. In fact, we see nothing in any of Mr. Cardwell's objections to a separate army which can be compared in weight to those which may be urged on the other side. To garrison India with troops from the regular army, reliefs must be frequent and costly. A large portion of the army will pass the whole of its effective service in India, and will more or less suffer in health and discipline; the uniformity of the system of training will be impaired, and the project of teaching trades to soldiers, which ought to be part of a good scheme, will be rendered in great measure abortive.

Another idea of Mr. Cardwell's which we think mistaken or exaggerated is the value he attaches to old soldiers. In the time of the First Napoleon, he says, there was the greatest desire to extend the period of service, while the Duke of Wellington thought the old soldier the mainstay of the army. But that was a time of long and destructive war, and the soldier of three or four years' service is, at such a time, a veteran. Even the few who survive in such a period of war to be what Mr. Cardwell understands by old soldiers, are very different from the old soldiers of peace. They are men who have been seasoned, not in barracks or parades, but in actual war; men who hand down the traditions of military sagacity and experience and embody the memory of former achievements, and who thus keep alive the spirit and the glory of their regiments. No wonder that these should have been considered of infinite value compared with the boy-conscripts or raw recruits whom the exigencies of the day hurried to arms. There is no reason why in time of war the whole service of the soldier, under the new system, should not be passed in the field, and his re-engagement for a further period encouraged. But in peace old soldiership means increased pay and pension; it too often means confirmed habits, not of war-like resource, but of intemperance and perfunctory performance of duty; it means marriage in the army, with all the evils it entails, and, too probably, an old age of uselessness and want. We hope, therefore, that this part of the scheme will be so framed as to exclude all re-engagements except those of non-commissioned officers.

We are not sure that we quite understand that part of Mr. Cardwell's speech in which he says that it is desirable not to abandon the present system of enlistment until we have tried the new one. To carry on the new and old side by side would tend to confusion, and would be no fair test of the soundness of the change. The alteration in the terms of enlistment would not affect the existing army further than that if plenty of recruits were obtained by the new conditions, some of our then superfluous older soldiers might be allowed to join the reserve. But if it is found (which we are far from anticipating should the plan get a fair trial) that recruits fail us, there can be no reason why, by reverting to the existing conditions of service, we should not re-establish our army on its present footing, and all chance of disastrous failure would therefore be speedily obviated.

THE NOTTINGHAM ELECTION.

IT would be worth while to inquire, if there were any chance of a result from the inquiry, how it is that in certain English towns special characteristics of political vice are indigenous. Nottingham is, we believe, a respectable sort of place in the knitting and hosiery way; but why should Nottingham elections be worse than any other elections? That the fact is so there is little doubt. It requires but a slight effort of memory to note down, even from the time when Nottingham Castle was sacked in the famous old Reform days, the scenes of riot and turbulence which Nottingham has witnessed. The older Mr. Walter's elections are still remembered as pleasant times when a good hand-to-hand fight was conducted by professional bruisers, hired by rival candidates, who day after day for weeks displayed a common savagery not only against each other, but against everybody else. Feargus O'Connor's turbulent representation of this riotous town was symbolical of its general character. The election in which Mr. Samuel Morley gained the seat only to lose it was not a very edifying exhibition. Neither Mr. Bernal Osborne, who has also represented this remarkable constituency, nor the late Sir Robert Clifton, did much to retrieve its grotesque and altogether unique public character. The election which has just taken place is quite worthy to rank with its many predecessors. The odd thing is that so many very extravagant and out of the way candidates gravitate by some sort of strange law to Nottingham. Feargus O'Connor, Mr. Osborne, Sir Robert Clifton, Mr. Handel Cossham, Lord Amberley—this is a curious succession of notables; and the series has just been completed by Mr. Digby Seymour, who has barely missed the seat. Mr. Digby Seymour's connexion with Nottingham is of the queerest. The late Sir Robert Clifton was not a very ordinary man. He was, as his biographical eulogist in a Nottingham paper informs us, descended from some *dapifer* or seneschal of the Conqueror; but the merits which recommended him to Nottingham were that he was odd, and considerably out at elbows. Horses, the Turf harpies, and losses at the rate of a thousand pounds a night, so we are told, ending in expatriation, endeared their late member to the roughs of Nottingham. They elected him once and again, and so great was his popularity that it appears that, by a sort of nuncupative will, he bequeathed the representation of Nottingham to his friend Mr. Digby Seymour. So Mr Seymour and Lady Clifton give us to understand. Mr. Digby Seymour issued his address—we use his own words—from this "House of Mourning," namely Clifton, on the day after Sir Robert Clifton's funeral; a proceeding nearly as comic as Mr. Macaulay's address to the Edinburgh electors from Windsor Castle. The other candidate—Mr George Potter, after the manner of the typical working-man's candidate, having collapsed—was Mr. Seely, a well-known Liberal, and bearing a name of terror in Admiralty circles. The issue was between ordinary Liberalism in the person of Mr. Seely, and Cliftonism in the person of Mr. Digby Seymour. The late Sir Robert Clifton was a Liberal of his own fashion—an independent Liberal—and returned chiefly by the votes of the electors added to the constituency by Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill Sir Robert Clifton voted against the Irish Church Bill, and Mr. Digby Seymour stood in his shoes. His confession of political faith consisted in one single solid article. "My views," he says, "on the great questions of the day are, for the most part, the same as those of the late Sir Robert Clifton." The Elisha was worthy of the Elijah. The election in any other place than Nottingham would be described as a disgraceful riot. Bands of notorious "lambs" paraded the streets, vehicles decked with party colours and filled with roughs paraded the streets, and the excitement was so great, as the report delicately expresses it, that it was found necessary to parade and arm the pensioners Mr Seely's committee-room was riddled, the Riot Act read, and charges with fixed bayonets on the mob was the order of the day. The polling was curious. Mr. Seely took the lead, but in the course of the day many Conservatives, though reluctantly, voted for Mr. Digby Seymour, and he was only defeated by a majority of a little more than a hundred Out of a constituency of 14,000, however, only about 9,000 votes were given.

We do not much believe in what are called typical elections. Elections, even at very critical moments, turn mostly on local and personal considerations We do not consider the recent Stafford election to prove the reaction of which we hear so much and see so little; neither do we say that this Nottingham election—which has ended, however dubiously, by the defeat of a candidate who was pledged, if to anything, to resist the Government measure on the Irish Church—shows that the Nottingham electors disapproved of their late member's opposition to it. What we have to say is, that for a constitutional candidate, or, indeed, for any other candidate, Mr. Digby Seymour is a very odd representative of anything but himself. We are not much surprised to be assured by reports from Nottingham that, "except on the Irish Church question, Seymour was not to the liking of the Conservatives, and that they came up very tardily to the poll." The surprising and notable thing is, that any 4,525 human beings should be capable either of such liking, or of such smothering of dislike, as to vote for Mr. Digby Seymour under any circumstances. We say nothing of Mr. Digby Seymour's personal acquaintance with the late Sir Robert Clifton, or of the extremely peculiar taste which induced him to attend his friend's funeral, and to write an elegy on him in the Nottingham papers chiefly as sharp hits of canvassing; but what surprises us is the short memories of these 4,525 electors, and the fact that undoubtedly Mr. Seymour was the popular candidate. The new Constitution, if it has favoured the country with many constituencies in which Mr. Digby Seymour, or the like of Mr. Digby Seymour, if he can have a like, could be all but returned as their representative in Parliament, may be a matter of happy retrospect to Mr. Disraeli, especially as Sir Robert Clifton used to dine with him, and as Mr. Digby Seymour would have entered Parliament as one of his supporters; but it gives rise to serious misgivings to those who are not constitutionalists and opponents of the Irish Church Bill.

For, again, we ask whether we have all forgotten all about this Mr. Digby Seymour? In June, 1859, Mr Digby Seymour was member for Southampton, having been returned by the Conservatives, to whom he had pledged himself not to vote against the Derby Government on the question of No Confidence. On the first night of the debate he spoke in support of Ministers; on the division he voted against them. The *Morning Herald* of the day accounted for this curious incident by connecting it with some

"promise of places and offers of rewards" on the part of the Liberals, by which—so the *Morning Herald* suggested—Mr. Digby Seymour had been swayed. Whereupon Mr. Digby Seymour applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a criminal information against the *Morning Herald*, which application was refused. Nor is this all that we are obliged to remember about Mr. Digby Seymour. In December, 1862, was tried an action for libel, *Digby Seymour* v. *Butterworth*, contained in the *Law Magazine* of May, 1862. Mr. Digby Seymour, it appears, had informed the Southampton electors that he had been made Recorder of Newcastle on account of his professional eminence. Whereupon, in a tremendous article, the *Law Magazine* commented on Mr. Digby Seymour's professional and political career, and openly alleged that Mr. Seymour received the Recordership as a reward for deserting the Conservatives, and that, as to his professional eminence, "he had, in fact, been censured, and almost disbarred, by the Benchers of the Middle Temple for unprofessional conduct in his relations with attorneys." We adopt the severe historical tone, and quote from that admirable remembrancer of forgotten things, Mr. Irving's *Annals of our Time*. The *Law Review* took the severe, but not the historical, tone, and disported itself with a contrast. Mr. Seymour, having alleged that he was persecuted on circuit because he was an Irishman, the *Law Magazine* drew a parallel between "the Irish gentleman" and "the Irish blackguard, swaggering, foul-mouthed and shameless; the most insolent of upstarts, the most unblushing of swindlers; never destitute of a quarrel, never at a loss for a lie"; and went on to say something about a "power of impudence" and a "fertility in fraud which defy all description." For this extremely provoking and alliterative libel Mr. Digby Seymour got a verdict with the moderate damages of 40s., and triumphantly proved that the *Law Magazine* had a very vigorous and very reckless and indiscreet writer. But what remained as the residuum of this trial, *Seymour* v. *Butterworth*, was that Mr. Seymour got two pounds out of Mr. Butterworth, that the charge about the Recordership of Newcastle was neither proved nor disproved, because it was incapable of proof, and that, as to the fact about Mr. Digby Seymour and the Benchers of the Middle Temple, why it was a fact, and, as Chief Justice Cockburn remarked, the writer in the *Law Magazine* "added nothing to the facts brought before the Benchers, added no facts of his own, and was not responsible for the facts, and that it was difficult to see how the facts could have been more fairly brought before the public." The facts being that the Benchers found it to be their "painful duty to state that they found much calling for severe condemnation, even on the most favourable consideration of Mr. Seymour's actions," and they lamented, to say the very least of it, that, in a certain matter, Mr. Seymour's conduct had a "tendency to introduce into, or maintain in the practice of, their profession, men more distinguished by the pliancy of their principles than by the gifts of nature, improved by an industrious and honest pursuit of eminence by honourable means."

Now what we said nearly seven years ago (*Saturday Review*, December 2, 1862), we here repeat. This is the judgment which the Masters of the Bench passed upon Mr. Digby Seymour. Mr. Digby Seymour published a pamphlet complaining of this judgment, but he did not proceed by action for libel against the Benchers. That judgment stands. What was true or false six years and a-half ago is true or false now. The *Law Magazine* was fined very properly for very improper language, and certainly it was never proved that Mr. Seymour ever entered into a directly corrupt bargain with any Government for his vote. But we have not heard that the Benchers have withdrawn their censure on Mr. Seymour, and with these historical facts before us we are not so much surprised that Mr. Seymour was not returned for Nottingham, as that 4,525 electors, including, we suppose, many sincere and honest defenders of constitutional principles and true religion, voted for him.

"RUSTICUS" AND THE *TIMES* ON CANONRIES.

THE subject of the Cathedral Chapters, at which we have been working, off and on, for a good while past, has been lately taken up in the *Times* in a letter and a leading article which seem to call for some notice. The letter, which appeared on Monday under the signature of "Rusticus," is decidedly above the common level of such productions. It betrays imperfect knowledge of the general subject, but it shows shrewdness of observation, and an apparently intimate knowledge of the facts of some particular case. The writer seems to be familiar with the affairs of some diocese—such as Winchester or Peterborough—where the Chapter is of the New Foundation, and where the Canonries are in the gift of the Bishop. This appears from his assuming the Bishop as the necessary patron. He says, what is certainly true, "that in proportion as Canonries are diminished in number the probability increases of their being ill-bestowed. Most Bishops," he continues, "have one friend, one relative to be provided for; after him, they will judge by merit, but in the event now contemplated they will seldom reach a second." This doubtless expresses a general law, but we conceive that it is not peculiar to Bishops, but that it extends to Prime Ministers, Lord Chancellors, and disposers of patronage of every kind. We might, indeed, strengthen the argument of "Rusticus" by describing at least one New-Foundation Chapter where the Bishop did not, as "Rusticus" charitably supposes he would, begin to look out for merit even on the second vacancy; where, save one stall, whose occupant obstinately refused to die, every place came into the Bishop's gift, and where every place was disposed of among the Bishop's near kinsfolk, till men said that, if the Bishop should hold a capitular visitation, he would be like to none so much as to the Patriarch Lot when he spake unto his sons-in-law which married his daughters. But the fact that "Rusticus" thinks only of Bishops, and not of patrons of other classes, shows that he cannot have examined the subject in all its bearings. The change, too, which he proposes is one which would not have occurred to a stupid or careless man, but only to one who had been carefully watching some one or more particular cases. But it is not a change which would have occurred to a man who had studied the whole subject; at any rate it would not have occurred to him as a novelty. Whatever there is of good in it would at once suggest itself to any one who had studied the history and constitution of the Old-Foundation churches.

"Rusticus" very properly throws aside the notion of "parochializing Canonries." "To speak of parochializing Canonries is a contradiction in terms. If they have any speciality, to parochialize is to destroy them." This is thoroughly true and to the purpose, but we cannot agree with "Rusticus" when, after setting forth his own scheme, which we shall presently discuss, he goes on to say:—

> I believe that it is thus, rather than in the somewhat Utopian conception of cathedral communities of profound thinkers and learned writers, that our canonical establishments may find their practical scope and use. To fix the home of a philosopher or a theologian amid the thousand distractions, important or trifling, of a cathedral city, is to throw before him every impediment to the calm pursuit of his calling. To secure the appointment of such men to such offices, while the prize is lucrative and the dispenser human, has been found by long experience practically impossible.

It is no doubt Utopian to expect that this scheme, or that any other scheme, would ever be carried out in its full perfection. But it is not Utopian to set up a high ideal and to try to come as near to it in practice as human weakness allows. No scheme of appointment will ever fill all our stalls with "philosophers and theologians." But if it be recognised that philosophers and theologians are the right persons to appoint, more philosophers and theologians will be appointed than if people are allowed to think that one appointment is as good as another. But this is what people practically do think. When appointments to Cathedral offices are discussed, one appointment is said to be good and another to be bad. But an appointment is hardly ever said to be good or bad with reference to the peculiar duties of the peculiar office. The appointment is said to be good when the person appointed is thought to have deserved a reward by service of some other kind. It is said to be bad when the person appointed is not thought to have any such claim to special reward. This way of looking at the matter silently implies that, as far as the office itself is concerned, one man, provided he be not in any way scandalous, is as good as another. And so people will think so long as a Canonry is looked on as a mere means of rewarding a deserving parochial clergyman or school-inspector. If it be once understood that Canonries are offices requiring special qualifications, that they ought to be filled by men of special thought, learning, or eloquence, if we do not actually attain our ideal, we shall at least come nearer to it. The appointments of conscientious patrons will be better, those of unconscientious patrons will not be so bad. One objection brought by "Rusticus" we really do not understand. Why is a Cathedral city so specially ill-suited as he thinks to be the home of a philosopher or a theologian? Even a philosopher or a theologian must live somewhere, and he will be a lucky man if he can find a home anywhere wholly free from "distractions, important or trifling." But we really do not see why these distractions should be more rife in a Cathedral close than in other places. At all events, we should think that they would be much less rife than in the case of an ordinary parochial cure. There are men in the Church to whom comparative leisure would be a gain both for their own sake and for that of others. There are offices in the Church which offer that comparative leisure. Truly the men and the offices are meant for one another. We do not believe that either Bishops or Prime Ministers or Lord Chancellors will always appoint absolutely the best man to each particular vacancy. But we do believe that, if it be understood that a particular sort of men are the right sort of men to appoint, the average of appointments will become much better than it has been hitherto.

The scheme of "Rusticus" he describes as "that of a considerable increase in the number of the Canons, and a consequent diminution of the separate emoluments." He would in fact abolish Residentiary Canons, as we understand Residentiary Canons, altogether, and would give each church a Dean with a body of non-resident Canons. But let him speak for himself:—

> At present the number of residentiaries in an ordinary Cathedral is four, and the income of each varies from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year. Let us suppose the given Cathedral to have an aggregate income for its residentiaries of 2,400*l.* I would contemplate the establishment, in such a case, of 12 co-ordinate Canons, each with his 200*l.* a year, and each with a single month of statutable residence. . . . The Dean will be the officer in permanent charge of the arrangements of the services, except in so far as the assembled Chapter may resolve and order.
>
> The advantages of the change would be many. The strength of the Cathedral establishment would be sensibly increased by its being brought into a more intimate connexion with the popular working clergy of the Church. The Cathedral town would profit by the periodical presence and preaching of some of the chief parochial ministers of the diocese. The Canons themselves would, in many cases, regard their month of residence as the most marked and interesting portion of their year, varying their home life, enlarging the sphere of their influence, yet making no serious breach in

the continuity of their parish duties. The united body would form a Diocesan Council of no slight weight and value, exercising the Cathedral patronage with a wider knowledge and a more disinterested judgment, bringing a powerful influence to bear upon works of local or national usefulness, and, on the whole, carrying a perceptible increase of energy into the operations of the Church at large.

When we read this, we cannot help thinking of the philologer whom we reviewed a week or two back, who invented a great part of Grimm's Law for himself, in seeming ignorance that anybody had found it out before him. In like manner "Rusticus" seems never to have heard of the Non-residentiary Canons of the Old Foundations; but he grasps very well and sets forth very well, as if it were quite a new idea of his own, most of the reasons which have always made us wish both to see the Non-residentiary Canons of the Old Foundations restored to their proper position, and to see the anomalous Honorary Canons of the New Foundations raised to something like the same position. The Non-residentiary Canons are commonly the pick of the clergy of the diocese, and their discharge of their duties on preaching turns and similar occasions, their restoration to their votes in Chapter on all occasions, would bring about exactly the results which "Rusticus" wishes for, and which we wish for also. And we think, with "Rusticus," that the men who discharge these duties should not be wholly unpaid. We should not at all grudge them the 200*l.* a year which "Rusticus" proposes for them, if it is to be had; but we should have thought that a smaller sum would cover the expense of their occasional appearances at the Cathedral. And this is really all that is wanted; in the actual residence of a month proposed by "Rusticus" we see no advantage at all, and alongside of the Non-residentiaries we should retain the Residentiary stalls as the proper provision for a certain class of men in the Church.

From the letter of "Rusticus" it is amusing to turn to the leading article with which his letter is followed up. "Rusticus," though his knowledge of his subject is imperfect, shows real observation and real good sense. The writer of the leader writes, as might be expected, in the big bow-wow style of utter ignorance:—

> Some years ago, the cathedral stalls were cut down to a paucity quite out of character with the evident idea of our cathedrals, and reducing the magnificent choirs to a "beggarly account of empty boxes." The Church protested vigorously, and actually did succeed in preserving the condemned Stalls, which still exist in a disembodied, or, as it is called, honorary form. How that works it is really hard to say; but we suspect the ordinary British parent would rather have one son a real Canon than ten invested with the title, and right to preach once a year. Judging from the history and the popular tastes of our Church, its Bishops should be few, its Canons and Prebendaries many, but yet substantial characters.

Nothing is plainer than that the writer of this kind of talk knows nothing of the difference between Old and New Foundations, between Residentiaries and Non-residentiaries, between a Prebendary of Lincoln and an Honorary Canon of Peterborough. The allusion to the "ordinary British parent" is a master-stroke in this kind of writing. It at once supplies the funny element so necessary in every discussion, and no doubt the reference to "substantial characters" at the end serves the same purpose, though its immediate purpose is not quite so clear. The "disembodied form" in which alone the writer seems to think that stalls still exist might be thought to be a misprint for "disendowed," only the word "disembodied" no doubt contains a hidden reference to the old phrase of a Prebendary's *corps*, which certainly has a somewhat startling effect when you hear a living man say, "My *corps* (pronounced *corpse*) lies in such and such a place." But the *Times*, we all know, is above misprints, and as there is (or was) doubtless some good reason, though we cannot see it, for writing "diocess" for "diocese"—an eccentricity, by the way, which the *Times* seems latterly to have abandoned—so there is doubtless some good reason, though we cannot see it, for changing "Prebendaries" into "Prebendiaries." The only thing that we can think of is the likeness of the form to "Stipendiaries," and if we are to take this as a sign that the *Times* is ready to accept our small scheme of re-endowment, we of course thankfully accept so mighty a helper.

A COUNTESS ON MANNERS.

THE chief point of interest about Manuals of Manners is the presumptive evidence which they afford of the existence of sane persons willing to invest in them. There is something touching in the thought of large classes of the community, morbidly conscious of their many awkwardnesses and anxious to amend them, longing to do things in the right way if they only knew how, and sanguine enough to believe that the secret of good breeding is to be found in a book. One pictures them waiting with wistful eyes for the avatar of some apostle of gentility, to come and enlighten their dark minds with his words of wisdom. And no teacher of authority gives any sign. The oracles of fashion are dumb. The great masters of deportment are mute. There is Lord Chesterfield, to be sure; but Lord Chesterfield is unpractical. He has left nothing on record about such thorny points as the graceful way of mounting a carriage, or the disposition of the hat and cane during a morning call. There is no Sir Charles Grandison in the flesh to explain the combination of stateliness and ease with which these little things should be done. Why was Beau Brummell so uncommunicative, or that more historical personage Beau Brummell's valet? Or why, oh, why! did not the First Gentleman of Europe himself condescend to bequeath a code of manners as a precious legacy to generations of Englishmen yet unborn? His matchless command of etiquette has perished with his multitudinous waistcoats; and posterity is left nervously twirling its hat, and awkwardly tumbling into its carriage, without any authoritative guidance in those important details. Worse still, it has been left at the mercy of any charlatan who chooses to vend sixpennyworth of manners, and whose false and unauthorized teaching may betray the unwary into a course of horrible solecisms.

But at last a better day has dawned. In the fulness of time, moved by pity for the mannerless masses, a Countess has broken silence. From the point of view of one "moving in the best circles," she unfolds to "the *crême de la crême*," as well as to "the great body of the middle-class public and that immense substratum of lower-middle class which interposes between the middle and working classes," the things necessary to deportment. Doubtless the grateful middle-classes would have liked to know the name of their benefactress. They will regret the modest asterisks in which it has been temporarily obscured. This excess of modesty is the more to be regretted because the profane and irreverent student of her work might be tempted to suspect, from internal evidence, that our Countess hailed from America. With a contemptuous glance at the incompetent quacks who have preceded her in the literary field, our noble instructress proceeds to redeem her pledge of providing her readers with a faithful and judicious guide in every "social emergency." Nothing can be more comprehensive than the scheme of her work. It includes everything from morning calls to marriage. Cards, dress, conversation, the ball, the promenade, courtship and engagement, all these points are not merely touched on, but for the most part fairly exhausted; and as if this were not enough, a crop of minor "social emergencies" is disposed of in a supplementary chapter of "Hints to Both Sexes." But when one comes to study the Countess's code in detail, one is struck by its general resemblance to those other unauthorized codes compiled by "incompetent" and "tasteless" persons, which its avowed object is to supersede. There is the same odd mixture of self-evident propositions, and sphinx-like utterances. Platitude alternates with enigma. If there are many things in it which will command universal assent, there are others of which few people have dreamed in their social philosophy. There is an esoteric and an exoteric doctrine to be enunciated. Take, for instance, the chapter on "Cards." Here is a caution which strikes us as decidedly superfluous. "Young unmarried ladies living with their parents do not require separate cards." Surely no middle-class parent, however benighted, would ever suppose they did. On the other hand, here is something very recondite. "The possessor of two residences should have one address engraved in the left corner, and one in the right." In our simplicity, we should have thought such an arrangement rather ostentatious, and savouring just a little of the "*parvenu*" whom our Countess regards with just horror. Besides, what if a person owns, like his Grace of Buccleuch, some dozen residences? Are these all to be inscribed on his visiting card? And would not the effect, however imposing, be, to say the least, slightly bewildering? Another dark saying follows. "Honourables do not affix their titles to their cards." No title under Sir or Lady should be taken by the bearer. Who are "honourables," and what are the "titles" which they are to abstain from announcing to their acquaintance? And how, if she extinguishes herself altogether, is a plain Mrs. to make her existence known to society? Here is a direction which we regard as a graceful concession, on the part of our Countess, to the customs of the middle-classes: "We inform our friends and acquaintance of the death of any member of our family by a card. These cards should simply state the name, age, birthplace, residence, and place of interment." The Dissenting grocer will be pleased to discover that his homely practice obtains in the lofty circles in which Countesses "move." The ceremonial of "a morning call" is defined in this work with great precision. It should be paid, says our Countess, "between the hours of three and five P.M. A gentleman caller is to discriminate carefully between his umbrella and his hat. The former is always "to be left in the hall." The hat becomes the subject of a separate treatment. It is never to be laid on a table, pianoforte, or any article of furniture. It must be disposed of in one of two ways; either held in the hand, or deposited on the floor. Here is a precept which displays amusing *naiveté*:—"Never take favourite dogs into a drawing-room, when you make a morning call. . . Being of too friendly a disposition, they may take the liberty of lying on a lady's gown. Besides, your friend may have a favourite cat already established before the fire, and in that case a battle may ensue." This picture of a morning call, ending in a terrific combat between two antipathetic pets, is a brilliant stroke of imagination, while the care shown in providing against so exceedingly remote a social emergency is a proof of the exhaustive character of her work.

Then she has something to say about Conversation. Perhaps the rules she lays down for its conduct, however, are a trifle too elementary to be of much practical use. One is not much the wiser, for instance, for being told that a perfect knowledge of English is indispensable, or that loud laughter is objectionable, or that a half-open mouth is a sign of ill-breeding, or that the proper thing is to look, but never to stare, at the person you are addressing. It is more worth knowing that the best accent is *taught* at Eton and Oxford. We had no idea that any particular accent was insisted on in these ancient seats of learning. Perhaps a Professor of Accent has been recently added to the academic staff, and a Pronouncing Master included among

the latest "extras" at Eton. Despite the purity of their accent, Eton and Oxford are responsible, we fear, for a good deal of that "detestable slang" upon which our Countess animadverts. Certain phrases which she condemns as vulgarisms, such as "awfully hot," and "immensely jolly," have been heard before now from the lips of Eton boys and Christ Church undergraduates. Among other rules for "conversation," here is one which is at all events easy to follow:—"Do not be always witty." The difficulty which most people find is to be witty at all. The tone of the following directions for letter-writing is rudimentary:—"Never omit your name from any letter, whether of business or friendship. . . . I's should be dotted and t's crossed. . . . The stamp should be placed in the right hand corner of the envelope." A slanting stamp "evinces rudeness"—a nicety of which we were not sufficiently aware. Here is a canon the dark significance of which we are totally unable to fathom:—"An unmarried lady cannot address a gentleman as my dear sir, unless she is very old, and he too." Is there any lurking impropriety in the use of the possessive pronoun? If, indeed, it implies a proprietary interest in the gentleman to whom it is addressed, we understand the objection; and by waiving the rule in favour of septuagenarians, we suppose the Countess means to say that old gentlemen are so little worth having that they need no protection from etiquette. We are glad to perceive from her observations on "the toilette," that our Countess warmly approves of "tubbing." Ladies are enjoined to abstain from the onion, as "the forbidden fruit of the Eve of the nineteenth century"; and gentlemen are charged to keep their teeth and nails "scrupulously clean." Here is a more recondite suggestion as to jewellery. Opals, it seems, connote refinement. "No merely vulgar woman purchases an opal." The importance which the Countess attaches to dress is shown by her putting the tailor on the same footing as to profits as the Church. No man should spend more than "a tenth of his income on dress." Is this proposition to apply to a millionaire? Because a wardrobe must be "varied" indeed to represent an annual expenditure of 100,000*l*. "The Promenade" is the natural corollary of the toilette. Here is an instruction which reads like a direction to an acrobat or circus-rider, preparatory to his "great bare-backed act," or some other feat of gymnastics. The Countess is supposing the "social emergency" of an invitation to enter a carriage.—

> If there is but one step, and you are going to take your seat facing the horses, put your left foot on the step, and enter the carriage with the right in such a manner as to drop it once into your seat. If you are about to sit with your back to the horses, reverse the process. As you step into the carriage, be careful to keep your back towards the seat you are about to occupy, so as to avoid the awkwardness of turning when once in.

Nothing can exceed the mechanical precision of this, but, then, everything would be deranged by the simple accident of the carriage having two steps instead of one. In this case one would enter with the wrong leg, and as likely as not be betrayed into that unseemly pirouette which our Countess condemns with so much severity. The following rules demand less dexterity:—"Never call across a street," "In shaking hands, do not put out the hand till you are quite close to the person you are about to salute." "Nothing is more awkward," our authoress truly observes, "than to walk several yards with an extended hand."

The Countess's canons for evening parties are sound and orthodox. "General salutations of the company," she tells us, "are now wholly disused." Caution is suggested in singing comic songs. As a warning, the Countess mentions that she was once at a party given expressly in honour of "a lady of colour," and heard a "thoughtless amateur" dash into the "broadly comic" nigger melody of "Sally come up," which covered every one with confusion. If a "Parsee prince" is present, it is "unbecoming to follow him about and listen to every word he utters." You may be wrongly announced. In this case, "make your way at once to the mistress of the house, and introduce yourself by name", but the butler's blunder is to be repaired "with simplicity, and your rank made as little of as possible." "No one should accept an invitation to a ball if he does not dance." There is good sense in this, and in the interest of the many young ladies who habitually line the walls of fashionable ball-rooms we wish the injunction were more generally acted upon. There is probably less need for the following caution:—"All casino habits are to be avoided in a private ball-room. It is an affront to a highly-bred lady to hold her hand on your hip." It is to be hoped that the "aristocratic young men" whom the Countess has seen committing this enormity are not very numerous. Some of her hints to ball-givers are very valuable. Here is a thoughtful suggestion:—"Great inconvenience is often experienced through the difficulty of procuring cabs at the end of a ball. Unless more men-servants than one are kept, it is better to engage a policeman, with a lantern, to attend on the pavement during the evening, and to give notice in the course of the day at a neighbouring cab-stand." But is there not here some confusion between the function of the linkman and that of the police? If it is a general practice of ball-giving ladies to appropriate the policeman on the beat for their own private convenience, no wonder we hear a good deal about the insecurity of the streets. We commend the point to the notice of Colonel Henderson. In her remarks on dinner-parties, our Countess is careful, as usual, to adapt her instruction to babes in etiquette. "Peas," she tells us, "are eaten with the fork." "The knife is never to be carried to the mouth." "Hot soups and puddings are not to be tasted till they are sufficiently cool." By disregarding this caution, "you may be compelled to swallow what is dangerously hot, or driven to the unpardonable alternative of returning it to your plate." There is one "social emergency," and one alone, in which our Countess fairly admits her inability to prescribe a rule. Courtship, she observes, is a crisis when to act by rule is impossible. So she wisely contents herself with passing on to the order of toasts to be given at the wedding-breakfast, and an exposition of the philosophy of "no cards."

But this admission is fatal, we fear, to the pretensions of her "Complete Manual"; because, if courtship is a great "crisis," taking a seat in a carriage full of ladies is a small "crisis," and it is as difficult for any but an automaton to act by rule in one case as in the other. In all "social emergencies," great or small, the difficulty is first to get a rule which will exactly apply, and next to possess the presence of mind to act upon it. A man who would regulate his social deportment by the precedents in a book of etiquette, is like a man trying to govern his moral conduct by a pocket-treatise on Casuistry. The cases specified never quite tally with the cases as they actually arise. However ingeniously they be multiplied, a wide margin must still be left for the exercise of that "feeling and good sense" on which our Countess falls back in the last resort. In other words, good manners resolve themselves in a great measure into tact, and tact, unhappily, is a faculty not to be transmitted by book. An aid to a knowledge of "the thousand and one social observances" of modern fashionable life is not to be despised nevertheless, and we cordially wish our anonymous Countess success in her attempt to "level up" the manners of the masses to the standard of "the best circles." Only is it quite clear that "the best circles" are so very well mannered? Is it not a well-ascertained psychological fact that ill-breeding may be as congenital in a duchess as in a milkmaid?

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VI.

PICTURES of life and of manners, known in France under the somewhat absurd designation of *genre*, form in our own Academy, as indeed in all Exhibitions whether at home or abroad, the most numerous class. And what strikes the observer as a little strange is that painters of this sort, whose name is legion, have in all countries attained to pretty much the same proficiency. Possibly it may not require any very distinguished ability to do justice to an old woman scraping a carrot or scouring a kettle, and thus in this humble sphere of art all the world is found on an equality. Yet we would not scoff at a school which in the past has numbered Wilkie, Leslie, and Hogarth, and at the present moment counts Faed, Webster, Hardy, and Horsley. An art, however, thus restricted in sphere is apt to repeat itself in thought and treatment, just as the ordinary events in daily life, from the cradle to the death-bed, fall into dull routine and hackneyed incident. Thus Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A., has so oft struck the chords of the domestic affections, has taken us so many times—and perhaps scarcely once too frequently—into the cottar's home of honest poverty, that, as in the songs of Burns and the tales of Crabbe, we know the refrain by heart. The painter, however, in his principal picture this year finds a new idea and a fresh model. "Only Herself" (119) is an old woman, who at the moment we write may probably be seated on a doorstep in Kensington; her face, which is well known to passers-by, has been worn by time and care into rugged masses eminently picturesque. Mr. Faed substitutes for the High Street a rustic stile and a hedgerow as the background to his picture; and he completes the composition by throwing in a couple of children painted to perfection. The pathos of the picture is simple and true, a praise, however, which it is impossible to extend to a sentimental street-sweeper, besom in hand, said to be "Homeless" (73). The catalogue informs us that "God tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn." A short poem, apostrophising a street besom, seems all that can be needed to move spectators to tears as they gaze on this somewhat mawkish picture. The Academician's brother, Mr. John Faed, has never produced a better work than "John Anderson my Joe" (824). Wilkie could scarcely have hoped that his influence for good would have survived so long even in his native land. And yet curious visitors who crowd before this popular picture persist in praising most highly the teapot and tea-cups on the table—such is the fame that awaits the artist who appeals to the eye and not to the imagination. Yet the painter who in this day aims at realism seldom fails of reward. It may be worthy of note how opposed is the manipulation which Mr. Thomas and Mr. John Faed severally bring to bear on like scenes of humble naturalism. The handling of the elder brother is broad, the colours are broken, the textures sometimes rough. Mr. John Faed affects just the opposite qualities. Smooth, clean painting pleases ordinary people; a vigorous touch is the delight of artists. Genre painters, as we have said, are plentiful, for no less than three bearing the name of Hardy are here present, and a fourth is absent only because he has been driven to the select Exhibition reserved for the rejected. Mr. F. D. Hardy, as usual, comes out the strongest of the lot; indeed, "Baby's Breakfast" (484) would not be unworthy of M. Edouard Frere. It is long, too, since Mr. G. Smith has exhibited so good a picture as "A Game of Speculation" (54). A Fairy Tale (464), by Miss Stair, is perhaps the best picture by a female artist. The two Messrs. Burr, brothers, again after an interval of full four years gain a place on the line. These Scotchmen seem intent on

emulating the bad example of their predecessor Sir David Wilkie; in other words, we behold them in the act of transit from low to high art; yet, unfortunately, what in their pictures they may deem low is high, while what would fain be high turns out low. "The Escape of Queen Henrietta" (854), by Mr. G. H. Burr, and "The Intercepted Letter" (875), by Mr. J. Burr, are tainted by melodrama; the style is a medley. In art, as in higher matters, it is impossible to serve two masters; it is hard to reconcile pictorially life in a cottage with the ways of rank or fashion.

Rustic subjects seek new developments. As soon as the arts in Europe became secularized, the whole life of man, and the entire world of nature, were thrown freely open to the painter; the carpenter's shop became scarcely less attractive when St. Joseph withdrew from it, and the landscape did not lose its beauty because the Three Kings were left out. Picturesque peasants now take the place of Holy Families, and some of the most popular of pictures are simple compositions of figures with landscape. Among the artists who thus succeed the best are Mr. Mason, Mr. Walker, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Brennan, and Mr. Boughton. "A Wayside Cross, Brittany" (765), by Mr. Boughton, lies, as it were, on the boundary line between sacred and secular styles, and pleasingly combines figure incidents with landscape surroundings. There is quietude, pathos, devotion, in this rustic gathering round the wayside cross; the picture, indeed, in sentiment is not unlike the works of M. Breton, the colours are broken into sober tertiaries, the greens pass tenderly into greys Mr. Brennan, like Mr. Boughton, owes much to foreign schools; his two contributions, "Preaching in the Coliseum" (832), and "Il Tamburino" (783), are noteworthy studies of texture, quality of colour, and just relation between high sunshine, half-shade, and full shadow. In these last eminently artistic qualities our painters are taking lessons from the French. Among the styles which now shadow forth the future of our English school, that affected by Mr. Armstrong in "Hay-time" (375) is the most obnoxious to old-established prejudices Where on earth do such long and lanky ladies live in undisturbed contemplation of inner consciousness, rejoicing in a bodily presence ungainly, even ugly? These figures appear in size out of all proportion to any good they seem likely to effect in the realms either of nature or of art. The composition is defiant of established rules, the colour may be accepted as not an unpleasant mixture of chalk and water mildly flavoured But Mr. Armstrong has sufficient talent to attract attention; his picture, if not quite to be admired, may be wondered at, the artist is possibly but passing through a limbo of strange vision ere he reach the sanity of nature

Three pictures, holding prominent positions in one room—"Aurora in Romagna, Peasants from the Mountains on their way to Rome" (461), by Mr. W Linnell, "The Old Gate" (485), by Mr. F. Walker, and "Girls Dancing" (438), by Mr G. Mason—seem to point to that poetic unison between nature and the life of man which artists both in France and England are now intent upon making impressive. The pictorial method consists in bringing figures and landscape into mutual response and reciprocity of sentiment, so that there shall subsist a oneness in colour, light, shade, and expression. This treatment may be accepted as a reversion to the grand Italian manner The old painters sought to ennoble landscape by human interest; thus Salvator Rosa, in a grand woodland scene, introduced the Baptism of St. John, and in well-known pictures in our National Gallery, Poussin pressed into his service Dido and Æneas, while Claude brought to the shores of a seaport the Queen of Sheba. Our English painters, living in plain, naturalistic days, scarcely permit themselves like flights of imagination Yet Mr. W. Linnell loses little by painting what his eyes have seen in Romagna, the actual is often stronger than the ideal; here noble figures march solemnly amid woodlands glowing under the warm twilight of the Campagna. The execution is disappointing on close examination; the idea makes the picture. Three Linnells—the father and two sons—are present in the Academy. This contribution by Mr W. Linnell is alone up to the standard of former years Mr. Walker combines, in a way peculiar to himself, plebeian forms with poetic sentiments. "The Old Gate" (485) is scarcely a success The figures are scattered too far asunder, the centre of the picture is a void, the pigments are unpleasantly loaded and opaque, and a prevailing red in the colour may leave the impression that nature was originally made out of brickdust. But the work, of course, has redeeming merits, there are shadowy, quiet passages, delicious in harmony; the pencilling of the trees, too, against the clear sky is delicate and true, and the figures, as in the picture of "Vagrants" a year ago, stand in grand immobility; humanity thus, when least adorned, is noblest. The picture has power of colour, and a refulgence of light tempered by shade Another romance in thought as in colour is Mr Mason's lovely composition, "Girls Dancing" (438). The idea is akin to classic times and the land of Italy. A young shepherd, Pan-like, is seated with lute in the cleft of a tree, and before him maidens dance gracefully with arms upraised and castanets in hand. Beyond, as from many a headland round Amalfi or Castelamare, stretches the blue Mediterranean. This pastoral or idyl has music in it; there is a dying cadence in the colour, a plaintive melody in the sentiment. Yet Mr. Mason disappoints the expectations raised by the "Evening Hymn" of last year; indeed, several of his contributions to this Academy are woefully slight and sketchy—little more, in fact, than mere rubbings in, left in vague suggestion. The artist's manner will, it may be feared, shortly settle into irredeemable mannerism.

Landscape art becomes many-sided; styles are multiplying in variety; schools are growing distinctive and pronounced. At one time there was a danger that so-called Pre-Raffaellitism would swallow up the whole of nature, but having accomplished its revolutionary mission, artists are now left in freedom, according to individual talent, to do the best they can with outward creation. Yet there always will remain two distinctive, if not opposing schools, the one of small detail, the other of largeness and of breadth; the one literal, blindly loving, doting on simple foreground flowers, the other imaginative, far-seeing, embracing in one wide circuit plain, mountain, and sky. It is scarcely needful that we should stop to criticize styles which never change even over a period of ten or a dozen years. Little new can be said of the works of Mr. Creswick, Mr. Lee, Mr. Sydney Cooper, Mr. Ansdell, or even of Mr. John Linnell. We turn to younger men—Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Leader, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. Raven, and others. Mr. Raven we remember as Pre-Raffaellite, and in proof of the good schooling he got from that creed may be taken a woodland scene (268), with water below, and slumbering reflections, and chasing sunshine and shadow among the silent hills. The artist's handling is still a little hard, yet this thorough student work has intelligent purpose. Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. Leader, we believe, are still supposed to stand in that foremost rank whence possibly the Academy may make its next elections. Of course the contributions of these artists are at least equal to the ordinary run of Academic landscapes, yet perhaps of late men less known have advanced more Still "An English Riverside Cottage" (63), by Mr. Leader, is solid, considerate in form and effect, thoroughly mature and deliberate. In passing, we would call attention to a work singular for mastery and originality of manner, "The City and Fortress of Lerida, Spain" (248), by Mr Anthony. Mr. Vicat Cole exhibits a scene dramatically wrought, "A Pause in the Storm at Sunset" (412). Perhaps the artist is almost too confident of his ends, and not over careful in the use of his means, the foreground is rather slight and hasty, and the sky somewhat coarse in the laying on of colour Still the conception is fine, there is fire in the sky and shadow upon the earth, and light and colour play into, break, and modulate the slumbrous shade. There is a warm blush even in the coolest recess. The successive distances lead off into space till the hill-top is reached where the sun has sunk into rest. "The Great Pyramid" (888), as painted by Mr Dillon, is also poetic; it is not easy to bring so much colour and sunlight into tone and relative keeping The brothers Danby, sons of the great Danby of "The Deluge" and "The Opening of the Sixth Seal," have naturally the poet's inheritance. But they seldom perpetrate anything more terrible than a sunset or a sunrise "North Shields, Sunrise" (842), by Mr. J. Danby, is supreme for high-wrought harmonies. Mr. Brett has been so badly served in the Academy that he seeks refuge among the rejected in "the Select Supplemental Exhibition." There it is worth while to go to see "Evening off the Menai Straits," which was the best work the "Supplemental" found to hang. This picture is one of the most subtle and lovely studies of cloud strata and of opalescent sea we remember to have seen, Vandervelde is comparatively without atmosphere or colour. Altogether, this is the most accurate study of sky and cloud brought this year for exhibition; some four species of clouds, such as cirrus, stratus, cumulus, and nimbus, may be distinguished in relative aerial perspective with correspondent tones and colours. For surface-texture, and for balanced relation of iridescent colour under light, this picture has scarcely been surpassed either in ancient or modern times. Also remarkable is that tender poetic study of complex sky, "Looking Eastward at Sunset" (369), by Mr. Hering. Perhaps Mr Cooke, R A, is rather violent in contrasts "On the Lagune of Venice; Evening before Bad Weather" (885), the passages in quiet half tone have most value. Altogether the Academy gives evidence that our artists look more into the sky than formerly; atmospheric phenomena, thanks in some measure to the progress of science and to the observations of meteorologists, are better understood and delineated with more truth of detail by modern painters than by the old masters. There are studies both by Mr Davis and by Mr. Henry Moore which indicate an eye ever watchful over the fleeting aspects of earth and sky; what is hard and motionless in the permanent articulation or anatomy of landscape receives, as the features of the human countenance under passing emotion, intelligent expression, when the wind moves among the trees, or sunshine glances brightly across valley or moorland.

Landscapes more than usually noble in motive and comprehensive in wide imaginative sweep we owe to Mr Peter Graham, Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. MacCallum, Mr. Bierstadt, and Mr. Hook. "On the way to the Cattle Tryst" (76) is the best justification yet given by Mr. Graham of the high expectations raised by "The Spate in the Highlands" Grand are the mountains in shadowy gloom, bold the rocky summits mingling with mists. Mr. MacWhirter—another Scotchman whose mind seems burdened with dark visions of black mountain solitudes the cradle of wild storms—has an impressive picture, "Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye" (23). There is an echo of the wild wail of Ossian in this northern landscape art; the serrated outline of these mountain masses cutting sharply against the clear sky is savage. Such pictures support the theory that terror is the element of the sublime. We have hinted at the comparisons which may be instituted between the divers treatments of sky and cloud; not less interesting are the thoughts suggested by the varied

management of mountains; indeed, the pictures here exhibited are illustrative of truths in physical geography, such as structure of the earth's crust, influence of climate, character of vegetation, &c. From this point of view, there is a marked opposition between northern Scotch landscape as painted by Mr. Graham and Mr. MacWhirter, and that scenic and sunny panorama, "Among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California" (309), by Mr. Bierstadt. The former is, to borrow a favourite alliteration from Mr. Ruskin, grand in mountain gloom, the latter in mountain glory. Equally opposed too are divers national styles in manipulation and technical quality. Mr. Bierstadt has naturally acquired the mechanical touch and somewhat too vivid contrast of colour which signalize the school of Dusseldorf. Reverting to Scotchmen, we find almost a disdain for detail, their handling is as negligent as the scenery they paint is rude. Mr. MacCallum has studied so much abroad that his style is less national than cosmopolitan; thus that forcible and brilliant transcript of "The Black Wood of Rannoch, Perthshire" (276), recalls at first glance the large scenic manner of M. Gustave Doré. Lastly, never to be forgotten is the delight which Mr. Hook has given by that fresh and breezy scene from ocean, "Caught by the Tide" (332) The children cling to the rugged rocks tremblingly, as the rising waves swell to the shore. The tide has onward movement, the artist, with a free hand and wholly unconventional manner, has given to the ocean its transparent depth, its translucent colour of blended grey, blue, and green. On the whole, we have never seen landscape-painters in greater strength or ... iety, partly because our essentially national art now for the first time receives fair t... atment. These and other benefits we owe to the handsome and ample building in which the Academy is at length happily housed. We close our review of this year's Exhibition with bright hopes for the future.

RACING AT ASCOT.

THOUGH the Wednesday in the Ascot week is considered somewhat in the light of an "off" day, it was relieved on this occasion from anything like insipidity, not only by some real good racing ... d some real good riding, but also by a continuance of startling surprises ... milar to those which created so much excitement the day befo... In the first place, Lord Falmouth's candidate for the Derby of 1870, Kingcraft, came out with an immense reputation, and having been tried vastly superior to Gertrude, the winner of the Queen's Stand Plate on the preceding day, was regarded as an absolute certainty for the Seventeenth Triennial, for he was only opposed by Mahoma and Claudius, and Gertrude beat Mahoma out of sight in the race referred to. Yet now, in Fordham's hands, Baron Rothschild's filly always had the best of Kingcraft, and as he could not quite get up at the finish he suffered defeat by a head. Another instance this of the incomprehensible in-and-out running of Baron Rothschild's horses to which we have frequently drawn attention Both Mahoma and Kingcraft are by King Tom, and the defeat of the latter, who is one of the finest looking two-year-olds that have been seen this season, is excusable on account of his not having been as yet thoroughly trained. He will show to much greater advantage at a later period of the year. Immediately after this upset came another, for which we can offer no possible explanation. Martyrdom, Ryshworth, Alpenstock, Scottish Queen, Lord Hawthorn, and brother to Ravioli, met at even weights in the Eleventh Biennial over the Old Mile. After Martyrdom's easy victory over Pero Gomez the day before, it seemed impossible that he could be beaten by any of this lot; but beaten he was, and easily too, by both Alpenstock and Ryshworth, the victory of the former so totally upsetting all public form as to make it hopeless to attempt a satisfactory estimate of the relative merits of the three-year-olds, which will, we fancy, cause much trouble and bewilderment to handicappers. Even the Ascot Derby, in which Pero Gomez had only to beat Consul, Good Hope, and Scottish Queen, was no bloodless victory for Sir Joseph Hawley's horse, who ran in difficulties all the way up the straight, and only won by sheer gameness. After the race he appeared so very shaky on his legs that it is no certainty that he will be able to stand a preparation for the St. Leger, unless, indeed, complete rest does wonders for him. The Fernhill Stakes, for two and three year-olds, at weight for age, fell to Frivolity, who beat a good field of winners, Pâté, Perfume, Atlantis, Bosworth, and Vagabond—Verdure alone of the seven being a maiden. Taking into account the great performances of Perfume over half-mile courses, and the good form recently shown by Atlantis and Pâté, the easy victory of Frivolity—by four or five lengths—stamps her as quite the flying filly of the year. There were twenty-two runners for the Royal Hunt Cup, one of the prettiest races of the meeting, and why Plaudit was handicapped to give Hermit 4 lbs. we are unable to understand However, it did not much matter, for neither of them had a chance, and it was melancholy to see three horses—Hermit, Plaudit, and Suffolk—whose names were once on every one's lips, finishing, under fair racing weights, the last three in a mile race. The issue was left to the two four-year-olds, See-Saw and Cock of the Walk ... ho were well handicapped at a difference of 21 lbs. Blue Gown gave Cock of the Walk 29 lbs. last autumn and beat him, and again See-Saw, in receipt of 12 lbs., beat Blue Gown in the Cambridgeshire, so that on these data the difference between See-Saw and Cock of the Walk could be pretty accurately estimated. It was a fine race between these two, and Fordham, whose horsemanship was never shown to better advantage than last week, just landed Lord Wilton's horse the winner by a neck, after a most brilliant finish. See-Saw, about the most mercilessly abused two-year-old, except The Earl, of modern times, has somehow survived the treatment to which he was subjected by his then owner, has carried off as a three-year-old such valuable prizes as the October Handicap and the Cambridgeshire, and has now begun his four-year-old career by winning the Royal Hunt Cup. We need not give the names of all that were behind the leading pair. Border Knight looked formidable opposite the Stand, but refusing to struggle at the finish was only a moderate third; Argyle, much talked of, was not at all conspicuous; and the bulk of the field were ... idely scattered. It is a speciality of the Royal Hunt Cup that the favourites nearly always finish in front, and a good many of the outsiders only run for the exercise, and in the hope of finding favour in the eyes of handicappers on future occasions. The Coronation Stakes wound up the day, and Martinique had no difficulty in securing this rich stake from four moderate opponents, though she fell lame immediately after the race. The ground, in fact, was rather hard going than otherwise, and the horses' legs suffered considerably during the week.

The Cup day is, of course, the great day of the week, and was, no doubt, duly enjoyed by all those who love to stare or be stared at The Royal party drove up the course in the usual manner, and with the usual attendants; but Lord Cork's showily-actioned horse, which he handled with considerable skill, ple... than anything else in the procession. The Windsor ... anything but elegant, and some of the appointments, notably the saddles, boots, and stirrup-leathers of the postilions, and portions of the harness, proved convincingly that the responsible official in the department of the Master of the Horse took things easily. A show like this depends for its success as a whole on the exact accuracy of all its parts; but unfortunately the effect of State and official celebrations in England is increasingly marred by the dowdiness of the details The ladies—or their dresses—commanded the undisguised admiration of the populace, but the gentlemen of the party did not appear to be adequately appreciated, if we may judge from the remark of a worthy yeoman which we happened to overhear. As the fair occupants of the Royal Stand accepted, one by one, the arms of their escorts to the luncheon-room, this estimable p... expressed his astonishment, not unmixed with displeasure, that they should allow the servants to hand them out in that familiar manner The racing was good enough for a day when not one person out of ten even looks at the horses, and it commenced with another Ascot surprise Duke of Beaufort, fourth in the Derby after being nearly knocked down at Tattenham Corner, had only to beat Tasman, Strathnairn, and Dunbar, and could not accomplish it, the last-named, who is half-brother to See-Saw, but has never hitherto shown more than plating form, making all the running, and winning in a canter. Then Pandore, the celebrated Caller Ou's first foal, beat Badsworth, and Typhon beat Antietam, better known as brother to Chattanooga, though, had the latter been able to get through at the distance, the result might have been different. After this came the Cup. There were only five runners out of the seventeen entered, but they were a very select quintet They were Formosa, winner of the Oaks and the St. Leger last year, Brigantine, winner of the Oaks this year, Blue Gown, a winner of the English, and Trocadéro, a winner of the French Derby, and Thorwaldsen, winner of the Gold Vase. Blue Gown looked far the fittest of the five, being full of muscle, and in fine condition, albeit he has not grown much since last year. Formosa was much admired in the paddock, but we missed that brilliant burnish on her coat which was her characteristic last year. Instead of shining like polished metal now, it looked dull and faded. Brigantine looked light and thin, and pleased but few, and Thorwaldsen we did not see. The competitors were paraded as usual in the Royal enclosure, but as Thorwaldsen could not behave decently, he was removed elsewhere, not, however, before he had nearly killed a policeman. Trocadéro made the running at a wretched pace for a mile and a half, and Brigantine made a waiting race of it till within half a mile of home. The result was a well-contested match between her and Blue Gown, and both ran with great gameness; but the weight was all in favour of the three-year-old, and she won cleverly by a length. Thorwaldsen ran most ungenerously throughout, and lost ground at every turn, yet he was only a neck behind Blue Gown, and the winner would have had hard work to beat him from the Ditch in at Newmarket. Formosa was never dangerous at any point in the race, and Trocadéro was eased, with a view to his engagement in the Alexandra Plate. Blue Gown by no means disgraced himself, for Sir Joseph Hawley is reported to have said, after the Oaks, that Brigantine would have won the Derby had she been in it, and Blue Gown fairly stretched her neck. It is a pity that she is not in the St. Leger, for she would have had an excellent chance of rivalling the triumph of her half-sister, Formosa. The New Stakes, the principal two-year-old event of the meeting, came next, but though there were fourteen runners, they were mostly of the second-class, and Sunshine must have beaten them all had she started. The colt by Thormanby out of Blue Bell, who won on the Tuesday, was considered the best public performer, but he carried 5 lbs. extra, as also did Roquefort and Moonstone, while Atlantis carried 9 lbs. extra. Yet Lord Falmouth's filly only lost the race by a head from Temple, who, it will be remembered, was third to Sunshine and

Green Riband at Epsom. Remembering how easily Mr. Merry' filly won the Woodcote Stakes at the finish, we are not incline to attribute much importance to this performance. Moonston never showed in the race, but we think nothing of that, and it would have been all the better for him if he had not bee brought out at all before the autumn.

Of Friday's racing we need not say much. Five started for th Alexandra Plate—Restitution, Trocadéro, Romping Girl, Bluckskin and Tabouret. Not a very grand field for a valuable prize, but Restitution, from his make, was the best adapted of them to carr 10 st., and he won cleverly from Trocadéro, who occupied a simila position last year. As times go and as horses go, it is a mistake to give a thousand pounds for horses carrying 10 st. and upward over three miles, and it is more clear every year that the race is a failure, and had better be abandoned, and the money otherwise expended. Duke of Beaufort did just manage to beat Standard Bearer for the last race of the meeting; but if that is his best, it is bad indeed, and the truth appears to be that the three-year-olds this year are wretchedly mediocre. The other runner for the Sixteenth Triennial was Vestminster, who broke down during the race. It is curious that all three were bred and nominated by the Duke of Beaufort.

On the last day of the Ascot week the first sale of the Middle Park yearlings took place at Eltham. Mr. Blenkiron must hav had much anxiety as to the results of his sale this year, on accoun of the depreciation in blood stock, owing to the glut in the market and the ruin and retirement of so many racing men. He was doubt less agreeably surprised at getting rid of fifty-two out of fifty-five youngsters for 12,640 guineas, or an average of 243 guineas each. This leaves a very handsome profit to the breeder, to which he is well entitled for his enterprise and judgment. That the days of high prices are not altogether gone was proved by the fac that a half-sister to See-Saw fetched 1,800 guineas, and a colt by Newminster out of Battaglia 1,000 guineas. It was generally considered that a better-looking lot of yearlings was never turned out, even from this celebrated nursery of thoroughbreds, and the young Gladiateurs, the first of his progeny, attracted in particular great attention. It is curious that while the Buccaneers are winning so many of our great races, his stock in Austria are selling for a mere song. At the recent sale of the Imperial yearlings a son and a daughter of Buccaneer went for 65 and 37 guineas respectively, and the highest price given for one of his get was 220 guineas. Yet this was from no deficiency of money, for a colt by Bois Roussel fetched 440 guineas, and a few days previously a colt by Blair Athol was sold for 500 guineas. It would be curious to know why, when our breeders would give any money to get Buccaneer back again to England, the Austrians themselves seem to care little or nothing about him as a sire.

REVIEWS.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.*

THE first fruits of Mr. Mill's retirement from Parliament are to be found in the essay whose title we quote, which will be studied by his more ardent followers with enthusiasm, and by all his readers with interest. It displays in a high degree many of the qualities for which he is distinguished—the power of logical arrangement, the capacity for compressing into a few pages the essence of a long train of thought, and a fulness and weightiness of style, giving dignity to many reflections which in other writers might appear to be commonplace. It shows in an equal degree a quality for which inattentive readers would not, until lately, have given him credit—an almost passionate enthusiasm in the cause which he advocates. People who know Mr. Mill only from his *Logic* or his *Political Economy* generally failed to recognise the hints, which might be occasionally detected even in those writings, of a certain fervour of temperament which we do not expect to find in a philosophical speculator. Everybody has now had the opportunity of observing it in his political career. The zeal with which he attacked Governor Eyre, and proposed a revolutionary scheme of Irish reform, must have convinced those who disagreed with him that the last fault with which he could be plausibly taxed was that of a cold-blooded indifference to human interests. It is only fair to say that no man is more ready to denounce in the most generous spirit anything which in his opinion savours of injustice, and to throw himself, regardless of consequences, against every kind of social or political tyranny. He may be very wrong in his opinions, but at least his faults are due to an exaggerated generosity; they are not the faults of a mean or cynical nature, but of one which forgets even logic in its hatred of oppression. If any new proof was wanting of this tendency, he has given it in his present essay. Many men in talking of women's rights show, not merely a dislike to the eccentricities of their advocates, but a certain jealousy of the claim of equality of those whom they hold to be inferior beings. They admit with reluctance any proofs of feminine intellect, and manage to make their compliments as insulting as their abuse. From this fault at least Mr. Mill is as free as it is possible for a man to be. He seems at times to be anxious to establish rather the superiority than the equality of those whom he describes as our "slaves"; and we may therefore assume that women have found in him an advocate whose zeal is equal to his ability, great as that undoubtedly is, and have consequently the very best face put upon their pretensions.

Mr. Mill is not one of those writers whose argument can be compressed into a sentence or two. It would of course be easy to sum up in a few phrases a compendious account of his opinions and to supply an equally compendious refutation. In fact, however, we must admit that his essay fails chiefly on the side of insufficiently developing his theory; and it will therefore be fairer, without affecting to compress once more what is already so closely packed, to indicate as shortly as we can the general nature of his argument and to point out the omissions which, in our opinion, take away some of its force. The essay, then, is divided into four chapters. The first is intended to rebut the general presumption against the truth of his theories; the second points out what are the particular social arrangements of which he complains; the third is designed to prove the capacity of women for profiting by the proposed changes; and the final chapter is an answer to the question, what definite good results are to be anticipated? The purpose of the whole essay is summed up in the first page, where the author announces his intention of explaining the grounds of an opinion which he has held with constantly increasing strength of conviction:—

> That the principle which regulates the existing social relations between the two sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself, and now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement, and that it ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other.

The first chapter, after dwelling on the difficulties of attacking a position resting on so many prejudices and associations that the burden of proof is thrown upon the advocate, instead of the assailant, of an equality which in all other cases would have a general presumption in its favour, proceeds to argue that experience is really in his favour. Not only, he argues, has there never been an experiment of any other than the existing system, but such inferences as we can draw from history are in favour of a change. In all other cases, there has been a gradual transition from compulsory to voluntary arrangements. In old times society was founded, to an extent which we can scarcely realize, upon the law of superior strength. Nobody, except philosophers or saints, saw anything wrong in the principle. By very slow degrees slavery was gradually abolished, though within the last forty years Englishmen might buy and sell human beings, and within the century might kidnap them, carry them off, and work them to death. Women, however, are still slaves by law, and if in some respects better off than ordinary slaves, in others their position is even worse. The dependence of women on men is, in short, a relic of barbarous times; it has "not lost the taint of its brutal origin", and, standing alone amongst modern ideas on all others but this most important point, it is as though "a gigantic dolmen occupied the site of St Paul's and received daily worship, whilst the surrounding Christian churches were only resorted to on fasts and festivals." The argument that the distinction rests upon a difference in the nature of men and women is, it is urged, irrelevant, because the nature of women is the artificial product of this very subjection. It is a parallel to the argument that, because a cottier deeply in arrears to his landlord is not industrious, therefore the Irish are "naturally" idle. As a matter of fact we know little philosophically as to the nature of women, and few men know much about more than one side of the nature of one or two women. If, however, they are disqualified by nature from any employments, we may trust to free competition to find it out. We do not make laws to provide that only strong-armed men shall be blacksmiths, we leave it to the weak-armed men to find out by experience that they can do better elsewhere.

The presumption against equality of the sexes being thus remitted, what are the evils due to a neglect of the principle? The most prominent evil, according to Mr. Mill, is the state of the marriage-law. A husband has absolute rights over the person and property of his wife. "She can do no act whatever but by his permission, at least tacit. She can acquire no property but for him, the instant it becomes hers, even if by inheritance, it becomes *ipso facto* his." The system of settlements only evades this partly, and only in the case of the richer classes. The husband alone has legal rights over the children. And from this state the woman has no power of withdrawing herself. Mr. Mill remarks that the consideration of the propriety of divorce is foreign to his purpose; but that, if the present system is permitted to continue, the only alleviation possible would be to allow a woman to change her master, and that alleviation is forbidden. Of course many, indeed most, men do not push their rights to extremes; and women have a resource in what Mr. Mill calls "the power of the scold, or the shrewish sanction", but, as it is, a tyranny exists the results of which, besides great misery to individuals, are summed up in the phrase that "the family is the school of despotism, in which the virtues of despotism, but also its vices, are largely nourished". There is of course no difficulty in showing, by the ordinary reasoning, that arbitrary power causes many evils, even if in a majority of cases it is moderately exercised, and, in many, exercised with all possible wisdom and benevolence. The argument, however, to which Mr. Mill is chiefly concerned to reply is the obvious one that when two people ride a horse, one must sit behind. When two people are intimately connected, one must have the deciding voice. In answer to this, he says that voluntary partnerships do not necessarily imply that one partner is to have

* *The Subjection of Women.* By John Stuart Mill. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

the entire control; although such a principle would be less dangerous in cases where the union may be dissolved at will. He admits that men will, as a rule, take the largest share in supporting the family, and will so far have the more potential voice, but he thinks that these matters may be left to voluntary arrangement in each case, and that, as in practice some sort of compromise is amicably affected, except in unfavourable cases, the law might correspond to the facts Matters, he says, are not improved by making the husband a despot whose concessions may be recalled at pleasure and without warning Meanwhile the effect of the present law, even where no advantage is taken of it, is, he contends, to encourage the husband to hug himself in the consciousness of his power, and the more decidedly in proportion to his unfitness for its exercise

The third chapter, after shortly noticing the claims of women to the suffrage, deals chiefly with the question of the supposed inferiority of the feminine intellect It is a curious consideration, says Mr. Mill in one of those skilful turns of argument for which he has so great a talent, "that the only things which the existing law excludes women from doing are the things which they have proved that they are able to do." There is no law, that is to say, against women writing poems or composing music, but there is a law forbidding them to take part in politics. Now Mr. Mill regards it as certain that women are able to govern, and, in some respects, peculiarly well qualified for government To prove this, he refers to such cases as Queen Elizabeth and Margaret of Austria, and he denounces the argument, or the "bad joke," that women govern better than men, because under women men govern, and under men women We cannot enter into so wide a question, but there is something to be said for Turgot's form of the remark, that no woman ever chose a woman for her Prime Minister Queen Elizabeth is a commonplace instance, but students of history may doubt whether the glory of her reign would properly fall to her or to such Ministers as Cecil and Walsingham. To this Mr. Mill replies, that women at least have a capacity for selecting the best Ministers, and he goes into a long argument, showing that the various feminine qualities—intuitive perception, quickness of apprehension, versatility, and so forth—eminently fit women for government To say the truth, this strikes us as one of the weakest parts of his book, for the very reason which he has explained elsewhere, that we possess as yet no philosophical analysis of the distinctive character of the sexes. It is easy by an *à priori* method to prove that any talent whatever is likely to be useful in government, and Mr Mill omits the one quality which is after all the most essential, and in which women are supposed, at least, to be inferior. The governor must, above all things, be able to govern—that is to say, he must be strong, and no special pleading will evade the importance of this quality. It does not, of course, follow that women should be entirely excluded from all departments of public business Turning to other talents, Mr. Mill labours to prove that, although no woman has hitherto attained the first rank in any intellectual or scientific department, the opportunities of women have hitherto been so small that we have no right to expect such a result The want of feminine musical composers, which is the chief difficulty of his case, is accounted for by pointing to the difference between amateurs and professionals, and the want of any thorough training of women in the higher branches of the art, especially in Germany and Italy—the only two countries that have produced great composers. Further, he remarks upon the time spent by women on frivolous pursuits, saying that whatever a woman does is done at odd times, and on the degree in which love of fame is discouraged as positively unfeminine This whole chapter, though able, is of necessity occupied with a rather hypothetical argument, and betrays an eagerness to make the most of every point which detracts from Mr Mill's usual appearance of candour.

The final chapter is, we think, more eloquent and less open to dispute than the remainder of the book Its purpose is to insist upon the advantages to be anticipated from the elevation of women to an equality with men, the doubling of the mass of available faculties, the removal of a sense of injustice; the improvement in the tone of public opinion, so far as it depends upon women, the more intelligent direction of charity, the encouragement to wives to aid their husband's aspirations, instead of bringing him into bondage to Mrs Grundy, the improvement of the happiness of married life when men and women can regard each other as equals, and mutually assist in each other's labours These and other topics of a similar character are insisted upon shortly but forcibly, with Mr. Mill's usual skill in investing threadbare subjects with a certain interest and novelty. All we need say is, that most of the proposed benefits would result from an improvement of the feminine intellect rather than from an alteration in the legal position of women.

We have thus followed Mr Mill through an argument which deals, as will be seen, with a vast variety of subjects, in some of which no one can do more than make a probable conjecture. Up to a certain point most people would sympathize with him; but it may be that he would be very little thankful for their going nine miles in his company unless they are prepared to proceed for the tenth. Thus it is difficult to put too strongly the importance of raising in every way the standard of the feminine intelligence, and of enabling women to choose lives full of great interests, instead of a hopeless round of frivolity. We may admit, too, that women, when their cultivation approaches the masculine standard, may develop talents not at present suspected, and even that they may share or appropriate to themselves some fields of labour from which they are now excluded. Indeed, if one circumstance were altered, Mr. Mill's whole argument would be not merely powerful, but absolutely conclusive If women were simply men in a different dress, only distinguished by certain peculiarities of temperament and by varieties of physical constitution, the present restrictions would be utterly indefensible. By all means, we should say, throw down all barriers, remove all invidious privileges, and leave free competition to distribute the functions of life indifferently. But women are not men, and that undeniable truth reminds us that Mr. Mill has neglected one fact, which, to say the least, has a considerable bearing upon marriage laws. He has discussed marriage with scarcely any reference to its effect upon sexual morality. He has therefore neglected to answer the strongest argument that can be brought against him. We may grant that it is desirable that women should have the widest possible scope for the faculties they possess, it is to be hoped that those faculties may turn out to be as great as Mr. Mill can possibly suppose; but it is also important, in an equal degree, that the standard of feminine purity should not be lowered. There is, it may be, much unfairness in the present state of our social arrangements, but at least they secure this important point, that women as a rule are far more moral in some respects than men of the same class. The family, says Mr. Mill, is the school of despotism, but it is also the school of certain virtues of modesty and purity which are of the highest importance to the interests of mankind. A Mahommedan, it might be replied, would urge the same argument in favour of the complete seclusion of women, he would be wrong, we admit, in enforcing extravagant precautions, but it does not follow that no precautions are necessary against one of the most powerful of human instincts Conservatives may be extreme in their opposition to all relaxation of discipline, but they are not only excusable, but are amply justified, in looking with great carefulness at any tampering with existing laws. It might be the height of folly to admit Eastern women at once to the freedom of intercourse which we can safely indulge in European countries, and the fact upon which Mr. Mill insists so forcibly, that the feminine nature is so much the product of artificial regulations, may suggest the serious danger of acting rashly in altering them suddenly. Mr. Mill, for example, guards himself against pronouncing upon the propriety of divorce "in the sense involving the liberty of re-marriage" He would, however, apparently allow an indefinite facility of separation—which, indeed, follows almost logically from his premisses. Complete equality of rights would be meaningless unless the partners could separate on any hopeless divergence of opinion. In the American States, whose example is quoted in favour of the separation of property, the power of divorce has been generally carried to an extreme, and, if not a necessary, it is at least a highly probable, consequence of the proposed principle. It is therefore strictly relevant to inquire what are the probable results of a system which, at first sight at least, is highly prejudicial to sexual morality. Not only may it be fairly maintained that an unlimited power of divorce is likely to be demoralizing, but it would also appear to be in many ways conducive to tyranny. Mr. Mill takes no notice of the circumstance which materially mitigates the "slavery" of women. If the wife is the slave of her husband, he is at least bound to have only one slave. This implies a certain reciprocity of no little importance. The husband gives up a right the use of which would generally tell to his advantage When two people live together on such intimate terms, it will be a general result, not of positive law, but of the nature of the case, that one will be chiefly dependent on the other; and in most cases the ruler would, for obvious reasons, be the strongest and the best able to shift for himself. If the husband could dismiss his wife at pleasure, or make her so uncomfortable as to be forced into assenting to separation, a new weapon of oppression would be put into his hands. The woman is, and is likely to remain, as Mr. Mill admits, far more dependent than the man on her family and household life, if the man could break it up at his pleasure, he would have a mode of coercion which probably would be even more efficient in many cases than those which the law now puts into his hand. The indissolubility of the marriage tie, except under certain defined circumstances, acts as a protection to the weaker partner in the concern, and Mr Mill's theories obviously tend to weaken this bond, though it may be doubtful to what extent he would go. We do not state this as a conclusive answer to all Mr. Mill's complaints, some of which, indeed, appear to have a very sound foundation; but it is a view of the case which he cannot avoid simply by refusing to pronounce upon the question of divorce.

The same omission tells also against the argument for the free admission of women to professions. Admitting in the fullest way that women might admirably discharge many functions from which they are at present excluded, it does not follow that a breaking down of all existing limitations would of necessity cure more evils than it would cause. That women should be mingled with men in all the employments of life may be desirable if we look at it merely from the point of view of the utilization of all existing talents. But the moral question is also one of supreme importance, and it is that upon which the simple principles of free trade and open competition fail to throw any light. The weak-armed, as he truly says, will not be blacksmiths, even if the forges are left open to everybody to enter; women will, on the same principle, only take to those trades where they can make money, but it does not follow that they will avoid trades which are demoralizing, though not unprofitable. As a fact, we have been compelled to ex-

of the market. If women are to be doctors, lawyers, and preachers, according to their tastes, it may probably be necessary to enforce regulations against certain obvious dangers as much as in the case of mines or field-labour. If women are now hot-house plants, as Mr. Mill says, we must be very cautious how we suddenly plant them in the open air. It is the general indifference of the advocates of women's rights to these obvious considerations which tends as much as anything else to prejudice sensible people against them, and we can only regret that Mr. Mill's book, though full of eloquence, of generous feeling, and in many places of views which appear to be sound as well as striking, should be exposed to the same objection. We do not know, as he says, very much about the nature of women as it might be manifested under a system of absolute equality; but we do know this, that men and women differ very profoundly, and that the relation between the sexes is one with which it is exceedingly dangerous to play tricks without much consideration and a careful feeling of the way.

THE DATE OF PSEUDO-ENOCH.*

ALTHOUGH we have described the apocryphal Book of Enoch at tolerable length (*Saturday Review*, May 8), we should scarcely have exhausted the subject did we not say something of the opinions that have been promulgated concerning its origin According to the declaration of the Book itself, it was written by the mysteriously translated Enoch, father of Methuselah, and great-grandfather of Noah; and a belief that such was actually the case was deemed at least reasonable by no less a person than Tertullian, although he admits that it was not received by some (*a quibusdam*—a mild expression, which may be held to signify the Church in general), nor even admitted into the Jewish canon In fact, he thinks its rejection has been somewhat hasty, being merely grounded on the hypothesis that a work written before the Flood must necessarily have perished in the general destruction. Those who argue in this way, he maintains, ought to bear in mind that Noah was the descendant of Enoch, and had no doubt heard of the admirable qualities and exceptional privileges of his great-grandsire among the most creditable traditions of the family. We read, too, in the Book itself, that Enoch wrote at least a portion of it for his son Methuselah, and for those who might come after him and keep the law in the last days. The passages showing this, it should be remarked, are not to be found in the fragments preserved by Syncellus, and therefore furnish a link in the chain of evidence which tends to prove that an Ethiopian text corresponds to the book possessed by the early Christians. Since one of the objects of Enoch in enunciating his wisdom to Methuselah was to diffuse it among posterity, there is nothing absurd in the supposition that Noah took the place of his progenitor as an instructor in divine knowledge, and even if the written book was destroyed by the Deluge, he might have retained the contents in his mind. An analogous case is presented in the annals of the Jews When Jerusalem was taken by the Babylonians, a general demolition ensued, but nevertheless the sacred writings survived the calamity. Considering all this, and likewise bearing in mind that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," we may conclude that a book so wholesome, and withal having in its favour the testimony of Saint Jude, ought not to be lightly esteemed, especially by Christians, though Jews may find a pretext for disregarding it, on account of the Christian tendency of some of its revelatio[illegible] So reasons Tertullian in his treatise *De Cultu Fami*[illegible] but, as Dr. Laurence observes, his arguments "will not for a moment preponderate in the rigid balance of modern criticism." Indeed, the references that are made by Enoch to the "Ancient of Days" and the "Son of Man," far from rendering plausible a belief that the book was written before the Flood, tend to show that it is more recent than the Book of Daniel. On this point all critics seem to be agreed. Enoch must, by common consent, be turned into Pseudo-Enoch, and the question left open to controversy is respecting the interval that elapsed between the appearance of Daniel and that of his obvious follower.

The common stand-point being settled, it is of course assumed that the allegorical history of the Jews, contained in what Dr. Dillmann considers to be the fourth part of the Book, though ostensibly prefiguring the future, really records the past, and that Pseudo-Enoch could not have written till all the really historical events recorded had taken place, though of course it is to be conceded that he looks to a coming day when he talks of the Kingdom of the Messiah. Now the herdsmen set over the sheep, intended to represent the people of Israel, are 70 in number, and these seem afterwards to be divided into groups of 36, 23, and 12. The slight discrepancy between the items and the sum total—which is increased if, with Dr. Laurence, we read 37 instead of 36—is the least material difficulty that presents itself, for, if it comes to the worst, we may set down 70 as a round number, not intended to be too accurate. But who were the historical personages whom the 70 shepherds represent? This is the important query, and every one who recollects the extreme complexity in which the history of the East became involved when the successors of Alexander ruled over Syria and Egypt will at once perceive that it is not to be answered in a moment. Indeed we cannot imagine a prettier amusement for a gentleman of studious habits, who is blessed with a rainy holiday, than to lay open before him the *Book of Enoch* and the *Antiquities of Josephus*, and to endeavour to establish such a harmony between vision and fact as shall at once satisfy the requisites of historical criticism and of Cocker.

However, the point being settled that the 70 herdsmen preceded the appearance of Pseudo-Enoch, the query who they were is of considerable importance when viewed in reference to the date of that event. Dr. Laurence, to answer it, counts on his fingers the number of the kings who after the defection of Jeroboam reigned respectively, and satisfactorily makes up the number 37. True that, to arrive at this number, he avowedly omits Jehoaz, the son of Josiah, on the side of Judah, and Zimri, Zechariah, the successor of Jeroboam II., and Shallum, on the side of Israel; but then, as he explains, the first of these reigned only for seven days, the second only for six months, and the third for one, wherefore they may all be fairly struck out of the account, just as, when one takes an estimate of the state of one's banker's book, one disregards the pence. If you want to prove that the number of the wives of our eighth Henry is identical with that of the books of Moses, you naturally follow that monarch's example by getting rid of Anne of Cleves. Thus the 37 herdsmen are the Kings of Judah and Israel after Solomon, *Q. E. D.* But if this result is authoritatively satisfactory, it is less so when judged with reference to historical details. The herdsmen are all represented by Pseudo-Enoch as objects of the Divine wrath, and it would be rather odd, as Dr. Dillmann remarks, if they comprised the pious kings Hezekiah and Josiah. The twenty-three herdsmen, according to Dr. Laurence, are successively the Babylonian, Persian, and Macedonian monarchs, while the twelve who make up the seventy (more or less) are the subsequent Jewish princes, counted inclusively from Matthias, father of Judas Maccabæus, to Herod the Great. It was, therefore, under the reign of the last-named monarch that Pseudo-Enoch flourished; but he did not survive Herod, otherwise he would have seen the division of the kingdom into three parts, and would have necessarily increased the number of herdsmen. Therefore, also, the year 36 B.C., or thereabouts, is the date of his book, and it was bout a century old when cited by Saint Jude.

Dr. Dillmann, partly for the reason already indicated, refuses o include among the herdsmen all the kings preceding the captivity, and thinks that the rule of the 70 shepherds, representing a foreign supremacy, begins with the reign of Jehoiakin, the penultimate King of Judah, who sat on the throne as a Chaldean vassal. Referring to the prophecy of Daniel (c. 9), according to which 70 weeks are to elapse before the reign of the Messiah, and assuming that the 70 years appointed by Jeremiah (c. 25) re thus expanded into 490 (the week being a mystical expression or seven years), he finds one more expansion in the supposed prediction of Enoch, who transforms the years into so many reigns of heathen princes, which of course might be of long or short duration, and might even comprise contemporary oppressors, since it was notoriously the fate of the Jews frequently to suffer under more than one tyrant at the same time. The number 70 he thus decomposes, 12+23+23+12, observing that the two mean and the two extreme figures are respectively equal to each other. The four terms are so many periods, the first is that of the Babylonian captivity, the second that of the government under the Persians, and the other two that of the Greeks (or Macedonians), the fourth being distinguished from the third as a time of more grievous [illegible] The result of his calculation, which we cannot [illegible] in detail, [illegible] assign the date of the Book of Enoch to the time of Hyrcanus Dr. Dillmann's choice in this respect is, however, confirmed by other than arithmetical considerations Contemplating the general purport of the work, he considers that it is written with the view of calling back the Jews, whose religious principles had been greatly undermined by contact with the Gentiles, to a feeling for their old religion, and especially of reviving in them that hope in a coming Messiah which it is certain had been nearly extinguished Nor, when we consider the compass of the book, and the amount of study and thought required for its composition, can we suppose that it was produced at a stormy period. While the first Maccabees were fighting with all their might and main, there was [illegible] or opportunity for the [illegible]position of pr[illegible] exhortations, especially when these were blended with astronomical instruction. But the period of comparative repose which followed the victories of the valiant brothers Judas and Simon—the period when the religion of Moses and patriotism had become identical, and the hopes of a Messiah were again revived—was eminently favourable to the production of the work, and such a period is represented in the person of Simon's son, Johannes Hyrcanus There is a fact too which we have hitherto left unnoticed, and that is the mention in the Book of Enoch of the Parthians, who, according to both Dr. Dillmann and Dr. Ewald, were not well known in Palestine till the same Hyrcanus joined Antiochus Sidetes in the expedition against them mentioned by Josephus (*Antiq.* xiii. 8) The assigned date of the Book of Enoch, in pursuance of this theory, is about 110 B.C.

Dr. Ferdinand Filippi, who, though he has written many theological works, has but recently appeared as a controversialist on the subject of Enoch, takes a view widely different from either of those that we have recorded, and the arguments with which he supports it display remarkable ingenuity and acuteness. To

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* *Das Buch Henoch.* Sein Zeitalter und sein Verhältniss zum Judasbriefe. Von Dr. Ferdinand Filippi. Stuttgart: Liesching.

Ethiopian scholarship he makes no pretence, but he cites, as unquestionably accurate, the translation of Dr Dillmann, while he is altogether opposed to him in the interpretation of the book. His treatise is also valuable as a summary record of the various opinions that have made their appearance on this debatable ground since Bruce's discovered treasure was made known to the world; for our readers must not suppose that the only division is that which separates Dr Dillmann from Dr. Laurence. Dr. Ewald, with whom Dr. Dillmann agrees in many points, considers that the book was commenced somewhere about the year 144 B.C., and gradually increased in bulk through subsequent additions. Another contends that the allegorical history culminates, not in Johannes Hyrcanus, but in his son, Alexander Jannæus; while a third, Dr. Volkman, effecting a tremendous chronological leap, and assigning Pseudo-Enoch to the age of the Emperor Hadrian, declares that even the Messiah contemplated by the seer is no other than Bar-Cochba, who headed the Jewish revolt against the Romans towards the middle of the second century, and certainly assumed the sacred character.

Dr Filippi, differing *toto cælo* from Dr. Volkman in other respects, so far agrees with him that he looks upon the last twelve herdsmen, not as Greeks, but as Romans, and he attaches much importance to certain eagles which towards the end of the tale appear as tormentors of the chosen race, and do not seem previously to have received the attention they deserve. His own theory, in the main, is one that has probably suggested itself to those of our readers who have carefully read the passages from the second "parable" which are cited in our former article, and in which the character of the Messiah is described. The theory, in short, is this—that the Messiah contemplated by Pseudo-Enoch harmonizes too well with Christian ideas to be a result of purely Judaical thought, and that the author of the book was a Christian. The use of the expression "Son of Man" in Daniel (c. ix.) is too exceptional to have furnished a precedent for the frequent use of the same expression by Pseudo-Enoch as an epithet proper to the Messiah, and still more repugnant to the Jewish notions is the "Son of Woman."

A still more cogent argument in favour of Dr Filippi's theory is afforded by a portion of the allegorical history to which we have not particularly referred. After 58 of the shepherds have passed away, and the rule of the last twelve (Greeks, according to Dr Dillmann, Romans, according to Dr. Filippi) has begun, the white sheep give birth to lambs, which, amid the sufferings inflicted by birds of prey, piteously but vainly cry to their parents. The horns that spring from the heads of the lambs are plucked out by ravens, but presently one of them is distinguished by a large horn, and is at once surrounded by others whose eyes are then opened. The efforts of the ravens to pluck out this horn likewise prove futile. Shortly afterwards the Lord of the Sheep (the Deity) takes up the "staff of wrath," and the destruction of the hostile beasts ensues, the birds and beasts of prey, the 70 herdsmen, and the blinded sheep being all consigned to subterranean flames. The old house of the sheep is likewise demolished, and then a new house is built by the Lord of the Sheep, in which all the surviving birds and beasts of the earth, including the sheep whose wool is white, fall down and worship. When the eyes of all have been opened and the house is full, a white bull is born with large horns, and all the rest of the animals are changed into white bulls after his semblance, the chief of them being the Word. Out of the passage which we have thus abridged Dr. Filippi makes a very strong case against the Jewish origin of the book. During the rule of the Romans the lamb appears, and is acknowledged by those of the flock whose eyes are opened, being no other than the Saviour. Subsequently the old house—that is to say, the Temple and city of Jerusalem—is destroyed by the Romans, and in its place is erected a new house, which is the Church of Christ. The white bull is of course the Messiah, whether the book is interpreted in a Jewish or a Christian sense; but the acuteness of Dr. Filippi is shown by his hypothesis that the whole narrative embodies a belief in two advents—the lamb being the Redeemer in his humility, the white bull the Redeemer in his strength and glory as judge of the world. Now a second advent, he argues, is wholly inconsistent with the Jewish idea of the Messiah.

In the fifth part of the book the warnings of Enoch to posterity are accompanied by a very summary history of the world from the beginning, divided into seven periods called "weeks," in accordance with the expression used by Daniel. The first period is manifestly that during which Enoch was born, and which consequently preceded the unholy loves of the angels. The second period clearly comprises the wickedness terminating with the Deluge, the third and fourth are respectively those of the call of Abraham and the mission of Moses, the fifth is signalized by the building of Solomon's Temple, the sixth is that of the degeneracy that ensued after the division of the kingdom, and terminates with the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar. Although the characteristics of these six "weeks" are indicated with the utmost brevity, they do not seem to have given rise to any serious controversy, and it is also agreed that the "seventh week" extends to the immediate past of the writer. This period, however, is rendered illustrious at its close by the appearance of an eternal Plant of Righteousness, who will reward the elect by giving them sevenfold instruction respecting his whole creation. To this "Plant," in the opinion of Dr. Filippi, no person in the whole Jewish history, after the first destruction of the Temple, can possibly correspond, except the Christian Saviour.

Besides the seven weeks, an eighth, ninth, and tenth have been mentioned in a previous chapter, where the passages referring to them seem so strangely placed that Dr. Laurence does not scruple so to transpose them that they appear as a supplement to those just described. If the seven weeks bring us down to Pseudo-Enoch, it is manifest that all that is said with respect to the other three must be considered prophetic in the strict sense of the word. Now during the eighth week, which is designated one of righteousness, the righteous will subdue the wicked; and during the ninth righteous judgment is to be revealed, and all works of the ungodly will vanish from the earth. The tenth ends with the last judgment and the appearance of the new heaven as predicted in the

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... of Dr. Filippi's reasoning, which is supported by several minor arguments, is this—that Pseudo-Enoch was a Christian who wrote shortly after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem by Titus. Consistent with this view is an opinion that the Book of Enoch was originally in Greek.

There is one point with respect to this curious book which we have scarcely touched upon, and which to some persons will be of the greatest interest, and that is its connexion with the General Epistle of St. Jude, whose words, according to the Authorized

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to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches, which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.'" The corresponding passage in the Book of Enoch reads thus:—"Behold, he comes, with ten thousands of saints, to hold judgment upon them, and will destroy the wicked and contend with all flesh concerning everything that the sinners and the ungodly have done and committed against Him" (chap. i. 9). Though the passages are substantially the same, the correspondence between them is not so close that we can regard the words of Jude as an exact quotation.

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not only opposed to earlier critics, who look upon it as a compilation of fragments, produced at different periods, but he is dissatisfied with the view of Dr. Dillman that the work is by one author in the main, but has been enriched here and there with consummate skill by an interpolator. The book, the whole book, and nothing but the book, will content Dr. Filippi. Nevertheless he cannot bear to charge an Apostle with giving his sanction to the authority of a book which is clearly uncanonical, and propagating the belief that it is the work of an antediluvian prophet by whom

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theories, was encouraged by the passage in the Epistle, which was written before he commenced his labours. Enoch once selected among the saints of old, he freely made use of such material as was afforded to him by the stores of Jewish tradition. Jude might be acquainted with the tradition likewise, and had the advantage of inspiration in discerning the true from the false; and it is worthy of note that he does not expressly refer to a book at all, but simply quotes the words of the antediluvian Enoch, without stating the source whence they were derived.

STRETTON.*

If excess on either side is better than the dead level of mediocrity, Mr. Henry Kingsley may be congratulated, for in *Stretton* he has surpassed himself—which is saying much—and has produced a novel to which it would be difficult to find an equal. Always with original notions of style and grammar, his originality here takes still higher and more daring flights, and if the English language is to be written according to the model of *Stretton*, we must have new rules and principles of construction without delay. A peerless young man, a first-class Oxford man, says "Let you and I tackle to this regiment." The author himself asks of a certain Mrs. Evans, who is walking bareheaded under the dew and through the growing clover, with an Indian shawl dropping off her shoulders, and beating herself about the head with her clenched fists, "Is it her in the flesh, and has she gone mad?" Grave old college dons roll off the latest slang, and always speak of the young men who have come up to the University as "a team of boys"; and an Oxford Dean thinks it no shame to preach without a nominative, and to use English epithets in a French sense for the benefit of a rural congregation. He speaks of the "three Shropshire boys" now serving in India (during the mutiny) in this strain:—"In the very depth of the darkness of this furious imbroglio, the extent of which no man can measure, the end of which no man can see, I who preach to you have three boys, more deeply dear to me than my own life. They were committed

* *Stretton.* A Novel. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Ravenshoe," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

to me by a man I respect and reverence beyond most men, and I did my best by them. Clever, petulant, furious, fantastic, you know them; you can all say that of them. Innocent, kindly, brave; you can all say *that* of them." We can fancy how Hodge and Joan would look at each other while this volley of fine epithets was being fired above their heads, and how they would wonder at what ever on airth the parson meant, and what ever was he driving at. But the Hodges of the book have the best of it. A young jeweller designs a *"collier"*—nothing so commonplace as a necklace—on the principles of the New Jerusalem; and an evil old village woman discourses in this fashion to Aunt Eleanor, the lady farmer and landed proprietor of the place:—"My husband's family have been vassals to your's for centuries. Coming from the manufacturing counties as I do, this vassalage seemed strange at first, but I have got used to it." Further on she says:—

"You will poison Miss Mordaunt's mind against marriage, Miss Eleanor. Beauty like her's should not go unused. Mordaunts and Evanses must not fail in the land; beauty, worth, valour, perfect openness, and perfect truth are too good qualities to be lost in the land; and where are they to be found unless among Mordaunts and Evanses? Ah! we may see Miss Mordaunt mistress of Stretton yet." Whereupon Miss Ethel, with her crest in the air, marched out of the room, with her riding-habit under her arm, and a look of high, cool, unutterable contempt on her face. "I will come back, Miss Evans, when this woman is gone," she said; but she might have gone upstairs without bruising her clenched hand against the banisters. "Mrs. Gray," said Eleanor, angrily, "you are taking great liberties." "Only with a Mordaunt. I love it; I love to make one of those snake-headed Mordaunts put their heads in the air, like an adder just before he strikes, I do it with the boys. They are a red-handed old lot. Why, that youngest one, Jimmy, *her* brother, nigh tortured your own nephew, Edward, to death at school, that *you* know. Mad love and bitter hate I love to play with a Mordaunt. Ha! ha!" "I'll trouble you not to play with an Evans, if you please," said Eleanor, calmly furious "No! no! not with a she-Evans. They get their stuff from the Merediths Do you remember your mother? Ah! to see her bareheaded, with her hands held up over her head—well, don't look like that. She was a Meredith, and so are you; your brother is an Evans. All the men-Evanses are soft; you can do anything with 'em you like, except resist them when they plead. Your brother took two of my sons to Waterloo, and only brought back one. They would have gone to the devil after him—and then—why, and then another man-Evans, your nephew Edward, kisses you, strokes your hair, calls you his foolish old woman, and makes you, a woman of spirit, do just as he pleases And he will live to break your heart as his father broke mine You wait till you are old, and see him spending your hard-earned money on them that will despise you Wait till you see him getting impatient for your death, and then remember my words."

Which we venture to say is the most remarkable harangue any old "trot," as Mr. Henry Kingsley calls his village dames, was ever heard to make before the grand lady of the place Only Mr. Henry Kingsley's own characters can show anything like it in fiction; while, happily, in society as it is, such a discourse has never been heard, and, we are bold to predict, never will be heard.

In the beginning of things, and indeed quite to the end of the second volume, it is next to impossible for the reader to make out the individuality of any of this renowned "team of boys" sent up from the Gloucester Grammar School to Saint Paul's College. They are all Evanses and Mordaunts and Maynards, and are all so rich and handsome, and so mixed up together, that they can hardly be distinguished the one from the other. To be sure one is staglike, another bovine, and a third has the head of a snake; one is Antinous, and another a Hercules, another again like a pretty girl, whose beauty and smallness and delicacy get bepraised and belauded in the most sickening manner; and one is a Berserker, and has Norse blood and Norse madness in him—how stale that old Kingsley affectation is! Roland, the hero of them all, though all are heroes in their way, is a "splendid upstanding young fellow, with short curling hair, who carries his head like a stag". and he does wonderful things in boating and classics and love-making and Indian soldiership. But the first time he and his four comrades are in at college lecture they have an unseemly schoolboy wrangle; and they are such baby innocents, though young men grown, that they do not know the difference between college and school, but think they are to be caned, and get lines, and have their liberty stopped, when the Dean tells them to wait after lecture When they get off with only an admonition to remember that they are men and gentlemen, they have a free fight on the stairs for joy. This kind of thing goes on all through, until it becomes inexpressibly wearisome, and without effecting its purpose. Mr. Henry Kingsley had it in his mind to show us a little knot of high-spirited gentlemen-like lads, fresh and innocent, while brave and manly, but he has drawn only a silly set of riotous bumpkins, irritating enough to have excused any one who had caned them all round. It is not so much the sense of life and vivacity that he has given us, as of noise, confusion, and folly. The whole book indeed has this one character of confusion The story is confused; the style is jerky, allusive, and difficult to follow; the characters are phantasmagoric, and run into each other; and, though plentifully described so far as words go, remain to the last in a nebulous condition, hazy and indistinct. Nothing is made out, nothing drawn in clearly, or touched incisively Persons, dates, and circumstances flit at random about the pages. and we never know who may not turn up hundreds of miles away from where we saw him last, with no apparent reason that should have brought him over. The whole "team" are united by such tremendous bonds of love and hate that there is no dividing them. For if one hates another, he loves the sister or the brother of his foe with so much warmth that for the sake of the common centre he agrees to sink all differences and to be as loving as the rest. And they all love in a demonstrative manner rarely seen among Englishmen—a petting, caressing, womanly manner peculiarly Mr. Henry Kingsley's. And they all talk a mixture of blank verse and slang, the like of which no ordinary English gentleman is ever heard to talk under any circumstances whatsoever. But the funniest scene of all is where Eddy goes among the roughs on Saffron Hill. Some of them are up in London "seeing life," and Eddy chooses, as his particular form of that occupation, to go to Camden Town, and thence to a Bible Class in Saffron Hill, with his friend Allan Gray—the young jeweller who makes bridal necklaces on New Jerusalem principles. This account of the Ragged School in Saffron Hill is perhaps the most affected and insincere bit of writing in a book which is affected and insincere throughout. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Kingsley has ever seen what he has attempted to describe, and entirely incomprehensible how he could have condescended to such worse than womanish weakness in his delineation of Eddy. The scene is too long to be given *in extenso*, but the image of Eddy, a young collegian of seventeen, first of all

audience helplessly, "I don't know anything about teaching, but I know the Acts in Greek, and I have been used to class and lecture," then asking them all what they had got to live on, is something too absurd. Had Eddy been a little country girl instead of a young collegian, he could not have been a greater fool, nor could Mr. Kingsley have taken more pains to show how very foolish he is. "But, Sir," said Eddy, puzzled and startled, speaking to an old sailor in the class who argues about St. Paul's tramping it from Gaeta to Rome—"but, Sir, if you haven't got any money, we might give you some of ours." This is after college experience, and boating, and the bargees. Also says Eddy on the subject of tramping:—

"How very pleasant! Why on earth did you come here? Do you mean to say that you went on from one place to another, without caring where you slept, in this beautiful summer weather? I should like that immensely"

When it was explained to this cherubic innocent that they had nothing, and that, tramps as they were, they naturally wanted to eat and drink, his reply is.—

"I always thought you had barrows of cherries, or grindstones, or vans with brass knockers, when you went on the tramp. I always thought it looked so pleasant" "We hadn't got no money," said the sailor. "I have not got any either," said Eddy, wishing to awaken a fellow feeling somehow, but feeling very much at sea "My eldest brother has taken away my money, because he was afraid I should make a fool of myself, and my brother is a very talented young man, with a singularly good judgment"

As unnatural in another way is Allan Gray, who speaks to a drunken woman thus.—

"What a very foolish woman you will find yourself if once you have sufficient resolution to bring your mind to bear upon it, you know. You should bring your mind to bear upon questions of this kind, and should not take action in this rapid and illogical manner. You should think the question out"

This is because the woman wants to get at Eddy, who has protected her by knocking her husband down, the cherubic innocent having science, if no end of folly Again, when this amiable young gentleman goes home escorted by Allan Gray, the meeting between him and his elder brother Roland is curious, to say the least of it. It must be remembered that they are all young men, and that even Eddy, though not quite up to his brother, being a "light-weight" and fond of jewellery, is far above the average in intrinsic manliness and brains, not to speak of skill and courage:—

Roland, the scholar and the athlete, had his square-sided snake-like head bent over his books when the two came in. He was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, and he caught sight of his brother first, and Allan saw him drop his pen, and noticed that the two brown hands turned themselves with their palms uppermost, and spread themselves out to meet those of the brother. Allan, standing in the shade, saw this, but saw more. He saw a bright light in Roland's face for one instant, which he knew, but which I have a difficulty in describing. The eyebrows were elevated, and the mouth was slightly parted, and from between the parted lips the soul said, "My darling! my darling! where have you been?"

Does this strike the reader as being anything like what Roland Evans would have said? This Allan Gray is Roland's elder brother, and the rightful heir to the estates. He is the son of a low marriage made with "old trot's" daughter, when Captain Charles Evans was a young man, just before Waterloo; but he had been mixed up and shuffled about with another baby born in the Grays' cottage at much the same time, and no one but Phyllis Myrtle, another "old trot" much given to sentiment and gin, and her confidante Mrs. Maynard, a woman of position, know that the babies were changed when the one who was not Squire Charles's died; and that Allan Gray, now living as a New Jerusalemite in Camden Town, is really the lawful heir of Stretton, and the eldest and legitimately born son of Squire Charles. However, both young men being heroes in their way, here is no grasping on the one side nor holding back on the other; and both being penetrated with the love of humanity far more than with anything like self-concern, the claims and the defence are put into the hands of the solicitors, and the only confusion likely to arise seems to be in the contention who shall be most generous. A compromise is effected by the lawyers, and our heroes finally meet in India, where Roland is doing good work in

the common-sense way of military defence, and Allan bitter mischief by his New Jerusalem and untimely preaching. After having released the Berserker Jim Mordaunt, who has got into trouble by some exhibition of the Norse madness not approved of by the Rajah of Belpore, Allan goes away quietly to be killed; after which the Shropshire team pull through all their troubles, and come home to fine fortunes, pretty wives, and a general hurrahing of the villagers:—

> So ended the pageant, and so ends my seventh story. My boys were very dear to me, but they have passed into Shadow-land for ever; the two Mordaunts, the two Evanses, and Maynard. Of all the ghosts of old friends which I have called up in this quaint trade, called the writing of fiction, only two remain with me, and never quit me. The others come and go, and I love them well enough; but the two who are with me always are the peaked-faced man, Charles Ravenshoe, and the lame French girl, Mathilde.

We can assure Mr. Henry Kingsley that the "quaint trade" he follows would be rid of no little rubbish if he would leave it and its ghosts alone; or at all events, if he must follow it, let him follow it with some amount of simplicity and truth, some kind of regard to nature, common sense, and the rules of art. He ought to remember that failure has a reflex action, no less than success; and that careless work, conceit, and bad grammar are safe to ensure failure, if indulged in to the extent in which he has permitted himself to indulge in them in this silly book of impossibilities and affectation.

HABIT AND INTELLIGENCE.*

IN his recent series of essays on *Habit and Intelligence* Mr. J. J. Murphy has attacked the problems which lie around the bases of life and thought from an original standing-point, as well as with much freshness and vigour of reasoning. The title of his book is felt by the writer to call for somewhat of explanation. The work itself, however, will be found, after a few preliminary steps by way of defining and justifying his peculiar terminology, to embody fairly enough a substantive, and in many respects a novel, system of ideas as regards the most fundamental processes of being and mind. The word "habit" is employed by him in a sense unusually wide, but, as he fairly urges, in a sense which is strictly accurate, and well fitted to form the nucleus out of which his scheme of philosophy has taken its growth and shape. He means by "habit" that law "in virtue of which all the actions and the characters of living beings tend to repeat and perpetuate themselves." This principle, [illegible] need scarcely point out, is but th[e] extension to the facts and operations of organic or intelligent life of a postulate which is popularly known as one of the primary laws of motion in the domain of physics. A wave or pulsation of life or mind, like a material body in motion, will continue to pulsate or flow till arrested by some opposing force or obstacle. In the organic or vital sphere there is, moreover, a distinctive or differential principle of action, and that of a twofold character. Not only is every living organism distinguished by the capacity of growth, but the perpetuation of force, based upon this law of growth, holds good, not only in the individual, but in the offspring. Just as the early and simple law of motion aforesaid has been expanded into the modern principle of the conservation or indestructibility of force, so does it come to little more than a truism to say that vital or mental energy has its effect through every stage of inherited being. The same law which is incontrovertibly true in physics may be no less conclusively established as a fundamental law of life and mind. What is the law of association of ideas, of which so much is commonly made as a fundamental law of mind, but a particular instance of the law of habit? A large part of Mr. Murphy's treatise is occupied with tracing and systematizing the laws under which habits form themselves, disappear, alter under altered circumstances, or vary spontaneously. Bishop Butler was probably the first to take note of the fact that active habits strengthen, while passive impressions weaken, by repetition. Mr. Murphy shows these effects, by an ingenious process of reasoning, to be both traceable alike to the influence of the same law. He even goes beyond this, and makes it clear that this law is not confined to mental and voluntary actions, but has its foundation far down in the unconscious life. The power of medicines and stimulants, it is well known, is diminished by constant use. Another instance is seen in the action on the heart of a blow or sudden fright, like an electric shock. First comes a momentary cessation or slackening of the heart's action. Next, if the shock is not sufficient to cause death, follows a quickening of the heart's action, the well-known "beating of the heart." Suppose the stimulus or shock to be repeated, its intensity being the same, its effect will become less with every repetition. The heart, that is, is acquiring the habit of not making any response to it, just as the sleeper acquires the habit of not making any response to the bell. Still more curious is the instance of climbing plants, like the *passiflora gracilis*, cited from Mr. Darwin. The tendril which will yield to the slightest pressure of a twig, or to a weight the 32nd of a grain, will show no heed of the contact of other tendrils of the same plant, or of the falling of drops of rain. The tendrils have acquired the habit of neglecting these—a wonderful instance of vegetable instinct. That animal organs grow by exercise is a fact which has an important bearing upon the same law of development, extending to all vital actions—formative, motor, and mental. Through a chain of proofs, varied and subtle, yet firm and of growing tenacity, Mr. Murphy expands this fundamental idea. From the primary forces and motive powers of the universe he passes on to the chemical energies involved in the combination of elementary powers, and from them to the laws of crystallization, with the analogies and distinctions between crystals and organisms, whence we advance to what is called the chemistry of life, and its results in the multiform phenomena of animal organization. The chapter on the "dynamics of life" deserves particularly to be pointed out as an example of the writer's power in grasping the results of the deepest physiological and biological research, and combining them with what is known of the elementary substances and forces which go to make up the ultimate tissues of animal or plant. Throughout organized nature may be traced the great principle of the "assimilation or storing-up of energy," to be transformed at need into functional, motor, or intelligent force.

The word intelligence, used as it is by the writer in its familiar sense, hardly calls for definition. It will not be questioned by any one that intelligence is found in none but living beings. But it is not so obvious that intelligence is an attribute of all living beings, and is co-extensive with life itself. In his use of the word Mr. Murphy includes not only the conscious intelligence of the mind, but also "the organizing intelligence which adapts the eye for seeing, the ear for hearing, and every part of an organism for its special work." He is not much given to quoting authorities, beyond a few leading thinkers and writers of the day. Nor does his reading seem to have extended widely or deeply into the literature of the past. He seems scarcely aware how much of the ground gone over in the course of his speculations was covered by the "vitalist" controversy originated by Stahl a century and a half ago, and recently revived in France. It has been the generally received doctrine that the organizing intelligence and the mental intelligence are two distinct intelligences. Mr. Murphy's position is that they are not distinct, but are two separate manifestations of the same intelligence, which is co-extensive with life, though it is for the most part unconscious, and only becomes fully conscious of itself in the mind of man. Intelligence assumes in our author's scheme the central position which in the more fanciful system of Schopenhauer was occupied by the will. Habit is in itself, he argues, obviously an unintelligent principle. "No intelligence is involved in the mere tendency to repeat an action or to perpetuate a character." But when the laws of Habit and of Intelligence have been laid down, it becomes a question whether intelligence is itself an ultimate fact, incapable of being resolved into any simpler elements or agencies, or only a resultant from the quasi-mechanical laws of habit. This question, as treated by the writer, it is hardly an exaggeration to describe as "by far the most important of all problems now under scientific discussion, and perhaps the most important that science can ever have to consider." In its solution are bound up interests beyond those which attach to science in the abstract. In the course of the argument the mind is almost unavoidably brought to the borders of a region external to that which is usually regarded as the domain of science. Such subjects as the origin of the universe, the origin of life, the nature of intelligence, and the nature and ground of the moral sense, suggest questions which, if they are to be answered at all, must be answered from data not to be found in the visible world. It would seem to be from no indifference to this class of questions, but rather from a conviction of their transcendent importance, that the author has forborne to enter upon them in the present work. They are, we are glad to hear, to form the subject of a distinct work, already in progress, called the *Scientific Bases of Faith*. In the meanwhile we are pleased to listen to a writer who has so firm a foothold upon the ground within the scope of his immediate survey, and who can enunciate with so much clearness and force propositions which come within his grasp.

From the point of view adopted in the present work the leading problem divides itself into two—the one concerning the unconscious intelligence that organizes the body, the other concerning the conscious intelligence of mind. The investigation of the nature of the organizing intelligence involves the question of the dawn of organic life, as well as that of the later stages of organic growth and development, which, since the publication of Mr. Darwin's great work, may be said to have attracted more interest than any other scientific question of the day. Mr. Murphy professes his agreement with Mr. Darwin in the belief that all species have been derived by descent, with modifications, from a few simple germs, possibly from a single original germ. He further agrees with him in attaching great importance to "natural selection among spontaneous variations," as part of that agency by which the modifications have been effected. But he is altogether opposed to Mr. Darwin in believing that the wondrous facts of organic adaptation cannot all have been produced by natural selection, or by any unintelligent agency whatever. In his chapter on organization, for instance, after disowning all connexion with the exploded notions of "final cause," as having no place in scientific parlance, he dwells strongly upon the idea of "purpose" as peculiar to and constitutive of organized structure, and as having in nature "analogies with man's work." The relation of means to purpose is with him a higher analogue of the relation of living structure to function. For instance, the relation of the structure of the eye to the function of seeing is something which has no analogy whatever in the inorganic creation,

* *Habit and Intelligence, in their Connexion with the Laws of Matter and Force: a Series of Scientific Essays.* By Joseph John Murphy. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

but which has analogies in machinery and other apparatus of man's invention. The eye is, in fact, a camera obscura. No man of the simplest intelligence can deny the existence of the most complex and wonderful adaptations in the organic creation. Are these, then, but so many cases of the simple or mechanical law of cause and effect? It has been maintained with great knowledge and ability by Mr. Darwin in his *Origin of Species*, and by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his *Principles of Biology*, that the laws of cause and effect are adequate to account for all adaptations; that the adaptation of the eye to light, for example, has been *produced* by the direct and indirect action of light upon countless generations of living beings; and so of all organic adaptations. From this theory Mr. Murphy totally dissents. It is his belief that the relation of means and purposes in organization is as much a primary law of nature, and as incapable of being resolved into any other more general principle, as the relation of cause and effect itself. As we ascend the scale in nature to higher and higher vital functions, we find the relation of cause and effect less traceable, and that of purpose more so. Nowhere in the universe, he argues, is the relation of means to purpose more conspicuous to us than in the organs of sense in the higher animals, especially in the eye and the ear. Yet nowhere is it more difficult, not to say impossible, to assign any physical cause for the structure which these wonderful organs have assumed. And as we rise in the study of nature, not only do the separate functions become more widely traceable, but their mutual relations become more definite. The trunk, the leaves, and the flowers of a tree have each their function, but it would be unmeaning to ask whether the tree exists for the leaves, or the leaves for the tree. In all the higher animals the parts manifestly exist for the whole, and the whole for the parts. The purposes which biological science reveals to us are, in fact, only relative purposes. As Kant acutely remarked, all the parts of an organism are mutually means and ends; all the parts ministering to each other and to the whole. If we ask what *absolute* end is served by this wondrous play of means to *relative* ends, physical science, Mr. Murphy justly reminds us, gives no hint or suggestion of any answer. He is, however, in error when he lays down the distinction that purpose, as manifested in intelligence, is not equally discoverable in the inorganic creation. What reason can there be for asserting that the laws of heat or gravitation, or the chemical properties of bodies, are either more or less designed for or directed towards an end or purpose, than the laws of structure or of formation which biological science makes known to our minds? Nor is this the only source of confusion which Mr. Murphy introduces into this portion of his argument. While repudiating the use of "final causes," as an exploded expression in science, he makes it by implication a charge against the science of the day that it has neglected, and even abjures, all reference beyond that of cause and effect, in other words, that it confines itself to phenomena in their sequences or immediate causes, without pursuing them to their ultimate cause or purpose. He here places himself in a logical dilemma. If he refuses to include the relation of means and purposes in organization within the general relation of cause and effect, he virtually, though explicitly protesting against the charge, denies the universality of the law of causation. If, on the other hand, he finds fault with advanced science for stopping short of a sphere where the universal relation of cause and effect ceases to hold good, on what logical wings, we should like to know, is he going to sustain himself in an atmosphere too attenuated for all known processes and conditions of thought? What our author objects to in Mr. Darwin is that that philosopher throws no light upon the origin of life as distinct from the origin of species, or from successive steps in the evolution of living forms. Professedly accepting to the full the theory of development, Mr Murphy holds the theory to be incomplete as yet Beyond all recognised forms, however much modified by descent under the laws of gradual and successive development, he would go back further still to some "one originally vitalized but unorganized germ." This germ, he believes, "must have been vitalized by the same Creative Power that gave their origin and their properties to matter and energy." Our author is here trespassing upon ground which he has marked out by anticipation for his promised work upon the basis of theism. To account for the origin of life, or the origin of matter, forms no part of the programme of science, in the strict or positive sense in which science is at present understood. It was in no sense that which formed the subject of Mr. Darwin's special and characteristic theory. To trace within the range of ascertained forms of life, and throughout the entire record of organized being, a uniform law of sequence and unbroken chain of development is quite another thing from assigning a date to the beginning of life itself, or giving laws to a power which must in its very nature transcend all that experience tells us concerning the forces or agencies that now exist. The very idea of creation, or of a beginning of things in the absolute sense, lying as it does beyond the scope of our experience, beyond even that of our power of conception, can find no place in the domain of science. There is, on the other hand, nothing in the peculiar hypothesis so carefully elaborated by Mr. Darwin which necessarily excludes the operation of an ultimate or first cause, or which is incompatible either with rigid theism or with the more developed or dogmatic forms of received theology. An uncalled for and excessive antagonism to the principle of development by natural selection, as well as to that of the psychological school dating from Hartley, and represented by Mill, Bain, and Herbert Spencer in our day, has been the means of betraying Mr. Murphy into fields of speculation beyond the proper province of his inquiry, no less than into inconsequences of reasoning which weaken our trust in his logical powers. There is so much of boldness and breadth in his conception of his subject, and so much fresh and genuine ability in his mode of making good his main positions, as to make us regret the more anything that might be taken for injustice in dealing with the arguments of an opponent.

THE MUNICIPAL HISTORY OF LONDON.*

THE reappearance, after an interval of forty years, of so well-known a book as Mr. Norton's Commentaries enables us to measure the enormous advance which has been made during the interval in the knowledge of municipal history. At the date of its first publication, the annals of London, as they were drawn by writers like Maitland from chroniclers like Grafton and Hall, disclosed little more than a monotonous succession of civic junketings, while, for a general inquiry into the subject of borough life, materials could only be found in the meagre treatises of Brady and Maddox, or in the larger and more recent compilation of Stephens [illegible]

strictions of municipal suffrage by which it told on the general politics of the realm. The great collections of Thierry, and the well-known prefaces which first gave a philosophic basis to the study of communal institutions, were still unknown on this side of the Channel, and Sir Francis Palgrave had done little more than hint at his conclusions in a few reviews. To explore the history of London, therefore, in 1828, was simply impossible, and Mr. Norton did wisely in looking for firm ground in a running commentary on the long series of charters which recorded the gradual steps of its advance. Since that time, however, a mass of new materials has accumulated, in which the actual life of the great city stands revealed to us; the researches of M Delpit among its archives, the edition of the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* by Mr. Stapleton, have been followed and completed by the publication of the *Liber Albus* and the *Liber Custumarum* in the series of the Master of the Rolls Of this immense addition, however, to our knowledge the new issue of Mr. Norton's Commentaries knows absolutely nothing, while the revision announced in its title has left every page disfigured by historical blunders which would disgrace a schoolboy. Hengest, for instance, "established his government over Kent, Essex, and Middlesex, and fixed upon Canterbury as his capital in preference to London." Egbert "fixed upon this city as the seat of his residence and the metropolis of his empire." Heriot is called a "Danish" burden. "The Bishop, who acted as a magistrate, was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury." It is needless, however, to prolong a list of errors which occur on every page of the earlier part of this volume—errors no doubt evitable at a time when Hume could be cited as the source of information for our earlier history, but we can hardly think that the Corporation of London have exercised a wise liberality in encouraging a mere reprint. Some effort might at least have been made in this third edition to bring the book up to the historical level of to-day.

The municipal history of London divides itself into two great periods—the period of communal development, and that of mercantile restriction. The first ranges from the very dawn of its English history to the date of the battle of Evesham and the close of the Barons' war. The modern life of London seems to have begun in the revival of its commercial activity after the settlement of the Danes; its political importance as "the capital" dates only from the eve of the Conquest and the settlement of the Confessor at Westminster. That, like the bulk of the English towns, it had over formed part of the Royal demesne, there is the very strongest ground for doubting. The first step towards freedom in the ordinary history of boroughs is the commutation of the unlimited demands which could be made on them at the will of their lord, for a fixed annual sum, the fee-farm rent. By the acceptance of such a payment the lord of a borough, were he king or earl, parted at once with his actual proprietorship in the soil, and in the persons of the citizens; the borough became free, its inhabitants became "freemen." But no tradition of such a change exists in the case of London. There seems every ground for supposing, with Sir Francis Palgrave, that in this case at least the Roman mun[illegible] had survived the storm of the English Conquest, that it had practically retained its independence in the face of the petty kings of the East Saxons, and that the sole hold of the conquerors upon it lay in the presence of a royal reeve, the reservation to him of the higher criminal justice, and the exaction of specified royal dues. But if its freedom were a relic of Roman times, its inner constitution, as it survived unchanged from its first revelation in the Dooms of King Athelstan to the great changes of the Edwards, presented the most perfect image of the older Teutonic democracy. In form it was precisely identical with that of the country round it; the burgesses were grouped, for the purposes of the "free pledge," in their territorial sokes or gilds, as the husbandmen in their hundreds, gild-court answered to hundred-leet, alderman to hundred-man. The royal reeve served, in the borough as in the

* *Commentaries on the History, Constitution, and Chartered Franchises of the City of London.* By George Norton. Third Edition, revised. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

county, as the centre around which these separate powers and jurisdictions grouped themselves in a loose federal way; bishop and reeve presided in the general hustings-court as bishop and reeve presided in the shire-moot. But the whole of this simple and obvious organization was penetrated with the spirit of personal independence. The hereditary alderman presided, indeed, in the leet-court of his ward or gild; on solemn fast-days he gathered with his fellows round the reeve for consultation on the affairs of the town. But the real control was in the hands of the free burgesses themselves. They did service at the ward-mote for law or for government; suit or ordinance were decided by their "yea" or "nay." In the same free "yea" or "nay," thundered out more loudly as the great bell from the campanile of St. Paul's summoned the Folk-mote together in the church-yard, lay the rule of the city. All laws were passed, all elections made, all greater suits decided by the collective body of burgesses, gathered, as the Swiss freemen still gather, their own rulers and lawgivers, in the green meadows of Uri.

It was this free constitution which the Conqueror recognised when his charter confirmed to the men of London the rights they had enjoyed in the days of King Edward. Through all the great changes which followed on the Conquest, London remained the single untouched instance of English self-government. The free voice of the people was hushed in the deliberations of the Magnates or of the King's Council, but the Folk-mote beneath St. Paul's still preserved the tradition of the Witanagemot. It was this preservation of the old Teutonic tradition that made the political greatness of London of such vital moment for England under her foreign Kings. It was from the city which still preserved the rights she had enjoyed under Edward that the claim went forth on behalf of the nation at large for the restoration of the laws of the Confessor, for the charters, which recognised that claim, of Henry and Stephen and John. Stephen was emphatically the Londoners' King, in him they claimed, more for the people than for themselves, their "jus prærogativum eligendi," the right of nomination in the case of a disputed succession, it was the rejection of their cry for the Confessor's laws that overthrew the throne of Matilda, St Thomas was a son of the great city, the first Act of Henry II. was a confirmation of its freedom. By the close of his reign London was already pressing forward to the second step in its municipal advance. As yet the municipal influence had been seen in the extension to borough after borough of the liberties she had once exclusively possessed. The great democratic movement which sweeps quietly along, unnoticed by historians, from the days of the First Henry to those of the Third, found its source in the capital, and the charter of London is expressly quoted as their type by the bulk of the charters of the realm. But it is the direct influence of the parallel movement in the north of France, which is seen when Earl John and the Baronage, gathered with the Folk-mote to decree the deposition of Longchamps, granted that the City should henceforth be a "commune," bound as the communes of Amiens or Noyon by the joint oath that knit burghers into fellow-citizens. John, in fact, the clearest-sighted of the Angevins, saw throughout the political importance of London, it was to his desire to win its goodwill that the City owed the crown of its privileges in the grant of the Mayoralty, the concession of entire self-government.

The concession was fruitless; London bore the brunt, both of the original revolt which won the charter, and of the long struggle which preserved it from his son. Nowhere is Mr Norton more defective than in his account of the part played by London both internally and politically in the Barons' war. The *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* reveals the inevitable progress of the new democratic movement, which found expression in the Friars and in the reforms of De Montfort, within the walls of the town, the first great severance between the "majores" and "minores," the "discreti homines" and the "indiscreta multitudo," upon which the after-history of the capital was to turn. The triumph of De Montfort was the triumph of the civic democracy, of that older Teutonic equality which expressed itself in the Folk-mote and in the Commune. The triumph of Prince Edward was the triumph of an oligarchic minority, the beginning of a long reaction which ended only in the ruin of municipal freedom. It is this second period of the history of London which we have termed the period of mercantile restriction. We can only briefly sum up here its principal features, but it is important, in the face of the praises showered of late upon the First and Third of the Edwards, to note the part which these princes actually played in the matter. To Edward I. London owed the overthrow of her popular constitution, the exile, imprisonment, or death of her more patriotic citizens, and the restriction of all power to the wealthier and more conservative among her burghers. Before the close of his reign, a royal edict had withdrawn the election of their Mayor from the citizens at large and entrusted it to a select committee of *probi homines*, the *prudhommes* of Continental history, summoned by the civic oligarchy. It was in vain that the citizens claimed again and again their rights, their interference in civic elections was at last peremptorily forbidden, and the grossest oppression on the part of the wealthier classes was supported by the Crown. Under Edward III. the cessation of the Folk-mote threw the control of the City wholly into the hands of the *prudhommes*, a body who, in the reign of his successor, became the "Common Council," in which this branch of civic government finally vested. But side by side with this action of the Crown, the civic oligarchy was pursuing a yet more complete plan of popular disfranchisement. It is in the reign of Edward II. that Mr. Norton finds the first mention of the mercantile constitutions of the civic corporations. Their advance, however, was rapid, and membership in a trade-guild—a privilege necessarily denied to the mass of inhabitants by the long apprenticeship or the heavy redemption-fee—became now an indispensable preliminary to the full freedom of the City. For the first time since the charter of the Conqueror, Londoners, as a whole, ceased to be "law-worthy." One general privilege yet lingered in the election of members to Parliament; but under Edward IV. this last remnant of the older constitution disappeared, and the attendance at Common Hall for this purpose was restricted to the liverymen of the Companies. Never had London seemed greater or wealthier than under the merchant-rule. The Crown was its debtor, civic loans rendered Créçy or Agincourt possible, royal letters from the field of battle announced the tidings of success to the citizens first of all. Sometimes a merchant like Philpot would fit out a fleet for himself and sweep pirates from the seas. But the wealth seems to have been concentrated in a few hands, and the whole relation of London to the people at large was changed. Its privileges, wielded by a small oligarchy, were seen to be monopolies. The insurrections of Cade and of Mortimer showed the silent disaffection of the mass of inhabitants, excluded from all share in their own judicature or government. But its example had told for evil, as of old it had told for good. The same course of mercantile restriction had in every corner of England turned the boroughs into little oligarchies, and disfranchised one half of the electors of the realm. Under the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Georges, their Parliamentary representation had become a farce. National feeling, driven from its natural strongholds, had to express itself in the counties, till the great reforms of our own days restored our old political and municipal constitution. In those reforms London has participated; the general mass of citizens have regained their rights of election and self-government, though still hampered by the ridiculous claims of the trading companies. But it is a little discouraging to see that our greatest steps in advance are only a recurrence to older freedom, and that the great work we have to do is simply the undoing of evil that has been done.

THE ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S TRANSACTIONS.*

A LEARNED Society devoted to one single branch of a larger science cannot be expected to produce annual volumes of equal interest and importance. It must be often engaged on seemingly trifling, fragmentary, and disconnected contributions to the science which it represents, and these, when collected into a volume, may afford no pleasant reading, while they bewilder the reader with the multitude of small additions to his knowledge, and disappoint him by telling him so little on subjects which he would gladly have seen probed to their depths. In many cases, indeed, one or two more considerable papers, embodying rare and long experience, and showing a full mastery of a large subject, give a higher tone to the volume in which they find a place. It is not our object to depreciate the small contributions, slight as they may seem to be, nor to exaggerate the value of the longer papers, which may after all owe their interest only to greater skilfulness of presentation. It is the privilege of volumes of Societies' "Transactions" to receive whatever sound knowledge is offered them without that bidding for popularity which is the bane of books of travel published independently, and what is for the time imperfect or fragmentary may lead the way to fuller and riper knowledge in the future. We mean, therefore, no disrespect to the writers of these "Transactions" when we assert that this seventh volume has far less of interest than some previous volumes. Its 333 pages contain no fewer than thirty articles, which gives an average of scarcely above ten pages to each, and it is obvious that no subject can be treated adequately on such a scale, except when it is so minute as to possess very slight importance. But it is impossible to speak of the composition of the volume without paying a tribute of respect to the late President of the Society, Mr. John Crawfurd, whose papers have so long formed the staple of the Transactions that they must henceforth be painfully missed. A philologist of a school somewhat antiquated, a student of one special branch of ethnology (that of the Malay race) who could scarcely raise himself to the higher level required for the consideration of the ultimate connexion of peoples apparently widely divergent, and who to the last doubted the existence of a consanguineous Aryan race—he wrote ably and honestly, and commanded the respect of those who differed most widely from him. His latest studies, "On the History and Migration of Textile and Territorial Plants in reference to Ethnology," "On the History and Migration of Cultivated Narcotic Plants in reference to Ethnology," "On the Malayan Race of Man, and its pre-historic Career," and "On the History and Migration of Cultivated Plants producing Coffee, Tea," &c., are contained in this volume; and we should be glad to learn that there are other posthumous articles still to be published. The loss of so diligent and careful a writer—we would refer the reader especially to the historical exposition in the last-named paper—is one of the most serious losses the Ethnological Society could have to deplore.

Is the vagueness with which the term ethnology is used an

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* *Transactions of the Ethnological Society of London.* Vol. VII. New Series. London: John Murray. 1869.

advantage or a disadvantage to the Society which adopts it? For making up a volume it is decidedly an advantage, since papers can be received which only belong to ethnology construed in the very widest sense. But for doing any scientific work, for investigating the nature, and therefore the affinities and distinctions, of race among mankind, it seems to us that the line should be drawn much closer than is the present practice with the Ethnological Society. We have here, for instance, "An Account of some Cases of Arrest of Development," which would have been more properly placed in a medical or pathological journal, since it simply gives instances of individual children whose growth of body and mind was "arrested" at an early period; it can therefore have no more bearing on the formation of nations than any other malformation, such as that of the Siamese twins. The article "On a Hairy Family in Burmah" is of the same class. Mr. Whymper's paper on "Russian America, or Alaska," is pleasant reading, but has scarcely enough of ethnology (unless it be his vocabularies of certain dialects) to warrant its insertion here.

The longest and perhaps most important paper is that by Dr. J. Shortt, Superintendent-General of Vaccine, Madras Presidency, entitled "An Account of the Hill-Tribes of the Neilgherries." The Neilgherries, it should be remembered, are the remarkable lofty range in which the Western and Eastern Ghauts unite at their southern end, and which extends from about 12° to about 9° N. lat. The term "Hill-Tribe" is, here as elsewhere in India, applied to the half or wholly savage tribes who still live in solitude on isolated heights, little troubled by and little courting the society of the men of the plains surrounding their natural fortresses. They are therefore still objects of great interest, especially to ethnologists; for the great question has still to be solved, Are they the same as their civilized neighbours of the plain, wanting the civilization, or are they of a different and older race altogether? Their savageness and difficulty of approach, and the little need of political or social contact with them, have conspired to keep the Hill-Tribes at a distance from the European; and the Hindus, their especial enemies, have further imbued our countrymen with their own feelings. Now, however, a different spirit seems to pervade our treatment of India. We take nothing on hearsay, but ourselves explore all corners of the country, and especially endeavour to fill up great gaps in our knowledge of the races inhabiting it. The Hill-Tribes have justly received a large share of this attention; and Mr. W. W. Hunter, in his work recently reviewed in this journal *On the Non-Aryan Languages of India*, has done much for the investigation especially of the more northern of them—the Kols and Gonds. Dr. Shortt now describes the southernmost, which are especially interesting in many respects. His medical character and his official duty, that of vaccination, secured him reception and confidence everywhere, and he was enabled to study the physical conformation of the tribes visited, and generally to bring away measurements of the skull and every essential part of the body of both males and females, based on an average of twenty-five instances. There are five tribes—or rather races of tribe, since each is often subdivided—in the Neilgherries. Of these the Todas appear to be the most remarkable. They consider themselves the earliest occupiers of the hills, and give practical effect to this belief by basing upon it a claim for a tribute of one-sixth from the other tribes. The truth of this assertion of lordship is not only acknowledged by the other tribes, in the payment of tribute and in other significant matters, but is borne out by their position high up on the hills in the cooler temperature, whither the later arrival of other tribes must have driven them. To this elevated position they owe some of the interest which has centred on them, for Dr. Shortt considers that much of the manly beauty ascribed to them was due to their graceful toga-like covering and fine hair, exposed and destitute of the greasy turban, both peculiarities being possible only in a region so elevated as to have, at 11 degrees from the equator, a temperate climate; for the average annual temperature on the summit of the Neilgherries (Dodabetta, 8,760 feet above the sea) is below 59 degrees. He allows, however, that the Todas are by far the most prepossessing of all the tribes of the hills, being copper-coloured, tall, well-proportioned, and with features of Caucasian type; the females being also tall and good-looking (though not "strikingly handsome," as some have called them), with smooth and delicate skin, and nose more aquiline than is that of the men, and both sexes exhibiting a striking amount of self-possession in converse with strangers. Their occupations are pastoral, and their habits peaceful. So far the picture shines with the fairest colours. But some darker tints must be added, which alter essentially our feelings towards the Todas. They are constitutionally indolent and slothful, which is perhaps natural to herdsmen; however, "the wives are treated by their husbands with marked respect and attention, and, unlike most of the Indian races and natives of the East generally, are not regarded as mere household slaves; they are left at home to perform what European wives consider their legitimate share of duty, and do not even step out of doors to fetch water or wood. . . . The Toda women employ their leisure hours in embroidery work, which they execute in a clever off-hand manner; others amuse themselves in singing, of which all appear very fond." But they are dirty in their persons and habits, and never wash, but besmear themselves with *ghee* (melted butter), which soon becomes rancid. And they retain the extraordinary ancient custom of polyandry, which revolts our feelings so much more than polygamy. Yet the ancient Sanskrit epic, the Mahâbhârata, shows us Draupadî as the common wife of the five Pândava brothers, thus proving the custom to have a respectable age, and to be acknowledged even by the civilized Sanskrit people of the North. The custom as now practised by the Todas is described by Dr. Shortt as follows:—

If there be one feature more than another that has contributed to invest the Todawar tribe with the great share of interest, or rather curiosity, evinced towards them at all times by Europeans, it is their practice of polyandry, which, as long as they have been known, has been maintained, and is still perpetuated, as a social system among them. Their practice is thus—all brothers of one family, be they many or few, live in mixed and incestuous cohabitation with one or more wives. If there be four or five brothers, and one of them, being old enough, gets married, his wife claims all the other brothers as her husbands, and as they successively attain manhood, she consorts with them; or if the wife has one or more younger sisters, they in turn, on attaining a marriageable age, become the wives of their sister's husband or husbands, and thus in a family of several brothers there may be, according to circumstances, only one wife for them all, or many; but, one or more, they all live under one roof, and cohabit promiscuously, just as fancy or taste inclines. Owing, however, to the great scarcity of women in this tribe, it more frequently happens that a single woman is wife to several husbands, sometimes as many as six. When any one of the brothers or husbands enters the hut, he leaves his wand and mantle at the door, and this sign of his presence within prevents the intrusion of the others. . . . . In keeping with this peculiar marriage system, they adopt a method of affiliation all their own; that is, the first-born child is fathered upon the eldest brother, the next-born on the second, and so on throughout the series. Notwithstanding this unnatural system, the Todas, it must be confessed, exhibit much fondness for their offspring, more so than their practice of mixed intercourse would seem to foster. Of this I had personal opportunities of satisfying myself when conducting vaccination amongst them. I have frequently seen the Toda mother, on hearing the cries of her child, exhibit marked maternal feeling and distress. There is no doubt that, anterior to the reclamation of these hills and their occupants from their original state of rude barbarism, female infanticide was practised among them; but this hateful crime, it is gratifying to record, has long since become extinct through the active operations of the British Government. It is unknown now, except as a traditionary fact of the past, to the truth of which the tribes themselves bear the best testimony.

Their language is described as "unmistakeably Tamil, although what is now spoken is a mixed dialect, being a jargon of Tamil and Canarese. At first it is difficult to understand what they say, owing to their peculiar low muttering, rapid utterance, and guttural expression." Anything that can be known of their origin must be elicited from their distinctive religious and ceremonial acts, which present many peculiarities, but coincide in several important points with those of the Hindu (*i.e.* Brahmanic) inhabitants of the neighbouring plains. So in polyandry, in cremation of the dead, in laying out the dead body in state, and chanting lamentations over it, and throwing coloured grain at the corpse; also in the sacred groves, where sanctified persons called *palal* (= milkmen), like the Sanskrit *gurus*, dwell in solitary—and starving—blessedness. A striking confirmation of these hints is found in a Toda tradition quoted from Captain Harkness, which says that about the time of Râvana, the demon-king of Lanka or Ceylon, who in the oldest Sanskrit epic, the Râmâyana, carries off Sita, the lovely and faithful wife of Râma, the hero, they inhabited the low country; "that, being afterwards unable to bear the severities imposed upon them by the successful Râvana, they fled to these mountains as a place of refuge, driving their herds before them, carrying their calves and children on their shoulders, and vowing to *wear no covering on their heads* till they had wreaked their vengeance on their oppressors." As, in the Râmâyana, Râvana is representative of the Dravidian (South Indian) race, in opposition to Râma and Bhârata, types of the Aryan, this legend, in fact, declares the identity of race between the Todas and the (now Brahmanical) population of the plains.

Dr. Shortt next describes the Kurumbas, who are savages, and supposed to be the aborigines of Southern India, before the intrusion of the Dravidian race. For this belief there seems to be some ground in their peculiar physiognomy ("they are, as a body, sickly-looking, pot-bellied, large-mouthed, prognathous, with prominent out-standing teeth, and thick lips—frequently saliva dribbles away from their mouths"), wild matted hair, and almost nude bodies, fondness for the very rudest ornaments; and notably in the fact that they are resorted to by other tribes, such as the Badagas, to perform priestly or magical functions for them. They are regarded with awe, even by the Todas, as great adepts in the black art. They scarcely cultivate the ground at all, live in villages secluded in glens or forests, sometimes when driven by necessity ensnare animals for food, have no marriage ceremony, and only crude notions of a Superior Being. One point of great interest is hinted at:—"They are said to hold in respect, and make offerings at, the different cairns and cromlechs met with on these hills, from which it is believed that these cairns and cromlechs are the work of their ancestors." As these monuments of the highest antiquity, first noticed in our country, and popularly ascribed to the Celts or ancient Britons as the earliest known inhabitants, have since been found not only throughout Scandinavia, but traced across Russia to the Caucasus, and thence into the south of India, whatever light is thrown on their builders in one part must be reflected on their origin in every other. That they are ante-Aryan seems highly probable; but if they are the work of an *aboriginal* (ante-Dravidian as well as ante-Aryan) Indian tribe, how wonderfully is their antiquity enhanced! That the Kurumbas formerly spread over a much larger territory than now is evident, if the *Coromandel* coast is named from them.

The next occupiers of the hills after the Todas are acknowledged to be the Kotars, who are said to be descended from a low caste of the plain. They excite disgust from eating carrion, but are a very remarkable and superior class in many ways. They are by far the most industrious of the Hill-Tribes, engaging both in agriculture and handicrafts; skilful in the latter, as carpenters, smiths, curriers, &c., and performing many menial offices to the Todas,

and Badagas. They pay the *goodoo* tribute to the Todas, but exact from the Bagadas fees for services rendered. They speak a dialect of Canarese, like the Todas, but without their peculiar guttural expression. They are well made, of a tolerable height, rather good features, and light copper skin. Their worship seems to embody indistinct ideas of Shiva and his wife.

The Badagas constitute the largest part of the hill population; but we cannot speak in detail of them, or of the last tribe, the Irulas. We hope that our comment may induce many readers to study Dr Shortt's paper for themselves.

The only other paper in this volume which we can notice is on "the Varini of Tacitus, or Warings, and their relations to English Ethnology." It is by Mr. Hyde Clarke, but it follows so naturally in the track of Mr. H. H. Howorth's able paper in the preceding volume, on "The Origines of the Norsemen," that it might almost be from the same hand. The combination of "Angli et Varini" in the *Germania* suggested to Mr. Clarke to discover who these Varini were, and to avail himself of the hint given by Tacitus' coupling them with the Angles. We cannot follow him through a maze of evidence from Pliny, Bede, Procopius, and a host of less known authorities, but must state simply that they appear first as neighbours of the Jutes, Saxons, Frisians, Angles, Rugians, and other tribes on the North Sea, the Baltic, and the intervening peninsula. From this close proximity to the Angles it is exceedingly probable that they took part with these in the invasion of Britain. Many geographical names remain in apparent attestation of this—such as *Warwick*, *Warrington*, *Werrington*, *Wanford*, *Warnham*, and *Warnborough*, cited by Mr Clarke, to which might probably be added many others, such as *Waring*, *Wareham*. That they also penetrated to the Arctic Sea is suggested by the name *Waringa Fjord*, which forms the northern boundary of Norway and Russia. But a more brilliant destiny awaited them on their native Baltic. That sea was in the ninth century called the *Waring Sea*, and was so completely under their control that they took tribute from the Slavonic tribes on its coasts. They also penetrated up the Russian rivers, and found a way to Byzantium and Greece. They so terrified the people, and threw the country into such confusion, that to restore order they were invited to come and rule it. This is perhaps the most striking instance afforded by history of the almost universal incapacity of the Slavonians for bearing rule. "Our country is great, and everything is in abundance, but order and justice are wanting, come and take possession of the soil, and govern us.' They sent three brother princes, the eldest of whom was the celebrated first ruler of the Russians, Rurik, from whom all later sovereigns seek to establish their descent. Rurik is said by Nestor to belong "to the kind of Warings called Russians, as others are called Swedes, Northmen, English, and Goths." This makes Waring a very generic term indeed, even more so than Scandinavian. But Nestor must have taken "Russian" (as Mr Clarke does) as the equivalent of the ancient Rugii, who gave their name to the island of Rugen, which seems to us doubtful, considering the claim of the land still called *Rus* (Ruthenia, the south-western provinces of Russia) to this name. We have not space to give an abstract of Mr. Clarke's graphic account of the great part played by the Warings in the Byzantine Empire, and even as far as the Caucasus. He wishes to establish their claim to be "English," as next-door neighbours to the Angles on the Baltic, and to abolish the Scandinavian character which has been assigned to them, especially by Professor Rafn of Copenhagen. If their raids remind us more of the Norsemen than of the steady Saxons, the following point outweighs any idea of their nationality which might be based on that consideration:—

> In Russia the rights of the Warings as a race were recognised, and their most curious monuments are their laws. These make a distinction between the Waring and the Slavonian, and they are framed exactly like the law of the "Angli et Werini," and the Anglo-Saxon laws of the same time, murder and all other offences being commutable by a weregeld or money fine, the oath of a Waring being received as evidence of innocence by compurgation, and questions of debt being referred [illegible] of twel[illegible] Such is defined in the laws of Jaroslaw, and the like in the laws of Isiaslav, Vsevolod, and Swithoslaf, passed at a Witanmote. This latter code recites the laws of frankpledge and streetward.

DOUBLES AND QUITS.*

IT would be a misuse of words to call this a good novel, or even to call it a novel of any kind, good or bad. It is a sort of half *vaudeville*, half *jeu d'esprit*, and as such it is not altogether unworthy of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which it originally appeared. It is written in an agreeable, springy, sometimes almost racy style, reminding one both of Whyte Melville and of Guy Livingstone. But it has not the promise of Whyte Melville's earlier, nor the execution of his better, novels, and though free from the grotesque ferocity and virility of Guy Livingstone, it wants the nerve and go of his best productions. It is a milder mixture altogether, and for ordinary drawing-room reading it may be none the worse for that. It has also the advantage of being pleasantly printed, and it is all contained in two short volumes, so that, if a man has half an hour to spare in which he has absolutely nothing to do, he might spend it more unpleasantly than on *Doubles and Quits*. It would be rather more amusing to read at a railway station, for instance, waiting for a train, than the advertisements on the walls; and an attentive reader would get about as much knowledge of military life out of it as an ordinary foreigner would get of the inside of London by studying the map of the underground railway which the Directors have so thoughtfully provided at all the Metropolitan stations. It would be hardly honest to promise anybody any more from the book, but after all, half an hour's amusement, even of the mildest form, is something to get out of six hundred pages.

The idea of the piece—for plot it cannot be called—is something of this sort. There are a couple of men, Bruce and Burridge by name, the one a captain in the Line, the other a captain in the "Heavies," and these two captains are the exact counterpart of one another. There are also a couple of young ladies, Miss Mary Richmond, and her cousin, Lady Rose O'Shea; and Captain Burridge is engaged to Mary, and Captain Bruce is in love with Rose. But unfortunately Captain Burridge is a married man, and his wife, a disreputable broken-down actress whom he had been entrapped to marry when a boy, is still alive. The story hinges on the successful efforts made by the one captain to free the other of this woman, by proving that she was married to a stage carpenter before she met her present husband. He succeeds at last, and in return for his good services the lady who is engaged to Captain Burridge prevails upon her not unwilling cousin to look favourably upon Captain Bruce. And so they are all married, and live happily for ever after.

Such is the story, slight and commonplace in all conscience, but worked out, in the first volume at least, with a certain sprightliness and geniality. It would be the merest flattery to give Captain Lockhart credit for any of the characteristics of a novelist beyond those of sprightliness and geniality, and, we may add, a talent for appreciating "situations." He would be the first to see through any such flattery. But these characteristics he possesses, and he makes the most of them. He hardly professes to give his mind seriously to the construction of plot, or to analysis or delineation of character. Mary Richmond is a name and nothing more, and Captain Burridge a lay figure. There are some indications of nature and reality in the sketch of Lady Rose, and, so far as they go, they are agreeable, but they are only half elaborated. Captain Bruce has not much more character than his "double." In this respect the author is consistent, and he may be dramatically accurate in his representation of the ordinary captain, whether in the cavalry or infantry, but consistency and accuracy of this kind do not produce amusing characters, and do not make up an interesting novel. And as it is with the actors in the drama, so it is with the plan of it. The idea of a man's "double" being used as a peg on which to hang a number of incidents, though not original, is in a manner new, and capable of successful handling. But here the incidents are not grouped together with effect, the author does not make the most of them, and does not make them fit into the piece. They are pitchforked up anyhow, and hang about the peg awkwardly and without adjustment. He seems to have set himself down to knock off pleasantly a number of widely-printed pages in the easiest manner possible, and so far he has succeeded. The process could not have occupied much time, and could not have taken much out of him, and so far he may be congratulated. Some of the isolated scenes, such as the first *tête-a-tête* with Lady Rose in the garden, and the captain's cross-examination of himself as to whether or not he is in love, are pretty well done, and probably took some trouble to write. Here and there, too, we find a certain novelty of expression and a way of putting things which are amusing, such as the description of Mrs. Lewis "communicating her ideas in short sentences, delivered in one unvarying key, and in the warily staccato manner of a parson reading the Psalms, and afraid of being run into by the responses." The weariness and monotony also of the ordinary mess-dinner, and the subaltern's conversation thereat, to a man whose mind has just awakened to an appreciation of that most melancholy of all forms of festivity, are well described, and will be appreciated by many sympathizing spirits.

But, as a foil to these good points in the book, there is a great deal that is very bad. The second volume almost entirely breaks down. There is only one good scene in it, the interview with the stage carpenter, and there are a great many that are worse than commonplace. The electro-biological scenes are contemptible, and Burridge's story is long-winded and wearisome. These two episodes detract much from the worth of the book, and are unworthy of Captain Lockhart's ability. So also is his tendency to run into an old-fashioned mannerism affected by writers of the *Blackwood* school, which is tedious to educated people. It shows itself in Bulwer and Aytoun and Lever, and others of that stamp, and is in high favour with Guy Livingstone. It consists of the constant half-jocular allusion to classical subjects, and the damnable iteration of stale classical quotations, chiefly from Horace. It surely does not coincide with most men's experience of captains in the Heavies to find them continually talking of Here and Aphrodite and Jupiter Opt. Max., or of Acheron and Phlegethon and Styx and Lethe. Yet these two captains are always at it. In the mess-room of familiar life men do not speak of the morning bird as the "pervigil ales," nor of empty soda-water bottles as "reliquiæ Danaûm," nor of their brother-officers as being more "nati consumere fruges." When they bid farewell to persons of the other sex, and tell them that they are going down to Aldershot to-morrow, they do not in real life say "cras ingens iterabimus æquor"; and if they did, it would

* *Doubles and Quits.* By Laurence W. M. Lockhart, late Captain 92nd Highlanders. With Twelve Illustrations by Sylvestris. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

not be true; and if it were true, the ladies would not understand them. Neither do they, so far at least as our experience goes, when speaking to their friends of the fickleness of a woman, characterize her as "varium et mutabile semper." They may possibly entertain such ideas of the sex, but if they do, they won't convey them to their friends in quotations from the Latin Grammar. They are much more likely to do it in short, emphatic, and familiar Saxon. After a good deal of this sort of thing the most patient reader gets bored, and feels inclined to re-echo the words of Captain Burridge, "Oh, bother the dead languages! Keep your spirits up, and don't let us spend the night talking metaphysics in Soho."

This book, then, shows, as we have said, smart writing, geniality, and an appreciation of "situations"—all valuable qualities in the present day for a man who is willing to write for the stage, but by no means the first thing needful in a novelist. If Mr. Robertson, for instance, had taken to novel-writing in the magazines, he would have produced something like *Doubles and Quits*—a shade more sentimental perhaps, and several shades more vulgar. But he has turned his talent for situations to much more profitable account by the production of *Caste* and *School*, and the rest of the series of his dramas. In like manner Captain Lockhart might turn out "very excellent fooling" if he were to take to stage-writing. Even as it is, *Doubles and Quits* might be made to do well for drawing-room theatricals. The central idea is admirably adapted for the grouping of ludicrous incidents around it. Of course it is not original, and it requires the stage to show it to advantage. The *Comedy of Errors* makes one laugh when it happens—which is very rare—to be well acted. It does not particularly amuse one to read about the two Dromios and the two Antipholi. So, in Captain Lockhart's drama, one could imagine an audience being tickled by the resemblance of the Captains if they were well made-up, by their first meeting—one of the best scenes in the book—and by the disentanglement of all their mutual troubles. But the fun is lost in the narrative, and it would be hardly true to say that it is much helped by the pictures by "Sylvestris." Of these perhaps the less said the better. No doubt the drawing of them amused "Sylvestris," just as the writing of the book amused the author "Sylvestris," so far as we know, is unknown to fame. Possibly, therefore, these drawings are the first efforts of this artist. As such they are creditable enough, or rather some of them. They would have been delightful *souvenirs* of pleasant work had they been kept to ornament a dozen, or perhaps fifteen, copies issued for private circulation. But when they are given to the public they become subject to criticism, and the kindliest critic would hardly use the language of commendation, if he had a conscience The pictures do not help us much to realize Captain Lockhart's "situations." They want the stage, and its accessories and tricks, and if the author has nothing of a more engrossing character in hand, it might be worthy of his consideration whether he would not spend the summer between now and the shooting season in converting his novel into a play. *Doubles and Quits* produced at the Prince of Wales's or the Gaiety might be a success, but the repetition of it or anything like it in *Blackwood's Magazine* must be a failure.

LABOURERS' COTTAGES.*

THE *Book of the Landed Estate*, amongst much other valuable matter, contains some brief but sound remarks and suggestions touching the condition and accommodation of the agricultural labourer. And there are not wanting, in the first Report of the "Commission on the Employment of Children, Young Persons, and Women in Agriculture," and in the *Cottage Plans* recently put forth by Lord Cawdor, public and private evidences of an increased interest in this vital subject It is no longer an unchallenged assumption that labourers' cottages need be little better than dog-kennels and cowsheds, and in the serious contemplation, by landlords and agents, of such questions as "estate schools," and cottage gardens and allotments, as well as the provision of decent sleeping arrangements for cottagers and their families, one recognises an awakening to the calls of duty and ownership which cannot fail to be thrice blest in its results.

Upon a question the bearing of which on the comfort of the rural labourer is not unimportant we do not get any help from Mr. Brown, nor, though from the nature of his publication it was hardly to be expected, from Lord Cawdor—the question, we mean, of the expediency of letting the cottages on a farm to the tenant, along with his fields and farm-buildings. The question has two aspects. The farmer has a very cogent plea for such an arrangement when he urges the difficulty of otherwise retaining his farm-labourers, who in proportion to their ignorance and wilfulness are apt to transfer their services at short notice to another farm, a railway, or the ironworks. Sparse populations especially seem to offer a premium to fickleness. If a cottager rents immediately under his squire, and is a decent sort of man, it would be a harsh measure to give him notice for preferring the service of a farmer off the estate to one upon it, and supposing the notice to be served, the farmer lacks, until the term of the notice expires, not only a labourer, but a cottage into which to put him. If, however, a cottage lets with the farm, an arrangement of monthly pay and a month's notice precludes sudden defections, or, in any case, prevents their being needlessly vexatious to either party. Much will depend in such cases on the stipulations as to keeping the cottage in repair. In our experience this is still the landlord's function, even when he allows his tenant to sublet. In many respects it is better that the tenant should rent directly under his squire; and Lord Leicester's plan, as noticed in Mr. Frazer's Report to the Commission above referred to, of having all his cottages hold direct from himself, but allowing his tenants to nominate to the cottages adjacent to their farms, subject to his agent's approval, is perhaps the best solution; especially if a stipulation is agreed to that the cottager shall quit the cottage so soon as he leaves the farmer's service.

Still there is much to be said for the other course, nor will the matter be very important if the landlord is possessed with a due sense of his responsibility, not only for the maintenance of the cottage, but for the comfort and kind treatment of the cottager. The question, in short, narrows itself into a struggle between a perfect and an imperfect sense of duty. The worst cases of neglect arise out of acquiescence, from indolence or constraint, in the legacy of wrongs bequeathed from father to son. And, such being the case, it is more useful to cast about for practical solutions of the cottage-building difficulty, and to devise means for improving and restoring what is dilapidated, at the least absolute loss (for gain, even of the slightest kind, is confessedly out of the question), than, as is too much the fashion with lookers-on, to stigmatize the landlords as a class for the faults of individual members of it. When one hears of six children lying in the sole sleeping-room of a hovel, five down with scarlet-fever, and the sixth certain to come in for it next, "the stone might cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber answer it" if the press failed to expose such grievous indifference to life and health, and did not earnestly agitate for a wide reformation in the housing of the rural labourer. Yet, if theoretical reformers of this terrible abuse were to become landlords to-morrow, they would find their philanthropy sorely puzzled where and how to begin. There is no denying that our fathers went too much on the principle that the state of things to which they had been accustomed would last their time, and were content to let bad run to worse. Hence, on many estates there exist deserted and roofless hovels, and on others inhabited huts that are literally unfit for the shelter of human beings. In such cases the work has to be begun *de novo*, and the large question is opened, what should be the cost of a pair of plain and unornamental cottages, with proper sanitary appliances and a due regard to convenience and comfort? A pair of cottages, or a block of cottages, is obviously cheaper, in proportion, than a single one; and it is now generally admitted that it is not an absolute *sine quâ non* to have three bedrooms to each dwelling. Probably, in a group of three cottages, it would suffice to have one with three, and the others with two each, especially if a roomy landing were provided which at an exigency might supply an additional sleeping place. It is not wise to offer a temptation to cottagers to take lodgers "on the sly"—a course to which they are apt to resort, even where a provision against taking lodgers has been expressly agreed upon. But, even so, and after the strictest economy consistent with essential requirements, we believe that (notwithstanding exceptional instances, such as we find in the marvellously cheap plans of Lord Cawdor, in one or two cases quoted by Mr. Frazer, and in the case of the pair of cottages erected by Mr Brown for Major Stapylton, *Book of Landed Estates*, p. 493, which cost 240*l.*) it will be hard to find a pair of cottages that have been built under a cost of 260*l*, and this sum is twenty pounds less than what "the Report of the Committee of the Society of Arts," appointed in 1864, considered the minimum. This is manifestly an outlay for which the landlord cannot expect interest from the cottagers' rents, though it is quite possible that, with the better class of farmers, there might be a willingness to pay such interest, in addition to the rent of their farms, for the sake of good cottages and such labourers as would seek to occupy them. But in this case the cottage must necessarily be let with the farm; nor should we think that, where a farmer was enlightened enough to value good cottages on his farm, there would be any great harm in such an arrangement. All this presupposes a thoroughly good understanding between landlord and tenant, and we suspect that, however it may seem to outsiders, there is more of this in the agricultural counties than is often supposed. If a tenant is met half-way, he is not more unreasonable than other people; and the squire who allows him a voice in the well-ordering of his estate and neighbourhood does much towards modifying, and in time rubbing off, his class prejudices. What is wanted in the building of cottages *de novo* on an estate is previous deliberation as to the fittest site, and this should be open to all concerned. In the best and most "model" arrangements it will be found that the cottages of an estate are thrown as much as possible together, near to the church, and, if it may be, with a Sunday or daily school hard at hand If a landlord has all his work to do, he may wisely eschew the plan of outlying tenements, and cottages near a wood, supposed to be safeguards against poachers, but really handy spots for the woodstealer, the trespasser—in short, the Arab of your country desert But the disposition of cottages is seldom so much in a landlord's hands. He is guided very much by what he finds in existence and though this is not conducive to the best

* *The Book of the Landed Estate.* By Robert E. Brown, Factor and Land Agent. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

Cottage Plans. Dedicated to the Landowners of Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire. By John Frederick Vaughan, Earl of Cawdor. London: W. Ridgway. 1869.

theoretical arrangement, we are far from sure that it is not the most wholesome fact in the future of cottage-building.

The practical common-sense wisdom of Lord Palmerston never displayed itself more characteristically than when, at a county agricultural meeting, instead of binding burdens upon the squires that they could not bear, he set himself to point out how much might be made of many old tumble-down cottages, which haply had been long condemned and remained untenanted till it suited the landlord's purse to replace them. It is surprising how far fifty pounds will go in the work of restoration, especially where, as is usual in agricultural counties, the ordinary materials are within easy reach. We have in our mind's eye half a score of ruinous heaps of timber, tiles, and wattling, which the discerning glance of a country builder has shown him how to reconstruct and renovate so that they will last at least another fifty years. Not uncommonly the old timbers are marvellously sound; better, firmer, and more lasting than the half-seasoned larch or poplar which is too apt to be thrust into a modern cottage.

Mr. Brown, in p. 256, tells his readers that in taking down in 1868 a cottage built in 1760, he found oak beams so perfectly sound, that he used them in constructing a new cottage, and we can corroborate his experience, having found precisely the same to be the case with timbers of a cottage erected in 1715. Then the earthen floor requires to be replaced by flags or boards—the roof to be raised so as to allow ventilation in the sleeping rooms, which a little management subdivides successfully. The Broseley tile supersedes the broken moss-grown slate, or the mouldering dripping thatch. A lean-to supplies pantry and coal-place, which under the old *régime* were idle superfluities, and if two or three cottages lie close together, a detached building to serve for a joint scullery and washhouse, with other necessary adjuncts, helps to make a comfortable dwelling of what aforetime was only comparable to a "den." In counties where most of the cottages are composed of brick-noggin walls, the picturesque effect is not a little enhanced by the bestowal of an extra pound or two upon blackening the timbers, and whitewashing the bricks; an extravagance which may be condoned on the score of its being both an earnest of attention to cottage-restoration, and also an index to the sanitary condition of the occupants. It is not likely that the inside of the platter will be, in such cases, less cared for than the outside. This, then, is a step in the cottager's favour, which even the less wealthy landlord may take without risk, and must take if he would be clear of guilt as concerning his poorer brother It *may* be taken without risk, for the increased accommodation will justify an increased rent to cover the outlay, and a rent too within the cottager's means. It *must* be taken by every reflecting landlord, unless indeed his estate is so burdened and encumbered that he ought to sell or let it, or unless he is prepared for the more costly and magnanimous alternative of building up his cottages anew, after the manner of the Duke of Bedford, and the Earl of Leicester, and other great men who have not disdained to concern themselves with the details of cottage-building, and of providing decent dwellings for agricultural labourers.

Often it will happen that the landlord has no option in the matter, and then the problem is that which Lord Cawdor offers his contribution towards solving—how to provide the agricultural labourer with decent accommodation at the least cost. Mr. Brown lays down two laws as to cottage-building which we should be sorry to think unalterable—namely, that the number of bed-rooms should in no case be less than three; and that no home timber should be used, unless oak. The former dictum is practically untenable, and is well met by a suggestion recorded by Mr. Frazer, that as the inhabitants of a pair of cottages will fluctuate in number, if one house has two, and the other three, bed-rooms, a little contrivance, by stopping up one door-way and opening another, will attach the fifth room to that tenement which happens from time to time to require it. As to the latter dictum, it is not enough to say that the sale of home timber will pay the cost of foreign, unless the consideration be first had of easy or awkward railway communication. But Mr. Brown gives good hints as to points of detail—*e.g.*, slates *v.* tiles, the shape of windows, handy cottage "kitcheners," and ventilation. He recognises cottages of one story, with three bed-rooms, besides a kitchen, &c.; and also two-storied cottages with the same accommodation; but his plans are for the latter. His plainer pair of cottages is estimated to cost 240*l.*

Several of Lord Cawdor's plans contemplate a single story, with three bed-rooms, and, according to more than one authority, labourers' wives prefer these, because their children and household cares are thus closer about them. The objections to this arrangement seem to be, deficient privacy, and additional expense of foundations and roofing. But whether one-storied or two-storied, the drawback to Lord Cawdor's cottage plans is that—paradoxical as it may seem—they are *too cheap* They have, in several instances, the central chimney-stack, the plastered walls, the essential comforts and conveniences, which mark a model cottage, and yet they are so cheap that one is set wondering why the Duke of Bedford, with his princely building establishment—which includes a steam-engine of 25-horse power, and two hundred labourers—cannot turn out a couple of cottages at less than half as much again No one who knows Pembrokeshire will be disposed to deny it any praise within the bounds of reason; it must be taken into account, too, that it lies very handy to the sea, and must get its timber cheap, perhaps, too, labour is not in it very costly; but it must be something approaching fairy-land—something very un-English, to say the least—if it can turn out a pair of cottages of good dimensions, built of rubble stone, ceiled, plastered, with concrete floors downstairs, and ploughed and tongued flooring upstairs, and with three bed-rooms, the largest of very fair size, for the sum of 131*l.* 15*s.* 7*d*, exclusive of haulage. The Earl of Cawdor deserves all the credit of philanthropic zeal and research, but his experience must have been exceptionally favourable in cottage-building; and, in the interests of landowners and labourers alike, we sincerely hope that his estimates are accurate to a fraction. Yet we cannot disguise from ourselves the awkward and militating fact that, whereas he estimates his pair of cottages (No. 7) on an English plan at 205*l.* plus the haulage, an almost exactly similar pair in a county on the Welsh border, with many favourable circumstances, has cost, at the very least, 260*l.* And we note that the "Royal Windsor Society's" cottages, which have the advantage of handy building materials, and should be cheaper, as being built in numbers, cost, at the lowest tender, about 118*l* per tenement The cottages of the Enclosure Commissioners average 143*l* each. Is there, then, any feasible way to cheapen the cost of cottages? Mr. Tall's patent for erecting walls of concrete by a patent apparatus and scaffolding offers a very plausible answer. His walling is shown to cost half the price of bricks and mortar, to be stronger than brickwork, and so smooth that, for houses constructed with it, one coat of internal plaster will suffice. These walls, being perfectly solid and made of concrete which is one part Portland cement to five parts large gravel, deaden sound, defy mice and rats, and admit of invisible rain-spouting, formed by removable wooden cores placed in them before the cement is set. With clay or gravel at hand, Mr Tall avouches that four-roomed cottages of good dimensions can be built with this patent for 50*l* each. The Commissioners to inquire into the "Employment of Young Persons and Women in Agriculture" are inclined to pronounce unfavourably upon Mr. Tall's patent (see Report, p. lix.), chiefly because, owing to the cost of the patent apparatus, Mr. Newton, C E., who has constructed buildings under Mr. Tall, "does not think it applicable to agricultural cottages unless built in considerable numbers together." They prefer the application of concrete to building purposes brought into notice by Mr. B. Nicoll, of Regent Street—a development of his patent for giving increased power to the ordinary "sewing-machine." According to this plan, slabs are formed of the size of nine feet by three, and of a thickness of three inches, arising from compression of several layers. Its centre is a fabric of straw sewed together by a large "sewing machine," and compressed at the same time to one inch thickness by rollers. This is steeped in silicate, to make it fireproof, and set in a frame of one-inch angle-iron, with cross-bars of iron at intervals welded to it. Each surface of the straw is coated with small gravel, held together by Seyssel asphalte, and small spaces are left for nut-screws, to fasten the slabs together, when put into their place in the building. "When so fixed—the lower edge having been first imbedded in a foundation of concrete—an external coat is applied of concrete made with the best Portland cement in the proportion of one of cement to six of broken stone, and an internal coating half an inch thick" The result is said to be a fabric three inches thick, but as strong as nine-inch bonded brickwork, impervious to vermin, warm in winter, and cool in summer. Roofs, it appears, can be made of similar slabs, of a thinner texture, and Mr. Nicoll adopts other contrivances, as to joiners' and glaziers' work, and as to flues, which must cheapen cottage-building. According to Mr. Nicoll's architect, a three bed-roomed single-story cottage can be built on this plan for 85*l.* Regarding the designs of such cottages, appended to the blue-book, æsthetically, we should say at once "Ne sutor ultra crepidam!" Give us a cottage that looks like a cottage at an extra cost of 15*l* or so.

But if either this plan, or Mr. Tall's, which in spite of adverse judgments from those in authority we are disposed to prefer, can be so utilized as to conduce to the better housing of the labourer at a moderate outlay, this generation will have gone far towards solving one of the knottiest problems of modern philanthrophy.

GERMAN LITERATURE

THE expectation naturally aroused by the announcement of a correspondence between Catharine II. and Joseph II.* will not be disappointed by this last publication of the indefatigable M. von Arneth. The subjects treated are of real importance, and both sovereigns bear their part in a manner worthy of their celebrity The originals of nearly all the letters are autographic, and the style and sentiments are in the highest degree characteristic. As Von Arneth observes, each correspondent seems to have given the other credit for boundless vanity, and the result is a friendly contest for the prize of elegant adulation. Catharine undoubtedly carries off the palm. Her letters are models of grace and point, of ingenious turns and felicitous expression. It seems extraordinary how the little rustic princess of Anhalt Zerbst, who had lived since the age of sixteen at the semi-barbarous Court of Russia, should have so completely imbibed the *esprit français.* Joseph's letters are also extremely well written, but betray a certain bluntness and constraint in comparison with Catharine's. These

* *Joseph II. und Katharina von Russland.* Ihr Briefwechsel, herausgegeben von Alfred Ritter von Arneth. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

elegant compliments served to mask serious designs on both sides. The same *entente cordiale* then existed between Russia and Austria as now prevails between the former Power and the latter's successful rival. Joseph was thoroughly convinced that the alliance of Russia was necessary to his country, and the shrewder Catharine pushed on her approaches against Turkey under pretext of co-operation with him. These letters reveal a concerted scheme for the partition of Turkey in Europe. Russia was to advance her frontier to the Bog; Austria was to have Servia; the Danubian Principalities were to be made an independent kingdom under a prince of the Greek Church, *i.e.*, one devoted to Russia; Catharine's second grandson was to reign at Constantinople. We have seen certain items of this programme carried out, but Austria is in our day as anxious to preserve Turkey as she formerly was to destroy it. It must also strike all readers that the graphic picture of Turkish decay here drawn by Catharine is no longer true to the same extent, and that the most alarming symptom of it noted by her sagacity—the insubordination of the local governors—has been completely remedied. Catharine would probably be surprised, could she revisit the earth, to find that her favourite idea had made so little progress; but she would also find the attitude of Russia unaltered, although its stealthy advance is now made under cover of Prussia, instead of Austria. Turkish affairs, although the most important, are not the only subjects treated. Part of the correspondence turns upon a project of Joseph's for the marriage of the Grand Duke Paul's sister-in-law to his nephew Francis. It is amusing to find Catharine suggesting to him that, while she established herself as head of the Greek Church at Constantinople, he might similarly instal himself at Rome, with the Pope for his vicar in matters ecclesiastical. She would no doubt have gladly seen him entangled with so chimerical a project. Joseph's reign, as is known, closed in adversity. The last letter he received from Catharine was an assurance of sympathy, and a promise of steady support to his successor, and his reply, almost the last letter he ever wrote, is an effusion of the warmest gratitude.

A biography of Dr. von Martius *, the renowned traveller in Brazil, is in every way a creditable work, but is chiefly remarkable as one of the most beautiful productions of the modern German press. Martius was a fine specimen of the genus *savant*, full of physical and intellectual vigour, and admirably qualified to represent Bavarian science with dignity on public occasions A few pages suffice to render ample justice to his merits in these respects As there is little else to mention except his adventures in Brazil, the biography mainly consists of an abridgment of the voluminous narrative in which these are detailed

The eminent astronomer Encke never undertook a journey to the stars, and his biography is accordingly even less eventful than that of Von Martius. His Life by Dr. Bruhns † is, however, a somewhat important contribution to the history of astronomy, from its copious chronological data respecting the progress of discovery in connexion with him and his scientific colleagues. It is also pleasing to find the veteran astronomer presented under so favourable a light.

The present is hardly a propitious period for the publication of Schelling's correspondence ‡, but to have awaited a more favourable time might have been equivalent to an indefinite postponement. Schelling's philosophy labours under a twofold disadvantage in our day. Not only is Germany sated with abstract speculation, but imaginative literature is likewise at an exceedingly low ebb. The logical acuteness of Hegel and the mathematical consistency of Spinoza may render their systems acceptable, or at least interesting, to the disciples of the reigning schools; but Schelling, who addresses himself to poetical temperaments, and whose system rose and set with the most brilliant epoch of German imaginative literature, is too much at variance with the tendencies of the times to expect recognition in any quarter. A reaction will no doubt ensue some day, and the renewal of interest in Schelling's philosophical speculations will secure attention for these epistolary records of his life. The present volume begins with a biography of his youthful period, which is neither so full nor so graphic as might have been desired. The point chiefly brought out in it is Schelling's extraordinary intellectual precocity. The correspondence extends from 1796 to 1803, the date of his appointment as professor at Munich. The most interesting letters are those between him and the elder Schlegel; they are lively and pointed, but have more reference to personal than to literary or philosophical matters. More important as illustrations of Schelling's philosophy are the dithyrambic effusions of his enthusiastic disciple, H. Steffens. These principally relate to his ideas on natural philosophy, which have proved fruitful of results in the hands of others. Indeed this may be said of his ideas in general. "No one," observes Mr. J. D. Morell, "who compares the philosophic method of Schelling with the 'Philosophie positive' of Auguste Comte, can have the slightest hesitation as to the source from which the latter virtually sprang. The fundamental idea is indeed precisely the same as that of Schelling, with this difference only, that the idealistic language of the German speculator is here translated into the more ordinary language of physical science."

Alfred von Kremer's work on "The Ruling Ideas of Islamism" * is one of singular interest. Few persons appreciate the vigour of religious speculation among Mohammedan nations. We are accustomed to think of Islamism as intellectual stagnation, the monotonous repetition of two sterile dogmas. This may be true of Mohammedan orthodoxy, which is in the nature of things limited and unprogressive; but how far it is from adequately representing the religious thought of Western Asia is evinced by Von Kremer's interminable list of the prophets, sages, scholars, visionaries, anchorites, and rationalists who have at various times arisen in the character of antagonists to it. The friendly relations between the early Mohammedan ascetics and the Christian monks are very curious. Kremer ascribes to Christian monachism a considerable influence on the development of Mohammedanism in Arabia, and is of opinion that Buddhist monks exercised a corresponding influence in Persia. One of the most interesting chapters of his work is devoted to the recent movement of El Bâb in the latter country. It is within our knowledge that arrests are made even in Egypt, of Persians suspected of belonging to his sect. He was undoubtedly a man of insight and genius. Another important section treats of the Mutazili, or Rationalists, the Protestants of Islam. These asserted the doctrine of free will in opposition to fatalism, and denounced the anthropomorphic conceptions of the orthodox. For a brief space they were the dominant party, and the era of their preponderance is that of the highest development of Arabic civilization. Von Kremer anticipates that their ideas will revive, and that the Oriental world will be elevated by them to intellectual equality with the world of Europe.

It is a somewhat violent transition from the fanciful speculation and impassioned mysticism of the East to the erudite sobriety of "the judicious Hooker," † an analysis of whose great work has been carefully prepared by Dr. K. H. Sack. Dr. Sack's plan includes the addition of much interesting illustrative matter, and a discussion of the genuineness of the last three books of Hooker's work. The pains he has thus devoted to a great English author merit cordial acknowledgment. It is needless to remark, however, that the peculiar phase of controversy represented by Hooker can have merely an historical interest for Continental Protestants.

The object of an essay on the treatise known as the fourth book of the Maccabees ‡, and usually attributed in the MSS. to Josephus, is to show that it is a Jewish sermon of the first century. The writer does not attribute it to Josephus, but he rates its merit very high. He considers it a significant instance of the approximation of Jewish and Greek philosophy, and points out that St. Ambrose and others of the Fathers have been largely indebted to it. He has added several excursuses on collateral points, and bestowed much pains on the restoration of the text.

The "Policy of the Popes," by R. Baxmann §, is in effect a history of the relations of the Papacy to the secular power from Gregory I. to Gregory VII. A more interesting subject could hardly be proposed to the historian, and Herr Baxmann has treated it most ably, and quite as satisfactorily as the restricted scale of his work allows. He is a Protestant, but appears to be free from every trace of polemical bias. It is only to be regretted that the subject is hardly completed. A comprehensive view of the rise of the Popes' power should terminate, not with Gregory VII, by whom the theory of Papal supremacy was fully elaborated, but with Innocent III, under whom it actually prevailed in practice The correlative history of the decline of the Papacy would date from the death of the same Pontiff.

Prebendary Venn's biography of St. Francis Xavier ‖ has been translated with some alterations by Dr. W. Hoffmann, who has prefixed an historical introduction and appendix, so as to convert the work into a general history of Christian missions The unity of the volume is seriously marred by the disproportionate space accorded on this plan to Xavier. It is impossible that a joint history of Catholic and Protestant missions, by a zealous professor of either creed, should not assume a controversial aspect. Mr. Venn and Dr. Hoffmann, however, appear to us to have sincerely endeavoured to write in a spirit of equity, and to have succeeded as well as the nature of the case would allow.

A "History of the People of Israel," by Dr. Ferdinand Hitzig ¶, is distinguished by one merit very unusual in such works—that of extreme condensation. This estimable quality may perhaps be even in excess, but it is still most acceptable, especially as it is accompanied by simplicity of style and sobriety of judgment. Dr. Hitzig treats his materials in a cautious and conservative spirit, equally remote from blind credulity and from the love of fantastic

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* *C. F. Ph. von Martius. Ein Lebensbild.* Von Dr. H. Schramm. Bd. 1 Leipzig · Denicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Johann Franz Encke Sein Leben und Wirken, bearbeitet nach dem schriftlichen Nachlass.* Von Dr. C. Bruhns. Leipzig: Günther. London: Nutt.

‡ *Aus Schelling's Leben. In Briefen.* Bd. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Geschichte der herrschenden Ideen des Islams.* Von Alfred von Kremer. Leipzig. Brockhaus. London. Nutt.

† *Richard Hooker, von den Gesetzen des Kirchenregiments im Gegensatze zu den Forderungen der Puritaner.* Von Dr. K. H. Sack. Heidelberg: Winter. London Nutt

‡ *Die Flavius Josephus beigelegte Schrift uber die Herrschaft der Vernunft.* Von Dr. J. Freudenthal. Breslau. Schletter London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die Politik der Päpste, von Gregor I. bis Gregor VII.* Von R. Baxmann. 2 The. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Franz Xavier.* Ein weltgeschichtliches Missionsbild. Von H. Venn und W. Hoffmann. Wiesbaden: Niedner. London: Nutt.

¶ *Geschichte des Volkes Israel, von Anbeginn bis zur Eroberung Masada's im Jahre 72 nach Christus.* Von Dr. Ferdinand Hitzig. Th. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

innovation. The most remarkable feature of his work is the extent to which comparative philology is employed as a means of investigation. Some of his speculations, however, in this department appear rather fanciful. He has not made so much use of the recent Assyrian discoveries as might have been expected.

A volume of sermons, by Dr. Schwarz *, and an analysis of the doctrinal portion of the Synoptic Gospels, by Dr. Schwalb †, are interesting as indications of the tendencies of Liberal Protestantism in Germany.

Libanius the orator is fully entitled to a special biography from his intellectual and moral eminence, the eventful character of his life, and more particularly from his position as the most brilliant representative of expiring Paganism in the fourth century. Our information respecting him is principally derived from the particulars afforded by his autobiography and voluminous correspondence. The late Dr Sievers ‡ has displayed much skill in fashioning these into a continuous narrative, and indefatigable diligence in illustrating them by quotations derived from a vast variety of sources. There is a somewhat dry and academical air about the book, but it is highly interesting nevertheless. Excursuses are added on the condition of schools of rhetoric in the age of Libanius, and on the biography of various personages connected with or mentioned by him.

A series of essays on the Odyssey, by A. Kirchhoff §, chiefly aims at pointing out the inconsistencies in the poem as we have it, and determining how far they are to be attributed to interpolations in the text.

In an interesting essay, Dr Dunger ‖ gives an account of the mediæval writers on the Trojan war, especially Joseph of Exeter, Conrad of Wurzburg, and Guido de Colonna. He particularly investigates the sources of information resorted to by these writers, which, as they all flourished in Western Europe, must be sought for among Latin authors.

We can but mention three very meritorious commentaries on classical authors —on Plato's *Cratylus*, by Dr H. Schmidt ¶, on the *Æneid*, by Dr. A. Weidner **, and on Æschylus, by R. Westphal ††.

A publication on Greek and Sicilian vases, by Otto Benndorf ‡‡, promises to be, when complete, a very valuable work. It is to contain about eighty plates, thirteen of which are published. The accompanying letterpress is a model of elegance, both as regards print and paper; the plates are unfortunately, but necessarily, not coloured, the original tints being indicated by shadings. The first part being devoted to Athenian ceramics, the plates mostly represent mere fragments, vases discovered in Attica being seldom entire. One feature of the work is the extent to which modern Athenian museums have been laid under contribution. The text is learned, and at the same time readable.

A very important contribution to the study of archæology has been made by a catalogue, with detailed descriptions, by Dr. Stephani, of the magnificent collection of ancient vases in the Hermitage Palace, in Russia §§. This museum is especially remarkable for its number of specimens from the Crimea and the adjacent coasts.

A work on political economy, by Dr. H. Maurus ‖‖, is designed as an introduction to the science, but also contains sketches of social reforms advocated by the author, and discussions on such controverted subjects as Free-trade, a paper currency, co-operation, and credit. In the abuse of the latter, the author sees the cause of all commercial disasters. He is a Protectionist. His views seem to be in general the result of independent thought, and he shows little affinity for any of the leading schools of political economy.

A journal of papers on physiology ¶¶ begins with a bulky volume, and promises to prove a repertory of valuable information. By far the largest and most elaborate paper is one by G. Valentin, describing the results of a series of investigations of the poison of arrows employed by American, African, and Malay savages.

Karl Goedeke's history of German imaginative literature * is a very valuable work, uniting the characteristics of a literary history and a bibliography. A memoir of each writer is given, concise but full of matter, and containing everything really necessary for the understanding of his works. Herr Goedeke's criticisms are very clear and precise, and in the main very sound. He is perhaps somewhat too partial to the Swabian school, and is certainly too severe upon Heine. The justice of his strictures is indisputable, but he does not adequately recognise the unique character of Heine's inspiration. The other German poets of the period are the products of certain factors, the influence of which may be distinctly traced in their writings. Heine is himself a factor, his poetry is a new organic type of the art. He belongs to the very rare class of truly original authors, and occupies as such a higher position than the best of the second class, from whom he differs as a fountain differs from a reservoir.

The uninviting appellation of "Moral Tales" seems to have been bestowed upon Paul Heyse's eighth volume † in a fit of pique, the previous volume having been taxed with immorality. The grounds of the imputation, so far as we can collect them from the somewhat vague statement of the writer himself, certainly appear sufficiently frivolous. He hints that he has this time taken care to bring himself down to the level of his readers, and, whether this is really the case, or whether the strain of constant production is beginning to make itself apparent, the tales in this collection are less interesting than usual as narratives, and less admirable as works of art. The first two are altogether too slight. The third contains a very powerful picture of a house devastated by cholera. The fourth is also an excellent story, and is a good example of Heyse's characteristic power of resolving an intricate situation arising out of a problem in morals. The fifth is the most amusing of any, and extremely vivid in its sketches of Corsican manners and scenery, but it is imitated from the Italian of Guerazzi.

A series of select translations from the eminent Russian novelist, Turguenell ‡, opens with his *Fathers and Sons*, an English version of which has been already reviewed in these columns. The personages and ideas depicted are perhaps somewhat too exclusively Russian to attain a wide popularity beyond the writer's own country, but readers of every nation must admire the simplicity of style and sentiment, the faculty of graphic description, and the pregnant conciseness manifested on every page. The translation is sanctioned by the author, and its fidelity is attested by a preface from his pen.

In attempting to write two hundred pages of original epigrams and poetical aphorisms, J. S. Tauber § has engaged in an undertaking in which success was impossible. Perhaps not half-a-dozen of his pieces fulfil all the requisites of this most difficult species of composition. Even, however, where matter and form are alike defective, there is frequently enough merit in both to show that the writer is above the usual level of satirical versifiers.

Karl Candidus ‖ is an Alsatian. If all the authors of Alsace write like him, patriotic Germans will have the consolation of knowing that the loss of the province has been unattended by any prejudice to the national literature.

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* *Predigten aus der Gegenwart.* Dritte Sammlung. Von Dr C. Schwarz. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Lehre Jesu, nach den drei ersten Evangelien dargestellt.* Von Dr. M. Schwalb. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

‡ *Das Leben des Libanius.* Von Dr G. R. Sievers. Herausgegeben von G. Sievers. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Composition der Odyssee.* Gesammelte Aufsätze von A. Kirchhoff. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Die Sage vom trojanischen Kriege in den Bearbeitungen des Mittelalters und deren antiken Quellen.* Von Dr. H. Dunger. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Plato's Kratylus.* Erläutert von Dr. H. Schmidt. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Commentar zu Vergil's Aeneis.* Buch I. & II. Von Dr. A. Weidner. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Prolegomena zu Aeschylus' Tragödien.* Von R. Westphal. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Griechische und Sicilische Vasenbilder.* Herausgegeben von Otto Benndorf. Lief. 1. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Die Vasen-Sammlung der kaiserlichen Ermitage.* 2 Thle. St Petersburg: Akademie der Wissenschaften. London: Nutt.

‖‖ *Die Grundsätze der Volkswirthschaftslehre vom Standpunkte der socialen Reform gemeinverständlich entwickelt.* Von Dr. H. Maurus. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Nutt.

¶¶ *Archiv für die gesammte Physiologie des Menschen und der Thiere.* Herausgegeben von Dr. E. F. W. Pflüger. Jahrg. 1. Bonn: Max Cohen & Sohn. London: Nutt.

* *Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung aus den Quellen.* Von K. Goedeke. Bd. 3. Hft. 2. Dresden: Ehlermann. London: Nutt.

† *Moralische Novellen.* Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Nutt.

‡ *Iwan Turgenjew's ausgewählte Werke.* Autorisirte Ausgabe. Bd. 1. *Vater und Söhne.* Mitau: Behre. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Quinten. Kleine Gedichte.* Von J. S. Tauber. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Vermischte Gedichte.* Von Karl Candidus. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 713, Vol. 27. June 26, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE DECISION OF THE PEERS.

THE vote by which an imposing majority of the House of Lords passed the second reading of the Irish Church Bill was welcome to the country and creditable to the Peers, and must have been truly gratifying to many of the minority. Where should we have been by this time if the Lords had been really seduced by the rhetoric which gave them so much pleasure? To put it in the very mildest form, the Lords would have lost as much as they have now gained in popular estimation. As it is, they have undoubtedly raised themselves in general opinion, partly because they were represented by so many good speakers, and still more because, after they had given themselves the treat of a fine debate, and had talked in a grand and patriotic and determined way, they ended in a display of ordinary common sense. That the Bill is now past all serious danger, and that there has been no collision between the Houses, is certainly the first subject of congratulation, but there are subsidiary results of the vote which are also of considerable importance. The utility of the House of Lords under certain circumstances and up to a certain point has been brought home to the popular mind. The Peers are still as far as ever from having any definite and adequate province in the management and conduct of ordinary legislation. They could not offer many grand set speeches like those which marked the recent debate, without becoming wearisome and monotonous. But they have shown that they can produce a striking effect if their powers are brought out rarely and on very important issues. They have, it is true, advantages over the Commons which very much aid their oratory. A speech from a peer is a success which would be a failure in the House of Commons, because a peer is able to discourse as he pleases without having to attend to practical results, whereas a leading speaker in the House of Commons is necessarily obliged to take a side, and to regard a great measure like the Irish Church Bill as something which he has to defend or oppose. It adds very much to the air of wisdom with which the Lords speak that they can safely oppose or defend a Bill with all kinds of modifications of opinion about it, and with numberless suggestions and counter-proposals, which, from their insight into things, they claim to be enabled to offer. Still the speeches in the Lords last week were undoubtedly very good, and they were as good on the last night of the debate as they had been before; and it cannot be doubted that the energy and distinctness with which Lord RUSSELL and Lord WESTBURY, in addition to many other peers of all parties, adopted the policy of concurrent endowment has given the country matter of thought that is clearly new, and has made it question seriously whether the policy is feasible or not. Then, again, it may be regarded as a decided political gain that the Conservative party has for the moment escaped from the leadership of its more headstrong advisers, and that it has contributed a very respectable following to the more moderate and liberal section of its leaders. Lord DERBY has done his very worst to defeat the Ministry, and has himself been defeated. The tradition of his empire over his party has been shaken, and the fact that Lord CAIRNS joined with him in taking the side which proved unsuccessful must affect the relations of the party to its leaders for the future.

A debate on such a subject as the Irish Church has a peculiar interest for the clergy, and the bishops, as the special representatives of the clergy, naturally and properly took a prominent part in it. On the whole, they did so with much success, but still the part which they played was not without its strange side. It is difficult to conceive anything weaker than the conduct of the two Archbishops in ostentatiously declining to vote. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY more especially presented a wondrous spectacle to the lay mind. He did his best to get the Bill passed. His influence, given so decidedly, and at the outset of the debate, did perhaps more than anything else to determine waverers, and to quiet the scruples of timid consciences. He expressly said that if the Bill was read a second time it might, he thought, be moulded into a very good Bill; which was very strong praise indeed from the most eminent representative of a Church which last autumn we were told was going to thunder against such a Bill from seventeen thousand pulpits. But he could not make up his mind to vote for it himself. He thought it was not quite right that an Archbishop should do what he urged and encouraged laymen to do. He was hampered by the thought that he would be said to be deserting his order, and sacrificing a sister Church. He, in fact, hedged to please, or at least not to offend openly, the clergy. It is perhaps true that there might have been some little outcry against him which his refusal to vote may have stifled; but in the long run the clergy would have respected him more if he had had a little more courage, and the laity would have at once regarded him with the respect due to a man who shows nerve and statesmanship in a difficult crisis. The Bishop of LICHFIELD deserves to be mentioned as a specimen of a Bishop who showed qualities exactly the opposite of those displayed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. His remarks were very queer, very unpractical, and quite out of the usual range of episcopal remarks, but they breathed a spirit of frankness and courage in every word. Other bishops departed more or less from the sphere of secular politics, but he was out of it altogether. What could even the most reverential peer, the most ardent disciple of bishops, make of a speaker who said that he thought that the Irish Church Bill was a bad Bill because he, although a clergyman of the Church of England, had once been invited to share the tent of a Romanist chaplain; who said that, bad as the Bill was, he yet hoped it might produce two good effects—the accordance of a comfortable site in Rome for Anglican worship, and the downfall of the temporal power of the Papacy; and who finally invited the coming Œcumenical Council to observe that the spirit of justice which dictated this bad Bill was due to the free preaching of the Gospel in a Protestant country? Still more astonishing to his hearers must have been the passage in which the Bishop avowed himself an ardent advocate of Mr. BRIGHT'S land scheme, apparently conceiving that such people as the Dukes of DEVONSHIRE and ABERCORN were like Maoris, good wild creatures, who, properly managed, would retire into uninhabited districts and leave nice blocks of soil to every deserving settler. "We [illegible] are in Arcadia" must have been the thought that passed through the minds of many of his listeners. It was quaint, simple, New Zealandish beyond belief, and yet it left the impression that it was a very good thing that in such an assembly as the Lords there should be a man who could think and say such things. The Bishop said that he should not mind saying all he had to say about the Irish Church Bill before a crowd of working men at Wolverhampton. Probably this would be a very small trial of his courage; he will need much more boldness if next year he goes on as he has begun this Session, and seriously adopts the cause of Irish tenants in an assembly of landed proprietors.

Lord WESTBURY tickled the fancy of his hearers by the free use of a queer sort of Biblical language. That he would say something very odd and amusing was confidently anticipated, but the most sanguine could never have hoped that he would compare himself to JOHN the BAPTIST. What he described himself as crying out in the wilderness was that the Roman Catholics ought to have a large slice of the funds of the Anglican Church. Lord WESTBURY need not inconvenience himself by going into a desert and living on locusts to tell us this. It is what many eminent persons have been constantly saying for some years. Lord RUSSELL had actually opened the debate that very evening by making the very same proposal; which is perhaps none the worse because he has made it before, and abandoned it perhaps as being too sensible. How very much more at his case Lord WESTBURY would have

been if Fate had permitted him to take the other side, was obvious from the large portion of his speech that was irrelevant. He gave a number of reasons why the Irish Church ought not to be attacked, and acknowledged that it was not attacked on many of the grounds which he declared to be inadmissible, but concluded by saying that the Irish Church was subject to one reproach, which it was essential to remove, and that was, that, being the Church of a small minority, it had got all the funds of the Irish nation applicable to religious purposes. He offered this, with characteristic audacity, as a kind of discovery which he, Lord WESTBURY, had made, and which had not dawned on persons of feebler intellectual powers. In a humbler, but much more effective, way, Lord RUSSELL stuck to his own pet project of giving glebe-houses to the ministers of all denominations. Whether so great, and perhaps theoretically desirable, a change in the Bill as this would involve is possible at this eleventh hour is open to much doubt. In the debate the considerations which support the notion of giving a portion of the Church funds to the Roman Catholics were in a hasty and summary way brought before the public. No more could be done in a debate on the second reading, but perhaps the project could not have been presented in a more favourable manner. There was an unquestionable advantage in having it put forward in that vague, general way which avoids the discussion of the difficult details it involves, and in its being recommended by men whose names carry weight with them, and yet do not awaken much sectarian enthusiasm or aversion. If we speak only of the debate, and not of anything yet to come, we may also observe, that while the amendments tending to concurrent endowment were radical enough, all the other amendments suggested were of a very trifling character. Peer after peer spoke as if he had got some splendid secret amendment in his pocket, but he never gave any clue to the mystery. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, for example, said that the real evil of the Bill was that it encouraged Ultramontanism, and he considered it indispensable to protect the Roman Catholic laity against their pernicious advisers. The only means or instruments, [illegible] he shadowed forth as tending to this desirable end [illegible] ne or two amendments which would perhaps giv[illegible] the disestablished Irish Protestant Church about a quarter of a million of money m[illegible] Government proposes to give it; and if this woul[illegible] pr[illegible]tect the Irish priests and people against the clique now triumphant at Rome, they must be much more easily protected than is commonly supposed. It would be a curious inquiry whether in the same [illegible]ay by [illegible] could protect ourselves against any of the clerical cliques under which we sometimes suffer. The general conclusion to which the debate in the Lords leads us is that, although there was much eloquence and much wisdom in many of the speeches made, there was also much that was, at bottom, nerveless and poor, and that showed an indifference to the obligation to reason out a proposition and to trace its consequences. Lord DERBY wished the Lords to reject the Bill, but had not the faintest suggestion to make as to what was to come next, the remarks of the bishops "moved in another sphere" than those of laymen, who had to consider the possibilities of things; rival schemes which a very strong Ministry might well shrink from adopting were lightly and almost jauntily proposed as trifles; amendments of the most trivial importance were darkly spoken of as sure to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the Irish Church. The main thing is the vote; that has a value which neither time nor reflection will diminish. But of the debate there is not much that will be long remembered, except that it was generally creditable to the Lords, that the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH took his hearers by storm, that a few Conservative Peers saved their party from a great blunder, and that the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S played a very difficult part with singular firmness and courage.

THE VICEROY AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

WHILE there is but one opinion as to the propriety of giving the ruler of Egypt a suitable reception, some ceremonial difficulties arising from his ambiguous rank will require an exercise of tact and judgment on the part of his entertainers. The potentate who is commonly called the Viceroy enjoys a Turkish title which is said to indicate a rank somewhat short of royalty, and it is admitted that his independence has not yet amounted to actual sovereignty. The SULTAN not unnaturally desires to retain to himself a supremacy which is perhaps not wholly titular, and it may be presumed that his powerful vassal hopes gradually to relieve himself from his present relations. It is possible that a feudal connexion with the Turkish Empire might in certain contingencies operate as a security to the VICEROY, who may claim the benefit of the guarantees given to the SULTAN by the Treaty of Paris; nor would an exchange of a nominal subordination for the officious protectorate of some Western Power be for the advantage of the Egyptian dynasty. An Oriental Prince, however, is not unlikely to prefer the nominal attainment of Imperial power to considerations of prudence; and it is supposed that, on the occasion of opening the Suez Canal, he hopes to form direct diplomatic connexions with the European Governments. His visit to the different Courts is preparatory to the reception which he hopes to offer to a brilliant assemblage of Royal personages in the autumn, and his hopes of success will be in some degree affected by the nature of the hospitalities with which he may be welcomed. If the heads of the great ornamental departments in England are qualified for their duties, they will contrive to evade all delicate questions of form. The VICEROY has luckily not assumed the style of Majesty, and it is not disputed that he must be addressed as Highness. The most troublesome questions will perhaps arise when he is saluted by forts or ships, as there is no point of honour more rigidly exacted by great dignitaries than a proper complement of guns. Military and naval commanders have generally some experience as masters of the ceremonies, and they must manage in their expenditure of powder to give as little offence as possible to Egypt or to Turkey. The French Government, in accordance with its recent policy, will perhaps have been more lavish of honours to the VICEROY, but both at Vienna and Berlin the distinctive privileges of sovereign rank have been sedulously withheld.

A special envoy or agent of the Porte, being the brother of the VICEROY, has preceded him on his journey, for the express purpose of protesting against any acknowledgment of his possible pretensions to independence, and the invitations which are to be issued for the Suez celebration appear to provoke peculiar jealousy. The SULTAN is, in his own opinion, the proper host of foreign sovereigns who may chance to visit his dominions; but perhaps he would not persist in his objection to the proposed festivities were it not for the more serious project of a convention for neutralizing the Canal. Whatever may be the advantages of such a measure to Turkey as well as to Egypt, a formal treaty concluded with the VICEROY would go far to be regarded as a recognition of his independence. A person who enters into a contract cannot afterwards dispute the competency of the other party to perform his engagements, and if a convention were made, the VICEROY would undertake a kind of responsibility which only belongs to [illegible] A b[illegible]ch of [illegible] the pa[illegible] of the Eg[illegible] Government could only be resented by blockade, by reprisals, or by some other warlike operation, and consequently a treaty would involve a hypothetical recognition of Egypt as a possible belligerent. If England or France were to agree for a right of free passage with the States which are traversed by the Atlantic and Pacific lines of railway, the American Government would deem itself entitled to treat the compact as an infringement of its exclusive rights, and a similar objection applies to negotiations with respect to the Suez Canal initiated without the consent of the Porte. If the arrangement is thought desirable by the Powers which have the chief interest in the transit, it will be advisable both to insist on the participation of the SULTAN in the transaction, and in his acquiescence in the policy proposed by the VICEROY. There are good reasons for avoiding or postponing organic changes in the constitution of the Turkish Empire, but the protection which has been again and again accorded to the SULTAN involves a corresponding duty of suitable deference and conformity. The VICEROY would have no plausible excuse for rejecting the nominal intervention of the SULTAN if his own object of preventing his country from becoming a campaign-ground for European armies is practically or even apparently attained.

It is not yet certain whether the neutrality of the Suez Canal will be established, nor is the meaning of the term absolutely clear. The provisions of existing treaties by which certain States or territories are declared neutral have never yet been interpreted by practice, nor is it certain that they have any real validity. It is probable that, in case of war, Switzerland would be respected, because the Swiss are able and willing to punish a lawless intruder. Belgium, on the other hand, considers it necessary to protect by fortresses, and a considerable standing army, the precarious neutrality which is secured by every possible parchment sanction. According to a definition which may perhaps be official, the neutrality of the Suez Canal is to consist in the exclusion of ships of war, and in the uninterrupted passage of merchant vessels; but it is difficult to believe that a powerful

belligerent would attend to either restriction. As long as merchant vessels are liable to capture at sea, it would matter little that they were, as at present, exempt from molestation in waters which would be within the dominions of Egypt or of Turkey. The Canal might serve as a port, but it would be blockaded at both ends by the fleets which respectively commanded the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; or, if no formal blockade were established, liability to capture would revive as soon as the Canal was left behind. It may be supposed that it is not intended to maintain the exclusion of ships of war in time of peace; for transports with troops and war material would come within the definition, and it would be absurd to compel the Indian reliefs to disembark on one side of the isthmus, in order to proceed as at present by railway to Suez or to Alexandria. Conventions made by Powers at the time friendly, in prospect of future war, are of no value unless a third party who may be expected to be neutral is strong enough to enforce performance of the contract. If the command of the Suez Canal became vitally important to two European belligerents, neither Turkey nor Egypt would be able to restrain their inevitable infractions of a restraining convention. In such cases it is always easy to find excuse in the conduct of the enemy for the use of superior power directed to the attainment of some indispensable object. The champion in the ballad who had promised to be passive declared, as soon as he saw his brother overmatched in single combat, that "his word, it should not stand." It would be impossible to prevent, by mere argument, a commander who was in force at one end of the Canal from relieving a beleaguered port or a threatened squadron at the other extremity.

It is rumoured that the English and French Governments are not entirely agreed on the question of neutralization, and perhaps it may be convenient to postpone the conclusion of a permanent arrangement until it has been ascertained whether the Canal itself will answer the expectations of those who have constructed it. Its capacity and its security from material impediments are even more important than the political provisions which may relate to the navigation. If it proves to be sufficient to admit vessels of the largest burden, English commerce will in time of peace derive the chief advantage of French enterprise and skill. It must be supposed that the Peninsular and Oriental Company has ascertained that it will be exposed to no fresh disadvantage in the competition with the highly subsidized French line which has already so largely diminished its prosperity. It is evident that a double disembarkation and transhipment would be fatal to a trading Company, where a rival was not subject to similar disadvantages. Shipowners will undoubtedly after a time adapt themselves to the new conditions of transit; but as the English generally use larger vessels than the French, it would be highly inconvenient to find that the depth of the Canal imposed a practical restriction on the tonnage. The route by the Cape of Good Hope may perhaps still be used by sailing vessels, but for many years there has been a growing tendency to employ steam in all but the longest voyages. The Canal will accommodate a large part of the traffic between Europe and Asia, for the railway transit from the Atlantic sea-coast to San Francisco will be too expensive for any goods which are not exceptionally costly and portable. It is not surprising that the ruler of the adjacent territory should anticipate a great increase of wealth, although he may perhaps feel that his independence is exposed to an additional danger

AMENDMENTS ON THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

SEVERAL notices of amendments have already been given by different Peers, and many more may be expected. But, of all amendments that have been or may be proposed, those that point to concurrent endowment are by far the most important. Until it has been decided whether there shall be some effort made to carry out a scheme for giving the Roman Catholics a portion of the surplus, there is no use in discussing the details of the Bill, for clause after clause would either need alteration or would be indefensible. If the Roman Catholics are to benefit by the surplus, many of the reasons for making that surplus so large by confining compensation solely to life-interests fade away. It is difficult even to see why the Irish Church should not exist on its present legal basis if the way to do justice to the Roman Catholics is not to make the Anglican Church a voluntary body like theirs, but to give them money. This is, we presume, what Lord GREY has in view in giving notice to alter the preamble. He wishes to raise a general preliminary discussion, and perceiving that, if his amendments were carried, a totally new Bill must be framed, he naturally leaves to the Government the trouble of framing it. Whether the discussion ends in anything practical or not, it is quite worth while to have the whole subject of concurrent endowment thoroughly discussed; and we think we may anticipate that all seriously considered schemes of concurrent endowment out of the surplus will fall under two heads. Either a large portion of the surplus may be handed over to the Roman Catholics on terms which it may be presumed the heads of their Church would approve, or an effort may be made to give the Roman Catholic laity and the Irish priests, as opposed to the Ultramontane Bishops, a standing ground against those spiritual superiors who, as we think, are misleading them. The way to carry out the first object would be to hand over a lump sum of, let us say, two or three millions of money to a body of episcopal trustees, who should be permitted to spend the money, without supervision, inquiry, or responsibility, exactly as they might think best in promoting their religion. There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic bishops would accept the money on these terms, and would give England a sort of receipt or acknowledgment to the effect that she had behaved in a proper manner to the Church. The objections to this course are that it would be intensely distasteful to the English nation, and that none of the objects proposed by the statesmen who have advocated concurrent endowment would be attained by it, except the one—which is doubtless very important in itself—of getting an avowal from the priests that they had been well treated. The other plan, that of applying a large portion of the surplus to the purposes of the Roman Catholic Church, but so applying it as to erect a bulwark more or less strong against Ultramontanism, would be best carried out by adopting Lord RUSSELL's proposals. If a large sum were spent in building houses for the priests, and purchasing adjacent plots of land for them, and in building churches and chapels where necessary, and if the property so created were vested in a Board composed in a great degree of Roman Catholic laymen, there might probably be created a most valuable check on the despotism of Ultramontane bishops. They might perhaps retain the right of turning a priest out of his cure, but they would always have to justify themselves for so doing in the eyes of a body of intelligent, wealthy, and independent laymen. We do not hesitate to say that this would be a most satisfactory appropriation of the surplus, ten times better than giving it to lunatic asylums and nurses. It would answer a most desirable end, and it would be almost certain to work practically well. The Board would build the house, establish and stock the garden, and send the key to the priest; and when he came to see how nicely the roof was slated, and how promising the cabbages and potatoes looked, he might be trusted to walk in and put up his hat on the peg which the foresight of the Board would have put prominently before him. Nor could the gift be rejected on the plea that it subjected the priests to the control of a heretic State. It would merely provide the priests with what they much want under the supervision of a Roman Catholic Board.

If such a proposal could be submitted to the decision of the Protestant laymen of England who have really taken the trouble of thinking over the difficult question of the Irish Church, we venture to think that nineteen out of every twenty would enthusiastically accept it, and the judicious friends of the Irish Church would gladly catch at it, as it would enable them to secure very much better pecuniary terms for their friends than the present Bill offers them. Possibly, if Lord RUSSELL's amendments were carried by a large majority in the Lords, it might be practicable even now to shape the Bill in accordance with his proposals. But however much we may wish to see a desirable object attained, we must take into account the difficulties that lie in the way of attaining it; and the difficulties that lie in the way of embodying Lord RUSSELL's amendments in the Bill seem very great. The Protestant Nonconformists of England, the class of English clergy who howled at Mr. GLADSTONE in Lancashire, and the Scotch generally, will be dead against any proposal to put money into the treasury of Babylon. And, we fear, the Irish Roman Catholic members in the Commons would find themselves obliged to oppose the scheme, for, although most of them might in their hearts welcome gladly any plan that promised to make the body of the priests more independent, and although the bulk of their constituents would think as they did, and although the bulk of the priests who guide these constituents might share their feelings, yet the risk of losing their seats at the next election might frighten them. The bishops would order the priests to oppose them; the priests, who are now absolutely dependent on the bishops, would obey,

and would set the constituency against the very men who had done what the priests and the constituency wished they should do. We do not see where the motive-power to carry the Bill through the Commons would come from, except by a coalition between the Government and the Opposition. We are thus led to the real central difficulty that bars the way to the acceptance of Lord RUSSELL's amendments. The Cabinet would find itself in a position that would be almost, if not quite, untenable. The Ministers have come into office on the plea that they were forced to prepare a counter policy to that of Lord MAYO. But to give a large slice of the *surplus to the Roman Catholics for glebes and churches*, is really levelling up. It proceeds upon the same principle, and is defensible only by the very arguments that Lord MAYO would have used for his scheme. The only difference between the two plans is one as to the amount of money to be given to the Roman Catholics. If, as Lord MAYO would have proposed, the Irish Church had kept all that it has got, the amount to be given to the Roman Catholics must in fairness have been larger than it would be if taken from the surplus. But, further, the Government have justified their Bill on the ground, not that it was theoretically the only Bill or the best Bill, but that it was the Bill which the country wishes for. They have stated that, in accordance with what is indisputably one of their primary duties, they have ascertained the feelings of the country, and that all schemes of concurrent endowment are alien to these feelings. To adopt Lord RUSSELL's amendments would be to acknowledge that they have performed one of their primary duties in a most insufficient way; and although they might shelter themselves under the plea that the opinion of the country has changed, they would still substantially confess that they have misinterpreted the signs of the times, and the real Ministerial power, the government and direction of the country in this most important affair, would obviously reside not in them, but in the peers who carried Lord RUSSELL's amendments. They will also see that to adopt these amendments would not only lower their prestige, but in all probability break up their party. Mr. GLADSTONE would, indeed, be making a martyr of himself if he consented to abandon his present position in the Commons in order to oppose, by the aid of the Conservatives, the English Dissenters, the Scotch, and the Irish Roman Catholic members. Other observers than Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON would watch with interest Mr. GLADSTONE's face as he came into the House of Commons to own that Lord MAYO was right after all. Even if, in obedience to a new view of duty, he would consent to wear sackcloth and cover himself with ashes to this extent, it is by no means certain that the Bill could be carried this year; for there would be a large section in both Houses who would agree with Lord WESTBURY that the constitution of the Established Church might remain much as it is if the claims of the Roman Catholics were settled in cash, and there would be another large section who would say that if the necessary sum were paid to the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians, the Irish Church might very well be allowed to keep the rest. If these views, which certainly have a show of reason, prevailed, the Bill would have to be recast from beginning to end. All the labours of the Commons would be entirely thrown away, and about the end of July the Government draftsmen would have to be charged with the preparation of a new Bill.

We have yet to learn what amendments those peers will devise who think it possible to keep the framework of the Bill as it is, and yet to amend its provisions largely in the interest of the Irish Church. It is easy to anticipate what may be done in the way of what the Yankees call one-horse amendments. Lord GRANVILLE has frankly owned that the Government has itself kindly contrived an easy passage for humble vehicles through some of the provisions of the Bill. A good-sized pony would be enough to draw through such amendments as that of changing the date from which to calculate private endowments, and a donkey might do for Lord SHAFTESBURY's proposal to insert special clauses to meet the curious longevity of clergymen. It is quite true that as a large portion of the Irish clergy lead healthy, frugal lives, with a fair income and almost nothing to do, they belong to the class of annuitants who wear out the hearts of reversioners, and who go living on, like ravens or swans, years after intelligent actuaries have proved to them that they ought, according to the best tables, to be in their coffins. But there are peers whose views are much more ambitious and extensive, and who propose to drive four, or even six-horse, coaches through the Bill. We can only say that when they make their attempt, they ought to have quite fair play. Every amendment should be discussed on its own merits, and we may go further and say that, wherever a point can be shown to be doubtful, it ought to be decided in favour of the Irish Church. It would be a source of the greatest satisfaction to all impartial Englishmen if any amendments could be devised which would comfort and appease the Orangemen and yet not depart from the principles on which the Bill is founded. To do this seems to us very difficult, and certainly Mr. DISRAELI signally failed when he set himself to do it; but by all means let it be done, if it be possible.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Constitution has been adopted and sworn to, and SERRANO is installed as Regent; but there has been no reconciliation of parties. The Spaniards, although some of their claims to general admiration are exaggerated or premature, may boast of having deviated with entire originality from the ordinary track of revolutions. For seven or eight months they have managed to keep the peace, and to conduct the ordinary business of the country, while they were debating general principles, and choosing between two different forms of government. Their final decision in favour of a monarchy has led to the provisional establishment of a system which might be accurately described as Republican. An elected ruler exercises the executive power under control of the Cortes, not as a Viceroy, although he bears the ambiguous title of Regent; but by an appointment which became necessary in default of a King. There are precedents, both in Europe and Asia, of sovereigns reigning by a subordinate title which had been originally conferred, in accordance with the fact, on themselves or their predecessors; but SERRANO is not suspected of any design to found a dynasty, nor is there the smallest probability that such an enterprise could succeed. The old French Commission of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, once held under the authority of the League by the Duke of MAYENNE, corresponds nearly to the rank which has been conferred on SERRANO. The English title of Protector meant less than the Spanish Regency when it was borne by GLOUCESTER or SOMERSET, and it implied more solid and independent power when it was afterwards conferred on CROMWELL. If the present arrangement should last for any considerable time, the Spanish Constitution may perhaps imperceptibly approximate to the Parliamentary Monarchy which in England contains all the elements of an orderly Republic. The difference between a Regent chosen by the Cortes, and a President elected by the people, extends over the whole intermediate space between the English and the American systems. If, unfortunately, there were to be a President elected for the United Kingdom, Mr. GLADSTONE would at the present moment be preferred to all competitors by an overwhelming majority. His administrative functions would probably be those of a Prime Minister, but his position would be radically altered. Instead of representing the supremacy of Parliament, he would hold his power direct from the people; and as long as his popularity lasted he might probably be able, if he were willing, to defy the opposition of the two Houses. In the actual state of things the Minister is really the stronger, because the trust which is delegated to him by Parliament is revocable at a moment's notice. It is probable that SERRANO will find his task facilitated by the obvious impossibility of a collision with the Cortes.

The personal rivalries which were naturally supposed to divide the chiefs of the Government have hitherto, except on one occasion, been successfully repressed. TOPETE warned the Cortes against the ambitious projects which he imputed to PRIM; but the Admiral still presides over the navy, and the Field-Marshal over the army. SERRANO would be supported by the Cortes in any contest with his formidable colleague; and there is some reason to hope that the military revolts which have in Spain frequently regulated the distribution of power, are becoming obsolete. The Revolution of September was exclusively conducted by naval and military leaders, and it is probable that an edifying proclamation in which PRIM denounced the interference of soldiers in politics produced little moral effect. The right of rebelling against the QUEEN or her Ministers has by long custom only been limited by the penalties of failure. Non-commissioned officers who hoped to earn their epaulettes by a mutiny had only to calculate the force of their opponents, inasmuch as both parties knew that the country at large was entirely indifferent whether O'DONNELL or NARVAEZ was in power. It is only where veteran mercenaries trained in war have learned to consider their flag or their regiment as their country, that military conspiracies are likely to thrive in defiance of popular feeling. A rebellion of general officers against the Cortes would be universally resented; and the soldiers themselves would to some extent share the general indignation. Notwithstanding many idle rumours

of Carlist risings, there is only one malcontent party from which an insurgent chief could hope for support; and happily PRIM is divided from the Republicans by reciprocal animosities. It is certain that he will not intrigue with the banished dynasty; and it would be impossible for him to rest a claim to supreme power on his military position. If the army again engages in civil broils, it will be either supporting or opposing an attack of the Republicans on the Constitution. It is at present the interest of PRIM to remain on good terms with SERRANO; and there is no reason to accuse him of disloyalty. CABALLERO DE NODAS, the most active and ambitious of PRIM'S lieutenants, is on his way to Cuba; and no other military chief is sufficiently prominent to alarm the jealousy of SERRANO and PRIM. The army, which may not perhaps be easily converted from its restless tendencies by general orders, will perhaps gradually recognise, as in other European countries, the supremacy of the civil Government. Since the Revolution order has more than once been restored by a display of military force; and there has been neither disturbance nor menace on the part of the army. PRIM has invited the officers to swear to the Constitution, leaving them full permission to refuse; but at the same time intimating that disobedience will be followed by dismissal.

The Republican members absented themselves as a body from the ceremony of SERRANO'S taking the oath of office; and it would seem that the party in general refuses to acquiesce in its recent defeat. Although the minority ought to a certain extent to be bound by the vote of the Cortes, perseverance in maintaining the Republican cause can scarcely be considered perverse as long as the dominant party postpones the election of a King. The choice of candidates has been narrowed by the tacit retirement of the Duke of AOSTA, and by the refusal of Dom FERNANDO, followed by his recent marriage. A Queen who could scarcely perform the functions proper to her rank, or a wife of the King who was not even decorated with the Royal title, would not be acceptable to a nation which has not yet forgiven the degradation of the former Court. The Duke of MONTPENSIER, who remains, has not gained in popularity, although his claims may have been improved by the retirement of his rivals. The Republicans in the Cortes lately expressed loud indignation at the DUKE'S return from Portugal, although it is not pretended that he has committed any act which ought to be punished by exile. Princes have often been banished on grounds of political expediency; but the Duke of MONTPENSIER is not even a pretender to the throne, which he only hopes to obtain by the choice of the Cortes. It is probable that his return may indicate the intention of his supporters to push his claims; but either his friends think that the time for declaring in his favour has not arrived, or they are restrained by the opposition of PRIM. There is no doubt that the Duke of MONTPENSIER might have been crowned with general consent if he had taken an active part in the Revolution, and especially if he had been at the side of SERRANO in the combat of Alcolea; but absence has not removed the prejudices which he had provoked, and since last autumn the Republicans have had time to count their numbers, and to organize themselves into a party. They have been outvoted in the Cortes because their distinctive name is vaguely associated with subversive theories, and because socialists and anarchists are numbered in their ranks; but it is not certain that the mass of the population is as much afraid of change as its representatives, and revolutionary Democrats have always disregarded the decision of the greater number when it was opposed to their objects. The risings of last winter at Cadiz and elsewhere have perhaps been partially forgotten, and it is evident that in some parts of the country the Republic is popular. There is no reason at present to apprehend disturbances which would be easily repressed by the army, acting under regular and legitimate authority. The best speakers in the Cortes are Republicans, who will probably prefer Parliamentary conflicts to struggles in the field, where their own peculiar qualities would be useless. If MAZZINI'S conspiracy, which has lately exploded in different parts of Italy, should be unexpectedly successful, the influence of a Republican triumph would be strongly felt in Spain. At present the leaders of the party have to content themselves with annoying a Government which they are not strong enough to overthrow. The prosaic discussions on the Budget, in which the Cortes are at present engaged, offer little opportunity for the exhibition of revolutionary fervour.

It is well that there is no occasion at home for the services of the army, as the rebellion in Cuba causes a serious drain on the military resources of Spain. The lawless deposition of General DULCE, and his forced removal from the island, although both measures might perhaps be defended by Spanish precedent, are alarming events. The Spanish volunteers in Cuba thought fit to depose the GOVERNOR on account of his alleged leniency, and as long as they control the Government, they will probably conduct the civil war in the most barbarous manner. They will find in CABALLERO DE NODAS a commander who will scarcely be disposed to regulate his administration at the will of a portion of his troops; but it would seem that there is a risk of a dangerous contest among the defenders of order or of Spanish sovereignty. If any of the American adventurers who have joined the rebels are put to death in violation of the customs of civilized war, the irritation of their countrymen will be at the same time just and formidable. It is strange that a struggle which has lasted for more than half a year should never yet have been made intelligible to foreigners. It is not known whether the insurgents are friendly or hostile to slavery, and their dislike of Spanish functionaries seems to be an insufficient cause for an obstinate rebellion. The nature of the insurrection is as obscure as the motives of its leaders; for, although narratives of battles and victories have been occasionally published, it is uncertain whether the chiefs have ever succeeded in raising an army. American sympathisers with the rebellion exult in the actual or probable sufferings of the Spanish army from disease, especially in the hottest months of the year; but prudent officers will probably contrive to save their troops as far as possible from fatigue and exposure. The Cortes have, perhaps prudently, discouraged discussion on the affairs of Cuba; but it is said that the nation shares with the Government the feeling that it is a point of honour to defend an unprofitable possession. It may be doubted whether the Deputies from Cuba will ever take their seats in the Cortes to share in the debates upon future schemes for the abolition of slavery.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD ROMILLY was perfectly right in desiring to check the applause in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Lords, but the evil would not a short time ago have been thought one of the most urgent of existing grievances. The irrepressible excitement produced by the speeches of peers must be gratifying to the House, even when it takes an inconvenient or irregular form. One cautious speaker appropriately recalled the memory of the French Convention, and of debates controlled by the male and female rabble who were directly addressed by the more unscrupulous leaders of the Mountain. It may be hoped that the peers, and especially the bishops, will be proof against the temptation of preferring mob popularity to the approval of their colleagues. Even the Church dignitary who shouted and groaned last week on the steps of the Throne is perhaps not so dangerous an agitator as the Demoiselle THÉROIGNE. The silent interest of the audience in the gallery, and of the general community, will sufficiently reward the exertions of contending orators. When a dozen peers scattered themselves over the benches in the dull interval between five o'clock and dinner-time, the unprivileged spectators were not in the habit of violating the rules of order. Since the entrance of Lord SALISBURY into the House the attendance has been larger, and the ordinary proceedings have consequently been more spirited. The extraordinary vigour of the great debate of last week may possibly facilitate the efforts of ambitious members of the House to secure for it a greater influence in the conduct of public business; but it is above all things necessary, in any such attempt, to abandon the hope of achieving impossibilities. Even if the House of Lords were entirely composed of statesmen of the political and intellectual rank of its principal leaders, it would be as impossible as it is in present circumstances that a body not directly representative should have the weight of the House of Commons. The nation, though it may be willing to listen to prudent counsellors, reserves to itself the ultimate decision of all questions of the first importance, and in almost all cases of the kind the decision of the House of Commons ought to be accepted as the judgment of the country. The wisdom of the majority, in passing the most unpalatable of measures in deference to the authority which is virtually supreme, will increase the respect which is generally paid to the House of Lords. The defeat of the Irish Church Bill on the second reading would have been conspicuously imprudent, and undeniable rashness invalidates more than almost any other defect the reputation of a deliberative assembly. It will be generally acknowledged that the House of Lords has not only displayed great power of argument, but that it has had the virtue and the foresight to perform an act of remarkable self-denial. The Orangemen who complain that expediency has been preferred to the

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assertion of principle unintentionally pay the House of Lords the highest of political compliments. In all public affairs a wise man looks only to what is to be done for the general good, attaching but little value to opportunities of uttering barren or unseasonable truths. Perhaps nine-tenths of the members of the House may have thought that the abolition of the Irish Establishment would be a grave misfortune; but a sufficient number fortunately remembered that the question was not whether the measure should become law, but how long the agitation should be allowed to continue before it would be necessary to submit to terms which might probably be more unfavourable.

While it is necessary that in the greatest matters the House of Lords should defer to the opinion of the House of Commons, it is not to be hastily inferred that reconsideration is useless. The large and respectable minority in the country which may be opposed to a popular measure is both satisfied by the expression of its feelings in the House of Lords, and in some degree reconciled to defeat by the example of politic submission. Such speakers as Lord SALISBURY and Lord CARNARVON are more likely to find a hearing from the friends of the Irish Church than if they had shared the vehement and uncompromising opinions of Mr. GLADSTONE. In their speeches the Conservative classes find a proof that it is not impossible to combine their own prepossessions with acquiescence in the inevitable overthrow of the Establishment. It may be added that, through the operation of various causes, the debates in the Upper House generally turn on comparatively general principles. The pregnant and weighty argument of the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S would have been thought out of place in the House of Commons. There is no occasion to rate too highly the importance of an appeal which necessarily ends in the confirmation of the judgment of the House below. The Irish Church Bill, like the first Reform Bill, will have been virtually the work of the House of Commons, if it is passed in the present or in any future Session. The functions of the House of Lords were confined to the explanation of the reasons which rendered it necessary that a reluctant majority should pass the Bill, and to a limited modification of details. It is in the more common and larger mass of legislation that a Second Chamber has the opportunity of being substantially useful. It has of late been frequently and justly stated that, in questions of secondary importance, the country is not indisposed to place considerable reliance on the ability and honesty of the House of Lords. Among other qualifications for the despatch of business, the Peers possess the traditional habit of being guided by their leading members. The rank and file are not encouraged to make superfluous speeches; and the coldness with which volunteers are received effectually suppresses the garrulity which elsewhere finds an excuse or a motive in the eagerness of constituents. The debate is in ordinary cases confined to the front benches, with great addition of value to the discussion. Except where commercial interests are concerned, there are few subjects of legislation on which there is not a respectable amount of special knowledge among the principal members of the House. Even if the power of the House of Lords extended to the control of finance, there are generally Ministers or ex-Ministers present who have in former times discussed similar questions in the House of Commons. Professor THOROLD ROGERS complains, in a letter to the *Morning Star*, of the extravagant compliments which have, in his judgment, been paid to the speakers in the Irish debate. There is perhaps some pretext for a censure which would apply equally to almost all laudatory criticism; but when Professor ROGERS attempts to reduce the alleged merit of the speeches to an absurdity by suggesting that, if the Lords are abler than the Commons, the constituencies must have been mistaken in their choice, the dilemma is not absolutely conclusive. The average standard of ability is nearly the same in both Houses, and the respective leaders belong to the same official class. No competent and candid judge of eloquence will deny that Mr. BRIGHT is the greatest of living orators; but Lord ELLENBOROUGH in his prime was superior to any second speaker in the present House of Commons.

There is much foundation for the complaint that successive Governments have, in deference to the supposed jealousy of the House of Commons, withheld from the Peers a fair share of the business of legislation. It is fortunate that, for various reasons, and more especially in consequence of the difficulty of finding seats for official candidates, a large section of every Cabinet is necessarily composed of Peers. It cannot but be the wish of Ministers in the position of Lord GRANVILLE or the Duke of ARGYLL to add to the importance and utility of their order, and, by a steady exertion of their influence, they may to some extent counteract the prejudices and the timidity of their colleagues in the Upper House. Unless some unwise interference with the provisions of the Irish Church Bill produces a reaction, public opinion will not be opposed to an increase of the legislative activity of the House of Lords. Lord SALISBURY'S joint Committee has, as might have been expected, ended in nothing; but although the House of Commons may not consent to change its forms for the purpose of adding to the power of the House of Lords, it would offer no active resistance to a reasonable modification of the custom by which business is distributed. The authority of the House of Lords, independently of its constitutional rights, depends not only on the practised ability of the leading Peers, but on the vast possessions and the social pre-eminence of the order. To some fastidious critics the love of an Englishman for a lord appears to be a mark of national vulgarity. It would not be difficult to show that there is another side of the question, if the inquiry were necessary for practical purposes. It is sufficient to know that the preference for men of high rank for the performance of certain duties is unquestionable and almost universal. A man is born a peer, but he is elected a director, a trustee, a chairman, and a president of all manner of institutions; and the House of Lords consists in a large proportion of persons who have been thus appointed by popular suffrage to responsible offices. It is not surprising that an Assembly so composed exercises a power which imitative bodies of the same kind in other countries have uniformly failed to acquire. The weight which the House of Lords derives from the personal position of its members is sufficient for all ordinary purposes; but the scale flies up when the House of Commons on rare occasions throws a fixed resolution into the balance. It is as necessary in politics as in all other forms of human activity to defer to laws of nature wherever they are ascertained. A prudent Assembly will not invite inquiry into the limits of its power, nor undertake any task which it may not reasonably hope to accomplish.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS AND THE EMPEROR.

THE significance of the French elections does not become less serious as the event itself retreats from view. Though this or that prophecy may have been falsified by the second ballot, there is enough in the facts that remain to give cause for grave anxiety, if not for immediate alarm. The position of affairs in France is one to which the Second Empire is wholly unaccustomed, and it is yet to be seen whether the instinct of self-preservation will supply the lack of experience. Hitherto it has been taken for granted that the great body as well of the electors as of the people is on the side of the Government, while even no longer ago than last winter the extreme minority showed so many symptoms of exhaustion that the EMPEROR thought it harmless enough to be treated as a useful tool. We are separated only by a few weeks from the time when this reading of the political atmosphere seemed still plausible, but it has passed in this short interval into the limbo of exploded hypotheses. The overwhelming majority has proved to be very little larger than was required to turn the scale in favour of the Government, while, if looked at in the light of official knowledge, it may hardly seem to fulfil even this requirement. For immediate purposes, indeed, a vote is a vote, no matter who has given it, or how it has been obtained; but, to those astute persons who regard it as an index of the mental attitude of the elector, this remoter consideration must appear of considerable importance. When the exigencies of official position, the need of official countenance, and the hope of official favour have all been taken into account, a very large deduction will have to be made from those 800,000 voters who have won for the Government its nominal victory. The support of a huge bureaucracy is no doubt extremely valuable in deciding a critical contest, but it cannot after all be counted as anything more than a species of political challenge cup which is always at the command of the combatant who is strongest for the time being. How large an allowance must be made on this account the EMPEROR ought—if only he is well served—to know better than any one else; but that some such allowance must be made is absolutely certain, and the majority of 1869 is not so overwhelming that any even the smallest diminution of it can be viewed with indifference. Thus it is a feature of the situation in France that the EMPEROR must be thoroughly aware of the weakness of the system he has built up with so much pains. So far as he himself is concerned, it is of course well that he should see facts in their true colours, but this accuracy of vision may be none the less a source of danger to Europe. More than one critic has lately been busying himself with speculations whether

NAPOLEON III., if brought face to face with revolution, would show more determination than LOUIS PHILIPPE, or as much dignity as CHARLES X. To foreigners, at all events, it is of more moment to consider what he will do to avert a revolution than how he will bear himself in the presence of one. For the last month the foreign relations of the Empire have seemed but of secondary interest in comparison with the judgment of the country upon its domestic policy. Now that the elections are over, the balance must be readjusted. The questions suggested by the mere mention of Prussia, or Rome, or Belgium can hardly have been brought nearer to a peaceful solution by the fresh need in which the EMPEROR finds himself of supplying the Empire with a *raison d'être.* Even in the congratulatory platitudes which the EMPEROR offered on Thursday to the victors of Solferino, his identification of French patriotism with military fidelity shows that he perfectly appreciates the quarter to which he can alone look for real support in any formidable crisis.

Nor is this the only aspect in which the result of the late contest furnishes food for thought. Whatever may be the precise numbers to which the Radical Opposition can fairly lay claim, it has certainly shown abundant traces of an amount of strength and organization that has taken most people by surprise. The comparative indifference which the Republican party throughout Europe has of late shown to political methods has sometimes been mistaken for an abandonment of political action. The returns of the Paris elections will have rudely undeceived any who thus think; and the fact that the Republic is desired as a means rather than as an end, as an instrument to effect social changes rather than as a political change which is its own justification and reward, will not make this sudden enlightenment less alarming. Neither the temper which animates the apostles of the new movement, nor the confidence they display in their own success, contains much consolation for those timid citizens who have been telling themselves ever since 1848 that the age of revolutions is over. Perhaps their assurance will prove about as well grounded as the kindred belief, which was so prevalent in 1851, that war had been finally got rid of. But whatever may be the real danger shadowed forth in these vague indications, it is, in a greater or less degree, a danger for Europe generally. If the Radical Opposition in France were actuated only by political motives, it might be fairly argued that the contagion of their example will not, under any circumstances, extend to countries which furnish no parallel to the political conditions under wh[illegible] Frenchmen now live. So far, however, as the social condit[illegible] of other European countries differ from those of France, they are for the most part rather more than less favourable to the development of revolutionary ideas. Why, for example, should an English labourer with ten shillings a week be more inclined to set his face against communism than a small French proprietor? He may remain a good while longer beyond the sphere of its influence, but if once he is brought within it, there is no reason why he should not take the disease at least as badly as his neighbour. It is possible, of course, that the next European revolution may turn out in the end to be as fertile in unforeseen advantages as its predecessor, and that the progress which public morality has made in the interval will prove sufficient to preserve it from those tremendous evils by which the changes of 1789 were alloyed. But even those whose estimate of the future is on the whole sanguine may be pardoned if they feel a natural shrinking from so colossal a readjustment of existing arrangements as is contemplated by the Socialist Republicans; and in so far as the French elections have shown the strength of this party to be greater than had previously been supposed, they certainly supply an additional ingredient in that composite sense of uneasiness of which France has more than once become the occasion.

In the absence of better materials, the French public has been seeking to extract as much information as possible about the future from the EMPEROR'S letter to Baron DE MACKAU, followed as it has been by the promotion of Baron JÉRÔME DAVID to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. It must be admitted that if it were necessary to invest these two acts with the importance at first attached to them in Paris, they would amount to little less than a promise of a new *coup d'état.* Baron JÉRÔME DAVID belongs to that small clique of politicians which glories in being more Imperial than the EMPEROR, and it is not unnatural that the choice of an Arcadian as the donee of exceptional honours, immediately after the elections, should be generally taken as a note of defiance against every section of the Opposition. The language of the letter to M. DE MACKAU is quite compatible with this theory. Indeed, if the EMPEROR has really come to the conclusion that "concessions of principles, or sacrifices of persons, "are always inefficient in presence of popular movements," and that "a Government with any self-respect ought not to "yield either to pressure or persuasion or riot"; it is no longer open to him to make any change whatever in his system of government. There is little chance that France will again, at least in his lifetime, enjoy that freedom from "subversive "passions" which at an early period of his reign it was his boast to have secured to her. Whether the Empire shall yield to persuasion, or be modified by pressure, or succumb to riot, it may still be in his power to decide; but that, in the absence of some unforeseen catastrophe, one or other of these influences will be in constant operation for the future, it is hardly possible to doubt. That halcyon state of absolute immunity from censure or criticism which followed upon the Second of December will scarcely be reproduced by any less drastic process. We can readily believe that NAPOLEON III. is now quite convinced that, if he can but get such an opportunity again, he will use it to better purpose. When all opposition is once more silenced, and an adoring nation has composed itself to accept from the hand of its preserver the boon of a liberal Constitution, the long-delayed reforms will be bestowed with lavish generosity. Happily, perhaps, for the Imperial consistency, these resolutions of amendment will never be put to the test; but it is by no means equally certain that the position taken up in the letter to M. DE MACKAU will be maintained in its integrity. This curious document has all the air of that introductory protest against yielding anything which, in the mouth of an irresolute sovereign, is not seldom the preface to an unusually large concession. If the EMPEROR has made up his mind to try some fresh experiment in a Liberal direction, he will naturally be anxious to invest the act, as far as it is in his power to do so, with the character of being the unprompted product of his own will. With this end in view his first aim would be to interpose a break between the elections and his intended reforms. France must learn that the former event has no connexion with the latter, before she can be allowed to profit by the intimate relation which really exists between them. There is no great difficulty in reconciling the elevation of Baron JÉRÔME DAVID with this explanation. Among ourselves, when a new Ministry comes into office, its first act is sometimes to give peerages to the most impracticable of its supporters while in opposition. NAPOLEON III. has the character of being true to his friends; and, if he has resolved to break with the Arcadians more definitively than he has yet seen his way to doing, the promotion of one or more of their number would form an appropriate preface to the act. That the EMPEROR has actually made up his mind to any irrevocable step is highly improbable, but this is no reason why he should not take one which, as we have seen, has the merit of being legitimately open to more than one interpretation.

THE DUAL GOVERNMENT OF THE ARMY.

MR. O'REILLY has redeemed his pledge of again bringing before the notice of the House the anomalous relations which exist between the General for the time being exercising the authority of Commander-in-Chief, and the Secretary of State for War. It was right that the subject should be mentioned on going into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, but neither Mr. O'REILLY nor any one else could hope at this moment to get up a real live debate on any subject of the kind in the midst of the excitement caused by the present aspect of the Irish Church question. All that could be done Mr. O'REILLY has done. In the first place, he has made the subject his own, and will no doubt hereafter discharge the responsibilities which he has assumed. He has, moreover, extracted from the Minister an admission that he has no answer to give beyond the usual transparent and conventional fallacies with which it is the rule to meet all questions on administrative matters which cannot otherwise be got rid of. The contest is only postponed. The time is inopportune for such a discussion; and the same considerations which staved off a debate in the House are equally potent with us against an immediate renewal of the controversy. At a future time we shall certainly recur to it, but for the present shall content ourselves with noting the precise position of the question, leaving its final solution to wait for a more favourable season, when the opponents of military domination may be less tongued-tied than they now are, and the mind of the country less absorbed in a more pressing, though scarcely more important, controversy. Mr. CARDWELL suffered so much humiliation in the early part of the year from the injudicious and disingenuous course which he took upon this subject, that

we do not desire to load him with further reproaches, and we shall only refer to the past so far as is absolutely necessary to clear the question of all false issues, and show what the point in dispute really is. The facts are now no longer in question. His ROYAL HIGHNESS the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief exercises all the powers of the office of Commander-in-Chief. Those powers are defined by a Royal Warrant to include an exclusive authority over all appointments and promotions, and over the discipline of the army, absolutely free from any interference by the Secretary of State for War, except by invoking a special exercise of Royal prerogative. These powers are, as a rule, exercised independently of the Parliamentary Minister, except in cases of considerable importance; and if a difference of opinion arises on these serious matters, it is the custom of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS to waive his strict rights, and defer to the suggestions of the Secretary of State. Practically the result is that, on great questions of policy connected with the military government of the army, the Commander-in-Chief, though lawfully supreme, pays regard to the wishes of the Minister; and so great conflicts are avoided, and always will be avoided, while the office is held by a General as prudent as HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS. At the same time, in the ordinary administration of the army, the independent powers of the Commander-in-Chief not only exist in theory, but are exercised in practice, and the Secretary of State abstains as religiously from any interference with Horse Guards' organization and administration as his military coadjutor does from asserting his rights on contested points of the [illegible] In sh[illegible], by th[illegible] complaisance there is an approach to unity of policy, while in practical administration duality flourishes in full vigour. No [illegible], h[illegible] the [illegible] of the Horse Guards Department (and there are many such abuses), is ever touched by the Minister who affects to be at the head of the army; and even when, as at present, a large and comprehensive scheme of re-organization is under consideration, the whole field of Horse Guards administration is excluded from the inquiry, and left not only without reform, but without question

Mr. CARDWELL does not now dispute any of these facts, and it is difficult to say precisely on what grounds he means to rest his defence. All that we can do is to register the successive excuses which he has put forward, leaving the future to determine on which of them he intends to rely when the conflict comes, as come in due time it assuredly will. Here is the list of the Ministerial pleas, which would do justice to the most astute of special pleaders

First Plea.—The Duke of CAMBRIDGE is not Commander-in-Chief, and exercises his authority not under a Royal Warrant, but under a letter of service, and is in theory and practice subordinate to the Secretary of State.

Second Plea.—The Duke of CAMBRIDGE does exercise all the powers of Commander-in-Chief under a Royal Warrant, giving him exclusive jurisdiction, and it is right that he should do so.

Third Plea.—Though the Duke of CAMBRIDGE has theoretical independence, he waives it when the Minister brings his influence to bear upon him, and it is right that he should have, by a solemn document, powers which it is wrong that he should exercise.

Fourth Plea.—The Secretary of State does not in practice interfere with or control the ordinary Horse Guards administration, and does not include it in his comprehensive projects for the reform of army organization; the Commander-in-Chief is not his subordinate; and this, also, is right.

These defences are curiously like the traditional schoolboy's plea, "I never had your knife—besides, it was my own—and "you know I returned it."

We have said that we do not mean at present to re-open the argument, and we leave the subject as it stands on the various inconsistent contentions of the SECRETARY-FOR-WAR. Substantially the issue may be thus summed up. The Commander-in-Chief is, in his department, *de facto* independent of the Secretary of State, but he is subject to his influence, which is used on great occasions to prevent direct conflict, but is not used to check extravagance and abuse in ordinary administration. On his side, the Minister is subject to the counter influence of the Horse Guards, and is more controlled by, than master of, his military subordinates in the War Office. Mr. CARDWELL says, this arrangement is not dual administration, and is very wholesome. We say it is not very wholesome, and it is dual government. Some day the argument will be fought out. But in the meantime it is curious to observe how completely the Minister is subordinated to the clique represented by Sir HENRY STORKS. If it had chanced that this military dictator had combined with the Horse Guards authorities to place the office of Secretary-for-War in the flabbiest hands they could find, they could scarcely have done more than Mr. GLADSTONE has done for them by the appointment of Mr. CARDWELL. If a Minister of Mr. LOWE's stamp had been at the War Office, we should not have seen the constitutional authority of the Secretary of State abdicated in favour of a military usurpation. As it is, we find day by day the civil control of finance transferred to the hands of a soldier more formidable than the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF himself, because he practically wields at his own pleasure all the authority of the Secretary of State. We may expect to see the most able and experienced civilians in the supply departments snubbed and cashiered, and their places supplied by dignified officers who cannot but look for, and probably will get, twice or three times the accustomed salaries. All this time there is much talk of reforms, the particulars of which are shrouded in the darkest mystery. As yet nothing definite has resulted from nearly a year's labour of the great military dictator, who has succeeded in destroying an existing system without substituting any new organization which will bear to be announced to the public. Abuses of this kind cannot last for ever, but the present position of affairs is this:—The real power so unconstitutionally vested in the Commander-in-Chief is supposed to be controlled by the influence of the Secretary of State, while the lawful authority of the Minister is absolutely subject to the dictation of General Sir HENRY STORKS. Such an inversion of the due order of things must in course of time right itself by an explosion, and we should not be surprised if the explosion were to come sooner than is generally anticipated.

THE THAMES CONSERVANCY.

FATHER THAMES has been suffering for many years under a complication of disorders; he is now suffering many things from many physicians, and though it would be possible to make things worse than they were, it does not as yet seem that we know the exact effects of all our remedies upon the interesting patient. First, there was the indignity which the great Father of our British streams endured in being turned into the common sewer of London. Thanks to the strong and fetid appeal made by the sufferer to the Legislature one extremely hot summer, we undertook the main drainage of London, and to their cost the ratepayers know that at all events we tried to do the matter thoroughly. That is to say, we caught all the filth of London, secured it in large pipes, and again returned it into the river some ten miles down the stream; but the horrid whisper prevails that we have done little good except in the way of establishing a large floating laystall at Barking, the savoury contents of which again find their way [illegible] the upward tide will carry them. The gudgeon [illegible] dace and flounders which used to sport opposite the Temple, and which are now promised in Chelsea Reach, are to be [illegible]aught when they can be caught. Then we have [illegible]yed the Thames, and done it well; but we yet await what will happen to all the old London bridges by the change in the bed of the river which must attend the narrower and stronger stream. But all these doctorings only affected the Thames as it approached and flowed through London. The Thames, though one river, consisted of two separate dominions—the Lower and the Upper Thames. The Lower Thames reaches from the Nore to Staines, and in the old days, when corporations were powerful, it fell under the care of the Court of the Mayor and Aldermen of the City, who were *ex officio* Conservators. The Upper Thames, from Staines to Cricklade, was under the management, or supposed management, of a large body of Conservators, partly officials and partly consisting of the riparian owners and residents, who were supposed to have an interest in protecting the navigation and stream. These Conservators of the Upper Thames had not much to show for their government. Not only were they an unwieldy body, but the times were sadly against them. They were in debt hopelessly and insolvently. Their locks and weirs were everywhere rotten and dangerous. As a highway for traffic of goods the Thames had been obliged to yield to the railway, and there was every chance of the navigation entirely ceasing. Add to this that every conceivable job and abuse was perpetrated in the Upper Thames. What with the rights, real or pretended, of the mill-owners and the fishery-owners, the stream itself was in the most uncertain state. No provision was made for dealing with floods, or for storing superfluous waters. Oxford for years has been a breeding-pond for malaria and fever; and every town on the banks, by turning all its sewage into the river, made the river undrinkable

pretty nearly through its whole course. In 1866 the new Thames Conservancy Act was passed; the two jurisdictions were incorporated, and a single Conservancy Board established, with a preponderating and, as many people thought, excessive London element. But, on the whole, the Act was a good one. It aimed at a good many reforms, which hitherto have not been carried out, though they are always going to be carried out. As we said at the time, the Act was both timid and tyrannical, and the result of a panic. Consequently but little has hitherto come of it. Subsidized by the profits accruing from the Lower navigation, it was hoped that the Upper Thames, as a navigable stream, might still continue to be kept open. And here and there a lock has been, we are assured, repaired, and a weir remodelled; but as regards the general state of the lockage between Windsor and Oxford, almost everything remains to be done. Then as regards the pollution of the river, this new Conservancy Act gave ample powers to prevent the evil. It is of course all going to be remedied; but at present, as far as we can see, none of the large towns have been compelled to submit to its provisions; nor are the paper mills, nor the dwellers on the banks, taken in hand by authority. Bleaching refuse and house drainage are all along the river thrown in much as they used to be, and, if we remember rightly, the provisions which gave some respite to these nuisances to provide themselves with another exit must be by this time exhausted. In short, as regards both the navigation and the purity of the Upper Thames, the new Conservancy is as yet not much to be congratulated on the results of its three years of existence; while, as regards the really important objects contemplated by the Act, the providing for an outfall of the flood-waters in such places as Oxford, and the storing of the stream floods in reservoirs for the water supply of London, nothing has been done except to provide a subject of everlasting talk. The sewage of towns and houses and the refuse of mills passing into the Thames is prohibited by law; but these things are carried on, and seem likely to be carried on.

No doubt there is some excuse to be made for the Conservators. In some cases the time of grace to the nuisance-mongers—very unnecessarily prolonged by the Act, which extended it over some years—may not have quite run out, though we are not so sure that the notices to abate all local pollutions which the Act requires the Conservators to give have been given. But we suspect that the real weakness of the Conservators is in their poverty. The Tower Hill Board is not sufficiently in funds to go into long and protracted law-suits with all those who, for sixty or seventy or a hundred miles of stream, find it to be their interest to pollute the river. Five or six years ago the Kingston people contrived to defeat all the Sanitarians and to win an egregious triumph for the practice of poisoning HER MAJESTY's subjects. Abingdon and Wallingford, and Reading and Maidenhead, and Windsor and Staines, are not likely to miss the value of this dirty precedent; and if the Conservators are to enforce the Act, they must have more funds, and, above all, more inspectors than they can afford with their present income from profits—if they have any profits. The Act is stringent enough, and its provisions are minute enough; it goes so far as to provide a machinery for scavenging the stream, and fishing out dead dogs, and it prohibits all offal, and vegetable or any other refuse, being cast into the river. But these are mere paper prohibitions, sure to be evaded without an army of inspectors; and when the Act was passed we expressed fears, which have been amply verified, that the cleansing of the Thames was really as far off as ever.

But something has been done. The Conservators have at last drawn up some by-laws—first, for the regulation of boat-races, and next, for the regulation of the fisheries on the Upper Thames. The object of these by-laws is to assimilate the rules of the upper stream to those already in force below Staines. The Act provides that any by-laws of this sort should first be advertised, for the purpose of allowing objections and representations to be made on their substance. At present the by-laws—they were advertised in the *Times* on Monday—are open to objections and capable of modification till July 28. We propose, therefore, to avail ourselves of this invitation to critics, and shall discuss them in order. We pass over a preliminary objection that, after all, these are very minor matters; and though boat-races and gudgeon-catching are important objects to certain folks, the public would have been as well pleased had the new Conservators displayed their energy, recruited by three years of passive existence, on such not very trifling considerations as the pollution of the Thames and its secure navigation.

The first provision relates to boat-races and regattas, and under a penalty of five pounds compels the master of any vessel to obey the Conservators' officer in keeping the stream clear for the race. This is quite right, and the regulations observed at the late Henley Regatta show that the provision is feasible. But we think the Conservators might have gone further. A nuisance has lately sprung up in the upper river by the establishment of private steamers, which career wildly at their own sweet will, and render the river perfectly intolerable to quiet boatmen, anglers, and those who love scenery. A steamer under the Cleifden woods is neither more nor less than a public nuisance. Boating on the Thames is a healthful, noble, and sportsman-like exercise; but what can be said of a noisy, tearing, hissing, smoking, venomous-looking little screw, freighted with an idle and rowdyish company, often racing with another compeer just as ugly, offensive, and mischievous—except that it is a refinement of selfishness and idleness? These private steamers of course have the full command of the river, and to say nothing of the dangers which they involve as regards the small and light rowing craft, especially in passing a lock, they do infinite damage to the banks, and foul the stream by their wash. These chartered libertines of the river are well worthy the attention of the Conservators, if the public convenience and the happiness of the greatest number is an object with those grave authorities. The general execrations with which this innovation of private steamers on the Thames was saluted at the Henley Regatta are of course thrown away on their owners, but they might, however, have their effect with Captain BURSTAL and the Conservators, and there are few people who value the beauty and safety of the Thames who would not hail with satisfaction the absolute prohibition of steaming craft for purposes of what is called pleasure. Steamers are all very well in tidal waters, but not in the narrow reaches of such a river as the Upper Thames. As regards fisheries, the by-laws are, we believe, only a transcript of those already in force in the lower river. They require the observance of fence months, and they prohibit the capture of any fish below a specified size, and at the same time regulate the size of nets, prohibit night fishing, night lines, wiring, and scratching and bow-nets. There is nothing to find fault with in these rules, except perhaps to suggest that the close months for pike are unnecessarily lengthened from February 14 to June 1; we think that March 1 would be quite early enough. In France, where the season is likely to be earlier than in this country, the fence season is later—namely, from March 15 to June 1 or 15. And we may also ask, with some wonder, why the tench—a fish nearly unknown in most parts of the Thames—should have one whole day of law more than his brethren, and a by-law entirely to himself; the fence season for the tench being between February 14 and June 1, and the fence season for all other fish—except the salmonidæ—being fixed between February 14 and May 31? This single day's immunity to the tench is a profound mystery. We may also suggest that the prohibition of using wires or unbaited hooks should be extended from the stream of the Thames to all the affluent ditches. The pike, which suffers most from this poaching, is taken by wires, not in the river itself, but in the small narrow streams and ditches where the fish retire for spawning in the spring. One of these by-laws prohibits the destruction of spawn; but this is a provision absolutely nugatory while the Thames is as at present overrun with swans. A certain number of these fine birds contribute much to the picturesque character of the river; but while it is not perhaps quite established that swans do not eat live fish—we think they do not—it is past question that they will eat half their own weight in spawn in a single day of Spring. Swans are very well in their way, but a fleet of them, sixteen or eighteen strong, in a single reach of the Thames, makes anglers pray for an onslaught from Sir EDWIN LANDSEER's sea-eagles.

These by-laws, we say, are all very well in their way; but they will come to very little unless the Conservators are prepared to pay a vast array of inspectors and keepers. Who in the quiet upper waters is to see that no pike below twelve inches and no perch below eight inches is carried off by the pot anglers and London excursionists? And were this close supervision practicable, the great fact would remain that it is not line anglers and Waltonians who spoil the Thames fishing, but the night poachers and the proprietors of the so-called private fisheries, among whom every yard of the river is divided. The fishing of the Thames, as of all navigable rivers, is of common right for anybody; but besides this there are co-ordinate rights of private fishing, and to these private fisheries, with all their appliances of eel stages and eel lines and general netting, all existing rights, real or pretended,

are reserved. So long as these private fisheries—a relic of feudalism—in public and navigable streams survive, angling is a mere pretence and mockery. If the Conservators in the public interest really wish to preserve the Thames fishery for the public convenience and amusement—an innocent and healthful object—they would be well employed in investigating the titles of those claimants of private and several fishery, and certainly in abridging and curtailing them, or, if need be, of buying them out. As far as we understand the origin of those rights and privileges, they were originally grants from the Crown, the Crown being the proprietor of the stream of navigable rivers. In France as well as in England the navigable rivers are the property of the State. If this is the case, the State in the public interest can well revise grants which were made under social conditions and for objects long obsolete. Investigation would perhaps discover that in many cases the riparian proprietors and owners of adjacent manors have treated the Thames as though it were an unnavigable stream, and have assumed rights over this great river which they would have had only were it an ordinary Scotch trout stream.

We cannot conclude these remarks on these proposed by-laws without calling attention to the grim irony of the clause which prohibits the taking of any salmon below the weight of four pounds in the Thames, or without expressing our firm conviction that the attempts now being made to stock the Thames with trout must fail as long as the breed of pike is encouraged, and while the artificial propagation of trout only ends in turning into the river hundreds of thousands of fry, which are constantly destroyed by their hundreds of thousands of natural enemies. It is of no use to introduce trout into the Thames if the fish are under a quarter, or, still better, half a pound in weight.

THE FALSE PERSUASION OF KNOWLEDGE.

MORALISTS of the cynical type have usually missed altogether the element in human conduct and character which is in truth the most presumptuous, the most self-deceiving, the most laughable, and, finally, the most mischievous of all our characteristics. They have sneered at the irony of life which hands the good over to the tender mercies of the wicked; which, while a man is eagerly toiling to this goal or that, has already dug an impassable pit just in front of the goal; which makes the bad man prosperous, and the virtuous man a scoff to the scorner; and which, in a word, seems to reduce all the conditions of existence to the level of a semi-humorous and semi-malignant chance. They point with unfair but very effective emphasis to the pretence, mendacity, imbecility of the actions of men and women, contrasted with the loftiness of their professions, the sublimity of their aspirations, the fervour of their creeds. We need not take any pains to go on enumerating the various lines of argument by which the desired result is reached—that men, namely, are a pack of marvellously organized dupes, every individual being duped by himself, and a great majority being duped by other people into the bargain. Now this conclusion is by no means of so passingly edifying a kind as to call for any zeal in providing it with new buttresses and holdfasts. Only it is worth while pointing out that our misanthropes have seldom or never found out the root of the evil which so impresses them. Content with a glowing presentation of the superficial features and colours of the fortunes of men, they have not penetrated to the worst and most radical ingredient of all this dupery and folly over which they so inhumanly gloat. Where are men the most bitterly and painfully duped of all? Surely, in their false persuasion of knowledge; in their ungrounded assumption of a right to pass judgments, and form opinions, and maintain convictions, where they have no such right; in their mistaken estimate of the ease with which competence of intellect and understanding is attained, and their still more mistaken estimate of the breadth of the gulf that divides competence from incompetence. If the misanthrope only understood "the beggarly trade he has chosen," he would inevitably have fixed upon this as the field in which men most habitually deceive themselves, and in which they are most eager to gather the poisonous crops they have sown, as if they were treasures of sustenance and health.

The means of illustrating this and fixing it in the mind are never wanting. If you seek examples, *circumspice;* it matters not where you are, either in point of time or of space, nor what may be the subjects which engage either your own attention or the attention of your neighbours. The spectacle is invariably the same, points the same moral, and adorns a uniform tale, the blundering of men, the looseness of their grasp of methods and principles, their rashly accepted axioms, unverified inferences, misinterpreted experiences, spurious analogies, and all the other paraphernalia of minds equipped in the confidence of a knowledge which is in fact no knowledge at all. Let us illustrate this. We constantly hear the laugh of the scornful over friendship, and its hollownesses and unrealities. You call a man your friend, it is scoffingly alleged—and alleged with a measure of truth—because you happen to agree about some leading political question, or because you dine with one another twice a year, or on the strength of your son having married his daughter, or because you were at the same school or at college together. Any outside bond, however casual, however frail, is counted at once for the symbol and root of the most intimate and penetrating relation in affection between you. And this sort of sarcasm is usually not very much misplaced. The relationship to which the name of friendship is given is mostly a hollow parody of friendship in any true, high, or natural sense. This, however, by way of illustration. The dining acquaintance is not a more ghostly mimic of a friend than the opinions of nine people out of ten, upon all difficult and important questions, are ghostly mimicries of the only sort of opinion that is entitled to the weighty and honourable name of conviction. In politics, in religion, in speculation, indeed in all the most momentous departments of thought, the whited sepulchre of the Scripture is the only type of belief that can be at all said to represent the facts. To the outer eye the opinions of men seem shapely, symmetric, firmly built up, of stout material, and containing much rich and toilsomely acquired treasure. Alas, nothing could well be more deceptive, nothing more hideously deluding, alike to the possessor of this precious mausoleum and all other persons. Instead of gifts acquired by much toil, it contains nothing but dry bones, lifeless and dusty, picked by time and natural processes of all muscle and utilizing sinew, unconnected with one another, not even making up a decent and compact skeleton among them. They were thrown at random into the heap, nobody knows exactly how nor why, and the owner has taken no pains even to sort them for mere order's sake and seemliness. This is not a bit too strong a picture of the contents of most men's understandings, if they could only be conveyed in concrete and physical images. One reason why such a mass of intellectual slovenliness prevails in the world is that people have not been accustomed to look at opinion in this concrete way, or by the help of these palpable illustrations. If men and women would only realize vividly the analogy between outer and inner disorder, the first step would have been taken towards inflaming them with an effectual solicitude to do something to remove the latter, as they are already anxious, in a general way, to remove the former. People have often amused themselves very heartily over the pictures of savages clad in a black chimney-pot hat and a dress-coat, with rings in their noses and ghastly tattooings on their cheeks, and no trousers, and patched boots, and strings of beads. Little do they dream that this incongruous tatterdemalion, half laughable, half pitiable, is the very image and pattern of their own inner selves, only perhaps a shade too favourable. Is it not, then, in his intellectual aspects, after all, that the misanthrope or cynic would find the fittest object of his resentment or contempt? Is it not here that dupery is supreme?

It is certainly unavoidable for the large majority of mankind that they should hold a great many opinions, and habitually act upon them, which they have not reached by rigidly logical processes, and which they would never be able to defend against the sharp and searching thrusts of a disciplined reasoner. Men and women must live, it is simply impossible to live without more or fewer opinions, and it is as impossible that those opinions should all be formed in an inexpugnable manner. Their germs are planted in the mind by early education, deliberate or accidental, and they are watered by circumstance and association. It is small blame to a man that he accepts the various moral and intellectual ideas which were instilled into him from the first, and he is all the better for holding them firmly, instead of in that provisional manner which so often puts practical morals into serious danger. The only thing that we have a right to demand from a person of this quality is that he shall be as intensely modest as it is possible for a human being to be. It is not necessary that he should think too abjectly of himself, or indeed abjectly at all, only we may fairly insist that he shall not play the Pope on all occasions. If he likes, he may remain satisfied that his opinions are good enough for himself. This is a point on which we may believe him to be the best judge. Their adequateness for other people, and their conformity to facts, are quite different things from this, and of these he has no sort of right to have any judgment until he has taken some pains to probe his opinions, test them, and generally establish them on something like a reasonable basis. And, as a rule, this is exactly what the man of what we may call hereditary or instinctive convictions declines to do. It is the last position in the world that he would be inclined to take up. He will be Pope, not only in the forum of his own conscience, but universally; permitting no impeachment of his infallibility either on his own hearth or in any company where somehow he may have gained a right to lift up his voice. It is this which is so hard to be borne by any poor creature who, not content with inherited or instinctive opinions, has really exercised himself in the effort to improve them, or to revise the reasons for which they are worth holding, or to state them in some better form than has been customary. It is hard for such a one to find himself only just tolerated, and treated as at best no more than an equal, by the mere tenth transmitter of a foolish opinion. Yet this is what is constantly happening in all sorts of subjects. The tyranny of the professor is grievous, but far more grievous is the usurped authoritativeness of the ignorant; and among the very worst of the ignorant is he who, in one sense, knows most. That is to say, he is worst who has the greatest knowledge of facts and the longest list of opinions in his head, if he does not also know, and in a more or less reasoned manner, both the bearings and significance of the one, and the true grounds of the other. It

is amazing how many things a man may know, and yet may not know the most important of all—the limits and grounds of competence in one subject and another. For example, there are great hordes of people who believe that to have read a book with moderate care is to have earned a title to pronounce it good or bad, able or feeble. As if all did not depend upon the amount and kind of preparation which they had brought to the book. There is a great controversy raging in London society as to the tremendous question of the experiential and intuitional schools of moral theory. You may hear people take sides over their soup, and keep the debate up until the coffee; each of the pair of philosophic gladiators strong in the panoply of ignorance alike of the issues and of the literature of the subject. They fight with lath swords as if they were of Damascus steel. The whole performance is a mockery of polemic, each disputant bethwacking the other as with the hollow bladder of clowns. To a calm looker-on, caring and knowing a great deal too much about the matter to attempt to settle it, or get any light thrown upon it, at promiscuous dinner-parties, the spectacle is infinitely amusing. The contest is so bloodless, so unreal, so uninjurious—except in so far as it may lead to the persuasion that moral science is being popularized by this puny polemic of incompetent persons. A man who is truly competent may watch the dinner-party disputation of the utilitarian young gentleman with the intuitional lady, much as an artist might watch the scrabblings of a pair of children with a pencil on a blank sheet of paper. But politics and morals pass for a kind of No-man's Land, in the sense that any or every man may enter and possess it. Just as Mr. Mill says that every man thinks himself good enough to be the master of any woman, so three-fourths of the people we meet are persuaded of their own perfect fitness to discuss these most complex, difficult, and important matters, as if they were subjects on which no gentleman ought to be without a firm and most compact opinion, to be defended with perfect assurance against all comers. The mischief of this is fully as patent as its exceeding folly. It is, indeed, the root of most of the mischief there is in the world, and is the great obstructive force that prevents the removal of the old accumulated and time-honoured supplies of mischief. There is nothing better worth fighting against. This laxity of idea as to what constitutes mental competence ought to be constantly resisted at all hazards—even at the hazard of destroying mountains of self-conceit, and again and again blowing to the winds infinite bushels of unedifying dinner-table talk.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON COMTE.

FEW recent articles have more rejoiced our heart than that which Professor Huxley has contributed to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, for the dissection of Comtism. For years it has been a burden to us to see writers who appeared to have no one scientific quality held up, by themselves and others, as incarnations of science—writers whose sole merit was a dashing vehemence of style, who, to the discussion of the profoundest problems, brought arrogance in place of humility, dogmatism in place of cautious doubt. The roar of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* has been as nothing to the roar of a Positive philosopher. And the most provoking part of the certainty and confidence with which the opinions of these writers have been enunciated is the ease with which that confidence has been attained. Is there any subject that perplexes the minds of men, any subject on which the wisest men can proceed only cautiously, and can hardly affirm anything with certainty? the Positivist has a secure and triumphant way out of the difficulty. Cut it out; let us hear no more of it. The subject, we are told, is one belonging to the infancy of the human race; the clear air of the nineteenth century will not endure obscurity and doubt; therefore, let us get rid of what is obscure and doubtful by the simple process of shutting our eyes to it. It is in this way that religion, philosophy, nay, even the furthest advances of science itself, have been dealt with by the Comtists. And what is most ludicrous is that they have thought this method of treating abstruse topics something absolutely novel, the perfect fruit of the latest philosophy; whereas it is really the vulgar objection, that has been heard since the beginning of the world, against all studies that do not bear immediate fruit.

Let us, however, hasten to say that these observations are directed, not against Comte himself, but against the followers of Comte. A philosopher may be a very great philosopher for enunciating that which yet other people would be very great fools to enunciate after him *ipsissimis verbis*. And for this reason, that almost all great discoverers have discovered but a grain of wheat amid a monstrous quantity of chaff; but one or two diamonds among thousands of pebbles, a few grains of golden ore among a heap of dust. And thus we are far from wishing to speak with contempt of M. Comte's theory of the "three stages," or even of his yet cruder attempt at the classification of the sciences. Considered as the views of a single philosopher, they were brilliant, suggestive, and comprehensive; but they sadly wanted clarifying; they gave no dry light to the intellect; and this was no more than what might have been expected from their origin. Comte was but a young man when he produced his *Philosophie positive*; besides being a young man he was a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of more than ordinary ambition, disdain for old theories, and determination to be himself the great prophet of a new era. And his views were precisely such as wanted diligent and long shaping at the hands of others; precisely such as it was not good to fall down and worship, to set up as the perfect flower of philosophy, the finished expression of thought. This, which ought not to have been done to them, is the very thing which has been done to them. And we say deliberately that Professor Huxley, who attacks Comte in the article of which we have spoken, is the first genuine follower that Comte has had; the first person who has taken Comte's views, and, without either accepting them as inspired, or anathematizing them as diabolical, has modified them in accordance with the interests of truth and the natural unborrowed reason.

And, as Professor Huxley's modification of the doctrine of the three stages is by much the most brilliant and satisfactory portion of his article, we will proceed as well as we can to describe it to our readers, with our own comments thereon. The doctrine of the three stages, as is well known, is as follows:—That all human inquiry into the reason and causes of things begins by assigning none but personal causes to whatever is seen or known; that, proceeding onwards, it assigns abstract notions as the fundamental cause; whereas the third and last stage of inquiry, and that which alone supplies true and intelligible results, is that in which nothing is sought for but the sequences of phenomena which invariably hold good, and are therefore said to be regulated by invariable law. Now, as Professor Huxley most truly remarks, these three stages of inquiry are not successive, but contemporaneous, and the first and third of them are both unquestionably legitimate; or at least, if one of them is to be swallowed up in the other, this cannot be effected at present, and therefore to speak of the first as inefficient, or as a nonentity, is unpractical and mischievous. The child conjectures just as truly, and produces to the full as successful a result, when it conjectures that the appearance of faces and hands and feet which it sees indicate a number of persons like itself, as when it conjectures from previous experience that fire will burn, or that sugar is sweet. It could just as little dispense with one of these classes of knowledge as with the other. And we will add, what the Professor has not added, that this duality of knowledge continues equally after the child has grown up. If it is necessary to us to know the properties of gold and silver, of iron and coal, it is also necessary to us to know a good deal of the temperament and disposition of our neighbours. Had we not this last kind of knowledge we should be perpetually quarrelling, we should be utterly unable to combine; all social pleasure, all social organization, would be impossible. And if our knowledge of nature is progressive, so also is our knowledge of man. He would be a bold person who should deny that we know more of our fellow-creatures now than did our barbarian ancestors, to whom a language different from their own formed an impassable barrier, or even than did the men of five centuries ago, when the scanty range which every man's neighbourhood afforded him was not supplemented either by extensive travel or by books. It is one of the commonest observations, that a much more various knowledge of human character is displayed in modern literature than in ancient; and what is this but to say that our knowledge of man has continually been growing and developing?

It will not have escaped the reader that these first and third stages of inquiry in the Comtian system, which Comte absurdly called the Theological and Positive stages respectively, are but another form of the common antithesis between matter and mind, between physical and spiritual being. Professor Huxley chooses to call them respectively the anthropomorphic and physical views of nature, nor do we quarrel with his phraseology. But what is to be said of the second, or, as Comte called it, the metaphysical stage, the stage in which nature is explained in accordance with abstract notions? That we will come to directly, but meanwhile we have one other remark to make as to the contrast between the first and third stages. It may be asked with surprise, Is there really nothing more in this distinction of Comte's than the common distinction between persons and things? Is it nothing more than a trite platitude and truism? It is something more, and this is what it is more. There can be no doubt that it is the common tendency among rude and uncultivated people to press the anthropomorphic way of looking at things into regions where it cannot apply. What is the cause of this tendency may be doubted, but the fact is certain. Genii, fairies, demons, river-gods, water-spirits, are the agencies which the uneducated invoke as explaining the causes of natural phenomena. And even among the educated, in certain subjects, this tendency is not obscurely present, the personal will of intelligent beings, the personal will, at times, of the Supreme Being, is looked upon as an ultimate cause, barring the way to all further questions, a kind of hard fixed point which prohibits the approach of reason. It was perfectly just in Comte to point out this usurpation of anthropomorphism; or rather, as we should say, this false conception of anthropomorphism, of what the spiritual nature really is; it was just in him to reclaim for science provinces which would never have been denied to it except under the influence of a superstitious fear. But it is one thing to refuse to accept this conception of personal will as a single inexplicable cause, a bar to reasonable inquiry; another, and quite a different thing, to refuse all cognizance to the human mind and spirit, as a real and most important element in the things which are presented to our knowledge. And this was what Comte did. And indeed, even in the sense in which Comte's theory is true, it is only of partial, and not of universal, truth; it is a protest against a particular form of error, but that error is one which, in many subjects, is escaped altogether. As Professor Huxley remarks, a child "does not imagine that the taste of sugar is brought about by a god of

sweetness, or that a spirit of jumping causes a ball to bound." The Positive stage, in such cases as these, is reached at once without any erroneous theological wanderings.

But now what is to be said of the metaphysical stage? Here is *Professor Huxley's account of the matter*:—

> In the progress of the species from savagery to advanced civilization anthropomorphism grows into theology, while physicism (if I may so call it) develops into a science, but the development of the two is contemporaneous, not successive. For each there long exists an assured province which *is not invaded by the other*, while between the two lies a debateable land—ruled by a sort of bastards, which owe their complexion to physicism and their substance to anthropomorphism, and are M. Comte's particular aversions—metaphysical entities.

And he goes on to say that in the progress of time "the borders of physicism increase, the territories of the bastards are all annexed to science, and even theology, in her purer forms, has ceased to be anthropomorphic." Here we think Professor Huxley has struck the true key-note defining the position of metaphysics, while yet we do not agree with the remarks we quoted last. His description of metaphysics, as a sort of bastards which owe their complexion to physicism and their substance to anthropomorphism, is most felicitous; but we do not agree with him that any metaphysical topic, properly so called, has ever been annexed to science. Take the Cartesian philosophy, with its *cogito, ergo sum*; take the Kantian, with its debates respecting God, freedom, immortality; the Hegelian, with its Becoming, Being, and Not Being; how have the questions here suggested ever been won over to the domain of physicism? It is true that in many sciences there has been in former times a great amount of bad reasoning employed, which is now discredited, and which many people choose to call by the title metaphysical. Such, for instance, in astronomy, was the reason once given for the supposed fact of the heavenly bodies moving in circles, that the circle was the perfect figure. But it is manifest that here we have a simple piece of bad reasoning that has been abolished, which is a very different thing from a real metaphysical subject brought over into the realm of science. Our account of the matter is this. As time advances, physics does not increase singly and solely; but physics and anthropomorphism grow up and develop side by side. As physics develops in the different sciences, so anthropomorphism develops in poetry, painting, music, history, religion. Meanwhile, just as anthropomorphism encroaches on the domain of science, and fairies and demons are brought in as causes of material phenomena, so the scientific spirit encroaches on the domain of anthropomorphism, and it is attempted to represent our inner and inmost being, the Ego, as part of a scientific scheme. And this encroachment of the scientific spirit on the domain of anthropomorphism is what is called metaphysics. Metaphysics, as it appears to us, will be eternally unsuccessful; while yet we are far from thinking that it will be or is barren, but the contrary. For though this great duality of human endeavour, the poetical and religious spirit on the one side, the scientific spirit on the other side, will never become a unity, yet the two branches of the duality are connected by innumerable ties, and everything that tends to strengthen those ties is good. And though it is essentially a mistake to attempt to reduce to form and line what can only be caught by feeling and emotion, which is the mistake of the metaphysician, yet this is a mistake that is often only the excess of a virtue. There are minglings of science in the study of man; there are minglings of man in the study of nature.

And if any one is surprised, as no doubt some will be surprised, at the account we have given of metaphysics, as the invasion of the scientific spirit into regions which do not really belong to it, we will add the following by way of explanation. The scientific spirit was first manifested, not in those regions which most indisputably belong to it, but on the confines and extremities of its proper realm; not in the clear solid fact, but in the obscure boundaries into which all fact fades. This was the result of the natural ambition of man, which strives to be all-comprehensive, at the cost of losing that over which it can exercise a sure command. Hence the ancient metaphysics, and not less the modern metaphysics, is an impulse of the true scientific spirit, not of the poetical or religious spirit; but it is the scientific spirit exercising itself in a territory where the only victories hitherto have been those of feeling and emotion, of the poet, the painter, the historian, or, in one word, of the anthropomorphist.

THE TROUBLE OF THINKING.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is reported to have said the other day, in a Charge delivered to his clergy, that he wished newspapers were written without leading articles, as they only saved people the trouble of thinking. We hope the learned Archdeacon would allow some exceptions to his rule, or he must desire—sad as it is to have to record such a wish—that the *Saturday Review* should cease to exist altogether. But, apart from the extreme consequences of so rigidly literal an interpretation, the remark itself is a suggestive one, though a High Churchman and a very high Tory is hardly the person from whom we should have expected to hear it. It is at least a common charge against the upholders of lofty claims, whether of religious or political authority, that they are anxious to spare people the trouble of thinking rather than to encourage an exercise so likely, as experience proves, to result in their thinking wrongly. It is supposed that "the right divine" of kings and priests is designed to supersede the necessity for any such dangerous action of individual caprice. Thinking with the Church was a favourite phrase of Ignatius Loyola, and he certainly did not mean that the Church should leave people to think for themselves. It has been often observed, again, of the Jesuit system of education, which once exercised so controlling an influence over the mind of Catholic Europe, that it is admirably constructed to teach people how to think within a prescribed circle of ideas, and to prevent their having any thoughts beyond it; in other words, to crush individuality, and to train adroit special pleaders. We do not forget, however, that the Archdeacon of Taunton, if he is a Tory, and what the *Record* calls a sacerdotalist in principle, is something of a democrat in practice. He has at all events a good deal of the making of a successful demagogue in him, and a popular orator, whatever be his professed creed, can never forget that there are other sources of authority—in the old sense of the Latin term—besides those which rest on official position, and the sanctions of civil or canon law. The Archdeacon is desirous, no doubt, that others should think as he does, but he is content to trust in large measure to his powers of persuasion in getting them to do so; and the adverse influence of that veritable "autocrat of the breakfast table," the daily paper, may often be a serious impediment to his success. It is, however, with the speech, rather than with the speaker, that we are here concerned. We propose to inquire how far it is true that newspapers save people the trouble of thinking for themselves, and whether they do a service or a disservice to the public in so far as they discharge this function of vicarious judgment.

Our first observation will perhaps be regarded as a paradox, though it might more justly be objected to as a truism. We feel sure that the overwhelming majority of mankind, even in this enlightened age—say, ninety out of every hundred, to keep within moderate limits—do not dream of really thinking for themselves at all, and would not do so any the more if they never saw a leading article from one year's end to the other. To begin with, very few women ever think on subjects of public interest, except in the Ignatian sense of "thinking with the Church"; that is, they passively adopt the views put before them by some authority they rely upon, whether of their husbands or their pet preacher, or—to take Archdeacon Denison's instance—their pet newspaper. As a rule, however, the newspaper, if they care to read any, is chosen in accordance with their previous views, and would be instantly discarded if it attempted to correct them. There are probably, for instance, many High-Church ladies who have been indebted for their weekly budget of information and instruction on public affairs to the interesting and unimpeachably cautious columns of the *Guardian*; but we should like to know how many of them have substituted *John Bull* during the last twelve months, since their trusted oracle has been so sadly heterodox about that shocking Mr Gladstone and the Irish Church. It is not the *litera scripta*, but "the living voice," to which women naturally turn for guidance. They like, as George Eliot once said, "to have their science done by Faraday"—in the rare event of their wanting any science done at all—"and their religion by the superior clergy." There are exceptions of course to this, as to all other rules. We do not forget Miss Martineau and Miss Cobbe. And we are quite aware that, in that Paradisaic state of society to which Mr. Mill is looking forward, we shall have a plentiful crop of fair politicians who will form an independent judgment on all sorts of subjects, from direct taxation and the laws of bankruptcy to the development of species and the evidences of theism. We only say that that happy day is still looming in the future. So far most critics, at least of the male gender, will agree with us. But we must add that the number of men who think for themselves, though it is larger than the number of women, is very much smaller than is commonly assumed. Yet there is this difference. Every man in the upper or middle classes is expected to have some opinion on the leading questions of the day—social, political, or religious—and to be ready on occasion to express it. And consequently most men do, with more or less ardour and consistency, profess some opinion on these topics, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that these opinions are, in nine cases out of ten, their own in any other sense than that in which their coats and boots are their own. They have procured and put them on, and perhaps learnt to wear them gracefully, but they no more made them for themselves than they made the articles their tailor and bootmaker have supplied them with. A large number of men adopt the opinions, especially in politics, which their fathers held before them, and some, in whom the antagonistic predominate over the imitative instincts, adopt the contrary opinions to those in which they have been brought up, precisely because they are the contrary. Wealthy men, or men who have become wealthy, are pretty sure to be Conservatives, from a general sense of the greater security of a strong Government and a dread of revolution. Many men simply drift, without effort or resistance, into the current opinions of the society they are mostly thrown with, especially in religious questions, while the views of many are practically determined by some personal feeling of sympathy or dislike. There was a curious paper published last year in *Good Words*, called "An Afternoon at St. Alban's, Holborn," which seemed to show how much the individual popularity of some of the "Ritualist" clergy had to do with recruiting the ranks of their disciples among the poor. And the same principle holds good in a wider field. It is commonly said that Catholics go by authority, and Protestants by private judgment. The real distinction is, that Catholics profess to rest their belief on authority, while Protestants, as a rule, do so without professing

it. They acquiesce in the faith of their childhood, or of their country, or of their immediate surroundings, because they lack time or opportunity, or sufficient interest in the subject, to question it. But that is no more an exercise of private judgment than a languid acquiescence in the infallibility of the Pope. We are far from saying that the opinions, political or religious, acquired in this haphazard sort of way, may not be honestly and even enthusiastically entertained, for the strength of a conviction is quite independent of the logical or illogical process by which it has been originally acquired. All that is here asserted is that in nine cases out of ten the opinions have not been excogitated, but arrived at by some different road.

These are but a few illustrations of the ways in which most men shirk the trouble and responsibility of thinking, often without admitting it to themselves. We have not yet noticed the particular hindrances to independent thought on which Archdeacon Denison is so severe, and for this reason. People very seldom trust to a newspaper for their principles, though they may be guided by it as to the detailed application of the principles. Men are not converted by the *Standard* or *Daily Telegraph* to Toryism or Liberalism, but select their political organ according to their inherited or adopted creed. No doubt within these limits a paper or periodical does do a good deal of the thinking for the party it represents, but it cannot go beyond them. A defence of Mr. Gladstone's policy in the *Quarterly*, or of Mr. Disraeli's in the *Edinburgh*, or—to take a different example—a vindication of the Apostolic Succession in the *Record*, or an attack upon it in the *Guardian*, would not influence the habitual readers of those journals, but simply disgust them, from its obvious incongruity. It is not the kind of thing they expect to find there. Still, within the recognised circle of ideas a party organ does exert considerable influence on those it appeals to, and so far saves them the trouble of thinking out their conclusions for themselves. It gives them their cue, so to speak, as to how the questions of the day are to be dealt with. And, of course, it may give them the wrong cue. But before we decide that newspaper or review articles—for they fall under the same category—should be tabooed as an incumbrance to independent thought, it is important to inquire whether thinking would become more general without them. We suspect not. People do not refrain from thinking because they read the *Times*, but they accept its verdict on many points because they do not care, or are unable, to form any opinion of their own. If they had no *Times* to read, they would still get their opinions from some external source, whenever it was necessary to profess to have an opinion. On the other hand, those who do care to think for themselves do so in spite of the newspapers. It is perfectly true that a great number of foolish and erroneous, sometimes very mischievous, notions are fostered by the periodical press, but the same might be said of the pulpit and the platform. And unless we are prepared on that account to put down "the liberty of prophesying" with the lips, we cannot in consistency condemn the liberty of the pen. The religious world would probably be a gainer if the leading articles were cut out of the *Record* and the *Rock*, but it would be a much greater gain if Mr. Murphy could be put to silence. When a party is bound together on a narrow and intolerant basis, the party organs are pretty sure to intensify the mischief, and it is possible the party itself might fall to pieces sooner if there were no periodical stimulants to sustain its corporate vitality of bitterness. One can only desire in such cases that the guidance should pass into better hands, for guidance of some sort or other there must be. Put it as you will, the great majority of mankind are incapable, either from circumstances or mental build, of thinking for themselves. They are too dull, or too ignorant, or too busy, or too apathetic, or too prejudiced. And therefore, as a matter of fact, they are sure, consciously or unconsciously, to devolve the duty on somebody else. In the classical age the State thought for them, supplemented in some countries by the great orators, in mediæval Europe the Church thought for them, in the Renaissance period the leading scholars moulded educated opinion; in our own day journalism has attained to a hitherto unprecedented power, and may almost be said to have become a profession. To denounce leading articles because they save people the trouble of thinking is much as if an Athenian should have proposed to abolish the Pnyx, or a Christian of St. Bernard's day to close the pulpits. It is more to the purpose to urge that those who have so powerful an engine in their hands should recognise their responsibility in the use of it.

There is another aspect of the question which we cannot do more than cursorily touch upon here. Is it desirable, as the Archdeacon seems to imply, that every one should be left to his own unassisted thinking? There are of course many matters of personal conduct on which a man ought to form the best judgment he can for his own guidance, but these are not points on which newspapers are likely to obtrude their advice. And those who abdicate their responsibility do so rather from suffering themselves to become mere creatures of habit or inclination than from surrendering their judgment to others, whether wiser or more unwise than themselves. The question is whether it would be better for everybody to try to form an independent opinion of his own on such matters of public interest as we have referred to, without any further assistance from others than a juryman would derive from hearing the deposition of the witnesses. In the abstract it seems as if that would be the natural course, but in the actual world the attempt, if it were made, would be an absurdity. Few men comparatively, even among the educated classes, have leisure to give more than a passing notice to questions, however interesting and important, that have no direct bearing on their ordinary vocations; and many of those who have leisure are wholly destitute of the judicial faculty requisite for pronouncing a really impartial judgment on the evidence when it is before them. It must be added that, where this faculty is most prominently developed, it is not usually accompanied by high practical abilities. Thought and action may go together in individual cases, but generally they exist apart. There are many of whom it would not be too much to say, in sober earnest, that for them thinking is indeed "an idle waste of thought." Society itself, and the various sections into which it is divided, have, and always must have, their men of action and their men of thought, and the former must be content, to a great extent, to be guided by the latter. A great orator, for instance, is seldom a great thinker. The cautious temperament and habit of balancing evidence which are necessary for the one, are almost incompatible with the fire and energy of the other. Doubt, which paralyses action, is of the essence of thought. The rough work, whether of the world or the Church, has to be done by men of strong convictions, and strong convictions are much oftener accepted than reasoned out. At all events the reasoning must be over before the conclusion can be acted upon. And it is more important that the conclusion should be right than that the agent should have discovered it for himself.

FLIRTING.

THERE are certain things which can never be accurately described—things so shadowy, so fitful, so dependent on the mood of the moment, both in the audience and the actor, that analysis and representation are equally at fault. And flirting is one of them. What is flirting? Who can define or determine? It is more serious than talking nonsense, and not so serious as making love; it is not chaff, and it is not feeling; it means something more than indifference, and yet something less than affection; it binds no one, it commits no one, it only raises expectations in the individual, and sets society on the look-out for results; it is a plaything in the hands of the experienced, but a deadly weapon against the breast of the unwary; and it is a thing so vague, so protean, that the most accurate measurer of moral values would be puzzled to say where it exactly ends and where serious intentions begin. But again we ask, what is flirting? what constitutes its essence? what makes the difference between it and chaff on the one hand, and it and love-making on the other? Has it a cumulative power, and, according to the old saying of many a little making a mickle, does a long series of small flirtings make up a concrete whole of love? or is it like an unmortared heap of bricks, possibilities of utility if conditions were changed, but valueless as things are? The man who would be able to reduce flirting to a definite science, who could analyse its elements and codify its laws, would be doing infinite service to his generation; but we fear that this would be as difficult as finding the pot of gold under the end of a rainbow, or catching small birds with a pinch of salt. Every one has his or her own ideas of what constitutes flirting, consequently every one judges of that pleasant exercise according to individual temperament and experience. Faded flowers, who see impropriety in everything they are no longer able to enjoy, say, with more or less severity, that Henry and Angelina are flirting if they are laughing and whispering in an alcove together, probably at the most innocent nonsense in the world; but the fact that they are enjoying themselves in their own way, albeit a silly one, is enough for the faded flower to think they are after mischief, flirting being to her mind about the worst bit of mischief that fallen humanity can perpetrate. The watchful mother, intent on chances, says that dancing together oftener than is necessary for good breeding and just the amount of attention demanded by circumstances, is flirting; timid girls newly out, and not yet used to the odd ways of men, think they are being flirted with outrageously if their partner fires off the meekest little compliment at them, or looks at them more tenderly than he would look at a cabbage; but bolder spirits of both sexes think nothing worthy of the name which does not include a few questionable familiarities, and an equivoque or two, more or less "risky." With some, flirting is nothing but the passing fun of the moment; with others, it is the first lesson in the great unopened book, and means the beginning of the end; with some, it is not even angling with intent; with others, it is deep-sea fishing with a broad, boldly-made net, and taking all fish that come in as good for sport if not for food.

Flirts are of many kinds, as well as of all degrees. There are quiet flirts and demonstrative flirts, flirts of the subtle sort whose practice is made by the eyes alone, by the manner, by the tender little sigh, by the bend of the head, and the wave of the hand, to give pathos and point to the otherwise harmless word; and flirts of the open and rampant kind, who go up quite boldly towards the point, but who never reach it, taking care to draw back in time before they really cross the border. This is the kind which, as the flirt male, does incalculable damage to the poor little fluttering doves to whom it is as a bird of prey, handsome, bold, and cruel; but this is the kind which has unlimited success, using as it does that immense moral leverage we call "tantalizing," for ever rousing hopes and exciting expectations, and luring on as an *ignis fatuus* lures one on across the marsh, in the vain belief that it will bring us to our haven at last. Then there is the race of male flirts great in the way in which they manage to insinuate things without com-

mitting themselves to positive statements. They generally contrive to give the impression of some mysterious hindrance by which they are held back from full and frank confession. They hint at fatal bonds, at unfortunate attachments, at a past that has burnt them up or withered them up, at any rate that has prevented their future from blossoming in the direction in which they would fain have had it blossom and bear fruit. They sketch out very vaguely the outlines of some thrilling romance; a few, of the Byronic breed, add the suspicion of some dark and melancholy crime as a further enhancement; and when they have got the girl's pity and the love that is akin to pity, then they cool down scientifically, never creating any scandal, never making any rupture, never coming to a moment when awkward explanations can be asked, but cooling nevertheless, till the thing drops of its own accord, dies out from inanition, and they are free to carry their sorrows and their mysteries elsewhere. Some men spend their lives in this kind of thing, and find their pleasure in making all the nice women they know madly or sentimentally in love with them; and if by chance any poor moth who has burned her wings makes too loud an outcry, the tables are turned against her dexterously, and she is held up to public pity—contempt would be a better word—as one who has suffered herself to love too well and by no means wisely, and who has run after a Lothario who would not let himself be caught. Then there are certain men who flirt only with married women, and others who flirt only with girls, and the two pastimes are as different as tropical sunlight and our northern moonshine, and there are some who are "brothers," and some who are "fathers" to their young friends—suspicious fathers on the whole, not unlike Little Red Ridinghood's grandmother the wolf, with perilously bright eyes, and not a little danger to Red Ridinghood in the relationship, how delightful soever it may be to the wolf. Some are content with cousinship only—which, however, breaks down quite sufficient fences—and some are "dearest friends," no more, and find that an exceedingly useful centre from which to work onward and outward. For, if anything will do on which to hang a discourse, so will any relationship or adoption serve the ends of flirting, if it be so willed.

But what is flirting? Is sitting away in corners, talking in low voices, and looking personally affronted if any unlucky outsider comes within earshot, flirting? Not necessarily. It is just possible that Henry may be telling Angelina all about his admiration for her sister Grace, or Angelina may be confessing to Henry what Charley said to her last night, which makes her lower her eyes as she is doing now, and play with the fringe of her fan so nervously. May be, if not likely. So that sitting away in corners and whispering together is not necessarily flirting, though it may look like it. Is dancing all the "round" dances together? This goes for decided flirting in the code of the ball-room. But if the two keep well together? If they are really fond of dancing, as one of the fine arts combining science and enjoyment, they would dance with each other all night, though outside the "marble halls" they might be deadly enemies—Montagus and Capulets, with no echo of Romeo and Juliet to soften their mutual dislike. So that not even dancing together oftener than is absolutely necessary is unmistakeable evidence, any more than sitting away in corners, seeing that equal skill and keeping well in step are reasons enough for perpetual partnership, making all idea of flirtation unnecessary. In fact, there is no outward sign or symbol of flirting which may not be mistaken and turned round, because flirting is so entirely in the *intention*, and not in the mere formula, that it becomes a kind of phantasm, a proteus, impossible to seize or to depict with accuracy. One thing, however, we can say—that taking gifts and attentions, offered with evident design and accepted with tacit understanding, may be certainly held as constituting an important element of flirting. But this is flirting on the woman's side. And here you are being continually taken in. Your flirt of the cunningly simple kind, who smiles so sweetly and seems so flatteringly glad to see you when you come, who takes all your presents and acted expressions of love with the most bewitching gratitude and effusion, even she, so simple as she seems to be, slips the thread and will not be caught if she does not wish to be caught. At the decisive moment when you think you have secured her, she makes a bound and is away; then turns round, looks you in the face, and with many a tear and pretty asseveration will declare she never understood you to mean what you say you have meant all along; and that you are cruel to dispel her dream of a pleasant and harmless friendship, and very wicked indeed because you press her for a decision. Yes, you are cruel, because you have believed her honest; cruel, because you did not see through the veil of flattery and insincerity in which she clothed her selfishness; cruel, because she was false. That is woman's logic when brought to book, and forced to confess that her pretended love was only flirting, and that she led you on to your destruction simply because it pleased her vanity to make you her victim. Then there are flirts of the open and rollicking kind, who let you go far, very far indeed, when suddenly they pull up and assume an offended air, as if you had wilfully transgressed known and absolute boundaries—girls and women who lead you on, all in the way of good fellowship, to knock you over when you have got just far enough to lose your balance. That is their form of the art. They like to see how far they can make a man forget himself, and how much stronger their own delusive enticements are than prudence, experience, and common sense. And there are flirts of the artful and "still waters" kind, something like the male flirts spoken of just now; sentimental little pusses—perhaps pretty young wives with uncomfortable husbands—whose griefs have by no means soured or scorched, but just mellowed and refined, them. Or they may be of the sisterly class, creatures so very frank, so very sisterly and confiding and unsuspicious of evil, that really you scarcely know how to deal with them at all. And there are flirts of the scientific kind; women who have studied the art thoroughly, and with the grave attention due to an art; and who are adepts in the use of every weapon known—using each according to circumstances and the nature of the victim, and using each with deadly precision. From such may a kind Providence deliver us! As the tender mercies of the wicked, so are the scientific flirts—the women and the men who play at bowls with human hearts, for simply the stakes of a whole life's happiness.

It used to be an old schoolboy maxim that no real gentleman could be refused by a lady, because no gentleman could presume beyond his line of encouragement. *A fortiori*, no lady would or could give more encouragement than she meant. What are we to say then of our flirts if this maxim is true? Are they really "no gentlemen" and "no ladies," according to the famous formula of the kitchen? Perhaps it would be said so if gentlehood meant now, as it meant centuries ago, the real worth and virtue of humanity. For flirting with intent is a cruel, a false, and a heartless amusement, and time was when cruelty and falsehood were essentially sins that vitiated all claims to gentlehood. And yet the world would be very dull without that innocent kind of nonsense which often goes by the name of flirting—that pleasant something which is more than mere acquaintanceship and less than formal loverhood—that bright and animated intercourse which makes the hours pass so easily, yet which leaves no bitter pang of self-reproach, that indefinite and undefinable interest by which the one man or the one woman becomes a kind of microcosm for the time, the epitome of all that is pleasant and of all that is lovely. The only caution to be observed is, not to go

HISTORY IN THE LATE DEBATE.

A DEBATE in the House of Lords has this advantage over a debate in the House of Commons, that the peers have not constituencies which they have to talk Bunkum to in order to please. A peer therefore who has nothing to say can, if he pleases, hold his tongue and save himself from being ridiculous. This advantage evidently told in the great debate on the Irish Church. In the debates in the Commons we know too well who spoke and what they said. In the Lords it would seem that no one spoke except those who honestly thought they had something to say, and that of those who so thought the greater number were not very far wrong in so thinking. Mr. Charley and Sir George Jenkinson were therefore not reproduced in full in the Upper House. Several of the speeches made, Lord Harrowby's for instance, were weak enough in all conscience; but we can hardly say that any one speech was, like several speeches in the Commons, simple nonsense from one end to the other. Yet more than one peer, in particular parts of his speech, ran Mr. Charley very hard. There was the Duke of Rutland, and there was one from whom we should have looked for better things, the Bishop of Lichfield. And Lord Derby himself, in the parts of his speech in which he unluckily took on himself to grapple with past history, may be added to the list. Of the three the Duke of Rutland certainly comes the nearest to the honours of a *Charleyismus*, still, "unwise" as his speech may be, there is an air of innocence about it which marks the difference between a speech made under an honest conviction of duty and a speech made under an official necessity of roaring. The Duke of Rutland deserves respect as a man who has, before now, withstood the impulses both of his own party and of the nation at large, when he held that his own party and the nation at large were led astray. But it cannot be denied that his present speech is far from bearing the stamp of absolute wisdom. We pass over conventional platitudes about the Coronation Oath, the Act of Union, and how wrong it is to take away property which has been held so long as three hundred years. But we feel sure that, when the Duke was uttering this kind of stuff, he honestly believed that it was not stuff at all. When he goes on to say that there are things in the realm with which "the State has nothing to do," when he goes on to talk about "the property of God," as if the earth were not the Lord's nor the fulness thereof, we can only send him to learn Law and Gospel of the Bishop of St. David's. For our part we pass on to the Duke's astounding discoveries in chronology. The Duke tells us it is not the Protestant but the Roman Catholic Church which is the badge of conquest in Ireland. To prove this we have the old talk about Henry the Second, who, according to the Duke of Rutland, conquered Ireland in 1171 at the instance of Pope Hadrian the Fourth. Unless therefore the Duke does great injustice to his own meaning, he fancies that Hadrian the Fourth was alive in 1171. He then says, with the modest simplicity of one who is not much used to reckon up years and centuries, "It was conquered at the instance of the Pope of Rome, and *for two centuries, I think, after that time* it was under the Pope of Rome, but during those two centuries it was not more happy or more content." Then, somewhat abruptly, it being doubtless much easier to ask questions than to answer them, the Duke turns round and asks, "If the Established Church is to be destroyed in Ireland, what is to be put up instead of it?" But

we want to know about the two centuries; it was for two centuries, and seemingly only for two centuries, so the Duke of Rutland thinks, that Ireland was under the Pope of Rome. The two centuries begin in 1171, so that, according to the Duke of Rutland, it was in 1371 that Ireland ceased to be under the Pope of Rome. The year 1371 is therefore, no doubt, in the Duke of Rutland's eyes, the year of the Reformation, and the date has, to say the least, the merit of novelty. We can only guess that the Duke had heard something about Wickliffe being the Morning Star of the Reformation, and something about Wickliffe living somewhere about the year 1371, so that a mind not much used to chronology might pardonably think that the Reformation must have happened in one of the years during which its Morning Star was shining. But, before we come to this, we have another piece of chronology yet more puzzling. The Duke tells us that "for one thousand years after the commencement of the Christian era, Ireland had nothing to do with the Roman Catholic Church." Nothing can be more true, for no one whose mind was not utterly confused about all ecclesiastical matters would think of applying the words "Roman Catholic Church" to anything that existed during the first thousand years after the Christian era. But the way in which the Duke of Rutland proves his point is odd. He goes on to tell us:—

> In a sermon preached by the Bishop of Lincoln I find this extract from Wordsworth's History of the Irish Church:—"Laurentius, another missionary from Rome, succeeded Augustine in England. He wrote a letter which may be found in Bede's History, in which he describes the nature of his own reception first from the ecclesiastics of Britain, and next from those of Ireland."

The Duke does not tell us whether the Bishop of Lincoln and the historian of the Irish Church are one and the same person; but it is plain that the Duke does his ecclesiastical history at third hand, getting at his Beda through Wordsworth's History of the Irish Church, and at Wordsworth's History of the Irish Church through the Bishop of Lincoln's sermon. He also evidently thinks that Augustine and Laurentius had something to do with the Roman Catholic Church, and he seemingly thinks that they both lived one thousand years after the commencement of the Christian era. Let us then draw up a little chronological table according to the ideas of the Duke of Rutland:

	A.D.
Conversion of England	1000
Conquest of Ireland, under Hadrian the Fourth	1171
The Reformation .	1371

To a mind so great at historical discovery we would suggest the study of a small piece of local antiquity. Will the Duke of Rutland go home and find out for us the exact year when the small district from which he takes his title first became an independent shire?

But we have higher game than the Duke of Rutland to fly at. What are we to say to the historical researches of Lord Derby himself? Lord Derby, it seems, does not study history for himself, but he has friends who send him quotations, and he actually, so he tells us, "takes the trouble to verify" them, from which we suppose that Lord Derby finds the work of verification both unusual and exhausting. Lord Derby reads to the House what he calls "some very remarkable passages from a very early page of our history." The extent of Lord Derby's research is shown when these very early pages of our history are found to be so modern as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is perhaps some worldly wisdom in this; a Conservative student may perhaps find it convenient to begin his studies with the retrograde times of the House of Lancaster, and to leave out the days of that immemorial freedom which ages before the fifteenth and since the sixteenth century have devoted themselves to recover. Now what do these two wonderful passages, of which Lord Derby speaks as if they were perfect novelties, prove to be? The first is no other than the well-known petition of the Commons to Henry the Fourth praying for a general confiscation of Church property, and the King's refusal to consent to it. Pity that Lord Derby's study of fifteenth-century history did not go on a little further, or that his friend who keeps him in quotations was not a little more bountiful in his supply. What if they had gone on to the year 1414, the year which supplies the most exact parallel to the Act of 1869? Did Lord Derby and his friend ever hear of the Suppression of the Alien Priories? Under the reign of one of the most pious of Kings, through the agency of one of the most bountiful of Primates, a class of ecclesiastical foundations which experience had proved to be useless and dangerous were suppressed by Act of Parliament, and their property lawfully and justly confiscated. That is to say, the supreme authority then exercised those inherent powers which it had already exercised to the like purpose in the eleventh century, and which it is again exercising in the nineteenth. Surely the act of such a Primate as Chicheley, of such a King as Henry the Fifth, affords a precedent of which even Lord Harrowby and Lord Redesdale need not be ashamed. And the fifteenth century agreed with the nineteenth and differed from the sixteenth in this. The property of the Alien Priories was not squandered and gambled away like the property of the monasteries which were suppressed under Henry the Eighth. Very little of it came into private hands. Most of it was applied to the great foundations of the century at Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and Windsor. And Lord Derby's second "remarkable passage" is just as little to the purpose. It is that famous letter of Archbishop Whitgift to Queen Elizabeth, in which he prays her to cease from her aggressions on Church property, and warns her to beware of the sin of sacrilege. Some of the expressions used by Whitgift might not exactly meet with the approval of Bishop Thirlwall, but his prayer and his warning are on the whole sound and to the purpose. But why? Because the acts against which he warned his sovereign were acts of a widely different kind from the regular suppressions of the days of Henry the Fifth and of Victoria. Whitgift had to contend against real breaches of the Coronation Oath, against acts of real sacrilege, against the unlawful perversion of ecclesiastical property to private purposes. He lived in an age when the Queen eked out her revenue by keeping bishoprics void for years that she might receive the profits, in an age when courtiers mended their fortunes by cajoling or bullying bishops into unjust and often illegal alienations and leases of their lands. These doings were distinct breaches, always of moral right, often of positive law; they were those very violations of the rights of the churches of the realm from which the sovereign was bound by her coronation oath to abstain. Against these irregular acts of fraud, robbery, and sacrilege, done almost wholly for the sordid ends of private persons, Whitgift manfully protested; but how this protest bears on a regular Act of the Legislature, lawfully passed with a view to the public good, we must learn to see with Lord Derby's spectacles before we can hope to understand.

Nor is Lord Derby any more lucky in his encounter with the great prelate against whom he was rash enough to measure himself. With almost offensive condescension, he talks about the "able speech" of the Bishop of St David's, but he seems not to have thought it so able but that he himself might answer it. The encounter of a Derby and a Thirlwall is indeed amusing. It is grotesque enough to see the mere Rupert of debate rushing blindly to an encounter with that serene intellect which prejudice or passion never for a moment warped or ruffled. It is grotesque enough to see a man who gets up his history from information sent to him that morning venturing to match himself against that almost boundless knowledge to which the past and the present lie familiar as an open book. Lord Derby, who discusses the deeds of St. Ambrose on the strength of information sent to him that morning, tells us that the case—in plain English, the case of St. Ambrose—"is thus stated" by Tertullian in his Apology to the Christians of the second century. One might perhaps think that Tertullian belonged at least as much to the third century as to the second, but at all events it would be amazing if Tertullian in the second or third century could have stated the case of St. Ambrose and Valentinian the Second towards the end of the fourth. But difficulties of this sort seem to stand as nothing in way of the chronological defenders of the Irish Church. Lord Derby ventures to say that Bishop Thirlwall "omitted to carry out his comparison to the full extent." The charge of omission is perfectly captious, but Lord Derby himself or his informant of that morning certainly contrived to omit the main point of the comparison which they made themselves. St. Ambrose refused to give up any of the churches of Milan or their property to the Emperor and his mother, but Lord Derby leaves out the fact that they were demanded to be applied to the worship of the Arian heretics. Lord Derby is himself, if we mistake not, owner or trustee or possessor of some kind of a large chapel on the north side of Manchester Cathedral. If Lord Derby were bidden at the mere word of a prince to give up that chapel of his own act for any purpose which he thought heretical, we do not doubt that he would return as spirited an answer as St. Ambrose did. So, we do not doubt, like Abbot Whiting, would Bishop Thirlwall do in the like case. St. Ambrose refused to be personally guilty of a breach of trust. How the story bears on the Parliamentary treatment of the Irish Church we are quite unable to see. But at all events Lord Derby should be careful how he brings charges of omission against such a man as Bishop Thirlwall while he is himself making the greatest of all omissions in his own story.

Last of all we come to one whom we are sincerely sorry to find in such company, the Bishop of Lichfield. We should not have thought that it was absolutely necessary for a Bishop to be funny on such a subject as the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, but if he must be funny he might at least give us better jokes than this:—"On this bench, and a bench of still greater importance in the Lower House, business is carried on by a firm trading under the title of Henry VIII and Co." But the main passage of which we complain in the Bishop's speech is as follows:—

> On the subject of disestablishment, the reason why I object to this Bill is because I watched carefully all the reasons assigned in favour of it, and I cannot see any validity in them whatever. Now, the reasons are, first, that the Established Church in Ireland is a badge of slavery. Now, my lords, I do not know anything in England which is not a badge of slavery, except the National Anthem. Our institutions in Parliament and our trial by jury are badges of Saxon conquest, while the Norman-French embodied in our language is a badge of Norman conquest. In a lower range of life, as Scott informs us, beef and mutton are a sign of Norman conquest, while sheep and oxen are a badge of Saxon conquest. A noble lord the other night made a graceful allusion to the ladies, thus establishing a precedent which I will take leave to follow. The ladies of the present day have happily given up that practice of their great-grandmothers which reminded us of our affinity to the Picts. In the same way the Princess of Wales is a badge of slavery. We know that her ancestors overran a great part of England of which she has conquered the whole. How puerile, therefore, is it that a quick-witted nation like the Irish, except for reasons especially applicable to themselves, should feel in any way degraded by that which, if rightly managed, would be simply a benefit to them. But the fact is that the slavery or conquest of Ireland, if we may so call it, was the act entirely of the Pope.

This sort of talk may be fairly left to speak for itself. We dare say it is just as funny as the joke about the firm of Henry the

Eighth and Co., but neither the former nor the latter joke seems to us to be particularly good. But, at any rate, the Bishop seems to know that there are pages of our history earlier even than those very early pages which were dwelt upon by Lord Derby. Yet the way in which he deals with them is certainly queer. We were a good deal puzzled to know how any of our old institutions could be said to be badges of slavery and conquest. At last, after deep thought, we felt sure that the disputed wares of Messrs. Pike and Nicholas must have fallen *in transitu* into the hands of the Bishop of Lichfield, that the Bishop has taken up the part of an aggrieved Welshman, and that he looks on every Englishman he meets as either a renegade brother or an intruding oppressor. And to think of the old story about the beef and mutton, which we have no doubt is to be found somewhere or other among the compilations of Mr. Timbs, being hashed up again in the House of Lords for the ten thousandth time. At all events it would seem that the Bishop looks on Parliaments and Trial by Jury in their present shape as what are vulgarly called "Saxon" institutions, and it is clear that, as Lord Derby gets up his ecclesiastical history from information which he receives that morning, so the Bishop of Lichfield gets up his Danish history from the epithalamium of the Poet-Laureate. If the sins of Hubba or Swegen were to be avenged on their children to the twentieth generation, it could not harm a hair of a princess of the House of Oldenburg.

One word more. There was some queer talk in the course of the debate about the Queen's Supremacy, and some noble and learned lords still seem to dream about some supremacy in the Queen different from the supremacy of the law. But it is something gained that, after the discomfiture of Dr. Ball and Mr. Disraeli, no noble and learned lord has ventured to say a word about the Sovereign being the supreme Head of the Church.

A PEACE-FESTIVAL.

THERE has been a "great musical peace-festival" at Boston. General Grant has been exhibited, although the fountains of his speech do not seem to have been opened to an appreciable extent. Mr. Thornton has been in attendance, by way of suggesting to reflective persons that England and America are still in a state of decent official friendship. Everything has been done that the Bostonian imagination could suggest towards a due celebration of the occasion. There has been a prayer by a reverend gentleman, and speechmaking by various honourable persons; and a chorus has been raised by a band of a thousand performers, and "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty" has been sung, with discharges of artillery keeping time to the music; and a hundred members of the Boston fire department have joined in with blows upon a hundred anvils, and, in short, a very great noise has been made, by a very great number of people, in honour of the "restoration of peace and union throughout the land." It would be very easy to criticize the performance, of which unfortunately we have not yet received full reports, in any style that might be desired. We might take the cynical view of the case, and point out, what is only too evident, that Americans are still deficient in proper æsthetical faculties; that they labour under a permanent confusion of ideas as to mere bigness and real impressiveness of sounds and sights, and fancy that they can make up for any shortcomings in harmony by firing off enough guns and hammering upon a proper number of anvils. Or we might, with equal ease, dilate upon the excellent sentiment which is latent at the bottom of all these absurdities, and point out that, if people must be vulgar and noisy, it is just as well that their noise and vulgarity should be ostensibly in honour of peace instead of war; and that, however little they may be disposed to carry their preaching into practice, it is a step gained that they should recognise distinctly that it is, on the whole, better that men should occupy themselves with making bad speeches about brotherly affection than with encouraging each other to blow their neighbours into small atoms. To say the truth, there is a certain *naïveté* about the proceedings which almost disarms us of a natural propensity to laugh. The simplicity of the performance almost neutralizes its vulgarity. When people endeavour to enhance the effect of music by firing off a large number of cannon, they show a certain freshness which is not without its charm. It is doubtless very absurd; but we don't feel quite certain that the British shopkeeper is not restrained from similar proceedings rather by his want of audacity than by his good taste. If that enterprising body, the Crystal Palace Company, were to get up a similar demonstration, there would certainly be more people to laugh at it; but there would be a numerous band of reporters ready to declare that so impressive a performance had never taken place in this or any other civilized country. We do not laugh at children because there is a strange mixture of the natural and the artificial in their way of testifying exhilaration; and perhaps our American friends may excuse themselves for their absurdity under the plea, which covers so many sins, that theirs is a new country.

The demonstration, however, if that is the proper word, may induce us to reflect upon some curious characteristics of modern sentiment. We cannot help speculating with a certain interest upon the part which Mr. Thornton had to play in the performance. What particular kind of nonsense can he have talked, for he was bound to talk some kind of nonsense, to the assembled multitudes? With the fact of Mr. Reverdy Johnson before his eyes, he would be hopelessly cut off from the pleasant commonplaces about Shakespeare and Washington, and the common language, and the absolute identity of the populations on opposite sides of the ocean. General observations on the advantages of peace would be dangerous, for they would be liable to the misinterpretation that England was willing to pay four hundred million of pounds sterling for the chance of that inestimable boon. An oration on the opposite tack, proving that regard for national honour was at times preferable even to the maintenance of friendly relations, would be liable to an equally awkward gloss of the opposite kind. We do not know what he said, nor, indeed, whether he said anything in public, but perhaps it is not so difficult to imagine what an intelligent gentleman in his position would naturally have thought. An ambassador, to modify the old definition, is no longer a man sent abroad to tell lies, but to hold his tongue, for the good of his country; and Mr. Thornton is likely to be quite sensible of the advantages of reticence; but, otherwise, he might perhaps be inclined to indulge in a little preaching somewhat to this effect.

You, he might say, are firing off cannon, and striking anvils, and shouting at the tops of innumerable voices, in honour of peace and union. It is, to say the least, a very natural sentiment. When a nation has run up a huge debt, and provided itself with an inconvertible currency, and lost no one can say how many lives, and generated a vast amount of corruption, and laid a large part of the country waste for years, in pursuit of an idea, it may think that the results are worth the expenditure, but it must be very glad that it is not obliged to spend any more. There cannot well be a more rational subject of congratulation than the fact that millions of money are no longer being spent in promoting slaughter on a gigantic scale, and that the nation may rest from its toils and recover from its losses. Whether the mode of celebration is in the best possible taste may admit of a doubt; but there can be no doubt that there is excellent cause for satisfaction. Only we cannot help feeling that some sort of machinery might be set to work for a very different purpose. The object might be to get up the steam for future hostilities instead of rejoicing over the pacification of old quarrels. There are just as many commonplaces ready to hand. Orators would find excellent matter for peroration in the Pilgrim Fathers, the iniquities of George III. and Lord North, the tea thrown into Boston Harbour, the heights of Bunker's Hill, the battle of New Orleans, the destruction of American commerce by British pirates, the sympathy of an effete aristocracy with a nation of slaveholders, and all the rest of it; and the interstices of eloquence might be filled up with appeals to national honour, the superiority of sentiment to material considerations, and the manifest destiny of the great American people. The cannon might roar and the anvils ring every whit as appropriately to emphasize one set of considerations as the other. Nor would there be of necessity any inconsistency. The older Abolitionists favoured secession, and denounced war. The most eloquent of their poets exclaimed in the vernacular that,

> As for war, I call that murder,
> There you have it, plain and flat;
> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my Testament for that.

After a time the Abolitionists discovered—and we need not argue that they were wrong—that war might be converted into a crusade against slavery, and might rouse the nation from an unhealthy slumber. It became plain to them that the Union sentiment might be enlisted on their side instead of being a great obstacle in their way. They took advantage of the weapon which circumstances had put into their hands, and carried out their principles at the point of the bayonet, instead of advocating peace at any price. Without blaming them for a moment, it is impossible not to see that a similar change may take place in the feelings which are now uppermost. The sentiment which is really at the bottom of all this peace celebration is not the love of peace at any price, but the sense of patriotic pride. You are rejoicing because the peace which has been won at a heavy price has resulted in the firmer welding together of the American people. Unless some change takes place beyond the powers of human foresight, secession can never again be threatened on the same grounds. The strength of the South has been utterly crushed. The slaveholding party has been ruined, root and branch. The North has established the superiority due to its enormous natural resources. You are rejoicing, and no one can deny that from your point of view the rejoicing is amply justified. But if at any future time it should appear that the nation might be still more strongly united, not by peace, but by war, that a patriotic spirit might be roused by fighting England instead of conquering the South, what would be the popular oratory on Boston Common? The advantages of peace would shrink into the background, and a very different style of eloquence would gain the upper hand. We might witness a great musical celebration in which the Union would be invoked to a very different purpose; and we need not doubt that there would be quite as loud a noise, though the British Minister might not be invited to honour you with his presence. The question therefore naturally occurs whether foreign Powers are likely to be affected with quite so strong a sense of pleasure as the native partakers of the festivity. To answer it satisfactorily, we should have to plunge into a very wide discussion indeed. Is the advance of democracy more favourable to peace or to war? When a small clique of high-spirited persons could decide upon national policy, they were apt, it may be, to be crotchety and unreasonable, and to boggle unnecessarily

upon trifling points of honour. Now that great masses have to be taken into council, we have to take into account the new force of what we may call popular oratory, not to stigmatize it by the unpleasant name of Buncombe. It is difficult to suppose that a huge crowd of uneducated people will not be as impulsive and as unreasonable as their leaders. They will be as easily deluded by a few commonplaces as their former rulers were by trifling quibbles and the influence of petty personal interests. When a Peace Conference met at Geneva a year or two ago, they agreed upon the desirableness of universal peace, after all outstanding quarrels should have been settled by thoroughly fighting them out. Peace in the abstract, it may be admitted, will always have charms for the masses; but we may also doubt whether they will not always have a preliminary difficulty or two to get out of the way before opening the expected millennium. Indeed, if the question were only to be between the instincts of a selfish aristocracy and a thoroughly ignorant mob, it would be very difficult to strike the balance. War would be waged for different motives according to the prejudices of the governing class, but in one way or the other it would be equally likely to have charms for somebody. There is only one comfort to be found in the prospect—namely, that war carried on by democracies is likely to turn upon more vital points, because it must enlist the sympathies and touch the interests of a greater number of people. Its advocates will have to prove that at least it will gratify the prejudices, if it does not increase the prosperity, of whole nations, instead of comparatively small classes. Whether it will be entered into more cautiously on that account, must depend on the more perplexing question of the degree of intelligence to which the general mass of the people have been raised. Huge festivities, such as the Boston celebration, so far as they show anything beyond the delight of a great crowd in hearing discharges of artillery and performances on anvils, show that a large number of persons are sufficiently educated to have a certain national pride; whether they are capable of taking a sensible view of national interests is a very different problem, the solution of which would require a very different set of facts for its satisfactory solution.

PARLIAMENTARY DISORDER.

READERS of the debates in the House of Lords last week were not more astonished at the eloquence of the speeches than at the uproariousness of the demonstrations of the audience. We are surprised and shocked at this disturbance of the gravity, and we had almost said the dulness, which the House habitually maintains, and we cannot express the amazement with which we learn that "a very distinguished and eminent member of the Church of England," who was apparently not a member of the House, placed himself on the steps of the Throne, and cheered or groaned as he liked or disliked the speeches. There surely must be something contagious in the character of the subject under discussion which seems to possess sober Englishmen with more than Irish excitability. It is to be hoped that there will not be many more debates upon this question, either in Parliament or elsewhere; for, if there are, it will become necessary to provide funds for the enlargement of lunatic asylums, not only in Ireland, but in England. The House of Lords during the debate on the Irish Church appears to have resembled a bear-garden rather than a deliberative assembly, and one cannot help wondering that a body which is supposed to be aristocratic and exclusive should be more tolerant of popular effervescence than another body which directly represents the people. We should like to see a "very distinguished and eminent member of the Church of England" being permitted to be present at a debate in the House of Commons, and taking upon himself to cheer and groan at passages of the speeches.

When we read that the speech of Lord Cairns evoked "enthusiastic applause in the Strangers' Gallery," we are moved to ask whether the admirers of Lord Cairns desire to introduce the extravagance of revolutionary France into sober England. If strangers are permitted to applaud, they will next attempt to interfere in the debates, and advice will be given to the House, which although impertinent might not be unprofitable, that there be less talking and more despatch of business. The disestablishment of a Church was made in France, as it has been made in England, the occasion of a disturbance of Parliamentary decorum; but there was this difference, that in France the disturbers were the enemies of the Church, whereas in England they pretend to be her friends. We have all read Mr. Carlyle's description of the visit which the spoilers of Parisian churches paid to the hall of the National Convention. An address was sung, while Danton, who was not particular about trifles, gloomily demanded prose and decency, and the singers, not untouched with liquor, craved permission to dance the carmagnole, whereto an exhilarated Convention could not but accede, and several members took the hands of girls flaunting in priests' vestures and danced the carmagnole along with them. We do not of course mean to say that anything like this occurred in the House of Lords during the debate on the Irish Church, and indeed the Protestant Association, although it has been prolific of poetry, is not likely to be great at dancing. We read that the married daughters of peers usurped places which properly belonged to peeresses and their unmarried daughters, but in other respects the conduct of the ladies present at the debate was orderly, and they do not seem to have followed the example of eminent and distinguished Churchmen in emitting sounds indicative of approval or censure during the speeches. There is, of course, an immeasurable difference between peeresses and the married daughters of peers on the one hand, and, on the other, the wet, hungry women of Paris, whom Mr. Carlyle has described as penetrating into the Constituent Assembly at Versailles, to the interruption of public speaking and the order of the day. "Bread," said they, "and not so much discoursing." They were supplied with bread, and also with sausages and wine, and sat and refreshed themselves on benches and in galleries while the Assembly proceeded with discussion of the Penal Code. It was then only five months since those galleries were filled with high-plumed, jewelled beauty at the first meeting of the States-General, and now, in the course of regenerating France, they had come to be occupied by dripping, dirty market-women. The Constituent Assembly had from its first meeting allowed spectators in its galleries to applaud, and even to hiss. Seeking, as it did, the support of the people against the Court, it had not only allowed, but even encouraged, applause; and now it found that it had raised a power which it could not control. The history of legislative Assemblies in France teaches a lesson which ought not to be disregarded in England, and we hope that Protestants in the gallery of the House of Lords will not, in their zeal for the Church, forget the Constitution. If they desire to applaud Lord Cairns, they can hold one more public meeting, and invite Lord Cairns to attend it, and he can come if he feels disposed.

It clearly appears, however, that members of the House of Lords are much more disorderly than the strangers who are admitted to its galleries. Indeed the Lord Chancellor has not power to enforce order, and the House is not disposed to give it to him; for although the present Lord Chancellor would not be likely to exercise that power capriciously or disagreeably, the House remembers some of his predecessors under whose authority it would expect to feel particularly uncomfortable. If the House is to have a master, it would prefer to have one of its own choosing, instead of having one chosen for it by the Government; but the House appears to think that it does not want a master at all. The ordinary state of things is that one Cabinet Minister makes a speech, while two other Cabinet Ministers converse in voices rather louder than the speech. This is the way of conducting business which, as a noble duke says, is of some importance, but not of such general interest as to induce silence. Of course, when a great debate is held, the leading orators of the House are heard with sustained attention, and silence is only broken by the cheers and groans of some enthusiastic interloper who ought to be turned out. It may be confidently asserted, too, that silence is maintained whenever Lord Cairns asks Lord Granville a question about a speech or letter of Mr. Bright's. But in general it is difficult or impossible for an assembly, with or without a president, to be persuaded to keep silence when either the matter or the manner of a speech which is being addressed to it is unattractive. The task of restraining conversation sufficiently to allow of business being transacted is sometimes almost too great for a judge sitting in a court of law. Indeed an Irish judge has been urged, by the impossibility of hearing a single word that any witness says, to exclaim that any gentlemen who want to talk in court had better go outside. We cannot help feeling, however, that this unruly character of all assemblies is much more of a blessing than a curse. Suppose that it were possible to enforce absolute silence in the Houses of Parliament, what awful places they would be! The souls of members would be bound under an unmitigated tyranny of boredom. Indeed, there are other places where one is sometimes tempted to wish that it were possible to resort to some of the Parliamentary contrivances for intimating to a speaker that he is tedious. It was the custom of the Puritans to express their satisfaction with a sermon by a deep hum. We do not know whether it was their custom to express dissatisfaction by any other sound, but probably the assertion of the usual token of approval was sufficient to warn a preacher to conclude. Unfortunately, if modern congregations possessed any means of signifying their desire for relief, the wish could not ordinarily be granted, for a reader of a written sermon cannot always trust himself to shorten it, and to conclude abruptly is hardly decent. So the discourse proceeds to its destined end, and no hearer, however weary, would think of going out of church before it is finished, and it is even thought improper to look furtively at a watch.

Talking in courts of law is a great nuisance, but the growing custom of applauding verdicts will become, if it is not checked, an intolerable abuse. Yet there have been judges who seemed to play to the galleries in their summing-up, and whose threat of committing the first person who was caught in the act of cheering did not sound very formidable. These demonstrations ought to be firmly restrained alike in Parliament and the Courts. It is doubtless pleasant to be cheered, but those who cheer one speaker will hoot another, and thus the beginning would be made in England of a practice which in France was carried so far that at last the galleries became more potent than the body of the House. It is true that our House of Peers is inaccessible to those classes whom Lord Taunton describes as "fishwomen and others," and "a very distinguished and eminent member of the Church," who is frantic with horror at disestablishment, can hardly be designated a revolutionist. But nevertheless we cannot help expressing Danton's wish for decency. There is always likely in our Parliament to be a sufficient quantity of prose.

THE MISSIONARY DOG IN THE MANGER.

IT appears from the Report of the London Missionary Society for 1869 that the Independents have lately had a wonderful success in Madagascar. The external world already knew, from the admirable book of their missionary, Mr. Ellis, something of the history of this mission. It deserves to be spoken of with ungrudging praise; the story of its conduct, its persecutions, its martyrs, its first winning of tolerance from the sovereign power, recalls the history of early and mediæval missions in Europe. The edifice has now been crowned by the conversion of the Queen of Madagascar *herself*. There is nothing so dear to your Puritan as a noble or a sovereign; and the gentlemen at home who are of the same persuasion as Mr. Ellis are crying jubilantly, "Hear, O Earth! There is now a sovereign in this world who is a genuine Congregationalist!" Whether the opponents of the establishment of the Church in England are expecting the establishment of Independency in Madagascar does not yet appear. They may be; for it seems that what is good in England is bad in Madagascar, and what is bad here is good there, as they are now declaring very energetically, both from the platform and in the newspapers. It is true that there are still many thousands of heathens in Madagascar; but with the history of mediæval missions before our eyes we know that the conversion of the people, in a half-barbarous nation, is comparatively easy work after the conversion of the Sovereign and the Court. Madagascar may be said, therefore, at the present time to offer a full and fat manger for missionaries. There is not that trying need of education, thought, and solid wisdom which was wanted of old in Alexandria and Rome, and is so urgently wanted to-day in great part of India.

The Independent dog, having got into this good manger—let us grant by its own merits—is now assailed by a carnal fear lest other missionaries, not Independent, should be tempted to share it. It is true, as the Report says, that there are already "thirty Romanist priests in the capital." As we have not the Annals of the Propaganda by us, we cannot tell how many more there may be in the country. Nor can we tell what is their opinion of their own share in the Christianization of the people. But then it is of course easy to dispose of their presence and their work, before a missionary audience at Exeter Hall, by simply ticketing them as ministers of Antichrist. The good dog Independent has, however, heard a preliminary bark from another quarter which is giving him extraordinary anxiety. A wicked proposition of some years ago has been revived. Some of the Directors of the S. P. G. have sent out a circular appealing for funds to support a bishop in the island, who is not to be a Roman Catholic bishop. "A Friend of Missions" has written to the *Daily News*, calling for "general public condemnation on a scheme so fraught with evil." But, to give the least glimpse into the frantic state of mind into which the whole Independent world at home has been worked up by this proposal, we must quote the Report of the London Missionary Society:—"The Protestant ministers, English and native, are firm in their adherence to the Bible alone as the appointed instructor and guide of the people. And it is because the preaching of vital truth has been so blessed that the Directors are anxious to prevent the introduction of all minor controversies. Therefore they cannot but consider that, in the absence of any number of converts in the Episcopal missions, the appointment of a bishop of the Church of England to Madagascar, promoted by one of these missions, is undesirable." "Loud and long-repeated cheers" stopped the reading of the Report, we are told, at this Independent ruling of the question *how many* priests *and* how *many* people an "Episcopal" mission may have before it is to be allowed to add an *Episcopus*. A bishop "is calculated," according to the Report, "to introduce confusion among the young converts, to hinder their spiritual progress, and to do them vital and lasting injury." These charitable sentiments were very naturally followed by "renewed cheering" from the congregated Independents. The Directors propose "a friendly conference with the S. P. G., with a view to persuading them to "lay aside their scheme altogether." If we may be so rude, they will endure, it seems, the few whelps who have found their way into the Independent's manger—the priests, deacons, and people; but the big dog of a bishop, to ordain any more priests or deacons, to confirm the baptized converts, to rule and guide a mission which pretends to be "Episcopal," they cannot endure. In one word, the "Episcopal" mission may be in Madagascar, but it must not want to be permanent. The Report, however, gives but a mild expression to the indignation that is now burning in the Congregationalist world. Sweetness and light were brought in by a Rev. Dr. Morton Brown, who moved the first resolution upon the Report. This gentleman often wonders "that many bishops are so unlike the Apostle Paul, because he did not wish to enter upon other people's labours, but to go to places where he could plant Churches"; who also, Dr. Brown might have added, does not seem to have been very jealous when Apollos watered where he had planted. After describing Madagascar as the Paradise of Independency—for that is plainly the aspect in which it is viewed by those who believe that they have sole religious proprietorship over all its natives, converted or unconverted—he adds the sad reflection, "But there is no Paradise in this world of ours but what some Serpent is ready to start up and to interfere with the scene. I do not mean to say that a bishop is a serpent." "Laughter," we are told, followed this disclaimer. But why should Dr. Brown disclaim at all? The fathers of Independency were not so scrupulous; they called all bishops, as bishops, by far uglier names. The delicate-minded Penry, upon whom some Independent ministers still lecture as an Independent martyr, called bishops "desperate and forlorn atheists," "castaways," "the dishonourablest beasts under heaven," and many other pretty epithets. The belief of his fathers—Dr. Brown should recollect—that a bishop was in himself something very like a serpent, was their prime excuse for interfering in the Anglican Madagascar.

Into the theological and ecclesiastical differences between the Independents and the proposed Bishop, which the Report so amiably and unexpectedly describes as "minor controversies," we cannot of course enter. But that they are differences great enough to convulse and rend a nation every Independent knows, and every Independent boasts—when he thinks it necessary. They are the differences which peopled New England when emigration was no easy undertaking. They are the differences which cost the early Quakers who dared to put foot into the Congregationalist preserve of New England their lives, or their property, or bloody scourgings upon their naked bodies. When the Independents of the present day have England instead of Madagascar under their eyes, they are not in the habit of calling these differences "minor." They did not wait long before supplying us with a very pretty instance.

The Independents, it must be known, have not only a foreign Missionary Society, but they also possess a "Home Missionary Society," which held its anniversary and read its Report in the same week as the other made its shriek about its Madagascar. What is the end of this H. M. S.? To convert England. But is not England a Madagascar already in the possession of the Church of England? The bishops of the Church of England converted and baptized all the kings and queens, and the people of the kingdoms speedily followed their sovereigns. The bigoted bishops, rectors, vicars, and curates now in possession put to the Independent home missionary the same case that the Independent Madagascar missionary in possession puts to the missionary bishop. "In the name of Christianity we protest"—we are using Dr. Brown's words to the proposed Bishop—"against such a man going and disturbing those churches when God is pouring out His blessing so marvellously upon them." Bishop, "you represent," says Mr. Charles Reed, M.P., the Chairman, "a Church hitherto little known amongst us." This is the sort of thing which the blind Anglican parish priests say to the Independent "home missionary." It appears, however, that Congregationalism has two sets of Christianity, two sets of morality. One is good for foreign use; it scolds those who attempt to go near its own manger. The other is kept for home use; it scolds those who protest against its entry into their manger. It is quite the wrong thing for a bishop to go into the big Madagascar parish of the Independents, even though he should confine himself to the conversion of those who are still heathens. It is, on the contrary, the right thing for a young Independent, with "a lust to be pulpited" (as Sir Thomas More says), to go into the parish of any Anglican rector, even though he should know there are no heathen in it, and should confine himself to inciting the parishioners to exchange church-going for meeting-going. Mr. Benjamin Scott, the City Chamberlain, thinks it a monstrous thing that the chief "difficulties put in the way of the Society's agents" come from the clergy. All the ministers of the Independent body appear to be struck with wonder that the parochial clergy do not assist their agents to preach against the doctrine of the Church, and send away their flocks from the parochial churches. Let them think of their own Madagascar. A simple English vicar imagines that the parish for which he has laboured year after year, baptizing, teaching, marrying, burying, visiting its sick and its whole night and day—and not merely talking for an hour or two in it every Sunday on some religious topic—is a Church of England parish, one of the Anglican Church's Madagascars. The vicar may be very intolerant; but if he is, the London Missionary Society is the same. The London Missionary Society may be in the right; if it is, we can scarcely declare the vicar to be in the wrong. The Independent who goes into the Anglican parish with a Bible under his arm may say that he goes to supply an element of truth which the vicar, if a true "Episcopalian," cannot supply. The bishop, it is at least just and honest to suppose—while he rejoices in all the good work done by the Independent in Madagascar, and honours it—may think that he has something to supply which the Independent, if faithful to pure Independency, cannot give, and would not if he could.

FARADAY MEMORIALS.

IT will soon be two years since the world lost the great Faraday, a man who has left such a mark on science, and whose work has aided the material progress of mankind to such an extent, that he is on all sides looked upon as an honour to the land which gave him birth, and a benefactor to the human race. It is not our present purpose to show how just is this appreciation of his great discoveries, or to give an account of them. Professor Tyndall in this country, and M. Dumas in France, have done this long ago, and in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired, either in point of feeling or philosophy. We have, in fact, reached a further stage. That Englishmen must honour themselves by founding memorials of Faraday was, of course, a feeling which found voice shortly after his lamented death; but we move slowly in such matters, and only during the last week have two separate movements with this object in view come fully before the public. To these movements, and to

several points connected with them, it is well that attention should be drawn.

We have, first, the Chemical Society's memorial of Faraday, which consists of a "Faraday Lectureship," an office tenable for a year by some foreign savant distinguished in chemistry, who is to come over to this country and make us acquainted with the inner minds of the workers in that science in other civilized countries. We regard this memorial as a very admirable one, and when we reflect upon the influence it will assuredly have in bringing the efforts of all European chemists to a focus, of making every step of progress a vantage-ground common to all, it will be obvious that one of the desires of its founders—namely, that they should do something in Faraday's name which he himself would have wished to see done—is amply fulfilled. Dr. Williamson has well stated another view which the Chemical Society have had in their minds in thus linking the development of human knowledge with the name of Faraday. It is that our arrangements for the advancement of science, admirable in many respects though they be, are yet wanting in others; one of them being that, although that advancement depends upon the store of ideas possessed by the workers, our scientific books and memoirs present us, as a rule, with facts alone; we have the dry bones—articulated it may be, but still the bones only—of a science, instead of the complete living form. There is none of the interest and life which appertains to the personal narrative of a discoverer, and we know nothing of those ideas at work in his mind which will in all probability lead to still further triumphs. Our Societies may sometimes give us this, but even then we have but the contact of minds similarly constituted and trained. The Faraday Lectureship carries us to a higher region: it gives an opportunity for the contact of minds of different nationalities and educations, and year by year will afford English chemists an opportunity of bringing up their ideas, as well as their work, to the standard of the foremost workers in another land.

This memorial is no longer a proposal; it is a fact. The first Faraday Lecture was delivered a few days ago in the Theatre of the Royal Institution, and it was a pleasant sight to see chemists from all parts of the three kingdoms gathered together to hear M. Dumas, the foremost chemist of France, both lecturer and audience being there to do honour to Faraday in the place where he had so often explained his brilliant discoveries. The first choice might well fall on M. Dumas, for other reasons besides his admirable qualifications for such a task and his high position as a brilliant discoverer; one of the reasons being that he and Faraday had been devoted friends for many years; another, that he, as Perpetual Secretary of the French Académie des Sciences, represented a learned body of which Faraday was always proud of being a member. It is not too much to say that the first Faraday Lecture will long be remembered by those who were privileged to hear it. After the presentation of a medal by Dr. Williamson, specially struck in honour of M. Dumas' visit, M. Dumas, after a brief *éloge* of his friend, discussed the present condition of chemical science, evidently leaning towards the idea that in time many of the substances now called elements might be found to have a common basis, and, after limiting the term "organic substance" to those compounds which alone take part in the growth of organized beings, stating his doubts as to the success of attempts to build up such compounds artificially. These were points, among very many others to which we need not specially refer, raised by M. Dumas in his discourse, which fairly electrified his audience by their brilliancy and breadth of treatment. Another good feature of the Chemical Society's memorial may be dwelt on for a moment; we refer to the opportunity it gives, not only for the interchange of ideas, but for the interchange of good-will among the scientific workers of different lands. Surely such results must delight the shade of the great man whose intellect was but one part of his noble nature.

And now we come to the other memorial, the steps taken in furtherance of which we will state as nearly as may be in the words used by the Prince of Wales as chairman of the public meeting held last Monday, also in the theatre of the Royal Institution. Early in 1868 the Council of the Royal Society requested the President, as representing the Royal Society, to take measures for bringing forward a proposal for a memorial to Faraday, and the project was submitted to the following Societies, with a request that they would join in the endeavour to carry it out—the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, the Chemical Society, the Royal Astronomical Society, the Geological Society, the Linnean Society, the Royal Geographical Society, and the British Association. On the 24th of March, 1868, a meeting of the Presidents of these Societies was held, and it was thought desirable by them to learn the views of the Government in regard to the erection of a monument to Faraday. On the 27th of June Mr. Disraeli wrote to the effect that he considered the erection of a monument to Professor Faraday to be a proper object to which to devote public funds, but that, as the Estimates for the year had passed, any vote for the purpose must be deferred to the following year. On May 8, 1869, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, wrote that while fully concurring in the propriety of erecting a monument as proposed, he could not consent to the appropriation of public money for the erection of a monument to any private citizen, however illustrious; adding that he did not make the rule, but found it. On June 8 it was resolved that a public meeting should be held at the Royal Institution. This public meeting was held, as we have stated, last Monday, and it was resolved to erect a monument by public subscription, and we do not doubt that any sum of money that may be required will soon be at the disposal of the Committee.

But this is not the point on which we need dwell. There is another much more important one raised by Mr. Lowe's reply. The whole question of the relations of the State to science comes up at once in its full force. It is well known that Faraday while living, in an interview, which he did not seek, with the then Prime Minister—the interview having reference to the grant of a pension to him, which also he did not seek—found his feelings so outraged by the Minister's conduct that he broke off the interview, and could not be induced to brave a second one till an ample written apology had been sent to him by the Minister. It has been well pointed out with regard to this occurrence, that it only shows how little English politicians know of England's greatest men. Surely there is no civilized country in the world in which power is so divorced from the higher order of intellect as it is in England. Of course one cannot for a moment wish that minds capable of better things should forsake their pursuits for politics; but we do maintain that the persistent manner in which the Government refuses to ally itself with science, the course which it adopts with regard to anything scientific which has not the imprimatur of Mr. Cole, C.B., is most unfortunate for the future advance of this country. Unless, in fact, it can be demonstrated that our material advance would not be assisted by a more vigorous and general investigation of physical science—and who would dare to affirm such a proposition?—the position of those who maintain that the progress of physical science should be the State's care is unassailable. But, further than this, who can doubt that the government of this country would be far better conducted were an infusion of men with scientific training possible among our administrators? No one can see the chaotic state of some of our public departments without having this thought brought strongly before him; for, in fact, administration is really a scientific question, and a man who has received a scientific training is more likely to grapple with it successfully than one who has not.

Mr. Lowe, however, in his incisive way, supplied us with a reason for not permitting such an intrusion. If the knowledge of Faraday had really been of any service to the State—in other words, if the State had been unwise enough to have aided or fostered science in any way, and in doing so had regarded the services of such a man as Faraday, and had paid him for those services—then the State would have rendered itself liable to erect a monument to him if it should so happen that he ever came to be looked upon as a public benefactor. Here surely is argument enough against politicians ever having anything to do, officially, with "England's greatest men." It might, for instance, have so happened that it became a question whether Mr. Faraday, Mr. Lowe, or Mr. Cole, C.B., was to have a public monument—taking both the latter gentlemen as model public servants, with the necessary qualification of receiving public pay at the rate of so many thousands per annum, paid quarterly in the regular manner. It may be that Mr. Lowe's decision in this case was strictly according to precedent, although he has already proved himself to be not always accurate in his statements where science is concerned; but we must ask, is such precedent to be a binding rule for all time? are the men who are most highly paid by the public to form in this matter a Mutual Admiration Society, to grant money for the erection of statues to each other, but without power to add to their number, even in those cases where service is rendered to the public without fee or reward? It is hardly necessary to remark that Mr. Lowe's strong statement of this principle was commented upon at the meeting to which we have referred. Professor Owen, after pointing out what Faraday had done for the State, asked the pregnant question what had the State done for Faraday, and then told how Faraday's declining years, instead of being the care of the nation which he had so largely benefited, were solaced by the private kindness of Her Majesty. Surely it is a parody on the modern idea of government to throw such a charge as this upon the personal income of the Sovereign, and even Mr. Lowe would, we should think, hardly deem it fitting that the public purse should be thus relieved from a burden. We do not believe that the public will endorse Mr Lowe's decision in this matter. The time is, we trust, not distant when the public opinion of this country will see that the fact that a man like Faraday can remain poor in order to endow mankind with the fruits of his labour, and does so endow them without any State aid, is rather a reason for granting public honours to him in preference to the man who serves himself while he serves the State, and is handsomely paid for his services.

As to Faraday himself, what needs he

> for his honoured bones
> The labour of an age in piled stones?
> Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
> Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

Is it yet too late to found a memorial in the shape, say, of a Faraday Scholarship at each of our Universities, or some such distinctive thing which, while it will aid the national progress, will sufficiently separate itself from the monuments of "piled stones" which, as we now learn, are erected by our paid public servants to men of their own order only? We need not fear reducing the number of our public monuments by adopting such a course, for Mr. Lowe will doubtless have his monument for the admirable and statesmanlike manner in which he has stood in the breach to protect the interests of the paid public service against the intrusion of a Faraday, coupled with his admirable represen-

tation of one of our chief scientific and intellectual institutions. We trust that Mr. Matthew Arnold will have the designing of the monument.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET-MATCH.

A SPECIAL interest attached to the University match this year, because out of thirty-four matches hitherto played sixteen had been won by Oxford and sixteen by Cambridge, the remaining two having been drawn. Since 1866 Cambridge, then somewhat behindhand, has been steadily making up its lost ground, and by its victory now has succeeded in passing its rival. That the result of the struggle this year would be in favour of the light blues seemed almost certain, if any reliance could be placed on the respective performances of the two Universities in their matches against the Marylebone Club and Ground. In those trial events Cambridge was successful both at Fenner's and at Lord's, while Oxford was decisively beaten in both matches. Cricket, however, is such an uncertain game that it is always dangerous to jump to conclusions based on public form. Every man plays cricket in his own way, and, moreover, very few men play two days alike. An Eleven in the field is a very different matter from an Eight in a boat. By discipline and constant practice the eight, if they are good for anything, are made to work with something like mechanical precision, but there is nothing mechanical in cricket. A professional bowler, indeed, reduces himself in time to something like a machine, and can pitch ball after ball almost on the same spot with unfailing accuracy; but with the majority of amateur bowlers bowling is a mere matter of chance. A captain of an Eleven, however good, must be a bold man if he expects his team to play to-day as they played yesterday. All he can reasonably hope is that, if one man does not come off, another will, that by some principle of compensation, if his best bat gets a duck's egg, and his best bowler cannot obtain a wicket, some less famous members of the Eleven may be raised up for the occasion to repair the fortunes of their side. The fact is that most of the operations of cricket require the exercise of independent judgment, and cannot be regulated by fixed laws. Every ball that is played, or fielded, or caught, must be judged separately on its own merits; and whether the player in each case will judge rightly or wrongly depends on the state of his eyes and his nerves and his stomach, on where he dined the night before, and on how much he drank after dinner. Add to this the allowances that must be made for the state of the ground, whether dry or moist, dead or lively, true or bumpy, and of the atmosphere, whether clear or hazy, and it will be seen how much need there is for discretion and discrimination on the part of each individual player. If we consider further that even the best players, when contending for the honour of their University under the eyes of thousands of watchful and observant critics, are unable to free themselves from a certain amount of nervousness, we shall begin to understand what a lottery a great cricket-match is. It will be conceded, we think, that very few men play up to their real form on these occasions, the majority are so impressed with their responsibility as to be quite unable to do themselves real justice. Some happy beings, not afflicted with nerves, will play as unconstrainedly as if they were at practice; but far more become for the nonce so completely the opposites of themselves, that their nearest friends would fail to recognise them. There goes in the steady man, who plays the game, and never takes liberties. What? is that he running out wildly at a long-hop, and being ignominiously stumped? There goes in the hard hitter, the dread of loose bowlers. Look how the field spreads out, and how anxiously long-off and long-on watch his movements. What? is that he playing back at half-volleys, and making feeble little pokes at balls off the wicket? Yonder is the surest field in the two Elevens; his hands are safe to hold the ball, if he gets a chance. Now it comes, straight towards him. A moment of suspense, while his partisans are preparing themselves for a hearty cheer; and, lo, he tumbles the ball, and it slips from his hands to his arms, and wiggles down to the ground, and he loses his presence of mind, and very likely kicks it further away instead of picking it up, and accommodates his opponents with an extra run. Such is the perversity of human nature that it triumphs when victory is little heeded, and fails when success is most eagerly coveted.

An Englishman, being an argumentative animal, is fond of inquiring, after a trial of strength between two or more parties has been decided, not why it was won, but why it was lost. After the Derby, when the first moments of enthusiasm are over, the winner is comparatively forgotten, and universal attention is directed to the second. The scribes take up their pens, the critics display their ingenuity, and a paper war rages for weeks as to why it was that, having got so near, the second horse could not get a little nearer still. Proceeding on the same principle, we will ask not why Cambridge won on Tuesday last, but why Oxford lost? In the first place, in point of physical strength, Oxford stood at great disadvantage as compared with Cambridge. Several of the dark blue Eleven were youths of slender and delicate frames, and played with a certain prettiness of style, so often associated with absence of muscular strength. We do not mean to say that, to be a good cricketer, a man must necessarily be six feet high, or be furnished with limbs and thews like those of Mr. Thornton or Mr. Absolom; but just as a good big horse is better than a good little horse, so a good big cricketer is better than a good little one. In this respect Oxford was quite overmatched, for the Cambridge Eleven included more muscular and physically powerful men, capable of standing any amount of work without fatigue, than were ever in all probability ranged under the same banner before. In the next place, the Oxford men proved themselves totally unable to play slow underhand bowling. Now it is rather a humiliating thing to bowl what are called, in cricketing parlance, "lobs." They have fallen into total disuse in first-class matches, for, showing no skill on the part of the bowler, they are only useful against utter incapacity on the part of the batsman, and incapable batsmen are not supposed to have part or lot in important matches, and they are only to be seen now in country districts where uncouth and inexperienced players are easily disposed of by them. But if it is humiliating to bowl lobs, as showing that the bowler cannot trust himself to bowl round-hand, it is more humiliating to be bowled out by them, and the depth of degradation is reached when the batsman is stumped off a slow, which at the same time happens to be a long hop. Yet into these lowest abysses the Oxford Eleven had to descend. If anybody had told them a month ago that they could not play Mr. Money's slows, and that eleven of them would be his victims in the University match, they would probably have considered themselves personally insulted. Yet such was the case. There is nothing very wonderful about Mr. Money's slows. There is little variety about them. Some are half volleys, some are long hops; all twist to the same amount in the same way. But the way the Oxford men played them was as follows. When they were pitched up, they played back and were caught; when they were pitched short, they ran out of their ground, and were stumped. More childish play at childish bowling could not be seen on any village green. And to those two causes—inferiority in strength and power, and inability to play slows—the defeat of Oxford must be attributed.

Cricket-matches may be classed under different heads, according as the issue is decided by exhibitions of proficiency in special departments of the game. Some are batting matches pure and simple, some are won by the bowling, this may be called a wicket-keeping match. The unprecedented number of fourteen wickets fell to the rival wicket-keepers, eight being taken by Mr. Stewart, for Oxford, and six by Mr. Richardson, for Cambridge. It is from no wish to underrate the prowess of the latter gentleman that we give the palm of excellence to Mr. Stewart. Mr. Richardson is an excellent and sure keeper to slow bowling, but he only showed moderately in his efforts to take the fast. Mr. Stewart keeps equally well to fast and slow, and takes all sorts of balls alike, to the leg or to the off, with wonderful precision and neatness, and without any pretentious show. We did not see him fumble a ball throughout the match, and they were often thrown in to his feet instead of his hands. Mr. Richardson got nearly all his wickets off Mr. Money's lobs, and of course any one with the faintest idea of wicket-keeping ought to take such things as those to a certainty. His stumping Mr. Tylecote off a fast ball of Mr. Absolom's was a mere matter of luck, for the ball hit his leg and went back on the wicket, and his hands had nothing to do with it. We were once stumped out ourselves by a wicket-keeper who positively turned round to flee from the approaching ball, which hit him violently in the small of the back and rebounded on the wicket. He was duly credited with the same on the scoring sheet, but we were not impressed with the ability of the performance.

It may seem paradoxical, after what we have said of the Oxford batting, to assert that the best cricket in the match was shown by Oxford men, but nevertheless we believe it to be the truth. The best batting during the two days was that of Mr. Pauncefote, and Mr. Digby in the second innings of Oxford; the best bowling was that of Mr. Walter for the first half-hour of the second innings of Cambridge; the best wicket-keeping was that of Mr. Stewart. Indeed, the Cambridge batting may be characterized as strength without style. Mr. Absolom prides himself in hitting off balls to square leg; Mr. Thornton has not the ghost of an idea of cutting—the prettiest part of a thorough batsman's play—and confines himself to forward hits—and very far forward they travel; and Mr. Weighell hits nearly as hard as Mr. Thornton, and rather more irregularly. A great part of Mr. Thornton's first innings was, in our opinion, very badly played, a great many loose balls (and Oxford bowling was very loose at that time) being let off and wrongly played at. His second innings, though of smaller amount, was worth half a dozen of the first, the loose balls being hit cleanly, and as none but he could hit them, and the good ones being played steadily and strongly. Still, it is from no wish to praise the losing at the expense of the winning side, but from strong conviction, that we repeat that the good parts of the Oxford batting were better cricket than the best of the Cambridge batting. Neither Eleven, however, included a batsman to be compared with Mr. Mitchell or Mr. Buller, or a bowler equal to Mr. Fellowes. Last week we should have spoken differently, and said that Mr. Bruno was quite worthy to play for the Gentlemen against the Players, for he bowled out a powerful M. C. C. Eleven for an insignificant number of runs, but this week he could not obtain a single wicket, while Mr. Money disposed of eleven. Such are the contradictions of cricket! Undoubtedly the best Eleven won, but it was a victory of superior strength more than of superior skill. Mr. Walter bowled wonderfully for half an hour, and then relapsed into mediocrity, but Mr. Absolom could bowl for a week without exhibiting signs of fatigue. Some of the Oxford batsmen appeared

to have the will, but not the strength to hit, even when the chances were most favourable; but Mr. Thornton and Mr. Weighell could hit all through a summer's day without getting out of breath. Just so with the fielding and running. Mr. Absolom is a trained sprint-runner, and gets from wicket to wicket before you can swallow a glass of dry sherry. Mr. Yardley runs like a deer, covers an immense deal of ground, picks up the ball with one hand, and throws it in at the rate of forty miles an hour, straight to the wickets. The Oxford men could not, and possibly cannot, next year attain to all these things. They cannot add cubits to their stature, or double the width of their chests, but they may learn so simple a thing as how to play "lobs," and we sincerely trust, for their own sakes, that they will take their first lessons as speedily as possible.

REVIEWS.

THE HIGHLANDS OF TURKEY.*

THE volumes before us represent the personal experience derived from three separate visits to the countries described; an adequate amount of thought and reading during the intervals; and a basis, to start with, of common sense and sound scholarship. Though the subject is one which neither two nor ten volumes would exhaust, the writer has touched upon almost every point of it—the classical archæology of the old traditional or disputed sites, the social condition of the monasteries, and, above all, the politics and ethnology of one of the most diversified regions in Europe; the domain of the Greek, the Turkish, the Bulgarian, and the Albanian languages, the domain of Mahometanism as the ruling creed, and of Greek and Roman Christianity as the subordinate ones. The personal narrative, which is nowhere unduly prominent, relates chiefly to the mild mountaineering suggested by the title-page.

The chapter in which the information is the newest, and that which supplies the most definite desiderata, is the notice of the Mirdite Albanians. More than once Mr. Tozer shows how thoroughly he treats Turkey, even in its most European districts, as a mere outlyer of Asia; and here, upon entering the Mirdite country, he calls himself "almost the only *European* who had visited Orosch within the memory of the inhabitants." Now Orosch is certainly in Albania, and Albania has generally been treated as European. Possibly the word used by the natives was *Frank*, but this Mr. Hecquart, who has the next best claim to pass for an authority on Orosch, would probably translate *Frenchman*. Considering that, concurrently with this piece of testimony on the one part, the Alpine Club on the other is claiming Kasbin and Elbruz, as far beyond the other side of Constantinople as Orosch is on this side of it, for Asia, the term is, to say the least, curious. The next visitor is advised to give the name just as he heard it. But this is talk about the shell rather than the kernel. Against the real subject-matter there lie but few exceptions. Mr. Hecquart, hitherto our chief authority, tells us less of what he saw than Mr. Tozer does. Albanian in speech, Romanist in creed, and Austrian rather than Russian in their political predilections, the Mirdites stand in strong contrast to their neighbours on the west, the equally independent and anti-Ottoman Slavonians of Montenegro. They are savages with fraternal friendships after the fashion of the Dorians, and vendettas after those of Corsica. One of their auguries is taken from the bladebone of the sheep, so that shoulders of mutton serve both for food and fortune-telling. The custom is probably Turkish; for the old traveller Bell describes a similar process of divination among the Tartars to the east of the Caspian. The dominant characteristic, however, is perhaps their Exogamy, or the practice of eschewing marriages within their own tribe. Hence, a Mirdite bride must be carried off from one of the clans in the neighbourhood, these being Mahometan; a necessity which implies not only an abduction, but a conversion. The practice, however, being recognised by all parties concerned as an institution, rarely leads to hostility. Such are the Mirdites—Christians, and, in their way, missionaries.

About Montenegro we know more, partly from the notice of a lady, Viscountess Strangford—and partly from one of a soldier, Lieutenant Arbuthnot. The question, too, of its practical independence has been sufficiently ventilated. Mirdita, in this respect, is another Montenegro; and, as our knowledge increases, we shall probably find in the *terræ incognitæ* which pass under the name of Upper Mœsia at least two more claimants for the same consideration—the *Wassoevitchi*, or the descendants of a *Basileus*, and the still wilder mountaineers of the Drobniak district. These have yet to be described in detail; and, these being dealt with, fresh claimants to a modified independence will appear—mountaineers and coastmen, Mats and Krivyashes, and other names, if possible, less known to fame; but which, when the questions of Roman or Greek Catholic, of Slavonian or Albanian, and of Russian, Austrian, or even Venetian, proclivities come under analysis, will demand recognition. The derivation of the word Mirdite is one of Mr. Tozer's etymons which we must go out of the way to protest against; the more so as the protest may serve as a text to some criticisms upon his ethnography in general:—

> The Sultan Amurath, meeting the chief, was saluted by him with the words *mire dite* ("good day," in Albanian), and in consequence of this, when the battle was over, he gave them the name of Mirdites, in commemoration of the words of good omen which he had heard in the morning. Though the explanation is inadmissible, it has some plausibility in it, &c.

All that is true in this is that Sultan *Amurath* had something to do with the name. Nothing shows the likelihood of this more than the names in the neighbourhood. On the frontier are the Ducadjini, or those whose name dates from the Ducas dynasty. Then come the Clementi, named from the legendary St. Clement (Roman or Albanian, as the case may be), of whom the work before us gives us, for the first time in English, a fair notice. Then, though not within our author's route, are the Vassoevitshi, already mentioned.

We cannot make the analysis of the ethnology of European Turkey an easy subject. To the general reader every writer brings a fresh detail. We are criticising Mr. Tozer, and we must own that he has enriched our knowledge with two new names. In each case we know of the population, but the names are new; and as they imply strange subdivisions within a recognised division, they have their value. It is one thing to learn, in a general way, that a large tract of Thessaly, Macedonia, and Albania is Valachian, or Vlakiot; it is another thing to know, as a detail, that a fraction of its population calls itself Armeng. In Western Macedonia, too, we have long known that a certain district was neither Greek nor Ottoman Turk. It is something to learn that a part of its population is called Pomak. These two new names, with the analyses they suggest, seem to be Mr. Tozer's. Concerning the Pomaks, we hope that in a future journey he may tell us more. In respect to the Vlakiots, we must record our differences with him. One applies to the name; the other to the value of the bearers of it as an element in the future history of Greece and Turkey:—

> Among themselves all the various branches of the Wallachian family are called Rumuni, or *Romans*, with the single exception of this colony in the Pindus, who style themselves Armeng, a name which is difficult to interpret, though it may possibly be a corruption of the same word. Those that dwell south of the Danube are frequently known by the name Tsintsar, an appellation which forcibly recals the original "shibboleth," being derived from "tsints," which is their pronunciation of "chinch" (five, quinque). It is, of course, a name of ridicule, and unwelcome to their ears; as is also the case with the title Kutzo-Vlacks, or "*lame, halting Wallachs*," which refers, I believe, to the same, or a similar defect, of speech.

This may or may not be the case; but why not tell the whole story? or why not give the reader the advantage of the suggestion of a different view? Why ignore the connexion between Tsintsar, Zingaro, Romani, and Gypsy? What, too, if there were in these very parts of Thessaly a bishopric of the *Kutzagri*, *Kutzagri*, or *Kotragi*, so that we find reasons for believing that the *Kutzo*-Wallachians were simply Kutiagri, or Kutigurs; these being an historical people akin to the Huns, Avars, and old Bulgarians. *Non meus hic sermo.* Zeuss, in 1837, asks concerning this very population, "May not these Wallachs, Thessalians, Kutziagirs, and Kuber's Bulgarians, be allied?" Just, however, as our author never hits the Kutziagri, so Zeuss never notices the term *Kutzo* in the sense of Lame. Assuredly, in these matters, the whole is easier than the half.

Mr. Tozer thinks that, as a future political influence, these Kutzo-Valachians are likely to go for nothing. It may be so, or it may not. If so, however, it will not be because they are unimportant, but because the Valachia of the present year, the Valachia with a Prussian King, is other than the Valachia of the first Greek revolution, the Valachia of a Fanariot *régime*. Upon this point let us put three things together. The first Greek revolution began in secret societies, and the Southern Albanians did half the work in it. It began with Ypsilantes, and Kolettes was one of its heroes. Now Ypsilantes was the highest Greek official in Valachia, and Kolettes was a Valachian of Sirako, and Sirako is a town on the very line where the Hellenizing Albanians are separated from the Ottomans. Whatever, then, may be the case hereafter, it is probable that the Valachians of Thessaly and Albania were powers of some sort—possibly as gipsies are powers in the eyes of a smuggler, and possibly as Jews are powers in the eyes of a loan-monger; but still powers. That they were not powers in the sense that Garibaldi, or the Pope, or the Czar, or the Prime Minister of England, or even a demagogue in Athens, are powers, we, with Mr. Tozer, freely admit. Yet it is unsafe to ignore them.

No English writer has given more attention to these same Vlakosts than our author, yet he fails to connect them with the Children of Israel. Meanwhile, it is thus that he writes about a Jews' Castle, or an Ebraio-Castro which gives him trouble, or at any rate suggests nothing but a conjecture:—

> Captain Spratt has suggested, with considerable probability, from the frequent occurrence of the name "Jews' Castle" in the islands and on the continent of Greece (there is an Ebraio-Castro on Mount Pelion) that ruins are regarded as likely places for finding treasures, and hoarded money is, or was in former times, associated with the Jews. It must have been from some notion of this kind that the name arose, for the fortresses themselves cannot be supposed to have belonged to members of that despised race.

But what if this despised race was not always so despised? Or what if populations other than Jewish called themselves, or were called by others, Hebrews? Of something of this kind there is evidence even in the work before us. An extract (which, by the way, has seen a good deal of service) from Benjamin of Tudela, Jew and traveller, tells us that about Zeitun, in Thessalia, the inhabitants are called Vlachi; that they are not Christians; that

* *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey, including Visits to Mounts Ida, Athos, Olympus, and Pelion, to the Mirdite Albanians, and other remote Tribes: with Notes on the Ballads, Tales, and Classical Superstitions of the Modern Greeks.* By Rev. H. F. Tozer. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1869.

they are robbers; that no one ventures to make war on them; that their names are of Jewish origin; that some even say they have been Jews; and, finally, that when they meet with a Jew they only rob him, whereas the Gentiles they both rob and kill. With a population of this kind there is no need to go far for the origin of Jews' Castles. But it should be added that the evidence of Benjamin of Tudola has been disparaged; for the statement is undoubtedly a strange one. Yet the most probable explanation of it is stranger still. What if they were Samaritan, rather than Jewish—or, in other words, Jews of the Ten, rather than the Two, tribes? The evidence here lies in the history of the Khazars, especially in their double relation to the Bulgarians on the one side, and the Jews on the other. In respect to the first, let us turn to Zeuss. The Khazars appear in history as allies of the Emperor Heraclius against Chosroes, King of Persia, A.D. 626; or, to connect the date with a greater name, during the lifetime of Mahomet. They come from the parts about the Volga, or the original Bulgaria. They follow the tract of the Huns, Avars, and the Bulgarians of Europe, in connexion with whom—sometimes as enemies, sometimes as friends—they are often mentioned, and that by the Arabian as well as the Greek historians. They conquered the Crimea, till then perhaps Gothic rather than Greek; but from the conquered country acquired a civilization which, though Greek and Eastern, was not Byzantine. They were great conquerors in Russia; tribes which lay at least as far north as Kiev (which they founded) having been reduced by them—the authority on this point being that of the earliest Russian annalist, Nestor, himself a monk of that district.

Now for the Jewish side of the picture. One, at least, of the Khazar kings was a convert to Judaism, and the whole Khazar nation Judaized. The Jews, too, were powerful in Khazaria. There they had a necropolis; the paper on which, by Chwolson, has formerly been noticed in our columns. The general era is that of the Captivity of Jerusalem, but sometimes that of Samaria. One of the gravestones stands over the body of, perhaps, the last of the Sadducees. That the names of Samuel, Simeon, Gabriel, Daniel, and Moses appear in almost every page of Wallachian and Bulgarian history is simply a remark of Mr. Finlay's. What passes, then, for Wallachian may have been Bulgarian, and what passes for Bulgarian, Khazar—for so it is in Greece throughout. The Greek and Turkish languages are facts; but the blood is mixed and mysterious.

The Khazars, however, were both Bulgarian and Jewish. And they were also Russian. Concerning which last statement we must note the following names—Dragovitæ and Smoleni. These, among others, we find in the eighth century applied to certain Slavonian colonists in Macedonia. The first came from the parts between the Upper Dnieper and the Pripecz, say from Minsk or Grodno. On this, for which we have the authority of Nestor, there is no doubt. Smoleni *may* indicate Smolensko. And how came they to Macedonia? Not by land, like ordinary Slavonians or Bulgarians. Not by sea, after the fashion of the men of either Constantinople or the Crimea. They came in canoes (monoxyla), and the time of their coming was the time when the Khazars were just in the position to colonize Russia from Macedonia, and Macedonia from Russia. They are just the people to do this; but they are the *only* people whose influence accounts for both Jews and Russians in the northern parts of what the ancients called Greece. The whole is, we repeat, easier than the half, but the whole must be submitted to ultimate analysis.

As definite points in the Eastern question, the two most impalpable are the Greek blood and the Greek language. The first is too evanescent to be anywhere; the second so ubiquitous that it is everywhere. The religious creeds, on the other hand, are capable of being considered. The difference (within the Orthodox Church) between the Bulgarians and the Greeks, Mr. Tozer has adequately described. The Roman element he has understated. On two occasions, at least, the claims of Rome upon Bulgaria have been prominently set forth; nor have they ever been formally abandoned. Under Nicolas I., when the schism between the two Churches had become final, the province of Illyricum was claimed by Rome, and of the province of Illyricum Bulgaria was claimed as a part. Towards the close of his reign, Bogoris, the first Christian king of Bulgaria, had learned to distrust his converters. He knew the difference between the Iconoclasts and their opponents; he knew, too, the scandals of the quarrel between Photius and Ignatius; and he also knew something about the authority of the Pope. To Nicolas I. he applied for answers to a hundred and six questions; and Formosus, Apostle of the Bulgarians, and afterwards an anti-Pope, was charged with the answer. This may be found in Milman. So may the dealings of Innocent III. with the King of Bulgaria and Valachia. Here, however, the claim is different, being founded upon the Bishopric of Thessalonica—a result of the Fourth Crusade, or, in other words, the sack of Constantinople by the Venetians.

Specially interesting, in this respect, is Mr. Tozer's notice of what we may call the Crypto-Christians of North-Western Turkey—Christians who, under constraint, submit to occasional conformity in the way of Mahometanism. There are Fire-worshippers who do the same in Asia, and enough of them to claim recognition as political influences.

Respecting the Koniarats, Mr. Tozer, who is one of the few travellers who notice them, writes thus:—

> Derdi, which lies in the plain, is inhabited by Koniarates, and was one of the original positions occupied by that tribe. Their history is as follows. Shortly before the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, the Greek inhabitants of Larissa were reduced to so weak a condition, and had so little hope of assistance from their Government, that they were obliged to submit to the rule of a Bulgarian prince. Wearied, however, of this yoke, they called in to their aid an Ottoman chieftain called Turkhan Bey, who, after driving out the intruder, established himself in the country. The forces at his disposal being too small to hold it with safety, he sent to Konieh (Iconium) in Asia Minor to invite any of the population who were willing to leave their homes and colonize these fertile plains. Some five or six thousand families responded to his call. . . . They have a good reputation for industry, but are also said to be extremely fanatical, and we ourselves found them sulkier and more insolent than any other Turks, forming a marked contrast to their countrymen of Asia Minor generally, who are quite the most favourable specimens of their race.

We have much to learn about these Koniarates. There is another settlement of them in Macedonia; so important a person as Mehemet Ali having been no true Ottoman Turk, but rather a Seljukian Koniarat of Cavalla. So little did the genuine Seljukians fraternize with them as kinsmen of the Ottoman division, that no prince or potentate on the European side of the Hellespont gave more trouble to the Amuraths and Bajazets of the times before the taking of Constantinople than the representatives of the Iconium dynasty, the half-conquered or rebellious princes of Karamania. The present Koniarates, if better known, would probably be better liked. Compared with the Turks of Constantinople they are pure in blood; neither are they so notably spoilt by the possession of power. Left as they are to manage themselves, they care little for the attractions of the capital, employ themselves on their own farms, and, though they would probably make the best officials in the empire, they either neglect or despise place-hunting. It would be better for the Turkish administration if a little more of the Koniarat element were infused into it.

We make no secret of having treated the political parts of Mr. Tozer's book at the expense of the scholastic, the artistic, and the archæological; and of having made a text for criticism out of the few points wherein we differ from him, rather than a reproduction of the many wherein we agree with him.

KEBLE'S MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

DR. MOBERLY has done wisely in collecting into one volume Keble's miscellaneous poems—all, that is, which are not included in the *Christian Year* or the *Lyra Innocentium*. It must not be supposed, however, that all, or nearly all, the contents of the volume are really new. On the contrary, more than half the pieces brought together have appeared already, about a third in the *Lyra Apostolica*—to which Newman and Keble were the chief contributors—and the remainder in various hymnals or other collections of religious poetry. Of those now published for the first time few, if any, with one conspicuous exception, rise to the author's highest mood as a poet. We have not, for instance, observed among them any composition which matches the exquisite lyrical sweetness of the "Song of the Manna Gatherers," or the jubilant ring of the lines for Easter Day in the *Lyra Innocentium*. Neither, again, among the delicate domestic touches which abound, here as everywhere, in Keble's poetry, do we recollect anything to equal the perfect grace of the verses in the *Christian Year* for the Third Sunday in Lent, or the Twenty-fifth after Trinity, which are some of the most characteristic he ever wrote; nor is the solemn grandeur of the opening stanzas for the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, "Where is thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice"—which are not quite in his usual style—recalled to us. But we should nevertheless have been very sorry if the editor had omitted any of these fragmentary records, as we may term them, of a pure and noble life. There are persons whose best biography is that written unconsciously by their own hand, and Mr. Keble was one of them. Not only is there a remarkable continuity pervading his writings throughout—a maturity in the earliest poems, and a freshness in the latest—but in this, as in other respects, his poetry is, to use Dr. Moberly's language, "in a very high degree the reflex of himself." Its most marked peculiarity is its "intense and absolute veracity." We can well believe that he never sat down for the purpose of writing poetry, but simply wrote as the inward feeling prompted him. So little studious, indeed, was he of literary reputation, that he would not willingly take pains to correct or polish what he had written. This is amusingly illustrated by the story of Wordsworth's criticism on the *Christian Year*, for which there is said to be good authority:—"It is very good; so good that, if it were mine, I would write it all over again." Whatever occasional roughness or feebleness of expression might have been removed by doing so, we cannot doubt that half at least of the indescribable charm of that wonderful volume would have evaporated in the process. It is precisely because he felt so intensely and so thoroughly every word he uttered, and never allowed himself to say, for the sake of effect, a syllable more than he felt, that his words have come home with such constraining force to the deepest religious instincts of two generations of his countrymen, and their force seems unexhausted still. There are very few poets of whom this rigid sincerity could be predicated. And those, like Byron, who make the greatest parade of taking the public into their confidence, are apt to be the least true either to their audience or to themselves. But the same spirit of unostentatious devotion which made Keble turn

* *Miscellaneous Poems.* By the Rev. J. Keble, M.A., Vicar of Hursley. London: Parker & Co. 1869.

from the highest honours of the University, which he had gained almost as a boy, and from the admiration which everywhere followed his steps, to bury himself for life in the pastoral ministry of an obscure country village, breathes throughout every line of his poetry. It has just that "soothing tendency" which, in the preface to the *Christian Year*, he ascribes to the Prayer-book services it was designed to illustrate. It would perhaps be difficult to describe the effect of his writings better than in the well-known words of the great Roman poet:—

> Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poëta,
> Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
> Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

The first hundred pages of the volume, as we have already said, are a reprint from the *Lyra Apostolica*, which has passed through several editions, but has never become so universal a favourite as the *Christian Year*. We are very glad, therefore, to have Mr. Keble's contributions, which include some of his most perfect poems, secured to us in a permanent form; one especially, which is hardly as widely known as it deserves to be, though we doubt if, for its pathos and "tender grace," there are many to equal or any to surpass it among all that he has written. We mean the lines on the "Burial of the Dead," originally, it appears, intended for the *Christian Year*, and which recall, both in tone and metre, the exquisite poem for Tuesday in Holy Week. Those who do not happen to be familiar with the *Lyra* will thank us for introducing them to one of the sweetest strains of consolation that ever cheered a mourner's heart:—

> I thought to meet no more, so dreary seem'd
> Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
> Thy place in Paradise
> Beyond where I could soar;
>
> Friend of this worthless heart! but happier thoughts
> Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
> Where patiently thou tak'st
> Thy sweet and sure repose.
>
> The shadows fall more soothing: the soft air
> Is full of cheering whispers like thine own;
> While Memory, by thy grave,
> Lives o'er thy funeral day;
>
> The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause,
> Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—
> Sure with the words of Heaven
> Thy spirit met us there,
>
> And sought with us along th' accustomed way
> The hallow'd porch, and entering in, beheld
> The pageant of sad joy,
> So dear to Faith and Hope.
>
> O! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
> To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touch'd
> The sacred springs of grief
> More tenderly and true,
>
> Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
> Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
> Guiding through light and gloom
> Our mourning fancies wild,
>
> Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve
> Around the western twilight, all subside
> Into a placid faith,
> That even with beaming eye
>
> Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall;
> So many relics of a frail love lost,
> So many tokens dear
> Of an endless love begun.
>
> Listen! it is no dream: th' Apostles' trump
> Gives earnest of th' Archangel's;—calmly now
> Our hearts yet beating high
> To that victorious lay.
>
> Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
> Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
> Our treasure for awhile:
> And if a tear steal down,
>
> If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
> Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
> Touches the coffin-lid,
> If at our brother's name,
>
> Once and again the thought, "for ever gone,"
> Come o'er us like a cloud; yet, gentle spright,
> Thou turnest not away,
> Thou know'st us calm at heart.
>
> One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
> Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er.
> O cleanse us, ere we view
> That countenance pure again,
>
> Thou, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead!
> As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,
> Be ready when we meet,
> With Thy dear pardoning words.

We could hardly find a better illustration of that delicate tenderness of feeling which was a leading trait of Mr. Keble's mind, as of his writings; but it would be a great mistake to infer that, because this was one side of his character, it was the only one. Sir John Duke Coleridge, in a letter printed at the end of his father's memoir, calls attention to Keble's "sternness" in the condemnation of what he thought erroneous or wrong. But it has been argued with a strangely perverse ingenuity that, if he was a dogmatist in his formal creed, he was a latitudinarian in his poetry, and therefore in his deeper convictions of which it is the instinctive utterance. Nothing could be further from the fact. In no writer is the form of his theological belief more indelibly stamped in its every detail on his poetry, and that because to him it was not a mere form, but a genuine and living faith. It is true no doubt, as his wife is reported to have said of him after his death, that he was scrupulously diffident and forbearing in his judgments on those who differed from him in belief, but it was in the spirit of St. Augustine's famous saying, *amat errantes, odit errores*. For error itself, or what he considered such, he had no tenderness. It might be sufficient to refer, in illustration of this side of his character, to the striking lines in the *Christian Year* beginning "Is this a time to plant and build?" which are no less characteristic of one side of the author's mind than those previously referred to are of another. And the poem for the Eleventh Sunday after Trinity is not an exception, but an example of what is abundantly illustrated throughout the volume. But it is perhaps in the *Lyra Apostolica* that this severer side of his theology—which is only another way of saying of his character—comes most prominently to the surface. Nor is it any answer to say that his contributions to it were written for publication. Even if the fact was so, which is very doubtful, and did they seem to strike a different note from his other compositions, as they do not, it is certain that he wrote nothing that did not come straight from his heart, or for the mere purpose of producing a salutary impression on others. The whole series of poems on "Fire" will serve to exemplify our meaning. There are others in this part of the volume that we had marked for extract, and among them the "Winter Thrush," which is one of the happiest illustrations of Keble's power of idealizing the common sights and sounds of country life, and may not unfitly be named with Shelley's ode to the Skylark, or Wordsworth's to the Redbreast. But we must turn to the later portion of the volume.

Of the translations from the Latin breviary there is not very much to be said. It is comparatively seldom that translated hymns retain enough of the spirit and rush of the original to be adapted for singing. Dr. Newman's translations of the Advent Hymns, and Dr. Neale's "Jerusalem the Golden," are among the most conspicuous exceptions. There are very few even of Keble's original verses that are suited for purposes of hymnology, and even fewer of his translations. Perhaps we should except his version of *Alleluia dulce carmen*, but it hardly has the ring

metrical version of the Psalter, though of course, as poetry, it is infinitely superior to the wretched doggrel still sometimes sung in our churches. The fact is, that he was too really a poet to be a good hymnologist, except occasionally, and as it were by accident, as in some verses of his poem for Whit Sunday, "When God of old came down from heaven." Of the hymns, written as such,

would require to be curtailed by half at least.

The concluding portion of the volume contains various fugitive pieces, composed at dates ranging from 1808, when the author was a boy of sixteen, though already a resident scholar of Corpus, till within a year or two of his death. Many of them are of a directly personal kind, and bring out that freshness and playfulness of disposition which seem to have survived with him to the last. Some few of the earlier ones are love verses, and several, including the very latest of all, have more or less of a humorous character. His fondness for children is conspicuous in all alike. They are very properly given here in their chronological order. We have spoken already of that bond of unbroken continuity through which they are visibly "linked each to each by natural piety." There is the same profound sense of the unseen world in the earliest, and the same "almost boyishness" of feeling—to use the editor's words—in the latest. His sense of the humorous is almost quaintly combined with his devoutness of mind in the lines on "the Rook," which may be taken as a specimen of that lighter style, hardly familiar to those who only know him by the *Christian Year*. After describing the destruction of the rook's nest in "grandpapa's tallest elm-tree" by a strong north wind, and the untimely death of its occupants in spite of all the efforts of "Aunt, Robert, and Hill," to revive them, comes the following reflection:—

> 'Tis a very bad wind, as in proverbs we find,
> The wind that blows nobody good;
> I have read in books; yet sure the young rooks
> Would deny it to-day if they could.
>
> They sure would deny, but they cannot well try,
> Their cawing not yet have they learn'd;
> And 'tis just as well not; for a fancy I've got,
> How the wind to some use may be turn'd.
>
> Do you see Martha Hunt, how she bears all the brunt
> Of the chilly, damp, blustering day?
> How gladly she picks all the littering sticks!
> Her kettle will soon boil away.
>
> How snug she will sit by the fireplace and knit,
> While Daniel her fortune will praise.
> The wind roars away,—"Master Wind," they will say,
> "We thank you for this pretty blaze."
>
> Then spite of the rooks, what we read in the books
> Is true, and the storm has done good.
> It seems hard, I own, when the nests are o'erthrown,
> But Daniel and Martha get wood.

We could have wished to find room for part at least of the ballad of "Robin Lee," and the beautiful lines, apparently referring to an early disappointment in love, printed under the heading of "*Nec me discedere flevit*." But, for these and many more which are sure are

long to become popular favourites, we must refer our readers to the volume itself. There is one, however, of these posthumous poems which we cannot altogether withhold from our readers. It appears to have been originally intended for publication in the *Lyra Innocentium* as an ode for the Conception of the Virgin, but was suppressed, against the author's own better judgment, in deference to the rather crotchety objections of some of his friends. We are not concerned here with its theology, but all will agree that it would have been a misfortune if the world had been deprived of what, alike for lofty poetry and exquisite tenderness of feeling is second to none of its author's compositions. We quote the concluding stanzas: —

> Mother of God! O, not in vain
> We learn'd of old thy lowly strain.
> Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
> And kneel with thee, and call thee blest;
> With thee would "magnify the Lord,"
> And if thou art not here adored,
> Yet seek we, day by day, the love and fear
> Which brings thee, with all saints, near and more near
>
> What glory thou above hast won,
> By special grace of they dear Son,
> We see not yet, nor dare espy
> Thy crownèd form with open eye.
> Rather beside the manger meek
> Thee bending with veiled brow we seek,
> Or where the angel in the thrice-great Name
> Hail'd thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.
>
> Yearly since then with bitterer cry
> Man hath assail'd the Throne on high.
> And sin and hate more fiercely striven
> To mar the league 'twixt earth and heaven
> But the dread tie, that pardoning hour,
> Made fast in Mary's awful bower,
> Hath mightier proved to bind than we to break.
> None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake
>
> Thenceforth, whom thousand worlds adore,
> He calls thee Mother evermore,
> Angel nor Saint His face may see
> Apart from what He took of thee.
> How may we choose but name thy name
> Echoing below their high acclaim
> In holy Creeds? Since earthly song and prayer
> Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there.
>
> How, but in love on thine own days,
> Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze?
> Nay every day, each suppliant hour,
> Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,
> Thy glories we may greet unblamed,
> Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed.
> "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" O, welcome sweet,
> Which daily in all lands all saints repeat!
>
> Fair greeting, with our matin vows
> Paid duly to the enthronèd Spouse,
> His Church and Bride, here and on high,
> Figured in her deep purity,
> Who, born of Eve, high mercy won,
> To bear and nurse the Eternal Son.
> O, awful station, to no seraph given,
> On this side touching sin, on the other heaven!
>
> Therefore as kneeling day by day,
> We to our Father duteous pray,
> So unforbidden may we speak
> An Ave to Christ's Mother meek
> (As children with "good morrow"
> To elders in some happy home.)
> Inviting so the saintly host above
> With our unworthiness to pray in love.
>
> To pray with us, and gently bear
> Our falterings in the pure bright air.
> But strive we pure and bright to be
> In spirit, else how vain of thee
> Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride!
> Feel we the sword that pierced thy side
> Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,
> Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue

HILL'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.*

IT is not very clear why Mr. Pascoe Grenfell Hill should have written the Life of Napoleon the Third. He does not give us a line of preface or introduction of any kind, nor do we know anything about Mr. Hill save what we learn from his title-page, namely, that he unites the letters — not often found in company — of R.N. and B.A., and that he is also Rector of S. Edmund the King and Martyr. We are thus left quite in the dark, unless indeed it is meant that we should infer that Mr. Hill's musings on his own East Anglian patron have led him to recognise a reproduction of that model of sainted kingship in the present ruler of France. On turning to the first page of the body of the work we find that Mr. Hill, Rector of S. Edmund the King and Martyr, is in correspondence with M. l'Abbé Isidore Mullois, who is described as "premier chapelain de la maison de l'Empereur." Marry, this is somewhat; it is not every rector who gets private letters from the first chaplain of an Emperor. And the matter of the correspondence between the two divines—Anglican we suppose we may say on one side, but we suppose in these days hardly Gallican on the other side—seems to be not a little remarkable. Mr. Hill and M. Mullois seem to be laying their heads together to make M. Mullois' master better known to the people of England. "Je voudrais faire mieux connaître l'Empereur à votre nation;" so writes M. Mullois, seemingly calling on Mr. Hill to be his helper in the good work. To us who can remember 1851, and unluckily a good many things before 1851, the job might seem hardly to want doing. But there are people now grown up who cannot remember 1851, and there are others who were grown up in 1851 who have somehow forgotten all about it. Careful research has revealed to us the existence of a large class of people who think that 1848 and 1851 were one and the same year, and who think any one very ignorant who tries to draw any distinction between them, so perhaps it might not after all be a mere work of supererogation to set about making M. Mullois' master a little better known to the English people. Still we do not exactly see why M. Mullois should have picked out Mr. Hill as the chosen instrument for the work. Mr. Hill himself seems to have been a little puzzled at his own promotion. "It is very well," he says, "but how can I contribute to make the Emperor better known to the British nation?" Mr. Hill seems indeed to have taken his own measure pretty carefully. "I cannot," he goes on to say—"'as others use'—compose a five-volume, or even a three-volume, work." We quite agree with Mr. Hill; we have not the least wish to see five, or even three, volumes about Napoleon the Third from his hand. But Mr. Hill goes on. "A single sentence from the pen of M. Mullois reassures me—'*La brièveté* est aujourd'hui une des premières conditions du succès!'" Thus reassured, Mr. Hill infers that, "a *short* summary of the chief events in the career of Louis Napoleon may be acceptable to the English reader." Very good; some things are certainly the better for being short, and we should be inclined to say that any book by Mr Pascoe Grenfell Hill was among them. Shortness may be a merit, or it may not. Brevity is said to be the soul of wit; whether it is or is not the soul of truth depends on the way in which the brevity is brought about. Mr. Hill has achieved the distinction of being at once short and lengthy. We mean lengthy in the real sense of the word, if there be such a word, not in the sense of the penny-a-liners in which it is simply a longer word for long. Mr. Hill's book contains only 203 pages of large print, well leaded and with a handsome margin, but the book is lengthy all the same. It is undoubtedly short; still it is lengthy because we get weary of it long before we come to the end, and begin to cry "Ohe jam satis est, ohe libelle" long before we reach page 203. For Mr. Hill's shortness is certainly that kind of shortness which is far from being the soul either of wit or of truth. His short summary of the chief events in the career of Louis Napoleon is made short only by leaving out all those events which, whether likely or not to be acceptable to the English reader, are certainly not likely to be acceptable to either an English or a French panegyrist. If you leave out all about the occupation of Rome, all about Cayenne and the Isle du Diable, all about the French and Belgian press, all about the prosecution of the Count of Montalembert, all about the confiscation of the Orleans property, all about Savoy and Nice, all about Mexico, the chief events of the career of Louis Napoleon are made much fewer, and the summary of them is made much shorter. It is in a certain sense made more acceptable, but whether it is not made short and acceptable by the sacrifice of objects even higher than shortness and acceptability we leave it to the combined divinity of M. Mullois and Mr. Hill to decide.

The game of setting some Englishman to write a weak book in praise of the present master of France, whatever else may be said for it, certainly has not the merit of novelty. It was tried as long ago as 1857, when some events were fresher than they are now, when a book of abject flattery appeared, bearing the title of "Napoleon the Third," &c. &c., "by a British Officer," and most lovingly dedicated to the British officer's wife. But unluckily the "British Officer" turned out not to be the holder of any known office, civil, military, or naval, the panegyrist of Napoleon the Third received some pretty compliments from the hero of his tale, but in the end he vanished somewhat ingloriously in the bursting of a bubble Bank of Deposit. We do not suspect Mr. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, Rector of S. Edmund the King and Martyr, of being a man of straw of this kind; indeed the letters "R.N." may be taken as implying that Mr. Hill has, or has had, better claims to the title of a "British Officer" than his forerunner twelve years back. Still the omen is a little unlucky, and it suggests that all trades must have failed before a man takes to the trade of trumpeter to Louis Napoleon. In fact one would have thought that the policy of trumpeting at all was of itself a bad policy. The forgetfulness of mankind is great, and it would be safer to trust to it. Napoleon the Third, whatever we may say to his regnal arithmetic, is a great fact; he holds a great position; he is master of the lives and properties of many millions of people. It might be wiser to be satisfied with these facts, and not to tempt people to pry too closely into the way in which that great position was gained. There are people who honestly believe that Napoleon the Third is an hereditary prince who succeeded Napoleon the Second. There are people, as we have seen, who somehow confound Buonaparte and Cavaignac, and who fancy that it was his present Imperial Majesty who saved society in June, 1848. There are a good many people who have no belief one way or another, but who accept the fact of the powers that be in France just as they accept the fact of the powers that be in Reuss-Schleiz. Napoleon the Third is Napoleon the Third, and they no more think how he came to be Napoleon the Third than they think how Henry the Seventy-seventh (if that be the right number) came to be Henry the Seventy-seventh. Here then is a good healthy mass, if not of active friendship, at least of the opposite to active enmity; a passive

* *Life of Napoleon III.* By Pascoe Grenfell Hill, R.N., B.A. London: Moxon, Son, & Co. 1869.

mass of opinion which, if it does not exactly think well, at any rate is far from thinking ill. While such a state of things exists, it is wiser to let well alone; it is wiser not to awaken the sleeping lions of thought and inquiry. Mr. Hill and the British Officer are not doing their patron any service by stirring people up to examine into his title; after sixteen years of familiarity with the sound people are beginning to think that the word Emperor does, as once did, translate Βασιλεύς; Mr. Hill's attempts to make matters better known may perhaps issue in making people conscious that what it really translates is Τύραννος.

We therefore do not look on Mr. Hill's as a wise book, even viewed in a general kind of way with reference to the interests of his own hero. We shall perhaps be still less inclined to look upon it as a wise book if we look at it a little in detail. It is, as we have said, chiefly remarkable for the things which it leaves out altogether. It is also remarkable for the charming simplicity with which Mr. Hill—for aught we know M. Mullois also—hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Mr. Hill, and no doubt M. Mullois too, believe in the sincere and perfect piety of their hero. We have no wish to disturb their belief; Louis the Eleventh, Francis the First, Louis the Fourteenth, even Louis the Fifteenth, were all princes remarkable for their piety. There are several ages of the world in which the difficulty is to find a prince who is not. It therefore makes no difference in our estimate either of the events which Mr. Hill leaves out or of those which he records that we find that not only the Rector of S. Edmund the King and Martyr, but also the subject of his biography, are firm believers in a superintending Providence. We have not the least mind to dispute Mr. Hill's most true proposition, that

> In addition to the heavier toils and cares which attend high office, its possessor is exposed, by a rule which admits no exception, to the cavils and misrepresentations of prejudice and jealousy.

But we are not specially moved when we read what follows:—

> "The honours of this world," the Emperor wrote, not long since, to a French cardinal, "are a heavy burden imposed on us by Providence, who in justice augments our duties in proportion to our dignities. Thus, I often ask myself if in prosperity our troubles are not as great as in adversity. Our guide and support is faith, religious faith and political, in other words confidence in God, and consciousness of a mission to accomplish."

We are not at all surprised to find "at every stage of the eventful career of Napoleon III. the same constant expression of trust in Providence, the same acknowledgment of the 'Sovereign Commander of all the world,' who decrees the issue of battles, the establishment or downfall of dynasties." We see nothing that proves anything either way in the fact that Louis Napoleon, on the eve of his departure on his Italian campaign, asked his chaplains—Monsieur Mullois no doubt among them—to pray for him, or that, on hearing of the taking of Sebastopol, he went to return thanks in Notre Dame, and assured the Archbishop, somewhat condescendingly, "Je me plais à reconnaître que, malgré l'habileté des généraux et le courage des soldats, rien ne peut réussir sans la protection de la Providence." We fully agree with Mr. Hill that "no one truly great or wise can be of the number of those who scoff at the belief in the Almighty Ruler and Disposer of events" only we do not quite see what this proves as to the rightfulness of seizing innocent persons and shipping them off to Cayenne without form of law.

Elsewhere Mr. Hill tells us, with simplicity equally charming:—

> On the whole, it will be generally admitted that France had sufficient grounds to be contented with the measure of success that crowned her efforts in the campaign of 1859. Seven years later, the Italians exulted in the complete attainment of the objects for which the war was undertaken. Of the two alternatives proposed at its commencement, "whether Austria should extend her despotism as far as to the Alps, or Italy be free to the Adriatic," the latter has finally prevailed.

All Mr. Hill's propositions here are indisputable. France had every ground to be contented with her measure of success. Who is likely to be discontented when he gets a whole day's wages for half a day's work? Italy was to be freed from the Alps to the Adriatic; it was freed for only about half the distance; but France got her two provinces all the same. So it is quite true that, seven years after 1859, Italy exulted at finding herself at last free from the Alps to the Adriatic, but we never before heard that it was the help of France which made her so. So, on a more delicate point, Mr. Hill grows rapturous over the marriage of his hero and the excellences of his bride, "the goodness and kindness, the thousand acts of charity"—including, no doubt, the bull-fights of Bayonne—"which form the chief occupation and pleasure of her life." We have given us, at full length, the speech in which his hero enlarged on the alliance which he was about to form as one not in accordance with the traditions of ancient policy. We are told that this lack of accordance constituted one of its advantages, but we are not told, either by the orator or by his biographer, how many vain attempts had already been made to form an alliance in accordance with the traditions of ancient policy. Elsewhere Mr. Hill quotes with admiration the magnanimous saying, "My friends are found not only in palaces, but also beneath roofs of thatch, and in the cottages of the poor." But he forgets that there are other houses besides palaces and cottages, that it is neither in palaces nor in cottages that we commonly look for intelligence and political wisdom, and that it is just among the important class who live neither in palaces nor in cottages that the friends of Mr. Hill's hero are not found. We are sure that Mr. Hill throughout means what he says; the beautiful simplicity with which he records the arrests of Changarnier, Cavaignac, Bedeau, and Thiers, and afterwards goes on to describe the massacres of December the 4th, evidently honestly thinking the whole thing to be all right, is quite enough. Mr. Hill is evidently in earnest, he is evidently beyond the reach of argument; only it is a pity that, being in this state, he is not amusing. Our only chance of a laugh is when he uses his paste and scissors, and gives us the Imperial speeches and proclamations at full length. He does not often get beyond his immediate subject, but he guarantees the *Life of Cæsar* "to be a work of extensive research, deep thought, and vigorous style." Of Mr. Hill's own research he gives us one specimen only. "While," he tells us, "on the topic of the war in the Crimea of 1854 and 1855 it is curious to recall the fact that full a thousand years before the Russians were absolute masters of the Black Sea; a nation of pirates on a large scale." For this fact he refers us to "Levesque, the historian of Russia," and gives us an extract in French.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.*

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR tells us, in the preface to his book, that Humboldt did not say of him that he had travelled more and seen less than any man living. Mr. Taylor adds that he could at once have disproved this, had it been worth while, by publishing a letter written to him by Humboldt, in which, we presume, the philosopher did not make the remark in question, and probably said something of a more complimentary nature. Without pausing to inquire whether this vindication would be perfectly conclusive, we willingly record our opinion that the remark, whoever its author may have been, was only as far from truth as most epigrams are. Mr. Taylor indeed admits that there was in it a certain kernel of truth. He has not the eye of a scientific observer, nor even of a genuine explorer. His first travels were made when he was a very young man, knowing, as he says, even less of the world than most very young men; and he never brought to his task any thorough training in the studies which ought to form part of a traveller's outfit. Neither has he ever been a pioneer of travel. His wanderings have at their furthest led him into those regions which are on the borderland between the commonplace routes sacred to the tourist and the more interesting regions which require a readiness for perilous adventure. He is not to be reckoned amongst the Livingstones, any more than amongst the Humboldts. But in his own sphere he can look upon things with something of an artist's eye, and can bring back very pleasant accounts of his wanderings. He is thus well adapted for a duty which, if not very important, we are glad to see satisfactorily discharged. We are beginning to shrink from those beaten paths along which the sheeplike flock of tourists follow each other with undeviating accuracy. In picture-galleries and palaces we are haunted by the inevitable sight-seers; the Pyramids are not much fresher than the Thames Tunnel; we reap no more praise from visiting Jerusalem than from visiting Chamouni; ascents of the Alps are scarcely more exciting to our sense of novelty than ascents of Primrose Hill. Yet it is a fact which is worth remembering that the tourist herd has one fortunate weakness. The whole continent of Europe is covered with a network of beaten tracks, but the network is not so close but that within the meshes there lie many oases almost as sacred from the invasion of travellers as they were a hundred years ago. Switzerland is perhaps the most thoroughly hackneyed ground for a summer tour; yet even in Switzerland one only needs to diverge a little to the right or left in order to discover villages as primitive in manners and aspect as though Murray's Handbooks were a dream, and the great Cook had never organized an annual incursion of barbarians. There is a legend, which recurs under different forms in many places, of a traveller who crosses some out-of-the-way pass and discovers hidden away in a fold of the mountains some ancient city, preserving for centuries the manners of an extinct civilization. In the Mexican forests, if we remember rightly, there is said to be an ancient Aztec town where the inhabitants keep their cocks below ground for fear that their crowing should reveal its existence to some of the strangers who exterminated the rest of their race. An ancient pagan city was said, until Ordnance maps became common, to survive in some happy valley under the shadows of Monte Rosa. And though we have succeeded in dispelling these pleasant visions, there are yet many nooks and corners of Europe in which the inquisitive traveller may discover fresh remains of old-fashioned forms of life. The by-ways of Europe, as Mr. Taylor calls them, lead into many such pleasant spots; and these volumes may supply some useful hints to those who desire to make a variation on the old-established tour. It is indeed melancholy that a man cannot write about such places without doing something to precipitate their decay. Doubtless a few American travellers will take Mr. Bayard Taylor's hint; the first dribble of adventurous tourists will be succeeded by a more steady stream; and before long some of these little backwaters will be swept away in the general flow of the current. Whilst they still survive we may take a glance at one or two of them under Mr. Taylor's guidance.

The little republic of Andorra almost realizes the legend to which we have referred. It lies high up amongst the Pyrenees, accessible only by a narrow and rarely-frequented gorge on the Spanish side, and having little communication even with France. The history of the valley ends in the year 1278. At that time

* *By-ways of Europe.* By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

the one controversy which raged about it came to an end, a compromise being made between the Counts of Foix and the Bishops of Urgel, who claimed certain privileges in regard to it. The Andorrans still pay a tribute, according to the terms of that arrangement. The French Government, as representative of the Counts of Foix, receives annually 1,920 francs, and the Bishop of Urgel 842 francs; however, as the French tribute is the largest, the people voluntarily add, for the benefit of the Bishop, a Christmas offering of the twelve best hams, the twelve richest cheeses, and the twelve fattest capons to be found in the valley. The Powers to which the tribute is paid appoint certain officials, but in practice the valley is self-governing. The Council of the Republic consists of twenty-four officials, each of the six communes electing two consuls and two councillors, who hold office for four years. The Council holds five sessions annually at Andorra. Each parish owns two double-beds in the upper story of the Government House, and in each bed sleep two consuls or two councillors. They have a kitchen with an enormous pot, in which their meals are cooked, and a dining-room in which they are served. The other forms of the constitution of the little valley are of an equally primitive nature. A huge chest built into the wall contains the archives of the republic. Each consul keeps one key, and it can only be opened when all six are present. In it are believed to repose the original charters of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire; for, if the legend be true, the independence of the valley dates from the time when Franks and Saracens met in the passes of the Pyrenees; in the same chest are the annals and digest of laws composed by one Fiter, the only scholar whom the valley ever produced. The people, however, trouble themselves little about laws or history; only one man in a hundred and one woman in five hundred can read and write. If this be accurate, the whole number of persons thus qualified must be considerably under 50, as the entire population amounts only to 8,000. The people are poor, though comfortable; and their one great object has hitherto been to preserve their poverty. They have a notion—probably well-founded—that if they once began to grow rich and develop the mineral resources of their mountains they would speedily suffer intrusions from without. A man asked Mr Taylor, showing him a mineral, "Do you know what that is? Certainly, I answered, it is the ore of lead. Where did you get it? He put it in his pocket, looked up at the sky, and said, What fine weather we have" This character of reserve has become so common that to "play the Andorran" is a cant expression for affecting ignorance. A theological student, for example, translated the words "Jesus autem tacebat," by "Jesus played the Andorran." Thanks to their reserve and prudence, the people have maintained a quiet independence, which even Napoleon respected. It is curious, says Mr. Taylor, that the population has always remained stationary, which is apparently due to the fact that marriages are under very strict restraint. It is also remarkable that, in spite of the complicated family connexions in this secluded valley, which cause them to be constantly applying for dispensations to marry within the prohibited degrees, the race appears to be physically vigorous. It is melancholy to add that the charmed repose which has lasted through so many centuries is in some danger. There has arisen a party of Young Andorra, having a certain taint of revolutionary ideas. They have urged a step which may be fatal to the stability of the Republic. The gaming-tables of Europe having been driven out elsewhere, the proprietors have cast their eyes upon poor little Andorra. They have obtained leave from the Council to make a carriage-road into the valley, and to build a monster hotel, with the regular appliances. If the plan is carried out, the charm of Andorra will speedily be gone, and we recommend all travellers who would like to see so curious a relic of the middle ages, to pay it a visit before the threatened invasion has had time to affect its character.

Without going so far, we may find districts of equal antiquarian interest. Of the thousands of travellers who visit Switzerland, very few remember that anything is to be seen there except glaciers, or anything to be studied except the manners and customs of hotel-keepers and tourists. The working of political institutions is entirely beyond their sphere. Otherwise they might find time for a passing glance at democracies of the ancient type, such as survive in no other part of the world. Mr. Taylor was present at the annual meeting of the Landesgemeinde of Appenzell. The whole male population of the little canton is bound to put on its black hats, to tie up swords with its umbrellas, and to gather on the green slope of a hill at the little village of Hundwyl. The right of discussion, which is still retained by the primary assemblies of Glarus and Unterwalden, has been abolished in Appenzell, but the officers are elected, and laws are proposed and voted, by the whole assembly. Office, we may observe, is so little coveted by this primitive people, that a person is frequently elected, like a London sheriff, in spite of himself, and can only escape by leaving the country for a time, and threatening not to come back unless he is released from his post. This step had already been taken by two members of the Council on the occasion of Mr. Taylor's visit, and three more had appealed to the people for non-election. We may add that the people had the good sense to grant their request. The description of the gathering in the free air in sight of the snowy Alps, and the voting of some thousands in obedience to the stentorian proclamation of a *Weibel*, or apparitor, is strikingly picturesque. The assembly continued for three hours, and voted no fewer than two hundred and seven times before they had completed their business. They elected their governors, judges, and other officers, and then, after a prayer from the pastor of the village, the Landamman solemnly took the oath of office, every man in the crowd repeating each clause after him in a low murmur. To see such a sight should be at least as interesting as to make the ascent of the Rigi for the ten thousandth time in the course of the year.

We need not accompany Mr. Taylor any further. He describes visits to Lake Ladoga, to Nijni Novgorod, to Majorca and Minorca, to Montserrat, to the Grande Chartreuse, and to the Teutoburger Wald, and to various other places of more or less interest. He also describes an intended visit to Garibaldi; and he got as far as the island of Maddalena, whence he could see Caprera and make out the house of the distinguished exile. In spite, however, of excellent introductions, Garibaldi simply sent back to say that he could not see him, *per motivo de' miei incomodi*. Poor Mr. Taylor had to return as wise as he came, and could only comfort himself by the reflection that a German professor who had travelled for the same purpose from his native country suffered an equally decided repulse. We will not venture to impeach the wisdom of this decision; but content ourselves with saying that, for our part, we shall always be glad to meet so intelligent a traveller, and to listen to his agreeable narratives of expeditions which deserve to be more widely imitated.

CUST'S ADMIRALS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE contributions of Sir Edward Cust to military and naval history are contained in portable volumes suitable for reading at odd moments of busy life. The latest of his publications is a series of lives of "Warriors of the Seventeenth Century," which seems to have no destined end except that which curtails all human work. It is of course open to any one who is tired of these compilations to cease reading them, but we have found in the volumes now before us much interesting information, particularly as to the exploits of naval warriors. Every Englishman would desire to know something beyond the names of those famous Dutchmen against whom his forefathers contended so hard for mastery at sea.

The Dutch Admiral De Ruyter did not belong, as his name would appear to signify, to an aristocratic house, or, if he did, it was a house which had fallen into decay. He was what was called, in our own naval service, a tarpaulin admiral; for he was first employed in a rope-walk at Flushing, then he became a cabin-boy, and after eight voyages he rose to the position of captain of a merchant vessel. With the exception of about two years of service in the national fleet, he continued a merchant captain until he was forty-five years old; and he had grown weary of sea-service, and resolved to quit it, when war broke out in 1652 between the English and Dutch, and opened to him a glorious career. In almost all the fierce battles which were fought between our own and the Dutch navies in the next twenty years, De Ruyter bore a leading part. His principal opponents were Blake, under the Commonwealth; and Monk, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of York, under the Monarchy. He encountered a superior English fleet off Plymouth, in 1652, and compelled it to seek shelter in port, leaving untouched De Ruyter's convoy, which it had endeavoured to intercept. This success he gained in Blake's absence. Next year the elder Tromp, who had been in disfavour, was restored to the command of the Dutch fleet, and De Ruyter served under him, while Blake had resumed the post which was rightly his. Although the Dutch ships were smaller than the English, they did not scruple to engage us on our own coast. In these years the sound of Tromp's and De Ruyter's guns was well known at Lowestoft and Ramsgate. It is difficult to select any distinctive features of these battles. They often lasted from sunrise to sunset on two or three successive days, and they most frequently ended by the crippled combatants seeking each the shelter of his own ports. The poets and historians of both countries may dwell on these naval wars with almost equal satisfaction, but it is undeniable that the Dutch began the contest with pretensions which they were unable to maintain. No Dutch admiral after Tromp carried a broom at his masthead in the Channel, and although the balance of naval power remained pretty equal during De Ruyter's life, it has turned in all after-time against his country. The destiny of the two nations was foretold by Dryden when he wrote:—

> Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
> And swept the riches of the world from far;
> Yet stooped to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong;
> And this may prove our second Punic war.

The elder Tromp was killed in the last battle of the war with England which ended in 1653. His successor, Opdam, was killed in the first battle of the war with England which began in 1665. Thus De Ruyter found the way open for him to supreme command, and next year he appeared on the English coast with a fleet of 100 ships. The English fleet of nearly equal strength was commanded by Prince Rupert and Monk, now Duke of Albemarle. The French had joined the Dutch against England, and Prince Rupert was detached to oppose their squadron, which was expected in the Channel. Thus De Ruyter had the opportunity of attacking Monk with a superior force. Monk sustained his attack through three long summer days, and on the evening of the third day he was rejoined by Prince Rupert, and relieved from imminent defeat. A fourth day of battle followed between nearly equal forces, and still neither side could claim a victory. But, if the English were superior in nothing else, they had in

* *Lives of the Warriors who have Commanded Fleets and Armies before the Enemy. Warriors of the Seventeenth Century.* By General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L., Author of "Annals of the Wars." Vol. III. Parts 1 and 2. London: John Murray. 1869.

Dryden a panegyrist to whom the Dutch could produce no rival. The fleets parted on the evening of the fourth day, and when they met again, after refitting, De Ruyter, not being supported as he should have been by his officers, was compelled to retreat, and narrowly escaped capture. The English fleet insulted and ravaged the Dutch coast, while the Dutch fleet, dispirited and divided by factions, kept close within its harbours. Dryden, as may be expected, makes the most of this occasion:—

> Oh, famous leader of the Belgian fleet!
> Thy monument, inscribed, such praise shall wear
> As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
> Because he did not of his Rome despair.

It would have been a pity if De Ruyter had despaired, for next year he sailed into the Medway, took Sheerness, and burned the men-of-war on the stocks at Chatham. The chain which had been stretched across the Medway was carried away by the Dutch, and long preserved as a trophy of the boldest of De Ruyter's operations. Peace soon followed, but within three or four years Holland was again at war with both England and France. The combination of these two monarchies brought the Republic into extreme peril, and all De Ruyter's skill and bravery were needed to counterbalance the power of the allied navies. Disregarding his inferiority of numbers, he did not hesitate to put to sea, and he almost surprised the combined fleet at its anchorage in Solebay, near Southwold. It was thought that the French showed some disposition to look on while the English and Dutch destroyed each other, but, although their slackness might account for the indecisive result of the battle of Solebay, both French and English did their utmost in other battles without conquering De Ruyter. They attacked him next year on his own coast, with the view of forcing him from it and landing troops to overthrow the Government. But after a hard day's fighting the Dutch fleet anchored on its own ground, and the French and English sailed away discomfited. This was a substantial victory gained with a far inferior force. It is not wonderful that when the Republic emerged from this deadly peril her admiral-general De Ruyter was reputed to be the first naval officer in the world. After peace had been made with England King Charles II. invited De Ruyter to his Court, but he pleaded age and want of rest as excuses, and declined the honour. He was soon called to hoist his flag once more in command of a squadron which the Dutch sent into the Mediterranean to assist the Spaniards, and here he received a mortal wound in battle with the French Admiral Du Quesne. Thus, like his predecessors in command, Tromp and Opdam, he died in arms. He was a man of simple and modest nature, and of sobriety and piety of life. He had been sixty years at sea, had served in five distinct wars, in more than forty engagements, and in fifteen pitched battles.

The elder Tromp, to whom De Ruyter succeeded in chief command, was born at the Brill in 1597. His father was captain of a ship, and was killed in action with an English privateer. Tromp, then a boy of eleven, was by his father's side when he fell. This was the sort of training which made these Dutchmen what they were. In 1652, when disputes had arisen between the Dutch and English Commonwealths, Tromp came with a fleet and anchored in Dover Roads. Blake came with a fleet to meet him; a dispute arose about striking flags, and an action was fought before war had been proclaimed. A few months later Tromp defeated Blake on the English coast, and hoisted the offensive signal of the broom at his masthead to proclaim his victory. In two following battles, however, Blake defeated Tromp so effectually as to drive him into port. While the English fleet lay off the Dutch coast Blake went home sick, leaving the command to Monk. Tromp, having repaired damages, came out of harbour and engaged Monk in a series of obstinate battles, in the course of which the Dutch admiral was killed. He was called "the father of the sailors," and he is said to have invented modern naval tactics, and taught them to the English in the battles which he fought against them. His successor in command, De Ruyter, and all the other Dutch admirals of that illustrious age, may be considered as Tromp's pupils. His own son began his education early, for the father never went on shipboard, after the boy could walk, that he did not take him out to sea. The younger Tromp's career was interrupted for some years by the political and professional jealousy of De Ruyter. Yet his experience of weather and of war was almost equal to his father's, and he saw something which his rival did not see, for he accepted an invitation from King Charles II., and visited London, where crowds collected to see and welcome their famous enemy. The younger Tromp lived to witness all possible combinations of the three chief naval Powers of his age. In one war France and Holland were against England. In another, Holland was against France and England. In the last war in which Tromp shared, Holland and England were against France. He was appointed by King William III. to chief command of the Dutch fleet which was to co-operate with the English fleet, under Admiral Russel, against the French Admiral De Tourville. He died in 1691, before he had an opportunity for any exploit; and, having left no children, this renowned family of seamen became extinct. The fierce conflicts of the English and Dutch navies were succeeded by a long partnership of hostility to France. In the wars of the eighteenth century Holland was for the most part either allied with England or neutral; but when a new republicanism had spread from France to Holland, the Dutch and English fleets once more combated with the old obstinacy off Camperdown, though with a substantial result of victory to the stronger Power. The smaller States of Europe are almost removed, by the course of modern politics, from the possibility of attaining military or naval honour, and it must suffice for Holland to cherish the memory of an age when the flag of Tromp and De Ruyter maintained itself against every enemy. It is difficult for us to imagine the feelings of a period when there lay in the Texel, only 230 miles from London, hostile fleets ever [illegible] spectators were held sometimes off Yarmouth or Lowestoft, and at other times opposite Beverwyk or Scheveningen.

In contrast to these rude seamen of the Dutch Republic, it is to be remarked that the great admiral of the English Commonwealth was a Master of Arts of Oxford, and did not go to sea until he was fifty-one years old. The naval services of Robert Blake were all comprised in the next eight years, but within this short period he, in Cromwell's words, "made the name of Englishman as great as was ever that of Roman." He seems to have been the founder of the modern English navy, although probably he invented much less than he borrowed from the Dutch. If we compare the accounts of Blake's sea-fights with those of Drake, we shall see that we have passed the line which divides ancient from contemporary history. The marvellous skill of the Dutch admirals in seamanship was to be acquired only by lifelong devotion to the sea. Blake and Monk, who had led troops in the field and defended towns, had sense to perceive the value of a quality which they did not themselves possess, and thus the British navy ultimately equalled, if it did not surpass, the Dutch in seamanship. No reader of cruises and battles of the eighteenth century can fail to admire that faculty by which Rodney, Hood, and Nelson almost compelled the elements to serve their purposes. But in the seventeenth century our soldier-admirals had much to learn from the tarpaulins who commanded the Dutch fleets. The two greatest of these soldier-admirals, Blake and Monk, both belonged by birth to the West of England, and the family of Blake still survives at Taunton, the town which he held so stoutly for what he deemed the cause of liberty. He strove according to his best judgment to serve, not party, but his country, and when Cromwell usurped the government he advised the fleet to submit to his authority; for, said he, "it is not the business of a seaman to mind State affairs, but to hinder foreigners from fooling us."

The French justly claim a considerable share in any gallery of portraits of naval warriors of the latter half of the seventeenth century. It is not a surprising effort of French vanity to assert that their Admiral Du Quesne defeated De Ruyter off Sicily, and it is true that a shot from Du Quesne's fleet killed De Ruyter. Another French admiral, Tourville, defeated the Anglo-Dutch fleet off Beachy Head in 1690, and remained master of the Channel. Two years afterwards Tourville, contrary to his own judgment, engaged an Anglo-Dutch fleet of greatly superior numbers at Cape La Hogue, and suffered a severe defeat. With a happier arrangement of relative forces he encountered an Anglo-Dutch fleet off the coast of Spain, and captured or destroyed a large part of the rich Smyrna trading fleet which it had under convoy. The lowest estimate of the loss thus inflicted on the trade of the allies places it at one million sterling. Tourville, on this occasion, performed that manœuvre which Napoleon vainly strove to teach his admirals; for he united the Brest and Toulon fleets of France off the coast of Spain while the main fleet of the allies was expecting him elsewhere, and thus he had a great superiority of force at the point of decisive action. Tourville combined aristocratic birth with good naval education, having begun to serve against the Turks in the Mediterranean at eighteen years of age. He was assisted in many of his operations against England and Holland by the privateer Jean Bart, who was beyond comparison the first French seaman of his age. Indeed no seaman of any age has surpassed the skill with which Bart slipped in and out of Dunkirk in spite of blockading squadrons.

The naval service of the seventeenth century does not seem to have favoured length of life. De Ruyter had nearly attained seventy years when he received his death-wound. The elder Tromp was killed. Blake died at sea at the age of fifty-nine years. Monk and the younger Tromp did not much exceed the age of threescore years, and Tourville and Jean Bart fell short of it. When De Ruyter sailed up the Medway, Monk endeavoured to put Upnor Castle in some state of defence, and stood threatening mutinous sailors with his cane while the Dutch shot fell thick around him. He answered an officer who remonstrated with him for this exposure, "If I had been afraid of balls I should have quitted the trade of soldier long ago." The king-making Duke of Albemarle —*per quem stant ipsi reges*, as the inscription on his coffin says—had qualities which made him acceptable to the Court, to the seamen, and to the London mob. His success in politics was largely due to his eminent gift of silence. His influence over multitudes of men was gained by unflinching courage. When five thousand mutinous sailors assembled at Whitehall, Cromwell and Monk rode alone to meet them, and Monk did not scruple to draw his solitary sword upon the ringleaders. After the great fire of London the people said, "If our old George had been here the city would not have been burnt." In many obstinate battles with the Dutch he provoked the fate which Dryden has represented him as desiring:—

> Yet, like an English general will I die,
> And all the Ocean make my spacious grave:
> Women and cowards on the land may lie,
> The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

But Monk died in his house where Albemarle Street now stands, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey, a king-maker among kings.

PAUL WYNTER'S SACRIFICE.*

UNFORTUNATELY for *Paul Wynter's Sacrifice*, a single personage, even when the leading one, no more makes a good novel than a solitary swallow makes a summer. Paul Wynter, we freely confess, is excellent; a lofty conception consistently worked out. The whole tenor of his life is in keeping with the sustained effort of self-sacrifice that makes it pain and weariness to him. The sufferings he submits to are sublime without being sensational in the popular sense of the word. They spring naturally from ordinary events, and the supporting them merely turns on the extraordinary powers of endurance that strengthen with use, and the grace that learns to exercise them. Paul Wynter has a strong will in a frail body, and so much of the milk of human kindness that all his troubles cannot turn it sour. His temper is not so angelic as to raise him above our admiration as a *lusus naturæ*, and deprive him of all credit in acting like a saint where a sinner would be driven to bitterness and blasphemy. His nature is chastened by sorrow, and his passions are purified with tribulation; he murmurs, but resigns himself, and, resigning himself, his murmurs become fainter and fainter. The more he bears, the more he has to bear, and the better he bears it; while his occasional outbreaks remind the reader that it is a mortal of like passions with himself that is being martyred. He has the keen, sensitive nature that, encased in such a deformed frame, and with a mysterious sorrow darkening the soul, would have sent a man in old times to a convent, or to a cave, to lead the life of a beneficent hermit. But in our days misanthropy is only within the reach of the rich, and Paul Wynter is poor. Besides, it is contact with his kind that is to give the sting to his sorrows, and we see what he cannot—otherwise his character would lose its charm—that after a probation of three volumes he is to be richly recompensed, and himself partake of the happiness he had been tempted to envy. We read his horoscope in the earliest pages of the book, and respect the hunchbacked wayfarer as the future head of a great English household, and the idol of a beautiful wife. Although in the concluding scene we are nearly thrown out, and fear for an instant that the author has been trifling with our feelings and means after all to make the hero a sacrifice to the very last, yet until then we have never doubted that it is the destiny of the adventurer to make, like Quentin Durward, his fortune by marriage. He arrives one evening in the little inn on the Splugen just before Mr. Brookland, a rich English proprietor, travelling with his only daughter and heiress. An excited postilion, over zealous for his trinkgeld, takes a too sharp turn into the yard, upsets the carriage, and lands its occupants literally on the inn threshold. Thus the introductory incident approaches as nearly to the romantic as modern travelling advantages will admit. A tragic upset on any of the precipices they had passed, at any of the awkward turns of the ascent, could only have been appropriate at the close of a tale: in the Swiss Alps there is no chance of falling among thieves who offer you violence; and a rescue from the beggars that haunt each high place, lying in wait for slow-mounting carriages, although it might have merited the gratitude of the travellers, would have fallen beneath the dignity of fiction. A sprained ankle and some scratches on the face satisfy the requirements of the story. A few days of delay in the dullest of hostelries place the Brooklands naturally enough on familiar terms with some of the other personages of the book, give the sweet poison of presumptuous love time to circulate through Wynter's veins, and let the seeds of gratitude take root in Margaret's bosom. The father is agitated at the sight of the drops of blood he sees trickle down his daughter's face, and gives Wynter the opportunity of reassuring him "with a tender smile" and in "a voice that was low and sweet." Wynter tends the couch of his fair patient like a ministering angel, and when she rises from it and drives on convalescent, she leaves her physician far more seriously wounded. "She seemed to have taken possession of his whole soul, and merged all his faculties into one living thought of her."

Considering the widely different spheres in which their lots are cast—his deformity, his impecuniosity, his consciousness of the existence of a humiliating secret, and that Mr. Brookland, rich, dignified, and aristocratic, is inclined to ignore all relationship between them save that of doctor and patient—it will be seen that Paul Wynter has cause for anxiety enough. However, while the impression Margaret has left on him only grows and deepens with time, he endeavours to distract himself from the hopeless vision by hard toil in his profession and works of active benevolence as well. When we meet him again, he is struggling to get together a small practice in one of the most wretched quarters of London. He makes himself beloved in spite of his seeming eccentricities; and keeps his friends by sheer admiration of his life and character, for they are often insulted and nearly alienated by seemingly capricious and ungrateful conduct which is dictated by reasons he declines to explain. He goes to Brooklands, where Mr. Brookland plays the courteous host, and his daughter seems inclined to warm into something more than the cordial hostess. As may be imagined, the load of shame under which Paul labours is not his own, and the object of his reverential adoration wounds him sorely by discussing as abstract questions hypothetical cases closely resembling his own, and assuming as a matter of course that even vicarious shame like that must stain its victim ineffaceably. An enemy warns Mr. Brookland that his guest is bearing a feigned name. Wynter is forced into an explanation, which shows that he has been sacrificing himself for others, and that instead of being culpable he is a miracle of noble self-denial. That a man of Mr. Brookland's general character should be represented as so pitilessly unjust as he is, under the circumstances, seems to us unnatural, even if we admit in extenuation that he thought his daughter inclined to be too pitiful. It is an improbable and ugly colouring given to the scene to add another pang to the unhappy hero's lot; for no gentleman of kindly disposition would be inclined to heap injuries on a man who was crushed down, and who half an hour before had been his welcome guest—who had done nothing since to forfeit his respect, but told of much to deserve it, and who was cut to the soul by the disclosure of his painful secret. It may all help to glorify Paul Wynter, but, as we said, while his character is a real and a touching one, the others are all more or less weak and forced.

Perhaps Margaret Brookland is as good as any of them—as, indeed, as heroine, she ought to be—but she is no way worthy of her lover, who is immeasurably her superior in all but looks. For an indulged child, an heiress and a beauty, she is condemned to a very lonely life. We question much, had she not lived in a country place, with no attractive neighbours, whether Wynter would ever have come to such preferment as the possession of her hand. Her maiden meditations in her solitary hours chance to turn towards the Splugen, more for want of other objects than anything else. She bases her fancy for Wynter on old remembrances, which had certainly at the time no tinge of affection, and she is more than half in love before she has an idea of her lover's merits. The author presents her as a model English girl, very high-bred, if something high-spirited; but we must say she has some strange ways of her own, which it takes all her high breeding to carry off. There was a *sans façon* about the reception of visitors in the mansion of Brooklands, which, according to his temperament, may have either taken a stranger aback at his first visit, or put him at his ease. When Wynter and Claude Nutford arrive there, Margaret ushers them herself upstairs, throws open the doors of their rooms, and hopes they like their quarters. We can picture the well-drilled footmen exchanging respectful winks. Then, when her father is struck down by paralysis in London, although the room is filled with people who crowd in, it occurs to her to run for medical assistance herself. No one interferes to prevent or follow her when she breaks wildly into the street, she tears down the pavement, and—most marvellous of coincidences—her instincts and happy fortunes carry her straight into the arms of Wynter, who is just then turning that corner of all corners in the world. Of course his skill brings his patient back from the gates of death, and rivets a second claim on the gratitude of Mr. Brookland and his daughter. What the family of the Nutfords are introduced for at all we know not, unless, indeed, it be to draw out the story to its due length. All their appearances are simply excrescences on the plot, and in following them you go by paths which, although they are pleasant enough, and seem to run generally parallel to the main one, in reality lead nowhere, and only give you the trouble of retracing your steps. Old Mr. Nutford is a worthy and wealthy Cornwall farmer, whose pride in his pet daughter Lucy has led him to "make a lady of her," and whose manners, in their more than roughness, are so antagonistic to the refinement of hers as to make her filial affection and respect really creditable to her. His wife is a serious Mrs. Poyser, much diluted, who is always laying herself out to improve occasions in season and out of season. His son Claude is a genius, much given to dissipation, with his father's vulgarity lacquered over, and without his father's worth. It is a pity he died so young, for English art could ill spare talent like his. If, at his early years, exertion so slight led him to success so brilliant—for his dissipated habits and companionships must have effectually stood in the way of sustained application—what would he have become had he been spared to reform? Mr. Brookland must have condoned the freedom of his manners on the score of his splendid promise, otherwise even his good nature would never have pressed so forward a guest to repeat his visit. As for Mr. Brookland himself, he is still a puzzle to us. He is represented as a man of the world and of great cultivation. Yet Joel Craig, the Mephistopheles of the story, twists him round his finger as he pleases, and catches his spare capital with the coarsest baits. From Mr. Craig's Christian name, general tone, and supposed acuteness, we cannot help suspecting that the author introduced him originally as a Yankee, and changed his nationality later, when the exigencies of the story seemed to advise it. As an American—to whom in English novels at least a certain license is allowed—we can conceive his making good his footing at Brooklands. As one of her own countrymen, we should say the young hostess would have been, not merely surprised as she was, but absolutely disgusted, by the impertinent vulgarity of compliment that marked so utter an ignorance of the usages of decent society. We should have imagined that, in spite of some common tastes, Mr. Brookland would have been repelled at once and irresistibly by the manners of his new acquaintance. The cloven foot peeps out everywhere; and, as an instance of his vulgar self-assertion, take the statement made gravely by this clever adventurer at the dinner-table, and swallowed in all solemn faith by the host. Mr. Craig asserted that it was he who had made our late Premier

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* *Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.* By Mrs. Duffus Hardy, Author of "A Hero's Work," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

what he was, by consistently writing him up; Mr. Craig, independently of anything else, being, we should say, the junior of Mr. Disraeli by some five-and-thirty years at least. "Tell me how I can serve you, Craig," said Mr. Disraeli to him in a burst of uncontrollable gratitude, in the lobby of the House; "it must be a wide ditch I would not jump to serve such a friend as you." Mrs. Hardy's table-talk on living political characters is perhaps not the less funny that it is so true to nature in the dull triteness of its commonplace. Mr. Craig got his friend the Premier—at least we presume it was Mr. Disraeli, not Mr. Gladstone—to accept the chairmanship in a Company he was promoting; at any rate he performed nearly as great a feat—that of persuading the sensible Mr. Brookland that he had done so. The moral of the story of the Company is *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and it illustrates the risk a lady runs who ventures into the unfamiliar regions of the City. Fancy a shrewd scoundrel broaching a plan for making gas of beef bones and boot soles. Imagine his daring to forge a list of directors selected from well-known public men, taking the Premier for his chairman, and fixing the locality of his fictitious offices in a non-existent number of a place so well known and so easily verified as Victoria Street, Westminster; conceive his doing this with a view to bleeding Mr. Brookland's purse, while all the time he has serious designs upon his daughter's hand, and you have an idea of the fidelity to nature of this part of the plot. Nor is the *dénouement* much less extravagant, when the smothered passion of the lovers is fanned into a flame just as the flood of water let in by the bursting of a reservoir over the tunnel through which they chance to be passing threatens to quench it for ever. When they have tasted the bitterness of death, and the lady has admitted enough to encourage her retiring lover, the waters subside, and, coming out of the tunnel little the worse for the fright, they marry, and live happy ever after. As we said, Paul Wynter himself is well, if boldly, drawn; but as for many of his fellow-characters, except by a series of marvellous coincidences, nothing in real life could be so odd or improbable as the combination of these creatures of fiction.

ART-RAMBLES IN SHETLAND.*

WITHIN the range of the British group of islands wellnigh every phase of nature may be said to offer itself to the artist, or to the student of the physical aspects of earth, air, and water. Admirers of the beautiful in natural scenery need not confine their interest to a single type, while they have within the circuit of their own country so rich and varied a display of what is most wild and grand in nature's moods as is afforded them in the northernmost of our isles. It is strange that our artists should have been so slow to recognise the wealth and novelty of material that here lies open to their craft. There are happily those for whom the stern and rugged in nature has attractions no less than the placid and the sweet, and we are glad to find that a sympathy of this stirring kind has impelled so keen and indefatigable a student of nature as Mr. J. T. Reid to go so far afield as the comparatively bleak and desolate Shetlands. Without pretending to supply either a formal guide-book for those little-known regions, or an exhaustive account of the islands, their people and their ways, or even a panoramic portraiture of every point of interest that they present, he may fairly claim the credit of having brought together, within the moderate compass of the volume now before us, the most effective features of all the three. From a chance allusion on the part of our author to the clerical tie, we venture to gather that he is not by profession an artist. Yet we see abundant proofs of artistic study and culture in his bold delineations of scenery, and his accurate reproduction of every object or phase in nature. The views with which his pages are liberally interspersed have been drawn with clearness and vigour by himself upon the wood, from sketches taken on the spot.

The literature connected with the Shetlands is but scanty. Besides the *History* of Dr. Edmondstone published in 1809, and the later and more elaborate work of Dr. Hibbert, described as rare, what little is popularly known of the "naked, melancholy isles of furthest Thule" is derived almost exclusively from the pages of the *Pirate*. Much of Dr. Johnson's experiences in the [Hebri]des might indeed be brought in to supplement what we

powers come in with effect in aid of his ready pencil. His art seemingly confines itself to landscape, else we should have been glad of the opportunity of judging for ourselves how far the familiar types of Minna and Brenda are perpetuated among the existing daughters of the soil. One thing seems clear, happily for the prospects of such visitors as our author's tale of experience may attract in the same direction—namely, that the hospitality and genial ways of the Udallers of old are well represented among the landowners of the present day. If less jovial or loud of speech, the successor of Magnus Troil shows the fruits of a culture and a cosmopolitan experience at that time unknown, while the spirit of Triptolemus Yellowley would rejoice over the signs of scientific and economic husbandry which betoken the influence of what, from a hyperborean point of view, would be called the "canny South." The first aspect of these shores, however, is bleak and cold enough. Two young damsels who,

* *Art-Rambles in Shetland.* By John T. Reid. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1869.

in company with our author, were revisiting their birthplace on board the clipper schooner *Matchless*, scarcely knew Lerwick again, and thought it wondrous bare and bleak after the coast of Fife, which they had just left, with its patches of rich verdure, tree-clad hills, and thriving villages full of populous life, lit with warm glints of sunlight. Even in May the air was frosty, though clear, and sea and sky wore sober hues of grey. The houses, built Venice-like in the water, look hoar and weatherbeaten. Most of them have a door to the sea as well as to the street, and within a few yards of them a very fleet of yachts and little fishing-boats lies at anchor. A jolly little boatman, with cheeks as bright as a ripe cherry, took bodily possession of our traveller. It is a rule, we learn, for a boatman who takes you ashore to consider that he has a right to you during your stay in the place. The accommodation which this long-shoreman offered was not over inviting—namely, "one small room, with a two-storied box bed, the under compartment of which was let, and the tenant of it was just crawling out cautiously, to avoid hitting his crown on the upper story where the host said his guest was to sleep." It was further hinted that a strange bedfellow might at times turn in along with him. A sketch of this portentous piece of native furniture is given by the author further on. No wonder that he declined this somewhat

sea. From thence good horses and divers quaint travelling machines can be had on hire, as well as the rough native *shelties*, so indispensable to the ordinary tourist over mountain pass and fell. Our traveller, for his part, was favoured with exceptional powers as a pedestrian, thinking lightly of forty or fifty miles a day across country, with a "bittock" of ten or a dozen extra miles thrown in by reason of an unlucky turning at some critical point of the route. The study of the painter's art is pursued in Shetland under difficulties. The days suitable for outdoor painting are few compared with the days of fog and rain. It became Mr. Reid's wont to select the dull and rainy days for travelling, hoping thus to secure the better use of any chance sunshine while sketching. It was in a tremendous downpour of rain that he crossed Bressay Sound to explore the bold and precipitous headland known as the "Noup of Noss," which forms the theme of two or three of his most striking illustrations. On the way he had to scamper over heath and bog and stony hill, passing Pictish burghs and monumental stones of unknown antiquity and purpose, and "lakes so old and dead-looking that they seemed but the shadows of lakes that once were." We can imagine so grim and ghostly a scene outdoing in sombre and awful majesty Mr. M'Whirter's notable "Lake Coruisk, Isle of Skye," in this year's Academy Exhibition. The coast of Noss was found literally lined with wreckwood. At the foot of the cruel black cliffs the waves broke in sullen masses, flinging their foam and spray far inland over the highest summits, blackening and withering the sod. Mr. Reid's engraving well represents the abrupt contours and hard texture of these granitic rocks, split by the frosts, if not the ancient earthquake shocks, of unnumbered years. Bolder and more dizzying still is the chasm which separates the "holm," or isle, of Noss, from the parent cliff. Across this perilous void a cradle passes, hung from stakes fixed on the top of the island rock two hundred years ago by a hardy Bressay climber, who, disdaining to return by the safe transit he had established, fell and perished in his descent. From the summit the eye roams over a wide and picturesque panorama, enlivened by untold myriads of tribes of the air, who float and wheel 'tween sky and sea like a snow shower on a wintry day. Their rude and melancholy music brings to the traveller's ears in the remote distance recollections of the Æolian harp or the hum of a busy city. Their warning cry, the safeguard of many a wanderer on the stormy deep, has often, as in the instance before us, turned back the benighted wayfarer's steps from the brink of the deadly precipice.

The west coast of Shetland, lashed by the fierce Atlantic, is much bolder and far more picturesque than the east. Hillswick, the home of Claud Halcro's "Bonnie Mary," forms the centre of this district, encircled by a galaxy of natural beauties, grotesque stacks, precipitous holms, and dark tortuous caverns. At Mavis Grind, a romantic ridge, the mainland is all but rent in twain by the action of the ceaseless surges, and a narrow band of rock divides, by no more than twenty or thirty feet, the Atlantic and the North Sea. Hillswick Ness furnishes a fine study for the pencil. Another peculiar and highly characteristic feature is seen in the Heads of Grochen, a range of massive cliffs of richly-coloured granite. Still more inviting to the artist is the singular group of the "Drongs"—curious out-stacks, rising like pillars from the sea, the relics of a lofty granite wall riven by the storms and shattered by the billows of centuries. Mr. Reid has given us this splendid subject from several points of view. The days being at their longest, there was literally no darkness, and he could prosecute his studies all the night long. He often sat till midnight painting the Drongs. His view of Rona's Hill over the Urie Frith is probably a unique instance of a sketch taken at midnight. The sun, just dipping behind the crest of the hill, cast a soft radiance over the sky. A reflected light, silvery, luminous, and mellow, gilded the glassy surface of the voe. All that we have to regret is that Mr. Reid cannot give us the varied and expressive tints which no doubt, in his original sketch, perpetuated so rare and delicious a phase of aerial beauty. A striking contrast to this soft and tranquil scene is the grim mass of the Dore Holm, detached rock, dark and forbidding in colour, well compared

by the author to the skeleton of some huge antediluvian monster. Through its gigantic bulk the force of the waves has cut a magnificent arch, seventy feet in height, beneath which yachts of considerable tonnage may pass in full sail. A similar sapping of the hard rock is seen in Christie's Hole, a dark cavern to the north of Hamna Voe, where the towering cliffs are literally riddled by winding vaults and caves. In very quiet weather these weird, dark passages can be threaded by a boat cautiously gliding along, till a roomy but sunless recess opens out upon a beach frequented by numerous seals. Sumburgh Head, the scene of Cleveland's shipwreck, and Fitful Head, on the summit of which the cave of Norna the dreaded Reim-kennar is still pointed out by the shuddering natives, could not fail to find a place in our artist's portfolio. Within a few yards of the ruins of Jarlshoff has risen, we are told, within the last few years, the fine new house of Sumburgh, commanding a romantic outlook over the ever changeful roost, with a distant view of Fair Isle, which lies midway between the southern cape of Shetland and the Scottish mainland. On this rugged and barren islet the Duke of Medina and his Spanish sailors had in 1588 to endure no little privations ere intelligence of their disaster could be conveyed to Scotland, and proper supplies could be despatched. "The islanders, seeing not only their cattle, sheep, fish, and fowls devoured by the hungry strangers, but likewise their ponies, availed themselves of the darkness of night to carry their beasts, and what still remained of their provisions, to caves known to themselves alone, where the Spaniards might not disturb them." The slender annals of these out-of-the-way regions furnish Mr. Reid with many an historical allusion and pleasant anecdote. A glimpse or two into a cottage interior enables us to realize much of the home life of the simple islanders, and a few "notes," furnished by an intelligent school teacher, supplement in an interesting way what our author's lively pen and pencil so graphically set before us. For its size and scope this record of art-rambles may be classed among the most choice and highly-finished of recent publications of this sort.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PERHAPS the most remarkable among the American books at present on our table are two small volumes by ladies belonging to that advanced school of social reformers which, not content with revolutionizing the nation, aspires to effect a revolution in the home, and thinks it of little use to efface all the distinctions of race and class unless they can also abolish the subordination of sex. From one point of view at least, the advocates of "Woman's Rights" are entitled to the commendation of a more thorough consistency, a more unflinching courage in the pursuit of their theory, than the most daring disciples of Mazzini or of Comte. For, after all, the oldest of social distinctions are not older than the dawn of history, or of that quasi-history which archæologists have recently constructed from the evidence of monuments, of poetry, and of language itself, while the subordination or "subjection of women" dates back to the very commencement of human society, and has never, even in the wildest days of anarchy, been for a moment interrupted. To overthrow the most ancient, most deep-rooted, most solid institutions of human ordinance or human growth, though by no means so easy or so safe a task as the Positive Philosophy pronounces it, is infinitely easier than to recast humanity itself, and to obliterate usages as old as mankind, if not older; for the subordination of the female sex appears to prevail among many species of animals, whose case we recommend to the care of the fair enthusiasts to whom we refer, and the fundamental difficulty with which the latest school of reformers have set themselves to grapple lies deep in the order of nature herself, and is not to be overcome without a reversal, or at least a modification, of some of the most stubborn facts of physiology. It may perhaps somewhat detract from the courage we ascribe to the ladies in question that of these physiological facts they are for the most part profoundly ignorant. Those who, in despite of craniology, physiognomy, and anatomy, to say nothing of history, believe that the negro is simply an Anglo-Saxon with a dark pigment under his skin, and find no obstacle to their theory in the fact that the negro has everywhere been enslaved with ease, while the Anglo-Saxon has everywhere fought his way to freedom and ascendency, easily contrive to believe that woman is "undeveloped man," and that her want of development is owing simply to repression, and her subordinate position in every age and country an effect simply of the brute force of the stronger sex. Such, at all events, appears to be a very popular creed among the ladies of the Northern States. Miss Penny, the author of the first of the two volumes before us *, has been compelled by her vocation to use her powers of observation with an acuteness inconsistent with absolute faith in the formulæ of her school; and some of her remarks on the difference between the mental and moral qualities of men and women are sensible, while others are plausible if not sound. Unhappily, she has not mastered some of the first conditions of intelligent writing on the subject she has chosen. A writer on Work and Wages might have taken pains to read Mr. J. S. Mill; and, having done so, would have known better than to ascribe the inferior payment of female labour to the will of the employer. She would have known that the employer has no choice in the matter; that the rate of women's wages is fixed by competition; that the number of labourers and scarcity of work forces it down to the *minimum*; and that that *minimum* is lower than in the case of men, simply because a man's wages cannot in the long run sink below the amount which will support four people, while a woman's need not be more than enough for one—because men labour for families, women generally for themselves. And we should have expected from a lady who has shown some power of intelligent observation the obvious reflection that if, as she admits, women are almost universally deficient in thoroughness of knowledge, and are not equal to men in power of hard work, the two things are probably to be traced to some original and ineradicable difference in quality of mind; in short, that women are not as capable as men of sustained mental application. Such an admission would soon lead a candid and thoughtful inquirer to conclusions fatal to all her preconceived ideas. Again, we are somewhat surprised to find an American authoress not arguing, but assuming as of course, that a large proportion of women are not to marry. In a society where there are more men than women this assumption is surely unsound; and if it be true in fact, it argues that something is out of joint. The men would marry if they could do so without heavy sacrifices; they are not too poor to sustain a family in comfort, if they are deterred from marriage it must surely be by some grievous error or unreasonable exaction on the part of the women. Despite all these and other obvious shortcomings and omissions in argument, the papers of which this volume is composed are far above the average standard of the school to which Miss Penny belongs, and some of their suggestions would have real value if applied to a community which, like our own, contains far more women than can reasonably hope to marry.

A more pretentious work is that entitled *Studies in General Science* *, by Antoinette Brown Blackwell. The essays of which it consists would not bear comparison with the writings of any second-rate masculine author on the same subjects, but they are likely to find a good many readers among women, and among men who have as little taste or leisure as women for severe scientific study, for they handle with boldness and confidence a class of questions which true science has failed to solve and which the masters of science have generally avoided—those, namely, which arise when physical research comes into contact with the frontier lines of metaphysics or theology. Reasonings from the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of forces to the immortality of the soul would never attract the abilities of a Faraday or a Huxley, because their masculine intellects would at once discern the impossibility of establishing the analogy which a feminine writer assumes, and on which the whole force of the argument depends. A series of similar reflections—metaphysical deductions from the later discoveries of physics—forms the staple of the volume, a volume which affords a very apt illustration of the difference between the intellectual calibre of a superior woman and that of really superior men.

The claim of Americans to a peculiar immunity from flunkeyism, as the result of republican institutions and education, is acknowledged most readily and unreservedly by those who never meet Americans, and rarely read American books or newspapers. To such credulous persons we recommend the perusal of an elaborate account † of Admiral Farragut's European visit in the flagship *Franklin*—a visit which had no ostensible purpose, and no visible result, and the most notable incidents of which were the courteous receptions given to the American officers in a number of European Courts. Why this large and expensive book was written and published, except to assure the Americans that one of their most distinguished seamen had visited the palaces of the Tuileries and of Tzarskoe Zelo, and had been civilly treated by Napoleon III. and Alexander II., we cannot conceive; any more than we can understand why, in a despatch announcing his visit to Portsmouth, the Admiral should have thought it necessary to observe that he had met with the greatest "kindness and courtesy." We should have supposed that even Americans would take for granted the courteous reception of their squadron and its commander by the princes and fleets of all friendly Powers.

All chess-players, and a good many people who care little for chess, will be interested and amused by Professor Allen's *Life of Philidor* ‡. The curious will be glad to know that the name by which the oldest of the great European masters of the game is known is not, in spite of its sound and apparent derivation, one of those Grecized or Latinized forms of real or adopted surnames which were common in a somewhat earlier period. It is said to have been bestowed by Louis XIII. on the first of the great chess-player's family who became known to the Court and the public—Michael Danican. The latter was so successful in his first musical performances before the King that Louis pronounced him to be "another Filidori," the name of a famous Italian hautboy player who had delighted the French Court a short time before. The sobriquet thus bestowed upon Danican was retained as

* *Think and Act.* A Series of Articles pertaining to Men and Women, Work and Wages. By Virginia Penny. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

* *Studies in General Science.* By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† [illegible] Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *The Life of Philidor, Musician and Chess Player.* By George Allen, Greek Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. With a Supplementary Essay on Philidor, as Chess-Author and Chess-Player. By Tassilo Von Heydebrand und der Lasa, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia at the Court of Saxe-Weimar. New York and Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. London: Trübner & Co.

...ly until, it attained a world-wide celebrity in the person of his great-grandson. The younger Philidor, like all his ancestors, was at first a Court musician, copyist, and composer, and learned chess in the course of his professional avocations, that game being the only recreation allowed to the Royal musicians while in attendance at the chapel where the King heard mass every morning. Philidor is reported to have distinguished himself by his proficiency in the game before he had emerged from childhood; his reputation soon brought him into notice, and led to his being matched against the best players at the Café de la Regence and other places of aristocratic resort, and later in life led to his establishment in England as a professional chess-player, assisted and salaried by a number of noblemen and gentlemen who formed themselves into a club for the encouragement of the game and the support of its greatest living master. The chess-player will find much interesting matter in the appendix, which contains an elaborate criticism of several of the most characteristic games recorded by Philidor, and especially in the discussion of his style of play and relative "force" as compared with the celebrities of more recent times. It is certain that in such mere *tours de force* as blindfold-playing he never reached the marvellous facility displayed by one living performer, and his ideas of the science of the game are admitted by his biographer and critic to have been less accurate and complete than those of his successors, as might be expected from the length of time during which, since his death, chess has been a subject of intense technical and even scientific study to men of equal powers with his and higher education.

Two unpretending volumes on the game and wild sports of America will have some attractions for English sportsmen. The first * is a practical treatise on the choice of guns, powder, and accoutrements, on their use and management, and on the various kinds of sport which the woods, and especially the prairies, of the States afford. The writer recommends in strong terms the use of guns made by the best English makers, and gives instructions for their selection and adaptation to the requirements of the individual sportsman; but the rest of his work is addressed almost exclusively to American readers, and to Englishmen who may be able to visit the haunts of the American wild-fowl. The latter are different from their English congeners; and their habits, the localities in which they are to be found, and the conditions of the sport, are for the most part so unlike anything with which the merely English sportsman is acquainted that the work can have only a theoretical interest for the generality of readers in this country. The other volume, entitled *Adventures in the Wilderness* †—which relates, however, only to wild regions in the Eastern States—is narrative in form, and, besides being more readable, conveys a livelier idea of the realities of American field sports. Both authors are enthusiastic sportsmen, and the experiences of Mr. Murray during his rough camp-life among the Adirondacks—the Highlands of New York—are told with sportsmanlike gusto, and interspersed with some of those anecdotes of more daring and perilous adventure in remoter wilds, or in older days, before the Indian had entirely disappeared from the Eastern States, with which, if American writers are to be believed, every old hunter and trapper is ready to enliven the bivouac, or beguile the tediousness of a long day's watching for the larger game.

A work of considerable scientific and practical value is Dr. Foster's account of the Mississippi Valley ‡, the fruit of years of personal experience and exploration. The geography of the interior of the North American continent presents at least as many remarkable features as any other region in the world; and nearly all are touched on, more or less carefully and elaborately, in this treatise, which, though professedly confined to the Valley of the Mississippi, really takes in all that is most noteworthy in a general survey of the whole country between that river and the Pacific. The varieties of soil and climate in that vast region are many and strikingly diverse. There are the rich alluvial "bottoms" of the valleys, formed by the deposits of the rivers, which are constantly changing their courses; there are the dense forests with their gigantic trees and rich brushwood, the pestilential swamps formed by stagnant water and decaying woods, and the "oak-openings," where the trees grow like those of an English park, shading a sward perfectly free from jungle or underwood; there are the prairies or treeless plains, sometimes "rolling" like the waves of a solidified sea, sometimes as absolutely level as the sea in a dead calm; and finally, there are the arid, barren, salt-incrusted plains of the Great Basin of Utah, cut off from all communication with the sea, like the Valley of the Jordan, and giving off by evaporation from the surface of its lakes and the dry soil of its plains as much water as rains and mountain streams can supply. The climate varies almost as strikingly as the features of the land; from the malarious, moist, tropical atmosphere of New Orleans, and a considerable part of the lower course of the great river, to the dry healthy heat of Utah, and the alternations from intense cold to intolerable heat, which characterize great part of the central country. In one part of this vast region the soil actually seems to float; and neither foundations for houses nor graves for the dead can be dug in the neighbourhood of New Orleans without coming upon what seems to be a continuous and inexhaustible body of water at a few feet below the surface. In another, the Colorado, flowing hundreds of feet below the surface of the country, leaves a desert table-land above and around it. All the chief peculiarities of these differing regions and climates are described, and their relation to the geological character and history of the continent discussed with great care and evident knowledge by the author, whose reasonings are not the less interesting that his conclusions do not always agree with those most familiarly known, if not exactly accepted, among English readers. Another work, dealing with a small fragment of the same topic, is a narrative of certain exploring expeditions in the Great Basin, with a view to ascertaining the convenience and practicability of what appeared to be the most direct route between the North-Western States and San Francisco; it contains, also, some interesting observations on questions of climate, geology, and temperature.*

The *Tennesseean in Persia* † is a narrative of missionary enterprise in the latter country, characterized no doubt by much earnestness and honest zeal, but deformed and rendered offensive by the worst faults of two styles, both peculiarly repellent to all who do not share the tone of thought which inspires them—that of the American patriot and that of the theological crusader. Those who do not feel, or can overcome, the distaste which most persons will feel for the extraordinary mixture of spread-eagleism and Puritan phraseology, of fine writing and professional cant, which are apparent at the very outset, may, as the preface promises them, find occasionally an interesting account or readable description in the record of Mr. Rhea's mission and its labours.

Some other theological works are on our list, of which a new translation of Swedenborg's *True Christian Religion* ‡, and a conspectus of the passages in the four Gospels relating to the closing scenes of the Saviour's life §, so arranged and connected as to form a continuous story, are alone deserving of special mention.

Among those valuable treatises published at the expense of the State and in the form of official documents, which constitute so considerable and peculiar a feature in the graver departments—economical, political, and scientific—of American literature, we have now to mention a Report by a Commissioner sent on behalf of the State of California to the late Exhibition at Paris, concerning the production of the precious metals in all parts of the world.‖ The mines and mining operations of the writer's own State and its neighbours are of course described in most detail and with more intimate knowledge, but his object has been to ascertain and make known as fully as possible the extent to which the diggings of California and the silver mines of Nevada find competitors abroad, and to give a complete statistical and historical account of the world's supplies of gold and silver. The latter part of the volume is occupied with an elaborate narrative and discussion of all the negotiations and debates that have taken place on the subject of an international coinage—a narrative from which we learn, with some surprise, on the unimpeachable authority of a Senatorial Committee, that the idea of a gold standard is peculiarly and originally American—England, it seems, having no concern therewith. The Report is a valuable repertory of statistics and collection of documents relating to these subjects which it might not be easy to find elsewhere, and it has therefore the merit of being, if not a readable or very instructive treatise, a most useful work of reference on important topics.

We find among this month's publications several works of fiction, one or two of which promise to be readable, if not exactly commendable. *The Wife's Messengers* ¶ is a story of domestic unhappiness produced by the wanton misconduct of the husband. Similar unhappiness, caused by the faults of the wife, forms only

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* *On the Wing: a Book for Sportsmen.* By John Humstead. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co., Successors to Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Adventures in the Wilderness; or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks.* By William H. H. Murray. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co., Successors to Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *The Mississippi Valley: its Physical Geography, including Sketches of the Topography, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineral Resources, and of the Progress of Development in Population and Material Wealth.* By J. W. Foster, LL.D., President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Joint Author of "Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Region"; Lecturer on Physical Geography and Cognate Sciences in the University of Chicago, &c. &c. Illustrated by Maps and Sections. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

* *The Shortest Route to California: illustrated by a History of Explorations of the Great Basin of Utah, with its Topographical and Geological Character, and some Account of the Indian Tribes.* By Brevet Brig.-General J. H. Simpson, A.M., Colonel Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *The Tennesseean in Persia and Koordistan.* Being Scenes and Incidents in the Life of Samuel Audley Rhea. By the Rev. Dwight W. Marsh, for Ten years Missionary in Mosul. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. New York: A. D. F. Randolh. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

‡ *The True Christian Religion, containing the Entire Theology of the New Church, Foretold by the Lord in Dan. vii. 13, 14, and Rev. xxi. 1, 2.* By Emanuel Swedenborg, Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. From the Latin Edition of Dr. J. F. T. Tafel. Translated by R. Norman Foster. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

§ *The Closing Scenes of the Life of Christ; being a Harmonized Combination of the Four Gospel Histories of the Last Year of Our Saviour's Life.* By D. D. Buck, D.D. With an Introductory Essay by W. D. Wilson, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‖ *The Production of the Precious Metals; or, Statistical Notices of the Principal Gold and Silver Producing Regions of the World: with a Chapter upon the Unification of Gold and Silver Coinage.* By William P. Blake, Commissioner from the State of California to the Paris Exposition of 1867. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

¶ *The Wife's Messengers.* By Mrs. M. B. Horton. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

a small part of the mischiefs ascribed to the altogether extraordinary character of his heroine by the author of *Mabel Clifton.** The *Von Toodleburgs*† aspires to amuse rather than to excite or surprise the reader, and is humorous rather than sensational. *Little Women*‡ is the second part of a story of domestic life, of a kind very abundant in the literature of New England since the fashion was set by the authoress of the *Wide Wide World.*

* *Mabel Clifton.* A Novel. By Frank Brierwood. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *The Von Toodleburgs; or, the History of a very Distinguished Family.* By F. Colburn Adams, Author of "Manual Pereire, or the Sovereign Rule of South Carolina;" "Our World;" "Chronicles of the Bastile;" "An Outcast," &c. &c. Illustrated from original Drawings by A. R. Waud. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

‡ *Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy.* Part II. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped, or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 713, JUNE 26, 1869:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS. St. James's Hall.—LAST CONCERT THIS SEASON, Monday, June 28. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; Orchestra Seats, 5s.—Lamborn Cock & Co., 63 New Bond Street; Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell, Mitchell, R. Ollivier, Prowse, and Hays.

MUSICAL UNION.—LUBECK, expressly for the LAST MATINÉE (Tuesday), will play, with Madame A. Kolar, Schumann's Duet for Two Pianofortes, Solos, &c. (vide Programme).

LA KOLAR, LUBECK, AUER, DEMUNCK, Ries, Bernhardt, Svendsen, Lavigne, Raspi, Tyler, Jakeway, and Paquis; Vocalist, Madlle. Regan; Accompanyist, Ganz.—at the GRAND MATINÉE of the MUSICAL UNION, St. James's Hall, Tuesday, June 29, at Three o'clock. The Septets of Beethoven and Hummel; the Duet of Schumann for Two Pianofortes, Solos on Violin, Piano, &c.—Early application for Tickets advisable, 10s. 6d. each, at Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, and Ollivier's, Bond Street; and of Austin, at the Hall.

J. ELLA, *Director.*

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven.—Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary.*

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "ROSSINI," "TITANIA," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI," &c.). Open daily, at the New Gallery, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

SINAI, EGYPT, the ALPS, including a large New Picture of MONT BLANC.—An EXHIBITION of WORKS by ELIJAH WALTON.—Pall Mall Gallery, 48 Pall Mall (Mr. W. M. THOMPSON'S), from Ten to Six. Admission (with Catalogue), 1s.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, Jersey.—The next TERM will commence August 3.—For further information apply to the Rev. W. O. CLEAVE, LL.D., Principal.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, Jersey.—BOARDERS are received by the Rev. D. E. NORTON, M.A., Classical Master.—Terms (including College Fees), £41 to £57 per annum.

ALDENHAM SCHOOL, near Watford.—Founded 1597. Endowed with Eight Exhibitions of £40 per annum for Four Years, and Sixty Foundation Scholarships. At the present date Five Fellowships and Seven Scholarships at Cambridge and Oxford are held by Pupils of this School.—Address, Rev. A. LEEMAN, Aldenham, Watford.

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There are also a Scholarship, and Prizes, to the value of £60 per annum, given away in the School by Examination, the week following, for knowledge of English Grammar and English Literature.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 714, Vol. 28. July 3, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

THE BILL IN COMMITTEE.

THE Government is certainly in a humiliating position in the Lords, and is obliged to see night after night the whole management of its Bill taken out of its hands. If it ventures to divide, a steady majority of two to one immediately crushes it. The Ministry is really the Opposition in the Lords, and a very feeble Opposition it is, and the leaders of the majority can pass whatever sort of Irish Church Bill they may choose to fancy. There can be no question that the total want of harmony which this state of things shows to exist between the two Houses of Parliament threatens a great constitutional crisis before long. The danger may pass away, as dangers have so often passed away before the good sense and practical wisdom of the English governing classes; but it is hard to see how the legislation of the country can be long entrusted to two equal assemblies, actuated by quite different feelings and proceeding on quite different principles, without a collision being sooner or later the result. The Ministry which is all-powerful in the Commons is utterly powerless in the Lords, and it is entirely within the discretion of the majority of the Lords how far they will choose to carry their victory. The Ministry has had to accept every amendment which was not so flagrantly at variance with the principles of the Bill that it would be accepting an obviously false position to let it pass. It has had to consent that Irish bishops shall sit in the House of Lords, although the temporalities of their sees are gone, and the Church they represent will be disestablished. It has also had to agree that the payments to curates shall not be deducted from the incomes of incumbents unless the obligation on the incumbent to pay the curate was a legal one. It was only by the aid of the more moderate leaders of the Opposition that Lord GRANVILLE managed to defeat an extraordinary proposal that, when the income of an incumbent was less than 200*l.* a year, it should be valued as if it were 200*l.* a year. For the leading members of the Ministry in the Lords to keep their tempers and to preserve some little show of dignity is very difficult under such trying circumstances. If they say nothing, they will be taunted hereafter with objecting to amendments which, when proposed, they accepted without comment; if they say that an amendment is inconsistent with the principle of the Bill, they are immediately accused of wishing to dictate to the House. The Duke of ARGYLL appears to have laid down with some warmth that there were a whole string of amendments which the Government must declare to be contrary to the principle of the Bill, and to all of which it was therefore opposed. This provoked much angry comment, more especially as the Duke of ARGYLL always courts or provokes opposition rather than go out of the way to avoid it. But the Government must let its opinions be known, and if it thinks that the amendments which are proposed and carried against its wishes and advice are altogether inconsistent with the Bill, it is necessary that some warning of this opinion should be given.

It cannot be said, however, that in the first two nights' discussion any amendment was carried which was violently and indisputably in opposition to the principle of the Bill. There were three occasions on which the Government submitted to [illegible]table defeat on a division rather than let the amendment be adopted without a strong protest. The first occasion was when the Archbishop of CANTERBURY proposed that the new Church Body should have another year to get ready, and should come into legal existence at the beginning of 1872, and not at the beginning of 1871. It was not a point which involved any principle, and both sides professed to have nothing in view but the interests and wishes of the members of the present Established Church. On the one hand, it was said that it would be most desirable to give the Church ample time to make arrangements for the commutation of life incomes, and to ascertain the probable amount of its future revenues. On the other side, it was said that the Irish Church would lose by being kept for another year in hot water, and by being deprived of the commutation value of the life interests that happened to drop during the additional year. So little was the date a question between the Government and the Opposition, that the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH expressed his preference for the former proposal. The next occasion when the Government took a division had reference to an amendment advocated by the Bishops of PETERBOROUGH and DERRY, by which a yearly sum of 18,000*l.*, having a capitalized value of 200,000*l.*, was assigned to the Church body. The Government resisted this on the ground that it was giving something to the Church Body beyond the value of existing life interests. The Opposition supported it on the ground that this payment was a very special one, and was a payment out of the income of incumbents, in return for which they received sums for the maintenance of the fabrics of churches, and for the due performance of Divine service. The balance of argument was, we think, in favour of the Government; but we confess that the argument the other way deserved some attention. We do not see any real difference between the payment of this tax by incumbents and the payment of curates by incumbents who are under a legal obligation to do so. The law obliges the incumbent to pay the tax and to keep the curate, and the incumbent is benefited in return by having his church warmed and his surplice washed, just as he is benefited by having a curate to replace or help him. But it cannot be said that the carrying of the amendment will show any flagrant departure from the principles of the Bill, because it was expressly defended on the ground that it stood apart from all other taxes, and was in the nature of a purchase by the incumbent of certain ecclesiastical advantages. The incumbents were not, according to the amendment, to derive any personal advantage from its being carried. The value of their annuities was not to be increased, but a sum representing the capitalized amount of the yearly payment was to be placed at the disposal of the Church Body. That the proposal necessarily took this shape was probably enough to condemn it. If the Church Body is to have a sum in hand to start with for warming churches and washing surplices, its friends will have entered on the great area of re-endowment, where it is so very difficult to stop.

But although the amendment may be one that can scarcely be defended, it cannot be said that its adoption shows any irreconcilable hostility to the Ministry and the Bill. Much more serious was the adoption of Lord CARNARVON's amendment, for even on the showing of Lord CAIRNS it involved giving the Church Body a bonus beyond the value of existing life interests. How large this bonus would be is of course a matter of controversy. Lord CAIRNS took it at one year's value of the incomes of incumbents, and Lord KIMBERLEY at two years' value of these incomes. But in either case there is an admitted bonus. Lord CARNARVON and Lord CAIRNS both advocate the arrangement on the ground that it has merely done by the Church what in the case of Maynooth was done by the Roman Catholics. What Lord CARNARVON proposed was that commutation should be compulsory, that the State should have no relations with individuals, but should hand over to the Church Body fourteen times the value of the annual incomes of the holders of life interests. This, he said, was exactly what the Government proposed to do as regards Maynooth. The answer of the Government is that Maynooth is a place of education, and that a place of education ought to be dealt with liberally. But we confess the argument does not seem very conclusive, and it may be observed that some of the leading members of the Cabinet in the Commons advocated the bonus avowedly given to Maynooth on totally different grounds, and on grounds very inconsistent with the principle of the Bill, for they said that this was but a very trifling tribute to the religion of the majority of the Irish people. It does not, however, follow that because Maynooth

may have got a bonus, the new Church Body ought to have a bonus too. The obvious way of redressing the error would be to give a smaller number of years' value as compensation to Maynooth. But then Lord CARNARVON in some degree, and Lord CAIRNS more fully, advocated the concession of this bonus to the Church Body on another ground. They said that the State would secure an end by it, to secure which was well worth the money. The State would in this way get rid of all its dealings with the Irish Church at the expiration of a couple of years. It would pay a lump sum over to the new Church Body, and have nothing further to do with payment to individuals. The Church Body would gain, but it would not gain so very greatly in money as in efficiency, and in the establishment of close relations from the outset between itself and all its clergy. Every fresh clergyman would learn that he had to deal, and to deal only, with this body, and there is no reason why the State should grudge the Church Body this advantage, which is not a pecuniary one. That no principle of a radical kind was really involved in the adoption of the amendment may be gathered from the fact that Lord GRANVILLE himself offered to give a bonus of 7 per cent. in case a certain number of the incumbents in each province consented quickly. He was willing to give State funds, that is, funds taken from the Church, in order to reward the clergy for conferring on the State the benefit of getting the commutation over quickly. After this there was no difference between him and Lord CARNARVON, except one as to amount, and the adoption of Lord CARNARVON's proposal carried with it at least the signal advantage that it will preclude a wearisome and probably bitter discussion as to the amount to be given to Maynooth. Generally speaking, therefore, it may be said that up to the end of Thursday night the Lords had done nothing to make a compromise between the Houses impossible or difficult, although the temptation to use so very large a majority beyond what discretion or wisdom would sanction is very great, and it is much too early yet to say that the amendments of the Lords promise to be such as not to justify the Government in resisting them in the Commons.

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE

IT mattered little at the Mansion House dinner that Mr. GLADSTONE possesses neither the jovial ease of Lord PALMERSTON nor the ironical humour of Mr. DISRAELI. Lord Mayors and their dinners are never more useful than when they serve as notice boards or advertisement sheets to communicate intelligence of public interest to those whom it may concern. It would have been neither decorous nor prudent to interfere with the discussion of the Irish Church Bill by any expression of opinion in the House of Commons, but at the Mansion House it seemed natural to remind friends and opponents, not only that the Government is resolved to maintain the principle of the Bill, but that it is strong enough to overpower resistance. The [illegible] idu [illegible] Mr. Gl[illegible] review of his forces; but it was probably not without design that he paraded them, like a general who desires to impress an emissary from the hostile camp with the futility of a conflict. His own personal power, resting both on great ability and on popular confidence, Mr. GLADSTONE properly left to the consciousness of his hearers and to the graceful eulogy of the LORD CHANCELLOR; but he referred to the acknowledged competence of his principal colleagues, and he descanted in more copious language on the virtues of the present House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE has known many Parliaments, and it appears that he has admired and respected them all; but it is not surprising that he should prefer to all preceding Houses the product of the last general election. Mere newspaper readers indeed may complain that, but for the House of Lords, the present Session would have been the dullest on record. There has been no debate since the passing of the Irish Church Bill which it is possible to remember; and Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. GLADSTONE himself in his opening speech, Mr. HARDY, and one or two other Parliamentary leaders, carried off all the honours of the discussion. The House of Commons has not yet, since its first meeting, heard a single joke; and although Mr. GLADSTONE probably feels little regret for the absence of Mr. OSBORNE's amusing levities, ordinary members may reasonably wish that their labours were now and then relieved by a pleasant interlude. If the House is neither eloquent nor witty, it is in perfect discipline; and the members, fresh, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, from contact with the country, keep silence and vote at the bidding of the Government, with the precision of a body of soldiers. The general election, and the expurgation of mutinous Liberals at the formation of the Ministry, have effectually put an end to Caves and tea-rooms. The compound pledge to abolish the Irish Establishment and to vote for Mr. GLADSTONE has been redeemed with punctual accuracy. In applauding the virtues of his followers the Minister unavoidably suggests the reflection that the absolute master of a large majority in the House of Commons can dictate the policy of the country. The House of Lords has more or less explicitly acknowledged its inability to oppose the Government on the main issue; but Mr. GLADSTONE has power to define the principles which he will hold to be essential conditions of legislation. Many even of his own party may regret his probable unwillingness to make liberal concessions; but Mr. GLADSTONE's decision, whether it be right or wrong, will be unhesitatingly adopted by the House of Commons. When the Reform Bills of 1866 and 1867 were under discussion, the opponents or supporters of any provision were always encouraged by the hope of defeating the nominal chief of the Liberal party; but it would be impossible to change in the minutest degree the wording of a clause in the Irish Church Bill without Mr. GLADSTONE's consent. He has less than his adversaries to lose by a collision with the House of Lords, and by the consequent postponement of the Bill. The current of popular feeling would only be rendered stronger by the interposition of a temporary obstacle, and another year would be allowed for the preparation of the more difficult measures connected with Irish land. The House of Lords having, therefore, no means of putting any pressure on the Government, ought to consider not only the expediency and justice of proposed amendments, but the feasibility of convincing Mr. GLADSTONE that the specific alteration is consistent with his policy. The rights of man are, as has often been said, less important than the mights of man, and legislation in despite of the Minister's veto is a hopeless enterprise.

Nothing could be more conciliatory in form than Mr. GLADSTONE's promise to consider amendments made by the Lords, even though they may at first sight, and, as he significantly added, at last sight, appear to be inadmissible. It is for the Peers themselves to compare their proposed modifications with the purposes which Mr. GLADSTONE formally declared to be indispensable. The establishment and the endowment of the Church are to be absolutely abolished, and the surplus is not to be applied to ecclesiastical purposes. A great majority of the class which is in some measure represented by the House of Lords disapproves of the arbitrary prohibition of religious uses; yet it may be fairly contended that the measure is worthless unless it satisfies the Irish Roman Catholics who professedly desire the spoliation of the Establishment, while they repudiate the acceptance by their own clergy of an endowment in any form. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE will consent to the provision of glebes for the clergy of the three great denominations is perhaps still uncertain. Even a less ingenious dialectician might possibly reconcile either an acceptance or a rejection of the Duke of CLEVELAND's clause with the phrases employed at the Mansion House. At present it is only known that he will not apply to any object which he may declare to be religious the funds which he may think proper to include in the surplus. It may or may not be desirable that a single statesman should by merit or circumstance have attained a position which enables him to prescribe without appeal the conditions of legislation; but as Mr. GLADSTONE happens to be virtual dictator, he deserves credit for abstaining from an insolent and irritating display of his power. There has been much dispute lately as to the meaning of the verdict which all parties admit to have been given at the election. If there is any serious doubt on the point, the verdict virtually contained a proviso that any doubtful clauses which might be found in it were to be interpreted by Mr. GLADSTONE. He might probably have given the glebes to the Irish clergy without incurring adverse criticism; and it is still more certain that he will be supported if he withholds the boon. The extension of a similar benefit to Roman Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers has apparently not yet been approved by Mr. GLADSTONE, although he judiciously reserves the expression of his intentions.

The rejoicings of the Liberal LORD MAYOR and of his sympathizing City guests over the demolition of the Irish Church must have been sobered by Mr. BRUCE's announcement that, if possible, in the next Session the Corporation of London will in its turn be selected as the subject-matter for reform. Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquent compliments, and the LORD CHANCELLOR's civic reminiscences of his youth, probably lost much of their charm when the little City victims could no longer play regardless of their coming doom. A municipal government of the metropolis, whatever may be its constitution, necessarily involves the disestablishment, if not the disendowment, of the Corpora-

tion. It is in vain that Mr. MILL or Mr. BUXTON affects to call his new chief magistrate Lord Mayor; and it is a still smaller consolation that the reigning sovereign of the Mansion House is to retain his glories for the remainder of the year in which the Bill may be passed. A Lord Mayor of the whole of London will have as little special relation to the City as a King of Prussia or of Italy to the March of Brandenburg or the territory of Piedmont. Although the Government has not yet declared its adhesion to any one of the municipal projects of reform, the transfer of corporate power and dignity to an officer chosen by some constituency selected from the whole of London would be fatal to the Mansion House and to Guildhall. Nearly all the institutions of the City are, if contemplated with the severity of modern judgment, in the nature of abuses. If Mr. GLADSTONE ever dines with a prosaic and practical Mayor of the whole of London, he will expatiate with congenial enthusiasm on the abolition of useless pageants and of nominal dignities; but a Lord Mayor with enlarged duties and diminished revenues will jar against traditional associations. It is not impossible that the strenuous resistance of the Corporation may be seconded by the districts which grudge the sacrifice of their scantier State-rights to a federal or general government. In addressing his immediate audience Mr. BRUCE was safer when he spoke of general education, which involves no direct attack on any vested interest. The City Companies have for the present secured for themselves a veto on any scheme which may be proposed for dealing with their large trust funds; but it may be doubted whether their members regard the Endowed Schools Bill with satisfaction. It is highly probable that the Corporation will offer a more obstinate resistance than the Irish Church. City ascendency is not on the whole obnoxious even to the alien parishes which are excluded from participation in the corporate property, nor have politicians fully satisfied themselves that it will be convenient to establish on the inevitable basis of household suffrage a municipal government for a population of three or four millions. One of the most courteous of Ministers would perhaps have done well to observe the rule that nothing disagreeable should be said after dinner. Mansion House speeches should be confined either to conventional jokes, such as Mr. LOWE's remarks on the rights of women, or to stately enunciations of policy after the manner of Mr. GLADSTONE. Both forms of oratory will perhaps become obsolete when a municipal Reform Bill reduces the City to the level of vulgar provincial boroughs.

It will be a subject of curious observation whether the present House of Commons in maturer years will continue to deserve the praises which Mr. GLADSTONE has bestowed on its modest and virtuous youth. He has never seen a House so entirely exempt from pettiness of intrigue, or so little inclined to waste time in idle discussion. In other words, the House of Commons did as it was bid, even when it was told to hold its tongue and to leave the conduct of the Irish debates to Mr. GLADSTONE. In future Sessions, perhaps, members who have still their reputation to make may be disposed to waste in speeches a larger portion "of that precious time that ought "to be devoted to the noble task of building up the happiness "of the people." Mr. GLADSTONE has done as much as any statesman of his time for the happiness of the people, more especially in his long administration of the finances; but, having risen by eloquence, as well as by industry and practical ability, to the summit of ambition, he perhaps forgets that in the course of his career he has not been uniformly silent. The petty intrigues which are not to be found in the House of Commons are perhaps the unforgiven rebellions of unattached Liberal members against a leader who had not then established his undisputed supremacy. Mr. GLADSTONE is more secure against renewed insubordination than against a revival of the loquacity which he equally deprecates. Any Liberal member who voted against the Government on a vital question would inevitably forfeit his seat at the next election; and the Minister is therefore relieved from the necessity of consulting the personal inclinations or prejudices of his supporters. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech showed a just knowledge of the advantages of his position, while it was entirely exempt from the arrogance which might have furnished his opponents with a plausible grievance.

THE GERMAN FLEET.

IT is strange that the proposed creation of a German fleet should seem to any political writer a laughable enterprise. Although modern experience proves that the fate of nations is decided rather on the land than on the sea, no great Power can conveniently dispense with a respectable navy. North Germany has only three probable antagonists in war, and even Austria has hitherto been superior to Prussia in naval force. The Russian navy is far more powerful; and it would require vigorous and long-continued exertion to place the North German navy on an equality with the marine of France. The quality of the existing naval force of Germany is excellent; and the officers are among the most accomplished in Europe. The military post of Jahde will well repay the cost of its construction, in the sense of security which will be derived from the possession of a harbour with proper appurtenances for building and repairs. It is probable that Dantzig will be furnished with all modern improvements, and the acquisition of Kiel was by many persons regarded as a chief object of the Danish war; but it is evidently expedient to secure access to the North Sea, as well as to provide for the protection of the Baltic. No foreign Government has any right to take umbrage at preparations which are simply prudent, and almost necessary. In the event of a rupture with France, which is, it may be hoped, becoming more and more improbable, the North Germans, though far inferior in strength, might even now do something to protect the coast from insult and annoyance. It seems not wholly impossible that within a few years new disputes with Russia may be caused by sympathy with the vexations which are inflicted on the German inhabitants of Esthland and Liefland. The German provinces of Russia border on the sea, and in a contest for the possession of the Baltic sea-board naval preponderance would probably be decisive. Although the Prussian Government has always practised a wise and dignified parsimony, the funds required for the extension of the navy will always be forthcoming. The slight financial embarrassments which have induced the Finance Minister to anticipate the collection of taxes, and to allow a discount for early payment, are exclusively political. The Prussian and North German Parliaments have refused the demands of the Government for increased duties, not because the subject is overtaxed, but in the assertion of the right which they claim to control the finances. Whatever may be the issue of the domestic struggle, the country will be able and willing to bear the expense of an efficient navy. In Germany, as in England, popular opinion will favour the creation of a force which can seldom be used in civil conflicts, but the strongest argument in favour of ships and docks is that they are required to maintain the national honour.

The supposed interest of England in the maritime weakness of North Germany is at the same time irrelevant and chimerical. The jealousy of a neighbour would only supply an additional motive for the prosecution of a patriotic undertaking; yet it is difficult to imagine a rupture between two Powers which have no conflicting interest. If indeed a war should at any time arise between North Germany and England, it is impossible to deny that the stronger maritime Power would gladly be secured against any resistance at sea. When, in the great war, the Prussian troops occupied Hanover, they were obeying the orders of a foreign potentate who was the deadliest enemy of their own country, as of England. Within a week or two the petty mercantile marine of Prussia was swept from the sea, to be restored as soon as the insolence of NAPOLEON provoked a rising against the common enemy. It is perhaps natural to regret the time, never again to recur, when England was more than a match on the sea for the collected forces of the world. Steam and iron-plating have destroyed a supremacy which would in any case have been challenged as the States of Europe advanced in wealth and resources. The naval force of England would no longer be capable, without an extraordinary effort, of resisting a combination of two or three great Powers; and it may be argued that every additional ship of war which is built in a Continental dockyard augments the strength of a possible enemy; while it is forgotten that a secondary maritime State may be a valuable ally. It is fortunate that the abandonment, in the Treaty of Paris, of untenable claims of belligerent right has largely diminished the danger of a confederacy against England. In 1782 and in 1801 the neutral States took the opportunity of a dangerous pressure on English power to form leagues for the purpose of abolishing the right of capture of enemy's property in neutral bottoms. The victories of RODNEY and NELSON rendered both projects in succession abortive, but no single-handed contest against Europe would be possible at the present day. The American civil war proved that grounds of quarrel between belligerents and neutrals may still be discovered, but the dispute which has in former times recurred whenever England engaged in war can scarcely be revived. It follows that the German fleet of the future is not likely to be employed in a war with England,

nor is it impossible that it may tend to the maintenance of a maritime balance of power. The discussion of such contingencies is in itself undesirable, for nations as well as persons should avoid the habit of considering all external transactions with exclusive reference to their own interests. It is for German purposes, and not either for the benefit or the injury of England, that the dockyards of Jahde have been constructed. Conjectures as to the eventual success of the enterprise ought to be wholly dispassionate and practical.

With money and determination ships of the most approved patterns may undoubtedly be built, but the question whether they can be manned is not equally simple. The country to which the Hanse ports belonged still possesses a considerable maritime population, although its seagoing trade only occupies a secondary rank. The military organization of the North German Confederacy will probably render it possible to enforce the compulsory service at sea which has been virtually abandoned by England; and it is easier to train stokers and gunners than the able seamen who once assured to England the command of the sea. The great and constant emigration from Germany to America has probably contributed to direct attention to the cultivation of maritime power. The transfer of a large and useful part of the population to an alien allegiance is regarded with natural regret; and vague wishes point to German colonies as the only alternative for the drain to the United States. If any unoccupied country of suitable climate is still to be found in any part of the world, the experiment of a German colony would deserve all possible good-will for its success; but Australia, New Zealand, and the American continent, down to the Rio Grande, are occupied by settlers who speak English; and in the temperate regions of South America the Italians seem likely to establish a preponderance, unless they are there also pushed out by English energy. In other parts of the United States descendants of German settlers will in two or three generations have adopted the language and manners of the great majority of the American people. It seems barely possible that, in the thinly inhabited region of Texas, the Germans might perpetuate their own institutions without renouncing their political connexion with the United States. Even in Mexico there are many German immigrants far superior to the natives of the country, and especially obnoxious to the clerical party. A new Germany beyond the ocean would advantageously vary the monotonous character which attends the boundless expansion of the English race; yet, even if Germany had colonies of her own, the great body of the emigrants might probably still prefer the United States. It has hitherto been found impossible to direct the stream of English emigration to Canada, and the larger body might probably exert the greater magnetic power over Germans as well as over Englishmen.

Even if great German colonies were established in remote continents or islands, the effect on the marine of the Mother-country would perhaps not be important. It was not because England and Holland possessed colonies that the inhabitants of their coasts took to the sea. Distant settlements were the result, and not the cause, of commercial enterprise, and the first thought of early promoters of colonization was generally the creation or encouragement of trade. The poorer class of Germans desire to go abroad only because they are too much crowded at home, or in some cases revolutionary theories may cause a desire to live under a Republican Government. The devotion to German unity and greatness which has for many years inspired the educated portion of the community seems not to have penetrated into the stratum from which emigrants are derived. The patriotism of the Germans in the United States is exclusively American, while even the Irish look back with a seditious regret to the country which they have left. Although it will be possible to create and maintain a war navy, commercial activity cannot be stimulated by administrative measures. The North-German ports lie far away from the modern highways of trade, nor will they share the great advantages which Marseilles, Brindisi, and Trieste may probably derive from the opening of the Suez Canal. The prosperity of Hamburg may perhaps be rivalled by Kiel, when the Baltic is connected with the North Sea by the projected canal which in time of war will add greatly to the naval force of the Power that possesses the territory through which it runs. Races closely allied to the Low-Germans of Holland cannot have lost the sea-going aptitudes of their forefathers; and indeed there are many German sailors employed in English merchant vessels. The gratification which the opening of the port of Jahde has caused in Germany is in the highest degree legitimate.

CONCURRENT ENDOWMENT.

THE amendment to alter the preamble with which Lord GREY opened the debate in Committee on the Irish Church Bill was eminently characteristic of its author, and yet not entirely useless. It was framed at random, advocated at random, and discussed at random, and nevertheless it brought the great question of concurrent endowment in a convenient shape before the public. With Lord GREY's peculiar theories about Established Churches we do not profess to agree. It is a remarkable fact that scarcely any two defenders of Established Churches defend them on the same grounds. And if we cannot agree with Lord GREY, still less can we agree with the Bishop of OXFORD, who seemed to think that the Roman Catholic religion was true enough to endow, although it was not true enough to establish; while almost in the same breath he said that the truth or falsity of a religion was immaterial as regards its endowment, and that the endowment of even the falsest religion was a debt due to the people who were willing to pay for it and who believed in it. All these difficult questions may be put aside. It is advisable, as it is convenient, to come down to humbler ground and to look at the facts before us. Lord GREY had no specific proposal as to concurrent endowment to make. Lord GREY never has any specific proposals to make. His mission is to make eloquent, cantankerous speeches, on the highest possible principles, with the maximum of public inconvenience. And in his own sphere he is really great. He is the ROEBUCK of the Upper House, and can consume any amount of time in offering suggestions and stating arguments which are queer, crotchety, one-sided, and often irrelevant, but which have a value as proceeding from a mind not cast in the mould of other minds, and daring to be honest and frank. The proposal to alter the preamble of the Bill at the very outset was on the face of it absurd, and yet there was a sort of wild meaning in his argument that the discussion of many of the details of the Bill must be almost fruitless unless it was first settled whether some scheme of concurrent endowment should be entertained. It is also true that Lord GREY managed, at the outset of the discussion of the clauses of the Bill, to place the scheme of concurrent endowment in as favourable a light as possible. He elicited from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and from the Bishop of OXFORD a distinct approval of the principle of concurrent endowment, and few people except very fanatical Protestants will, after this expression of opinion, pronounce an approval of concurrent endowment to be necessarily and inherently wicked. It must be also taken as a distinct gain in favour of the views he supported that Lord GREY contrived to make many prominent members of the House of Lords declare in favour of the particular scheme of concurrent endowment which the Duke of CLEVELAND has proposed. After the debate of Tuesday night it may be taken for granted that the whole strength of the advocates of concurrent endowment will be thrown into the support of the proposal to allow the Commissioners to provide, when requested, houses, with a small amount of land attached, for the Romanist priests and the Presbyterian ministers. That this is concurrent endowment appears to us clear, although the endowment comes out of the surplus, and not out of the taxes of the British public, as Lord MAYO proposed. Either way money which Parliament has at its disposal is placed at the service of Irish sects other than that of the Anglican Church. It is a narrower scheme of concurrent endowment to build houses or manses for Romanists and Presbyterians than to place out of the Imperial taxation a yearly sum at the disposal of the rival communities, which would put them on an equality with the Established Church. But, although narrow, it is still a scheme of concurrent endowment, and must be defended, if it is defended at all, on the same grounds on which all schemes of concurrent endowment, whether wide or narrow, must be based.

The precise terms of the Duke of CLEVELAND's amendment seem to us to be rather obscure, but they embody in an inoffensive form the general plan of offering houses to the priests and ministers of rival sects, provided that the Anglican Church keeps its glebe-houses free of building charges. If Parliament were prepared to adopt the general principle, it would be easy to give the amendment proposed by the Duke of CLEVFLAND the accuracy which it needs. And we very much wish to believe that Parliament would sanction this general principle. It would be much better for Ireland, and much better for the Anglican Church, if this amount of provision were made for the Catholics and the Presbyterians. The social and political position of the priests would be greatly improved if they had good houses provided for them, and the Anglican Church would be able to make

a very good bargain for itself if it conceded thus much to its rivals. We should very much like to see the Duke of CLEVELAND's amendment pass into law; but we cannot conceal from ourselves that there are difficulties which beset its path which are of a most serious character. The first of these is that the vague idea of having some scheme of concurrent endowment carried out before the Bill is done with will inevitably, if widely entertained, encourage the adoption of all sorts of wild amendments in favour of the Irish Church. Clause after clause will be altered, so as to give bonuses to the new ecclesiastical body on the plea that equality is, at a subsequent stage, to be restored by the concession of a power to build houses for the priests and ministers of the other sects. It is very possible that the facility for passing amendments thus accorded may produce utter anarchy. Who is to say that any suggestion in favour of the Anglican clergy is to be rejected if things are to be put all straight at the end by an equivalent being given? Lord GREY had some sort of reason on his side when he said that the principle of concurrent endowment ought to be affirmed at the outset if it was to be entertained at all. Were it once for all established that a definite sum—a million, or two millions, or any other precise amount—was to be expended for the benefit of other sects, an equivalent sum might be claimed out of the surplus from the Anglican Church. But if it is left open whether any sum shall be applied out of the surplus for a scheme of concurrent endowment, and what this sum shall be if it is to exist at all, all the amendments in favour of the Anglican Church must be proposed and carried in the dark. There is no reason whatever, as matters now stand, why the whole surplus should not be used up by specific appropriations in favour of the Anglican Church before the Romanists and Presbyterians get a penny for their buildings. If the Bill was discussed in its earlier clauses on the hypothesis that the last clauses were to make everything even, every amendment intended to increase the funds of the Anglican Church would have an equal chance of being carried. There would be no one to bargain with the Government and to say that if this is conceded, that shall be withdrawn. Each of the friends of the Church would be able to call on all the rest to support his proposal, for each might say that what he asks for will be covered by the equivalent to be given to the rival sects. The necessary consequence of this would be that the Commons would reject the whole of the amendments. They would find that a glaring inequality was introduced under the colour of a scheme for balancing the advantages accorded to one set of claimants against those accorded to another set. The friends of the Anglican Church would be tempted to overdo the prosecution of their claims, and the scheme of concurrent endowment would fall through because the Anglican Church had asked very much more than Parliament was inclined to give.

Serious, however, as are the difficulties which might thus arise in the way of concurrent endowment, they are by no means the most serious with which it is threatened. If Mr. GLADSTONE's speech at the Mansion House is to be understood in the sense which the majority of the commentators place on it, it is obvious that no scheme of concurrent endowment can be carried if the present Ministry is to retain office. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues will then have to say that they entered into an express compact with the nation not to entertain any suggestion such as that made by the Duke of CLEVELAND. It would, we think, be a national gain if the Duke of CLEVELAND's amendment could be carried in the Lords and accepted by the Commons. But it is quite open to the present Ministry to refuse to acquiesce in it. They may say, and we are confidently told they will say, that they have come into office and have framed their Bill on the express understanding that they will have nothing to do with any scheme for giving any new benefit to the clergy of any religious sect. They may have been right or wrong, but this was their programme, and it would be quite out of place for them to propose to the House of Commons to adopt a scheme for giving the Anglican Church a large slice out of the surplus in return for a slice more or less large to be given to the Romanists and the Presbyterians. A Ministry that would consent to such a radical alteration of their Bill would be, Mr. GLADSTONE may urge, a very poor Ministry—a Ministry that, by clinging to office, would greatly damage its own credit and that of the Reformed Parliament. This Mr. GLADSTONE may say, and we are inclined to think that this is what, in a very cloudy way, he meant to hint at the Mansion House; though still the question arises why, when the opportunity was open to him, Earl GRANVILLE did not say this distinctly in the House of Lords? It is of the essence of free government that the Ministry of the day should respect itself, and should refuse to be the vehicle for proposing, at the dictation of others, schemes to which it has declared itself radically opposed. If this is Mr. GLADSTONE's intention, the Government leader would have done, we think, a great service to the House of Lords by declaring, at the very outset of the discussion of the Bill in Committee, that it is not for him or his colleagues to accept any such alteration of the Bill as Lord GREY shadowed forth or as the Duke of CLEVELAND has embodied in his modest and inoffensive amendment. This amendment is in itself justifiable on grounds that seem to us conclusive; but the peers who support it at the present crisis ought, if such is the resolution of the Government, to have been distinctly informed that they can only do so successfully if they are prepared to form a Ministry that will possess the confidence of the nation in a greater degree than the Cabinet of Mr. GLADSTONE possesses it.

FRANCE.

THE Imperial letter to M. DE MACKAU has not been suffered to remain without qualification. When even the faithful SCHNEIDER could be disturbed at the reactionary measures the EMPEROR was supposed to be meditating, it was plainly necessary to devise a phrase or two on the side of liberty. M. SCHNEIDER himself was accordingly made the recipient of an assurance that the policy of the Imperial Government is too transparent to admit of any misconception. It was a strange form for consolation to take, since it left M. SCHNEIDER no alternative but to credit himself with a power of performing impossibilities, or to conclude that his interpretation of the Imperial intentions was strictly correct. What this interpretation really amounted to does not appear from the correspondence, but inasmuch as it compelled M. SCHNEIDER to send in his resignation, it must have been something terribly bad. As this extreme step was not persisted in, we may assume that the President of the Corps Législatif has become convinced that he had achieved the impossible, and mistaken the unmistakeable. He had failed to see that the work of the Government was to be the same, now that the elections are over, as it was when they were still in the future, and that this work is the conciliation of a strong Government with sincerely liberal institutions. Perhaps M. SCHNEIDER had doubted whether the latter half of the task was not to be dropped altogether, but as his scepticism yielded to such very mild treatment, it could hardly have been of a very inveterate kind. Only a man of unusual facility of conviction could have found his peace of mind restored by the EMPEROR's letter. Nor can it be said that M. ROUHER's allocution in the Corps Législatif was much more to the purpose. The statement that the renewal of the Corps Législatif by universal suffrage "is a natural opportunity for the nation to manifest its thoughts, its aspirations, "and its requirements," depends for its value on the interpretation given to the word "nation." If the Imperial Government tends to found its conclusions on the whole body of facts disclosed or indicated by the recent elections, the intimation has great importance. But if the mere existence of a large Government majority in the Corps Législatif is to be held, as no doubt it technically may be, to imply the existence of a corresponding majority among the electors, the study of political results which M. ROUHER promises by-and-by is likely to be extremely unfruitful. It is true that further legislation of some kind is distinctly hinted at, and that the return of the ordinary Session is to put us in possession of those resolutions and projects which the Government will then think best calculated to realize the wishes of the country. Still this need mean nothing more than some fresh development of paternal supervision. The projects which the EMPEROR may think calculated to realize the wishes of the country are not necessarily identical with the projects which the country itself may think calculated to realize its own wishes. There is not much chance that NAPOLEON III. will choose to see that, so far as the recent Opposition victories were not declarations in favour of a Republic, they were protests against personal government. He is far more likely to ignore the latter element altogether, and to act as though the complaint against the Empire were that it has done too little, and not that it has done too much. No doubt the study of the political results of the elections which M. ROUHER spoke of, will, within certain limits, be carried on with abundance of appreciative zeal. The EMPEROR is not a man to have no sympathy with the wants and aspirations of his subjects. He is a long way removed from the mere vulgar tyrant to whom power is only valuable in so far as it ministers to his own selfish ends. His theory of government makes the sovereign the most complete expression of the national life, and the most

trustworthy exponent of the national will. A ruler who does not discharge these functions has only himself to thank if they are taken from him; but, on the other hand, a nation which, having a ruler capable of discharging them, wishes to find other exponents of its will, has only itself to thank if its liberty of doing so is fettered in its own interests. That if France wants self-government and a Parliamentary Constitution she does not know what is good for her, and consequently that, in refusing to concede a responsible Ministry or any of those "necessary liberties" which are so often in M. THIERS'S mouth, the EMPEROR has but treated her as a careful mother treats an infant who cries for what will hurt it, are theories which to NAPOLEON III. have all the force of genuine conviction. It is this fact which makes us so sceptical of any reconciliation between the Empire and liberty. This or that Liberal result France may be permitted to enjoy, but she will never, while the EMPEROR reigns, be suffered to arrive at it by Liberal methods. As we have before pointed out, the conversion of the Empire into a constitutional kingdom would be in the EMPEROR'S eyes as disastrous a change for France as for himself. The good as well as the bad points of his character will therefore dispose him to run any risk rather than seek in so tremendous an humiliation an escape from present difficulties. The language he put into M. ROUHER'S mouth at the opening of the Session shows no change of tone in this respect. The measures calculated to realize the wishes of the country will have their origin in the Imperial brain, and, when perfected in that intellectual crucible, will be offered for public adoption. In all important respects the Government is still to anticipate, not to follow, the nation.

In the meantime the European public waits with such languid interest as has survived a long series of false alarms to know the meaning of the speech at Châlons. The warlike significance which it seemed to wear at first sight would hardly stand the test of examination if there were no other symptoms suggesting the same conclusion. The master of a great army must occasionally flatter its vanity, and it might be difficult to do so more cheaply than by the theory of an invariable coincidence between French invasions and the progress of civilization. A forced reminiscence of a victory over Austria is hardly a natural prelude to an attack upon Prussia; indeed there are some people who have let their logic run away with them, and have drawn the inference that this appeal to the victors of Solferino can mean nothing but a repetition of the drama of 1859, with the substitution of Prussia for Italy—an over-ingenious speculation which suggests that its authors are not proof against the fascination of superficial resemblance. It must be admitted, however, that the speech at Chalons does not stand quite alone. The alarm which seems to be felt at Rome points to an expected withdrawal of the French troops, and this is so obviously the bait which would be held out to induce Italy to join France against Prussia, that the fears of the Roman diplomatists may be worth something as an index of what is in the wind. The Imperial reply to the address of the Bishop of BEAUVAIS deserves a passing notice for the assurances it did not contain. The Bishop's speech had recalled M. ROUHER'S "*Jamais*," and treated it as embodying the Imperial policy in the matter of Rome. It would have seemed only natural if the eldest son of the Church had said something on the same subject, and had expressed some appreciation of the position he at present occupies as the Protector of the Holy See. Instead of this, the EMPEROR contented himself with giving utterance to a truth more obvious than fruitful. He was always glad to listen to bishops, because their addresses "invariably contained expressions of "piety, and never failed to call to mind holy doctrines." If this is all that HIS MAJESTY looks for, he may find it in every sermon, and we suspect that the Bishop of BEAUVAIS meant his words to have more weight than if they had been spoken from an ordinary pulpit. Nor can the glimpse which the EMPEROR'S speech affords of the subject-matter of his private devotions have altogether satisfied the episcopal judgment. "Should his prayers be heard, religion would "be held in honour, the people happy, and France great and "prosperous." All very well no doubt as far as it goes, but what about the POPE? Does the "honour" in which the EMPEROR prays that religion may be held include the temporal power? And if it does not, what place does the POPE hold in his prayers? We feel that the Bishop of BEAUVAIS must have asked himself this question, and, further, that the EMPEROR must have been perfectly aware that his words would be examined with anxious minuteness in the hope of detecting in them some assurance, even if an ambiguous one, of an intention to maintain the French occupation. Inferences drawn from the mere absence of what was expected are rarely of much value, and a politician may be unwilling to commit himself afresh to a line of action which at the same time he has no fixed purpose of abandoning. But so far as the EMPEROR'S treatment of the episcopal congratulations can be taken to mean anything, it is not of a kind to give any comfort to the Papal party among his subjects.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that a change in the Imperial attitude on the Roman question, supposing it to be imminent, would imply war as a matter of course. Such a change would be an almost certain accompaniment of an attack on Prussia, but it would be an equally inevitable accompaniment of any serious effort to conciliate the Democratic party at home. No part of the Imperial policy has given so much offence to the Radical Opposition as the second occupation of Rome, and the very first thing the EMPEROR has to do, if he cares to secure their neutrality, is to wipe out the remembrance of Montana. The Socialist Democracy which has gained so much strength in France has more interest in foreign than in home politics. The latter it views as subordinate to the coming social revolution, but it is of the utmost importance to the ultimate success of this movement that the democrats of Europe should not be prevented by foreign intervention from carrying out their projects. In the eyes of a French republican, to maintain the Papal power is to sanction the most mischievous of theories in order to support the worst of Governments. That the EMPEROR really cherishes any idea of ending where he began, and of carrying out on the throne the Socialist visions which were his solace in prison and exile, is improbable enough. But his is not a position in which mere caution can stand him in much stead, and if once this conviction comes home to him, his is hardly the temperament to be repelled either by the wildness or the danger of an attempt.

EARL RUSSELL.

WE are not about to discuss in this place the policy of Earl RUSSELL'S now defunct amendment on the Irish Church Bill, partly because we have elsewhere gone into the whole subject of the proposed amendments in the Upper House, and partly because the brief existence of this particular suggestion would hardly justify a biography. It lived only to die, but to write the life of a may-fly is otiose. It was, as the Americans say, tabled on Thursday in last week, on Saturday we find on the Lords' paper an item contributed by Earl RUSSELL "in lieu of former amend-"ment." But in the same paper is also announced a parallel amendment from the Duke of CLEVELAND, which seems to have attracted a good deal of favour, and now it is announced that Lord RUSSELL'S amendment is withdrawn in favour of the Duke's. Although the principle of the successive forms of Earl RUSSELL'S amendment and of the Duke's, that of providing glebe-houses and lands for the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, is the same, yet that Earl RUSSELL has in less than a week gone through these changes of mind is significant and characteristic. While both in his first and second thoughts he recommended that the proposed glebe lands should consist of thirty acres, his first amendment seemed to make this provision by grant or purchase compulsory out of "such property"—though the property was not specified; but the revised amendment gave the Commissioners only power to do this. And again, the grant or *purchase* of land for certain proposed separate graveyards, of the first edition, was in the second form modified into *grant*—omitting purchase. However, when the Duke of CLEVELAND'S amendment was announced, proposing ten acres for the glebes instead of thirty, and moreover limiting the grant or gift of glebes and glebe-houses to the especial places or persons which should ask for them, Earl RUSSELL has, we are informed, collapsed, and given up the field to his ducal friend.

Now this is precisely what Earl RUSSELL has always been doing, very notably and consistently with the Irish Church, but with politics generally all his life long. *Qualis ab incepto.* Earl RUSSELL is now singing his swan's song, and it is in a good many parts, and, as the music folk say, it contains a good many variations on one and the same theme; and there is about the autobiographical dirge which the great Whig Earl has now for the very last time been singing upon himself, as there is in a good deal of very fine music, what looks to those who are not great musicians very like not only tautology, but a sonorous repetition of a majestic turn or cadence which is always beginning anew, and never quite gets to an end. During the years 1868 and 1869 Earl RUSSELL has been talking about the Irish Church, and about his various views of it. He has talked over the Irish Church and himself and the Whig party in three successive letters to Mr.

CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, in sundry speeches in the House of Lords, and in the amendments on the Government Bill, last week proposed, modified, and abandoned, of which we have already spoken. In January, 1868, Earl RUSSELL began his epistolary trilogy; after Mr. GLADSTONE'S famous production was carried he resumed his pen. as letter-writers say. On the 18th of January Earl RUSSELL wrote his last letter. Here we are just entering July, and he has been at it again, proposing, changing his mind, and finally doing nothing. And, as he frankly says in his very agreeable set of letters, this is just what he has always been doing. There is an engaging freedom in almost all senescent confessions, and a pleasant air not altogether of vanity, but of self-conscious urbanity, which characterizes autobiography when it relates to declining years, which is almost always pardonable, and is often very taking, or at any rate amusing. A septuagenarian discoursing about himself is always kindly listened to when he can begin his pleasant prattle with, "I said forty—aye, five-and-forty—years ago," so-and-so, which is no great matter; but the saying or the thing, be it large or small, has got the crust and venerable ærugo of half a century about it. Old experience does not always attain to anything like a prophetic strain; but if there is the vaticinal beard of a prophet, and if the oracle is delivered in flowing but grave accents which suggest the wisdom of age, it is always listened to. One of DICKENS'S heroes, Mr. CASBY, found his fine noble bald head, and smooth septuagenarian old-apple face, stand him in stead of many virtues. Earl RUSSELL has now acquired something of this dignity, and is generally looked upon as the political "Patriarch "in the list shoes." That Earl RUSSELL can tell us anything authentic about the interior of Lord GREY'S Cabinet excuses something of the smallness of the relics which he exhibits, when we remember what a very old Cabinet he has dragged them out of. But if we had not got it all in this agreeably garrulous form, we should say that Earl RUSSELL'S own account of his relations to the Irish Church question are not exactly those reminiscences of single and consistent statesmanship which we look for, say, in a SULLY, or, which is more to the point, in a SOMERS.

In January, 1868, writing to his "dear FORTESCUE," Earl RUSSELL passed in review the successive attempts to mete out some measure of justice in the way of religious freedom to the Roman Catholics, and pointed to the year 1801 as the date of Mr. PITT'S first and timid suggestion of a pecuniary provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. No doubt, had not GEORGE III.'s prejudices proved insurmountable, PITT'S policy in this, as in other matters, would have succeeded. The Irish priests were not then Ultramontanized; they embodied a good deal of Gallican feeling, and would, it is well known, have been well content to be well paid. But it is as well to remember that Mr. PITT'S plan did not involve disestablishment or any dealing with the resources of the Establishment at all. All that he thought of was to make an Imperial grant, whether large or small, to the Irish Catholic clergy. Without going into the tedious history of the Appropriation Clause, or into Earl RUSSELL'S defence or excuse first for its proposal and next for its abandonment, it is enough to say that in January last year the noble Earl declared that, in his opinion, "the destruction of the Protestant Church in Ireland, the "withdrawal of the Maynooth Grant and the Regium Donum, "together with a refusal of all subsidies by the State towards "the building of Roman Catholic churches, and furnishing "glebes and incomes to the Catholic clergy would be a misfortune for Ireland . . . would check civilization, and arrest "the progress of society in the rural parts of Ireland." And his conclusion was, that the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church and of the Presbyterians, and the reduction of the Irish Establishment to one-eighth of its revenues, would be just and salutary. In other words, Earl RUSSELL condemned by anticipation every principle and detail of Mr. GLADSTONE'S unborn measure. A very few months later, when all that was done was the triumphant victory of Mr. GLADSTONE on the 30th of March, Earl RUSSELL wrote a second letter, from which it appeared that whatever Mr. GLADSTONE was about to do became a sort of open question to Earl RUSSELL. Now he only timidly recalls his own old plan for a tripartite endowment; he no longer characterizes the destruction of the Established Church as a wrong to Ireland; but rather he takes occasion in his second letter to say that "he "was perhaps not far wrong when in 1866 he expressed "an opinion that a division of the Church revenues between "Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Catholics, would pro- "duce fresh discord in Ireland," which we take it is only a euphemism for saying that he was very far wrong in 1868 when he actually proposed this very arrangement. Here then towards the beginning of last summer we have Earl RUSSELL backing out of the large policy which he had seriously and solemnly propounded just after Christmas, and falling back upon an old but quite opposite view of his, dated 1866, "not deeply considered" and therefore probably "not far wrong," but which he had given up in 1868.

How stands Earl RUSSELL in January, 1869? He reviews the three possible plans for dealing with the Irish religious question. First, Mr. PITT'S complete preservation of the Establishment, with an endowed Roman Catholic clergy; next his own, which he now prefers to call Earl GREY'S, of the threefold division of the revenues of the Irish Church; and lastly, what is known as disestablishment and disendowment. The first is dismissed as too late; the second, Earl RUSSELL'S own, in a single sentence of three lines, is got rid of as "equally impracticable," and he adopts, with a difference, the third. As regards Earl RUSSELL himself, the only observation which his third letter really calls for is that he had all his political life favoured a policy which in a few short months he denounces as impracticable. Perhaps Earl RUSSELL thought, and we agree with him, that if posterity is certain to pronounce an unfavourable verdict on a statesman's life, it is better for him to anticipate posterity, and write his own epitaph. If a man writing an autobiography discredits himself, he takes out the sting of every unfavourable biography from another hand. This is really the true picture. Earl RUSSELL takes credit for proposing the Appropriation Clause, and abandoning it. He takes credit for threefold endowment, and for abandoning it; just as he took credit for chalking up No Popery in the Papal Aggression, and running away from Cardinal WISEMAN'S door, and as he took credit for serving with Lord PALMERSTON and supplanting him. Prolific in various policies, he has throughout his career been equally easy in adopting a scheme and its opposite. His old experience has not failed him. Last January he adopted disendowment, but it was a strange sort of disendowment—a disendowment somehow consistent not only with the retention of the Maynooth Grant and the Regium Donum, but with a sentimental retention of what are vulgarly called "the ano- "malies and abuses of the Establishment," but which he thought "in reality were among the most useful parts of the Establishment", and among those most useful parts, he specified the Protestant clergyman with a congregation of ten surrounded by a Roman Catholic population of four or five thousand. And he further suggested that any available surplus after, not endowing, but subsidizing, the three religious communities, should be devoted to land drainage, and loans to landlords and tenants for farming improvements. It is enough to contrast in this present year 1869 the Earl RUSSELL of January 18, writing to Mr. C. FORTESCUE, with the Earl RUSSELL of June 25, accepting Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill with a faint and irresolute appeal for a compulsory assignment of glebes of thirty acres for all the three denominations, and at the last moment shrinking away from even this timid recurrence to his old self, and finally collapsing into acquiescence in the Duke of CLEVELAND'S cautious and perhaps reluctant, but more popular, grant of ten acres to those who would descend to accept them. A political autobiography such that of which Earl RUSSELL has not only furnished the materials, but has himself given the details, is very interesting. We know few more interesting publications than Earl RUSSELL'S three pamphlets; as a literary work the series is the pleasantest reading. But it hardly does honour to that cause to which the noble author thinks his life has been dedicated, and to that political confidence which he has himself contributed to elevate the dignity and wisdom of Whig statesmanship.

POLITICAL PENSIONS.

THERE is no reason to regret the failure of Mr. FAWCETT'S plausible arguments against the Official Pensions Bill. Democratic sympathies would perhaps incline to liberal remuneration of successful politicians, if Parliamentary prizes had not hitherto been for the most part restricted to a comparatively limited class. There are good reasons for restricting the numbers of pensions, although it might be urged that one needy veteran in the public service deserved as well as another who had been more lucky in lighting on a vacancy. It is desirable that a large portion of the higher functionaries should be men of independent fortune; and in practice it has been found that sometimes only two or three first-class pensions have been actually claimed. The proposed limitation to persons who have exchanged trades or professions for office would have been almost equivalent to the abolition of pensions. The custom or understanding which prohibited

members of the Government from carrying on a trade was tacitly abrogated as soon as traders became competitors for high office. Two or three of the present Ministry are still manufacturers, although their business is necessarily conducted by their partners. No profession, except the law, is likely to be exchanged for office; and Mr. WALPOLE is the only living lawyer who has abandoned good practice at the Bar for a political career. It is perfectly true that, as Mr. FAWCETT contends, the acceptance of office seldom or never involves a pecuniary sacrifice. Lord RUSSELL must, if he has ever taken the trouble to examine his accounts, long since have satisfied himself of his mistake in assuring a Select Committee that he was impoverished by the receipt of a salary of 5,000*l.* a year. The expenses of the highest office would be covered by a fifth part of the income, and, to a wealthy peer who habitually maintains a large establishment, a seat in the Cabinet cannot cost a shilling. As rich men hold no pensions, the only persons to be considered in discussing the question are those who devote themselves to public life with scanty private means. Their sacrifice is made, not on their appointment to office, but when they relinquish the prospect of some more profitable pursuit. It would be neither reasonable nor possible to compensate the adventurers who fail, but it is not impolitic to reserve a few modest prizes for the winners in the lottery. PITT and CANNING are familiar instances of statesmen who would certainly have made large fortunes at the Bar. If BROUGHAM had not pursued the profession of the law for a maintenance, it could not have been thought unfair that his political exertions should in his later years have been rewarded by a pension. If sufficient securities were provided against corruption, an old leader of Opposition might perhaps deserve a pension as well as an ex-Minister; but the class from which public offices are replenished would prefer a lottery with numerous blanks to a total refusal of reward.

In America, where pensions are unknown, the Federal and State offices are generally filled by lawyers who, after a comparatively short term of service, find no difficulty in resuming their profession. If an ex-President or an ex-Secretary of State were reduced to poverty, the spectacle would probably be distasteful to the people of the United States, and the precedent would not be deserving of imitation in England. In a land of social inequality there is a general feeling that a descent from the position of a Cabinet Minister to a rank below the condition of a gentleman would on the whole be inexpedient. One of the most conspicuous political leaders of the present generation, although on grounds of principle or prejudice he refused a pension, was compelled to accept the bounty of private friends and admirers. If remuneration is to be awarded for public service, it is more seemly that it should be given at the public expense than that a tax should be imposed on munificent volunteers. The petty salaries of American functionaries are the object of more intrigue and corruption than the largest rewards of office in England. It is doubtful whether an increase of pay, immediate or deferred, might not raise the standard of qualification; but the whole subject is beyond the competence of foreigners. The provision made for ex-Ministers in France is far more liberal than in England, although it depends on the favour of the EMPEROR. When a member of the French Cabinet retires, he is almost always relegated either to the Senate or to the Council of State, where easy duties, which men of busy habits prefer to entire exemption from labour, furnish a pretext for liberal salaries, and provide occupation until, in many cases, the term of promotion once more comes round. It is almost surprising that in the good old times before the Reform Bill the sinecure of a seat in the Privy Council was wholly unpaid. A salary attached to a nominal duty might for a time have survived a pension granted without ostensible reason. Imperial munificence is administered on more enlightened principles.

The abuses of the Pension List of fifty years ago, while they were not unconnected with political immorality, dated from a time when the Civil List was, like the income of a private person, supposed to be at the disposal of the Sovereign. A nobleman or commoner of large fortune can pension off old servants at pleasure without consulting either his neighbours or his less fortunate dependents; yet it is not impossible that if the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few owners proceeds at the present rate of increase, the proprietor of half a county, or of a section of the metropolis, may become responsible to law as well as to public opinion. In early times the bounty of the Crown was either exempt from criticism, or it was denounced as a mode of corruption rather than as a misappropriation of public money. Long after political power had passed into the hands of Parliamentary leaders, the King himself was in the habit of higgling with his Ministers on the grants which they demanded for the benefit of themselves and their adherents. Even in the distribution of patronage the Sovereign sometimes displayed a prudery which seemed to the managers of Parliamentary parties ridiculous or shocking. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, according to Lord HERVEY, reported as an almost incredible proof of folly the declaration of GEORGE II. that he would not allow commissions in the army to be given in exchange for votes in the House of Commons. GEORGE III. in his turn surprised Lord NORTH by insisting that bishoprics should be given with a certain regard to piety and learning, and that Regius Professors in the Universities should know something of their respective branches of study. In the bestowal of pensions there was no similar question of fitness, because any man is capable of receiving quarterly payments; but the indifference which the King might have felt for the qualities of the recipient was removed by his own interest as paymaster. By degrees successive Ministers obtained the control of the Pension List, as they and their predecessors had already deprived the Crown of more important branches of the prerogative. At the date of the Reform Bill the great bulk of the pensions had been given in payment for the votes of the relatives or patrons of the annuitants in one or the other House of Parliament. There were poor peers who, with all their male and female cadets, were quartered on the public purse in return for their support of SIDMOUTH, of GRENVILLE, or of LIVERPOOL, and some pensioners had claims far less creditable. The changes which were adopted in deference to a general feeling of indignation were, on the whole, well considered. The limited amount of pensions of which the Prime Minister for the time can dispose would have been better distributed if statesmen had condescended to know more of the condition of literature and science; but during thirty-five years scarcely any pension has been given for the furtherance of a gross political job. Political pensions were properly withdrawn from the control of official discretion or partiality, and the modest allowances which have been received by a few retired statesmen form but puny substitutes for the patent offices, of which a few specimens remain like gigantic skeletons to record the prodigality of a former generation. It is no longer possible for a great peer to negotiate with a Minister for the sale of half a dozen steady votes in consideration of grants to his nominees; but the State, in superseding private dispensers of patronage, has in some degree inherited their obligations. The further curtailment of pensions which Mr. FAWCETT recommends would produce no advantage except in the money which might be saved. The condition of a comparatively long tenure of office renders it impossible for a Prime Minister to grant indirectly the pension which is no longer nominally in his gift. There is no difference of opinion in the propriety of securing to the members of the permanent Civil Service a provision for their old age, which they would certainly obtain if they were in the employment of Corporations, of public Companies, or of wealthy traders. A Parliamentary Minister or Under-Secretary who has shared the same duties for a shorter time has probably spent the earlier part of his career in an apprenticeship to public business in the House of Commons. It is not commonly thought that official salaries are too large, and the amount of pensions under the present rule will be comparatively insignificant as long as Ministers are selected from the higher classes. There is probably not a member of the present Cabinet who would require a pension on his retirement, unless he chanced to suffer some reverse of fortune. Frugality in the expenditure of public money ought to be the rule, but it is subject to many exceptions.

BETTING-HOUSES AND THE TURF.

WE have no very solid expectations of the good which may result from the present raid on the lower class of betting-houses. Experience teaches us to distrust the spasmodic activity of the police. We hear periodically of raids on Holywell Street, but Holywell Street and its trade survives. A foul neighbourhood is cleansed to become foul again. The very term "raid" suggests strong and turbulent but evanescent action. Just now public opinion is going through one of its violent fits of tumultuous morality. It is all too hot to last. No doubt there is much to drive us to fever heat, but violent virtues are to be distrusted. A revival whether of religion or of public conscience is not to be depended on. No doubt there is much to excite us. The crash of three or four noble houses, sumptuous and ancestral mansions seized by the sheriff to defray Turf

debts of ducal spendthrifts, heir-looms and priceless pictures and the *corrupti undique nobiles libri*, household familiarities ranging from jewelled vases to the heir's toys, the sacred things of old renown and of private life, becoming the subjects of unseemly wrangles with bailiffs—to say nothing of embezzlement, suicide, and murder among the lower classes—and all these evils to be traced to the Turf, may well provoke a tempest of indignation. The plague is universal, from the first-born of PHARAOH that sat on the throne to the first-born of the captive and to the draper's clerk; history, past and present, has told us what comes of the Turf, and what seems to be necessary to the Turf. At the worst, it is said, things must mend; but we own to not being very sanguine as to any remedy which begins, as it will probably end, with domiciliary visits to a small tobacconist in Oxford Street, or with a successful haul of betting appurtenances somewhere down at Deptford or Whitechapel. Indeed, this sort of thing will lead to social consequences of no small gravity. For once the stern reply that there is one law for the rich and one for the poor is incapable of being evaded. TATTERSALL'S defended and protected by the immunity of its privileges, and the betting-offices raided by detectives, is just the sort of thing which looks equivalent to those privileges of wrong accorded to the upper classes which have in European history produced Reigns of Terror.

The subject is one beset with difficulties, and it is so because, on the first blush of it, it seems so simple. Just, it will be said, as the Prize Ring was put down, so Betting can be put down; and now that the whole Turf and all that belongs to it are found to be quite as dangerous to public morals, the law can deal with one as sharply and severely and successfully as with the other. But this is not so; the parallel is not exact, nor anything like exact. The Turf is not as unpopular as the Ring was. Nor does it deserve to be so. Besides, all sorts of respectable people are interested in racing who only, throughout its greatest popularity, entertained sheer and unmitigated disgust at prize-fighting. The great annual races are, in every sense, English institutions; and a lamentable blank in social habits would ensue were Epsom and Doncaster and Ascot to subside into their natural insignificance. We should be diverting a sort of Gulf Stream in national life were horse-racing to cease to exist among us. No doubt to do anything less than this is not to deal effectively with the evil. Put down the betting-houses, and you are bound to put down TATTERSALL'S. Put down the centres of betting, and you are bound to put down betting itself. Put down betting, and you must prohibit horse-racing. All this is very logical and consistent, but will it work? It is open to objectors to this summary and consistent cure to urge, as fairly may be urged, that the present universal passion for betting on Turf matters has been fed and fostered by our recent, and in a way successful, prohibition of gaming-houses. Whether we and the noble houses and the young patricians have been much the gainers by exchanging faro and hazard for the betting-book and the betting-ring may be fairly doubted. It seems to make mighty little difference whether dukes and earls laid down and lost their broad acres on a green table or on a green race-course. On the whole, perhaps, we are in some sense worse off than before; for if the annals of WHITE'S and the Cocoa-Tree and CROCKFORD'S are to be depended on, gentlemen lost their money with their social equals, and we did not hear so much of the PADWICKS and MORRISES and BEYFUSES of that period. Nor will ingenuity be wanting, when races and betting on races are forbidden, for ingenious gamesters to divert the passion for betting into new and strange channels. Cards, dice, and the Turf are only the raw material for which plenty of substitutes will be found to engage what very nearly amounts to a universal passion and *proprium* of modern man.

No doubt the immediate form of the evil might be suppressed. In deference to what is called public opinion, and to the present tumultuously virtuous state of the public conscience, those most concerned and the most respectable among racing men might perform a great sacrifice on the altar of their country and humanity. The Jockey Club might execute the happy despatch and plunge a moral knife into their bowels. Messrs. TATTERSALL might sell themselves up. All owners and breeders might shoot each and every one of their fiery-footed steeds. Admiral Rous might apply to the Admiralty for the Channel Fleet, and Mr. PADWICK might open a neat chandler's-shop or take to any other useful calling. Or we might pass a law to make a bet a capital crime. Public opinion no doubt could, the Legislature no doubt could, go to the root of the matter. But the one remedy is just as possible as the other. The old impotent shriek that we can neither bear our evils nor their remedies, is likely to last as long as the civilization of which it is the unsatisfactory expression. What, then, is to be done? The possible remedies are twofold. We might formally legalize betting—in fact, to some extent we do—and betting-houses to boot; and of course place the whole thing under restrictions. Indeed, we believe such a remedy has been thought of, and it has at least so much of analogy in its favour, that it treats this vice as public feeling treats, or ought to treat, other social and uneradicable evils. We do not say that this remedy is, in the present state of feeling or prejudice, likely to be applied to the evil; we know too well the difficulties which lie across other attempts to do only what is possible when extreme and consistent courses are impossible. But there is one objection to it sure to be urged, which is plausible, though not substantial. It will be said that this, after all, is only the present state of things under another form. We should pass very strict laws about betting-houses, and public sweeps, and Turf agents, and we should punish very heavily the shop-boys and small tradesmen who delight in their *Sporting Life* and the Turf prophets, but we should leave the Newmarket Rooms just as they are. This is quite true; yet it is not only what we are doing, but what we always must do. There is, and must be in one sense, one law, or practice, for the rich and another for the poor. We can prohibit cards and dicing and drunkenness in public-houses which are licensed; we cannot, however much we may wish to do it, prohibit luxury, extravagance, and gambling in clubs. And the reason for this is because there is a difference in the two things. Morally, the sin is often the same; but the public wrong and evil is not the same. A prostitute is a prostitute, and incurs the same moral obloquy whether she is ANONYMA or frequents the streets of Portsmouth; but her actions in the one case are, and in the other are not, matters of public concern. That is to say, the law is bound rather to concern itself with the general public consequences of vice than with the moral character of actions. We are not to shrink from the imperfect possible because we shall be met with taunts of inconsistency that we are not doing the impossible perfect. Even the greatest Teacher regulated his teaching by the practical standard of knowing what was in man. They were deemed fools of old time who did not understand that there were conditions in which the half was more than the whole.

Something however, we insist, may be done, because something must be done. He would be unwise who ventures beyond this safe and timid generality. We doubt whether much can be done in the way of legislation except indirectly. Turf gambling is not likely to be made the subject of specific statute; but the vultures intimately connected with Turf gambling may be struck down, or crippled. Law and legislation have already plenty of the *opprobria legis* to deplore, and amend as they can; but Courts of Equity are a mockery if they cannot be invested with powers—new powers if need be—of dealing with the kind of transactions which have lately become so scandalously notorious. It does not want the revival of the Usury Laws, or it ought not to want it, to devise a new remedy for a new evil. And if we can make Turf speculation an unsafe speculation, we may well decline to attempt, and attempt in vain, to deal with its immorality. Something, too, might be done by social discouragement. Racing lives because it is a very composite affair. Some, though a decreasing minority, patronize the Turf from old associations, from love of the horse and of sport generally, and from the picturesque associations of racing. They will have to give up a good deal by giving up an amusement not a *malum in se*; but the time has come when such a sacrifice may perhaps be demanded from those who love racing only for racing's sake. As it is, the unquestionable evil so far outweighs the possible good of the whole thing, that we see no good reason why the non-betting owners of horses should not give up the Turf entirely and take their names off Jockey Clubs and Newmarket Rooms and such privileged places. The Turf would then be abandoned to the Turfites proper. To be a member of TATTERSALL'S would come to be as complete a social disqualification as to be a partner in a Baden Bank, or a dealer in accommodation acceptances. Man, especially the English variety, is an imitative animal, and if we get the Turf as fairly discredited as the Ring is—that is, if betting on races is given up like duelling and milling the Charleys—it will die off in Fleet Street because voted low in Pall Mall. But we are not Utopians. We fear that we are a long way off this. As to TATTERSALL'S, there cannot be two opinions about it. We are of plain, unrefining Mr. MANSFIELD'S

mind. Just now we are all for justice, simple, single-minded justice. TATTERSALL'S is an institution, perhaps something of an establishment. It stands in the way of our austere love and practice of pure, simple justice. This particular establishment hinders us from doing as we would be done by. Well, then, if we destroy Established Churches, and all in the name of Justice, we may perhaps pluck up courage, and take in hand Established Betting Clubs at Knightsbridge and Newmarket.

A SPANISH CATHOLIC ON THE GENERAL COUNCIL

IT is not an uncommon impression even among educated Protestants that the Roman Catholic Church is a vast hierarchical organization in which the laity and even the bulk of the priesthood, though called by courtesy part of the Church, neither have, nor care to have, any other part than that of obedient listeners to whatever their authorities may choose to tell them; that they are too docile or too indifferent, as the case may be, to recalcitrate against any dogmas, however extravagant, which the Pope or the Bishops may order them to swallow. As Dr. Newman puts it, it is supposed "that a Catholic, layman or priest, is indifferent to the subject, or, from a sort of recklessness, will accept anything that is put before him." And it has accordingly been widely assumed that whatever the approaching Council may proclaim as matter of faith will be quietly, even if reluctantly, acquiesced in, though it may be in trenchant opposition to the verdict of history, and may contradict the traditional belief of the Church no less than the convictions of reason and the moral sense. We have ventured to doubt whether this estimate is a correct one, and we have given from time to time strong evidence of a contrary tendency among the deeper thinkers of Catholic Germany. Only the other day a very outspoken address, from laymen of the diocese of Trèves to their Bishop, appeared in the German newspapers. And a pamphlet on the Council, published at Munich, under the title *Die Kirche Gottes und die Bischöfe*, is now before us by Señor Llaño, a Spaniard of noble birth who has made his home in Germany. He is a writer whom even Ultramontane malevolence cannot venture to stigmatize as "a bad Catholic," for he is known to be a man of devout and ascetic life, much given to prayer and fasting. He is a follower of St. Augustine, an admirer of Port Royal, and a friend of the illustrious Thiersch, whose book on the Apostolic Age will be familiar to many of our readers in its English dress. Llaño writes like a man of profound convictions, ardently Catholic in belief, and deeply in earnest in his alarm and grief at the present crisis in the destiny of his Church. He tells us, in his preface, that he is moved to speak out "at this fateful moment" in the most sacred interests of the Church to which he is above all devoted, by observing the machinations of a party never before permitted as it is now to identify its own crotchets with dogmatic truth, while "he knows what immeasurable dangers threaten us should the plans of that school be even in part realized." He accordingly addresses himself first to the pastors and chief pastors of the Church, then to the depositaries of knowledge, whether secular or religious, to all members of the Church, especially fathers of families, to all well-disposed Protestants who wish to hold fast to positive Christianity, and to all well-disposed statesmen, whatever confession they may belong to. We will attempt to put our readers in possession of the main outlines of this remarkable work, though we can do but inadequate justice to it within our present limits. Those who are interested in the subject, and who read German, would find the whole work repay a careful perusal.

After some comments on the present situation, the author refers to a speech made at the recent Papal Jubilee expressing the same desires as those put forward in the *Civiltà*, which he also quotes, that the Pope's infallibility and the bodily assumption of the Virgin may be defined by the Council as "a wholesome humiliation of human pride." And he expresses his surprise that none should have felt bound to oppose this "wicked playing with what is most holy, with the faith and the contents of divine revelation." He then urges that nothing can be defined as *de fide* which is not contained in the original revelation, that the faith of the Church is unchangeable, and that "latent doctrines" which have been openly denied for eighteen hundred years cannot conceivably become points of faith now. But this is precisely what is being attempted by Ultramontanism—or, as he prefers to call it, *Curialismus*—namely, "the sentiment of the Roman *Curia* which surrounds the Holy See, and constantly exerts the most deplorable influence upon it." For the divine guidance of the Church in its full and manifold organic action it would substitute a pretended inspiration, like that of the Quakers, confined to the person of the Pope. In its theory of "latent dogmas" it comes near to the old Protestant notion of an invisible Church, and with its unlimited development, of which the Pope is the sole organ, it stands on the ground of Hegelianism. This Papal infallibility is "a deadly assault on the sacred constitution and divine idea of the Church." The Ultramontane system took its rise from the time of the Council of Constance, but was less dangerous doctrinally under the "Sadducean" Popes of the Renaissance who cared little for spiritual things. With the movement of internal reform which led to the Protestant schism, Ultramontanism took occasion to strengthen its theological position. The Council of Trent left open a back door whereby the Pope came into possession of centralized despotic power, and the Spanish Inquisition, the nunciatures, and, above all, the Jesuits, helped it on. This led in time to a complete, though silent, revolution in the whole constitution of the Church, and it was promoted by the political movements of the eighteenth century, especially by the French Revolution which destroyed the last stronghold of ancient Church principles and freedom, the Gallican Church. The teaching of the catechism, preaching, and public worship have been affected by the change. The pulpit utters "a strange language" out of harmony with the thoughts and needs of the people; worship is become lifeless and unreal, no Scripture is read, and the people can take no part in the liturgy. National rites are everywhere abolished to make way for the Roman. Instead of the Church being defined as the assembly of the faithful instituted by Christ and by legitimate pastors, of whom the successor of Peter is first, but only ministerially as the visible representative of Christ, it is defined simply as "the great visible company of all Christians under their common chief pastor the Pope," Christ not even being mentioned. The Pope, instead of holding a purely ministerial office as the president of the whole episcopate, is become an absolute monarch, with the bishops for his vicars, who have merely to obey his commands, and are to be deposed or got rid of by appointing a coadjutor over their heads, if they demur to this position. And in pursuance of this bureaucratic and revolutionary policy it is sought to make parish priests everywhere removable at the mere caprice of their bishop, of which we have abundant examples in France. "What Christian rule can that be," asks Llaño, "under an irresponsible tyranny, where bishops, themselves the creatures of Rome, suspend or depose their priests for any reason or no reason, and the sacraments are openly refused to pious laymen against whom no charge can be brought but of opinions displeasing to the dominant party?" So rapidly has this "system of the Curia" developed itself during the last few years that Cardinals Pacca and Consalvi, who promoted it in their day, could they rise from their graves, would wonder whether they were waking or dreaming. The Pope, indeed, calls himself "servant of the servants of God," but so did Frederic II of Prussia call himself "the servant of the State," in the sense of Louis XIV when he said "*L'Etat c'est moi.*" The bishops are expected to hear and obey without a word, as though under military discipline, on the principle introduced by Ignatius Loyola, and which all sound theologians agree in regarding as a caricature of genuine obedience. It is remarkable that the Jesuits have pushed this principle to the uttermost excess of what Bossuet called *hérésie de la domination*, while in all other points their moral theology has been of the laxest. Meanwhile the Catholic periodical press of Germany—probably the author would say much the same of the English—is either in the hands of ignorant and fiery zealots who exercise a most pernicious influence, or of those who groan under the tyranny of a party, and dare not tell the naked truth. A Regensburg journal has had a series of articles on the Œcumenical Council, written by men equally ignorant of Scripture, the Fathers, the early scholastics, the really great divines of the last five centuries, and of Church history, while yet "they are furious with every one who will not swear by their rhapsodies."

Llaño goes on to trace the result of this state of things on the present condition of Christendom and the prospects of the General Council. It has been thought necessary to merge the honour of the Episcopate in the interests of the Primate, whereas he is in truth limited by it, and not it by him, as Pope Gregory the Great has shown. Historical faith has been discredited, and the people have had a mere shadow put before them—an easy but purely mechanical rule of belief—in place of the living and life-giving idea of the Catholic Church. The natural consequence has followed, and instead of being united to the Church by a living bond of sympathy, they have become indifferently or altogether alienated, even where habit or temporal interests have held them back from any overt act of separation. Yet a rightly instructed Catholic will feel the sufferings of the Church to be his own; and if he suffers from the tyranny of those who bear rule, as St. Augustine tells us may often happen, and is thrust out of her Communion for no fault of his own, he will bear it patiently, knowing that he is recognised and rewarded by the Father who seeth in secret. Llaño proceeds to examine what is the true office of the Church in regard to Christian doctrine, of which the Apostles were the sole "original organs," and which it is left to her not to create *de novo*, as though there could be any further revelation, but to interpret only, the human element in her constitution acting in union with the divine, but not being absorbed by it. At some periods, as in the days of Athanasius, truth has been in a minority, for there is no promise that the greater portion of the Church shall always remain in possession of it, as Cardinal Turrecremata says, "Nunquam fides deficiet de Ecclesiâ, quoniam semper in aliquibus, *multis aut paucis*, fides permanebit." The Bishops, as the special representatives of Christ on earth, and "the chief and noblest instruments" set in His Church, have the principal part in the maintenance and guardianship of the true faith, but it is an indispensable condition of the legitimate exercise of their functions that they should be loyal to their trust. A true Œcumenical Council must not only be lawfully assembled, but must act lawfully. It can no more hand over to the "ministerial chief pastor of the Church" the gift of infallibility which it possesses only so far as it represents the Universal Church—on which, and not on bishops *per se*, still less on the Pope, God has bestowed the gift—than a priest could depute a layman to say mass for him. Such a decree, if passed, would not be worth the

paper it is written on. The great Gerson, who was the life and soul of two General Councils held during his lifetime, has laid down the conditions under which alone such Councils can be deemed legitimate, and one is that no single member of the Church who has anything to say can be denied a hearing. His four conditions are—that the Council be lawfully assembled, that it be assembled for a lawful cause, that its members fully discharge, and do not alienate to others, their duties in the investigation and settlement of the points in controversy, and that there be perfect freedom of speech, consultation, and voting. If any of these conditions fail, the assistance of the Holy Ghost cannot be expected, and the acts of the Council are null and void. But on the Ultramontane principle Councils are both unnecessary and useless, for what one man can do he does best alone, and the universal and constant practice of the Church in summoning these representative assemblies is itself a clenching condemnation of that principle; so that one can only wonder at the policy of the party just now all-powerful at Rome in summoning a Council in order by its means to render all future Councils superfluous.

The author defends his view at length from the writings of Bossuet and the principles of the Gallican, which are those of the ancient, Church. He shows that bishops sit in Councils as representatives of the Universal Church, as judges of doctrine, not as its legislators and creators, and ought to be instructed by learned theologians and the members of Theological Faculties. These necessary conditions were not fully attended to at the Council of Trent, and any further "modernization of practice" would make the possibility of a Council really Œcumenical very doubtful. "We ought not to hear of the matters for debate being prepared beforehand by bishops and others summoned to Rome for the purpose, at the caprice of the *Curia*, and who hear those witnesses only whom they choose to call; or of some bishops only being allowed a seat and vote in the Council, and only those priests—to say nothing of laymen—being allowed to speak whom the *Curia* approves. *There should be nothing in the slightest degree like the method of procedure in* 1854 (in reference to the Immaculate Conception). And therefore, great as is the need for a Council, the present design cannot but be viewed with the greatest suspicion." Laño then traces out the work which a Council of the present day might profitably undertake, very much in accordance with the suggestions we recently quoted from the address of lay Catholics in Germany, but more in detail. But he does not conceal his fears that matters have come to a pass when, through "the fundamental upsetting of the true constitution of the Church," nothing can hinder the fabrication of unauthorized dogmas, and, if so, a terrible judgment is impending over the Church like that which came upon the people of the old Covenant when they rejected the Redeemer. Why, he asks, is authority everywhere despised as it never has been at any previous period of Christian history? "Because *one* authority has been straining every nerve to destroy the rest, because the true and genuine authority of the Church is contemned and violated (*genothzuchtigt*) by the *Curia* which surrounds and tyrannizes over the first See of Christendom, and the notion of the Church and its authority is so deformed that the people cannot recognise it at all." The author points out the utter hopelessness of winning back either Protestants or Greeks to unity while the present system dominates in the Church, and winds up with a passionate appeal to the pastors and the flock of Christ to look what a wretched spectacle the Church presents, imploring them to weigh in the balances of the sanctuary the intellectual creators of the present system—Bonald, Lamennais, De Maistre—who began by making a *tabula rasa* of the past, against the sound and genuine doctors of the Church in every age from the patristic downward; and he reminds them of the end of Lamennais, whose "process of development" led him, by a natural transition, through Ultramontanism to atheism. And he contrasts the feebleness, the party-spirit, the tyranny, the formalism and bureaucracy, the zeal for the shell and disregard for its inner kernel within the Church on the one hand, with the growing hatred and contempt of an age sinking constantly more deeply in materialism on the other.

No reasonable man can wonder that a devout Roman Catholic should speak in this strain. Even the Ultramontane press of Germany, which at first welcomed the programme of the *Civiltà*, is now, as we learn from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, shrinking back in alarm and beginning to deny the official character of that journal. But it is no secret in Rome that the statements which have raised such a storm were prepared and sent for publication by Jesuits in France, with the express sanction of the Pope. This, by the way, disposes of a transparently futile and disingenuous criticism on some former articles of ours in last week's *Tablet*. The fact appears to be that the Court of Rome is using the *Civiltà* much as Ministerial organs are sometimes used in this country, for the purpose of feeling the pulse of the public about measures which the Government are resolved to bring forward if they see a fair chance of carrying them. But the *Curia* has done more than this. It has been making the bishops of various countries hold provincial synods, and send their decrees for revision by a Roman Congregation, after which they are published so as to give the appearance of a general consent to Papal infallibility, and the Jesuit organs have trumpeted the result. Antonelli has openly said that there can be no difficulty about the proclamation of Papal infallibility, as it is held already by all good Catholics; and this is the watchword of the whole party in Rome. The matter has been laid before a preparatory Commission in Rome, which has decided in favour of it though the decision has not yet been made public. Some people flatter themselves that the decree proposed will be guarded by a "*quasi*," but there is no ground for such an expectation as long as the Jesuits, who hold Pius IX. completely in their hands, bear sway. They are well aware that at his death power may pass into other hands, and are determined to press for an absolute definition first, if possible, especially Father Picirilo, who is the leading man of the *Civiltà* staff. Meanwhile one section of the French Episcopate has manifested signs of opposition. Mgr. Dupanloup, in two articles in the *Français*, has protested against these tendencies, and expressed the desire of the French bishops for reforms in the Church in accordance with the spirit of the age, and a reconciliation of her claims with modern culture and freedom. But the Court counts on a majority. Seats are prepared for 850 bishops, the question whether bishops *in partibus* are to have votes being still undecided. To these must be added 70 Cardinals, of whom 40 are Italians. Of the bishops 600 are of the Latin nations, 294 Italians, 66 Spanish, 22 Portuguese, 90 French, with whom must be reckoned 77 of the Brazils, Mexico, and South America. But sixty Italian sees are vacant. There are 65 German bishops, 48 English and Irish, 52 North American, 6 Belgian, 16 Canadian, 5 in Holland, 20 in Greece and Turkey. The Polish and Russian bishops, and the Greek and Armenian Uniates, would make about 50 more, if they come. Antonelli is said to reckon on from 500 to 600 votes of those present. From a political point of view Prince Hohenlohe has very naturally called the attention of the European Courts to the crisis, and is anxious, in the interests both of Church and State, that they should put themselves into communication with their bishops beforehand, in the hope of averting the grave complications that would inevitably ensue if the Council were to elevate Papal infallibility, and the propositions of the Syllabus, into dogmas, and thereby place the Church directly at issue with the acknowledged principles of every Government in Europe. It appears that the Italian and Prussian Governments have already adopted Prince Hohenlohe's Circular, and the adhesion of France anticipated.

CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

IT is a favourite view with some people that all fools are knaves. We can understand the value of this theory to an impatient temper exasperated by folly, as it affords a moral ground and justification for the anger that stupidity brought to bear on our private affairs is apt to excite. In so far as it is a true theory—and everybody's experience will supply some instances in point—this must arise, not from any necessary alliance between folly and knavery, but from confusion of ideas, from the inability to hold abstract principle in immediate contact with a visible and present expediency. The weak intelligence can only see one thing at a time. There are rigidly conscientious fools, who give even lawful expediency the go-by altogether, and are strict and punctilious about absolutely trivial matters to a degree which disqualifies them for any active part in life. But we more commonly see folly start on its career with only average conscientiousness, and then there are certain to be occasions when mere want of sense and of power to embrace the situation and realize consequences will betray the fool into knavish conduct, or into ready condonation of knavery, from which better capacity rather than stricter conscience would have saved him. We have read of a Fiji native missionary who, in white tie, black coat, and spectacles, went to remonstrate with a compatriot who had stolen a pig. "It is true I did steal it," said the thief; "and I am sorry for it, but what is to be done now, for the pig is roasted, and I was just going to eat it? It would be a pity to waste it, come and eat it with me." The argument was irresistible, and the thief and his reprover sat down together. Nor was our black-coated friend in the least aware, as he told his tale, of a weak point in his line of action, the shame and sin of wasting good things naturally obscured more abstract considerations. And so it is constantly with the knavery of folly. The present and particular puts the absent and general out of sight. And in this respect the fool takes his stand with the barbarian and the savage, who are necessarily subject to confusion of ideas where their notions of expediency are confronted with abstract principle. A Cossack general, having recommended an Empress of Russia to kill all the nobility of Sweden, in after years made no secret of his advice. "But," said an objector, "that would have been barbarous." "I do not see that," was the answer, "they are all dead now." He could not argue the case on general principles, nor regard an act of injustice on ethical grounds. There is no reflection, no reference to precedent and law, either the conclusions of the savage or the counsels of folly; and though the very lowest rational being may be held to have sense enough to act rightly, yet it will not be denied that the weaker the intellect the more stringent must be the conscience in order to bring this about—that it needs a full share of its to carry the majority of men through a moral difficulty creditably.

The more complicated are social relations the more must this be the case. The barbarian goes right, when he does go right, from ignorance of any other course than one. Even his incapacity for any intricate intellectual process is often a moral safeguard. M. Vámbéry, having been asked to assist where bargains were made on credit among the Turkomans, was employed to draw up their cheques, and to his surprise saw the debtors pocket these docu-

ments. When he questioned the creditor on this remarkable proceeding, the answer was, "What have I to do with the writing?—the debtor must keep it by him as a reminder of the debt." This beautiful trustful simplicity is a trait of the greatest robbers, pillagers, and kidnappers in the world; they are honest because their minds are not open to the ingenuities of fraud, nor equal to the comprehension of an I O.U. Once let them be as well instructed as the fool of civilization is in this road to their neighbour's purse, can we doubt that they will turn sharpers as well as thieves? It follows that there cannot be a greater error than we have known committed in mistaking that aptitude for arithmetic which is sometimes seen in capacities generally inferior for a talent for finance, and placing one so gifted within reach of the attractions and temptations of money-dealing. The fool of the money-market, strong in his supposed speciality, does not recognise confusion where a wiser man needs little skill in figures to see the densest confusion of all. He sees things straight that are intricate and perplexed, and woe to the friends who trust this exceptional clearness of vision. And here he often gets himself the character of knave as well; with hypocrisy very probably superadded. For his conscience will retain its scrupulosity in its own field, and will never own responsibility where he has never recognised danger.

Few can follow this subject without some personal application. Most men are familiar with the feeling of intellectual confusion, jumble, and misfit. Real clearness of view, and an eye for consequences, is not a gift granted to many. We all suffer from a blindness to cause and effect not wholly dissimilar in kind from the broad examples we have given. We see a hundred matters through the distortions and zigzags of our habits and wishes. Our immediate subject, however, does not extend itself to mere confusion of thought, but only to such confusion developing into absurdity of speech or action. We do not even enter into that mistiness of the intellectual and moral sense combined which so often issues in

> Confounding the difference 'twixt meum and tuum
> By kindly converting it all into suum.

Confusion of ideas of the pronounced sort we mean may be divided into the eloquent and the passive; into that which rushes into self-exposure, and that more respectable form which betrays itself only under undue pressure. The one may be illustrated by the member of Parliament who rose to ask if the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been called to the number steeples in Holland that had lately been struck by lightning. We have an example of the other in the case of a worthy policeman who, being asked as to the general character of the man at the bar, blurted out, "Four months ago I had him in custody," and, being again and again checked, and told to speak as to his general knowledge, could only repeat "Four months ago," till, appearing deficient in the faculty of generalization, he was ordered to stand down. Conspicuous confusion of this sort is generally due to a fixed idea. The unbending, unsociable nature of a fixed idea stands in the way of all combinations and associations of thought on equal terms. It is master of the field, and will infallibly betray itself by some eccentricity, as in the stories of absent philosophers possessed by an idea, or in cases of all-absorbing egoism like that of Peter the Great, who went to war with a people who had not paid him royal honours when he passed through their country in disguise. There were in this case two trains of thought which a man of strong blind will could not connect. He could not suppress the notion of self so as to suppose it out of the general knowledge; the complicated idea of pretence, assumption, disguise, with all its consequences, had no chance against the absorbing sense of royalty and power. The point of this confusion, as in bulls, lies in the misfit. In fact, all telling examples of it are bulls, and exhibit an incongruity missed by the actor, and by him only. And as our pleasure in bulls has been said to lie in a sense of superiority, so it is with these instances of a muddled brain, more especially where the muddle co-exists with powers of an exceptionally high order. As a clear view is a delightful sensation, so to see clearly where a deep thinker encounters an absurd entanglement carries with it a double, though perhaps transient, exultation. And this is often afforded us by a concentration of the mind on one subject. The same may be said where, not thought, but duty, interferes with the power of connecting, assimilating, and reconciling new and foreign collateral ideas with the prevailing and over-mastering one. A vast deal of wit consists in playing with this confusion of ideas, in plunging into a cloud of vagueness, in knotting an unintelligible tangle, and imparting the mystification for the fraction of a moment to the hearer or reader: as where Charles Lamb, vexed with an adverse critique, exclaimed, "Hang the age; I will write for antiquity"; and Horace Walpole, grumbling over his summer fire, "For we are forced to raise an English July in a hot-house like grapes."

Many people cultivate this confusion as a justification or excuse for unreasonable expectations. They refuse to be enlightened. It is this that makes some women so difficult to transact business with. Sheltering themselves under the necessity of self-protection—women, as such, being of course victims—they assume a greater incapacity for understanding matters of fact than really belongs to them, from a secret fear that they would lose something by understanding them. They would not for the world be better informed. They are grasping and exacting under the cloak of an incurable incapacity for all legal or business details that require close and sustained attention. This confusion is also cherished by the lover of a grievance, whose vocation would be gone if he could once see any other side than his own, and that in convenient indistinctness. Not seldom confusion gives the impression of richness and fulness to the mind clouded by it. Pope has drawn too painful a picture of the would-be author sitting down, under this delusion of fertility, to utilize his stores:—

> Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it to the ground,
> Sinking from thought to thought a vast profound;
> Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
> Yet writhed and flounder'd on in mere despair;
> Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
> Much future ode and abdicated play.
> Nonsense precipitate like running lead
> That slipped through crags and zigzags of the head.

Probably there is no surer manufactory of intellectual confusion than the short roads to learning and knowledge which are devised to remove it. The state of a young lady's mind after a course of lectures on chemistry or philology, or some fashionable branch of metaphysical inquiry, might be matter for curious investigation to any one admitted to close quarters—a privilege, however, rarely granted, as mother-wit is generally on its guard to stave off impertinent scrutiny. There may be a general sense of enlargement and stimulated intellect without any clear knowledge whether the theories which have been the lecturer's theme have been asserted or refuted by him. The real victims, however, under this head are the members of an average congregation subjected to the teaching of a controversialist who expects them to follow the windings of his logic, and to accompany him with minds alert and attention unflagging through the difficult, the abstract, the knotty, and the involved argument that leads to the remote conclusion. Tell them his conclusions, and the preacher has some chance; argue them through all their subtle proofs, and not one in twenty knows what he would be at, while not a few believe him to be undermining instead of defending—superfluously defending—what are to them self-evident truths. Early in his ministerial career Bishop Blomfield was taught a lesson on this point. He preached before a country congregation on the being of a God, and used all the arguments which are brought against the Atheist. Walking home he asked one of his hearers how he liked the sermon. "Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough, but I can't say I agree with you, I really think there *be* a God." Thenceforth the future bishop was, if anything, almost too practical.

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY TO DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

It need not be formally proved that hospitality is a good thing. When any conspicuous person visits our shores, we should certainly receive him with all the politeness in our power, fire off our cannon, sound our trumpets, beat our drums, and generally make his life as busy, noisy, and intolerable as possible. The special reasons which make such a proceeding desirable in the case of a potentate whose dominions have such an interest for us those of the Viceroy of Egypt are also far too obvious to need explanation. The more private manifestations of hospitality would doubtless be in every way calculated to make his stay amongst us agreeable. We would fain hope that he will also have enjoyed the more conspicuous ceremonials in which we, the British public in general, have been invited to take part. The review at Windsor, for example, could not fail to be a stirring spectacle to every foreigner. He must have more than human stolidity not to be overwhelmed by the contemplation of the fact that we can collect from four to thousand human beings so like machines that they will, in case of necessity, ride straight over each other, or anybody else. If the numbers might be larger in other countries, it is to be remembered that these are Englishmen, and as our great poet has very properly remarked,

> Upon one pair of English legs
> Do march three Frenchmen.

At any rate they are a good sample, and the Viceroy would not forget that a certain number of their brethren succeeded very creditably in catching King Theodore. Then the Crystal Palace has become one of the wonders of the world. In former days a foreigner in a distant corner of the earth who wished to show his appreciation of England always asked after the Thames Tunnel. More remarkable pieces of engineering have lately put the nose of that stupendous work rather out of joint. The Crystal Palace has succeeded to the place it occupied in public estimation. We need not inquire too earnestly whether the Crystal Palace has quite fulfilled all the prophecies which were made about its civilizing influence; and whether, for example, fireworks and rope-dancing have not put the more instructive parts of its contents rather too much out of sight. The anthropologist may perhaps regret that the museum illustrative of the varieties of the human race is reduced to one wooden savage something like the Highlander in a tobacconist's shop. Still the Palace, as it chooses to call itself, is a show not easily to be equalled in its way, and is one of the most attractive baits for sightseers in the world. It is specially adapted for music on a gigantic scale, and the Viceroy might be gratified by the delicacy of feeling displayed in respect to the subjects selected. The sacred music was confined to the first part of the concert, previous to his arrival, so that the audience might gratify their feelings of religious veneration without offending the prejudices of different creed. The one exception to this rule—the song

"Philistines, hark"—had, we presume, no application to the distinguished visitors. It is always pleasant to see religious ardour combined with civility. The Crystal Palace is in one other respect incomparable; there is no such place for fireworks known to us; and, so far as rockets and coloured lights and set devices can afford adequate expression to national enthusiasm, the Viceroy must have felt that his reception was worthy of him and his entertainers.

There was, however, one little interlude which, we should fancy, must have suggested mingled reflections to an Eastern ruler. The Duke of Sutherland, it seems, entertained the distinguished visitors at dinner in an apartment provided for the occasion. Hereupon five thousand ladies and gentlemen crowded that end of the transept, and for an hour and a half continued stamping their feet and cheering, with the object, as we are pleasantly told, of "drawing" the distinguished visitor. The metaphor is taken, we presume, from the national amusement of badger-baiting. The guests stood this apparently with a heroism deserving of the highest commendation; but human flesh and blood, especially at dinner, cannot stand the indefinite trampling of ten thousand feet and yelling of five thousand throats. Accordingly, the Viceroy was at last compelled to appear, entertaining, as we would fain hope, no lurking suspicion that he was about to fall a victim to Christian fanaticism, and to be presented with the alternative of immediate baptism or assassination. The vast crowd seems to have dispersed after raising a howl, pleasantly described as a "hearty round of applause," and the poor Viceroy was allowed to return and finish his dinner in peace. This pleasant specimen of British cordiality is only too significant. In official language, we describe the whole performance as extending the national hospitality to a distinguished foreigner. In the vernacular, it would be more forcibly described as "drawing" a potentate. The Viceroy seems to have afforded excellent sport. We value a beast of prey according to the obstinacy of his resistance, and an hour and a half would be a very long time for the boldest of animals to withstand the inarticulate yells of five thousand English "ladies and gentlemen"—to say nothing of the fact that squibs and crackers were in the background ready to be employed in case of prolonged obduracy. He was quite right to yield, as possibly the glass of the marvellous building, constructed of a single window, might have suffered; but, had we been in his place, we should have reflected that constitutional Government has its drawbacks, and that a sovereign people is apt to be as careless of the feelings of its victims as any despotic ruler.

Indeed it is the weak point of our national hospitality that it is too apt to degenerate into a process of "drawing." If our own Royal Family venture to indulge in a period of retirement, they are "drawn" with singular emphasis and vigour. If they go on a railway journey, they are in danger of being drawn at every station; if they attend any public ceremonial, they are significantly reminded that their position in life is to serve as prompters for outbursts of loud applause, and having subjected them to this performance, we all go home and boast loudly of the strength and delicacy of our loyal sentiment. When the plan is adopted for the benefit of foreigners, it must become rather puzzling to the recipients of the compliment. The Emperor of the French, for example, was received at the Crystal Palace several years ago, and was applauded much in the same spirit as that in which we welcomed the Viceroy of Egypt. For some time previously we had been assuring him with great energy that he was one of the most unmitigated scoundrels who ever ascended a throne by means of a dark and bloody conspiracy. The high spirit of the English people, their ardent love of freedom and hatred of despotism, would not allow them to choose their expressions in denouncing the assassin of French liberty. Yet somehow the whole of London turned out to cheer him to the echo, and he enjoyed the delightful ceremony known to the public as an "ovation" from a multitude which crowded the Crystal Palace. There was apparently a trifling inconsistency in our language, but it is easily explained by remembering that, in fact, we were merely drawing a potentate. When, some time afterwards, Garibaldi paid us a visit, we were ready to draw him with equal vigour and enthusiasm. We do not inquire whether the small sediment of sincere admiration which of course existed at the bottom of the popular feeling in both cases was stronger in one instance or the other. In both of them the great mass of shouters, stampers, and cheerers were actuated, above all, by the delights of our national amusement, and they would doubtless have been as ready to do as much for anybody else who would offer them a tolerable excuse for making a noise. Mr. Reverdy Johnson was drawn, with rather unfortunate results, at innumerable banquets; if General Grant should come over, he would be drawn with equal zeal; and we have no doubt that Mr. Jefferson Davis, if the event of the war had not made the process palpably out of place, would have been the nucleus of a crowd as noisy and demonstrative as any of its predecessors. If we put any kind of stick or straw into the proper solution it will become the centre of a crystalline deposit; and it is only necessary to insert some conspicuous foreign body into an English crowd to produce such an effervescence and noisy disturbance as that which we have been witnessing. It is to be wished that we had some more delicate mode of testifying our enthusiasm; but, as it is, we must only be glad that the popular explosions which take place on so little provocation are generally as harmless as they are noisy.

We would not, indeed, deny for a moment that there is something very flattering to the Viceroy in the interest with which he has been received. It should be inexpressibly gratifying to any man to reflect that an animated controversy has been carried on in the papers, and questions asked in Parliament, as to the mode by which he was transferred from the steamboat to the railway, whether by a vulgar cab or an elegant brougham, or simply by those modes of progression with which Providence has furnished him. Undoubtedly the British public has regarded him with a keen interest. In saying that he was not more frequently drawn than the Emperor of the French or Garibaldi have been, or than the Pope or General Grant or Count Bismark would be, we merely say that he was as attractive an object as some of the most distinguished people in the world. Only it would be still more gratifying if there were some sort of discrimination in our attentions. We are apt to treat any and every visitor as we treated the hippopotamus on his first arrival in England, before he had made himself rather too common by the extreme *bonhomie* of his manners; we shout and whistle opposite their cages until they come out and show themselves, and then treat them to the same sort of howl with which we greet kings or acrobats or winners of the Derby. It would be pleasanter if there were some reason to suppose that the British public knew whether the Viceroy was a Christian, a Mahommedan, or a Buddhist, and in what quarter of the globe his dominions were situated. Meanwhile, if we cannot discourse very delicate music, we can at all times be certain of getting up a good noisy chorus, and may hope that the tastes of our guests are not too particular.

COUNTERFEITS.

THE relation between art and morals involved in the production respectively of a good picture and a bad shilling is capable of very easy definition. In the border-land which lies between the two extremes it may not be so easy to draw the separating line, or to decide at what point the admiration which has faded into acquiescence must give place to the condition of mind in which we despise the counterfeit while it still stops short of actual fraud and crime. The summary method of escape from the necessity of any such decision which the author of the *De Republicâ* proposed to society in his time would scarcely be acceptable in ours, even were it possible. The ingenious artist who could offer to us an illusion either of hearing or sight—let us say Mrs. German Reed, or Professor Pepper—was to be received with something like semi-divine honours, and conducted over the border. If he should come to London, and announce by advertisement his exhibition or his entertainment, it would be our duty, through the agency of either the Lord Mayor or Mr. Gladstone, to pour ointment on his head and crown him with wool—unless we preferred to invite him to dinner—but to inform him that there are no persons of his class in the metropolis, that their residence here is illegal, and that therefore we are compelled with great regret to dismiss him to another city, probably to Paris. The world, however, has not made any very marked advance since Plato's time, notwithstanding the temporary spurt of Puritanism, towards the "austere and unpleasant" social tone after which the philosopher professed to long, and the day is still at some distance when his agreeable theory may become popular, that a consummate artist is, *in termini*, a consummate liar. The ethical difficulty therefore remains unsolved, and the art of counterfeiting pervades the whole of our social life. We propose now to deal with this eminently popular art only as it appeals to the eye in the ornamental accessories which mark, or are supposed to mark, the various degrees of wealth or social position, and independently of personal shams, such as rouge, false hair, and the stock-in-trade of Madame Rachel.

The simplest rules of natural and unconventional existence would require that everything in a man's surroundings should seem to be exactly what it is; that the furniture of his life should be in keeping with his station and means, and that there should be no affectation either of a lower or a higher position, nor any pretence in the direction either of meanness or of luxury. But probably this ideal of life would be found in practice as unattainable as Plato's absolute banishment from the State of all imitative artists. An unsettled time, when the possession of wealth and the appliances of luxury become a positive source of danger, will render the dissimulation of wealth a social necessity, and a highly civilized and luxurious time, when men are measured by what they have rather than by what they are, and when loss of social estimation follows almost as a certainty on the failure to keep up an outward appearance, will make the simulation of wealth a matter of almost equal obligation. To cover a marble pillar with a coat of plaster and whitewash, and to overlay a rough brick column with graining and polish in imitation of marble, are equally substitutions of the counterfeit for the true, whether adopted, in the one case, as a protection against fanaticism in the seventeenth century, or, in the other, as a concession to the uninstructed public opinion of a later time. In our own day the counterfeit is adopted solely for the purpose of giving to the less costly fabric or material the semblance of the higher value; and the influence of such a habit on the national character, and even in some cases the morality of the process, may fairly be called in question. The whole class of fraudulent imitations have a distinctive character of their own, and they may be set aside at once as more or less nearly approaching to the bad shilling or the forged bank-note; but short of these there lies a wide field of social shams, the construction or adoption of which is supposed to bring in a return in value received, though the value is not measured by a money standard. Of these

it may perhaps be safe to assume generally that they become absolutely harmless as soon as they are confessedly found out. That which is recognised and admitted to be a counterfeit can deceive no one, and it can do no harm, for the very reason that it can do no good. You may be supposed to be a very substantial and well-to-do person so long as all the wood-work of your house, and all the furniture you possess, is thought to be of solid oak; but no one is really deceived for a moment by the graining of a painted deal door or bookcase, and the painted wood ceases absolutely to be a counterfeit, because no one imagines it to be anything else. The same rule holds good of stucco in imitation of stone-building, and also, though perhaps not quite in the same degree, of veneering as a substitute for the solid wood. But the counterfeit afforded by veneer is a sham of a different kind from that which is supplied by paint or stucco. It is a counterfeit of quantity instead of quality, and corresponds to the artifice by which the garrison in a siege has occasionally exhibited to messengers from the besieging force the heads of empty barrels covered with flour, so as to give the impression of an abundance of provisions. But in this, and in the somewhat analogous device by which the use of mirrors is made to counterfeit a large extension of interior in shops and hotels, the imitation is so easily discoverable as to be exempt from any appearance of trickery, and may be defended as a perfectly legitimate gratification of taste. Such a defence fails altogether in the case of what is probably the most extensive as well as the most objectionable form in which the modern art of counterfeiting is exhibited—that of imitation jewellery and shams in personal ornament. For these we do not know that a single word can be offered in excuse. Their natural place is on the stage, where they are in keeping with everything else in scenes which do not profess to be other than unreal. But in actual life they are used with an express intention to deceive. Every lad who sports a base metal chain, and every girl who wears ear-rings of the same material, does so in the hope—silly enough as it may be in fact—that the trash may be mistaken for gold, and is as consciously putting forward a false pretence as the lady of higher social standing who displays a set of paste ornaments when she has pawned the diamonds which they replace. It makes no difference to the moral character of a sham of this kind that no one is actually taken in by it. The failure of its intended effect merely makes it ridiculous, without making it any the less objectionable. A counterfeit, however, of this class may become perfectly harmless by lapse of time, when the reality which it imitates has so far passed out of ordinary experience as practically to have ceased to exist. This is the case with the grotesque absurdities attendant on what is popularly called "a fine funeral." They have lost their character as a counterfeit, and remain simply as a ludicrous and unmeaning display, not one man in a thousand probably knowing anything about the ancient privileges of the Heralds' College, or having the slightest idea of what is meant by the name of an "undertaker."

The counterfeit in other cases loses its character as such by openly proclaiming itself to be the sham which it is. In a few years it may be hoped that the rhubarb champagne with which the guests at third-rate wedding breakfasts are at present systematically poisoned may have vindicated its own moral character, and that of its givers, in this way. Mock champagne has nothing in it more essentially immoral than mock-turtle soup, but the last-named luxury is perfectly honest, because it does not profess to be anything more than a counterfeit of the civic delicacy whose name it adopts. Indeed, since the publication of "Alice's" delightful "Adventures in Wonderland," we seem to have a personal knowledge of the "Mock Turtle," and to sympathize with him in his sorrows as we may with any other hero of fiction. But though we may accept at a modest dinner-table a *menu* which includes this humble and unpretending luxury, we feel at once that the case is altered if our host has proposed that we should eat it with an electro-plated spoon. Here, at any rate, we are met with a sham, deliberate and of malice prepense. With the highest possible respect for Birmingham and its trade, we are bound to admit that between an electro-plated dinner-service and a bad half-crown there exists a very near degree of consanguinity. The one is as much a counterfeit of the social tender of respectability as the other is that of the legal tender of value. The touch of an ordinary guest is not so delicate as to appreciate the distinction in weight, nor is his ear in the midst of a dinner-table conversation so accurate as to distinguish the metallic ring by which the counterfeit silver is detected; and as yet, although the sham is widely prevailing and its use notorious, there has not been found among either producers or consumers sufficient honesty and candour for its open acknowledgment. In the present condition of the electro-plating trade, therefore, we fear that there must be allowed to exist a large amount of admitted deceit and social fraud, and this state of things may be found to bear rather hardly on honest and straightforward men of small means, for the questionable benefit of that considerable class of social pretenders whom Mr. Thackeray has taught us briefly to describe as "snobs." In itself, there is clearly no more harm in an inferior metal silvered than there is in silver gilt. No one ever professed that in the "parcel gilt" plate of a mediæval church, or in the earlier glories of ecclesiastical furniture "overlaid with gold," there was any pretence to the solid value of the more precious metal. Some question might indeed arise in reference to the plate of an English cathedral which—if we were content to blunder in good company—we might describe as metropolitan, where it is whispered that the gilding, as it wears away, reveals a basis, not of silver, but of copper. But, for the most part, the use of gilding is confessedly ornamental, and has in it nothing of the counterfeit; and there is no reason whatever why the same rule should not hold good for silvering. As matter of fact, however, while gilt-plate in no way pretends to be gold, silvered metal does pretend to be silver, and is so far a counterfeit, and, it must be added, so long as it does not openly acknowledge its character, a fraud. The counterfeit hall-marks used by some manufacturers of electro-plate cannot be justified by any rules of common honesty or by any customs of trade. They are devised, we will not say intentionally, but with an ingenuity which could not have been greater if it had been intentional, so as to mislead and deceive the ordinary observer, and to obtain for the possessor of the counterfeit the credit of personal means and appliances of domestic luxury to which, in nine cases out of ten, he is not entitled. And this kind of sham bears hardly upon men who, while they appreciate the conveniences which enable households of moderate means to enjoy more of the minor comforts of modern life than would otherwise be in their reach, yet detest trickery and pretence in any shape. Such men no more want to go back at their dinner-tables to the three-pronged iron forks of their grandfathers than they propose to exchange their morning tub for the partial ablutions—in many cases, it is to be feared, postponed till after breakfast—of their grandfathers at the pantry sink; but they would rather even do this than be supposed to condescend to the meanness of pretending to a table covered with silver plate when all the while they are rejoicing in the payment of each successive quarter's bills as a hard-won victory over fortune. It is probable, however, that the "Brummagem" manufacturers of counterfeits in the present day would reply to any such objections as those which we have suggested, on the most approved principles of political economy, that the demand for honest wares is not sufficient to justify the production of a supply, and that the demand for dishonest wares is more than sufficient.

ICELAND FOR THE AMERICANS.

SOME years ago the Icelanders were officially declared to be "friends of the human race" in general, and therefore looked upon as neutrals in all warlike proceedings. It seems that an attempt is now likely to be made to induce them to become friends of the American race in particular, but whether the attempt will meet with success appears somewhat problematical. What is certain, however, is that "A Report on the Resources of Iceland and Greenland," dated 1868, has been compiled for the Government of the United States by Mr. Benjamin Mill Peirce, and that Report appears to have been drawn up with the express view of throwing light on the subject of a proposed purchase of those dependencies from Denmark. It is very possible that Denmark may care for them as little as Russia cared for Alaska. But in the present case the wishes of the people whose allegiance it is proposed to transfer seem to deserve to be consulted. According to the author of the Report, the Icelanders, who have long been complaining of the way in which Denmark neglects them, are looking hopefully forward to a union with America. The latter part of his assertion appears to be about as well founded as is his calculation that the island, which now yields a bare existence to some 70,000 souls, would, under American management, easily support a million. The Report goes on to say that the acquisition of the island "is a question of vital magnitude" for the American nation, but that it is a question which can easily be solved, as the island is geographically "an insular dependency of the North American continent."

The Icelanders themselves seem to know nothing of this intended transfer, but it can scarcely be carried into effect without their consent being first obtained. If Iceland were a mere province of Denmark, it might be arbitrarily dealt with by the Cabinet of Copenhagen, but it claims to be considered as a dependency with a Constitution and laws of its own. According to this theory the King of Denmark has very little more right to hand over Iceland to the United States than the Emperor of Austria would have to make a present of Hungary to Russia. As the leading facts relating to the constitutional history of Iceland are probably to be ranked among the things which are not generally known, it may be as well to say a few words about them.

The island was originally peopled from Norway and Great Britain in the latter half of the ninth century. The form of its government remained an aristocratic republic for nearly four hundred years after its first settlement. The hereditary chiefs—goðar—held the sovereign power in the country, each in his own district—goðorð. This period of active freedom stamped the national life and character with the impress of a strongly-marked individuality, while the nature of the land and the mode of living gave birth to an administration founded on principles peculiar to Iceland alone. The individual temper and the political experiences of the people resulted in a code of laws emphatically Iceland's own—original, precise, laconic. The institutions of the people were their own, as were their tribunals and judicature; and, lastly, the representation of the people was of an exclusively Icelandic origin and organization, embodying in the assembled Diet all the supreme powers of the State. In 1262 the Icelanders made a convention with the King of Norway, by which they agreed to acknowledge him as their sovereign under certain conditions. It was thus that they spoke when they came to terms with him:—

So long as you and your successors are true to us and to the stipulations herein agreed upon, we and our successors will be faithful to you. But if

you, in the opinion of the best men, break faith with us, we are to be absolved from our promises.

The most important of the stipulations they made were that all their public functionaries were to be Icelanders, chosen from the ancient families of the goðar, and that no Icelander was to be made amenable to the jurisdiction of a Norwegian court of law. The treaty left them, so far as their own affairs were concerned, in full enjoyment of the autonomy which they had exercised in the days of the republic. This state of things lasted for 118 years. At the end of that time, in the year 1380, Denmark, Norway, and Iceland became united under one Crown, but the Icelanders were very little affected by the change. In applying to them to take the oath of allegiance their new kings employed phrases which, in engaging to preserve the rights and privileges of the Icelanders intact, set forth their own relations to their Icelandic subjects with unmistakeable clearness.

But in 1661 the crown of Denmark, which had hitherto been elective, became hereditary. At the same time the constitutional privileges of the people were greatly curtailed. The consent of the Danish Estates was secured to the so-called Sovereignty Act, one which gave the King absolute power, and a similar proceeding was carried out in Norway without difficulty. The next year orders were sent out to Iceland to convoke the representatives of the people, for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to Denmark. Accordingly the representatives met; but as the Royal Commissioner who was to receive the oath had not yet arrived, they passed a resolution embodying a petition to the King to be excused from going through what they considered an unconstitutional form. But the Commissioner soon afterwards appeared, and hastily convoked a meeting of the Deputies at Bessastaðir, whence they all proceeded to the old Thingstead of Kópavog. The oath of allegiance was first taken, and then the Commissioners produced the Sovereignty Act, and requested the members to sign it. As it was written in Danish, it proved unintelligible to the assembly; but when its purport had been discreetly explained to the Deputies, and they had been assured that the King was fully resolved to maintain their old privileges undisturbed, they consented to append their signatures to the document. But before doing so they made a solemn and explicit declaration that what they did was without prejudice to the ancient laws and rights of the island. At first no attempt was made to interfere with those rights, and twenty years later a Royal rescript, dated May 18, 1683, declared them to be still in full force, and refused to abrogate them, although the occasion was one which offered to an absolute ruler the strongest temptation to do away with them. Gradually, however, they began to be set at nought. Then came a long period in which, though still existing, they proved utterly inefficacious. For many years the power of Denmark in the island was absolute.

But the political agitation of 1830 did not leave even Iceland untouched, and the result was that the King of Denmark was obliged to allow the Estates of the island to be convened. At first the representatives of the people were nominated by the Crown, but this arrangement proved so unsatisfactory that it had to be abandoned. Then a meeting of the higher functionaries of the island was called at Reykjavik, with a view to their discussing drafts of laws, and settling various local matters. This, too, proved an abortive attempt, and at last the only plan which was in accordance with the ancient national traditions was resorted to by Christian VIII. The old Althing was revived, after the lapse of more than forty years. On April 4, 1848, the King announced his desire to give a constitutional character to his monarchy. As soon as the news reached Iceland, the people petitioned that a special assembly might be convened for the purpose of discussing what form of constitution would be most suitable to the country. In reply to this the King promised that no change should be made in the old relations of Iceland to the rest of the monarchy until such an assembly as had been asked for had been convened, and allowed to debate in the island. A Bill relating to the establishment of such an assembly was soon afterwards laid before the Althing, and, after being considerably amended by that body, it received the Royal assent, and passed into a law, on September 28, 1849. The assembly was to meet in the course of the next year.

But in the spring of 1850 the Icelanders learnt that the meeting was adjourned for another year, on the ground that the Ministry had been unable to make all the necessary preparations. Accordingly it was not till the 4th of July, 1851, that the new Constituent Assembly met. A Danish man-of-war, with a detachment of soldiers on board, had been sent to the island, much to the surprise of the Deputies. But their astonishment became still greater when a Ministerial scheme was submitted to them in which it was proposed to turn Iceland into a mere province of Denmark, abrogating its ancient privileges, and putting an end to its old independent existence. The Committee before which the scheme was laid instantly rejected it, and drew up a Report in which a strong protest was made against the breach of faith involved in proceedings of so arbitrary a nature. But when this Report was given in by the Committee, the Royal Lieutenant called a special meeting of the representatives, and informed them that, as they had proceeded to illegal measures, he should put an end to the Session. A great deal of indignation was naturally produced by this proceeding, and for a time there seemed likely to be much confusion in the isle, but it finally embodied itself in a peaceful protest against what had taken place, and a petition that the King would carry out the promises he had made in 1848.

Several years passed, and the Icelanders were still unable to obtain the rights which they claimed. At length a new scheme was drawn up at Copenhagen, and in 1867 it was laid before the Althing. Although more liberal than that which was suggested in 1851, yet it was in many points antagonistic to the wishes and hopes of the Icelanders. In spite of this, however, thanks to the tact and moderation of "the Deák of Iceland," Jón Sigurðsson, and the honest and straightforward behaviour of the Royal Lieutenant, an amicable settlement was at length arrived at, and the new Constitution was despatched to Copenhagen, there to receive, as was fondly hoped, the Royal sanction. But again the hopes of the Icelanders were doomed to be disappointed. For some reason or other the proposed Constitution was set aside. Negotiations had once more to be begun afresh, and another new scheme had to be drawn up. This year it is to be laid before a recently elected body of representatives of the people. Whether it will be accepted or refused will depend upon the nature of the proposals it contains. But unless it proves to be more liberal than its predecessor, it is not likely to be at all cordially received by the "still-vexed" islanders.

Still less is the plan of transferring them to the rule of the United States likely to commend itself to their untutored minds. Having protested vigorously, and without interruption, against the right of Denmark to treat Iceland as a mere province, one destitute of any independent political existence, they will probably cry out loudly against the idea that it may be bartered away at will by the authorities at Copenhagen. What the Americans would do with the island, if they purchased it, is not very clear. On the occasion of its being taken possession of by an erratic English captain, the English Government hastened to disclaim any desire to retain their new acquisition. Perhaps the American Government may be just as free from any longing after so distant an outpost. It is "a far cry" from Reykjavik to New York.

THE OVEREND AND GURNEY PROSECUTION.

THE threatened collapse of the Overend and Gurney prosecution is disagreeably suggestive in more ways than one. Should it end in a discreditable break-down of justice, we may hope that it will bring good out of evil, by creating a widespread

present difficulty. But if we admit the abstract right of the public to feel dissatisfied, we must still wonder at the audacity that ventures to put the sentiment in words. It seems to us that, whatever may be its upshot, the whole history of the case, as far as it has gone, has been nothing short of a national disgrace, and, with perhaps the solitary exception of Dr. Thom, we must all be content to bear our share of the discredit. Never has it been borne in upon us more irresistibly how little to be trusted is the humour of what calls itself public opinion. After this, who need affect astonishment at the spread of a commercial cynicism which contemptuously ignores all that used to do duty for the moral law, or which laughs at public opinion when public opinion so extravagantly stultifies itself. This public opinion is active enough to be sure, always flying out at one thing or another—vehement, voluble, unreasoning as a passionate woman. The Horse Guards, the Admiralty, hotel bills, everything on earth and sea comes in periodically for its turn. But the guardians of vested interests know their critics of old, and how to deal with them, and the public still have their wares at the good old price, from a Trotman's anchor to a bottle of Bordeaux ordinaire. But never does our noble public show itself so grand or so formidable as when, seeking courage in its own noise, it lashes itself up in a passion of morality, singling out some unhappy scapegoat for sacrifice. Then the match is less unequal than usual, and it is just possible that justice or injustice may be done. The victim has not a long series of hair-breadth escapes from similar onslaughts to encourage him in the consciousness of innocence or the hardihood of guilt. He gets frightened, he is apt to permit himself most unwisely to lose head or temper, to take seriously, or at least as likely to lead to something serious, the eloquence of savage morality daily thundered at him in burning leaders; to be startled into faith in the wild threats of indignant letter-writers, to believe it impossible that so much good passion can run to waste. In sheer desperation, and a nervous longing to have it over, he is ready to court the conflict, and rush on the enemy. On the other hand, if, luckily for himself, he be phlegmatic of temperament or amenable to professional counsels, he simply stoops to the storm, and waits hopefully till it blows over. If prudent or far-sighted, he throws a sop to the avenging furies that are abroad, in the shape of a high-minded letter, offering, in terms as general as generous, to refer everything at issue to arbitration, and hinting vaguely at unstinted restitution in the remotely conceivable event of an adverse decision. It takes no one in, it is true, for at the moment every one has condemned him unheard without benefit of clergy; but when the hurricane has passed, and he once more walks erect in the City among his fellow-men, he can refer back to it as an undoubted certificate to character. This is the wise course, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the safe one. It is so rare that the vague bellow of public denunciation embodies itself firmly in a representative man with sense and determination of purpose; one who, whether successful or not, resolves to shape his action by some conception of the duty he owes to himself and the public.

We must say, however, that until now we had believed that, the man once found, the motive energy to push him into battle, if

not to victory, would not be wanting. We are certainly not inclined to rank parsimony among the national failings, and if there is anything for which money usually is freely forthcoming it is for a good stand-up fight—physical, political, or legal. If you have committed yourself to strong sympathy with a side, it is scarcely an English reason for holding back that your champion seems to be overmatched in brute force. But if Dr. Thom has shaped his strategy on the commonly received conceptions of the national character, he must feel exceptional surprise and disgust at finding himself left in the lurch by the very men whose battle he is fighting. We do not prejudge for a moment the question of the Directors' guilt or innocence. It is sufficient that the preliminary tribunal has decided, after long and patient inquiry, that there are *primâ facie* grounds for a committal, and consequently at least some show of foundation for the violent denunciations of which the Directors were the object. Then what has become of all those indignant shareholders and high-flying moralists who, in anticipation of evidence and contempt for nice distinctions, scorned to dwell on shades of guilt, and condemned all the six Directors equally and impartially; who put consistently perverted constructions on the motives and conduct of all, and denied even to those who had staked most heavily on the prospects of the scheme such benefit as they might derive from that extenuating circumstance? To bring the question to a money test, all their honest indignation, their lofty sense of what was due to the commercial reputation of the first city in the world, does not represent, when converted into subscriptions, a money value of 5,000*l.*, or any fraction of it. 5,000*l.* is the sum for which the solicitors for the prosecution guarantee to conduct the case. Without for the moment expressing any opinion as to the Home Secretary's official and prim view of his concern in the matter, we must say that, whatever may be the strength or weakness of the case with which Dr Thom went to Mr. Bruce, there was never a decision of the Home Office at which the public cavilled with a worse grace. If ever there was an instance when what we may call the system of voluntary prosecution pressed lightly on the parties interested in seeing justice done, it was this one of Overend and Gurney. In the first place, there have seldom been stronger lists of shareholders than the unlucky contributories of that Company, and as a body they remain still rich, if somewhat impoverished. The question of prosecuting lay with them in the first instance, but when once the case was carried into a criminal court, it became equally the concern of every shareholder in every limited company, whether in work or liquidation. Then every one who cared for the commercial character of his country, and for that of the City of London in particular, has a subsidiary, although by no means a remote, concern in seeing a great scandal like this cleared up. Let the disclosures at a trial be what they might, they could hardly tell worse for our national reputation than the rumours that have been bandied about and the impressions that have been very generally received. On the other hand, if the prisoners are innocent, to have them publicly acquitted and sent from the bar without a blot on their characters would be no less desirable in the interests of trade than in those of justice. In any case it is scarcely conceivable that their reputations would not gain rather than lose when the defence which they have elected to reserve is made public.

No one, indeed, has more substantial reason for complaining of the stolid apathy of the public than these six inculpated gentlemen. Even were a tardy liberality to be exhibited at the eleventh hour, it would come too late to redress entirely the injustice that has been done them. Whether the case breaks down altogether, whether Dr. Thom conducts it in person, or by the counsel he may retain at the eleventh hour, the trial can scarcely be regarded as entirely satisfactory. The Directors may be pure as saints from all criminal intent, yet they must painfully feel the results of the interim decision given at the Mansion House. Now that they have been impeached criminally, if they are debarred of the right of explanation and rehabilitation before a competent court with its practical experts, we know how readily the charitable world will listen to their enemies. Any appeal made through one of those exculpatory and recriminatory *brochures* which have come into fashion in the City since the days of the panic will fall on deaf or incredulous ears. Because the public shows itself apathetic now, it by no means follows that it will neglect to take quiet revenge when occasion offers. What puzzles us indeed, to the full as much as the indifference of the public, is the apparent supineness of the accused. Never had men whom error or misfortune had landed in a false position so happy an opportunity of extricating themselves. On the assumption of their innocence, a winning card is literally forced upon them. All of them were men of the highest consideration in the City, men to whom a good name is not only fame, but money as well. Some of them are understood to be still wealthy, and all are known to have rich and steadfast friends. These friends can come forward in the House of Commons with testimonials, let them be as liberal with their purses as with their tongues. Why should they not come forward and guarantee this comparatively trifling sum, which must be forthcoming from some source or other if their characters are to be cleared? Strong in the consciousness of nothing worse than imprudence, men who acted thus might rely on the almost overstrained tenderness of construction which their countrymen would be ready to apply to their past conduct. It would take very cogent evidence to induce any jury to convict under such circumstances; and even in the event of a conviction, there would be an under-current in public opinion that would qualify the severity of the verdict. Ingenuity would exhaust itself in excusing the man who had voluntarily placed himself within reach of a criminal prosecution; it would credit him with some peculiar moral idiosyncrasy, with anything sooner than a deliberate felonious intention. Yet, after all, it would be scarcely fair to insist on referring a man's guilt or innocence to this seemingly simple test, and we can quite understand that some of the six may be restrained from resorting to it by honourable if mistaken motives. Their positions are by no means identical, and while one may court a searching investigation on his own account, he may hesitate to invite it in consideration for his fellows. But no slight attraction to the course we mention would be found in the humiliation with which those who adopted it might overwhelm their obstreperous enemy, the public. What more telling retort to the bitter abuse and unmeasured threats that have been lavished on them from first to last, than to say, "We have proved your morality a sham and your indignation a farce. We have proved that you have not the courage of your convictions or your menaces; and now, to show how little we fear the worst you can do, we challenge you to the war you shrink from, and offer you its sinews." The famed British bulldog would show pitiably when dragged out by the ear from the kennel into which he had slunk after yelping himself hoarse. There can be no question that the animal's lungs are sound, and that he can bark and growl as loudly as ever, but are the Americans and Fenians right in saying that he is fast losing his teeth? It is at least clear that he has no idea of holding on as he used to do.

COUNTY FAMILIES.

At certain or uncertain intervals, not exactly, we believe, either annual or biennial, a bulky volume, edited by the industrious Mr. Edward Walford, undertakes to give us the latest information as to the "County Families" of the United Kingdom. A book of this kind puts us in mind of the books which we ever and anon get from Freemasons, which tell us everything about Freemasonry, except what Freemasonry is. So a book of "County Families" tells us all that we can want to know, except what a "County Family" is. Can Mr. Walford or anybody else tell us what it is? Etymology helps us not at all; every family must live in some county, even if it be what we take to be the smallest of counties, the county of the town of Haverfordwest. Nor does the usage of other languages help us at all. The only phrase in any other tongue that we can think of as at all promising to translate it is the Italian phrase of *contadini.* Literally and grammatically, "contadini" and "county people" exactly translate one another; but, as far as we can venture to guess the meaning of "county people," the "contadini" of Italy are just those who would not be "county people" in England. What then is a "County Family"? We have made many guesses in vain. It is not necessarily a family which has a really ancient pedigree; for of the families in Mr. Walford's book many have no pedigrees and many have sham pedigrees. On the other hand we know of people whose pedigree can be really traced over many centuries who find no place in the book. Birth failing us, let us try wealth. This comes nearer to it; we have often suspected that a "County Family" simply meant a rich family; but even this does not quite do; Mr. Walford's list contains the names of several people who certainly are not particularly rich. Or is it a family whose members are entitled to go to a County Ball? This theory looked well, but it soon broke down before the fact that, in some places at least, admission to a county ball may be purchased at no very ruinous cost. Still we are not sure that this guess may not have, after all, put us on the right track. May not a County Family mean a family whose members, if they go to a County Ball, are entitled to civility when they get there? This, however, requires some one undoubted County Family to start from which may show the needful civility or incivility to the others. We once heard an Esquire defined as a man whom another Esquire would ask to dinner—a definition which will do very well, if we have only one undoubted Esquire to start from. In short, Mr. Walford's first edition was hopeless. We made many attempts, but we could find no clew. In one county we knew two gentlemen bearing the same name, a name which each had taken in exchange for another name, near neighbours, each of them entitled to put the letters J.P. and D.L. after his name, each what is generally understood by a country gentleman; but when we came to look for them in the Book of County Families, to the one was taken and the other left. We speculated much on the cause. Was it because one had a deer park and the other had not? Was it because one was Chairman of Quarter Sessions, while the other was only an ordinary magistrate? Or—the suggestion was uncharitable, but it did occur to us—had one subscribed to the book, while the other had not? Since then Mr. Walford has relaxed his rule, whatever it was. A County Family seems now simply to mean the family of a Justice of the Peace for some county. This definition, if accepted, would no doubt greatly simplify matters; but will all County Families accept such a definition? It is a fact, perhaps a fact to be regretted, that some Justices of the Peace are actually appointed, without much regard to birth or wealth, merely because they are likely to be really useful men in public business. Can the families of such Justices—Life Peers, as it were—be entitled to rank as County Families? For one thing at least is plain, that the claim, whatever it be, to a County Family rigidly shuts out all regard to anything so

low as personal distinction. It may sometimes happen that a man who is entitled on other grounds to a place in Mr. Walford's volume is also entitled to distinction on some personal ground. But no such claims can be admitted within the sacred pages of "County Families." For them the laborious editor has another place. Inferior claims of this sort, which cannot be registered in the "County Families," may be registered in the book which used to be called "Men of the Time, including Women," but which is now called "Men and Women of the Time." The inference obviously is that the nature of a County Family is something which may be looked on, according to taste, as either above or below the nature of men and women, but that it may now and then incidentally happen that a man or a woman is a member of a County Family.

The long and short of the matter is that the position of the County Family is in truth a position of mere wealth. The fact may be a little disguised, but a County Family is simply a rich family. A pedigree, if a pedigree can be either found or invented, is no doubt convenient; it helps to do something in the way of gilding and decoration; but the pedigree may be dispensed with, the wealth cannot. The man who has made a fortune and bought an estate may perhaps feel uncomfortable for a moment in the new society into which he has made his way, but riches, if helped by a little tact, will soon smooth everything for him. And if he has any sense, he will stop and think that the great grandfathers of those before whom he feels uncomfortable themselves felt equally uncomfortable before the acknowledged County Families of their day. If his taste leads him another way, he may practise a little genealogical invention; he may find out that his own grandfather was a younger son of some County Family in some distant shire, and he may comfort himself with the old heraldic adage that "apprentissage extinguisheth not gentry." This last seems to be the normal origin of the County Family. The real founder, the man who bought the estate, was Mayor or Alderman, perhaps of London, perhaps of some smaller place where men do make wealth. But somehow the pedigree-book always adds that he or his father came from some place very far off, and brought good blood with him, though the particulars are not mentioned. This is on the same principle on which a Scottish nobleman, the beginnings of whose family may likely enough be really traced to the fourteenth or even the thirteenth century, always has some one earlier forefather who did something at the Court of King Achaius. The desperate attempts to patch up a pedigree are sometimes amusing beyond measure. A whole district goes into ecstasies at the coming of age of a lad of large property. So a rich man must have had forefathers. But his wealth has been made on the spot; he and his father and grandfather have never stirred; everybody knows all about them, and no romance can safely be attempted. The deepest genealogical inquiries can find out nothing more than that, about the time of the accession of George the Third, the patriarch of the house was Mayor, not of London or York or Bristol, but of a very small borough indeed. The County Family in search of illustrious forefathers cannot well be brought lower. But much may be done by putting a bold face upon any matter. The family antiquary shuts up the family archives for a season, and devotes himself to the general study of municipal antiquities. The result of his researches is given to the admiring neighbourhood. To be sure the Rudolf or Napoleon of the great house was only Mayor of a small borough rather more than a hundred years back. But then Mayors of small boroughs rather more than a hundred years back were persons of much greater consideration than they are now.

Now nothing is more certain than that, whether a man's great-grandfather made his money in a small town in 1760 or whether he himself made his money in a large town in 1860, none but the lowest minds will in either case despise him for being an upstart. The man whose family became rich two or three generations back is not in himself either better or worse than the man whose family became rich nineteen or twenty generations back. The man who has made himself rich, if he has done it by honest means, by real energy and industry, not by fraud or accident, can hardly be utterly contemptible. The only case in which either of them is to be despised is where either of them attempts to dress himself out in borrowed plumes. The worst is that the plumes of County Families of all sorts so commonly are borrowed plumes. In many cases a family looks exceedingly well; it bears a certain name, it holds a certain estate, and that name and that estate have gone together for some centuries. Here we seem at last to have found the real article; we seem to have lighted on the genuine and undoubted County Family. But when we look a little further we find that it is all a delusion. Snooks of Snooksburgh has indeed gone on for ages, but then the Snooks that now is is connected by name only with the Snooks to whom the manor was granted by the Conqueror. Let no one sneer at a Snooks dating from such early times. Write him in full as Humfridus de Sevenokes and we do not see but he looks as well as Willelmus de Porco Mortuo, as Rogerus Deus-salvet-dominas, or even as Ricardus filius Scrob. Well, our present Snooks pretends to be, but is not, a true *alter ego* of Humfridus de Sevenokes. At the outside he comes from him only by roundabout female descent; perhaps he is not descended from him at all; he has taken the name to please his own fancy or to obey the provisions of somebody's will. In fact our Snooks is in truth no Snooks at all, but only a Tomkins. Let us not be suspected of attempting to settle the precedence of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Tomkins may be as ancient and honourable as Snooks, and Snooks may be as ancient and honourable as Tomkins; still, as a matter of fact, Snooks is not Tomkins and Tomkins is not Snooks, and when we find that our Snooks is really a Tomkins in Snooks' clothing, our sense of historic truth suffers a shock. Sometimes indeed a real historical pedigree is sacrificed to an imaginary one. A large part of this island bows in homage at the name of Sir Watkin Wynn. In writing the name we do not feel that we are saying anything personal. Sir Watkin is an abstraction, not a man; as the eponymous hero of a pudding, he is to us as that elder Sir Roger who gave his name to a dance. Of those who bow down at the name of Sir Watkin Wynn many perhaps honestly think that he really is Sir Watkin Wynn. History and even genealogy will tell them otherwise. The Baronetage gives 1688, a rather awkward year, as the date of the creation of the title. A very slight inquiry will show that Sir Watkin of the pudding is really not Wynn, but Williams, a lineal representative of that Sir William Williams whose name is written in Macaulay.

After all this, there undoubtedly are real County Families, families whose real forefathers have for centuries held the estates which they now hold. These are the reality, of which the others are the pretence. And it is a reality to which a certain amount of sentiment undoubtedly attaches. The position is an honourable and a useful one, and if it has been from generation to generation honourably and usefully employed, the feeling of hereditary attachment is neither unjust nor unreasonable. Still it is after all a position of mere mediocrity, not to say obscurity. One cannot forget the saying of Charles the Second, "Strange that in all that time there has been neither a wise man nor a fool in the family." It is a position which offers a man certain advantages of which he may make good use; but it does not really make him either better or worse than other people. The Aristotelian definition of aristocracy, as distinguished from mere oligarchy, is not simply πλοῦτος, not simply ἀρχαῖος πλοῦτος, but ἀρχαῖος πλοῦτος καὶ ἀρετή. And the sight of the union of ἀρχαῖος πλοῦτος καὶ ἀρετή is certainly very attractive. It is a sight which has commanded hereditary reverence even in very democratic communities. Here, if anywhere, we have the genuine County Family, the true diamond of which the others are only imitations in paste. But, after all, the attractiveness of the real County Family is mainly sentimental and archaic, something which is dying out before new facts and new ideas. And if we trace up such families to the beginning, the way in which they first gained their estates was often less honourable than that of the last cotton-spinner who has bought a mansion and a park. The County Family, as a reality, is becoming a thing of the past; what sets itself up in its place is a contemptible sham. The County Family, we repeat, is now simply a rich family and nothing more. So long as it does not turn its back upon itself, it may not only be rich, but respectable and honourable. But when it invents names and arms and pedigrees, it is not honourable but contemptible. And it may sink even lower. Of all contemptible beings we can conceive none more contemptible than the upstart rich man who looks down on the means by which his wealth was made, and forsakes the principles which he held while he was making it. Of all types of political party the worst is that of the man who was Liberal while he was getting rich, but who, when he has become rich, turns Conservative because it is more gentlemanly and respectable.

THE SMITHFIELD POISONINGS.

ON Monday morning a sergeant of police received a letter stating that his attendance would be required at No. 15 Hosier Lane, Smithfield. The sergeant went to the house thus indicated, knocked, but could obtain no answer. He then went to the next house, and by the help of the occupier obtained access to the house to which his attention had been directed. In a room on the first floor of this house he found a bottle labelled "hydrocyanic acid," and a family Bible. There were appearances of a recent fire in the grate. In the back room on the second floor he found a dead man lying on his back in bed. He was undressed, and his arms were at his sides beneath the bed-clothes. On a chair close to the bed was a bottle exactly similar in appearance and size to the bottle found below, and having a similar label; and there was also a small glass. Both bottles were empty. In the front room on the second floor the sergeant found seven dead bodies. In a cot was the body of a boy. In a bed were the bodies of a woman and two children. The bed-clothes were up to the woman's neck, and her hands were underneath. At the foot of the bed was the body of another child with its feet toward the others. Two more children were in a small bed. In all the cases there did not appear to have been the least struggle, and the bodies lay as if asleep. There was a tablespoon on the cover of the bed in which the deceased woman was found. It appeared as if it had been placed there carefully, and not accidentally. A surgeon was fetched by the police, and he examined the bodies shortly before nine o'clock in the morning. The children had been dead several hours. The woman had not been dead so long by a few hours. All the deaths had been caused by prussic acid, and the bottles found in the rooms had contained this acid. The woman had taken a strong dose. It appeared impossible that, after taking such a dose, she could have lain down, put the bed-clothes to her neck, and put the spoon outside. The man who was lying in the next room had been dead about as long as the woman. His eyes and mouth were open. The surgeon inferred from this circumstance that the dose was taken by him while he was awake, and

that the others had it administered to them in their sleep. The glass was apparently put back on the chair after the dose had been taken by the man. A woman who lived opposite awoke about four o'clock that morning, and looked out of the window. She observed a flickering light in the opposite room. It was not gas, but more like a fire or a candle. She did not see any person in the room nor any shadow on the window-blinds. The bodies were identified as those of Walter James Duggan and Emma Duggan, and their six children. The man Duggan had become, or fancied himself, unable, through impaired health, to maintain his family, and so he had poisoned them to preserve them from starvation.

The Coroner's jury have found a verdict that Duggan and his wife murdered their children, and afterwards destroyed themselves. But the appearances described by the witnesses rather point to the conclusion that Duggan murdered his wife as well as his children. The position of the spoon near the wife, "which looked as if it had been placed there intentionally," indicated that it had been so placed by some other hand than hers. But it was possible that the spoon might have fallen from the woman's hand. We understand, however, that the eyes of all the bodies except the man's were closed, and the inference from this circumstance would be that the poison was administered to all, except the man, sleeping. If force had been used in administering the poison to the woman, some trace of it would have remained, but there was none. There seems to be no doubt that both the man and the woman were alive for some three hours after the children.

Appearances, if accurately observed, cannot deceive; but another more doubtful source of information was furnished by a letter written by the man Duggan to his brother, and received by him at Bristol about noon on Monday. We shall speak presently of the account given by Duggan in the letter of his employer's conduct to him, which was certainly untrue, and which therefore afforded a presumption against the truth of the account which he gave of the night's proceedings. But he merely says that "we prefer" death by poison to starvation or the workhouse. The mother of Duggan thought that the wife would be very likely to be affected by the same feelings as the husband in all things. But it is a long step from this opinion to the conclusion that she consented to her own or her children's death. The man may be described as one of the most objectionable products of civilization. He had no vulgar vices. He was a sober man and was deeply attached to his wife, but he was a coward, a liar, and a murderer. The deliberation of his proceedings is remarkable. The letter to his brother shows that, like some other murderers, he had a considerable talent for composition, and he exercised it on his last night of life in endeavouring to throw the blame of the crime he was then meditating, or had partially committed, on his employer, whom he most unjustifiably describes as "a hard, selfish, narrow-minded man." He represents his employer as having given him notice to leave his service and threatened to turn him out of the house he occupied. But the employer, Mr. Adams, of the firm of Chawner and Co., appeared as a witness, and stated that Duggan had given him notice to leave on account of ill-health. It appears from the medical evidence that Duggan's lungs were diseased, and the effect of this disease would be to render him less able to work, and to depress his spirits. But it need not have made him a liar, slanderer, and murderer. Besides receiving wages, he occupied the house in Hosier Lane, which was the property of his employer, rent-free, and on giving up his situation he would also terminate his tenancy. This was the foundation for the charge which he made against his employer of threatening to turn him into the lane. The position of a husband and father who has an incurable complaint, and whose livelihood depends upon his labour, is sufficiently depressing even to a cheerful and well-balanced mind. The occurrence of such cases almost reconciles us to charitable institutions which exist principally for the benefit of their secretaries. But it is difficult to be reconciled to the existence of a Duggan; and if his children resembled him in having consumptive bodies and weak and selfish minds, it is true, although harsh to say, that the world has suffered no loss by the extinction of the entire progeny. Civilization brings into operation causes which resemble in their effects the destruction of feeble grouse by vermin. A Duggan in a barbarous age of the world would hardly get a chance to live at all, and thus the human race would be preserved from danger of deterioration. In a refined age the external influences tending to the extirpation of Duggans diminish, but certain compensatory influences, which may be called internal, come into play and produce the same result, and thereby prevent the population of great towns from becoming mentally and physically effete. As nobody thinks of removing Duggan he is good enough to remove himself, and it appears to be an unalterable condition of civilization that, if people want to poison themselves or others, they shall be allowed unlimited facilities. The two bottles found in Duggan's house had contained hydrocyanic or prussic acid, of which thirty drops would cause death. A wholesale chymist at first supposed himself to have sold those bottles, but that was before he had seen the body of Duggan. He had sold two bottles on the 24th ult., three days before the murder, to a person whom he knew as Fearon. This person signed his name in the book which the chymist kept for the purpose, but he gave no address, and the chymist did not know where to find him. We shall be curious to hear whether he ever comes to the chymist's shop again. A murderer who does not wish to be found out will hesitate about using prussic acid, but it is highly convenient for murder which is to be followed by suicide. Everything has its place in the great economy of the world, and we suppose that wholesale chymists exist for the purpose of what naturalists call redressing the balance of creation. It might be feared that Duggans would increase too rapidly when stronger men had ceased to knock them on the head, just as fish are increasing in the Nile now that steamboats have driven away the crocodiles. But it is ordained that Duggans should have the inclination and opportunity to poison themselves.

The jury found by their verdict that both Duggan and his wife committed murder, and that both were of unsound mind. The evidence of the wife's guilt seems to have been the husband's letter, and the evidence of her insanity seems to have been her supposed guilt. But we have no wish to criticize the use of what seems to have become a common form. The question of Duggan's sanity may be left to the discussion of the psychological journals, in case they deem it worth their attention. The letter to his brother, and the letter to the police-sergeant informing him that his attendance would be required at the house where the murders were about to be, or perhaps had been, perpetrated, are certainly extraordinary compositions. After describing the harshness which he wrongly imputed to his employer, he goes on to infer that there is no alternative but to perish speedily or slowly, and he prefers to meet death rather than wait for it. "Prussic acid was the thing used." It almost seems as if he had written and gone out to post these letters in the interval between the deaths of his children and of himself and wife. In the glimmering of the summer dawn, when the earliest voice of half-awakened birds is heard, the last act of that horrible tragedy was completed, and the sun, as he climbed the heavens, looked down into a still and silent house.

SKETCHING A YANKEE LION.

EACH fresh mail from the United States brings us more serious news than the last. As the eye runs over the files of advices from all parts of the Great Republic, it sees in every column matter for the gravest reflection. If the course of events in the Old World has not, during the last twenty years, been sufficiently striking to rouse us from our insular security and strip us of our national self-satisfaction, we can at least scarcely refuse our attention to the warnings which are coming to us from Greater Britain. If no deep desire for self-improvement has been called forth in us by such evidence as that of the industrial development in Germany, of the artistic and intellectual progress of France, and of the military advances of Russia, or by the transfer of several of those insoluble political difficulties and complications for which we have been accustomed to pity, to patronize, or to snub most of the Continental nations, from their shores to our own, it is perhaps well that we should now be offered that last chance of late learners—a course of instruction from our grandchildren. Just as there are some mothers whose pride and presumption can only be abated by the loftier pride and more supreme presumption of their daughters, and as there are some fathers for whom Providence appears to have provided no wholesome discipline until they receive it from their sons, so it may be that our British habit of ignoring our defects can only be cured by the painful but wholesome process of compulsory contemplation of the perfections of our offspring across the Atlantic. In some particulars it seems probable that the valuable lessons which, ever since Sherman's march, we have been continuously receiving from North America have not entirely been without their effect. Acute observers think they have remarked that some of our leading statesmen have recently taken a leaf or two from American note-books. Some people say that since Lord Palmerston's death there have been speeches at St. Stephen's which were not altogether unworthy of the Washington House of Representatives, and every one must have remarked how some of our journals have recently striven to assimilate themselves to an American type. There are changes, no doubt, in these and some other respects; but after all, when we have made the most of them, they are but very inadequate approximations to the Yankee models. If we run over the whole roll of living English politicians, it is not likely that we shall be able to produce one who would not cut a pitiful figure if matched against any leading statesman at Washington, from the veteran Senator Sumner to the last young Conscript Father, Governor Sprague. And even if we had among us such men as Sprague, what would the world know of them? Where should we find a chronologist capable of recording the looks and deeds of our worthies in the style of a Washington Correspondent of a New York periodical? The sort of fame which the *New York Herald* lately conferred upon Senator Sprague, when its Special Correspondent at Washington visited him "at his splendid residence on the corner of Sixth and E Streets," and described his rooms, his furniture, his secretary, his personal appearance, his clothes, and his conversation, is at present beyond the reach even of the most popular of English politicians. In this respect Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright must feel that, however popular they may be, and however well they may now or hereafter deserve of their country, their fame among posterity, when compared with the fame of Sprague, is likely to be that of the brave who lived before Agamemnon.

It is true that one or two of our respectable daily and weekly journals have recently adopted the practice of sending smart sketchers into the House of Commons, who, in describing the speeches of prominent or peculiar members, have not altogether

abstained from personalities; but at present it must be confessed that we are as far below Yankeedom in the art of portraying as in that of producing politicians. At Washington it is as much a matter of course that a Senator or Representative, who has attracted attention to himself by a speech, should undergo the necessity of sitting for his portrait to the Special Correspondent of some newspaper, as that the features of a criminal, when first committed, should be photographed by the prison authorities; and long practice, working with the special American genius for sensationalism, has made the Correspondents of some journals, such as the *New York Herald*, quite perfect in this art. The sketch, for example, of Governor Sprague, a Senator from the State of Rhode Island, and son-in-law of Chief Justice Chase, to which, under the title of "Little Rhody at Home," the *New York Herald* recently treated its subscribers, was a masterpiece. This great man has lately been attacking in the Senate the administration of the United States Treasury, and has been otherwise rendering himself notorious and influential by means which are well known to those who study American politics, and would not be particularly interesting to those who do not. But every lover of high art will be interested in the skill with which "the lion of the hour and the coming man of the nineteenth century," as the artist styles him, is depicted for the delectation of all the readers of the *Herald*.

The Correspondent required, of course, no introduction to gain admission into the Senator's house. Even if the excellent American usage did not constitute Special Correspondents a privileged class, to be admitted and entertained by public men, as angels by the patriarchs, whenever they might deign to visit them, that statesman must be very indifferent to fame who should decline to have his portrait taken gratis by such a consummate artist as the writer for the *New York Herald*. But the soul of Sprague was not so dead to glory. The artist had no trouble in gaining admission; and plunged at once into his task, after the fashion of a great master, *qui nil molitur inepte.* While bestowing, of course, his chief attention on the central figure of the great Senator himself, he does not, like some careless Academicians, neglect the accessories of his composition. He tells how the house "on the corner of Sixth and E Streets" is jointly occupied by Sprague and his father-in-law; and how it has "a wide hall-way, and all sorts of apartments up and down stairs, adapted to the needs of a refined and luxurious family." He describes the furniture, which is "of the richest kind, and distributed about the rooms in that style of careless elegance which so much pleases the artistic eye." He sketches slightly the appearance of the people whom he meets coming down the stairs, and of the Secretary, one General Halsted, "a gentleman with an iron-grey moustache as large as a cataract," who sits at a side table in the Senator's study "driving away with a pen." And as he enters this interesting sanctum, and approaches nearer to the central figure of his picture, he becomes more careful and minute in his delineations. "This study," he most elegantly remarks, "appeared in itself a study; with all kinds of curious traps lying around, loose books on top of Bohemian vases, wonderfully carved paper-knives, odd-looking ink-bottles, pen-wipers, and a host of other articles of stationery on the mantelpiece, on the marble wash-stand, on the writing-table, and on the floor. Books and pamphlets everywhere, and the *New York Herald* spread out to throw a flood of light over all." Having thus arranged and grouped his accessories, and most ingeniously introduced and distributed his light, he begins without further delay to handle his central figure. And here, as descriptions of works of art are generally more or less unsatisfactory—those who have seen the originals usually considering them inadequate or unfair, and those who have not, often finding them unintelligible—the reader will perhaps in this instance be glad to have a portion of the original placed before him:—

> We took a long look at the Senator's face, to see if we could find therein any trace of the malady called craziness, which his enemies conveniently attribute to him. There was none in the eye at least, and the other features are not generally known to offer any sure indication of the complaint in question. Sprague looks old on near acquaintance. He has a small head, small features, large, lustrous eyes, slightly dashed with dimness, that necessitates the wearing of glasses. His face is of the progressive American type of the present generation, just such as you see hurrying along Broadway in the morning tide of travel to Wall Street and the down town regions of wealth and commerce. Sprague might have been a fast young man at some period of his life, or he might have been a very hard-working student of business; for on the outer edges of his face there are furrows that one of his age should not have. He wears his hair somewhat long, and with extreme carelessness, as though the comb that nature provides in the fingers had been the only one he ever made use of. It certainly presents a very dishevelled appearance; but it shows at least he is above the small vanity of lavishing, on the outside of his head, the time that is better bestowed in cultivating the inside. In speaking on the great subject of reconstructing the present vicious system of finance and taxation, he appears like one who had in his mind's eye something of such colossal proportions that the bald vocabulary of the English language, and the finite powers of expression vouchsafed to man, were wholly inadequate to represent its immensity. Therefore it is that he hesitates as he speaks, and his eye moves troublously as though he were inwardly swearing at the inefficiency of words to translate at once the thoughts that heave tumultuously in his soul. He has one of the elements of greatness—tenacity. Those who suppose he intends to subside, quit the busy stage, and retire for ever from the living drama, after startling his audience with one or two spoken pieces, are wofully mistaken. He has but fairly commenced; and as Samson, by a vigorous and persistent application of an assinine (*sic*) jawbone to the heads of the Philistines, made everlasting smash of that unhappy community, so shall Sprague, going forth on the war-path, with the club of truth in one hand and the State of Rhode Island in the other, spread terror among the tribes of money shysters and Shylocks.

It would be a work of supererogation to direct the reader's attention to the merits of this picture. The dullest amateur can hardly fail to be smitten by its prominent beauties. The stare with which the interview is commenced, and which is confessedly directed to the object of ascertaining whether his host is or is not a lunatic; the masterly strokes wherewith the outlines of the head and face are blocked in and assigned to their distinctive type; the ingenuity wherewith the furrows are made to tell an alternative tale of vice or labour; the clever apology for the Senator's shock-headedness; the still more able defence of his hesitation in speaking; and the inimitable combination of the character of the ancient Israelite with that of the modern Red Indian, in which Sprague is represented—all these are touches which belong to the region of the highest art, and tell their own tale. But the Special Correspondent is not yet at the end of his resources. He not only depicts the great Senator so as to bring before us a lifelike portrait [illegible]

this contrivance, which brings the [illegible] ero home to even the dullest imagination, may [illegible] sufficiently gathered from a brief extract:—

> "Well, Senator," said we, "the working men of Washington call upon you to-night. What will you have to say to them?"
>
> "There it is," he replied, pointing to seven or eight pages of manuscript which General Halsted was diligently engaged in copying.
>
> "Does that complete the series of your speeches, Governor?" we asked, urging his titles alternately for the sake of variety.
>
> "Yes, Sir! that's the first series complete. I have got the Senate now, sure. I have got 'em; yes, Sir! I have got 'em right so!" saying which the Senator laughed grimly, held up his hand, and gave an illustration, by doubling up his fingers, of the firm hold he had on the entire body of the United States Senate

The Correspondent is, it will be remarked, just as perfect a master of the art of making his lion talk, and of playing second fiddle to him in a conversation, as he is clever at making up a pen-and-ink sketch of his personal appearance. That last touch—which enables us not only to hear the great man speaking, but even to see the very expression of his face as he speaks, and the forcible gestures wherewith he enriches his emphatic phraseology—is really almost startling, and certainly quite inimitable in England. If there were among us—which there is not—a "coming man of the nineteenth century," which of our influential journals has upon its staff an artist capable of sketching him with the skill of this Washington Correspondent of the *New York Herald?* Yet the importance to the public interests of having such artists among us can scarcely be exaggerated. Publishing these sketches of men like Sprague must have a tendency to propagate men like Sprague, and it would not be easy to say how far our present lack of great political lions may or may not be caused by our ignorance of this mode of exhibiting them to the public. Is it quite impossible to naturalize this school of art among us in England? We have succeeded pretty well in naturalizing Nigger Minstrelsy and Blondinism, then why not Yankee Lion-sketching? If Mr. Lowe, in his present anti-artistic mood, refuses to let Government take the matter up, might not a Lion-sketching Company (Limited), with Mr. Charles Dickens or Mr. Sala as Manager, be started with good prospects of commercial success? Or if, even in the hands of these brilliant sketchers, native talent were found unequal to the task, is it not just possible that we might induce the *Herald's* great artist himself to come and live among us?

REVIEWS.

GENTZ.*

ALTHOUGH the existence in Germany of so many separate centres of intellectual life has been favourable to civilization and culture, there are occasions when waste of literary effort is hereby entailed This moral was clearly pointed last year, when editor in Vienna was garbling some letters which an editor Heidelberg was publishing entire. The correspondence in question was from the pen of the great Gentz, and the story of the mutilated text deserves to be pondered by all votaries of the Higher Criticism. Gentz, who had done more than even Körner or Fichte to excite the princes and people of Germany against Napoleon, subsided in after years to be a mere Hapsburg hack. As such he was in close intimacy with Metternich, as well as with Pilat, the editor of the Vienna *Beobachter*, the *Morning Herald* or *Kreuz Zeitung* of those parts. Pilat died in 1865, leaving a mass of letters from Gentz, which Dr. Mendelssohn acquired. While Dr. Mendelssohn was at press, Baron von Prokesch Osten, the Austrian Internuncio at Constantinople, published the first volume of his *Remains of Gentz*, which contained, besides other documents, forty letters from Gentz to Pilat. For a diplomatist, the Baron is a wise and learned man, nevertheless he had been deceived by some designing persons, so as to be made to play a most scurvy editorial part Compared with the Heidelberg originals, the Baron's letters were found to be a cooked series. Some were incorrect copies; in some, where Gentz had called a spade rigorously a spade, the cook had called it something else; some had been concocted for the occasion by joining the head of one letter to the tail of another

* *Briefe von Friedrich von Gentz an Pilat. Herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* Leipzig.

Aus dem Nachlasse Friedrich von Gentz Wien.

Friedrich von Gentz. Ein Beitrag &c., von Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Docent der Geschichte an der Universität Heidelberg. Leipzig.

The astute diplomatic editor was, however, we repeat, the dupe of others, and for Dr. Mendelssohn also some earlier editorial delinquent had prepared troubles. It seems that at some previous time there had been a question of preparing these letters for publication. But Gentz had handled his topics with a healthy objectivity which alarmed the intending editor. As a preliminary, then, all objectionable passages had been scored first with a red pencil, and also with ink, so that the text was utterly obscured. Over the blotted places the Vienna Dr. Bowdler had written his own inimitable emendations, by the help of which he proposed to prepare a family Gentz. Of these palimpsests the Heidelberg series unfortunately gives but two specimens, which are gems in their way. Gentz wrote (how we know what he wrote will be told directly), "the behaviour of the Prussian *employés* was thoroughly Prussian; that is, dry and disgusting." The editor wrote, "the Prussian *employés* behaved politely!" Gentz said, "Cardinal Spina spoke like a nightcap"; Dr. Bowdler wrote, "Cardinal Spina spoke with much timidity!" The restoration of the original words was effected by the contrivance of Dr., or rather of "Herr Privy Councillor," Bunsen, who dosed the surface of the second ink with diluted hydrochloric acid. When the ink showed a violet hue, the acid was washed off, and the writing was dosed with ammoniac; after this the superscripture was reduced to a mere blue shadow, through which the original letters stood revealed in a brown tint. It strikes us as probable that the person who objected to Cardinal Spina being called a "Nachtmütze" may have been no other than Prince Metternich. For, according to Baron Prokesch Osten, who is likely to be well informed, the Prince at one time talked of the publication of some of the Pilat correspondence.

The English appetite for knowledge about Gentz would, we imagine, be quite satisfied by a perusal of the biographical sketch issued by Dr. Mendelssohn as an introduction to the letters. The biography, however, is a peg on which the learned Docent hangs the internal history of the Fatherland from 1789 to 1832, and we do not know where the events of that period are more ably told, and within so small a space. He is especially full on the abortive North German Confederation of 1806, suggested by Napoleon as a sop for Prussia, and on the events which preceded the campaign of Jena, where, for a "nicht-Preusse," he is tolerably impartial. Dr. Mendelssohn seems to hate both Austria and Prussia, he remembers how Tilly stole the Heidelberg library, and knows how some one else has an eye on Heidelberg itself. His view is much the same as that of Napoleon before Jena—"Les Prussiens sont encore plus stupides que les Autrichiens." But while he hates the Austrians because of Metternich, because the old Swabian Adam delights overmuch in beer and ballets, and for other defects of a remediable sort, he hates the Prussians because they are Prussians—which is a much more serious affair. Not to accident alone do we owe the learned Docent's reproduction of the delicious sentence above given on the Prussian officials—"Die preussischen Beamten benahmen sich echt preussisch, das heisst trocken und schnode." This synonym has surely received a hearty response from many German readers of Dr. Mendelssohn's book. Dr. Mendelssohn is liberal, objective, and pungent, but he often writes, as to style, as if Goethe and Lessing and Gentz had not written before him. He is fond of those mechanical devices, so dear to the German mind, whereby attention is drawn to particular sentences or expressions. That we should be incited by such stimulants to purchase Thorley's Food for Cattle or Horniman's Pure Tea, is natural enough, but we do not see why the most unimportant facts and the most ancient maxims in a German book should invariably be set up in great primer. That big letters do not always make big ideas is evident from this passage:—"Social life is a compromise" (from this word he proceeds in spaced type) "between liberty and law, and when different individualisms freely develop themselves in social intercourse the individual cannot escape the destiny which makes him suffer from the legitimate development of others." This is the way in which people cognize the noumena of society in the University of Heidelberg. In England we should stupidly say that, if you mix in the world, you must give and take, but who does not see the superior "sweetness and light" of the German periphrasis?

Gentz was born, in 1764, at Breslau, where his father was employed in the Mint. In 1778 he went to Konigsberg, where Kant was lecturing. When one German gets another German to Königsberg in Kant's time we know what is coming. We know we shall have to go back to the twin egg of metaphysics, and then to wade through a conjectural analysis of the working of Kant's philosophy on the person concerned. But we are bound to say that Dr. Mendelssohn lets us off cheap. Kant and Gentz lie, in fact, as far apart as Reason and Understanding, so that Dr. Mendelssohn does not tell us much more than that from Kant Gentz got certain formal advantages, such as the sharpness and systematic order of his logic. Whether these qualities exist in Kant we do not inquire here, but proceed to mention that Gentz already overflowed with that feminine sensibility, that *Schwarmerei*, that inordinate vanity, which he displayed to the last. He was Werther, Ossian, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine, all in one. If he did not trouble himself with the Categories or the Pure Reason, the Categorical Imperative was not so easily put down. At Konigsberg he felt deep esteem for the beautiful wife of Mr. Privy Councillor Graun, when there ensued what Heidelberg people appear to call "soul-tunings, confidences, and succour"; likewise "screwing up the culture of the individual I to the highest height, and sinking ourselves with tears and raptures to the poetical, vague, and sentimental" These are very dexterous euphemisms indeed, and it must be a comfort to Heidelberg students to hear that, if caught in a violent flirtation with the wife of a Docent, they will only be accused of "confidences and succour," or perhaps of tuning the individual I up to concert pitch. According to Tartuffe,

> L'amour qui nous attache aux beautés éternelles
> N'étouffe pas en nous l'amour des temporelles.

So Gentz found room for a side flirtation with Miss Celestine Schwinck, a cousin of Mrs. Graun, after whom the catalogue of his conquests rapidly augmented, closing in his old age, when he had taken to green spectacles, with the illustrious Fanny Elssler. Of chains of another sort we do not speak; sufficient to say that Lycoris and Arbuscula likewise received, at all times, a certain share of his attention.

corruption. The Orontes had poured its muddy waters into the Tiber. The pure and honest citizens of the Great Elector, King Frederic William, had been succeeded by the debauched and knavish generation which surrounded the dotage of the Great Frederic. Gentz, now married, gave up the intervals of business or study, like most husbands of the period, to gambling, women, and wine. His last biographer, who can see as far into a millstone as Camille Desmoulins himself, considers that the French Revolution was the torpedo whose shocks turned the Prussian Sardanapalus into Socrates. Gentz at any rate chimed in with the jubilees raised by Schiller, Klopstock, Fichte, and Johannes Muller over the taking of the Bastille, and the decree of the 4th of August. But his *Schwarmerei* for the golden age that had dawned on the earth from the horizon of Paris was soon spent. He translated and annotated Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, also the works of Mounier and Mallet du Pan, repudiating Kant's heretical deductions from the principles of liberty and equality as dangerously allied to the barbarous practice of Robespierre and St.-Just. He now drifted into reactionary convictions, and though his Memorandum addressed to King Frederic William III. on his accession in 1797, advocated the liberty of the press, all his intellectual energies were devoted to combat with his ancient friend and new enemy, political progress. His "Historical Journal," founded in 1799, preached war to the knife against French principles, and recommended England as the proper object of German admiration. By England, however, Gentz meant, not the English people and their institutions, but the English Government, which paid the Prussian publicist for his puffs at a very handsome rate. Such conduct cannot be held up for imitation. Nevertheless, as was said by Count Nesselrode, Gentz, although in a certain sense venal, did not accept money from the party opposed to his own.

The 600*l.* which he received from Lord Carysfort in 1800 must have been a godsend to a man who had lapsed into his old riotous life with actresses, dancers, and dicers. To those who know the social constitution of contemporary Germany nothing can be more surprising than the fact that the mere *Federvieh*, or "quill-beast" (according to the old King of Hanover's pun), without sixteen quarterings or high military place, was able to worm his way into polite society. No German author, *savant*, or artist could thus write in 1868:—"Ich begann à figurer sur la scène du monde; die hohe Gesellschaft wurd un des principaux objets de mes occupations, de mes études et de mes puissances." Still less could any modern German maid of honour, like Hoffräulein Amalie Imhoff, descend to flirtation with a writer of books and pamphlets. In that period of "storm and pressure," men and women were not as bad as they might seem if taken in the literal sense of their own frantic language. But whether the Weimar maid of honour indulged Gentz with more subjective delirium, or how, it is clear that the actress Christel Eigensatz postulated a method of unconditioned syncretism. On this, as on many other like occasions, Gentz poured out, in his letters and journals, whole whirlwinds of such tempestuous sentimental and sensual nonsense as has rarely come from the pen of a man neither a mere voluptuary nor an ass. Soon he separated from his wife, lost his whole property at hazard, and began to reap the fruits of his contempt of those decent observances with which even Berlin society expected a rake to veil his progress. When his more intimate friends, like Rahel (not yet the wife of Varnhagen), and Henrietta Herz, joined in the chorus of aristocratic reprobation, his position at Berlin seemed no longer tenable. Stadion, Austrian Minister at Berlin, recommended him to Cobentzel at Vienna, who offered him a salary of four thousand florins to enter the Emperor's service, whereupon Gentz resigned his office at Berlin, assigning as his motive the mean sphere of his official functions, and other reasons not altogether satisfactory or ingenuous.

Gentz now received fresh subsidies from England, and opened fresh batteries against France, whose Emperor he held up to the execration of Europe as a monster who should be removed by any available human means, assassination itself hardly excepted. So long as Harmodius and Aristogeiton are praised for putting to death the mild Pisistratus, it is unreasonable to find fault with a German who, after the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, and in the face of Napoleon's abominable treatment of the German people, looked to secret societies as an inevitable and "holy resource" against the one evil of the time. To the Germans Napoleon, especially after the infamous murder of Palm, shot for selling a

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOLUME XXVII.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.
1869

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

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pamphlet by Gentz, was no better than a Zinghis Khan or a Mohammed of Ghuznee, and if a Staps or a Gentz had taken the Corsican's life they would certainly not have been classed with Ravaillac or Balthazar Gérard. In his detestation of Napoleon Gentz was sincere, and it will be his eternal glory that he was able to inspire his countrymen with his own "immortal hate." The system which he recommended to Pitt and Cobentzel was the union of the two German Powers, and one of his letters to Pitt, dated September, 1805, shows deep political foresight. He reproaches the Minister for beginning the war without a change in the Government of Austria, and without securing the aid of Prussia, and he prophesies that defeat will be the result. Gentz disapproved of the policy which broke down at Austerlitz in 1805; he disapproved the feeble and isolated attempt of Haugwitz in 1806, which collapsed at Jena; he disbelieved in the results anticipated from the fatal campaign of Aspern and Wagram. He wrote the Austrian war manifestoes of 1805 and 1809; but he knew that Germany's hour and man were not yet come. If Wagram broke Stadion's more earnest heart, Gentz continued to hope against hope, and to spread his own courage around him. In Gentz it is often hard to distinguish between the mere literary artist and the serious patriot. His enthusiasm may have been real or æsthetic, but in a time of general dismay his addresses and letters breathe a spirit of defiance and courage which remind us of the unconquerable temper of Milton's Satan. His impassioned appeals to the German people left their mark everywhere except on their author, who by degrees began to feel the influence of the atmosphere of the Danubian Capua. The failure of his English pecuniary supplies helped to cool his ardour, and obliged him to moderate his anti-Napoleonic zeal. Metternich succeeded Cobentzel at the Ball-platz, and the Metternichs were born to cringe to France. Following the traditions of Kaunitz, Metternich adopted the order of things which issued in Napoleon's marriage with the Archduchess Marie-Louise. There is no doubt that the *res angusta domi* drove Gentz to accept the Prince's protection, and thereby the necessity of silencing his hatred against the "incarnate devil of the Revolution," now the son-in-law of the Emperor Francis. His purse was again filled, pleasure was once more his chief object; he turned his serious thoughts to the acquisition of fine furniture, which he placed in grand rooms full of perfumes and flunkeys, living in all respects like any "hog of Epicurus' stye."

The golden days of Aranjuez, as Schiller says, were now over. When the War of Liberation came, Gentz had no longer any interest in the struggles of Germany, and he even treated them with scorn. In 1813 he wrote to Rahel, who was always the depositary of his intimate thoughts, "I am too reserved, too diplomatic, too lazy, too *blasé*, too wicked, to speak; and for writing I have no time, courage, or youth, I am grown horribly old (forty-nine), and bad." He was Secretary to the Congresses of Vienna and Paris, but not even Leipsig or Waterloo gave him a ray of satisfaction. On the other hand he writes to Rahel, "I am alternately in Baden and Vienna, I breakfast alternately on brioches and splendid butter, or other godlike cakes, I have got furniture which is a real joy to the heart, and am much less afraid of death." There was, however, yet life in the old lion, as was shown when Prussia, backed by Russia, had determined to annex Saxony. England, France, and Austria engaged to uphold Saxony, and it was Gentz who decided Metternich to adopt the policy of Castlereagh and Talleyrand. He says in his diary, "Ce jour (October 12, 1814) est un des plus marquants dans l'histoire de ma vie publique. Il sera peut-être le plus beau de ma vie." One wishes, for the honour of German humanity, that his diary did not also contain this terrible entry:—"Diné chez Talleyrand. Il me remet un cadeau magnifique (24,000 florins, 2,500*l.*) de la part du roi de France." Here we can only append what Napoleon, in one of his paroxysms of passion against Gentz, wrote in the *Moniteur*:—"Misérable scribe, qui se vend pour de l'argent!"

After the general peace Gentz revived, settling down into an energetic champion of Metternich's reactionary system. He was Secretary to the Congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle (1818), Troppau and Laibach (1820), Verona (1822), and his letters to Pilat during this period brim over with genuine Hapsburg feeling. Thus he writes from Troppau:—"England, the real source of all *real* rebellion and all real corruption, must drain the cup of sorrow and shame to the dregs. England has murdered the *Church*, and after that the *State*." Of Canning he said to the Sardinian Minister at Vienna, that he always thought him a blockhead at business, in spite of his brilliant qualities as a speaker or in a salon. On Canning's death he expressed his joy without reserve; it was an inexpressible blessing that we had got rid of that fatal fellow! To Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, he was more complimentary still. "Prince Leopold is not only a blackguard, but the head blackguard (Haupt-Canaille), and will be held as such by all of his sort in London." While thus foaming at the mouth, Gentz was giving serious help to Metternich's fight against the German Liberal movement. After the celebration of the Wartburg in 1818, the danger apprehended from the gymnasts and students (Turner and Burschenschaft), and the murder of Kotzebue by Sand, the German Governments took deadly alarm. A Congress of Ministers was held at Carlsbad, in 1819, and it was Gentz who suggested the vile quibble whereby Metternich proposed to break the solemn pledge of the 13th Article of the Act of Confederation, which guaranteed representative institutions to every German State. Thanks to Metternich and Gentz, Prussia being no whit reluctant, it was settled at Carlsbad that the press should be muzzled, the Universities placed under control, and constitutional developments stopped. The necessary decrees were smuggled through the Diet of Frankfort by Austria and Prussia with a wholesale disregard of legal form, and a recourse to positive fraud and violence. Such conduct, wrote the Bavarian Finance Minister to a friend, no German Kaiser had ever dared to employ against the smallest prince of the Reich. These proceedings of the royal mastiffs, perfected by the Ministerial Conference at Vienna (1819), were, however, hardly up to the Metternich ideal. For Gentz was of opinion that *all printing whatever should be absolutely forbidden in Germany for a term of years*, no exceptions being granted, except in very extraordinary cases to be certified by a special tribunal. This rule, said Gentz, "would soon bring us back to God and truth."

Against the Greek movement Gentz raged with unabated vigour; but the French Revolution did not kill him, as it did Niebuhr. He rather accepted that and other signs of European life as accomplished facts, with which it was as idle to fight as against the precession of the Equinoxes. In the growing moderation of his language Dr. Mendelssohn traces a return, as Macchiavelli said, *al segno*, to the liberal tendencies of his youth. We should prefer to say that the *segno* was that of the period which followed Wagram, when Gentz became dead to all that he once had lived for. To-day the prophet of German freedom, to-morrow he scorns it; to-day the prophet of tyranny, to-morrow he scorns tyranny in its turn. Only the morrow was so short that the rebound from passion to indifference (for his scorn was cynical, and not angry) was stopped half-way. The sole end of the Metternich system was the maintenance of the Emperor of Austria, the eighteen Archdukes, and Prince Metternich (especially the latter) on their actual coigns of vantage. That Gentz, at the age of sixty-five, began to care less for this elevated object arose from the fact that he was now wildly in love with a "theatre-person." In 1830 he went to the Baths of Gastein, with the result which the curious in the physiology of sentiment may find named in the proper medical books. Of this final edition of the Categorical Imperative he wrote the most complete statistical details to Rahel, now almost an old woman. His affair with Fanny Elssler, then nineteen, was, he writes, a real case of conquest. "I have won her purely and simply by the magic of my love." He adds that she is at once his darling and his child, his enchanting ravishment, telling Rahel to try to imagine "all this wealth of enjoyment, and *a great deal besides which there is no telling*." This connexion injured Gentz in the fashionable Vienna world. He died, in June 1832, leaving just five florins and a few kreuzers to meet expenses. The poor and obscure Beamte from Breslau had shaken the power of Napoleon, been the right hand of Hapsburg reaction, and made the conquest of Fanny Elssler. Yet it must be written that he died disapproved by the good society of Vienna; and who can estimate the amount of misfortune implied in that?

The manifestoes of Gentz are models of declamatory political argument. Clear as crystal, glowing with patriotic fire, large in construction, pathetic in effect, sonorous in style, they seem to follow the fashion of old Italian eloquence. The vigour of Burke they do not reach, they have not his variety of intellectual and rhetorical resource, but with the most flowing periods of Guicciardini it were not unreasonable to compare those of Gentz.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF GRAMMAR.*

IT is no new thing to hear of "more last words." And the expression is not altogether so much of an Irish bull as at first sight it appears. What was last may in process of time yield its place to that which is later than itself. But it is difficult to extend the same allowance to the other end of the series. And nobody, either English or Irish, has yet invented a term to correspond to the impossible conception of Previous First Words. Nevertheless, when first we heard of an Introduction to the *Public School Latin Primer*, we could not help thinking that, though such a work was eminently needed, its publication would prove that the compilers of the Primer had at last condescended to acknowledge that the Grammar which has been forced into public use was not fitted for the elementary instruction of boys. That nearly all the rest of the scholastic world thought so may be inferred from the almost unanimous condemnation of the Primer by the public journals on its first appearance. We therefore thought that an introduction to the Latin Primer would supply a generally acknowledged desideratum. And as this is the only designation that appears on the cover, it is not till the reader comes to the first page of the work itself that he discovers that what he is going to read is in no sense whatever an Introduction to the Latin Primer, but that the 43 pages of which the pamphlet consists are made up of an account of recent discoveries in grammar, and are therefore very properly headed "A Sketch of the History of Grammar."

Let it be understood that we have no fault to find with the Sketch itself, which contains much that is interesting; but we must remark that it has no other connexion with the Primer than that it is published by the same publishers, and bound so as exactly to match it, and that it contains on its first page a puff of the Primer, to do justice to which we must quote the writer's own words:—"It is beyond dispute that the Latin Primer, and

* *A Sketch of the History of Grammar: being an Introduction to the Public School Latin Primer.* Reprinted from the "Academia" of March and April 1868. With a Prefatory Note. London: Longmans & Co.

the vast change in the national method of elementary classical teaching which the publication of that work establishes, is due to the conquest of India by British arms." Now of this indisputable proposition we venture to say that it contains exactly as much truth as the ascription of any event in history to any previous occurrence whatever as its cause. It is exactly as true as the parallel paradox with which the writer begins his "Sketch"—namely, that "the first French Revolution was due to the loss of a lady's slipper in the mud of a street in Paris." We need not, perhaps, have noticed these absurd statements, excepting by way of calling attention to the difficulty which an unpractised writer feels in beginning his subject. If authors would adopt the plan of writing the first three pages of their work after they have finished the rest, or if they would only tone them down afterwards to the level of the rest, readers would be spared some unnecessary labour, and critics perhaps some of that fault-finding which they are said to delight in. But after we have dismissed the contemplation of the conquest of India, and come down to the more domestic considerations bearing on the subject of Latin Grammar, we really must demur to the extravagant puff implied in the apposition of the two ideas of the "Latin Primer" and "the vast change in the national method of elementary classical teaching which the publication of that work establishes." We confess ourselves at a loss. We do not see the vast change. We have already reviewed the Primer at considerable length;* and it may be remembered that it was not only our opinion, but the concurrent view of nearly all critics, that the changes introduced into the Primer were in almost every instance objectionable on the score of making the subject of grammar more difficult than it was before. Nine-tenths of the changes introduced had no connexion at all with the conquest of India, even on this ingenious writer's estimate of the sequence of historical events. The ridiculous attempt to make the Syntax of a Primer more philosophical than earlier writers had thought desirable may possibly have had one good effect, we dare say it has brought pupil and tutor into more frequent intercourse, in order to enable the latter to explain to the former a horrid jargon of newly invented terms, and to tell him how many of the rules he may for the present skip on the ground of their being hopelessly unintelligible. We need hardly perhaps explain to our readers that the conquest of India, when brought down to the level of ordinary intelligence, means the knowledge of Sanskrit, and as for any connexion between this knowledge and the composition of the *Public Schools Latin Primer*, it is tolerably certain that nineteen-twentieths of that unfortunate production would have taken precisely the form in which it now appears had the Sanskrit roots of words never been discovered. After deducting the whole of the Prosody and Syntax, all the memorial lines, and the Paradigms of Declension and Conjugation, we light at last upon the classifications of Nouns and Verbs according to their STEMS, and in connexion with this subject we are introduced to the terms, not now for the first time introduced into grammars, SUFFIX, CHARACTER, and ROOT. Still it might fairly be said that a new classification of Nouns and Verbs, founded upon these distinctions, might entitle him who introduced it to the praise or blame of having revolutionized the study of Latin Grammar. Instead, however, of any such revolution, we find the declensions and conjugations arranged exactly as in other grammars, the only marked difference consisting in the transposition of the order in which the cases follow each other, and the designation of the third conjugation as the *consonantal conjugation*, instead of, as it used to be called, the conjugation which has *e* short before *re* and *ris*. The calling attention to the STEM by printing it in different type may or may not be an advantage to the beginner. We are not quite sure about this point, but at least it has not effected a revolution in the system of teaching grammar. We have no reason to think that "J. M. M.," whoever may be meant by these initials, is in any way connected with the author or authors of the Primer. We must, therefore, suppose that he is the one really enthusiastic admirer of the production, and that his enthusiasm carries him away to express his admiration of it when his subject has no closer connexion with this than with any other treatise on grammar.

Setting aside the extravagances we have been noticing, the *Sketch of the History of Grammar* is extremely interesting as well as instructive, and in the author's recommendation of the use of the term STEM instead of CRUDE FORM, to represent the word *anga* of the Hindoo grammarians, we entirely concur, though still protesting against the principle of forcing upon children ideas which they cannot grasp. We have no doubt ourselves that the scholars of the next and all succeeding generations will have been familiar with the *accidence* of grammar at an earlier age than allows of the supposition of their philosophising on *stems*, *clipt stems*, *suffixes* and *prefixes*, and *characteristic letters*. The writer gives us a succinct account of the manner in which the method of the Hindoo grammarians was adopted, first by German, and latterly by English scholars, and in the course of his narrative he intersperses illustrations which can be understood and appreciated by any ordinary scholar. And therefore the "Sketch," so far from being dull, must, we should think, be extremely interesting even to a scholar to whom the subject is entirely new. Thus, after stating the theory that the detection of the root and the separation of the stem from its inflexions is the only legitimate means of clearing up the difficulties of etymology, the writer proceeds to say that it is necessary to distinguish the essential letters of a root or stem from those which are merely adventitious. He then takes the verb *ponere* as an example, the root of which is *pos*, the letter *n* being adventitious, whilst in *rumpere* the *m* is adventitious, the root being *rup*; both these verbs belonging to a class which has what may be called a *strengthened* stem in some of the tenses, and the dropping of the *s* which preceded the adventitious *n* in the former of the two words being accounted for on obvious principles of euphony.

The inference from all this, which the editor states in Professor Long's words, is as follows:—"That the beginner should be early, very early, taught to compare the words in this manner and to classify them for the purpose of aiding the memory, improving the understanding, and learning the language more expeditiously and completely." In this, in the abstract, we entirely acquiesce, and if we had to teach men the elements of either of the classical languages, we should not be at issue either with the writer of the "Sketch" or the compilers of the Latin Primer. What we protest against is the absurdity of expecting boys of eight years of age to exercise powers of mind which they do not yet possess, and which may be spoiled in the attempt, rather than to learn by memory, which they can make use of, and which both admits of and requires being developed in this way. The opposition, therefore, which we and others have made to the Latin Primer is much misrepresented when it is said to be characteristic of a moderately conservative temper prudently to wait till a learner has made some way under the old familiar system before introducing him to more philosophical views. On the contrary, we assert that if philosophical views are true, the sooner they can be inculcated the better; and in this instance we have no quarrel with the views. We find no fault with their adoption in a grammar intended for students who can comprehend them; but we think it simply ridiculous that they should be inserted in small type, as if for the purpose of making them more repulsive, on the third page of a Primer which ought to be in the hands of boys of eight years of age, if not earlier. The design of that work, as stated by its editor, "to carry learners forward in the right direction, to that stage of progress from which they may advance to wider philological studies without having anything to unlearn," we entirely approve. It is of the absurd method in which that design is carried out as regards the learner that we, in common with nearly all the scholars of England, venture to complain.

The latter half of this pamphlet is taken up with the explanation of the person-endings of the tenses of verbs and the case-endings of nouns, with interesting references to the mode in which the meaning of the former was established by the researches of Professor Grimm in Teutonic, and of the late Dr. Prichard in Celtic. There can of course now be no manner of doubt that the person-endings of the verbs are contracted forms of the personal pronouns. But as regards the case-endings of nouns the matter is far from being so clear. We cannot but think that philologists have taken far too little into account the tendency to drop the letter *s* out of the genitive case. We are always told that the regular ending of the genitive singular is *is*; but the *ai* of the first declension, the *i* of the second, and the *ei* of the fifth, look very much as if the dropping of the final *s* of the nominative was characteristic of this case. We have little doubt that *s* is the characteristic of the nominative even in words of the first declension which now always appear with the termination *a*. Thus, if *familias* was once a nominative, we make little doubt that *familias* was the original form of the genitive. And hence it would appear that this case may be said to have been formed by the insertion of the vowel *i* before the final consonant of the nominative. And whilst we are on this subject, we may call attention to the neuter nouns of the second declension, which do not appear to have had an *s* either in the nominative or the genitive.

In concluding our notice of this *Sketch of the History of Grammar*, we may say that we have seldom seen a pamphlet of 43 pages containing so much interesting matter as well as actual information. We much regret that it has been disfigured by such fulsome adulation of the Latin Primer, such a pompous introduction as the assertion about the conquest of India by British arms being the prime cause of the adoption of that work in some of our Public Schools, and the absurd comparison of the case with that of the French Revolution having arisen out of the loss of a lady's slipper in the mud of a street in Paris. Neither, again, can we see any ground for introducing into such a work a defence of hypotheses, which everybody who knows anything about any inductive science whatever must know to be not only admissible, but even indispensable before any law can be established or rendered probable. And we can only wonder at the lengths to which enthusiasm can carry a votary of the science of comparative grammar when he thinks that it has established a royal road to the acquisition of Latin, and that this language will at last be placed within the reach of a section of the community that has hitherto been deterred from it because it absorbs too much of the time that must be given to the acquisition of practical knowledge.

* See *Saturday Review* for September 8, 15, and 29, 1866.

CHAMBERS'S TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH.*

THERE is certainly an attraction about Edinburgh and all that has to do with Edinburgh which attaches to very few other towns. One thing, perhaps, is the peculiar position which it

* *Traditions of Edinburgh.* By Robert Chambers. New Edition. London and Edinburgh: Chambers. 1869.

holds among other cities. It is a capital; it once was the capital of an independent State; it still is the capital, for many purposes retaining the rank of a capital, of a division of the United Kingdom which, though no longer an independent State, is still much more than a mere province. As far as memories and traditions go, this is a favourable position. A capital of the first rank—London, for instance, or Paris—is eaten up by its own greatness. It becomes so simply the centre of a great kingdom that it ceases to have any strictly local being, to attract any strictly local affection, or to preserve any strictly local memories. On the other hand, the traditions and memories of a mere provincial town are not likely to awaken much interest except in those to whom they appeal on the ground of local association, and in those in whose eyes they have an antiquarian value. Edinburgh, a capital, but not an overgrown capital, is great enough for every one to know its name and some of the most marked events in its history. But it is not great enough to have lost its purely local being. It is the capital of Scotland, but it is not merely the capital of Scotland; besides this official kind of existence, it has a more purely personal existence as the good town of Edinburgh. Yet Dublin, which is in somewhat the same position, certainly does not awaken the same feeling. We think of Dublin almost wholly as the capital of Ireland, hardly at all as Dublin itself. There are two or three reasons for this. Englishmen know very little of Ireland or of Irish history. We suspect that Irish history is not in itself so capable of being made interesting and picturesque as Scottish history; at all events no one has yet succeeded in making it so. Scottish history, on the other hand, or what passes itself off as Scottish history, has taken such firm hold on the general English mind that most Englishmen have learned to look on large portions even of English history in a purely Scottish light. Dublin, moreover, has hardly been at any time the centre of Irish history in the way in which Edinburgh may fairly be called the centre of Scottish history. Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dunfermline pretty well divide Scottish history among them. Nearly everything that ever happened in Scotland happened at least within sight of one or other of those three places. And through the later and some of the most exciting centuries Edinburgh holds a distinct superiority over the other two. Edinburgh again has been in later times the dwelling-place of an unusual number of men who have been eminent and remarkable in one way or another. But if the worthies of Dublin have been at all equal to the worthies of Edinburgh, they have at least been far from equally lucky in making their way to general recognition. And, after all, it is to one Edinburgh worthy that the whole difference is due far more than to any other cause. That we know and care more about Edinburgh and Scotland than we do about Dublin and Ireland and most other cities and countries, is owing, above all other causes, to the witchery with which Edinburgh and Scotland have been clothed by the genius of Walter Scott.

A book then on the Traditions of Edinburgh would in any case have an interest derived from its subject, an interest which only very unskilful handling could destroy; but in the case of Mr. Chambers's book there is an interest of its own about the history of the book itself. Mr. Chambers, as he tells us in his preface, has done in this book "what very few could do without emotion"; he has "revised a book which he wrote forty-five years ago." He tells us that his book first "came out in the Augustan days of Edinburgh, when Jeffrey and Scott, Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd, Dugald Stewart and Alison, were daily giving the productions of their minds to the public" He was then only twenty years of age, and it seems to have been thought strange that a young man should busy himself about the traditions of the past. To gather together his traditions, he had to go to "aged professional and mercantile gentlemen, who usually, at his first introduction to them, started at his youthful appearance, having formed the notion that none but an old person would have thought of writing such a book." Some of the stories which Mr. Chambers gives of his interviews with persons of more or less eminence in the course of the collection of his materials are to readers of this generation among the most interesting things in his book, and quite deserve a place for themselves among the Traditions of Edinburgh. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is one of the men who are still just remembered through their connexion with men of greater fame. But in Mr. Chambers's young days, and to Mr. Chambers himself in those days, Sharpe was a great man. He came, however, across greater men than Sharpe, counting among them the man to whom the fame of Edinburgh is mainly owing. He first won the notice of Scott in a curious way enough; "by writing for him and presenting (through Mr. Constable) a transcript of the songs of the 'Lady of the Lake' in a style of peculiar caligraphy, which he practised for want of any better way of attracting the notice of people superior to himself." In the "frantic time" when George the Fourth was at Edinburgh, Scott procured for Chambers the business of writing the addresses of various societies to the King, for which he was handsomely paid. But he had not yet seen the great man himself. Mr. Chambers's account of their first meeting is in itself a good story:—

I did not see or hear from him till the first volume had been completed. He then called upon me one day, along with Mr. Lockhart. I was overwhelmed with the honour, for Sir Walter Scott was almost an object of worship to me. I literally could not utter a word. While I stood silent, I heard him tell his companion that Charles Sharpe was a writer in the *Traditions*, and taking up the volume he read aloud what he called one of his *quaint bits*. "The ninth Earl of Eglintoune was one of those patriarchal peers who live to an advanced age—indefatigable in the frequency of their marriages and the number of their children—who linger on and on, with an unfailing succession of young countesses, and die at last leaving a progeny interspersed throughout the whole of Douglas's *Peerage*, two volumes, folio, re-edited by Wood." And then both gentlemen went on laughing for perhaps two minutes, with interjections: "How like Charlie!"—"What a strange being he is!"—"*Two volumes, folio, re-edited by Wood*—ha, ha, ha! There you have him past all doubt;" and so on. I was too much abashed to tell Sir Walter that it was only an impudent little bit of writing of my own, part of the solution into which I had diffused the actual notes of Sharpe. But, having occasion to write soon after to Mr. Lockhart, I mentioned Sir Walter's mistake, and he was soon after good enough to inform me that he had set his friend right as to the authorship, and they had had a *second* hearty laugh on the subject.

Much personal kindness on Scott's part, and much help in Mr. Chambers's literary work, followed. Others, of less fame than Scott, but whose names are still not wholly forgotten, helped and encouraged him. "The Bard of Ettrick, viewing my boyish years, always spoke of and to me as an unaccountable sort of person, but never could be induced to believe otherwise than that I had written all my Traditions from my own head."

The Traditions, as might be expected, are, for the most part, comparatively modern. The book is not strictly an antiquarian book. It is rather a book of gossip, but of gossip of the best kind, gossip on really interesting subjects and put together with great skill. Mr. Chambers begins, as is proper, with the town itself, and "the Changes of the Last Hundred Years." Few towns certainly have changed more than Edinburgh; but the antiquary is well pleased to find that the change consists almost wholly in addition, hardly at all in destruction. The New Town has been added, but the Old Town is there still. The one great loss is that of Trinity College Church, which we think Mr. Chambers does not mention, and the sacrifice of that building to a railway-station can hardly be called part of the regular development which has changed the Edinburgh of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries into the Edinburgh that now is. Otherwise the chief change has been that the old city has gone down in the world, that wealth and fashion and learning have fled from their old quarters, and have given up their former dwellings to a meaner class of occupiers. The historic Edinburgh is there still, only a new Edinburgh has grown up by its side. In this respect Edinburgh has the advantage of either London or Paris. And certainly, whether in walking through the Old Town, or in reading Mr. Chambers's account of it, it is strange to think of the sort of quarters, not wanting in architectural beauty, or at least quaintness, but narrow, dark, and dingy, in which the aristocracy, social and intellectual, were content to dwell till times which seem quite recent. The change began only in 1767; by the time of Mr. Chambers's youth, in the beginning of the present century, it was pretty well completed, but as late as 1820, and even as 1832, a stray person of distinction might be here and there found living in the Old Town. Mr. Chambers says of his own youth:—

To one who, like myself, was young in the early part of the present century, it was scarcely possible, as he permeated the streets and closes of ancient Edinburgh, to realise the idea of a time when the great were housed therein But many a gentleman in middle life, then living perhaps in Queen Street or Charlotte Square, could recollect the close or the common stair where he had been born, and spent his earliest years, now altogether given up to a different portion of society. And when the young perambulator inquired more narrowly, he could discover traces of this former population. Here and there a carved coat-armorial, with supporters, perhaps even a coronet, arrested attention amidst the obscurities of some *wynd* or court. Did he ascend a stair and enter a floor, now subdivided perhaps into four or five distinct dwellings, he must readily perceive, in the massive wainscot of the lobby, a proof that the refinements of life had once been here. Still more would this idea be impressed upon him when, passing into one of the best rooms of the old house, he would find not only a continuation of such wainscoting, but perhaps a tolerable landscape by Norie, on a panel above the fireplace, or a ceiling decorated by De la Cour, a French artist, who flourished in Edinburgh about 1740 Even yet he would discover a very few relics of gentry maintaining their ground in the Old Town, as if faintly to show what it had once been. These were generally old people, who did not think it worth while to make any change till the great one.

Take, for instance, the house of the Gordon family, Marquesses of Huntley and Dukes of Gordon, with a good late Gothic doorway (engraved at p. 29)—if, as Mr. Chambers supposes, later than the Restoration, remarkably good—of a style, like all the later Scottish buildings, French rather than English. The House of Mary of Guise, seemingly a building of her own time, has vanished to make way for the Free Church College. One would hardly have expected to find houses built in Presbyterian times containing private oratories. But Mr. Chambers tells us that

In common with all the houses built from about 1690 to 1740—a substantial class, still abundant in the High Street—there is at the end of each row of windows corresponding to a separate mansion, a narrow slit-like window, such as might suffice for a closet In reality, each of these narrow apertures gives light to a small cell—much too small to require such a window—usually entering from the dining-room, or some other principal apartment. The use of these cells was to serve as a retreat for the master of the house, wherein he might perform his devotions The father of a family was in these days a sacred kind of person, not to be approached by wife or children too familiarly, and expected to be a priest in his own household. Besides his family devotions, he retired to a closet for perhaps an hour each day, to utter his own prayers, and so regular was the custom, that it gave rise, as we see, to this peculiarity in house-building Nothing could enable us more clearly to appreciate that strong outward demonstration of religious feeling which pervaded the nation for half a century after the agonies of "the Persecution."

He goes on to mention the private oratory of Colonel Gardiner, not in Edinburgh, but at Bankton House in East Lothian. There

The oratory of the pious soldier is pointed out by tradition, and it forms even a more expressive memorial of the time than the closets in the Edinburgh houses. Connected with a small front room, which might have been

a library or *study*, is a little recess, such as dust-pans and brooms are kept in, consisting of the angular space formed by a stair which passes overhead to the upper floor. This place is wholly without light, yet it is said to have been the place sacred to poor Gardiner's private devotions. What leaves hardly any doubt on the matter is, that there has been a wooden bolt within, capable only of being shot from the inside, and therefore unquestionably used by a person desiring to shut himself in. Here, therefore, in this darksome, stifling little cell, had this extraordinary man spent hours in those devotional exercises by which he was so much distinguished from his class.

For a contrast we may take the house of David Hume in James's Court, a house which he bought and which he afterwards forsook for one which he built in the New Town. Mr. Chambers tells us:—

I lately inspected Hume's *cheerful and elegant* mansion in James's Court, and found it divided amongst three or four tenants in humble life, each possessing little more than a single room. It was amusing to observe that what had been the dining-room and drawing-room towards the north, were *each* provided with one of those little side oratories which have been described elsewhere as peculiar to a period in Edinburgh house-building, being designed for private devotion. Hume living in a house with two private chapels!

This falls in well with the story quoted from Mr. Burton, how, when Hume had built his house, but when the street of which it was the beginning had as yet no name, "a witty young lady, daughter of Baron Ord, chalked on the wall the words *St. David Street*." Hume's servant maid runs in to tell her master that he had been somehow made game of, and gets for answer, "Never mind, lassie, many a better man has been made a saint of before."

About the murder of Darnley—or should we call him King Henry?—we have to thank Mr. Chambers for explaining what the "Kirk o' Field" really was, a point on which most tellers of the story are not very explicit. The house in which Darnley was quartered "was one called the Prebendaries' Chamber, being part of the suite of domestic buildings connected with the collegiate church of St.-Mary-in-the-Fields (usually called the Kirk o' Field." He goes on to say:—

The house, which then belonged, by gift, to a creature of the Earl of Bothwell, has been described as so very mean as to excite general surprise. Yet, speaking by comparison, it does not appear to have been a bad temporary lodging for a person in Darnley's circumstances. It consisted of two stories, with a *turnpike* or spiral staircase behind. The gable adjoined the town-wall, which there ran in a line east and west, and the cellar had a postern opening through that wall. In the upper floor were a chamber and closet, with a little gallery having a window also through the town-wall.

We might go through the whole book, lighting on some curious and amusing matter at every turn of the page. But we may wind up with the fact of which Mr. Chambers tells us, that one of his informants had "dined with a lady who had dined with a peeress married in the year 1662." This was the well-known Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, but when we find that the Duchess lived till 1732, the chain linking her to Mr. Chambers ceases to be wonderful.

Altogether this is one of the pleasantest books of the kind that we know, and not the least reason for its so being is that Mr. Chambers is everywhere sensible and straightforward, without any trace of affectation or fine writing.

MOBERLY'S BÆDA.*

WE have no wish to check the newly-awakened energies of the Clarendon Press, above all when they promise us cheap and accessible editions of the sources of our national history, but we must own ourselves a little puzzled by this book of Mr. Moberly's. Thanks to Professor Hussey and to Mr. Stevenson, Bede is of all our historians perhaps the cheapest and the most accessible, while the almost perfect text and the learned apparatus of notes bequeathed by Smith have turned the post of succeeding editors into something of a sinecure. There is perhaps one man living who could add something to our information on the ecclesiastical history of the seventh century, and if an Oxford edition of Bede were really called for, we should have naturally expected to find the name of Mr. Stubbs on the title-page. As it is, the Professor has restricted himself to giving some aid to Mr. Moberly, and we do not wonder that Mr. Moberly found himself a little puzzled as to what the University expected him to do. What he has done he has on the whole done very well; he has reproduced the text of Smith with Petrie's emendations, and has almost confined his comments to a selection from the notes of his predecessors, made for the most part with a good deal of judgment. Had Mr. Moberly stopped there, in fact, we should have had nothing more to do than to recommend his book as a very handy and convenient edition for historical students. Unhappily he has been fired with an ambition to add something of his own, and these additions detract very seriously from the value of the work. The bulk of them are indeed merely the ingenious speculations of a beginner, misled—as beginners often are misled—by a taste for the curious and the striking. Take, for instance, his suggestion that

When Pope Gregorius undertook the conversion of England, it was for Angles rather than Saxons that his mission was intended. The slave-boys in the Roman market-place had been Angles from Deira, and it so happened that the readiest path to the heart of England lay through an Angle prince; for Æthelberht of Kent had already married a Christian, and was at that moment tolerating Christian worship in the city where he resided. The Gospel received a courteous hearing in Kent (A.D. 597), and its missionaries began to think of new conquests. Still it is in Angle kingdoms that it is most tolerantly received. Eorpwald of East Anglia was baptized before A.D. 626. When Paulinus preached in Northumbria, both the thane, who was the spokesman of Eadwine's gemot, and Cefig the high-priest, declared themselves dissatisfied with the popular religion, and willing to receive any other which contained fairer promises. Eadwine of Northumbria was baptized A.D. 627, and Blæcca the ealdorman of Lindsey about A.D. 630. Mercia, the heathen power which longest resisted the Gospel, fell under its sway in A.D. 656.

Nothing looks more conclusive till we remember that Æthelberht—whatever were the relations of the Jutes to the Anglian race—can hardly be called an Anglian prince; that the road from Gaul led naturally through Kent (not to speak of the presence of Bertha); that the Saxons of Essex received Christianity before the Anglians of East Anglia, and that "the heathen power which longest resisted the Gospel," the one great foe that the Church had to contend with, was the Anglian Mercia.

We should be glad, however, had Mr. Moberly confined himself to ingenious theories of this sort; the real blot on his book lies in the pertinacity with which he goes out of his way, in page after page, to thrust on his readers the historic heresy which has lately brought two of its chiefest apostles before the judgment-seat of Vice-Chancellor James. We cannot see why Mr. Moberly need have touched on the peculiar field of Mr. Pike and Mr. Nicholas. If the presence of a large Celtic "stratum" in the English people is to be proved, a small edition of Bede is hardly the place to prove it in; and we must frankly add that if the question is to be argued at all, it must be argued with a certain knowledge of what has been said by real authorities on the subject, which the present editor of Bede shows no sign of possessing. We do not bow blindly before Dr. Guest, and there are some points in which we differ from Mr. Freeman, but we certainly demur to Mr. Moberly's discussing the extermination of the Welsh with (apparently) a total ignorance of all that Dr. Guest has published on the subject, save a single paper in the Philological Transactions, or to his settling the question of the use of "English" without a reference to the exhaustive discussion of the point which Mr. Freeman has thrown into an appendix to his first volume. In default of teachers such as these, Mr. Moberly very naturally falls into the nets of Mr. Wright and Mr. Pearson, and the result is pitiful enough. There is a calm grandeur about the opening of the following passage which is quite in the manner of the last-named distinguished historian:—

The theory which was once received without question, that the Anglo-Saxon conquest had been a war of extermination, and that all the Britons who were left alive took refuge in Wales, Cornwall, or Cumberland, is now generally abandoned. Whatever may be thought as to the numerical proportion, or capacities, in which Britons continued to inhabit England, there now no reason to doubt that there was still to be found a Celtic stratum, overlaid doubtless by many Teutonic strata, among the population. There would be more reason to believe this if, as is probable, the Anglo-Saxon conquest did not begin in A.D. 450, according to the popularly received story, but consisted of a gradual extrusion of the old inhabitants and colonization of the conquered territory, lasting perhaps for a period little short of three centuries. Such Britons as remained then under Anglo-Saxon rule would have been Christians. They may more than possibly have soon lost their Christianity, and it is not to be expected that a race of warlike lords would have brooked the teaching of their inferiors and serfs. But at any rate, though we rate the influence which Christianity gained in this way at the lowest, this will still account for the fact that Christian ideas, when presented by any but foes, were no novelty to the English Teutons.

We naturally shrink from re-stating a theory which, it seems, "is now generally abandoned," but we cannot understand how Mr. Moberly fails to see the very serious difficulties which Beda's story of the Conversion throws in his way. Such a helot-class as he describes in this passage must have either remained Christians or have sunk into heathendom. The first supposition staggers even Mr. Moberly. If Britain, in fact, were but another Gaul, with this difference, that its conquerors had not yet embraced the faith of the conquered, it is hard to explain the language of Pope Gregory or the panic of Augustine. The existence of British Christians, in fact, involves the existence, in some sort or other, of their contact with Augustine when his relations with the actual bishops of the Celtic West are so fully dwelt on? We may dismiss pretty safely a body of Christians whom Gregory overlooks, whom Augustine and Paulinus never meet with, and of whom not a tradition lingers in the most apocryphal of monastic legends. We are not, of course, arguing against Mr. Moberly. According to his theory, the religion of the conquered had been suppressed. "Such Britons as remained then under Anglo-Saxon rule would have been Christians." But his suggestion of the process by which this conversion must have been wrought rests on an absolute misconception of the attitude which the Teutonic invaders everywhere assumed to the religion of their conquered subjects. "It is not to be expected," says Mr. Moberly, "that a race of warlike lords would have brooked the teaching of their inferiors and serfs." A larger knowledge of the general history of the time would have shown him that over a great space of Europe "warlike lords" did brook such teaching—nay, more, that in no single instance did they resent it. Catholics persecuted Arians, Arians persecuted Catholics; but it would be difficult to find an instance where the worshippers of Woden persecuted the worshippers of Christ. Great as were the benefits which Christianity conferred upon the races it converted, it is to the Christian Church that the world owes the gift of intolerance. But Mr. Moberly's theory requires not merely a reconstruction

* *Venerabilis Bædæ Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum, Historia Abbatum, et Epistola ad Ecgberctum, cum Epistola Bonifacii ad Cudberthum.* By G. H. Moberly, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

of the history of Europe, but, as he very candidly admits, a reconstruction of our own history. To gain time for this forcible suppression of Christianity by Teutonic heathendom, we must, it seems, roll back the accepted date of the English invasion to a point three centuries removed from the landing of Augustine. It is sufficient to reply that such guess-work sweeps away not Hengest or Horsa only, but the whole of the annals of the English Conquest, even to the very date of Augustine himself. As the story stands, not in the Chronicle or in the earlier portion which Bede borrowed from others, but in his own historic commencement, the conquests of Æthelfrith of Northumbria, the last wave of the great Invasion, were contemporary with the first Archbishop. Eadwine succeeded to these conquered territories, and a large proportion at least of his subjects, if the theory be true, must have been Christians only twenty years or so before Paulinus appeared at his court. Yet no trace of them exists in the story of Eadwine or of Penda. The first bishop of Lichfield must have settled his Church among people the older of whom had been Christians in their youth; but there is not a trace of the existence of such a "stratum" in the story of Ceadda.

We have treated this subject at some length not merely because it seems to have especial interest for Mr. Moberly, but because we are convinced that a misconception of our history on this point vitiates the whole view we may take of its after course. We are not fanatical worshippers of the Saxon Chronicles, nor do we think that short notes of events are more valuable, or necessarily more true, when they are written in English, than when they are written in Latin. But the history of the English Conquest as these annals give it us cannot be pooh-poohed as "tradition." What is really wanted is a cool and unbiassed investigation of their real historical authority, and to such an investigation Bæda, we think, makes a very important contribution. The careful researches of Mr. Earle have conclusively proved, what indeed is plain on the very face of the Chronicle, that in its earlier form it is a mere chronicle of Wessex, and that it was probably drawn up, and from time to time continued, at Winchester. The date of the first complete reduction of this portion has been fixed at a year or two after the death of Swithun, but nothing on the face of the annals themselves gives us any intimation of the era of their commencement. Now Daniel, Bishop of Winchester, was a friend and correspondent of Bæda, and it was to him that the historian was indebted for the West-Saxon details which he has given us. The words of the preface are remarkable:—

> Sed et Danihel reverentissimus Occidentalium Saxonum episcopus qui nunc usque superest, nonnulla mihi de historia ecclesiastica provinciæ ipsius simul et proxima illi Australium Saxonum nec non et Vectæ insulæ, literis mandata declaravit.

Yet not a single fact of the conquest of Wessex or of Sussex or of the Isle of Wight appears to have been transmitted by Daniel to Bæda. Either no such annals as have come down to us existed at Winchester in the beginning of the eighth century, or else Bæda and Bæda's correspondent omitted them as foreign to "ecclesiastical history." The latter supposition, however, hardly squares with the conclusions which we should naturally draw, not merely from the large scope which Bæda gives himself throughout his work, but above all from the peculiar character of its opening. Up to the inroads of the Picts and Scots the book is little more than a copy or condensation of Orosius, with bits from the geographers and Eutropius, and a touch here and there of Bæda's own. From that point to the arrival of the English it is again a mere copy of Gildas, abridged, chastened in style, and corrected in grammar. As yet, however, his work has been confined to the insertion of occasional explanatory notes and historical synchronisms; it is with the arrival of the invaders that his own independent contributions to history begin; the victory of the new-comers over the Picts, the detailed account of their country and their race, their alliance with the Picts against the Britons are distinct additions by Bæda. But these additions are based on no annals which have come down to us; no trace of "the Chronicle" breaks the quotations from Gildas. And that nothing but Gildas in a written shape was before him, we take to be clear from this, that with the abrupt close of Gildas Bæda as abruptly breaks off, and that from this point to the landing of Augustine he is utterly silent. He seeks indeed to hide the gap by inserting an account of Germanus from the life by Constantius, of course utterly out of its place, and by placing here the passage in which Gildas describes the dissensions of his own times. Such an insertion proves at once his desire to give some account of the interval, while it proves as conclusively that he could have had no access to the detailed account which is given in the "Saxon Chronicle." The landing of Augustine again enables us to compare the two accounts for the century which reaches thence to the close of Bæda. During this period (if we deduct the translations from the ecclesiastical history with which it has been stuffed into decent proportions), the Chronicle is a meagre account of the accession, wars, and conversion of the Kings of Wessex, and, with the exception of the mission of Birinus, there is no point at which they touch. One circumstance, however, throws great doubt on the existence of this portion of the annals as a really contemporary account. The single fact which really illustrates the character of West-Saxon politics at the time, the attempted assassination by the envoy of Cwichelm in 626, can hardly have been omitted from the letter of Daniel; it certainly must have had a place among the West-Saxon annals, if annals of Bishop Daniel's time there were. It is very remarkable, therefore, that this particular entry, as it stands in the Chronicle, is a mere translation from Bæda.

We cannot now, however, enter further into the question of the light which is thrown by Bæda on the compilation and date of the existing West-Saxon Chronicle. Many of the minor differences between the two documents have been very accurately noted by Mr. Moberly, and it would be unjust to part from his book without acknowledging that its general tone is careful and scholarlike. There are of course a few slips, such as the use, twice over, of the word "reliable," a quotation from "Matthew of Westminster" whose personality has vanished into thin air before the attack of Sir F. Madden, the description of Wilfrid from a mere misunderstanding of the passage in Bede as "a priest of Bishop Ægilberctus" at the Synod of Whitby, or of the Emperor Mauricius as "Emperor of Constantinople." Such slips, however, are rare and unimportant, nor must we forget that, aided by Mr. Bradshawe, the editor has made a vigorous attempt to restore throughout the proper orthography of names, and that for the first time we have the Northumbrian forms given us as they actually stand in Bede's earliest text. There is very naturally a little exaggeration in the effort. If we allow "Gregorius," we can see no reason for "Nothelmus" in a note of the editor's own; and if the true forms of English names are so rigidly adhered to we do not see why equal measure is not dealt out to "Brunehaut." Still, however imperfectly the attempt is carried out, the attempt is a right one; and it certainly gives one special feature of interest to Mr. Moberly's book.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.*

THE West Coast of Scotland is eminently adapted for the purposes of novelists, its scenery being everything that could be desired for their picturesque passages, and its inhabitants readily falling into artistic attitudes. The poetic element has entered into the composition of most of these dwellers by the seaside, whether they wear a Highland or a Lowland garb, whether their musical tendencies lead them to warble lyrics with Burns or to smite the harp with Mr. Macpherson's Ossian. And so, in such a county as the Lochshire in which Mrs. Oliphant has laid the scene of her present story, it is as easy to find characters as landscapes which, even when transferred to paper with photographic exactness, retain an air of romance about them, and which require but a few artistic touches in order to become capable of satisfying the requirements of even an exceptionally critical sentimentalist. Of these natural advantages Mrs. Oliphant has made excellent use, and the result is a story which, like the country it describes, is rich in pictures that are pleasant to see, scenes on which the eye gladly lingers, and which, like the people it portrays, is subtle in its reasonings and shrewd and canny in its opinions, eloquent in its outbursts of feeling, very tender in its natural and unstrained pathos, and genuinely, though somewhat grimly, humorous in its unfrequent and subdued jocosity.

The description of the Revival in the parish of Loch Diarmid is excellent, and there is great vigour in the sketches of the meetings which take place there at night, when the cottagers gather together under the impression that the end of all things is at hand, that the Lord is shortly to appear among his people, and that they themselves, poor men and women as they are, may be on the point of becoming the reformers of the world. Especially good is the account of the meeting at which the heroine for the first time hears the voice of one speaking in an "unknown tongue," and feels the full effect produced by its utterance amid the darkness which the few faint lights fail to dissipate in the building to which the enthusiasts have resorted. No character in the book is more interesting than that of the speaker on this occasion—the young girl, Ailie Macfarlane, with her mystical blue eyes, her delicate, half-hectic colour, and her wealth of golden hair, who has suddenly risen from what was supposed to be her deathbed, and has taken upon herself in all good faith the task of converting a sinful world. Her full, unhesitating belief, her wild enthusiasm and her noble capacity for self-sacrifice, are rendered into words with great vigour and feeling, full justice being done to all the nobler side of what is generally looked upon as a merely ridiculous delusion. Only an essentially tolerant and sympathetic writer could have dealt with such a subject as Mrs. Oliphant has treated it, especially in the passages which describe the terrible struggle through which Ailie has to pass when a brother enthusiast suddenly claims her, in the name of the Lord, as his bride.

John Diarmid, her strange lover, forms the subject of a very powerful sketch. Mrs. Oliphant emphatically declares in her preface that the personages of her story are "entirely fictitious," and of course we believe her; but those who are intimate with the religious life of Scotland will be apt to imagine that they have long known John Diarmid, the man who "had lived a wicked, sensual, evil life," and who afterwards "rushed into religion as he had rushed into dissipation, from the same passionate thirst for excitement." Towards the end of the story he becomes somewhat shadowy and improbable, but in the early part of it his figure is very distinctly outlined and lifelike. There is real dramatic power in the description of his visit to the deathbed of the girl whom he had once loved. We are told how her words drive him nearly wild, and he rushes

* *The Minister's Wife.* By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Salem Chapel," &c. 3 vols. London. Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

out from her house, and looks for awhile at "the pale glimmer of the Loch before him, its waves running high and breaking against the rocks, sending a salt spray into his face along with the rain, and the shadow of the great hills opposite glooming down upon him with crushing awful shadows;" and he thinks of how he might be swept out to sea and never heard of again, and he suddenly rushes off to Ailie's house and knocks at the door till she opens the lattice window and looks out into the darkness and the wet, "her fair locks braided about her head like a saint in a picture," and he suddenly asks her then and there to become his wife, and go out with him to convert the world. And that also is an excellent scene in which Ailie, humiliated and bewildered by this unexpected summons to the altar, goes up to the braes one silent Sabbath afternoon, and leaves the question of her self-sacrifice to be decided by the chance reply of the young fellow-sufferer, Isabel Diarmid, whom she finds there. It is not easy to depict the visions which sweep across the mental eye of one whose brain religious enthusiasm has almost crazed, without rendering them ludicrous, but there is unmixed pathos in the picture which Mrs. Oliphant has drawn of this poor Lowland maiden as she knelt before the open Bible on her bed, and remained there lost "in one long trance of prayer and reverie, while the short autumn day came to an end, and the twilight closed around her," collecting her energies in order that she might submit to the marriage which she dreaded far more than she would have feared the scaffold or the stake. Only by thorough sympathy and great artistic power could such a character placed in such a position be not merely rendered interesting, but even invested with a kind of saintly glory. And, moreover, a humorous perception of the latent absurdity of the position was necessary on the part of the artist, together with a complete suppression of anything like humorous comment. In such a case as this, if a writer seems absolutely unconscious of the incongruity of the various ideas he suggests, or, on the other hand, if he lays great stress upon it, there is a risk of its overpowering the pathos of the scene, but where he evidently is fully conscious of it, but skilfully avoids all open reference to it, he seems almost to absorb or to neutralize it, so that it exists no longer as a disturbing force. In the analysis of poor Ailie's feelings on the eve of the decision which was to affect her whole life, Mrs Oliphant has succeeded in giving an air of dignity and grandeur to delusions which might have provoked a smile had she not been herself keenly alive to the dangerous proximity to the ludicrous in which her prophetess stood. Ailie's is by far the most striking character in the story, although she is not its principal heroine. Isabel Diarmid, whose marriage with Mr. Lothian, the minister of the parish, gives the book its title, is very charmingly described, but she does not greatly differ from many of her predecessors in fiction; whereas Ailie is completely new and original. Isabel's sister Margaret forms the subject of a very delightful sketch, but she soon fades out of the scene Isabel's first lover and second husband, the frivolous and selfish Horace Stapylton, is an unsatisfactory production. We absolutely refuse to believe that he ever existed. What men would have looked like if they had figured in pictures painted by lions it is difficult to say, but they are, as a general rule, sufficiently caricatured when their portraits are attempted by lady-novelists—that is to say, whenever an attempt is made to depict those of their number who rejoice in youth and beauty. For it is only in portraying the young and outwardly attractive Horace Stapylton that Mrs. Oliphant has not met with full success. Mr. Lothian, the elderly but well-preserved minister, is capitally painted, and the grim old dominie, his friend, is excellently sketched; while the village blacksmith and his gossips are hit off with thorough truth, their different characteristics being brought out in strong relief by a few sure, rapid touches.

The weakest point of the story seems to be the murder which suddenly, and as it were wantonly, drags a ghastly corpse upon the quiet stage. It is something like the conventional flash of lightning which is so often to be seen in the corner of an engraving, utterly at variance with the rest of the composition, and to be accounted for by no theory of electrical disturbance. Throughout the quieter scenes of her story, Mrs. Oliphant displays an amount of skill which deserves the highest praise. We have few artists who could have brought a Kirk Session, for instance, so vividly before our eyes as she has done in the first volume, or who could surpass the vigour and pathos of the scene in which Ailie expostulates with Isabel and Stapylton when she meets them on the hillside, and her heart thrills with warm zeal for their conversion, or that in which John Diarmid visits the deathbed of the woman whom he had loved in the wild days which preceded his conversion. But a murder is easily represented, and a master's hand is not required to depict the "something all covered over with a great grey plaid" which casts a gloomy horror over the close of the second volume, or the "cold mouth of iron" which touches Isabel's cheek towards the end of the third. The introduction of such agents as these in the story will probably add to its popularity with the many, but they may detract from its effect as a work of art upon the few. It must not be forgotten, however, that, after all, it is for the many that novels are written.

With the exception of the blemishes we have just mentioned, there is little to blame in the story, while there is very much to praise. We have already said how excellent is the description of Ailie and of her troubles. A great part of that of Isabel and of her sorrows is also very good. One of the best scenes is that in which she fights against the desire to accept the offer of the man she loves so passionately, and to go away with him "out of this grey atmosphere into the ideal light—out of this chill into the warmth of love—out of this stillness into movement and music and sunshine and all the stir of common life." At a later period, when her troubles are over for a time, the sketches are very pleasant which are drawn of the interior of her little drawing-room, as she sits listening to the conversation going on between the dominie and her husband the minister—when "all uncertainties, all dreams, were over for ever. The wide vague horizon of youth was shut in within certain unchangeable limits. No one and no thing could now come over the hills to change her fate. That was fixed, and she was softly contented and happy." Later still, after she had lost the elderly husband who adored her, and she unexpectedly meets the young lover whom she used to adore, the overwhelming rush of the old passion across her heart is admirably rendered, when she discovers that "when she had thought herself so calm it was only that he was absent—that winter had benumbed her life. When she thought other loves had taken full possession of her, it was but because her heart was dormant, awaiting its resurrection. And now he had come, and the flower had burst forth in a moment; the lights were lit, the woman awoke at the naming of the name; with no will of hers!" And the end of her story also is told in very beautiful and touching words, after her second marriage has turned out very ill, and she has returned to her faithfulness to the memory of her first husband; when, after long and terrible suffering, "common life crept up round her like the rising tide on the beach, and set her softly afloat in the old habits, the old routine, the current of the past," and she "had her life after life was over, like the most of us—the one, an existence brief and full, with sorrow and joy in it, and a crowd of events; the other, long, tranquil, with no facts at all to speak of, marking the passage of the years—nothing to tell, but yet perhaps the life that bulks most largely in the records in the skies."

FOREST LIFE IN ACADIE.*

BOOKS of sporting adventure are liable to two or three common failings. Sometimes they are a mere record of slaughter for the sake of slaughter, which is almost as repulsive as the history of a butcher's shop. Not unfrequently they are defaced by a use of the peculiar and disagreeable slang patronized by sporting newspapers. When they are written with a fair amount of literary skill, and the mere killing of defenceless animals does not occupy too prominent a position, they are often very good reading. As a rule, it is desirable that the creatures whose deaths are commemorated should occasionally have the odds on their side, for there is an intrinsic dignity about a pursuit in which the adventurer runs an appreciable chance of being dined upon as well as of dining; but it is possible to communicate a certain charm to narratives even of the least dangerous sports, where the author has a taste for natural history or an eye for the beauties of scenery. Captain Hardy may be credited with both these qualities, and has consequently written a pleasant record of his adventures in our Transatlantic colonies. He has a proper abhorrence of useless slaughter, and renders intelligible something of the genuine enjoyment to be derived from wandering with a gun or a rod over the still unexhausted wilderness of Nova Scotia. The country has still the charm which vanishes so rapidly before the advance of emigrants and railroads The moose listens without alarm to the horrid bellow of a Transatlantic steam-engine, having discovered that it does not hurt him, and being fortunately ignorant of its more remote tendency to promote further encroachments. The Indians are dying out as rapidly as the game upon which they used to subsist. they are going the way of the Bœothics of Newfoundland, the last of whom, named Shanandithith, died at St. John's in 1829. Before long the only trace of their former presence will be such euphonious names as Nepsigunt, Tobiagut, Musquodoboit, and others applied to their former haunts; yet Indians enough still survive to guide the sportsman and preserve the wonderful instincts in which, according to Captain Hardy, no white man has the smallest chance of rivalling them. There are still large herds of cariboo, the American reindeer, though they too are disappearing; beavers still haunt some of the remoter ponds and streams; and the rivers have not quite been deprived of the salmon with which they once swarmed. In short, Nova Scotia and the neighbouring colonies are in that twilight stage of civilization which is not without its advantages; they have become easily accessible, and have not yet lost the early inhabitants, animal and vegetable, against which colonists seem to rage with undistinguishing fury The early settlers hate a tree with a personal hatred; they kill the natives, shoot down the game in the forest, and extirpate the fish from the rivers. After a time there comes a reaction, and we are glad to hear a good report of the success with which salmon are being restored to many of the streams emptying into the St. Lawrence. There is much, however, which is destroyed finally and for ever. The Indians will never reappear; and, to all appearance, moose and cariboo and bears will follow them to speedy extinction. Before this process is consummated, there is still time for enthusiastic persons to enjoy wild sport in the rapidly changing margin between civilization and the wilderness; and such of them as may turn their eyes to Nova Scotia will find an excellent guide in Captain Hardy.

* *Forest Life in Acadie.* By Captain Campbell Hardy, Royal Artillery. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

We speak, indeed, with a purpose when we mention enthusiasm as a qualification; for, to say the truth, much as Captain Hardy dwells on the delights of a camp in the forest, they are not quite so conspicuous as he supposes to the demoralized inhabitants of London. The drawbacks to the pleasures of sporting may be estimated from some of the hints upon camping out, which evidently rest on long experience. Thus we are informed very sensibly that the first thing to be done at starting is to make a firm resolution not to lose your temper. One of the trials to which you will probably be subjected is described as enforcing the necessity for this admirable resolution. Amongst other varieties of ground, you will probably come across an alder-swamp. This treat for travellers is constructed by taking a substratum of black mud, into which you may sink to the middle, covering it judiciously with a treacherous crust of turf and moss, strewing dead trees, with the branches broken off so as to leave sharp spikes, over the surface, sprinkling it with a few granite rocks, and then covering the whole with a thick growth of alder bushes five feet high, so that it is impossible to see where you are treading. A few boggy streams and "honey-pots," or mud-holes, may be interspersed at intervals. Captain Hardy grimly invites aspirants to walk across this, with a load on their backs and a gun under their arms, without losing their tempers. Assuming that this preliminary trial has been successfully encountered, they may reflect upon the pleasures of a night in camp. Captain Hardy describes an expedition made with an inexperienced companion. After a day in the woods, the mosquitoes had attacked this unfortunate gentleman with such appetite that his features were obliterated, and he remained helplessly blind for a day. Feverish from the heat of the woods and the bites of the mosquitoes, the party discovered an old camp, and lighted their fire. They lay down, and the mosquitoes were succeeded by a still more voracious tribe of ants. To fight this new enemy, they put their birchbough beds in the fire; but the ants came on again. They deserted the camp, and lay down in the woods. They were driven back to the camp by a storm of rain; once more the ants made a successful assault; and this time they lay down for the night on the bare rocks by the side of a stream. Next morning they discovered that with their beds they had committed their tea to the flames, and had consequently nothing to drink except an infusion of hemlock-boughs. They were, however, compensated, as Captain Hardy appears to think, by two facts. In the first place, they had the negative consolation of not having lain down on certain leaves of the poison-ivy close by, which would have "driven them wild with dangerous irritation"; and secondly, they caught five dozen newly run sea-trout. Without being over-cynical, we confess that, rather than undergo such sufferings, we would have slept quietly in our beds and bought sea-trout in the market, or done without them altogether.

The true enthusiast despises such squeamishness, and Captain Hardy commemorates with evident admiration a virtuous person who, on being warned that he was sleeping in three inches of water, refused to move, on the ground that the water there was warmer than anywhere else in camp. The question naturally occurs, what are the pleasures to be bought at this price? and we regret to say that the answer does not seem to be as satisfactory as might be wished. The account of this night in camp is followed by a recommendation to take a supply of magazines and reviews for reading in idle hours. If you are handy at arranging matters, it is not impossible to contrive a lamp out of an old percussion-cap box and a lump of fat, which will enable you to read as you lie on your blanket. Assuming, therefore, that you are tolerably insensible to ants and mosquitoes, that you don't mind sleeping in three inches of water, that you rather enjoy living on "navy pork and pilot bread," and consider peasoup a luxury when it is not burnt, you may possibly have the pleasure of studying the *Saturday Review* in a blanket by the help of a wick stuck in a lump of grease. Fully appreciating this intellectual pleasure, we cannot help suggesting that it is possible to enjoy it under more propitious circumstances. There is, it is true, another amusement which may be occasionally enjoyed, and which is the pretext for partaking in these luxuries. There are, as we have already noticed, a few wild animals in the American forests. Captain Hardy frankly admits that there are very few, and, indeed, that the traveller is generally struck by the absence of animal life more than by anything else. The moose, moreover, is a beast of singular sagacity; he is provided with a nose of abnormal development, which enables him to scent travellers at a surprising distance; his hearing is of wonderful acuteness, he is exceedingly shy, and possesses a quite unaccountable skill in conveying his huge body and spreading horns even through a tangled forest without giving the smallest signs of his motion. Consequently, the chances are not small that you may stand for hours in a temperature several degrees below freezing, gazing at a clump of trees in which you suppose a moose to be standing; you must not move hand or foot, or speak above the most imperceptible whisper, for fear lest he should take the hint and be off; and when at last patience gives way under the strain, and you advance towards your intended prey, you may find that he has quietly departed some hours before. Indians, however, possess instincts sufficiently keen to enable them to cope even with the wily moose; and therefore by trusting yourself to their guidance, and by "creeping"—according to the expressive local term for stalking—with the due amount of patience, you may at rare intervals be rewarded by getting a shot at a beast as big as a cow; and, if you kill him, may have the pleasure of lugging his flesh and horns, weighing several hundred pounds, back to the settlements. Besides these rare triumphs, there is an occasional [illegible] man as an article of diet; and in some districts you may be lucky enough to find a beaver, a mink, or an otter. The climate is, of course, delightful. The presence of spring is distinctly perceptible about the 20th of May; and though it becomes unbearably hot in summer, the winter does not finally set in till November, and the thermometer only sinks below zero during December and January. There is a great deal of fog, but "there are days," as Captain Hardy assures us, "when even the forest affords sensations of pleasure to the observer of nature." Still he admits that it is extremely agreeable to witness the approach of spring, and to hear from the flocks of wild geese "their wild note of apparent encouragement, 'honk, hawnk!'"

With all these inducements, we doubt not that there will be a rush of British sportsmen across the Atlantic to get a shot at the moose before he disappears into outer darkness. They may enjoy all the pleasures in which the true Englishman delights; they will not, indeed, have much chance of being eaten, unless they wantonly insult an ill-tempered bear, but they may have every variety of discomfort; they may be frost-bitten, scorched, half-starved, eaten by mosquitoes, stuck in swamps, lose their way in forests, and occasionally shoot a big animal. We do not presumptuously inquire into the cause of the intense satisfaction generally derived from such amusements. It is sufficient to note the fact that they have the power of attracting a certain number of human beings, endowed to all appearance with the usual faculties for enjoyment; and Captain Hardy writes with an evident confidence in the sympathy of his fellow-creatures, which we presume cannot be entirely unfounded. At any rate it is plain that he has found great satisfaction in the pleasures which we have faintly endeavoured to describe; and he even deludes his readers, if we may judge from our own case, into a temporary conviction that amusements described with so much gusto must really be amusing. Calmer reflection suggests a certain scepticism as to their charms for the multitude; but some chosen spirits will doubtless sympathize with him, and look upon our imperfect appreciation of his pursuits with something like contempt. It is a comfort that at present there is room in the world for both classes.

PERSIUS.*

THE consistent opinion of commentators, early and recent, that Persius lacked that knowledge of the world which enabled his predecessors in satire to hit such home-thrusts, cannot have been without foundation, nor is it easy to think of him in any other light than as a pale student in his closet, drawing for his materials upon imagination rather than experience. There are in his remains so few tokens of ripe observation, so little evidence of his having actually "seen life," that his high favour with the fathers, schoolmen, and revivalists, and even with scholiasts and grammarians, is no less wonderful than that he should have won contemporary applause. For his Satires are, as Mr. Pretor fairly puts the case, "a series of scholastic dissertations rather than satires, of shadowy outlines rather than flesh and blood realities," and the most characteristic feature in them is the stock of proverbial phrases and out-of-the-way metaphors which would recommend them to the student of language rather than to the keen observer of life and manners. Perhaps, however, this theory of the unworldliness of Persius may be pushed too far. Those three lines from the First Satire (58–60),

> O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
> Nec manus auriculas imitari mobilis albas,
> Nec linguæ, quantum sitiat canis Appula, tantæ,

expressive of impertinent gestures on the part of the "gamins" of Imperial Rome, might be quoted as proof that our satirist was curious as to the phenomena of low and vulgar life around him, did it not occur to us that, if he was the recluse he is represented as having been, he may have himself been the butt of these grimaces, and his παθήματα have become his μαθηματα. Two of these gestures might be paralleled by the modern "taking a sight," and the protrusion of the tongue in token of ridicule, though the curious process of supplementing our natural ears with our uplifted hands, in order to convey to a passer-by the suggestion that "he is an ass," does not occur elsewhere to our knowledge, except in St. Jerome. But it is harder to get over the difficulty of Persius having written satire without dipping his pen in the gall of personality, and without an eye to wickedness in high places, in strictures which, without some conspicuous application, would exhibit an aimlessness unheard of in this class of compositions. Such a supposition would present Persius to us as equally innocuous with a court-fool hitting about him with a lath-sword, and it is needless to say that motiveless satire is against all precedent. We rejoice therefore that Mr. Pretor is not only a bold but an able champion of Persius's title to be accounted like his brethren and predecessors in this respect, and that he lucidly and conclusively argues a personal aim and intent in two out of the six satires. The subject-matter of the others is clearly more general than specific. Superstition, avarice, the difference in morals between theory and practice, and in life between the false liberty of the worldling and the real freedom of the philosopher, are the keynotes of the Second and Sixth, and the Third and the Fifth, Satires. But the First and Fourth—the

* *A. Persii Flacci Satirarum Liber.* Edited by A. Pretor, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Classical Lecturer of Trinity Hall. London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Rivingtons.

one directed against the literary taste of his day, and the oth against incapacity and immorality in the highest ranks and amo the imperial counterparts of the "ward of Pericles"—fall strangely flat and vapid on the ear unless we recognise Nero in the foreground, and accept the explanation that the satirist's shafts are covertly directed against him.

One of the most helpful annotators of Persius, Jahn, admits this with reference to the First Satire, but assigns to the Fourth a like general scope with the remainder; but this plan seems to u even less reasonable than that of giving up the claim of the First to be a personal attack, and reserving that character for the Fourth. The First Satire, however, besides attacking lines which the Scholiast expressly declares to have been Nero's composition, and containing one verse of which tradition says that Cornutus, Persius's mentor and literary executor, changed the original draught "Auriculas asini Mida rex habet," into "Auriculas asini quis non habet?" from prudential motives, deals in scarcely less obscure hits at Nero's personal appearance in the words,

> Nugaris, cum tibi, calve,
> Pinguis aqualiculus protenso sesquipede exstet,

at his affectation of dabbling in Greek poetry (see v. 70), and at his wholesale plagiarisms and manufacture of centos. See, for instance, vv. 99–102, which Mr. Pretor identifies as a *rechauffé* of a passage in Catullus, after a fashion of which Tacitus tells us in the *Annals* (xiv. 16) that Nero was notoriously fond. But surely even more direct, as Mr. Pretor justly and acutely urges, is the attack on Nero in the Fourth Satire. To what end could the introduction of the name of the handsome, youthful, petulant Alcibiad serve, unless to enable satire to lash, under cover of it, some contemporary counterpart? There are indeed allusions (*e.g.* vv. 35–6) to actual facts in the life of Nero, exhibiting conduct too gross and shameless to fit the Alcibiades of history; but what brings the application most home to Nero is the absence of any probable or plausible explanation of the 49th verse,

> Si puteal multâ cautus vibice flagellas;

h. e. "if you take precautions before you flog the puteal (probably the enclosure in the forum where usurers did their business) with many a blow," unless we accept that given by Mr. Pretor. By reflecting upon the passage the light of parallels from Tacitus and Suetonius, Mr. Pretor makes out a case for these word applying to Nero's nightly rounds, in which all sorts of roistering, rough handling of passengers, and raiding amongst the wares of the shops and stalls, were practised by the Emperor disguised as a slave, and girt about with soldiers and gladiators lest he should meet a return in kind for his riotous interference with Roman citizens. (See Tac. *Ann.* xiii 25, Suet. *Nero*, 26, and compare Pretor's Introduction, p. xvii.) If anything were wanting to clench this application, and to define the character of the Fourth Satire, it would be found, we think, in the poet's curious dissembling in his prologue. We know that Cæsar could pocket the affront of lampoons, and it is scarcely reason enough for Persius's wish to be anonymous that, out of six satires, one should criticize the Emperor's unreal pretensions to be a popular poet. But the insinuations, if they are insinuations, of the Fourth Satire, are more serious. What more likely then, if the poet had reason to fear the consequences of this attack being traced to him, than that he should try to put the detectives upon the wrong scent in a prologue where the cultivated philosophic student calls himself "semipaganus," pretends in very memorable lines that his only inspiration is the pleading of an empty stomach, and winds up with the expression, as Mr. Pretor interprets it, of an aim at making a fortune, of which in point of fact he had no earthly need. Mr Paley indeed refers the lines

> Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
> Corvos poetas et poetrias picas
> Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar,

to the flatterers who might be bribed to say a crow was a poet, and flatter it accordingly; and Mr Macleane understands the passage of hireling poets spouting their own trash as if it were "Muses' nectar." But it is more in keeping with the context, and with the plausible theory that the poet desired to disguise his circumstances, to interpret the words with Mr. Pretor:—

> A process of starvation may teach pies to talk, but the hope of making a fortune can do more, for it can teach the pies of the poet-world—myself for instance—to produce very respectable poetry.

Other indications of a wish to blind the eyes of the Emperor and his informers as to his real character and circumstances are to be found in his allusion (I. 9–11) to his grey hairs, advanced age, and philosophic asceticism, and in the alteration of the original reading of I. v. 121, of which we have already spoken.

We have dwelt at greater length upon this position of Mr. Pretor with reference to the First and Fourth Satires, because it seems to us the distinctive novelty of his edition, although he does not leave any other question connected with Persius or his several poems unhandled, or, as far as in him lies, unsolved. As to the vexed question of the completeness or incompleteness of the

incomplete; and not with Jahn, who regards the Satires, as a whole, as incomplete. Still he entirely differs from Macleane as to the 75th line of the Sixth Satire beginning a new branch of the subject, which is left unfinished, and is convinced that the last six lines, as we have them, "would always have retained their present position as the close of the Sixth Satire, and in all probability of the satires as a whole."

But it is time that we should turn to the consideration of Mr. Pretor's strictly editorial work, wherein it will be seen that he is not less clear, definite, and sensible in the matter of notes, explanatory and critical, than in the general view of his author above referred to. So far as our judgment goes, he deserves nothing but praise for having ventured "to imbed pieces of translation in his notes," and so to facilitate the just conception of difficult passages. We have ascertained, in the course of perusing his notes, that the help which he declines to give is precisely that which is procurable from Smith's or Riddle's Dictionary—the English for such words as "seria," "tucceta," "vibex," and the like—to give which indiscriminately would be in effect to make his edition a crib. But where, as it constantly happens in Persius, there is crowded into a couple of lines a mass of allusions which requires sifting and making clear and square, and then you are in possession of a perfect little picture, in such cases whoever studies this poet with Mr. Pretor's edition will not long be in the dark. Take, for instance, the lines I. 129–30,

> Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
> Fregerit heminas Arreti ædilis iniquas.

In a very few words Mr. Pretor sets before us the provincial and second-rate character of the office on the score of which a lazy and incapable reader gives himself airs; "because luxuriating in some *provincial* office—say that of ædile—he may have *lolled at his ease*, and broken up unfair measures *at Arretium* (a place noted for its pottery)." Another very vivid picture of this sort comes out of the at-first-sight hard-looking lines toward the close of the Third Satire:—

> Hinc tuba, candelæ, tandemque beatulus alto
> Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus amomis,
> In portam rigidos calces extendit at illum
> Hesterni capite induto subiere Quirites.

The curious allusions here to funereal phrases and customs, even to the fine irony of the epithet "beatulus" (*h.e.* μακαρίτης), and the implied manumission of slaves for pall-bearers, whose skull-caps would show how recently they had been in the condition of servitude, are illustrated from contemporary or nearly contemporary Latin writers with singular aptness; and the "imbedded bit" of translation here is so neatly turned that we give it as a sample of the sort of *bonâ fide* help in this kind which the student may expect from Mr. Pretor's Persius. "Then come the trumpet and the tapers; and at last *our happy little friend*, laid out on a tall bier, and plastered with thick unguents, stretches his stiff heels towards the door, and citizens *of yesterday's make* put on the cap of liberty and bear him to the tomb."

In adventuring emendations Mr. Pretor is commendably chary. At Sat. I. 13, though he prints

> Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,

he is evidently bewitched by Mr. Paley's ingenious emendation, "inclusus numeris," which we admit would give a very neat antithesis. It is well that he resists the temptation however, for it might be a fair question whether such neatness is not a little alien to Persius. In two cases in the Third Satire he makes out a very strong plea for bracketing a line, where he suspects a "double recension." The first passage runs

> Tunc queritur, crassus calamo quod pendeat humor,
> [Nigra quod infusa vanescat sepia lympha;]
> Dilutas queritur geminet quod fistula guttas.—12–14.

Here, because v. 13 and v. 14 are both of equal merit, but together give the impression of weak repetition, Mr. Pretor decides on retaining the 14th verse because of the artistic reiteration of 'queritur.' And his decision in the second passage, which ends with the verse

> Mænaque quod prima nondum defecerit orca (76),

to retain this line in preference to one of nearly similar point immediately before it, because "quod" artistically connects it with the foregoing "quod multa fidelia putet," supplies a justification for his first criticism, and gives one a favourable impression of his shrewdness in textual recension. There is equal acuteness in his reading and punctuation of a line in Satire II., as to the arrangement and punctuation of which the views of commentators are "legion." The poet, representing the superstitious man intent on riches, and confident till his smash comes, winds up a striking passage with the words,

> Donec deceptus et exspes,
> *Necquicquam fundo* suspiret, *nummus in imo* (50–1);

h.e., Until, deluded and despondent, he sighs forth, "*All useless; see* my last penny at the bottom of my chest."

In interpretations of curious expressions Mr. Pretor is mostly clear and convincing; though we are not quite sure that "excusso naso," in the famous passage about Horace (I. 118), may not mean "on a laughing nose," rather than an "unwrinkled nose." Our notion is based upon the use of "excutiat risum" in Hor. *Sat.* I. iv. 15. Of his archæological notes a good sample is that at II. 3, on the attributes of the tutelary "genius." Altogether, we are sure that this volume will very greatly facilitate and extend the intelligent study of a difficult poet of the Empire.

GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.*

THIS book was designed to correct alleged errors in a recently published volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States*, having reference to the character and career of Major-General John Sullivan of New Hampshire, a noted leader in the War of Independence. It was the fortune of General Sullivan to take part in several important actions which ended unfavourably for the continental forces, and political animosity gratified itself by blaming him for results which were probably inevitable. Washington himself was sometimes censured as heavily as Sullivan, and indeed the opinion was frequently and loudly expressed that he was no general; but Washington has long since occupied the foremost place in the memory of his countrymen, while Sullivan's reputation remains involved in controversy.

It is remarkable that this champion of liberty was the son of an Irishman who emigrated to America in 1723, after being concerned, as is believed, in efforts to restore the Stuarts. It may be that the Sullivans did not so much love liberty as hate the Hanoverian kings, or it may be that, like others of their nation, they thought any cause for fighting better than none at all. It is supposed that the father of General Sullivan, like many other Irishmen, was educated at some seminary of Continental Europe. He certainly received a good education somewhere, and he turned it to account by becoming schoolmaster to the youth of New Hampshire and Maine. He is stated to have lived to the age of 105 years. He necessarily must have been in his youth a Roman Catholic, but his religion seems, like that of many of his countrymen in our own day, to have been damaged by a voyage across the ocean. His son, at any rate, was either not instructed by the father in the ancestral religion, or did not profit by the teaching; for the present biographer, while defending his hero against a charge of irreligion, mentions that his mind "refused to receive dogmas upon authority without investigation," which we take to be a mild way of saying that he had practically renounced the Church for which his forefathers sacrificed their estates and lives. The Sullivans were eminently Jacobites and Roman Catholics, and yet they helped to found a Republic without a State religion. They were also, and perhaps their descendants still are, aristocrats. When General Sullivan desired to excite his neighbours to larger efforts for self-defence, he addressed "the gentlemen of family in New Hampshire." When the father was asked to state some particulars of the history of his family, he wrote that he was the son of Major Philip O'Sullivan of Ardea, in the county of Kerry:—

> I have heard that my grandfather had four countesses for his mother and grandmothers.

We have a difficulty in seeing how even an Irishman could have three grandmothers, whether countesses or of humbler rank.—

> My mother's name was Joan, daughter of Dermod M'Carthy of Killoween. . . . Her three brothers went in the defence of the nation against Orange. Owen was killed in the battle of Aughrim. . . . They were shortlived on both sides, but the brevity of their lives, to my great grief and sorrow, is added to the length of mine. My mother's sister was married to Dermod O'Sullivan of Dunkerron. Her son Cornelius, as I understand, was with the Pretender in Scotland in 1745.

The heir of these traditions was born in 1740. He served apprenticeship to the law, and practised it with reputation and emolument. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war he had had no military experience, except what might be gained in defending the town where he dwelt against attacks by Indians. He shared in some of the earliest acts of resistance to the Crown, and when Boston was invested by an army under Washington he received the command of a brigade in it. He used the tongue and the pen, as well as the sword, in the cause of liberty, and if he fought as long as he spoke or wrote, he must have been a tough customer for the Royal troops. He issued an address to the inhabitants of British America warning them that supineness would render their ruin unavoidable. "A striking instance of this we have in the history of the Carthaginians." It is to be feared that the American public at the present day does not care much about the Carthaginians. It was Sullivan's lot to hold important command on several occasions when the fortune of war went against his countrymen, and he has been blamed for disasters which probably no man in his place could have prevented. When the British attacked Long Island in 1776, in order to gain possession of New York, the defence of the island was entrusted to the American General Putnam, under whom were Sullivan and Lord Stirling. It is evident that Putnam was outgeneraled as much as his forces were outnumbered, and the result was a complete defeat, and the capture, by the British, of Sullivan and Lord Stirling. It was not Sullivan's fault that he did not die heroically instead of being captured rather ludicrously. When his men dispersed he rode towards the enemy, expecting to be shot; but "as he approached, several Hessians, instructed in capturing prisoners, contrived to arrest his course, render useless his weapons, and lift him from the saddle." Sullivan and Lord Stirling were taken as prisoners on board the flagship of Lord Howe, the British admiral, who courteously received them. The conversation of the admiral with his prisoners was frank and friendly, expressing his wish that such material concessions might be made as would adjust the dispute. Sullivan went on parole to Philadelphia, bearing a message from Lord Howe to Congress, and a conference was held at Staten Island between Lord Howe and a Committee of Congress, but it came to nothing. Sullivan has been censured by American writers for the share he had in these transactions, but his biographer contends that—

> The chance of establishing independence was not so great as it had been, and if we could make peace upon the terms we had always before the war insisted on, namely, allegiance to the Crown, chartered rights inviolate, and independence of Parliament, it was worthy of consideration.

We learn from this discussion to appreciate the difficulties and discouragements under which the struggle for independence was maintained. The author represents his country's affairs as looking almost desperate after the disaster at Long Island, and he quotes John Adams as saying, a few years later, that he would gladly exchange all prospects of success in the war for the conditions existing before the commencement of hostilities. The next important operation of the war was, however, a great success for the Americans, and Sullivan had a full share of the credit of it. Washington surprised the Hessian Colonel Rahl at Trenton, on the Delaware, and took nearly the whole of his brigade prisoners. Another attempted surprise by Washington brought on a severe fight near Princeton, which terminated to the advantage of the Americans, and in which Sullivan bore an honourable part. An English historian says that Generals Howe and Cornwallis were much shaken by these dashing inroads into the middle of their troops. Some months afterwards Sullivan undertook a similar enterprise against a force of loyal militia on Staten Island, but it miscarried. Many of these nocturnal surprises were attempted during the war, and perhaps some that failed were as well planned as others that succeeded. But Sullivan was on the whole unlucky as a commander; and even if we allow that the biographer explains all his failures, it must still be said that there is a good deal to explain. Sullivan represents that the complaint which was made to Congress against his conduct at Staten Island proceeded from certain officers who were disgusted at his strict discipline. These officers had urged that they were at a distance from the enemy, and there could be no necessity for picquets or outguards, whereupon Sullivan had called to mind "the fate of Hannibal after his troops had tasted the delights of Capua," and had censured the murmurers in a divisional order. We imagine that Hanover, in New Jersey, if it offered any delights at all to soldiers, must have been a poor imitation of Capua, and perhaps Sullivan was not very like Hannibal. But it is characteristic of the man that he can never forget the Carthaginians about whom he used to read in the tranquil years before the war. It was General Howe's object to force his way through New Jersey to Philadelphia, and, as Washington always baffled his attempts, he embarked his army at New York and landed it on the bank of the Delaware. Washington took post on the Brandywine River, to cover Philadelphia, and here he was attacked by General Howe and defeated. It seems to us that if the Royal army was so superior in numbers as is represented, that ought sufficiently to explain the defeat of the Americans without laying blame on General Sullivan. But he found it necessary to address to Congress a justification of his conduct at Staten Island and on the Brandywine. As regards the former, he does not see that he has much to answer for, "unless a spirit of enterprise is deemed a fault." As regards the latter, he says pretty plainly that his troops did not support him. "No sooner did I form one party but that which I had before formed ran off, and even at times when I, though on horseback and in front of them, apprehended no danger." The truth seems to be that in this battle Howe and Cornwallis showed better generalship than Washington, and they were probably superior in numbers at the point where the fighting had to be done. The battle gave Philadelphia to the British. Soon afterwards Washington attacked Howe at Germanstown, but after much hard fighting, in which Sullivan had his full share, he was again worsted. A letter of Sullivan describes the conduct of his troops with a frankness which generals do not always imitate. "My division," says he, "retired with as much precipitation as they had advanced, against every effort of their officers to rally them." The American General Stephen, who commanded a division in both these battles, was, as the biographer mildly puts it, "either from indisposition or imprudence, not in condition to command" at Germanstown, and his troops found themselves exchanging fire with another division of their own army. We suspect that, if this had been the case of Private Stephen, it would have been broadly stated that he was drunk. At the close of the campaign of 1777 Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, about sixteen miles from Philadelphia, which was occupied by the Royal army. Sullivan remained with Washington during the winter.

Next year Sullivan commanded in Rhode Island, and endeavoured to reduce Newport, which was occupied by a British garrison. But the departure of a French fleet which had promised to support him obliged him to retire, and as a British historian already quoted says, "he conducted his retreat with a skill that would have done honour to a more experienced general." There was some sharp fighting during this retreat, which the local historians, as is their wont, have magnified into a tremendous battle. "The American loss was two hundred and eleven. The British has been stated to have amounted to one thousand and twenty-three." There is no statement so absurd that some credulous writer will not adopt it, if he thinks that it tends to exalt his country's glory. But General Sullivan only says that the enemy's loss must be much greater than his own. It seems to have been his fate, whether he failed or succeeded in his enterprises, to give occasion to endless correspondence. His conduct of this expedi-

* *The Military Services and Public Life of Major-General John Sullivan, of the American Revolutionary Army.* By Thomas C. Amory. Boston: Wiggin & Lunt. Albany, N. Y.: J. Munsell.

tion is discussed by his friend General Greene in a letter of prodigious length, which will convince any one who has the patience to read it that both General Sullivan and General Greene possessed good military ability. There is a passage of the letter which must have hit some of the loud talkers and ready writers of the period pretty hard. It complains that people form their estimate of irregular troops more from general orders sounding their praise than from knowledge of their conduct, and thus are led to expect more from such troops than they can perform. It is evident that General Greene thought poorly of militia, and desired to meet the British regular troops with an equally well-trained force. "I was not opposed," he says, "to a storm of Newport, providing a proper number of men, of a suitable quality, could be found for the attempt."

In the next and last year of Sullivan's military career he commanded in chief an expedition sent against the Indian tribes that dwelt between the River Hudson and the great Lakes, or in what is now called Western New York. These tribes, drawing their supplies from Canada, were under British influence, and had cruelly harassed and ravaged such parts of the revolted provinces as were exposed to them. But British influence with the Indians must have been, we should suppose, much shaken by Burgoyne's failure on the Hudson, which occurred two years before. However, the Six Nations, usually called by the French the Iroquois, had among them several English officers who had become habituated to their way of life and possessed great influence in their councils. The celebrated Sir William Johnson, whose castle still stands on the Mohawk River, was now dead, and his influence had descended to his son. Another noted leader was Joseph Brant, a half-breed, who had been at school in Connecticut, and afterwards had great power in the Confederacy. The history of Sullivan's campaign against the Six Nations may deserve attention on account of the strong resemblance it bears to some of our own operations in New Zealand. He calculates the disposable force of savages at 1,400, and he thinks that 3,000 troops ought to be employed against them. The preparations for the campaign were tediously elaborate, a strong force was prudently directed, and almost nothing was accomplished beyond destroying villages and cultivations. Dissatisfaction, which very probably was unreasonable, was strongly expressed at the result, and Sullivan retired from active service. This was in 1779, being the fifth year of the Revolutionary war, reckoning from the skirmish at Lexington in 1775, which the novelist Cooper has made familiar to all our minds. We hope that it may be satisfactory to the biographer to know that in our humble judgment Sullivan was an excellent officer, who acquitted himself wonderfully well considering that he had no military experience before he became a general, and that he commanded men who knew nothing and officers who did not even know that they knew nothing. If we say that he succeeded better under command than independently, we say no more than might have been said of Marshal Ney or of the lamented Stonewall Jackson. But perhaps the best evidence of Sullivan's ability may be found in the fact that his detractors also affirmed that Washington was not comparable as a general to Gates. At this time Gates had received the surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, while Washington, except at Trenton and Princeton, had met nothing but disaster. Yet history places Washington in a different order of generals from Gates.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE six essays contained in the volume recently published by M. Martin* treat of subjects which interest not only metaphysicians, but mathematicians and naturalists also. It has often been remarked that scientific writers are too fond of limiting the circle of their investigations, that their point of view is too exclusive, and that they seem to look down with contempt upon all questions not immediately connected with their own pursuits. This reproach is perhaps in many cases deserved; but at all events the *doyen* of the Rennes Academy is an honourable exception to the rule, and the variety which characterizes his new book results from the fact that in discussing metaphysical problems he has called to his assistance all the information which natural science could supply. In reading, for instance, his valuable essay entitled "L'Âme et la Vie du Corps," we soon discover that we are under the guidance of a man who, like Leibnitz and Descartes, can talk the more reasonably about the soul because he is thoroughly acquainted with the structure and functions of the body. The first essay in the volume is a development of an article on science which M. Martin contributed many years ago to M. Franck's *Dictionnaire des Sciences philosophiques*; it points out in the clearest manner the object and the method peculiar to every branch of knowledge, and it shows on what ground the various sciences can meet together harmoniously, and profit from each other's discoveries. This excellent disquisition may be said to contain the key-note of M. Martin's system, which may be described as an impartial but very decided attack upon the materialism of the present day.

When the Marquis de Villars, father of the Marshal who gained the victory of Denain, was sent by Louis XIV. as ambassador to France, he was accompanied by his wife, who resided at Madrid from October, 1679, to May, 1681. During that period Madame de Villars kept up with her friend, Madame de Coulanges, an extensive correspondence, of which only thirty-seven letters have been handed down to us.* The mania for printing the slightest document which has the merit of being *inédit* has reached such extraordinary proportions on the other side of the Channel that we wonder why no commentator before M. Alfred de Courtois had offered to publish, with the care they deserve, the letters of Madame de Villars. A critic of the last century describes them as "not only very agreeable to read, but extremely curious, both because they give us a great number of anecdotes on the subject of the marriage of Charles II. with the niece of Louis XIV., and also on account of the details they contain respecting the usages of the Spanish Court." We can endorse the opinion thus expressed by the Chevalier de Perrin, and we have to thank M. Alfred de Courtois for an excellent edition of Madame de Villars' correspondence. It is preceded by a long introduction in which the editor tells us all that he could find out about the life and the character of his heroine, as well as about the political events with which her husband's mission at the Court of Madrid was connected. M. de Courtois has been obliged to illustrate the text by an unusually large number of notes; for almost every line in the letters contains allusions to Spanish etiquette and manners which for most readers can have no meaning whatever. He has consulted with advantage the curious document entitled *État de l'Espagne de 1672 à 1682*, which was composed by the Marquis de Villars, and also Madame d'Aulnoy's amusing *Voyage en Espagne*.

We have often had occasion to notice the series of reports drawn up by order of the French Government on the various branches of science and literature. It appears that in 1866 Signor Domenico Berti, Minister of Public Instruction at Florence, had, at the suggestion of M. Duruy, given directions for the publication of a *recueil* of the same kind in connexion with Italy; but unfortunately the idea was never carried out, and circumstances with which we are not acquainted prevented the issuing of a work which might have proved, if well done, a valuable contribution to the intellectual history of the nineteenth century. M. Louis Ferri, however, who has obtained some reputation as lecturer on philosophy at Florence, and who had been entrusted with the sketch of the progress of metaphysical science, resolved upon publishing independently his own share in the work, and it now appears in two closely printed and very interesting octavo volumes.† We may safely say that the history of modern Italian thought is very little known in England. Beyond the names of Gioberti and of Rosmini-Serbati, with a few scraps from their writings, our ignorance on the subject is complete; and in this respect our French neighbours have decidedly the advantage over us, thanks to the talent and to the critical acumen of M. Ernest Naville and M. Marc Débrit. But these two writers have only discussed special points of doctrine, and before M. Louis Ferri took up his pen no one had attempted to give a complete view of the development of metaphysical thought in modern Italy. We do not mean to assert that there are absolutely no treatises on the history of Italian philosophy—an assertion which would be at once refuted by the mention of such names as those of MM. Martini, Bertinaria, Spaventa and Stanislas Gatti—but, as M. Ferri observes, the various works of these writers are the result of theories widely different from one another, and the exclusive study of any one of them would consequently fail to give a just idea of the movement as a whole. The essay now before us aims at being an impartial description of the different schools of philosophy—a description illustrated by quotations from the principal writings examined, by biographical summaries, and by references to the political and religious state of Italy. For the progress of metaphysical investigation has had much to do with the reorganization of the country, and there is no doubt that the Church has deeply felt the influence of a school of thinkers who, after having derived their inspirations from Kant, are now endeavouring to popularize in Italy the transcendentalism of Hegel. Our readers will have some idea of the minuteness with which M. Ferri has analysed his subject when we say that the philosophical views of Rosmini alone take up the whole of the second book; the third is devoted to Gioberti; and in the fourth we find an excellent estimate of Mamiani's views. A survey of the most recent metaphysicians, Hegelians, sceptics, and traditionalists, comes next, and the second volume ends with a chapter on the general character of modern Italian metaphysics, the relation in which they stand to the political movement of the age, and the features they have in common with the development of philosophy as taught by the Scotch school and the French *idéologues*. M. Ferri's book is very agreeably written, and full of information given in the neatest possible manner.

The volume which M. Botten-Hansen has published ‡ is, like that of M. Ferri, the result of the last International Exhibition, but it refers to literature and science in their widest acceptation; it is, in fact, a kind of bibliographical dictionary of the works printed in Norway during the last twenty years. M. Botten-Hansen, however, has not confined himself strictly to that limit; his catalogue includes likewise notices of older works and authors, chiefly those who have treated of history and topography. The principal object he has had in view is to furnish a guide to persons

* *Les Sciences et la Philosophie.* Par M. Th. Henri Martin. Paris: Didier.

* *Lettres de Madame de Villars à Madame de Coulanges.* Publiées par M. Alfred de Courtois. Paris: Plon.

† *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Philosophie en Italie au 19e Siècle.* Par Louis Ferri. Paris: Durand.

‡ *La Novice littéraire.* Par Paul Botten-Hansen. Christiania: Gunderson.

who would study the history and literature of his own country. According to this plan, the philological part comes first, then Norwegian *belles-lettres*, then history. The sciences occupy the next division, and the last part of the volume is devoted to moral philosophy and divinity. Special attention has been given by the author to newspaper literature, which, as M. Botten-Hansen remarks, exercises in a free country a great influence upon the political and intellectual progress of the people. The merest reference to the bibliographical treatises and the biographical lexicons most in vogue will show at once the peculiar value of this volume. Brunet's *Manuel du Libraire*, for instance, mentions no Norwegian poet later than the year 1814. M. Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains* is equally incomplete. The list of authors and publishers appended by M. Botten-Hansen to his excellent *Catalogue raisonné* supplies a fund of information which will be profitably consulted when new editions of those works are sent to the press.

In discussing the state of Europe from the political and social point of view, it would be impossible to have a better guide than M. Maurice Block *, who has long since established his reputation as a writer on economics. "I am not one of those," he says, "who call upon the *bene trovato* to supply the deficiencies of the *vero*." M. Block's statements can always be trusted, and whenever he is obliged to discuss subjects on which accurate information is not obtainable, he takes care to warn his readers that they are for a time treading upon the ground of hypothesis. Every one is now talking about the supposed necessity of re-establishing the political equilibrium lately disturbed by the unity of Italy and the ambition of Prussia; and some persons maintain that, if an appeal to arms is the only way of restoring the balance of power, that appeal cannot be made too soon. M. Block has no difficulty in proving, first, that war, by exciting the ambition of the conflicting parties, would probably do more to postpone than to hasten the solution of the problem; and, next, that the power of any given nation does not necessarily increase in the same ratio as the amount of territory which it has annexed. The true and only way of restoring the balance of power is, he contends, to develop as much as possible the various elements of civilization which constitute the real strength of a community. Political, economical, intellectual, moral progress—such are the real sources of national greatness, and the same territory with a free, educated, and industrious population obtains results indefinitely greater than those of which it could boast before all these elements had been thoroughly brought into play.

M. Goblet d'Alviella has written an interesting account of the history of Portugal † since the marriage of the Queen Maria with Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. In preparing this book he enjoyed the great advantage of being able to consult the diplomatic correspondence of his father, General Count Goblet d'Alviella, who represented the Court of Brussels at Lisbon in 1837 and 1838, that correspondence, the instructions sent from time to time by King Leopold, and a number of other documents, have supplied the materials of a work which is intended both as a statement of facts and as an apology for the present condition of Portugal. M. d'Alviella begins by drawing a parallel between what he calls the large and the small nationalities; the former gradually moving on towards democracy, the latter towards liberty. Whilst those, sacrificing everything else to the passion for equality, are constantly oscillating between anarchy and despotism, these assume a democratic form through the sole power of their internal development. Hence he infers the necessity of preserving the small nationalities to counteract and keep in check the noxious elements at work amongst the larger States. If we consider the recent history of the two nations which occupy the Peninsula, we find that Spain was the first to establish a constitutional government, but that French influence during the time of the Restoration brought back the fatal rule of absolutist principles, and, by a singular change of circumstances, it was Portugal which succeeded in securing permanently the triumph of liberty, whilst the sister nation fell into that state of degradation out of which it has emerged only a year ago. Don Pedro, says M. d'Alviella, is perhaps the only prince whom we can really call the founder of a constitutional monarchy, and the introduction of the volume before us is devoted to a brief narrative of the triumphant resistance made by the Liberals against the attempt of Dom Miguel. The appendix contains a number of diplomatic letters never published before, and, amongst others, some by the late King of the Belgians.

M. Guizot has long since finished the publication of his memoirs, but it seems as if he still wished to say a few words on the various phases of his political life; and in collecting six essays ‡ which were originally issued separately as the events of the day suggested them, he is led to cast once more a retrospective glance on the Government of the Restoration and that of Louis-Philippe. What, he asks in his preface, is the cause of the political anxiety from which we are suffering, and of the attitude assumed by the country with respect to the Emperor? Evidently the firm desire of throwing off a dictatorship, and of returning into the paths of constitutional rule. This desire may be, and no doubt is, with the majority at least, quite independent of any personal feeling towards Napoleon III.; but it has expressed itself in the most decided manner, and it will not rest until the end is attained. A dictatorship, M. Guizot goes on to say, is on certain occasions a very wholesome measure, severe though it may be; and there have been circumstances in which nothing could save a country but that kind of extra-legal government which re-establishes order at the expense of liberty. On the other hand, it is equally clear that the rule of a dictator is, by the very nature of the case, provisional and temporary. The great fault of Napoleon I. consisted in endeavouring to give a character of stability, through the Empire, to the strong government which, under the name of Consulate, had as a temporary expedient done so much good to France; and the mistake committed by Charles X. in 1830 was exactly of the same kind; for he practically asserted the privilege of becoming a dictator whenever he might think proper to do so. M. Guizot then examines rapidly the principal characteristics of Louis-Philippe's rule, and he shows that although the *roi-citoyen* was not sufficiently cautious in his way of expressing himself, and although he was too fond of unnecessarily making his own will felt, yet the personality of his Government cannot for a moment be placed on the same line as that which marked the despotism of Napoleon I. or the designs of Charles X. The administration of a monarch may be personal, in the sense of being perfectly real, without being obtrusive. As M. Guizot remarks, the contrast between Leopold I. and Louis-Philippe is very striking in this respect. We have so far spoken of the interesting preface to the *Mélanges politiques et historiques*; of the essays themselves we will only say that the questions they discuss are of never-dying importance, although they were suggested in the first instance by facts the most recent of which occurred nearly fifty years ago.

M. Émile de Laveleye, whose contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have attracted much favourable notice, has published in a small volume* a few essays which seem to him worthy of being rescued from the obscurity which so speedily overtakes periodical literature. The first essay, on account of its general character, will perhaps chiefly attract the reader, it is devoted to an examination of the works of the late M. Bordas-Demoulin, one of the most vigorous thinkers of modern France; but the author's purpose is to discuss afresh the relative position of Roman Catholicism and of religious thought at the present time. Like many persons of enthusiastic mind who are equally attached to the truths of revealed religion and to those of metaphysical science, M. Bordas-Demoulin fancied that a reconciliation could easily be brought about between these two sources of our knowledge, and he maintained that the *entente cordiale* should take place on the ground of Cartesianism. M. de Laveleye is of a different opinion, and comes to the conclusion that, as the tendency of modern philosophy is to carry discussion to its utmost limits and to stop at no obstacle in the pursuit of truth, so Roman Catholicism manifests the unmistakeable symptom of going always further in a reactionary direction, and of materializing religion more and more. If neither the schism of the fifteenth century, nor the Reformation, nor the events of the French Revolution could succeed in opening the eyes of the clergy, it is hopeless to expect that any catastrophe will be attended with greater success.

Amongst all the productions which the spirit of controversy has recently brought forth, very few can be compared to the two letters addressed by M. Crétineau-Joly to Father Theiner, on the subject of Pope Clement XIV. and the Jesuits †. M. Crétineau-Joly had published a work written with a strong Ultramontanist bias, but true on the whole, in which he discussed thoroughly, and from a point of view far from flattering to Ganganelli, the affair of the suppression of the Jesuits. Father Theiner thought proper to refute M. Crétineau-Joly's assertions, but he did so without sufficiently considering what sort of adversary he was challenging. Whilst condemning the animosity and the personalities indulged in by the author of *L'Église romaine en face de la Révolution*, critics were unanimous in acknowledging that he had the best of the argument; and the matter would have probably been forgotten if Father Theiner had not once more called out his antagonist by endeavouring to extenuate the behaviour of Napoleon I. in the famous episode of the Concordat, and to cast doubts on the authenticity of Cardinal Consalvi's memoirs. This was too much; M. Crétineau-Joly took up his pen, and the result is the volume now before us. It contains, first, a long essay on the quarrels between the Pope and the French Government in 1801, and then the letters, already referred to, about Clement XIV. and the Jesuits. Father Theiner will perhaps now see that his best policy is to be silent. A writer whose style is as picturesque as that of M. Veuillot himself, and who has drawn of M. Armand de Pontmartin the amusing sketch contained in pages 116–118 of the present volume, must not be trifled with.

Several books of travel are before us, claiming a word of notice. Count de Beauvoir takes us as far as Australia ‡. Having joined the Duke de Penthièvre in an expedition to the East, he gives us in his amusing volume the impressions of a young sailor, and his narrative bears all the traces of that enthusiasm, as well as of that

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* *L'Europe politique et sociale.* Par Maurice Block. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *L'Établissement des Cobourg en Portugal.* Par E. Goblet d'Alviella. Bruxelles. Lacroix.

‡ *Mélanges politiques et historiques.* Par M. Guizot. Paris. Levy.

* *Études et Essais.* Par Émile de Laveleye. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Bonaparte, le Concordat de 1801 et le Cardinal Consalvi etc.* Par J. Crétineau-Joly. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Australie; Voyage autour du Monde.* [illegible] … mte de Beauvoir. Paris: Plon.

haste in drawing conclusions, which makes the charm of youth. The political constitution of the Australian colonies is discussed at some length, and the democratic society of Melbourne is criticized in the most amusing manner. How thoroughly Count de Beauvoir enjoys the dangerous sport of hunting in the jungles! How racy are his descriptions of the Siamese Amazons! We can heartily recommend his duodecimo to readers who like to have truth served up to them in so startling a shape that it looks like fiction.

The author of *À travers les Espagnes* * is also an enthusiast, and as her fluent pen pours forth volume after volume in quick succession, we find no sign of weariness or of decay; we have still the same abundance of metaphors and of incongruous images which distinguished the chapters of the *Bande du Jura*—the same style, sometimes ridiculously trivial, sometimes stilted and full of affectation. Madame de Gasparin is as fond as ever of dragging in religion, anyhow, between the description of a landscape and the catalogue of a picture-gallery; she also sometimes attempts excursions on the domain of philology, but soon feels that she is treading upon ground with which she is not very well acquainted, and beats a hasty retreat.

M. Xavier Marmier's hero, Nils †, is likewise a traveller; but, instead of starting forth in quest of the picturesque or of mere recreation, his great object is the ideal. Dissatisfied with his native place in Dalecarlia, and hearing from some of the professors of the University of Upsal wonders about the intellectual development of Germany, the business habits of England, and the civilization of France, he undertakes a journey which will, he thinks, prove to him conclusively what he had already suspected—the decided inferiority of Dalecarlia to the rest of the world. We need hardly say that Nils finds himself everywhere mistaken; and instead of being dazzled by the phantoms which he sees around him—phantoms of learning, phantoms of civilization, phantoms of pleasure—he takes the wise part of returning to Dalecarlia, where the ideal at last appears to him under the form of domestic happiness. Nils, or rather M. Marmier, takes the opportunity of examining some of the principal questions connected with the countries which he visits; for example, in England, the problem of pauperism, in Austria that of police *espionnage*, in Switzerland the art of fleecing unwary travellers. Nils arrives in Paris during the last days of the reign of Louis-Philippe, and witnesses the terrible scenes of that revolution which brought about once more the rule of the sword. Experience disgusts him with Radicalism, and he returns home thoroughly disabused of his political and other illusions.

* *À travers les Espagnes.* Par l'auteur des "Horizons prochains." Paris: Lévy.

† *Les Voyages de Nils à la recherche de l'Idéal.* Par X. Marmier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.—NOTICE is hereby Given, that on Wednesday, the 21st day of July next, the Senate of the Queen's University will proceed to Elect EXAMINERS in the following Subjects, and at the Salaries stated, to hold such Examinations during the ensuing Year as are now or may be appointed by the Senate. The Examinations will begin on the 28th of September. Salaries commence from the next Quarter-day after Election.

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G. JOHNSTONE STONEY, M.A., F.R.S., *Secretary*.
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TO GOVERNESSES and TEACHERS.—SPECIAL CLASSES in GERMAN and FRENCH, for Governesses and Teachers only, meet Daily in various parts of London, during the Months of July and August, conducted by Dr. HEINEMANN and Assistant.—For particulars, apply to Dr. H., 21 Northumberland Place, Bayswater.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 715, Vol. 28. July 10, 1869.

THE LORDS' AMENDMENTS.

AS the Bill passed through the Committee of the Lords there was so much apparent confusion, there was such a chaos of proposals, amendments were made, remade, and withdrawn so rapidly, that it was impossible to follow in every detail the course which the Lords were taking. But, fortunately, on each of the three closing evenings of the discussion there was one main question, involving the most important issues, to which the attention of the House was directed, and on which a vote was taken. These three decisions of the Lords deserve the most careful consideration, because they have entirely altered the Bill, and raised a direct issue of the most unmistakeable kind between the Ministry and the Lords. The first decision was that the glebes and glebe-houses of the Episcopal clergy should be handed over to the Church Body, free of all charge, and without any payment, while no provision should be made for the residences of Romanist priests or Presbyterian ministers; the second decision was that the Ulster glebes, worth little short of a million of money, should be handed over as a bonus to the Ecclesiastical Body; and the third decision was that no appropriation should now be made of the surplus, but that its destination should be determined by Parliament hereafter. We think all these decisions extremely wrong if the Irish Church Bill is itself right. Either a measure of religious equality is worth passing or it is not, and it would be much simpler to leave the Irish Church as it is than to wound and offend the Catholics and the Presbyterians by pretending to disendow it and then giving back to it all its possessions. The Duke of CLEVELAND was much blamed for his softness in allowing his amendment to be broken up, and thus permitting the House to secure their glebes to the Anglican clergy, and afterwards to refuse glebes to the clergy of other denominations. But we cannot agree in this censure. If the Lords really wished to violate obvious justice in this marked way, it was much better to let them show their intentions. Not that the majority of the Lords are to be blamed for taking the view they do. It is a natural view, and in one way a defensible view. But it is totally irreconcilable with the Bill, and if the Church is a good harmless body, that ought to be enriched with bonus after bonus in order to help it in its struggle with other sects, why should it be touched at all? The whole arguments of the speakers of the majority with reference to the Ulster glebes rest on a foundation with which the Bill is at utter variance. These arguments may be classed under the two heads of the superficial and the real. The superficial arguments were, in the first place, that JAMES I. had the legal right to assign the glebes for the support of the Anglican clergy, and, in the next place, that the Protestant settlers of Ulster had been induced to settle there by the promise that a Protestant clergy should be maintained there for their benefit. As to the second of these arguments, the less said the better. The Presbyterians were induced to settle there by the promise that their ministers should be provided for, and they were deceived and disappointed in the most shameless way by the Anglican Church and the Court, who sucked the Presbyterian orange dry, and then threw away the skin. As to the legality of the grant, no one can doubt that it was legally valid; and we may even go further and say that the object of the grant, that of upholding Protestantism when Catholicism was identical with disaffection, was a legitimate one according to the ideas of the time when it was made. But the whole case on which the Irish Church Bill rests is that the object has become a most illegitimate and pernicious one, and that the grants must be resumed in order to free the Church and Ireland from the taint of Protestant ascendency. The real defence, however, of the concession of this enormous bonus to the Anglican body was that urged by the Bishop of ELY. This was, that the Anglican body, in order to flourish under the severe strain of competition, must have the money. This body, as he said, is not like a vigorous youth going out to a colony to make a fortune by energy and by suitability to the scene of labour, but more like a middle-aged, rather worn-out emigrant, who, if he wants to b[e] comfortable in a colony, ought to have a decent privat[e] fortune in hand, so that, however unfit he may be for colonia[l] life, he may always have a respectable subsistence assured him. It is difficult to see how the main view that possesses the mind[s] of the majority of the Peers could have been better or mor[e] graphically put; but no idea could be more alien to the whol[e] conception of the Bill than that of this wearied well-to-d[o] colonist leaning on Parliament for support against the rivalry of his poorer neighbours.

The case for giving glebe-houses to the Catholic and Presbyterian clergy was exceedingly well argued, and we have nothing to do but to express our entire concurrence with the reasoning of those who supported the Duke of CLEVELAND. But the proposal was defeated by a combination of the Tory followers of Lord CAIRNS and of the unflinching supporters of the Government. Both these sections of the majority—the only majority the Government has obtained in the Upper House—were in their own way right. Lord CAIRNS wished to remain true to his old Orange friends, who hate concurrent endowment, and at the same time not to dissociate himself from the more advanced and liberal section of the Conservative party; and he could not have attained both objects more ingeniously than by joining in rejecting the Duke of CLEVELAND'S amendment, while at the same time he took care to do this on the ground that, as he proposed to leave the surplus unappropriated, there might still be a possibility in another Session of carrying out the views of Lord SALISBURY and Lord CARNARVON. The Ministry took the simple line of declaring that, whatever might be the leanings of members of the Cabinet as individuals, they are carrying out the wishes of the country in refusing all proposals of concurrent endowment. This appears to be quite in harmony with the general duties of Ministers, and with the position assumed by the Ministry on taking office. They came in because, as they alleged, they were forced to take issue with Lord MAYO, who shadowed out a scheme of concurrent endowment, and they were violently accused of having done this without believing it, and in the [illegible] wantonness of party enmity. They might indeed be [illegible] if they deprecated concurrent endowment in order [illegible] office, and advocated it in order to retain office. But [illegible] said that they are released from all their pledges because [illegible] opinion of the nation is changed. Who is to judge of [illegible]? They say that the opinion of the nation has not changed, and certainly it must be allowed that the change in national opinion ought to be very plain and very unmistakeable in order to release them from their engagements and to warrant them in proposing the direct opposite of that which they came into office to propose. How is it known that the opinion of the country has changed? The Lords represent to a great degree, in this matter, the opinion of educated reasonable men not charged with the actual conduct of affairs, and this opinion has always been in favour of concurrent endowment in the abstract. We do not see any evidence that the opinion of the bulk of the Liberal constituencies has changed, and people who do not think that the opinion of the bulk of the Liberal constituencies ought to prevail, so long as they can return a majority of the House of Commons, ought to have had nothing to do with Lord DERBY'S Reform Bill. It is the business of the Ministry of the day to find out the real wishes of the people, and it would be the height of unfairness if those who a year ago were pressing this doctrine against Mr. DISRAELI were now to turn round and to say that a Liberal Ministry is to be judged differently.

At first sight it might seem as if those who wish to see glebes provided for the clergy of dissenting sects would find in Lord CAIRNS'S proposal to defer for the present the destination

of the surplus the very thing they wanted. Public opinion might thus be suffered to grow, and in a year or two there might be a general concurrence of opinion in favour of the desired measure. The opinions and arguments of the independent Peers would work their way, and another Ministry, if not that of Mr. GLADSTONE, might honourably and successfully propose a measure of concurrent endowment. These considerations are enough to make us pause, but they are met by arguments which seem to us much stronger. In the first place, this postponement of the appropriation of the surplus is avowedly defended on the ground that no one, after the amendments of the Lords, can tell what the surplus will be, or whether there will be any at all. This is quite true; the Irish Church has got bonus after bonus given it, until no one can say what will be left. But it is inconceivable that the Commons should allow such a travesty of their Bill as a measure thus enriching the disendowed Church, and declaring that it will be quite time enough to say what is to be done with the surplus when it is seen what the surplus is. No doubt it would be a great triumph for Lord CAIRNS to be able to give his Orange friends to understand that he had managed to get back everything for the Church except a possible surplus which Parliament would not take the trouble to appropriate: but if the Irish Church Bill is to end in a victory for Lord CAIRNS and the Orangemen, what possible justification can there be for passing it? The agitation which would be produced in Ireland for many years by having a large sum to scramble for, and the fierce theological controversies that would rage through the kingdom, are also evils of considerable magnitude. But the main objection to the proposal of Lord CAIRNS is that there is no reason to suppose that the ultimate destination of the surplus would be to building glebe-houses or to any other form of concurrent endowment. As it is, the Lords have decided that the surplus shall be appropriated to any purposes that Parliament may think fit hereafter. There is no reason why its destination should be religious or semi-religious. It would be a great prize to be devoted to any objects which any Ministry might choose to think good for Ireland. No one would be rash enough to prophesy what its destination would ultimately be under such circumstances; but it is not going too far to say that there is a destination which would be received by the mass of the Irish with much greater enthusiasm than any proposal for glebe-houses. It is obvious that a cry might easily be raised in Ireland for employing this sum, which ignorance would imagine to be far larger than it really would be, as the basis of a scheme for dealing with the Irish land. It would seem so simple, and so peculiarly gratifying to the Irish, to apply the sum waiting and ready for use in aid of some plan like that proposed by Mr. BRIGHT, but going much further. That arrangements had been made to pay off his alien landlord out of the spoils of an heretical Church would be delightful and credible news to the Irish peasant. We have not the slightest wish to prejudge the great question of the Irish land, or to take exclusively the side of the landlords against the tenants or the labourers; but it is evident that the inevitable discussion of a question that will be most agitating might be rendered very difficult and irritating if those who advocated a social revolution had got a large fund vaguely devoted to Irish purposes as a basis for their schemes.

THE LIFE-PEERAGES BILL.

THE unexpected defeat of the Life-Peerages Bill may probably be explained by the simple theory of reaction from an artificial Liberalism. That first love or nature violently driven out will always return is a lesson taught by homely proverbs in more than one language. It was impossible that the House of Lords should really wish to renounce its distinctive character; but when Lord RUSSELL introduced his Bill, many peers were anxious both to increase the efficiency of the House, and to prove that they were themselves not disinclined to well-considered innovations. Lord SALISBURY had already proposed a scheme for increasing the control of the House of Lords over legislation by suspending over the recess Bills which might be sent up from the House of Commons too late in the Session for full consideration. His scheme, although it was supported by peers of all parties, afterwards collapsed in a joint Committee to which it was referred, through the disinclination of the House of Commons to entertain the question; but the discussion of Lord SALISBURY's plan, and of the general distribution of business between the Houses, secured Lord RUSSELL a favourable hearing. Lord DERBY himself for once laid aside his instinctive antagonism to all real or supposed improvement, to support the Bill in an elaborate speech: Lord CAIRNS acquiesced on condition of the insertion of amendments which were afterwards adopted; Lord SALISBURY devised arguments for life-peerages which had never occurred to Lord RUSSELL, and Lord MALMESBURY almost alone announced an opposition which was not at the time considered formidable. Some members of the House were reconciled to the measure by Lord RUSSELL's judicious abstinence from any revival of the obsolete WENSLEYDALE controversy. An application to Parliament admitted the principle for which Lord LYNDHURST had contended, that the power of effecting an important change in the Constitution was not within the prerogative of the Crown. At a later stage in the progress of the Bill, attentive observers, perceiving that Lord CAIRNS was disposed to withdraw his original adhesion, inferred that his party had remonstrated against the decision of their nominal leader. Lord MALMESBURY, though far inferior to his successor in dialectic faculty, judges more accurately, by the aid of habitual sympathy, of the feelings and opinions of the mass of the House of Lords. If Lord CAIRNS had in the first instance mistaken his cue, he was quick in taking a hint from Lord MALMESBURY's protest; and, according to his odd statement on Thursday last, he reserved to his party the right of opposing the measure which he had himself previously accepted. It appears that, not objecting to the principle, Lord CAIRNS had declared that the merits of the Bill depended on its details; and, in apologizing for his inconsistency, he forgets that the clauses of the Bill were framed by himself in Committee.

Lord MALMESBURY's reasons for rejecting the Bill, though neither original nor forcible, were almost typical in their commonplace shallowness and dulness. The House of Lords had flourished for several centuries, it had never, as far as Lord MALMESBURY knew, failed to discharge its duties, and its members at the present day were not inferior to its predecessors. Peers were not exclusively landowners, because some of them possessed coal-mines and iron-works, while others owned a great amount of house property in London. If military and naval matters were to be discussed, th[illegible] were always generals and admirals, Lord SALISBURY, as a railway chairman, might be supposed to abound in commercial knowledge, Lord LYTTON and Lord HOUGHTON represented the ornamental branches of literature; and, if it were possible that the House should be puzzled by historical doubts, Lord STANHOPE was there to set them right. When distinguished men refused peerages, it was not to avoid imposing a costly honour on their descendants, but because, like BURKE after the death of his son, they had no motive for family ambition. Finally, Lord MALMESBURY protested against a change in a Constitution which had lasted fo[illegible] than th[illegible]turies; and if he had consulted the oracle, Lord STANHOPE could have informed him that he might have strengthened his argument by adding three centuries more. If Lord MALMESBURY confused the times of Queen ELIZABETH and of HENRY III., his arithmetic was sound when he counted his followers and opponents. The eulogies which have lately been lavished on the House of Lords have probably induced its members to exaggerate its constitutional power and the security of its position; and it is true that, if Lord MALMESBURY talked conventional nonsense, the practical advantages of Lord RUSSELL's Bill were scarcely sufficient to outweigh the prejudice which such a proposal was certain to provoke. If life-peers had taken a leading part in the House of Lords, their efficiency would perhaps have furnished a verbal argument, though not an operati[illegible] reason, against hereditary su[illegible] In the not less probable contingency of their failure, the change would have been useless; and if the new honour had been neglected by the eminent persons for whom it was intended, the institution would have become ridiculous. Although there is some reason to regret the defeat of the Bill, it would have mattered little if it had never been introduced.

Mr. BRIGHT's description of the Life-Peerages Bill as an attempt to tinker the composition of the House of Lords was uncivil, and in a certain sense unfair; for the phrase represents an attempt to make a worn-out article last beyond its destined term by the aid of petty alterations. It is possible that the soundest institutions may admit of improvements in detail, as a successful picture is lovingly retouched by the artist in the hope of rendering it perfect; but a satirical critic naturally assumes that amendment only implies previous defects, of which, for his immediate purpose, he exaggerates the gravity. The House of Lords, far from having become obsolete, is in itself as sound and as capable as at any previous point of its history; and the relative decline of its authority is attributable to causes which have nothing to do with decay or corruption. Lord RUSSELL's Bill was only tinkering, as far as the changes

which it would have effected would be comparatively small, although the opponents of the measure disliked it because they hold that it involved a dangerous admission. If an hereditary House is susceptible of improvement by an admixture of life-peers chosen by the Crown, Lord MALMESBURY and his friends fear that by a logical inference it may seem to follow that lineal succession ought to be wholly abandoned. The House of Lords may possibly be doomed to future extinction; but the revolution would not have been perceptibly accelerated by the creation of a few life-peers. Until the distribution of property in the United Kingdom is essentially altered by legislation, the great landed families will be enormously powerful. In France, and in other parts of Europe, it has been found impossible to abolish either titles or the maintenance of an exclusive social caste. If the Continental aristocracy had retained their property as well as their rank, they would still possess an influence which they have almost wholly lost. The preference which is voluntarily accorded to English peers in the choice of honorary, and even of commercial, functionaries represents the opinion of the middle classes more faithfully than any popular declamation. The guinea stamp is not the gold, but for ordinary circulation it is found highly useful. Lord RUSSELL only proposed to affix to a few coins of a different mintage the same image and superscription which give currency to hereditary peers.

The importance of the question of life-peerages has been reduced to its true proportion by the unusual attention which has lately been drawn to the House of Lords. The peerages of the bishops, although they are not hereditary, are distinguished by their official or corporate character from personal honours conferred at the pleasure of the Crown. If the Irish prelates are ultimately allowed to retain their seats in the House of Lords during life, they will furnish a precedent for a peerage which will be for the first time disconnected both from inheritance and from succession. There is no popular demand for an addition to the strength of an Assembly which has proved itself fully equal in intellectual power to the House of Commons; nor would it be easy for those who are best acquainted with public life to find half a dozen statesmen of limited means who are now languishing for an opportunity of serving the country as peers. In one of the debates on the question, Lord SALISBURY admitted that he had made a mistake in supposing that Lord RUSSELL's Bill would facilitate the elevation to the peerage of successful manufacturers and merchants. To those who can afford to travel in the most expensive manner, improvements of second-class accommodation are not personally interesting. A great lawyer or physician might perhaps be more willing than a trader to accept an honour which would imply that he had not made a large fortune, but there are not half a dozen instances in a generation of the refusal of a peerage on the ground of insufficient means. The distinctive character of the House of Lords, in modern if not in ancient times, is inseparably connected with transmitted or transmissible wealth, of which the greater part is always, through the operation of social and economic causes, invested in land. Experience shows that, as might have been anticipated, out of four hundred hereditary proprietors there is a great majority of educated men of decent reputation, including several who possess more than average ability, and a select body of orators and statesmen. The House of Commons will continue to be divided into corresponding sections, in nearly the same numerical proportions, as long as the upper and middle classes are allowed by the constituencies to compete fairly for public honours. The introduction of a few life-peers would strengthen the intellectual element in the House of Lords without largely affecting the collective weight of the entire Assembly. It is scarcely probable that Lord RUSSELL's proposal will be renewed, although more sweeping changes may be suggested from without. If in a doubtful controversy the House of Lords had been led to adopt an erroneous conclusion, maturer reflection might have exposed the fallacies which had prevailed for a time; but to elevate Lord MALMESBURY's arguments to the rank of sophisms would be an absurd and extravagant compliment. The majority of the House of Lords may have had nothing better to say; but the Bill was rejected, not because the Constitution was supposed to have begun in the sixteenth century, or because Lord LYTTON has written many clever novels, but through the natural dislike of an aristocracy to a modification of its character. Mr. BRIGHT, who, according to Lord GRANVILLE, would have helped Lord RUSSELL to tinker the constitution of the House of Lords, will not regret to find that the peers themselves deny the existence of defects.

THE FUTURE OF THE BILL.

In the numerous debates and discussions which have lately taken place in the Upper House, the Lords have shown one piece of practical wisdom. Feeling or fearing that they were thought less of than they deserved, they determined to speak up for themselves, and to sing their own praises to the public. They knew that people are generally estimated by others at the value they seem to set on themselves, and they considered that they could not help gaining credit for having the qualities they claimed, if they only claimed them boldly and loudly enough. More especially they have advanced two grounds for vindicating to themselves the maximum of popular esteem. In the first place, they are so very statesmanlike. There is about them none of the rawness and rashness, the flighty catching at novelties, the refusing to think of coming dangers, which notoriously mark the Commons. The Lords debate grave questions in a dignified, calm, and deliberate way, and arrive at conclusions which point, not to the gratification of the idle popular fancies of the moment, but to the solid and permanent happiness of all classes. In the next place, they are the true representatives of the nation. They know what the nation really thinks and wishes, not perhaps what it seems to itself to wish—for the House of Commons may perhaps know better than the Lords something so wholly immaterial—but its true best wishes, the wishes that lie at the bottom of its heart, into which the Peers have a special faculty of seeing. This faculty, as Lord MALMESBURY explained on Thursday night, is gained by the extraordinary diversity of knowledge, habits, and opinions which characterizes the House of Lords, and by the fidelity with which it represents all classes and ranks. The Peers have been quite delighted with this theory, and have pushed it so far that, to listen to any of the more enthusiastic of their theorists, it might seem as if there was no such body as the House of Commons at all, and no necessity for one, and that Ministers had no use or power, as all good government was carried on by the Lords and the nation, or rather by the Lords as representing and embodying the secret unconscious will of the nation. Animated by these rose-coloured views of their order, of its sphere and of its functions, they have naturally made very rough work of a Bill which a foolish, low-minded, ill-bred set of persons framed, and which the Commons, deluded by the mistaken notion that they were the real representatives of the nation, carried with unexampled rapidity and decision. The Lords knew better than to accept such a Bill without completely transforming it. They had to show their statesmanship in dealing with it, and they had to give expression to the unuttered feelings and the unknown opinions of the country; and they fulfilled their task in a very earnest and thorough manner. They made two radical changes in the Bill, to which a number of minor changes were ancillary. They took one half of the surplus, and, in their character of supreme representatives of the wishes and views of the whole United Kingdom, gave it back to the Anglican Church. In their character of statesmen seeing far ahead, and aiming at the real peace and happiness of the community, they refused to do anything whatever with the other half of the surplus, but left it to be scrambled for in future years by any body or persons in Ireland strong enough to get hold of it. They were not particular as to its destination; it might go for glebes for the Catholics; it might be made the foundation of a land scheme; it might be wasted in a thousand jobs. This was immaterial; what was essential was to leave it open as the prize of a good free faction fight. The Commons, naturally enough, had not seen this; but the Lords are statesmen, and saw at once how much it would lead to the repose and contentment of Ireland. It was also very gratifying to them, as they could not but confess to a hearty good will to the Irish Church, that they were able to see into the national mind so far as to discover in it a desire for giving the poor Church two or three odd millions by way of bonus or perquisite. They have thus made, they ask the public to observe, a very good Bill out of a very bad one, and trust that the public will now quite agree with Lord MALMESBURY, who, after taking time to reflect, and studying himself and other Peers at leisure, has now announced his conclusion that the House of Lords is absolutely perfect.

Next week this fine specimen of wise and far-sighted legislation will come back to the Commons, who will not be likely to regard it with as much affection and admiration as its authors. The basis on which the amended Bill is to be dealt with appears to us perfectly clear. Either a Bill worth having should be passed, or no Bill should be passed. Nothing can be so bad as to try to settle a great question by a

Bill that fails to carry out the objects for which it was introduced, or to embody the principles on which it was defended. A Bill to give half the surplus to the disendowed Church, and to throw the other half to the Irish to scramble for, is a Bill totally unlike the Bill which the Government proposed to the Commons, and carried through the House so successfully. It does not carry out the principle of religious equality; it does not dispose of the question finally. It rests on an entirely different theory from that on which the Government Bill was based. The Government and the Commons say that, considering the evils wrought at the present day by Protestant ascendency, the property of the Church representing that ascendency shall be devoted to other objects after providing for life-interests. The House of Lords in effect say, that as the property of the Irish Church is to be taken from it for no reason, and merely out of wanton love of mischief, the right thing to do is to let the Church have a good slice of this property back again, and keep the rest unappropriated to see what will turn up. There can be no advantage in having an Irish Church Bill at all, if the view of the Lords is the right one. Unless Protestant ascendency is a bad thing, tainting the Church that is mixed up with it, why should not the Irish Church keep every thing it has got? To say that because we are getting very far into July, and because some Bill must be passed before July is over, a Bill something like that sent down from the Lords should be accepted, is to make a mockery of a great political question. It is asked what is to happen if the Lords insist on their amendments, and whether it would not be better to have a Bill embodying a compromise than no Bill at all. What is to be done if the Lords insist on these amendments may be discussed if it turns out that they do insist on them. But the first thing is to decide whether the Bill shall be restored substantially to its former shape, and be dropped if the Lords will not accept it in this shape, or whether a Bill answering none or scarcely any of the purposes for which Mr. GLADSTONE introduced his measure shall be got through, in order that it may be said a Bill of some sort has been made law. There can, we think, be no hesitation whatever in the minds of those who approve the Bill as originally framed. Let the Bill be dropped altogether for this Session rather than have a Bill not worth having. If the Lords wish, when pressed, to give way, something may be done very easily to smooth the path of retreat for them. Many concessions were made by the Government through Lord GRANVILLE while the Bill was in Committee, and the amendments which the Lords would have to withdraw are not at all numerous. They might be allowed to seem to have done a few good turns for their clerical friends, provided they quietly reverse such decisions as that respecting the Ulster glebes, which in the twinkling of an eye puts a million of money into the pocket of the disendowed Church. But there are clear limits to the possibility of compromise; and if the Lords really mean to maintain their theory of the Bill against the theory which has found acceptance with the Commons, the Government, it is to be hoped, will not waver for an instant, but will face all the consequences of the Bill being dropped, rather than see their measure deprived of the greater part of its power of doing good.

There is nothing at all dreadful in these consequences. The Lords have so altered the Bill as to have submitted a rival project to the country. It is not a trifling difference, a paltry sum, a few pounds or acres more or less, as to which the Houses are now at variance. A measure to give back half the surplus to the Anglican Church, and to institute a scramble for the other half, embodies a distinct proposal, the difference between which and the proposal of the Government no one can mistake. If the Bill is dropped, Mr. GLADSTONE will be simply in the position that he will have proposed a measure to the satisfaction of the House of Commons and of the country, but that the Lords have declined to pass it, while offering to carry a rival and very different measure of their own. The Commons and the Ministry will have had their Bill, and the Lords will have had their Bill. It is no use trying to speculate what would come next, for the Constitution provides two or three courses which might be conveniently or properly taken. Mr. GLADSTONE would have to consider in the first place whether he should resign, and he might plausibly urge that this was the proper course. He has made the carrying of his Irish Church Bill the keystone of his whole policy, and he may refuse to be responsible for the government of the country if his policy is made impossible. The peers who have drawn up this rival Irish Church Bill would then have to consider whether their statesmanship and their faculty for seeing into the national mind were sufficiently appreciated in the country to give them a fair chance of passing what may be termed the bonus-and-scramble scheme through Parliament. If, on reflection, they thought that the country did not know wisdom when under their eyes, and did not understand their real wishes sufficiently to make this possible, Mr. GLADSTONE would bring in his Bill again, and we may be quite sure the Lords would pass it; for if it was conceded that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government was the only possible Government, and if he would not govern unless he had his way, he must have it. Even without resigning, Mr. GLADSTONE might think this sufficiently established by the majority he commands in the Commons, and the unabated confidence extended to his Ministry in the country. If the country and the House of Commons supported him equally next Session, after the Lords had challenged him to let the nation pronounce between the two schemes, the Upper House could do nothing but accept the decision of the country. We do not for a moment believe that the Lords would resist what they were obliged to confess was the national will. It follows, therefore, that without anything very horrible happening, Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill must become law if the constituencies support it. The only question is, whether the issue shall again be taken directly or in a special autumn Session, or early next year. This is only a matter of detail, although it would involve some difficult questions which the Ministry could only decide after ascertaining, as they best could, the temper of the country. But, at the worst, it could only involve a delay of a few months, and it would be much better to wait than to hurry through a bad measure now, in order to have the poor pleasure of saying that an Irish Church Bill was really passed before July was over.

THE THIRD PARTY AND THE EMPEROR.

THE political position in France has undergone an unexpected change. Till a week ago the one point on which speculation centred was, when and how the EMPEROR would elect to confront his adversaries. To day the problem is, what attitude he will take up towards his supporters. Before the elections the Corps Législatif was sharply divided into Ministerialists and members of the Opposition, while the Third Party—consisting of M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER—vainly endeavoured to reconcile the two, and received as its guerdon the equal hatred of both. This Session the Chamber offers a very different spectacle. The majority has suddenly come to years of discretion, and loudly proclaims its readiness to dispense with M. ROUHER's guardianship. Each day sees some official candidate blossoming with tropical haste into the independent member; and recruits have flocked in to the Third Party until the little one has become a thousand, and M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER can command a formidable following. It is important to observe that this is the indirect, and not the direct, consequence of the elections. The constituencies have not returned a majority belonging to the Third Party; they for the most part did as they were told—thanks to the admirable arrangements of the Government in rearranging circumscriptions and frightening rural electors—and sent up the men the EMPEROR wanted. It is the majority that has read the sky for itself, and has determined that, whether the EMPEROR thinks so or not, the path of concession is the path of safety. After all, no one can know better than an official candidate how little his success is any gauge of popular favour. He can estimate accurately enough the real value of the elections, and by a process of mental redistribution arrive at a result which is by no means so assuring as that given by the formal return. The question, therefore, of most immediate interest, is whether this undesigned coalition with the Third Party is of the nature of a revolt in the EMPEROR's camp, or a diversion in the EMPEROR's favour. Are the rats flying from the falling house, or are the sons putting a gentle pressure upon a father who is somewhat slow to recognise the progress they have made towards manhood? In intention at all events the movement is to all appearance of the latter character. How long it may continue so will depend in some measure upon the line the EMPEROR determines to take, but as yet there is no visible sign of any more serious defection than can be explained in this way. Indeed, on the whole, the action of the majority seems to give NAPOLEON III. an unexpected opportunity of compromise. Politicians are so apt to score more from the mistakes of their adversaries than from any skill or judgment of their own, that it is almost a surprise to find that the Empire has some chance of being saved by, instead of from, its friends. But if the EMPEROR is really meditating how to yield judiciously, the interpellation of the Third Party may relieve him of some embarrassment.

it invests his retreat with the appearance of a concession made to the remonstrances of friends, not to the threats of enemies, and it secures him against the danger of alienating his own supporters in attempting to conciliate the Opposition. This last advantage is perhaps the greater of the two. A year or two ago the EMPEROR'S every step in the direction of reform would have been hampered by a dead weight of timid and unimpressible Conservatism. Now even the Arcadians will probably profess their conviction that the Empire is too deeply rooted in the hearts of Frenchmen to run any risk from the establishment of liberty.

The interpellation which goes by the name of M. DU MIRAL may be taken as marking the outermost line the EMPEROR has thought of defending. "The necessity of strengthening the "institutions of the Empire by developing the action and "power of control of the Corps Législatif" is just one of those pseudo-constitutional platitudes in which NAPOLEON III finds pleasure. If we look at the particular methods by which M. DU MIRAL proposes to attain the developments referred to, we shall see how far they are from touching the root of the matter. It is true that six months ago the restoration of the Address, the extension of the rights of interpellation and amendment, and the permission to the Corps Législatif to elect its own officers, would have been regarded by the Left as an unlooked-for triumph. By delaying these concessions until after the elections, the EMPEROR has allowed the Opposition to feel their own strength, and he now finds them resolved to accept nothing less than the substance of Parliamentary Government. Now, this is just what M. DU MIRAL'S interpellation does not ask. It claims for the Corps Législatif additional facilities for expressing it opinion, but it gives it no more power of executing its will than it possesses already. The restoration of the Address would ensure to the Opposition at least one opportunity in every Session of discussing the whole policy of the Government; but as French ingenuity has always contrived to find the required occasion within the four corners of the Budget, the gain would be more apparent than real. A system which allows such speeches as those of M. THIERS or M. JULES FAVRE does not leave much room for improvement in the direction of freedom of debate. Its fatal weakness has been, that these speeches have led to no direct result, and no mere increase in their number would remedy this defect. The concession of M. DU MIRAL'S demand would give the Opposition another field-day or two every year, but it would leave them as powerless as now to follow up their oratorical victories. The interpellation of the Third Party, on the other hand, has a thoroughly business air about it. It says nothing about the "institutions of the Empire"—thinking probably that they have the EMPEROR to look after them—but it puts the Corps Législatif in its true place as the exponent of the wishes of the country. These wishes can only be satisfied by giving the deputies charged with the exposition of them an effectual share in the direction of public affairs; and this again can only be achieved by the concession of a responsible Ministry. Until the Executive is under the control of, and virtually nominated by, the Legislature, the power of the latter is merely nominal. This has so long been an established axiom in English politics, that it seems almost an anachronism to see it hotly debated in a neighbouring country. The arguments for and against the change have comparatively but little interest for Englishmen; the question which really concerns them is, whether the EMPEROR will resist or submit to it.

As yet it seems he has only temporized. Until the Chamber is formally constituted, the interpellation cannot be considered, and the Government has been able to gain a little breathing space by delaying the election of the Secretaries until all the elections have been verified. It is obvious, however, that mere delay can in the end do but little. Sooner or later the working session must begin, and even if the evil day is postponed by a premature adjournment to the autumn, the only consequence will be that the Government will have been beaten without a battle. To shrink from meeting such an interpellation as that of the Third Party would be to admit that the EMPEROR is afraid to face the Chamber he has himself created. The self-confidence natural to legislators who are thus flattered would hardly be diminished by the simple lapse of a summer. Nor would anything be gained by burking the interpellation through the medium of a technical objection. Such expedients are useful enough when the object is to suppress a discussion forced on by an obstinate minority. But, under present circumstances, to plead a *senatus-consultum* against an interpellation which asks for a responsible Ministry, would amount to a confession that a majority of the Corps Législatif is hostile to the constitution of the Empire. It seems impossible, therefore, that the EMPEROR should adopt this course unless he has made up his mind to provide the nation, by the time the autumn comes round, with something else than politics to think about. It is more likely, however, that before arriving at so tremendous a conclusion, he will make the experiment either of concession or refusal. He may have good hope that the majority, after it has once been gratified by having the reins put into its own hands, will be content to leave the real management of them to him, or that an unmistakeable announcement that he will yield nothing will force it once more to make its choice between the Empire and Revolution. At present probabilities seem rather to point towards the former solution. If M. ROUHER represents the Empire as it is, M. CLÉMENT DUVERNOIS may perhaps be taken to represent the Empire as NAPOLEON III. occasionally fancies it might be. The vague phrases of the *Peuple Français* last Thursday give but little positive indication of the course the EMPEROR is preparing to follow, but its courtesy towards the Third Party, and its disclaimer of "exaggerated resistance," are inconsistent with a formed resolution to meet the interpellation with a direct negative.

TRADE-UNIONS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. HUGHES'S Bill on Trade-Unions and Combinations has been allowed to pass a second reading without opposition, the institutions which the measure was intended to favour were severely criticized in the course of the debate. Mr. BRASSEY, Mr. POTTER, and Mr. PLATT denounced the economic fallacies which are dear to operative associations and their advisers; and Mr. BRUCE, on behalf of the Government, insisted on the necessity of statutory protection against tyranny and intimidation. It is absurd to pretend that the prohibition of the use of good and cheap bricks in the City of Manchester is maintained by voluntary agreement. Scores of master-brickmakers, and thousands of workmen, would be only too happy to make bricks for the town by machinery, if the selfish resolutions of the Union were not supported by force or by terror. Combinations ought as far as possible to be internally free, and, except by the exercise of moral influence, powerless without. The law, though it has nothing to do with economic blunders, must guard against social wrongs. In the opinion of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, who has published in the *Fortnightly Review* an able argument in favour of the measure, the Bill introduced by Mr. HUGHES and Mr. MUNDELLA affords, by a repeal of existing Acts, the same kind of relief from legislative interference which has by general consent been already extended to the general operations of trade. It is not a little remarkable that one of the leaders of the political school which most systematically advocates State control over social relations should in this instance rely on the sound doctrine of absolute freedom of contract. There can be no doubt of Mr. HARRISON'S good faith, but some of his most conspicuous associates have frequently contended that Trade-Unions ought to be invested with coercive powers. When it is admitted on all hands that political economy can take care of itself without the aid of law, some advance has been made towards the settlement of the dispute. Only a few fanatics unconnected with the particular trade can approve the regulations by which the Manchester masons and brickmakers restrict building operations in the city and district, nor is it possible for an impartial observer to believe that the wealth and happiness of the community are promoted by the rule which prohibits a bricklayer from using two hands on certain portions of his work; but if a hundred or a thousand men agree to submit themselves even to more vexatious restraints, it is not the business of legislators to correct their possible errors. Masons have as much right to refuse to handle stone squared in the quarry as capitalists to determine that they will not invest their money except under onerous conditions; but in practice the competition of capital is absolutely free, while strenuous efforts are made to impose on labour the control of a despotic organization. The function of the lawgiver commences when the Trade-Union attempts to usurp authority over those who are not willing to join its ranks. The question whether protective enactments are necessary, and therefore just, depends wholly on practical considerations. Distinct precautions against exceptional dangers are perfectly consistent with legal equality. If it is found that certain kinds of oppression and tyranny are beyond the reach of ordinary law, it may be proper to increase the penalties or to provide additional facilities for redress. It is true that the burden of proof lies on those who demand

the establishment or maintenance of special legislation. In the ordinary course of life verbal threats may be safely disregarded, unless they lead directly to breach of the peace; but it is not obviously unreasonable that threats addressed by a large and powerful body to the members of an entire class should be subjected to penalties. An old woman in England who threatens to bewitch a neighbour scarcely comes within the cognizance of the law; but if she practised a similar art among a superstitious negro population in the West Indies, she would find that her larger powers of mischief involved a corresponding liability to punishment. An isolated insult to a non-unionist workman may be a wrong below the notice of the law; but if the affront is repeated day after day by an organized gang, as in the instance mentioned by Mr. BRUCE, intolerable suffering may be inflicted. It is a fit subject for inquiry whether the law of conspiracy is sufficient to afford protection, and it is still more necessary to take care that the ordinary remedies are not impaired by a measure promoted apparently for a different purpose.

The wording of the Trade Combination Bill is in some parts not free from an ambiguity which fully justified the guarded language of Mr. BRUCE in his answer to a recent deputation and in his speech on the second reading of the Bill. By the second clause all persons are allowed to make agreements as to wages, hours of work, persons by whom or the mode in which any work, in the odd language used by the draftsman, is to be or is not to be done, "and with "respect to any terms or conditions whatsoever under which "any work or employment shall or shall not be carried on." Nothing can be fairer than the recognition of a right to agree to work or not to work under any imaginable conditions affecting only the parties to the contract, and those who may be interested in procuring the completion of the work; but at the end of the clause it would have been necessary to confine the operation of the measure to the persons who enter into the agreement. If Manchester masons and brickmakers agree that no strangers shall work in the city, they lay a foundation for acts of injustice which might perhaps secure impunity under the words of the following clause. Clause 3 provides that no combination made "with the intent merely "of giving effect to any such agreement as in the foregoing "section is mentioned, or of obtaining the conditions "stated in any such agreement, shall subject any person who "shall have been a party thereto to any criminal prosecu-"tion." Mr. HUGHES, Mr. MUNDELLA, and Mr. HARRISON may be acquitted of any design to evade the operation of the general law which they professedly desire to restore; but an unqualified power of agreement, coupled with a co-extensive power to give effect to the agreement by combination, might be plausibly interpreted as an exception of trades-unionists from the law of conspiracy. Having agreed to prevent stranger masons from working in Manchester, the members of the Union might under clause 3 combine to intimidate, and on occasion to assault, intruders who refused obedience to their rule. The assault would still be punishable, but the conspiracy which aggravated the guilt would, according to the letter of the enactment, be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of criminal tribunals. When the principal Unionists in a menacing tone affect to have made large concessions in assenting to Mr. HUGHES's Bill, it is allowable to suspect the moderation of their demands. If the doubt is unfounded, there will be no difficulty in a future Session in modifying the terms of the proposed enactment, and Parliament will probably agree with Mr. HARRISON in repudiating the attempt to enforce sound economy by law. If working-men refuse to use machines, or even to use their own limbs, the employer can only hope that experience or reason may at some future time convince them of their mistake.

There is no difference of opinion as to the moral right of trade societies to protection for their funds; and notwithstanding the decision in HORNBY *v.* CLOSE, embezzlement of Union property is, and always has been, criminal. The Court of Queen's Bench has only held that societies of which the rules operated in restraint of trade could not protect themselves by the summary remedies against fraud which are provided under the Friendly Societies Acts. In the case of REGINA *v.* DODD the prisoner was convicted of such an offence in accordance with the ruling of Mr. Justice LUSH, who explained that the decision in HORNBY *v.* CLOSE applied only to the statutable proceeding before justices. It is not unimportant to observe that one of the chief objects of the Bill is to relieve Unionists charged with trade offences from the summary jurisdiction of the very tribunal from which they desire to obtain protection for their property. It is possible that sound reasons may be given for a seeming inconsistency in dealing with cases where members of Trade-Unions are respectively prosecutors or defendants. As the Unions are necessarily unable to comply with the requisitions of the Friendly Societies Act, it is for their advocates to show that the summary jurisdiction of justices is nevertheless applicable to their case. The compulsory submission of their rules to the Registrar will probably tend to restrain the multiplication of objectionable restrictions, and on the whole it seems desirable to afford, as far as possible, legal recognition to institutions which actually exist. The Registrar cannot certify, as in the case of a Friendly Society, to the ostensible solvency of a Trade-Union, for the possible expenditure caused by strikes or by other contingencies of trade cannot be calculated by any table of chances. Mr. HARRISON fairly admits that Trade-Unions, however lawful, cannot claim the special facilities allowed to Friendly Societies. All parties will consider the protective parts of a future measure with a desire to provide security for the property of the Unions, but it will be necessary to consider carefully the machinery devised for the purpose. It rarely happens that any considerable difference of opinion arises on the construction of a Bill, but in Mr. HUGHES's project of law the question of principle was complicated by uncertainty as to the consequences, if not as to the meaning, of some important provisions. In general it is expedient to avoid special legislation, but circumstances which render the general law inapplicable or inoperative may often justify exceptions to the rule. There is no clearer constitutional right than the exercise of unlimited choice of personal ornaments; yet the House of Commons has prudently refused to abolish penalties imposed a few years since on persons who choose to walk about the roads of Ulster with orange-coloured ribbons in their button-holes. If Trade-Unions think fit to interfere with the freedom or the comfort of other sections of the working-class, there is no conclusive presumption against the fairness of subjecting their members to exceptional liabilities.

THE VOTE ON CONCURRENT ENDOWMENT.

WE are not going in this place to enter into much discussion on the political importance, or on the possible or probable consequences to the Government measure, of the Duke of CLEVELAND's famous amendment. Elsewhere, and more than once, we have said what we thought of concurrent endowment as a policy in itself; and we have also said what we thought of concurrent endowment in its more immediate aspect as an afterthought and interpolation attempted to be introduced into the Irish Church Bill by the Upper House. But that Lord SALISBURY's amendment was carried by so vast a majority at the famous sitting of the Lords on July 2, and that the Duke of CLEVELAND's amendment, even after it had been placed at considerable disadvantage by, not the accidents of debate, but the exigencies of party, was voted for by 113 Peers, nine of whom were spiritual Lords, is a very remarkable and noticeable fact. This latter division, in which the Government was for once successful in the Upper House, though only by a singular combination of Romanists, extreme fanatics of the No-Popery school, and the obedient Ministerialists, is more remarkable than Lord SALISBURY's victory. The minority of 113 directly affirmed the principle of concurrent endowment, and again the success of Lord CAIRNS's amendment on Tuesday night, proposing to leave the application of the surplus funds undefined, and therefore hypothetically applicable to the objects proposed by the Duke of CLEVELAND, has been treated (perhaps on rather insufficient grounds) as an indirect reversal of the previous verdict against concurrent endowment. We may admit, as we do, that the form in which this great principle of concurrent endowment came before the Lords was not a very noble or dignified one, or one likely to present great attractions to the higher order of statesmanlike minds. Mr. PITT and CANNING and Earl GREY, and even Earl RUSSELL in his better days, would have looked upon all this petty wrangle about glebe-houses and lands as poor work. We may admit that to give a house and land, said land being ten acres of Irish land, to the parish priests and the Hiberno-Anglican disestablished incumbents, priests, or ministers (or whatever be the name in which the representatives of the Irish Church of the future are prepared to rejoice), and to the Presbyterian pastors, who may like to ask for said houses and ten acres, is but a poor, shrunken, starved, attenuated policy as compared with concurrent endowment boldly proclaimed and simply administered. It may be the only possible form which, as things are, concurrent endowment could take. And as such alone the Duke of CLEVELAND's amendment is of any importance as a policy. In theory it had a high significance; as a

practical measure, we own to no very ardent sympathy with it, except as a very small specimen of a very great principle. No doubt the essential nature of a diamond exists, and can be tested and argued from, as well in a lapidary's spark as in the Koh-i-noor; but even in the scientific examination of a jewel, a large specimen is more interesting to lecture on and to manipulate than a very little one. Indeed, the feeling of those who rate highly the value of concurrent endowment was almost to resent the timid and faltering aspect under which it was presented by the Duke of CLEVELAND. It was perhaps from some such contemptuous feeling of mere tolerance of the Duke's amendment that Earl RUSSELL said so little, and Earl GREY nothing at all, in its favour. However, there it was, and as Lord KIMBERLEY himself, a not very fervid or zealous convert from the doctrine of concurrent endowment, admitted, it was because the Duke meant this, however little it was, that he must oppose him. On all sides this was admitted; and yet one hundred and thirteen Lords, including nine Bishops, voted for a perpetual endowment of what used with frantic cheers to be hailed as the cause of Antichrist.

It is very true that this triumph, for a real triumph it is, like many other apparent victories, seems to come too late. But its moral significance is none the less. In heart, if not always with voice, the sense both of Parliament and the country is, we have little doubt, with the minority of the Lords. And though it may not be strictly true that here is a substantial instance of reaction in public opinion, it may certainly be said that the House of Lords has done a public service in giving this opportunity for grave and educated opinion to express itself. It may be quite open to discussion, like the history of many other events which never happened, whether Mr. GLADSTONE could or could not have carried concurrent endowment had it been the original principle of his measure; but there can be little doubt that it will always, when his history is written, be a matter of legitimate regret and complaint, as well as a serious abatement from his claims to the highest rank in statesmanship, that he did not appropriate the honour of proposing it as First Minister of the Crown to Parliament. Had he felt it to be more his duty to live for eternity than for the fleeting exigencies of a single and temporary crisis of his own political fortunes, Mr. GLADSTONE would have done so. The balance of statesmanship as exhibited in the division on concurrent endowment is unquestionable. The names of DEVONSHIRE, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, CARNARVON, ELLENBOROUGH, GREY, RUSSELL, STANHOPE, EVERSLEY, HALIFAX, LYTTELTON, are poorly balanced by the combination of the three factions of Romanists, Protestants, and Ministerialists. And when we look at the composition of the majority, it is plain that there is little of real sympathy between the CHANCELLOR and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, between the Duke of NORFOLK and the Bishop of TUAM, between Lord FITZWALTER and Lord DENBIGH, between Lord DERBY and Lord SHAFTESBURY, between Lord RAYLEIGH and Lord KIMBERLEY. They voted together because Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill, and probably his Government, was at stake, or because the "No Popery" cry was at stake, or because at the last moment it was found difficult to rebel against the *mot d'ordre* from Dr. MANNING and Cardinal CULLEN, or even Dr. CUMMING, *quales quantique viri*. The Duke of ARGYLL'S vote, and that of the pure Ministerialists, Lord GRANVILLE, Lord CLARENDON, and the rest, can be accounted for; Lord CAIRNS had to settle accounts with the Ulsterites; Lords SHAFTESBURY and HARROWBY represented the platform opponents of the POPE and the Recordites generally. But this is all that can be said for the majority. The Duke of ABERCORN deserted Lord DERBY on the Duke of CLEVELAND'S amendment; Lord LYTTON and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH not only deserted Lord DERBY, but went over to the Duke. But even this is not all. The gist of Lord GRANVILLE'S successful appeal against the CLEVELAND amendment was not that it was unjust, impolitic, or impossible, but that Mr. GLADSTONE would not let the House of Commons accept it. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic Lords opposed it, not because the gift of glebes to their own communion was wrong—indeed, Lord DENBIGH'S very curious reference to Cardinal POLE'S policy, had it any relevance at all, went the other way—but because the Irish Bishops saw that any pecuniary provision for the inferior clergy would loosen the peculiar and servile dependence in which the parish curates stand to their superiors; that is, it would be distasteful to the reigning influences of Ultramontanism and Obscurantism. The only real consistency was in the vote of the No-Popery champions. Those who have always voted against Maynooth are perfectly consistent in voting against the globe and ten-acre grant. We have no objection to the votes of the Bishop of DURHAM and Lord RAYLEIGH, who are professional preachers against the Man of Sin. But perhaps it will cost Mr. BRIGHT a pang that the only chance which his policy—that is, his last year's policy—had of becoming law, was defeated by a temporary union of his own colleagues and the prize-fighters of Protestant ascendency, between the delegates of the Court of Rome and the Liberation Society. Or, if he attempts to console himself with the belief that the country is against him on this point, he is compelled to admit that the voice of the country is proclaimed by a fraternal alliance between Mr. MURPHY, Mr. MIALL, and Dr. MANNING.

We reserve to the last one observation. The Church of England, at least in its higher minds, has not since the General Election been wanting either in patriotism or in some instincts of political wisdom as regards the Irish Church question. Whatever force the clergy brought to bear against Mr. GLADSTONE at the elections—and perhaps it was exaggerated—was open and legitimate. Since the elections they cannot, except here and there, be charged with violence or intolerance. The votes of the two English Archbishops and some of the English Bishops in favour of equal justice to Presbyterians and Papists are a fact of vast significance. Even Archbishop TRENCH could not find it within his sphere of duty to say nay to this instalment of simple justice. It would be as foolish to blame him for accepting a gift for his own communion as it would be unjust to withhold admiration for the virtue which did not refuse to do to others as he had just successfully pleaded to be done by. And hence, after a forty years' wrangle about High Church and Broad Church, it is to the combined, however opposed, influence of the principles represented by those two great schools of religious thought that at last we have nine Bishops, and such Bishops, in favour of political and ecclesiastical justice. The Bishops of OXFORD, ELY, GLOUCESTER, PETERBOROUGH, ROCHESTER, and LICHFIELD of the one school, the two Archbishops and the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S of the other—these prelates, for once combined, make the pastors of DERRY and TUAM, DURHAM, CHESTER, and LLANDAFF look very small indeed. Of course, in the presence of their votes, we are not required to be very critical as to the reasons which influenced, or which at any rate were produced by, the nine Bishops. Dr. SELWYN having, by a curious process of what we will accept for thought, persuaded himself that Irish Romanism is already established, wanted little to induce him to accept its endowment. The Bishop of OXFORD in a somewhat circuitous way, and with a pleonasm of words which somewhat obscured, perhaps not unintentionally, his real and very good meaning, said substantially that to concede the grant of glebes to the Irish Clergy was *pro tanto* an acceptance on the part of English Churchmen of the two facts that the Latin Church was a true Church and Ultramontanism a great practical evil; while the Archbishop of CANTERBURY displayed the statesman's mind by proclaiming himself from first to last a faithful disciple of Lord RUSSELL'S earlier and better teaching. Drs. THOMSON and MAGEE may reasonably pardon us if we prefer their votes to any vindication of them, which they and we would probably find to be equally difficult and perhaps tiresome. Still, with all possible drawbacks, it is turning over a new chapter in Anglican Church history to find that so many of our Bishops on this great occasion discarded hatred and prejudice, and perhaps still more to find that there were but five of them, indeed only three of the English Bench, who represented the old bigotry and hatred and narrowness.

LONDON WATER SUPPLY.

THE Report of the Commissioners on the Water Supply of the Metropolis, which will probably determine the future course of legislation on the subject, suggests no necessity for immediate action. The Companies, with their present legal powers, and without extraordinary increase of mechanical appliances, can supply 180,000,000 gallons a day, or 36 gallons a-head, to a population of 5,000,000; and the Commissioners have satisfied themselves that the existing sources of supply are on the whole preferable to the gathering-grounds of Wales or Cumberland. The returns of the REGISTRAR-GENERAL, which are improperly framed for the purpose of supporting a special and doubtful theory, have caused much misconception as to the fitness of the Thames, the New River, and the Lea for domestic use. It is perhaps natural that a public officer who, with unjustifiable affectation, uses foreign weights and measures in his statistical tables, should also circulate at the public expense doctrines about sewage contamination which are exclusively held by one eminent chemist. The Commissioners, although they prudently decided according to the preponderating weight of scientific evidence, seem

not to have adopted the obvious course of comparing the analyses of different waters with the medical statistics of the towns to which they were supplied. It would have appeared that the death-rate is far higher at Glasgow, and even at Manchester, than in London, although the water of Loch Katrine is generally taken as the standard of purity, while the Manchester storage reservoirs occupy the second rank in the scale. Sir BENJAMIN BRODIE, himself a distinguished chemist, told the Commissioners that, in judging of the comparative salubrity of waters, it was safer in the present condition of the science to rely on statistical facts than on chemical analysis. "Statistics elicit relations of cause and effect on "which you cannot deliberately experiment." The Hertfordshire springs and streams which, by the New River and the Lea, supply the centre and the East of London are almost exactly similar in quality to the Thames; and at the point where the Western Companies draw their water from the river no organic impurities can be discovered which are known to be injurious to health. Dr. FRANKLAND indeed, whose chemical authority is entitled to respect, finds in the presence of nitrates and nitrites a proof—or, as he figuratively calls it, a skeleton—of a previous sewage contamination which he regards as dangerous or detrimental; but, when neither chemical tests nor microscopic observation disclose the presence of organic impurity, a supposed cause of imaginary effects, although it may perhaps hereafter be shown to exist, can scarcely determine practical legislation. The foulest sewage, diluted by twenty or thirty times its bulk of running water, is found, when it has passed for a few miles down the current, to have disappeared, except as far as it is transformed by oxidization or other natural agencies into innocuous substances. The dilution in the Thames is many times greater, and not a trace of the sewage of Oxford or of Reading is to be found at Hampton; yet there can be no difference of opinion on the expediency of enforcing the law which now prohibits the discharge of any kind of filth into the river and its tributaries.

The hardness of the London waters is about 15°, representing the same number of grains in a gallon; but, as it is largely due to carbonate of lime, it is reduced by boiling below 5°. For making tea, and for brewing certain kinds of beer, hard water of this kind is preferable to soft, but for all detergent purposes hardness is injurious. Many persons think that hard water is comparatively palatable, although there is no water less disagreeable to drink than the extraordinarily soft water of Malvern. The presence of mineral salts affords a security against the corrosive effect of soft water on lead, but the same result may in all cases be attained by proper precautions. The opinion of the Commissioners, which on the whole inclines in favour of hard water, would perhaps have taken the opposite bias if the hills of Berkshire and Wiltshire had been formed of Silurian slate or of millstone grit. It is certainly not a misfortune to Glasgow that the water of Loch Katrine is soft; but four hundred miles further south it may be prudent to acquiesce in the quality of water which has been filtered through the chalk. The substitution of soft water for hard, while it would have produced a large saving in soap, was only to be obtained by a large outlay of capital.

Mr. BATEMAN, universally recognised as one of the first of hydraulic engineers, proposed to the Commissioners a gigantic scheme for supplying London from the upper waters of the Severn, to be intercepted on the north-eastern slope of Plinlimmon, and from the Vernwy and Banw near Welshpool. The estimate was about 11,000,000*l.*, and the works were undoubtedly practicable. The water coming from Silurian slate would have been soft and chemically pure, with the drawback of occasional discoloration from peat. The canal or aqueduct was to pass by Bridgnorth, near Stourbridge, Bromsgrove, Warwick, Banbury, Aylesbury, and Watford, to large reservoirs at Stanmore, ten miles to the north-west of London. The upper end of the conduit in Wales was 450 feet above the sea, and the reservoirs at Stanmore 270 feet, giving a sufficient fall to supply the greater part of London by gravitation. The length of the aqueduct was 180 miles, and its capacity 230,000,000 gallons a day. Mr. BATEMAN contemplated an intermediate supply for Birmingham and other Midland towns, to be drawn from the conduit on the way. Mr. HEMANS and Mr. HASSARD proposed a similar scheme for a supply from the Cumberland lakes, where the water is of nearly the same character. The conduit would have been 90 miles longer than Mr. BATEMAN'S, but the lakes would have rendered unnecessary the construction of reservoirs, and the objections to the abstraction of water which would be raised by those who are interested in the navigation of the Severn would not have been applicable to the short and insignificant Cumberland rivers. The principal reasons for rejecting Mr. BATEMAN'S plan were the great expense, the peaty tinge of the water, and the risk of grave inconvenience if the conduit were interrupted by accident or by frost. The Lake scheme was exposed to the additional objection that the water belonged more naturally to the large towns in the North of England. The sources of the Severn and the Wye are still happily remote from population, although it is not improbable that, as coal becomes dearer, the great water power of the Welsh rivers may attract manufactures. The danger which might be supposed to ensue from the construction of enormous reservoirs would be overcome by engineering skill; and possibly water compensation might be provided for the Severn. If the winter floods of the Plinlimmon range during an averge of years could be fully stored, there would be water enough for a dozen cities as large as London; but it is only where nature has provided lakes that sufficient reservoirs for the purpose can exist. Mr. BATEMAN'S estimate of the minimum rainfall has been questioned by almost all critics of his scheme; and perhaps he may not have been aware that in years such as 1868 and 1869, when east winds prevail, the thunderstorms and occasional showers which refresh the valley of the Thames are exhausted before they reach the mountains of Wales. As Mr. BATEMAN himself has often stated, in planning waterworks it is necessary to look only to the rainfall of dry years, inasmuch as it is impossible to store the surplus of a long period.

The chief recommendation of the Thames is that it is the river of London, but there are also great advantages in the natural storage of the permeable strata which cover the greater part of the watershed. The rainfall of the valley is absorbed in the soil, to pass out purified by the best possible filtration into the river or its feeders. The inconveniences arising from high cultivation are thus largely remedied; and the chalk hills are honeycombed with subterranean reservoirs, which collect in wet weather vast quantities of water, to feed the river in drier seasons. It is a matter of common observation that chalk streams fail only after a succession of dry years, while a few months of drought reduce to their lowest point rivers depending on the rainfall which runs off a surface of clay, or of impenetrable rock. If the present supply should prove insufficient, there are abundant facilities for making storage reservoirs in different parts of the valley of the Thames; and it would be highly satisfactory to prevent in some degree the waste of the floods which occur almost every winter. The Companies at present take in summer time somewhat more than 50,000,000 gallons a day at Teddington, leaving a stream which at the lowest is not less than 350,000,000 gallons.

The produce of the New River and the Lea cannot be largely increased except by an addition of storage; but the chalk on the south and east of London, which at present discharges its surplus waters into the estuary of the Thames, has barely been tapped by the Kent Companies for the use of Greenwich and the neighbouring suburbs. The Commissioners are satisfied that, with or without the construction of storage reservoirs, a supply of 200,000,000 gallons, or 40 gallons a-head for a population of 5,000,000, may be insured from the existing sources. As the quality of the water is substantially unobjectionable, the rejection of distant and ambitious projects seems, on a balance of considerations, to be judicious. The Report is at the same time instructive and interesting, dealing not only with supply, but with distribution. It will be more convenient to discuss the administrative details on some other occasion.

THE PURCHASE OF THE TELEGRAPHS.

IF the calculations of the Post Office officials are to be relied on, the bargain with the Electric Telegraph Companies promises to turn out better than could have been expected from the extravagantly liberal character of the terms which the Government were coerced into granting. It is always satisfactory when both parties to a treaty find themselves in pocket by the result. The Companies undoubtedly did so, for the shares of all of them rose in the market, after the Act of last year was passed, something between 50 and 100 per cent. The Marquis of HARTINGTON has now had the satisfaction of informing the public that there will be a profit, though on a more modest scale, for them also out of the transaction. The total purchase-money will approach 7,000,000*l.*, but according to the estimates, which profess to be cautious, and, coming from the able officials of the Post Office, are not likely to be far from the truth, it appears that the net income of the first year will pay 3½ per cent. on the investment, and

leave a balance of 77,000*l.* If these figures should be justified by the event, there will be ample grounds for satisfaction. It may be regarded as certain that the profits of the first year will be far short of those which must ultimately be realized, and it will not be unpleasant to taxpayers to contemplate the growth of a new source of revenue which, like that supplied by the Post Office, will be unalloyed by the recollection of the tax-gatherer's visits. But the mere pecuniary results form a comparatively insignificant part of the benefits to be anticipated from this thoroughly statesmanlike undertaking. The transmission of telegraphs, no less than that of letters, is a business which can be best worked as a monopoly. In common with many other large enterprises which concern every member of the public, these undertakings lose more than they gain by the combined stimulus and obstructions of competition. There is infinite waste in setting up duplicate wires and establishing duplicate offices to conduct the communications between the same centres. Competition, moreover, not only caters in wasteful excess for the wants of a few leading towns, but it leaves wholly neglected the requirements of all the rest of the country. If the letter-carrying business were in private hands, London and Liverpool might possibly enjoy facilities almost as great as they possess under a Government monopoly; but the communications with all outlying places would be almost as difficult, costly, and precarious as if one lived in the middle ages, because it would not answer to serve them efficiently. Precisely the same law holds good, and perhaps even to a greater degree, with respect to telegraphs. It would not pay rival Companies to lay down wires to insignificant villages, but the same department of Government which punctually delivers letters to the smallest hamlet may be trusted to work in the same spirit in the new duties which it is about to assume. Profit will properly be kept in view as a means of relieving the public finances and justifying the absorption of private Companies, but profit will not be, in the case of the telegraphs any more than in that of the Post Office, the sole consideration, as it necessarily is while the business is in the hands of a trading company. It is proposed at once to increase the number of places served by the telegraph from 1,882 to 3,376, with a still larger proportional increase in the number of branch stations. Altogether there will be a telegraph office for every 6,000 instead of for every 13,000 of the population, and these will besides be distributed mainly with regard to the convenience of the public, instead of being selected with a single eye to profit. The enormous value of this boon will probably be appreciated by few until it is seen in a tangible form; but a very moderate amount of reflection will convince any one who considers it that it would be worth purchasing even if it entailed a loss instead of a profit. And the increase of facilities is not the only immediate advantage which will be reaped from the Government monopoly. The cost of a telegram varies now with distance, and is often considerable enough, in spite of the intermittent competition between the Companies, to check very seriously the use of this mode of communication. There are few civilized countries which get so little out of the great invention of telegraphy as Great Britain, and this simply because we have left its development in the hands of private Companies, while elsewhere it has been assumed as a Government duty. The first step of the authorities will go far to remedy this anomaly. A uniform shilling stamp will suffice to frank a telegram of twenty words from any one station to any other, and the simplicity of this system will operate, as it did in the case of the Post Office, almost as much as its economy, in increasing the amount of business done. One drawback there is, that the charge for short distances will be increased by the adoption of a uniform rate. At present you can send a telegram for certain short distances in London for sixpence, and though it is true that these messages travel less rapidly than a hansom-cab, or even than a messenger on an omnibus, any increase in tariff has rather a retrograde appearance. The importance of these local lines is no doubt small, on account of the extremely inefficient way in which they have been worked; but we shall be greatly surprised and disappointed if, in the course of a year or two, the Post Office does not see its way to the adoption of a sixpenny tariff, not only for short distances, but for the whole country. Even without this the gain to the community, both in money and convenience, will be immense, and it will be secured, so Lord HARTINGTON tells us, not only without any public outlay, but with an absolute profit to the Exchequer.

Estimates are apt to be fallacious in other matters besides the Law Courts, and on general principles it may be thought not unreasonable to accept the official figures with a due amount of incredulity. There is, however, a large margin for possible error, and it is only fair to say that, so far as can be judged from the brief but lucid statement of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, these estimates seem to have been prepared on a thoroughly trustworthy basis. In fact, it is very easy to calculate both the receipts and the outgoings of a telegraph business. In other countries large experiments have been made from time to time on the effect of cheapness upon the amount of telegraphic business, and the broad result seems to be, that any considerable reduction recoups itself at once by the increase of traffic. A shilling rate brings in just about as much as a two-shilling rate, and the only difference seems to be in the slight increase of working expenses, due to the larger business done at the lower tariff. All the estimates of the quantity of traffic on which Lord HARTINGTON's calculations were based were derived from the actual experience of other countries, and there is no reason to expect less elasticity here than has been experienced elsewhere. The number and position of the stations having been settled, there is little room for error in the estimate of working expenses, and it is quite impossible that the broad results can be materially affected by any small discrepancies which may occur between the actual and the calculated cost either of new works or of the staff to be employed.

In one essential respect the present Government propose to add to the project of their predecessors. They ask Parliament to give to the Executive a monopoly of telegraphs as they now have a monopoly of letter-carrying. To leave in the hands of any ingenious projectors the power of setting up rival lines between the most important towns, for the purpose of compelling the Government to buy them up on terms as favourable as those granted to the old Companies, would be simply to saddle the country with annual payments to a class of schemers who have had their day—and a very long day—and of whom society is heartily tired and a little ashamed. It is only because the work can be done better and more cheaply as a Government monopoly than in any other way that the scheme of buying up the telegraphs was ever justifiable. Once introduce Government action, and competition becomes absurd and mischievous. Instead of being a means of securing cheapness, as it is in all trades to which it is properly applicable, it becomes, in cases analogous to this of the telegraphs, a mere machinery for extorting money from the Government, or, in other words, from the taxpayer. It may be hoped that no prejudice against the term monopoly, odious as it is except when exercised by public officers for the public convenience, will prevent the Legislature from granting an exclusive authority which is absolutely necessary to the success of one of the most beneficial projects of administration which have been introduced since the great reform of the Penny Post.

GENIUS AND TEMPERAMENT.

TEMPERAMENT is one of those deceptive words which are used so often, and so easily, that professional and non-professional people alike come to regard them as clear and clearly understood, on the strength of their being accepted. Many a medical man, however, capable of scientific reflection, must laugh now and then in his sleeve as he recollects how glibly this term has rolled off his tongue. And his amusement may be doubled by recalling the air, not so much of faith as of satisfied intelligence, with which his patients received it. Yet temperament is, in reality, by no means an easy word to define, or an easy phenomenon to conceive with distinctness. For the word itself we are indebted to those physiological theories of "the humours" which prevailed so generally among early workers in the science of medicine. There is no point on which the ancient and mediæval physicians loved better to disport themselves than on this. Any reader of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* will recollect how much Galen, or Hercules de Saxoniâ, or Cardan, or Laurentius has to say on the subject. They write sometimes grotesquely and musingly, sometimes abstrusely, and often with a mixture of the two qualities. Even now, in common parlance, we perpetuate a memorial of their fourfold division of the humours and their operations, when we talk of temperament as being sanguine, choleric, lymphatic or phlegmatic, and bilious or melancholic. And a modified classification differing only slightly from this is familiar, not only to ordinary, but to scientific, phraseology.

Burton was an unsated consumer of all the transcendental physiology of the two or three centuries immediately preceding his own, and it would not be easy to mention a fuller repertory than his pages present of physical fancies concerning the nature of man. And, in turning over those pages, nothing perhaps strikes one more forcibly than the nearness to scientific truth which the old investigators often attained, while thinking and expressing themselves in an unscientific manner. On the question of temperament, as in so many other investigations, they were not entirely in the wrong, but were run away with by their own theories, and were unchecked by any adequate conception of what verification means, and of what is necessary to complete it. The theory of the

four humours, as stated by them, is obviously crude and unscientific; it is unscientific, that is, to classify so briefly and so rigidly the elemental bases of composition in human nature. But this theory is, nevertheless, a *nuance* of what is true—namely, that there are certain permanent physiological types, in one or more of which human nature asserts itself. These types are permanent that is to say, they are neither formed by habit nor superinduced by accident. Both habit and accident may occasion a change in a man's physiological characteristics, which may become settled and make him an altered man until his death. But a physiological condition so brought on is not temperament. The types of condition to which this name is given are congenital or connate, and continue in some degree of development throughout life. Temperament is also to be distinguished from the more strongly marked types of various ethnological origin. Ethnology may clearly be considered from the physiological side; but the types we are now talking of result from differences traceable between individuals of the same type, and have nothing to do with the wider differences, partly structural and partly physiological, which separate the Caucasian from the Mongol, and both from the Negro.

Temperament, then, so far as it is at present understood, may be defined to be a certain permanent connate condition, not of the brain and nervous system only, nor of the secretions only, nor of the tissues only, but of all these—of the entire physiological nature of a man. As we have already seen, there are certain distinct types of these conditions, subject, however, by constant intermingling, to endless modifications. None of the types, regarded by itself, presents any obstacle in the way of the attainment or preservation of complete health; though they are sufficiently distinct to predispose towards certain disorders, or *vice versa*, and render particular habits of diet, or exercise, or sleep innocuous in one subject and injurious in another. The chief external indications of difference are observable in the complexion and colour of the hair or eyes, in the gait and utterance, and in what may be called the whole of a man's dynamical side.

An inquiry into the probability or improbability of a connexion between temperament and the phenomena of genius could hardly fail to possess some interest. Any inquiry into the material conditions of the human mind has a direct claim on the attention, and the claim becomes stronger in proportion to the exactness with which such relations can be observed. A contemporary has recently produced some specimens of forthcoming researches into the hereditary transmission of genius. And, without hair-splitting on definitions of what genius is or is not, we may readily admit that any researches on its conditions and development are likely to be valuable, and those of transmission among the number. But the phenomena of temperament are capable of observation perhaps more minute and exact than it may be easy to apply to transmission. And, though nothing like an adequate inquiry could be attempted here, we may possibly say enough to indicate that such an inquiry might aid investigations into human intellect in its highest form.

The old physiologists were by no means without a creed as to the connexion between genius and temperament. They held that the presence of one temperament in particular was an essential concomitant of genius. The dogma contained in the words *Nullum magnum ingenium sine Melancholia* is, in one form or another, as old as Aristotle, if not as Hippocrates, who was in full practice in Athens during the Peloponnesian War. A close connexion between melancholy and madness was believed in by a great many of the mediæval doctors, between madness, that is, and the melancholic or bilious temperament, not *melancholia* in its modern technical usage, denoting simply a special form of insanity. And thus the well-known couplet

> Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide,

is in reality only an expansion of the physiological rule. Something may clearly be said in favour of the doctrine as it stands in its Latin dress. Genius, for example, very often (perhaps universally) involves an active and powerful imagination, or imaginative powers capable of being drawn out into activity; and an active imagination is often found associated with those physiological conditions which the mediæval writers understood by the word *melancholia*. And this brings on a distinction which will explain the position that seems to us most reasonably tenable on the question.

It is very probable that, in order to admit of the existence and exercise of the particular quality of mind which we call genius, there must exist also that power, or combination of powers, to which we give the name of imagination. But imagination is far from being always a predominant characteristic in men of genius. Sometimes the pure logical power is supreme, or the active tendencies in obedience to which a man of genius becomes a great engineer or a great explorer. Exactly the same differences, on a lower level, are observable in the lesser capacities to which the name of genius is not given. Differences of degree, temporary in their nature, and differences in kind, which are more permanent, may be traced even to the more evanescent physiological conditions due to habit or accident, and *à fortiori* to the more durable conditions of connate temperament. Is it, then, unreasonable to infer that, while that particular quality or degree of mental capacity or force, called genius, depends for its existence on the structure and condition of one particular organ, the brain, and not at all on temperament, yet the personal characteristics of temperament have power considerably to modify and direct the line of operation in which genius asserts itself? To take a tolerably familiar example. It would be erroneous to fix on the excessively delicate nervous organization of Shelley—a temperament which he had in common with men like Pope and Mozart—and to attribute his genius to that as its cause. But his temperament was very probably an active determining agent in directing his genius. A man with his intense and ungovernable, and at last fatal, passion for navigation, an occupation for which he was constitutionally and absolutely unfitted, would hardly have failed, had temperament rendered him more suited for such a life, to merge the poet in the traveller and the discoverer.

The doctrine that genius depends for its existence on the brain, and not on temperament, although temperament may operate to determine its direction in some degree, is confirmed by all the memorials of men of genius which, either in portraits or in biographical records, have been preserved to us. A walk through the Gallery of National Portraits recently exhibited at Kensington furnished an excellent opportunity for testing the truth of this. The wide differences in those personal characteristics which we have mentioned as indications of temperament, between men to whom all the world concurs in ascribing the renown of unquestioned genius, were very curious and remarkable to observe. The names of Pitt and Fox, Nelson and Wellington, Byron and Wordsworth, will be enough to indicate a score of similar instances.

If any further evidence were looked for in corroboration of the view which has been here stated, it might possibly be found in observations of the remarkable manner in which some men of genius have asserted themselves in sheer despite of a manifestly unfavourable temperament. This is a side of the question which deserves a fuller treatment than can be here given, but a couple of instances will explain our meaning. Dr Johnson frequently described to Boswell the overwhelming *vis inertiæ* under which he was constantly labouring. Any one who resembles Johnson in a distinctly developed bilious temperament will be able, whether he be a genius or not, to sympathize with him when he says that his habitual tendency, when any pressing work had to be done, was in the direction of doing nothing at all. Johnson, in living his life and doing his work, had to make his way by force of brain through this and a good deal more which he owed to temperament. The only other case which can now be mentioned is that of Cowper. The mental history of Cowper has yet to be fairly and fully written. There is no complete account of it that we are aware of, at once searching and scientific, and also free from unworthy and narrow-minded bias in estimating the influence of religion in his case. It is a subject altogether to which we should like to recur in detail. We will only say here that he presents the extraordinary spectacle of a man labouring through fifty years of life under the direct and increasing influence of a temperament which involved the utmost depression and distress; and obtaining afterwards, by the accidental inducement to exert his genuine and very remarkable power of brain, a considerable solace against the distressing influences in spite of which he exerted it.

A RUSTIC'S VOCABULARY.

IT is a curious question, and one not the less interesting that it can never be settled, with how few words a farm-labourer of the slower yet sufficiently ordinary type manages to express all he ever wants to say—all the needs, wishes, thoughts, hopes, and fears that occupy his mind; in short, what vocabulary is enough for his purposes. We specify the rustic, not because he is the dullest of men, but because, his business calling him to a solitary life, his thoughts express themselves in pictures. Town taciturnity comes either of stupidity or misanthropy, but it is otherwise with the rustic. The man who lives among horses, cows, and sheep, who gives the freshness of the day and of his powers to them, has not much need of eloquence and facility of speech; when he talks to them he need not choose his phrases. Some broad ideas must necessarily occupy him connected with the animals under his charge, their health, temper, docility, and the like; or with the furrow that his plough turns up, which must be straight; and these ideas in the mind of a good labourer are probably not so purely mechanical, so readily compatible with another train of thought—with a current of more conscious reflection—as manual occupation becomes to educated persons. He is actually thinking of straightness all the time the furrow is in making; he is observing the cattle under his charge, and probably knows all the more about them for ruminating over his observations. But he is not thinking in words. He eats his dinner under the hedge in silence; and when he returns home his wife does not expect him to be chatty. Farm-labourers are not apt to trust or confide in one another; slow jealousies, which only find expression when they have had too much beer, are the rule among them. If they are ill, the wife answers for them to the doctor and the parson. Of course there is a more loquacious type. There is the labourer who, if he takes up religion, preaches in the Methodist chapel; or, if his turn lies in politics, harangues a chosen circle at the public-house or village street-corner. But the rustic is commonly a listener, perhaps more properly a lazy recipient of sounds. When he rests, he rests altogether. He likes to have his ears tickled, feeling an inner content and superiority all the while in his own capacity for silence; his forte lies elsewhere—

> Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue.

We may understand how few words are enough for his purposes when we note what a task is often assigned to individual words

by all the world about him. Every county and neighbourhood has its own modes of expressing universal ideas—such as health, disease, death, talk, comfort, food, and the like. We may observe that some accident of these leading ideas is generally preferred as their symbol rather than a word expressing the thing itself. Thus death is, in whole districts, recognised solely through the accident of burial. A man is not dead, but he is buried; he has not lost his wife, but he has buried her. This is a less complex idea than any of the other incidents of dissolution. As death in the houses of the poor demands the immediate bustling activity of all who are nearest and dearest to the deceased, this dismal necessity and imperative expense presses itself on forethought and memory beyond the many-voiced expression of feeling and bereavement. Certain it is that any one in the class of which we speak who includes "dying" and "death" in his vocabulary is exceptionally civilized. A young mother new to this form was in the habit of calling at the house of a poor neighbour. It happened between her periodical visits that she had had to put on mourning. The good woman on opening her door bestowed a moment's stare on her visitor, and then startled her with the abrupt inquiry, "Have you buried one of *your* children?" The same material view of death leads to a common periphrasis with the same bearing. Old people look forward to their decease solely in its funereal aspect. In their last illness, while mistrusting the parish doctor, whose duty to the guardians they believe to clash with their own private interest, they send for him because of some imagined difficulty of "getting into the ground" without his certificate. Between these two formulæ of order and respectability all the eloquence and passion of grief is left to be understood.

Another word has, from its convenience and large application, grown from slang into grave acceptance. We apologize for the word *jaw*, but its uses are too apt an illustration of our subject to be passed over. Representing at first excess of speech, it stands in some minds for all speech and their appreciation of what it is worth. "We have had enough of jaw," says the collier in *Felix Holt* of the eloquent Radical orator, whose flattering periods he had approved as far as he could approve any talk, but who found whatever required attention a bore. It stands also for every form of remonstrance and reproof; whether uttered in the thundering tones of an angry farmer, the anxious warning of the parson, the tender pleading of the fair and refined squire's daughter to her girls' class, it is all alike jaw. "He jawed me." "She jawed me." "I jawed him." All the colouring is lost; there are not words for it. A disagreeable infliction is all that finds expression. Again, with the same people any scene of festivity, whatever its nature, if eating is a part of it, is a Do; the fact that there is something to be done saves the trouble of definition. Every plant that grows in a flower-pot is with them a tree. And qualities meet with the same broad classification; whatever their shades and gradations, the word in vogue does for them all. Thus largeness is in some districts represented poetically enough by the one image of vastness, the ocean. A carpenter criticizes an unwieldy piece of work as "oceanly big enough." Whatever is more than enough is "oceans."

In some circles all that is agreeable or successful is expressed by "comfortable"; all that is moving or pathetic, by "cutting." Each man selects some one epithet in harmony with his own temperament to express approval. With one it may be "pride" and "proud" as the one quality to be admired in man or beast. Another finds "tidy" of as universal application. Animation in man, woman, or child is being "fierce"; to be engaging and affable is invariably to be "free." With one all puzzle and dilemma is being "stagnated," while "odd" includes all that many have to say on all varieties of temper, character, and circumstances. Some ideas must always go hand in hand, however incongruous the assimilation. Thus health and enjoyment; "She enjoys very bad health," "He j'ys fits." Who is not familiar with the phrase, constantly to be heard in passing any two persons of this class in earnest conversation, "So I says," or "So I says, says I," without which it is impossible for many to introduce anything peculiarly personal and their own. Not that all this rude generalization implies any approach to rashness. On the contrary, no one is more guarded than the rustic in expressing his opinion, especially on matters of which he is cognizant. "Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Ben," says the host of the Rainbow, insinuating a compliment. "And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John," answers the butcher in acquiescence. A favourite plum tree is disfigured with blight; the village authority is asked if it will taint the fruit. "Well," is the careful reply, "it won't do it much good." And this from an inaptitude to express shades, chances, possibilities. Thus the rustic has no choice between excess and pure negation.

Under this system we see that a few hundred words will go far. Not that it is easy to arrive at any conclusion. One lays the [illegible]

[illegible] bulary of two hundred and sixty words or thereabouts. And there is not one word that a man of the class supposed would not be familiar with if he was able to tell a story at all, which, however, many are not. Forcible and strong-minded as the Farmer is, he never touches on the abstract or leaves the line of his own action. His view of the clerical work and office apart from tithes is comprised in his reference to the weekly sermon:—

> I never knaw'd whot a mean'd but I thowt a'ad summut to saay,
> An I thowt a said whot a owt to a said an I comed awaay.

His contempt for his parson's learning is conveyed in an indifference to new ideas which is one cause of many a limited vocabulary:—

> Larn'd a ma' bē. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.

Supply him further with the technical terms of his calling, and we see this "Stubber of Thornaby Waste" could get along pretty well with just the words he uses to tell his tale, and never stop from a conscious difficulty in expressing himself. This is a perplexity much more vexing to women, who, because they want more words, will have them. The talking of the family is done by them; they have more varied intercourse, and they have much more need of talking for talking's sake. Also they have much less shyness in making experimental essays. It is surprising to what new uses a clever woman of this class will bend some word whose sound she has accidentally caught. We know that Hindoo ladies speak a dialect differing from their lords' in its more prolonged and liquid terminations, and something of the sort is to be observed among our rustics. There are phrases borrowed from a more intellectual source in use among the women alone. Thus a mother will point out a sickly girl as the most "casalty" of her children—a term too fine and suggestive for her husband's use. "Maximum" is another bit of feminine finery for the superlative. A ploughman will rarely struggle for expression. If he has not words to say it in, it never occurs to him that he has anything to say. He speaks in enigmas which ask an interpreter; as Mr. Trollope's brickmaker with his mysterious dictum "Dogged will do't," or Mr. Dickens's carrier with his standing proposal of marriage, "Barkis is ready." But his wife will struggle for fit utterance—a struggle issuing in singular verbal contortions, out of which she often succeeds in raising a very definite image. Thus an untaught woman wishes to convey her reverent admiration of a lady of rank married to a Dean, and conforming look and manner to her husband's calling; which she does by jumbling physical and moral qualities in strange antithesis. "A beautiful plain creature, so humble and genteel! Splendidly neat. While her maid," she adds, in intuitive knowledge of the effect of contrast, "so standing out she could hardly hold her parasol." In fact, a word is never allowed to lie idle in a woman's head from the accident of her not knowing its exact meaning. A man needs precedent for its use; she is guided by sound. She feels that it is good for something, may set off a plain tale, and gain her a hearing from her betters, as it certainly gives her importance among her equals, qualifying her as an emissary on all weighty or knotty occasions. A good woman thus endowed is commissioned to report the death of a neighbour; her taste keeps her clear of the vulgar treatment of the occasion; she is select in her terms. "Paul Johnson has departed this life. He has departed this life, but we have not broached the matter yet to the old lady (his bed-ridden wife) because it would put her about."

The fact of a small vocabulary does not necessarily imply a mean understanding, but only that thought is in abeyance till the impulse comes. There may be wit in the clod's head, "but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint which will not show without knocking." And stirring times perform the miracle; a wonder which set Fuller marvelling in his day. "It seemeth marvellous to me," he says, "that many mechanics (few able to read, and fewer to write their names), turning soldiers and captains in our wars, should be so soon so much improved; they seem to me to have commenced *per saltum* in their understandings. I profess, without flouting or flattery, I have much admired with what facility and fluentness, how pertinently and properly, they have expressed themselves in language which they were never born nor bred to, but have industriously acquired by talking with their betters." From which perhaps we may learn never to despise a man for his few words, if he uses and applies what he has with [illegible]

THE FREE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

NO two men could well be more unlike each other in many respects than Dr. Davidson and Mr. Voysey. The former is the leading representative of the extreme, or, as most of his brethren would call it, the Rationalistic school among English Nonconformists; he is a man of high character and abilities, and one of the first Biblical scholars of the day. Probably Dr. Colenso owes to him nine-tenths of the discoveries supposed to be suggested by the comments of the intelligent Zulu, nor is there anything in his position to debar him from the fullest and freest utterance of his convictions on religious subjects. Mr. Voysey is also what is called an extreme Rationalist, probably indeed much more extreme than Dr. Davidson, who implies not obscurely that his criticisms are as shallow as they are offensive. But he is at all events very unlike Dr. Davidson in all other points. He is the beneficed minister of an Established Church, with a Liturgy and Articles which all its clergy subscribe to; and he is a man wholly unknown to fame except for his grotesque eccentricities and inordinate conceit. Little as can be the sympathy between the author of some of the most learned works on Biblical criticism [in] our language and the doughty champion, B.A. of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Vicar of Healaugh, who slings his weekly budget of stones at the head of the orthodox Goliath—in other words, at the creeds of his Church and the belief of "the vast [m]ajority of professing Christians"—it is all the more generous [in] the great Nonconformist to come to the rescue of his (to borrow

Mr. Bright's convenient formula) "not very wise" Anglican brother. Dean Stanley's championship was intelligible enough, though neither can he feel much admiration for the spirit or the substance of the arithmetical puzzles about the Resurrection or the Pentateuch which are doled out Sunday by Sunday to the gaping rustics of Healaugh. A certain feeling of *proximus ardet* may make even Broad Churchmen of name and position unwilling to see Mr. Voysey put into the Courts, especially as the history of the Church Association has proved clearly enough that, as the French say, *l'appétit vient en mangeant* in the matter of ecclesiastical prosecutions. Dr. Davidson is, however, wholly disinterested in deprecating the prosecution of Mr. Voysey. His letter to the *Daily News* on the subject contains much that is sensible, if it is not very new; and in suggesting the danger of "bringing into prominence certain delicate and difficult questions about which the minds of thinking men are more or less disturbed," he will no doubt find many of his readers to agree with him. If he had merely urged, as we ourselves ventured to urge on a former occasion, that Mr. Voysey and his theories might well be left alone on the obvious principle *De minimis non curat lex*, we should have no particular observation to make on his advice, except that it comes too late to be acted upon. But he has in fact opened a very much wider question than this. And we must confess that, with every respect for the writer and for the chivalrous sentiment which has led him to come forward in defence of a feeble advocate of an unpopular cause, and of what he considers the true interests of a Church to which he does not himself belong, we are somewhat perplexed at the line of argument he has adopted. It divides itself into two branches, though the two get a little intermingled now and then—first, as to the proper course to be pursued in the actual Church of England, and secondly, as to what the Church ought to become in the future. We have a few words to say on both points.

Dr. Davidson expresses his regret that the Archbishop of York has allowed himself to be influenced against his own better judgment to prosecute Mr. Voysey, not because Mr. Voysey is no worth the notice he seems so ambitious of securing, but because "all such prosecutions injure a Church"—that is, we presume, all prosecutions of its ministers for heterodox teaching. Now this certainly appears to us rather a startling proposition. We will assume, for argument's sake, that Dr. Davidson's client "has contravened the teaching of the Prayer-book, and the Articles of Religion to which he has subscribed" Now, without at all pronouncing on the wisdom of this particular prosecution, or attempting to prejudge the legal merits of the case which will come for decision before the Ecclesiastical Courts, it does appear to us obvious that if you are to have an Established Church at all there must be a line drawn somewhere. This is not a question of doctrine, but of ordinary convenience and common sense. Either there are, or there are not, a certain number of religious doctrines, be they many or few, which a large number of persons are sufficiently agreed upon to form a working basis for corporate action. If there are, then these doctrines, or some of them, may form the basis for an Established Church; if not, an Established Church becomes at once an absurdity and an impertinence. And there can be no doubt that the Church of England is in fact based on the former assumption. We are not arguing now about the objective truth or falsehood of these doctrines—to use the German phrase—but simply about their subjective acceptance. The Bishop of Oxford suggested the other day that Romanism is a good enough religion to be endowed, under the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, but not good enough to be established. That is quite another matter. Romanism, or Anglicanism, or Lutheranism, if tested by their respective formularies, are quite definite enough to be established, and that is our present point. But a system of which Mr. Voysey and Dr. Pusey are equally the authorized exponents is not definite enough for the basis of an Establishment. Bishop Hinds published a pamphlet last year, in which he insisted that a clergyman who should become conscientiously convinced that there is no God would not only not be bound to give up his living, but would be bound in conscience to keep it, and preach atheism from the pulpit. It is difficult to understand how he could reconcile this conscientious obligation with his signature of the Thirty-nine Articles. But, waiving that point, it is at least as difficult to see how an Established Church could hold together on Bishop Hinds' theory, and what possible use it would be to anybody if it could. It is quite an intelligible view that nothing certain can be known in religious matters, and that such hazy and approximate views of probable truth as are attainable in this sublunary state are most likely to be attained by leaving every one to excogitate and expound to his neighbours what seems to him true, whether in accordance with the Bible, or in opposition to it. This, we presume, is the principle of the Secularist lecturers who deliver their testimony against Christianity every Sunday in many of our large towns. Only it is not, and never can become, the principle of an Established Church. What is the use or the sense of erecting and endowing a vast clerical organization in order that its individual members may propound from twenty thousand pulpits their individual opinions, ranging from Ultramontanism to atheism? They could do that just as well, if they pleased, without belonging to an organized hierarchy, and it is nobody's interest to make them do it unless they please. If the Apostles' Creed, or the Thirty-nine Articles, or the decrees of Trent, contain important truths which it is for the interest of mankind "to know and believe to their souls' health," nothing can be more natural than to make provision for the regular teaching of these salutary doctrines by a ministry endowed and commissioned for that purpose. But nothing surely can be more unnatural than to pay and commission a body of teachers to inform men that there are no doctrines to be taught, or at least to give them the practical assurance that there are so many contradictory doctrines as to make the acceptance of any a superfluity, if not a mistake. Professor Huxley may be right in saying that the most rational form of worship is "of a kind chiefly silent, at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable." But he would, we are sure, admit that it need not be performed in Church.

We have purposely dealt rather with the abstract aspects of Dr. Davidson's theory than with its applicability to the existing condition of the Anglican Church, because we do not desire to meddle with the merits of this or that particular case of alleged heresy. At the same time it seems to us, as we have already intimated, too obvious to require a word of argument that his theory is in flat contradiction to the principle on which the Church is constituted, and upon which all its existing arrangements and machinery depend. But it is of course quite open, especially to an outsider, to suggest that a radical change in these principles would be very advantageous. And this is just what Dr. Davidson does suggest. He says that, were he a dignitary of the Church of England, he should try to get her widened and made more national. A national Church should be co-extensive with the nation, and "Anglican Archbishops and Bishops might be more usefully employed in striving to bring about such changes in the creeds and articles as would bring the Church nearer the Catholic ideal which thoughtful, learned, and scientific men approve." And he thinks that if the Church were thus "liberalized," the various Dissenting bodies would be gradually absorbed into it. Every one will of course admit that, if a national Church is a good thing, it is highly desirable that it should be co-extensive with the nation, and that an Established Church cannot be consistently upheld at all unless it is in some sense co-extensive with the nation. Even the champions of the Irish Establishment would hardly have ventured to recommend its formation if it did not exist already. But to say that it is very desirable for a national Church to be co-extensive with the nation, and to say that it must be made wide enough to include every variety of belief or disbelief which is to be found in the nation, are two very different propositions. If you can get the whole nation to accept the same creed, as in the middle ages, no doubt a number of political as well as religious perplexities are got rid of. But if you can't, and still want to have a national Church, the only alternative seems to be to take for its basis that creed which the majority of the nation hold to be the true

We have said something before of the abstract absurdity of an Established Church with no creed. But Dr. Davidson—who, although a Dissenter, avows his decided preference for a State Church "having a very short creed and a most Catholic spirit"—takes practical ground for advocating the "widening" of the English Church. It would bring her nearer to the ideal approved by thoughtful, learned, and scientific men; it would relieve bishops from the task of prosecuting reputed heretics, and it would undermine the power of Dissent by absorbing Nonconformists into the "liberalized" Church of the future. Whether or not any modification of the Anglican formularies would be desirable, we need not here discuss. There is more than one party within her pale who would like to see them modified in their own sense, which is a very different one from Dr. Davidson's. One large school, for instance, would like to see "the Catholic ideal" better realized in another sense of the word "Catholic" than his. But it is clear, at first blush, that a change in the creeds and articles which is to relieve bishops altogether from the task of prosecuting alleged heretics, by leaving no standard to discriminate heretical from orthodox doctrine, must be a very considerable change indeed. Dr. Davidson thinks it would improve the religious "ideal" of the Church of England. For argument's sake let us suppose it would. But on one point we must venture respectfully, but very decidedly, to differ from him. It would never work. It is the besetting temptation of all persons of pronounced views—and men of more than average ability are especially subject to it to imagine that everybody sees, or would soon be brought to see, what is clear to themselves. It may be quite true that a Church with "a very short creed," or with no creed at all, would come nearer to the ideal of that section of thoughtful, learned, and scientific men whom the writer is thinking of. What he forgets is that, even among educated men, they are a small minority, and among the bulk of the members of any religious communion so small a minority as hardly to count at all. There are many men, whom he would not deny to be thoughtful and learned, whose views are of a most strongly opposite kind, and who would be more surely alienated than his scientific friends would be attracted by a creedless Church. And there are an immense number who are neither very thoughtful nor very learned, both among Anglicans and Dissenters, who would recoil with devout horror from the sort of national religion he is prepared to offer them. It is not too much to say that by the time Voyseyism had become a recognised and orthodox form of opinion in the Established Church, all articles or creeds which seem to condemn it being duly expurgated or annulled, the whole High Church, and the whole Evangelical party, with the exception perhaps of a few not very creditable stragglers who could not tear themselves from the fleshpots of Egypt, would have retired, shaking off the dust of their feet, from the apostate city. And we are very much mistaken

indeed if "the orthodox Dissenters," who are the overwhelming majority of Nonconformists, would come in to take their place. It may of course be replied that old dogmatic prejudices are dying out, that the world is growing wiser and more liberal in its belief, and advancing daily, to use Dr. Davidson's language, in the path of "true religion and the promotion of rational liberty." It may be so. But long before his Catholic ideal of a creedless or almost creedless faith has been reached, the day of Established Churches will have passed away. It seems doubtful in any case whether it will last much longer. Disestablishment in Ireland has given a blow to the principle, and in a somewhat different way it is weakened by the recurrence of such cases as the St. Albans or Voysey prosecution. We quite agree with Dr. Davidson that there is a great deal to be said for Established as opposed to Voluntary Churches, and that, up to a certain point, they afford a valuable guarantee for religious freedom. But there is a point beyond which freedom cannot be pushed without merging into anarchy, and disintegrating the whole system. How nearly that point has already been reached in the Church of England we will not undertake to say, but that her fabric will not bear many more such rough experiments as we have witnessed of late seems clear enough.

IDEALISTS.

We have received a little publication conducted by an association of (as we presume) very young persons who propose to put everything to rights in the world. The weakness is so common at the present moment that it amounts almost to an epidemic. Every clever young man finds some sort of philosopher's stone once in his life, though it does not appear that the genuine article has as yet turned up. No one can deny that it would be remarkably convenient at the present time; we have evils enough, in existence and in prospect, for which it would be very agreeable to find an infallible specific. A large part of our population has not enough food, or clothes, or fire; a still larger part is scandalously ignorant and stupid; there is a great deal of ill-feeling between classes and nations; many religious and political controversies are still awaiting a satisfactory conclusion; and the position of woman is far from definitely settled. If any association will apply a satisfactory remedy to these and a few other troubles, we can promise them the gratitude of the *Saturday Review*; and they may perhaps receive other rewards, which would help to compensate them for their trouble. Of course no one can positively say beforehand what specific is likely to be the most effective. Perhaps everything will be in the right train when we have vote by ballot, female suffrage, and Mr. Hare's scheme of representation. The latest prophets, however, look upon such mechanical measures with a certain disdain; they perceive that we require a renewed spirit, rather than a mere change of social machinery; and, soaring far above the petty views of utilitarian reformers, they are going to convert us all by what they are pleased to call Idealism. The name, it is true, is somewhat of the vaguest, but a more precise intimation of their intentions may possibly be gained from the title they have assumed. They call themselves the Carlyle and Emerson Association; and the cover of their journal is embellished with mottoes from these writers, and from Mr. Ruskin and Mrs. Browning. Further, we are informed by advertisement that admirers of "Emerson, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, &c." are invited to join their propaganda. We confess that this connexion of names is rather puzzling. We will not doubt that each of the three gentlemen named has a certain respect for the colleagues with whom he has been arbitrarily joined. And yet we should advise our Idealist friends to inquire a little more carefully into the harmony of opinions between their three prophets. We can indeed see one point of similarity. They tell us that Mr. Carlyle is "the modern Jeremiah," and we know that Mr. Matthew Arnold, although he was unkind enough to protest against the title, was described by the *Daily Telegraph* as an elegant Jeremiah. We may therefore guess that the mysterious "&c." appended to the three great names is intended for persons who take the cheerful view of modern society indicated by the proverbial use of the Hebrew prophet's name, and perhaps, judging from the general spirit of their publication, we should not be far wrong in describing them as the genial Jeremiahs. Their tone is one of denunciation, tempered by that amiable and gushing condescension which youthful reformers are apt to feel for their elders. They see that everybody, except themselves, is grossly ignorant, perverse, and cynical; but we are happy to say that they love us in spite of our faults, and that their awful warnings are softened to our capacities by plentiful gushes of unctuous philanthropy. Take an ordinary tract; cut out the scriptural phraseology and quotations of texts; and substitute for them undigested masses of Carlylese, softened by an occasional infusion of Ruskin, Emerson, and Browning, and you will obtain a fair notion of the style of the genial Jeremiahs. Mr. Matthew Arnold's influence is not so perceptible, probably because Mr. Arnold writes English—a language to which they have a strong and pardonable aversion. The whole charm of their preaching would disappear if it was intelligible to the vulgar. They have indeed so far condescended to the ordinary level of mankind that their organ has hitherto contained two "serial tales." One of these, however, will in future be replaced by "analyses of the works and principles of Carlyle, Emerson," and the mysterious "&c.," for whom we might perhaps venture to substitute the great name of Tupper; whilst the other, so far as we have glanced at it, consists of tremendous conversations between two philosophers as to the moral and spiritual regeneration of the age. It is only when the necessities of space or the severe strain upon the reader's intellect render an interruption necessary that one of the interlocutors judiciously, though *à propos* of nothing, calls to mind a business engagement that "compels his return to the town." The main staple of the *Idealist*, however, consists in rhapsodies about poetry, religion, the future of women, and so on, which are quite worthy of the lofty aspirations of the contributor. We may add that the Carlyle and Emerson Association, which for some mystic reason seems also to describe itself as the "T. D. Society," is about to hold a competition for the "Laureateship." We shall look forwards with pleasure to the great work in which the coming poet will embody the deepest thoughts of the age.

What are we to say to this latest manifestation of the reforming spirit? To laugh would be wrong; and indeed we are touchingly reminded, by a quotation from Mr. Ruskin placed on a conspicuous part of the cover, that "the chief bar to the action of the imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest and sarcasm and jeer!" It may be so; and yet we have not the slightest doubt that our young friends would be delighted if we ventured to smile at them, and would rejoice greatly in the belief that they were undergoing even a very harmless persecution. It is, indeed, a decided misfortune for reformers in this age that persecution has gone so much out of fashion. They cannot even be put in the pillory, and the feeble shafts of satire which may be aimed against them are at most sufficient to give them a pleasant tickling, and enable them to wrap themselves a little more emphatically in the sense of their own virtue and wisdom. As, however, they profess to desire it, we will endeavour to treat them seriously for a moment. We cannot, indeed, profess to argue with persons of such exalted temperament; they move in a sublime region far above the reach of our humble modes of argument; and to fight with persons who have so lofty a scorn for intelligible but vulgar details is like beating a cloud with a walking-stick. But we may ask, what is the tendency which they represent, and what principle has governed their singular selection of prophets? The answers to these questions are closely connected. People who are about to reform the world have a strong propensity to the high *à priori* mode of reasoning; they like to rely upon their instincts and intuitions, and not to be bothered by practical details; and they wish consequently to represent themselves as a select body with exclusive possession of a certain inward light not vouchsafed to the common herd. Mr. Matthew Arnold has done them an immense service in popularizing the name of Philistine. The use of that word is a compendious mode of expressing the opinion of the speaker that the great mass of mankind, and especially of Englishmen, are fools, and that he possesses an exceptional sensibility to the true relations of things in this world. He is, in short, one of the children of light, whilst we are all hopelessly grovelling with our limited powers of vision amongst the barren, meaningless objects of party strife. Whilst the Philistine is troubled with the Irish Church and marriage with a deceased wife's sister, he is able to preach warmly about "sweetness and light," and to indulge in a contemptuous smile at our wretched quarrelling about matters uninteresting to the higher intellect. Mr. Carlyle's preaching is attractive for a similar reason. It is his fundamental doctrine that the world is divided into two classes—a very small one with eyes, and a very large one of purblind people, who, if they were well advised, would submissively follow the teaching of the genuine seers. Mr. Carlyle is more of a poet than of a philosopher, and this view of things is favourable to his peculiar system of *chiaroscuro*. He is able to bring out his heroes in brilliant relief against the gloomy masses of ignorance and darkness in the background. As a rule, he instinctively avoids gross absurdities, because he possesses a sense of humour as exceptional as his powers of imagination. Unluckily most of those who attempt to follow him are totally devoid of this necessary safeguard, and the consequence is that of all the dialects known to mankind none is more utterly wearisome and ridiculous than that of his imitators. It is always rash to imitate a mannerism, which is only natural to its inventor; but Mr. Carlyle's mannerism is specially dangerous, because it can be saved from absurdity only by that inimitable humour in which his followers are so conspicuously deficient.

We rather wonder that more of our juvenile reformers do not belong to a school which gives them such a chance of using their sense of superiority. To possess a power of intuitive insight into the realities and the essences of things must be so very charming that it is singular that more people do not satisfy themselves that they possess it. And it is easy enough for a loose-minded reasoner to temper it by a little of Mr. Matthew Arnold's amiable contempt for his countrymen, or by a few outbursts of Ruskinian rhetoric. Our Idealists have the merit of seeing the chance which is thus offered to the reformers of mankind for adopting a position of inaccessible superiority. With a little Emersonian philosophy they can raise so thick a cloud about them that all ordinary persons must confess their incapacity to follow them. To be supernaturally knowing, perfectly unintelligible, and incredibly dogmatic, is to occupy one of the most eligible positions in which the prophet of a new school can place himself. Perhaps the appearance of an *Idealist* may be a symptom that we are about to enter upon an era of this variety of preaching in place of the rather dismal politico-economical and statistical philosophy to which we have been lately accustomed. People who are not very wise have sometimes an instinct

to tell them what is likely to be fashionable for the next few years. We think, however, on the whole, that a simpler explanation is more probable, and that the *Idealist* is a forewarning of nothing except of the very obvious fact that wisdom is not yet, and is not within any very short time likely to be, universal.

THE GRENVILLE MURRAY SCANDAL AND RIOT.

WE shall try—whether the attempt will succeed is another matter—to pick out of the confused muddle and entanglement of the great Grenville Murray case some of the facts. Always assuming that there are any facts, for the rough-and-tumble and free fight, as they call the riot, which put the Themis of Marlborough Street—though Mr. D'Eyncourt is not exactly a goddess, except perhaps as regards what seems rather like feminine timidity—to flight, seems to run through the whole of this very queer and confused matter. First of all we have to say that it is ascertained that there is such a journal as the *Queen's Messenger*, and, we regret to add, that the last week's history of its concerns, internal and external, must have had a beneficial extent on the previous, and we are glad to think somewhat limited, circulation of its very foul and offensive contents. Twenty-five numbers of the *Queen's Messenger* are in existence. There, by the way, we are wrong; for what ought to have been the *Queen's Messenger*, No. 21, came out as the "*Plain Speaker*, No. 1, conducted by the late writers of the *Queen's Messenger*," and published on June 10. However, on June 17, at least with that date, appeared the *Queen's Messenger*, No. 22, prefaced with "an Explanatory Word" which explains something, but what that something is we have not the slightest conception. "To those familiar with the manner in which Government Departments now influence the press, we need offer no explanation of the delay which has unavoidably occurred in the publication of No. 21 of the *Queen's Messenger*, or of its temporary changes of name; and we beg to refer those who are not yet properly informed on this curious subject to the details of Lord Clarendon's administration of Ireland between May 26, 1847, and February 28, 1852." Having no experience of any Government interference with the press, and not having the slightest curiosity to overhaul all that Lord Clarendon did in Ireland for five years, and those five years beginning twelve years ago, we accepted this stupendous riddle propounded by the *Queen's Messenger*, and left it in all its superb but worthless mystery. The *Queen's Messenger*, No 21, or *Plain Speaker*, No 1, seemed much like the three or four other *Queen's Messengers* we had chanced to see. They were all very disgusting and disgraceful publications, especially No. 7, which contained an article entitled the "Duke of Fairbrother." This offensive libel seems to have been the first of a string of personal attacks on the private life and behaviour of a long array of noblemen, headed "Our Hereditary Legislators," of which No xvi is before us. But upon looking carefully into the contents of the *Queen's Messenger*, this Portrait Gallery seems to have been an afterthought—a sort of coarse pepper and titillating condiment to give flavour to what was otherwise a tissue of the dullest and stupidest attacks on the Foreign Office. The *raison d'etre* of the *Queen's Messenger*, as far as we can make it out, seems to have been to abuse Mr. Bidwell of the Foreign Office in particular, and everybody connected with the Foreign Office in general—more especially in connexion with the life and services of one Mr Grenville Murray, formerly Consul-General for the Russian ports in the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. In 1868 this Mr Grenville Murray was dismissed from his office by Lord Stanley. Against this dismissal Mr. Grenville Murray appealed to Lord Clarendon, but on the 4th of March, after having on the 13th of January declined to interfere with Lord Stanley's decision, Lord Clarendon also declined any further correspondence with Mr. Grenville Murray. The whole story of Mr. Grenville Murray's alleged wrongs is to be found in an official blue-book lately published. Reckoning backward we find that No. 1 of the *Queen's Messenger* must have appeared on January 21, exactly one week after Mr. Grenville Murray's final dismissal. We are, therefore, led by this noticeable coincidence to the unavoidable conclusion that Mr. Grenville Murray, alleging that he had suffered grievous wrong from Mr. Bidwell of the Foreign Office, ending in his dismissal, must have had something to do with the establishment and working of the *Queen's Messenger*, which week after week contained whole columns of abuse of Mr. Bidwell, of his family and connexions, and everything about him, his friends, colleagues, income, and personal character. Some very minute philosophers of a very inquisitive turn of mind may have noticed that when the *Queen's Messenger* did not quite know whether it was the *Queen's Messenger* or the *Plain Speaker*, the printer, and also the publisher, of this curious journal was changed. The relevancy of this fact will be seen as the narrative goes on; especially as the names of Ranken and Hughes, the original printer and publisher, were mentioned at Marlborough Street.

Now this is all that we know about the *Queen's Messenger*; and this is a good deal more than we suspect our readers know. On the very first week of its renewed life—namely, on June 17, the *Queen's Messenger*, No. 22, Antæus like, having regained new life from its contact with the earth, which must have been very muddy—published one of its fancy portraits, "Bob Conchington, Lord Jarvey." There can be no more question that this article referred to the present Lord Carington, than that in the last century Jemmy Twitcher meant Lord Sandwich, or that the forgotten satirist or parodist who talked about Wordswords and Mouthey meant Wordsworth and Southey. We shall not say a word about the contents of this execrable article, except to say that it not only libelled the present Lord Carington, but raked up all sorts of fables about his father, and abused the Carington family up to their remotest ancestry. Whereupon the present Lord Carington, having or thinking that he had sufficient proof that Mr. Grenville Murray wrote or was privy to the writing of this article, caned him or assaulted him on his hat on the steps of the Conservative Club.

This assault, which was a very foolish proceeding even on the part of a Guardsman under thirty years of age, led at once to two things, a communication between the solicitors of Mr. Grenville Murray and Lord Carington, and a communication between the Secretary of the Conservative Club and Mr. Grenville Murray. Lord Carington declined to express any regret for the assault, because it was committed "in the full belief that Mr. Grenville Murray had made a most infamous attack on his father and family," and because Mr. Murray's "connexion with the *Queen's Messenger* was a matter of public notoriety, and admits of the clearest proof." Mr. Murray, writing to his solicitor, declares that he "never wrote one line concerning Lord Carington or any member of his family," and denies that he is "either editor or proprietor of any newspaper whatever." Addressing the Club Secretary, Mr. Murray repeats this denial, and refers obscurely to the authenticity of certain alleged proofs of his authorship, contained in what he calls fabricated documents, used at the instigation of a Mr. Newman, a member of the Club and legal adviser of Mr. Bidwell, Mr. Murray's inveterate foe.

On Wednesday another act of this strange drama was played at the Marlborough Street Police Court. Lord Carington was charged, first with a common assault, and next with provoking Mr. Grenville Murray to fight a duel. The two charges were muddled up, but the first ought not to have occupied five minutes. It was on the second charge that the struggle took place. As far as we can make out from the various newspaper reports—that of the *Times*, by the way, being the most meagre and unintelligible—there was a conflict of evidence on this last point; Mr Grenville Murray swearing that Lord Carington after the assault said, "You know where to find me," a conventional expression inviting a conference on Putney Heath, whereas the Club porter swears that Lord Carington's expression was, "If you wish to proceed against me, you will know where to find me," which only meant an invitation to the Police Court. We suppose, but we are by no means sure, that it was on this supposed contradiction as to what Lord Carington said that his lawyer at Marlborough Street pronounced summarily that Mr. Murray's "account of this transaction"—namely, the assault—was "wholly untrue," which it is very difficult to see how it could be. It was, therefore, by way of sustaining the particular allegation that Mr. Grenville Murray's account of what occurred at the Club was "wholly untrue," that his cross-examination was conducted with a view of showing his general unveracity, especially in connexion with his denial of the authorship of articles in the *Queen's Messenger*. The cross-examination could only have had this object, and has only this justification; for the assault, the only really important matter in hand, was not denied.

The result of the cross-examination briefly stated is this:—that Mr. Grenville Murray swears that neither directly nor indirectly was he privy to, or a party to, the writing or publication of the article on Lord Carington, nor was he aware of the intention to publish it. He does admit that he has contributed articles to the *Queen's Messenger*; that his son was the registered proprietor of the *Queen's Messenger*: that he and his son, till very recently, lived together; that, in consequence of an accident to his right forefinger, "he wrote so many different hands," that "he could not remember what he wrote." The rest of the cross-examination was directed to the alleged authorship of a vast mass of articles which had appeared in the *Queen's Messenger*, and which Lord Carington's advisers attempted, not very successfully, to get Mr Grenville Murray to acknowledge, but which allegation Mr. Grenville Murray met by declining to commit himself on any point not immediately before the Court; that is, he would say nothing except about the article on Lord Carington, and complaining that the "copy" or corrected proof of the said articles actually produced in Court by Mr. Newman had been stolen from the office or custody of the proprietors of the *Queen's Messenger*.

Now we frankly own that we have little sympathy with Mr. Grenville Murray, except to say that he ought to have the protection of the law, and undoubtedly the law was broken by Lord Carington's assault on him. Mr. Grenville Murray combines the qualifications of a random talker when he said, or allowed it to be said for him, that he wrote articles in the *Times*, which the *Times* says he did not; and of a very reckless and careless inventor of facts, as when he asserts what he did assert about the proprietorship of the *Saturday Review*—a matter which was very ungermane to the scene at the Club. And there can be no doubt that, as he has contributed to the *Queen's Messenger*, and as it would be hard to find a single creditable article in the *Queen's Messenger*, the inference is tolerably plain that he has written some very objectionable matter, probably about his own wrongs, and about the sins and iniquities, as he considers them, of the Foreign Office and of Mr. Bidwell, although it is quite possible that he did not write the libels on Lord Carington and the peerage.

To sum up:—Lord Carington has ample and just cause of complaint against the *Queen's Messenger*; but it may be that in attacking

Mr. Murray he has got hold of the wrong man. We do not say that this is so, because Mr. Murray's styles of handwriting are so peculiar that they may affect his memory as to the substance as well as form of what he writes. Again, Mr. Bidwell has ample and just cause of complaint against the *Queen's Messenger*; and it is scarcely possible that Mr. Murray is not responsible for the attacks on Mr. Bidwell, of which it is said that the proofs are ample and available—we presume in the tin-box. But we should much prefer to see the wrongs which Mr. Bidwell has suffered from the *Queen's Messenger* or from Mr. Grenville Murray, if he is the author of them, redressed in some more direct way than by

ton's case against the *Queen's Messenger*, ought to be kept separate. While as regards the tin-box which contains, or is said to contain, the proofs against Mr. Murray, the present possessors stand accused, whether justly or not, of stealing its contents. This charge is very likely untrue, and Mr. Newman, we make no doubt, can give a good account of the means by which he obtained possession of these papers. On the other hand, nothing can justify the riotous assault by which the partisans of the *Queen's Messenger* tried to possess themselves of documents which were substantially in the custody of the officers of justice. There remains something untold, and it is because we have no wish that Mr. Grenville Murray, or anybody connected with the *Queen's Messenger*, should look, even for a moment, like a martyr, that we should like to have it all out. Public opinion will be surprised if the whole story takes off any of the obloquy with which the *Queen's Messenger* is covered; and we can only regret that the notoriety which must attend these discreditable transactions may, for however brief a period, arrest that certain death, but death not less dishonoured than that which awaited its predecessors in the trade of scurrility and calumny—the *Age* and *Satirist* of a past generation.

SCRAMBLERS.

THERE are people who are never what Northern housewives call "straight"—people who seem to have been born in a scramble, who live in a scramble, and who, when their time comes, will die in a scramble, just able to scrawl their signature to a will that ought to have been made years ago, and that does not embody their real intentions now. Emphatically the Unready, they are never prepared for anything, whether expected or unexpected, they make no plans more stable than good intentions, and they neither calculate nor foresee. Everything with them is hurry and confusion, not because they have more to do than other people, but because they do it more loosely and less methodically—because they have not learnt the art of dovetailing or the mystery of packing. Consequently half their pleasures and more than half their duties slip through their fingers for want of the knack of compact holding; and their lives are passed in trying to pick up what they have let drop, and in frantic endeavours to remedy their mistakes. For scramblers are always making mistakes, and going through an endless round of forgetting. For one thing, they never remember their engagements, but accept in the blandest and frankest way imaginable two or more invitations for the same day and hour, and assure you quite seriously when, taught by experience, you push them hard and probe them deep, that they have no engagement whatever on hand, and are certain not to fail you. In an evil hour you trust to them. When the day comes they suddenly wake to the fact that they had accepted Mrs. So-and-So's invitation before yours; and all you get for your empty place, and your careful arrangements ruthlessly upset, is a hurried note of apology which comes perhaps in the middle of dinner, perhaps some time next day, when too late to be of use. If they forget their own engagements they also ignore yours, no matter how distinctly you may have tabulated them; and are sure to come rattling to your house on the day when you said emphatically you were engaged and could not see them. If you keep to your programme, and refuse to admit them, more likely than not you affront them. Engagements being in their eyes moveable feasts, which it does not in the least degree signify whether they keep on the date set down or not, they cannot understand your rigidity of purpose; and were it not that as a tribe they are good-natured, and too fluid to hold even annoyance for any length of time, you would in all probability have a quarrel fastened on you because your scrambling friends chose to make a calendar for themselves, and to insist on your setting your diary by it. And as they ignore your appointed hours, so do they forget your street and number. They always stick to your first card, though you may have moved many times since it was printed, duly apprizing them of each change as it occurred. That does not help you, for they never note the changes of their friends' addresses, but keep loyally to the first. It all comes to the same in the end, they say, and the postman is cleverer than they. But they do not often trouble their friends with letters on their own account, and they have a speciality for not answering such as are written to them, and, when they do answer them, of not replying to the questions asked or giving the news demanded. They do not even reply to invitations like other people, but leave you to infer from their silence the yes or no they are meditating. When they in their turn invite you, they generally puzzle you by mismatching the day of the week with the date of the month, leaving you tormented with doubt which you are to go by; and they forget to give you the hour. Besides this, they write an illegible sprawling hand, and they are famous for the blots they make and the Queen's heads they omit.

A scrambling wife is no light cross to a man who values order and regularity as part of his home life. She may be, and probably is, the best-tempered creature in the world—a peevish scrambler would be too unendurable—but a fresh face, bright eyes, and a merry laugh do not atone for never-ending disorder and discomfort. This kind of thing does not depend on income, and is not to be remedied by riches. The households where my lady has nothing to do but let her maid keep her to the hours she herself has appointed are just as uncomfortable in their way as poorer establishments, if my lady is a scrambler, and cannot be taught method and the value of holding on by the forelock. Sometimes my lady gets herself into such an inextricable coil of promises and engagements, all crossing each other, that in despair she takes to her bed and gives herself out as ill, and so cuts what she cannot untie. People wonder at her sudden indisposition, looking as she did only yesterday in the very bloom of health; and they wonder at her radiant reappearance without a trace of even languor upon her; they do not know that her retirement was simply a version of the famous rope trick, and that, like the Brothers Davenport, she went into the dark to shake herself free of the cords with which she had suffered herself to be bound. It is a short and easy method certainly, but it has rather too much of the echo of "Wolf" in it to bear frequent repetition. In houses of a lower grade, where the lady is her own housekeeper, the habit of scrambling of course leads to far greater and more manifest confusion. The servants catch from the mistress the trick of overstaying time, and punctuality at last comes to mean an elastic margin, where fixed duties and their appointed times appear cometically at irregular intervals. The cook is late with dinner; the coachman begins to put-to a little after the hour he was ordered to be at the door; but they know that, however late they are, the chances are ten to one their mistress will not be ready for them, and that in her heart she will be grateful to them for the shelter their own unpunctuality affords her. This being so, they take their time, and dawdle at their pleasure; thus adding to the pressure which always comes at the end of the scrambler's day, when everything is thrown into a chaotic mass, and nothing comes out straight or complete. Did any one ever know a scrambling woman ready at the moment in her own house? That she should be punctual to any appointment out of her house is, of course, not to be thought of; but she makes an awkward thing of it sometimes at home. Her guests are often all assembled, and the dinner hour has struck, before she has torn off one gown and dragged on another. What she cannot tie she pins, and her pins are many and demonstrative. She wisps up her hair, not having left herself time to braid it; and the consequence is that before she has been half an hour in the room ends and tails are sure to stray playfully from their fastenings, and come tumbling about her ears. Her jewels are mismatched, her colours ill-assorted, her belt is awry, her bouquet falling to pieces. She rushes into the drawing-room in her morning slippers, smiling and good-tempered, with a patchwork look about her—something forgotten in her attire that makes her whole appearance shaky and unfinished—fastening her last button, or clasping on her first bracelet. She is full of regrets and excuses delivered in her joyous, buoyant manner, or in a voice so winning, an accent so coaxing, that you cannot be annoyed. Besides, you leave the annoyance to her husband, who is sure to have in reserve a pickle quite sufficiently strong for the inevitable rod, as the poor scrambler knows too well. All you can do is to accept her apologies with a good grace, and to carry away with you a vivid recollection of an awkward half-hour, a spoilt dinner, and a scrambling hostess all abroad and out of time, sweeping through the room very heated, very good-tempered, only half-dressed, and chronically out of breath.

Scramblers can never learn the value of money, either for themselves or for others. They are famous for borrowing small sums which they forget to return; but, to do them justice, they are just as willing to lend what they never dream of asking for again. Long ago they caught hold of the fact that money is only a circulating medium, and they have added an extra speed to the circulation at which slower folks stand aghast. To be sure, the practical results of their theory are not very satisfactory, and the confusion between the possessive pronouns which distinguishes their financial catechism is apt to lead to unpleasant issues. Scrambling women are especially notorious for the way in which they set themselves afloat without sufficient means to carry them on; finding themselves stranded in mid-career because they have made no calculations, and have forgotten the rule of subtraction. They find themselves at a small Italian town, say, where the virtues of the British banking system are unknown, and where their letters of credit and circular notes are not worth more than the value of the paper they are written on. More than one British matron of respectable condition and weak arithmetic has found herself in such a plight as this, with her black-eyed landlord perfectly civil and well-bred, but as firm as a rock in his resolution that the Signora shall not depart out of his custody till his little account is paid—a plight out of which she has to scramble the best way she can, with the loss perhaps of a little dignity and of more repute, at least in the locality where her solid scudi gave out and her precious paper could not be cashed. This is the same woman who offers an omnibus conductor a sovereign for a threepenny fare; who gives the village grocer a ten-pound note for a shilling's-worth of sugar; and who,

when she comes up to London for a day's shopping, and has got her last parcel made up and ready to be put into her cab, finds she has not left herself half enough money to pay for it—with a shopman whose faith in human nature is by no means lively, and who only last week was bitten by a lady swindler of undeniable manners and appearance, and not very unlike herself. She has been known, too, to go into a confectioner's, and, after having made an excellent luncheon, find to her dismay that she has left her purse in the pocket of her other dress at home, and that she has not sixpence about her. In fact there is not an equivocal position in which forgetfulness, want of method, want of foresight, and all the other characteristics which make up scrambling in the concrete, can place her, in which she has not been at some time or other. But no experience teaches her; the scrambler she was born the scrambler she will die, and to the last will tumble through her life, all her ends flying, and deprecating excuses on her lips.

Scramblers are notoriously great in making promises, and as notorious for not performing what they promise. Kindhearted as they are in general, and willing to do their friends a service—going out of their way indeed to proffer kindnesses quite beyond your expectations and the range of their duties towards you, and always undertaking works of supererogation, which in fact lead to more than half their normal scramble—they forget the next hour the promise on which you have based your dearest hopes. Or, if they do not forget it, they find it is crowded out of time by a multitude of engagements and prior promises, of all of which they were innocently oblivious when they offered to do your business so frankly, and swore so confidently they would set about it now at once, and get it out of hand without delay. The oath and the offer which you took to be as sure as the best chain cable you will find on trial to be only a rope of sand that could not bind so much as a bunch of tow together, still less hold the anchor of a life; and many a heart sick with hope deferred, and with the disappointment which might have been so easily prevented, has been half broken before now from the anguish that has followed on the failure of the kindhearted scrambler to perform the promise voluntarily made, and the service freely offered and earnestly pressed on a reluctant acceptor. This is the tragic side of the scrambler's career, the shadow thrown by almost every one of the class. For all the minor delinquencies of hurry and unpunctuality in social affairs it is not difficult to find full and ample forgiveness; but when it comes to untrustworthiness in graver matters, then the scrambler becomes a scourge instead of only an inconvenience. The only safe way of dealing with the class is to take them when we can get hold of them, and to accept them for what they are worth; but not to rely on them, and not to attempt any mortising of one's own affairs with their promises. They are the froth and foam of society, pretty and pleasant enough in the sunlight as they splash and splutter about the rocks, but they are not the deep waters which bear the burden of our ships, and by which the life of the world is maintained.

THE WRONGS OF WALES.

WE have heard over and over again from Conservative orators the argument that if Ireland is discontented Wales ought to be discontented also, and it appears from a recent debate in the House of Commons that a large supply of Welsh grievances has been brought into the market, and they promise to become a favourite article of political investment. A most pathetic speech was made on behalf of Welsh occupiers of land by Mr Richard, who lifts up his testimony against landlords who object to Dissenters and desire that their tenants should be Churchmen. The House of Commons received with perfect gravity Mr Richard's suggestion of the Ballot as a remedy for the grievance of which he so movingly complained. It might be contended, however, that the facts stated by Mr. Richard support the opposite conclusion to that which he wishes to establish. There is, as we learn from Mr. Richard, a lady whom he calls "the well-known Miss Morris," who owns a good deal of property near Aberystwith, and who, acting notoriously under clerical control, sent notice to her tenants (a great number of whom were Dissenters) to give up their farms or go to "her church." We do not know what the speaker means by Miss Morris's church, nor do we care; for we apprehend that, if Miss Morris chose to send notice to her tenants to give up their farms or take medicine of her prescription, she would have a perfect right to do so. We should really like to understand what it is that Mr. Richard and his allies mean. Do they think that Irishmen have had the business of agitation to themselves too long, and that it is time for Welshmen to get up a demand for *tenant-right*? If they mean this, they had better say so. It is not pretended even in Ireland that the Ballot will give fixity of tenure, or afford compensation for unexhausted improvements, and we hope that the Welsh are not going to show themselves less rational than the Irish. But indeed Mr. Richard, or at least one of his correspondents, says plainly that a new law of landlord and tenant is as necessary in Wales as in Ireland. The general complaint seems to be, not so much that tenants have been ejected since the election, as that they have had their rents raised. It they choose to profess Liberalism and Dissent, they must be taxed for indulging in those luxuries. We regret that Mr. Richard forgot to mention how the new law which he desires is to meet the case. Instead of entering into inconvenient details, Mr Richard prefers to give us a poetical comparison of ejected Welsh farmers to the Pilgrim Fathers "compelled to seek ho[me] in a foreign country where they hoped to enjoy that religious freedom which was denied to them in their native land." We sup[pose] that the foreign country here referred to is England. It may be useful to note that Mr. Richard, when we reduce him into plain prose, complains that these farmers are ejected because they are Dissenters, and, if this be the complaint, it is evident that the Ballot cannot remedy it. But Mr. Richard proceeds to state that these farmers had been in occupation many years, and had made valuable improvements on their farms of which by ejection they lost the benefit. We can hardly help saying that, if this be true, the Welsh farmers are greater fools than we had supposed. But indeed we have great doubt whether it is true. Our old friend the improving Irish farmer has been so hunted up and down his own country that he seems to have crossed the Channel, and settled himself in Wales, in the hope of enjoying his grievances in peace. According to Mr. Richard there is no tenant-right of any kind in Wales, and the tenants enter upon farms and begin improvements without obtaining any kind of writing from their landlords. If Mr. Richard describes a general state of things, there is much need of improvement in it, but the measures required are economical, and they ought not to be represented as political. They certainly are wholly different from the Ballot. It may be that Welsh farmers are incapable of asking their landlords to grant leases, and it may be also that, although English law is administered by English judges throughout Wales, there has been no progress made in establishing those customs of compensation for improvements which exist more or less in almost every English county. If tenant-right in this sense does not exist in Wales, it ought to be introduced; but if Mr Richard asks for it in a larger sense, he will of course be prepared to compensate the landlords at whose expense it must be established, just as Mr. Bright has proposed to do in Ireland.

There is a remarkable similarity between some portions of Mr Richard's speech and the speeches which used to be delivered by Irish advocates of tenant-right. We seem to have heard before the story of the man who took a farm in bad condition without a lease, and worked on it day and night, and improved it, and then received notice to quit, and died of disappointment, and left behind him ten children. When such cases were investigated in Ireland, it used not seldom to turn out either that the man died of some complaint totally different from disappointment, or that he did not die at all. But members of Parliament who bring forward such cases speak on information which they deem credible, so we will only say that we think a man who could die of disappointment must have been a very bad tenant when he was alive. The coal and ironworks of Wales were founded by men of another stamp, and they would hardly desire to be identified with disappointed farmers. If, says Mr. Richard, notices to quit are served and evictions follow, it is to be hoped that the inhabitants of Wales will continue to show themselves the peaceable and orderly people they have always been. This, again, has rather an Irish sound, and bears too close a resemblance to exhortations which are sometimes addressed to mobs to be very particular not to throw stones at the police. There were many proceedings in Wales and elsewhere in connexion with the elections which caused sober people to declare themselves advocates of the Ballot. The opinion may be right, although the reasons given for it may be wrong. Mr. Richard appears to describe a country where the vote which every man would give would be perfectly well known, and where, therefore, it is simply ludicrous to pretend that the Ballot would protect the voter. All Dissenters in Wales, almost without exception, are Liberals, and therefore, a Conservative landlord who desires to support his party will let his farms to none but Churchmen. The Dissenting ministers of Wales have the credit of being active politicians, and they probably take effectual means of knowing how the worshippers in their chapels vote. Pretensions to exercise individual judgment are likely to be followed by evictions of a different character from those which are so much complained of. The supplies of spiritual provender would be cut off, and mutinous spirits would soon be reduced to submission to the will of the minister and the majority of the congregation. There was a story told in the debate about a landowner who would not allow water to flow from his land to the land of a neighbour unless that neighbour promised to vote for the Conservatives, and as the neighbour was a staunch Liberal, he was deprived of water-power, and reduced to churning butter by hand. We have not the smallest doubt that cases might be found where voting the wrong way has been followed by exclusion from dinners and balls. In fact, the means of influencing votes are various, and many of them will be equally available under the Ballot as they are now. We should think that a landowner's agent must be a very stupid fellow if he could not exercise nearly as much influence with the Ballot as without it. There is, indeed, one remedy for landlords' interference which is certain to be efficacious—namely, to transfer a large interest in their property to their tenants. A speaker in the debate demanded "a just and equitable land law," which should protect the interest of the tenant-farmer and grant him that security for his property which is now accorded to the landlord. This speaker, at any rate, knows what he means, and he is right in thinking that if such a remedy were provided the Ballot would be unnecessary for the protection of tenants against landlords.

More than twenty years ago a committee presided over by the late Mr. Pusey inquired into the origin and extent of customs of compensation for improvements in various parts of England, and they showed that what is called the custom of the country had in fact been created by a few influential land-agents within this century. They showed also that wherever a liberal custom exists the fertility of the land increases. Considering that the same persons often own land in England and Wales, it would be very strange if totally opposite views of landlords' interests prevailed in the two countries. However, the Welsh members ought to know Wales better than their English critics. If we suggest that the agricultural custom of North Lincolnshire should be adopted in Wales, we hope that we shall not be suspected of an invidious design to silence the Welsh language or to break the strings of the Welsh harp. We recommend the tenant-right of well-cultivated English counties to the consideration of Welsh economical reformers, but with the distinct declaration that we have no view to political results. But the proposal of a tenant-right which shall produce the same effects as are expected, rightly or wrongly, from the Ballot, opens a very wide question. Ladies who have large estates, and are under clerical guidance, are likely to continue during our time to choose tenants of their own particular persuasion, and the breast of Mr. Richard may swell with indignation, and his mouth may burn with eloquence, without producing the smallest practical effect.

PROSELYTISM AT SOUTHALL.

THE Marylebone Guardians are so very far from being children of light that it is not surprising to find them wise in their generation beyond other men. The importance of carrying on war in your enemy's country rather than in your own is an accepted principle of strategy, and under the guidance of Mr. Thomas Chambers they achieved this feat on Tuesday last. The Guardians have lately, it seems, been instrumental in promoting a very blessed work. Five Roman Catholic children educated in the workhouse school at Southall have had their understandings gradually opened to the errors of Popery, and have one and all "voluntarily made their objections to receiving Roman Catholic instruction." This miracle of grace was a little helped on, however, by the judicious policy of the Guardians. The five young

were educated for two years as Protestants, and it was not, we may presume, until their controversial equipment gave evidence of being in proper condition that a Roman Catholic priest was

Protestantism, if not praise, has been perfected out of their mouths at the early age of fourteen. It was obvious that an event of this kind was very likely to be misunderstood by an encroaching priesthood and an indifferent Poor-Law Board. Names count for a good deal in such matters, and by whatever title the Guardians might choose to describe the process to which these children had been subjected, it was at least possible that it might be called proselytism by a Gallio like Mr. Goschen. It was now that the Marylebone authorities showed of what sterling stuff they were made. Instead of waiting to be attacked, they resolved to become the assailants. The Poor Law Board had sent them a letter on the 22nd of last month, "stating that it was its intention to issue orders for the removal to certified Roman Catholic schools of all children on behalf of whom application had been made." A Board of Guardians generally objects to obey orders, but in this case they grounded their refusal on the highest motives of public policy. They "believe the action proposed to be taken by the Poor-Law Board to be opposed to the intention of the Act of Parliament," and they "therefore feel it their duty to offer every legitimate opposition." In thus limiting their determination the Guardians do themselves injustice. Their opposition will not, we feel sure, be merely "legitimate." Still they were prudent as well as valiant, and they did their best to get their magnanimous declaration supplemented by a vote of the House of Commons. To this end Mr. Chambers moved that, "in any case where a Board of Guardians shall have made due provision for the instruction in their own faith of children not of the Established Church, it is inexpedient that the Poor Law Board should exercise its discretionary power to enforce the removal of such children to schools not under the control of the Guardians or of the parochial authorities." At first sight this resolution seems to contemplate the case of the Guardians having made provision for teaching "their own"—that is, the Protestant—faith to Roman Catholic children, and if all workhouse schools are like Southall there would be no reason to question the sufficiency of their arrangements for that purpose. It appears, however, from Mr. Chambers's speech that the case he has in view is that of a Board of Guardians having taken measures to secure the occasional attendance of a Roman Catholic priest, and given the children permission to attend a Roman Catholic chapel. This machinery is, he contends, in full operation at Southall, and if in spite of it all Roman Catholic children become Protestants, it can only be attributed to the native superiority of the parochial creed; or perhaps, as in the famous Cockermouth and Cock-and-bull case, to the superior attractions of Sunday clothes and the music of the parish Church. An occasional accident of this sort ought not to be made a ground for taking the children out of the care of the Guardians, who "stood to them *in loco parentis*," and were only anxious to do their duty by them.

Mr. Chambers's resolution attributes to the Legislature an intention which it never entertained. The Act of 1866 compelled the Guardians of every Union to make some provision for the education of pauper children in the religion of their parents. They were ordered to keep a creed register, to allow the children to be visited by a minister of the religion in which they were entered, and to permit them to attend a place of worship of their own creed in cases where no provision was made for giving them a separate service within the workhouse. Before the passing of this Act, freedom of religion was set at defiance in a majority of workhouses. The favourite doctrine of the parish authorities was that pauper children should be educated "in the religion of the State." In many cases no attempt was made to ascertain the parents' creed; in some all evidence upon the subject was rejected, and the child was brought up as a Protestant against the will of its nearest relations. The flagrant injustice of this state of things was condemned by a Select Committee of the House of Commons as far back as 1864, but it was not until four years later that it was remedied by legislation. In the meantime the evil had been partly met in another way. By an Act passed in 1866 the Poor-Law Board was empowered to transfer the pauper children of persons not members of the Established Church to schools kept by persons of their own religion, and certified by the Home Secretary. Several such schools have been founded by benevolent Roman Catholics, and it might have been thought that the Guardians would have felt relieved by the withdrawal of a charge by which they professed to be conscientiously unable to do their duty. They had always contended that to permit the attendance of a priest, and still more, to allow him to say mass on the premises, was incompatible with a due regard to workhouse discipline, and to the Protestant purity of the remaining children. In some cases they had gone still further, and pleaded their inability as Protestants to countenance Popish error by allowing it any footing inside the workhouse. Both classes of objections were met by the system of separate schools. The Guardians were spared an uncongenial task, and the workhouse was no longer invaded by Antichrist in a long coat and Roman collar. Instead, however, of welcoming the change, the Guardians have effected an entire change of front. They are now perfectly willing to bring up the Catholic children of Catholic parents, provided only that the dear innocents are not snatched from their protecting arms. Influenced by this passionate desire, they have invented a theory which treats the Act of 1866 as superseded by the Act of 1868. The former, says Mr. Boulnois, the Chairman of the Marylebone Schools Committee, "was intended to apply where Guardians failed to permit or to provide for the due instruction of children, not members of the Established Church, in their own religious creed. Under the Act of 1868 the Guardians have made the most satisfactory arrangements for the visitation and instruction of Roman Catholic children, at the parochial schools at Southall, and there is therefore no longer a sufficient reason for removal." Upon this thesis Mr. Chambers enlarged last Tuesday, and found, we are sorry to say, twenty-nine members of the House of Commons to support him. Mr. Goschen's answer was sufficiently conclusive. The supposed alternative character of the two statutes has no existence. The Act which is alleged to supersede the power of removal does in fact extend and amplify it. It meets the case of there being no certified school within reach, by providing that wherever Roman Catholic children are retained in the workhouse, either by necessity or by the choice of the Guardians, they shall be allowed the exercise of their religion to the extent mentioned above. But it does nothing to limit the power of the Poor-Law Board in the matter; indeed, so far as it touched the Act of 1866 at all, it enlarges the discretion reposed by that Act in the Commissioners.

That Parliament was wise in taking this course is indisputable. As Mr. Goschen truly said, it is not possible to carry out the principle of a Conscience Clause "where there is no home influence behind, and when you have to deal with the fact that the workhouse or district schools are the actual homes of the children." In such a home, even if there is no intentional proselytism, the chances are all against a Roman Catholic child growing up to be a Roman Catholic man or woman. The priest, it is true, comes to instruct him once or twice a week, and on Sundays, if there is a Roman Catholic church within easy distance, he goes to mass. But the whole aggregate of influences outside the class-room and the church is hostile to his religion. The authorities set over him are Protestants, his teachers are Protestants, his companions are Protestants. Simple forgetfulness will do a good deal towards his conversion, and it will be strange if the consciousness of being in a minority does not do the rest. To belong to an unpopular religion does not make the life of a pauper child more enjoyable. But to assume that there is no intentional proselytism is obviously to take an unduly favourable view of the situation. The workhouses in which the danger would be least are under the management of men who are perfectly willing that Roman Catholic children should be placed in Roman Catholic schools. Wherever there is any reluctance to accept this obvious solution of the difficulty, there must be more or less bigotry on the part of the workhouse authorities. Mr. Boulnois's letter in the *Times* shows

Protestant children in their charge, but do not consider that equal

justice requires the removal of Roman Catholic children from the care and control of the Guardians to schools the property of, and exclusively governed by, ministers of the Church of Rome." What would Mr. Boulnois say if a child of his were brought up in a Roman Catholic school, surrounded by Roman Catholic associations, and knowing nothing of Protestantism beyond what might be learned in an hour's visit from a clergyman one day in seven? He would hardly, we imagine, hold that "equal justice" was done to Protestant and to Roman Catholic parents if, while the latter had his children educated by persons of his own creed, and in the midst of companions of his own creed, the former was compelled to leave his child in the midst of Roman Catholics, there being all the time a Protestant school in which it would be readily received. It seems so hopeless to drive the notion of doing as they would be done by into the heads of the Marylebone Guardians, that it is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Goschen's speech that he proposes to act in the matter without paying any further attention to the opposition which Mr. Boulnois and his like may "feel it their duty" to offer.

HOME SCENERY.

IT is a remark of Mr. Wallace, in his interesting work on the Malay Archipelago, that, contrary to the ideas entertained by most people, the colouring of vegetation in the tropics is by no means equal to the colouring in more temperate regions. Of one side of the comparison we here say nothing, but with respect to the beauty of our own land it is certain that, the longer we live, the more we become aware of a variety and fulness to which custom is apt to deaden us. It is a common remark that custom renders us insensible to impressions, but it is not so often remarked that custom, when joined to reflection, has the very reverse effect, and undoes its own previous work by rendering us continually more alive to the striking things and subtle influences around us. The life of most of us includes a period of somnolence to external nature, when its first influence is worn off, and when we have not yet discovered that it will supply material for mingled passion and energy, the alternation of passive reception and active inquiry on our own part, which is at once more enduring and more strengthening than the original vague emotion. Then it is that we can gain enjoyment even in ordinary every-day scenery which no one would travel twenty miles to visit. Dr. Arnold said that there were but five English counties in which a man could not find enough material in the way of scenery to last him for a lifetime; and as Warwickshire was one of these, perhaps the number might be even further diminished. But, if we are not mistaken, the kind of scenery from which the greatest amount, as distinguished from the greatest intensity, of enjoyment can be derived, is that which lies intermediate between the unconspicuous but pleasant scenery which lies at our doors, and the grand peaks and snowfields and fiords which are most striking at first view. In the more quiet scenery, too, much depends on the activity of our own minds, we are not helped by the sense of novelty and gentle excitement. On the other hand, in the grander scenery we are somewhat too passive; any small discoveries that we could make for ourselves would seem insignificant by the side of the mysterious glaciers and the vast wastes that show themselves only to defy us. And though unquestionably no impression from scenery comes back upon us in after times with such power as the view, let us say, of the great Oberland precipice, with its unparalleled length and height of bare rock, as seen from the Faulhorn or the Schilthorn, yet, when present, the mind is somewhat overpowered before it, the inferior business of studying trees and torrents and glens sinks into nothing and is despised. And it is for this reason that such countries as that which surrounds the Rhine, or the quiet rocky valleys of England, are so supremely delightful. In such places you can be a discoverer, for there it is a discovery to find some waterfall unknown to guide-books, some picturesque dale unvisited by travellers, some distant view that ranges far over hill and plain. Or else you may turn geologist, and investigate the mountain strata, limestone or gritstone or slate, and hammer out fossils, or theorize about the formation of ravines; or you may examine the foliage and ferns and grasses, and see what is the habitat of each in the watercourses, or on the open moorland, or in the low valley. With such pursuits harmonize well the ever varied yet not too sublime landscape, and the moderate exercise which it is necessary to take in order to explore such a country thoroughly.

Few countries better correspond to the description we have been giving than what is sometimes called the Pennine range of England, which runs like a backbone down from Scotland, through Northumberland, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire. And yet we think we may have done it injustice in implying that it is without sublimity; for to our mind the interminable ranges of moors, purple in the autumn with heather that bends under the wind like a wave of the sea, with their strong winds and swift alternations of sunshine and shade, or else on stormy days with the dreariness and weirdness of their deep hollows and black rocks, have a true sublimity, being as indomitable as the snow mountains to the taming hand of man, though not so impervious to his steps. And here too there is what some people may think a hindrance, though others will certainly esteem it a gain, that the traveller rises far more frequently into the cloud region than is the case in Switzerland. The mists cling about the moors, and even when they wrap us wholly round it is in solitary places a pleasure to feel the entire withdrawal of the artificial world, and to observe the frequent change of what seem gigantic precipices, that appear and disappear in the obscurity; while the woolly clouds that hang about the edges on a sunny day are a pure additional source of picturesqueness.

The counties we have spoken of are not such regular tourist ground as the Lakes or North Wales, but yet there are many parts of them well and generally known. For artists there is not a more favourite place in England than the valley of the Tees, with its two great waterfalls, and the woods that encompass the tumbling streams and climb up the jagged rocks at Rokeby, while Dovedale and the Wharfe at Bolton Abbey are perhaps still more sought after by the unartistic lover of scenery. And some among the wilder valleys, such as those of Castleton and Malham, are sufficiently well known. But in the wide extent of these hills there are many unknown spots of equal beauty with these. How few English tourists explore the valley of the Lune! and yet there is none more noble among English valleys, and none of which the tributary streams are finer. Travelling by rail to the Lakes, you skirt it for some little distance in its lower course, and see the Castle of Lancaster, that watches over its exit into the sea; but few perhaps of those who pass by it trouble themselves so much as to ask its name, and very few indeed track its upper course. Yet at Kirby Lonsdale there is all that can make scenery delightful; a perfectly clear green stream, surrounded by great slabs of rock, above which is an undulating park-like country of splendid trees, that gradually lifts itself into the lofty moorland ridges. Among those ridges you can trace the little stream of Easegill, where the sharp gritstone rocks alternate with the smooth limestone, hollowed out into deep pots by the winter torrents, where the grass is of the greenest, and where the main stream is of a deep chocolate brown; but in a small side glen the water lies clear and uncoloured under lofty precipices. Above Kirby Lonsdale the Lune is joined by the Rothey, which takes its rise near Wildboar Fell, and by the little stream of Dentdale. Nothing can be finer than these valleys. They are open and cheerful, and yet not too broad; each of them is bounded, on the one side by high and precipitous hills, on the other by a lower range, intersected with numerous woody ravines, each commanding a full view of the Lake mountains. A waterfall near the head of Rotheydale, called Codley Spout, is said to be three hundred feet high, and the highest in England; while the village of Dent is interesting in another way, as the birthplace of one of the first of English geologists. From the top of Rotheydale a few miles' walk brings you to Kirby Stephen, in a wild and rugged country, the pass from hence to Muker, at the head of Swaledale, has a wide prospect; but more celebrated, and perhaps more striking, is what is called the Buttertubs Pass, which leads from Muker to Hawes in Wensleydale. From this point Ingleborough stands out with great grandeur. Wensleydale is one of the best known of the Yorkshire dales, from its numerous waterfalls; but Swaledale is in itself the finer valley, and there is one little piece of it above Muker which has never received the attention it deserves. The dale here becomes a deep narrow gorge considerably wooded, and in the middle of it the Swale tumbles down a precipice of some thirty feet, making a very picturesque fall. The road avoids this glen, and takes a short cut down a side valley to Muker; but the longer route is much to be preferred by all who have time, and who do not object to rather a scrambling path.

But let us come to the more southerly parts of the range. Sheffield is but twelve or fourteen miles distant from the wildest parts of North Derbyshire, and here there is much to be seen which is generally overlooked. Few of those who go to see the rocks and caverns at Castleton penetrate into the upland valleys which lie to the north. There are not in these any mountain forms so striking as those of Ingleborough and Penyghent, nor is there any great abundance of waterfalls, but the moorlands are yet wilder than those of Yorkshire, and the edges with which they overhang the valleys bolder and rockier. Foremost among these is Fairhead Naze at the head of Ashopdale, a massive promontory that stands out from the range behind, and is seen from the whole lower part of the valley, but is hidden as you approach it, and then reappears with almost startling effect a little above the Snake Inn. The valley of the Ashop is called the Woodlands, a name which must not be taken to imply any great amount of vegetation; it is merely another form of Woldlands. Yet in the lower part of Ashopdale there is no lack of trees; and even in the upper parts, wherever a mountain stream has hollowed out for itself a ravine in its descent from the hills, this is filled with birch and ash and fir. Very curious is it in many of these spots to notice the effect of the wind. The trees grow firmly and strongly as long as they are protected by the walls of the gorge on each side of them; but if ever they thrust their heads above the top of this, they are beaten down by the blasts that blow over the moorland, and made to push out their branches sideways and downwards in curious and intricate involutions. High up among the hills, again, there are great scatterings of rock and cliff here and there, such as Alport Castles, in the valley of the Alport, which joins the Ashop from the north; here there has evidently been at some remote time a slip in the mountain side, and down between the cliffs among the ruinous masses of stone may be seen the bluish-black bilberries and the red berries of the mountain ash. South of Ashopdale, and separated from it by the loftiest and wildest of these ridges, lies Edale, a valley some seven or eight miles long, quite shut in by steep hills; the head of it, near the hamlet of

Upper Booth, is specially beautiful. Here two streams meet, each making frequent miniature falls along a narrow glen, and there are some fir-trees singularly fine, considering the height above the sea at which they grow. The loneliness of the spot is remarkable; the inhabitants seem to keep themselves steadily out of sight, either in their houses, or perhaps pursuing other work upon the hills. Kinderscout is the highest of the hills in these parts (1,981 feet above the sea); it touches the heads both of Ashopdale and Edale, but the valley over which it immediately overhangs is that of the Kinder, a stream which, after a picturesque course of a few miles, enters the manufacturing district, and runs purple or dirty red beneath heaps of refuse and the smoky chimneys of mills. The Goyt and the Etherow, two of the border streams of the county, have a similar origin, and, unhappily, a similar fate. Even the Derwent, the largest of the Derbyshire rivers, is not entirely free from these pollutions. It is difficult to say whether Matlock, than which there can originally have been few more striking places in England, has been more ruined by the influx of tourists, and of tourist-directing placards, or by the smoky mills, one of which, just under the High Tor, has made a circle of black and withered trees among the surrounding green.

Let us finish with another county which has not even the ghost of a reputation for pretty scenery—Staffordshire. The ideas which the name will suggest to most people's minds are those of innumerable potteries, huge swarms of mean dwellings, on a naked and treeless land. But the north of Staffordshire, where it joins on to Derbyshire, is far different. Few of those who visit Dovedale cross the border to the valley of the Manifold, which runs parallel to that of the Dove, and not more than a mile or two distant from it. Yet the Manifold is entitled to a very high rank indeed among English rivers; it flows in a tortuous course through massive limestone hills, which now rise into peaks, and now descend on it in precipices; woods and green pastures distinguish it more and more as it descends. In many places the banks are quite pathless, and it needs no small amount of climbing to get along them; then, again, the river itself disappears, and for a mile or two flows in a channel underground, from which it emerges near Ilam. The Manifold has its source near the village of Longnor, from which are seen those curious pointed and rocky hills, called Chrome and Parker, which lie on the left bank of the upper course of the Dove. But these we can do no more than mention, nor can we notice except in passing the valleys of the Hamps and Churnet, which abound in scenes pleasant enough to look upon. Suffice it to say that the whole country of which we have been writing is one over which a man may walk many months, and find no lack of novelty at the end.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

WITH the arrival of Madlle. Christine Nilsson and Madame Adelina Patti (we place Madlle. Nilsson first because she was first to come) the "coalition" season attained its meridian; and, notwithstanding prognostications from very many quarters to the contrary, the house was crowded night after night. We have spoken of Madlle. Nilsson in *Lucia*, *Martha*, *La Traviata*, and *Faust e Margherita*; and on this head nothing remains to be added, but that she has repeatedly appeared in the same operas without seemingly tiring the public. So with Madame Patti, in *La Sonnambula*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Il Barbiere*. The solitary addition to this accomplished lady's repertory for a considerable period was *Don Giovanni*, in which her piquant and admirable impersonation of the peasant girl, Zerlina, is familiar to all opera-goers. Zerlina—sung, as well as played, by Madame Patti to perfection—is Mozart's true heroine, whatever may be thought of the high-tragedy queens, Donna Anna and Donna Elvira, about whom Hoffmann says such extraordinary things, and who at the present time find capable representatives in the stately Madlle. Tietjens and the versatile Madlle. Sinico. A worse Don Giovanni than Signor Graziani, a worse Leporello than Signor Ciampi, or a more lackadaisical Don Ottavio than Signor Naudin, could hardly be named; and this, combined with the fact that the conductor presiding in the orchestra at each occasion was Signor Li Calsi, may account for some of the most uneven performances of Mozart's familiar opera we can call to mind. True, Signor Tagliafico is pleasant and natural as Masetto, and Signor Foli—though not nearly so good as Signor Tagliafico, long the Commendatore at Covent Garden—is more or less acceptable; true, also, Signor Cotogni, who now replaces Signor Graziani as the libertine, is, if far from good, better than his predecessor; and true, Signor Tamberlik, engaged at the fag end of the season (for what reason no one can tell, seeing that Signor Mongini is announced for Jean of Leyden in the *Prophète*, on Tuesday next), is a marvellous improvement on Signor Naudin, as Don Ottavio—"Il mio tesoro" being sung and the part generally acted by the Roman tenor as by no other within the memory of the actual generation, Signor Mario alone excepted; yet, admitting all this, the chief, if not sole, attraction of *Don Giovanni* as at present given is the Zerlina of Madame Adelina Patti. What vitality must there be in a work that can firmly stand against such odds!

—— fugaces ——
Labuntur anni—

but old age and "unconquerable death" seem to have no power over *Don Giovanni*, which comes forth, season after season, fresh as the morning, and invariably welcome, no matter what singers happen to be at disposal. While referring to the departure (somewhat sudden and unexpected) of Signor Graziani, we may at once state that he has been succeeded in the part of Mephistopheles by Signor Bagagiolo, who, though happier in getting such effect as can possibly be obtained out of the music which M. Gounod has written for Goethe's "gentlemanly devil," has not the slightest

but Signor Bagagiolo presents us with an eccentrically dressed lay figure, and no more. It would be hard to cite an apter illustration of "*vox et præterea nihil*" than this artist—if the term "artist" can be applied to one so manifestly in want of the necessary training.

The first novelty of the season was *Don Bucefalo*, by Signor Cagnoni, a composer who, twenty years ago, promised somewhat, if no great deal, but who, in the course of twenty years, has performed little or nothing worth recognition. Signor Cagnoni offers a sad example of the state of Italian dramatic music in the present day. Those who know no more of him than is revealed in his *Don Bucefalo* (an early work) may fairly shrug their shoulders; while those who know more of him have, unfortunately, little or nothing to say in his behalf. That such a production as *Don Bucefalo* should ever have found its way to the Covent Garden stage is a sign of the times to be regarded with dismay. We are advancing in appreciation of every other form of musical art; but our taste in the direction of opera is becoming degraded to the very lowest. The libretto of *Don Bucefalo* is a mere farce, as poor in manufacture as it is stale in idea. Imagine a composer of renown finding himself in a country village, and engaging a whole posse of its inhabitants, whom he chances to overhear sing, to repair to an adjacent town, for the purpose of taking part in a forthcoming work of his composition! Yet such is the main plot, whatever more or less appropriate incidents may underlie it. There are two important scenes—one in which Don Bucefalo composes his opera, the other in which he rehearses it. The former is the plea for an exhibition of burlesque pianoforte playing, the other for an exhibition of burlesque fiddling. The difficulty is to say which is the more vapid and tiresome. We have already spoken of Signor Bottero as a "*buffo*" without humour. His lack of the quality most essential to a "*buffo*" was sufficiently shown by his Don Pasquale and Don Basilio. But in the operas of Donizetti and Rossini, though obtrusive enough, he was happily not the predominating figure. We had, as compensation, to speak of nothing else, the charming acting, the exquisitely refined singing, and the genuine *humour* of Madame Adelina Patti—as Norina in the one and Rosina in the other; and, then, we had the music of Rossini and Donizetti. But in *Don Bucefalo* Signor Bottero is the be-all and end-all; and a terrible infliction he was found. Talk of "*les bouffes qui ne font pas rire*," Signor Bottero is a *bouffe* more likely to draw tears. Those unable to appreciate the humour of playing wrong notes on the pianoforte could hardly have been diverted with him while in the act of composing, and those unable to appreciate the humour of playing out of tune on the fiddle could hardly have been diverted with him in the act of rehearsing. In either case he was terribly prolix; but in the latter, if we are well informed, he spared his audience at least one half the infliction; for in Italy, at rehearsal, he is reported to play on other instruments besides the violin—and just as indifferently. The precise humour of doing a thing ill which it is a pleasure to hear done well is beyond our understanding. The other claims to consideration put forth by Signor Bottero having been discussed in a recent article, it only remains for us to add that *Don Bucefalo* was given once, and then laid upon the shelf; that the music of Signor Cagnoni, besides being trivial from beginning to end, contains not a single original phrase; that we pitied Madlle. Sinico, Signor Tagliafico, and other estimable artists, who had to take part in such an affair, and still more Madlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini, compelled to appear in the first act of *Norma*, as *lever de rideau* to an opera itself unworthy to figure in that capacity. It must be owned that the first novelty produced during this exceptional season was hardly such as to encourage our operatic public in placing much reliance upon a coalition management. And of all nights in the year, the one selected for its production was the Saturday of Epsom week! The result, however, in a financial sense, was a fair measure of the judgment that could put up a strange work of questionable merit, and a strange singer of whom nobody except those who devote their almost exclusive attention to operatic affairs had ever heard, on what has long been notoriously counted on as the best night of the season.

In the course of the ensuing fortnight we had, in rapid succession, the *Sonnambula*, the *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Lucia*, *Faust e Margherita*, *Martha*, and the *Traviata*—now Madame Patti, now Madlle. Nilsson; the sole object being apparently to exhibit the talents of a couple of fascinating *prime donne*, without taking into consideration how often the regular subscribers had seen these *prime donne* in the self-same parts, and how much they would have preferred seeing them in something fresh, or at any rate less hackneyed. Among frequenters of the Italian Opera the most unfairly treated are assuredly the regular subscribers—after all its main support. An outsider may go once or twice, as he chooses, to hear Madame Patti as Amina, and Madlle. Nilsson as Lucia; but a regular subscriber, unless he gives away, or otherwise disposes of, his box or stall, must perforce, like it or not, hear the same performers in the same operas half a dozen times in less than half as many months.

After this somewhat dreary interregnum came a revival welcome alike to musicians and amateurs—that of Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, which had not been heard at Covent Garden since 1863, when Madame, then Madlle., Adelina Patti assumed for the first time the character of the heroine. Though more than half a century has elapsed since this very picturesque work—a model of domestic opera, fit to be placed side by side with the *Sonnambula*, and far above the *Sonnambula* in musical treatment—was produced at the Scala (Milan—1817), its freshness remains comparatively unimpaired. It is one of those masterpieces which Rossini, incredible as it may seem, wrote almost *currente calamo*: and yet, as in other similar instances, it contains some of his very best writing, as well as some of his most flowing and characteristic melody. The day is gone when *La Gazza Ladra* could be heard with the five chief parts all adequately filled—when Ninetta's lover found a representative in Rubini or Mario, Ninetta's father in Tamburini*, Ninetta's fellow-servant and friend in Brambilla or Alboni, and the wily Podestà in Lablache or Ronconi. So we are compelled to be satisfied with even two out of the five sustained by artists trained alike to the requirements of the music and of the drama. Thus, unequal as has been the performance this year, *La Gazza Ladra* afforded pleasure, if only because the Ninetta was Madame Patti and the Fernando Mr. Santley. No Ninetta within the memory of the oldest opera-goer can be compared with Madame Patti's. How wonderfully she preserves the natural demeanour of the peasant-girl throughout, how earnest and truthful she is in each successive scene—rising almost to tragedy in the most deeply moving situations, those who have seen her can attest. The overflowing happiness of Ninetta at the expected return of the young soldier to whom she is betrothed—so felicitously conveyed in "Di piacer mi balz' il cor" (fruitful parent of all imaginable cavatinas)—is expressed with such unstrained vivacity, such truthful eloquence, that it infects all hearers with the sentiment that underlies it. But everywhere else in the opera Madame Patti is equal to the occasion. To follow her incident by incident, even had we space at disposal, would be superfluous. Enough that her acting in the scene where the shortsighted magistrate obliges her to read for him the description of a deserter, who is no other than her own father, in doing which Ninetta artfully distorts the official account of the personal characteristics of the accused, is perfect; that the intensity of her grief when, separated from both father and lover, Ninetta is hurried to prison for a deed in which she has had no participation, her assumption of utter helplessness in the scene of the trial, where all goes against the innocent girl, and perhaps, most touching of all, her demeanour while, physically prostrate, Ninetta is carried under guard to the place of execution—the musical feature of which (the solemn and beautiful march by no means forgotten) is the prayer, "Dio possente, mercede, consiglio," never more exquisitely breathed from a singer's lips—one and all belong to the highest order of dramatic art, which still, in Madame Patti, can boast on the Italian lyric stage a thoroughly legitimate representative. In fact, her delineation of the character, from first to last, shows genius, while her execution of the music, though occasionally the "tessitura" becomes a little low for the peculiar nature of her voice, is, as nearly as possible, faultless. Side by side with the Ninetta of Madame Patti may fairly be placed the Fernando of Mr. Santley—who, English though he be, is just now one of the ornaments of the Italian lyric boards. Mr. Santley's histrionic portrayal of the deserter affords another proof of the steady and marked advance he is making in one particular department of his calling: while his delivery of the music, which by some of our contemporaries, in the way of compliment, has been pronounced inferior only to Tamburini's, is really superior to Tamburini's at Tamburini's best—inasmuch as that over-lauded singer, though by no means over-lauded actor, at no epoch of his career could boast the manly force and purity which are distinguishing traits in the vocalization of our great baritone. Mr. Santley, nevertheless, omits the florid air, "Oh colpo impensato"—why it is not easy to explain, seeing what a thorough master he is of the florid style. About the other personages of the drama—Isaac, the Pedlar, excepted, in the hands of Mr. C. Lyall, as neat a bit of character as we remember—the less said the better. The Pippo of Madlle. Grossi is extremely ineffective. Her voice, though its quality is rich, is too heavy for the music, and its want of flexibility makes this all the more apparent; while, as an actress, she is *nil*. As much as Madame Nantier Didiée, the last respectable Pippo, used to over-act, so much does Madlle Grossi under-act the part. In plain words, she does not act it at all. Quite as unsatisfactory is the Giannetto of Signor Achille Corsi ("the greater Corsi"), one of those new tenors the engagement of whom for duties more or less responsible shows what the public is entitled to expect from a monopoly. Signor Corsi, in former years, would hardly have been accepted, either at the Royal Italian Opera or Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson would alike have felt chary in presenting him conspicuously to their subscribers; but under the actual circumstances Signor Corsi has been put forward in characters no less trying and significant than Faust. Mr. George Perren, now singing tenor at the operatic representations in the little theatre of the Crystal Palace, is the nearest English parallel to Signor Corsi we can think of. Yet, admitting Mr. Perren's ability, what an outcry would be raised if he were announced as a "*tenore assoluto del primo cartello*" at our only Italian Opera! Being an Englishman, however, there is, happily, small chance of Mr. Perren's having to brave the ordeal. Even those who had witnessed the successive failures of Signor Bottero as Don Pasquale, Don Basilio, and (alas!) Don Bucefalo, persisted in foretelling great things of his Podestà. In what manner their preconceived opinions were justified need scarcely be related. Signor Bottero's Podestà is, in a dramatic sense, on a level with his earlier assumptions—as remarkable for the absence of that quality of humour the presence of which alone can make the character endurable; while his singing is noticeable for that union of loudness with imperfect intonation which entirely robs the music of its charm. Altogether this performance of *La Gazza Ladra*—the excellence of Mr. Santley's Fernando and the perfection of Madame Patti's Ninetta allowed for—was the least satisfactory ever heard at Covent Garden. Even the brilliant and picturesque overture, which, under Sir Michael Costa's *bâton*, used to raise enthusiasm, was played on the first night with so unwonted a lack of spirit and precision that it failed to impress the audience, and missed its customary "encore." These to some may appear comparatively small matters; but all who have the interests of the public, rather than the interests of speculators, at heart, should carefully take note of them. In discussing its proceedings, we should carefully bear in mind that, for a very long period, the Royal Italian Opera claimed to be, and with good reason, the foremost lyric establishment in Europe.

The production of *Hamlet*, which almost immediately succeeded that of *La Gazza Ladra*, the revival of *Dinorah*, and such general observations as we have to make on the results of this year's experiment, must form the subjects of a fourth and concluding article. Two more weeks yet remain to terminate the season, and in the course of these two weeks, if promises count on one hand and rumour may be credited on the other, subscribers are to expect *La Figlia del Reggimento* (already once put off) for Madame Patti, *Le Prophète* for Madlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini, *L'Étoile du Nord* for Madame Patti, and *Otello* for Madlle. Nilsson and Signor Tamberlik. Even supposing all these works forthcoming, the season—as those who have followed our brief record, chapter by chapter, must acknowledge—can hardly be cited as one best worthy commemoration in the history of the Covent Garden Opera.

* Philippo Galli, the original, is but a mythic name to the actual generation

REVIEWS.

CURTIUS'S HISTORY OF GREECE.—VOL. II.*

SINCE we reviewed the first volume of Curtius's History † we have seen signs that the usual phenomenon is taking place. The English translation of the last German book is taking its place at Oxford as *the* book on its own subject. This is what happens as a matter of course. That so it should happen has nothing whatever to do with the goodness or badness of the book itself. Good or bad, it is enough that it is the last German book for the present Oxford generation to take to it. Purely and simply as the last German book, it is of necessity the right thing, and all that went before it are of necessity old fogies. We should like to know how many of the young philosophers who know everything, most likely the Insoluble itself, recognised in the wisest speaker in the late debate in the House of Lords the author of what, in the days of their fathers, was looked on as *the* History of Greece. The principle of adopting the last German book as *the* book sometimes leads to odd consequences. A great historical Professor was asked not long ago by a young genius of the bumptious order whether he had read the latest German authorities on his own subject; if not, his knowledge must be very shallow. The Professor had not the pluck to ask back again whether his monitor had read the earliest English authorities; he went humbly and got the book without which his knowledge was necessarily shallow. It proved to be a humble compilation, a useful summary of things which were doubtless new to the genius, but which had been familiar to the Professor while the genius was still in his perambulator. This is a specimen of the haphazard way in which a book gets a position simply because it is the last German book. When it is a book like that of Curtius which chance throws to the top of the tree, the chance is a lucky one, but it is chance all the same. For the generation which is accepting Curtius has also accepted Mommsen. Curtius writes clear and beautiful German; Mommsen writes a jargon like an English law-book of the seventeenth century. Curtius writes with modest good sense; Mommsen writes with dictatorial insolence. Curtius shows a distinct sense of the difference between right and wrong; Mommsen everywhere tramples such old-world distinctions underfoot. Still Mommsen and Curtius are each alike the latest German authority on his own subject; Mommsen and Curtius then are to be equally accepted by all who would not lag behind the age, but are eager to walk by the newest lights. If an Englishman were to try to show that all Mommsen's unproved assertions are not every one of them Gospel, he would of course be pooh-poohed for not knowing his place. But we can afford to rest and be *aisy*. Some new German will some day show that Mommsen is all wrong, and then he, as the latest German authority, will be believed in his turn.

* *The History of Greece.* By Professor Dr. Ernst Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Vol. II. London: Richard Bentley. 1869.

† See *Saturday Review*, September 19, October 3, 1868.

Such a way as this of choosing standard books is not exactly what we can approve of; but we are not disposed to repine when a History like that of Curtius is brought into notice even by so accidental a process. We shall certainly repine if Curtius wholly displaces our own great countrymen, because we see no advantage in such a change. We cannot say that Curtius is a better book than Thirlwall or Grote. We would rather say that of three good books each has its special merits and its special use, that each in some points rises above, and in some points falls below, two thoroughly worthy competitors. But if it is in the fates that English books should always give way to German books, it is certainly better that Thirlwall and Grote should give way to a book like Curtius than that they should give way to something of an inferior kind. If so it be, we shall owe our thanks both to the merits of Curtius himself and to the discretion of his translator. But we shall owe no thanks at all to those who would just as eagerly have seized on a very inferior book, if it had only been written in the magical tongue.

Of Mr. Ward's powers as an expounder of history in his own person we have formerly spoken (May 15, 1869), and we put on record our hope that he may soon have, in some shape or other, the opportunity of displaying those powers on some wider field than he has yet had. We can therefore better afford to speak our minds freely as to his way of translating his author. In some points Mr. Ward is distinctly improved; he has clearly either given attention to some of the hints which we gave in our former review, or else his own wit, during the process of revision, has led him to the same conclusions to which we came. The two or three cases where we thought that he had really misunderstood his author's meaning he has corrected in a table of errata, and he has left off one or two oddities of spelling and expression. One or two, however, are still retained. It has the very drollest sound when Mr. Ward talks about a thing being done "*on Ægina*," "*on* Eubœa." The German is certainly *auf*, but the idiom is not English. We can talk of living or doing a thing *on* an island, if the island is very small, and if it is looked on simply in its geographical, or rather geological, aspect, as a mere point in the sea. We may say that "there is a lighthouse on the Flat-Holm," or that "seals are common on Ramsey," but we should hardly say that this or that man lived, or that this or that event happened, "on Anglesey" or "on Jersey." And on the whole we are driven to say that Mr. Ward's way of translating Curtius fully bears out the remarks which we made in our former notice. We still think that one to whom the mastery of the foreign language is a matter of some slight effort will translate better out of that language than one to whom the foreign language is, to say the least, as familiar as the English. That the fact of the work being a translation really has something to do with the peculiarities of Mr. Ward's style is shown by the different ways in which he writes in his translation and in the original lectures which we lately reviewed. With the style of those lectures we had little serious fault to find, but we are sorry to say that Mr. Ward's style in his translation of Curtius has several times reminded us of Mr Reeve's style in his famous translation of De Tocqueville. There is, to be sure, the all-important difference that Mr. Ward thoroughly understands Curtius's subject, while Mr. Reeve did not at all understand De Tocqueville's subject. Mr. Ward's readers may therefore feel sure that they are getting at the general meaning of the original work, while Mr. Reeve's readers cannot safely rest for a moment under any such comfortable assurance. And perhaps Mr. Reeve's memorable renderings of "ceci fait" by "when these preliminaries are terminated," and of "le" by "the very same individual," will for ever remain unapproached and unapproachable. Still it must be allowed that Mr. Ward treads very closely on Mr. Reeve's heels when such a plain piece of Dutch as "der Winter *kam*," which hardly needs any translation at all, is changed into "the winter *supervened*." It is really strange that Mr. Ward, whose thoughts evidently fall at least as easily into German as into English, should seem to take a pleasure in making his English wander away as far as may be from the common source of the two languages. Now whenever we can, without doing violence to our own idiom, keep the words as well as the thoughts of a writer in a kindred tongue, we surely ought to do so. But Mr. Ward, while constantly falling into idioms which are utterly un-English, seems never to try at all to reproduce the clear and pure style of Curtius's German. We open the book at a shot at vol. ii. p. 37 of our copy of the German—Mr. Ward we should say clearly uses another edition which has been a good deal altered in many places—and we read how Thorax the son of Alenas was the first of all the Greeks to become of his own free will the man of the Persian King; he was "der Erste von allen Hellenen, welcher dem Xerxes freiwillige Huldigung darbrachte; er that es," Curtius goes on, "unberufen, im Namen des thessalischen Volks." This last clause in Mr. Ward's hands reads like a piece of a newspaper:—"Thorax . . . was the first among all the Hellenes to offer voluntary homage to Xerxes, and he offered it in the name of the Thessalian people, though wholly unauthorized by the latter." We do not in the least undervalue the difficulty of translating from really good German into really good English, especially when the translator has to deal with so many technical terms of political science. In treating of Greek matters, a German writer has an especial advantage over an Englishman, because the past history of his own country has supplied him with a political vocabulary second only in fulness and clearness to that of Greece itself. Thus, for instance, it is very hard to express in English, except in some long roundabout way, such a compact German expression as "vorörtliche Stellung." Curtius says, for instance (i. 521), "Die Naxier erlangten durch die Grosse und die Hülfsquellen ihres Landes eine gewisse vorörtliche Stellung." So again in vol. ii. p. 8, "Athen . . . erkannte ohne Rückhalt die vorörtliche Stellung Spartas an." The former passage Mr. Ward renders thus:—"The Naxians . . . attained to a position resembling to a certain extent that of a *federal capital*." Now this is certainly not the right translation of "vorortliche Stellung," and yet it is not easy to suggest any better translation. The word *Vorort* at once conveys its own meaning to any one who understands Swiss politics, but it cannot be translated by any one English word, because there never was anything answering to it in English history. A federal capital need not be a *Vorort*, and we should say that a *Vorort* need not be a federal capital. Zurich, under the old system, was the *Vorort* of Switzerland. Zürich, Bern, and Luzern, from 1815 to 1848, held, each once in three years, a "vorörtliche Stellung." The *Vorort* had a certain precedence over the other cantons, and its local government might, in certain cases, act in the name of the whole confederation. So, to rise from smaller to greater States, we might say that Prussia has an emphatically "vorörtliche Stellung" in Northern Germany. But, on the other hand, Bern and Washington are undoubtedly federal capitals in Switzerland and America, seeing they are the places where the Federal Governments of the two countries are carried on. But Bern has not now any claim to a "vorörtliche Stellung" and still less has Washington. Washington, indeed, governed by a Congress to neither House of which did it send a single member, was till quite lately so far from being a *Vorort* that, federal capital as it undoubtedly was, it rather belonged to the class of *Unterthanigen*. Curtius seizes with perfect propriety this technical term of his own language, and applies it to an analogous state of things in Greece. Naxos and Sparta respectively, at the two points of time referred to, might each fairly be called a *Vorort*, but neither of them could, with any accuracy, be called a federal capital in the sense in which that title belongs to Ægium, Washington, and Bern. It is the more pity that in the second of the two places quoted, Mr. Ward, just after using the word "federal" to express "vorortliche," is directly after driven to translate "Bundeshulfe" by "federal aid," words which certainly do not express the real state of things between Sparta and Athens. Here, however, we are more inclined to quarrel with Curtius than with his translator, as it is certainly a fault throughout his History that he uses expressions which represent the state of things in Greece as a whole as coming much more nearly to the state of a real confederation than it ever did.

These things show the difficulty of Mr. Ward's task, and we can also sympathize with him when he has to put into English that most puzzling word "Persönlichkeit." We should often be in great straits to know how to express it, but we are at least sure that it does not do to translate it, as Mr. Ward constantly does, by "personality." "Cleomenes' *personality* made it easy," &c.; "he confided in the impression his *personality* and dignity would create." We are sure that this would not convey the real meaning to any English reader, though we should certainly find it hard to translate it better without a great waste of words. But in some cases we cannot let Mr. Ward off on the score of real difficulty of translating. Take such a sentence as this, "Fur seinen Ehrgeiz musste ein Krieg gegen die Perser unter Heerfuhrung eines spartanischen Konigs die glanzendste Aussicht sein." Mr. Ward turns this into, "For his ambition a war against the Persians, in which the Greek forces were commanded by a Spartan king, naturally opened up the most brilliant prospect." Here we begin with an order of the words which is purely German, and we end with the vulgarism of "opening up," which has nothing whatever to answer to it in the original. Presently Curtius says (vol. ii. p. 9), "Kleomenes hatte keine Macht, um durchzugreifen." This Mr. Ward translates, "Cleomenes was momentarily without the power necessary for taking summary action." Elsewhere (i. 395) Curtius calls the position of Delphi "unscheinbar und versteckt." Mr. Ward translates this "insignificant and secluded." But surely "insignificant" does not here express the sense of "unscheinbar." In page 128 of Mr. Ward's volume "massive walls" does not express "Quadermauern," which surely means walls of square stones, like Æthelstan's wall at Exeter. In page 155, "Landermasse" becomes "the complex of countries." Here the German gives us a very clear idea, and the English, if we may call it so, gives us no idea at all. What on earth is a "complex of countries"? In page 172, certain people misbehaved themselves "in trunkenem Uebermuthe," which Mr. Ward renders "in the intoxication of their arrogance," though surely the word "trunken" is here no metaphor, and, if it were, we have the example of Sir James Mackintosh's speech on behalf of Peltier for speaking of a tyrant acting "in the drunkenness of his insolence." We would refer especially to the four pages from 319 to 322 of Mr. Ward's volume as giving instances in almost every line in which good, clear, simple German is changed into a dialect on which we really cannot bestow the name of English. When "die Behaglichkeit hauslicher Einrichtung" becomes "the comforts of domesticity" we have perhaps reached the climax.

We are sorry to have to point out faults like this in any work of Mr. Ward's. They do not at all affect his undoubted position as a scholar and an historian, but they do very seriously affect his position as a translator of German books into English. In another article we hope to speak of the matter of that part of Curtius's work which is here given us by Mr. Ward.

CRABB ROBINSON.*

IN this Diary we have a nearly complete Life of its author, presented in a far more agreeable shape than a regular and formal narrative might possibly have worn. It may have been true that in the case of the Temple of the Sun *materiam superabat opus*, but such superiority of the work to the materials rarely applies to biographies. What would a Life of Gray or of Cowper be if their letters were not included in it? How intolerably dull would be a merely political account of Cicero or Horace Walpole! Coleridge, absolutely insufferable in the hands of the Cottles and Gilmans, rescued himself from the abysm of dulness by his own *Biographia Literaria*; and we might have possessed a pleasant fireside record of the witty and genial Abraham Cowley had it not been for the atrocious pedantry of Dr. Sprat, who forsooth thought it unbeseeming so great a man to appear in his slippers and dressing-gown. Well might Samuel Johnson growl at the Doctor's impertinent delicacy.

The little which is not recorded by himself in his Journals, Reminiscences and Note-books of Travels, that required to be told of Henry Crabb Robinson, is supplied in the editor's preface, and in the admirable appendix of Mr. De Morgan; and so pervading is the interest of the Journal, that it scarcely requires a commendation to readers. Yet, numerous as were the late Crabb Robinson's friends, and large and various as was the area of his acquaintances and experiences, his name, unconnected as it is with any great literary work, or with any conspicuous public career, will fall on the ears of many without conveying more than a vague reminiscence of it, if indeed it convey any impression at all. Again, a rumour of his conversational gifts, of his active benevolence, of his intimacy with the leaders in English and foreign literature, of his travels, of his brief but successful career at the Bar, of his connexion with the *Times* at a momentous period of the present century, may be partly known to many who never saw him, or who saw him only as a stranger; and to all such persons his Journal will require some introduction. A king is said once on a time to have offered a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure. We promise the pleasure, and do not require the reward, if the few remarks we can afford to make on them shall induce any of our readers to open the three attractive volumes now before us.

An index is usually consulted after the book to which it is affixed has been at least once read, but in this instance we recommend any person to whom the journalist was either unknown or known by name only, to consult the index before he begins reading the Diary. The first impression, unless we are greatly mistaken, will be that of surprise at the number of eminent names set down in the register of contents. "What manner of man was this," we fancy our supposed stranger exclaiming, "whose reminiscences comprise such names as those of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Arndt, and Tieck—as those of Madame de Staël, La Fayette, Abbé Grégoire, and Benjamin Constant—as those of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Rogers, Landor, Hazlitt, Arnold, Talfourd, Robertson of Brighton, Mrs. Barbauld, Gilbert Wakefield, Clarkson, &c., not to speak of many minor stars? Who can this have been, not one of whose works we have ever seen in a catalogue or received from Mudie's, who apparently sat among the doctors of Parnassus, and yet has not a sprig of laurel for his own brow? An almost ubiquitous man apparently, since, according to the index, he is at one time in Germany, at another in Sweden, then in Italy, Sicily, Spain, and perambulating so much of the Queen's dominions as lies within the four seas!"

The Diary, Reminiscences, and the very interesting Letters inserted in them, answer these and a host of other similar queries. But the most meagre epitome of them would far exceed the space we can allot, and would be as unsatisfactory as it must be brief. The great names we have already recited will attract attention, and need neither usher nor proclamation; our notice will, therefore, be confined to the diarist himself—a sufficiently remarkable man in all respects to deserve, for the immediate purpose, a central place in the circle of illustrious men among whom he moved, a respected and beloved friend, during more than sixty years of an active, useful, unblemished, and happy life.

The first paragraph of the Reminiscences is highly characteristic of the writer:—

> It is one of the evidences, or shall I say consequences, of a happy frame of mind that I am capable of deriving pleasure from things the absence or even the loss of which does not give me pain. I should have rejoiced had I been well born, could I have reckoned historical characters among my ancestors, but it has never occasioned me any serious uneasiness that my family are of as insignificant a class as can be imagined. Among the Robinsons I cannot find a single individual who appears to have acquired any distinction, and among the Crabbs only a remote probability of an affinity to a single individual of the name who has ever been heard of—and that is the poet.

It requires some knowledge, if not some recollection, of the time in which Crabb Robinson's earlier years were passed to feel in their full force the consequences of being born and bred in a Dissenting family. Theological antipathies were then vigorous. Not to be a Churchman meant exclusion from the Universities, from public offices, from corporation dignities, from nearly every local position that enabled its holder to be useful in his generation, or respected by it. And these disabilities and this exclusiveness were brought into strong relief by the panic that speedily attended on the French Revolution. The extravagances, and at length the crimes, that followed upon this violent outburst of a people's wrath, appeared to justify all the narrowness with which England fenced her political and religious institutions. The trumpet of Edmund Burke had aroused the fears and prejudices of the country clergy and the country gentlemen. Robert Hall thought it his duty to warn his friends against receiving Crabb Robinson, then at the mature age of twenty-two, into their houses, solely because he was a *Godwinist*; and two remarkable letters—one from Robinson, and another from Hall—are inserted in this Diary. But the great Baptist divine was an honest and high-minded adversary, and ere long took by the hand the young reformer whom he had denounced. The burning of Priestley's house in 1791, by a Church and King mob at Birmingham, showed how effectual had been the pamphlets and speeches of Tory agitators, and the force or virulence of orthodox pulpits. Robinson's own views are represented in the following words:—

> I formed [1790–1795] an acquaintance with a number of French emigrants on their escape from France during the horrors of the Revolution, and my compassion for them modified my Jacobinical feelings. I was, however, a Jacobin notwithstanding, and felt great interest in one Mr. Patmore, who was indicted for selling some of Paine's works, and ultimately escaped through a defect in the indictment. But my journal records my shock at the death of the King of France. My French attachment expired with the Brissotine party, though in my occasional pious moods I used to pray for the French.

All Gallican propensities were indeed extirpated by Robinson's five years' residence in Germany, and by subsequent visits to that country. There, whether as an honoured sojourner, or as Special Correspondent to the *Times*, he looked in the face the miseries of war, and the grinding oppression of Napoleon and his marshals. Except words spoken in his hearing against Goethe or Wordsworth, nothing disturbed his ordinary equanimity more than any attempt to idolize the first of the Bonapartes. He saw, long before most men perceived it, the hollowness of the imperial image that some were delighting to honour, and he found in pillaged cities, wasted lands, and conscriptions poor compensations for the solitary gain and glory of Paris.

In the year 1800, when the writer was twenty-five years old, the following entry occurs among his "Reminiscences":—

> I am now come to an incident which had a great influence on my tastes and feelings, and, therefore, I have no doubt, on my character. In the course of this year I went to Germany, where I remained more than five years, and pursued something like study, and where I was brought into contact with some of the most distinguished men of the age.

Crabb Robinson was then, in his own estimation, "passing rich" on a poor hundred a year, and on this, with the strict economy he always exercised on himself, open-handed as he ever was to others, he could manage to live with more comfort than it was possible to obtain with such an income in England at a time when corn was at famine prices. His first residence in Germany was the turning epoch in his life, as much as, a few years earlier, a clerk's desk in a counting-house at Hamburg had been to William Taylor of Norwich, who had this, although he had little else, in common with Crabb Robinson, that like him he was one of the earliest and most efficient expounders of German literature to Englishmen. Taylor, indeed, returned from Hamburg "Germanis Germanior"; whereas Robinson, drinking as deeply of the new Pierian springs of poetry and philosophy, did not cease to be soundly English in his thoughts and feelings.

A brief glance at English literature in the year 1800 may enable us to appreciate better the causes of the deep hold that the literature of Germany took upon a student of twenty-five—a student, be it remembered, who approached it with lively curiosity and without serious preoccupation of his intellectual tastes. "I recollect," he writes in his "Reminiscences," 1786, "the coming out of *John Gilpin*, and that 'diverting history' was published with the first edition of *The Task*. One year earlier than *The Task* appeared Crabbe's first published poem *The Library*, and one year later than *The Task* Burns issued his first volume from an obscure press at Kilmarnock." Again, in 1800, Crabb Robinson was not familiarly acquainted with Shakspeare, nor does he appear to have known much of Milton, Spenser, or Chaucer at the same period. As regards Shakspeare he writes even so late as 1851:—"[at Dresden] Schlegel's Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, called *Was Ihr Wolt*, was played and, greatly to our satisfaction. The only mortification was, that I had such a faint recollection of Shakspeare." And in far later years he was reading some of Shakspeare's Plays for the first time. The *Lyrical Ballads*, then accompanied by *The Ancient Mariner* and two or three more of Coleridge's poems, appear to have been almost the only English verse that at that date had deeply affected Crabb Robinson's imagination, though he seems to have read Akenside and to have admired Cowper in parts. Here then was a fairly unoccupied area for admitting the most youthful and vigorous literature of the last century—a literature also nearly connected with the revolutionary spirit of those days, in which Crabb Robinson earnestly sympathized for a time. The ground was not only clear, but also well suited to the new seed. It was not, however, the imaginative force, so much as the sententious wisdom of his verse, which attracted Robinson to Goethe. In all his literary judgments his first demand was the wise, the second the beautiful. Hence his early and his constant preference for Goethe among German, and for Wordsworth among English, poets of the time. The road to his imagination was through the understanding. During his stay at Jena, in 1829, he thus defines the relation of Goethe to Schiller:—

* *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A.* Selected and Edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph.D. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

Among the books I read with most interest was the *Correspondence of Goethe and Schiller*. This collection is chiefly interesting from the contrast between the two. A delightful effect is produced by the affectionate interest of Schiller towards Goethe, and infinitely below Goethe as Schiller must be deemed in intellect and poetical power, yet as a man he engrosses our affection. Goethe seems too great to be an object of love, even to one so great as Schiller. Their poetical creed, if called in question, might be thought the same, but their practice was directly opposed. Schiller was raised by Goethe, and Goethe was sustained by Schiller; without Schiller, Goethe might have mournfully quoted Pope's couplet—

> "Condemn'd in business, as in life, to trudge,
> Without a second, and without a judge."

Schiller was not, indeed, a perfect judge, for that implies a superior—at least one who can overlook; but his was an inspiring mind. Goethe was able to read himself in Schiller, and understood himself from the reflection.

Goethe correctly described Crabb Robinson as a sort of missionary on behalf of English poetry. We find him within three years after their appearance reading the *Lyrical Ballads* to his German friends; and in his correspondence with Zelter, Goethe writes of Robinson in the following words:—

There was an Englishman with us, who had studied at Jena at the beginning of the century, and who had since that time pursued German literature in a way of which no one could form an idea. He was so truly initiated into the grounds of merit in our situation, that if I had wished to do so, and as we are accustomed to do towards foreigners, there was no casting a mist before his eyes. From his conversation it resulted that, for twenty years and more, highly cultivated Englishmen have been coming to Germany and acquiring correct information concerning the personal, æsthetical, and moral relations of those who may be called our forefathers.

In his double capacity as "a kind of missionary," Crabb Robinson read to Goethe Byron's *Heaven and Earth* and Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, and the poet appears to us to have formed a more just estimate of Byron than the reader was accustomed to pronounce. But there are reservations even among friends. "He (Goethe) was not aware that I had not the courage to name the poet to whom I was and am most attached—Wordsworth; for I know that there were too many dissonances of character between them."

"The dogmatism of theology has disgusted Lamb, and it is that alone which he opposes. He has the organ of theosophy, and is by nature pious." In this instance, as in many others that might be cited from his Diary, Crabb Robinson, writing of another, is unconsciously the chronicler of himself. Loyal to the religious community in which he was born and bred, he did not, as the manner of many is, deny that other denominations held their portion of the truth, and conferred real benefits on their members. He could not indeed regard Calvinism as Christianity, and he avowed a dread of the pretensions and the power of Rome. But even these—we can hardly call them unwholesome—antipathies, for Calvinism is incompatible with justice, and Rome with freedom, were accompanied in him by a large charity, and he heartily responded to the opinion of Coleridge, delivered in his wiser hours, that men were generally better than their creeds. At one time of his life he admits of some attraction to the Society of Friends, but in this case, as in another mentioned by him, a single attendance at a Quakers' meeting dissolved the illusion. The seeds of religion were deeply embedded in his nature. Formalists of any sect might question his piety, but it was not the less an active portion of his being. Had not the term been so frequently abused by the so-called religious world and by writers of tracts, we should have no scruple in describing him as "an anxious inquirer." He read or he listened to with a longing and a loving heart the writings and the sermons of Taylor and Barrow, of Irving and Arnold, of Sortaine, and Robertson of Brighton. We cannot discover, versed in theology as he was, that he was sealed to any system. He applauded the speculations and inquiries of Paulus in his youth, of Schleiermacher and Strauss in his maturer years, but he called himself by none of their names. On many questions he differed widely from his most honoured friends. He deplored the increasing intolerance of Coleridge; he could not follow Southey in his recantations; he silently disagreed from even Wordsworth, when the poet, although he seems to have been a rare attendant at church—owing, as he said himself, to the "foolishness of preachers"—grew more and more enamoured of the doctrines and discipline of the Anglican establishment. Like another good, and perhaps great man also, Robinson *in sapientiâ retinuit modum*. His letter to Mr. Benecke, too long for extraction, too good for abbreviation, contains an exposition of his religious views. It is to be found in the third volume of his Diary (pp. 38-41). But we cannot pass over the two following remarkable and characteristic entries in the Diary:—

1836.—*January* 3rd.—At church.—Dr. Arnold preached an impressive discourse, which excited feelings in me too serious to be more than adverted to here. The subject was a reconciling of the seeming contradictions of passages implying that God *will* listen, and *will not* listen to the prayers addressed to him. But he could not unravel the knot which no divine has ever unravelled, that without grace no one can pray, and yet grace is to be imparted to those only who duly ask for it. That is, grace is granted only to those who have it already. How I should prize the Œdipus that would solve this riddle.

I am not anxious to make converts to dogmas, but I am very anxious that serious men of other *isms* should be willing to receive us as members of the one Catholic Church; and I think that among the Churchmen of the Whately school this may not be hard to obtain.

The religious enthusiasts will make sacrifices, which the religious thinkers will not. It does not follow that the thinkers are not sincere in their professions; but it is, I suppose, the same turn of mind which makes them think, and produces a coolness of character. This is a sad experience; but it does not affect one's convictions.

Nothing in his life more conspicuously displayed the perfect charity of Crabb Robinson's nature than the company to be met with at his breakfast and dinner-table. There were assembled men holding and professing the most heterogeneous and irreconcilable opinions in religion, in politics, in philosophy, and in literature; men who, without this common centre of mutual respect and conciliation, might have regarded one another with distrust and perhaps dislike to their dying days. His table achieved what Evangelical Unions have hitherto failed, and to all appearance will continue to fail, in effecting. The host sat at the receipt of that most excellent gift—charity. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds's dinners it was once remarked, after an unusually stormy session, that all the world outside must have been at peace, such was the dissension within one ordinarily sized chamber for a few hours:—

It is impossible [writes Mr. De Morgan] to describe the charm of these social meetings. There was nothing like *general society* at his table; the guests were a cluster of persons whose minds had affinities with his own. At the house of H. C. R., each man felt the assurance that every guest would be—in the opinion of a discerning and experienced host, who cultivated acquaintance only according to liking—a man whose society would be personally agreeable to that host. Hence what may be called a prejudice in favour of the lot, which is a great step towards easy association. And so it happened that these meetings were pleasant and social, *ab ovo usque ad mala*; free of that annoyance which, though well accustomed to it, we could never name by an English word, but characterised as *tedium*, *gêne*, or *ennui*, until some master of language invented the name *bore*, which takes in all the others in agreements and differences both. As to H. C. R. himself at the head of his table, he managed to secure attention to his guests without the guests themselves feeling that they were on his mind. He made his meal and carried on his conversation, while, somehow or other—the most satisfactory way in which many things can happen—his guests were perfectly well served, as he knew and saw. And so these parties were too pleasant in all details to allow any remembrance of one part by its contrast with another.

We cannot more appropriately close our brief and imperfect notice of one whom to know was to revere and love, and from whom notice was distinction, than by again borrowing from the appendix:—

The elements of his power of conversation have been enumerated, but all put together will not explain the charm of his society. For this we must refer to other points of character which, unassisted, are compatible with dulness and taciturnity. A wide range of sympathies, and sympathies which were instantaneously awake when occasion arose, formed a great part of the whole. This easily excited interest led to that feeling of communion which draws out others.

Nothing can better illustrate this than reference to the old meaning of *conversation*. Up to the middle of the last century, or near it, the word never meant colloquy alone; it was a perfect synonym for *companionship*. So it was with Crabb Robinson; his conversation was companionship, and his companionship was conversation.

The editor of this Diary, Dr. Thomas Sadler, has performed a far from easy task with a delicacy, industry, and discretion that cannot be too highly applauded. In his preface he gives an account of the materials consigned to him, and he has proved himself in all respects worthy of the great trust imposed in him—the preparing for public gaze the private records of an eminently social, wise, and blameless life.

LOST AMID THE FOGS.*

It is a very proud distinction to be a British soldier. Any man of patriotic feelings may take a pardonable pride in so honourable a position; and it is to be hoped that all our soldiers do so, for it must be admitted that at times they have little other consolation. They certainly have to keep up their spirits in some of the dullest spots on the habitable globe which the researches of geographers have hitherto discovered. Such at least appear to have been the reflections of Colonel M'Crea when, at the close of 1861, just as he had comfortably settled himself in a new house, he was ordered to betake himself to Newfoundland in consequence of the *Trent* affair. As the order came on a Wednesday night, and he was to start on the ensuing Saturday, he had little time for geographical researches. A lady who had been there as the wife of an officer gave him the most exhaustive account of the charms of the island. There were no amusements, she said, except the arrival of the post once in a month or six weeks; no roads, not much food, but "plenty of salt fish and pork and snow and wild ducks and Irish Papists," besides such an abundance of gales that they often had to walk out tied two and two together. Colonel M'Crea declares in his preface that he found the country very pleasant, in spite of this discouraging report, and that he never spent three happier years abroad than those which he passed in Newfoundland. We must admit that the spirit in which the book is written fully confirms this report; Colonel M'Crea obviously enjoyed himself very heartily, and does what he can to make us share his enjoyment. Yet, after reading it, the fact chiefly impressed upon us is that his lady informant gave a singularly accurate summary of the charms of the country. Fish, snow, fogs, and Irish Papists are the staple of the book; and without saying that all these things are bad, or indeed that some of them may not be very good in their way, we confess that they do not to our mind go far towards constituting an earthly paradise.

Colonel M'Crea indeed admits that his first introduction to the country was rather depressing. He was landed in mid-winter at Halifax, and accidentally missing the steamboat which was to carry him thence to Sydney, Cape Breton, had to make the journey

* *Lost Amid the Fogs: Sketches of Life in Newfoundland.* By Lieut.-Colonel R. B. M'Crea, Royal Artillery. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

overland. The principal incidents in his trip were that at one point the sleigh in which he was travelling was tipped over a precipice, and only saved from instant annihilation by a lucky tree-trunk in its way; that one of his fellow-passengers drank himself into a series of epileptic fits, and took the opportunity of going into one of extreme violence just as they were in danger of being lost by night in a snowdrift, with a thermometer many degrees below zero, and no assistance at hand; and that he had to cross the river into Cape Breton through floating masses of ice, which came very near crushing him and his fellow-passengers together. When he at length reached St. John's, he found miserably uncomfortable quarters, and something like an arctic winter. These and other miseries attending his arrival are described with much spirit, and we imagined, in reading them, that they were intended by way of an artistic contrast to set off the substantial charms of the island. We are indeed still inclined to believe that this was Colonel M'Crea's purpose in writing his opening chapters, but it is rather difficult for the uninitiated to discover precisely what those charms are. We confess that the main action of the drama seems to us rather to harmonize with the prologue than to be profoundly contrasted with it.

It is true that it is not always winter in Newfoundland; there is a season which corresponds more or less roughly to summer; or, to speak more accurately, there is a warmish period in autumn, though of the spring and summer proper the less said the better. Colonel M'Crea gives us an account of one season during his sojourn. The early promise of peas, beans, and other vegetables was nipped by a short frost in the beginning of May. Things were beginning to get round a little, when one morning it was observed that the entrance to the harbour was closed by a huge white iceberg. The harbour, he tells us, was full of ice on July 3 Matters, however, improved once more, and Colonel M'Crea was beginning to hope for some returns from his garden, when on September 2 another frost set in and the garden looked "as if the breath of a furnace had passed over it, and blasted the beauty of earth for ever." One unlucky result of the peculiarity of the seasons is that the lobsters come in first, then the salmon, then the salad, and last of all the cucumbers, but that neither love nor money can persuade these delicacies to come together Colonel M'Crea, however, consoles himself for the hardships of the climate by the reflection that this is a providential arrangement for the good of the fishermen. We do not, to say the truth, quite follow his line of argument, but he seems to think that it would have been impossible to get cold water enough for the fish without spoiling the climate of Newfoundland for the purposes of gardeners

We cannot pursue this difficult inquiry; but it must be admitted that even fish are a questionable benefit to the Newfoundlanders. Colonel M'Crea points out very forcibly the demoralizing nature of the trade It is of course very much in the nature of a lottery, with a few great prizes and a very large number of blanks. The Newfoundland merchants advance stores of various kinds to the fishermen at enormous prices; if there is a bad fish harvest, the men cannot pay; it there is a good one, they are in the habit of surreptitiously parting with the fish to Yankee traders and other persons of diabolical acuteness. The consequence of this unbusinesslike way of carrying on the one great trade of the place is that most people are in debt, that the merchants are constantly suffering from ruinous bankruptcies, and the fishermen being reduced to pauperism. During Colonel M'Crea's stay the fishing was uniformly bad, and a great deal of misery prevailed in consequence. Colonel M'Crea, with his happy turn for seeing the best side of things, points out that this is a blessing in disguise, principally because the merchants will be taught to be more economical in their ways, and the fishermen encouraged to rely less upon the sea and more upon agriculture. Everything, of course, may be shown to be for the best in this best of all possible worlds; but we must say that this particular blessing seems to be very much disguised indeed.

The fishery is, of course, the main interest of Newfoundland; but the inhabitants have some of the pleasures characteristic of the British colonist all over the world. They have got their mimic Houses of Parliament, and have debates of singular vigour. It is true, as Colonel M'Crea remarks, that a population of about a hundred thousand people, three-quarters of whom are ignorant fishermen, can hardly be said to afford a very favourable field for the working of a constitutional Government. A scene, however, which he witnessed illustrates the spirit with which their legislators throw themselves into the task. A proposal had been made by Government that a reward should no longer be paid for wolf-skins, and this on the very sensible ground that the skins were supposed to be generally imported instead of being taken in the colony. The debate began about four in the afternoon, and at eleven Colonel M'Crea heard an orator—we need scarcely say of Irish extraction—endeavouring to talk the House out, in order to get rid of the obnoxious proposal. After he had spoken for several hours, the leading members of Government sent for mattresses and made themselves comfortable on the floor of the House. The orator continued talking about wolf-skins the whole of that night, and until the afternoon of next day, when he dropped from sheer fatigue, after an oration of twenty-four hours—a performance unparalleled, so far as we know, except by Prince Giglio in the *Rose and the Ring*. The motion was passed, and this brilliant Parliamentary manœuvre defeated. It must be added, however, that the great wolf-skin controversy appears to have been merely a pretext for a far more serious warfare. The Irish Papists of whom Colonel M'Crea's informant spoke form nearly half the population of Newfoundland. They have a conspicuous cathedral on the highest point of St. John's, and a bishop with a taste for interfering in politics. Given a population of this delightful composition, half English Protestants and half Irish Catholics, and it must be admitted that, whatever the dulness of the country in other respects, it will never be in want of the materials for a row. At the same time it is not surprising that a refined gentleman like Colonel M'Crea finds the sort of squabbling which results from such politics to be rather undignified, and in the long run not very interesting.

It is perhaps time to say what were the charms which Colonel M'Crea discovered in this desolate place. They appear to have been twofold. In the apology for summer he succeeded in shooting a certain number of grouse, snipe, and other game; and though the sport was hardly of the highest order, it was pleasant enough. In the winter he belonged to a whist-club, which spent every Monday evening from seven to eleven in absolute silence and devotion to the game. At the end of that time they had a supper which was certainly substantial, and of which the special pride and ornament was a peculiarly delicious variety of wild goose. Also he assures us, and we can fully believe, that the inhabitants were singularly friendly, hearty, and free from the conventionalisms of England. His practical moral, which we must leave to stand on its own merits, is, that the true interests of Newfoundland and England are linked together, that we ought carefully to cultivate the rather torpid loyalty of the country, which has been chilled by our discreditable ignorance of its peculiarities, and that the "snug little harbour of St. John's" might be made to bristle with batteries and torpedoes, "sufficient to uphold our flag if driven there, like Moore to Corunna, in defence against all attack." It is wrong to look upon such declarations in a cold utilitarian spirit, only we could wish that, if our flag is to be kept waving there by large expenditure of men and money, it might wave over a larger population and a better climate.

TISSOT ON THE IMAGINATION.*

IMAGINATION, says M. Tissot, is the root of all good. Various indeed, and valuable as various, are the services which it renders to the world. Without imagination, the human race could be incapable of thought, of speech, of perfectibility; it would be incapable of forming a society, of possessing traditions or an ideal, for without its aid neither industry, arts, sciences, laws, nor manners would be possible. To imagination therefore we owe all that we are and have. Nevertheless, although we are under such countless obligations to it, there are circumstances under which its influence is far from being favourable to the cause of humanity; and it is these circumstances which we are now recommended to take as the subject of our investigations, since our best preservative against those intellectual aberrations of which it is the fatal cause is a clear perception of that in which they consist.

M Tissot touches briefly on the action of the imagination in the passions, in suicide, and in madness, but devotes special attention to its activity during sleep and dreams, and to its influence in that curious form of disease known as somnambulism. Here we find the real point of the book, which is to set forth—first, that all phenomena are capable of explanation by natural causes; and secondly, that those special phenomena which characterize the development of mysticism—whether Oriental or European, as well as those which have been supposed to justify a belief in magic, sorcery, witchcraft, and generally in demoniacal agency—can be completely accounted for by the same laws which govern the production of the distinctive features of the different known species of somnambulism; somnambulism being itself one of the large family of nervous complaints, and closely connected with hysteria, mania, delirium, epilepsy, catalepsy, and ecstasy. The basis on which M. Tissot reasons concerning the class of facts which he lays before us is the theory "de l'âme et du moi," which he considers himself to have established in two previous works—*La Vie dans l'Homme*, published in 1861, and *L'Animisme*, which we believe preceded it. "L'âme" is the principle of organic life, but it exercises these functions without intelligence, that is to say, without consciousness, and without will. This principle continues to act when the "moi" or intellect is inactive, as in sleep; when, the imagination acting as intermediary, it raises dreams. Its degrees of activity in this state vary with different persons, some—as, for instance, Lessing—not dreaming at all, or at least not having any recollection of their dreams. This is the only fact put forward in support of their theory by those who assert that the living principle is not in continual activity during sleep; and M. Tissot considers it to prove nothing, since there is a total absence of recollection, in the case of somnambulists, of their movements and even actions whilst in a state of somnambulism. There are, indeed, considerable differences between dreams and somnambulism. In dreams, the perception is wholly interior, imaginative; the recollection is defective, the association of ideas extremely irregular, and not in accordance with the external world; the touch is dull, the organs sluggish, the members not under the control of the will; "la vie de relation" (between life

* *L'Imagination, ses Bienfaits et ses Égarements, surtout dans le Domaine du Merveilleux.* Par J. Tissot, Professeur de Philosophie, Doyen de la Faculté des Lettres de Dijon. Paris.

and intellect) hardly exists, and the understanding and reason are enfeebled. In somnambulism, on the contrary, one finds the memory lucid and exact; thought is orderly, more in harmony with the external world; the organs are sensible, and moral sentiment is more marked. There is yet another singular difference between these two states, and one that appears to rest on well-authenticated facts; and this is, that whereas in dreams the eyes are shut, in somnambulism they are more frequently open, notwithstanding which the subject sees in the latter case exactly as in the former; whether the eyes are open or shut, the vision is the same, and differs just as much from ordinary sight. In illustration, M. Tissot gives numerous instances extracted from different medical journals, chiefly French and German, and on these he speculates with great ingenuity and acuteness. Some of them are, however, of so very extraordinary a character that he is obliged to say that, though he does not deny, he does not affirm them. We extract one which appears to us of a typical character, which is given as an instance of a person accomplishing in a state of somnambulism acts of which he or she would be incapable when in a normal condition. A young girl was attacked by the disease which the English (?) call "louping." The attack comes on in the night, and causes the sick person to leap, and run, as if possessed. The paroxysm took place every day in the morning, a few hours after getting up. She then fell into a sort of sleep, with her eyes shut. In this state she leapt with marvellous agility; she ran with greater swiftness than she could have done in health. In running, she always went towards a given spot in the neighbourhood, never changing her course. She often said, when she felt the paroxysm approach, that she wished to go there, and as soon as she had reached the place she would return, sometimes without taking the same road, and although the path was very bad she never stumbled. When she said, as the paroxysm approached, that she wished to run to such or such a place, she was accustomed to add that during the night she had dreamed that she should do so. In vain was the attempt made to stop her, on account of the danger; she persisted in running to this given place, and nowhere else. On awaking she was extremely feeble, but gradually her strength returned, and she suffered most when prevented from running. When she came to herself she had no recollection of what had passed in her sleep. Some time before her illness she said she had dreamed that the water of a neighbouring spring, called Dropburn, would effect her cure. She drank it during her paroxysms, and at other times. If given any other water, she rejected it impatiently, but always drank willingly, with closed eyelids, water from the spring. Before the last paroxysm she remarked—"Now I have only three leaps to take, after which I shall neither leap nor run any more." Accordingly, having fallen into her usual sleep, she jumped upon a mantelpiece, and then down again; having repeated this performance three times, she stopped, and never afterwards either ran or leapt.

For this remarkable story, as well as for others equally astounding, which are selected by M. Tissot as the basis of his pyscho-physiological speculations, we are referred to Moritz, *Magazin zur Erfahrung*. It must, however, be borne in mind by sober readers that the scene of this charmingly fantastic episode is laid in *England*, a name which is possibly used in M. Tissot's study as a synonym for fairyland.

In classifying the different forms of this disease M. Tissot follows pretty closely the arrangement of Dr. Bertrand, who, in his work entitled *Du Somnambulisme*, distinguishes four species—first, simple somnambulism; secondly, symptomatic somnambulism, which is known to us in certain complaints, such as catalepsy, hysteria, epilepsy, and hypochondria; thirdly, magnetic somnambulism, or somnambulism due to the influence exercised by other persons; and fourthly, ecstatic somnambulism. Each of these four states undergoes a careful analysis at the hands of our author, and receives copious illustration, sometimes from facts which he says have come within the field of his own experience—as at p. 117, where he gives a very curious account of some experiments made by himself at Dijon, in 1852, in artificial or magnetic somnambulism, with a woman named Michaud. The result of several sittings was simply doubt; each *séance* was distinguished by a few successes, and plenty of mistakes, as far as anything like predictions were concerned, though the facts of enforced sleep, and of the subjection of the will of the sleeper to that of the magnetizer, remained apparently untouched. Taken altogether, M. Tissot thinks the results sufficiently curious to be worth further investigation and inquiry. The artificial sleep of the Indian fakir, which is said to have been tested with care by actual burial for periods extending from ten days to ten months, vouched by credible European witnesses, may, it is suggested, belong to one of the unexplained phenomena known under the names of hypnotism or braydism, which come under the head of consecutive or magnetic somnambulism; but by far the greater number of those phenomena to which the popular—and, M. Tissot adds, the theological—mind has given in ages past, and still desires to give, the name of supernatural, fall under the head of somnambulism ecstatic.

This is supposed to be marked, amongst others, by the following remarkable features:—1. Knowledge of the thoughts, actions, and names of persons who have never been seen or heard by the subject; 2. Knowledge of languages never learnt; 3. Partial and relative want of external and internal sensibility; 4. Perversion of physical sensibility, so that pleasure is occasioned by that which would ordinarily cause extreme suffering; and, 5. Visions of various character, beatific or otherwise. It seems hardly necessary to say that the first two points do not appear to be as yet authenticated. In considering this class of nervous diseases it is impossible not to perceive a curious relation between the symptoms which characterise it and those which were formerly supposed to indicate supernatural agency, in the cases of so-called possessed persons, and others which appear at first sight still more inexplicable. We refer to the reception of the stigmata. The author of the book before us points out that this may be accounted for without having recourse to the accusation of fraud, or to supernatural causes. The action of the moral upon the physical frame can be brought to bear indifferently upon all the systems of tissues, upon all the organs, upon all the functions; the sympathies between the different organs are numerous, and the phenomena in respect to them depend apparently upon the constitution of the subject, and in some measure on the state of health. It should be recollected that the stigmatici are nearly always ecstatics, and that in such cases the action of the imagination is extremely powerful, and capable of producing, in the course of

she was from her childhood a nervous subject, and very devout. After the death of her father she was nearly always ailing, slept little, had no appetite, was subject to nervous attacks, to hallucinations, and meditated constantly on the passion of Our Lord. She was a long while at a time without food, became ecstatic, and, little by little, the stigmata were formed. An analogous, but still more extraordinary, circumstance was a sweat of blood and water after a nightmare (see *Moniteur Universel*, December 13, 1862). But, after all, what is there, except a difference in kind, to distinguish such a case as this from sicknesses, and even mortal sicknesses, occasioned by fear or by imagination—such, for instance, as the appearance of all the symptoms of cholera at the mere thought of having slept in the bed of a cholera patient? The case of Marie de Moerll is almost equally well attested, and equally susceptible of explanation by analogy. The modifications introduced into the practice of mysticism by the Christian idea only rendered its doctrine more easy of comprehension and more popular. Even France, which has rarely taken the initiative in this matter, professes a moderate form of mysticism, as indeed do all Catholic countries. There is a science of developing, directing, stimulating, and restraining the faithful in this perilous road. This art, the rules of which may be found at length in the *Praxis Confessarii* of Liguori, deserves to be more fully known than it is. In that work is developed a complete theory of ecstatic contemplation, passing through several degrees, till we reach the beatific vision and union with God, which is described as consisting of three kinds—first, the simple, or that of espousals; then the ecstatic; and finally, the consummated or spiritual marriage. We leave, says M. Tissot, educated men to decide how far the education which girls receive in conventual houses where this spirit reigns is likely to turn them out reasonable wives and mothers.

The mystic devotees of the Abbé Paris were distinguished by complete perversion of physical sensibility, which made the most horrible tortures a source of life and health, and which characterizes the cases of so-called possession which have become known to us at the present day in Savoy. Let the cemetery of Saint-Médard be closed by order of the King—

De par le roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle dans ce lieu—

then the miracle takes place elsewhere. The object of faith is nothing, faith itself is everything, and, the cemetery closed, *neuvaines* and relics of the "bienheureux diacre" do just as well. The sick see into the interior of their bodies, they have a knowledge of things passing at a distance, they hear internal voices, all of which symptoms are asserted to be those of ecstatic somnambulism, and are reproduced in the terrible mental malady which has existed for several years, and is perhaps still existing, in the unhappy village of Morzine, in the Haute-Savoie. It should be recollected that the different classes of somnambulism run very much into one another, and, although Dr. Bertrand's division given above appears reasonable, yet it may be said that somnambulism in general is an exceptional state, and therefore a disease; that ecstatic somnambulism has also an organic cause, and that whilst you acknowledge in it the influence of the moral on the physical, the counter-influence of the physical on the moral should not be left out of sight. In the terrible outbreaks at Morzine there appears to be quite as much of symptomatic as of ecstatic somnambulism. Dr. Constans, in his pamphlet on this strange epidemic—with the study of which he was, we believe, officially entrusted—names it *hystéro-démonopathie*, and shows in his preliminary sketch of the locality and the inhabitants that it was not difficult for a malady of this nature to develop itself spontaneously in such a region, amongst a people whose habits of life and thought were so far from fulfilling the simplest sanitary conditions. The grossest superstitions have there a natural home, and the credulity of the priests is not behind that of the people. It was easy for those who were accustomed to practise exorcism, instead of veterinary art, to ascribe a simple nervous affection to the possession of its victim by the devil; this belief, in spite of the wise advice and prohibitions of Mgr. Rendu, was encouraged by the curé, and some if not all of his vicaires; everything was done by them which could excite the already enfeebled and agitated minds of their people. The evil had a moral cause—extreme credulity; and it is by natural remedies that it may be met and conquered. Nearly all the sufferers were

women, between fifteen and forty years of age, and women are particularly subject to all nervous affections—somnambulism, catalepsy, hysteria, and it is, we conceive, to the victims of this class of complaints, complicated in their case by the influence of an imagination filled with superstitious fancies and fixed ideas, that the *possédées* of Morzine must be added. Finding himself at Evian in 1862, shortly before the second alarming outbreak took place, M. Tissot went over to the unfortunate village, and obtained permission to visit some of the persons under the influence of the malady. He saw two cases, a woman and her daughter, and witnessed a seizure in the mother of a violent character. The delirium was furious; she declaimed with extreme volubility, the devil appearing to speak by her mouth in his own person and in that of *la fille*, out of whom he would not go. This tirade was accompanied by violent blows upon the oak table at which they sat—blows which seemed to M. Tissot strong enough to split it in two; yet, on taking her hands to ascertain whether they were not affected in any way by the fury of her exertions, he found them no warmer than usual, and the pulse neither strong nor rapid. And here we have again that extraordinary insensibility to pain which in the middle ages was considered by sober jurists a convincing proof of communication with the powers of evil. M. Tissot gives an account, with copious extracts, of a book—originally published at Frankfort in 1632, in Latin, but now rare even in the French translation—by a German Jesuit, P. Spé, who had the courage and humanity to expose in it the horrors then perpetrated, under the pretence of justice, against sorcerers. He tells us that "they say that there are places on the bodies of sorcerers which have neither sense nor blood, so that if a needle be deeply stabbed in, it will neither cause pain nor will any blood issue from the place." Here it was that the devil had sealed his chosen, and it was on the strength of such a proof as this, or of confessions extracted by repeated applications of the torture, that many thousands perished at the stake in Franche-Comté during the Spanish rule, when, under Philip II., and, above all, under the Archduchess Isabella Clara Eugenia, the fires in many places were never extinguished, and a dream was death.

As to the polite superstitions of the present day—the superstitions, for instance, of table-turning and spirit-rapping—M. Tissot remarks that should any facts be substantially attested they must be capable of explanation by *des raisons toutes subjectives*, by states analogous to those of dreams, of sleep, of somnambulism, of madness. Hypnotism, or artificial somnambulism, appears to him to offer a possible, and certainly plausible, explanation. In this state physical sensibility partly disappears; the perceptions and the intellect are, on the contrary, more developed; and the will of the person is subject to that of whoever may have induced the state. Life then exerts a more powerful influence upon the body than when it is in a normal condition, and it would seem impossible to assign limits to this action, either as to its nature, or as to the degrees of modification which it may undergo. Again M. Tissot employs his theory of life and intellect; he cannot of course accept the claims and assertions of the spiritualists, but neither will he adhere to simple hypnotism as set forth by M. Figuier and others, since, he says, hypnotism itself is only to be explained by "l'animisme." We cannot help suspecting of our author "*qu'il donne un peu trop dans le magnétisme*," although he endeavours to fortify himself against such an accusation by protesting that it will not do to believe all the marvels told on that head: but if, for the purposes of argument, we once assume, as he does, the facts alleged, it would be impossible to treat them in a more scientific manner. If one reflects on the deep roots which a superstition of the most trifling character acquires in the course of time, and the deadly and mischievous effects it may have on the interests of practical life, it is impossible not to sympathize with any honest attempt to combat the popular tendency to substitute supernatural for natural causes regarding any unexplained phenomena, more especially when the author's claims are so considerable as those of M. Tissot, who has passed almost sixty years in psychological and physiological studies. We take leave of his work with a quotation from p. 233:—

> The best remedy against superstition is to prevent its birth; once let it get ahead of us, all attempts to check its course will incur the suspicion of impiety. It is satisfied in itself. It is an evil never less felt than when at its highest pitch. What do I say? It is an evil which, as it grows, takes the deceitful form of a good—the garb of holiness. Like madness, superstition is never more wise in its own conceit than when it is most irretrievably degraded in the judgment of all sane men.

LIFE OF MOTHER MARGARET HALLAHAN.*

NO doubt there are convents and convents. If we have lately had startling evidence that some of them are very like a nursery full of ill-conditioned children under the management of a cross-grained and incompetent nursery-maid, the *Life of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan* goes far to prove that women of ardent temperament and great force of character have found scope in others for the exercise of the noblest qualities of active self-devotion and benevolence. It is a far better answer than a foolish volume on *Sisterhoods and Convents* which we had occasion to notice not long ago, to any sweeping inference of universal condemnation that might be drawn from the Saurin case. Of course it may be said, and said with truth, that if Mrs. Starr is to be dismissed as an exceptionally unfavourable type of a "Reverend Mother," there is much in her character and the circumstances of her life to make Mother Margaret quite as much an exception the other way. She was a woman of sufficient originality and moral energy to be remarkable in any position, and it is worth noticing that, like most other members of religious orders, male or female, who have attained a reputation beyond the cloister walls, a great part of her life had been spent, and her character had been formed and matured, before she "left the world." She was more than forty when she became a nun. And it is rather amusing, after the constant tirades of Roman Catholic writers, and especially of those just referred to, about the superiors of Anglican Sisterhoods entering on their office without any previous training of obedience, to find that Mother Margaret, "foundress of the English Congregation of St. Catherine of Sienna," did exactly the same. Her biographer tells us that she was born to command, and she was accordingly judged "quite capable of filling the office of superioress" from the first, and never passed through any noviciate. She said of herself that she "had never known real subjection." Yet she was a woman of humble origin and no education, and had up to the time of her entering on conventual life been a domestic servant. Her mind, as we have said, was singularly active, and she had a fund of strong common sense, but her opinions on general subjects were almost inevitably of the narrowest, and not unfrequently both bigoted and foolish. It would have been kinder in her biographer to have been more sparing in the repetition of sayings which are not much to her credit, and can have no intrinsic value. Her feeling about Protestants was very like what a large number of uneducated Protestants entertain towards Roman Catholics, and a wider experience never seems to have corrected it. "They may say what they choose, but they would like to hang us all," was even in later life the expression of her deliberate belief; and, accordingly, on her return from Belgium to England she declared to her confessor that "returning to this Protestant country was like going to hell." She says of an English village in Somersetshire, that the people "had never seen a crucifix," which is likely enough, and "as to any truth of religion, *they did not know its name.*" She wished for means "to moralize a people with scarce an instinct of God." To a Protestant clergyman who, on taking his leave of her, expressed his hope that, in spite of their differences, they would both one day see the Lord, she replied, "No, Sir, you'll never see Him unless you are a Catholic, for there is no salvation out of the Catholic Church"; and she added that she could not argue, but "that is the truth." We had imagined that even the strictest of Ultramontanes allowed some margin for what an Irish child is said to have called, in addressing a Protestant bishop, "your lordship's inconsavable ignorance." Mother Margaret seems from this story, which her biographer relates with great unction, to have allowed none. Yet in spite of her theological rigidity she had a warm and capacious heart, and was always intent on doing good both to the bodies and souls of her fellow-creatures. And she exerted the influence which only a genuine sympathy of nature can command, as the following anecdote will show:—

> An artisan from Birmingham once came to Stone to finish some work in the church, and Mother Margaret, after settling what was to be done, fixed eye on him, and asked him if he were a Catholic. The man answered he not "What do you do for your soul—I suppose you know you have got one?" "Well, ma'am, I suppose I have." "Do you ever go to church?" "I can't say I do." When they had got thus far, the Sister who was present, seeing the turn the conversation was taking, thought it best to retire, and went to dinner, leaving Mother Margaret and her catechumen together. Presently she entered the refectory with a glowing countenance, and whispered to the Sister, "Go and take that man a techism and a 'Garden of the Soul,' and give him the address of a priest Birmingham." The Sister obeyed, and found the poor fellow kneeling before one of the altars, weeping like a child. All his John Bull reserve had vanished. "No one," he said, "ever seemed before to care whether I had got a soul."

It was not only, indeed, in her notions about Protestants, but in her religious belief, that her ignorant fanaticism betrayed itself. It is related of her, apparently as an edifying incident of her early years, that she was much shocked by a fellow-servant who was accustomed to indulge in blasphemous denials of the existence of God, but when he once spoke disrespectfully of the Blessed Virgin," "*this* was touching her in her *tenderest* point," and she flew into a passion. In later life it was her special aim to introduce into England the worship of the Virgin and of "St. Philomena"; the latter being, as our readers are perhaps aware, a fancy name invented some years ago for certain relics discovered in the Catacombs, which nobody knew anything about, and which are just as likely to have belonged to a heathen as to a Christian. On one occasion, going with some friends into St. Michael's Church at Coventry during service time, she took them into the Lady Chapel, and there "recited with them aloud the Litany of Our Lady," which her biographer thinks a touching evidence of her mastery of all "human respect"—we [illegible]
mother, and Mother Margaret's way of referring to her is often of a kind which to the more reverential or more squeamish tastes of Protestant readers will appear truly amazing. Thus in one place she writes word that she is "going to make a great fuss with her," in order to get funds for an orphanage and hospital; and again, when she had said that she was going to ask Our Lady for a particular favour, and was asked what would happen if she did not grant it, "Oh," she replied, "I shall tease her till she does." Most of this must be set down to her want of early

* *Life of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, of the Third Order of St. Dominic.* With a Preface by the Bishop of Birmingham. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

training; to the last she never learnt how to spell properly. With all her horror of Protestant England she had an enthusiastic feeling of loyalty for the Queen, and was very severe upon converts who spoke disrespectfully of her. She would gravely read aloud that the Queen had walked in the Slopes at Windsor, as though it was the most interesting piece of intelligence in the newspaper. On other points she showed a good taste which could hardly have been expected from her antecedents. She was thoroughly fond of Gothic architecture, which was adopted in all the convents and churches she built, and she hated anything tawdry or unreal in decorations; fancy bazaars, raffles, and the like, she could not endure. When she had to go on business to Rome, even St. Peter's did not greatly fascinate her; she declared herself disappointed, and said she liked Belgium much better, adding that "cleanliness and holiness do not go together here," and that she should like to found "a confraternity of scavengers" for the Romans. She "shocked the feelings of her companion a little rudely by singing *In exitu Israel* as their carriage passed out of the city gates."

With all her eccentricities, the Life of Mother Margaret is the record, not only of a very good, but a very remarkable, woman. Great as is the contrast between them in many respects, one cannot help often being reminded of the Life of Arnold. They resemble each other in their downright simplicity, their energy and their warmth of character. Her biographer is fond of comparing her to St. Theresa, and there is certainly much about her that reminds one of the strong practical common sense, united to an enthusiastic piety, by which so many of the Spanish mystics were distinguished. Her special fondness for children, especially boys, had been early conspicuous, and seems to have grown with her growth, and was reciprocated by their warmest affection and gratitude. There is a touching story of the way in which her orphan boys at Stone evinced this feeling after her funeral:—

> They contrived to purchase some choice flowers, and requested to be allowed to lay them, with their own hands, upon her grave. When the flowers were afterwards removed by the sacristan, a letter was found concealed among them, which, as the genuine expression of children's love to a good Mother, shall be here transcribed:—
>
> "DEAREST AND REVERED MOTHER,—It is almost impossible to express our gratitude to you, but will you accept the flowers we lay upon your grave? though we well know the far better flowers that now form your heavenly wreath. Dear Mother, to the honour of God we will also beg Father A. to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for you.—Your grateful and loving children, "THE ORPHAN BOYS."

The Life is written by the authoress of *Christian Schools and Scholars*, and is well written, though it might with advantage have been curtailed in parts; and several merely official letters, which take up a good deal of space, and are of no particular interest, had better have been omitted. One most troublesome defect, which is very common with lady-writers, we trust the authoress will supply if her book should reach a second edition. There is nothing in the shape of an index, nor even any heading to the chapters beyond occasionally a date. The consequence is that you do not know where anything occurs which you want to look for, and after reading the book through you have to read it over again for any particular passage you are in search of. We close with a short extract from Bishop Ullathorne's preface, giving some examples of what he calls Mother Margaret's "spiritual proverbs," as they seem to us to illustrate very fairly the union of mysticism and good sense which were ruling elements of her character:—

> "Penance," she said, "ought not to sadden or depress. If it does, it is a sign of something wrong in the soul, for the function of penance is to unlock the soul and set it free." "There are no penances that search the soul like those that God sends." "When God sends you a trial, no one but God can relieve it. You must be directed, but only God can enable you to go through with it, and the more you keep it between God and yourself, the better it will be for you." "If you rid yourself of human respect, it will not only free your mind, but will improve your health by removing the strain upon you." "There is no deep love of God without a childlike, reverential fear." "Nothing makes a soul clear-sighted like humility." "You can only love God so far as you are humble." "So long as I keep my eye on God all is well, but if I lose sight of Him, I am troubled indeed." "Contemplation does not consist in saying many prayers, but in setting your heart on God."

THE FRENCH BAR.*

A TRUSTWORTHY account of the past history and present state of the French Bar would just now be very acceptable. Among the numerous questions which have been debated of late years among ourselves not the least important has reference to the position of the Bar. Great difference of opinion prevails as to the true relations of the Bar to the Bench on the one hand, and to the attorneys on the other, as to the qualifications which ought to be exacted on admission to the order of barristers, and even as to the expediency of the existence of any such order. All these questions, which no one till lately thought of raising, are seen, now that they are raised, to present considerable difficulty, and they cannot be satisfactorily answered without a comparative study of the legal institutions of other countries. We took up Mr. Young's "Historical Sketch" with a reasonable hope of finding in it some clear and accurate information as to the organization of the profession in France, and especially as to the many important particulars in which the French Bar differs from the English. This hope has been disappointed. Mr. Young has formed a poor conception of his very interesting subject, and, with ample material ready to his hand, has produced little more than a collection of notes on legal biography.

We think that these remarks are not uncalled for, a[s] the book claims to have been composed with a didactic purpose. We are reminded in the opening paragraph of the defective condition of legal training in England, and this too well-founded charge is oddly enough supported by the assertion that few members of the profession here are "well acquainted with the history and constitution of the Bar, even in countries with which our intercourse is most constant and friendly." The author thinks this is the more to be regretted, because "the members of that profession have not only inaugurated and carried out the chief improvements in the principles and practice of law, but have likewise exercised an important influence on their general character and history." We are of opinion that English lawyers have yet to learn many things which much more concern them than the history and constitution of their profession abroad; but, letting this pass, the obvious conclusion deducible from the author's premises would be that some authentic account of the history and constitution of the French Bar would be a contribution to literature which he might usefully attempt. He has, however, deliberately chosen to write a different sort of book; hoping, he says, to be able to show "that no Bar has been more fertile in men distinguished as jurists, orators, judges, and statesmen; that none has taken a more prominent part in legislation; that none has had greater influence on the chief political movements that have modified or revolutionized the state of parties or the face of society," and so forth; and we dare say that all these propositions are borne out by the historical and biographical sketches which follow. Mr. Young has chosen to give us, not a storehouse of carefully arranged information, but a collection of that sort of half-knowledge which is of all things the most burdensome to the memory and the most impalpable to the understanding; not a skilfully devised book, but a readable volume of sketchy pages. Through the first half of his volume he gossips pleasantly, though disconnectedly, upon the history of the French Bar down to the time of the First Empire. The remaining half contains short biographies of the leading advocates who have flourished since that epoch. The history of the French Bar is indeed well worthy of being written. From the time when, as Juvenal tells us,

> Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos,

to the age of Berryer and Ledru-Rollin, France has boasted of an unbroken succession of great orators and acute logicians; while the names of Dumoulin, Cujacius, Domat, Pothier, and Portalis are sufficient to remind us of the success with which she has cultivated scientific jurisprudence. The order of advocates has always been far more compactly organized than the English Bar, and has in consequence more of a corporate history; while individual advocates have had a far greater influence in public affairs than is usual on this side of the Channel. Numbers of Ministers, ex-Ministers, and leading members of the Chamber of Deputies [are] to be found among them, but the culminating point of their political importance was probably the Revolution of 1830, which has well been called "une révolution d'avocats," and the rising generation of lawyers is said to be more exclusively professional than those which preceded it.

Mr. Young has collected a number of notices of the early history of the legal profession in France. Charlemagne's Capitularies direct that none should be admitted into that profession except mild and peaceful men, fearing God, and loving justice. In the days of judicial combats an unskilful pleader ran a risk from which he is luckily now exempt. A certain advocate named Fabrefort, while stating the case for one Armand de Montaign, affirmed that he was ready to make good his averments with his body in the field, and, not having made it quite clear that he said this on behalf of his client, was very near being obliged to do combat in person. The Establishments of St. Louis contain some provisions on the subject of advocacy, and it was in the reign of this King that Guy Foucault, the famous advocate, was raised to the Papacy. The importance of the Parisian Bar was, however, placed upon [a] firm basis by Philip the Fair when he fixed the Parliament [a]t Paris, and henceforth many ordinances were passed with reference to the privileges and duties of advocates. The Bar was divided, as early as the fourteenth century, into three grades—the consulting advocates, who wore a robe of black silk covered with a mantle of scarlet and ermine; the pleaders, who wore a violet gown; and the listeners, who wore a white one. By an ordinance of 1490 no one might be admitted to the profession of an advocate who had not studied for five years at a University. In the reign of Henry IV. a curious incident occurred. The Parliament having attempted to enforce against the advocates an ordinance which obliged them, contrary to custom, to give a written acknowledgment of the amount of fees they received, they one and all resigned their functions, and after a stoppage of legal business for two months, the Government had to give way, and the advocates resumed their duties. Mr. Young cites a parallel case which occurred in Scotland. In 1595 the Parisian Bar and Parliament displayed a courage of a different kind by remaining in the city while it was ravaged by pestilence.

The earliest known roll of the Bar of Paris is dated in 1687, but it has been kept regularly only since 1696. From very early times the body has been divided into "benches," otherwise called "columns," each of which elects deputies to the [Coun]cil, at the head of which are the *doyen* and the

* *An Historical Sketch of the French Bar from its Origin to the Present Day.* By Archibald Young, Advocate. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1869.

order. The first *bâtonnier* whose name is preserved is Denis Doujat, elected in 1617. The existing Palais de Justice was built after the destruction of the former one by fire in 1618. The Library of the old Paris Bar was founded by the bequest of Étienne Gabriac de Riparfonds, and opened in 1710. It was refounded, after the Revolution, by Fery. The history of the Bar in the eighteenth century is bound up with that of the Parliament. When the latter was broken up by Maupeou, the Bar too became so disorganized that from 1770 to 1779 no *bâtonnier* was elected and the constituent National Assembly soon afterwards suppressed the Parliament of Louis XVI., and proceeded to abolish the Bar also, in spite of the protest of Robespierre, who said, "You close that school of civic virtues where talent and merit learned, while pleading the cause of citizens before the judge, to defend thereafter that of the people in the legislative assemblies." The Assembly imagined that the administration of justice could be rendered so simple that no real courts of appeal and no professional advocates would be any longer necessary. naturally turned out to be a mistake, and members of the old Bar and others gradually began to practise again under the style of *hommes de la loi*. The order was finally restored by Napoleon, by a decree of December 14, 1810, but with reservations dictated by his hatred and fear of advocates, of whom he once said, "they are framers of crimes and treasons." Napoleon placed the *table*, or roll, of the Bar, and the appointment of *bâtonnier*, practically under the control of the Government, but the order step by step recovered its privileges, and under a decree of 1830 has now full powers of regulating admission to its *table*, and of electing its officers and council.

Mr. Young dismisses in half a page the topics of legal education and qualification for admission to the Bar. Upon these especially interesting subjects full information may be gained from a history of the French Bar by Mr. Robert Jones, published about ten years ago. Amongst ourselves the study of law, both academical and professional, is in a thoroughly unsatisfactory state. The training given by the Law Faculties in the older Universities has become merely nominal, and the Inns of Court, at any rate till quite recently, seem to have aimed at nothing more than securing as well as they could that the Bar should consist of gentlemen animated by an *esprit de corps* fostered by frequent social intercourse, and amenable to rules of professional etiquette, enforced, for the most part, only by regard for the good opinion of the profession. Barristers who mean to work of course take care to qualify themselves as well as they can by the rough and ready process of going into the chambers of their seniors, and seeing how the work is done. The system has certainly produced far better results than might have been expected, but it ought to be generally known that in France anyone who wishes to become a barrister must first of all take a degree testifying to his having received a liberal education; he must then attend lectures and pass examinations in the Faculty of Law, where he may take the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Law, and must attain the rank of Licentiate before admission will only inscribe his name upon the roll, thus admitting him to the full status of barrister, if satisfied upon inquiry of his diligence and honourable conduct. This preliminary scrutiny is carried indeed to startling lengths. The candidate for the honours of advocacy has, for instance, to show that he has furniture of his own, and is not established in ready-furnished lodgings. A great deal of miscellaneous information is scattered up and down Mr. Young's work, but he is silent upon many minor points which we should expect to be mentioned, such, for instance, as the dress of the advocates, which has a history of its own; and he says nothing upon the weightier matters of provincial bars, intervention of attorneys, and the judicial order. His short biographies of eminent modern advocates, from Hennequin to Émile Ollivier, are a useful contribution to our knowledge of the leading French politicians of the present century.

THE NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD.*

IN Mr. Charles C. Coffin we have a traveller after the latest and best Transatlantic pattern. He has thrown himself thoroughly into the spirit of his age and race; yet, while loyal to the backbone, and endorsing to the full his country's claims to present grandeur and future pre-eminence, he has a corner in his soul for the merits of other lands, and is open to the lessons of Old-World wisdom. There is everything to hope from an enterprising and intelligent citizen of the New World who, after an absence of two years and a half, during which he has made the circuit of the globe, can return to his home with the impression that "America does not possess all the virtues in the world. We have something yet to learn." He and his party have "lost some prejudices, and gained new views." From the outset he appears to have conceived the true idea of travel, and the success which crowned his efforts is the deserved result and confirmation of the foresight and resolve with which he laid down his plan from the first. He is true to the proverbial maxim of his country, and has verified it over the length and breadth of the earth. "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." "The secret of travelling with ease is to know where to go, and how to get there, making all necessary preparations, and never to worry." It is care and fuss, as he says, which kills us, or, at all events, takes all the life out of our travel. The tourist who cannot proceed leisurely had better stay at home, or submit to chalk out for himself a more limited field of exploration. "To be benefited by travel, time must be taken for study and reflection. No man can eat all the time; if he attempts it, digestion ceases." A man may get round the world in ninety days, but he must be a fool or a slave to undertake it. A year Mr. Coffin thinks little time enough. To see all that he saw, and to read, mark, learn, and digest it thoroughly as he did, cannot easily be brought within less compass than it was in his case, though he lays down a programme by which it can be compressed within eighteen months. To attempt the feat with the same headlong unreflecting speed with which one might despatch a bale of goods will only result in weariness of body and dizziness of brain:—

> Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, and Arabs will be so completely mixed—there will be such indistinct recollections of joss-houses, pagodas, mosques, temples—of junks, sampans, proas, and other queer craft—such a snarl of streets, lanes, and alleys, filled with myriads of people, carrying baskets, bundles, chests of tea, and dressed in blue blouses, baggy trousers, flowing robes, long gowns, turbans, broad-brimmed or steeple-shaped hats—or wearing nothing at all, except a narrow strip of cloth about the loins—with pigtails, cues, or shaven crowns, plucked brows, painted faces, tattooed skins—riding in sedans, palankeens, or on donkeys, elephants, and camels—that the brain, instead of retaining distinct pictures, will be in the condition of a sportsman whose horse turns a somersault in a steeple-chase, and the unfortunate rider beholds only a whirling landscape of fields, trees, hounds, hedges, and blinking stars!

The tour adopted by Mr. Coffin's party was that from west to east. But the true course for the circuit of the world, experience has now taught him, is with the sun. By starting at the right time, and by travelling westward, every country will be seen at its best season. The tourist will be pretty sure of calm seas and pleasant weather all the way from San Francisco to Japan, thence by way of China and India to Suez, and so on to Europe. It was doubtless the natural hankering after the sights and ways of Europe that turned our traveller's steps in this direction, before exhausting the marvels and novelties of his own land. Rapid as was his flight, and superficial as was his purview of the multitudinous objects that daily crowded his path, his powers of observation are, we are bound to say, keen and vigorous, and his judgments upon men and things both shrewd and impartial. Be it the aspects of nature, the historical monuments, the national traits or the social idiosyncrasies that come before him, we find him invariably alive to what is most beautiful or august or original or piquant, as the case may be. He is at all times happy in hitting off the salient features, or picking out the weak spots, in local life and manners. While full of aspirations for the future, he is far from ignoring the glories or the legacies of the past. He is not the man to have to fall back, like a certain traditional fellow-countryman of his, for his recollections of Rome upon the entry in his diary of "the place where the buildings were so much in want of repair." Rome, indeed, we regret to say, lay out of his adopted route, but Greece was happily so nearly in the direct line from Marseilles to the East as to render possible a bird's-eye view of classic sites and cities, and to call up a swiftly-passing panorama of Attic grandeur and decay. Skirting the Dorian peninsula, the grey ribs of limestone broken into rugged caves tell him of "the puny Spartan children dropped into these dark chasms, to be devoured by wolves." Earlier echoes still of siren voices float upon the ear, and fancy might people these quiet nooks with graceful forms of nymphs and water-goddesses, only that it is "sheer nonsense to undertake to go into ecstacies about them with a steam-engine beneath our feet, and the screw of the steamer churning the ocean to a foam." The mutations of history flit rapidly past the eyes of our New-world philosopher. From the Phœnician rovers, or robbers, bringing west the "seed corn of civilization," through the glorious harvest of Western prowess and intellect and art, the eye travels swiftly down to the poor gleanings of to-day. On Sunium's lofty steep, may be, a hermit builds his nest, "a philosopher in a hair shirt digs and delves for potatoes in a garden spot as large as a common dining-table." A railway car whirls us up from the Piræus to the Acropolis. Polyglot commissionaires strive noisily for the honour of showing us the lions of the Parthenon. At a restaurant hard by, "thirty or forty descendants of noble Greeks—a great way descended—are singing the songs of Bacchus, guzzling wine, smoking abominable tobacco in Turkish pipes, shuffling dominoes and cards." "Call with tenderest voice for the Mighty Past, amid such associations, and it will not come. It is far better to get into a carriage and ride to a good hotel in Athens, five miles distant, than to endeavour to work ourselves into a fine frenzy by thinking of Demosthenes, Socrates, and Plato."

In the same practical and cosmopolitan spirit our traveller takes in with equal eye the wonders of Pharaonic rule and the no less striking marvels of modern Egyptian progress. It is hard to say whether more strict, albeit summary, justice is done to the Pyramids or to the Suez Canal, to the solemn associations of the Exodus or to the smartness of the Pasha's railway management. In one respect, he is disposed to yield to young Egypt the palm, not only above all early types of the proverbial wisdom of the Egyptians, but over what we had blindly thought to be the 'cutest of all existing races. The Arabs turned out "sharper than any Yankee at a bargain. The keenest Vermonter would be outwitted and fleeced by them. It is easier for them to lie than to tell the truth." They have also a keen eye for marks of nationality. The naked rascals who swarm in the human ant-hill at the base of the

* *Our New Way round the World.* By Charles Carleton Coffin. Fully illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

Great Pyramid met our party with sardonic grins, and with offers of service in tortured English—"Me help you, master; me good for Yankee Doodle." The great highway of nations opened up by the Overland route furnishes an unparalleled field for the study of diversities of national type. Whilst others, however, rub off their angles in the great attrition of humanity, the Briton shows his angularity even enhanced. His very pronunciation of English, his "extra *h* or *o*" jars upon the sensitive ears of an American. The polish and courtesy of the P. and O. officers, and the equipment, speed, and comfort of their vessels are notwithstanding beyond all praise. The history of British rule in India, and the tokens of material and social advancement everywhere beside his path, are themes after the American's own heart. We have never seen a more graphic or telling sketch of Anglo-Indian life and characteristics within anything like the compass of Mr. Coffin's flying experiences. Landing at Bombay, his route lay across the Ghâts by the Great Indian Peninsular Railway to Nagpore, and thence to Jubbulpore by the Deccan horse dak, of which novel yet primitive mode of locomotion he retains lively reminiscences. The mercury at 130° by day and 100° by night enables the chances of dissolution or sunstroke in the "Orient" to be weighed against those of the most fiery of Western prairies. From Allahabad the railway whirled our party down the valley of the Ganges to the capital, leaving leisure, however, by the way for a summary of Indian mythology, history, and economics, from the dawn of time to the present day, for the edification of the American public. From the literary annals of the Veda or the origin of caste his lively pen runs on to the American mission, its fruits, and expected harvest, though the utmost to be boasted of as regards its effect upon the native mind is but what is termed a "state of betweenity." The Hindoo has given up his idols, eats beef, and drinks champagne or Bass, but has made no further progress towards Christianity. One institution or "notion" is of universal adoption, and grateful to thirsty souls of all races and creeds. From the verandah of his heated bungalow the traveller's weary eye rested upon the sign next door—"American Ice." The Indian Ice Company has been fifteen years in operation in Allahabad. Machine-made ice is discarded by the natives as containing something possibly unclean. The Wenham is absolutely pure. Three years ago the ice in our author's tumbler crystallized thousands of miles away towards the setting sun. The thought furnishes occasion for one of the few passages in the gushing or "high faluting" vein in which his muse permits him to indulge:—

> The most extravagant tale of the Orient is not more romantic than the story of this solidified water from Wenham Lake. It is a piece of imprisoned cold, a fragment of a bygone winter transported by sea and land to this city of Central India, to minister to our health and comfort.
>
> How romantic to think of it!—of boyhood's rosy cheeks and girlhood's laughing eyes, the joining of hands, the swiftly flying feet sweeping the gleaming field, the linking of hearts for a wider curve across the stream of life;—a picture of happiness without a counterpart in the world, and as much in advance of life in this tropical land as the Sistine Madonna of Raphael is superior to the figures on a Chinese tea-chest!
>
> Call it rhapsody, sentiment, what you will; how can one help this outburst of enthusiasm with a piece of ice from Wenham Lake clinking in his tumbler, melting in his mouth, cooling his parched tongue, and bringing to his soul a breeze of old associations?
>
> Blessed be the ice, and prosperity to the Tudor Company!

Mr. Coffin's studies of life in China are eminently piquant and original. Nothing is too old or too new to escape his notice. His vista of Chinese history opens with the Deluge and comes down to the latest iniquity of the British Government in pushing the opium trade. The laws of Confucius, the Hia, Shang, Chun, and Tsin dynasties, the contact with Greek and Roman civilization, and the later annals that tell of the still-growing intrusion of "foreign devils," are reeled off in a few lines apiece. Never perhaps has the history of the staple manufacture of China been put before Western readers so fully and clearly within so brief a compass, though ardent tea-drinkers are hardly to be congratulated upon the ample light here thrown upon many of the mysteries of the craft. The chapter upon the future of China embodies, and goes far to justify, the most sanguine dreams of the political and commercial destiny of the flowery land that Mr. Burlinghame and other prophets of the new dispensation have made us familiar with. Still more golden and blissful are the visions opened by the immense success of the great line of steam communication between China, Japan, and California. Here is one of the most novel and piquant themes that the new circuit of the globe suggests for contemplation. The details of this extraordinary traffic may well fill European readers with surprise. Every month a steamer, second only to the *Great Eastern* in tonnage and power, leaves Hong Kong for San Francisco, touching at Yokohama. Each carries from a thousand to twelve hundred Chinese emigrants at forty dollars a-head, generally carrying back on the return voyage more than half that number, who have made their little fortunes. The *Colorado*, the pioneer ship of this line, which started January 1, 1867, netted, we are told, some 60,000 dollars over all expenses. Who can predict the effect, not only upon American, but even European civilization, as the mighty tide of emigration swells in range and volume, bearing, by the new highway just opened across the Western continent, the growing overplus of a nation at once the most populous, the most prolific, and the most restless upon earth? Mr. Coffin's narrative comes down as late as the laying of the last rail between the Atlantic and the Pacific. To his patriotic eye America looms greater and greater in the distance as the centre and heart of the human system, the teacher of the nations, the world following in its path. "The people of Europe are keeping step to the march of the great Republic." With his foot, so to say, once more on his native heath, we should have been surprised if Mr. Coffin had turned aside from exploring the great social and religious portent of the New World. The story of his visit to the Salt Lake City will be found not only one of the shrewdest and most impartial accounts that we have seen of the "new institution," but a corrective of much of the sensational clap-trap that recent travellers have been wont to indulge in. Upon the author of *New America* he is successful in turning the tables. Instead of polygamy being peculiarly an outgrowth of American institutions, the great body of Mormon recruits are from the old country. Neither is there anything in democracy more than in autocracy to give growth to such an excrescence as that of Utah. And as slavery has disappeared from the land, so is the time not far distant when the country will be purged of polygamy—"by peaceful means if possible, by forcible if there is no other way."

Of the physical marvels encountered by our traveller in his way round the world, none could exceed that which bursts upon his view when the new way round the world brings him once more home to the continent of his birth. He would be cold indeed to the glories of his native land who touched the shore of San Francisco and did not make the slight detour of 150 miles to the south-east which brings him to the "big trees" and the Yosemite valley. Of the former of these wonders of the world, Londoners have of late lost the opportunity of judging which they had prior to the lamentable fire at the Crystal Palace. Of the latter they still possess the means of forming somewhat of an estimate in the large and expressive picture of Mr. Bierstadt now on view at South Kensington. Mr. Coffin's powers of description are exhausted upon these truly sublime monuments of nature's grandeur. The vast cones of granite that border the valley have taken their names from a fancied resemblance to the Domes of a cathedral or mosque. But what is the architecture of Damascus or Stamboul to this handiwork of the Almighty?—

> The domes of St Sophia and Suliman, so beautiful from the Bosphorus, so mean when we approach them, bear no more comparison to those of the Sierras than the card-houses reared by children bear to the city of London. The gray granite fashions itself into mansions, palaces, and cathedrals. Imagination pictures a celestial city above the clouds. The setting sun, falling on fields of gleaming snow, illumines its jasper walls and pearly gates with heavenly light.
>
> Suddenly we find ourselves on the brink of an awful chasm. One mad leap of our horse, and we should fall three-fourths of a mile! The heart ceases for a moment to beat. We hold our breath. The brain reels. No word of exclamation. Every voice is hushed. The soul stands in awe before this revelation of Omnipotence. This is God's work. Eternal might alone cleft the chasm, rived the rock, and reared the lofty domes. So vast, grand, majestic, so filled with God's presence, is this cathedral of his, that we dare not speak. Hang over the chasm, if your nerves are steady enough, and look into its depths. Those little green points, like plants just springing from a garden bed, are gigantic forest-trees. That foliage of brighter hue, no larger than a tuft of grass, is an oak, which has withstood the storms of centuries. That thread of silver winding through the valley is a river, which has poured its flood down a precipice twenty-seven hundred feet. The opposite wall of the chasm rises three-fourths of a mile. It is a perpendicular rock, without seam or scar to mar its beauty.
>
> Overwhelmed by the scene, we can only gaze as one who has suddenly passed into a higher existence and beholds things "not lawful for a man to utter." We think of that holy city which Bunyan's Pilgrim saw beyond the river, from the Delectable Mountains. The sublimest imagery of the Revelation of St. John, portraying the transcendent glory of the New Jerusalem, alone is adequate to describe it. White clouds rest above it as the angelic host hovered over the hills of Bethlehem, and sung the sweetest music ever heard on earth. The Merced, like the river of life proceeding from the throne of God, winds down from the celestial city, making glad the peaceful vale.
>
> Like the song of the redeemed is the music of the many-voiced waters, swelling upward through the evening air. We behold beauty, grandeur, majesty, immensity, and omnipotence, and hear the Te Deum Laudamus ever ascending.
>
> There are eight persons in our company, and we join in singing Old Hundred; but how insignificant! The only fitting choir would be the whole church militant singing the Hallelujah Chorus of the Messiah!

The falls of the Yosemite have a descent of nearly 2,700 feet, broken at one point by a cascade. From the summit of the granite cliff of Tu-toch-ar-nu-lah—the "Great Chief" or *El Capitan*—the Po-ho-no, or "wind spirit," otherwise christened the "bridal veil," falls in silver spray 900 feet. From the lake to the summit of the South Dome is not far from 6,000 feet. This dome has been riven perpendicularly "as by the sword stroke of the Almighty." And what a chasm is the result! "Bring New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago—all the churches, warehouses, shops, stores, dwellings—tumble them all in, and it will not be full."

We are constantly reminded how much purer English is spoken and written by Americans than by ourselves. It behoves us, therefore, to take heed of such casual lessons as may enable us to bring up our notions of what is correct or chaste in style to the level of the latest and best Transatlantic standard. We are grateful for any hints which a visitor so recent and so vivacious as our author has to bring to bear upon our old-fashioned diction. The novelty of certain idioms to our ears involves, we have sometimes to complain, somewhat of obscurity, as when we are told at a Chinese dinner "there is no letting up of etiquette." We are not so familiar as our teachers and models in precision with walking "*on* the streets," nor do we find fault with our ships for omitting to arrive "*on* time." We hardly know whether to credit the printers or the scientific men

of America with the discovery of the rotation of the earth "on its axes," or with so much tampering with the transmutation of metals as is implied in the "wealth of the plains being *transmitted* into golden grain." Haste, or want of familiarity with local names or events, may excuse such minor slips as making Sir H. Laurence telegraph "from Calcutta" during the mutiny. Mr. Coffin's style is in general correct and clear, and his information not less sound than varied. The woodcuts interspersed among his pages deserve a word of commendation. They are drawn with vigour and truth, often showing touches of quaint and quiet humour. The group of perspiring wretches melting away in the state-room of the *Baroda* down the Red Sea, and the imperious Briton (uncovenanted, we will suppose) with his full-blown vulgar wife and limp washed-out children "going home," are remarkable for compressed fun. Altogether, if there is nothing new under the sun, *Our New Way round the World* shows there may be much novelty and freshness in the mode of telling even a thrice-told tale.

THE PARKS, PROMENADES, AND GARDENS OF PARIS.*

IF ever we are to have a State-appointed ædile, with unclipped pinions and plenary purse-power, we trust that he may call Mr. Robinson to his counsels. For what his last year's *Gleanings from French Gardens* partially indicated is now set beyond doubt by his maturer and larger work on the Parks and Gardens of Paris, namely, that he has taste, discrimination, and experience in all that appertains to horticultural reform, and that under his advice, the ornamentation of our urban open spaces would be conducted on the principle of economic adaptation of the right tree or shrub to the right place, and no longer provoke the clamour—

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

In the lucidly written and thoroughly illustrated book before us the horticulturist and landscape-gardener, whether professional or amateur, will find an invaluable guide to those features of the French capital which are likely to form their chief inducement to a trip to Paris, and even the lounger may do worse than avail himself of it as a manual for help in pleasing his eye, expanding his sense of enjoyment, and luxuriating in the charms of fruit, flowers, and foliage. But it has a higher scope than to satisfy the curiosity of a class, or to minister to the pastime of John Bull abroad, for, while in its six hundred pages there is no lack of hints as to park and pleasaunce, fruit-garden and kitchen-garden, for the gardeners of our rich men to profit by, its primary object throughout is the health, comfort, and rational enjoyment of the masses; and a vast proportion of the improvements which the author would have us borrow from across the Channel is designed for their advancement in taste, their larger means of recreation, and their cheaper supply of fruit and vegetables.

To speak generally, the work divides itself pretty equally between ornamental and useful gardening, and while in each division the writer claims for his own country equal merit with the French, or even superior merit as to some points, his statements upon the whole must, we fear, satisfy the unprejudiced reader that in our ideas, processes, and progress as to horticulture we are about two centuries behind our Parisian rivals. Not, indeed, that all the blame lies at the English gardener's door. What shall we say of the "Woods and Forests," or the "Department of Public Works"? The cardinal point of public gardening in Paris is its accessibility to the poorest inhabitant of the most wretched quarter. Leafage, verdure, and the fresh scent of flowers spring up, as by magic (the magic of "Haussmannization"), in the midst of densely packed streets and suburbs. The lanes and rookeries have not to pour out their denizens once a week to the distant park, as with us; but find squares, "places," and public gardens brought near to them. The credit of the first idea of a square belongs to us; but we have allowed the Emperor Napoleon to appropriate it to a use undreamed of in our philosophy—the enjoyment and civilization of the poorer classes. To quote Mr. Robinson's eloquent words, "Public gardening in Paris follows the street builders with trees, turns the little squares into gardens unsurpassed for good taste and beauty, drops down graceful fountains here and there, and margins them with flowers; it presents to the eye of the poorest workman every charm of vegetation; it brings him pure air, and aims directly and effectively at the recreation and benefit of the people." Such are the results which he would have our metropolitan Boards seek in exchange for isolated parks, for the square-gardens which by their rails say "Stand by" and "Enter not" to all except the "golden-key" holders, and for the dreary attempts at making green our public places, of which the tubbed bay-trees in Trafalgar Square are a significant type. The more so, because this throwing open of public places abroad has been attended by neither damage nor detriment—a fact which sets thinking English folks longing for the day when the exchange of blank dusty pavement for unlimited greensward may effect at least the partial civilization of the irrepressible street Arab.

To teach his readers how they do these things in Paris, Mr. Robinson accompanies them from the Place de la Concorde, up the avenue of the Champs-Elysées, and into the Gardens of the Louvre and the Tuileries to the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes, the Parcs Monceau and Des Buttes Chaumont, the Jardin des Plantes and the Gardens of the Luxembourg, detailing the characteristics of each, and dilating upon every point that is worth imitating. As he pauses—*e.g.*, beside the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne—he discusses the superiority of permanent embellishment to fleeting annual display, and the wisdom of attending most to those choice hardy trees and shrubs which, if costly to plant, involve no after cost or care. He notes, too, a variety, in which we fail, in the French adaptation of special classes of plants to special localities. The sheltered nook receives the choicer trees and shrubs; the open knoll its double-cherries, almonds, plums, pears, double peaches, and a whole group of rosaceous trees; the alluvial flat the herbaceous families of Northern Asia, America, and Europe; and the rocky mound free-growing hardy Alpines. In short, he is bent upon hewing down the old dumb idol—uniformity—where he finds its worship in existence, in emulation of the beautiful varieties which a Parisian park discloses. But of the larger parks, gardens, and boulevards, with their perfect roadways, well-watered swards, and distinguishing specialities—flowers in one, subtropicals in another, hardy trees and shrubs in a third, and elsewhere a judicious blending of all three—as well as of the vast municipal and imperial depôts for the production of trees and shrubs and fruits and flowers for the use of the Court and the city, our readers have heard in the "Gleanings." A fresher interest will attach to the descriptions of the squares, places, and church-gardens, which give us a wrinkle, if we would but take it, as to what to do with precious open spaces in London. Of these squares, the first mentioned is that around the Tour de St.-Jacques, upraised on the site of old buildings and narrow streets, and in no such aristocratic quarters as Belgravia or Brompton. By its treasures of light and shade, of grouped and isolated trees, its belts of grass with beds and masses here and there, now of the dwarf fan-palm, now of edible Caladiums rising out of a ground of fragrant Mignonette with an edging of Gnaphalium, its subtropical shrubs, and its grand old tower dating back as far as 1508, this square attracts hundreds upon hundreds of the lower classes to a treat as rare and as rich as any that could be set before princes. Another, the Square des Batignolles, has for its main feature a meandering stream, whose margins are embellished with plants, and the sloping grass sides bordered with densely-planted and well-watered shrubs. Another square—less in size than our Leicester Square—struck Mr. Robinson, in the "days of drought" last August, as the *ne plus ultra* of glistening verdure, and divided his admiration with a species of Cinna that was handsomer than Pampas grass, and a handsome specimen of Bambusa aurea. Among the other squares and 'places' dwelt upon in this chapter is one which affords a good hint for utilizing old ruins. It is the Garden of the "Palais des Thermes," which includes ancient ruins and a museum of antiquities in its green and shady precincts. The author remarks that, "as in most cities there are old ruins bearing some resemblance to those in this garden, it may not be amiss to say that they are always enhanced by being surrounded with the simplest kind of garden. Ivy, grass, a few hardy trees and shrubs, are sufficient to change their aspect from grimness, hardness, and decay, to living interest. A few shillings' worth of the seeds of Alpine plants shaken in the tufts of moss or cracks of mortar would give rise to a dwarf vegetation interesting in itself, but doubly so as markedly illustrating the ceaseless flow of life even in the most unlikely places." He cites, in proof of his remarks, the grounds of the Museum at York, and perhaps we might add, as a case in point, the Bishop's Garden at Wells. The best-known and most striking instance of a church-garden in Paris is that of the Trinité—a blending, it would seem, of horticultural with architectural embellishment, but perhaps more purely gardenesque are the grounds of the Church of St.-Clothilde, where it can be no effort of imagination to realize the psalmist's similitude of the soul to "a well-watered garden." Alas for the obvious contrast of these green spots to our London graveyards, which, though their original occupation is gone, still wear an aspect of dreary repulsiveness. Mr. Robinson does good service in warning those who would relieve this against the error "of planting evergreens for London smut to encrust and blacken." Here, as in the Boulevards which he sanguinely hopes to see along the now "shanty"-covered space of Tottenham Court Road, or, in any case, in the openings to which "the Thames Embankment must be the backbone," he would plant such hardy and deciduous trees as the Occidental Plane, the Horse Chestnut, the Robinia, and those less common contemners of drought and dust, the Paulownia and the Ailanthus. The Elm depends upon selection; its effect is wretched in the Mall in St. James's Park, better in Rotten Row, and excellent in the Boulevard St.-Michel, where it is the large-leafed Elm that is planted. Mr. Robinson condemns the Lime in London Parks, as becoming "prematurely sore and yellow"; in streets and boulevards, because it has a diseased appearance half the time it should be green, and in the front of town gardens, because of its exuberant growth, to clip which, however, is not only bad taste, but a work of labour and expense. For its glossy health and vigour he recommends the Lombardy Poplar, its compressed growth being another recommendation. We are not sure that we should care to see city avenues of it, though it would be very striking in a town churchyard. Amongst weeping trees he commends the "weeping large-leafed Elm" as well suited to a London atmosphere, and for town gardens of reasonable size; and also the "Sophora Japonica pendula," which is always densely green, and indifferent to dryness of soil. The former of these may be seen in perfection on the lawn of the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park; and for proof that

* *The Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris, considered in relation to the Wants of our own Cities, and of Public and Private Gardens.* By W. Robinson, F.L.S., Correspondent of the *Times* for the Horticultural Department of the Great Paris Exhibition. London: John Murray. 1869.

Plane trees will flourish in London we are referred to Berkel Square, and the still less likely locale of Stationers' Hall Cour Paternoster Row. All the free-growing trees of the Rose orde or of tribes associated with it, will do well for town growth, an are preferable to *"the soot-covered objects called evergreens b courtesy"*; from the number of which, however, our autho excepts the Japan Privet, a sweet ornamental shrub with leav "as large as a goodly orange," and flowers the size of those c the white lilac. Of other evergreen shrubs that seem to disregard smoke, the Aucubas, Hollies, Box, Berberis, Rhododendrons and *Caucasian* Laurels, are the best and hardiest.

To judge by his chapter on Versailles, and the gardens o Fontainebleau, St. Cloud, and Meudon, Mr. Robinson is no frien to the traditions of Le Notre, and regards the triumphs of marbl or plaster, and the fountains which, like those of the Bassin de Neptune, cost 10,000 francs each time they play, as quite alien tc real horticulture. And though he considers himself bound tc

of Fontainebleau into the adjacent grounds where the famou M. Souchet cultivates the gladiolus so successfully. This is th best proof we can give that, in the crusade he preaches against our neglect of public gardening, and our unwillingness to borrow really useful hints thereupon from the French, Mr. Robinson is not bitten by any Gallic mania, but retains the keen love of nature which is the safest and truest instinct of the horticulturist.

It is for this reason that we should like to see him associated with the idile our fancy pictured at the outset. But the latter hall of his book points to such reforms and improvements in our growth and supply of fruit and vegetables that we doubt whether he ought not rather to be attached to the Commissariat. His thorough and broad grasp of the whole subject of fruit and kitchen gardens qualifies him herein to be the accredited Mentor of country gentlemen and of market-gardeners. Whether the majority of ou paid gardeners will at once accept him as such is another question their conversion to his views will probably be a work of time, shorter or longer according as they read, or refuse to read, his book. For ourselves, we are so strongly persuaded by its perusal that we can think of no more practical exercise of benevolence and utility, at the same time, than for those who can afford it to send a dozen or two of gardeners' sons to France, to acquire and bring home the secrets of improved budding and grafting, pruning and training. To glance at this half of the volume, and to take first apple-culture, Mr. Robinson maintains that, while for the average fruit of our markets well-managed standards and naturally developed apple-trees will suffice, choice dessert fruits can be grown not only to satisfy home consumption, but also for export, by the more general adoption of the Cordon. The principle of this form of growth is, to bring one good branch near the ground, where it gets more heat, inflicts less shade, and may be most easily protected; and to limit the tree to that one branch. Running horizontally at a foot from the ground, it is trained against garden-walls; finds room, as seen in p. 337, in bilateral development along the low wall of a plant-house; or serves as the very best edging of the quarters of a fruit or vegetable garden. Of this form, limiting a tree to a single branch, bearing fruit-spurs only, and never suffered to ramify, Mr. Robinson is, in England at least, the apostle, although there are those who object to his plan the late frosts of this country, and the tendency of our climate to encourage a growth of gross wood. This objection he would meet by insisting on the use of the *French Paradise stock* upon which to graft cordon apples. This stock needs not, as the Doucin (a vigorous and deep rooting variety of it), root-pruning or mutilation to repress its vigour, but suits well the stiff loamy and wet soils which have been commonly with us so hostile to fruit culture. The cordon principle, in its simpler development, is so neat and economical, and, properly carried out, so ornamental, that we cannot doubt its eventual adoption for choicer apples. The case is not the same with pears or peaches. For the former the cordon is less adapted, because, if trained along the low front of a glass-house, or as a border-edging, it pushes too vigorously, and, from its pendulous habit, is apt to get its fruit soiled and splashed. The peach suits the cordon better, yet it may be doubted, and so thinks our author, whether, with improved pruning and more thorough protection, and the substitution of neat, thin wire, tightened by a little instrument called a "raidisseur," for nails and shreds, aught better than our own wall-training is to be desired for this fruit. The presence of the pear as a dessert fruit amongst us during eight months of the year may, Mr. Robinson asserts, be ensured, (1) by an improved system of orcharding, (2) by grafting in deep rich soils, on a quince-stock, and (3) by growing the choice sorts against a wall where they have warmth and protection. But the mainstay of the pear is the French "espalier," which, exploding the old wooden supports, uses instead neat uprights of T-iron, connected with slender galvanized wire, strained by the "raidisseur" above mentioned. In the Versailles fruit-gardens these skirt the garden-walks, occasionally with a low line of cordon apples betwixt them and the pathway. A modification of this plan is the double trellis, which economizes space and saves one set of wires. We can conceive that the tedious process of forming the Palmette Verrier might daunt the average English gardener, but there is nothing that he might not thankfully copy in the French espalier. Indeed, if he wishes for French success in fruit culture, he must take one or two hints beside this. If he will condescend to protect the blossom of his espalier fruit trees by a canvas awning, as at Versailles, or a thatch such as is described elsewhere, and of his wall-fruit by a permanent coping, to which he can attach temporary mats, protecting the stem meanwhile by bark or boards; if, too, he can be induced to believe what universal French usage and Mr. Robinson's common sense arguments avouch, that *white walls are best for all wall-fruit*, as "not only reflecting heat on the trees trained against them, but also on others in their neighbourhood," we see not why he may not in time rival the out-door culture of the vine at Thomery, the pear at Versailles, and the peach at Montreuil.

Were there space, we might introduce our readers to the Parisian market-gardens, never before so vividly and instructively described, with their eightfold rotation of crops, and the unfailing salad stuffs, which are due in great part to the "cloche" or "bell-glass," which, as a gleaning from a French garden, Mr. Robinson has persuaded a London firm to manufacture for English use. In like manner he has prevailed on another London house to keep in stock the various iron implements in use in horticulture, which his observation abroad has led him to think would prove godsends at home in our gardens; and indeed such is his energy, enthusiasm, and persuasiveness, that we quite expect to hear of his chapter on Parisian underground mushroom-culture (to which we must be content to refer our readers for a novel and genuine sensation) stimulating British enterprise to turn to account our used-up mines and caverns, and to make subterranean paths "bud all over with rows of mushrooms." The illustrations of this curious chapter are particularly good, and indeed those which are scattered over the whole volume assist in making doubly clear the lessons of a clearly and cleverly written work.

HOME FROM INDIA.*

HAD *Home from India* been anonymous, and were literary partnerships as common here as in France, we should have pronounced it the joint production of Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Malaprop. Mr. Pomeroy has modelled his style on these great mistresses of our language with a success which places him at the head of the living representatives of the school. To our mind, however, it is a style whose peculiar beauties pall in the course of prolonged narration, although they are eminently adapted to dialogue; and in the writer's own interest it seems shortsighted to impose a sustained intellectual strain on the reader who counted on floating down the stream of a story in dreamy repose. In application of epithet and adjustment of words to shades of meaning, Mr. Pomeroy reminds one of gentlemen unaccustomed to public speaking, who nervously tumble over their lips anything that happens to come dancing across their troubled brains. His successive pages recall those exercises in books on English composition which are designedly overcharged with blunders to test the critical sagacity of the student. Yet on second thoughts we must own this latter simile to be hardly a happy one, for some of even the shortest sentences in this book are so involved that it would puzzle a professed decypherer of hieroglyphics, or a constant student of prophecy, to guess at their meaning. Were it not for the freedom with which he indulges in elision, Mr. Pomeroy would deserve even more credit than we can give him for the rare ingenuity with which he fastens a dozen words in a knot that no intellect can untie. But to stimulate interest by arbitrarily dropping words must be placed among the rudest forms or tricks of art, for it is necessarily within the compass of the meanest powers. Habitual readers of novels of sentiment and sensation get used of course to a dearth of verbs and a plethora of hyphens, until at last they come to follow their favourite authors with the comparative facility of a reporter going over his own shorthand notes. But Mr. Pomeroy, we predict, will stagger even experts like these, for he generally selects for rejection those very words that must have contained the key to his meaning, had he had one. There can be no question that his book creates that sort of interest, painful almost to weariness, which is the lot of the man who has to fall back on a volume of far-fetched conundrums without the answers attached, or who sets himself late in the season to break a dish of filberts, and in all the nuts can scarcely find a kernel.

After our discriminating praise we feel bound to cull a few of Mr. Pomeroy's simple beauties, and we shall take them at random from the first dozen pages of his book. Thus he presents his own handiwork in a wealth of metaphor, whose gravest fault seems to us its utter inappropriateness:—

> If the structures are irregular, grant the fact that such are more picturesque, as old houses are that have had additions at different periods, as feudal mansions are held together with ivy, as old balconies half-covered with luxuriant vines which link the framework with strength and beauty. I should like to write of "wisdom, strength, and beauty," the masonic emblem, but, from mere similitude, I must slip into my allotted groove.

Thus he introduces his first group of heroines, three elderly graces:—

> It was sometimes questioned by people's own minds why they had never married, since they had still beauty, and were known to possess the highest form of virtues; in fact, had marriage been their lot, the utter self-abnegation would probably have rendered their characters all in favour of their husbands, and themselves would have claimed love and protection.

* *Home from India.* A Novel. By John Pomeroy, Author of "Until the End, &c." 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

Then he presents a couple of doctors :—

Dr. More, his father, and also John Barclay I could defend if need be—the latter having been educated and brought up for a profession, may well be counted aristocratic, but both will be found worthy of a good word.

And the chapter closes with this beautiful moral and poetical conception :—

The Miss Seytons . . . well trained, and handsome in mind and body bestowed pleasure and comfort. Life's evening with them took its characte from the consistent evenness of earlier years ; an appendix to their hearts it is well to pause and rest over such life—" that makes old age look lovely."

Mr. Pomeroy, with the boldness of a man conscious of genius, does not shrink from bringing the tender, the sublime, and the ridiculous into hazardous contact. One of the passages that seem to us the most touching is where Dr. More, whose feelings have got the better of him during dinner, let fall a tear on "the *débris* on his plate." In reading novels by a man of thought, you may often enjoy the advantage of seeing matured reflections on great national questions unpretendingly conveyed. Mr. Pomeroy's views on our Volunteer and Militia forces will have unusual interest at the present time :—

Captain Cowper took interest in the Volunteers and Militia of Canalton shire, some of whose officers—fine country gentlemen—were generally with him. One need not enter into a dissertation on the Volunteer movement in England and its good effects, which are accepted, and the Militia has too well understood advantages besides its band and its uniform, which are too often put forth as principal, for us to take into consideration. To withhold or deny is not our affair.

So far as we can express an opinion on the plot, we cannot say that it errs on the side of narrowness of conception. We confess frankly, however, that we only speak from occasional glances caught through the mist that exhales from the author's peculiar style. We seem to see three parallel currents that refuse to mingle, and are only forced to blend at last by the violent application of machinery. Beside them are rivulets innumerable, each running its little independent course, rising from the ground and sinking into it again, utterly refusing to be absorbed in the main stream. No one can complain of want of variety of characters, if not of character, for the chapters are crowded with them until they have scarcely elbow room. Whenever any one comes on the stage incidentally, if only to give a message or cook a dinner, immediately Mr. Pomeroy seizes on him, names him, indicates some little trait in his idiosyncrasy, and then, when he has fixed our attention on him, dismisses him summarily to the limbo whence he was evoked. We admit willingly that there is much to be learned from the story. Jeames de la Pluche read *Pelham* many times over when studying to be a gentleman, and people who fancy they have a fair general knowledge of society will be surprised to find how many hints on life Mr. Pomeroy can give them. For, although the scene is laid in the country, most of the personages are of good standing, and many of them must necessarily have moved in the best society. One of the most marked, Mrs. More of Thorby, is graven in on the reader, as she sports time after time the same fine-lady airs, and repeats the cuckoo complaint of her husband being dragged out at all hours to visit patients. The Mores are altogether a mysterious family. The husband is represented as a man of eminent common sense—a reproduction of Dr Thorne, in fact. His son by the first marriage, although of quiet and very simple tastes, has gone into the 1st Life Guards. The father practises actively, although they live in great luxury. Mrs. More has her carriage, and everything an indulgent husband can give her, but no maid—a shortcoming which, strange to say, is forced on her for the first time when she learns in the course of conversation the extraordinary circumstance that the lady she is talking to has got one. She takes the style of Mrs More "of Thorby"—Thorby being the town they live in—and her husband suffers it, and her step-son, the Life-guardsman, lets his friend so address her invariably to her face, without pulling him up for his impertinence. This step-son, Cecilton, represented as an exceedingly rational, self-possessed young man, falls madly in love with an enormous pair of eyes that flash past him in a lane in a pony chaise. Their owner is heroine of the most tragic of the three tales. He discovers where she lives, wanders off to gaze on the place from a distance, sees a gentleman walking across the fields, and feels "an agony seize him." Even in that extremity, however, his presence of mind does not utterly fail him. Instead of dropping where he stood, he rushed into the cover of a shrubbery, and there "actually rolled in his agony, and did shed tears—drops of human agony." His roll over, he sits up, his coat covered with dead grass and fir-needles, as the author realistically remarks, feels his pulse, and to his great astonishment finds it "not so calm as it usually beats." He "tries to look facts in the face," in which he is more successful than might have been anticipated, for he brands himself as an ass and a fool and a confounded idiot. The companion sketch to Cecilton More—that of John Barclay, his *fidus Achates*, and the surgeon of his distinguished *corps*—is scarcely inferior in vigour. Barclay retains all the happy freshness of his boyhood, and goes time after time to revel in the jokes and horsemanship of a country circus. He falls deeply in love with a pair of sisters, and seriously discusses with the sensible Mrs. More and her family circle, over the dinner-table, which of the two he ought to marry. His intended and her family are singularly unliterary in their tastes and matter-of-fact in their talk, so he entertains them with such light, playful, unaffected *badinage* as this :—

"Oh that I were by the Golden River, the Dardax of Xenophon ! now as Sir Francis Baurie would tell us the Nahr-el-Dhahab. I wish I had the Sabakheh Lake beside me."

"Do, Marian, hand him the salt," said Amy much amused, for she saw what he wanted.

Extraordinary instance of the fond intuition of affection ! The daughter of this Sir Francis Baurie is a gem in her way. She studies practically the beauties of the poets, ancient and modern, in a series of visits to the scenes that live in their rhymes. The story of her wanderings reads like a stave from the *Groves of Blarney*. "She had visited every classic spot of which Homer sung or Latin poets over-rated." Pretty well for a young lady in the early flush of youth and beauty ; but not only had she followed Byron from Spezzia to Missolonghi—perhaps she killed several birds with one stone there, and did her Byron while working off the Odyssey and the overrated Romans—but she actually made her way to Abbotsford. Her travels, which extended to Jeddo, made her, as we can believe, "the sensation of the night" when she appeared ; but nothing gained her more attention than the discovery Colonel Fitzallan made, that she had passed the last winter in Rome. This literal woman of the world, a Christianized wandering Jewess in seven-leagued boots, bestows her hand and wealth on the curate, Mr. Burnaby, who has a mysterious attraction for every one he meets of either sex. So shy and awkward is he that, when he first comes into a room with these old ladies, he has to seat himself in a chair while they kindly give him time to recover himself. Yet ere this he has conquered the hand of the brilliant Miss Baurie, and we wonder at it the less when we find men of the world falling in love with him when he has scarcely opened his lips, and, like Mr. Toots with Captain Cuttle, begging formally for the pleasure of his friendship.

For all that we have noted, we have dipped almost at random ; and we can safely say that the marvels of the remaining characters are no whit inferior, and that the whole of the book is on the same level of merit. In each page you light unexpectedly on some fresh fact, on some happily turned and novel phrase, on some evidence of the all-pervading Arcadian simplicity of the place where the scenes are laid, whose atmosphere makes the men and women who come there out of the world, talk, think, and act like the natives. We have balls attended by the officers of "the Army, Navy, and Volunteers," where "the nobility and gentry of the county" are reported among the tagrag and bobtail. We have officers walking miles out to dinner in the country in goloshes, where, had the state of the roads suggested these feminine appendages, they had it in their power to have driven. We have a haunted house where the ghosts are left in possession. We have the meeting of two old friends who had separated but a few years before, and who talk together as they drive in the same car to the house of the father of one of them, without recognising each other, until something happens to be said that leads to an explanation. We learn that the privilege of franking letters used to be strictly limited to the peerage. A gentleman goes to Scotland "for some grouse"—not to buy a brace or two, but to shoot them, as it turns out. The French is admirable, and the geography worthy of one who gives reverent admiration to the adventurous traveller who has passed a winter in Rome. A party coming from Genoa "take berths in a steamer for England *via* Marseilles." How far the steamer made its way up the Rhone we are not informed. But the tourists managed to take Orange and Avignon, *Bruges* and Orleans, on their way to Paris ; so, even independently of the feat of getting the Flemish city into their boat, they must have been excellent customers to the French system of railways; and while we cannot imagine why they should have picked out Orleans as being worth while to cross France for, to the neglect of Tours, Poitiers, Chartres, &c., we only wonder that they did not manage to find Strasburg in their way. If we cannot heartily recommend *Home from India* for the interest of its style or the merits of its plot, we say unhesitatingly that at this moment we recollect no novel surpassing it in originality of style, freshness of character, and fertility of incident.

We have received a communication on the part of Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR, *with reference to an article that appeared in the* Saturday Review *of June* 19, *on the subject of that gentleman's candidateship for Nottingham. The article was not meant to impute, and we think does not impute, that the language of the* Law Magazine, *reproduced by us from* Mr. IRVING'S "*Annals of Our Time*," *had been justifiable as applied to* Mr. SEYMOUR. *On the contrary, we stated that such language was "very improper," an expression which was not used by us ironically ; but, to avoid all misconception, we repeat that the language in question is not our language, and that its terms as applied to* Mr DIGBY SEYMOUR *appear to us wholly unwarrantable. With respect to* Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR'S *complaint that we insinuated that he had "obtained a judicial office by a corrupt bargain with the Government of* Lord ABERDEEN," *we beg leave to say that we do not desire to make any such insinuation ; but as we are not certain*

that some of the words employed by us may not be deemed capable of that interpretation, we have no objection to say that we regret that any expressions that can be so construed should have been used. As regards the judgment passed on Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR *by the Benchers of his Inn, its effect was, we believe, fairly stated by us; but if there be any doubt on the point, we are ready either, if* Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR *wishes it, to publish the judgment* in extenso, *or else to substitute for our epitomized version of its effect, which* Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR *thinks "distorted," the bare statement, which we hope is not distorted, that the censure was one passed on* Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR *by the Benchers of his Inn in solemn form.*

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 715, JULY 10, 1869.

London. Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, JULY 24.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 716, Vol. 28. July 17, 1869. Price 6d. Stamped 7d.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LORDS' AMENDMENTS.

GREAT as was the interest attaching to the explanation which Mr. GLADSTONE was to make on Thursday as to the intentions of the Government, this interest was lessened by the knowledge beforehand of the general tenor of what would be proposed. Mr. GLADSTONE has already announced that he should insist on his original Bill as it left the Commons, and the great Liberal constituencies had shown beyond mistake, not only that they would support him in this, but that they would be grievously disappointed if he took any other course. There can be no sort of doubt that a commanding majority of the electoral body of the United Kingdom has come to two conclusions, against which it is perfectly useless for the Lords or any one else to strive. The first of these conclusions is that, whereas Mr. GLADSTONE proposed one scheme and the Lords a second and totally different scheme, the former shall be accepted, and the latter rejected. The second of these conclusions is that there shall be no concurrent endowment. The arguments in favour of giving glebes and houses to the Catholics retain all their force, but the country is not prepared for the scheme. As Mr. BRIGHT said, the power of Mr. GLADSTONE, the most powerful Prime Minister of recent years, would shiver like glass if he proposed anything of the sort. Consequently the Ministry had nothing to do but to restore the Bill, with the most trivial alterations, to its old shape. All the amendments of the Lords are swept away that altered the Bill so as to give it the new character which the Lords managed to impart to it. They wished to give back to the disendowed Church almost all its endowments, and Mr. GLADSTONE calculated that the proposals of the Lords would result in restoring to the Anglican Church in Ireland fourteen-fifteenths of its property. This proposed bonus is all, or almost all, cut away. The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH's quarter of a million, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's half million, Lord CARNARVON's million and a quarter, are all to be knocked off, although a curious scheme for rewarding rapid commutation may perhaps give a portion of what Lord CARNARVON proposed. And here we may pause to say that, on looking back, it is obvious that it was the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's most unwise proposal that the Church should keep the Ulster Glebes that first launched the Lords into the dangerous course of sketching out a Bill totally at variance with the Government Bill. In the next place, the Lords voted in a very hesitating way, and after many changes of opinion, for concurrent endowment, and the whole scheme of concurrent endowment was rejected by the Government. Nor did the whole triumph of Mr. GLADSTONE lie in the largeness of the majority by which his decision on this head was supported. He gained an almost equal victory in the line of argument which his most eminent opponents were driven to use against him. Both Mr. DISRAELI and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER urged that the Bill as it left the Commons was, on Mr. GLADSTONE's principle, too favourable and too generous to the Church, and that some compensation was due to other sects to repair the injustice. It must have been refreshing to the Cabinet to have had this acknowledgement made, after they had been obliged for weeks to listen to the bursts of derision with which any remarks to the effect that the Bill was a generous Bill to the Church were received in the Lords. Lastly, the Lords wished to defer the destination of the surplus, although this was not a very material part of their scheme, as there could not have been any surplus left after the provisions of their Bill had been parcelled out. Mr. GLADSTONE has restored the application of the surplus to his favourite works of mercy, although he has engrafted on his proposal a scheme for lending out the capital of the surplus to needy Irishmen, which, he says, was part of the original scheme, but which he omitted to notice while the Bill was passing through the Commons, and which certainly escaped general attention.

If the Bill, as re-altered by Mr. GLADSTONE, becomes law, the Lords will, with all their efforts and eloquence and endeavours to be calm and statesmanlike, have succeeded in gaining for the disestablished Church the three following advantages. Where an incumbent has not deducted the stipend of a permanent curate from his returns for income-tax, neither shall the amount of this stipend be deducted from the value of his life-interest; and clergymen who have gone on paying a hundred a year for a curate, and have also paid income-tax on this very hundred a year, are excellent citizens and very fond of paying taxes, and ought perhaps to be rewarded. In the next place, the Church body is to get half a million in lieu of private endowments, and this will be a bonus of a quarter of a million, as Mr. GLADSTONE reckons, beyond the value of the endowments, if his date of 1660 had been taken. Lastly, in dioceses where a very large portion of the annuitants agree to commute, an addition of seven per cent. on the life-interests shall be allowed. Both the latter of these advantages were offered voluntarily by the Government to the Lords, and so the only amendment which the Lords have in any way forced on the Government is that the salary of a curate shall not be deducted from the value of the life-interest of an incumbent who has voluntarily paid income-tax on that salary. Probably in all English history this is the smallest mouse that ever came out of so big a mountain. The proposal to give a bonus of seven per cent. where commutation is widely accepted, will, we presume, be accepted, as the House of Commons would accept any proposal Mr. GLADSTONE might choose to make. But it is difficult to see on what theoretical grounds it rests. Mr. GLADSTONE says that the lives of clergymen are worth seven per cent. more than the lives of laymen. If so, the life-interest of a clergyman is more valuable by seven per cent. than that of a layman. Whether a clergyman's neighbours commute or not, he ought to have the full value of his life-interest allowed him. If the tables framed for laymen are wrong for clergymen, the clergy ought to have their life-interests calculated according to proper tables adapted to their superior clerical constitutions. But then Mr. GLADSTONE goes off to quite another ground, and says that it is for the advantage of the State that there should be a wide and rapid commutation, and he proposes to reward the clergy of districts where such a commutation is effected, not by giving them an extra bonus or payment on behalf of the State for saving it trouble, which would be quite legitimate, but by calculating the lives of those commuting according to their true value. If two out of every three clergymen commute, their life-interests are to be treated as if clergymen were clergymen. If only one out of two commutes the life-interests of the commuting clergy are to be treated as if clergymen were laymen. We are at a loss to understand how this proposal would bear argument, if argument had anything to do with Mr. GLADSTONE's proposals. It is sufficient for the House of Commons that the proposal is Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal. And if it cannot be said that Mr. GLADSTONE showed much deference or consideration for the Lords and their amendments, his supporters went to the verge of indecorum in their desire to show their contempt for the Peers. Mr. GLADSTONE did not do much more than compare them to people in a balloon, who see the world from a great eminence, but are totally separated from the practical interests and occupations of the black specks they see moving along roads or over fields. His party appear to have grown frantic if any delay was interposed between them and their dear delight of rejecting another amendment of the Peers. It needed all Mr. DISRAELI's tact and imperturbable temper to preserve something like order in the Opposition under such a severe trial, and great credit is

for the solicitude with which he avoided giving sion for offence, and the discretion with which he avoided useless divisions, and helped the business of the evening to go on.

It was in the proposal of the Government as to the surplus that the chief novelty of Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation was to be found. The income of the surplus is to be appropriated to works of mercy, but the capital is to be lent out in loans for the general benefit of Ireland. Considering the history of Irish loans generally, there need not be much more discussion as to whether the lunatics will or will not get too much. In answer to an Irish member, Mr. GLADSTONE said that loans to assist the deep-sea fishery of Ireland would quite come within the scope of what the Government contemplates, and a lunatic who managed to live on the yearly income derived from a loan given to an Irish deep-sea fishery would be so much cleverer than most sane men that no lodgings or living could be too handsome for him. Mr. GLADSTONE says that there was nothing in the Bill as it left the Commons inconsistent with the system of what are humorously termed reproductive loans, and possibly there was not. But no one will believe that this scheme had occurred to any one until, in a moment of extreme shortsightedness, the Lords had decided to defer the destination of the surplus. It was a great temptation to those who, like Mr. BRIGHT, were anxious to promote a land scheme, to find large sums of money thus thrown in their way. But the Lords were mainly induced to defer the destination of the surplus by a desire to give an opening hereafter for concurrent endowment. It was necessary to prevent this, and to make future concurrent endowment impossible, and yet it seemed very desirable to adopt the hint given by the Lords, and make the money available for a land scheme. To reconcile the two was, no doubt, difficult; but it must be owned that the difficulty has been solved in the most ingenious way. The destination of the surplus is fixed; the income is to be appropriated to a superior class of lunatics and other unfortunate people, but the capital may be lent out. There will be no large sums in hand with which glebes could be bought and houses built, and loans could not be made applicable for the purpose, because, if these loans were repaid—which they probably would be, as there would be a tangible security, and religious rivalry would keep watch over the borrowers—little advantage would be gained, because the Catholics would not like to bargain with the State, and because the words of the Act would probably be construed as making such loans illegal. The surplus is therefore, under Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme, so appropriated as to shut out concurrent endowment, but it is so applied as to give Mr. BRIGHT exactly what he wants. Mr. BRIGHT himself expressly advocated this, and stated it to be one of the greatest attractions of the Government proposal in his eyes, that it would enormously facilitate the operation of some such land scheme as that which he had shadowed out. If the Irish Church Bill is carried this year we shall have an Irish Land Bill next year, and whatever else it may contain it will, we may be now almost sure, contain a proposal to use the surplus of the Irish Church as a fund from which tenants may borrow to buy out landowners. Thus the Irish Church Bill has been made by the Lords to predetermine the character of the Irish Land Bill, and, so far as the interests of great proprietors go, this has been a serious blunder. But it is too late to repair the blunder now, and the best use the Lords can make of it is to read in it a warning not to legislate as if they were up in a balloon, but to consider what will practically happen according as they take one course or the other when an important alternative is submitted to their decision.

CENTRAL ASIA.

FEW things are more puzzling than the direct antagonism of English and of Indian opinion on questions connected with the affairs of Afghanistan and of Central Asia. The writer of a well-known pamphlet on *The Central-Asian Question from an Eastern Standpoint*, and Major EVANS BELL in a short work called *The Oxus and the Indus*, represent the all but unanimous condemnation by Indian writers of the administration and policy of Lord LAWRENCE. It is a painful duty to study the literature of political despair which has long been current in India. The habitual reader of pamphlets and newspaper articles has some difficulty in avoiding the conclusion that, while each successive Viceroy exceeds his predecessor in imbecility and turpitude, it matters little after all whether the inevitable collapse of a moribund Empire is accelerated by the addition of one or two blunders to the accumulated folly of generations. The able author of *The Central-Asian Question* explains the inefficiency of the native army, the numerical weakness of the English garrison, and the universal disaffection of princes and people, with so much clearness and force as to weaken his denunciation of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE's neutrality between SHERE ALI and his rivals. It rarely happens that an Indian writer suggests any policy for the future, although he may prove that the course which has been hitherto adopted was the most perverse which could be devised by official stupidity. The alarmists seem to gloat over the inextricable difficulties which they describe, as in their highly probable anticipation that the subsidies which have been at last granted to the ruler of Afghanistan will fail to secure his gratitude or fidelity. It is perhaps not for ignorant Europeans to doubt whether earlier and more seasonable favours might not have been equally unproductive of substantial return. If the Russian Government thinks it worth while to bid against the VICEROY, the AMEER is not likely to refuse any advantageous offer; but the inutility of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE's gift, and of the meeting at Umballa, would be more conclusively proved if it were explained what more Lord MAYO or his predecessor could have done to ensure the Afghan alliance, when it was found that SHERE ALI had established himself at Cabul. It is indisputable that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE miscalculated the result of the civil war which followed the death of DOST MAHOMMED; and he was probably too hasty in recognising a pretender whose tenure of power was, as the result showed, insecure. After a race it becomes evident that it would have been advantageous to back the winning horse; yet, if AFZUL or AZIM had finally prevailed in the struggle, the VICEROY would have been severely blamed by his present accusers for any leaning which he might have shown to SHERE ALI. All parties agree in thinking that English interests require the maintenance of an undisputed and steady Government in Afghanistan, and to ordinary understandings the recent grants of money and arms seem to be measures conducive to the desired object. SHERE ALI is not likely to suppose that the friendship of the Indian Government is due to any sentimental preference for his person. If he is satisfied that he will be exempt from encroachment, and that he has a fair chance of receiving occasional assistance, he may perhaps prefer a powerful patron whom he knows to a new and doubtful protector from the North.

It may be doubted whether the ready approval of his countrymen at home consoles Lord LAWRENCE for the sweeping vituperation which he receives from Indian civilians and soldiers; but Mr. EASTWICK and Sir C. WINGFIELD speak from local knowledge and experience; and Mr. GRANT DUFF, while he represents the India Office in the House of Commons, brings to the aid of his official position an unusual amount of political and historical knowledge. Foreign politics are not Mr. GLADSTONE's strong point, and his statement of the satisfactory relations between England and Russia may be regarded as conventional; but the rest of the recent debate was interesting and instructive. Mr. EASTWICK expressed an opinion, not generally entertained, that Persia rather than Afghanistan is the natural bulwark of India against Russian aggression. He even seemed to regret that the SHAH had not been allowed to establish himself at Herat, although it is notorious that the Persian troops, in some of the sieges of the town, have been directed by Russian officers. It is constantly alleged, by persons who are supposed to understand Eastern politics, that the influence of Russia at the Persian Court is paramount; and of two allies a preference ought to be given to a neighbour who is more open than a distant potentate to influence and coercion. For obvious reasons Russia must be more formidable than England at Teheran, while Cabul is both accessible to an Indian force and for the present exempt from Russian attack. It is one of the most plausible charges against Lord LAWRENCE that he was willing to recognise Herat as a separate principality, although its ruler must necessarily have relied on Persian protection against his hostile kinsmen of Cabul. Mr. EASTWICK differs widely from the Indian pessimists, passing even into the opposite extreme of disputing the probability of a conflict with Russia. There is no doubt that Asia is large enough for both Powers; but it is highly probable that a civilized possessor of Central Asia will sooner or later be affected by the same motives which induced former conquerors to covet the acquisition of the fertile plains of India. The pamphleteer prophets of evil are careful to enumerate the forces which a Russian invader might collect in Central Asia and Afghanistan. As they characteristically observe, the supposed auxiliaries and subject tribes would be more numerous than the native army in India, and far superior in warlike quality. The philippics which are addressed to Lord LAW-

DENCE and the Indian Government in general are probably read with avidity at St. Petersburg, nor will the impression of English weakness be effaced by the astuteness of ingenious journalists who ostentatiously affect to regard with satisfaction the extension of Russian civilization into Bokhara and Khiva. As long as Russian and English policy are directly opposed to one another in South-Eastern Europe, it is absurd to dissemble the uneasiness which is caused by the possible intervention of Russia in Indian affairs. If another war were to break out in Turkey or the neighbouring regions, there would undoubtedly be attempts to create a diversion by intrigues with Afghanistan, with Persia, and with malcontents in India. It is as idle to profess absolute security as it is undignified and imprudent to invite attention to all the vulnerable points of the Indian Empire. Although Russians are not addicted to depreciating their own resources, it is well known that their Government is neither infallible in its policy nor omnipotent to accomplish its designs.

Mr. GRANT DUFF's elaborate and accurate exposition of the progress and limits of Russian conquest only proved the undoubted fact that there is at present no risk of invasion or even of molestation. Thirty thousand men scattered over a vast and barren region occupied by unfriendly tribes are not likely to advance through the passes of Afghanistan to attack an army, of three times their force, to the south of the mountains. ALEXANDER the GREAT, indeed, led his victorious troops by Balkh and Khiva and Bokhara into the Punjab; but the race of demigods is extinct, and the Russians are not Macedonians and Greeks attacking undisciplined barbarians. The danger of invasion is still remote, but it will almost certainly approach nearer as the Russians consolidate and extend their conquests. It may be confidently assumed that they will never attempt an entrance into India until they can reckon on the alliance of Afghanistan, and on the complicity of some portion of the Hindoo or Mussulman population. If there should be again wars of succession among the descendants of DOST MOHAMMED, some pretenders will undoubtedly obtain the countenance of the Russian authorities, even if substantial aid is not furnished. The chance of such a contingency affords a justification for the recent negotiations with SHERE ALI, who may perhaps not share the satisfaction of the House of Commons with the assurances of the Government that it is not intended to continue his pension. In the absence of accurate knowledge of all the circumstances of the case it would be rash to determine the exact line of policy which ought to be adopted by the Indian Government, but it may be confidently asserted that there is no presumption in such cases against the use of subsidies. The motives which ought to induce the Afghan AMEER to keep the Russians at a distance are likely to be perceptibly strengthened by an occasional exercise of judicious liberality. The assailants of the Indian Government remark with perfect truth that SHERE ALI may perhaps put himself up to auction, if at any time it suits the purpose of Russia to purchase his support; but a smaller bribe from a patron whose interests coincide with his own may not improbably be preferred. Any sagacious Afghan ruler will understand that England pays him to be independent, and that Russia could only employ his services if he were content to act as a subordinate ally. No invasion of India by the Bolam or Khyber Passes could be prudently undertaken until the fidelity of the AMEER or of his successors was secured beyond all risk of uncertainty or caprice. If the enterprise were accomplished it would be necessary to hold Afghanistan in force for the purpose of protecting the communications of the army, and consequently SHERE ALI would become a subject or dependent of Russia. On the other hand, he is well assured that no English army will desire to traverse his country for the purpose of attacking the Russian possessions in Central Asia. It is often found that in corrupt boroughs voters will take a lower price from their own party than from opponents who wish to purchase their principles as well as their suffrages. An Asiatic prince may be similarly moderate in his demands when he profits by the consideration on both sides of the bargain. Although inactivity seldom deserves to be called masterly, there is probably no immediate necessity for anything beyond vigilance on the part of the Indian Government. As long as Cabul, Candahar, and Herat are united under the same sovereign, there will be little reason to fear molestation on the North-west frontier.

THE BILL AS IT PASSED THE LORDS.

LORD KIMBERLEY was quite justified in saying on Monday night, in answer to the Duke of SOMERSET's strictures on the Bill, that the Bill as amended by the Peers was not at all like Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill, and that the Ministry were not at all concerned in defending it. Without any set purpose of altering the measure so as to transform it into a rival scheme, the Peers simply adopted any amendment that happened to catch their fancy, until they had really constructed a totally new measure. The apprehensions of those who, when amendments were talked of, pointed out that these amendments must be very slight unless a rival scheme were to be started, have been amply realized. All that was left of Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme was that part which provided for disestablishment. Everything else was changed. Mr. GLADSTONE undertook three things—that disendowment should be so complete as to produce religious equality, that there should be no concurrent endowment, and that the measure should be final. The Lords have gone entirely against him on all these points. They have given what the Archbishop of CANTERBURY reckons as three millions sterling, as a bonus to the Anglican Church; they have provided glebe-houses for Catholics and Presbyterians; and they have left the disposal of the surplus, if there is any, entirely unsettled. Even this scheme is not worked out by the Bill as it stands. The Anglican Church is to be first ensured that it will get its bonus, and the Catholics and Presbyterians are only to get their glebes if there is enough left for the purpose, which is by no means certain. Nor is it clear that the Presbyterians would get anything, as the wording of the clause assigning these glebe-houses is said not to be in harmony with the peculiar nature of their institutions. But no great stress need be laid on objections of this kind, as there can be little doubt that the Lords would be very happy to sanction any verbal changes that would make the assignment of glebes and houses to the Presbyterians certain, and would prevent any doubt existing as to the sufficiency of the fund to provide glebes and houses for them and for the Catholics. Perhaps, too, in fairness it ought to be admitted that the Lords would not insist on the surplus being left undisposed of, if their scheme of concurrent endowment were accepted. No one can be sure of this, and it is undoubtedly a great blot on the Bill as it is presented to the Commons that it adds the element of final uncertainty to all the other complications it has introduced. But it is so very uncertain that there would be anything left after the provisions of the Bill were carried out that the Lords would, it may be supposed, not seriously object to saying that if there was a final surplus it should be applied in relief of the county cess. If this is the proper way to regard the Lords' amendments—and it is the way much the most favourable to the Lords—then the scheme of the Lords, as opposed to that of Mr. GLADSTONE, is not to have disendowment at all, but simply to take away from the possessions of the Anglican Church enough to pay off the capitalized value of the Maynooth Grant and of the Regium Donum, and to give glebes and houses to the Catholics and the Presbyterians. This is precisely the scheme which Lord WESTBURY has advocated throughout, and, if it is to be defended at all, it must be defended on Lord WESTBURY's grounds—namely, that it is the best and justest and most honourable scheme in itself, and that it makes no difference whether public opinion is in favour of it or not. It is certainly entirely opposed to all that we know of the decision of public opinion, as that decision was to be gathered either from the elections of last November, or from the votes of the House of Commons this Session. It does not in the least strike at Protestant ascendency. On the contrary, it preserves and encourages Protestant ascendency, and perpetuates it on payment of a fine. The Irish Church is excellent in every way, but, being the Church of a minority, it has got a little too much money, and must part with some of its wealth in favour of other sects. This is a radically different basis from that on which Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill was framed, and at any rate the Lords must be owned to have contributed one great element to the settlement of the question. They have invited the nation to choose between two totally distinct schemes. They have not slightly spoilt or improved Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill. They have not offered a compromise which, for the sake of swiftness and peace, the Ministry might have been inclined to accept rather than lose the Bill. They have proposed a thoroughly new way of approaching the settlement of the question—a way new in its principles, new in its operation, and new in its results. There is the Bill of the Lords, and there is the Bill of the Commons, and one or the other must be rejected.

The Lords have passed their scheme because they believe it to be the best scheme, although it is by a kind of accident that they have arrived at a result which pleases them. They saved themselves by a slight majority, and with no set purpose, from grave difficulty when, on the very evening on which their

Bill was sent down to the Commons, they rescinded their previous vote giving life seats in the Lords to the present Irish Bishops. They thus cleared away the whole subject of disestablishment from further discussion, and they have confined themselves to rejecting the Government proposal to disendow the Irish Church. The mode in which they arrived at the concluding stage of their legislative efforts illustrates in the most striking manner the peculiar circumstances under which they have to treat such a question. In the first place, they legislate by haphazard, and in the next place, they legislate without responsibility. No peer, and no body of peers, framed their scheme, and led on others to adopt it. It is certainly the scheme of Lord WESTBURY, but no one adopted it because it was Lord WESTBURY's scheme, or knew that by voting this or voting that, and by altering and rescinding votes already given, the House was bringing itself to embody Lord WESTBURY's views. It suited one set of peers to grasp at every conceivable money advantage for the Irish Church, and it suited another set of peers to carry out abstract justice and snub rampant Protestantism by adopting a measure of concurrent endowment; it suited another set of peers to embarrass the present Cabinet, and give a good opening for the action of future Governments by keeping the surplus unappropriated. These different currents of desire and opinion flowed at last into the same channel, and produced the present Bill. No result could be more natural in a legislative assembly which is under no efficient guidance when the Government is in a hopeless minority, while the Opposition is seriously divided. If the present Bill had been the work of Lord CAIRNS, there would have been some degree of responsibility attaching to passing it. The Conservative party would have had its scheme just as the Liberal party has got its scheme, and which scheme should prevail would have been decided by the ordinary operations of party warfare. But the Bill has been framed by no particular person or set of persons, and with a complete absence of responsibility. The majority of the Lords has not got to govern the country, or to think about governing it. Each peer that recorded his vote with the majority was entirely independent of those who accompanied him, and he voted without being under any obligation to see what was the general tendency of the Bill to which he was adding a clause. He had only to consider what theoretically he himself considered best. The Duke of WELLINGTON long ago foresaw how easily the House of Lords might become an assembly acting and voting in this desultory and irresponsible manner. When once the consideration of how the Government is to be carried on passes out of the mind of an assembly, there is no saying what the assembly will do or will not do. The whole system of governing by responsible Ministers would die out if the measures of these Ministers were to be submitted to the veto of an assembly under no guidance and no responsibility. In the United States there is no Ministerial responsibility. Each portion of the legislative body legislates as it pleases, and each has a veto on the legislation of the other. But then each is an elective body, and the will of the people prevails in each, although in a much more tardy and cumbrous way than in countries where Ministerial responsibility is the rule. But in England the House of Lords is not elective, and is independent of the will of the people, and if it proceeded ordinarily as it has proceeded in this matter of the Irish Church, there would be exhibited the curious spectacle of a permanent irresponsible body having control over the whole legislation of the country. Lord WESTBURY, who at least had the merit of thinking out what he meant, boldly asserted that this is the proper position of the House of Lords. The business of the people is simply to ask Parliament to attend to a question, but when once Parliament complies, the nation has nothing whatever to do with the particular solution of the question at which Parliament arrives. The nation has invited Lord WESTBURY to think about the Irish Church. With his usual affability he has assented, and has thought about it; and it is entirely immaterial to him whether the nation likes his thoughts or not. Few peers probably have consciously got so far as Lord WESTBURY, but most of them have acted as if the spirit of Lord WESTBURY possessed them. They have hatched a bran new Bill regarding the Irish Church, without any care as to who will like it or dislike it; and they now look on with some interest and amusement to see how the Commons will treat the product of their wayward efforts.

If the debate of last Monday is read in its proper light, and if it is examined how people who were talking of a great political subject without thought of difficulties or consequences handled the interesting question of giving glebes and houses to the Catholics and the Presbyterians, there was much to be admired and applauded in what was said. There were no abstract arguments against the theoretical advantages of carrying out this just and salutary measure which seemed of much weight. Lord KIMBERLEY plainly stated that Mr. GLADSTONE held himself to be precluded from adopting any scheme of concurrent endowment; and although from the practical point of view this simple statement made an overwhelming difference, yet it had no bearing whatever on the question occupying the attention of an irresponsible assembly whether, if such a measure could be carried—if there were a Minister to propose it, and a House of Commons to support it, and constituencies to ratify it—the proposal to give glebes and houses to the Catholics and the Presbyterians was not an excellent proposal. The main objections urged by the Ministerial speakers were to the details of the proposal rather than to the proposal itself. The Presbyterians, they urged, would get nothing, because the arrangements contemplated by Lord STANHOPE were territorial, and the arrangements of the Presbyterians are congregational; and the great practical difficulty in the way of giving glebes and houses to the Catholics—the difficulty of deciding whether these gifts should be entirely under the control of the bishops or not—was not solved, but timidly evaded by referring it to the consideration of the LORD-LIEUTENANT in council. But these objections were of a sort that might easily have been overcome subsequently if an opportunity ever offered itself of giving practical effect to the amendment. In a very short time a Government that meant to give these glebes and houses, and were able to do so, would find out the proper wording to benefit the Presbyterians, and would discover how Catholic trustees should be appointed. Nor was there much force in Lord GRANVILLE's appeal to the Peers to remember that clauses drawn in this slipshod imperfect way were not much to the credit of the House, and would have a damaging effect when submitted to the criticism of the Commons. How can it be expected that amendments proposed by any chance member, and altered and slashed by other chance members, of an irresponsible assembly should be drafted as if they were framed by a professional draftsman under the directions of a Minister bound to know that what he meant to say was said, and that what was said would work practically? To make a good startling proposal, giving or taking away a million or two, is entertaining, pleasant, stimulating work, and quite in the line of any ambitious, able, or crotchety peer. To put this proposal into clear, satisfactory, technical language is one of the most troublesome, repulsive, and exhausting tasks that can be undertaken; and why should a peer go through the extreme nuisance of shaping his proposal with so much superfluous accuracy, when all the fun lies in making the proposal generally, and in sticking up for it, and getting it passed by a majority that makes Lord GRANVILLE give a courteous smile of pain? Lord STANHOPE elicited the views of the House by his proposal quite as well as if it had been framed by a judge, and among the speeches in which the views of the House were embodied were some of considerable force and merit. More especially, we think, there was great truth in what Lord HOUGHTON said, that by erecting houses and portioning off glebes for the Catholic priests we should make the results of what is intended to be a great measure of justice visible, as they could not be made visible in any other way, to the meanest Irish peasant. It is difficult for most people to understand what disestablishment and disendowment mean; but every one understands what brick walls and slate roofs, and cabbages, and grass enough for a cow, mean. For this, quite as much as for other and higher reasons—for the reason that in every petty remote Irish village there would have been a material symbol of English justice—we regret that untoward circumstances, and the faults of statesmen of all parties, have placed, as we fear, the proposal to give the priests decent houses, and a bit of land with them, far out of the region of what is practically possible.

THE EMPEROR'S MESSAGE.

SHORT of a complete surrender of the prerogatives which distinguish him from a Constitutional Sovereign, the Emperor of the FRENCH could hardly have made more considerable concessions than those contained in the Message communicated to the Corps Législatif on Monday. The Constitution of 1852 is to undergo further modification in six important respects. The Corps Législatif is to have the right of framing its own standing orders, and electing its own officers. The President will in future represent the majority in the Chamber, and though M. SCHNEIDER will probably re-

appear in his old place, there will no longer be an unexpressed feeling of antagonism between his responsibility to the EMPEROR and his duty to the Assembly. In critical debates it may sometimes be a matter of considerable moment whether the technical procedure of the Chamber is to be regulated by the Government or by the members. Upon the second and sixth points indicated in the Message, it is impossible to pronounce an opinion until the changes sanctioned by the Senate are actually before us. The "simplification of the "mode of presenting and considering amendments," and the extension of the right of interpellation," may mean little or much, according to the form in which the alterations are framed. Under no circumstances can an interpellation lead directly to anything more than a debate, but the simplification of the mode of proposing amendments may stand either for such an enlargement of the right as will leave the Ministry for the time being no choice between resignation and a Parliamentary deadlock, or for a mere verbal distinction which will leave the relations between the Legislature and the Executive substantially what they are now. The provision that "all modifications of the tariff in international treaties" shall hereafter be submitted to the Corps Législatif will render it impossible for the EMPEROR again to decree free trade by a stroke of the pen, and will therefore be popular with the Protectionist as well as with the Constitutional parties in France. Englishmen may feel a pardonable satisfaction that in the case of the Commercial Treaty with this country the door has been shut after the horse has been stolen. The voting of the Budget by chapters will for the first time put it in the power of the Chamber to exercise some degree of control over the expenditure of the country. A reduction of the Estimates in the teeth of Ministerial resistance is in all cases difficult enough, but the obstacles are nothing less than insuperable when necessary and unnecessary items have to be voted on together, and the Budget can only be improved by the somewhat too trenchant process of rejecting it *en bloc*. The "suppression of the incompatibility hitherto "existing between the position of Deputy" and that of Minister is another concession the value of which can only be appreciated when the action of the Senate with regard to it is precisely known. In another part of the Message the EMPEROR promises to deliberate upon the presence of all the Ministers in the Chamber, but he does not say that they are all to be there as Deputies. If a Minister who has failed to carry his election can appear in the Chamber the next day in the character of an *ex-officio* member, we do not see that this "suppression of the incompatibility" amounts to much. At all events, while the system of official candidateships subsists in full vigour, the Government can have no difficulty in securing seats for as many Ministers as it may find convenient.

When the substance of the Imperial Message is surrounded with so much uncertainty it is natural to examine the reasons which its author gives for sending such a communication at all. The first feature that calls for notice is the scrupulous care with which the EMPEROR claims the entire initiative in the promised reforms. The Message is represented merely as a fulfilment, somewhat earlier than was at first intended, of the assurance given on the 28th of last month. On that day, says the EMPEROR, "I announced that I should "submit at the ordinary Session of the Chamber the resolu- "tions and plans which seemed most fitting to realize the "wishes of the country." If any one thinks that there is a connexion between the interpellation of the Third Party and the constitutional changes now announced, he is altogether wrong. The desire of the Corps Législatif "to "learn immediately what reforms have been decided on" has had no effect upon the EMPEROR's deliberations; it has merely determined him to make public the results of them a little sooner. He treats the Third Party as if it were a child which wants to see its birthday presents before the day arrives. It is a foolish wish, but it is not worth a serious resistance. After administering this implied rebuke to the impatient deputies, the EMPEROR goes on to describe the general character which will pervade his reforms. In England too little weight has, we think, been given to the pregnant sentences in which this is done. "It is my firm intention to give to the "powers of the Corps Législatif that extension which is com- "patible with the fundamental bases of the Constitution. . . . "I have already shown several times how much I am disposed "to relinquish in the public interest certain of my preroga- "tives. The modifications which I have decided to propose "constitute the natural development of those which have "been successively made in the institutions of the Empire. "They must at the same time leave intact the prerogatives "which the people have most implicitly confided to me, "which are the essential conditions of power, and of the "preservation of order and society." It may be contended of course that this is merely so much self-assertion, designed only to conceal the fact that his authority is passing away from him. But this interpretation does not seem to be consistent with what is known of the EMPEROR's character. It is more reasonable to take his words in their natural meaning, and to suppose that while he is willing to grant all that is compatible with the maintenance of personal government, he will yield nothing which affects the essence of the Imperial system. He will divest himself of certain prerogatives, but he will not submit to be stripped of any. He will allow the Corps Législatif to enjoy every sort of privilege which does not contradict the main principle on which the Empire rests—the principle that the EMPEROR both reigns and governs. He will go on in the course on which he entered years ago, but he will strike out no new path. The ornamental accessories of his position he sets little store by, but now and hereafter every modification which may be incorporated into the Constitution must recognise that, in the Imperial system, power rests with the sovereign and with him alone, and that to threaten any of those prerogatives which are the essential condition of power is to attack order and society—in other words, to espouse the cause of revolution. In all probability, the EMPEROR really believes that he can make over much of his authority to the Corps Législatif without in the least diminishing his real hold on the country. If by so doing he can conciliate a wavering majority, and throw a suspicion of unreasoning obstinacy over a resolute Opposition, the trial is worth making. At all events, it may postpone, if not avert, the moment at which it will be necessary to come to some more decided resolution.

We are inclined to think, therefore, that the immediate importance of the EMPEROR's Message may have been exaggerated. That the Third Party, however, acted wisely in withdrawing their interpellation hardly admits of question. The object of their demand was a large measure of constitutional reform, to be obtained with the Imperial consent and enjoyed under the Imperial dynasty. It is only fitting that when this desire of theirs is met half way, they should examine the true extent of the concessions before pronouncing them insufficient. What they asked indeed has not been granted them, but in its stead comes something which, in the judgment of many well-informed persons, differs from it only in name. Under these circumstances they had no choice but to wait until the correctness of this view can be tested. Before the Corps Législatif meets again there will have been time to marshal the various meanings which the Message can be made to bear, and to map out the course which the Government may be expected to take according as one or other of these meanings has been present to the EMPEROR's mind. The acts of the Government will be the best interpreter of its words. The Third Party might have been less disposed to assume this waiting attitude if the carrying out of the new reforms had been entrusted to their old enemy M. ROUHER. But the EMPEROR or the MINISTER of STATE himself had too much good sense not to perceive that to do this would have been to discredit them beforehand, and M. ROUHER has, for the time, retired into private life. If the more cautious estimate of the promised reforms turns out to be correct, his absence from politics will be of short duration. He will probably present himself as an official candidate on the first opportunity, and, having been thus whitewashed by contact with a constituency, he will be qualified to appear as Minister under the new *régime*. In the members of the Third Party who are most often mentioned as about to take office he is not likely to encounter any dangerous rival.

MR. LOCKE KING'S BILL.

THE debate of Wednesday last on the Real Property Intestacy Bill resembled an action of ejectment for a plot of land brought to try the title to a great estate. The speakers on both sides showed that they were supporting or opposing changes in legislation far beyond the scope of the Bill; and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL candidly owned that he regarded the measure only as a small step in what he considered the right direction. The hardships which were shown to be likely to arise either from the maintenance or from the abolition of the present law are for the most part exceptional, and in every instance avoidable at the choice of the present owner. A freeholder who objects to primogeniture can now leave his property among his children; nor does Mr. LOCKE KING propose to deprive him of the power of giving his land exclusively to his eldest son. Mr. BERESFORD

HOPE showed that small properties divided among the members of a family will tend to pass into the hands of the neighbouring landowner; but a process which is every day becoming more general would be but imperceptibly accelerated by equal partition. The negligence of petty freeholders in the matter of wills is probably exaggerated by those who attach importance to a law of intestacy. The possessor of two or of twenty acres thinks of nothing else, and he often creates subsequent inconvenience by his elaborate dispositions for the benefit of his survivors. The most obvious and the most equitable arrangement compatible with the retention of the land itself is the creation of money charges for the widow and younger children, while the eldest son succeeds his father. Unluckily, it too often happens that the ownership is too burdensome to be kept, so that a sale affords the only means of paying off the portions. Nothing is rarer than the scandalous case of a family thrown on the parish while the eldest son enjoys an unencumbered estate; yet, as such anomalies undoubtedly occur from time to time, Mr. LOCKE KING's proposal would tend to prevent the possibility of great injustice. It is better that a freehold should be sold to the squire of the parish than that the widow and children should starve. The alternative of partition would in almost all cases be impracticable, because the house and buildings which would not be susceptible of division are essential to the enjoyment of agricultural land. The more numerous freeholds created by building societies would be still worse adapted to partition, for even a Frenchman who owns half a dozen separate strips of land scattered over half a square mile would recognise the impossibility of cutting a cottage into four parts. The owner of a house in which he lives would perhaps not be greatly shocked by the apprehension that it might be sold at his death. Hereditary associations can scarcely attach themselves to a square brick tenement in a row, nor are members of building societies for the most part proud, like typical yeomen, of ancient local pedigrees. The tendency to accumulation is also less in towns or suburban villages than in the country, for a prudent man prefers, if possible, to live in a house of his own, although he might consider the possession of land too costly a luxury.

One of the later speakers in the debate justly described the discussion as consisting of a series of economical essays. Every member approved or disapproved of the present distribution of land in England, although the existence of large or small estates would not be perceptibly affected by any change in the law of intestacy. Mr. BUXTON deprecated with reasonable earnestness the insane passion for accumulation which induces great proprietors to leave half a dozen separate estates to an eldest son, instead of dividing their possessions among their children; but it would be difficult to make laws which should only apply to the owners of extraordinary wealth. A gentleman of three or four thousand a year cannot divide his estate among his children and at the same time provide for their permanent connexion with the land. If resident proprietors are as valuable members of society as they appear to Mr. BUXTON, the custom of primogeniture ought to be maintained, although it may be abused by the vanity of colossal landowners. No instance was quoted in the discussion, of the devolution of a moderate estate by intestacy to an eldest son where the father would have preferred a different arrangement. Whatever may be the weaknesses of yeomen, landed gentlemen are not in the habit first of marrying without settlements, and then of dying without wills. It will be well if dukes and earls with estates in three or four counties, and with as many halls and castles, would listen to Mr. BUXTON's sound and forcible sermon, or even if their estates could be distributed by operation of law, although the effect would be to increase the aristocratic grandeur of their families; but the repetition of the process for two or three successive descents would destroy, not enormous monopolies, but estates adapted to the condition of a moderate landed gentry. The greatest estates are for the most part well managed; but they involve the social disadvantage of creating a level mediocrity of condition which is perhaps not conducive to the general advantage. There are many large districts entirely inhabited by tenant farmers and their labourers, except that there is a clergyman in every parish. A moderate country gentleman who finds himself by accident isolated in the midst of the estates of great non-resident peers has the strongest reason for sharing Mr. BUXTON's dislike to overgrown estates.

The small minority of members who would approve of the compulsory subdivision of land prudently abstained from exhibiting the solid mass which lies behind the thin edge of the wedge. The only serious alternative is perhaps between accumulation and the French law of succession, although a limitation of the present excessive license of settlement and entail would probably facilitate the investment in land of professional and commercial savings. A man who has earned more than enough for his urgent wants may reasonably wish to indulge himself in the luxury of a house and farm of his own, and the admixture of such a class with the monotonous tenantry of a great estate would be in the highest degree beneficial to a district; but a law of inheritance which would necessarily admit the middle class of the great towns to the possession of land would ultimately split up their properties into cottage freeholds. As long as the interests of buyers and sellers are allowed to operate freely, the land will pass more and more exclusively into the hands of those who can afford to take the lowest rate of interest on their capital, or even to dispense with income in consideration of the pleasure of ownership. The large landowners will buy up the little freeholds, as they come into the market, unless they are outbid by lawyers and traders from the great towns. As Mr. BERESFORD HOPE said, England is becoming, like Holland, a centre of capital, with a comparatively limited landed area. The *Code Napoléon* might, at a great economical sacrifice, and with a complete social revolution, enable every rood of ground to afford a scanty maintenance to a man; but as long as legislation is passive or neutral, the man will take the first opportunity of selling his rood of ground, and of seeking a better livelihood elsewhere.

Those advocates of Mr. LOCKE KING's Bill who, like Mr. LEVESON GOWER and Mr. W. FOWLER, insisted on absolute freedom of disposition by will, were really defending the present state of the law. There is no reason to suppose that an extension to land of the statute of distributions would produce the smallest effect on public opinion or on the purpose of testators. Although the English law prevails in many of the North-American States, its operation is altered by an entirely different state of circumstances. It is idle to accumulate land when it is impossible to let it to a tenant; and consequently the practice of primogeniture is unknown, although it is not legally prohibited. The heavy taxes which are imposed by the different States on unoccupied land afford an additional impediment to the creation of large estates. In England there is little danger that a landlord will be unable to find a tenant, and it is found by experience that cultivation is most profitable when it is conducted on a large scale. The tenant-farmers stand directly between the great proprietors of the present and the cottage freeholders of the possible future. Other investments beside land might be found for capital, but to a farmer by profession a landlord is almost as necessary as a staff of workmen. An active man of moderate means, possessing skill in his own department of industry, cannot afford to leave the best part of his fortune idle at three per cent. in land. On the other hand, the compulsory subdivision of an estate, although it might at first admit of integral farms in each portion, would, on a second or third succession, involve the partition of the several holdings, and probably the abandonment of the farmhouse and buildings, which would become too large for a diminished occupation. There is no doubt, since the alteration of the electoral law, that the question of the compulsory division of land will in a few years be discussed in Parliament, and that it will give rise to popular agitation. It is difficult to determine whether serious changes would be retarded or facilitated by the adoption of Mr. LOCKE KING's comparatively trivial measure. On the whole, it seems prudent to put an end to a theoretical injustice which is certain to be exaggerated by the popular imagination.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Cortes have lately been better employed than in the organic discussions which, unavoidable as they are, only tend to confirm and to widen irreconcilable differences of opinion. The embarrassed state of the finances, and the difficulty which has already arisen in collecting direct taxes, have forcibly called attention to the vast resources which might be derived from a more rational arrangement of import duties. Bad commercial legislation has the redeeming quality of creating a hoard or reserve fund from which a supply of wealth may be ultimately drawn. A country which has perversely impoverished itself by artificial dearth can at will become richer through the simple process of acquiescing in the natural laws which regulate buying and selling. The Spanish tariff imposing duties varying from 100 to 200 per cent. on imported commodities has been constructed for the exclusive benefit of manufacturers who have contrived, as in other countries, to persuade the consuming majority that protection is

a form of patriotism. A few years ago a belief prevailed in Spain that the aid of England had been afforded in the Peninsular War for the purpose of destroying two or three factories which were supposed to have previously existed in Madrid. A competition between home-made British wines and the produce of the vineyards of Xeres would have been equally practical and formidable. The legend has perhaps become obsolete, and at least it failed to influence the majority of the Cortes during the recent debates. Mr. FIGUEROLA, the late Minister of Finance, proposed a moderate and comprehensive change in the tariff, by which protective duties ranging from 20 to 50 per cent. were to be imposed for six years, and to be gradually reduced during the next five years to an average rate of 15 per cent. Almost the sole opposition to the measure was offered by the Catalonian manufacturers, and their representatives only ventured to propose that the reduction during the second period should be subject to the will of the Cortes. As it is evident that the Legislature will have full power to retrace or to suspend its progress towards the liberation of trade, it might have been supposed that the modest amendment would be quietly accepted or negatived; but it appeared that the Cabinet was not agreed as to commercial policy, and that the PRIME MINISTER himself had held communications on the subject with the Protectionists in his own province of Catalonia, and with their representatives in the Cortes. One Barcelona manufacturer had, in a telegraphic despatch, warned PRIM against the deceitful suggestions of his colleague of the Finance Department; and FIGUEROLA, with unaccountable violence, denounced his accuser as a miserable villain. In reply, Marshal PRIM, after defending his correspondent, professed his sympathy with the Catalonians, and his desire that the colourless amendment should be carried; but the Cortes by an overwhelming majority adopted the Bill as introduced by FIGUEROLA. It is satisfactory to observe that the Republicans as well as the Progressists are divided on the question of the tariff, and that they have not yielded to the temptation of allying themselves as a party with the enemies of improvement. The declarations of PRIM, who probably regards with indifference all economic theories, are fully explained by his interest in maintaining his popularity in his native province. His assumption of superiority irritates his colleagues, who may perhaps also suspect him of irregular designs. Notwithstanding his control of the army, his ambition will scarcely be formidable as long as the Republicans regard him with dislike. At one time it seemed probable that he would ally himself with the minority, especially as he opposed the immediate election of a king; but hitherto it appears that he is more obnoxious to the Republicans than either SERRANO or TOPETE. Although PRIM has always been considered the ablest and most resolute of the leaders of the revolution, it now seems that his position is becoming untenable, unless the REGENT may think that he will be less dangerous as a colleague than as a possible conspirator. In some respects the Government is stronger than in former times, although it possesses little arbitrary power. No military chief would venture to rise against the Cortes, unless he had secured the support of the Republicans. During the reign of the QUEEN it was generally felt that the Court and the Ministry were alone concerned in the repression of insurrection. A rebellion, unless it was founded on widespread popular discontent, would now be considered an insult to the nation.

The resentment caused by the excesses of the late Government found expression in a debate on the arrest of PEZUELA, Count of CHESTE, who lately ventured to return from France to his native country. OCHOA, a Carlist deputy, who professed to be a political opponent of PEZUELA, attacked the Government for arresting under military law an ex-officer who had previously been dismissed from the army. In his answer PRIM accused PEZUELA of having conspired in France against the present Government, and of having refused obedience to an order to report himself at the Canaries. The technical merits of the case are uninteresting, and it was on entirely different grounds that the Cortes approved the action of the Government. More than one deputy described the indignities which he had suffered when PEZUELA was Captain-General of Madrid, and the conclusion that his present sufferings were deserved, though scarcely logical or legal, was sufficient for the Cortes. Some of the speakers hinted that OCHOA, although he belonged to another dynastic section, was an accomplice in the treasonable projects attributed to PEZUELA. It is difficult to understand how Queen ISABELLA could coalesce with the heir of the male line who has always denounced her as a usurper; and the combined efforts of both branches would be too feeble to disturb the present Government as long as it is supported by the Cortes. The clergy, who are almost unanimously hostile to the revolution, would probably witness with complacency the success of either pretender; but their failure to control the elections shows that even in the rural districts their hold on the population is feeble. The Duke of MADRID, otherwise known as CHARLES VII., or as Prince CHARLES of BOURBON and ESTE, has lately thought fit to issue a proclamation, in the form of a letter to his brother, who enjoys the significant "happiness of serving in the army of "our glorious PONTIFF." It is highly probable that the glorious PONTIFF, although he recognised the saintly virtue of ISABELLA by the gift of the golden rose, would be glad to see on the Spanish throne the representative of orthodox legitimacy. Except for the notoriety of the fact that there is in some districts a Carlist party, it might be doubted whether any lay Spaniard of mature age is capable of being cajoled by the pompous commonplaces which have been put together in the name of CHARLES VII. As far as the phrases of the Circular have any meaning, they are equivalent to intolerance supported by despotism, or, in more circuitous language, to the preservation of Catholic unity and to the enthronement of "a "real king, and not the shadow of one," to be surrounded by a Cortes "which shall be a regular and peaceful assemblage of "independent and incorruptible representatives, and no longer "a mob of tumultuous and useless men, either placemen or "ambitious aspirants, forming servile majorities and factious "minorities." The definition of a Parliament too pure to desire or exercise power is not unfamiliar to more serious potentates than CHARLES VII. The Emperor of the FRENCH has hitherto taken care that his deputies shall not be ambitious aspirants; but unfortunately he has found himself compelled to announce that he will henceforth govern with the aid of majorities and minorities. Prince CHARLES wishes to give to Spain "that liberty of which she only knows the name, "liberty the child of the Gospel, and not liberalism the off-"spring of the Reformation." The draftsman of the letter deserves credit for an antithesis which may be called original in its impudence. The liberty which was enjoyed by the subjects of PHILIP II., whatever may have been its relation to the Gospel, was certainly not the offspring of the Reformation.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Prince is in favour of protection to domestic industry, as well as of more antiquated abuses; but his professions have little importance, as he is not in a position to originate a civil war. Among many things which the Spaniards have learned by the experience of a generation is the folly of fighting for rival claimants of the throne. The extraordinary material advance which has been effected in the course of the last five-and-twenty years is mainly due to the continuance of internal peace. The most vicious of Governments at Madrid could not prevent the crops from growing or the flocks from multiplying. Although grumblers in the Basque provinces or in Catalonia may sometimes talk of armed resistance, it would be impossible to renew the contests of Carlists and Christinos. Even the Republicans would forfeit any popularity which they may possess by open rebellion. The vote for royalty, which may or may not bear fruit in the nomination of a king, implied, above all things, a condemnation of anarchy and violence. The disinclination to accept the Duke of MONTPENSIER because he belongs to a branch of the old Royal Family of France is not encouraging to a candidate who has no other pretension than that he is the head of the Spanish BOURBONS. Since the days of PHILIP II., who gratified the national pride by the prominence which he assumed in Europe, there has never been a King of Spain of respectable ability or character, unless an exception may be made in favour of CHARLES III. during the earlier half of his reign. The rejection of the Republic is due to the apprehension of unknown evils, and not to any abstract enthusiasm for royalty. Of all possible devices, the restoration of absolute monarchy, and the perpetuation of religious intolerance and commercial monopoly, would be the most extravagantly absurd. The present Government, although it proceeds slowly, has the merit of commencing the redress of the most flagrant abuses. A Ministerial Bill has been introduced for the revision of the Concordat with the consent of the POPE, and it is easy to foresee that the next step will be to dispense with his approval. The reform of the tariff is a still more practical proof that the revolution has not been unproductive of good.

THE END OF THE FRANCO-BELGIAN DISPUTE.

A NATURAL and useful arrangement is about to be concluded between three Continental railways. From a date not yet decided on, the Eastern of France will run

through trains between Antwerp and Basle, either by way of Brussels and Namur, or of Malines and Liége; the conduct of the trains between Antwerp and the Belgian frontier being undertaken by the Companies over whose lines they pass in consideration of a fixed payment. In order to facilitate the through traffic the Eastern of France will station an agent of its own at Antwerp, and the Belgian State Railway will station one at Basle. A similar arrangement will be entered into with the Netherlands Company, and as soon as the completion of the line will allow the Eastern of France will run through trains between Basle and Rotterdam. Beween Rotterdam and Ans the conduct of the train will be undertaken by the Netherlands Company, between Ans and Pepinster by the Belgian State Railway. The Eastern of France undertakes not to favour the Dutch ports at the expense of the Belgian ports, and not to carry passengers or goods from Rotterdam to any French station at a lower fare than is charged from Antwerp to the same station.

Nothing can be more innocent and commendable than the arrangement here described, and yet it is all that remains of a question which, less than three months ago, seemed to be big with the most serious danger. The dispute between France and Belgium has had no worse result than this. Diplomacy has been kept hard at work, a semi official press has been inspired to breathe flame and fury in successive articles, the patriotic susceptibilities of Frenchmen have been abundantly appealed to—as a prelude to a settlement which will save passengers the trouble of changing carriages between Brussels and Switzerland. We are far from saying that the result is not worth the labour that has been bestowed on it. The inconvenience of passing from one carriage to another, particularly at night, is at times by no means to be made light of, and Englishmen are too much given to foreign travel not to feel grateful for the consideration which the French Government has shown for their especial requirements. Still, even in the midst of our thankfulness, we cannot help remembering that all that the French Government has obtained as the result of months of negotiation it might at any moment have had for the asking. There was never any indisposition on the part of Belgium to sanction any reasonable arrangements for accommodating the trains of the Eastern of France. The foundation and extension of a through traffic between Antwerp and other countries must enure to the benefit of the Belgian Company as much as to the benefit of any other by which it may be carried, and so long as the independence of the Belgian lines is preserved—as it is by the present contract—the more intimate the connexion can be made between the two systems, the better for both parties. Instead, however, of acknowledging these facts to itself, the French Government began by sanctioning, if not suggesting the actual purchase, by the Eastern of France, of the Great Luxemburg Railway. The Belgian Government, wi[illegible]onable suspi[illegible] of [illegible] arrangement which would ha[illegible] important m[illegible] of the railway system of Belgium at the mercy of the French War Office, prohibited the execution of the contract, and when this prohibition was disregarded it met the case by an Act of Parliament. For weeks together the semi-official press of Paris teemed with declarations that French honour had been assailed, and that, unless the ratification of this particular contract was permitted, there must be an end of friendly relations between the two countries. The Belgian Government did all it could to appease the storm it had innocently aroused. It sent M. Frère Orban to Paris, and tried its utmost to reduce the difference within strictly commercial limits. At first the French Government was immovable. M. Rouher would have the contract, the whole contract, and nothing but the contract. When this had been sanctioned by the Belgian authorities, everything would go smooth; but the alternative project suggested by M. Frère Orban could not be accepted even as a basis of discussion. This inflexible attitude was not long maintained. The Minister of State gave place to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Rouher's *Non possumus* tailed off into M. de Lavalette's obliging willingness to examine whether a system of through trains might not provide for that "legitimate expansion of economic interests" which had by this time become the sole object which the French Government professed to have in view. In criticizing the protocol in which this compromise was recorded, we pointed out that the labours of the Commission would probably be successful or the reverse according as the idea of its appointment was due to the Emperor or M. Rouher. On the former hypothesis, the active intervention of the Emperor had probably been the result of his conviction that his Minister had mismanaged the whole business, and that the course which, under his guidance, the Government had at first taken, must be definitively abandoned. On the latter hypothesis, the sudden prominence given to commercial interests might be only a mask, assumed to conceal the determination to get the Belgian railway into French hands at a later stage of the negotiation. The final protocol, which embodies the conclusions at which the Commissioners have arrived, entirely bears out the more satisfactory of these alternatives. The end they describe themselves as having kept in view throughout is the substitution for the proposed contract between the Eastern of France, the Great Luxemburg, and the Netherlands Companies, of "new "combinations," which shall facilitate the development of commercial relations between the three countries; and the particular "combination" they have agreed on is, a system of through trains.

At length, therefore, we may congratulate ourselves at having heard the last of the "Belgian question." What elements of danger it contained, and how nearly at one time they had come to a head, may not be fully known for many years to come. But the aspect of the affair was menacing in the extreme, and the events which seemed likely to take place in France, and which as a matter of fact have taken place, were precisely those which threatened to aggravate the mischief. A few months before the elections, and when the prospects of the Opposition were improving every day, a cloud appeared in a clear sky, and the journals through which the French Government usually makes its intentions known began an unprovoked attack upon Belgium. It was sustained for a considerable period, and renewed more than once, and the only meaning which it seemed possible to attach to it—the only meaning which was attached to it by unbiassed observers—was that the French Government was desirous either of getting up a quarrel for future use, or of making some solid gains by creating that belief in Belgium. All fears of this kind are now at end. The pretensions of the French Cabinet have all been withdrawn. Its organs no longer insist upon concessions nor prate about distrust. The honour of France turns out to be in no need of soothing, and the rest of Europe feels all the pleasure of an unexpected relief. It is for the admirers of the Napoleonic policy, whether in this country or elsewhere, to explain how this result has been brought about, and to prove that in each of the contradictory stages through which the negotiation has passed, the attitude of their Imperial idol has been exactly that which his own dignity and the good of his subjects imposed on him at that particular moment. For ourselves, we prefer the pleasanter labour of pointing out how admirably the Belgian Go[illegible] has behaved under circumstances of unusual difficult[illegible] By [illegible] happy combination of flexibility and firmness, it has adhered immovably to the ground originally taken up—its absolute right to have its own railways under its own control, while at the same time it has given France every facility for withdrawing impossible demands, by showing the utmost readiness to come to terms upon any number of points, provided only they were unimportant. It has consulted the interests of European commerce without sacrificing the more momentous interests of its own independence and neutrality. When M. Frère Orban went to Paris the friends of Belgium began to despair. To hesitate was to yield, and to discuss seemed a symptom of hesitation. We gladly recognise the erroneousness of this argument. The Belgian Government may claim the credit of showing that even in dealing with an overbearing neighbour conciliation and self-respect are not necessarily incompatible.

MORE DEMONSTRATIONS.

We have never been persuaded that on such a question as that of the Irish Church public meetings on one side or the other tell for much. There are, of course, great crises in which popular enthusiasm is a fair expression of something, and has some meaning. In the Reform Bill crisis the meetings were all on one side; it was the same before the repeal of the Corn Laws. But if we are to attach any weight to Mr. Morley and his friends at St. James's Hall, we must put Lord Harrowby and his friends at Willis's Rooms into the balance against them. Mr. Gladstone and the Government are now going to take their innings, but it is at the same game in which the Ulster scores and the Manchester scores and the Liverpool scores were gained. Man for man, we do not see that the fervid Johnston, M.P. of Ballykilbeg, is so much more contemptible politically than Mr. Samuel Morley, and of the two he is the more amusing. The

revival of the rumps of the old Leaguers and Unionists, the POTTERS and MASON JONESES, is not exhilarating. Orangeism and Protestant ascendency is not a thing to be encouraged, still less to be fought for; neither, on the other hand, is a mere indiscriminate howl against the principle of establishments and endowments generally, which is already heard at some of the meetings intended "to strengthen the hands of the "Government." Of "great meetings in the provinces" we have already heard enough, and more than enough, on one side, and they meant very little; and now we shall have quite sufficient of counter-demonstrations of about the same significance. The stars in their courses fight for Mr. GLADSTONE, for an out-of-door meeting in such weather as this has its recommendations quite apart from politics. And the Liberal gatherings have something else in their favour. Mr. GLADSTONE having exacted silence from his obedient followers, and having openly declared that he wants their votes, but must decline their voices in the House of Commons, human nature must, under these circumstances, rebel, and the Liberal members would suffer so severely from suppressed eloquence that, in a sanitary point of view, these meetings will have their value. Alderman CARTER, M.P., at Leeds, must have been vastly relieved when he observed to his admiring constituency that the Liberal party would resolutely set their foot on the Lords' amendments, a promise which was very amply redeemed on Thursday; and as Mr. BAINES and Mr. MORLEY have had, and are likely to have, very little of the ear of the House, who shall grudge them the compensation of tickling irritating the ear of Leeds or Bristol?

There is indeed much of a common nature in all the demonstrations for and against the Bill. They only register foregone conclusions on either side. We never believed in reaction against the Government, and now all that can be shown is that they who approved before approve still, while on the other hand they who from the first disliked the Bill have persistently and consistently manifested their dislike. Nor is this the only aspect of the popular meetings in which one side is as good and as bad as the other. Serious bystanders have much to object to in the popular talk on either side; and both the pro-Gladstonian and anti-Gladstonian orators labour under the disadvantage of insisting on those very arguments which are most distasteful to the statesman's mind. The Lords certainly must bear the responsibility, and will now have to incur the humiliation, of having done too much. They have contrived so skilfully to shuffle the cards that disendowment has come out, for all practical purposes, much in the form of re-endowment. The vote for deferring the application of the surplus is only a cloak for the object of taking every possible precaution that there should be no surplus at all, and is objectionable on the further ground that it holds out an encouragement to chronic agitation and to hopes which never ought to be realized. But it is not on these solid grounds that the verdict of the Lords is contested. Mr. MORLEY, at St. James's Hall on Wednesday night, could only see in the events of the last month the tergiversation and disingenuousness of his natural enemies, the Bishops. It must be conceded that, on the whole, the Bishops do not deserve this taunt. That they fought for the best bargain they could get was not only natural, but was their duty, when the generous character of the Bill was announced; but that they surrendered in debate the principle of an Establishment, their great fault in Mr. MORLEY's estimate, redounds as much to their patriotic instincts as to their personal good sense. It might or it might not be politic to engraft on the Bill in the Lords a totally new principle, that of concurrent endowment, which in however attenuated a shape undoubtedly has been brought into it, but it is the worst of all possible arguments to meet this mistake by the howl of No Popery. Characteristically enough, Mr. DISRAELI has on this question surrendered himself to his worse genius and the less creditable agitators of his party. We are told by the popular orators—and Mr. DISRAELI cannot differ from them—that the nine Bishops who supported what undoubtedly was an attempt, perhaps an ill-timed and unwise one, to secure equal justice to the three religious communities of Ireland, have sacrificed their duty to their own communion by consenting to subsidize a creed which they are bound in consistency to regard only as a mass of deadly error. We have certainly but little faith in that narrow-minded public opinion which can see nothing but what to disapprove of in the votes of the Archbishops of CANTERBURY and YORK, and of the Bishops of ST. DAVID'S and OXFORD.

These demonstrations, like all other expressions of public opinion, have their value only in connexion with the principles which they embody and the arguments which they advance. In so far as they express the common sentiment which the general election expressed in favour of disestablishment and disendowment, their importance and value is great. Merely to reaffirm that great and simple issue is to do much; though it may be doubted whether any noisy proof was wanted that on the cardinal question the general sentiment has undergone no change. Reaction is a perfect myth. But it is not to be denied, on the other hand, that in the debates in the Lords much of that statesmanship, and much of thought and foresight, was displayed which for some reason or other was not forthcoming in the Commons. It is of no good omen to the country that the expression of educated intelligence should be set aside by a coarse and dictatorial *Non possumus*, or merely hooted down by big meetings. The silence which Mr. GLADSTONE extorted from his supporters, and imposed on his opponents, might as a matter of party exigency be prudent, but it was not pleasant for constitutional politicians to witness; and though we are unable to follow the majority of the Lords in their votes, their late debates are certainly more creditable, and more fully carry out what we understand by the functions of a deliberative assembly, than those which we have had, or those which we are likely to have, in the Commons. To the Lords' amendments the well-worn description of epigrams too closely applies; most of them may be bad, and some may be only tolerable, but it is not true that there is no good one among them. It may or may not be capable of proof that some hazy and faltering reference to concurrent endowment was made in the debates in the Lower House, but it is undeniable that the principle itself came out prominently in the House of Lords alone. The miscarriage and failure of that principle is a national misfortune, which, while we regret, we must acquiesce in. No doubt it came under the disadvantage of an afterthought. It may be, and in one sense we suppose it ought to be, a point of honour with a Prime Minister with a majority of 118 to decline to vouchsafe even a look at a principle interpolated in a Government measure. Mr. GLADSTONE may justify himself by treating everything suggested by the Lords with the contumelious argument once urged by, or on behalf of, the master of seven legions. *Defendit numerus*, but there can be no question that the educated intelligence of the country is in favour of Lord STANHOPE's amendments, or, rather, would have rejoiced had it been lucky enough to have suggested itself to Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. GLADSTONE, at any rate, would have been more fortunate had he been able to reject it on some more creditable and argumentative ground than on the indisputable fact that he did not propose it. Again, it might have been better, when he quotes the verdict of the country as shown at the General Election, to be able to prove that the particular scheme of giving the glebe-houses and ten acres to the three denominations had been suggested last year and rejected at the hustings. And lastly, as to the Demonstrative Meetings generally, if they are, as they are certain to be, all pitched to the Leeds key, the result will be something of a tacit pledge that Mr. GLADSTONE, by way of punishing the Bishops and the Lords, is preparing himself to adopt that Cromwellian policy which was invoked at Sheffield, and which, as regards the Episcopal Bench and the Upper House, is recommended by Professor ROGERS and Mr. EDWARD MIALL. An indiscriminate and contemptuous and unarguing rejection of all that the Lords have done will argue high temper and spirit; but to decline to distinguish between such a suggestion as Lord STANHOPE's and the wild, we had almost said insolent, amendment which Lord CAIRNS carried about the Ulster glebes, will hardly redound to the credit of Mr. GLADSTONE's statesmanship; and it is because of the emptiness of the vehement language and coarse appeals to numbers and passion which always must form the staple of platform talk and open-air vociferation, that we are unable to augur much good from them.

SENSIBILITY

WE have been made familiar, by Archbishop Trench's manuals and by other useful compilations, with the death of words in one meaning and their resurrection in another. Words like "feature," "favour," "indifferent," "resentment," will readily occur as examples. It is not less interesting to notice a word which, though not yet defunct in an older sense, is on the wane, and is leading a sort of double life between two meanings. Such is perhaps the condition at present of the word "sensibility." No really well-educated person would be at a loss on meeting with this word in precisely the connexion in which Addison or Milton, or even Shakspeare, would have placed it. But a great number of people who have some claim to pass for well-educated would experience a slight check if they so encountered it. There are a

good many daily papers, we should suppose, addressed chiefly to that large section of society, which would never employ the word sensibility when it might be necessary to express susceptibility of nerve, of intellect, or of emotion. They would instinctively avoid it. They would substitute for it perhaps the term susceptibility itself, or else feeling, or delicacy, or impressibility, or even sensitiveness, none of which would do the work so directly or so completely as the older term.

It is quite easy, without the aid of dictionaries or glossaries, to trace in the most familiar sources the full meaning of this word. When Claudio speaks of what he shudders to imagine,

> This *sensible* warm being to become
> A kneaded clod . . .

he is talking of physical impressions, of the countless influences received through the senses—that is, through the actual nerves. When Mammon, in *Paradise Lost*, thinks that an atmosphere of torment may grow familiar, and that the "piercing fires" may become

> As soft as now severe, our temper changed
> Into their temper, which must needs remove
> The *sensible* of pain,

he is speaking of exactly the same thing. When Delilah, giving specious advice to Samson, says

> Only what remains past cure
> Bear not too *sensibly*, nor still insist
> To afflict thyself in vain,

the word is, by the easiest metaphorical adaptation, removed scarcely a step from the same signification. It has hardly done with pain of body while it touches on the agonies of mind. Pope's well-known portrait of the "Lady at Court," who presented

> An equal mixture of good humour
> And *sensible* soft melancholy,

carries the word a little further on in the same metaphorical line of meaning. But by and by a change comes. And, though we ought to apologize for introducing this quotation in company with those before, there is really no place where the transition is more concisely marked than when, in one of Marryat's novels, Captain Kearney says to a subordinate, "Make me *sensible*, Sir," and is told in reply, "Maybe that's more than I or anybody else could do." We are here getting away from the region of the senses and of their metaphorical suggestions, and getting into the region of common, shrewd sense, and the associations thence developed. And so the process goes on. We have been confining ourselves to the adjective "sensible," as the instances are so completely familiar. This word, in the earlier meaning, is dead; "insensibility" survives in the physical connexion, occasionally doing duty for "torpor" in the metaphorical uses; and "sensibility" is altogether on the wane. We must guard against being supposed to convey that the later signification of the word "sensible" is never to be found in writers of the eighteenth, seventeenth, or even of the sixteenth century. Benedick, if we remember rightly, was a "sensible" man very much in the meaning which that word would now convey, and other similar passages of Shakspeare might be adduced. But this does not affect the general proposition that, whereas two hundred years ago the first meaning naturally understood from the word was allied to the impressions of sense, intellect, and emotion, the present meaning is something altogether different, and touches rather on caution, shrewdness, and, by implication, on self-regard.

It is almost always unscientific to fix upon any single cause in accounting for verbal changes, more especially when one has to speak of any cause so indefinite as a presumed social tendency. But, if we can be sure of any social phenomenon whatever, if our eyes and ears deserve to be trusted at all in the observation of contemporary humanity, the present generation is not behindhand in setting a value on the practical and the material, and is specially open to the operation of those instincts which are usually known as self-regarding. And it is at any rate a curious phenomenon that precisely among our own generation the change of this word from a more analytical to a harder and more practical meaning should have taken place. Several indications concur in suggesting that a decay in the power of sensibility has gone *pari passu* with a disuse of the older signification of the term. The rise of the words "sensation" and "sensational" in their recent uses denoted that a more than ordinary stimulus was required to rouse a more than ordinary dulness in the faculty of receiving impressions from without. Sensational novels, and dances, and pianoforte music, all show that this dulness has been remarked in the field of amusement, and has been treated, not from within, but from without; the external applications have been made as far as possible more pungent.

For anything we can see to the contrary, the decay of conversation that has so often been remarked as a feature of the present generation, is another symptom of want of sensibility, in the region of the finer social instincts. The French have a higher degree of sensibility, at any rate in matters that lie on the surface of life, than ourselves, and they beat us out of the field in conversation. There is a story told of Madame de Staël, that on one occasion she was engaged out to dinner in company with a young and beautiful girl, who was not, however, otherwise remarkable. On their entrance, the hostess observed that she was charmed to welcome wit and beauty in each other's company. "Well," replied Madame de Staël, "do you know I never was praised for my beauty before." The fine sensibility which provoked this answer, perfect as coming from a plain and elderly woman of genius, is always more common with the French than with ourselves; but it was formerly more common in English society than it is now. Setting aside certain very small and privileged and exceptional portions of the social whole, it is fair and true to say that the external and superficial in life has been during this generation so actively and zealously cultivated that the finer and more permanent parts of our nature have suffered in proportion. Conversation would naturally be *à priori* a faithful criterion in changes of this kind. For though the material of all conversation deserving the name is the commerce of thoughts, yet the atmosphere of conversation is generated from sensibility, and will be bracing or depressing exactly as sensibility is developed or repressed. The aspect, the simple outside appearance, of London is powerfully suggestive of the conditions of intellectual life in which, speaking generally and allowing a wide latitude of variety, its inhabitants are placed, and which, in still more various degrees, gradually beset provincial life as well. There is no other capital city in Europe which presents to the eye, as London does, the spectacle of the intense pursuit of intensely material objects, with very little apparent *tantum quid* (we are speaking only of what meets the eye) between what is rigidly and unswervingly practical and reliefs of the lower and grosser sort. This external barrenness has its counterpart in the region of intellect and emotion. Nor is barrenness all; there is bewilderment also; and beneath the double pressure sensibility decays. As was said before, the word is waning, and the quality represented by the word has not the life and freedom that once it had:—

> For though the circles widen, fainter gleam
> All new emotions on the mirror-stream.

If there were no other symptoms that this is the real condition of things, there are at least these two—the rise of clamorous efforts at artificial sensation, and the enfeebled state of the power of conversation.

No one has perceived all this more clearly than Mr. Matthew Arnold. But in some of his essays, following what seems with him to be an essential instinct of style, he has introduced certain well-known and characteristic terms which have probably done more than he meant them to do, by way of diverting attention from the primary facts. Philistinism is not far from being synonymous with the absence of sensibility under differing conditions, and culture is little more than development and direction given to sensibility. The want of this quality underlies many, if not all, of the weaknesses which were visited by the tranquil criticisms that have rendered those words stock terms. And not social weaknesses alone; but intellectual weaknesses quite as much. For an age like our own, which has and boasts to have an unusual number of intellectual irons in the fire, becomes victimized by hurry and bewilderment in this department, just as similar causes conspire to produce the same kind of result elsewhere. Everything being taken into account that may fairly influence the question, it is hardly too much to say that ours is an age, considering its attainments, of very considerable intellectual rudeness. We do not, it is true, use exactly the language which Luther would have employed against an antagonist in theology, and Bentley in scholarship. That has gone out of fashion. But we have very little real care for other people's feelings; not much taste nor power of reticence; for sensibility is at a low ebb. Under no other conditions would a book like Bishop Colenso's have been prematurely hurried off to the printer's hands; under no other conditions should we find politics and the intellectual aspects of religion handled as they are by writers, of whom perhaps Mr. Bradlaugh may be taken as the extreme type. As regards politics, it is but a short time ago that a Cabinet Minister showed the world what force of argument and what graces of style might be attained by a complete freedom from the trammels of sensibility. And lessons of the kind are not thrown away upon the newspapers. In the true spirit of appreciating imitation a journal of congenial sentiments remarked lately in these wise and conciliatory terms on the relations between the Lords and the Commons:—"The Lords will have no more chance than a common fishing-smack against a Cunard liner. The smack knows this, and will get out of the way." Nothing is gained by this kind of writing. Nothing, as far as we can see, is even hoped to be gained, except the transient pleasure of annoying those with whom you happen to disagree, or with whose social position you happen to be in antagonism. It is the manner of America, without the extenuation which America might claim on the score of being a young country, and of being peculiarly destitute of influences which operate, as old institutions and time-honoured associations do in some degree, to keep sensibility alive in public speaking and writing.

In general literature, translation presents the best possible scope for the exercise of sensibility in many kinds. So much has been written and said on this branch of literary work that it is no part of our present intention to add to what has already been uttered. On the whole, however, looking at the large number of translations which have been lately made, and are still making, from ancient and modern literatures into English, it may be said without prejudice that the quality is not on a par with the quantity. The rare and felicitous union of qualities, of receptive and responsive power, of elasticity and native vigour, which combine to make up true intellectual sensibility, is seldom found in a translator. The degree to which the practice of translation draws out and cultivates these powers, is the strongest recommend-

ation which it can have as an element in mental discipline. On the same ground we base a confidence—which it now requires some courage to avow—in the practice of verse composition in the dead languages. The best apology for verse composition that we ever remember to have heard came not from a classical scholar or student, but from an eminent and successful teacher of English history and modern languages. To him the intelligent rendering of the best models of English, whether of lyrical or dramatic poetry or of prose, into languages of which we possess perfect models, had been demonstrated by examples among his own pupils to be one of the completest and most efficient lessons in English. Be this as it may, the topic is a somewhat outworn one, and we will pursue it no further. We will content ourselves with repeating what has been the substance of the foregoing remarks, that coincident with the wane of the word we have been discussing, there seems to be observable, in literary as well as in ordinary social life, a decay of the valuable quality, or union of qualities, which it denotes. And if this decay could be arrested, and the processes reversed that cause it, there would be reason to hope for a very advantageous change in the styles of composition, in the atmosphere of discussion, and in the life and interest of conversation.

A THEOLOGICAL HYBRID.

THE significance of prophecy is so often ignored or misunderstood by the generation contemporary with its fulfilment, that we are anxious to give what publicity we can to an attempt which is now being made to render the long-talked-of Church of the Future an actual Church of the Present. We have before us the "Proceedings of the first Anniversary of the Free Christian Union, with the Report of the Committee and Constitution of the Union." The anniversary was celebrated on the 1st and 2nd of June, and the Report professes to give an account of the work of eleven months. The new Communion has consequently been in existence for rather more than a year, and it can hardly be too soon to give some account of the ends for which this youngest-born of Christian Churches has been founded, and of the machinery by which it proposes to attain them. In this respect the Free Christian Union is fortunate, in comparison with many of its predecessors, in possessing a written constitution. The controversies which have so often arisen out of the early history of ecclesiastical bodies can have no place here. The new organization is founded, in the first instance, upon the rejection of a past error. "Whereas," the preamble begins, "for ages past Christians have been taught that correct conceptions of Divine things are necessary to acceptance with God, and to religious relations with one another." The second corner-stone of the edifice is the recognition of a present impossibility:—"Whereas with the progressive changes of thought and feeling uniformity in doctrinal opinion becomes ever more precarious." The object of the Union is to found "a spiritual fellowship" consistent with these two principles; and with this view it "invites to common action all who deem men responsible, not for the attainment of Divine truth, but for the serious search of it, and who rely for the religious improvement of human life on filial piety and brotherly charity with or without"—most often, we should think, without—"more particular agreement in matters of doctrinal theology." This common action is to be carried on by methods partly of external appeal, partly of internal help and mutual support. In its missionary character the Union will issue publications illustrating "from history and life the opposite working of the dogmatic and the catholic Christian spirit," and serving as "manuals of impartial religious instruction, in which the essential and permanent in religion shall appear in its true relation to accidental and temporary opinion." Upon this latter point we have only to remark that, if the Association grows, these manuals will need continual revision. No one is to be refused admission

for the time being. Among the most notable of the methods of internal help and mutual support are the "friendly association" of Free Christian Congregations, a "similar friendly affiliation of local societies other than congregations," and "the union in counsel and effort of Individual Persons seeking some religious

body

of membership that the thorough adaptation of the Free Christian Union to modern ideas is most apparent. In laying down the terms of communion the constitution frankly acknowledges the empire of the almighty dollar. The bond which unites Free Christians, whether congregations or individuals, is neither dogmatic nor sacramental, but financial. The place which baptism occupies in the New Testament is here held by the "payment of an annual registration fee of half a crown." The estimated duration of life in the new Communion must be unusually prolonged, as for life-membership a donation of "not less than ten guineas"—equivalent to eighty-four annual payments—is required. An annual subscription of two guineas enables a "congregation or society" to be "registered as an ordinary annual member," with the power of sending one representative to all general meetings. We have in vain searched the constitution for some definition of the relation which the individual members of these affiliated congregations will hold to the Union. Lastly, honorary membership "may be conferred on either foreign correspondents or any other persons who may render good service to the object of the Union, or confer distinction on it by their approval." Here we may note the humility of the Free Christian Union as compared with the original Christian Church. When Agrippa said to St. Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," St. Paul answered with a reprehensible assumption of superiority, "I would that thou were not almost but altogether such as I am." How much better would it have been to make Agrippa an honorary Christian, as having conferred distinction on the Church by his approval! The affairs of the Union are to be managed by a president, treasurer, secretary, and committee, all of whom, together with two auditors, are to be chosen at an annual general meeting. Before this meeting there is to be a religious service, and the constitution contemplates the ultimate erection in London of a cathedral or "central church, for the maintenance of Christian wor-

tion, are drawn to the communion of a common piety and charity. The absence of any undue pretension on the part of the new organization is nowhere shown more clearly than in the provision included in the constitution for "winding up the affairs if necessary." Here, for the first time in ecclesiastical history, we have a Church which distinctly contemplates the possibility that the gates of hell may ultimately prevail against it. "In case," we read, "the object of this Union should ever, in the opinion of its members, be . . . . hopelessly disappointed," it may be dissolved by the votes of three-fourths of the members present at a special general meeting convened for that purpose. In another respect also, its emphatic rejection of development, the Union offers a striking contrast to the Church of Rome:—"Any alteration of the preamble, or addition to it," shall *ipso facto* dissolve the association. What it holds about dogma now, that it must hold for evermore. In the "opinion" that uniformity is impossible, uniformity is absolutely essential.

From the Report of the Committee we learn what has actually been done towards the planting of this new Church in the midst of a dogmatic or irreligious world. As yet the converts seem to be chiefly of the Nicodemus type. They come to the Committee, so to speak, by night. With "increasing evidence of extensive concurrence in the principles" of the Union, there is not as yet any "corresponding accession of open adhesion." Still the Committee do not despond. On the contrary, they are well assured that "the design of the Union is rendered hopeful by a large amount of latent approval and support," while they lament that "the extent to which in England almost all Christians are entangled by their position in dogmatic engagements" should delay "their inevitable escape into a freer and more natural religious life." As far as words go, the letters they receive seem to leave nothing to be desired. A correspondent "eminent in literature" writes:—"I hasten to tell you that yours is the one movement of the time in which I can take interest, or from which I can expect any real good." A "distinguished member of the Anglican Church" says of the principle of the Union that he agrees with it "*toto corde*." It is to be regretted that the "struggle between outward hesitancy and real sympathy" should generally express itself in this form—"We shall certainly join you when we see what you can do." For, as the Committee pertinently remark, "the very condition of doing anything by associated effort is that associates do not hang back and thus keep upon the watch." Still something has been done during the past year. The Committee have expressed their respect for certain "energetic efforts to establish a centre of catholic religious activity in a neighbourhood where it is much needed," by "voting a grant of 5*l.* to the Free Christian Church at Lynn." It certainly ought to be an encouragement to congregational adhesion that this fortunate society should have thus promptly realized nearly 150*l.* per cent. on its annual subscription. A sub-committee has also "commenced arrangements" for publishing a volume of essays "proceeding from writers occupying different points of view, and speaking each on his own responsibility," and intended to clear "the permanent essence of a spiritual inheritance from its traditional accessories of belief and usage." When we remember what very short work a volume of Essays and Reviews, introduced with a very similar preface, made of sundry traditional accessories of belief and usage, we can easily believe that the forthcoming work will so far quite answer the anticipations of its authors. How much of the "permanent essence of our spiritual inheritance" will survive the operation is not so certain. Lord Ebury and his friends may be glad to know that the Free Christian Union is not indifferent to the cause of liturgical revision. The Committee are distressed that in the present state of religious thought Anglican laymen "should be content week after week to re-affirm before God and the congregation their belief in a series of propositions every phrase of which, unless used without meaning, is charged with endless controversy," and they feel sure that "in proportion to their thoughtfulness and sincerity religious Churchmen would be thankful for relief from the obligation to this recital." The Creeds, it seems, "drive away innumerable persons of scrupulous veracity from the daily liturgies." We recommend this statement—introduced, it should be said, with the words "it is well known"—to the attention of those clergymen who complain of the small attendance at daily services. Perhaps, after the Ritual Commission has made provision for persons of scrupulous propriety by the revision of the Lectionary, it will do a similar office for persons of scrupulous veracity by the exclusion of the Creeds.

We forget who it was that described the Church of the Future in the words, "concerning which nothing is certainly known save that it will bear no resemblance to the Church of the Past." As regards the Free Christian Union the accuracy of this picture is unquestionable. For some of its founders we have very great respect, but of the organization itself we can only say that it strikes us as a very one-horse sort of Christianity. The dogmatic spirit has faults enough to answer for, but we shall be surprised if there is not more life in it yet than in this colourless counterfeit. Unless human nature has recently undergone some strange transformation, it will hardly bear to remain in the state of placid uncertainty to which the Free Christian Union seems to aspire as the highest conceivable development of "moral and spiritual affinities." It was said of the Jews, by one whom the Union still accepts as its teacher, that they were better off than the Samaritans in that they knew what they worshipped. It is intelligible that men should deny that this knowledge is attainable, and should refuse in consequence to render the worship any longer. The feature that puzzles us in the Free Christian Union is that it makes the confession of ignorance a condition of devotion, [illegible]

...ity in doctrinal opinion" is constantly becoming "more precarious," are men to be held "responsible for the serious search of Divine truth"? To insist on looking for that which the searcher proclaims can never be found is a mark of folly, not of piety. The correspondent "eminent in literature," who neither takes interest in, nor expects good from, any movement but this, is good enough to say that God is "a Moral Being who is at the centre of all things, and on the recognition of whose law the well-being of mankind has been made dependent." In point of form this is as dogmatic a statement as can well be. Does it belong to "the essential and permanent in religion," or to the "accidental and temporary"? If this "Moral Being" has never revealed himself to mankind, how does the correspondent "eminent in literature" know that He is at the centre of all things, or that the recognition of His law has been made a condition of human welfare? If He has so revealed himself, why may not the attainment of Divine truth be possible equally with the search for it? Christianity we know, and Rationalism we know, but this strange theory of a worship which has its root in scepticism seems only valuable as an addition to a theological museum.

LIFE PEERS.

WE are not going to discuss again now the merits, as a political measure, of Lord Russell's scheme, or of any other scheme for infusing an element of Life Peers into the House of Lords. We are not even going minutely to discuss the vast mass of precedents on one side and another on which the question of the power of the Crown to create Life Peers must turn as a matter of pure law. We do not presume to anticipate what the judgment of a really unprejudiced court of law on the matter might be. We will only say that we do not look on the matter as in the least degree settled by the decision of the House of Lords in the case of Lord Wensleydale. This is the sort of subject which even a court of law can hardly ever be got to look at purely as a question of law. There are questions in which, even in passing a judicial sentence, notions of political expediency will creep in. Let us take what would be at once the most extreme and the most unlikely case. Let us suppose that some one should assert for himself, gravely and soberly, as Richard Duke of York did assert for himself in the fifteenth century, a right to the Crown better than that of the reigning sovereign. In the present state of our law, such a claim, in order to have the faintest title to be heard, must be a claim under the letter of the terms of the Act of Settlement. But let us suppose such a claim to be made under the terms of the Act of Settlement. Can we conceive any tribunal, parliamentary or other, giving such a claimant as fair a hearing as if he were merely claiming a private estate? Duke Richard doubtless got a fair hearing and a little more; but that was mainly because he was the most powerful and the most popular man in the kingdom, quite as powerful and much more popular than the reigning King. We suspect that in no age would a man get a fair hearing in such a cause, unless he were in something like Duke Richard's position, and in our age no man can be in anything like Duke Richard's position. In no time, before no tribunal, could political feelings and considerations of political expediency be wholly shut out in such a case. And the same rule applies in its degree to every constitutional question of any kind. There are very few men indeed who can be trusted to give a judgment strictly according to the letter of the law and nothing else, in questions touching such high matters as the prerogative of the Crown, the privilege of Parliament, and the liberty of the subject. Discreet lawyers have before now pronounced all three to be alike boundless, and it certainly has not been by simple processes of law that bounds have ever been set to any of them. And of all assemblies the House of Lords is about the last that one could trust to judge of itself and its own constitution. That House has, as far as the reputation of its individual members goes, distinctly raised itself in public opinion. A Synod of Irish Bishops might very likely have done the same. But there is the same fatal sign in the debates of the House of Lords which would be seen in a Synod of Irish Bishops, and which is seen in the Convocation of our own clergy. The House of Lords is beginning to do what no assembly does but assemblies which are not sure of their own position, to talk about itself, to show satisfaction in its successful display, to show the consciousness that it is watched, that it has to keep up its character, to defend ground which is not openly assailed, but which some day may be. If the debates in the Lords surpass those in the Commons, it is because the Commons can afford to be surpassed in mere debate. The Peers have a necessity laid upon them; they must show merit of some kind to justify their existence at all. In a young and weak assembly, struggling after greater strength, the French Legislative Assembly for instance, this sort of self-consciousness is a hopeful sign. But in an ancient assembly, in what once was a powerful assembly, this very same state of feeling is not a little ominous.

Ancient and once powerful, of a truth. For what is the House of Lords? What is a Peer? To define a Peer is no easy task. It is easy to say what particular persons are Peers at any given moment; it is easy to say what their peculiar privileges are by law or custom; but to say how the Peerage in its present shape came into being is a very much harder matter. Every one who has studied constitutional history, every one who has so much as read through his Hallam, must know that there is no greater puzzle than to say how, why, and when our present hereditary peerage grew up. As ever in English constitutional and social inquiries, we must go back to the very earliest times to find out the real cause. What is the House of Lords? It is simply the old Assembly of the people of England, the ancient Meeting of the Wise. There is no better instance of the way in which, in England above all countries, institutions change their forms, and spring to new life again in new shapes but with the old spirit. For all practical purposes the House of Commons is the true modern representative of the ancient Witenagemót; but the House of Lords is the Witenagemót itself by actual personal succession. There is absolutely no break; the thing always went on, feebly enough no doubt in the days of foreign rule, but even under Normans and Angevins some sort of national Council never failed us. King William assembled his Witan no less than King Eadward, and both Henries did the same. No line can be drawn between the Gemót of the eleventh century and the Parliament of the thirteenth. And of course it is the House of Lords which bridges over the dark days between the two.

But the House of Lords is, and has been for six hundred years, an aristocratic body. The old Assembly, in theory at least, was essentially democratic. In this apparent contradiction lies the key to the whole matter. Our great Councils became aristocratic in practice because they were so highly democratic in theory. What is a Peer? He is in truth simply an Englishman who has not lost, or who has regained, the ancient right of every free Englishman to attend the Council of the nation in person. It has been often shown how such a right as this, except in a State of the very smallest size, a single town or a very small district, gradually destroys itself. The mass of those who have the right to attend cannot and do not attend; their right dies out by non-user, and the constitution gradually becomes an oligarchy, simply because it is in theory so pure a democracy. But in such a case as this the greatest irregularity in the numbers and qualifications of those who do attend follows as a matter of course. Every attempt to define the constitution of our National Councils, either before or for a good while after the Norman Conquest, has always broken down. Ingenious men have puzzled themselves to find out what the qualification was, the real ground of their difficulty being that there was no qualification at all. The natural results followed; a few marked and powerful classes of men, the Earls for instance and the Bishops, always came as a matter of course. They were not likely to let their right drop, and the King could not well have got on without them. But beyond these few distinctly marked orders all is confusion; if there is any sort of principle, it is that the right of attendance depends on the King's summons. No principle was more natural to grow up. Where the mass of those who had a theoretical right to attend never came, nothing was more obvious than to summon those whose presence was wished for, nothing was more natural than that the right should gradually be held to be attached to the summons; that it should be held that no one had a right to come who was not summoned, that the King could summon whom he would, but that some particular classes of men had a right to be summoned. Such a theory as this seems to explain the utter irregularity of the constitution of the House of Lords even for some time after the House of Commons had grown up by its side. About the Earls and the Bishops there seems to be no doubt at any time; besides them the King summons Abbots, but he does not always summon the same Abbots; he summons temporal men, but he does not always summon the same temporal men. The son may be summoned though the father was not, or the son may not be summoned, though the father was. Nay, the man who is summoned to one Parliament is not always summoned to another. All this of course shows great irregularity—an irregularity which could only have existed in a transitional period. One theory in short had been given up, and no other theory was as yet fully established. The purely hereditary doctrine grew up in this matter step by step, just as it grew up step by step with regard to kingship. But it would be hard to show that there was any moment when the Crown lost the right of creating a peerage which need not be

hereditary—that is, the right of summoning a man to Parliament without of necessity binding itself to summon his heirs for ever.

Looked at in a purely historical way, it is hard to understand any doubt as to the right of the Crown to create life peerages. It is plain that the Crown once had the right; it is by no means plain that the Crown ever gave up that right. The only doctrine on which the right can be attacked is the extreme democratic one. It might be said that the whole system of personal summons was a usurpation, and that every freeman had a right to come, summoned or not summoned. The only ground on which it can be held that the Crown is bound to summon the son because it has once summoned the father, is the ground that the Crown is bound to summon everybody, or rather that everybody has a right to come without being summoned at all. Of course the answer will be that such doctrines are inconsistent with the hereditary character of the House. But the rejoinder is obvious; the hereditary character of the House is something which has grown up by degrees and which is not fully established even now. It is something more modern than life-peerages, and it never has wholly extinguished life-peerages. An English Bishop is a life-peer; an Irish Representative Peer is, as far as the House of Lords is concerned, a life-peer. An Irish Bishop or a Scotch Representative Peer, sitting by rotation or by election in each Parliament, is something less than a life-peer. Any purely honorary privileges enjoyed by Scotch or Irish Peers who do not sit in the House of Lords are off the question. The Scotch and Irish peers who do sit are, just as much as the Bishops, cases of men who have seats in the House of Lords but whose seats do not necessarily pass to their sons.

Now we do not profess to say that what seems to us a sound historical argument is a necessarily sound legal argument. Lawyers constantly find out that this precedent is a good one and the other a bad one, while, in an historical point of view, one seems as good as the other. And, as we said before, human nature itself seems to forbid us ever to get a judgment of pure law on a constitutional point. But we do not see how the historical argument can be evaded, except on grounds which the opponents of life-peerages in the House of Lords would be the very last to take up. But the question, both as an historical and as a legal one, has now become a matter of curiosity. To bring in a Bill to enable the Crown to do this or that implies that the Crown cannot legally do it at present. And the expediency is of course another question, into which we do not mean to enter. The hereditary character of the House of Lords is one of the things which have come about by accident, and, like other things which have come about by accident, it has a good and a bad side. It is a constitutional anomaly, but it is an anomaly which has some incidental advantages. But it must be, and it may be, defended by somewhat stronger arguments than those brought forward in the House of Lords itself by the opponents of life-peerages. One is surprised to find Lord Derby, who might take up even personally a higher position, taking up the ground of the mere pride of wealth. Lord Malmesbury's great object seemed to be to show that, if he were plain Mr. Harris, no one would think of making him a life-peer. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to say that a life-peer will occupy a lower position than an hereditary peer. He will surely occupy a much higher one. It is to be supposed that he will be appointed for merit of some kind or other; that he is himself the sort of man of whom the hereditary peer's highest boast is to be a distant descendant. In the debates in the House of Lords, those who come nearest to the nature of life-peers do not seem to lag behind the others. Lord Derby and Lord Malmesbury will not deny that the display made by Bishops, by law-lords, and by other peers who are the first of their titles, has not been wholly contemptible. Lord Derby to be sure did what he could to crowd the House of Lords with the obscurest peers that he could create—with men who were unknown beyond their own counties before and who are unknown beyond their own counties still. But these are just the men whom no one would make life-peers; indeed if they are to be made peers at all, they had better be hereditary peers, as there is at least the chance of their sons improving. Still, after all, the peers of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli's creation have shown one merit. It is hard to remember the somewhat grotesque titles for which they have exchanged their hereditary or assumed surnames. And they have not, as hereditary legislators, done much to make us remember them. Let no one think we are blaming them. No; we give them every credit. We might indeed have liked to hear from them some rational explanation of their own position. But they have had the good sense to hold their tongues; Lord Malmesbury has not had the good sense to hold his.

MOONSHINE AT ST. CLOUD.

If you are not the rose, what a delightful thing it must be to find yourself even a thistle, and live next to the rose! You imbibe something of roseate odour, perhaps of hue, from the sweet proximity, and you may really persuade yourself that you are of the rose rosy. Next to being at the St. Cloud Fête given by the Emperor in honour of the Viceroy of Egypt—and that must have been better than to disport in the Elysian fields—earth cannot confer a more beatific vision than to read all about this gorgeous entertainment as described by the *Daily Telegraph's* "Own Correspondent." It is all to be found in Tuesday's paper. The *Daily Telegraph* gives us something more than the skeleton and dry bones of history; and as it is not given to everybody to appreciate the real state of things in this poor world, so the *Daily Telegraph* has a special mission for revealing the inner life of history, and what makes the living actors of events to do what they do. Read the *Times* or any dull Correspondent who only concerns himself with politics, and such a trifle as the peaceful revolution which has just passed over or through the Empire, and all that you would find in the shape of Paris news is that on Friday last the Emperor held a most important Council at St. Cloud; then came M. Rouher's great announcement, followed by the resignation of Ministers, and France enters upon a new stage of political life. No small event in history this; but this is the dull, phlegmatic, puny way in which books and annalists and chroniclers write history. You are not behind the scenes. The *Daily Telegraph* is, and shows us all the secret springs of the political machine. You don't know what the Emperor said, or how the Empress was dressed, or what they all had to eat and drink on the eve of a great historical event. The *Daily Telegraph* does, and tells us, and we are all the wiser for the revelation. Here the laquais and the valet have their place in the great economy of things; and, if we can believe the contemporary historian, they certainly do manage politics in a very curious way in Paris. We have all been speculating on what Mr. Gladstone was going to do about the Irish Church Bill, and our speculations did not come to much. Mr. Gladstone has gone, we dare say, during the last few days, to dinners and *soirées* as usual; but if he talked about what was to happen in the House of Commons on Thursday, we have in London no literary flunkies and newspaper correspondents eavesdropping and listening at the keyhole and telling us next morning what the great man said between the soup and fish. They manage things differently in Paris, and the Imperial parties are always attended by a gentleman who uses his ears as well as his pen. He listens at St. Cloud and writes to the *Telegraph*. And as yet we have not heard that his ears have been boxed for their faithful or inventive qualities. On Friday last week, as we have said, the Ministerial Council met; but on the Thursday evening, before taking M. Rouher and his colleagues into his confidence, the Emperor at the fête given to the Viceroy told everybody what was going to happen. So at least says Our Own Correspondent. The Emperor "was in the highest possible spirits, never looked so little pre-occupied," and challenged everybody to talk. What he said to one Deputy we have, thanks to our *Daily Telegraph, in ipsissimis verbis;* how he "agreed with the liberal views of the nation," and how he was anxious to declare this agreement to "a mob of twenty or thirty people at a time"; we are assured, moreover, that "His Majesty spoke evidently '*avec intention*,'" and we are by no means sure that he did not get on a chair and harangue his guests on what was to come off on the morrow.

Now if all this is true—and it is written in the *Daily Telegraph*, and therefore must be true, though these pictorial details of coming events labour under the disadvantage of being printed three days after the formal and official announcement of the Imperial policy—what a new view of the Napoleonic character it gives! A dark and impenetrable man, keeping his own secret till the last moment; silent and mysterious, and repelling in speech and manner; cold and reluctant even when he declares his mind—such, we have been assured by ordinary observers, is the present Emperor. It's all a mistake. The Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* presents quite another picture of the true and genial Napoleon. He is simply the jolliest of good fellows, ready to jabber and gabble on the most important questions of State policy with twenty or thirty anybodies or nobodies; a mere political sieve or colander, spurting out his views about the most serious State and Cabinet secrets like a drysalter in the Peckham omnibus. As we have said, history, especially the personal history of kings and statesmen, wants rewriting, and for this purpose the *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent is an historian who at any rate tells us what nobody else knows, or could have dreamed of.

But to judge of the value of history you should know something of the *personnel* of the historian. Everybody has a great respect for Grote and Thirlwall and Milman, not only on account of their works, but by reason of their lives. We trust their books much for their own merits, but something because of the credit of the writers. It may or may not be an advantage to the contemporary history of the *Daily Telegraph* that the historian of the *Daily Telegraph* takes so much pains to let us know what manner of man he is. The man illustrates the history and the history illustrates the man. He is himself, and his history is like himself; unique, unapproachable. We can quite understand that he sees things not given to lesser intelligences even to appreciate. We can believe that to him is reserved a familiarity with Imperial words and an intimate insight into the depths of the Napoleonic counsels which are not given to mortal men. We do not criticize such a superb personage; we accept him as a Presence, an Institution, a Revelation. One who lives as he does, and lives on such terms with all Cabinets, all Ministers, all Embassies and Councils, is not to be judged by us. The high intelligence to whom wit, beauty, and wisdom all address their choicest things, and to whom is revealed what nobody else knows from Downing Street to Hong Kong, from the Golden Horn to the Winter Palace, is not to be criticized by us. We adore and bow, accept and are silent. We take the good things that the God provides us and are thankful. But hitherto the *Daily Telegraph's* Own Correspondent has only revealed to us the hidden mysteries of this mortal world. He tells us—and how sublime is the condescension to tell us—all about 'poor Count Odescalchi," and he even gives us a radiant glimpse of Madame De G—— ever charming, ever gay. He takes us into

the Emperor's billiard-room, and gives us the small talk of it very small, to be sure, and something like the Duke's colloquy with Jernigan about his garters; but as we were never in the St. Cloud billiard-room, we are grateful—oh, how grateful. And then again, as it was never given to us "to roll along the hard road at ten miles an hour," an invited guest to an Emperor's party, "scattering scandal, taking away several characters, marrying a priest and divorcing a duchess"; as we are but poor simple folks to whom the envious fates have never given the sublime ecstacy of saying, "alter our fifth cigarette," "Ah, *mon cher*, behold ourselves here"—the here being a palace; and as we never "squared the chamberlain with a little anecdote," although we can quite appreciate, though we do not exactly comprehend, that august performance, we accept the genial historian's account of all the best-dressed and best-looking women in Paris surveying the stately saloons and mysterious glades of St. Cloud, "once called Novigentum;" and as we are introduced to a blazing circle of Empress, and princesses, and ambassadresses and the close column of Court beauties, we acknowledge our master. To use his own phrase, we are in a "profuse perspiration" of awe, amazement, and reflected glory. We see "Prince Napoleon sitting on a table," and almost envy that honoured piece of furniture for its proximity to any portion of that sacred and ponderous person, and almost persuade ourselves that to sit upon a table is a special grace of manner awarded to the Imperial cream's cream. We begin to think that to exchange high politeness with an Empress—and, as we are reminded by one who has lived every day of his life in Courts, "there is not such a hostess in Europe"—or even to read about these glorious beings, is really and only to live. We quite agree with our kind informant how "nice it is to see the Princess Clothilde," and when we hear of our communicative friend hinting how he "paid his homage to a Spanish princess, who really has no right to be going about looking so pretty," our too susceptible feelings begin to take a dark shade of envy that there can be on this earth a man so blessed, and who has such a delicate, well-bred, heroic way of telling us of his beatified and more than heavenly life. No doubt we should have felt in much the same way had we ever had the honour to meet that glorious fairy queen who, whenever she opened her mouth, dropped diamonds and pearls, as we feel when in the magic presence of this enchanting writer when he gives us these glimpses of the gardens of bliss—or Armida, which is much the same thing.

Cynics perhaps will say, that for the world at large and those who move on its level ground, it is no great matter how these gorgeous Olympians disport themselves. They and their annalist live in another world than ours; theirs it is to see the purple lights which never gleamed on our land or sea; theirs it is to bathe in the splendours and the opalescent hazes and the golden flashes of princely avenues and terraces, lit up by electric lights and the radiance of all the realms of fairy land to which we have no access. This finery and splendour cannot affect the working world. But we beg leave to say that it does, or rather did; not only the earth, but the heaven of heavens, on this great occasion, did its best to glorify the great Emperor's festivity. The laws of nature were reversed by Imperial command. It is solemnly recorded by the *Daily Telegraph* that at St. Cloud on Thursday in last week they had a new heaven all to themselves, as well as an earth which was of heaven, at least the heaven of the ballet and the pantomime. Though we can be surprised at no unearthly interference on behalf of the Napoleonic dynasty, it is, we must admit, new to us to find that the Emperor when he feasts Viceroys can change the order of the universe, reverse the sidereal system, and order not only his ices and bands and electric lights, but even a moon for his own particular delight. On Thursday, July 8, this grand entertainment was given at St. Cloud to the Viceroy of Egypt; and on Friday, July 9, the almanac tells us that there was a new moon. As far as our own experience goes the night was dark as Erebus, as it might well be; and as moonless as the calendar said it was to be. As yet no account has reached us of any serious perturbation in the Cosmos, but at St. Cloud, if we are to believe the Own Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, Joshua's miracle was far outdone by the Emperor, and the Sun of Austerlitz, which has done the family good service, is now superseded by the Moon of St. Cloud. It is a fact that the great Emperor ordered and got a full moon last Thursday week for his own special behoof and the glory of his imperial party. Our Own Correspondent saw it. "Figure to yourself a garden still charming and abounding, &c., fine shrubs and flowers, &c., quiet rivulets, &c. *Above was a large and calm-looking moon.*" And then, again, we hear of the combined effects of "electric light and moonshine on the Empress's dress and drawing-room." We always took the Emperor to be a very great man, but his command over the moon shows the real master of nature. If the earth is to have a new satellite, our Cæsar is just the man to give us another ruler of the night. To order up a full moon for an evening party is what no host ever yet ventured upon. We want to know more about it. Will Our Own Correspondent tell us more about this moon of his which shone last Thursday week? Was it a special moon—it seems so, for it is especially mentioned as a "large moon"—ordered by the Emperor for the St. Cloud avenues; or did it shine over all France at least? Or was he the only privileged lunatic in the universe to see what was hidden from all other sorts of men? A new earth, political, moral, and social, in France is no great phenomenon; but a new heaven and a moon all for the Empire and the Emperor's friends, this is Imperial grandeur and no mistake, as they say. We always had a great respect—we mean sublime admiration—for the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, but this "large and calm-looking moon" of his on July 8, 1869, is certainly his greatest achievement. Of course there may be coarse, vulgar, superficial minds who argue the unknown from the known, and who believe in the almanac and the present planetary laws, and who will perversely begin to say that all our excellent Own Correspondent's Princesses and Marquises and Cabinet secrets and Imperial conversations are just as imaginary, in fact just as much moonshine, as what he saw in the heavens at St. Cloud on July 8. But this is poor cavil. Our friend saw the moon, and if there was no moon to see, so much the worse for the moon, for he writes very nicely about it. And as it is quite certain that the Emperor's talk is quite as likely to have been talked as the *Daily Telegraph's* moon to have shone, we have for ourselves no more objection to the talk which is imported from St. Cloud than to the moon which was seen there. No doubt there will be scoffers. The profane will begin to laugh at Our Own Correspondent. They will pronounce him and his Moon and his Napoleonic speeches to be all mythical alike; nay there are those who may be tempted to ask whether there is any Special Correspondent at all; whether these glorious letters are not written by some Grub Street hack who forgot to check his scenic powers by the Calendar, and who was never nearer St. Cloud than Fleet Street. But to talk in this way is to shake the pillars of faith and of historic credibility. We still believe in the *Daily Telegraph*, and the largest circulation in the world justifies the largest powers of invention, and it will be some time before his very popular and ingenious writer invents anything bigger than the Moon of St. Cloud.

ROUND THE WORLD BY EXPRESS.

IN a utilitarian age like ours one watches jealously the encroachments which practical men are making on the poetry of nature. Electricity flashes the prices of grey shirtings through the caverns beneath the ocean, and in its profoundest depths Schiller's diver as likely as not would find his hands on the inevitable gutta-percha while groping for the jewelled cup. Slightly to adapt the words of the graceful lyric that has charmed the Imperial salons and the *cafés chantants, rien n'est sacré pour un savant* retained by joint-stock enterprise. Having submerged time under the billows of the Atlantic, the science men went on to demolish space, and the leagues of prairie, snow, and waste that lie between the Missouri and the Pacific. The screech of the steam-whistle seemed likely to scare romance from its last and safest refuge. Rival railway companies concerted an invasion of the happy home of hyperbole, where the unsophisticated children of nature revelled in fancies as free as their institutions and manners, imagination limitless as their plains, talk tall as their mountains, imagery copious as their rivers, and humour stimulating as their salt-licks. It might well be that the day would come when Western journalists would stick to facts and yet find subscribers. We are but too glad, then, to welcome any sign that seems to show that our fears were groundless; that there is a something in the Western air acting even on those who whirl through it in rapid transit. We hail a happy augury in a letter that appeared in the *Times* of the other day, from the pen of a Mr. Magee. Although that gentleman favours us with no morsel of autobiography, beyond that which is confessed incidentally in a few days of Transatlantic travel, we infer that he is no denizen of those favoured regions. Business or pleasure took him from New York to San Francisco, and in his letter he imparts the experiences of an unprejudiced traveller, interspersed with the comments of a philosopher as dispassionate and cool as might reasonably be expected after nearly a week of the rail in weather drawing on to the dog-days. We do not do Mr. Magee the injustice to surmise that he has been speculating for the rise in the shares of the Pacific Railway Companies, or [illegible]ting for the fall in those of the Aspinwall and Panama. We are more inclined to recognise in him a man who may develop into the Cook of Transatlantic travel—a man gifted with the constitution of a Queen's Messenger; irrepressible spirits and imperturbable good humour; vivid powers of description, and the winning eloquence that lures the masses away to trust themselves in unknown lands. Mr. Magee bears a Hybernian patronymic, nor has he been denied, we should say, the impassioned, impressible, impulsive feelings of his country. Arrived at San Francisco, we picture him precipitating himself on pen and paper while yet intoxicated with the Western air; while the scenes he has passed by are still glowing to his mental eye in all the blazing tints of a Western sunset, and while the warmth of Western sunbeams yet heats his fancy and fires his tongue.

Mr. Magee's seems to have been impelled to write by seeing some objections to the new route indicated by tarry-at-home scribes in the English press, and notably by the *Economist*. Our contemporary, arguing modestly from admitted European experiences, had said that "the time of the continuous journey, [illegible] days 17½ hours, is probably a longer strain than the human constitution can stand." This is the position Mr. Magee undertakes to refute. The gentleman who asserted it, although he may never have travelled at a burst from the rising to the setting sun, had probably performed the journey to town in the Brighton express, or in the Edinburgh or Holyhead limited mails. Judging by his personal feelings after some journey in which modern science

had combined the present *maxima* of rapidity and smoothness, he may have argued that had it been prolonged for seven days, his fatigue must have grown into prostration. Reflecting, moreover, that the American railways had necessarily employed a good deal of unpractised labour; that they were racing from opposite points against time and each other, for a moveable goal to be determined by their respective swiftness of execution; that they had tumbled down the rails as they went much faster than rails and sleepers could be supplied from the rear; it is clear that the writer in the *Economist* might plead strong *primâ facie* grounds for assuming that the mere time of the American journey would be but an inadequate measure of its misery. He may have written too sweepingly when he surmised the strain to be heavier than any human constitution could bear, although his words were evidently intended to bear a freer construction than Mr. Magee has put upon them. Rules are proved by their exceptions, and this one must give way to frames of iron, and be modified by exceptional conditions of training. If Mr. Magee, descending at his hotel in San Francisco, had written to present himself as a living witness that the thing was to be done, and that even a journey so formidable might leave a man all the better for it, nothing could be more natural. Had he explained that the hardships had been much exaggerated, he might have done the Railway Companies a good turn, and an act of simple justice. As it is, perhaps his letter proves a little too much, and while the most credulous must be quite unable to receive it all, it gives sceptics a pretext for rejecting it with an absolute incredulity.

If we wished to be hypercritical, we might object that Mr. Magee lets his logic run riot, and that instead of addressing himself to the specific charge, which is the tax that the length of the route imposes on the traveller, he expatiates on its interest, which is what few people will care to dispute. It would be odd indeed if, in over 3,000 miles, both man and nature had not provided a good deal to admire and wonder at. He sketches a rapid itinerary through the settled States, containing little that is either new or relevant. It is perhaps hardly worth while to go so far for a "glimpse at Pittsburg, the Manchester of America in soot, dirt, and immense shops sacred to Vulcan." We fail to trace Vulcan's connexion with Manchester and the cotton-trade; but much the same sort of thing that Mr. Magee describes may be seen in a good many towns of England, and looking down, for example, from the Tyne Viaduct at Newcastle, you may behold soot and dirt and smoke lend themselves for once to the most Turneresque and picturesque effects. The beauties of Ohio, as Mr. Magee tells us, "make a picture which England's pastoral poets would delight to render in immortal verse." But we question whether they would accept the bewitching beauty of the scenery as an argument for being whirled past it on a through ticket, and compelled to shoot their fancies flying from the windows of an express-train. A rapid contemplation of Chicago, as you hurry by it, is quite in keeping with its bustle and "the marvellous rapidity of the city's growth," but it is only when you have cleared the broad corn plains of Illinois and Iowa, plains as tame as they are rich, that the real journey begins. "Delightful" Mr. Magee pronounces it, "even for ladies. The weakest invalid would be strengthened by it." It is true there is a sameness about it, as he is forced to confess, but then that is compensated by "the exhilarating qualities of the air, and the beauty and variety of the cloud effects." Even the most enchanting terrestrial beauties are apt to pall after a time, and we know the eye of sense seeks the earth rather than the heavens. We doubt if the most brilliant effects in the sky would relieve the monotony of those flat dreary wastes, brown, grey, or green, according to the season. It is fortunate indeed that the air is so exhilarating, and "exercises so marked an influence on the animal spirits," especially in the cases of ladies and invalids; for "the stations along the line, with their sunken and loopholed round-houses for protection against former Indian attacks, are most interesting and novel." This season the Indians are out everywhere on the war-path, and we suspect the tribes have not given the railways a material guarantee for the scalps of their passengers. Those loopholed block-houses might perhaps have a more depressing effect on a nervous invalid than the most exhilarating air could counteract. Such appurtenances to stations are unquestionably novelties, but scarcely of the sort that would be likely to prove attractive in a Company's advertisements. There "the Westerner is to be seen in all the glory of abundant elbow-room"; but the worst of that is, if you care for the sight at all, it is one you enjoy so very seldom. We confess to a gross ignorance of details, but we should imagine there can be so little local traffic to develop, and such slight necessity for the precaution of examining tickets, that the station-masters might dispense altogether with subordinates. When the lone official on duty at the Platte Forks siding has melted out of your range of vision, you have nothing in the way of excitement of that sort to hope for for some fifty or a hundred miles, till a point of life detaching itself on the platform at Chimney Rock grows into the hermit who turns the switches there. We must repeat that we are far from strong in the geography of the line, and pitch on representative names almost at random. Arrived at the Rocky Mountains, you mount them by a route naturally selected as offering the easiest gradients; and Mr. Magee fears the tourist may be disappointed at finding in Colorado no such mountains as the Alps. We are inclined to believe that, however bored you might have been in the plains below, they must at least have reduced you to a frame of mind in which you would learn with deep gratitude that the barriers nature had interposed between you and your destination were less formidable than you had feared. The expanse of valleys between the ranges "give you "an idea of boundless distance and a boundless land," but we should presume, by the time you got there, the idea of immensity had been thoroughly worked in upon you. The description of the Weber and Echo passes appeals strongly to your love of the sublime, but then the sublime rubs shoulders with the terrible. We have heard of suspended communications on the Cenis and Sömmering; we have heard of them on this very line, and in winter and the wet season we should be slow to advise the weaker invalids to trust themselves where "towering cliffs and roaring torrents and wonders of nature in her wildest moods" are likely to lead to isolation in the mountains on half rations, dwindling down to none at all. Then we come to Utah and Salt Lake City, where "nature blossoms like the rose and only man is vile." Vile as he may be, and revolting as his creed is to women, we suspect the vision of bricks and mortar and the idea of an inn would make the city show like the Promised Land to ladies who had taken Mr. Magee's hints on health, and had come that way to recruit it. At Promontory Mountain Junction you change trains and lines, but although you regretfully feel "your trip is drawing to a close," yet you may take comfort in knowing that "its greatest difficulties are before you." Among the wilder Nevada range you may renew what may have been your disastrous experiences of the Rocky Mountains. In 112 miles of locomotive climbing you cross them at an elevation of over 7,000 feet, and if your good angel stand by you to the end, and your breaks hold, you run down to the Pacific seaboard on an incline of 116 feet to the mile.

"How about the longer strain than the human constitution can stand," proceeds Mr. Magee, for his letter, long as a lady's, carries, like hers, its pith at the end. The fallacy of his argument lies in this, that generalizing from himself as an individual instance, he assumes that all minds may be stimulated continuously so as to carry through the frail clay that clogs them. "There is not a spot in the whole trip where there is not something new to be seen"—which is undeniable; and this "keeps the mind engaged"—which is beside the point, if it were true; for it infers the application of fictitious stimulants to the body, which is really what is in question. But in our experience, when the body takes to complaining, the mind pays it the most unremitting attention, and becomes more or less indifferent to all external objects. We grant that an ambuscade of Indians, a difficulty with Danites, a breakdown in the mountains, burying in an avalanche, running over a precipice—any of these might operate as a temporary distraction, but then at best that gives you but a choice of evils. In testifying that "the soundest sleep may be enjoyed in the sleeping cars," the language is unfortunately chosen, for it implies an effort that with most people would defeat itself. Coupled with the appetizing air, the eating arrangements make one's mouth water; but, indeed, so perfect are the arrangements in general on this particular railway, that one of the dining-cars, precipitated down a forty-feet embankment, escaped uninjured, except for a few broken panes of glass and some trifling scratches and bruises to its inmates. This story, it is fair to observe, is told on the authority of the *Evening Bulletin*. Mr. Magee concludes by expressing his opinion that "the trip will be found a great help to a liberal education; it expands the mind and ideas and all connected with the mental faculty, and gives a thorough insight into the great country of the United States." If you take the last sentence in its most literal sense, doubtless Mr. Magee is right, and after reading his letter we have no reason to doubt that it helps to brighten the fancy. But the medical faculty is slow to move, and we doubt whether as yet doctors will very generally prescribe a happy despatch by the line to their more delicate patients. Of this, however, we may be quite sure, that notwithstanding the rude and hasty construction of the line, the engineers must have succeeded in making the shaking on it almost inappreciable, for Mr. Magee, we think, makes no allusion to that initial objection.

HOW TO BREAK A BANK.

WE thought that English experience had sufficiently taught the lesson how the most flourishing banking concerns may be brought to ruin, but the Report on the failure of the Bombay Bank discloses some new curiosities in this much-practised art. The Bank of Bombay was no common Corporation. It held the same position in the Presidency which the Bank of England fills in this country. It was the banker of the Government, and enjoyed all the profit and prestige which that influential status implies. A few years ago it had a moderate capital, an ample circulation, and a highly profitable business. In 1863 its constitution was remodelled by a public Act, passed after what was conceived to be the most careful revision by the local Government, and with the deliberate approval of the Secretary of State. All sorts of officials helped to frame it, and at last it became law, with every *à priori* reason for supposing that it was a model charter. The fostering care of the Government did not end with the concoction of the Statute. In order to afford a continuing guarantee for careful management, three or four Government Directors were placed upon the Board, one of whom occupied the chair. Probably the Government were aware of the impossibility of insuring prudent and successful banking by any restrictions that might be imposed by the constituent charter of the institution, and relied mainly on the supervision of the Chairman and his official

colleagues to exclude the possibility of irregular transactions. The Commissioners who have reported after the failure seem to have been seized with the idea that all the mishaps might have been prevented by more stringent provisions in the Act which determined the powers of the Bank. This instrument was certainly loose enough, including as it did an indefinite power of advancing money on the security of shares, but this had very little to do with the ultimate catastrophe. Every Bank has, and must have, large powers of conducting its business, which admit of being used with or without discretion and honesty, and if honesty and discretion are wanting in the managers, no statutory restrictions and limitations can save a Bank from ruin. Most of the business of the very safest Bank, not excepting the Bank of England, consists of advances on more personal security, which may be the soundest or the most fallacious basis according to the judgment with which the names are selected. Safe banking cannot be insured by any rules, and if the Bank of Bombay failed in consequence of advances on bills and promissory notes with the further security of what proved to be greatly overrated shares, it would not the less have been ruined if the loans had been made on the bills and notes alone without the shares to back them.

The real cause of the disaster was one to which Banking Companies are always liable. The Secretary was reckless in his views of banking, and he was in intimate relations with speculators who gained an absolute control over the moneys of the Bank, and used it to further their own wild projects, until at last the speculators, the projects, and the Bank came down together in one great crash. The Board did nothing to check the mischief, for its most influential member was the great merchant prince of Bombay, Premchund Roychund, and Premchund himself was the speculator who assisted himself and his friends at will out of the coffers of the Government Bank. The other commercial Directors bowed down before the mighty Premchund with that amazing deference which the mercantile mind always pays to the reputation of wealth. As for the Government Directors, they were only a respectable delusion. Even the Chairman would seem to have known nothing of what was going on, and was content to accept with gratitude the profitable allotments of shares which Premchund's influence cast into his lap. In short, there was a manager who either did not know how to manage, or was content to abdicate his functions for the sake of keeping on good terms with Premchund, and there was a Board of Directors which did not make the slightest pretence of directing anything, and left the whole concern at the absolute mercy of the Company-King, and his obsequious friend, the Secretary. Having got into this groove, the Bank became a mere sleeping partner of Premchund's, supplying unlimited capital, sharing every risk, and leaving the substantial profit, when profit was made, to the great Bombay speculator. And this was the course of business throughout a period of perhaps wilder inflation than ever was seen out of Bombay. In 1864 and 1865 Companies were created for every imaginable purpose, and apparently with uniform success. Land Companies, Cotton Companies, Ship Companies, Coffee Companies, besides financial and manufacturing Companies of every kind, were brought out in rapid succession, and all their shares went at once to a premium. The Back Bay Company had shares which, when 5,000 rupees were paid up, sold in the market for 35,000 rupees, and on these the Board, at the instance of Premchund and the Secretary, resolved to make advances up to four times the amount paid upon them. Other Companies were dealt with on equally liberal terms, and Premchund, who ruled the market, and whose name sufficed to ensure a premium for the shares of any Company which he patronized, was at the same time the dictator of the Government Bank. If Premchund wanted to oblige a friend, he would either secure him allotments or tell him to buy largely, undertaking himself to finance the operations through the Bombay Bank. Among the friends whom he was most ready to favour with allotments was Mr. Blair, the Secretary and Manager; and either from the same or some other influence, the Chairman, Mr. Birch, the chief of the Government Directors, was able in the course of a few months to realize a profit of [illegible]7,000*l.* out of allotments of shares in the great Back Bay Company, and other flourishing ventures of the day. While all this was going on, the Bombay Government was repeatedly warned, both by the Governor-General and by Sir Charles Wood, to keep a sharp eye upon the proceedings of the Bank, and occasionally some little stir was made, which sufficed only to elicit a few illusory reports, and then everything went on as before, Premchund rushing deeper and deeper into great share operations, and disposing at will of the treasure of the Bank, the Secretary aiding him in every transaction, the rest of the Directors doing whatever Premchund and his friend the Secretary suggested, and the Government looking on with tranquil indifference at the impending ruin of its own Bank. From the highest official of the Presidency down to the secretary of the Bank, there was not one man who did his duty. Those who were in league with the great speculator squandered the Bank funds, while those who were not actively participating in the game made no effort to avert the fast-approaching crash. It must have been obvious to every one that, if Premchund fell, the Bank must go with him, and the fall of a prince among speculators is never a very remote contingency. The inevitable crisis followed the year of inflation, and in April, 1866, Premchund informed the Bank that he required 250,000*l.* to prevent his stopping payment. He was already indebted to the Bank to the extent of 235,000*l.*, but the Directors, either from the consciousness that they could not stand if Premchund went to the wall, or in ignorance of the state of his account, which they took no trouble to ascertain, joined with the Asiatic and two or three other Banks in making the desired advance on securities which ultimately proved utterly insufficient. Soon afterwards, in pursuance of the same policy, a credit of 200,000*l.* was given to the Asiatic Bank. The Governor-General urgently called for information as to the position of the Bombay Bank, but the Presidency Government supported the Bank in its refusal to give details, and transmitted to Calcutta a statement as fallacious as was ever issued by a Board of Directors. By these tactics the Bank, though hopelessly insolvent, was kept open for another year, and in January, 1868, it went into liquidation, having lost in five years the whole of its paid-up capital of nearly 2,000,000*l.*

The story of its failure is the old story of Company management. A few reckless men engrossed the whole authority, and used it for their own purposes, while their colleagues on the Board, and the Government by whom nearly half of them were nominated, wholly neglected their duty of supervision and control. Disasters which are caused by personal derelictions are not to be prevented even by better organization than that of the Bombay Bank, and the disgraceful history which has now been made public only adds one more illustration of the obvious truth that Company management is certain to break down so long as the managers of Companies are incompetent and self-seeking.

BABY-SHOWS.

MOST shows, such as those of horses, dogs, and pigs, are a weariness to the flesh, though they may be of some practical good, as a means of comparing the different degrees of progress, according to varieties of method; but of baby-shows not a favourable word can be said. Not only is there no good whatever in them, no use or value, so far as the ordinary purposes of exhibition go, but they are positively harmful in some senses and disgusting in all. Imagine a number of babies of the poorer classes, which means doubtful cleanliness and exceedingly doubtful decency — small creatures having large lungs, varying from three weeks to two years of age, cooped up together on a broiling day, in a stuffy tent with an African temperature and defective ventilation, with a crowd of people passing and repassing before them, their mothers (nursing-mothers chiefly) hot, excited, weary, set out like docile animals behind a single fence, and then say what kind of good there can be in it all. Not the most enthusiastic lover of babies can find any beauty or grace in such a show, and assuredly no physician would approve it; while as to the comparative anatomist and physiologist, if any one wishes to see how easy it is to degrade man to the level of the lower animals, and how very slight is the barrier of artificial dignity and individuality which separates him from his four-footed relatives, he has only to go to such an exhibition as that got up at North Woolwich this last week. He will then be brought to a proper state of anthropological humility, and be disposed to accept the theory of our poor relations and progressive development, and to shake hands with his cousin the gorilla without more ado. For a baby-show is simply an exhibition of animals of a certain kind; neither more nor less; and the truth had better be said of it at once.

Save that they are handled a little more tenderly, the babies are treated by the visitors for all the world like the beasts in a cattle-show. They are poked at and felt, and their points remarked and their flesh assailed, much as if they were cows and horses, but of an exceptionally fragile kind. Their mothers share in the ruling spirit, and turn up grimy layers of small petticoats to show the shape or fineness of the limbs beneath. The breadth of a back and the dimensions of a thigh are points of which they boast with a quite unctuous complacency; and when a knot of coarse men and gross women stand before one of the chairs—we ought to say pens—and discuss the look of the flesh and general development for the age, the clearness of the eyes, the strength of the limbs, &c., of the small occupant, the mother takes it all in as good part as a hearth-rug cat when you stroke her kittens, and apparently with much the same sensations. All the mysteries of the nursery, generally held sacred from the prying gaze of the profane world, here go on in primitive simplicity; and any wavering young bachelor may realize to the life the after-effects of his marriage with a beloved object on small means, and put it to himself whether this is the kind of thing he likes or not. To be sure, paternity may make some difference, but the facts of baby nature are the same in both cases, and we are bound to say that baby nature and nursery mysteries are not particularly appetizing to the great majority of men. Whatever poetry or beauty lies round the cradle of the first-born—and poets and artists make out that a great deal does lie round it—is here vulgarized out of existence; and, if anything could make a man a sworn celibate for life, it would be a careful scrutiny of a baby-show, such as we saw at Woolwich. As one passed chair after chair of actively-nursing mother and placidly-feeding child, the finer shades of distinction got lost, and one came at last to regard the babies as so many animals, to be cared for by the inscrutable instinct of maternity truly, but having no claim to poetic sentiment, and very little more individuality than so many sparrows or sheep, save to their respective mothers. When not asleep or sucking, they all kicked, and screamed, and fought wildly with space, with more or less passion and vigour; they all

clutched vaguely at somebody's beard, or tried to put out their own eyes, or to choke themselves with their fists; some laughed if they were tickled, and some broke out into a howl; all stared; and all were very wet about the mouth and chin; and the great mass of them seemed to sleep away the hours when they were not feeding, and when asleep they were at least quiet, though they looked hot and very uncomfortable. The atmosphere of the tent was very close and unpleasant, and as positive in its own way, if not quite so nasty, as the atmosphere of a cow-house or a kennel. But the women seemed to like it; and perhaps nature, which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, blunts their senses to things which sicken strong men. In this show prizes were offered for the biggest and finest babies of various ages, classified according to certain conditions. And among these prizes was one offered for "triplets." Accordingly the demand, though a queer one, found a corresponding supply; and one poor wretched creature, only three weeks confined, came to the show to be stared at and commiserated for the three miserable abortions she held in her arms. This seemed to us the most disgusting part of the exhibition. That a woman so awfully chastised by fate and unfriendly nature should be helped out of compassion is one thing, but that a prize should be offered for a monstrosity is another. We do not want a race of triplets. Certainly not, if they were to be like those at North Woolwich, which had a humiliating likeness to small monkeys, and for which the best thing one could wish was a speedy release from a cruel world where whole men and women find it hard to fight their way, but where a man or woman divided by three would be nowhere in the struggle. They were fearful things to regard as potential fathers and mothers—scarcely human, they were so small and dark and dwindled; weighing only three pounds each when they were born, and apparently no anything more now. Yet these miserable little abortions, with their weak and haggard mother, were set up in a stifling tent for all the days this precious show lasted, for the chance of a prize as a reward for a monstrosity.

But indeed what was to be gained by offering prizes at all? What can they do? They encourage no better breed of babies, however well deserved they may be. Given the best producer and nourisher of the human animal to be found, and how will a prize either encourage or enable others to compete with her? Besides, what are the grounds to go upon? The judges do not write up the place of living, age, race, condition, and food of the father and mother; and if they did, how would that affect others? The whole thing is too absurd to be argued about. Teach women a few elementary physiological truths about themselves and their children, and some good might be done; but a prize for what is a mere matter of blind chance—for certain chemical proportions unknown, and therefore not to be attained by others—is the most foolish of the many foolish acts of pseudo-philanthropy that we know of. And though it is a matter of fact that certain women produce fine children, and certain others poor and wretched little creatures, how is a baby-show to mend matters if they are bad, or to carry them further if they are favourable? We presume no one would go so far as to advocate means like those adopted by pigeon-fanciers and stock-raisers. Is there any power or law to deny the right of men and women produce stunted, scrofulous, rickety offspring, year after year, for as long as nature allows? We know what we should do with animals in such cases, but we cannot do the same with men and women; and baby-shows do not help us. In that North Woolwich show there were babies of all sorts; from the monkey-like triplets weighing three pounds each up to a young giantess of nine months old, with a thigh as large as the largest part of a stout man's arm; from bullet-headed creatures, as bald as so many coots, to a curious Aztec-looking little thing with a mat of black hair as thick and strong as a full-grown person's; from one cleanly-made, lively youngster of nine months, with the intelligent eyes of a two-year-old, to masses of lumpy jelly with no more intellect than so many grunting little pigs. But no one could propagate or abolish any of these varieties. The thick-thighed monster must remain *sui generis*, unless the mother produces its like; so of the hairy type; so of the lively kind, and of all others. In fact, the question of ultimate use met one at every turn; for here was a show, with prizes to be given to so many chances, not one element of the whole concern being under human control as we exercise control, or to be manipulated by science or the will.

If the prizes had been given, as we said before, to cleanliness and intelligence of management, and had been preceded by instruction, there might be some good in these shows; but as things are, they are not only nonsense in themselves, but a very pernicious and disgusting form of nonsense, doing infinitely more harm than good, on what side soever we regard the whole affair. A large number of women and young children are congregated together in bad air, and under unfavourable conditions for health, cleanliness, and decency; there is the chance of infectious disease, always latent somewhere among the poor even when not openly displayed, breaking out when too late to be isolated, and the consequent chance of a fearful disaster; there is the sure disturbance to the habits and temper of the mother, and the consequent disturbance to the health of the child; and all for the sake of a prize, which is barren of result—a mere sum of money, which it were better to give in charity without the pretence of a claim of earning at all. It is to be feared that children are but doubtful goods to the poor at the best of times, and a quiver-full is by no means the prayer of an East-end artisan troubled to find bread for the hungry mouths about him; and if people with much money have pleasure in giving to those with little, there are only too many to receive, and occasions never wanting. But let the thing be done honestly, and with some judgment, and let charity and almsgiving be called by their right names, and not glossed over with this *quasi*-philanthropic, *quasi*-scientific varnish. A baby-show is a mischievous sham and a degrading exhibition, and the sooner we have seen the last of the kind the better for all concerned.

THE PITFALLS OF THE STATUTE BOOK.

unnecessary difficulties which are thrown in the way of the administration of justice in England, that it ought not to be passed over in silence. An action was brought by one Susan Varley against the publisher of the *Daily Telegraph* for penalties. The plaintiff's case was that the *Telegraph* had inserted certain advertisements by which inquiry was made for goods which had been stolen, and in which the owners undertook that if the goods were returned no proceedings should be taken against the thieves; such advertisements being illegal, as tending to the compounding of felonies. The jury was sworn, the judge was all attention, and the plaintiff's counsel told his story with all due elaboration. Witnesses were called from Government offices and from coffee-houses where newspapers are filed, to prove that the copies of the *Daily Telegraph* produced in Court were really copies of the periodical which emanates from 135 Fleet Street, and that the proper persons had been sued for the delinquencies of that journal. The witnesses were duly cross-examined, the regulation jokes were bandied about, and "a laugh" was of course raised when inquiries were made as to the real existence and the habits of the plaintiff, "did she," for instance, "live up two pair of stairs"? The case looked very black for our lively contemporary, when the counsel for the defendant rose and made an objection to the evidence. The judge did not think much of this. The learned counsel had, however, a further objection, which certainly seems to go to the root of the matter. He submitted "that the statute upon which the action was founded had been repealed by the 7 and 8 Geo. IV. c. 27. The first section of this last Act recited that it was expedient to repeal various statutes, and it repealed so much of the Act in question 'as relates to advertisements therein prohibited.'"

The report of the case in the *Telegraph* reads on smoothly enough, but here must doubtless have occurred an awkward pause, which might well have been represented by a couple of lines of asterisks. Everybody seems to have been taken aback. The counsel for the plaintiff, who had so far steered their case so triumphantly, must have been especially nonplussed. The leader must have turned sharply round on his junior, and some elementary work on criminal law must have been in instant demand. The briefless barristers in the second row must have put their heads together, and tittered and buzzed learnedly. Even Mr. Justice Keating on the Bench must have wished that he had even as much as *Archbold's Practice* near to hand. All this must have happened, and might have been represented in the report by two lines of asterisks. One and all, however, of the parties concerned, when they recovered from the shock, seem to have put the best face upon their own ignorance, and to have looked kindly on the ignorance of their neighbours. The plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Serjeant Robinson, said that "his attention had not been before drawn to the 7 and 8 Geo. IV. c. 27, and he had not been aware of its contents." The Judge observed that "this was no discredit to the learned Serjeant, for Lord Coke himself had said that he did not know all the statute law, though he added that he should be ashamed to say that he did not know all the common law. He (Mr. Justice Keating) must say he did not know the statute of George IV." And even the defendant's counsel, Mr. Giffard, the lucky discoverer of the awkward fact, was kind enough to say that "he would not say how long he had known it." Then Mr. Serjeant Robinson added that he "was informed that this matter had been thoroughly investigated, and that the provision upon which the action was founded had not been repealed." Mr. Justice Keating remarked that "the statute of George IV. stated in the preamble that it was expedient that certain Acts, and parts of Acts, enumerating among others the one sued on, should be repealed, in order that the provisions contained in them might be amended and consolidated into one Act. Now the question was, had they been consolidated into one Act? It certainly looked like a provisional repeal. He thought that the case was clear enough upon the facts, and that the question of law should be further looked into." After some more discussion the Judge was inclined to direct a formal verdict for the plaintiff, but the defendant's counsel pointed out that, "even if his lordship's impression were well founded, that the enactment still existed in another statute, that would not entitle the plaintiff to recover, for he expressly founded his action upon the statute named in the declaration; and no judge, he apprehended, would amend in such a case." Eventually a formal verdict was entered for the defendant, with leave to the plaintiff's counsel to move the full Court to vary the verdict in accordance with what might be held to be the true state of the law. Some time in November next we may therefore expect a solemn argument before the Court

of Common Pleas at Westminster upon the question, amongst others, whether the statutable prohibition of such advertisements as those complained of has been removed or not.

This question ought clearly never to have arisen. We have not a word of blame for the Judge or the plaintiff's counsel in the case. As things now are, press of business must sometimes oblige eminent counsel to open a case without having devoted sufficient time to it to enable them to ascertain that the statutes upon which it is founded have not been affected by subsequent legislation; and the Judges have frequently disclaimed that thorough knowledge of the statute law off-hand which, by a pleasing fiction, is supposed to be imprinted on the minds, not only of judges or barristers, but of all the Queen's subjects. What we do complain of is the confused state of the law which is disclosed in the story which we have culled from the reports of the Guildhall sittings. Many legal principles must necessarily remain involved in much obscurity. The common law is a wide and ill-surveyed field; but the question whether or not there exists any statutable prohibition of a particular act is, in its nature, of the simplest possible kind, and ought to be capable of instant solution. How very far this is from being the case will sufficiently appear from a statement of the course of legislation with reference to such advertisements as were alleged to have been inserted in the *Daily Telegraph*. They were made penal by a temporary Act, 25 Geo. II c. 36, s. 1, which was made perpetual by 28 Geo. II. c. 19. These Acts, so far as they related to the advertisements in question, were repealed by 7 and 8 Geo. IV. c. 27; but new provisions, similar to those which had been repealed, were contained in c. 29, s. 59, of an Act passed in the same year. The last-mentioned Act was wholly repealed by 24 and 25 Vict. c. 95, but new prohibitions of the obnoxious advertisements were enacted in s. 102 of c. 96 of the same year, commonly called the "Larceny Act, 1861." Finally, sects. 1, 9, 11, 12, and 15 of 25 Geo. II. c. 36, and the whole of 28 Geo. II. c. 19, were repealed by 30 and 31 Vict. c. 59. This is obviously a labyrinth through which no judge can be expected to thread his way at a minute's notice, and with no law library at hand, in the course of a trial at *nisi prius*. If he calls for the statutes of George II., they confront him with no indication that they have ever been interfered with by subsequent legislation; nor is there any authoritative index by which he could discover the actual state of the statute law upon any given point.

The results of this state of things are ludicrous as well as vexatious. It is unseemly as well as inconvenient that the Legislature and the highest Courts of justice should be employed in repealing what has been repealed long ago, or in discussing what has been settled beyond dispute. But these things not unfrequently happen. Three statutes which had been repealed by 1 and 2 Vict. c. 48, were solemnly repealed again by 21 and 22 Vict. c. 26. In 1842 the Court of Queen's Bench, in the case of Reg. v. Great Western Railway Company, listened to much argument, and delivered an elaborate judgment upon 2 and 3 Ed. VI. c. 24, little suspecting that it had been repealed by 7 Geo. IV. c. 64, s. 32. Such absurdities cannot be avoided as matters stand, but they might be rendered impossible with the greatest ease. We have on previous occasions mentioned the steps which have been taken by the Government towards remedying the evil, by placing in the hands of the profession and the public, in a manageable compass, the statute law which is actually in force. But the work has taken more years tha[illegible] taken months, and it seems to be the business of no one in particular to see that it is accomplished. The latest information upon the subject is contained in a speech made by Mr. Gladstone, in reply to Mr. Hadfield, on the 4th of last month. We thence gather that in July, 1868, Lord Cairns, who was then Chancellor, requested Sir J. S. Lefevre, Sir T. E. May, Mr. Rickards, Mr. Thring, and Mr. Reilly to act as a Committee to superintend the publication of a new edition of the statutes, the editor of which is to be Mr. A. J. Wood. We also gather that the first volume of the work will be published as soon as the Committee has come to terms with the Treasury, whenever that may be, and that a chronological table of all statutes, and also an alphabetical index of those now in force, will shortly be produced. These measures are something to be thankful for, as far as they go; though, for reasons which we have explained in former articles, we are of opinion that the principles upon which the new edition is being constructed are by no means satisfactory, while the annual issue of the statutes continues to exhibit almost every fault which can attach to a collection of laws. The fact is that the subject is only taken up by the Government of the day at odd moments when it has nothing else to do, or when inconvenient questions are put by inquisitive private members. It used to be said that Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square was being leisurely completed by the occasional exertions of a man and a boy; and the reconstruction of the Statute Book seems to be carried on in an analogous manner. Several Acts have been passed of late years, expressly repealing obsolete statutes enacted from the earliest period down to the year 1861. Some of this work has to be done over again upon a more thorough system, and a Bill is to be introduced for the purpose. A Bill is also to be introduced in order to get rid of obsolete Acts passed between 1861 and the present day, but Mr. Gladstone was obliged to tell Mr. Hadfield that this latter Bill cannot be proceeded with at present, "because exertions were directed to the earlier period of the statutes before 1861"; as if, by employing a sufficient number of hands, the two Bills could not be proceeded with simultaneously. The tone of Mr. Ayrton's speech upon the same occasion, on behalf of the Treasury, gives us little hope of any rapid progress being made, or of any determination having been arrived at to give the profession and the country what really is needed. After stating that it was proposed to publish a collection of such statutes as have not been repealed, he proceeded to say that, "if the House wished for a digested edition of the statutes, that would be more difficult, and would require more time. Some gentlemen even required to have the statutes codified, but that would take years." The Government are quite right in their method. First, we must know what is the extent of the statute law now in force, then we want the statutes digested under proper heads, and, lastly, those digested statutes should be consolidated. But what the Government fails to comprehend is that these operations ought to be determined upon and commenced, and that it is quite possible to accomplish them speedily. It is with the hope of preventing this important and simple measure of reform from going quietly to sleep again for two or three years more that we have thought it right to call attention to the case of Varley v. Ellis as exe[illegible]ing the way in which delay and expense are every day caused by the impossibility of readily and surely ascertaining what is the statute law upon any given topic.

THE BERMUDA FLOATING-DOCK.

IT used to be a favourite joke in the navy that gun-brigs were built by the mile, and that when a vessel was wanted for service a proper length of junk was sawn off, a head and stern affixed, a name borrowed from the First Lord of the Admiralty's pack of hounds, and there you had a ship which in fine weather and the absence of an enemy might do duty as a cruising man-of-war. It was deemed at the beginning of the century an audacious fiction that a ship's sides could be built first and her ends be added afterwards, but in the case of the floating-dock *Bermuda* we have a vessel which has not only been built, but sent to sea, with sides only and no ends. The sides have been despatched in tow of powerful steamers, while the ends have been sent out separately, and it is intended to put the vessel together at the island of Bermuda, which gives both a name and a station to this remarkable specimen of naval architecture. We take for granted that the *Bermuda* is a man-of-war, although we cannot say to what class she belongs; and if she requires a class to herself she is as well entitled to it as some ships of the ironclad fleet, which are as much like one another as a decanter is like a wine-glass or a dessert-plate. We should suppose, however, that the *Bermuda* is a sloop, as that is, or was, the usual designation for naval nondescripts, and even the Diamond Rock off the island of Martinique, when it was occupied by British sailors in order more effectually to blockade the French, was registered in the Navy List as a sloop of war. Indeed we are not sure that the Admiralty, which now occupies Ascension, does not consider that island as a sloop which happens to be fitted with particularly holding anchors.

The Bermuda Dock bears nearly the same relation to a ship as a hat-box without a cover does to a hat. It is not encouraging to lovers of reduced naval estimates to hear that similar docks are likely to be required in several other stations besides Bermuda. There is not the smallest doubt that such a dock would be convenient at Vancouver's Island, but the difficulty of navigating it round Cape Horn would probably be [illegible]surmountable, and the most enterprising Yankee would hardly contract to carry it overland by railway to the Pacific. It is to be hoped that "the still vexed Bermoothes" will be more still than vexed when the dock approaches its destination, and supposing that this first experiment is successful, others are certain to be made at no distant date. The convenience of such a dock on any station where large ironclad men-of-war are likely to be employed is obvious, and at Bermuda it has been proved to be impossible to construct a dock in the ordinary manner. The shape of the dock as it went to sea was, as we have said, that of a ship without head or stern. Her sides are formed of iron boxes, into which water can be pumped to sink the dock low enough for a ship to be placed in it. There the caissons which form the head and stern of the dock are fitted on to it. The water is pumped out of the boxes, and the dock with the ship in it rises, until by opening sluices in the caissons the water in the dock may be discharged, and the ship is left dry down to her keel. The length of the dock is 384 feet, its breadth is 124 feet, and its height is 75 feet. The sides of the dock are exactly parallel, except at the extreme ends, which taper a little to admit of the structure being towed. The hull is formed of two complete wrought-iron skins twenty feet apart. The space between the two skins is divided into water-tight compartments. The dock was built in the Thames near the places where the *Great Eastern* and the *Minotaur* were built, and like these ships she hung in launching; but the difficulty which arose in the case of the dock was happily surmounted in a single day. It happens that the dock and the *Great Eastern* have both been voyaging across the Atlantic at the same time, and both enterprises possess considerable scientific interest, and are deemed worthy to be accompanied by that curious product of modern civilization, the Special Correspondent of a newspaper. We are indebted to the *Morning Post* for a journal of the voyage of the dock as far as the island of Porto Santo, which may be considered almost as remarkable in literature as the dock is in naval architecture. There is undeniable novelty in sending a captain and crew to

sea in a ship which has neither head nor stern, but the writer seems more particularly struck with the fact that a dog should be placed in such a peculiar position. We are tempted to take a liberty with a familiar proverb, and say that every day has its dog, for it is becoming a regular practice with those who undertake to describe great solemnities or interesting proceedings for the information of the public, to observe and record canine conduct under unusual and trying circumstances. We think, however, that the voyage of the dock would have been interesting even if she had not had a dog on board. She was launched in September last, and has been lying all the winter and spring at Sheerness. Her draught of water when light is 11 feet 2 inches, and as the space between her inner and outer skin is 20 feet, it follows that in calm weather she would float with her upper floor about 9 feet above the water. The hawser by which she was towed was 26 inches in circumference. The *Northumberland* was immediately ahead of the dock, and the *Agincourt* ahead of the *Northumberland*, so that the towing was done tandem fashion. The *Terrible* was astern of the dock, with a smaller hawser carried on board of her, so that she might help to steer the unwieldy monster. The crew of the dock were accommodated in some of the upper compartments, and a cabin for the captain had been built upon the upper deck. This deck would have a breadth of 20 feet on either side, with an intervening space of 84 feet, over which two temporary bridges had been built. The descent of 56 feet from the upper deck to the floor was by a ladder. If readers have obtained a correct idea of the appearance of the dock, they will be able to imagine the astonishment with which the procession of which she formed part must have been witnessed by foreign ships which encountered it at sea. At the outset the two ironclads towed tandem fashion, as has been stated, but afterwards they appear to have been harnessed abreast. A steam frigate was being towed astern, and one or two smaller vessels, like outsiders to a royal carriage, entreated all passing or crossing ships to keep out of the way. The weather during the first part of the voyage had been as fine as could be wished. We forbear to speculate as to what would happen to this enormous structure in a gale of wind. Perhaps her manners might turn out to be better than her appearance. But it is evident that if such craft are to cross the sea, there will be as much need as ever for seamanship in the Royal Navy. The oddity of the figure of the dock, considered as a cruiser, was heightened by the circumstance that with the wind well astern she was able to carry a sail, although she had neither mast nor yard. The sail is irreverently compared by the Correspondent to a curtain drawn from side to side across the vacant middle of the vessel. On the whole, it may be questioned whether an American Monitor, when one first went to sea, occasioned so much surprise to strangers as did this remarkable example of British naval architecture.

The dock was at anchor on the 4th instant at Porto Santo, about forty miles north-east of Madeira. More than half her voyage still remained to be accomplished, and the *Warrior* and *Black Prince* were ready at Porto Santo to relieve the ships that had towed her to that place. The voyage from Porto Santo across the Atlantic to Bermuda would occupy at least eighteen days, so that she cannot yet have reached her destination, and some time may be occupied in contending with the difficulties which impede access to the dockyard at Ireland Island. These difficulties are probably considerable, for we find that the site of the dockyard was chosen in the hope that the intricacies of the channel of approach might baffle an assailing force. Other and more artificial defences have been provided at heavy cost, and as Bermuda is only 580 miles from the American coast, there is no doubt that if it is worth keeping, it is worth fortifying. Americans are well aware of the value of these islands in time of war, and Washington would have been well pleased to have contrived their capture at the time when his allies the French were temporarily superior to the English fleet in the West Indies. But the opportunity was not improved, and "the remote Bermudas" are still numbered among the jewels of the British crown. A Republican who was inclined to be offensive might show from history that these islands have been overrun at one time by aristocrats, and at another time by rats, and he might apply to the costly operations of which the sending out of this floating dock forms part, the taunting line, *sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves*. But if we are to keep an ironclad squadron in the West Indies, a dock for cleaning the bottom of the ships is necessary, and there are good reasons for placing it at Bermuda.

THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.

THE one fatal mistake that Nature made when she created boys is partly atoned for by the Eton and Harrow match. Boys, as a general rule, are in private life just not tolerable. That we cannot do without them, and that men never could be men at all without having once gone through that degraded stage of life which carves its name on the legs of the drawing-room table and explodes gunpowder in the nursery, is no reason for pretending that things are better than they are, or that the rational enjoyment of life is at all the less spoilt by their existence. It is strange that it should be so, considering that their sisters, if they have a fault, err in being, if anything, over-angelic. Of course the work of Nature cannot be undone; but its evil effects can be partly neutralized by sending the boys to school, and enduring the holidays with that manly fortitude with which all hopeless human ills should be borne. However, it may be freely granted that the "Lord's" match is a success. There is not a prettier sight to be seen in the whole world than the view from the Grand Stand on the top of the Pavilion about five o'clock in the afternoon of the annual second Friday in July. There are stern moralists who sometimes wonder whether it is a good thing for the boys. They ask whether it is a salutary exercise for the mind of a boy of seventeen to have a ball coming towards him in the air, and to know that from twelve to fourteen thousand people are speculating with wild eagerness whether he will catch it or not. We will not attempt to answer the question beyond merely hoping that his companions may somehow make it a very bad thing for him if he misses it; but it is to be remembered that it is this very ball coming towards him in this very way that he has been expecting and preparing for during several months of practice, and that if he has not diligently found out his weak points, marked how the rise and fall of the ground affect the judgment of the fieldsman, studied how best to circumvent and elude the sunshine when the ball rises in the sun, brought good-natured companions to send him catches in the morning or evening from in front of the perplexing light and shade of trees, meditated how to stand towards a ball when its twist is to be from left to right or from right to left, forced himself to use both hands for the catch, instead of actually or virtually only one—then he has not worked as a member of his school Eleven should, and if he fails he will fail deservedly. There is, on the whole, much less luck in cricket than there seems to be. Only one element of success is altogether beyond providing for—the weather, that is, as affecting the state of the ground; in almost every other respect things happen as they ought, and the better the training has been, the better the play will succeed. Not that there is any truth in the amusing affectation which the newspaper articles occasionally make, that the players are a set of martyrs, who have sacrificed their time and private tastes to the glory and gain of their side. As a general rule, if anything has been sacrificed, it is their construing lessons; and if there is a moral training in the work of an Eleven, it comes with the organization and drill of the games, not from any self-sacrifice that the players make in forcing themselves to play. Indeed it must be very creditable to all parties concerned if membership of a school Eleven is found to be compatible with other concerns than cricket. It is related of a player in a victorious Eleven of a very recent year—a youth otherwise excellent, but not exceptionally advanced in his classical studies—that being in school one fine afternoon during the progress of a lesson in Horace, he was unfortunate enough to let his thoughts wander from the printed page before him to the dominant topic of cricket. "Linked to the Nymphs," so ran the words of the ode, "the comely Graces dance along the ground." The teacher improved the occasion. "Give the names of the Graces?" he asked of our cricketer, just then speculating on an off-drive. Roused from his reverie, the young athlete was equal to the occasion. Looking up with an air of pleased surprise, and the confidence of one who feels that now at last there was something to be answered that he really did know—"Names of the Graces," he promptly replied, "E. M., W. G., and H.!" It is to be feared that the young gentleman's score at Lord's the next week was hardly the result of any very painful abandonment of pleasure to public duty.

Eton has won at last. The critics who have in late years so perseveringly proved that Eton must always, from the nature of the case, be beaten, will no doubt exercise their faculties to the full in explaining why fortune made an exception of the present year. Without venturing for a moment to impugn the justice of any one of the explanations current upon the subject, we may merely say that in our opinion there is one reason which appears quite sufficient to account for the result, which is, that the Eton Eleven was decidedly the best. It is curious how mistaken the public expectation has been both last year and this. Probably both Elevens of 1868 were rather below the average, but Eton was to win if there was any confidence to be placed in the prophets. The match was played, and Harrow proved, not only the winner, but clearly the best Eleven. This year, in May, Harrow was pronounced to be safe; and not improbably, if the match had been played in May, it would have won. But as the summer went on the improvement in the Eton batting was marked, while at Harrow no new and original genius appeared, as has so often been the case, about a fortnight before the match, and the old players rather fell off than otherwise. As it turned out, the match was won by batting. In respect of bowling there can be no doubt whatever that Harrow was the strongest. The Eton bowling of the second innings was creditable, but not surpassingly good, and there was very little of it; whereas Harrow had at least four bowlers, if not five, who were very straight, various in pace and pitch, and easy to play only because on Friday morning hardly any bowling in the world would have been difficult. In fielding there was not much to choose between the schools; both were fairly up to the mark, that of the defeated school being perhaps rather the best, if the average of the ?ld be struck. Their cover-point was excellent, and at least three or four others were neat and quick in return, though many of the runs made in the slips might have been saved by bringing the field nearer in. But in batting the spectators could hardly persuade themselves that light and dark blue had not changed places. Eton played exactly the innings which for so many years Harrow had played to their discomfiture. It was patient, straight, carefully correct, and admirable in judgment; the forward play was remarkably finished, but never dashing; indeed, the hitting was so economized that Harrow bowled slows for the last half of the innings with but one man deep in the field. These character-

istics were especially remarkable in the one long innings of the match—a performance which was really first-rate, and included nothing which deserves to be called a chance. Any one who watched the play while the Eton score was rising from 80 to 100 on the first day, when the bowling and fielding were at their best, and the batsmen fighting their way by inches as it were towards the "three figures," saw as good cricket as has been shown in any school match within our memory. The Harrow batting was weaker, on the other hand, than it has shown itself for seven years at least. The best part was the last half-hour on Friday—on which occasion, by the way, it may be mentioned to the credit of Harrow that they made no attempt to waste time by delaying to send their batsmen in—but no first-class innings was played on either day. All that Harrow could do was to play the easy balls well. There was not much that was faulty, but it was all weak. It seemed as if they had not had enough practice to good bowling. Anything that came more difficult than usual either "morally" bowled them or actually took the wicket.

We have said that the Eton was the best of the two Elevens, and it would certainly win the match if it were played again. But it was not the best by any means in the proportion of two to one, in spite of the marked superiority of batting. Several causes con- [illegible]

though well dried up by the time that the match began, had l[illegible] the ground in a state simply perfect. It was just hard enough to make the balls roll, and not hard enough to make them bump. Late in the afternoon, and still more on the next day, the soil was again dry and lively, and the fast bowling of the Etonians rose with fatal quickness from the pitch. Another cause of defeat to Harrow was the perverseness, whether of weather or of judgment, which sent their four bowlers in every single case to the end for which they were least suited. It is perhaps open to doubt whether with a wind blowing fitfully, though not hard, from the Pavilion end, it would have been wise to start a slow bowler in the first instance against it; but certainly after fifty or sixty runs had been scored, and it was evident that with the wind the ball came easily to the bat—still more when it was evident that, as it was, Eton would not be induced to take liberties with it—all the four bowlers should have been changed to the reverse ends. The experiment of the next day, in the match against the Marylebone Eleven, showed which was the end really fitted for the slow bowling. Lastly, there was luck, which on the whole went in favour of the winning side, and though it did not give them the victory, materially added to its completeness. It is not to luck, however, that must be attributed the wild attempts of the Harrow Eleven to judge a run. Independently of the occasions when a wicket was lost by it, on one of which indeed fortune certainly was rather hard on the batsman, there were scores of times when an easy run was lost, or a desperately rash run tried. Harrow partisans declared by way of apology that boys will be boys. That is the very thing we began by complaining of; but the species after all has got a kind of rudimentary brains, and the running of some of the team was nothing less than insane. There are one or two golden rules of running which ought to be hung up over the cradles of English youth, and committed to memory simultaneously with the catechism. One is, that a run must be judged at once. It takes no appreciable time to see whether a ball is going fast or slow, whether it is going towards the right or left hand of the field, which wicket it is which will be in danger; and the limits of possible runs are extended almost indefinitely if the striker will but call at once, and start as he calls. A moment's hesitation ought to be equivalent to a judgment against the run, in any case of doubt. Secondly, the partner *must* trust the caller. This is the only way by which responsibility can be thrown on the right shoulders, and without responsibility things are sure to go wrong. It is quite understood among cricketers what are the occasions on which each player has the duty of calling; and the only case in which the player who is called should refuse is when it is certain beyond a doubt that, if he refuses, his partner will be able to get back to his wicket in time. This is a subject upon which the professionals are constantly giving wrong advice. Their theory often is that the run is a matter of consultation, whether tacit or express, between the two players, and that they run only if both agree to it. This seems to us a pernicious heresy, and in practice it costs wickets; without having any statistics to appeal to, we shall yet be much mistaken if it does not turn out to be the case that professionals are oftener run out by mere misunderstanding than amateurs. And thirdly, the batsman who wants to make his fair share of runs must run the first run quick; and, if it is a long hit, he must turn and even start for the second before judging whether it can be made or not. Meanwhile his partner waits his opinion with his bat inside the crease.

The match was fairly played out, as it may be in a couple of days nineteen times out of twenty, if neither side endeavour to protract it; it was played with good-humour and friendliness on both sides; and the scene of long-delayed Eton triumph at the end was one to which the darkest of blues must have found it difficult to refuse his sympathy. Some doubt was expressed as to one or two decisions with regard to "leg before" in the second innings; but the duty of an umpire is hard enough already without the prospect of criticism in the public journals to look forward to. As regards the public journals themselves, it is really time for criticism. The old-fashioned sporting papers relate cricket-matches with a severity of style which reminds one of an old chronicler. "At 10.51, when the score had reached 20, Jones took Brown's end, and the third ball of his fourth over bowled a wicket at seven minutes past eleven. Smith succeeded, and at twenty minutes to twelve gave a catch to Brown, who had resumed the bowling"—and so on. This suffers only from being dull; but it is infinitely preferable to the penny-a-lining of the daily papers, which is for the most part full of mistakes, and always childish. Mr. A., says the *Times'* report—it was in reality Mr. B.—was "appointed custodian of the wicket." A man being out, Mr. O. "filled the vacancy caused thereby." "Mr. L., like his predecessor, bowed to the direct assailings of Mr. G." Such is the style in which the story of the first innings is told. If it were only pigeon-matches, it would matter less, but surely cricket is an amusement manly enough to allow of a more sensible style of writing than that which has now lasted for some three or four years in the columns of the leading journal. Happily for the readers, the score is a thing that cannot be tampered with, and on this occasion it sufficiently speaks for itself.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

THERE is something very striking about the monotony with which the Wimbledon fortnight repeats itself year after year. The merest glance at the business-like scene tells you that it is no spasmodic product of Volunteer energy, but a thoroughly settled institution which is quite safe against disestablishment, and not much subject to be affected by the varying moods of the public mind as it may shift from extravagant adulation to ill-natured criticism. Perhaps the most obvious remark which occurs to any visitor to the camp is the really extraordinary spirit of obedience and discipline which keeps a mixed mass of men from all corners of the kingdom—with, for the most part, no regimental ties to restrain them—as completely amenable to control, even to the merest trifles, as if they were privates in a Line regiment with the fear of extra drills and all sorts of weightier punishments to restrain them. At an entertainment given towards the close of the meeting to Colonel Colville, the Camp-Commandant, the Volunteers had the satisfaction of hearing from their temporary chief how easy his task of superintendence had become, and with what pleasure he looked back upon his Wimbledon experience. This is nothing more than might have been expected from the good sense of men who have voluntarily undertaken the duties of military service, but it supplies a singular commentary on the carping criticisms which not long since misrepresented the force as utterly destitute of the spirit of military subordination. Not a single instance has been reported in the papers of any wilful breach of discipline, and we have no doubt that the same steadiness which has distinguished the Volunteers in camp will be equally noticeable in the review of to-day, when they are to take their place by the side of a choice body of troops from Aldershot. The weather, upon the whole, has been unfavourable for shooting, and the gusty winds have palpably reduced the average scores, but in some respects the remarkable skill which has been attained has displayed itself more conspicuously than ever. The feat of Corporal Cameron in winning the Queen's Prize a second time with a score which has never been equalled, and never very closely approached except by himself, altogether puzzled the calculators of chances. The conditions of the contest seemed almost to exclude the possibility of such an event. Some two thousand picked competitors, chosen by long preliminary trials in every regiment, have first to shoot for the privilege of entering as competitors for the grand prize. Of these sixty only are admitted, and it almost follows of necessity that no man can find a place among the sixty unless he shoots with something more than his average success. So many men out of an army of 2,000 must be lucky enough to surpass themselves on the occasion that the probability of any man appearing in several successive years in the list is in itself very small, as the comparative rarity of the achievement shows. Even when this is accomplished, the closeness with which the best shots rival each other's performances and the large possibilities of mischance in rifle shooting leave heavy odds against the very best of the competitors. In such a contest there are no favourites at two to one, and that the same man should twice have passed through such an ordeal into the first place is an astonishing feat even for so steady and skilful a shot as the Temperance champion of Inverness. It did not need the clannish feeling of his countrymen to excite a fervour of admiration and delight at this unexpected result, and Scottish and English regiments vied with each other in the warmth of their congratulations.

Many of the other contests, too, raised more than the usual measure of enthusiasm. The Commons had a comparatively easy victory over the Lords, who were decidedly weaker than usual; whether, as their Captain suggested, in consequence of the late hours they have been keeping, or from a disposition to yield to the superior force of the Lower House, we do not profess to decide. A more startling result attended the competition between the picked teams of the three kingdoms, armed with the choicest rifles that modern skill has produced. England was beaten by Ireland, and thoroughly distanced by the Scottish eight. Last year Ireland occupied the same place, triumphing on that occasion over Scotland, but being conquered by the English team. The great disadvantages under which the Irishmen labour from the absence of any extensive body from

which to select their champions, was thought at first to exclude them from any chance. In truth, for this small-bore contest Ireland means little more than a single Dublin Club, from which, with a solitary exception, their team was exclusively chosen. Nevertheless the Club has proved itself good enough to beat Scotland last year, and England this year, and there is no good reason that we know of to prevent the Irish eight on a future occasion from conquering both England and Scotland at once. In the Enfield contest with the Volunteers' weapon, the disparity of numbers told much more heavily against Ireland. A few men scattered among the English corps had to produce twenty representatives against the like number chosen from the thousands of good shots of English and Scottish descent. Even here the Irish, though beaten, maintained their credit, but England retained the trophy which it held last year, after alternate victories in five successive years had carried it backwards and forwards across the Tweed. The Public Schools match and the Oxford and Cambridge contest are always interesting as affording some indication of the hold which rifle-shooting has taken as a pastime of those who will influence the future. The Universities have not kept up to the mark, and Cambridge owed her victory rather to the weakness of Oxford than to her own prowess. But the Schools shot well for boys, Harrow leading, and Rugby just beating Eton for the second place. Cheltenham has almost as much to boast of as the winners, for no one approached the excellent shooting with which Ensign Sim won the Spencer Cup. We have never been fully persuaded that the Volunteer organization is altogether suitable for schoolboys, creditable as the efficiency of some of the school corps undoubtedly is; but, apart from drill, there can be no better or manlier amusement for them than rifle practice, and it is satisfactory to see that it is not losing any of its attractions. The business of the meeting has closed, and left behind it triumph for a few, discomfiture for many, but, as far as can be judged, health and good-humour for all.

REVIEWS.

JUVENTUS MUNDI.*

(*First Notice.*)

THOSE of us who remember the first appearance of the "Homeric Studies" eleven years ago, and the interest and criticism they excited, will be curious to learn what modifications of his views or what confirmations of them have occurred to their distinguished author during an interval in which he has avowedly both learnt and unlearnt many other things. Mr. Gladstone's is a mind that cannot rest in any hypothesis, whether it be political or critical. It is not, apparently, in his nature to draw any final conclusions; and, often as he thinks he has arrived at a fixed terminus, it seems to vanish before him, or he is carried beyond it, like the railway train—to use a simile of his own—that is worked along by an endless cable:—

> In this work [he says in his preface], which is mainly the produce of the two Recesses of 1867, 1868, I have endeavoured to embody the greater part of the results at which I arrived in the Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age, 1858. Those results, however, are considerably modified in the ethnological and in the mythological portions of the inquiry. The chief source of modification in the former has been, that a further prosecution of the subject with respect to the Phœnicians has brought out much more clearly and fully what I had only ventured to suspect or hint at, and gives them, if I am right, a highly influential function in forming the Greek nation. A fuller view of this element in its composition naturally acts in an important manner upon any estimate of Pelasgians and Hellenes respectively.
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> The Phœnician influence reaches far into the sphere of the mythology, and tends, as I think, greatly to clear the views we may reasonably take of that curious and interesting subject. . . . But, further, I have endeavoured to avoid a certain crudity of expression in some sections of the "Olympos," which led to misconceptions of my meaning with respect to the action of tradition (especially of sacred or Hebrew tradition) and invention respectively, in the genesis of the Greek mythological system.
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> In dealing with the third portion of the "Studies," called "Aoidos," I have contracted a great deal, but added or altered little.

The original work has been, we believe, long out of print, and we may suppose that the author decreed a suspension of the issue during the time that he was meditating the alterations and recasting to which he has now submitted it. It is probable that it is not much known among our young students at the present day, and we would wish emphatically to impress upon them that the new work will by no means supply to them the place of the old. The original book was indeed full in every page of debateable or questionable conclusions. That, by the common consent of the innumerable critics who fastened impetuously upon it, its most important and most salient theories were crude or fanciful, is now matter of literary history. Yet the author himself, though he may have been disappointed at the general chorus of disapproval of most of his peculiar views, must have been gratified by the uniform testimony of his assailants to the minute and multifarious learning, the subtlety of analysis, the wealth of language, and, above all, the high and generous tone with which the whole work was pervaded. The book excited a deep interest quite independent of its merits as a piece of antiquarian criticism; and its writer may well have exulted in the stimulus it gave to the study of his illustrious author, much more talked of, we believe, than read, by the generality of our gentlemen and scholars, till quite recently. It is the simplest truth to say that Mr. Gladstone has done more to popularize Homer among us than any one since Pope, and he has done more to make him understood even by scholars and critics than perhaps any other writer that could be named.

But it is not in the results of Mr. Gladstone's inquiries, be they right or wrong, but in the fulness and ingenuity with which they are worked out, that the use and the fascination of the book must mainly consist. The study of the original work is an exercise of the mind. It is calculated to bring into play all the powers of reflection and imagination that the reader may possess, to test his judgment, or to tap his vein of poetry if he has such a thing at all, to vivify before him the ages of the past, and enlarge his knowledge both of individual and national characters. It is at the same time an exercise of a man's moral nature; filling his mind with a sense of beauty, and elevating it to the appreciation of the purest and noblest sentiments. Fanciful, sometimes perversely fanciful, as we have judged the original "Studies" in many respects to be, this at least is the residue of gain which we feel we have derived from them ourselves, and we sincerely wish that every young student of Homer might have the opportunity of reading those three goodly volumes from beginning to end.

But it is not, we fear, to be so. Mr. Gladstone issues a single volume of Results, much less in bulk and contents than any of the original three, in which he gives us no doubt considerable modifications and improvements of his views, but conceals from us almost wholly the processes by which he arrives at them. We shall not attempt, in our limited space, to enter into any regular discussion of them. As regards the introduction, or rather the expansion, of the Phœnician element—for Mr. Gladstone had already made some use of it—in the ethnological section of the work, there can be no doubt that we are great gainers. It may be remembered that early in the last year an article appeared in the *Quarterly Review* on the subject of "Phœnicia," and this Mr. Gladstone may be considered now to claim as his own writing. He adopts the argument of that paper, and asserts from it the blending of a large Phœnician element with the Pelasgian and the Hellenic with which we are familiar in the composition of Greek race. That the Phœnician traders must have had very constant and lasting communication with the Pelasgians or the Hellenes on the shores and in the islands of the Mediterranean, there can be no doubt. That they may have imparted to them many ideas religious, social, and political, imbued them with some special tastes and dispositions, left among them numerous words and names, together with the memory of many men and events, we cannot for a moment question. It may be the fact, and we think Mr. Gladstone has very fairly established it as a fact, that the Poseidon of the Greek Olympus, the God of the Sea, as he eventually became among the Greeks, to the exclusion and deposition of their own original Nereus, the "Water" God, is a deity imported from the mythology of the Phœnicians. Nevertheless, sorely exercised as Mr. Gladstone confesses himself to have been by the difficulty of explaining why the horse was sacrificed to this marine divinity, we cannot acquiesce in the solution he proposes—namely, that the Phœnicians were the inventors of the games, and among the games the most prominent was the horse or chariot race; for in the games of the Phæacians, or Phœnicians, as we are to interpret them, at Scheria, the chariot race is just the one Grecian game which does not occur; nor, as far as we have learnt, is there, in fact, any foundation for the assertion that the games generally are of Phœnician extraction at all. It may be that we are to account for the feeding upon mutton in the wanderings of Ulysses, while throughout the Iliad the food of heroes is beef, by the outer circle of the voyages of Ulysses being all within the sphere of Phœnician traditions while to the Phœnicians the bull was a sacred animal, and his flesh rejected from the table. But all we know ourselves is that with the Hindoos the bovine race is reputed sacred; the Semitic race, on the contrary, as represented at least by the Jews, sacrificed the bull, which is some *primâ facie* indication that they did not scruple to partake of beef, and the flesh of the calf was undoubtedly a common article of food with them. If, however, it be true that the Phœnicians ate mutton, lamb and kid, which are tenderer and more juicy viands, while the Pelasgians and Hellenes satisfied the divine rage of hunger on the drier and tougher substance of lean beef, the reason may be that the one people were more advanced in civilization and refinement, the others were barbarian and heroic. These are points which, if they are brought into argument at all, require a fuller handling, and possibly they might repay it. We should also expect that our author, while giving us over again the lists of Greek and Latin equivalent words, from which he determines, according to Niebuhr's process, the distinctive characters of the Pelasgians and the Oscans, the one as the more primitive and peaceful population, the other as the intruding race of warriors, should in the same way indicate to us the elements of the Greek language which bespeak its presumed connexion with the Phœnician or Semitic. If already before the Homeric age the Phœnicians had exercised an important influence on ideas and manners without and within the circle of the Greek population, this influence ought to be traceable in their language also, and it is essential to Mr. Gladstone's argument that it should be traced, not in the slight conjectural way in which such matters were formerly treated, but according to the rules of modern linguistic science. This, we would add, is a branch of his inquiry on which Mr. Gladstone shows, as we think, less appreciation of the requirements of his undertaking than might have been expected of him. The re-

* *Juventus Mundi; the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age.* By the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

production of Niebuhr's hasty view, so slightly supported by himself, of the peaceful character of the Pelasgians and the martial propensities of the Oscans, from a meagre list of words common to the Greek and the Latin, is hardly worthy of the power of subtile analysis with which he is so eminently endowed. We think we could ourselves point out the genuine Greek connexion of many of the martial words in Latin which Mr. Gladstone fails to trace to the sister-language, and accordingly ascribes to the barbarian element, and we could show many other connexions which he has overlooked altogether. For instance, we should identify acies with *αἰχμή*, arma with *ἄρω*, ensis with *ἔγχος*, hasta with *ἵστημι*, galea with *γαλή*, tuba with *τύπανον*, lancea with *λογχή*, pugna and pugio with *πύξ*, prœlium with *πρύλεις*, gladius with *κλάδος*, scutum with *σάκος* or *κῦτος*, tabernaculum with *τάφος* and *τύμβος*, jaculus (jacio) with *ἰός* (*ἰάπτω*); all which analogies, and no doubt others, Mr. Gladstone overlooks. On the other hand, to take his list of similar words in Greek and Latin for parts of the human body, while we admit the identity in all perhaps but one of the score of examples he produces, we should not the less be at a loss to find any Greek words to correspond etymologically with the Latin collum, cervix, tempora, mala (maxilla), mentum, nasus, gremium, manus, pollex, tibia, crus, lumbus, renes, latus, nates, anus, costa, dorsum, ilia, viscera, spina, lacertus, talus, latus, tergum, pellis, &c. &c., and finally, corpus itself.

We have allowed ourselves to run on at some length on matters trifling perhaps in themselves, and but slightly connected with the subject of the work before us, but calculated, as we think, to show that there is great inequality in Mr. Gladstone's execution of his undertaking. On some parts of it he has bestowed the greatest pains, and his views are undoubtedly worthy of the deepest consideration, while on others he has apparently taken up the slight conjectures of others, and applied to them too small a share of the extraordinary powers of his own mind. In bringing to a close the remarks we make at present upon a portion of his work, we would repeat that the expansion of his views on the subject of the Phœnician element in early Grecian history gives great additional value to the "Homeric Studies" in the new form in which he has now presented them. His developments, we still think, are imperfect, and we are willing to believe that he will not himself long rest satisfied with them, but will be eager to carry them further at some future period. His mind is always a growing one, and a single long vacation out of office, if Providence should ever indulge with another, may be both seed time and harvest with him. We are convinced that he will not be content to rest at the point of discovery he has now attained in primitive archæology. The Semitic province of the world of antiquity he has but half conquered as yet, and by the time he has made it all his own there will be, perhaps, a new sphere thrown open for his occupation in the promised revelations from Babylon and Assyria.

NEWMAN'S ORTHOËPY.*

"THAT Englishmen are incorrigible," says Mr. Newman in the 23rd page of his pamphlet, "is surely a pestilential axiom." But we believe that every one who has made the same attempt which Mr. Newman is making—and a good many have made it at one time or another—has always found Englishmen incorrigible. One class, a most important class for Mr. Newman's purpose, he has himself found incorrigible. He cannot get his printers to print as he wishes. Here, however, he only makes the same moan as most other people who write at all and who think about what they write. Everybody who either is not up to the last fashion or who happens to think the last fashion very silly must be ready to fight the same battle which Mr. Newman has had to fight. To be sure Mr. Newman, for some unexplained reason, went to a printer at Bristol, and it is just possible that a printer in London, Oxford, or Cambridge might have better understood what he wanted. But even with the Bristol printer we feel some sympathy. We have our own wrongs; it is, for instance, rather hard to be forbidden to distinguish between "guarantee (a person)" and "guaranty (a thing)," or, if we venture to use the legal phrase "art and part," to find our despot sternly correcting the former word into "heart." But we do sympathize—if we may be allowed the use of the z, for we cannot undertake to sympathise, according to the last fashion—with the printer whom Mr. Newman, if we rightly understand the story, called on to print "this" and "that," as "this" and "that"; and we cannot but admire him when he kicked at the order and printed "ðis" and "ðat" instead. His name, it seems, is Arrowsmith, a Norman-sounding sort of trade, but the name is Teutonic enough, and we feel sure that its owners must come of the best blood of the "wigsmiðas" in the Song of Brunanburh. Mr. Newman, driven out of "this" and "that," seems to have made a second fight for "Δis" and Δat"; but the Teutonic letter was too mighty for its Hellenic rival, and "ðis" and "ðat" carried the day. In short, Mr. Newman has fallen among *thorns*, and, like most people who do so, he has not failed ‹ fingers.

Mr. Newman begins by a "Notice," in which he tells of his little thorny adventure and of one or two others of the like sort; how, for instance, instead of some plan of dots which were to distinguish *s* when sounded like *z*, the printer gave him a figure of 5 turned bottom-upwards, after this fashion, "cave5," which in ordinary writing is "caves." Then he goes on with Tables for use in an Infant School, Tables of *a* short, *a* long, and the rest of it. There are long lists of rhyming—might we write *riming*?—words, some of which are simple enough and meaningless enough, while in others we are inclined to discern mysteries. "Pap cap tap lap rap map nap hap chap gap" seem to have no special significance, but there is a certain jovial air about the group "merry berry ferry cherry perry sherry." "Carry marry parry tarry Harry" might be taken as setting forth the ups and downs of a courtship between Carry and Harry; in "fizz whizz dizzy" we are tempted to see an allusion to home politics, and some years back we should certainly have seen an allusion to foreign affairs in "Us fuss ðus truss Russ." After all this, at p. 16, we come to a "Commentary on the Tables," which begins to explain things. Mr. Newman's object is to teach both foreigners and English children how to read and pronounce English. "The difference," he tells us, "between the written and spoken language is greater with English than with any other well-known language." "It is," he adds, "the only weakness which unfits English for imperial and wide-reaching use." He also tells us that

> When the Macedonians conquered Asia, accents were added to Greek in order to aid foreigners to pronounce. This is the obvious policy for a nation which aspires to spread the use of its language.
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> But the same method is not less important at home to a nation which desires to obliterate vulgar provincial pronunciation, to educate and refine its people, to get rid of plebeianism and fuse the orders of society into harmony.

These are high-sounding objects, though they may perhaps here and there savour a little of the Insoluble. Perhaps we may not have the same horror as Mr. Newman of "vulgar provincial pronunciation," or rather perhaps a certain antiquarian leaning may make us less ready to take for granted that every "provincial" pronunciation must needs be "vulgar." As for "getting rid of plebeianism," we have very vague notions what the process may be, and it is hardly a phrase that we should have looked for from Mr Newman. To "fuse the orders of society into harmony" is indeed a noble object, but whether it could be gained by accentuating our letters, and sticking dots or even zeros above or below them, we are not so sure. But after being told the difficulties of English, let us hear what Mr. Newman has to say about French:—

> French is bad enough. To write French from the sound is impossible; but to read it by sight is not so desperate a problem as to read English. Nevertheless, it would be as hard as English, *were not French vowels marked with accents.*

We believe that some very captious people profess not to be able to see any use in the French accents at all, save, of course, the historical circumflex, which tells us when an *s* or another letter has been left out. But without going this length, we really do not see how the French accent can throw any light upon what is surely the great difficulty of the French language—namely, whether this or that consonant is to be sounded or not. We do not see how the marking of vowels with accents can teach us how to distinguish between *Sens*, the city, *cent*, a hundred, *sans*, without, and *sent*, from the verb *sentir*. But, leaving this little French question, we will turn to "our English problem," of which Mr. Newman assures us that "the difficulty is not small, yet neither is it insuperable." Mr. Newman adds, "That the method here adopted will not in every matter meet approval, I am prepared to expect;" but the reason which he gives is rather an odd one, "because I have so often changed my own opinions as to details." Now surely, long before we come to any question of details, comes the greater question whether the English public will ever be persuaded to make any change at all in the look of the words to which it is used. For we understand Mr. Newman really to wish to introduce his system as the usual way of writing and printing books, and not simply to use it in the mere process of teaching either foreigners or children. We infer this from the contemptuous way in which he throws aside the long and short marks of quantity. "Those marks, being puerile, would not easily establish themselves in a national literature." Mr. Newman therefore clearly hopes that some other marks may be found which will establish themselves in a national literature. That is to say, Mr. Newman really has some hopes of getting people to print books after his fashion. As for the poor long and short marks, after first of all so summarily plucking them, he relents a little, and says, "I have therefore placed them where they are of no paramount importance; but will be superseded by grammatical rules when a pupil is somewhat advanced.' It is by no means clear—perhaps because the epoch of grammatical rules has not yet come—what is here the nominative case to "will be superseded." The sentence reminds us of another, in which an old traveller makes a statement—remarkable in every way—about "tortoises," by which he means turtles; "sailors affect to eat them, but are better meat for hogs, in my opinion." According to any kind of grammatical rules, it was not the tortoises, but the sailors, which the traveller looked on as "better meat for hogs." And, according to any kind of grammatical rules, it is not the long and short marks, but Mr. Newman himself, which will at some, we hope,

* *Orthoëpy; or, a Simple Mode of Accenting English, for the Advantage of Foreigners, and of all Learners.* By Francis W. Newman. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

distant day be superseded by grammatical rules." We have a kindly feeling towards Mr. Newman on many grounds; we should be sorry if, when the grammatical rules come to supersede him, he should be dissolved into Nirvana; we wish him rather the expected promotion of Demos, and trust

ὡς ἐν νεφελαῖσιν αἰετὸς γενήσεται.

Mr. Newman is much more hopeful than we can be. There is nothing against which the English public seems to set its face more steadily than against any changes affecting the look of words in a book. We remember the sort of consternation with which the "general reader" received the attempts of Mr. Grote, Mr. Kemble, and their followers to reform the spelling of Greek and of Old-English names, and that on no sort of ground except that the change gave the words a look to which they were not used. The *Fonetic Nuz*—we are not sure whether we ought not to put some accents or dots somewhere—was laughed out of court, not because the proposed changes would have utterly rooted up the history of the language, but simply because they looked so queer. And though Mr. Newman proposes no changes in spelling strictly so called, yet a sentence printed after his fashion looks very nearly as queer as a sentence in the *Fonetic Nuz*. Here are specimens of the text, as Mr. Newman "proposes to set it before beginners, and as he thinks it might profitably be marked for general literature":—

> Having ðus said, he mounted his mule in haste, and, taking wið him a small supply of food, departed from ðe city turning his face towards ðe open country: ðe hour of noon overtook him not, until he enter'd ðe city of Bilheya, where he alighted to repose himself and rest his mule, and ate; after which he took from ðis place what he requir'd for himself and some provender for his mule, and, having plac'd ðese provisions upon her, went forth again into ðe plain, and before noon on ðe second following day he enter'd Jerusalem.

This we take to be the beginner's way; the following seems to be the way for general literature:—

> It was after one of those heavy convulsions which have divided era from era, and left mankind to start again from the beginning, that a number of brave men gaðer'd togeðer to raise anew from the ground a fresh green home for themselves

On this last Mr. Newman remarks: "the blunt *th*, when initial and therefore pronominal, is not marked." "Pronominal" is here to be taken in a wide sense, so as to take in *thus* and *therefore*; but we see what Mr. Newman means. But, if we are to write "gaðer," where, be it remembered, the ð is a modern intruder, we do not see why we should not write *ðus*. Only we must not forget that neither *thus* nor *ðus* is what Mr. Newman's soul longeth after; the best of all is, *thus* and the second best *Δus*.

But Mr. Newman's thorny speculations are worth giving in full —

> To give *rules* to beginners when *th* shall be blunt, is equally hopeless. When we try to make rules, we are embarrassed by the exception of "words derived from Greek," and proper names. Nor can I tell why final *th* is blunt in *with, booth*, sharp in *heath, worth*; sharp in *heathy*, blunt in *worthy*. In short, th sharp and th blunt are historically different letters, like t and d, written with different forms in old English. We have only to fall back on antiquity, from which our fathers ought never to have departed. Let us boldly print ðe ðy ð a in elementary books, and in a single year the antiquarians first, and the public next, will applaud. It can give no more trouble to any one than the y^e and y^{at} of our old Bibles. To my eye the Greek Δ, as harmonizing with Roman type, and having exactly the right sound, is better than ð, which is derived from MS. But we cannot afford to lose the aid of antiquarians, who might resist Δ. When once ð has established itself, either the form of the letter may be improved, or people may ultimately not reject Δ.

Now here are two or three things to remark. We are afraid that Mr. Newman thinks better of our forefathers than they deserved. If they had the two sounds of our modern *th* they certainly did not distinguish them in writing. *Þæt* and *þæt*, *Smið* and *Smiþ*, are written all but indiscriminately. The only approach to a rule is one like that which regulates the use of the two forms of the Greek *sigma*. þ is most commonly used at the beginning of a word and ð in the middle and at the end. Now it seems very unlikely that if our forefathers really had had two sounds and two letters, they would not have done what Mr. Newman takes for granted that they did. We have here then a strong argument in favour of what, we need have no scruple in saying, was the privately expressed opinion of Lord Strangford—namely, that the *th* in *that* is altogether a modern sound, and that wherever it is found it is an intruder, as it undoubtedly is in *father, mother, weather*, and *gather*. The only difficulty is that, if so, it must have supplanted two sounds in different words—*d* in some cases, and sharp *th* in others. Mr. Newman's Δ has undoubtedly in modern Greek the sound that he wants, but there is every chance that this usage is as much a modern corruption as our change, dating only from the sixteenth century, of *fader* into *faðer*. And Mr. Newman's allusion to the "y^e and y^{at} of our old Bibles" is a little amusing. Does Mr. Newman know or not know that the *y* in those cases is simply a badly formed þ? We have before now argued that, as some few people still write *ye*, the letter þ is even now not quite dead. But we have very small hopes of making it fully alive again.

One or two of Mr. Newman's other remarks sound odd. "At the beginning of foreign names X is sounded Z, as Xerxes (Zerxes)." We believe that Zerxes is the pronunciation in Establishments for Young Ladies, but surely every one who has learned Greek says Xerxes. Then again,

> In the last half century we have injuriously lost the sound of *h* in *wh*, and hereby obliterate the distinction of various words. *Wh* was written *hw* by the Anglo-Saxons, and was so pronounced by many elder persons in my boyhood. We now look on the sounding of *h* in *wh* as Irish! Consider
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> |---|---|---|---|
> | wail, whale, whale; | wight white | wither whither | hoar † whore |
> | wet, whet | were, where | [whoo whs] | wot, what |
> | weal, wheel; | wile while | hole whole | way whey |
> | wit, whit | wine whine | holy wholly | world whirl'd |
> | wig whig; | witch which | | wen when |
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> My schoolmaster always said *hwôle* for *whole*: I think also he said *hwu* for *who*. But the *w* in *whore* (a word not very urgently needed by children) has been added by ridiculous fancy. Is it too late, when all in Ireland, and many in Scotland, sound *hw*, for England to retrace her error?

We will not ask, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, "With whom can Mr. Newman have lived?" both because we always thought the question somewhat impertinent, and because Mr. Newman may perhaps turn round and ask, "With whom can the *Saturday* Reviewer have lived?" But surely the distinction between "wet" and "whet," "wight" and "white," is not so wholly forgotten in England as Mr. Newman seems to think. Talking of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Newman, we must copy the following, where the author of "the grand style" is duly honoured with the dignity of small capitals:—

> When final -re is preceded by a long vowel, the e is heard "furtively" before the r. That *fire* is virtually fier (Germ. feuer), its adjective fiery denotes. This is a general fact. But the r in such case, *losing the vowel after it*, cannot retain its full vibration. (Even the word *iron*, being sounded i-orn, (*Welsh* haiarn) is a perplexity in verse, as it is too long for one syllable and two short for two. MATTHEW ARNOLD has used *fire* as a dissyllable.)

Lastly we demur to the following saying of Mr. Newman's:—

> The wonderful progress of Greece in this century in recovering a purer and nobler language shows strikingly what national schools can do, and disproves the dogma that we can move *backwards* towards something better.

Would Mr. Newman count it a reform if bad Latin displaced good Italian as the high-polite speech or grand style of the restored Kingdom of Italy?

FRESHFIELD'S TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS.*

PROBABLY no region so near the civilized parts of Europe has remained more unknown to most Europeans than the great Caucasian range. Every one interested in such matters has a tolerable notion of the geography and the scenery of the Andes and of large parts of the Himalaya, or at least knows in what books to find information respecting them; but the name of the mysterious chain which severs Europe from Asia calls up only memories of Mount Kaf in the *Arabian Nights*, or of the Æschylean Prometheus on his solitary rock. Even in the days of the Crimean war, when we heard so much of Schamyl's prowess, and people were urging our Government to secure the co-operation against Russia of the unconquerable tribes he led, no one could give a trustworthy account of their country or their numbers. Now that Mr. Freshfield leads us through the very heart of the mountains we feel sadly disillusionized. The scenery, it is true, appears to be superb, with some peaks and some gorges grander than anything in the Alps. And although the natives are sufficiently rough and inhospitable, it is possible, as the success of this expedition shows, to traverse the territories of the rudest tribes in safety, with far less risk to life or property than an excursion through the Abruzzi would involve. But it is something of a shock to one's poetical associations to find in the Caucasus all the meaner and pettier vexations of Alpine or Pyrenean touring—extortionate charges for food and lodging, lazy porters, uncivil officials, dishonest guides, who raise their demand when they get you into a difficulty. These are annoyances which vex a traveller more than do the positive physical hardships to be encountered in a wild country, and they seem all the more offensive when met with, as they were by Mr. Freshfield's party, in a new country, unspoiled by tourists, explored, where explored at all, only by military surveying parties.

The book describes a comparatively small part of the chain, a tract of some 110 miles in length between Elbruz on the west and the pass of Dariel on the east, omitting altogether not only the country of the Tcherkesses on the one side, but also the very interesting region of Daghestan on the other side, between Dariel and the Caspian. This central section seems, however, to contain all the loftiest summits, and probably also the grandest scenery. Like the Pyrenees, but unlike the Alps, the Himalaya, and the Andes, the Caucasus appears to be a single chain of snowy peaks, sometimes spreading out into a mountain knot, but not branching off into high parallel ranges. Hence the width of the chain is, in proportion to its height, much less than that of the Alps, and as the secondary ranges are very much lower than the central one,

* *Travels in the Central Caucasus and Bashan.* By Douglas W. Freshfield. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

seldom rising to the snow level, the loftiest peaks are visible from the low country on both sides, and rise with a commanding boldness which gives a quite peculiar character to the scenery. What seems to have struck the English travellers most was the contrast between the exuberant richness of the forests at the foot of the main chain, and the precipitous suddenness with which its walls and pinnacles of rock shoot up at the heads of the valleys, the glaciers not issuing forth in those broad and winding ice-rivers one sees so often in Switzerland, but tumbling down in cataracts thousands of feet in height:—

> As a whole, Caucasian must, I think, rank above Alpine scenery. There is nothing in Switzerland that can compare with the magnificent grouping of the Suanetian ranges, or with the gorges cut by the northern rivers through the limestone range which bars their way down to the Steppe. In the Caucasus the slopes are steeper, and the usual character of the peaks is that they shoot up from the valleys at their base in unbroken walls of rock and ice to which the cliffs of the Wetterhorn afford the nearest parallel. Enormous cornices of ice are frequent, and sometimes crown the highest peaks, presenting an insuperable obstacle to the climber. The mountain sides, owing to their precipitous character, afford precarious resting-places to the winter snow, and avalanches, which choke the upper glens to an extent rarely seen in Switzerland, are consequently of frequent occurrence. We did not sufficiently explore the glaciers to be able to form a conclusive judgment as to their extent, but there can be little or no doubt that the number of square miles covered by snow and ice is less than in the Alps, though there are many glaciers worthy of comparison with any Swiss rivals. Owing to the steepness of the chain, the ice-falls are loftier and in every respect finer than those of the Alps, and they are rendered more attractive to the eye by the general purity of their surface. . . . Fine as Alpine forests often are, they can bear no comparison with those of the Caucasus. Lest it should be thought I have overstated the effect likely to be produced by the woodland scenery of Mingrelia on an European mind, I shall take the liberty of quoting the words in which Herr Wagner sums up his eloquent description of a ride near Kutais:—"Every spot that is not occupied by perennial plants presents one tangled growth of grapes, flowers, annuals, and every variety of creeper. Higher up, among the trees, the eye is soothed by the numerous shades of green, from the sombre verdure of the fir, tamarisk and cypress, to the lustrous foliage of the laurel, and to the silver-green of the Colchian poplar, whilst the purple clusters of the grapes peep out beneath every branch." In richness of flora the Alps must also yield to their rivals: the azalea and rhododendron make the alpenrosen seem humble, and even the gentian looks bluer when brought into immediate contrast with beds of snowdrops, while there is nothing nearer home to compare with the gorgeous magnificence of the Caucasian tiger lilies and hollyhocks. . . . I must now call attention to the deficiencies of the Caucasus, and the points in which it is manifestly inferior to its better known rival. A total absence of lakes, on both sides of the chain, is the most marked failing. Not only are there no great subalpine sheets of water, like Como or Geneva, but mountain tarns such as the Dauben See on the Gemmi, or the Klonthal See near Glarus, are equally wanting. There is no first-class waterfall in any of the valleys we visited, nor did we hear of any elsewhere. Certain districts, notably the headwaters of the Terek, are duller than anything in Switzerland, and their treeless monotonous glens are defaced, rather than enlivened, by the dingy and ruinous character of the native dwellings. Add to this list of defects that on the north side, the mountains sink abruptly into a bare and featureless steppe, and that the only halting-places within reach—Patigorsk and Kislovodsk—cannot vie in attractions with the numerous tourist haunts on the north side of the Alps, and we shall, I think, have fairly gone through the principal charges to which Caucasian scenery is liable.—Pp. 449–452.

It is worth remarking that the Caucasus, like the Alps, furnish many examples discountenancing the old notion, which still holds its ground in the minds of many people, that the loftiest summits of a chain are, or ought to be, placed upon its watershed. Just as in the Pennine Alps, we find peaks like the Mischabel Horner and the Weisshorn in short lateral ranges at right angles to the main axis, so here both Elbruz and Kazbek (as well as apparently the great peak of Dychtau) lie a little to the north of the line of the watershed, both, therefore, are wholly within the bounds of Europe.

In describing the natural features of the country he has traversed, Mr. Freshfield is usually clear, simple, and interesting. We do not indeed mean to say that he can as yet claim to rank among the foremost of our writers of mountain travel. He has neither the ardent eloquence and power of making scientific details interesting to the unscientific which we admired in the late Principal Forbes, and still admire in Dr. Hooker, nor the lucid and easy precision of Mr. Ball, nor the graphic humour of Mr. Leslie Stephen. But, on the other hand, he avoids the most conspicuous faults of the crowd of minor writers who have handled the same theme. He is free from the sentimentalism which so often offends in the narratives of Professor Tyndall, free from the forced and tedious jocularity of Mr. Hardy and many of his brethren of the Alpine Club, free from that straining after sublimity into which a German climber is apt to be betrayed when he is not content to be simply prosy. In dealing with the great difficulty of travel-writing—the blending in proper proportions the descriptive, or so-called objective, and the personal element—he has been far more successful than many writers of more ambitious pretensions. When he narrates the adventures of the party he is lively and often amusing, and he is careful to avoid wearying us with petty details about food, hours of march and the like, while his descriptions of scenery have a freshness and directness about them such as one seldom meets with. They are evidently not the work of a scientific man—none of the party seem to have had any knowledge of either geology or botany—nor of an artistic student of scenery, but they show that sort of hearty and straightforward love of mountain grandeur and feeling for mountain beauty which he who has long wandered among the hills insensibly and almost necessarily acquires, and they inspire us on that account with all the more confidence. Mr. Freshfield's mind is throughout so full of the Alps that when he tells us any bit of Caucasian peak or glacier is finer than what he has seen in Switzerland or Tyrol, we do not hesitate to believe him. His mountaineering skill, it need hardly be said, is of a high order, and the suggestions which the book makes for the benefit of future travellers will be extremely serviceable to them. Oddly enough, the region of the chain which he describes as finest, that lying around the great summits of Koschtantau and Dychtau, between the sources of the Ingur on the south and the Tcherek on the north, is the region which seems to have been least explored by the party, probably because when they discovered its surpassing splendour it was already too late to alter their plans so as to give adequate time to grapple with the difficulties it presents. That these difficulties would not otherwise have repelled them appears sufficiently from the singular boldness displayed in the three great mountain excursions which they undertook—the ascents of Elbruz and Kazbek, and the crossing and recrossing of the main chain by a new route from the valley of the Rion to that of the Uruch. Of the three expeditions, this last appears to have been much the most serious, inasmuch as the glaciers to be traversed were very extensive and broken, and the party had no native guides, and only one Swiss guide. It was one of those exploits which we call plucky when they have succeeded, and would have called foolhardy if they had failed. But readers not specially alpine in their tastes will probably be more interested by the account of the scaling of Elbruz, the loftiest summit not only of the Caucasus, but of Europe, within whose boundaries (as we have said already), and not, as used to be supposed, on the dividing line between Europe and Asia, its whole bulk lies. This peak, called by the Tatar tribes who dwell at its base Minghi-Tau (Tau seems to mean mountain, and is a frequent element in Caucasian names), appears both from its shape and from the rock of which it is composed, to be a volcano, of course long since extinct; and as it has, like most volcanoes, a tolerably equable slope on all sides, its ascent, although very long and fatiguing, is a matter of little difficulty and hardly any danger. Mr. Freshfield encountered a high wind on it, and suffered horribly from the cold; but in spite of the great elevation (18,500 feet) none of the party were affected by mountain sickness or difficulty of breathing. His description of the climb is one of the most spirited things in the book; we have space for an extract or two only:—

> A few benighted people still reiterate the assertion that the true beauty of nature ceases at the snow level, and that those who go beyond it get no reward for their pains except the satisfaction of having treated a great mountain like a greased pole. As we tramped over the snowfields of Elbruz, I could not help wishing we had some of these unbelievers with us, because, while they would have been compelled to admit the startling grandeur of the situation, the intense cold would have inflicted upon them a just punishment for their past offences. The last rays of the setting moon lit up the summits of the main chain, over the gaps in which we already saw portions of the southern spurs. The icy sides of Uschba and Tungzorun reflected the pale gleam of the sky; a dark rock-peak further west stood in deep shadow. We were high enough to overlook the ridges that run out from Elbruz towards the north-east, in which direction a dark band of vapour, illuminated by fitful flashes of sheet-lightning, overhung the distant steppe. The thick black cloud was still on the mountain before us, otherwise the sky overhead was clear and the stars shone out with preternatural brilliancy. . . . . A sunrise viewed from a height equal to that of the top of Mont Blanc is a scene of unearthly splendour of which words can convey but a feeble impression. A sudden kindling of the eastern ranges first warned us to be [illegible] atch; in a moment the snow upon which [illegible] were standing, the crags above us, indeed the whole atmosphere, [illegible] d with rose-pink. The cloud on the summit, which had changed from black to grey as daylight [illegible] ned, now caught the pervading flush, and suddenly melted away like a ghost who had outstayed his time. As the trees faded, the sun's orb arose in the east, and flooded us with a stream of golden rays, which were soon merged in the clear light of day. There was no increase of warmth yet, and, despite the improved look of the weather, it became a serious question whether we could go on. By 7·30 A.M. we were at a height of over 16,000 feet, and had now reached the rocks which form the upper portion of the cone. . . . On the top the two natives pointed out the various valleys, while we endeavoured to recognise the mountains. Light clouds were driving against the western face of the peak, and a sea of mist hid the northern steppe. Otherwise the view was clear. Beginning in the east, the feature of the panorama was the central chain between ourselves and Kazbek. I never saw any group of mountains which bore so well being looked down upon as the great peaks that stand over the sources of the Tcherek and Tchegem. The Pennines from Mont Blanc look puny in comparison with Koschtantau and his neighbours from Elbruz. The Caucasian groups are finer, and the peaks sharper, and there was a suggestion of unseen depth in the trenches separating them that I never noticed so forcibly in any Alpine view. Turning southwards, the double-toothed Uschba still asserted himself, although at last distinctly beneath us; the greater part of the summits and snowfields of the chain between us and Suanetia lay as on a relieved map at our feet, and we could see beyond them the snowy-crested Leila, and in the far distance the blue ranges of the Turkish frontier between Batoum and Achaltzich. Shifting again our [illegible] ition, we looked over the shoulders of a bold rock peak, the loftiest to the west of Elbruz, and endeavoured to make out the Black Sea. Whether the level grey surface which met our eyes was water, or a filmy mist hanging over its surface, it was impossible to distinguish. The mists, beating below on the slope of the mountain, hid the sources of the Kuban, but we looked immediately down upon those of the Malka. On this side the slope of the mountain seemed to be uniform for nearly 10,000 feet, and although there is nothing in its steepness to render an ascent impossible, the climb would be very long and toilsome.—Pp. 363–368.

Mr. Freshfield's book comes very opportunely at a time when mountaineers are seriously concerned at the exhaustion of their hunting-grounds. Switzerland had been very recklessly dealt with since about the year 1850, when climbing became fashionable; and when the Matterhorn was vanquished in 1866, men began to confess that for purposes of excitement the Alps were used up. In that year two ardent explorers started on a voyage of discovery in Eastern Europe, but as they brought back word that there was no ice there, and that the Carpathian flea was as much more voracious than its Swiss relative as Carpathian peaks were inferior

to Alpine clubs,' and as another enterprising traveller reported that there was not a week's work in the Sierra Nevada, it was plain that adventurers must be prepared to wander further afield, beyond the bounds of civilized Europe. In these circumstances Mr. Freshfield and his friends sprang into the breach, and discovered for us a region which, when the railways of Southern Russia have been completed, will not be out of the reach of a summer tour, whose scenery is new in character and wonderfully striking, and on whose glaciers and precipices men may put their necks in peril with even greater satisfaction than on Alps or Pyrenees. The mountaineering fraternity is no doubt duly sensible of its obligations, and the general reader will be grateful to Mr. Freshfield for a pleasant and genial account of a new country —an account which is perhaps all the more agreeable because it does not wholly satisfy our curiosity. It is not the least of the merits of the book that its author knows when to speak and when to keep silence. His tour led him, not only to the Central Caucasus, but over Egypt and Palestine, great part of Russia, and parts of Turkey and Persia; nevertheless he has had the good sense to say hardly a word about these countries, confining himself to a description of the comparatively little-known regions of Bashan and the country at the foot of Ararat. May he find many imitators, as well in this reticence as in the adventurous spirit which his Caucasian expedition displays.

TWO MEDIÆVAL POEMS.*

THE few persons who read mediæval French easily enough to enjoy it may thank us for the information that two genuine and very interesting poems—one (*Meraugis de Portlesguez*) belonging to the early part of the thirteenth century, and the other to the latest decades of the fourteenth—have now been for the first time printed. Before proceeding to speak of these volumes as literature we may say a few words about them from a bibliographical point of view. M. Louis Perrin, the now famous printer of Lyons, was the first to revive in France the elegant typography of the sixteenth century, in which he has since been followed by Claye, Poupart-Davyl, Jouaust, and many others. The superiority in point of elegance of these old forms over the nineteenth-century letter might easily be demonstrated if it were not universally felt by every artistically cultivated eye. There is at the same time a moderation and a boldness in the curves, an artistic knack of stopping a curve in time, a rational sense of proportion between thick strokes and thin ones, and a charming quaintness which are altogether wanting in the clear but tasteless typography of our own century. The most perfect example of the latter is probably the *typographie Plon*, founts cut expressly for Plon, the well-known Parisian publisher. In this all the curves are as nearly as possible *regular* curves, parts of circles or ovals, the thick lines are very thick and black, and the thin ones, even in large capitals, so thin as to be almost invisible at a little distance. The eye is perpetually tormented. Either it is too near for the thick lines, or too far off for the thin ones. Another rule in the type of the nineteenth century, and one which precisely accords with its mechanical rather than artistic genius, is that the letters should be made to occupy as nearly as possible the same space, whereas in the true Roman letter there is a quaint diversity in this respect. The capitals used in the sixteenth century were in fact a much nearer approach, in point of form, to the antique Roman letter than ours are, and a classic taste would have preferred them to ours. The English revival of the antique type has also produced beautiful founts, but not so pure nor so elegant as the best French ones, in fact the type used by our own elder printers was never so elegant as the old French type.

The revival of an elegant typography has led to especial care in the choice of papers. The most recent fashion amongst the best French printers is *papier vergé*, a hand-made artistic-looking paper with the wire mark visible in it. This of course is seldom so perfect in surface or so equal in thickness as our toned papers, and the impression is rarely so absolutely clear and faultless; still, when *papier vergé* is well made, by such makers as Rives, or Hallines, or Hudelist, it will take a fine impression, and has a peculiarly sumptuous look.

The two volumes before us are, from the bibliographical point of view, amongst the very choicest products of contemporary printers. The *Livre des Cent Ballades* is printed by Perrin of Lyons, the poems all in italics, on fine *papier vergé* by Rives, with ornamental capitals, and a thin red line round every page. *Meraugis* is printed by Jouaust on paper by the same maker, with ornamental capitals and illustrations from the original mediæval miniatures, and the same vermilion line round the page. It is enough to prove the pride and spirit of the producers to say that a few copies of the *Livre des Cent Ballades* have been printed on real vellum and on parchment. In a word, it is obvious that these volumes have been a labour of love.

It may perhaps be suspected, from our dwelling upon the material beauties of these books, that little is to be said of them as literature, but the fact is that we have written the foregoing paragraphs in the pleasant consciousness of having something still more agreeable in reserve. The *Livre des Cent Ballades* is one of the most exquisite works, considered simply as poetry, that we ever met in any language; and indeed we remember no poem, either ancient or modern, which so charmingly combines the most elevated and pure sentiment with such grace of manner, and such entire freedom from didactic pretension. It is at the same time so joyously merry and gay, and yet so good and pure, that it has the lightheartedness of pleasure without its vice, and the virtue of austerity without either its sourness or its self-sufficiency. Who wrote it, nobody precisely knows. All that is known about him is that he was Seneschal of some French province, probably traversed by the Loire, at the latter end of the fourteenth century. That he had readers amongst the most distinguished and cultivated gentlemen of his time is proved by several poems in answer to the *Cent Ballades*, written by men whose rank and fame are known, and whose culture is proved by the grace and ease of their versification. It is odd that since they knew the author they should never, even by accident, have fully named him in any writing that has reached us. Regnault de Trie, in his ballad in answer to the *Cent Ballades*, implies that the author was called Hutin:—

> Sur les débaz que beaux et bons
> Mist en termes le bon Hutin
> Qui tant ama.

But it is very probable that Hutin may have been nothing more than his Christian name.

The subject of the poem is very simple. A young gentleman, riding by himself near Angers, is overtaken by an old knight, who at once guesses that he is in love, and then begins to talk of the elevating influences of love in a series of charming little ballads, of three stanzas each, always finishing with a refrain, changing with every ballad, and in many instances evidently a proverb. When the old knight has thus encouraged the young gentleman to persist in his fidelity, he leaves him by the banks of the Loire; and as he is watching the little fishes swimming about, and thinking of his love, a young lady, one of a merry company of knights and ladies who are amusing themselves hard by, comes up to him, and, like the old knight, guesses that he is in love. Then she argues against fidelity as the knight had argued in favour of it, and it must be confessed that in her arguments there is much wit and knowledge of the world. The youth remains faithful, however, and the poet proposes the question, after this hearing of counsel on both sides, whether it is better to be faithful in love or not? What is most curious and interesting is, that a jury of thirteen princes and lords actually wrote their opinions on the question, each in a ballad. One of these ballads, that of the Bâtard de Coucy, is lost. The other twelve are given in the volume before us, one only being incomplete. The predominant tone, both of the *Cent Ballades* and the twelve answers, is, as we have said, one of singular purity and elevation, and no one who can detect the difference between the honest expression of a heartfelt sentiment and the insincere affectation of it can doubt the earnestness of these writers.

The versification of the *Cent Ballades* is easy and harmonious. There are many poetical turns of phrase indicating very advanced lyrical art; some indeed strike us as so modern in form that we wonder how the mediæval singers found them out—a foolish wonder, for the ages which created Gothic architecture might well produce artistic effects in verse. Here is the opening ballad, or at least two stanzas of it:—

> Une fois pieçà chevauchoie
> Entre Pont de Cé et Angiers,
> Ainsi qu'en chevauchant pensoie
> Vint près de moy uns chevaliers
> A quoi pensez-vous, amis chiers?
> Je lui dis que je ne savoie.
> Lors me parla trop volontiers
> Pour ce qu'il vit que jeune estoie.
>
> Amis, vostre cuer est en voie
> Amoureuse, et vos desriers
> S'avez droit, car je ne saroie
> Deviser un plus doux mestiers.
> Aussi Amours en ses dangiers
> Me mist quant vostre aage avoie
> Et me fut doulx ès fais premiers
> Pour ce qu'il vit que jeune estoie.

And then the knight tells his experience of the ennobling effects of his love:—

> Et des biens qu'Amours me donna
> Le premier fu doulce pensée,
> Qui depuis tenu joieux m'a
> Plus que nul autre, mainte année.

And again in the third ballad he speaks of the

> estincelle
> Amoureuse qui liement
> Me fist vivre et joieusement
> Et par qui me vint la léesse
> Où je vesqui puis longuement
> Du gré de ma belle maistresse.

Then the old knight speaks of the sweetness of his recollection of his love:—

> Et sachiez que de doucour tele
> M'est le souvenir bel et gent.

Every page of the earlier part of the poem has some pure and beautiful thought like the following:—

> Son gent corps, sa plaisant façon
> *Faisoit les tres bons amieudrir*
> *Et maint hault penser accueillir.*

* *Le Livre des Cent Ballades.* Edited by the Marquis De Queux de Saint-Hilaire. Paris: Maillet.
Meraugis de Portlesguez, Roman de la Table Ronde. Par Raoul de Houdenc. Edited by H. Michelant. Paris: Tross.

Adonc crat en moy la pensée
D'estre plaisant et gracieux,
Et de faire que renommée
Fust bonne de moy en tous lieux ;
Car bien souvent l'amoureux dieux
Me disait que *trop bien devoie*
Estre bon, puisque je servoie
Celle qui toutes autres passe
De tous les biens dont dame a grâce,
Et que faire me convenait
Que vaillant fusse en toute place
Et que ma Dame le vouloit.

It seems a sin to mutilate anything so perfect as the seventh ballad, but we cannot quote everything. The knight tells the young gentleman to be generous:—

Car tous les bons
Les beaux, les preux plains de vaillance
Qui amerent dès leur enfance
Furent de ce faire joieux
Et du maintenir, sans doutance,
Ta Dame t'en aimera mieux.

* * * *

Soies en l'amoureuse loy,
Debonnaires, sages, preudoms
Plaisant entre les compagnons,
Vuide de toy oultrecuidance,
Souvent jurer, mentir, ventance
Garde, ne soies orguilleux,
Et de tenir ceste ordonnance
Ta Dame t'en aimera mieux.

* * * *

S'en assault viens, devant te lance
En mine, en eschielle, en tous lieux
Où proesce les bons avance,
Ta Dame t'en aimera mieux.

There is a true heroic ring in the following stanza:—

Telz fais sont assez plus greveux
A faire que à deviser,
Mais fortune se tient de ceulx
Qui emprennent a conquester.
Conquiers honneur; ne dois doubter
Paine, peril, n'autre labeur;
Aime et prie Nostre Seigneur,
Maintien toi en haute pensée,
Car ton bien fait sera douceur
A la belle qui tant t'agree.

The twentieth and twenty-first ballads are more remarkable than the preceding ones in respect to beauty of poetical form. Here are the two first stanzas of the twentieth.—

Longtemps me dura la léesse,
Beau doulx frere que je vous dy,
Car ma belle plaisant maistresse
Plus et plus tousjours m'abelly,
Et plut, *car son doulx cuer vouloit*
Au mien plus de bien qu'il n'avoit,
Et celle lé sa joieuse
A toute heure me présentoit
Sa belle beauté gracieuse

Son joyeux regart plain d'umblesse,
Son plaisant maintieng seigneury,
Son doulx parler qui en tristesse
Ne me laissast jour ne demy,
Son beau corps gent, joliz et droit,
La fresche colour que portoit,
Sa douce accointance amoureuse,
Sa loiauté qui tant valoit,
Sa belle beauté gracieuse

The opening of the twenty-first ballad is a most masterly poetical effect. Observe especially how sweetly the fifth and sixth verses come in their places after reading the first four.—

Tant me nourry joieusement,
Tant me quist de plaisirs Amours,
Tant me fist vivre liement,
Tant me fist de gracieux tours,
Que les ans me sembloient jours
Pour la grant lesse où j'estoie.
Nulle fois au temps ne pensoie,
Car ma Dame que tant chery
Me veoit souvent et je ly.
Et sa plaisance estoit fermee
A mon cuer de joie enrichir.
Celle grace me fu donnee
Tout pour loiauté maintenir.

We much regret not to have space for further quotations from the poem itself. The ballads in answer to it are of various quality. The first, by Regnault de Trie, though immoral in doctrine, is most felicitous in form. He argues in favour of free love:—

Car il me semble vraiement
Que moult il y a bonnes raisons;
Car s'un amoureux voit souvent
Belles dames de grans renoms,
Et il emploie ses saisons
A les servir tart et matin,
Tendant tousjours à bonne fin,
Il en sera trop plus courtois
Et plus prisiée, c'est bien drois,
Sera sa maniere gaillarde:
Pour ce vous dy qu'à ceste fois
Je me tendray à la guignarde.

For the benefit of the reader not versed in old French, we may say that *guignarde* means a woman who winks at you, and we all know what sort of woman that is.

Monseigneur de la Tremouille, one of the bravest and most loyal knights of the middle ages, is indignant against such theories as this. Paying court to many women is not, in his view, so much a school of courtesy as a school of baseness and falsehood, and it is especially hateful to him for the lying which is its inevitable accompaniment:—

Car tel tricheur font l'honneur amenrir
De mainte dame, en qui n'a villenie,
Tant par jeugler com par leur foy mentir,
L'un jure Dieu, l'autre saincte Marie,
En promettant loiauté qu'il n'ont mie.
De faux semblant font leur droit gouverneur,
Li malostru, li meschant, li bourdeur;
Tous sont parjur. Pour ce, leur fay promesse
Que j'aime mieux à servir, par douceur
En ciel un Dieu, en terre une Déesse.

But by far the finest stanza in the replies is the third in the ballad by Bucy. There can be no doubt that the writer was expressing his genuine sentiments. Every word comes from the heart, and with what a lordly largeness of expression! Speaking of his loyal hope of ultimately winning the "grace" of the one lady whom he loves, he tells us how this mere hope strengthens and sustains him:—

C'est mon désir, c'est ma joie sanz per,
C'est mon confort, c'est ma riche espérance,
C'est ce pour quoi je puis en pris monter
A toute honneur et à droite vaillance.
C'est mon éur, mon ressort, ma fiance,
C'est ce qui peut le mal que mon cuer sent
Assouagier, se ses grez si assent;
C'est ce qui fait ma pensée enrichir
Pour ce doy bien mercier haultement
L'espoir que j'ay de sa grâce acquérir.

We have found so much to say of the *Cent Ballades* as to have no room left for a review of *Meraugis de Portlesguez*. We may recur to it at some future time, but it is well at least to mention the poem here, as a piece of interesting literary news. The French of the thirteenth century is less easy to read than the more developed language of the fourteenth, and we cannot hope that *Meraugis* will find many readers in England. The poem is a regular troubadour poem, often tedious and verbose, but with very fine passages which we should have been glad to quote. There is an odd resemblance between this author's manner and that of Mr. Robert Browning, of whom he often reminds us, especially in the use of the interrogative. The editors, both of *Meraugis* and the *Cent Ballades*, deserve our best thanks. Without such patient labour and noble enthusiasm as theirs, many treasures of old literature would be lost to us for ever.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF LANDOR.*

SOME one, in reference to writers who, like Landor, have failed to obtain a public recognition such as their genius entitled them to expect, says of Posterity that she has no doubt many virtues, but accessibility is not one of them. Mr. Forster, in the publication of which we have now to speak, has recourse to sheer weight of metal, with the hope of breaking down her barriers, and forcing an entrance into her presence-chamber for his friend. The book is an enormously big one, and very trying to a conscientious reviewer. It may be pleaded that the great powers of Mr. Landor, coupled as they were with one of the strangest of characters, constitute an apology, perhaps a sufficient one, for this μέγα βιβλίον, which we hope will find, as it deserves to find, readers in spite of its bulk. Nevertheless we will say at once, speaking for ourselves, that although the comparative want of popularity which always disappointed Mr. Landor and Mr. Landor's friends may have forced his biographer into quoting largely, Mr. Forster has decidedly overdone the business. Those interminable abstracts which "lie floating many a rood" on his oceanlike expanse of print weary the reader, and produce no effect which might not have been equally well accomplished by a less unrelenting use of the scissors.

We will speak first of the character of the man to whose memory these 1,100 pages are consecrated. As a member of society, if he had not been luckily a man of genius, Landor would have been simply intolerable; he was sent away from school, he was sent away from college, he quarrelled with his father, he quarrelled with his brothers, he quarrelled with his wife and children, he quarrelled with his landlords, he quarrelled with his tenants. He hated the Tories; he contemned the Whigs. His own countrymen were odious to him; he also detested the French; his contempt for the Italians was unbounded; he could not endure the Americans; he loathed the Welsh. He supposed himself to love the Turks, but, fortunately for them, he abstained from visiting Constantinople. Nevertheless, genius, though it often makes bitter enemies, secures also warm and faithful friends, and Mr. Forster, inspired by the memory of such a friendship, has contrived to present his old lion to the reader as in many respects a lovable creature. He was generous and outspoken, capable of strong attachments, and without anything little or mean in his nature. After all, his character now is comparatively unimportant; we shall therefore put it aside at once by saying that we do not believe him to have been of sound mind.

He quarrelled when in Spain (see Vol. I. pp. 230–231) with Mr. Stuart, the English Envoy. When Stuart, with a degree of

* *Walter Savage Landor.* A Biography. 1775–1864. By John Forster. London: Chapman & Hall.

temper and moderation which did him credit, put the truth before his ungovernable antagonist, and showed him beyond all possibility of cavil that he had taken offence without the slightest reason, Landor writes to Southey on the subject thus:—"Mr. Stuart has declared that he never could apply those expressions to me which I resented, and has *offered* peace; such *offers* I always accept." Mr. Forster adds, not unnaturally, it was a pity he did not at the same time regret the wrong that he had *plainly* done. Mr. Forster ought, no doubt, to know his friend's mind better than we do, but our interpretation of Landor's expression, "such offers I always accept," is that to him nothing of the kind was plain at all. Whenever an impression—an angry impression, we mean—had once stamped itself upon his mind, it seems to have been from that time forward indelible. Reason, justice, and common sense were as much wasted upon him at those seasons—Mr. Forster says so himself in another part of his book—as upon a hurricane at Cape Horn. There is another whimsical instance of this pertinacity of resentment in the manner in which he clung to a foolish notion that the Head-master of Rugby selected inferior exercises of his for honour, out of spite. The anger of the boy burnt on to the last, in the heart of the old man, as fiercely and as unreasonably as when it had been first kindled seventy years before. Such aberrations are surely the result of mental disease rather than of mere temper; at any rate we prefer to look upon them as such. If Mr. Landor was really in all respects a responsible being, much that he did went beyond any possible limits of indulgence. On the other hand, if we regard him as on some points partially deranged, we can pity him without scruple for the unhappiness which he then inevitably brought upon himself and others, and can admire the nobler and more gracious parts of his character without reserve. After all, if he really is a great writer, and this memoir of him permanently establishes him in the position of an English classic, it will signify but little to the readers of the twentieth century that he told an old lady at his father's table, without the slightest provocation, that she was a d—d fool, or even that he left his children in Italy to drift into ruin, if they chose, for want of some fatherly guidance and protection.

That he had great powers is unquestionable. That justice was not done to him during his life, particularly during the earlier part of it, may also be admitted—the rather that, by his crotchety temper and strange method of mismanaging all his literary negotiations, he brought his ill-success in a great measure upon himself. But his excellence both in prose and verse has, it appears to us, something artificial about it. There hangs over all he writes, as it were, an air from the hot-house, so that we very soon feel that we have enough, and long for a fresher and more natural atmosphere. Each sentence taken by itself is a good, we might say a beautiful, one, but the whole page made up of these good and beautiful sentences is less good and less beautiful than its parts. Moreover, though in his verse dialogues, such as that between Luther's parents, and in some of the conversations which belong to the order of prose-poems—*e.g.* Tiberius and Vipsania—dramatic power is shown, this is rare. In a great number of his Imaginary Conversations he either does not aim at any such object, or fails entirely to reach it. We are speaking here of his later productions, and not of *Gebir*, his first serious poetical attempt. This, though full of faults, was a noble and original poem. He is not unlikely to have been right in thinking that early success would have done much for him, and that his genius was depressed by unmerited neglect. If depressed, however, was by no means extinguished. He may have lost something of his early glow and fire, but in point of style, mastery over his subject, and the power of realizing his own idea of poetical excellence, he went on improving almost to the end of his long life.

Mr. Forster carries us along with him from the beginning to the end without losing breath. It is impossible, however, in an article of this kind to do more than indicate the stages of Landor's career. He was born on the 30th of January, 1775, at Warwick. When ten years of age he was sent to Rugby, then under the headship of Dr. James. He was celebrated among his schoolfellows for the excellence of his Latin verses, in which department of literature Rugby was long very famous, though this renown, unless we deceive ourselves, has been dulled, if not lost, in the blaze of Dr. Arnold's grand moral fireworks and transparencies. He published *Gebir*, a poem read by few but intensely admired by more than one eminent man, in 1798; the tragedy of *Count Julian* in 1811; and the first series of Imaginary Conversations in 1824. From that time till he was long past eighty, one literary production succeeded another, each of them in its turn spreading enthusiastic admiration through a small circle of highly cultivated friends, but not becoming popular in the ordinary sense of the term. On the 17th of December, 1864, he reached the end of that long avenue of quarrels through which he had stalked with unfaltering step for nearly ninety years, and slept with his fathers. Mr. Forster has recorded all his actions and analysed all his works. That it was unnecessary to quote quite so much, and to make abstracts quite so numerous, we have said before. But Landor is one of the few men who deserve an elaborate biography, and he certainly has got one.

Among the many interesting things in the book there is a charming letter from the beautiful Dorothea Lyttelton, a sort of Warwickshire Una, who gleamed for an instant before the eyes of the lionlike young poet.—Vol. i p. 67. It was written with a view of enticing Landor back to his father's house, from which he had gone away in a rage. Landor's observation upon it long afterwards is, "Had I been independent I should have married this lovely girl." We cannot but think that the beatified spirit of Dorothea is rejoicing, even to this day, that his independence came later in life. Another pleasant subject to dwell upon is the generous enthusiasm of Southey for Landor, and also for Wordsworth. So much sympathy with genius, and so complete an absence of personal jealousy, warms the heart of the reader. On the other hand there is much that is painful and depressing in Landor's mistakes and general wrongheadedness. On the whole, however, we think we may dismiss him, in the words of Mr. Henry Taylor, as "the greatest of the crooked."

We ought perhaps to say a word about Landor's Latin verses, on which he valued himself highly, but it is not very easy to do so. Englishmen practise Latin verse at school and college as an accomplishment belonging to the place, and then for the most part abandon it altogether. Bobus Smith, for instance, wrote those Lucretian verses which Landor thought finer than any other modern composition of the kind—in the ordinary course of his Cambridge career—as what are called Tripos exercises. We never heard that he pursued the study as a man. From a public-school point of view, there are certain elements of merit in modern Latin verse, such as a complete mastery of all the commonplaces of poetical diction, and a metrical cadence reproducing all the Virgilian, Lucretian, or Horatian effects as closely as they can be reproduced. These merits would very likely make Horace and Virgil laugh, when they did not make them angry; but, nevertheless, no one can write good Latin or Greek verses, from this public-school point of view, without being thoroughly intimate with the great Latin and Greek poets. It is to gain this end, we may say, that young men are taught to write them. Now Landor is an original Latin poet, with quite a different object; his merits, which we dare say are great, differ from those of the public-school boy altogether, and require highly trained critics to estimate with any degree of exactness. The structure of his heroic verse is neither like that of Virgil nor Lucretius nor Ovid, nor do his alcaics remind us of Horace. If he had a model it was Catullus, whose hexameters, though with beautiful movements in them here and there, were written before all the resources of the metre had been ascertained.

VASCO DA GAMA.*

The genius of Camoens has invested the figure of Vasco da Gama with a halo of greater glory than the voice of historical truth seems disposed to justify. In the fervid and somewhat stilted epic of the Lusiad the hero appears to be exalted above the common conditions of humanity, and to vie with the demigods of fable for the rewards of superhuman valour, justice, and wisdom. The one thing that detracts from his merit is that the favour of heaven so smiles upon and smoothes his path that its perils and straits might be thought all but illusory, or so over-ruled by a beneficent hand that not a hair of the hero's head is in real danger of being singed. The winds and waves are only indulged in their most angry moods in order to waft on the new Ulysses in triumph to his port. The great gods, with Venus at their head, combine against the hostile might of Neptune. Spirits of the wave and of the wind sport before his prow, and ease the shock of impinging billows. The stars in their courses fight only for the honour of guiding his bark onwards. So extreme a panegyric is enough in itself to provoke somewhat of reaction, and the bare facts brought to light in the course of more recent times have done much to reduce the hero of this modern Odyssey nearer to the ordinary level. The risk now to be feared may well be lest adequate justice fail to be done to the real character and exploits of the discoverer. Vasco may not have been a scientific seaman of the stamp of Columbus or Magelhaens. He may have lacked the powers of statesmanship and political construction which shone in Cortes. Still to his indomitable energy and courage we owe much of the most valuable of physical discoveries, and in him we have a representative of a certain type of character such as the annals of the world hardly enable us to match. For sheer bravery, though it may be of an animal kind, for strength of will, persistency of purpose, and those mixed qualities of heart and mind which make a man the king of a narrow realm, few names in history have higher claims than that of Vasco da Gama. These qualities are conspicuously brought to light in the authentic narrative of Vasco's three voyages for which we have to thank the Council of the Hakluyt Society. The work has been translated from the Portuguese of Gaspar Correa, forming part of the *Lendas da India*, and is entirely new to this country. For the present version, which is clearly and faithfully executed, we are indebted to the scholarly zeal and indefatigable labour of the Hon. Henry Stanley, who not long ago applied his rare and accurate knowledge of the Portuguese language and literature to bringing before us the interesting rule of Antonio de Morga in the Philippines.

Mr. Stanley has appended to the volume before us sundry documents in the original tongue hitherto unpublished, bearing upon Vasco's services and the dignities or rewards conferred upon him. In his slight prefatory notice of the Da Gama family and its greatest representative, Mr. Stanley omits all reference to

* *The Three Voyages of Vasco da Gama and his Viceroyalty, from the Lendas da India of Gaspar Correa.* Translated from the Portuguese, with Notes and an Introduction, by the Hon. Henry E. J. Stanley. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1869.

the MS. record stated by many authorities to have been written by Vasco himself. From this silence we may infer either that he has no hope of meeting with such a document, or that the tradition of its existence rests on no authentic foundation. Its reality was believed in by Nicolas Antonio, Leon Pinelo, and Barbosa Machado, though it escaped the researches of Ramusio. Certain hints relative to it seem to have been furnished by Count d'Ericeira, in 1753, to the Spanish editor of Moreri. In a sale catalogue of 1844, according to the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, Gama's actual MS. was included by name; but no belief seems to have been placed in its authenticity. Far more authentic and really curious was the publication in 1838, by MM. Kopke and Paiva, of the *Roteiro* or log of Gama's first voyage, kept by a common seaman on board the ship of which Berrio was pilot, who has since been identified with Alvaro Velho, one of those who were charged with Gama's presents to the Zamorin of Calicut. We could have wished to see this document, which is quoted by Mr. Stanley, compared in detail with the narrative of Correa. Castanheda is believed to have based the greater part of his History on this precious *Roteiro*, which he bequeathed to the University of Coimbra. We are glad to think that no such literary doubts attach to the narrative of Gaspar Correa. Little indeed is known of the writer. He went to India, as he says in his prologue, when he was very young, sixteen years after India was discovered. That would be in 1514. The editors of his History, printed by the Academy of Lisbon, make him out to have sailed with Jorge de Mello in March, 1512, on the ground of a certain receipt signed by Correa, which, as Mr. Stanley remarks, is far from bearing out that assumption. Correa arrived in India fifteen years before Castanheda. While secretary to Alfonso d'Albuquerque, he got hold of a diary written by Joam Figueira, a priest who had accompanied Gama, and this, he says, gave him the desire to write down all that he could learn of the deeds done in India. He wrote the history of fifty-three years of the Portuguese exploits in India, leaving off with the government of Jorge Cabral. He mentions having written part of his work in 1561. The year of his death, which took place, according to Barbosa Machado, at Goa, is unknown, but his MS. was brought home by Miguel da Gama, son of D. Francisco, the second Count of Vidigueira, who left India February 21, 1583. Miguel's ship, the *Reliquias*, after encountering many storms, narrowly escaped burning in the Tagus. Correa's History, though mentioned with praise in the *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Hispaniæ* (Rome, 1672), and classed by the Lisbon Academy with that of Polybius, remained unpublished for nearly three hundred years. The writer, it is said, expressly intended it be a posthumous work, in order that he might speak freely the truth of all concerned. After his death, the corruption which had set in among the Portuguese rendered the truth still more unpalatable. Many passages too might have failed to pass the Inquisition, affixing as they did upon D. Joam II. and upon D. Manuel the stigma of Judaism and necromancy. In 1790 the Lisbon Academy determined upon printing the work, but could obtain no more than a transcript of part of the first volume. At length in 1836 the second, third, and fourth volumes, written in Correa's own hand, were deposited in the Library of the Archives by Senhor Dr. Antonio Nunes do Carvalho. No trace of the first volume could then be found. Some years since a copy (a little more recent than Correa's own time) was picked up in a confectioner's shop, and a second less perfect, apparently a century later, turned up in the Royal Library of Ajuda. By the aid of these transcripts, Correa's work was prepared for the press under the care of Senhor Rodrigo J. de Lima Felner, assisted by MM. Basto and Gomes Goes of the Archives. The translation now issued by the Hakluyt Society has been made from another copy unknown to the Lisbon editors, now belonging to the Duke of Gor, and formerly to the Count of Torrepalma. This copy appears oddly enough to be due to the same hand as that rescued from the confectioner, of which, however, a whole leaf had already gone to wrap up sweetmeats. Mr Stanley shows valid reasons for giving the preference to Correa's authority on points in which he differs from the other chroniclers who have treated of Gama's voyages to India. Correa came to India earlier than any of the other writers, and he alone it was who made use of the diary of the priest Joam Figueira. Castanheda went to the East in 1598. Damian de Goes did not visit India. Osorio takes almost all his facts from Goes, and Barros wrote much later. The reasons assigned by Correa why his work should be a posthumous one, together with the religious respect for truth which he professes, may weigh somewhat in his favour, added to which his narrative, where it differs from the rest, is more in accord with human nature and the laws of probability. The present editor has very properly given at the foot of the text the salient points from the narratives of Castanheda, Barros, and others, as well as the passages from the Lusiad which supply a kind of running eulogium in glowing verse upon the exploits of its hero. The Lisbon edition, Mr. Stanley points out, has been unjust to Correa, as well as inaccurate as to facts. It disputes his giving the chief credit of the voyage of Bartholomew Diaz to Joam Infante. Geography here supports Correa. The name of Rio do Infante, the term of the voyage in which those two fellow mariners doubled the Cape, shows that Correa had not exaggerated the position held by Joam Infante. If, too, there is any anachronism in the mention of espingardas or firelocks in Gama's voyage, the blame by no means lies with Correa, who only speaks of the use of crossbows.

Amongst the rare occasions on which Gaspar Correa refers to himself is an account of his being called upon by D. João de Castro, thirteenth Governor of Goa, in the year 1547, to paint a series of portraits, life-size, of all the former Governors. The reason for this commission was that Correa understood painting, and had seen all the Governors from D. Francisco d'Almeida downward. With the assistance of a native artist, Correa executed the task with great success, finishing with the portrait of D. João himself, armed as in a triumph, with a palm in his hand and a palm-leaf crown on his head. The autograph MS. of Correa exhibits his pen-and-ink sketches of these notables, which have been reproduced in the Lisbon edition. Mr. Stanley speaks of them as better than the portraits in Pedro Barreto de Resende's work, probably copied from the series at Goa, of which work a MS. copy is in the Sloane Collection in the British Museum.

In Mr. Stanley's short summary of the pedigree and family history of Vasco da Gama, no allusion is made to the popular tradition of a left-handed descent from Alphonso III. of Portugal. In the *nobiliario* of Antonio de Lima, the line of the Gamas is traced upwards to a knight who accompanied Giraldo the Fearless at the conquest of Evora in 1166. The date of Vasco's birth is a little uncertain, but the year 1469 is probably correct. It was not Vasco himself who originated the scheme of the Cape voyage to India. He was selected for the purpose by Don Manuel, to carry out a design devised by Prince Henry in furtherance of the attempt made by Bartholomew Diaz in 1487, and already matured by Don Joan II. Gama had before this distinguished himself by seizing certain French ships at anchor in port. Three ships were expressly built for Gama's service, with rigging and fittings of the same size and pattern, so that each might avail itself of the spars or stores of the other. Pilots who had sailed with Diaz were put on board. Vasco, as captain-major in the *Sam Rafael*, was permitted to nominate his brother Paulo second in command in the *Sam Gabriel*; the third ship, the *Sam Miguel*, being entrusted to Nicolas Coelho. Correa is made in the volume before us to date the departure of the ships "the day of Our Lady of March (the 25th)," whereas Barros and all later authorities fix it on July 8, "the day of Our Lady." The error, we apprehend, rests with the present editor, who has mistaken the ordinary ecclesiastical usage. Having a fair wind, the fleet made Santiago by July 28. Great pains had been taken by the King to have the course laid down, and all possible forecasts made that the incipient science of the day rendered possible. Abraham Zacut, a famous Jewish astronomer whose works are amongst the most curious productions of the age, had been specially called upon to exercise his art, which in the Royal mind, as well as in that of the narrator of the voyage, if not in that of the captain-major himself, was oddly mixed up with notions of astrology and necromancy. An astrolabe and other instruments for the purpose of navigation were furnished by this learned person to the pilots. Gama himself laid no claim to the use or understanding of these adjuncts to seamanship. His forte lay in choleric energy and fixity of will, and in courage pushed almost to rashness. He is seen at his most characteristic height at the crisis of the storm off the Cape, when the ships seemed on the point of foundering and the crews clamoured to put back. Gama clapped the mutinous pilot and master in irons, went on deck and flung into the sea the whole of the instruments of navigation. "See here, men," he exclaimed, "that you have neither master nor pilot, nor any one to show you the way from henceforward. And I do not require either master or pilot, nor any man who knows the art of navigation, because God alone is the master and pilot. Henceforward let no one speak of putting back, for know of a certainty that, if I do not find information of what I have come to seek, to Portugal I do not return."

On Christmas Day they sighted the coast of Natal, which Gama named after the feast of the Nativity. A similar instance of courage and presence of mind is told in Barros' narrative of the second voyage. The crew were in extreme terror at a violent agitation and boiling up of the sea off the Indian coast, when Vasco—who, Correa adds, was told the true cause by "a master

in India was stained by not a few acts of cruelty, as well as by an amount of dissimulation for which his biographer puts forth the plea of necessity. With the slender forces at his command the tale of Portuguese prowess and success under his leadership reads almost like a page of romance. Dying on the eve of Christmas Day, 1524, the remains of the great captain found a temporary resting-place in the monastery of St. Antony, or, as some say, in the cathedral of Cochym, since laid in ruins by the mines of the East India Company in 1806. They were brought to Portugal in 1538, and deposited at Vidigueira, from which place the hero took his title of nobility. It is to the disgrace of the Portuguese populace that his tomb was violated in 1840. In a speech by Diego do Couto, made on the occasion of Vasco's portrait being set up in the Council Chamber of Goa, printed in the appendix, it is said that, as America was named after Vespucci, so India ought to have been named Agama, to preserve the name of its discoverer. The Council of the Hakluyt Society deserve our thanks for bringing to light this interesting memorial of his exploits.

LUDIBRIA LUNÆ.*

ANOTHER young aspirant to poetical honours has appeared from Oxford. Mr. Courthope won his first laurels a few years ago with a prize poem which rose above the level of ordinary Newdigates, and gave some of his friends hopes that he might hereafter obtain distinction on a wider field. It was a poem of much grace, much delicacy, much (perhaps overmuch) sweetness. But of the divine fire, the flow of thought and feeling, the uncontrollable afflatus which in its intolerance of conventional restraints often plunges into licenses that are condemned by a maturer taste, of all the qualities which mark the advent of a real poet, not a trace was perceptible. In fact the excellences and defects were precisely those which characterize the poetry of a silver age. The more ambitious production which has just appeared presents qualities higher in degree, but the same in kind, and both explains and illustrates the defects which have prevented, and probably will prevent, its author from rising to a higher eminence. We are tempted to compare it with a slight *jeu d'esprit* written a few months ago by Mr. Crawley, who would have been a contemporary of Mr. Courthope's at Oxford. Mr. Crawley's poem was not wholly devoid of vigour and epigrammatic power, and was, in fact, a very creditable imitation of some of Byron's satirical pieces; but it was extremely rough and unfinished, and by no means worthy of the importance given to it by separate publication. Yet, though far inferior both in conception and execution to Mr. Courthope's poem, it presents some points of similarity which justify a comparison. Both the youthful critics tilt at the follies and the literary foibles of the age, both bid us return to models which, once universally popular, have nowadays fallen into comparative neglect and disrepute. Mr. Crawley, with amusing self-confidence, directed his lance against the chiefs of modern song, and in half a dozen couplets despatched the reputations of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. But there was in his Pegasus a good deal of the cart-horse breed, and the strokes which he dealt, though sometimes heavy, were blundering and wild. Mr. Courthope is a champion of a very different order. Daintily equipped in faultless armour, mounted on an ambling nag which has been trained to plant her steps with all the precision of the circus, he poises his slender lance, and when he adventures on literary warfare he prudently avoids the heavier weights, and deals destruction among the smaller fry. Learned ladies, lady-like poets, and the shrill maidens and matrons who declaim on the wrongs of their sex in "Woman's Rights Conventions"; Miss Cobbe, Jean Ingelow, Coventry Patmore, and "Mrs. Coe of Ohio"—all these in turn are pricked lightly by the point of his delicate shaft.

The title of the poem is at first sight a little enigmatical, but its key is to be found in Ariosto. In a charming canto (the 34th) of the *Orlando Furioso*, imitated by Pope at the end of his *Rape of the Lock*, Ariosto has described the moon as the receptacle and storehouse of all human vanities. This conception Mr. Courthope has taken up and very happily worked out. According to him, the gods, expelled by modern science both from Olympus and the regions of the air, have taken refuge in the "airless moon." To this region, drawn by some magnetical attraction, fly upwards all the foolish thoughts of mankind:—

> For Thought, that is of Silence born,
> Return to its own country craves,
> And from man's brain set free, forlorn,
> Flies wandering over hills and waves,
> Yet neither in the quiet corn
> Finds refuge, no, nor in the graves.
> The air with life seems all atune;
> At last it seeks the airless Moon.
>
> Behind each Thought the wingèd Words
> Mount in the livery of their master:
> Much swifter they than swiftest birds,
> But Thought than lightning flash is faster;
> So when they pass the air that girds
> Our planet, these endure disaster,
> And Space being lighter far than Sound,
> They sink to the infinite Profound.
>
> But the swift Thoughts, like Mercury shod,
> Now mounted to their goal, assume
> Their thinker's form, and to each god
> Make play, like spectres of the tomb:
> Pleased with a spectacle so odd,
> The Gods, who first were plunged in gloom,
> Made them a stage, and ever after
> Called it the Paradise of Laughter.

The world had grown very serious of late, and few merry thoughts had flown up to enliven the lunar stage, when one day a strange form appeared, which first stirred the gods to laughter, and then congealed with dismay the ichor in their veins. It was the Thought of Cornelia, a learned "Blue," who, discontented with the position of her sex, had summoned a Woman's Rights Convention, in which she proposed to lead a colony to the moon (where new methods might possibly prove single bliss to be compatible with a prolonged existence of the race), and meanwhile to found a Ladies' College, where the art of moon-flying and other lunar accomplishments might be studied. The gods, aghast at this projected invasion, send down Love, who boasts that he has fathomed the female mind, and is a match for all the arts of the sex. The infant god, equipped in his legendary armour, descends to earth, and "drops on Cornelia's college lawn." Here sleep overtakes him, he is discovered by Celia, a charming though somewhat mutinous student, and although his arrows do some execution among the maidens, he is finally seized by the stern Cornelia, mercilessly birched, and with ruffled plumes, bleeding back, and rueful mien, is sent ignominiously back to the moon. The gods, however, do not all despair. Venus flies to the cave of Momus, and is furnished by him with an idle dream, which she sends to earth. It enters the brain of Amadis, a youth born after his time, who dreams of the age of chivalry, and has long nourished a secret and hopeless passion for Celia. In emulation of Britomart he resolves to enter Cornelia's college in woman's attire. He is successful, and is able to indulge in a long discourse by moonlight with Celia, on the rival claims of Love and Knowledge; but his sex is finally betrayed by the loss of his chignon, and he is denounced by the mingled jealousy and patriotism of a fellow-student who has surprised the lovers. The offending couple are bound for sacrifice, and Cornelia and her band resolve to assume the offensive against their enemies the gods. The fourth and concluding canto describes the battle in mid space. The inventions of modern science incline the balance of victory towards the women, and the gods are flying in dismay, till Venus, hovering above the contending ranks, holds aloft the Shield of Vanity, forged for her by Vulcan, which with its wondrous mirror draws away the women to the extreme verge of the air, and then leaves them to fall into infinite space.

Such is shortly an outline of the plot. To apply serious criticism to such a thing of gauze and film would be to break a butterfly on the wheel. All the more searching tests by which we try genuine poetry here break down. Depth and truth of feeling, elevation of sentiment, the power of interpreting with accuracy and reproducing with fidelity the varying moods of nature and of man—these qualities are not to be looked for in a burlesque, and if found would be out of place. The burlesque moves in the region of moonshine and unreality; it does not affect to be original, it would be false to its purpose if it were profound. It plays the lightest part in the function of satire, the common subject-matter of which is furnished by the follies and weaknesses of mankind. The burlesque-writer is no Lucilius or Juvenal, to probe the ulcers of a diseased society. He can hardly even claim "to play round the heart." His butterfly wings skim the surface of life, and take good care not to drench their downy plumes in the deep and turbid stream of human passion. That the subject which Mr. Courthope has chosen admits of true, reverent, and genuinely poetical treatment, has been abundantly shown by the *Princess*; but we think that he has acted prudently in shirking the more serious aspects of the question with which he deals. We shudder to think of the result of the unequal combat if he were to meet in close quarters, we do not say Mr. Mill, but "Grotia," at whom he aims one playful dart, or the venerable lady who pours forth words of wisdom from the English lakes. The penalty which overtook his Cupid would prefigure his own, and fustigation—dire, ignominious fustigation—would be his inevitable fate.

If, however, a poem of this kind defies criticism of its subject-matter, so much the more strictly should it adhere to the laws of form. The language of a burlesque should be gay, graceful, and harmonious; its plot should be ingenious, compact, and consistent; its pleasantries should avoid grossness, and its personalities should never descend into vulgar abuse. Judged by these canons, Mr. Courthope's poem possesses great merit. We scarcely ever stumble upon an inharmonious line, the interest of the story is well sustained, the songs and episodical descriptions which are introduced are bright, graceful, and appropriate; and many of the renderings of Homer and of the modern Italian poets which are scattered here and there are extremely tasteful and delicate. We might choose many such passages by way of illustration. Here is a pretty description of the airless and soundless moon:—

> But stranger and more awful far
> Is that new heaven. for there no hum
> Of life is heard, no trade nor war
> Disturb the silence, all is dumb.
> Over the vast and voiceless star
> No momentary motions come;
> No wind, nor fire, nor snow, nor rain,
> Shall ever beat its face again.
>
> Or if at times some loosened rock
> Dash down the mountain, bound on bound.
> Crag meeting crag in thunder shock
> Of conflict, yet there comes no sound.
> Such battle seems the more to mock
> The melancholy peace around;
> As he who living passed in dread
> The voiceless gapings of the dead.*

In a short preface, which embodies much graceful and appreciative criticism, Mr. Courthope has discussed the laws and limits of the burlesque, and described the models which he has striven to follow. "My aim," he says, "has been to reproduce, to the best of my ability, in the epic style, the allegorical spirit which pervades the drama of Aristophanes, and it appeared to me that the best way of obtaining such a result was by uniting the classical method of Pope to the manner of the Italians." Mr. Courthope has called his poem an Allegorical Burlesque, and we have hitherto adopted his nomenclature. We are not sure, however, that it is quite appropriate. It may be that we are corrupted by the vulgarities of the modern stage, though we think that our view is borne out by the derivation of the word; but to us burlesque

* *Ludibria Lunæ; or the Wars of the Women and the Gods.* An Allegorical Burlesque. By William John Courthope. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

* Virg. Æn. vi. 490.

seems to imply the presence of an element of boisterous animality and riotous fun which is entirely absent from Mr. Courthope's poem. Only imagine his decorous muse being requested to dance the κόρδαξ or the "Cancan." She would faint at the bare suggestion.

However, call the poem by what name we will, the class of humorous literature to which it belongs, whose essence is to provoke mirth by the application to light and trivial subjects of characters, language, and imagery borrowed from a great and dignified theme, has been popular in all ages and countries, and is at least as old as the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." The principles of humour on which it rests are so obvious, the motives to which it appeals are so universal, that it is amusing to find a fierce literary war raging in the seventeenth century on the question whether Tassoni was really the inventor of the mock-heroic. Tassoni did but cultivate with more exclusive care and greater finish a form of literature in which his countrymen have always excelled. The "Fescennin licentia," the Harlequin and Punch who have become household words throughout Europe, and the modern Carnival, form a continuous series of witnesses to the national love for satire and burlesque. The language of the modern Italians, deficient in rugged vigour, but light, flexible, and exquisitely harmonious, their acuteness of perception and their keen sense of the ludicrous—we may add, their incapability of appreciating the deeper and more spiritual forms of art—have rendered them unequalled in gay and graceful pleasantries, whether of prose or verse. The working of this vein has been sanctioned by the highest names in their literature, and Ariosto led the way in burlesquing the heroes of Carolingian romance. What an injurious influence this tendency has exercised over their character and history we need not here pause to point out. To genuine creation, whether in art or politics, the mocking spirit, "Der stets vernichtet," has always proved a consistent foe. Mr. Courthope instances the names of Aristophanes and Shakspeare by way of proof that burlesque is not incompatible with the very highest forms of art. But there are two points especially which raise Aristophanes above the level of ordinary burlesque writers—the genuine earnestness of his patriotism, and the tragic character of the times in which he lived. The irony of his relation to the times consists in the fact that his own irreverent jesting was the most powerful solvent of the old fabric of tradition and custom whose decay he was lamenting. This should be remembered by Mr. Courthope, who seems to sympathize with his hero's regret for chivalry, and breathes a ladylike sigh over the disappearance of loyalty and reverence from the modern industrial world. As for Shakspeare, he never treats his men and women as mere empty puppets. Sad and serious wisdom is often concealed in the utterances of his motley fools, and when he leads us into the region of Faery and Dream-land he never forgets, or allows us to forget, that the "pixie-led" crew in the enchanted island, or the lovers wandering at cross-purposes in the Athenian wood, are, after all, beings of like passions with ourselves and with himself. This, we suppose, if anything, constitutes the essential difference between wit and humour. The former deals exclusively with the external contradictions of things, and is light, heartless, superficial; the latter, whether genial with Shakspeare or grim with Carlyle, is full of tender sympathy with that which lies beneath.

In a later English generation the light growth of Italian wit and pleasantry found a more congenial soil at the Court of Anne. The "Rape of the Lock" is, and will probably long remain, the masterpiece of English mock-heroic. There was a time when this and similar productions were held to have reached the highest level which poetry was capable of attaining, when artifice was taken for art, and a poetry of "second intentions" had driven truth and nature out of the field. Those who entered the National Portrait Gallery, and surveyed the long monotonous rows of faces which represented the wits and statesmen of the "Augustan" age, each casting the same sidelong glance from his round blue eyes, each with the same smooth cheeks and complacent double-chin, each with the same unmeaning simper on his ruddy lips, making us wonder whether it was the painter or the perruquier who was responsible for their dull similarity, were able to some extent to realize the generation which delighted in patches and hoops, lapdogs and china, and which went into raptures over the last witticisms of the ingenious Mr. Pope. We are perhaps now rather in danger of running into the opposite extreme, and undervaluing neatness, grace, and finish. Italian literature has in the present day lost the place which it once held in the estimation of English men of letters. Two circumstances have mainly caused this result; the birth of a genuine and vigorous home-growth of poetry, and the sudden and marvellous outburst of German art. For one reader of Boccaccio or Ariosto there are now a hundred readers of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. Dante is an exception. But Dante, now as ever, stands aloof from his lighter-hearted countrymen—stern, austere, unapproachable.

Mr. Courthope has evidently studied the lighter forms of Italian poetry long and lovingly, and if he can recall his countrymen to a sense of its great and real beauties, he will have done good service. The remarks which his preface suggested have led us too far away from his poem. We conclude by repeating our belief that in the department of literature which he has chosen he has achieved no inconsiderable success. We do not believe that this or any generation will be too serious to fail in appreciating the charm of "verses of society" such as those with which Praed delighted the last generation. If there is any one who on some fine summer's afternoon finds himself weary of dull debates on high topics of Church and State, and longs for a little "seasonable folly," let him take up the "Sports of the Moon." Trifling he may think it, but gayer or more graceful trifling he will hardly find.

ROPES OF SAND.*

We know not whether to congratulate or to condole with Mr. Lancaster upon his second novel. It is no offspring of a man of one idea; it is as different in plot, scene, and *dramatis personæ* from his *Screw Loose* as is possible to conceive. While the latter exhibited an intimate knowledge of the heavily mortgaged magnates of Slopeshire, the *venue* is here changed to the haunts and associations of colonial brokers in Bloomsbury. And if it is matter for congratulation that one who has charmed a limited circle of readers with such refined creations of neo-classical drama as *Philoctetes* and *Orestes*—poems, we admit, devoid of interest for the many, and therefore little calculated to win their author rapid or immediate fame—should have succeeded in catching one feature (with many the most popular) of the ordinary Dickensian novel, its photographic personification of out-of-the-way oddities, and its aim at representing to the life the quaint creatures that escape the broad-glancing eye of a superficial observer—then perhaps, for good or for evil, we ought to accord our congratulations to Mr. Lancaster on his *Ropes of Sand*. Its marketable value is greater than that of his *Philoctetes*. Its cleverness is patent. It will float on the tongues of the multitude at our seaside circulating libraries a name which, for far other merits, a select few had enshrined in their classical sanctums. It will instal among the ministers of a vulgar Baal one who, had he had patience, might have won a place beside the altar of a nobler and more lasting worship. We are far from undervaluing the novel of the period. It has its use and place in Victorian literature, and when it paints with covert satire the vices and follies of the hour, to attempt to stifle it were flat treason to sound wisdom and wholesome living. But we look for some alloy to the farrago of weakness, wickedness, and folly which a novelist dresses more gingerly than a satirist. We expect a mixture of better and worse, not "all worse"; and it must be owned that, in the leaven which Mr. Lancaster uses, the meaner and more sordid of human motives have an undue share. There is not even the pleasant diversity of delineated nature; all we have to contemplate is character of an almost always low calibre in scenes upon which no art has been bestowed to distract the reader from the unpleasant figures that move in front of them. In *Ropes of Sand*, as in *A Screw Loose*, there is too great a preponderance of the "worse" element. It is very readable, very clever; but no one who reads it can accept it as a true view of average life without renouncing at once that theory of the mixed character of human acts and motives which can alone excuse a man for not lapsing into misanthropy. Knaves, fools, and brutes are an ugly medley, needing a few more sets-off than the Bryan and Helen, and one or two other minor good genii, of the story that lies before us.

We have no idea that these preliminary remarks on *Ropes of Sand* can tend to spoil its popularity. Public taste sets in favour of this sort of book; and indeed there is sufficient merit in it of plot and construction for us to wish it a fair field and some favour, if its author would pledge himself to take another standard of aim and endeavour in his next. The story is on this wise. At its commencement a purse-proud twice-widower, Miles Sudgrove, residing in Bedford Square with a self-asserting, vulgar widowed daughter, and a modest son, Bryan, the hero of the tale, is about to buy the estate of Orpwood in Cornwall, and to found a family of landed gentry on wealth that has devolved on him through his brother, Turner Sudgrove's, intestacy. But the family attorney, Gilbert Noyes, represents in the first chapter the skull that was placed in ancient banquet-halls to admonish the reveller of the mutability of fortune. It is evident that Noyes holds the cards in his hands, though the millionaire cannot brook his hints to pause in his purchase, and sends the snubbed attorney home to the rodomontade loves of his daughter Selina and her foundling lover, Vincent Baker, in whom he divines the possible heir to Turner Sudgrove's will, if will there was. If, as the lawyer thought likely, a *liaison* of this Turner Sudgrove with one Melusina Baker resulted in issue, and that issue survived, Miles Sudgrove, the millionaire, would have to come down from his pedestal. But when commonplace Vincent Baker finds his mother by advertisement in Melly Knoblauch, the wife of a vulgar swindler, one instinctively feels that in them is not the solution of the enigma. The refined element of the tale, consisting of the loves of Bryan Sudgrove and Helen Rainbird, in which Clara Gow, a quondam playmate of Bryan's, and the wife of an elderly stockbroker, takes a very disinterested interest (seeing that she scarcely disguises a lingering affection for him herself), is more calculated to enlist the reader's sympathies in fortunes that run a risk through the mercenary spirit of Helen's stepmother, and the pompous arrogance of Bryan's father. This worthy, however, is fairly preoccupied by Lawyer Noyes, who fishes up a document of a nature to oust him from his possessions, if so be that his brother's illegitimate offspring should survive. But a quarrel between Vincent Baker and Selina sends off that interesting young cockney to Australia, *verbi gratiâ*, though really to a Cornish watering-

* *Ropes of Sand.* A Novel. By W. P. Lancaster, Author of "A Screw Loose." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1869.

place, just when his presence is most needed by his father-in-law expectant, and facilitates a staving-off of Mr. Sudgrove's Nemesis by his payment of 2,000*l.* per annum to the supposed *chère amie* of his late brother, instead of handing over the bulk of his fortune to her offspring. The question of making public the will of Turner Sudgrove is to be adjourned six months. Meanwhile trouble is brewing in Miles Sudgrove's family. His scheming widowed daughter is put upon the scent of her brother Bryan's love for Helen Rainbird, who is only the daughter of a monumental stonemason, by her ally and gossip, Aurelia Van, an odious old maid, whose qualifications for a spy or a scout Mr. Lancaster depicts in the chapter headed "Aurelia as Deer-foot." The chase after Bryan, though extravagant in conception, and the misadventures attending Aurelia whilst engaged in it, are the cream of the volume, if we can call that cream which is a mixture of the slang of cabbies and street-Arabs. She worms herself, however, into the Rainbird domicile, and by false names, insinuations, and anonymous letters, leaves a trail of mischief behind her that bodes ill to Bryan and Helen. Fresh from taking possession of Orpwood, elate with the organized and hired congratulations of an effusive tenantry, Sudgrove senior returns to town to hear from his daughter of the low match which his son and heir is contemplating. Bryan is turned out of doors, struck out of his father's will, and refused an asylum by the jealous husband of Clara Gow. The plot thickens; a swindling suitor of Mrs. Pipechick, Bryan's sister, works upon Stephen Gow's already prejudiced mind, and between this man and Aurelia Van such a misinterpretation is put upon a meeting betwixt Bryan and Mrs. Gow, that the latter has to leave her husband's roof and take refuge with a brother. After having disinherited Bryan and made heirs of Mrs. Pipechick and her infant, Alfred Ahasuerus, Mr. Sudgrove senior becomes daily more fussy and anxious-minded. His land-agent Podster and his lawyer Noyes discover that he is breaking, and that their joint interest lies in his successor being any other than Mrs. Pipechick. When the end comes, and the will in favour of this lady is read, they put in an old yellow document, which bids fair, with the help of their witnesses, to transfer the inheritance to Vincent Baker, who a day or two previously had been reconciled and united to Selina Noyes. But there is a screw loose in the chain of proof. Herein lies the secret of the plot, the point of which is the fact that Turner Sudgrove's child was a girl, not a boy, the daughter of *Melusina*, not of *Melicent* Baker, her sister. Who this girl was, and how she was able to establish Bryan by right of husbandship in the halls of Orpwood, we leave for our readers to pick out for themselves.

This slight sketch of the plot of *Ropes of Sand*—a title meant to indicate the frail tenure of the good fortune enjoyed by several of the principal actors—necessarily fails to comprehend the vulgar and repulsive underplot in which Dovey Snewing and his *fidus Achates*, Captain Womboys, play a chief part. The inveteracy of the former against the whole family of Comper, the scene towards the end of the third volume where he horsewhips a palsied cripple, and indeed all the passages in this history where he is introduced, strike us as excessively unnatural. The interludes which introduce us to Vincent Baker and Selina Noyes are much more conceivable, though farcical enough, and a laugh over the quarrel in the British Museum is irresistible. Baker in an evil hour has admitted that Selina is sometimes absent from his thoughts amid the pressure of business, and the admission bids fair to create a disruption:—

"I'm sure," he urged, in an ill-used voice, "I do everything customary and respectful, and try to be as near etiquette as possible, both in behaviour and feelings generally, and don't wish to shrink from anything usual from one in my predicament." "I won't have it called predicament," interposed Selina pettishly. "That's when a man gets into a ditch, or can't pay his creditors. Can you speak of my affection in that heartless manner?" "Well, then, in my present situation," corrected Baker feebly, rubbing his hair up. "That's what the housemaids say," frowned Selina yet more contemptuously.

And then follows a good deal more of these not unamusing *amantium iræ*. We must, however, protest against the outrageously overdrawn caricature of the Knoblauches, whose resources to "raise the wind" may be true enough to the life, but whose breakfast-table at Penshingle, where a pot of shaving soap with the lathery brush in it flanks the butter-dish, and the quartern loaf serves as pincushion for Mrs. Knoblauch's hair-pins is really an effort of imagination that is beneath laughter.

But though Mr. Lancaster is too apt to make caricatures of his characters, he often invests them with amusing and natural traits. Thus Mrs. Knoblauch, after the rupture between her son and the lawyer's daughter, attacks "vigorously, with true maternal instinct, her late prospective daughter-in-law, it being a beautiful provision of nature that a bare possibility of such a relationship subsisting between them is enough to engender mutual distrust in two delicate females' souls." Thus, too, in the conversation between worldly Mrs. Pipechick and her straitlaced father over Bryan's *mésalliance*, the former is represented as "only hoping that Bryan remembers his duty to his family and position enough to be only making a fool of this girl." Again, the same widow Pipechick, in a later chapter, plumes herself to her admirer Snewing upon her discharge of what was due to the defunct Davis Pipechick. "I did not go into greys till four months after the usual time." Pipechick was found to have muddled his affairs in a way peculiarly exasperating; but, says his widow, "I am thankful that I did not go a single crape flounce less deep on that account. If my lamented one could inspect the books of Messrs. Blots and Blower's mourning warehouse, I think that the heaviness of my account at that establishment might prove a melancholy consolation to my impalpable Davis." The characters, too, of Helen's foster-father, Sampson Rainbird, and his wife—"a dissolving-view kind of woman," too "airified" and languishing to tolerate her spouse and his gravestone talk for half an hour together—offer a field for portraiture of a minute kind, in which Mr. Lancaster has been by no means unsuccessful. His sketch of Aurelia Van, however, is most typical of his average style:—

Aurelia Van was elderly, hooknosed, and hunger-pinched in the face. She affected skimpy draperies and mangy furs; she was not unlike an old weather-beaten area-cat; and if you could have drowned and floated the same cat for a week between London Bridge and Greenwich Hospital, and then revived and dried the animal aforesaid, the likeness, we are inclined to think, would have gained rather than have suffered. She generally wore in her bonnet what seemed the cast-off battered flowers of some nymph in a pantomime two seasons back. Aurelia Van was moreover so tightly laced that her shoulders were always thrust most curiously forward, and raising either arm became a gymnastic impossibility. To conclude, she wore a light-brown front, sustained on her forehead by a moth-eaten narrow velvet band. She was very lean and wiry, and here the feline resemblance was again remarkably strong.

The salient points in this character bespeak an author who eyes everything with a predisposition to the grotesque, and who characterizes a church in the neighbourhood of Russell Square as "a church with a smoked nankeen and magenta east-window in alternate lozenges, and an inverted salt-cellar for its steeple." We cannot praise this addiction to the mannerism of Mr. Dickens. To do our author justice, he can be natural when he pleases. His sketch of Helen (in vol. i. p. 106–7) is fresh, graceful, and in good taste, as are also the conversations between her and her lover, particularly one in the beginning of volume iii. And we know from Mr. Lancaster's dramas, and the female creations in them, that he can portray with nice appreciation those purer and guileless natures which add grace to the reality as well as the romance of existence. But by deserting classical poetry for vulgarian novel-writing, he must know that he is forsaking character-drawing for caricature; abjuring the ideal, which it is ennobling, at any rate, to worship afar off, for the realistic, to which inferior minds can approach as closely and with as satisfactory results. If the transfer of his literary self is final, and if henceforth, instead of refined poetry, we are to expect from him nought but sketchy and somewhat slangy novels, let us counsel him to ballast his future efforts with a more distinct moral purpose, to vouchsafe a little more serious reflection and a little less screaming farce, and to remember that even books of the hour are the more pleasing for a background of agreeable description to set off the characters that move in front of the footlights.

GERMAN LITERATURE.*

THE fifth volume of Dr. Bastian's great work on the nations of Eastern Asia* is the third important book of travels in the Indian Archipelago which has appeared within the last few months. It is remarkable that not one of the voyagers by whom this interesting region has lately been described has visited it for its own sake. Shells attracted Mr. Bickmore; Mr. Wallace was allured by butterflies, birds of Paradise, and the Darwinian theory; Dr. Bastian's aims were ethnological, and his particular anxiety has been to collect every vestige of religious or mythological tradition. The proper study of mankind being man, his objects may be pronounced more worthy than those of his fellow-travellers. It is to be regretted that he is more than proportionately inferior to them in the craft of authorship. To mould the immense and heterogeneous mass of materials here accumulated into a satisfactory whole would have tasked the dexterity of the most consummate literary artist. Dr. Bastian heaps fact on fact, and illustration on illustration, without any attempt at harmonious arrangement. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that a great part of the volume is a simple transcript of his commonplace-book. Certain it is that much has found its way into the text which can originally have only been intended as annotation. Hence the most startling transitions, and the most singular juxtapositions of names and incidents derived from the most distant and unconnected regions of the earth. We must be content to regard Dr. Bastian's work as a mighty storehouse of abstruse Oriental knowledge, brought several degrees nearer to the European world than before, but still requiring much labour to render it available for general use. Sudden leaps from the Pandavas to Charles Martel, and from Buddha to Augustus, are not a little trying to the most tolerant reader. Some day, it may be hoped, a scholar as largely gifted with the faculty of organizing as Dr. Bastian is with that of accumulating materials will undertake to introduce order and harmony into this erudite chaos. Not until then will Dr. Bastian's services be appreciated as they deserve. As a record of personal experience this book is nothing; the author himself only appears rarely, and at distant intervals. It almost might have been written at home, could all the materials have been collected elsewhere than on the scene of the traveller's explorations. Much, however, was gathered on the spot, from oral intercourse with the wise men of the East; much else preserves the essence of numerous ancient, scarce, and valuable works. As a compiler, Dr. Bastian has undoubtedly rendered excellent service. Among the most lucid and interesting divisions of his own work should be named his account of the Jain religion, of the Mohammedan conquest of Java, and of the [illegible] of Japan.

* *Reisen im Indischen Archipel.* [illegible] Bastian. (Die Völker des östlichen Asien, Bd. 5.) Jena: [illegible]. London: Williams & Norgate.

Two minor books of travel *—one in Algeria, the other in the Spanish Peninsula—deserve favourable attention, both for their literary merits and their probable utility to other travellers. There is less medical and sanitary information in Herr Schneider's work than the title would have led us to anticipate, but the intending visitor to Algeria will find most things that he can desire to know intelligently set forth, and interspersed with picturesque descriptions. Professor Wattenbach's tour through Spain and Portugal embraced the most interesting portions of those countries. He seems to have found them less romantic than he expected, and frequently warns his readers that the sensible though slow progress of industry, wealth, and civilization has rendered many observations of earlier travellers inapplicable. His opinion of Spain and the Spaniards is by no means unfavourable; but he seems to prefer the Portuguese, remarking that, notwithstanding the miserable financial condition of Portugal, there is hardly a beggar in the country, and that the people have sufficient ingenuity to be their own photographers, the art in Spain being almost entirely in the hands of the French.

A history of the political dissensions of the United States, by H. Blankenburg†, is necessarily chiefly occupied with the transactions of the last few years. It may be recommended as a careful and, in the main, an impartial summary. It is of course hardly to be supposed that such a work would be undertaken at all by one whose sympathies were not to a certain extent enlisted on one side or other of the question, and the writer may be easily forgiven for the trifling bias he evinces in favour of the Democratic party.

Dr von Holtzendorff's thoughtful and well-reasoned work on the science of politics ‡ is divided into three books. In the first the nature of politics is investigated, and the possibility of a scientific treatment of the subject vindicated; in the second the relation of politics to morals is considered; the third discusses the philosophic ideal and practical ends of the State. All are distinguished by vigorous expression, close argument, and lofty morality.

A lively anonymous essay § contrasts Mr. J. S. Mill's theories of representative government, little to their advantage, with the conclusions deduced from observation of the actual working of the English Constitution by R. Gneist. Gneist, in the writer's view, is the practical statesman, Mill the *doctrinaire*. He convicts himself of enormous ignorance by describing Mr. Mill's important and responsible office at the India House as "a sinecure." It may be admitted that habitual concern with the affairs of a nation with whom the legislator can have no personal acquaintance is more conducive to theoretical than to practical soundness, and may very probably account for much that resembles inexperienced dilettantism in Mr. Mill.

F. Guth's work on political economy ‖ is strictly scientific in form and method, striving to cast some new light on the much-debated problems of production, profit, interest, and rent. Starting from the admitted doctrine that gold is a commodity like any other, A. Samter¶ advocates the establishment of a new paper currency, based, not upon the precious metals, but upon produce in general. By this scheme, the details of which would require much explanation to render them intelligible, the writer expects to secure the advantages, without the dangers, of an inconvertible currency, and to break down what he calls the aristocracy of capital.

"The Primitive History of the East," by Dr. M. Busch **, is a most valuable compendium of the subject, which might with much advantage be translated into English. It is based on the manual by Lenormant, avoiding the religious and national prejudices which disfigure his work. French precision and German breadth have thus combined to produce a most admirable treatise, especially to be recommended as embodying the very latest results of investigation. The most interesting portion of the whole is that which treats of Egyptian history and archæology in connexion with the discoveries of M. Mariette, which have thrown so much light on the dynasty of the Shepherd Kings, and revealed the wholly unsuspected circumstance that Egypt was menaced, under the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, by swarms of Celtic invaders from Libya—the same apparently as those whose sepulchres have recently been discovered in such numbers in the neighbourhood of Constantine.

A commentary on the Song of Solomon by Professor Noack†† could not well fail to be fertile in ingenious extravagances. The usual ascription of a merely erotic character to the poem is far too tame and commonplace for him; the traditional opinion of the Church is not sufficiently original. There must be a mystical interpretation, but it must be one of his own devising. Few will contest with him the credit of his discovery, according to which the Shunamite is Samaria, the royal lover Tirhakah the Ethiopian, and the subject of the piece the temporary reconquest of the Samaritan district from the Assyrians.

Dr. Caspari's commentary on Daniel *, on the other hand, is a very sober piece of criticism, consisting mainly of a close and accurate analysis. He endeavours to reconcile the authenticity of the book with its composition in the time of the Maccabees.

Dr. Scholten, of Leyden, is rapidly acquiring a name second to none as a critic of the New Testament. He possesses the erudition and boldness of the German scholars, without their drawbacks of perverse ingenuity and fanciful extravagance. In his recent work on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark† he investigates, with extraordinary acuteness and stupendous industry, the question of the mutual relation of these documents. From a laborious examination of all the passages which they have in common, he arrives at the conclusion that Mark was the earliest, except so far as Matthew in its present shape represents the λογια, or notes of discourses, originally collected by the Apostle. He considers Mark in its primitive shape to be nearly a contemporary record, and rather favours the tradition that it indirectly emanated from St. Peter. The attempt to distinguish between the original record and supposed additions is perhaps the least satisfactory portion of his work.

Two publications, by Professor Froschammer‡ and Dr. Schenkel§ attest the excitement created in Germany by the Papal Encyclical of 1864 and the announcement of a General Council. Froschammer, who has been deprived of his professorship for imputed heterodoxy, writes from the point of view of a liberal Catholic. There is little in his essay which would appear in any way extraordinary in a Protestant country; its importance depends entirely on the question how far it represents the views of his co-religionists. No Protestant writer could more emphatically assert the right and duty of every one to judge for himself in religious matters, or more decidedly contend for the authority of the State to regulate education and marriage. He bitterly deplores the extinction of the national and truly erudite school of Catholic theology represented in Germany by such writers as Mohler, and the contempt into which he believes the Church is falling in consequence. Dr. Schenkel is a prominent leader of the most liberal school of German Protestants, and the nature of his oratorical deliverances on the recent Papal utterances may be easily inferred. Two other lectures are employed in vindicating the fundamental principles of Protestantism against the retrograde party in the Protestant churches.

The younger Fichte ‖ is most honourably distinguished among German philosophers for sound good sense, impartial candour, and an abhorrence of sophistry and paradox. To this may be added such a disposition to bring philosophical methods to bear upon subjects of practical interest as ought to secure him a hearing even in these days, when impatience of the prevalent barrenness of metaphysical speculation has impelled the best minds to the pursuits of positive science. In the preface to his collected miscellaneous writings, the philosopher cannot avoid taking notice of this tendency, in which, so far as it involves the depreciation of metaphysical research as an idle logomachy, he is of course unable to see anything but a temporary aberration of the modern mind. *Esprit de corps*, it may be presumed, withholds him from acknowledging how largely it is due to the obscurity, the contentiousness, and the frequent insincerity of the philosophic guild. The only entirely new essay in these volumes, and perhaps the most remarkable, is a sort of philosophical autobiography, in which the writer details the course of his studies, and the effects severally produced on his mind by the great teachers of metaphysics, among whom he unhesitatingly assigns the first rank to Kant. Another very interesting essay investigates the problem of immortality, especially in connexion with the external evidence afforded by so-called preternatural appearances. The writer appears to conclude that these phenomena are in themselves subjective, but that they frequently originate in impressions produced upon the mind by something outside of the personality of the individual who experiences them. In another paper the phenomena of religious ecstacy are investigated, with especial reference to Mohammed, and some qualifications of Sprenger's depreciatory estimate of the Arabian prophet are suggested.

Julius Frauenstadt ¶ is a teacher of quite a different kind from Fichte—a clear-headed, practical man, without especial depth of feeling or strength of conviction, who follows the philosophical cur-

* *Der climatische Curort Algier. Schilderungen* von Otto Schneider. Dresden: Schönfeld. London: Williams & Norgate.

Eine Ferienreise nach Spanien und Portugal. Von W. Wattenbach. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die innern Kämpfe der Nordamerikanischen Union, bis zur Präsidentenwahl von 1868.* Von H. Blankenburg. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Principien der Politik.* Von Dr. F. von Holtzendorff. Berlin: Charisius. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Gneist und Stuart Mill. Alt-englische und Neu-englische Staatsanschauung. Eine politische Parallele.* Berlin: Adolf & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Die Lehre vom Einkommen in dessen Gesammtzweigen.* Von F. Guth. Prag: Tempsky. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Reform des Geldwesens.* Von A. Samter. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

** *Abriss der Urgeschichte des Orients bis zu den medischen Kriegen.* Von Dr. M. Busch. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Abel. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Thanaqah und Sunamith. Das Hohe Lied in seinem geschichtlichen und landschaftlichen Hintergrunde.* Von Ludwig Noack. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Zur Einfuhrung in das Buch Daniels.* Von Dr. C. P. Caspari. Leipzig: Dörffling & Franke. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Das älteste Evangelium. Kritische Untersuchung der Evangelien nach Matthaus und Marcus.* Von J. H. Scholten. Uebersetzt von E. R. Redepenning. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Nutt.

‡ *Das Recht der eigenen Ueberzeugung.* Von J. Froschammer. Leipzig: Fues. London: Nutt.

§ *Brennende Fragen in der Kirche der Gegenwart. Drei Vorträge.* Von Dr. D. Schenkel. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Vermischte Schriften zur Philosophie, Theologie und Ethik.* Von J. H. Fichte. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

¶ *Blicke in die intellectuelle, physische und moralische Welt.* Von Julius Frauenstadt. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.